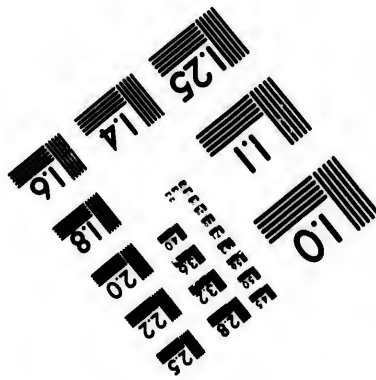
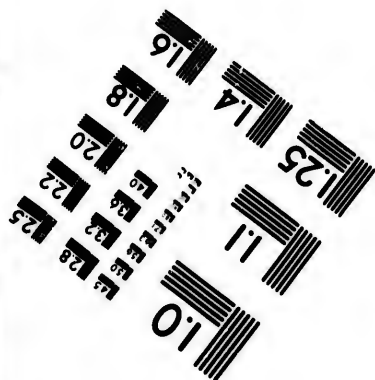
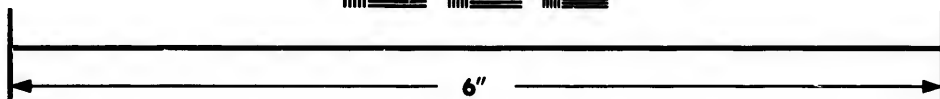


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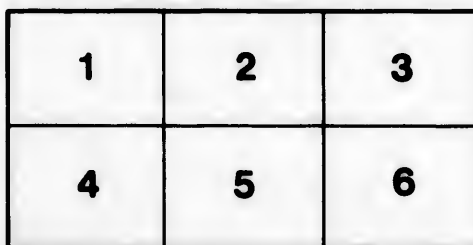
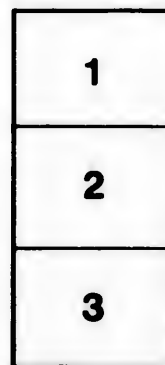
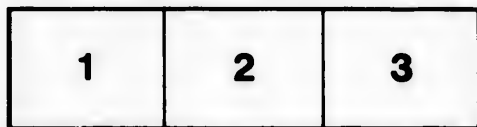
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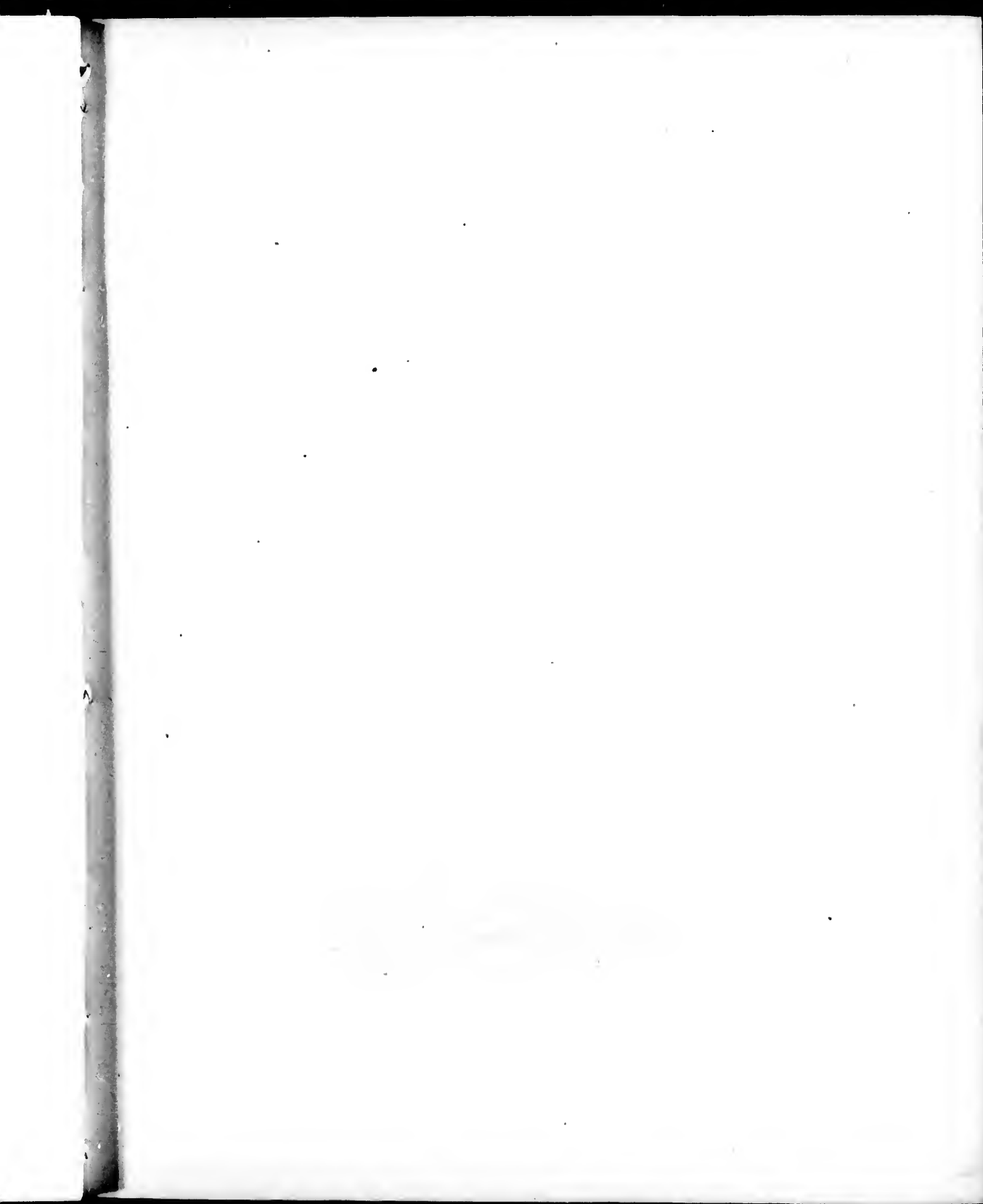
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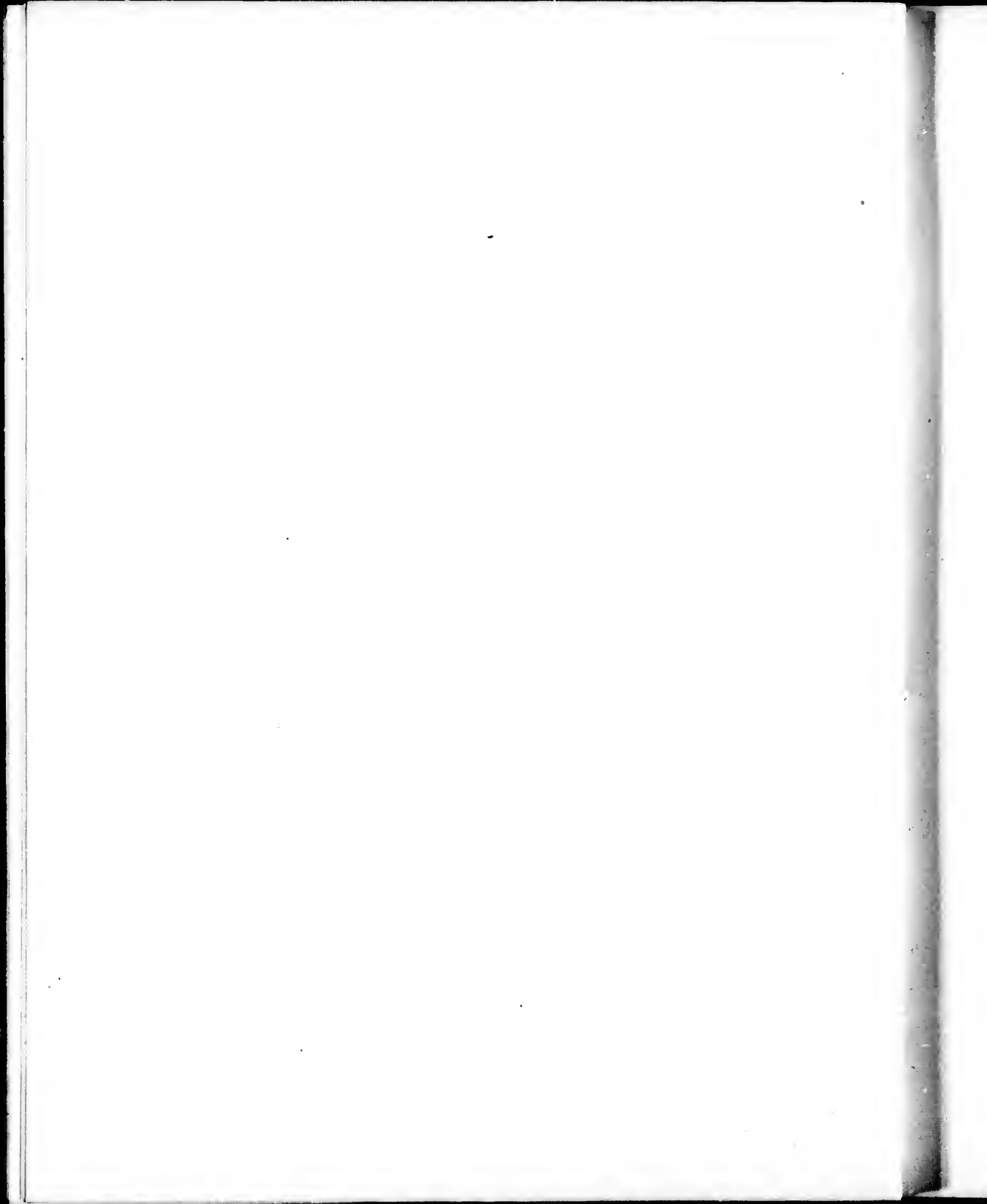
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VOL. IV.

NEW YORK:

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A REINDEER RACE IN NORWAY.



A TRIP TO NORWAY.



INN AT BOLKESJØ.

I.

THE COAST OFF CHRISTIANSAND AND ARENDEL—GNIESS ISLANDS AND PINE FORESTS—GOTHENBORG AND SANDEFJORD—SALMON AND LOBSTERS—THE NORWEGIAN CAPITAL, CHRISTIANIA—PECULIAR CLIMATE OF NORWAY—THE NATIONAL VEHICLE, THE CARRIOLE—A STATE CARRIAGE.

AFTER being tossed about all night in the turbulent waters of the Skager-Rack, I awoke one morning in the more placid Fjord or Fiord of Christiania.

I was in Norway. The sentence implies more than at first sight appears. I had longed for a considerable time back to see the land of Fjords and Snow-fields, of bear and reindeer coverts, of salmon leaps and lofty falls, of carriages and scoters, of the picturesque in arts and nature, and of simplicity and honesty in manners. There are firths or fjords to be seen in England, glaciers in Switzerland, salmon leaps in Ireland, and kirks in Scotland; but the fjords and lakes of Norway are peculiar, and the Hardanger, Sogne, and Dovre

VOL. II.

fields are unrivalled in certain points—only there could the fore grounds of Tiedeman and Gule's bear-hunting and deer-stalking pieces be found; only there, Professor James Forbes would tell us, can the phenomena of glaciers be studied to the same advantage. The carriages are as primitive as the people, the scoters or bris, whether of stone, or logs, or carved wood, rival the châteaux of Helvetia, and the kirks or churches surpass those of most other mountain-lands in pinnacled grotesqueness.

It was therefore with no slight interest that I had first contemplated the southern coast of Scandinavia as sighted about Christiansand and Arendel. The impression derived was at the onset rather one of disappointment. The character of the coast was remarkably monotonous. Hills of a thousand feet high or less, devoid of boldness, and with but few and narrow intervening valleys, form the mainland—whilst a multitude of small islands, which range along the coast, were

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undistinguishable from it when viewed from the sea, owing to the want of any decided relief or variety of character.

The gloomy weather added, no doubt, to the monotony of the scene; and our distance from the shore being greater than at first appeared, led me to underestimate the elevation of the land. It was only by observing how slowly objects seemed displaced by the motion of the vessel, that I became aware of the real scale of the country which I now saw for the first time; and on closer observation, I perceived that the low, rounded, and rocky hills, which I at first believed to be bare, were almost everywhere covered, or at least dotted over, with woods of pine, which, descending almost to the shore, gave a peculiarity of character to the scenery, at the same time that it afforded a scale by which to estimate its magnitude.

These forests distinguish this part of Norway from those of the Hebrides, which it in other respects resembles. The gneiss islands of Tiree and Coll occurred to my mind the moment that I saw the Norwegian coast, which is less than a degree and a-half of latitude farther north, and doubtless the same causes have produced the similarity of character, acting in like circumstances. Both belong to that great gneiss formation so prevalent in Norway, and also in Scotland, with which few rocks can compare in their resistance to atmospheric action and mechanical force. In both cases they have been subjected for ages to the action of the most tremendous seas which wash any part of Europe, and they have probably been abraded by mechanical forces of another kind, which have given the rounded outlines to even the higher hills, but the exact nature of which is yet subject to great doubt.

The same wooded and undulating character prevails all the way to Christiania. The entrance to the Christiania fiord is marked by a lighthouse on the island of Fæder, which singularly resembles Inchkeith in the Firth of Forth. The beauty of the fiord has probably been overrated. The monotony of the forms, the continuity of the woods, the absence of almost the smallest sea-cliff or sandy bay, weary the eye, even though the scene is continually changing, and the shores ever verdant. An exception must be made, however, in favour of the immediate environs of Christiania, where the fiord expands into an exceedingly irregular basin; the coasts are steeper, and, at the same time, varied by the aspect of cultivation and of deciduous trees; where numerous detached houses enliven the low grounds, and the more distant hills have a bolder character.

When approaching the Norwegian capital from Copenhagen, the steamer touches at two places—Gothenburg and Sandefjord. Of these towns a lively disciple of Walton—and they are among the most numerous tourists in Norway—writes: At both of these sea-ports passengers are landed and others taken up. The same crowding and suffocating odours drive the lovers of pure air on deck. Nothing can exceed the heat and combination of villanous smells which issue from the lower regions. How the natives stand such an atmosphere surpasses comprehension. The black hole of Calcutta must have been an ice-well in comparison. The town of Gothenburg is built on the fiord or arm of the sea, into which the River Gotha empties itself. Gothenburg is one of the principal sea-port towns of Sweden, but is not in so flourishing a condition as formerly. The passengers have ample time to land and stretch their legs, and we recommend

any of the brotherhood who may feel inclined to follow in our steps, to go on shore, were it only to enjoy the luxury of a bath, as there is an excellent establishment of this kind in the town, as well as to indulge in a gossip with the worthy Mrs. Todd, whose husband is the undoubted proprietor of the best hotel in Gothenburg. This obliging landlady will broil a salmon cutlet for a customer scientifically and expeditiously, and her lobster-sauce is unimpeachable—an important fact well worthy of being borne in mind by the curious in such matters. The Gothenburg porter has a Scandinavian reputation; but, to a Londoner who indulges in such heavy potations, we should say it would scarcely pass muster. It is a brown and frothy liquid, but has no more body than the living skeleton. The salmon and lobsters in this said town of Gothenburg are magnificent creations, and the piscivorous gourmet ought to visit this place, were it only to revel in the luxury of these joint productions of the sea and river. Billingsgate and Hungerford, hide your diminished heads! The Gotha river, and the rocky fiord of Gothenburg, beat the stale commodities brought to the markets on the Thames from Scotland and the Channel out of the field. Fresh and flaky were the slices of salmon, full and fleshy was the lobster, crisscrossed with its luscious coral, as it burst upon our enraptured sight in 18—, in juxtaposition with our favourite fish, both dressed to perfection by our attentive hostess, Mrs. Todd. We hold her and her culinary skill in deep affection, and long may she live to gladden the hearts (and stomachs) of our brother piscators on their way to the Norwegian rivers. There is another hotel in the town, the Gotha Kjellar, but Mrs. Todd's inimitable *cuisines* prevented our judging of its merits. In the true spirit of good fellowship, therefore, we advise all the craft who may be choice in their feeding, to patronise the amiable Mrs. Todd, or Toddy, as the natives will persist in calling her. Better fare, or a more civil and obliging hostess, no piscator need desire.

But, hark! the passengers are flocking to the place of embarkation, and the rush of steam from the safety-valve sounds the note of preparation for departure, so we must tear ourselves away from "Toddy" and her incomparable fare.

On arriving at the mouth of the fiord, or arm of the sea, which runs up to Christiania (it might, without any great stretch of imagination, be called a gulf), the steam-boat runs in, close under the little town of Sandefjord. The passengers do not land here, although the vessel may be detained for six or eight hours. This, however, is not subject to regret, as there is not much to interest the traveller within the walls of this little sea-port. The steamer is under orders to wait for the boat from Christiania on her way to Bergen, to which the mail-bags from the Copenhagen steamer are transferred. The usual hour of arrival off Sandefjord is eleven at night, so that the vessel does not get fairly off for Christiania until about six in the morning. But little rest can be obtained if the steamer reaches Sandefjord at night; for, following the example of the captain, mates and seamen, the passengers crowd on deck in a state of feverish excitement, looking out for the Christiania steamer, adding by their presence to the confusion which prevails from one end of the vessel to the other.

If our piscator should have wearied himself in gazing on the lights in the town of Sandefjord, we advise him to pick out a soft plank and coil himself up in his

dreadnought where, with one of Benson's hunting Havannahs, and a flagon of "cold without," he will enjoy comparative composure until the dawn; but oh, ye gods! as the day breaks, and the sun rises above the eastern hills, what a glorious panorama awaits him. It is impossible to conceive anything grander in nature than this diversified view; indeed, the scenery the whole of the distance between Sandeford and Christiania is surpassingly beautiful, and the six or seven hours occupied in the transit will have fled unheeded—at least we judge by our own experience—while contemplating the ever-changing and enchanting picture. The finale to the voyage will leave an indelible impression on the traveller's mind, or we are much mistaken.

Soon after mid-day the spires of the churches, and by degrees the more prominent of the buildings in Christiania, will appear in sight; and, as a wind-up to this pleasurable voyage, the white houses of the town, backed by an amphitheatre of hills, present a *coup-d'œil* which, even stripped of its novelty, cannot but excite emotions of a most enviable kind. The feeling, too, that the perils of the sea are past, and that the land of promise has been reached, add in no slight degree to the pleasing excitement which the angler, above all other of God's creatures, will experience on such an occasion.

Christiania is built on an agreeable slope, facing the north, and hence it is seen to advantage from the fiord, as well as from many places in its environs. Its suburbs are intermingled with wood. The old castle of Aggershuus, picturesque in form, adorned with fine trees, and standing on a bold promontory, commanding at once the fiord and the greater part of the town, has a striking effect. The city graduates into the country by means of innumerable villas, built, usually, in commanding situations, which remind one of the environs of Geneva. Indeed, there is something in the entire aspect of the town, and surrounding scenery, which is exceedingly pleasing and peculiar. The traveller who is acquainted with the aspects of middle and southern Europe, finds himself at a loss to draw a comparison. The clearness of the air, the warmth of the sun, and a certain intensity of colour which clothes the landscape, involuntarily recall southern latitudes, and even the shores of the Mediterranean. But the impression is counteracted by the background of pine forest, which reminds him of some of the higher and well-wooded cantons of Switzerland, to which the varied outline of the fiord—which may compare, in irregularity, with the lake of the four cantons—lends an additional resemblance; yet, again, we miss the background of Alpine peaks and perpetual snow. Wherever the traveller may choose to fancy himself, his last idea would probably be (what is really the fact) that he is here in the latitude of the Shetland Islands, nearly in the parallel of Lerwick, and a degree north of Kirkwall. Some tourist, in a moment of spleen, has chosen to draw a comparison between the county town of Orkney and the capital of Norway, in favour of the former; but the comparison is too absurd to be regarded as more than a jest—the only point of superiority of Kirkwall, its noble cathedral (which it owes, besides, to a Norwegian architect, and to Norse builders), being quite incapable of concealing the manifest inferiority in every other quality of beauty, greatness, or convenience, granted by nature or attained by art.

Every one naturally refers what he sees in other

countries to the standard of home, and the contrast of southern Norway to the extreme northern parts of Great Britain, comes upon the traveller perpetually, and with a force which adds great zest to the scenery of the country.

Shetland, treeless and bare, covered for the most part with morasses, and abounding in inaccessible cliffs, is enveloped, even in summer, by frequent fogs, and rarely enjoys an entire day of sunshine; in winter, on the other hand, it boasts of a climate as mild as that of Avignon, and little colder in the month of January than Florence, which is $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ farther south—its capital little better than a fishing village, with one street, which a carriage (did carriages exist) could with difficulty traverse.

But here, on the same parallel, and only 12° of longitude farther east, we see the Aggershuus Amt, in which Christiania is placed, verdant with superabundant forests, not only of spruce and pine, but with nearly all the ordinary trees of an English demeane—the plane and sycamore, the ash and elm, and even (though more rarely) the beech and oak, growing to a full stature, and luxuriant in foliage, besides all common kinds of fruit trees, such as apples and cherries, and even pears and apricots ripen in the open air, and flowering shrubs, such as lilac, which yield in luxuriance and colour to none in England. Then, during summer, a sky for weeks together unclouded, with a temperature often oppressive, and in winter a clear and constant cold, unfelt in any part of Britain, and sometimes approaching that of Russia.

We here find, also, a city of at least forty thousand inhabitants, with wide and rectangularly built streets, (unfortunately, however, with a pavement no way superior to that of Kirkwall, and far inferior to that of Lerwick); a seat of government, with a royal palace, which, if its architecture is no ornament to the town, is of a size quite equal to the occasion; the Storthing Hall, or House of Commons; a great and flourishing university, with excellent museums, library, and astronomical and magnetical observatories attached to it, and reckoning among its professors many of the highest merit, and several of European reputation; a respectable port and mercantile quarter, with extensive wooden warehouses built into the sea, according to the Norwegian custom; and in whatever direction we choose to walk from the town, we meet with cultivation or with shelter, with woodland scenery, or with green fields or country seats, agreeably distributed upon nearly every high ground overlooking the fiord.

These peculiarities and contrasts are due to conditions of climate and situation, now tolerably well understood, yet far too striking not to create a pleasant surprise, even when the causes are known, and the results anticipated. The existence of such intelligent, wealthy, and polished societies as characterise the Norwegian cities of Christiania and Bergen on the 60° , and Thronhjelm, or Drintheim, nearly on the 64° , indicate a concurrence of circumstances favourable to civilisation, which are not to be found at the same distance from the equator in any part of the globe.

There is a railway from Christiania to Eidsvold Vakkem, on the road from the capital to Moldo, Christiansund and Thronhjelm in the north, and about eighty miles of the three hundred and thirty English miles that lay between the two last—that is, between the capital and Thronhjelm—are performed by steamers on the Lakes Miosen and Loona, but still,

whether proceeding by the north roads, or westerly to the Drammen, and the High Telemark, or Telemarken, and the Huldanger, the usual and indispensable conveyance in Norway is the *kariola*, or as it is usually written by Englishmen, *carriole*. This is a sort of gig, with room, generally, for only a single passenger, and devoid (usually) of springs. Their place is, in some measure, supplied by long elastic wooden shafts, supported behind on the axle-tree, and in front on a small saddle, the animal being harnessed exceedingly far forward, whilst the seat is also advanced considerably, so as to give the traveller the benefit of the elasticity of the shafts. The horse has, therefore, a considerable portion of the direct weight of his burthen pressing on his shoulders; for the small board behind, on which the luggage is strapped, is so nearly above the axle as to afford a very trifling counterpoise. The traveller stretches out his feet right in front of him, into a narrow trough prepared to receive them, beyond which is a splash-board to which is attached a leathern apron, and he is so closely fitted into his vehicle all round, that the rain does not easily insinuate itself. The owner or his boy accompanies the carriage, and usually sits on the top of the traveller's bag or portmanteau. A *carriole* can be purchased, in Christiania, with harness and bottle-case complete, for from eight to nine pounds, and for the sportsman this is the best proceeding. Horses are changed at stages varying from six to twelve English miles.

In the capital of Norway there are state carriages as well as the national vehicle—the *carriole*, as a lively traveller, Mr. Francis M. Wyndham, found to his expense.

Next morning after his arrival at Christiania, he relates, I determined to sally out into the town in order to reclaim the baggage which had been sent round by sea from Bergen to the care of one of the consuls at Christiania; also to get what letters there might be waiting for me at the Hotel Victoria and the post-office, to take my berth in the steamer for England, and to go to a few shops of which I had the addresses.

In order to get through all this as quickly as possible, the best plan seemed to be to take a vehicle of some description. Vaguely impressed with the idea of having seen in some guide book that the cabs of Christiania were called *droskky*, I requested the waiter of the hotel to call a *droskky* for me. My wish was immediately complied with, and I waited in the court-yard round which the hotel was built, expecting in a few minutes to see a *carriole*, or some such diminutive machine, make its appearance. Time flew on and nothing arrived, and becoming impatient, as economy of time was the sole object of taking a conveyance, I inquired of the waiter when the *droskky* was coming. To all my inquiries *strax, strax (tout-à-l'heure or gleich)*, meaning any indefinite time you please, was the invariable reply of the imperturbable waiter. A full hour had already elapsed, but presently the rumble of wheels was heard in the streets; and, in another minute, a smart britska, drawn by a pair of very fine grey horses, with an important looking coachman in livery upon the box, drove through the *porte-cochères*, and drew up in a stately manner before the door of the hotel. The waiter bowed politely, and said, "Droskky, min Herr." In utter astonishment, I looked first at the waiter, and then at the carriage, pompous coachman, and prancing steeds. In this princely equipage, I, dressed in a well-

worn shooting suit, ragged knickerbockers, leathern gaiters, and nailed boots, was to drive, along with Shot, all through the capital of Norway.

The gentlemen sitting in the verandah round the court laid down their cigars and ceased sipping their coffee, to gaze at me in mute astonishment. A retreat would now have been ignominious, and, followed by Shot, I jumped in, and off we drove; first to the Hotel Victoria, whence, as the carriage drew up at the door, the waiters came flocking out by scores. Again we started, and, having secured a berth in the *Scandinavian*, drove to the post-office, then to the consul's, and lastly to the shops, and soon we rumbled proudly into the courtyard of the hotel, where, descending in state, I remunerated the coachman accordingly.

Before concluding with our description of the rough, rude, and unsocial national vehicle—the *carriole*—it must be admitted that it is almost the only one adapted to Norwegian roads; and further, that the Norwegian ponies know what they have to do, and usually do their work well. It is necessary to have a *Forbuds* man or *avant-courier*, who travels in a baggage-cart and secures horses. The expenses are moderate, with one's own *carriole*, about thirteen pence halfpenny for every seven miles.

II.

FISHING ON THE DRAMMEN AND LOUGEN—KONGSBERG AND THE SILVER MINES—THE TELEMARKE OR TELEMAREN—SETTERS OR CHALITS OF NORWAY—MOUNTAIN HOSIERY—THE VIST FIORDALLEN—RUKAN FOSS OR "RASKING FALL"—LEGEND OF MARY'S STONE.

THE difficulty in Norway is the start. If a sportsman, the preparations include a great variety and number of resources, even to bread, for that of the peasants is not palatable; but if merely in search of the picturesque, armed with his red-bound handbook, he need be under no apprehensions, and ought certainly to have as few incumbrances as possible. If a sportsman, the first question he will ask on his arrival at Christiania will be which is the nearest salmon river? He will be told the Drammen. What is the distance? will be the next inquiry. Answer, about thirty miles. If our brother of the rod, therefore, be as impatient as we ourselves were, on our first trip, he will resolve upon trying his skill on this water, ere he departs for Throndhjem, to fish the Gunf, the Nid, and, subsequently, the Nansen. As there are two hotels, the Hotel d'Angleterre and the Hotel de Scandinavie, at Drammen, there is no occasion to lay in a stock of provisions for this trip.

We have assumed that our brother of the craft will send on his baggage-cart, and that his servant will follow him in a hired *carriole*. The first station or post-house is Stabæk, distant from Christiania three-quarters of a Norwegian mile, or six or six-and-a-half English miles. If the *forbuds* man, who has been dispatched the preceding day, has abstained from partaking too freely of that fiery, alcoholic compound known by the name of "finkel" (a piece of self denial, by the way, seldom practised by these functionaries), our salmon-fisher will find his horses ready at Asker, the next station, one and a quarter Norwegian, or eleven English miles from Stabæk. The stage from Asker to Gjellebeck is an easy one—only seven-eighths of a Norwegian mile, or six English miles. The next and last, from Gjellebeck to Drammen, is rather longer, being one

and one-eighth Norwegian, or somewhat over nine English miles.

If our piscator be an early riser—and all true fishermen should be—he will have left Christiania at six in the morning, and, giving him half-an-hour to swallow some capital coffee, with undeniable cream, and some eggs (we will say nothing of bread, which, if he be wise, he will take with him) he will find himself comfortably housed at the Hotel d'Angleterre, at Drammen, between twelve and one o'clock—(equo volente) and the "short tommy" having been duly administered. The landlord of the Hotel d'Angleterre is a most civil and obliging person, and is moreover a very tolerable linguist. He speaks French and English fluently, and will afford every information as to the river, the best method of reaching the several fishing stations, and do all in his power to assist the English visitor in furthering his wishes.

Drammen is a flourishing and prosperous little town. It carries on a very extensive trade in timber. Trade is brisk; the merchants and tradespeople are enterprising and industrious; all is bustle and activity for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and if we can spy into futurity, Drammen will, one of these days, rank high amongst the commercial towns of Norway.

As the novice will be anxious to try his skill on the Drammen, we will tell him how to proceed. Like all well-trained disciples of the rod, he will proceed to the highest pool or stand on the river. This is at Hongsund, about ten miles from the town of Drammen, and the fishing commences in the pool immediately below the foss, or fall, which forms an insurmountable barrier for the salmon. They can proceed no higher up the river; but there are still left fifteen miles of water from the falls towards the sea, or fiord. By starting very early in the morning, the angler will have time to breakfast at the station before he commences operations. The fish do not run very large in the Drammen—their average weight being about fifteen pounds—although they have been taken in nets, and on one or two occasions with the fly, as heavy as thirty. In recommending a trial of the Drammen, we by no means wish it to be understood as one of the best rivers in Norway, but its contiguity to Christiania, and the facility afforded to the Johnny Newcome to wet his line for the first time in a Norse stream, render it a desirable spot for a *coup d'essai*. On the first occasion of our visiting Norway we tried it, and had very good sport. There are plenty of salmon in the river, and by presenting a trifling douceur to those of the inhabitants whose land adjoins the water, and above all, sharing the fish with them (for this is the grand secret and the magical key which opens their hearts), every facility will be afforded to the angler in the prosecution of his sport. The stranger having killed a dozen or so of fish will return to Drammen, and having recounted his adventures to the obsequious landlord of his hotel, will rest himself for a day, and make preparations for a second crusade on the banks of the Lougen. The forbadman must be despatched the day before in a baggage-cart, with the rods, portmanteau, a small keg of biscuits, a boiled ham, and a tongue, some bacon, and a few bottles of wine and brandy. If these creature comforts be not attended to, the traveller will fare but badly. The printed forms must be filled up and delivered to the forbadman, who will precede the fisherman some four-and-twenty hours,

in order that no delay may occur on the road. The distance from Drammen to Laurvig—a neat little fishing town at the mouth of the Lougen (it is, in fact, situated on the fiord, or arm of the sea) is about sixty miles, and our countryman will have to change his horse seven times.

The accommodations at the inn, or hotel at Laurvig, are very good indeed, the beds clean and comfortable. The store of estables need not be encroached upon here, but they will be required at the several stations up the river. The Lougen runs through the territory of the Countess Wedel Jarlsberg, who can easily be wheedled into giving permission for a stranger to fish on her property. This amiable lady is the widow of the late viceroys, whose uniform kindness and undeviating hospitality to those of our countrymen who had the honour of being introduced to him, will never be forgotten. Permission once obtained from her ladyship, and an amicable arrangement having been entered into with the owners or renters of the several slips of land bordering on the river, the Waltonian may indulge himself to the top of his bent, and the bent or bend of his rod. A very trifling sum to the poorer tenants will secure uninterrupted fishing for the whole extent of water, which may be computed at not less than forty miles! A very pretty range, it must be admitted.

Lord Rodney, Sir Hyde Parker, Sir Walter Carew, Captain Pipon, and other good men and true, have done wonders in this water; and we might add, if the piscatorial professor would permit us, that a certain *maitre de dans*, who is well known within a hundred miles of Liverpool, has made the salmon cut some extraordinary capers in the Lougen. If report speaks truly, one of his pupils (salmon we mean) weighed forty-nine pounds. We wonder whether his line was made of fiddle-strings! We hope, however, as regards the weight of his capture, that he did not draw the long bow. At all events, such a fish must have filled his kit. The fishing commences (for the angler must go upwards) exactly seven miles from Laurvig, and he will do well to proceed, from station to station, in his carriage, and not forget the commissariat cart. And here will begin the "roughing" part of the business, a kind of initiatory process, that will reconcile the enthusiast to the privations he will have to endure on his way northwards. The baits—if such they can be called—are tolerable at some of the stations, and execrable in others. Fresh meat and poultry are not to be had; but with fine salmon, ham, tongue, eggs and bacon, washed down with two or three glasses of good sherry, and a jorum or two of "cold without," we think the amateur may be content. Although we have decried the too prevalent system of carrying a superabundance of luggage, we think that a small canteen that will hold crockery, cutlery, and plates for two, an indispensable adjunct to the traveller's comfort. Only go to Norway, good piscator, and post it to Thronhjelm, and you will know what we mean. Just ask for a knife, fork, and spoon, at a post-house, and I see what you will get as substitutes. Phaugh! the very recollection sickens us.

The fish in the Lougen run larger, and are more abundant than in the Drammen. This can only be accounted for, we presume, by the elder ones having ascertained, by experience, that the passage upwards is barred against them within a short distance from the sea in the latter river. Be this as it may, the

sport in the Lougen is immeasurably superior, and many glorious days have we passed on its banks.

Vast accumulations of timber lined the road as we left Drammen for Kongsberg. Drammen is one of the great ports for Norwegian deal, and it is exported thence to Spain, and even to Egypt. The valley gradually narrowed as we approached Haugaund, where the fishing ends, which is a kind of suburb to Drammen, and where, in winter-time, the minerals and the timber are brought down from the mountains on their way to the port. Haugaund, like Drammen, is divided into two parts by a river, and these are again united by a bridge. A hospitable "giest-giver" supplied us with a repast on salmon—baked, broiled, boiled, salt or smoked, there is no need to fish in Norway; the queen of fishes is almost always to be obtained ready caught and cooked. A French tourist complained bitterly that it was *toujours queue de saumon*; some, perhaps, may sympathise with him, others envy him. It is with salmon as with partridge, one may have too much of a good thing. The costumes of Telemarkers are first met with at this little place, at the foot of the mountains. Short bodies and short petticoats come into vogue—(See page 403) and are accompanied by a truly mountaineer display of trinkets.

Between Haugaund and Kongsberg there is only one post, but it is of exceeding length, and it is a wonder how the little Norse horses or ponies get over it. These frail creatures, scarcely higher than a donkey, are almost always of a yellow brown hue, except the mane and tail, which are black, and a black line generally runs the whole length of the back. The mane is generally cropped, and only a tuft left that falls between the eyes and ears. The stiff mane, little head, and intelligent look, remind one of the horses so naively represented in the ancient bas-reliefs. If the horses are wanting in a hippic point of view, they are not in their asinine qualities. They are most patient and persevering, nor are they less enduring: a little hay suffices them. They drink when they like, and not when the traveller likes, and, arrived at their journey's end, they roll off the moistness induced by the exertion in the dust. Their masters are invariably kind to them, and we cannot too much condemn the enthusiastic angler, *Piscator ferax*, as he should be called, like his prey, the *Salmo ferax*, who advises the traveller to be armed with one of Swaine's best hunting whips as an accelerator of pace, and declares that there is nothing like a "short tommy" judiciously applied as an *argumentum ad equum* in case of need. A French tourist assures us that if the master is on the board behind, and the driver ill-treats his beloved quadruped, he may perchance meet with the *argumentum ad hominem*, and a Norwegian, he further declares to possess a heavy hand!

The road lay at first amidst mountains covered with debris and trees, a succession of enormous rocks and splendid forests; but gradually the rocks gained the ascendancy, the trees became smaller and smaller, and shaded off into shrubs, while the rocks grew larger and larger, and finally had it all to themselves. But just as the scenery was getting at the worst, the road opened upon the valley of the Laugen, which unfolded at our feet like a giant serpent, a dark cloud above reflecting the prismatic red of a setting sun, displaying the silver line below to still greater advantage. In the distance was Kongsberg, with its regal furnaces, and the Labro Foss or Fall of the Larbro,

which supplies the works with motive power. The town, grouped around the church, dominates over the rapids, and the saw and other mills that it turns. Kongsberg is the second mining town in Norway, and the chief in respect to silver and cobalt. The silver mines are said to produce a tenth of the whole state revenue.

Descending at the Giestgivegaard, which has, like the other hotels we had as yet met with, a French name—that of the Hotel des Mines—we obtained a carriage in which to visit the mines. Passing five or six water-mills, constructed with all that profusion of timber which is only to be seen in Norway and in Canada, capacious aqueducts bringing the water, and still more gigantic viaducts taking away the crushed ore, we reached a more rocky and sterile territory, which, as usual in mining districts, was rendered still more repulsive by vast accumulations of refuse, and at a turn in the road found ourselves in presence of a large wooden mansion, painted a brown colour, and which we at once recognised as having been immortalised by the pencils of Messrs. Girard and Karl Girardet in the relation of Prince Napoleon's journey to the north.

This was the habitation of the director of the mines, and nothing could exceed his urbanity and civility. Our request to be allowed to visit the mines was replied to in our own language with every cordiality. But as nothing resembles another thing more than one mine does another, the same damp and mouldy ladders, the same long narrow and dark galleries, and the same break-neck shafts, we may spare the reader the details. Suffice it that we had not, as we once had at Leadhills, in Dumfries, the pleasure of passing under the beam of a giant steam-engine in the dark, and at an unaccustomed turn in the gallery, in the interval of its rise and fall, and when the briefest delay in progress would have entailed a very inglorious crush. On our return to the earth's surface we were conducted to where the specimens of ores and minerals were kept, and we found that the silver is obtained in two conditions, native in long threads, sometimes as fine as hair, and as a black sulphuret. There was a magnificent specimen of the latter on the chimney. Having inscribed our names in the book, and thanked the civil director, we took our way to the Lurbrus Fos, and thence, tired enough, gained our comfortable hostelry. It was a vast wooden mansion, with a bar below for the working classes, a dining-room for the *employés* at the mines, etc., and a great room for balls and concerts, where the fashionables of Kongsberg take a little recreation.

Telemark, or Telemarken, so interesting to the tourist for the grandeur of its scenery, its picturesque dwellings and the costumes of the people, its capital shooting districts and large and numerous lakes and streams abounding in trout, may be said to begin at Kongsberg or the "King's Mountain," and to stretch away thence to the west. This region, although the most southerly and most easily approached of all the Norwegian mountain districts, is, from the want of good roads and accommodation, but rarely visited by travellers or tourists.

Kongsberg is, indeed, the last civilised station in a north-west direction from the capital. The rude rocks of the Telemark rise up thence to frame in Lakes Tinn, Mios, Totak, Bandak, and others, and, piling one upon another, ultimately rise up in the west in

that great barrier of snow-clad Alps known as the Harlanger Field.

There are, however, many roads across the outlying hills, and we looked more to the picturesque than to comfort in our selection of one of them. Quitting Kongsberg at four in the morning, we followed the valley of the Laagan, obstructed by fallen timber, till it expanded into a fine meadow known as the Sæter of Moen. The sæter of Norway is more or less identical with the chalet of Switzerland, the yallah of the Turks and Turkomans, and the zomas of the Kurds and Chaldean mountaineers. The word is said to imply simply absence of cultivation, for, if a farm, there is seldom sown but grass plains and summer pastures around, but it is more generally a hut or cabin, and sometimes even a lonely bit of mountain pasture to which a solitary girl leads her flock to revel in during the brief summer sunshine. The people at this, the first sæter we came to, were civil and hospitable.

The road, such as it was, ascended from hence by one of those turf uplands where pines have grown and rotted for centuries. After little more than an hour and a half of rude jolting, we arrived at Bolkesjø, a mountain village of about ten or twelve houses of some antiquity, and deeply impressed with the original stamp of the old Norwegian gaards. The hostelry was indeed truly characteristic. We give an illustration of its interior at p. 401. It was painted with red and black arabesques, browned by the lapse of time from the floor to the ceiling. There were two recesses with beds perched on high, and shelves decorated with no end of kitchen utensils of copper and even of silver, for the Norse peasant sets more value upon the shadow than the substance, and he would rather eat a spare dinner on a silver plate than a hearty meal on pottery. The family plate was of all dates, sizes, and styles, and old chairs painted like the panels of the room, and tables of birch, completed the scene. Whilst the bacon and eggs were frying in this comfortable hostelry, we tramped up the mountain side to enjoy a splendid panorama of the Telemark, Lake Føl being at our feet, and the wooded acclivities of the Hofvin rising up beyond to the snowy summit of the Gausta. This scene is embodied in the illustration at page 409.

The road had been bad enough up to Bolkesjø, but the descent was worse; at one moment we were buried in dark forest, at another carried along a precipitous ledge two or three hundred feet above the lake below, and the road was always encumbered with rocks or pine-trees. Other little lakes glittered through the forest, all buried in deep silence. There were no houses or huts, no life or animation. It is sometime before the traveller accustoms himself to the solitudes of the Norse mountains. At Vik, however, we found humanity abroad again, and a little land cultivated. This was at the level of the lake, and the fields were separated by roughly constructed gateways, which the skydskarl or boy on the board behind had to get down ever and anon and open. It is perhaps owing to this circumstance that the handbook says carriages have, in this route, to be left behind at Bolkesjø.

A last mountain barrier opened at Kopsland upon magnificent meadows, watered by the Maan Elv, which flows from the Mios Vard or lake, a fine sheet of water which receives its supply from the Hardanger Field, and pours its overflow by the Maan Elv into the basin of the Tind Sjø, and thence into the sea at Skein.

The upper valley of the Maan Elv, better known as Vest-Flordal, is about thirty miles in length (see p. 437), and about the third of its length the great depression is met with which gives origin to the Riukan Foss, one of the most remarkable falls in Norway. The thread of water at Gudvangen in Bergen, which topples over a cliff 4000 feet above the sea, is higher, and the falls of the Glommer at Kongsvinger surpass it in volume, but the Riukan enjoys deserved celebrity alike for the imposing mass of its waters, and the prodigious height (in round numbers some thousand feet), from which they precipitate themselves. It is one lake in fact emptying itself into another.

The lower valley between Lake Tinn and Lake Hittl was smiling and pleasant enough; trees and shrubs came down the hill sides nigh to their base, the meadows were spangled with blue gentian and bright coloured orchids, and cattle roved about, but the waters of the lake rushed along bearing great trees along with it as if they had been mere logs. At length we reached a spot where we had to be ferried—carrioles and all—across the torrent. The spot was marked by the little white church of Grandherved, picturesquely built on the banks of the stream. Beyond this, the road improved as far as to Lake Tinn or Tind, where all further progress by land ceased, and where the lake poured over rocks into the lower valley by which we were approaching it. At this point was also the hamlet of Tinoset, where a boat and boatmen are obtained—with the use of a little of that virtue which is so uncommon with tourists, patience—to navigate the lake. In Norway, the vanskyde or water transit succeeds the landskyde or land transit as a matter of course. It was no small treat to exchange the jolt of the carriole for the recumbent ease of the Norwegian bark; add to this the lake itself, embosomed in woods and mountains 2000 feet high, was redolent of picturesque beauty, and it was almost with a feeling of regret that we landed at Haakenoes and exchanged its tranquil bosom for the carriole, after partaking of a supper of hōres (lake salmon) at mine host's of Haakenoes. It was not in reality, however, till we reached the little church of Moel (Moel kirke) that we attained the Vestflordal or upper valley of the Maan Elv, and we proceeded on foot, a beautiful walk along a most magnificent valley, the boatmen carrying the luggage to Dal—the great centre of excursions in the Vestflordal and the Telemark.

Horses are easily obtained here with which to proceed up the Vestflordal to the great falls of Riukan, but we preferred from old habit to stroll along this vale of gorgeous scenery. An excellent idea may be obtained of it from the illustration at p. 437. As we proceeded the valley began to narrow, and at the sæter of Mgolsland commences a rocky ascent, from whence a splendid view is obtained of the vast fields of the Gausta, celebrated for the legend of the petrified nuptials, and where all the victims are shown, to the family dog and cat, all alike converted into stone.

The long line of a falling stream rolling from rock to rock like an enormous serpent, was seen extending down from the very top of the snowy crest of the Gausta so distinctly, that the eye scarcely loses sight of the boiling torrent for a moment; even when lost in a far away rocky basin it is as incessantly reappearing. This mountain torrent passes under a picturesque wooden bridge, and turns a saw-mill before joining the Maan.

Below this bridge is the special pathway to the Riukan, a kind of narrow staircase leading over very insecure looking rocks. It is designated as a horse-way, which may be admitted by those who have seen the Norwegian ponies ascend the eighteen hundred steps alongside the Voring Foss or Falls of Hardanger. We congratulated ourselves, however, upon being on foot; the superior sense of security is, in such a posi-

tion, remarkably gratifying. After three-quarters of an hour's toil, we began to perceive the fall through the rocks, and at length, after the usual amount of struggling, which experience has taught us accompanies almost all waterfall-seeing upon a grand scale, we reached a narrow path upon the brink of the precipice, and we began to perceive this particular fall had a sensation in store from above as that of Niagara



COSTUMES OF TELLEMARKIN.

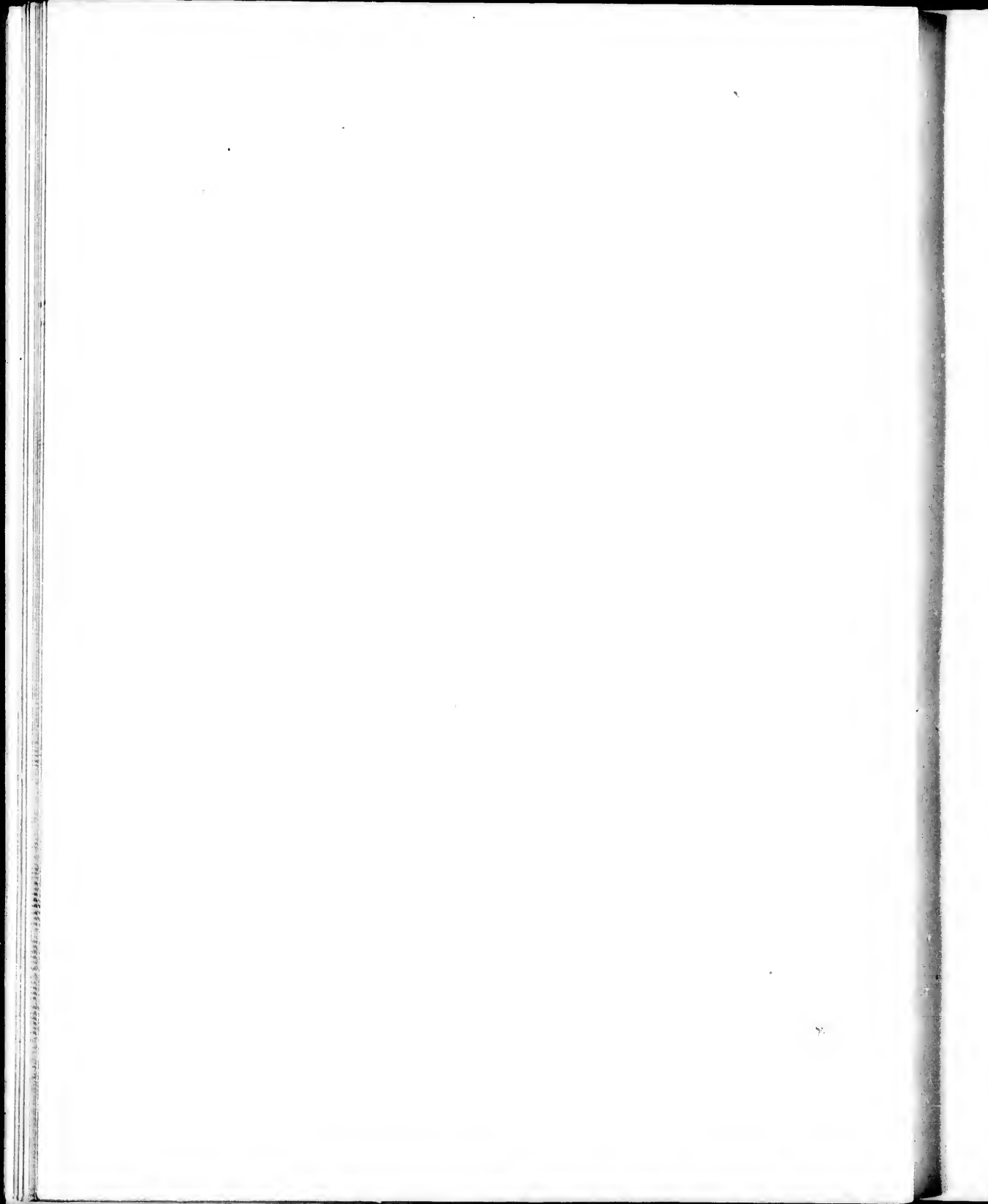
has from below. This pathway is called Mari Stein or Mary's Stone, and has a legend attached to it which is thus related by Miss Frederica Bremer, in her *Strife and Peace; or Scenes in Norway*, p. 17:—

It was by this path that the beautiful Mary of Westfordalen went, with light and fearless step, to meet the friend of her childhood, Eistein Halfvorsden; but the avarice of her father separated them, and Mary's

tears and prayers prevailed upon her lover to fly, to escape the plot formed by a treacherous rival against his life. Years passed, and Mary was firm in her constancy. Her father died; Eistein had, by his valour and nobleness, made his former enemy his friend; and, after their long separation, the lovers were to meet again, never to be separated. Eistein hastened by the shortest way, the Mari-Stein, to meet his beloved.



VALLEY OF BOLKESJO.



Long had she watched for him. She saw him coming, and his name burst from her with a joyful cry. He saw, and rushed to meet her, but fell, and the Riukan whirled him into its foaming depths. For many years after this, a pale form, in whose beautiful eyes a quiet madness spoke, wandered daily in the Mari-Stein, and seemed to talk with some one in the abyss below. There she went till a merciful voice summoned her to joy and rest in the arms of her beloved.

The terrible Maan comes at this point from the distant Hardanger to tumble down a slope, distorted by the rocks that oppose it, till it reaches the spot where its waters separate before they take their final shoot into the depths below. It appears as fine and fleecy, Everest remarks in his *Norway*, p. 36, as white wool or cotton; and though the vapour obscures everything near it, yet, in looking over the cliff, shoots of foam can be discerned at the bottom like rockets of water radiating in every direction. A low sound and vibration appears to come from beneath one's feet. As I hung, half giddy, on the steep, and turned my eyes opposite to the mountain mass that breasted me, its black sides, seemingly within a stone's throw, and its snowy head far in the clouds above, my thoughts involuntarily turned to him at whose bidding it upsprung. I long gazed upon the wonderful scene, which seemed like the end of the world. It still floats before me like a dream.

III.

SCIFFS OR CHALET AT BAMBLE—REMARKABLE ANCIENT WOODEN CHURCH AT HITTERDAL—VALE OF HIERTDAL—CROSS OF THE LIÉ OR LIDFIELD—VALE OF FLATDAL—NORDAARDEN-I-SILLEHORN—THE HEART OF TELEMAR—CASTLE OF SILENCE.

THE return from the Reeking Fall is more agreeable than the progress there. It is true that expectation softened the toil, but it was not the less an arduous case of climbing; it is also true that a firm hold of a providential birch-tree gave a certain feeling of security against the fate of Eistein.¹ But still the whole scene was on so terrific a scale, that it was impossible, after gratifying the senses, not to feel a pleasure at being at a distance from it. The constant contemplation of so awful a spectacle would, we suspect, be enough to produce many poor Marys. Then again, Ole Torgensen, and his beautiful daughter Aasta, were waiting for us at Dal. They had prepared an excellent repast wherewith to recruit our exhausted energies, and this accomplished, we inspected the travellers' book with less disgust than what was felt by an enterprising French tourist at finding the names of only two of his countrymen as visitors to this remote spot. All spoke in terms of admiration of the host, and still more so of his daughter—a perfect Telemarkian type. Like most mountaineers, she had also some filagree silver-work and curiosities in copper for sale. She also exhibited her own private stock of trinkets, but when pressed to part with a specimen, she civilly declined. "They are my own," she said; "I put them on on Sundays to go to Moel Kirke, and cannot part with them."

¹ The letter *f* has in this name, as also in that of *fjeld* and *fjord*, been following the excellent example of Professor James Forbes, written as *f*, as more conformable to English usage, although pronounced as *g*, and the *h* has nearly the same sound. *de* has, it may also be observed, the power of *e* in cold.

The carriage carried us merrily back to Moel; a bed of birch had been provided in the canoe, and Lake Tinn was traversed in sleep. A rude shock awoke us at four in the morning. It was the boat bumping against the pine-trees at Timoset. After what our excellent neighbours describe as an extemporised and summary toilette in the lake, but which we should simply designate as an immersion in its blue waters, we were on our way to Hitterdal.

The first point attained was Bumble, and beyond this was Hitterdal, with its remarkable church, one of the rare wooden monuments of the thirteenth century still existing in Norway. It is a kind of pyramid of timber, with five or six stories, superposed like a Burmese pagoda. The walls are protected by tiles of wood, laid on like the scales of a fish, and the roofs are covered with little sculptural planks. A covered gallery runs round the edifice to shelter the people. A sculptured porch gives admission to the cemetery, whilst, on the opposite side, the clock-tower stands amidst the trees of the praestegfield or presbytery. The interior has lately been restored, and uncomfortable forms have supplanted the old sculptured benches, but the silver gilt cross of Byzantine style, and the old pulpit, with its signs of the zodiac, have wisely been allowed to remain. Hitterdal Kirke is, with the celebrated crypt of Sanct Mikael, on the Nord-fjord, near Skien, one of the most primitive monuments of its kind in the country.

Not only does the valley change its name, but also the river. It is called Hjerdals or Hiertdals elv in the handbook. The church at Hitterdal is also described in the same indispensable companion as one of the oldest in Norway, and as of the same period and style as that at Borgund, on the Bergen road, and, like that, it is said to be included in Professor Dahl's work on the ancient Norwegian churches.

Mr. Ferguson, in his *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, p. 933, after regretting the destruction of the wooden churches of Saxon and Norman times, says: The largest of those now in Norway is that of Hitterdal. It is eighty-four feet long by fifty-seven across. Its plan is that usual in churches of the age, except that it has a gallery all around on the outside. Its external appearance is very remarkable. It is more like a Chinese pagoda, or some strange creation of the South Sea Islanders, than the sober production of the same people, who built the bold and massive round Gothic edifices of the same age. Mr. Ferguson suggests that the panels may once have been adorned by Runic carving, which, as they decayed, have been replaced by plain timbers, detracting much of course from its original appearance.

The road was carried hence, by the force of circumstances, westward, up the valley of the Hitterelv, with the lofty Ganst field to the north, and the Lié or Lid field, still more remarkable for its contrasted configuration, to the south. The valley is, strictly speaking, the Hitterdal or dale, but mountaineers are always profuse of local names, and they divide it into three, Hitterdal, Laurdal, and Hiertdal. Half way up the valley, at a place called Sanland, was another picturesque old church, but it is said to be crumbling, and about to be replaced by an edifice of a more simple character. This Hiertdal or Hitterdal did not want in animation. There were smelting furnaces and other works by the road-side, and being the season for annual exercise, soldiers were encamped on its plains.

Arrived at Hiertdal we were obliged, perforce, to turn off and ascend the flanks of the Lie or Lid-field, where they are least abrupt, to gain the valley of the Fladals elv or river, which expands between the Lie-field and the snow-clad Mount Scorve, into a small lake called Flaas, or Flad, and lower down into the more considerable lacustrine expanse of the Sillejord. The beauty of the scenery amply repaid the toil. Splendid ash trees lined the road during the long descent; to the right was the glacial Scorve, with the serrated peaks of the Thors Nutten, the tranquil basin of Lake Flad glittering in the hollow below, while to the left the eye could follow the windings of the Sillejord for thirty miles or upwards. At Sundbo, a village situated at the extremity of this magnificent Fladal or vale, the high road to Hardanger is left to enter into the district of Sillejord, enamelled with green meadows, and dotted with well-to-do farms.

It was with no small amount of pleasure that, after our long day's work, we reached the village known as the Nord garden i Sillejord. But our difficulties were not over. The gaard was wretched. There was a presbytery, the landsman's house, and two or three good-looking farm-houses. The guides, however, had no compunction; they settled the matter by driving up to one of the best looking habitations, with a portico in front, and a greensward sloping down to the water's side. A servant received us in silence on the threshold, and ushered our abashed persons into a spacious apartment, in which was a piano, flanked by two lofty oleanders in full blossom. But there was no host, and our trepidation did not cease till the same demure domestic came to usher us up stairs to our bed-room, where tea awaited us. Fatigue, and the impossibility of doing otherwise, obliged us to accept of this silently proffered hospitality without an inquiry. Next day, after giving the servant a present, the horses being put to, we stepped cheerily into the carriage, and just as it was driving away, we caught the sound of a well-known melody coming from the piano. Our first impulse was to jump out and retrace our steps, to return thanks in person to the chateleine of the castle of silence. But a moment's reflection told us of the inconvenience of such a proceeding. The noble owner was probably away, and in his absence the lady, if she could not entertain us in person, still did not decline to extend to us her hospitality. Such is Norwegian civility.

The Nord garden i Sillejord is considered as the heart of Telemark. The women of this district, says Elliott, in his *Letters from the North of Europe*, wear a red jacket, a black skirt, trimmed at the bottom with yellow, and a short vest, fastened by a ceinture where the jacket ends, and hanging in loose plaits for some inches below. A coloured handkerchief, tied round the head, floats in the air behind. The sides of the stockings are prettily worked, and the shoes are ornamented with large buckles, or star-shaped pieces of leather. The costume of the men is something like that in which Charles XII. is drawn, or that of the combatants in Spanish bull fights—a short jacket of some decided colour; a waistcoat, striped, and very gaudy; dark breeches, with a streak of red running down both sides and across the front; worsted stockings, well worked; broad embroidered gaiters; large knee-buckles, and shoes embroidered like the women's. Both sexes wear a profusion of silver lace and trinkets upon their persons. (See p. 408.)

There is a rocky and mountainous peninsula of

some ten or twelve miles in extent to cross at this point, between the Sillejord and the Bandak, or Bandags vard, one of the most picturesque and best fishing and shooting districts in all Norway. The ascent, at first monotonous enough, gradually took us up to a "field" surrounded by precipitous rocks. A sheet of water fell from this natural circus, which is entered into by a vast breach, and formed a little lake below. The ascent is continued beyond this, before the crest is gained, and then, turning suddenly round, the descent commences into the long valley of the Bandaga. It was a repetition of the same magnificent scenery as on the descent from the Lie-field. Luxuriant meadows, ready for the scythes, the roadside enlivened by flowering plants and shrubs, well-built farms, and the long and sinuous waters of the Bandags at our feet. We drove up at Moen to a gaard, or hotel, of promising aspect. The host, in spectacles, was smoking a pipe on the threshold, and two other travellers were just arriving from another direction. He received us all with cordiality, and the bustle and animation of this place, with the comforts of a good table, made us fancy we had suddenly been transported into another country.

IV.

LAKE BANDAGS—SAINT OLAF STEAMER—RAVINE OF RAVENS—THE BO-FIELD AND ITS BEANS—A RAVENOUS BEAR—HARDANGER COSTUME—A BRAAR HUNT—THE NORD FROSD—SKIEN.

WE were lucky enough to be picked up by the steamer *Saint Olaf*, which plies in the Bandag Lakes at Alpelstoen, the port of Moen, and with it proceeded pleasantly along the upper lake, hemmed in by magnificent mountains, to Dalen, at its further extremity. The only place touched at was Laurdal, where a trout stream, flowing from a tarn above, joins the lake, and in which beautiful but secluded spot there is a goodly house in the heart of a grove of pines. The stream also turns several saw-mills. This was really a peculiarly inviting spot.

The hamlet of Dalen consists of some five or six houses, lying in a marshy meadow at the head of the lake, and at the bottom of Bandag valley. Our port-manteau was conveyed to a wooden hut, which the boatman designated as a speise korter, or *restaurant à la carte*; but it was a mere soter or peasant's hut, and the carte consisted of the classical hore and of potatoes, which constitute a first-class repast in Norway. Whilst this was getting ready we started on foot to visit the famous Ravnedjupet or Ravine of Ravens, which is renowned in the traditions of Telemark for casting back, by the mere force of the dread winds that blow down it, everything that is left there. The amount of savage sterility that this rocky glen presented to the eye can therefore be readily imagined from the local tradition that attaches to it. It cost us two long hours of scrambling along the wooded Eidsborgskleven to reach it. Issuing from the dark pine forest, a deep fissure presented itself with a mountain-torrent rolling along at its base, and it was easy to understand how the west wind should accumulate into an irresistible hurricane in this narrow pent-up ravine. Possibly, however, its name may be derived from the ravens feeding there on animals destroyed by the storm, and borne along by the stream, or it may have been a pagan place of punishment, like the Ravnagia of Iceland. Whether or not, the Ravnedjupet, like the

Rjukan-foss, is a site exceptionally picturesque, and the view amply repaid the fatigue of reaching it.

After a night's rest at Dalen, where the hostess spoke English, and fully expected us to stay and fish away at the least a week of our existence, we started next day with the *Saint Olaf*—solitary sovereign of the Bandags ward. These "dampskibs" are anything but regular in their movements; they go from village to village, take up goods and passengers where they present themselves, have no covered deck, merely a central cabin with a table, and they stow away peasants and baggage in the open fore-castle, leaving the equally open stern to the tourists or gentlemen and ladies who may happen to be on the move. All they seem to care for is that, starting for the tour of the lakes on the Monday morning, they shall get back again on the Saturday evening. The splendour of the scenery and the glorious contrasts of the landscape—the mountains contemplated from so many points of view and from so tranquil and advantageous a position, in every change of form and light and shade, and the ever sinuous waters, seeming at times as if about to close up all further progress, present however so infinite a variety of aspects, that they neither palled nor wearied us, and it was almost with a feeling of regret that we arrived at Stroengen, our journey's end.

A day's rest on board the *Saint Olaf* was further an excellent preparation for an ascent of the Lagland, where we spent several days in the hut of a bear-hunter at Hoegland, and whence we made several long pedestrian excursions into the Bø-field, in order to see with our own eyes the sturdy plantigrade of the north, and to examine the caverned recesses in which he takes up his abode with his playful progeny. When Mr. Wyndham was at Sandvig, on the western side of the Hardanger, he heard sad accounts of the depredations of a bear in the neighbouring mountains. In the eight days, he relates, immediately preceding our arrival, it had destroyed no less than twenty cows, four of which had been killed only two days previously. We learned that an order had come round from some authority for a general bear-hunt on the morrow, in which every man, who was able, would be expected to join. Such an opportunity might not again be met with, and our host, begging us to stay at Sandvig as long as it should be agreeable to us, we decided to remain for the hunt. Dinner concluded, we busied ourselves with the preparations for starting to the mountains; for the scene of the bear's exploits being at some distance, it was found to be absolutely necessary to start the same evening, in order that we might reach the ground to be searched along with the other hunters. The only means of transporting our provisions, rugs, and mackintoshes, in case of a bivouac, was on men's backs, and accordingly two peasants were engaged for the purpose.

At about six in the evening we found ourselves on our way to a farmhouse called Bjornebol (bear's palace), eight or nine miles distant. For the first two miles from Sandvig there was a tolerable road, ending, however, in a mere track, which led first of all across the river on stepping-stones, and then ascended the steep rocky ground lying as a barrier directly across the valley. On reaching the summit of this ridge, from whence the water ran eastwards and westwards, we halted for a few minutes to look back down the valley at the view which extended over Sandvig and across the Hardanger Fiord till it was bounded by the moun-

tains on the further side of the water. Turning away we pushed onwards, but had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when a view still more magnificent burst upon us. Huge mountains rose majestically in the distance; while down the narrow gorge could be traced the foaming course of an impetuous torrent, which, after raging and boiling in its contracted channel, lost its waters in those of a small lake at our feet. Apparently there was no outlet to the lake, so precipitously did the rocks close in on either side. But as we descended to the shores, a narrow cleft became visible through which the water, flowing calmly out, rolled along in a southerly direction to the Matre Fiord.

To show how little general maps can be trusted, Professor Munch's map—by far the best, with the exception of the Amts Karte—is here completely at fault; for, instead of tracing the course of the river, southwards from this point, into the Matre Fiord, the map continues to direct it due east till it discharges its waters into the Hardanger Fiord—a physical impossibility, from the high ridge which here runs completely across the valley.

On the acclivity overlooking the lake stood a group of stone scoters, or mountain dairies, corresponding to the châteaux of Switzerland. They were miserable hovels, with barely room for one person's sleeping accommodation, and consequently another similar building was required for the milk. A few solitary cows, wandering about over the adjoining pasturage, were the only living creatures to be seen. Threading our way through the thick brushwood by the lake side, we climbed the rising ground beyond, and followed a rough track along the northern side of the valley. Now the path overhung the torrent, which at one time dashed with a loud roar over the obtruding rocks, while at another its dark waters were hushed in stillness in some gloomy, fathomless pool; and now the track led through waving birch woods, clothing the sides of the valley in great profusion, and enhancing the scene with their bright green foliage. Once more descending, we reached another lake, larger but less picturesque than the preceding one.

Crossing a stream, which fell headlong down from the rocks, we next encountered a scramble of no ordinary difficulty. The rocks, dipping almost perpendicularly into the green waters of the lake, seemed to preclude all further advance; but thanks to a few cracks and inequalities, we were enabled to gain just sufficient foothold to make the passage practicable. Glad we were when it was passed; for a false step or an unsteady grasp would have been undoubtedly followed by a plunge into the cold water below.

At the top of a steep rocky ascent we found a small gate, the purpose of which, in such a wild, open, region, was scarcely apparent; but very possibly it might be the boundary mark of different pasture grounds. Soon after traversing a comparatively level tract of rocky ground, we came in sight of a third lake; and a long descent brought us, at ten o'clock, to the farm of Bjornebol.

The establishment consisted of several buildings constructed entirely of wood, two of which were appropriated to the inhabitants, while cattle and sheep found shelter in the others, the lofts being well filled with hay and other articles of farm use. The situation of Bjornebol was extremely beautiful: the buildings occupied some flat grassy land near the shores of the lake, which here expanded into a wide sheet of water.

At about a couple of hundred yards from the farm the river burst in a fine cascade, over a wall of rock, and fell with a loud roar into the lake below. The height of the fall was inconsiderable, but fully compensated by the great volume of water, and the picturesque way in which it lashed over the rocks. On the opposite side of the lake stood other farm-buildings, of the same description as those of Bjornebol.

Entering the main building we found that the inhabitants had already retired to rest; but as the peasants are dressed equally by night as by day, some of them soon rose to receive us. Here we again experienced the extreme hospitality of the Norwegians; for, with that frankness and good feeling which asks no questions about intrusion, we were immediately welcomed as guests.

Our hostess was a stout, square-built person, and the very picture of kindness and good-humour; she wore the head-dress peculiar to the people of the Hardanger district, consisting of a thick woollen cap of a dark-blue colour, fitted closely to the head, and rising up at the back in a flat horse-shoe shape; the body of her dress was of the same dark-blue cloth, embroidered in front with bright red; it was without sleeves, but her white linen one contrasted very prettily with the dark bodice; the petticoat was of the same material. Quitting the room for a moment, the good wife returned with a bowl of warm milk—unfortunately goat's milk—which, when heated, acquires a disagreeable flavour.

Conversation now turned on the events of the coming day, in the course of which we learned that we had still a considerable distance to go before reaching the parts frequented by the bear. Not having as yet acquired sufficient Norse to understand much of the conversation, I amused myself by looking round at the arrangements of the room. Enough light still entered through the window to allow of an indistinct view of the interior, which was also partially lighted by the flickering embers that lay in the huge triangular-shaped fireplace. Three or four beds stood round the room against the wall, all of which were well tenanted, some being occupied by as many as three or four persons.

When conversation began to flag, the engineer entertained the audience with a song; after which, on inquiring where we could pass the night, we were shown into the adjoining building, in the principal room of which there were three beds—two of them, fortunately, unoccupied. The bed of a Norwegian peasant, which is always extremely short, very much resembles a large wooden box on four short legs; a quantity of hay forms the mattress, and over this is laid a canvas sheet and a blanket. The other bed in the room was already occupied by two men, but, being constructed on an expansive principle, it could still contain two more. In beds of this construction, two of the posts—a head and a foot one—are attached to a movable set of boards, which, when the posts are drawn out, form the bottom to the new part; a head and foot-board also slide in and out with the rest of the expanding part, so that a perfect bed is formed of double the size of the original one.

In this enlarged receptacle, the two peasants who accompanied us took up their quarters for the night. A room adjoining was equally well stocked with men, who had come hither on the same errand. House-room was to us quite an unexpected luxury, and having

come fully prepared to find every corner occupied, a bivouac in the open air would not have caused us any surprise.

By daybreak next morning we were all awake; but what was our disappointment when, on looking out, we found that rain was falling in torrents. In hopes that later in the day the weather might improve, we determined to defer our start for an hour or two. But five, six, and seven o'clock passed away, and still the rain continued. So, after a substantial breakfast of raw smoked salmon and bread, which we had brought with us, and milk from the farm, we started off in search of the bear.

Our path continued up the valley, and by the side of the same river, whose course we had followed the previous evening. Scrambling up the precipitous wall of rock, over which the river fell into the lake, we found ourselves, as it were, in quite a different valley. At one time we traversed flat grassy land by the side of the river, here flowing gently along; while at another the path overhung the course of the torrent, which now boiled and foamed over the rocky obstacles in its narrow channel.

About an hour's walk brought us to a couple of stone seters, and here we sat down for a short time to rest; but soon we continued our toil over the rocks with renewed vigour. Hence the track led over still more difficult ground; and by this time the level walking had entirely ceased, for the sides of the valley descended in a very steep slope, ending, at about fifty feet above the river, in a perpendicular precipice of rock. The sides, however, were well grown with birch trees, which were generally within reach of grasp whenever a difficult place rendered it necessary to use more than ordinary caution.

At last, after scrambling along for about seven miles, we reached three or four stone seters, which had evidently been long untenanted. At this spot, where the valley, turning at right angles, pursued an easterly direction, three men, who had come from the neighbourhood of Sandvig by a different tract, joined our party. Shortly before reaching these seters, they had passed a cow much torn and lacerated by the bear, from whose embraces the poor animal seemed with difficulty to have escaped. Here we had recourse to our provisions; the peasants took *flad-brod*, flat-barley cake, from knapsacks, quenching their thirst with water mixed with some rye meal, which, they consider, renders the drink more wholesome.

I had almost expected that there would have been a general assembly of hunters, but it seemed that the natives of each village were to beat in the country nearest to their homes. To our party, consisting of twelve men, was apportioned the northern side of the valley; another band from Sandvig taking the south side. Soon, two of the peasants, quitting us, ascended the north side of the valley, so as to command the summit of the ridge. Immediately upon the report of their fire-arms announcing to us that they had gained their position, we also set off.

Four or five streams, rushing down from the heights to join the river, had here to be forded, but, being scarcely above our knees, they were passed without difficulty. Now we scrambled along, keeping a vigilant watch, and firing our guns to rouse the bear from its lurking-place, and also as signals to other peasants on the opposite side of the valley. Considering the wide extent of ground which we covered, it was

striking that no birds, either large or small, were seen.

The weapons of our party were of various descriptions; one man carried a long single-barelled gun, to which he had lately fitted a new, but very rude, stock; another was armed with a large horse pistol; while an axe formed the equipment of a third. The apparatus used by the peasants for loading their guns was very complicated, consisting of a powder horn, stopped at the small end by a peg of wood, and a leathern bag containing bullets, suspended from the neck by a string. No measure was used for the powder, the correct quantity being ascertained by observing how far the ramrod projected above the muzzle, more powder being added if it did not stand high enough. A piece of tow was next rammed down and well hammered, after which followed the forcing home of the bullet, an operation the most trying of all to the patience, and attended with the probability of the ramrod snapping in two—a pleasant crisis when facing a wounded bear!

Unfortunately we saw nothing of Bruin; but that he had been in the neighbourhood was very evident from the carcasses of three cows: one of these was on the opposite side of the river, while the other two were lying among the rocks, apparently just as they had fallen. Scarcely a mark of teeth or claws was visible; the poor animals having seemingly been hugged to death; neither had been in the least devoured, and probably they were destined for the bear's autumnal stock of food.

The country was extremely beautiful, especially when the sun, at intervals breaking through the dark clouds, shed a bright gleam over the sombre rocks and the green birches. But the finest view of all was obtained from a bold rock—the limit of our advance. About two miles from this spot a grand wall of rock abruptly terminated the valley; over this the river, fed by an immense glacier, the Folge Fond, fell with a loud roar into the valley below; while lofty mountains beyond formed a noble background. A few remaining cows, wandering near some saters on the opposite side of the river, were the only living creatures in this scene of sublime solitude.

Pleasant it was to gain shelter for a time under the roof of the stone hovels, where the raw smoked sheep's ham and dry bread, from the provision-box, were fully appreciated. In retracing our steps we experienced some difficulty in finding our way, as the two peasants who accompanied us were but slightly acquainted with the country; but fortunately, by following the course of the river, we could not fail to reach Bjornebol, and it was safely regained between five and six.

Sufficient time just remained before darkness set in to allow of our proceeding to Sandvig. The streams in our path had, during the last twenty-four hours, assumed a very different aspect; and even those which had been almost dry on the previous evening were now dashing along in angry torrents, sometimes almost knee-deep. On the way we met a party of men going to Bjornebol who stopped to have a long conversation, chiefly about the bear hunt. They were fine specimens of the people belonging to the Hardanger district, most of them being fully six feet high, and well and strongly built. Their dress, that peculiar to the whole of the Bergenstift, or province of Bergen, consisted of a round jacket of blue cloth, with trousers and waistcoat of the same material, the buttons being of silver;

while a flat crowned glazed hat was worn on the head.

After a walk of about thirty miles, in an almost incessant rain, it was a great delight to find ourselves once more under the roof of our hospitable friend at Sandvig.

To return, however, to our own humble proceedings, notwithstanding our want of success in bagging plantigrades, the fine, manly, cheerful, and hospitable character of the mountaineers left a pleasurable impression, which was not always strengthened in the vale below. We do not, however, mean in this especial and immediate instance, for, descending from Hoegland to Ulefoss, a fine fall of water that turns several mills, we found ourselves, all of a sudden, transported into the midst of the luxuries and appliances of the most perfect civilisation, not nine miles from a region over which the bear still roves! Norway is, from its peculiar configuration, a country of remarkable contrasts in this respect. This was on the shores of the Nord Fiord—a magnificent expanse of water, at whose further extremity is Skien; between which and Porsgrund and Christiania, there is regular steam communication, dampkitts also plying on the lake itself. Skien is, like Drammen, a point for accumulating the timber of Telemark, and we fancied that more business was doing than at the former place. The town is actually paved with sawdust, and smoking is, in consequence, forbidden under heavy penalties. Skien is one of the most ancient cities of Norway, and close by, on the Nord Fiord, is the picturesque and ancient St. Michael's Kirke, and between Skien and Porsgrund are the ruins of an old catholic chapel.

V.

KING CHARLES XV.—LOCHES OR LUCKY VILLAS—OSCARHALL—THE COMMANDANT OF OSCARHOG—KRAKROK AND ITS OYSTERS—BANQUET AT ARENDAL—A PHOTOGRAPHER AT CHRISTIANSAND.

TAKING advantage of the facile communication existing between Skien and Christiania, we returned to the capital to make our arrangements for a coast trip to Bergen, and we arrived, happily, at a moment when King Charles XV. was about to make the same excursion. He is a tall handsome man, robust and active, as suits a free king of the mountains, frank and sincere, and fond of sports and adventures—a monarch, in every sense of the word, made for his country. We first met the monarch in the garden of the university. All the youth of the capital had met there to celebrate the arrival of the students who had been upon a fraternising expedition to their fellow-Danish and Swedish students at Copenhagen and Upsala. The king came to the festival, cantering on horseback, and was received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. It is now universally admitted, that the rapid strides that Norway has made in wealth and population since she became emancipated from the Danish yoke, give abundant hopes for the future. The king was about to make a tour of the coast in a few days, and we determined to follow in his wake. It would give us an unusual opportunity of seeing large masses of population assembled and, as disinterested members of the Ethnological Society, of studying their types and costumes.

The further little delay thus obtained was turned to advantage in making further acquaintance with the

lockes, as they call the villas in the environs of Christiania. It is just as if we said "luck," the term positively signifying the delight, pleasure, or folly of the particular tenant or proprietor. Thus, since nobility has been demolished, the landed proprietors, timber merchants, miners, graziers, and the civil and military authorities, constitute the aristocracy of the country, and each has his locke, to which he adds his own name. At one point of the Aker Mountains is the locke of M. Thorvald, in the Swiss style; near it, the locke of M. Thomas, in the Italian; and, on the borders of the Gulf, the modest locke of Mme. de L—; while, on the opposite shore, is Oscarshall, the royal locke—a little castle, with turrets in mediæval style, much affected by the late king, the son of Bernadotte. Tiedemannd, the Greuze of the North, has painted the history of the Norwegian peasant from his birth to his death, on the panels, and Dahl, Frick, and Gude, have illustrated the most beautiful scenes of this most picturesque of mountain lands on canvases. A visit to Oscarshall is thus, in fact, a visit to Norway, in miniature.

Thanks to following suite to a monarch, our first relay in quitting Christiania was beneath the guns of the pretty fortress of Oscarsborg, rarely visited by tourists, and which stands on its rocky islet like an advanced post, guarding the port of the metropolis. Built in the shape of a semicircle, and dominated by a croneled tower, Oscarsborg is mounted with sixty-three guns. Its three batteries command the passage, which, at that point, has a width not exceeding 1,600 feet. The constructions are of granite and perfectly solid. We presented ourselves before the commandant in order to obtain the necessary permission to visit the fortress. We found him surrounded by no less than eleven children, all in mourning for their mother, and the sight of this family, under the sole guardianship of a veteran, isolated upon a rock, hemmed in by granite walls and the appliances of war, had in it something that was peculiarly touching. The eldest daughter gracefully presented us with a glass of wine, and the brave commandant did the honour of the first himself. An artillery officer joined the party, and when visiting the batteries that were at the level of the sea, proposed a bath, a proposition which was joyously accepted. He himself set the example by stripping in a moment. His proportions were indeed truly herculean, and his calves were of tremendous calibre. He must decidedly have hunted bears for a juvenile recreation. He added to these advantages another speciality—he wore no linen; he allowed himself a false collar only on festival days. After our military inspection, which lasted a good hour, he insisted upon our partaking of hospitality at his quarters, where his friends were assembled to celebrate his birthday. As every one insisted upon drinking with the visitors, the trial was rather more than we had counted upon, and we were but too glad to beat a retreat before it was too late to do so without a loss of personal dignity. The capital of Norway has a whole archipelago of little fortified islets besides Oscarsborg, as natural and artificial defences to its approach, and they presented the most fantastic appearance as contemplated in the setting sun.

Fortifications, formidable as they are by art, still give an idea of humanity, albeit by no means under its most inviting aspects; and the contrast was not the less when, exchanging Oscarsborg for the gray and barren rocks of the Langarsund. But even here we

could, by the help of the glass, distinguish little oases of verdure, happy and secluded valleys, belted with wood and carpeted with greensward, in which picturesque wooden houses seemed to proclaim the ease and comfort of their tenants. It was one succession of rocky islands, and we were happy when we cast anchor at the fishing-town of Kragerø, which is dominated by a stupendous rock that seems as if cleft in two by the thunder, and where we indulged in the oysters and lobsters, for which the place is celebrated far and wide. (See p. 424.)

On leaving this latter fishing-town, we were no longer protected by rocky islets from the roll of the sea, and its undulatory motions soon began to tell upon the more sensitive organisations. The ladies grew pale, and disappeared down below. Conversation became rather forced among the gentlemen, and Mr. Thorn, a photographic artist who was of the party, looked as black as his own dark chamber. Luckily, we soon attained Arendal, where the king was to dine, and the firing of great guns, mingled with the shouts of the people, aroused us from our temporary qualms, and we mingled our acclamations to those which preceded the *Vidar*—the vessel which bore his Norwegian majesty.

Arendal, proclaimed by some to be the Venice of the North, is certainly a charming city. Its houses, stretching along the shore, have extended till they have been obliged to climb up the rocks, here cheerfully clad with orchards and forest trees. Inland, the streets lined a canal covered with vessels of divers nations. The inhabitants of the place, said to number four thousand, had prepared a grandiose repast wherewith to honour their sovereign. To judge by the bill of fare, it might have been given at Greenwich, for fish predominated largely; but the proceedings were somewhat more boisterous than we ever witnessed at the "Trafalgar" or "Sceptre." The chair was taken by a white haired old gentleman, who gave the toasts, and the guests received each in succession with three hurrahs, and twelve claps of the hands, done with a precision that sufficiently testified that they were well practised in the performance. When the health to be drunk was that of some especial favourite, the three hurrahs were given over again, with the twelve claps of the hand repeated, till, in the confusion, we lost a precise memory of the number.

The next day's journey took us to Christiansand, the capital of the province or diocese of the same name, and which ranks as the fourth city of Norway. It is the residence of the Stift Amtmand and of the bishop. It was founded by Christian IV.; and its harbour is one of the best in Norway. The cathedral is a fine building of gray stone, and ranks next to those of Thronthjem and Stavanger. The situation of the town upon the Topdals fiord, with the rocks rising around it on the land side of the great height, is strikingly picturesque. The town is defended by a fortress on the small island of Oddero, at the entrance of the harbours and the Torrisdal elv, which presents some good fishing, enters the fiord close upon the east side of the town. There is a fine bridge over the river leading to Oddenas church, a building of some antiquity. In the churchyard are several curious old tombstones and a Runic stone, supposed to be as old as the middle of the eleventh century.

Our photographic artist, in his ardour to obtain a good impression of a pine-tree in the churchyard, so

renowned for its age that it enjoys a place in the city arms, ventured into a house opposite. He was met on the staircase by a young and good-looking lady in a white dressing-gown, and who with the utmost simplicity replied to his request to that effect by showing the way to the window of her own bed-room. A canine pet alone exhibited signs of petulance at the intrusion from between the bed-curtains. Before the operation was over the good lady of the house reappeared, bearing a cup of coffee and dressed in a flaming coloured silk with a cap well laden with red flowers and followed by her amiable spouse, who buried his vexation in clouds of smoke. Our photographer declares that she did not look half so pretty as when he first met her on

the staircase, notwithstanding the cup of coffee so politely tendered. In order to recover a proper frame of mind, he was reduced to putting up his machinery in a less remarkable spot, and consigning his collection to the posthouse and lazaretto of Christiansand, the latter perched upon a solitary and precipitous rock looking as forbidding as the plague-struck patients for whose benefit it was supposed to be reserved. There was a dinner as usual at Christiansand, followed by a ball, at which there were present a whole levy of fair ladies. All were happy, and our photographer particularly so, for, as he afterwards declared, he took particular credit to himself for having discovered one of the prettiest and most retired ladies in the room—a widow in her



COSTUMES AT MITTERDAL.

weeds—and of having brought out her charms to the delight of every one present by exhibiting her in an advantageous polka. Artists are certainly the most self-denying persons in the world; they never think of anything but in an artistic point of view, and our photographer did not think so much of admiring his fair partner himself as he did of rendering her charms perceptible to the community at large.

VI.

A ROYAL PROGRESS—SOUTHERLY TERMINATION OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MOUNTAINS—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—A STAGE-STRUCK DAMSEL—WILD DREARY MOORLAND.

HIRING each of us a carriage at Christiansand, we started thence in the train of royalty for Stavanger,

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not a bad arrangement, as we thereby avoided the worst part of the coast. His Majesty, who had adopted the national costume, was everywhere saluted with the most lively acclamations on his progress, and as we formed part of the procession we came in for our fragmentary share of the ovation. The caravan consisted altogether of some fifteen carriages, and a group of about thirty mounted peasants gathered round the one in which the king travelled to form a kind of escort. But as in Norway the road is often very narrow this was not always easy to carry into effect, some had to go before, some to drop behind, not without an occasional rub; and some were not unfrequently troubled over the side of the rocky shelf which did duty as a highway. In no country is equality so much

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talked of as in France, and in no country is it so great a reality as in Norway. Your postilion looks upon his fare as not an iota better than himself; the peasant rather looks down than up to his government, for as a proprietor of the soil he stands in his own estimation, and that of his countrymen, higher than any civil or military officer of whatever rank. It is hence almost impossible to make a good servant out of a Norwegian. Now, as the mounted farmers formed on this occasion a voluntary and an extemporised guard of honour, having like the Baahi-Bazuks no head, it was natural that they should resent sometimes the inconveniences which they were put to in performing their vouchsafed service. Not only did the skydskaar come in for his share of abuse, but sundry choleric words must have reached the ears of royalty itself, and in one or two of the worst dilemmas we really expected the king and his skydskaar would have come to blows with the guard of honour. It was, however, a source of infinite merriment to those who were following, according to the best of their abilities, and those of their enduring little ponies, behind.

The country that we were traversing was not less rocky and mountainous than the rest of Norway. A fiord of some two and-a-half miles wide occupied the bottom of the Holman, a valley in which corn is said to ripen earlier than anywhere else in the country. After terrifying the salmon and trout that had come up the Bogue river in expectation of meeting English anglers, by dashing through its rippling waters, and after having been ferried over the Trys Fiord, we stopped to dine at Mandal, a small town of little note except as a harbour of refuge, and through the centre of which a trout stream finds its way to the sea.

At this point the great Scandinavian chain of mountains dips into the sea, and the road is carried across it, crossing the valleys and ridges at right angles. As the hills are very rocky, the valleys much interspersed with lakes and arms of the sea, and as the abundant wood is of a more varied character, owing to the milder climate, than is common in these northern regions, and as all the features of the landscape are upon a moderate scale, there is an endless variety of the most pleasing objects, and the traveller passes for seventy or eighty miles through a series of the most charming scenes of rock, wood, and water, which sweep before his eyes with a rapidity of succession and prodigality of beauty that would perhaps be difficult to match in Europe.

Passing the night at the presbytery of Lyngdal, we next day crossed the Lyngdal's river, and proceeded up the picturesque valley to where the waters expanded into the Lyng Vand, which was lost in the horizon of blue mountains. Thence we had to ascend and descend over the perpetual hills till we reached the deep and narrow inlet of Fede, where the Winna flows into the fiord, and where we had to cross the waters hemmed in by precipitous rocks in a ferry-boat. We met on the opposite side a hospitable merchant—M. Hensen, by name—who, elated at having just received royalty, insisted upon extending his hospitality to our humble selves. The good man wept tears of joy into his port as he imbibed a glass to our health. The king had shaken him twice by the hand. He pointed to the sofa where his majesty had deigned to sit. That piece of furniture, he said, belonged for the future to history!

We arrived at noon at Flekkeford, a small town

containing at ordinary times about 3,000 inhabitants, and the harbour being good carrying on a considerable trade. We were under obligations for a home at a private house, for the only inn in the place was crowded with guests who had come from the country to partake of the banquet that was to be given to the king. The zeal of the ladies had manifested itself in a particular direction; they were not to partake of the banquet, but they had all put on white aprons in order to be allowed to be present as attendants. They were assisted in this by their sons, who also volunteered as waiters. The banquet over, a procession was organised to parade the town; an aide-de-camp gave his arm to a fat minister of the church, another preferred tendering his to a pretty young person, a native of Bergen, who had been sent by her family to Flekkeford, in the hope of detaching her from a passionate devotion to the drama. The theatrical aspect of the little town, generally so peaceable—the flags, music and flowers, the brilliant uniforms of the court, and the honour done to her by the king's aide-de-camp, aroused, however, all the dormant artistic instincts of the young girl, and she mingled with the procession with gleaming eye and shouts of joy, as she leant upon her tall military supporter.

The road that led from Flekkeford to the little town of Ekersund, where we passed the night, lay for the first part along the borders of the lake of Lundevand, of charming aspect, and bordered with mountains, which in the varied foliage of the acclivities bore as much of a Swiss as of a Norwegian character; and after having turned the end of the lake we were perfectly buried in a wooded valley, where silence was only interrupted by the sound of falling waters. Now and then, as in the neighbourhood of Eide, the silver fall of a mountain torrent was disclosed to view; but beyond this, the aspect of the country changed to that of a more or less monotonous morass that seemed like a petrified sea, or the former bed of the ocean strewn with great boulders and rocky masses denuded of every fragment of vegetation, and which stretched away beyond the limits of the horizon. It is said that this wild dreary moor, the road over which about 1100 years ago was actually taken over the sea-beach below the level of the high tides, was once cultivated and certainly wooded, for the peat bogs contain the trunks of great trees that testify to the olden vegetation of these now naked plains. Devastated by King Harald Haarfager in the year 1700, this region is said never to have regained its ancient fertility. It was not without a feeling of pleasure that suddenly and at an abrupt turn of the road, we found the calm and blue expanse of the ocean before us, and that for the rest of the day we kept along its sandy shores. As we approached Stavanger we met with more cultivation, but no trees, and here and there our curiosity was riveted by one of those bauta or upright stones which have given so much occupation to antiquaries.

VII.

ARRIVE AT STAVANGER—ITS CATHEDRAL—THE HARDANGER-FIORD—CASTLE OF ROSENDAL—ARCENT OF THE FOLGELUND—COSTUMES OF THE PEASANTS—FESTIVITIES AT ULLENSVANG—BAD WEATHER ON THE FIORD.

THE urban guard of volunteers of Stavanger, preceded by a fat and respectable banker, who did duty as drummer to the regiment, received the prince at the

episcopal palace. The clergy were, however, assembled at the entrance of the cathedral, and, as we happened to arrive first, we caused a momentary perturbation in the holy group, which, however, soon passed over, and the dean, wishing to reserve his erudition for royalty, maintained a dignified silence, until his arrival. The cathedral of Stavanger is considered, with the exception of that of Throndhjem, to be the most perfect specimen of the architecture of the Middle Ages in Norway. One writer describes it as half Gothic and half Byzantine, while another says, that it is remarkable that the Gothic of the thirteenth century in Norway is of the early English character. The choir is lighted up by a rich rose of old painted glass, but the pulpit and benches, of beautiful carved oak, were disguised with white paint.

Stavanger is built on the north-east side of a large promontory in Stavanger fiord, and commands beautiful views over the fiord, and the range of mountains in the distance, to the east and north-east, extending up to the Hardanger range. A small island in front of the town renders the harbour one of the most secure on the coast. We were enabled to obtain a delightful view of the town, and of the environs, from the top of a high tower, surmounted by a lantern, where a look-out is kept for fires, as at Constantinople. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and the 12,000 to 20,000 inhabitants are for the most part engaged in the herring-fishery, the annual catch of which averages between 300,000 and 400,000 barrels, and which are exported to France, England, and other countries. The trade of Stavanger is, indeed, considerable, and, according to a late return, 27,690 tons entered in one year, and 31,408 tons departed.

We left Stavanger by moonlight, and awoke next morning in the renowned Hardanger fiord, justly considered to be one of the most picturesque in Norway. Unfortunately it was raining at the time, and the glaciers of the Folgefjorden only presented their peaks just above the clouds. We had, however, afterwards, full time to contemplate them at our leisure. The first point made was the pretty bay of Kvindherred fiord, with its church and castle of Rosendal, an ancient baronial residence, celebrated throughout all this country for its amenities amidst some of the sternest and wildest scenery of Norway. The baronial residence is curious, as being one of the few manorial houses now left in Norway. The church, close by, is of stone, of early English architecture, and contains three burial vaults of the barons of Rosendal. The present owner is their lineal descendant, but bears no title, since the abolition of all titles in 1814.

The shore was covered with peasant-women all in the most uniform garb, a black head-dress, of a peculiar shape, shirt-collars and neck-cloth, like men, black jackets, and scarlet waistcoats. They looked like a regiment of soldiers. (See p. 421.) The gardens at Rosendal gave an idea of the mildness of the climate: nuts and apricots ripened in the open air. The weather luckily cleared up too, and allowed us to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, which presented something new to contemplate at every angle of the gulf, which resembled more a Swiss lake than a Norwegian fiord. Majestic mountains rose behind Rosendal, and extend in an irregular chain towards the north-east, forming the well-known range of the Folgefjorden; but the perpetual snow, from which they take their name (fjorden), scarcely appears from below, as it lies on their

flat summits, or is concealed by nearer heights. We did not ascend these stupendous heights, but Professor Forbes did, and we extract an account of these remarkable snow-fields, from his interesting work, promising that he started from Oevrehuus, at the very top of the Moranger fiord.

One difficulty connected with travelling in Norway is this, that the great variations in weather, and the frequent necessity of sitting many hours in an open boat, makes it absolutely necessary to carry a large stock of warm clothing, which becomes most burdensome when strictly pedestrian excursions intervene. Here there was no help. Our whole baggage must be carried across the snow field. Our host, with his son and daughter, undertook it. We thought that the girl had more than her share, whilst the boy, who was younger, was rather spared. Swale himself carried a heavy burden, considering the toilsome ascent. They all used a rope, with a wooden runner upon it, such as they employ for collecting and carrying great bundles of hay. As all the arrangements were made with great deliberation and gravity, on the part of the family, it was half-past six a.m. before we were ready to start.

The little valley of Oevrehuus, which continues the depression of the Moranger fiord, is short and steep; but the lower part is remarkably verdant, and beautifully diversified by rock and wood. As we wound with our little train along the steep footpath, amongst the dewy meadows, we met plenty of peasants intent, like those of Bondhuus, on securing their annual harvest of hay. At length the way became very steep indeed, though a kind of track might be traced up all the way up to the borders of the snow, which is frequented by the few travellers who pass this way, and by some goat-herds, who were already before us with their flocks on the hill sides. The chief depression of the valley winds towards the south, but we kept right onwards in a perfectly straight line, east of the hamlet which we had left, which, with the fiord beyond, seemed, on looking back, still almost under our feet, when we had been laboriously ascending for three hours. We were obliged to march slowly, on account of our heavily-laden attendants, and it was half-past ten when we reached the level of the snow. The aneroid barometer—which I had examined very frequently during the ascent—seemed still to act correctly; and from its indication I obtained a height of 3,700 feet above the hamlet of Oevrehuus, which is but little elevated (perhaps from 100 to 200 feet) above the sea. We rested a good while before entering on the “fond,” or snow-field, and our guides dined on their usual homely fare of *flad brod* and butter. We should have done well to follow their example, but I had much under-estimated the extent of our march over the snow, and the inconvenience of halting there. In fact, judging from the map of Munch (and I believe, every other), it would appear as if Odde, on Sor fiord, whither we were bound, lay precisely opposite to the Moranger fiord, on the other side of the Folgefjorden. Had this been the case, we should only have had to cross the “fond” in its narrowest dimension, which is not great; but the case is widely different—the track to be pursued runs parallel to the chain along its highest ridge for a long way. On gaining the top of the acclivity, which we had had in our view from the moment of leaving Oevrehuus, we entered, all at once, upon the table-land of the Folgefjorden, one sheet of bright nearly level

snow, which yet did not make itself visible by any overflow on the side by which we had ascended.

I was naturally very curious to examine what I had seen so often described, as these Norwegian plateaux. The snow, fortunately for us, was of very good consistence. Probably, new snow does not frequently fall in summer, for the general level is very little above the snow line. It is, for the most part, in the state of *névé*, a term applied to the stratified slightly compressed snow of the higher Alps, before it is condensed into the crystalline ice of glaciers. The stratification here, however, is not particularly well marked. This *névé* moulds itself to the greater or less inequalities of the plateau, forming large crevasses here and there; and the general form of the ground is trough shaped—the two edges of the fond (east and west) being commonly higher than the centre, and the centre or trough inclining gently to the north. We kept the western heights (that is, the side by which we attained the snow), gradually ascending. One of the first objects I saw was a small but true glacier of the second order, reposing on a rock having apparently a very moderate slope near the middle of the fond, and connected with one of the higher domes of snow to the N.E. It appeared perfectly normal, with intersecting crevasses (owing to the convexity of the surface on which it moved), somewhat like the dwarf glaciers of the Tæla-porte at Chamouni. I think that bare rock, or at least ground where snow melts, may be considered as almost a *sine quâ non* for a true glacier, whilst a *névé* may or may not be so accompanied. Wherever we have this, with a good feeder or snow valley, and not too great an elevation, and even a very moderate slope, there a glacier forms as a matter of necessity. I afterwards saw many such in connection with the Folgefond.

Our course on the snow being such as I have already described, we had the trough of the *névé* on our left, whilst before us rose low domes of snow, of which, till we successively surmounted them, each appeared to be the last. Such a progress is tedious, though not in the slightest degree difficult in fine weather; but in fog or sleet it must be much otherwise, and in truth such passes are obviously the most dangerous in such circumstances—the monotony of the ground trying severely the intelligence of the guide. As we walked along, I heard the roar of a waterfall, as if from the snowy ravine on our left, and asked, with great surprise, if it were possible that a body of water could exist under such circumstances. But in truth it was only the sound of a very distant cataract (probably the Skege-daisfoss on the farther side of the Sor fiord), carried to the ear by a fitful gust of the now rising storm. The highest point we reached is called Folgefonds oer (or ear). My aneroid barometer had ceased to indicate correctly, owing to a defect of the reacting spring, but, as nearly as I could estimate, our elevation was now 1,450 feet above the sea. The thermometer was 44°; the sky was lowering, but the distance clear towards the Haddanger field, where the horizon was occupied by many dark and wild mountains, streaked with masses of snow, the relics of the past winter, which yet did not form united snow masses, and consequently had a peculiarly dreary and picturesque aspect. We were as yet little more than half-way across the fond, and the cravings of hunger in my companion and myself became almost irresistible. Our guides, however, eyeing the coming storm, positively refused to halt in

the midst of the waste, and our provisions were packed up in one of the bags which they carried. I suffered simply from hunger; but my companion, less inured to such fatigues, felt his strength giving way, and having exhausted such trifling stimulants as we had about us, his case began to assume an alarming aspect, and his exhaustion and disposition to sleep so great, that I insisted on Swale stopping and unpacking the provisions where we stood. I then opened one of Mr. Gillon's excellent cases of preserved meat, which my friend ate with appetite, and an immediate recovery of the energy which was fast subsiding. Rain began to fall before we extricated ourselves thankfully from the snow, and began a rude and fatiguing descent upon the village of Tockheim on the Sor fiord, but the view was too vertical to be pleasing. When at last, wet and weary, we reached the outskirts of the little hamlet, a most characteristic scene took place. Our guide, his son and daughter, deliberately halted by a stream, and proceeded to perform their toilet, that they might present themselves with an external appearance befitting their respectability to the strangers or acquaintances of Tockheim. Remonstrance, my companion told me, would be altogether useless, and when gently tried, was rather rudely repelled. These worthy folks, although they unquestionably found our baggage a somewhat oppressive burthen, had loaded themselves besides with various articles of dress which were now put in requisition, and they entered the village with an air certainly very unlike their way-worn appearance a short time previously. We then crossed the head of the Sor fiord in a boat to the comfortable inn at Odde, or rather Eustetun, for Odde is the name of the church only.

To return to our more humble proceedings: it was Sunday, and boats laden with peasants in their best clothes were moving about on the surface of the water, and lent life and animation to this charming scene of water, mountains, and rocks, with huts picturesquely perched among the trees, and here and there a torrent rolling down from above in one or in a series of cascades.¹ At noon we landed at Utne, a hamlet grouped in the green acclivities of the Soer fiorden, and whose pleasant site attracted us almost involuntarily. We first witnessed here the manner in which the peasants catch the salmon in the fiords. A kind of rude scaffolding of trunks of trees projects over the water of the fiord at a very considerable height above its level. It is placed at the outlet of some stream or rivulet, which salmon frequent to spawn. A man stands for hours in his high look-out, watching intently till he sees a fish beneath him, when he raises, by means of a counterpoised lever, a net which secures the fish.

Our next landing-place was at Ullenavang, whose pastor received the royal party at the head of a population of some three or four thousand peasants and boatmen, of all sexes and ages, gathered together to welcome their young monarch. In such a crowd there was no wanting of costumes and types, and the girls, instead of murmuring at being sketched, took a pleasure in standing for their portraits, and even disputed among

¹ Forbes says of one of these falls "A little way up the Moranger fiord, on the right-hand, we pass a waterfall of extreme beauty at Fureberg. Besides numerous leaps, it presents the most splendid sheet of white foam which I have seen, literally clothing a precipice (for, says the author of *Modern Painters*, a waterfall, if united and extended, is drapery, as much as silk or woollen stuff is), of immense superficial area, with its ever-changing and graceful drapery."

themselves for priority. It was thus that we were enabled to obtain so capital a representation of the cap of the Hardanger peasant, which is of thick blue cloth, embroidered, and rises like a sort of flat horse-shoe above the head, the cloth being stretched over a frame of some sort to give it that figure. The dress is of the same material, very neatly embroidered with red and white on the breast, arms, and waist. (See p. 432.)

The old men, with scarlet waistcoats decorated with great silver buttons and their jackets without sleeves, reminded us of the costume of the *ar* of Louis XIV. We were enabled to secure a portrait which might do for that of John Bondhuus, Forbe's guide over the Folgefond, and whom he describes as a most picturesque figure, very tall and once muscular, but still erect, and with a commanding, yet mild and sombre, expression of countenance. (See 423.)

A violin was called into play, and soon the villagers, who were joined by a whole bevy of young ladies in white dresses, began to dance upon the greensward in front of the presbytery. The daughters of the ministers mingled here in this dance with the peasants, and the group framed in by mountains was quite Idyllic. The king, delighted with the sports and with the people, had also in store for them an unexpected pleasure. He proposed to the ministers and to their families, as well as to the more influential inhabitants, to spend the evening on board the steamer, the *Vidar*, a proposal which they accepted with enthusiasm. The gladness was universal, and the ladies having secured their shawls, hurried away to the shore, and, embarking in boats, the steamer put off to the sound of military music.

The air being fresh, permission to dance was graciously given, and as soon availed of, whilst the elderly people partook of tumblers of punch. The king, who had in his cabin some flowers from Christiania, gallantly offered them in exchange to the young ladies for flowers of Ullensvang. At length, after a stroll amid these lake and mountain beauties of some two or three hours' duration, night having come on, the festivities were brought to a close by a discharge of fireworks, to the infinite delight of the peasants, who had never witnessed anything of the kind, and the expression of whose physiognomies, when lit up by blue fire and Roman candles, was most amusing to contemplate. The parishioners of Ullensvang will long remember the pleasures of that evening.

The same scenes witnessed under different aspects, various circumstances, or even peculiar frames of mind, may produce very different impressions. Mr.

Wyndham navigated the Hardanger fiord under untoward circumstances of bad weather, and promising that he returned to the splendid country at the head of the fiord after visiting Bergen, and explored the wonders of the Voring Foss at the same time, we will join company, under somewhat singular circumstances, with the last-named traveller at Sandvig, from whence he had proceeded to his first bear hunt.

The rain next morning was still falling in torrents, and the wind blew such a gale as to preclude all possibility of venturing up the fiord. This was a great mortification, as we had intended starting early in a boat up the fiord. The boatmen assured us that to attempt to leave in such weather would be perfect madness; and, as the only means of travelling was by water, on account of the precipitous sides of the fiord, we were doomed to spend the greater part of the day in looking out of the window at the rain and the muggies on the apple-trees.

Towards the afternoon the wind, slightly abating, gave us some hopes; and we determined, if possible, to start without further delay. But our plans had now been changed, on account of the bad weather, and we resolved, instead of visiting the Folgefond at Bondhuus, and other places of interest on the fiord, concluding with the Voring Foss, the highest waterfall but one in Europe—to go straight to the end of the fiord, and thence with all speed to the upper parts of the Sauge fiord, where we hoped to reach a drier climate.

But it was very difficult to find boatmen to accompany us; for they all sturdily refused to go at any price. At last, however, we were fortunate enough to secure the services of two men as far as the Eide,

at the head of a branch inlet, called the Gravens fiord. Late in the afternoon we walked down to the landing-place, and bidding farewell to our kind friends, lay down on the hay at the bottom of the boat. Wrapped in our mackintosh coats, and with a large india-rubber sheet—seven feet long by four broad—drawn over us, we prepared to defy the torrents of rain. In another instant the sail was run up and the boat was dashing along over the waves.

Norwegian boats are peculiarly built; they are almost flat-bottomed, low amidships, but rising high at stem and stern in a sharp curve, both being exactly similar. The rudder is curved to fit the stern, and very narrow; but the want of breadth is compensated by the depth to which it descends into the water: in a transverse direction, through a hole in the top of it, is fixed one end of a flat piece of wood about a foot long, to the other end of which a stick, of about a yard



WOMEN OF ROSENDAL.

in length, is attached by a couple of iron loops or staples. This stick the coxswain holds in his hand, under his arm, steering the boat by merely moving the stick longitudinally backwards and forwards. The ordinary mode of steering with a tiller would be impracticable, the steersman's seat being placed rather far forward; so that the end of the tiller would be often far beyond the side of the boat and quite out of reach. One advantage of the Norwegian plan is that the coxswain need never move his body in the smallest degree, whatever may be the position of the rudder.

The wind, though less violent than it had been in the forenoon, was still blowing hard; and, even before leaving the comparatively calm waters of the bay, two or three sharp squalls rushed upon us—a foretaste only of what we should experience on the open fiord. Beyond the point of the island could be seen white-crested waves rolling angrily along. The aspect of the weather was very threatening, and, in reality, we would gladly have returned to Sandvig.

Immediately on leaving the shelter of the island, up went the bows of the boat—then followed a lurch, and a wave dashing against the side, though cleverly avoided by the coxswain, showered a drenching spray over the little craft. The wind, fortunately, was favourable for the direction in which we were going; and, the main and foresail being well filled, the boat bounded rapidly over the waves.

The duties of the sailors were no sinecures, the frequent occurrence of squalls requiring great watchfulness. One man steered and managed the main sheet; while the other, sitting by the mast, held, in one hand, the peak halliards (or rope for hoisting the sail), and, in the other, a rope attached to the peak by which it could be lowered at any instant. No sooner was a squall observed sweeping over the waves, than the mainsail was hauled rapidly down, and held firmly till the gust had rushed past and all immediate danger was over.

The peasants were fine, dauntless fellows, and worked well and decisively together as they whistled and sang despite of the storm. One of these was the man who had accompanied me on the previous day, and from him we gained some information about the reason of the bear-hunt. Bruin had not been seen by any one, having, he remarked, probably taken alarm at the guns which the people of the seters had been constantly firing both by day and night, and decamped to more peaceable valleys.

By the shore in some places, at the mouths of rivers, we saw high scaffolds overhanging the fiord; on these, when the salmon begin to ascend the rivers, a peasant takes his position, watching a net below, which he draws suddenly up as the fish pass over. Three or four large ducks, at one time, came sailing over the boat within easy shot; but the guns being well covered up and protected from the rain, the birds passed by unhurt.

As evening drew on, the storm seemed rather to increase, and some terrific squalls tried the nerve and vigilance of the boatmen to the fullest extent; and, so threatening was the aspect of the sky, that it was determined at once to make for land, and run the boat ashore at the first habitation that could be seen. About an hour afterwards we landed at a small jetty, near a neat little cottage, whence a man, on seeing our approach, came out and kindly assisted us in carrying the baggage up from the boat.

What a delight it was to be once more safe on dry

land after four hours on the boisterous fiord. Entering the cottage, we were shown into a large room, rendered insupportably hot by a close stove. At a loom a woman was sitting at work, busily employed in weaving the thick coloured blankets used as bed-covers, and also in the boats. Weaving being one of the chief in-door occupations of the Norwegian peasant women, scarcely a cottage or farm-house is to be met with which does not possess a loom.

Although we had brought with us all our baggage, we had not yet inquired whether we could be accommodated for the night, having hitherto been so much occupied in getting under shelter. However, no difficulty was made, and we were at once shown into an uninhabited room on the ground floor.

In one corner of the apartment stood a bed. Besides this was a chest of drawers and three large wooden boxes, painted blue and red, on which were inscribed the names of the persons under whose auspices they had been built, and also the date of structure. In these trunks, which are sometimes almost three feet high, three broad, and five long, the peasants stow away their valuable goods and chattels; and the construction of one of these receptacles is probably an event in a peasant's life. In one corner stood a pile of flad-brod (literally flat bread), the food of the country. It is made of fine barley meal, not of oatmeal, still less coarse oatmeal. I never even saw oatmeal in Norway, though I often asked for it; and was always told, without exception, that flad-brod was made of barley meal. Flad-brod is baked in thin circular cakes of about two feet in diameter; and, as it will keep for a great length of time, there is usually a large quantity in stock, kept in store-houses, or, failing them, in any large unoccupied room. Wheaten bread, excepting in the chief towns, such as Christiania or Bergen, is never met with; but the peasants make rye bread, which they bake in small loaves, or rather large rolls, and distinguish them by the name of kage-brod, or cake bread.

Supper was our first consideration after installing ourselves in our new quarters. Wheaten bread and a piece of bacon from our provision box, placed upon enamelled iron plates, were laid out on one of the big boxes; and tea having been made in the little teapot belonging to our camp-kettle, which contained besides plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons, we sat down cheerfully to our meal.

After supper we drew lots for the bed, which fell to me; but the inmates of the cottage happened just then to enter, and finding, to their great astonishment, that we were preparing another sleeping-place upon the floor, most good-naturedly supplied us with another mattress.

Next morning, to our great joy, the fiord was quite calm, and we hastily prepared for a start. In return for the night's lodging we gave the cottagers half a dollar, or 2s. 3d., with which they were greatly pleased; and before leaving, I purchased one of the coloured blankets for four dollars, or about 18s. of English money. The boatmen, on hearing the price, gravely shook their heads, leaving me to suppose that I had been greatly imposed upon; but I found that the usual value had only been exceeded by half a dollar, which was not by any means regretted, as the blanket afterwards proved of essential use.

The wind, though it had greatly abated, fortunately still continued to blow from the same quarter; and we glided rapidly up the sombre fiord. But the weather

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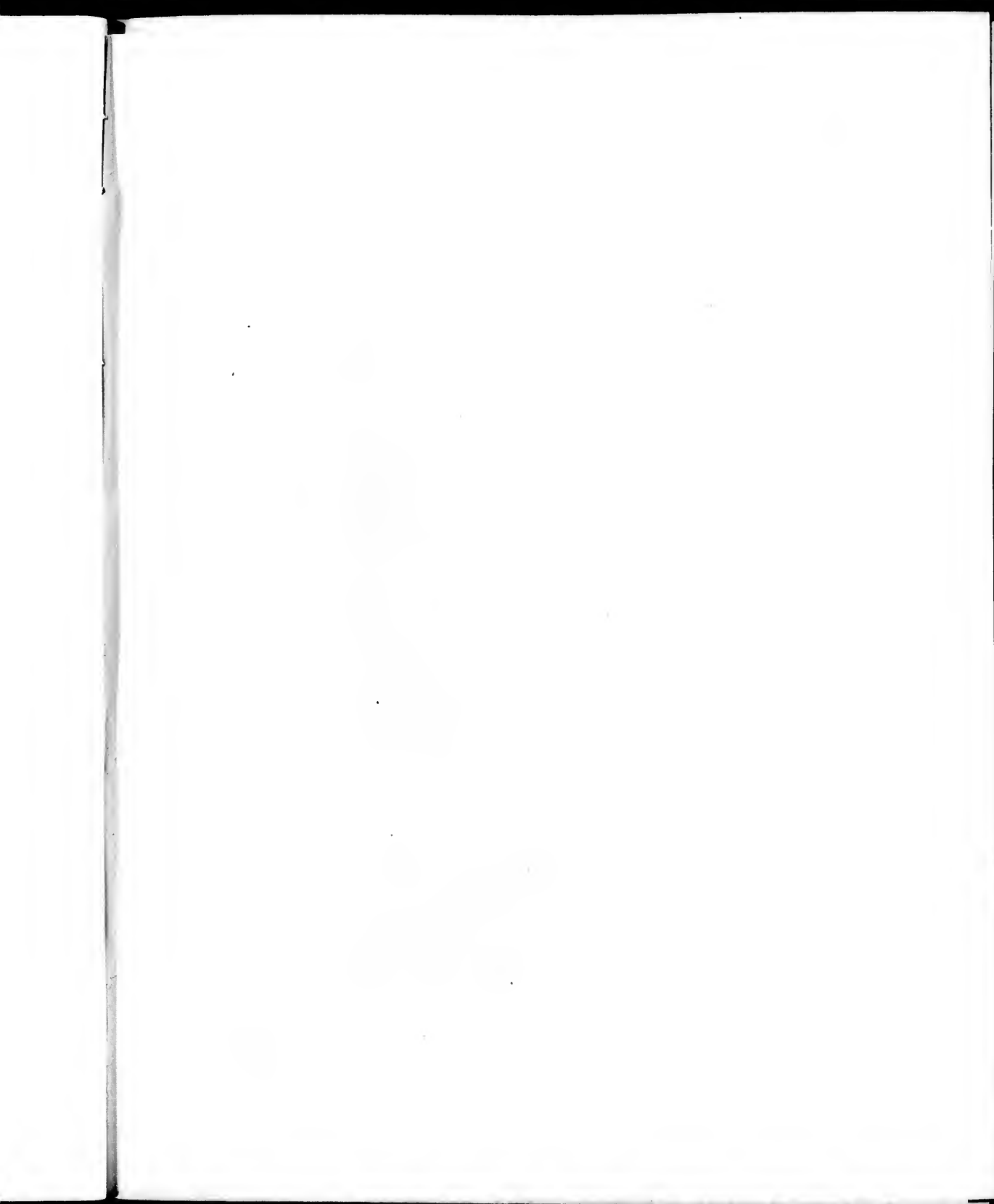
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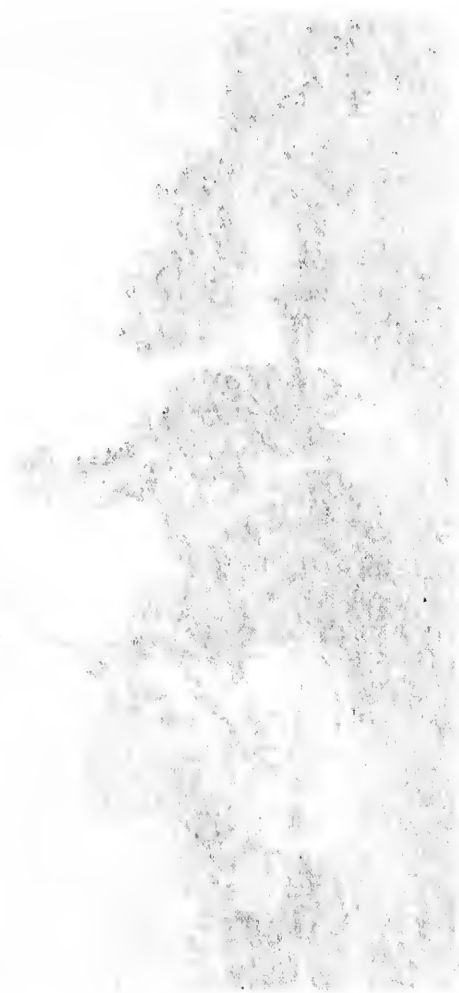
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LEADING COMPANY OF THE 10TH MOUNTAIN INFANTRY





was far from settled, for soon after our departure the rain began again to fall. At intervals the sun, breaking through the dense mass of overhanging cloud, imparted to the scenery a more cheerful aspect than it had hitherto worn; but still the mists floated along the tops of the cliffs, apparently resolved that the beauties of the fiord should not be disclosed. On the whole I must confess that the fiords of Norway did not fulfil my expectations; for though exceedingly beautiful, they become, after a time, very monotonous.

The great abundance of water in this district was very striking, reminding one of the Pyrenees: foaming cascades poured down the rocks in all directions; some were of very considerable size, giving audible intimations of their presence; while others, discernible only by a white streak, which, frequently reaching in one unbroken line from the summit of the cliffs to the green waves of the fiord, bore more resemblance to a long thread than a stream of water.

On nearing the point where the fiord separates into two branches one of which leads to Eide, near Graven, and the other to Utne, the sun broke through the clouds and seemed to promise better weather. For a moment we hesitated whether we should take the right hand branch to Utne, and prosecute our old plan of visiting the Voring Foss; but, on more deliberate consideration, we again abandoned that excursion and continued our course towards the Gravens fiord. The wind, by this time, had almost subsided, and we were obliged to lower the mast and get out the oars. The tide running out caused a strong current, and, the boat being heavy, the remaining six miles were but slowly accomplished.

This part of the fiord was much grander than any that we had hitherto seen; and the rocks, rising perpendicularly to an immense height, were partly covered with beautiful birch trees. Numerous sea-gulls, skimming over the calm fiord, contrasted, as they soared gaily in the air, with the solemn grandeur of the scene. At last, arrived at Eide, at the end of the Gravens fiord, we disembarked; and as soon as the baggage had been removed from the boat, we paid the boatmen, receiving in return the customary shake of the hand. Shaking hands after receiving payment is the invariable custom of the Norwegian peasant; it indicates a kindly feeling, and is as much as to say that the receiver has had a favour conferred upon him in being employed, for which as well as for the money he wishes to thank the giver.

VIII.

CITY OF BERGEN—ITS RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND—HANSEATIC LEAGUE—FISH MARKET—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—A LEGENDARY BEDSTEAD—FISHING BOATS—NORWEGIAN ACTORS—BERGEN FARMERS' NUPTIALS—HORSE RACES.

NEXT day, by sunrise, we were at Bergen, and we landed at the Tyske Bodurne, a very quaint and original quarter of the city in which most of the houses have very lofty and narrow pointed gables that are painted in white, and give to it the appearance of a camp. Our most obliging consul, Mr. Alexander Greig, procured beds for us at a wealthy fish merchant's, and when, the next morning, after a delightful night's rest, we got down to the parlour of our host, an old bachelor whose domestic arrangements were superintended by a housekeeper, he introduced us to a table covered with cold poultry, bottles, and Havana

cigars, of which he requested us to partake *ad libitum*. The housekeeper afterwards showed us the interior, not omitting the stores, which included a mountain of dry cod, the perfume from which penetrated into every part of the domicile. Looking out from the pointed gable at the top of the house, I obtained my first general glimpse of the city. It seemed like a Dutch town buried amidst Swiss Alps, with a population of some 30,000 inhabitants, all more or less involved in the fisheries—merchants of cod, herring, salmon, or lobsters. Close to our own house was a sea-going fishing craft, which in length and proportions reminded me, but erroneously, of the embarkations of the Vikings, who used in former days to treat the coast of Europe with as little ceremony as they now do the fishing banks of the north sea. In spring and autumn, when the fishing boats return from their expeditions laden with the finny tribe, the merchants vie with one another as to who shall do the most to put the purchasers in a generous mood, and to make the fishermen forget their toils and privations. This is the epoch of piscatory Saturnalia.

The city of Bergen was founded in the year 1069 or 1070, by King Olaf Kyrre, who made it the second city in his dominions. Shortly after its foundation, in consequence of the advantageous position of its harbour, and the privileges given to the merchants of the Hanseatic League, who had erected a factory there, it became the first city in the kingdom. This pre-eminence it maintained down to the last few years; its trade is even now greater than that of Christiania; but as that capital, since the separation from Denmark, has become the seat of government, and also of the university, it has rapidly increased in trade and importance, while Bergen has remained almost stationary.

Previous to the Calmar union, Bergen was the theatre of several remarkable events. In the year 1135, King Magnus was taken prisoner in this city, and his eyes put out by Harald Gille, one of the competitors for the throne, who the year following was murdered in the same place. In the year 1164, King Magnus Erlingsen was crowned here by the papal legate, and in the century following, King Hakon and his son were likewise enthroned here. The plague, which made such fearful ravages in Norway, first made its appearance in this city. In the years 1600, 1618, 1629, and 1637, Bergen was again visited by this dreadful scourge. In the year 1665, during the war between England and Holland, the Earl of Sandwich pursued the Dutch under the command of the renowned Ritter, into the harbour of Bergen, but was obliged to retire, the Dutch being protected by the fortifications of the town. Several of the shots fired by the English are still to be seen in the walls of the fortress, of the cathedral, and other places.

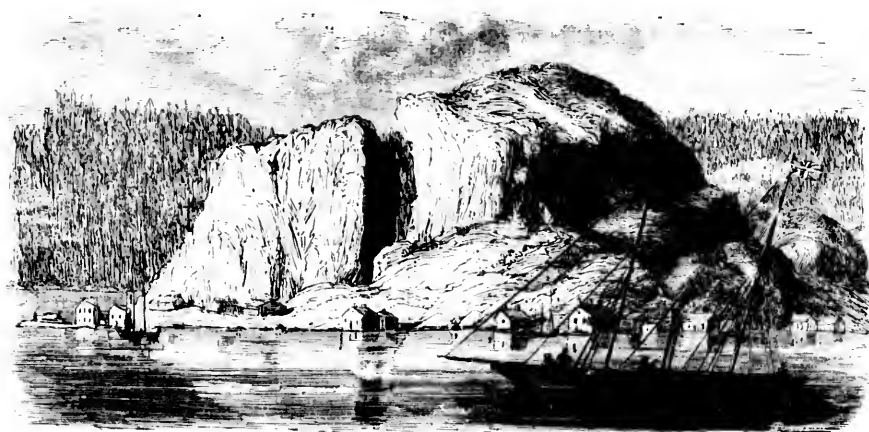
The English were the first who traded with Bergen; in the year 1217 King Hakon concluded a treaty of commerce with England. This treaty is the more remarkable as it is the first compact of the kind which England entered into with any foreign nation. A jealousy of such compacts extends among some even to the present day. The English continued to pursue the trade until the year 1435, when they were driven from Bergen, and a monopoly granted to the Hanseatic League, who formed a large establishment here, and carried on a very prosperous trade until the middle of the last century, when the monopoly was abolished, and the port thrown open to all foreigners. In the

year 1763, the last buildings belonging to the Hansatic League were sold, and from that period the trade, being unfettered, has considerably increased.

The principle trade of Bergen consists in the export of stock fish (dried cod), and of oil obtained from the livers of cod and herrings. The take of fish on the west coast of Norway may be judged of by the fact that Bergen alone annually exports about 2,000,000 specie dollars' worth of stock fish, and 20,000 barrels of cod fish oil, divided into first, second, and third qualities; and from 400,000 to 600,000 barrels of herrings, which are chiefly pickled. The stock fish mostly goes to the ports of the Mediterranean; the herrings to the Baltic; and the cod fish oil to all parts of Europe. The cod are usually very fat when caught; they are immediately gutted, and the livers thrown into barrels, the oil which gradually rises to the surface is then skimmed off; this is of the first and purest quality, and called "blanc," it is used for lamp oil and dressing and currying leather, as well as medicinally for consumption

and scrofulous cases; the second and third qualities, brown blanc and brown, are obtained by boiling the refuse, and used exclusively for dressing and currying leather. In the months of March and April, when the large square-rigged yachts (joegts) laden with fish from Lofoden and Finmark arrive, the town presents a busy and animated appearance; the harbour is frequently crowded with from 600 to 700 vessels of 70 to 200 tons burthen, besides larger foreign vessels waiting to receive their cargoes from them. There are two great arrivals of these joegts in Bergen, one in spring, another later in the summer, or in autumn, when 100 or more come in at a time.

The fish-market, which is held in the harbour on Wednesdays and Fridays, is a great point of attraction to strangers. The salesmen remain in their boats, which are drawn up alongside the quay, and the latter is lined with buyers, the fish-wives being by far the greatest in number. As there is thus some little distance between the dealer and the purchaser, and several



ISLAND OF KRAGERO.

of the latter generally present themselves at one boat, business is carried on in a loud voice, which as the anxiety for bidding increases, becomes more and more vociferous, till at last a scene of turmoil ensues that is not a little amusing. The illustration on the next page will give some idea of the spectacle presented upon those occasions.

The fortress of Bergen huns, which commands the entrance to the harbour, is irregularly constructed. It consists of three bastions and a ravelin towards the town, and three bastions and two batteries towards the sea; it was erected by Olaf Kyrre, the founder of the city, and previous to the union with Denmark was the residence of the Norwegian kings, who made Bergen their capital. There is also a strong fort on the opposite side of the harbour.

Bergen contained in olden times no less than thirty-two churches and convents, but the Reformation swept away the superfluity, leaving but five, the Cathedral, Cross Church (Korskirken), New Church (Nyekirken),

the Hospital Church, and the German or St. Mary's Church; this last is the most ancient, and is spoken of by Snorro as existing in the year 1181. It is situated near the entrance gate on the north side of the port, and is distinguished from the others by its having two towers. The altar-piece is of high antiquity, and a very elaborate and fine specimen of the carving of the period at which it was executed. It is supposed to be of Dutch workmanship. The font is a lying angel, carved and coloured the size of life, the basin held in the extended hands. The figure is lowered from the roof immediately in front of the altar.

Bergen enjoys, by its picturesque position, the originality of its constructions, and the manners and appearance of its inhabitants, a very decided local character, but this is detracted from in the eyes of some fastidious persons by the existence of an hospital for the leprous. This terrible affliction still exists in the country, and is said to be hereditary in certain families, although it may not appear for generations.

There are several schools and charities and scientific institutions, besides museums and galleries in the town. In the chief museum a most elaborately and beautifully-carved oak bedstead is preserved, which is said to have been brought to Bergen upwards of two centuries ago by a young English couple, just married. They settled here. The husband was unfortunate in trade, and soon after died, leaving his widow and an only child. Norwegian hearts warmed to the young mourner and

her fatherless infant, and when they at length sailed for England the widow gave this only and valued relic of her happy days to a family here who had shown her the greatest kindness. Their descendants presented it to the museum, where it remains a token of British gratitude for Norwegian generosity. How much more gratifying a spectacle than the trophies of war, which so often adorn the museums of countries that boast of the highest amount of civilisation.



FISH-MARKET AT BERGEN.

The houses in Bergen are mostly timber-built, painted red and white, each with its water-cask at the door for use in case of fire, from which Bergen, like other wooden towns, has several times suffered grievously. In 1488 eleven parish-churches and the greater part of the town was consumed. One hundred and eighty houses were burnt down in 1855 in the west quarter of the town; and nothing, humanly speaking, saved the rest of the city but the broad market-

place, beyond which the flames were prevented from spreading.

The fishing boats are very quaint and picturesque, and are readily distinguished by their high prows. So prejudiced are the people who build and navigate these vessels, that they will not even avail themselves of the use of the windlass, and the huge square sail therefore still requires the same power to haul it to the mast-head as it did 1,200 years since. They are clinker-

built, and with great breadth of beam, but are said to be best adapted for sailing in smooth water. The form of these vessels is undoubtedly of great antiquity, but it is erroneous to suppose that these joegts are models of those used by the old Norsemen in their piratical voyages. The dragé and the orm of the Vikings or Vikings were long galleys with one or more banks of oars.

The huge row of warehouses on the north side of the harbour, in one of which we were located, several stories high and running far back, and almost all filled with stock-fish, once belonged to the Hanseatic merchants. They are very old and curious. Many descendants of these old Germans still live in Bergen, keeping up the language and customs of the fatherland as much as possible to this day. They have also their own church. They, however, intermarry with the Norwegians, and a French tourist was ungallant enough to intimate that the race was not improved by intermixture, and that the citizenesses are not so pretty as the women of the people. Some of the watermen about Bergen have likewise peculiar dresses and customs, and form a class by themselves, like the Claddagh fishermen of Galway and the fish-wives of Boulogne, Calais, and elsewhere. Here they are known as "Streets."

The watchmen in Bergen are armed with a most formidable weapon called "the morning star," a weapon which obtained an unpleasant notoriety in this country from the Marquis of Waterford having been nearly killed in his younger days by a blow on the head from one of these peace-preservers. They are globes of brass about the size of an orange in which are fixed numerous spikes of iron, and attached to a handle.

Many of the villas about Bergen are beautifully situated, commanding lovely and exquisite views; and the walks in the mountains which surround the town are charming. Some of these mountains, of which there are seven, lie quite near the city. Without detracting from Christiania, says a tourist, Bergen, that has neither Greek palaces, nor pseudo-Byzantine churches, seen from the heights to the south, has all the imposing appearance of a capital, and it is with an involuntary feeling of respect for the antique commercial metropolis of the north, that it is approached along the avenue of ash trees, which give an almost regal access to it.

The wealthy city of Bergen had voted a sum of 126,000 francs in order to worthily entertain its king; twenty-eight gigantic dishes figured at the official dinner, representing the produce of all the chief states of the earth. The repast was followed by theatrical representations, which were the more remarkable, as the actors were all Norwegians, a circumstance of which the natives were not a little proud, as it was the first time such a thing had occurred; the histrionic line having been hitherto regarded as incompatible with the rough and uncouth character of the Norwegian, and having been left in the hands of the more polished Danes. The result seemed to countenance the local tradition, and left strong doubts in the minds of the spectators, if the actors would not have been more at home in their joegts, or on their mountains.

Our host proposed that we should drive out to his country house. The road lay by the foot of the mountains Ulrika and Blaaman, through a very agreeable country, and in about an hour's time we arrived at a pretty cottage, which overlooked a plain upon which the king

was engaged in manœuvring his troops. The festival was further celebrated by several couples being dowried and united, the same evening, in holy matrimony, by the king's bounty. A Bergen peasant or farmer's wedding is a highly picturesque and entertaining scene. The bride wears a crown, and no end of trinkets, and she remains dressed in the said crown and ornaments during all the merry-making that follows. For, immediately that the ceremony is over, the house is thrown open to all friends and neighbours, and feasting and dancing are kept up for several days. Each guest brings a present. The bride's crown is so constructed, that, by withdrawing a pin, it opens and falls from the head, and the gay doings of the wedding are at length brought to a close, by the bride dancing the crown off. Immediately she does so, the music is hushed, and the guests depart.

As we were returning from the mountains we were overtaken by a terrible shower, which seemed to be taken by the company as a matter of course. "Oh!" said our host, observing that we were not quite so philosophical under the visitation as the rest of the party, "we are accustomed to this kind of thing. Surrounded as Bergen is by mountains, two thousand feet high, out of the 365 days in the year, it rains two hundred, and it is lucky for us that it is so, for the bed of soil that nature has provided for us is so shallow that if we are, by misfortune, left a few days in summer without rain, everything dries up and perishes in our gardens."

The harbour of Bergen, although on the same parallel as Cape Farewell in Greenland, never freezes, and its water communications are never interrupted, thanks to the Gulf Stream, which finally exhausts itself upon the coast of Norway at or about this point. On the other hand, the roads are execrable, and in winter impracticable. The safest way of adventuring hence into the mountains is on horseback. The Norwegian horse or pony, as we shall soon see, has acquired, from long practice, an incredible amount of agility and audacity; he will carry you safely over a plank thrown across a torrent, along a rocky shelf, over precipices thousand of feet in depth, nay, he will perform feats more worthy of a hippodrome than of the open country, for he will carry you down steep slopes that are otherwise impossible, by means of wooden ladders constructed for the purpose. The guide, holding on all the time by the tail, and steadying the balance of his four-footed friend.

IX.

THE SOGNE FIORD—FRITHIOF'S SAGA—CHURCH OF VANGENÆS—A NORWEGIAN INTERIOR—ASCENT OF THE SOGNE—FIELD—MARY OF OPTUN—THE WATER FALL.

THERE is a road, if it can be so called, from Bergen north to Sogne fiord, just as there is south to Stavanger, and both alike are half by land and half by water, that is to say there is nearly the same amount of space to be boated across fiords as there is to be traversed by land; but this is an understood thing in Norway, and the "Skydskafter" is as responsible a provider of boats at certain relays, as the Giestgiveren is of horses at the kydstiftet on the receipt of a forbud. But the pleasantest way of proceeding is by steamboat, for the sea is so hemmed in by islands all along this coast, that little or no inconvenience is experienced from the motion of the vessel. The enormous inlet known as the Sogne fiord, runs upward of one hundred and twenty

English miles inland. It shores are less favoured by nature than those of the Hardanger fiord, and yet are quite as picturesque; but the mountains are less wooded and of more austere aspect, and the inhabitants bear the stamp of the country they live in, and are of a more sturdy frame and weather-worn picturesqueness. Every turn of the gulf opens a new horizon, although always more or less limited and framed in by rocky precipices that reflect themselves in the blue waters below, whilst above all towers the summits of the Jostedal Braen, covered with eternal snow.

This rude and rocky region is indebted to poetry for an imperishable name; it has been sung by Tegner, the modern bard of Sweden. We are in the country of Frithiof and of Ingeborg, whose legendary history has furnished the poet with a theme for his noblest epic. The history of the betrothed mountaineers reminds one at starting of Paul and Virginia. It was upon these wild peaks that Frithiof ventured in pursuit of the eaglets that he presented to Ingeborg; it is across these furious torrents that he bore her in his lusty arms; it is in these dark forests that he went to combat the bear that devastated the flocks of his beloved. It is here at Framnaes that was moored the frail *Blida*, the bark that carried Frithiof to the other side of the gulf, where Ingeborg's father dwelt, near the church of Bridur, in which the young girl was confined in order to separate her from her lover.

These poetical reminiscences filled our memories till we reached the church of Vangsnes, a modest chapel whose timbers are now gray and worm-eaten, and to which the murmur of the Quinde-foss holds the place of organ. Its interior is decorated with figures of animals and carved arabesques of considerable antiquity, and not a little interesting in an archaeological point of view. The simplicity of this chapel, its small proportions, and the semi-obscure of its interior, have something in it more touching than many a more imposing edifice. Close by are several tumuli, which contain the remains of Scandinavian heroes of old, the memory of whom, as well as their names, are lost to the existing thoughtless generation.

At Nornaes, a little village of fishermen at the bottom of the fiord, are three gigantic Bauta Dolmens, or upright stones, one of which, about thirty-four feet in height and four feet in width, bends like a pine tree before the mountain blast. As we were examining these so-called Celtic or Druidic monuments, but which, there is every reason to believe, are of a more remote Oriental origin, a young girl made her appearance from among the ruins. She was thinly clad, and we soon perceived, to our great grief, that she was a victim to one of the sorest afflictions of the country, the leprosy. Happily the child's mother informed us that she had obtained a home for her in the Hospital of St. George.

It was not till the following day that we attained Kaupanger in the Dystre fiord, whose borders were more wooded than those of the Outer Sogne fiord, the scene of "Fritheoss Saga," and also better peopled. There were many villas scattered on the hill sides, and when we disembarked the inhabitants seemed to be more civil and refined. "May you be welcome! Heaven bless you!" they said, as they stepped forward, kissing the reverse of their hands before shaking ours. The beer of Kaupanger is of such potent quality that it is dispensed in goblets and not in tumblers. A pleasant stroll led us to the Feigum-foss, a picturesque fall divided into two, having together about 690 feet of

elevation. In spring time, at the melting of the snow, the two form but one, and it must present at such times a most imposing spectacle.

Arrived at the extremity of the Dystre fiord, we had to equip ourselves in our costumes of mountaineer-high boots and winter paletots, and to disembark our canteens. We had to follow the king on an excursion to the glaciers, and the worst was that following in the train of royalty we found all the horses forestalled at the station at Eide. We were lucky enough, however, after a brief delay, to obtain a mount from the good peasants, who wear a peculiar costume at this place; men and women alike being clad in blue jackets, with brass buttons, the men wearing the red Phrygian cap, the women an extensive white cap. Provided with efficient guides we started in good spirits for the adventurous heights of the Sogne field.

Before starting, however, we may as well introduce Mr. Wyndham's experiences of Kaupanger, as they contain an amusing description of the habit and manners of a Norwegian country house.

At eleven o'clock at night we reached the landing-place of Kaupanger on the north side of the Sogne fiord. To a Norwegian gentleman here we had letters of introduction from my kind friends at Bergen; but the unreasonable hour of our arrival made us doubt whether we should now present ourselves at the house or not rather proceed to the little village of Ambte on the other side of the bay of Kaupanger. Still the uncertainty of the means of travelling in Norway leaves much room for excuse; and, emboldened by this, and by the sight of lights yet burning in the house, we walked up from the landing-pier, and, accompanied by the three boatmen bearing our baggage, entered the garden in front of the building.

A flight of steps led up to the entrance door, through which, as it was of glass, we looked into a room where candles were still burning. The furniture showed it to be the drawing-room; but no one was in it, and our knocking was consequently unheard. We began to despair of attracting the attention of the inmates of the house, when, shortly after one of the boatmen had gone round, as a last resource, to the back premises, a lady and two gentlemen passed through the room, to our dismay accompanied by Shot, who was strutting about and wagging his tail with delight at his new acquaintances. Revolving all the chances of the possibility of having come to the wrong house, of our arrival being unknown, and in dread of an explanation, we waited admittance to the house in doubtful anxiety. But our fears were soon proved to be groundless, for the door presently opened, and so warmly were we welcomed that all misgivings were at once dispelled.

Supper was immediately ordered for us, and soon after the party broke up.

According to the invariable custom in Norway, at about six next morning a servant brought us a cup of coffee and some biscuits, reminding me of the similar habit prevailing in some parts of Germany. But this did not preclude an excellent breakfast, at nine o'clock, consisting of cold meat cut in slices, tea, coffee, with flad and kaffe-brod in plenty; while, on a plate under a bell-glass were placed a few pieces of strong-smelling gannemel ost, or old cheese.

In Norwegian houses, the kitchen invariably adjoins the dining-room; and, considering that the tea and coffee always remain in the kitchen, it is certainly a

convenient plan for the lady of the house, who there filling the cups, brings them into the dining-room, taking them back herself to be replenished when wanted. Our new acquaintances were extremely sociable, and the breakfast passed off most pleasantly.

Soon after returning to the drawing-room the lady of the house left us in order to superintend, in person, the cooking of the dinner and other household arrangements. The forenoon was agreeably spent, in the society of the party assembled, in conversation and music—the lady of the house playing very well upon the pianoforte. Our host himself was absent, but amongst the persons whose acquaintance I had here the good fortune of making, was the agreeable author of a selection of Norse tales, which have been translated into English by Mr. Dasent; also a German gentleman, in whose pleasant society I afterwards passed the greater part of my time in Norway, and a young officer in the Norwegian army. During the course of the forenoon, wine and biscuits were brought into the drawing-room, when each person, filling his glass, drank to the health of all present. Wine in Norway is very good, which may be partly attributed to the lowness of the import duty.

At about two o'clock the lady of the house announced dinner by saying, "Vær so god—apise" (Be so good as to come to dinner); upon which the guests entered the dining-room indiscriminately—the ladies by themselves, and the gentlemen following. At a large dinner party, where some degree of formality is observed, the wine is passed round the table, and each person fills his glass; every one then bows and drinks to the health of every one else, emptying his glass at one draught—the neglect of which is considered as a want of respect to the master of the house, and of courtesy to the company in general; but after the first glass, wine is drunk at pleasure. This ceremony concluded, the dishes are passed round the table from one person to another, and soup and meat, being removed from the table, are generally replaced by an excellent pudding, the making of which appears to be well understood by the Norwegian ladies, and by a large dish of fruit, eaten in soup plates, with an abundance of milk. In this high latitude the profusion of raspberries, the fruit thus served up, much astonished me, till I found in what abundance they grew wild.

As each person concludes his dinner, he carefully folds up his napkin, and, laying it on the table, places his plate upon it. Every one having so done the wine is again passed round the table, and, the glasses being all replenished, the same ceremony which preceded dinner is observed in conclusion. The move for departure from table is now made by one of the guests, a gentleman, who, bowing to the host, says, "Tak for Maden" (Thanks for the food); and the whole party then rises, and each person replaces his chair against the wall—an accomplishment requiring some little practice before one can not only perform it quickly, but also avoid making a great creaking upon the polished floors. A general shaking of hands immediately follows, each person saying as he does so, "Tak for Maden."

All the company then proceed to the drawing-room, with the exception of the lady of the house, who remains in the dining-room, to see the dinner removed.

After then follows, and in the evening, at about nine o'clock, an excellent supper—much like the breakfast, though more substantial. Such, then, is the routine, and such are the customs, of a Norwegian house.

After dinner, the German gentleman accompanied me to the hills behind the house in search of game. The hill-side was steep and covered with forests of Scotch fir and tangled thickets of juniper and other brushwood. From a commanding height we obtained a fine view of the fiord, and by this only, and our pleasant walk, was our toil repaid, for a solitary woodcock, which we could not shoot for the thickness of the cover, was the only living thing that came across our path.

Bears here, as elsewhere in Norway, are occasionally to be met with; and, indeed, two had been shot in the neighbourhood by some hunters but a few weeks before my arrival. One of these peasants appeared to be a fine, bold fellow; and a story was told of him that he once came suddenly upon a bear in the woods, but having just discharged his rifle at some other object, he was wholly unprepared for an attack. Whether man or beast first commenced the offensive I cannot recollect, but the result of the fight that ensued was, that the man was knocked down and nearly killed by the bear. "What were your thoughts," his friends asked him on his return home, "when the bear had you down on the ground, and was almost killing you?" "I thought to myself" was the reply of the undaunted hunter, "what a great pleasure it would be to meet with the bear once more when my rifle was loaded."

Next day was Sunday, but not understanding the language, we did not go to church, which was afterwards a matter of regret, as I subsequently had no opportunity of attending the service. The religion of the country is Lutheran, and the interiors of the churches much resemble those of the Lutherans in Germany. In 1845 religious liberty was granted to all Christians, and Jews were recognised in 1851. As in the Highlands of Scotland, the population is much scattered, and the people are frequently obliged to go long distances to church.

Christianity first gained a footing in A.D. 938, under Haaco King of Norway, who had received a Christian education in England, and by whom the great heathen feast of Yule was caused to fall on Christmas-day. Rigorous measures in favour of Christianity were enforced by Olave in 1015; but his subjects, becoming discontented, called in Canute of Denmark and England, who, on bringing Norway under the Danish rule, greatly furthered the spread of Christianity. St. Olave having been slain, and afterwards canonised, was thenceforth considered patron saint of Norway.

After dinner we sat, as usual, at the top of the flight of steps leading from the garden, sipping our coffee and enjoying the prospect. The bay of Kaupanger, connected with the main fiord by a comparatively narrow passage, is surrounded, on all sides, by high rocks clad with Scotch fir. Perpendicular cliffs beyond the wide expanse of water tower high above the fiord; on some parts of which patches of snow glittered in the bright sunshine. Numerous boats well filled with peasants gaily clad in their holiday clothes enlivened the scene; some, propelled by sturdy oarsmen, were leaving the secluded bay, and making for the open fiord; some were merely rowing to and fro, while others were crossing to the little village of Amble on the opposite side of the bay.

At one time a stream of water, spouting up into the air, betokened the presence of a whale, and, in another instant, part of his huge, dark form for a moment showed itself above the surface. Porpoises at intervals

would roll along on the water, puffing and snorting as they raised their heads: while two or three large eagles soared high overhead, and Royston crows and magpies flew from tree to tree.

The enormous peaks of the Skoldien Ly directly before us, while the road curved along the wild and rocky valley of Forthun. One moment the horse-track ascended the acclivity of a mountain with brawling streams to cross and a precipice to the right, into which a false step of the vigilant little Norse horse would have inevitably precipitated us for ever. At another it led down the opposite acclivity no less rude and rocky, only the detached masses would be larger and so cumulated as to leave narrow, devious, and tortuous passages, to the infinite danger of one's knees: while additional insecurity was given to the footing on the stones below by the moisture that seems to be ever percolating from the sides of these glacier-bearing mountains.

The last place at the head of the valley was Ophtun, or Optun, and three families constituted the whole of its population. The royal *cortige* had obtained horses here with which to pass the mountain, hence we had to stay till the next day. Whilst dinner was being prepared we took a rough sketch of this picturesque site, a farm-house on a rocky table, and the yard animated with horses, guides, and peasants. Mary, our host's daughter, watched the progress of the work most patiently, and while doing so, we conversed with her as well as lay in our power, as to her duties, her resources, and her amusements. She complained heavily of the long winters spent in spinning, and did not disguise her wish to live in more favoured climes.

"I should like to go with you," she exclaimed, in the simplicity of her heart; "I should like to visit the sea-shore!"

"Eut what for?" we said.

"Because I could embark thence to America," she said. "I have been told (some tourist had done this) that flowers and fruit grow there all the year round, and that everybody becomes rich and happy!"

We did our best to disillusionise her of these youthful fancies, and to reconcile her with the spot in which it had pleased Providence to place her. After some time she admitted the justice of our argument, and rose in better spirits to show the way to the fall close by. The rocks were abominably slippery, but she went over them like a kid, and we had no small difficulty in keeping up with our young guide. We were gratified by a view of a torrent throwing itself furiously over a rude mass of mis-shapen rocks, but unenlivened by the most trifling vegetation: there was not a blade

of grass, nor a single flower in that corner of the world to which fate had attached the fortunes of the fair Mary. She was rewarded for her attention, however, by having her portrait consigned to paper by the side of the fall.

The elevated and inhabited region that extends between the episcopacies of Bergen and Akershus, comprises a tableland of some 150 leagues in length by twenty-five in width, intersected by numerous and deep ravines, and with a mean elevation of from 1,400 to 1,500 yards, under the 60th parallel of latitude. The Sogne-field is, as it were, a kind of pedestal to the loftiest glacier in Northern Europe, the Justedals Braen, whilst the Dovre-field, with its culminating point, Sneehattan, constitutes another vast contrefort to the north. To the north-west the tableland sinks down to the sea-level by the beautiful vale of Romsdal, but to the south it is prolonged by the Filla-field and Hardanger, with its great offset, the Folgefond. The

warm and moist air of the sea, and its deep indentations, are condensed into vast permanent fields of snow upon the surface of the great tableland, and then press down in the ravines in the shape of great frozen rivers or glaciers, carrying with them huge masses of rock or moraines, while above rise bare rocky peaks, which impart to the whole scene a formidable aspect that at first makes the heart shudder to look at it.

Yet it is in these mountain recesses that that noble specimen of the deer tribe, the reindeer, most abounds, and as it was to these very mountains, and more particularly round the Gjendin lake, that a more adventurous traveller than ourselves,

Mr. Francis M. Wyndham, directed his steps in the pursuit of "wild life," and the giant antlered deer, we shall extract at this opportune moment some of the experiences to be gained in the pursuit of this noble tenant of these Alpine solitudes.

X.

OUT AFTER REINDEER—FORDING A TORRENT—MOUNTAIN SHEPHERD'S HUT—LEIRUNGSDAL—GRAND SCENERY—NO REINDEER—STRENSFELYEN—FORMER EXTENSION OF GLACIERS—FEAST OF WHOETLESBERRIES—AT THE HUT AGAIN—FORTY MILES FOR PROVISIONS—ROMME KOLLER—MARIT AND SIGNE—A CHARMED BULLET—RUDE CANDLESTICK—FIELD COCKERY—REINDEER HUNTER'S LIFE—AVERSION OF PEASANTS TO UNSALTED BUTTER—TROUT FISHING.

THE sun rose bright, in a cloudless sky, on my first day of reindeer hunting and, with buoyant spirits, we hurried out to breathe the fresh, cool air of early morn. The icy water of the river was very refreshing, and prepared one for the toils of the day, at the same time giving a keener edge to our appetites. The hay, the



A DESCENDANT OF THE OLD SEA-KINGS.

hammocks, and rugs, having been all transferred to the boat-house, the fire was lit, and the iron pot and coffee-kettle put on to boil. Presently those who had gone out in the boat to take up the night-lines returned with several fine trout, which were soon being cooked for breakfast; and most excellent they proved, being red-fleshed, and having much the flavour of salmon.

Breakfast concluded, we started on our day's work; leaving Shot, however, on account of his conspicuous colour, imprisoned in the hut. Soon after passing the lake, Leirings Vand, where the nets were set, we separated into two parties; my companion, Peter, and I continuing straight on southwards, while the others struck away in an easterly direction. Presently we reached a vast plain, dotted here and there with dwarf willows; heather I never saw during my stay in the mountains. Here we found a good many willow-grouse, which rendered more hopeful our prospects of obtaining food, and one of these I shot through the head with my rifle as it sat on a stone.

A walk of about two hours from the huts brought us to a river of about fifty yards in width. As it rolled swiftly along, dashing with a roar against the opposing rocks, it presented by no means an inviting appearance; but, as no bridge existed, the fording was unavoidable. After some little preparation (taking the indispensable precaution to ford with our boots on) we entered the torrent, which, coming direct from a glacier but a few miles distant, was icy cold. The stream ran strong, and the bed of the river being extremely rough and broken, rendered the passage a matter of no small difficulty. As the middle of the stream was gained the water grew deeper and deeper, and the current flowed past with increased vehemence; and we now felt that the least filter would leave us at the mercy of the torrent, from which an escape without serious hurt would have been impossible. However, the opposite bank was gained in safety, and nothing could have been pleasanter than the brisk reaction which followed the immersion in the icy water.

In about another hour we reached the entrance to Leiringsdal, where, in a sheltered nook among the rocks, stood the stone hut of a mountain cowherd, who was in charge of a number of oxen fattening for the Christiania market. The occupier of the hut was not at home, but we fortunately found the object of our entry—a bowl of cool milk, a copious draught of which we all indulged in, and, leaving a few *skilings* in the iron pot, we quitted the hut and continued our way up the valley.

A most magnificent view, rendered doubly beautiful from the clear sky and the bright sunshine, now opened upon us. Immediately in front, an immense glacier, descending in a broad sweep from the recesses of rock above, seemed almost entirely to block up the valley. Behind it towered dark walls of rock, shooting up out of the field of ice, in huge perpendicular masses, whose sombre hues contrasted grandly with the bright dazzling light from the enormous glacier. The sun casting its rays upon the northern side of the valley threw these mighty walls into dark shade, causing their outlines to stand out in prominent relief against the undimmed transparency of a northern sky. From the foot of the glacier the river that we had forded poured its noisy stream, which dashed along at the foot of the massive rocks inclosing the valley on the southern side. Conspicuous amongst these rose one huge mountain, whose level parts were deeply covered with snow, while aloft

rock above rock towered in rugged and precipitous masses.

Here we halted for a few minutes to inspect with the telescope some marks upon the snow; that they were the tracks of the reindeer the naked eye could discern, but we were anxious to learn whether they were recent or not. The glass soon showed them to be some days old, and so we pursued our course towards the glacier. At intervals we halted to survey the dark rocks and the recesses of the glacier. But nothing could we see, and my friend and Peter reverted, in comparison to the present day, to the better fortune that had befallen them on other occasions. Two bears Peter had once seen here together, walking quietly on the opposite side of the river; but unfortunately neither he nor his companion had been able to approach within shot. In this valley also it was that, the autumn before, my friend had watched a herd of about five hundred reindeer, to which, however, to his great mortification, the nature of the ground had not allowed him to get near. Would that we could only have had the good fortune to have seen one reindeer!

Having ascended the ridge of rock, coming from the north side of the valley to the glacier, we descended, and producing bread and meat from our pockets, commenced our mid-day meal, quenching our thirst with the icy water which flowed in all directions over the rocks. We were now, at a considerable height above the lower end of the glacier, upon a flat table-land, whence we gained a full view of the extensive ice-field, and were also able to scan its innermost recesses among the rocks. Now that we were in the very heart of these wild mountains and glittering ice-fields the scenery was still more grand and impressive than in the lower part of the valley. We seemed to be in a little world separate from the rest of the earth, and one forgot, for the time, the busy haunts of man, as, wrapt in contemplation, one gazed in awe-stricken wonder and silent admiration at the sublime scenery.

The walking had now become excessively arduous, for large stones and masses of rock lay heaped one upon another to an unknown depth, rendering great caution requisite, lest, slipping down between the rocks, one should break one's leg or otherwise seriously hurt oneself; and some of the stones tipping over to one side when stepped upon made it very difficult to retain one's balance.

We now proceeded very slowly, as at any moment we might come upon reindeer. From the table-land we descended to a small lake bounded on one side by the steep ice-cliffs of the glaciers; the sand by the water was literally trodden down by reindeer, and some of the tracks, appearing to be fresh, inspired us with increased hopes, and we pushed vigorously on up the slope beyond, and over snow and ureas (as these layers of stones are called), but still no reindeer could we discover. But the sun already moving round to the western heavens reminded us that we must return homewards, and though we greatly longed to advance further, we felt that it was necessary for us to retrace our steps.

On reaching the foot of the ridge of the rock, dividing the valley into upper and lower parts, we commenced the ascent of the northern side, in order that we might return home over the high ground, where it was still possible that we might fall in with reindeer. A few ptarmigan basking on the warm hill-side flew away

with a loud croaking, which re-echoed among the recesses of this silent valley.

Having gained the summit of the steep slope we continued our way over the interminable ures of the Steensly, for we were now upon what appears to have been mistaken for a fjeld, viz., a fly. The Steensly—a most appropriate name, for it was very stony—was a perfectly level tract with scarce a rise upon it. Presently we reached a glacier, which lay to the left of our course, partially inclosed by a mighty amphitheatre of perpendicular rocks. This appeared to be a probable resort of reindeer, which frequent the sheltered parts of the mountains, where there are usually a few patches of grass to be met with. Here was again a most magnificent scene, though on a somewhat smaller scale than Leirungdsal. We approached cautiously, but again disappointment was our lot; for, although there were fresh tracks upon the snow, not a single deer was visible; and the tracks, leading up to the higher rocks, afforded us no hopes of falling in with the reindeer that had been at this glacier. We therefore retraced our steps to the point whence we had diverged, and continued our toil over the ures.

The immense quantity of loose rocks and stones which constitute these ures is indeed very remarkable. A great proportion may be traced to the decomposition of the rocks, but it is difficult to believe that this can be the sole cause. The origin of these ures may be easier explained if we concur in the opinion that Norway was once nearly covered with snow and ice, of which there is certainly much probability. This last-mentioned glacier lay on an almost flat bed, and immediately before it stretched a wide level fly. Now supposing that this glacier once extended beyond its present limit, it must have formed moraines, the debris of rock which a glacier pushes on before it; and, if to this cause we attribute the presence of the ures immediately before it, may we not conjecture that the ures beyond the reach of this particular glacier are due to the action of glaciers, which have since disappeared? Here we come in directly to an argument in favour of the former extension of glaciers and the depression of the snow line, within which Professor James Forbes estimates that one-fourth of the surface of Norway would be placed by a diminution of only 4° in the temperature of the summer months.

Soon we came upon the spot of several reindeer, which had evidently passed in the fore part of the day. It was extremely tantalising to see so many proofs of the presence of deer in these parts, and yet to be unable to fall in with any. However, they gave us hopes of better luck on another day.

The sun was now already fast declining, and the surface of the snow, which had been thawed by the warm rays, was now freezing quite hard again; and we frequently enjoyed long slides down the slopes of snow, which made a pleasant variation from the continual hopping from rock to rock. Soon we began to quit these snowy fields and to make our way down to the plain below. The descent was long and steep, for the elevation which we had left was very considerable. At about seven o'clock we regained the regions of vegetation, and, to our great joy, came upon a spot covered with whortleberry plants. We were all in a half-famishing state, not having taken quite sufficient food with us, and, with one accord, fell ravenously upon the berries; and, though we picked them in handfuls, we could not gather them fast enough to satisfy our hunger.

But a limited halt only could we make, as the huts were yet distant, and we were soon once more on the march; but now we proceeded with greater ease, and it was quite surprising that the berries could have afforded so much relief to the pangs of hunger. On our way to the river we fell in with a peasant, who had the care of a large herd of cattle. A dreary life indeed these men must lead, passing the whole of the summer in almost perfect solitude upon the mountains; yet this good fellow seemed cheerful enough and quite contented, as far as one could judge from a passing conversation.

The re-fording of the river was by no means a pleasant undertaking, for the sun had now sunk behind the western hills, and a frosty chill pervading the air caused us to feel very keenly the icy cold of the water. Nine o'clock found us once more at the huts; but to our surprise and disappointment (for we had hoped to find a good supper awaiting us) Olaf and the Provost's son had not yet returned. However we set to work with a right good will, and soon the fire was burning with a cheerful blaze, and, coffee cooked, we refreshed ourselves with a cup of that restorative, and then prepared the more substantial part of the meal.

In another hour an excellent soup, made of whole willow-grouse, was set upon the rude board forming our table, and just at that moment the other party made their appearance, and fortunately for them; for after the hard walk of thirteen hours, our appetites would probably only have been limited by the disappearance of the soup. They also had returned without any reindeer; for, although they had seen a herd of about twenty, they had not been able to get within range. But their long absence was accounted for, not by the distance they had gone, but by their having lain down and slept quietly for several hours.

Unfavourable omens ushered in the following day: the mountains were covered with thick mists, and the sun showed no signs of breaking through the overhanging clouds. The project, therefore, of another expedition to the fields was abandoned; for, if we did go there would be no possibility of seeing reindeer.

So having nothing to press us we set down to a quiet breakfast of trout, and afterwards held a consultation as to the means of obtaining a fresh supply of bread, coffee, sugar, and candles.

A village called Bjolstad, in Heald, about five and thirty English miles to the north-east, was the nearest place from which these articles could be procured. First we applied to the old fisherman: at the huts, but, he making a most unreasonable demand, his services were at once refused. But by good luck there happened by chance to be a man here from this very village of Bjolstad, and, having apparently no occupation, he readily consented to undertake the expedition. Having told him that we should provide the pack-pony, we required of him to state his own price. One dollar (£s. 6d.), was the reply, and with this offer we immediately closed; it being very reasonable, considering that the whole distance there and back was no less than seventy miles, which could not be accomplished under three days. After receiving the instructions in writing, he crossed the river with our guides, and proceeded in search of the ponies, which were wandering at liberty over the hills; but, soon finding them, he started without delay for Bjolstad.

The supply of milk and cream was now also at a low

ebb ; and, there being no hopes of deer-stalking, Peter, the Provost's son, and I set off to Besse sæters, they carrying the tin camp-kettle for the milk and a couple of black bottles for the cream, while I took my gun to pick up some game on the way. But few birds could be found ; and, having shot three grouse, I was not sorry to leave the wet birch trees and juniper bushes, and hurry on after the others to take shelter in the sæter from the torrents of rain now falling. Here we regaled ourselves with a common sæter dish called romme-kolle, which is merely the thick layer of sour cream that rises to the surface of milk after it has stood for a few days. The kolle, or flat wooden vessel in which the milk is "set," being placed on the table, we commenced skimming off the romme, or sour cream,

with the short wooden spoons used by the peasants, eating some very good flad-brod along with it. I became quite fond of this romme-kolle, and found it an excellent dish to ask for at sæters, or farms where cows are kept, being always forthcoming in a very short time.

It was Saturday, and Marit was very busy with butter-making, and scrubbing up the emptied kolle, in order that all might be clean and tidy for the next day. A little girl of about thirteen was Marit's help-mate, to whom was allotted the duty of churning. The churn in this sæter was a tall, conical-shaped, wooden machine, the butter being made by working up and down a long stick, with a thick perforated piece of wood at the cad. Much to the amusement of Marit,



COSTUMES OF HARDANGER.

I also tried my hand at the churning, but found that it required considerable skill and practice to give the piston the proper spiral turn, and also to prevent the cream from spurting out at the top : under these circumstances I speedily relinquished the butter-making to the more experienced hands of the little girl.

Leaving Marit's sæter, we next paid a visit to an adjoining one, under the care of a budeier, named Sigeri : she was an older person than Marit, but, like all the women of Norway, remarkably cheerful and good-humoured. With Sigeri also we had opened commercial transactions, and between the two sæters we divided our patronage, getting milk, butter, &c., sometimes from one and sometimes from the other.

At last we set out on our return home, well laden

with the produce of the sæters. On reaching the summit of the hill overlooking the river, our attention was suddenly arrested by three large red things spread out upon the ground by the huts. What could they be ? Presently one of the peasants solved the mystery by holding up to us the head of a reindeer with its branching antlers, and we knew at once that those things upon the ground were the fresh skins of three reindeer. Eager to learn where, and by whom, the deer had been killed, we ran rapidly down the steep, and, pulling across the river, hastened up to the huts.

Old Joh, accompanied by the two occupants of the other huts, had proceeded on the previous day to the further end of the Gjendin-soen on a fishing expedition. Their rifles were, of course, taken with them ; and

thinking it just possible that they might meet with reindeer, they had climbed the precipice overhanging the lake. No sooner had they gained the high ground above than they discovered three reindeer, and, a short stalk bringing them within range, a fine buck fell to each rifle. This morning, as soon as they had brought the deer down from the fields and placed them in the boats, they returned home to the huts, and were now very busy cutting up the venison; Joh stowing away his share in salting-tubs in the boat-house, while the others were making preparations for an early departure on the morrow.

"What are you looking for so carefully in your reindeer, Joh?" said my companion.

"Do not you remember your giving me a bullet one day last autumn?"

"Yes, I do; but what of that?"

"Well, you know I said that the next reindeer I shot should fall by that very bullet—and so it has; and I will now show it to you, as a proof that I have not broken my word."

"Ah! here it is," said he, as he picked it out in great glee, and gave it to my friend.

The arrival of the venison was most acceptable to us; for, although an abundance of feathered game might always be easily procured, some more substantial food was very welcome. Poor Shot, too, as the supply was only barely enough for our consumption,



FRAMNAEF

was not faring very well, and for his sake alone we were glad of the venison. At the same time, however, I am ashamed to confess that we almost felt vexed at these peasants having met with such extreme good luck at the cost of so little trouble; while we who had toiled for a long day of thirteen hours, had not so much as seen a reindeer. We selected for our own use a good piece of venison, and also the tongues, which are but little esteemed by the peasants; for all of which, as they absolutely refused to accept payment, we remunerated them by filling their flasks with English gunpowder—an article highly valued by the sporting peasants, and most valuable for the purpose of gaining their goodwill; on which account I had no cause to

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regret having brought from England rather more powder than I was able to make use of.

During our absence my companion had been fishing in the river, and with tolerable success, having caught several fine trout. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in fishing, and collecting a good supply of firewood; and, by me in particular, in constructing a wooden candlestick which could be attached to the window-sill, without employing any nails or pegs—a point on which old Joh was very particular. The candlestick was at last produced, and the simple contrivance was much admired by Joh, when he found what a comfort it was that the tallow dip did not fall down every five minutes, leaving one suddenly in the

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dark—perhaps at a critical moment in some cooking operation. Birch trees grew here in abundance, but, being at an altitude of 3,246 E. feet above the sea, we were above the limit of fir trees. The limit of the birch might be estimated at about 300 feet above the Gjendin, and the snow line at rather more than 2,000 feet. Trout, with fried reindeer's liver as the *pièce de résistance*, formed our evening's meal.

Next day being Sunday, the forenoon was spent at home. Although the orthodox Sunday dinner of roast beef and plum pudding was beyond our means, we hoped nevertheless to spread the festive board with no despicable banquet; and towards mid-day a large lump of venison, together with plenty of fat, was put into the iron pot. The cooking of the venison engaged considerable attention, and constant employment was afforded to one person in basting and turning over the meat. When nearly done a quantity of cream was poured over it to improve it, and to add to the richness of the gravy.

It is much in this way that the Cossacks of Siberia cook their game, according to our great Siberian traveller, Mr. Atkinson. The birds are placed whole, together with an abundance of fat, into a strong pot, which is then covered over with a closely fitting lid; and the joining of the lid being smeared round with clay to make it air tight, the pot is hung over the fire, and in about twenty minutes the game is cooked to perfection; and thus prepared, Mr. Atkinson says game is preferable to that cooked by any other method.

Certainly our venison was most excellent, and I never remember to have tasted either red or fallow-deer venison that could compare with it. Reindeer venison more nearly resembles red-deer than fallow-deer venison, but it is more juicy and tender. During the feast Marit and Sigeri arrived on their Sunday visit, according to the custom of the country, but they declined our invitation to join us at dinner. Old Joh, however, who made his appearance just then, did not refuse a good offer, and sitting down with us, did ample justice to the venison, which he declared to be excellent, and when he had finished, returned us "Mange tak for maden" (many thanks for food). Fortunately we were not under the obligation of inviting the two men who had been Joh's companions at the successful hunt, for they had left the same morning for their homes in Hedal, about forty miles distant, taking with them their ponies laden with the reindeer venison.

The sole object of the peasants of Norway in shooting is to provide themselves with food for the winter. A reindeer hunter quitting home, with his pony laden with a supply of provisions, starts off to the mountains, where he remains for a week or a fortnight till he has killed one, or possibly, if he has met with good luck, two reindeer. Without loss of time the venison is packed in the klovsadel, and the hunter returns to his home in the valley, and immediately on arriving consigns the whole of the meat to the salting-tub. Then, if there be nothing to detain him in the valley, he starts afresh to the fields on another expedition, returning home as soon as he has been again successful in the hunt.

Norwegian peasants have a great predilection for salt meat, and, rather than eat fish, flesh, or fowl, in a fresh state, they consign it, if the means be at hand, to the salting tub; and, if after the lapse of some

months it comes out in a semi-putrid state, it is most highly prized. They have an insuperable aversion to unsalted butter, and would rather go without it altogether than eat it unsalted.

The departure of the two men with their venison was by no means regretted; for, to begin with, we did not exactly like their appearance, and they also added considerably to the demolition of our provisions, having a cunning habit of invariably paying us a visit when coffee was going on, which, out of mere civility, we were obliged to offer them; and, considering that to procure it cost a walk of seventy miles, it may be imagined how great was its value.

After dinner we walked to the Besse scoters, and returned the visits of Marit and Sigeri. The walk there and back, being only six miles, was merely considered as an afternoon's stroll. On our return to the huts, we found a great addition to the society, several men having lately arrived from the further end of the Gjendin. They were all fishing in the river in a most enthusiastic manner. One or two were standing in the middle of the stream, almost up to their waists in water; but, with all their ardour, they did not appear to be more successful than their less excited brethren who contented themselves with fishing from the river-bank. We also tried our skill, as we were in want of food for supper, and were fortunate in catching three or four very large trout.

Early in the evening we retired to rest, in order that we might be ready to start in good time next morning; for the weather was promising, and the men, who had come from the further end of the Gjendin, had seen several reindeer ascend the cliffs about three miles from the lake.

X.

A BEAUTIFUL MORNING—REDEER HUNTING—SPLENDID PANORAMA—REINDEER AT LAST—THEY VANISH—REINDEER FLOWERS—GLACIERS—A ROUGH SCRAMBLE—GRAND AMPHITHEATRE—ROAMING HABITS OF REINDEER—NOT DULL OF SIGHT—WILL NOT CROSS HUMAN FOOTSTEPS—COME SUDDENLY UPON REINDEER—CANTER UP THE PRECIPICE—DISAPPOINTMENTS—AN ANCIENT RIFLE—MOLTER-BEER—ENDURANCE OF OLD JOH.

THE expectations which we had formed from the appearance of the evening sky were fully realised, and, early in the morning, all was life and bustle to get the breakfast cooked, and then to start for the fields. Soon after six, Peter and I embarked in the boat, on our expedition in search of the reindeer which had been seen on the previous day. Leaving Peter for some time to row alone, I sat in the stern of the boat enjoying the scenery, and making a sketch of the lake. The morning was beautiful; not a cloud was visible, and the clear blue sky seemed almost to vie in depth of transparency with that of a southern clime. The sun shone bright and clear, and, striking with the full splendence of its eastern rays upon the solemn cliffs, the green waters of the lake, and the glittering snow clad peaks in the distance, rendered the scene one of superb magnificence.

For about an hour, Peter and I pulled cheerfully along over the calm waters of Gjendin, and, just after passing the rocks over which the river from Leirungsdal falls into the lake, ran the boat ashore, and, making it fast to the rocks, climbed up the mossy slope from the water's edge. Here stood a small stone hut of Peter's construction; it was sometimes used as a shooting-box.

and was furnished with the few requirements of a mountain life, viz. an iron pot, a wooden spoon, and a coffee-mill. Our object of entering was to see if the coffee-mill were safe in the hut, as we purposed taking it back with us.

Leaving this cabin, we commenced the ascent of the western side of the valley, through which the river from Leirungdale rolled rapidly along. The mountains rose very abruptly in a steep precipice of massive rock, leaving but one way of access to the heights above. Over broken rocks and slippery watercourses, we scrambled up, and soon had left all vegetation, except grass and mosses, far beneath us. Presently we reached a patch of snow, and there we saw the tracks of reindeer, evidently of those that the men had seen on the previous day.

A very rough scramble of about two thousand feet brought us to the summit of the precipice overhanging the lake; and as we emerged from the gully which had hitherto precluded all view, a splendid panorama opened upon us. At our feet lay the sea-green lake of Gjendin, hemmed in by frowning walls of perpendicular rock. Its waters were traversed by none but the boats of the fisherman, the reindeer-hunter, or the mountain shepherd. Above the opposite precipice of the lake, the ground, from the distance, and large scale of the scenery, seeming to be smooth and gently undulating, was apparently clothed with a rich, unbroken carpet of reindeer-moss; but in reality it was as rugged and barren as the rocks on which we were standing. Often did I gaze attentively upon the peculiar colouring of the reindeer moss, endeavouring to decide what the colour was; but so exquisitely are the tints blended that it was impossible to arrive at the conclusion of whether it were green or yellow. Here and there among the rocks the glassy surface of a mountain tarn threw back the brilliant rays of the burning sun. Beyond this again the mountains began to lift their giant forms, and large fields of snow and ice covered the more level rocks; and in some parts the glaciers extended in wide expanse out of the very highest parts of the mountains. Out of the glaciers shot sharp and jagged peaks, which, stretching in a wide curve from north to west, stood out in dark contrast to the white fields of snow and ice, and the clear transparency of the azure sky.

But time would not permit us to linger, and we pushed on over the barren rocks, straining our eyes, as we proceeded in search of reindeer. Yet, stop!—what are those dark forms up yonder against the clear sky? Reindeer!—those “antlered monarchs of the waste,” a glimpse of which among their native wilds had so long been the object of my ambition. Four in all, upon a ridge of rock about half a mile distant, they stood quietly cropping the scanty grass. Sinking slowly down to elude observation we surveyed the ground before us and consulted as to the way in which we should stalk the deer. The extreme stillness of the air was our difficulty,—not a breath could be felt, a blade of grass held up to be swayed by the breeze remained immovable.

To discover the direction of the wind was impossible; and, deciding to stalk as the ground best favoured us, we began to move slowly and cautiously towards the deer. Watching all their movements our eyes remained fixed upon them—now they raise their heads and look around—stop! not a muscle must move—again they commence feeding, and once more we creep cautiously

on. The ground rising steadily and being much broken, there was no difficulty in concealing ourselves from view. We had already approached to within three hundred yards, but now we could see only one reindeer; but the others might have moved and become hidden by intervening rocks, and we doubted not but that they were still there. The ground now rose rapidly, and we found that, by making a slight circuit, we should be able to arrive within a short distance of the deer. Silently and cautiously we crept along, in momentary dread of a loose stone rolling from under our feet and alarming the deer by the clatter.

At length the critical moment arrived,—the desired spot was reached,—and breathless with excitement, our rifles ready in our hands, we slowly raised our heads above the rocks.

But the reindeer?—they are gone—the bare rocks are as desolate and devoid of life as ever. Was it possible that we could have seen four reindeer standing on that very spot? or, was it a dream? all is silence! all is desolate! nothing but barren gray rocks and sparkling snow greet the eye as it wanders anxiously around. Can any living creature exist on such a dreary tract? But no—it was not a dream; for there were fresh tracks upon the scanty moss, and stalks of the reindeer plant (*Ranunculus glacialis*) had just been nipped of their flowers. The rocks, the snow, the glacier which lay within half a mile, were surveyed; but, alas, in vain, nothing living could be seen.

On gaining the spot where the deer had stood, a fresh breeze blew in our faces, only serving to increase the mystery. But a very short experience of deer-stalking among such lofty mountains convinces one of the extraordinary changes of direction to which the wind is liable. A moment before it had possibly blown in exactly the contrary direction, thereby giving “the wind” of us to the deer, which would be quite sufficient to put them to rapid flight. So completely hidden from their sight had we been, that thus only could we account for their sudden disappearance. No footmarks could be left on the hard and barren rocks, and we could gain no clue as to the direction the deer had taken.

Still, incited by the bare possibility of their having gone but a short distance, we pushed on up the hill, and on reaching the summit, looked down a perpendicular precipice of some hundred feet upon the Steensfjæraen, a glacier which we had passed on our first day's expedition. From this commanding position we could see far and wide over trackless rocks and snow; but no reindeer were in sight. Thoroughly disappointed we turned back and struck away to the left to examine the glacier lying near to where the deer had been standing. Enclosed on two sides by high perpendicular walls of rock, and a quiet, sheltered spot, it was a probable place for reindeer to frequent; and, supposing that these deer had not taken alarm, but had merely moved away for change of pasturage, it was here that we entertained the hope of finding them. But again we were disappointed, for no traces of reindeer were visible, and we now no longer doubted but that the deer, having “got the wind” of us, had at once galloped off, and by this time might be six or eight miles distant.

Partially to console ourselves, we sat down upon the rocks, and commenced our dinner, which we carried in our pockets; for, although it was still early, the long row and walk had considerably sharpened our appetites. A fresh, boiled reindeer's tongue constituted my repast,

and most excellent it was. The air was delightfully cool and refreshing, and so invigorating that, after our meal, we felt as though we could undergo any amount of exertion; and so warm were the rays of the sun that, although the altitude was probably over 5,000 feet, we did not feel the slightest chilliness.

On rising up from dinner we made for the lower end of the glacier which lay before us and crossed a *lateral moraine*, or pile of *débris* brought down by the glacier; it was much beyond the present limit of the glacier, but I am sorry to say that I did not make more detailed observations. The rocks just here are of a slaty nature, and I was struck by the great decomposition which was wearing them away. We now clambered along the side of the mountain, which, at this point, left only a comparatively narrow tract between its perpendicular face and the precipice overhanging the lake. In some places the water, which trickled over the rocks, had been congealed by the last night's frost, rendering the walking both difficult and dangerous; for, although a fall would not have been attended by a further descent into the lake, it was quite possible to sustain serious injury by falling upon the sharp rocks from a height of only a few feet.

At length, after a long and arduous scramble, our rifles being slung behind our backs to leave both hands at liberty, we rounded the mountain, and in a short time found ourselves at Kjærhullet (tarn-hollow). The spot was one of most striking and peculiar grandeur: an oval amphitheatre of perpendicular rock enclosed a large convex-shaped glacier which entirely filled the hollow; and at the foot of the ice-field the little tarn, or *kjern*, fed a torrent which, dashing its impetuous stream over the edge of the precipice, fell headlong into the Gjendin Soen below. The only entrance to this noble amphitheatre was from the north, or the Gjendin side, by which way we had come. A grand and awful scene it was—so still, so calm; one seemed to have been transported to a region wholly unconnected with an inhabited world.

Such a sheltered spot was a very probable place of resort for reindeer, especially as an abundance of grass grew on the slope of rock between the perpendicular cliffs and the field of ice. Grass and the flowers of the reindeer-plant constitute the food of reindeer during the summer months, but while the ground is covered with snow their only food is the greenish-yellow lichen called reindeer-moss, which they procure by scraping away the snow with their feet and the short, palmated horns, which project down their face between their eyes. Where this moss abounds the deer congregate in vast herds, amounting sometimes to as many as two thousand. But in the summer time they are seldom to be found in larger herds than twenty or thirty: while three or four is the usual number which roam about together.

In the summer time, provided the weather be fine, they frequent the mountains at about the level of the snow line, which, in this part of Norway, is rather above 5,000 English feet above the sea. Here they roam about in undisputed possession of the boundless fields, seeking the hollows formed by the rocks, and other sheltered spots, in quest of grass, which is usually more abundant in such places; and there they may generally be found during the middle of the day, quietly dozing in the warm sunshine. Though not migratory animals, as has been said, which my own experience and the information derived from the peasants

would tend to confute, they are constantly on the move, always travelling against the wind; so much so that a systematic reindeer-hunter would, if the wind continued to blow from one quarter for any length of time, move off against the wind and take up his quarters in those parts of the mountains, to which he would conclude that the reindeer had betaken themselves.

In winter and in stormy weather the deer descend from the higher regions to the more sheltered and genial districts, though never below the level of birch trees. At all times they are extremely wary and difficult of approach, but especially when they are lying down; for then, their attention being undistracted, their eyes, ears, and noses, are fully on the alert to apprise them of danger. Should the hunter meet with them when lying down on unfavourable ground, he may often be obliged to wait patiently till the hour of feeding, which is either early in the morning, at mid-day, or at about five in the evening; for then the deer rise up to graze.

The Author of *Scandinavian Adventures* remarks that the reindeer is dull of sight; were this the case, experienced hunters would be less cautious about approaching them when lying down; and the above author bases his conclusion on the fact of reindeer, when shot at, running away for a short distance, and then turning round to stare at the place whence the report proceeded. The red-deer does precisely the same, and the habits of this animal are too well known for dullness of sight to be imputed to it. With reindeer as well as with red-deer the cause of their stopping to look round is sometimes mere curiosity, but more often is that they may see their enemy in order to know in which direction to run for safety. But there is this difference: the reindeer, inhabiting as it does regions almost untraced by human footsteps, is unaccustomed to the sight of man, and may, perhaps, stop rather long to look at his antagonist; while the red-deer, knowing full well that man is his deadly enemy, makes off the moment he catches sight of him.

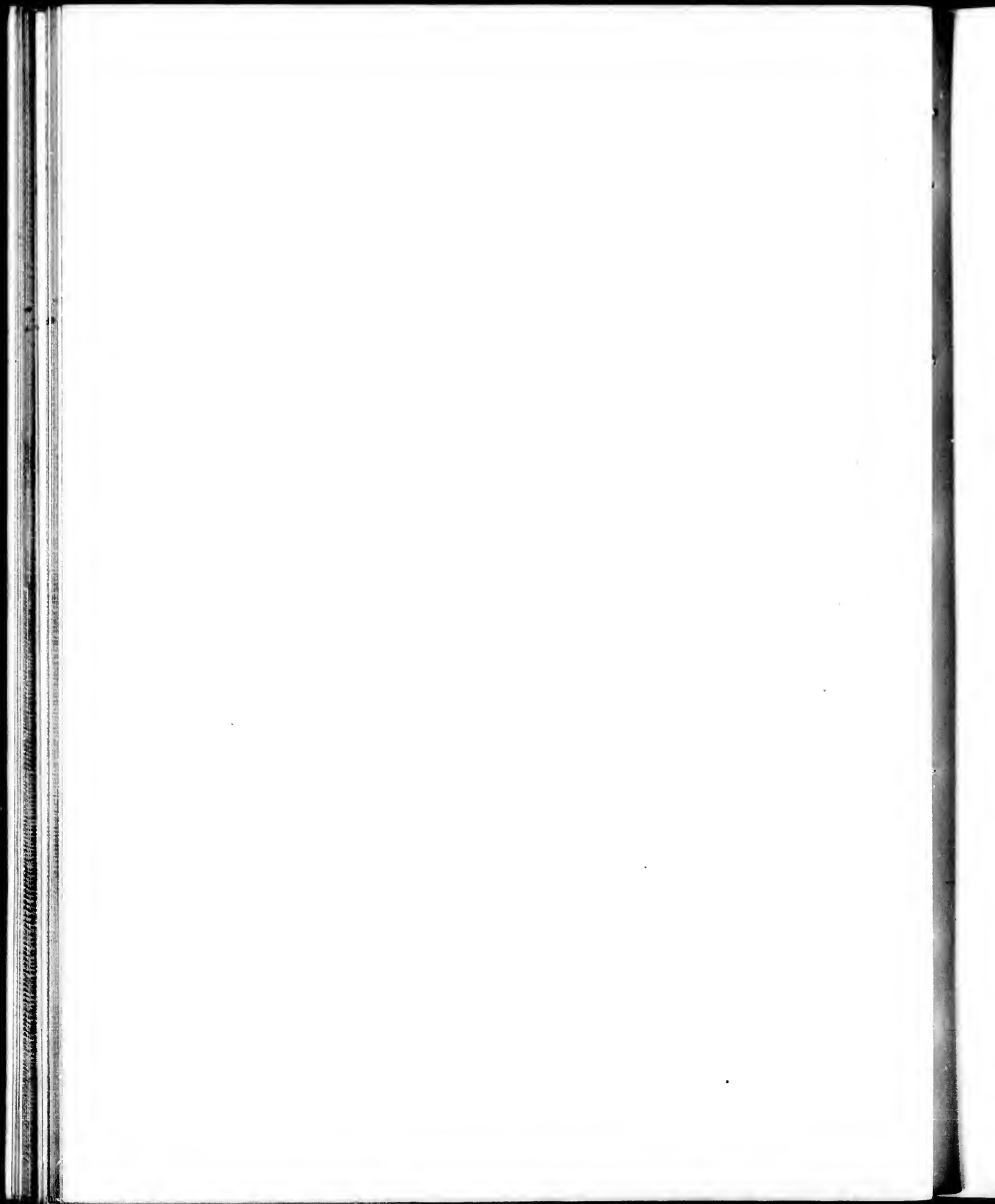
Reindeer appears to have a great dread of crossing human footmarks. A few winters ago Peter and another man, as they were returning from the fields, saw a herd of reindeer going in such a direction as would lead them directly across the line of footmarks in the snow: steadily they continued onwards, but of a sudden they seemed to be alarmed—they had seen the tracks—and, wheeling abruptly round, they started off in full gallop back in the direction whence they had come.

For stalking reindeer it is necessary to walk very slowly when the elevation at which reindeer may be found has been attained; for the ground being so much broken, it is more than probable that a fast walker, coming suddenly upon deer, will be unable to stop or sink down soon enough to avoid detection. Great difficulty in stalking is often occasioned by the impossibility of making a circuit, as, owing to precipices and cliffs of rock, there is frequently only one way of approaching the deer.

On reaching Kjærhullet we crept along the steep slope on the eastern side of the glacier, when suddenly two bucks, starting up from among the rocks before us, made off at a brisk canter. Their movements were the very image of gracefulness, as, with heads erect and necks almost bending beneath the great weight of their branching antlers, they bounded over the rocks. A low whistle from Peter, exciting their curiosity,



VALLEY OF VESTFORDLA.



caused the deer to make a momentary halt. Already they were nearly two hundred yards distant, and, with the hasty aim which was necessary, we entertained but small hopes of success.

The report of both rifles re-echoed throughout the amphitheatre of rocks; but, alas! without effect; and the deer in another bound were hidden by the masses of rock on the broken slope. Quickly ramming down another cartridge, I cried "færdig!" (ready): "Tag op paa Bræen!" (take up on to the glacier), replied Peter, and rushing headlong down the rocky slope, I clambered over the lateral moraine and gained the surface of the glacier. By this manoeuvre we should be able to cut off the deer, if, as was probable, they should attempt to cross the glacier at the upper end, so as to make their escape back to the northern or open end by galloping round the other side of the ice.

Turning round, in the hopes of seeing the deer, I found that I was almost blinded to everything off the ice, and nothing remained but to hurry on with all speed to the further end of the glacier. But was it safe to rush headlong over the glacier? might not a crevasse, or fissure, hidden by an un-sound covering of snow, engulf one? But such misgivings were quickly dispelled by the excitement, and hoping for the best, I started off at a rapid pace. Fortunately not a crevasse came in my way, and at last I reached a commanding position near the upper end of the glacier.

But the reindeer should now be approaching, and I ran my eye eagerly over the rocks by the side of the glacier. Still they came not; they had not crossed the ice; and where could they have gone to? To ascend those perpendicular cliffs seemed an utter impossibility. At last I caught sight of Peter, standing far back upon an eminence of rock; in another instant he raised his rifle, a bright flash followed, and a dull report resounded through the hollow. But still, where were the reindeer? Peter had pointed his rifle upwards, and I eagerly scanned the towering cliffs. The reindeer were cantering steadily up the precipice, their little white tails bobbing up and down as they leaped upwards from rock to rock. I stood wonder-stricken; to ascend those walls of rock appeared to be a perfect impossibility even for a man, still more so for a large animal like a reindeer. Higher and higher they went, never slackening their pace; and at length the summit was gained, and we saw the last of these reindeer as they disappeared against the sky-line.

Such are the fortunes of reindeer-hunting—a most uncertain, but at the same time a most exciting and interesting sport. For who can fail to enjoy watching these noble animals among their grand and savage haunts? No one who has experienced it can deny the extreme pleasure of wandering over untrodden regions of unrivalled beauty, and gaining an insight into the

habits of such an interesting animal, living in a state wholly uninfluenced by any inroads of civilisation.

Descending from the glacier I scrambled back over the rocks to where Peter was standing, anxious to learn how the deer had succeeded in making their escape. For a short distance the reindeer had skirted the edge of the glacier, but seeing me upon the ice, though I was prevented by the intense glare from discerning them, they had turned to the left and commenced the ascent of the precipice. Peter, detained by the intricate process of loading his rifle, had not been able to keep pace with the deer, so as to cause them to take to the glacier, where I was stationed; and to this may be attributed our failure.

With the exception of the peasants of Gulibransdalen having reached the refinement of using a measure for powder, the loading of a rifle is almost as complicated here as in the Hardanger district. Some of these powder measures, in shape like a cylindrical needle-case, are made, as Joh's was, of solid silver, but more usually of reindeer horn, and are frequently very pretty little articles. A Norwegian peasant's rifle is a long and ponderous weapon, usually carrying a ball of about twenty-five to the pound; it is poly-grooved, and with a rapid twist, the grooves making sometimes two or three whole turns in the barrel. Such an one was Peter's antiquated weapon, which, however, was not his own property, for he seemed to go shares in it with another peasant. The date upon it was 1747, notwithstanding which it shot well, but it was only adapted for short ranges.

The advanced hour of the day would not allow of our proceeding further; and, after fully discussing our various disappointments, we retraced our steps round the face of the mountain, over the slippery water-courses, and down the gully in the rocks, and at last reached the spot where the boat was moored.

Here our departure was delayed by the pleasant discovery of a quantity of whortleberries and a few molte-beer. The molte-beer (*Rubus chamaemorus*) grows at the end of an upright stalk shooting out from the centre of the plant, whose graceful leaves, not unlike those of the strawberry, spread themselves in a compact circle upon the rocky ground. The berry itself, which is about the size of a raspberry, in structure much resembles the mulberry: the colour is a very pale orange, and the beer (berry) has a peculiar flavour, something similar to that of a rotten medlar. The flower is white, and shaped like an anemone, and is developed from a round and tight bud of about the size of the fruit. In the northern parts of Norway these berries grow in great abundance, and are sent down to the south in barrels. I have also seen them in the highlands of Scotland, but only to a very limited extent. Eaten raw, with plenty of milk, they form an excellent dish.



MARIA OF OPTUN.

The declining sun at length warned us of the fast approach of evening, and, quitting the refreshing fruit upon the mossy bank by the water-side, we re-embarked in the boat, and pulled away down the lake towards the huts. As we reached them, a rose-coloured gleam from the western heavens was shedding a soft light upon the snowy peaks, and the calm waters of Gjendin were glittering in the last bright rays of the waning sun.

During supper the exploits of the various parties were successively recounted. Old Joh had accompanied my companion to Leirungsdal, but they had met with a like want of success as had characterised our former day over the same ground. Ascending the steep slope of the glacier, they had explored the innermost recesses of the ice-clad rocks. The strength, endurance, and presence of mind, at critical moments, displayed by Joh, were quite wonderful; and, notwithstanding the fatigues of so arduous a day, the old hunter of three-score and ten was as fresh and lively as any of the party.

After a hearty supper of reindeer venison, we gladly retired to our hammocks and couches of hay—rough resting-places indeed, but none the less welcome after the exertions of the day.

XI.

A DAY IN THE HUT—ORIGINALITY OF JOH—HIS WHIMS—"QUAD SAI OU?"—REINDEER AGAIN—A HARD RUN—HAIL STORM—VELING—PACK-HORSES FOR CHRISTIANIA—JOH, A BEAR HUNTER—A LATE RETURN—PRIMITIVE REMEDIES—LIGHT MARCHING ORDER—A DANGEROUS CLIMB—TREE REINDEER—A DIFFICULT STALK—HIDING THE DEER—RUS VAND—THE STONE HUT—DIFFICULTIES OF COOKING—A RUSTY POT—A PLANK FOR A BED.

EARLY in the morning the rain had fallen in torrents, and the clouds, which still hung over the mountain tops, would not allow of an expedition in search of reindeer. However, it was rather pleasant to sit down leisurely to our breakfast of trout, fresh from the lake, and marrow from the leg-bones of the reindeer.

There being no particular object in view to entice us out, we rather preferred remaining at home, and devoted ourselves to the domestic operations of gun-cleaning and collecting fire-wood; while the guides found ample occupation in mending their boots. All Norwegian peasants are their own shoemakers and tailors, and never think of going on such an expedition as this without their implements of cobbling, and a supply of spare leather. Writing my journal formed part of my occupation on a day like this, at which old Joh seemed much amused, and wondered how I could write so fast; for, though he could read with perfect facility, writing was not one of his accomplishments.

Joh was a man of considerable talent in his own way, and above all was a most ingenious workman; the hut in which we were living, as also the boat-house and every article of furniture, was of his own handiwork; in fact, he made almost everything he required. His rifles were of his own manufacture, but he still retained the old flint-and-steel locks, holding the percussion system in great contempt; and even if a rifle were given him he would immediately alter the locks to the old plan.

Five consecutive years, both winter and summer, he

had once passed in this little hut, and, indeed, it seemed to be a pet residence of his. His constant dread was lest the floor or walls of his hut should be soiled or injured in any way; and, when he was present, we were always scrupulously careful not to place the cooking utensil upon the floor. An anecdote referring to this peculiarity was told me by the other peasants. A friend of his, who was once staying with him in his hut, happening, while occupied in cooking, to take the pot off the fire, placed it upon the floor, and a black mark was left where it had stood. The old hunter was much displeas'd, but, without saying a word, he repaired to the boat-house, and, fetching a plane, shaved off the blackened part of the wood. When anything was soiled, in preference to washing or scrubbing Joh invariably had recourse to his plane.

Notwithstanding all his whims, he was a charming old man,—so thoroughly straightforward and honest. Though the Norwegians have really a great esteem for their own property, they never show it to strangers; on the contrary, they always depreciate what is their own. Old Joh one day, referring to me, remarked: "What do you think Engelskman's friends would say if they knew that he was living in such a cabin? When he gets home I have no doubt he will tell them what a detestable little hovel mine is." This I stoutly denied, telling him that I should say, on the contrary, what a neat little house it had been my good fortune to meet with, and how I had enjoyed my sojourn there. The old man's countenance lighted up as I praised his hut, and he smiled an acknowledgment of the compliment.

It was amusing to listen to the conversation of the peasants, as they worked away at their shoes. One of them would make a remark or ask a question, and the person addressed would immediately answer, in old Norse, "Quad sai ou?" (spelled according to sound)—(What say you?). The remark would then be repeated by the first speaker, who, in his turn, would ask, "Quad sai ou?" obliging the other to repeat his answer. Thus they ramble on, almost every question, answer, or remark, being repeated. Quad sai ou, spoken quickly, sounds exactly like the name of Kossuth, the Hungarian; and hearing, as I thought, his name so often repeated, I at last inquired why Kossuth engrossed the conversation so much.

The inveterate habit of tobacco chewing, which prevails among the Norsk peasants, by no means enhances the pleasures of in-door life. Neither by day nor by night is the Norwegian peasant without his "quid," the consequences of which, seeing that they render a pair of waterproof slippers a *sine qua non*, may be better imagined than described. In such a small hut this habit was an intolerable nuisance, and my companion and I succeeded, though with much difficulty, in putting some check upon the practice.

A walk to Besse sisters for a fresh supply of milk and cream passed the afternoon; and, on the way there, I shot seven willow-gronse. Our home-dairy was a small harbour in the river made of stones, and there the milk can and cream-bottles were immersed, and their contents kept good by the icy-cold water which flowed out of the Gjendin.

To our great disappointment rain was falling heavily next morning, filling us with desponding thoughts, and, above all, bringing before us visions of another day's shoemaking in the hut. However, towards noon, the weather cleared up sufficiently to warrant an expedition

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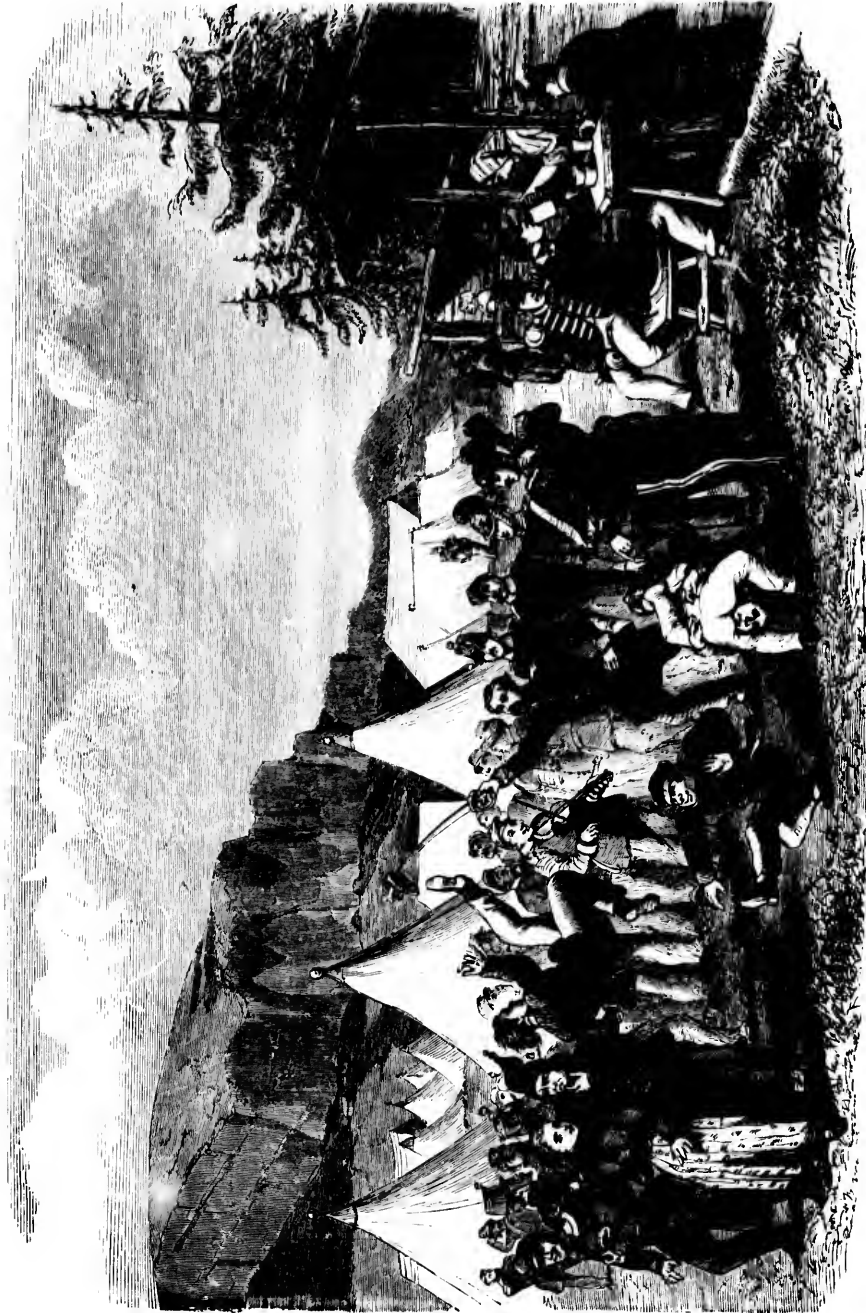
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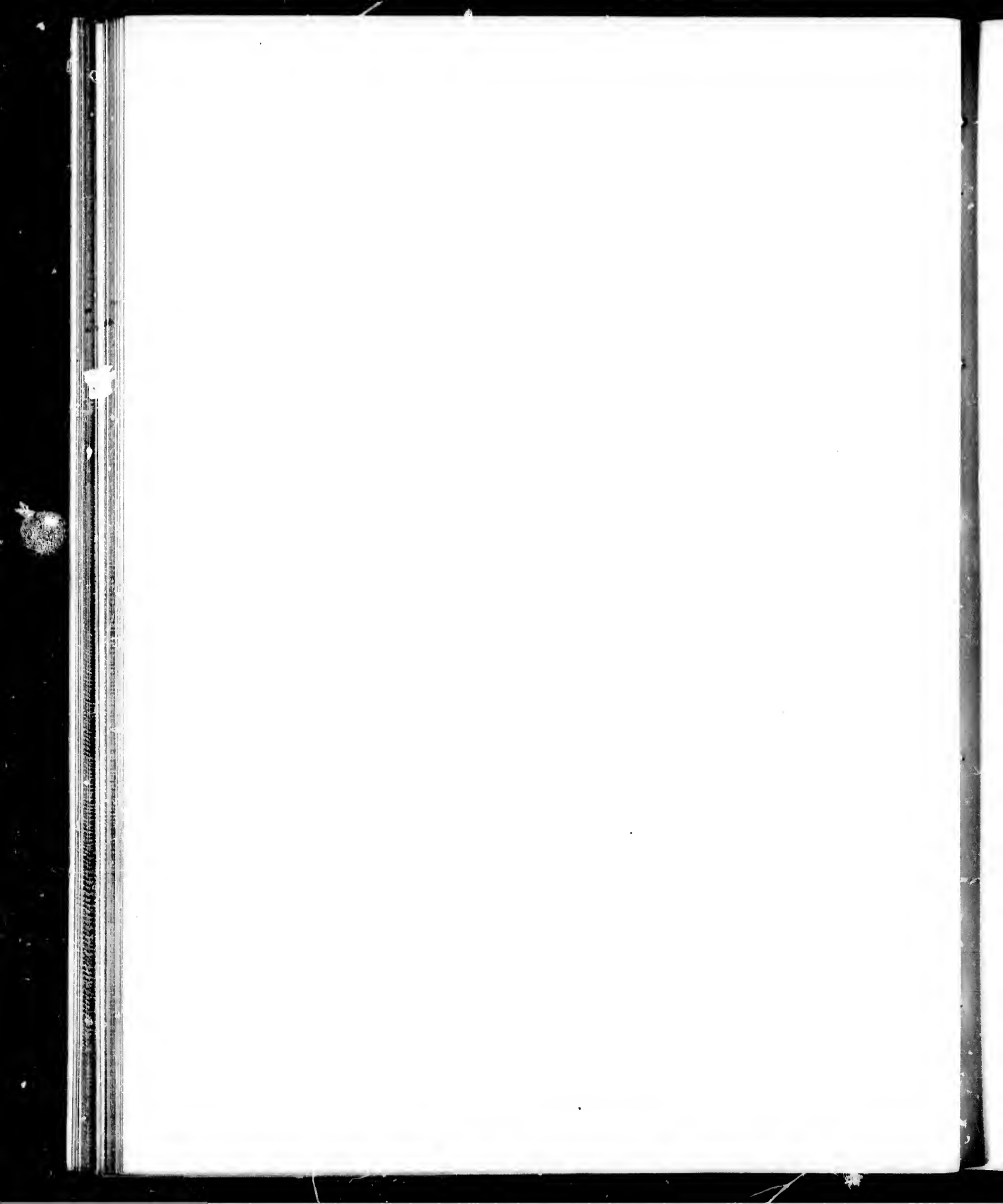
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CAMP OF SIORDALEN.



to the fields; and, crossing the river, we commenced the ascent of the opposite cliffs.

As we were toiling up the steep rocks, the three Norsemen deep in conversation, two dark forms, upon the rocks above, suddenly caught my eye. A glance sufficed to show them to be reindeer, and the chatter of the natives was quickly silenced. The deer, after looking over the precipice for a moment, turned away and vanished as suddenly as they had appeared. The wind, blowing from the south, left but little doubt as to the course to be pursued, and, in another instant, we were hurrying on towards the further side of the mountain, in order that, on reaching the summit of the cliffs, we might proceed "up wind" to the spot where the deer had been seen.

Keeping the wind in our faces, when the high ground was gained, we made our way over the barren rocks. Soon we were carefully descending a steep slope, which shelved away towards where the deer would probably be; when, by a simultaneous impulse, we all sank slowly to the ground. At about two hundred yards' distance the two bucks were walking quietly one behind the other. But as quickly as our hopes had been raised were they dispelled; for the reindeer, in another instant, appeared to catch sight of us, and, turning short round, made off at a canter towards the boundless fields behind. One chance of success yet remained, but that was a small one. However, away we went, rushing headlong down the broken slope at the imminent risk of breaking our legs, and, reaching the gully below, ran along it as fast as possible in hopes of cutting off the deer. But all was in vain; when we reached the desired point the deer had gone past, and could nowhere be seen.

Once more then we experienced the frequent disappointments attendant on reindeer-stalking; but hope carried us on, and we soon started afresh. We now separated, Peter and I descending to the outlet of the Bes Vand, or Vatn as the peasants call water; while the others pursued their way along the ridge of rock overlooking the Gjendin Soen. On reaching the extremity of the Bes Vand, we forded the stream by which the lake discharges its transparent waters, and then continued northwards over the rocks, but without seeing any reindeer; and the only living things that came across our path were one or two ptarmigan, and a flock of birds, with long pointed wings, which were unknown to me; but the name which Peter gave them, commencing with field, showed them to be natives of the lofty heights.

No tracks, no freshly-cropped reindeer-flowers, or other signs of deer frequenting these parts, were seen; and a heavy hail storm coming on confirmed our half-made resolve of returning home. The hail, driven by the sweeping blast, beat hard against our faces, giving us a foretaste of the inclemency of the wintry weather on these lofty mountains; and the desolate expanse of the surrounding fields assumed, under the darkening sky, a still more inhospitable aspect. The Bes Vand, whose soft clear waters reposed calmly in its shelving bed of rock, was the sole object upon which to fix one's gaze, and fall for a time into semi-oblivion of the dreary waste around. Re-fording the torrent we commenced a descent from the fields, and soon regained the regions of vegetation; and, in a short time, were once more on the banks of the Sjo Elv.

During our absence my companion had been well employed in replenishing the larder with trout and

willow-grouse. Toward dark a tremendous fall of rain came on, which, continuing throughout the greater part of the night, caused us some little apprehension; but, fortunately, the roof proved to be sufficiently well constructed to keep out the wet, and our slumbers were undisturbed.

Next morning the mountain peaks no longer shot up in dark masses, for a sparkling garb of snow had overspread their summits. This was the first snow of the season (1st September), and it showed that we had already bidden farewell to the summer, and that bad weather might now be expected. The fields bore a forbidding aspect, and dark, ominous clouds disclosed not so much as a speck of blue sky.

The afternoon, then, saw us strolling towards the seters in quest of a fresh supply of milk and cream.

This time Marit made us a peculiar kind of porridge called velling. It was made with milk and barley-meal, and was very good, bearing some resemblance to Scotch porridge. Marit said that she had seen a reindeer swim across the lake during the forenoon, which showed that the badness of the weather had caused a disturbance among the deer. As we were looking out of the suter a long file of men and pack-horses appeared in the distance, slowly making towards the seters. Such a novel sight caused all eyes to be fixed upon the caravan. As they approached, the excitement became intense, and many were the speculations indulged in. At last, to our dismay, we made out that Blaker, the son of the proprietor of one of the Smandal seters, rode at the head of the party. If only he should be coming to stay here, how shall we supply him with food and house-room?

Nothing could have exceeded our relief when, after a short conversation, Blaker turned his horse's head towards the lake, and the whole troop of attendants followed; soon we could see them fording the Sjo Elv, and in a short time they were lost in the distance, as they pursued their way to Christiania on matters of business. This would be our last visit to the seters, and so we settled accounts with Marit and Sigeri; then bidding a last farewell we returned to the shores of the Gjendin.

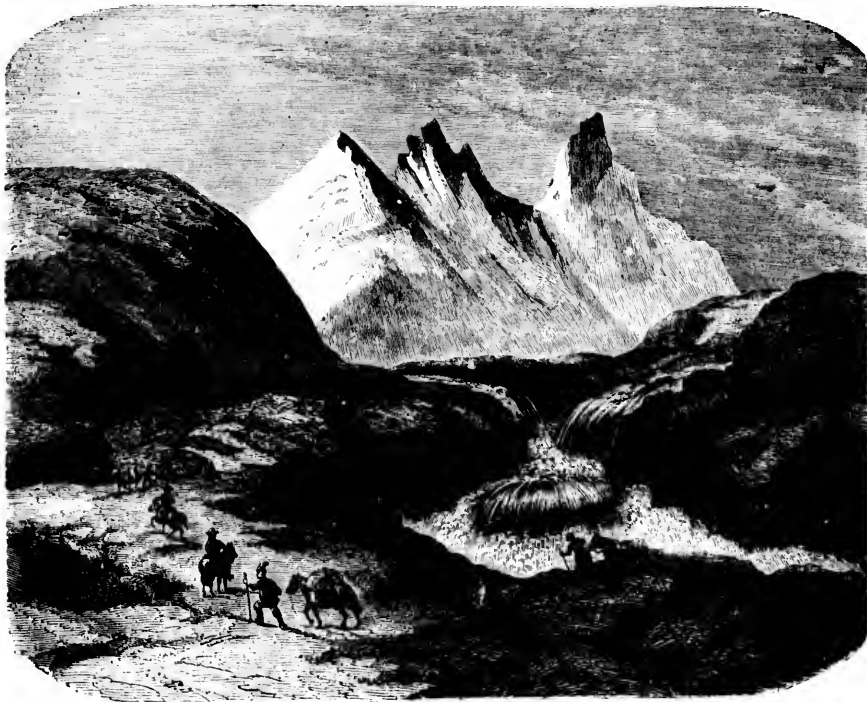
Much doubt as to the plans of the day were caused next morning by the unsettled state of the weather. But at last my companion, Peter, and I, set out for a valley, called Sikkildal, some miles to the east—a part of the country which we had not yet visited. Many willow-grouse rose before us as we wandered through the birch woods by the banks of the Sjo Elv, but, armed only with rifles, we left them in safety.

For a moment we were startled by the appearance of a herd of quadrupeds in the distance. As we drew nearer we found that they were ponies, which were wandering at large over the mountains. So tame were they that they allowed us to approach quite close, and even to pat them; by the branda we perceived that their owners lived at Lillehammer—a large town on the Christiania and Thronhjelm road, and distant about sixty or seventy miles.

On reaching an eminence, a short distance beyond, we looked down upon the Sikkildal, winding far into the heart of the mountains. Thick fir woods clothed the steep sides, while a narrow lake wound a serpentine course along the vale. These woods were much frequented by bears, and in this very dale old Joh had waged successful warfare against them, and one evening had killed two large bears.

Unfortunately, driving storms of snow and hail rolled in quick succession over the mountains, debaring us from ascending to the more lofty fields. Long and anxiously did we watch the angry skies, hoping that the dense clouds might eventually pass away and give place to a clear sunshine. But no, the mists only grew thicker, and storm after storm swept the dreary fields. Returning home, therefore, we devoted ourselves to the more homely pursuits of fishing and willow-grouse shooting, much to the joy of Shot, who was always imprisoned in the hut when we were away after reindeer. Two brace and a half of willow-grouse having fallen to the gun, we were in no lack of food for a good supper.

The two others had not returned when we sat down to our willow grouse soup, and as evening drew on, and still they appeared not, we became rather anxious for their safety on account of the storminess of the weather. Ten o'clock came and still they had not yet returned; but, as we were in total ignorance of the direction they had taken, we were quite unable to be of any use to them; and consequently retired to rest, hoping that it might be the death of a reindeer which had detained them. At length, however, at eleven o'clock the door opened and they both entered the hut: the cause of their delay was readily explained when we learned that the provost's son had sprained his ankle very severely, so much so that it was only with great



NOR-UNGRNE MOUNTAINS.

difficulty that he had been able to drag himself home. They also had not met with any sport, having only seen a reindeer calf; but they had been more fortunate in the weather, which with them had been very tolerable. They were much surprised at the news of our intended departure on the morrow, a move which though contemplated for some time previously, had only been hastily determined upon.

During the night our medicinal resources were put to the test, for my friend was suddenly seized with violent spasms. Hot applications in the shape of iron plates heated by a fire hastily kindled, were resorted to, and fortunately with success; and a cup of cold

water was suggested as an additional restorative. Opening the door, I stole down to the river side; the night was beautifully still, and not a sound greeted my ears save the rush of the icy river as it hurried along over its rocky bed. Happily all went well after the draught of cold water, which was an immense relief to me; as, in a region so remote from all help, an illness would have been a very serious matter.

The sun was shining brightly when we rose next morning, and Peter and I at once commenced preparations for departure. I was now to bid my last farewell to my good friend, who, at so much inconvenience to himself, had altered his plans in order to

accompany me to the fields. Throughout the whole time that we had travelled together I had found him a most delightful companion, always cheerful and happy; and to his kindness I felt myself entirely indebted for this latter part of my tour, with which my most vivid and pleasant recollections are associated. It will not, therefore, be surprising that I should take leave of him with feelings of deep regret, especially as this was our final parting: for, while I was to remain on the mountains with Peter, he was to return to Lom, whence he intended to travel direct to Christiania, and thence to Germany.

To old Joh we owed a debt of gratitude for so kindly accommodating us in his hut; for this he refused to accept the smallest payment, but luckily we were able to make him a few trifling presents, such as a pound

or two of English gunpowder and a small telescope, all of which he appeared to value highly.

My horse we resolved to send back to Lom, it being my intention to make straight for the Christiania road whenever I should quit the mountains; and so I left my baggage to be conveyed, together with Shot, to the Ruslien seters, and there deposited to await my arrival. The way to our future quarters leading over most difficult ground, our equipment was very small, and consisted only of our knapsack well stocked with fladbrod, mya ost—a yellow goat's cheese—a piece of raw bacon, some sugar, coffee, and one or two bits of tallow candle. Besides this we each of us carried a rifle, and thus prepared we walked down to the river, over which old Joh ferried us in the little boat.

On reaching the summit we walked along over the



S/S FJORD.

rough stones, by the edge of a precipice overhanging the lake of Gjendin. Gradually the wedge of tableland, bounded to the south by the precipices of the Gjendin, and those of the Bes Vand to the north, contracted to a narrow point called Beseggen. Before us, as we stood at the angle of the wedge, the sharp side of it or eggen (the edge) dipped abruptly down, several hundred feet, till it reached a flat strip of grassy land; on either side a perpendicular precipice descended into the Gjendin Suen and Bes Vand respectively. To climb down the eggen, or edge, was the only means of attaining this grassy plot, from whence one could ascend to the rocks on the opposite side. The shoulder of rock was just sufficiently broken and inclined to render a descent practicable, and, slinging our rifles behind our backs, we began to clamber down the

eggen. A precipice yawned on either side of us, and in front it was but little less abrupt, so that a slip of the foot, or a loss of balance, must inevitably have precipitated us many hundred feet below. At last we stood on the narrow grassy isthmus—

“The landmark to the double tide,
That purpling rolls on either side.”

On the north side, and nearly at the same level, was stretched the calm expanse of Bes Vand, while on the north, a thousand feet below, the waters of Gjendin owned the stern boundary of rock. So narrow was the isthmus, and so perpendicular the precipice of the Gjendin, that standing midway on the grassy plot between the two lakes, one could throw a stone into either.

Curiously enough, there was not the trace of a channel through which the Bes Vand had at any time, however remote, poured its waters into the Gjendin—the outlet of the lake being four or five miles distant in the opposite direction. Here we sat down to our frugal meal of bread, cheese, and butter carried in the oval wooden boxes made for the purpose.

After a short delay we scrambled on up the rocks beyond, and presently reached a ridge overlooking a large sheltered hollow. To the left lay a small tarn, while to the right the massive Besho began to rear his giant form. Sitting down we scanned with eager eyes the ground before us, and presently caught sight of three reindeer upon a patch of grass between ourselves and the tarn. Outstretched upon the rocks we peered over the ridge at the noble animals, considering how we could approach them. The ground, in one almost uniform sweep, fell towards them, and the direction of the wind rendered it necessary that we should cross the bare track immediately before us, as the precipices of the Gjendin to our left, and the Besho to our right, prevented all possibility of making any circuit.

For about an hour we waited in hopes of the deer shifting their quarters; but, finding them motionless, we resolved to run the risk of detection and stalk at once. Emptying our pockets of everything which could rattle, we began to worm ourselves down the bare rocks. A very rough crawl, we for the most part stretched out quite flat, brought us to a large rock, which proved to be the limit of our advance. Here I found the full benefit of the native plan of wearing gloves on such occasions. By this time it was past five o'clock, and the deer were all standing up feeding. Suddenly the sharp crack of the rifles broke the dead silence, and the deer trotted gently off, for a moment making us fear that both our shots had missed. But they had not run more than a hundred yards when one of them dropped gracefully on its knees and rolled over on its side.

A hoarse croak from among the crags of Besho told us that we had not been the only witnesses of the reindeer's death, and presently a large raven was wheeling over our heads screaming and croaking with intense delight. Without delay Peter's tol-knive, the short sheath-knife worn by the peasants of Norway, was at work, and the beautiful, thick skin was quickly stripped from the deer. Seizing the animal by the legs I now drew it off the skin, remarking to Peter that it was a pity to allow it to be soiled by the blood. But this was contrary to the custom of reindeer-hunters, and Peter replaced the deer upon the skin; and, when I insisted on its being otherwise, he exclaimed, as he looked round him with an air of bewilderment, "Where then shall we lay the deer?" "Upon the ground," was the simple answer; but the possibility of so doing never seemed to have occurred to Peter, and it was with great reluctance that he acceded to my wishes.

The head cut off and the deer severed in two across the loins, our next care was to seek a place where the venison might be conveniently buried beneath the rocks and stones. Fortunately an ure close by favoured the work, and the venison was soon deposited in a hollow formed by removing the large stones. It was then carefully covered over with a large pile of heavy stones, till scarcely a vestige of it could be discovered, as we were sure that the wild animals would make an attempt to get at it.

The tongue was then taken from the head, and also the brains, at which Peter expressed great surprise,

adding that he would not eat brains for anything in the world. The skin was then tied in a roll to Peter's back, and the heart, tongue, &c., having been put into a pocket-handkerchief, for want of a better substitute, we started on the remaining part of our journey.

Before long we reached the brink of a precipitous cliff overlooking a deep valley, in the more open part of which, to our right, lay a long, narrow lake, by whose western shores stood the little hut where we were to pass the night. The steep side of the valley descended, a rough walk of about half an hour along the dale brought us to the lake. Then keeping the water on our right hand, we skirted the shore and clambered along the precipitous sides of a lofty mountain, which, for some distance, left only a narrow practicable path between it and the lake. It was almost dark when we reached a small torrent, which, falling with a loud roar from the rocks above, hastened to mingle its ice-fed waters with those of the lake. Forging the stream we stood in another minute at the door of a small stone hut.

So ensconced was it among the rocks of the hill-side that it was only a near approach that could detect its existence. Opening the little wooden door, the only woodwork about the exterior, and bending almost double as we crossed the threshold, we found ourselves in the interior of a diminutive room. Its appearance was not suggestive of comfort, but for that we cared little so long as there was a roof above us. The bare ground composed the floor of the cabin, which might measure about eight feet square. In one corner was the usual angular fire place of rough stone, and along the wall opposite to the door stood a bench of three planks, resting upon stone supports; and this supplied the place of table, chair, and bedstead. An iron pot, a wooden bowl, and two large wooden spoons completed the arrangement.

It was already nearly dark, and there was not a moment to lose in collecting a supply of fire-wood; so, depositing the rifles and knapsack in the hut, we hastened out again. But we were above the limit even of birch-trees, and juniper and a few dwarf birches were the only shrubs to be met with. And even these grew not in luxuriant bushes, but, as though to shelter themselves from the piercing blasts of winter, they crept humbly along the ground, concealing their writhing stems along the stones and mosses. It was no easy matter therefore to find the juniper in the dark, and it was some time before sufficient fuel to last throughout the night had been collected.

It is most fortunate for the reindeer hunter that juniper, the only wood on the mountains which burns when green, attains to a higher limit than any other shrub; simple as it may seem, however, it is requisite to know the right way of laying it on the fire in order to make it burn. The spines of the juniper grow upwards from the branch, and, though it seems to be the natural way to lay it upon the fire with the spines downwards, that they may catch the flame, juniper thus placed will only smoulder; but when laid as it grows, with the spines upwards, it bursts forth into a blaze.

A good fire having been kindled by means of some matches from my oblong brass box, we bethought ourselves of cooking some reindeer-meat for supper. But a great obstacle lay in our way: the iron pot was coated both inside and out with a thick layer of rust—what was to be done? Peter was ready at once, and, filling the pot with water, he hung it over the fire, and then

sat down, saying, very calmly, "By to-morrow morning it will be fit to use."

But the Norwegian peasants have a proverb that "an Englishman must have meat every day;" nor was I, after our long walk, inclined to belie this our national failing, and so I suggested that the pot should be scoured out with sand.

"No," said Peter, "by to-morrow morning it will be quite clean: we will leave it over the fire."

"Come, Peter, we can but try; so bring the pot down to the lake, where possibly we may find some sand."

Peter was still very doubtful, but, after I had set the example, he worked away in good earnest. Presently his countenance brightened up—to his surprise the rust was already yielding—and soon, with great delight, he showed me that it was clean.

It was quite astonishing how I now rose in Peter's estimation, and he seemed to look upon me as quite a superior being: in fact this exploit with the rusty pot was an era in my field-life with Peter.

A few slices of reindeer's liver were soon frying in the pot, and we made an excellent supper of bread, butter, cheese, fried liver, and coffee. This concluded, we prepared for the night's rest, but the prospects of a comfortable sleep were very remote. A slight shower of rain, having fallen towards evening, had wetted the moss sufficiently to render it unavailable for the purposes of bedding.

Nothing remained but to take up our quarters upon the three planks. Peter taking one of these rested it on two stones, and lay down upon it with his feet against the hearth-stone. To me were left the other two planks, and, lying down on these, I covered myself with the fresh reindeer skin. In about a couple of hours I was awoke by the cold, when I found that not only was the fire almost extinguished, but that the deer-skin was quite wet, the animal having fallen down in a small stream of water. Peter was quickly roused, and by our united efforts the fire was once more urged into a blaze; and I then exchanged resting-places with Peter, and lay down on the single plank by the fire, but not without great apprehensions of suddenly rolling off upon the floor.

But our rest was not undisturbed; for, as the fire grew low, the cold frosty air poured down the wide chimney and roused us from sleep. With what delight at last was hailed the mist of dawning day as it peered down the rude chimney; and with what eagerness was it watched as, gradually increasing in brightness, it dimmed the red glare of the blazing juniper!

A more liberal use of the fuel was now allowed, and faggot after faggot was heaped upon the primitive hearth; and, for the first time after the cold and tedious night, we began to feel a real glow of warmth diffuse itself throughout our chilly limbs.

XII.

CROSS THE HOR-UNGERNE MOUNTAINS—CHURCH OF LOM—A PASTORAL ADDRESS—LAUR OGAARD AND HIS FAIR DAMSEL—MASSACRE OF COLONEL SINCLAIR AND HIS SCOTCH FOLLOWERS—VAL OF GUDTRANSDALEN—HIGHWAY FROM CHRISTIANIA TO TRONDHEIM OR DRONTHEIM.

THE nights are so clear in summer time in the parallels between the Sogne-fjord and Trondjem, that it is possible to travel even over the most difficult roads. Unfortunately, upon the traverse we had now entered

upon, there were no roads and only tracks known to the guides. We found ourselves by sun-rise in the regions of perpetual snow, the lofty peaks of the Hor-Ungerne were gilded by the rising sun to the right, with the still more fantastic-looking pinnacles of the Skagstols Tind to the south. Close by a torrent of icy water precipitated itself into the valley beneath. The scenery from the summit of the pass was of the grandest Alpine character. According to Everest (*Everest's Norway*, p. 243), the peasants have a tradition that these Hor-Ungerne mountains were the offspring of an incestuous marriage, and therefore changed to stone. The name in the Norsk tongue indicates the misconduct of the mother. (See page 444.)

After four mortal hours of wandering over the table land of the Hor-Ungerne and of the Smørstablinder, by numerous lakes and tarns, and amongst rocks and snow, and where the predominant vegetation was reindeer moss, without any change save that presented by fording mountain torrents or crossing the same by picturesque bridges, with just width enough for the horses' feet and no balustrade, we were agreeably surprised on turning a hill to find a hospitable tent erected on the snow. This was a happy idea of one of the party, who had sent on guides in advance to have breakfast in readiness at the middle of the pass. The tent had been struck on a table land, known indeed as Mid fields, between two small mountain lakes, and in front of the Forneranken, whose green and crevassed glaciers rival in beauty and magnitude the renowned Grindelvolden in Switzerland. The cold was so intense that it was impossible to hold a pencil in the fingers. Never did a glass of sherry appear so opportune as at that moment.

Reinvigorated by rest and refreshment, we descended into a narrow valley enclosed by dark walls, and at the bottom of which the Boevra—green and cold as the glaciers it flowed from—rolled over its stony bed. It expanded below, however, in the lakes known as the Holdtuls-vand, where a little vegetation begins to make its appearance, and the olive green juniper mixes with the reddish hue of the dwarf willow. The road at the same time improved so much that we could get into a trot, which we kept up till six in the evening, when we arrived at Præst-sick-r, a mountain dairy surrounded by pasturage, and dependant on the parish of Lom. Men and horses were alike harassed by seventeen hours' toil, and we on our part were only too well pleased to stretch ourselves upon the rustic beds of the establishment. The impression of human feet wore coarsely carved in the planks at the foot of the bed, and Liva, our host's daughter, explained to us the meaning of those symbols. When a bride took possession of the nuptial bed, custom demanded that she should leave there the impression of her foot. This young girl had remarkably good features, and her pretty face was enveloped in a yellow kerchief according to the custom of the country. A delicious repast, consisting of fresh trout, roast rein-deer and hot spiced wine, lost nothing by being served up by her.

Next day we availed ourselves of the hospitality of the presbytery of Lom, where the king had slept the night previously, and where we likewise received a cordial welcome from the worthy pastor and his family. The prince had arrived at this point wearied and hungry with the long and arduous passage of the mountains, but he was not permitted to escape the infliction of an official address: the pastor claimed his

right to make a speech to royalty in the presence of his congregation.

"In my quality of pastor of this church," he said, addressing the hungry monarch, "I return thanks to heaven for having permitted the inhabitants of my parish to contemplate the face of their sovereign. As a man, I am happy in seeing my king, and I thank the King of kings. As an old man, I call the blessings of God upon your august head; and, lastly, as presiding over the entertainment, I pray you, sire, to accept of what small things we have to offer."

The speech was neat and brief, but still the last sentence appeared, to the royal traveller, to be the most eloquent.

The church of Lom is a very remarkable structure, built of wood, like all the old Norwegian churches; it is in better keeping than the generality, and it is indebted to this to its worthy pastor, who is a member of the diet, and by his eloquence has won from that austere body the funds wherewith to keep it in order and good repair.

The remainder of the day was passed, partly in cariole over high uplands, partly in boats on the Waage Vand, which we finally quitted to arrive at a late hour at Laurgaard, a station on the River Laagen, near where it is joined by the Søster Aae. The bridge at this place is said to be one thousand English feet above the sea, and the highest point passed on the next stage is about one thousand eight hundred, descending again, however, considerably to the church at Dovre, which is not more than one thousand five hundred.

The king had stopped at this point to examine, with engineers, some marsh lands in the neighbourhood, which it was sought to reclaim. A land slip had, upwards of a century ago, turned the Laagen from its bed, and been the cause of the loss of nearly three miles of valley and available pasturage. It was now a question of repairing the damage done. The village was full of country people, who had flocked in from all parts to see the king. The men had on caps like the Neapolitan fishermen, which did not harmonise with their coats, which were swallow-tailed, or, as the French would call it, *à l'Anglaise*. The women wore tight-fitting woollen jackets, the origin of which has been cruelly traced back to the epoch when their ancestors divided among themselves the spoils of Sinclair and of his adventurous companions. They are endowed with good features, and light and well-made persons, with much natural grace and dignity of manners. This is, no doubt, what captivated a young Englishman, who had come to the Sogne-field, to shoot and fish, but who, while catching trout, had himself been caught by the charms of one of these fair peasants, and had married and settled at Laurgaard, where he enjoyed perfect happiness. (For a sketch of a boy and girl of Laurgaard, see p. 449.)

The valley of the Laagen narrows into a steep and difficult pass or defile at Kringelen, a little lower down than Laurgaard, and in what is designated as Gudbrandsdalen. This was the scene of the massacre of Sinclair and his Scotch followers. In 1611, during the war between Christian IV. of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, a body of Scotch troops had been raised for the service of Sweden. The Danes were, at that time, in possession of Gottenborg; and from Calmar, in the Baltic, to the North Cape, the whole coast was occupied by the subjects of Christian IV. The Scotch, therefore, decided on the bold plan of

landing in Norway, and fighting their way across it to Sweden. A portion landed at Thronhjelm, and the rest, nine hundred strong, commanded by Colonel George Sinclair, landed in Romsdalen, from whence they marched towards the valley ravaging the country on their way. According to the traditions of the country, a peasant, secured by coils, was made to act as guide, but, arrived in the Gudbrandsdalen, he succeeded in effecting his escape, and alarmed the country. This is not likely, as far as the latter part is concerned; the country would soon have been alarmed, and it is more certain that they had time to collect in a small band of some three hundred men, and to select a pass which was most favourable for a conflict between a small number of men and a larger body. Tradition also adds, that a young woman, named Pillar-Guri, who was celebrated as a blower of cow-horns, or alpine cornets, as they have been poetically designated, was stationed at such a point that she could give a first signal when the column should enter the defile, and a second when it had all passed. Above, the ambush had been prepared, and huge quantities of rocks, stones, and even trees, had been collected in the mountain, and so placed that all could at once be launched upon the road beneath. The advanced guard was allowed to pass, the Scotch stopping only a moment to listen to the deep and sinister sound of the horn, but the bag-pipes were ordered to strike up and drown all such untimely signals. When, however, they arrived beneath the awful avalanche prepared for them, it was sent adrift from above, and the majority of the Scotch were crushed to death or swept into the river and drowned; the peasants then rushed down upon the wounded and the stragglers, and despatched them. Of the whole force only two of the Scotch are said to have survived. But accounts differ much upon this point; one being that sixty prisoners were taken and afterwards slaughtered in cold blood. Another is to the effect that Sinclair's wife, who accompanied him on his hazardous expedition, was spared by the avalanche, but her child was mortally wounded, and that while she was wiping off the blood she fell, with one hundred and thirty-four Scotch, into the hands of the pitiless peasants. Tradition also relates that, excited by their success, and still more so by the libations with which they celebrated it, they obliged the unfortunate widow to dance with each of her conquerors until she fell dead. As to the other prisoners, they were made targets of, with the exception of eighteen, who were sent to the King of Denmark. Laing, in his *Norway*, relates as follows: Sinclair's lady is said to have accompanied him, and it is added that a youth who meant to join the peasants in the attack was prevented by a young lady, to whom he was to be married the next day. She, on hearing that one of her own sex was with the Scotch, sent her lover to her protection; Mrs. Sinclair, mistaking his object, shot him dead. The date of this massacre was the 24th August 1612.

It is said that some arms and other trophies taken by the peasantry from the Scotch are preserved in a house near the place of slaughter.¹ A small post with an inscription, but others say a stone, is also said to mark the exact spot where Colonel Sinclair fell. His body was buried without the precincts of the cemetery

¹ We saw a stone, says Professor James Forbes, marking the spot where Sinclair fell, and some not uninteresting relics of the fight, in a neighbouring cottage.

of Kram, the peasants having refused to grant him a Christian burial, and on his tomb is said to be inscribed, "Here lies Colonel Sinclair, who fell at Kringless in 1612, with nine hundred Scotchmen, who were smashed like so many earthen vessels by three hundred Norwegian peasants, commanded by Berdon Segelstad, of Ringboe."

The rest of the Scotch, with some Dutch, were completely successful in their object. They were commanded by Colonel Mounichofen, landed north of Thronhjelm, marched upon Stockholm, which they aided in relieving from the Danish forces most opportunely, and enabled the Swedish monarch soon afterwards to conclude advantageous terms of peace. — *Geyer's Histoire de Suède.*

The river Laugen flows into the Miosen lake, and all tourists, from Dr. Clarke to Barrow, have agreed that the banks of this lake and its feeding river, for a distance of 170 English miles from Tofte in Gudbrandsdalen, afford a series of the finest landscapes in the world, and that it is doubtful whether any other river can show such a constant succession of beautiful scenery. Nothing indeed can exceed the grandeur of the forest-clad mountains which enclose the rich and charming valley of Gudbrandsdal, through which the river winds its impetuous course. This latter wondrously beautiful valley, to which so sad an interest attaches itself, commences at Lillehammer, and extends up to the foot of the Dovre field, about 186 English miles. The high road from Christians to Thronhjelm follows this line of country. First by rail to Eid-vold, thence by steamer over the beautiful Lake Miosen to Lillehammer, through

Gudbrandsdal, and over the Dovre field. When we get up as high as the Gudbrandsdalen, the valley becomes more narrow and winding, with towering mountains on either side, cultivated on the lower slopes, and generally covered with pine forests in the upper parts. Here and there the valley widens for a short distance, but no where to a greater extent than six or seven English miles. Beyond this we have the snow-clad table lands, the glacier pressed ravines, and the stern rocky pinnacles of the Dovre field tenanted by reindeer, bears, foxes, and wolves.

XIII.

ACROSS THE DOVRE FIELD—ASCENTS OF SNEEHATTAN—STATION AT TOFTE—JERKIND—CHAIR AND LAKE—VEGETATION—GIANTIC BLOCKS OF ROCK—PANORAMA OF THE MOUNTAINS OF SCANDINAVIA.

BEYOND Laurgaard the road is very hilly, as usual, plain being in Norway the exception, hill the rule;

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the scenery is, as a recompense, grand in the extreme, and keeps increasing in wildness. The loftiest mountains—those of the Haalangen field—lie to the west. In one part the road is carried over the shoulder of a mountain, called Rusten, at a great height above the level of the river, which foams through a narrow rocky gorge to the right. As we approached the village of Dovre, with its pretty church, numbers of small farms showed themselves up the sides of the mountains, and below vast forests of pine. Leaving Dovre to the right, and keeping along the banks of the upper Laagen, and gradually ascending, we arrived at Tofte-moen, so called from its proprietor, Mr. Tofte, who, albeit reputed very wealthy, does not disdain to follow the plough, and professing extreme democratic ideas, claims at the same time descent in a direct line from King Harald Haarfager. These contradictions in the same person may be met with, however, without travelling to such remote places as the acclivities of the Dovre field. Mr. Tofte had a weakness for horses,



BOY AND GIRL OF LAURGAARD.

and exhibited a little well-built animal of a coffee colour, with the usual long black mark from mane to tail, and which he said had won the last race; but one of the guides had the cruelty to insinuate that it had only one opponent, and that Mr. Tofte had been so liberal as to volunteer to drive the latter—not a bad hint to pony racers. The limit of Scotch fir in the Dovre field is about 2,870 English feet above the sea; birch ceases about 400 feet higher. The stations are now viewed as *Fjeldstuen* (mountain lodgings), and as such, are rent and tax free.

To the north-east is the so-called station of Jerkind, greatly renowned among travellers as a comfortable residence for shooting, or a starting point from whence to ascend the Sneehattan. The master is a large farmer, breeds horses extensively, and is quite a genius. The rooms are decorated with his paintings, and his carvings in reindeer horn and wood are said to be admirable. Whether for grand scenery, sporting, or comfort, this is universally pronounced to be one of the most tempting places in all Norway, at which to linger at least for a few days. A man named Per lives in the vicinity, who acts as guide to sportsmen, or on the ascent of the Sneehattan. In the Dovre field, it is to be remarked, elk are met with as well as reindeer, but they are rare. Ptarmigan are plentiful.

Sneehattan may be ascended in an easy day from Jerkind; it is three or four hours riding to the base of the mountain, and from thence about an hour and a half's walking to the top, most of it over that peculiar kind of snow-ice which is met with on the highest summits of snow-mountains. Sneehattan forms the

N.W. extremity of one of those ridges of high snow mountains which rise out of the great table land of moor which separates the east and west declivities of the Scandinavian mountains. It rises much above the snow-line, and contains true glaciers. The mountain itself is very picturesque: at the foot lies a little lake, backed by glaciers, and those again by black precipices, rising above them in the form of an amphitheatre. It is a remarkable instance how much more the height of the snow-line depends upon the accidents of situation and atmosphere than upon latitude, that the table land about Jerkind, which in summer is entirely free from snow, rises to a height as great or greater than those mountains near Bergen, which in a much warmer climate, and a degree and a half farther south, contain glaciers reaching down almost to the sea level.

On the summit of Sneehætten there is a kind of crater, which is broken on the north side, and surrounded on the others by perpendicular masses of black rock, rising out of, and high above, beds of snow that envelope their bases. The interior side of the crater, at the time when it was visited by Sir Thomas Acland, descended in one vast sheet of snow to the bottom, where an icy lake closed the view at a depth of 1,500 feet from the highest ridge. Almost at the top, and close to the snow, were some very delicate and beautiful flowers, of the *Ranunculus glacialis*, in their highest bloom, nor were they the only vegetation; mosses, lichens, and a variety of small herbaceous plants, grew in the same neighbourhood; and lower down, dwarf birch, and a species of osier (dwarf willow?), formed a pretty kind of thicket. The tracks of the reindeer appeared on the very topmost snow. Mr. Laing says, "The most extraordinary feature of this mountain tract is that the surface of the Fell and of Sneehætten to its summit is covered with, or more properly is composed of, rounded masses of gneiss and granite, from the size of a man's head to that of the hull of a ship. These loose rolled masses are covered with soil in some places, in others they are bare, just as they were left by the torrents, which must have rounded them and deposited them in this region." The lamellar decomposition of gneiss and granite in spheroidal masses is, however, a circumstance well known to geologists. Professor James Forbes decided this point, for he says that the blocks on Sneehætten are evidently *in situ*.

Professor Forbes approached the Dovre field by the great road from Christiania, and his account of the field and of his ascent of the Sneehætten is the most detailed that has hitherto been published. He introduces his remarks by some general observations of high interest upon the scarcity of villages in Norway.

With the exception of Lillehammer on the Miosen lake, nothing like a village has been passed since we left Christiania; yet Gudbrandsdal is one of the most populous and fertile districts in Norway. It is a singular peculiarity of the country that villages are almost unknown, at least if we except the west coast, where there is a slightly greater tendency to concentration. When we look at Munch's excellent map, and see it crowded with names, we fancy that the country must be populous. But these spots so named are single houses, or at most two or three nearly connected, where as many families reside, which constitute a *gaard* (pronounced *gore*), usually occupied by a peasant-proprietor who, at least, in the remoter dis-

tricts, takes his name from the *gaard* which he possesses or where he resides, as is common in the Scottish Highlands. This dissemination of houses, this absence of villages—an index in some degree of the peculiar political condition of the country and the universality of landownership—is one of the most singular features of Norway. It gives at first a dreary interminable aspect to a journey, like that of a book unrelieved by the customary subdivision into chapters, where we are at least invited to halt, though we are at liberty to proceed. Another feature is the paucity of churches in most places, although again in others they seem crowded in needless profusion; the last is a very rare exception, but I recollect on the way from Bergen to Christiania passing four in a single stage. I think we did not see as many in the whole journey by land from the Miosen to the Dovre field. They are almost invariably of the homeliest description, trees seem rarely to be purposely planted near them, and what is stranger still, they are usually quite isolated, or with only the *Praestengard* or parsonage in the neighbourhood. In almost every other European country, the habitations, as a matter of course, cluster round the parish church. The absence of this natural and pleasing combination is another peculiarity of social manners in Norway, and in striking contrast with Switzerland, where the village and the village spire offer a continual landmark to the traveller in all the more populous valleys.

The station-house at Tofte is an excellent specimen of the best class of Norwegian country inns. It resembles closely the houses of entertainment kept by the Swiss peasants of a superior class at a distance from the great roads. Here, as there, there is also something of aristocratic pretension on the part of the peasant-proprietors. As I find in the Valsis ancestral portraits of six or eight generations, so in the inn at Tofte we saw several handsome pieces of furniture and other heirlooms, and we learned that our host claims a descent from Harald Haarfager, one of the ancient petty kings of Norway. As an instance of the simplicity of communication, I may mention that at this principal inn, on the most travelled road in Norway, I found it impossible to post a letter for Christiania, although a well-appointed and rapid post-conveyance passes each way twice a week. I was told that at the next station, Lie, it might be done; but I was there again at fault, and had to send a special messenger to some third station with my letter, at double or three times the expense of the whole postage to Christiania!

At Tofte we slept on the third night of our journey, the two first having been passed respectively in the steamboats on the lakes of Miosen and Losna. We spent the morning at Tofte, our carriages already requiring some repairs, and the day's journey to Jerkind being short. From Lie, the ascent of the Dovre field begins in good earnest, but we had so gradually attained a height of above 2000 feet, that the ascent disappointed me. The valley of Lesoe, which we here quit, continues a tolerably level course towards the north-west, and is traversed by the high road to Molde, through Romsdal. The Lesoe Vand, a lake at the summit level, is only 2000 feet above the sea, and is remarkable in this respect, that a stream issues from each end of it, the one communicating with the waters of Gudbrandsdal, the other with the North Sea at Molde. And such seems also to be the case with the

Otta Elve, the other great branch of the Laagen, already referred to, which receives water from the Brieddals vand, from which a stream likewise runs into the Stor-fjord, on the west coast. On the whole, the Lessodal, above Tofte, is the most remarkable indentation in a mountain range to be observed anywhere in Norway. It affords a direct and easy communication from the heart of the peninsula to the North Sea, eluding, as it were, the lofty mountains which it divides—surrounded in all directions with perpetual snows, yet not itself rising to the upper limit of the pine. At Lie we parted with regret with a young Norwegian on his way to Molde, through Romsdal, who spoke English, and whom we met on board the steamer. With the customary politeness of his countrymen, he assisted us in making out our forbad papers thus far, and in making all arrangements on the journey. On board the same steamer I was addressed by a gentleman from the west of Norway, entirely unknown to me, who, after some conversation, invited me to visit him there, and gave me useful local information. I afterwards experienced the full benefit of his hospitality.

As we ascended the Dovre field to Fogstuen, we were interested in observing the well-defined limits of growth, first of the spruce, then of the pine, and finally of the birch. The hills here are very generally wooded up to the height where these several trees can grow. At the limit of the Scotch fir, the aneroid barometer belonging to one of my companions stood at 27.11—the temperature of the air was at 53°. This may correspond to about 2870 English feet above the sea. I estimated that the common birch reached a height 400 feet greater. We touched granite *in situ* before reaching Fogstuen, which, however, occupies but a limited space. The view of the Dovre field, or plateau, is dreary enough from hence, even in fine weather; in winter or during storms it must be wild indeed. It is a table-land of an average height of 3,000 feet, or rather more, above the sea, from which rise mountains, attaining, in the case of Sneehattan, and possibly one or two others, an elevation of above 7,000 feet; but the greater part are far inferior to this, and of such rounded forms, and spread over such wide surfaces, as to produce less picturesque effect than any mountain chain of the same magnitude with which I am acquainted. Even Sneehattan is not a commanding object, and the table-land rises so gradually to the level of its immediate base, that the eye is singularly deceived as to its real distance, and consequently its real elevation, both of which are greatly underrated. The facility with which the Dovre field is gained would alone diminish its effect, if it had any; but, being entirely devoid of the character of a barrier, and consisting of undulating surfaces of hundreds of miles in extent, and rarely attaining the snow line, it has a character of mediocrity which must disappoint almost every traveller.

The drive from Fogstuen (a single farm-house) to Jerkind is nearly level, over the table-land of the Dovre field. It resembles the moorland scenery of some extensive wastes in the Highlands of Scotland. The inequalities of the surface are filled with swamps and wild tarns; the drier spots are interspersed with stunted brushwood. One lake of moderate size is skirted by the road for a considerable distance; it has almost a picturesque character, from an occasional cliff of overhanging rock, which is here hornblende slate or gneiss, with occasional birch. The level grounds

are nearly covered by rocky debris, but I did not observe angular blocks of any unusual size; tameness of outline is the only characteristic. After passing two lakes, whose waters run eastwards into the Glommen—the greatest river in Norway—the road rather descends for a considerable distance. At length the station of Jerkind comes in sight, towards which the road rises rapidly. Here better pasture appears, and the surface assumes a greener and less inhospitable appearance. The station is, however, in a very exposed position on the last ascent of the Dovre field, and at a height not inferior to that of Fogstuen, or at about 3,100 English feet above the sea. It is a substantial farm-house, with appendages, and has long been possessed by persons of substance. In order to accommodate travellers, who very frequently pass the night here, a separate building has been erected on the opposite side of the road for their occupancy. There are not, however, more than five beds, and we found the management of the house less good than we expected from the high character it has usually borne. I am afraid something is to be attributed here, as elsewhere, to the recent influx of English visitors, who usually pass the night at Jerkind, and sometimes remain for a time in pursuit of game. We preferred, in this respect, some of the inns on the road less known, and offering homelier accommodation. Nor can I let this opportunity pass of expressing strongly a hope, felt by all, I believe, who have travelled in Norway, that our countrymen will take a lesson from the effects visible on the continental thoroughfares, of too frequent instances of English selfishness, arrogance, and belief in the unlimited powers of gold; and that they will display, in this comparatively new country, a degree of considerate moderation in their expectations and their actions which may preserve to Great Britain the prestige of attachment and regard commonly found amongst all ranks of this free, intelligent, and fine-hearted people.

We prepared for the ascent of Sneehattan on the following day, which was the 4th July.

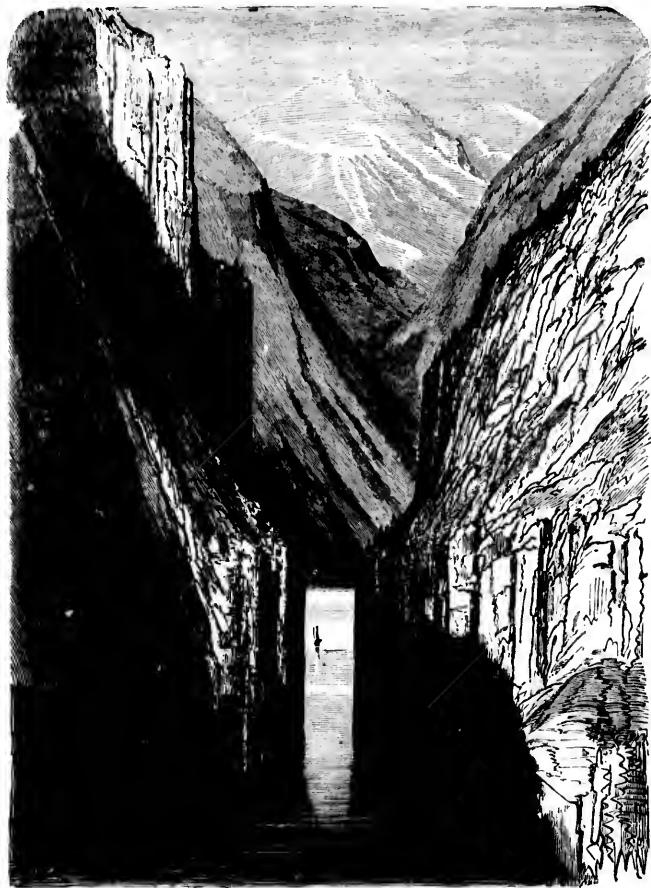
The distance of the base of Sneehattan from Jerkind is reckoned at two Norwegian, or fourteen English miles. The country traversed is characteristic of the Norwegian fields—nearly trackless; the traveller, or, rather, his sagacious pony, must explore his way through swamp and heather—amongst holes and accumulations of loose stones, most dangerous for a horse—across rapid streams, nearly ice-cold; and, worst of all, over numerous and wide patches of still unmelted snow, treacherous even for the foot of man, and in which our ponies floundered up to the saddles. There was little of picturesque interest to redeem the toil of this scramble of four hours' duration. Sneehattan itself was the only object at all remarkable in outline, and it rose before us in a manner so gradual, that it seemed as if we should never reach it.

The changing aspect of the scanty vegetation of this wilderness was the chief evidence that we were really ascending. Soon after leaving Jerkind, the common or white birch is left behind; then willows, more or less stunted, succeed, with juniper. Both these plants cease together, and the creeping dwarf birch, a very pretty spreading undergrowth scarcely six inches high, with reindeer moss, are nearly the only generally-spread plants; but we saw the *ranunculus glacialis* in flower. At length, even these scanty traces of life almost disappeared, and tracks of loose shingle,

freshly uncovered by snow, and steeped in cold moisture, afforded a slippery and uncertain footing to the weary horses. The beds of snow having become so frequent as nearly to cover the plain, we left our horses in charge of a boy on a space covered with slaty debris, and trickling with melting snow, affording a most comfortless bivouac. The level here appeared by the aneroid barometer to be about 1,900 English feet above Jerkind, or almost exactly 5,000 above the sea.

It gives a correct idea of the flatness of the field, that we had only crept up these 1,900 feet in the course of a ride, probably not overrated at fourteen miles.

We proceeded on foot with our elder guide to the ascent of the mountain, which rises with sudden steepness from near the point where we left our horses. At this still early period of summer it was covered with snow, except where the winds had drifted it from the blocks of mica slate which strew its slopes. It was



FIORD OF GUDYANGEN.

now noon, and the heat of the sun (though not very great), had softened the snow, through which we struggled with great fatigue, often sinking quite to the waist, until we gained the firmer slopes. The ascent was both disagreeable and dangerous, the foot sinking at every step amongst the interstices of the blocks already mentioned, threatening dislocation or broken bones. After a tedious and fatiguing scramble, we gained harder footing as we approached the summit, where the walk-

ing was comparatively easy; but the wind from which we had been sheltered by the mountain during the ascent, blew chilly in our faces, and rendered it impossible to remain for any time exposed to it when we reached the top, which was about three o'clock. We then saw clearly that the form of the mountain is a ridge running nearly east and west, precipitously broken towards the south, and sloping steeply in other directions. The chasm on the south has been compared to

a crater—the mountain ridge bending partly round it like the cliffs of Monte Somma, with which in steepness it may compare; whilst the elevation is much greater. It has been stated that a lake exists in the hollow, but at this time it was no doubt frozen, and concealed by beds of snow; and, according to M. Durocher, a small glacier is lodged under the cliffs of Sneehætten. This also was, of course, concealed by the abundance of the remaining snow. The ridge itself is wildly serrated, and, like the entire mountain, is composed of a rather friable mica slate. The part on which we stood was a cone of pure snow, cleft vertically on the side of the precipice; one point a little to the westward appeared to be a few feet higher, and to this one of our party proceeded, by making a considerable circuit, whilst I in vain attempted to inflame a spirit of wine furnace for taking the temperature of boiling water, for the wind blew rather strongly from the west, and felt bitterly cold—the temperature being 34°. The aneroid barometer stood at 22.53 inches. The cold compelled us soon to quit our position, but not until we had carefully surveyed the panorama of mountains, which for the most part were fortunately still clear, although the gathering clouds towards the north betokened a change of weather, which soon followed.

Sneehætten, for a very long period considered to be the highest mountain in Norway, attains, according to the best observations, a height of about 7,400 Rhenish or 7,620 English feet above the sea. Our observations give a height of 2,600 English feet above the station at the foot, or 4,500 above Jerkind, and 7,600 above the sea; a remarkable coincidence, considering the somewhat unfavourable circumstances in which the observations were made, and that the thermometric correction of the instrument itself is not taken into account. It was first ascended in the last years of the eighteenth century by Professor Esmark, who estimated its height about 500 feet too great. Not many years after, it was ascended by Sir Thomas Acland. Though exceeded by a few hundred feet by the Store Guldhopiggen, belonging to the Ymes field, in the direction of the Sogne fiord, the difference is not sufficient to give a commanding appearance to that range. Some of the forms are, however, picturesque, especially the striking summits of the Rundane or Rondene mountains, to the south east, which approach 7,000 feet, and the extensive snow-fields, to the south, connected with the mountains of Lom and the Ymes-field. I believe that I saw distinctly the Store Guldhopiggen, and the Glitterind, although the great distance, and the number of other ranges not much its inferior in height, diminish greatly the picturesque effect. Of course, from this elevation the plateau of the Dovre field is seen in all its vastness and desolation. As we are unable to see to the bottom of any of the valleys, the eye can only range from its level to that of the summits beyond. This again contributes to lessen the apparent height of the mountains. The ridge to which Sneehætten belongs runs east and west for a considerable extent. It is well seen from Fogstuen as has been stated, and the impression I then had, that the mountain immediately to the westward, called Skreahog, is little inferior in height to Sneehætten, is confirmed by what I find in Naumann's Journal—that geologist having partially explored the almost untrudren wilderness in that direction, where the level of the table-land of Dovre is higher than in any other part, and several summits belonging to the same chain are, in the estimation of

that writer, not more than 500 or 600 feet lower than Sneehætten.

XIV.

VALLEY OF ROMSDAL—THE STOR FIORD—LEGEND OF THE WITCH FRANKS—SIS FIORD—TOWN OF MOLDE—RIDER-DOWN ISLANDS—CHRISTIANBURD—OUR PHOTOGRAPHER IN TROUBLE AGAIN—A FAT MUNICIPAL.

THE scenery presented by the magnificent valley of Romsdal, which leads to the fiord of the same name, having upon it the town of Molde, to the west of the Dovre field, is admittedly amongst the grandest and most picturesque of any in Norway. The valley of Romsdal, one of the most picturesque in the world, distinguishes itself from all others that I am acquainted with by the number of its cascades and the abundance of their overflow, by the greenness of its sward, by the transparent colour of the river that flows along its base, the Rom, and which is said to have its origin in the Lessee vand, which supplies the Guldbrandsdal, or Laagen, at the other end, a rare phenomenon in hydrography; and, lastly, by the bold outline of its mountains.¹

The latter are indeed most remarkable for their fine outline, and the whole route affords subjects of the best description for the landscape painter. The tributary streams, falling into the Rom, are very numerous, and their falls and cascades are highly picturesque. In this land of waterfalls, those in Romsdalen rank among the first for number and beauty, although none of them are of any great height. The river itself abounds in excellent trout and salmon, and the shooting is described as good. Reindeer and bears are found in the mountains, and red deer in the islands off the coast; hares, winged game, and water-fowl are also abundant. Before coming to the station of Nystuen, a horse-path on the left leads to Stor fiord on the road to Aalesund. The scenery of the snow-clad range of the Lang field mountains upon the Stor fiord is but little known; what is known of it, however, attests to its being of the grandest description. The outline of the mountains is more picturesque than in most other parts of Norway, and full of variety; and the Stor fiord, and its numerous tributary streams, possess equal attractions for the sportsman and the angler. At Nystuen, the range of the Broste field begins in their left, and from hence the road rapidly descends; the scenery increasing in grandeur and picturesque outline, and the Rom still foaming along its rocky bed, close on the left all the way. Ormen, the next station, presents excellent quarters for salmon fishing, the river making a picturesque fall, beyond which the salmon cannot pass.

From Ormen to Fladmark the valley is delicious with freshness, the banks of the Rom are fertile and well cultivated, the mountains are still replete with grandeur, and to the right is the lofty-curved peak of the Romsdals-horn, which owes its name to its peculiar form: a horn, spotted with snow, that rises up

¹ Notwithstanding Professor Forbes's authority, which is backed by Forsell's and other maps, there seems to be some doubt upon this point. It appears in Keilhau's *Anta Karter*, that there are in reality three small lakes, all called Lesje, or Lessee, and that the Lesjeveerks, or Lesje Jernveerk Vand, from whence the Rom has its origin, is at an elevation of 2,076 feet above the sea, 541 feet lower than the Lesje, or Lessee, Vand, from which the Laagen flows.

almost to the heavens, and serves as a landmark far off in the North Sea. The *Handbok* says 2,188 feet high; M. de Saint Blaise says 1,300 metres, that is about 4,000 English feet above the valley alone. To the left are the peaks of Trolldinderne, or Witch peaks, that rise up like a crenelated wall, at the crest of which stand so many regal statues. The legend is, that these fantastic rocks are so many evil beings, who, wishing to prevent Saint Olaf penetrating into the valley to convert the inhabitants to Christianity, they were turned into stone by the pious monarch. This secluded vale was indeed, at one time, quite an Olympus to the Scandinavian deities, and they continued to hold their ground here a long time after the glad tidings of the gospel had been disseminated over the more southerly regions.

At length the glorious Rom falls into the Sis fiord, a branch of the Romsdal fiord, at a place with the uncouth name of Veblungneset, but which is a capital place for head-quarters while fishing, shooting, or sketching up this splendid stream and valley, and which end at this point. Three bears were killed in one day by a farmer near this in June, 1847. Near here is also the farm where Colonel Sinclair landed with his regiment, previous to their destruction by the artificial avalanche of the Guldbrandsdalen.

A vast mass of peaks, horns, teeth and glaciers, of the most varied and contrasted forms, seem to hem in the Romsdal fiord. Some of these mountains rise perpendicularly from the level of the sea, up to the region of perpetual snow. We know of few other scenes that will compare with this fantastic horizon, which seems as if cut out with hatchets by an army of Titans. A sketch taken of Sis fiord, at the head of the gulf, and from the station of Veblungneset, will give some idea of the boldness of the scenery (*Sæ* p. 415).

We took boat upon this splendid gulf for Molde, and arrived at that town the same afternoon. We found it to consist of one long, straggling street, extending along the shore of the fiord, just as Kirkcaldy does along a bay of the Firth of Forth. There are, however, several handsome villas in the neighbourhood, and the environs are with justice considered among the most picturesque and beautiful in Norway. Everest, speaking of this place, remarks that it commands a view of the snowy Alps that line the whole of its south side, and are the north-west boundary of the Dovre field. I do not remember such a long-extended range of peaks and pinnacles and shattered ridges, except, perhaps, in the Lofftens. And here one rank peeps out from behind another, until they are lost in the distance, and as they mix with the white clouds, we fancy them like hanging cities or castles in the air. Among them Romsdalshorn appears conspicuous.

The little trade which exists at Molde is, as usual, chiefly confined to fish. The steamers call here regularly every week, in passing up and down the coast, and we were thus enabled to proceed by sea, hence to Christiansund. The islands in this short passage were remarkable for abounding in Eider-duck, which is found all along this coast. The habits of this bird are singular. The nest is made on the ground, composed of marine plants, and lined with down of exquisite fineness, which the female plucks from her own body. The eggs are usually four, of a pale olive-green. They allow their nests to be robbed of the eggs and down three times; after that, if further molested, the birds

desert the place. So avaricious of progeny is this duck, that, when plundered of her own, she will sometimes steal the eggs and young of others. When the female has stripped herself of all her down, the male comes in aid—his is white. In the Storching of 1847, a law was passed for the protection of game, wild-fowl, &c., and since then the islands along the coast frequented by these ducks have become a valuable property. Each nest, during the breeding, produces about half a pound of down, but which, when picked and cleaned, is reduced to a quarter. So firm and elastic is this beautiful down, that the same quantity which can be compressed between the two hands will serve to stuff a quilt or coverlet, and, whilst its weight is scarcely perceptible, it has more warmth than the finest blanket.

A short journey, unluckily accompanied by a good deal of rain, took us to Christiansund, a town built upon three islands, and which forms almost a circle round its beautiful land-locked harbour. In entering from the sea not a vestige of a house was to be seen until the narrow passage between the islands was turned, when the town, somewhat irregularly disposed, opens at once as if by magic.

The three islands are named Kirkeland, Nordland, and Inland, and so irregular is the ground upon them, that scarcely any two houses stand exactly on the same level. They are all of wood, and, as usual, covered with red ochre. The population is about 4,000. The trade of the town is fast rising in importance. It consists chiefly of stock-fish exported to Spain and Italy. It is curious that Norway is a protestant country, yet, what would it do if it were not for the fæces decreed by the Roman Catholic Church! It is to be feared that a general conversion to Protestantism, and to disregard of fish diet, would leave the whole length of the coast of Norway without business.

A French tourist declares, however, that the Andalusian sailors are as much attracted here by the black eyes and neat figures of the Christiansund girls as by the stock-fish. Considering the proverbial beauty of the swarthy maids of the long valley of the Guadalquivir, it is hardly likely that the taste of its mariners should be more in favour of the paler flowers of the north. Our artist busied himself in obtaining likenesses, but we regret that, what between the tricks common to the apparatus, or to some other cause, the portraits we have to present at page 461, of two girls of Christiansund, are not only not flattering, but by no means do them justice. Their head-dress consists of a black or violet coloured cap, covered by a red shawl or kerchief. M. Thom, the photographer, got into his customary difficulties here. After having landed with his apparatus, we explored the different streets, and ascended the hills of the town, and after a long and weary hour's perambulation, we found one that dominated town and port. The situation was, indeed, excellent, and all that was wanting was a house adapted for our purposes. This was not such an easy matter to find, for the population had gone in a mass to welcome their monarch, and all the doors were closed. At length we found a fisherman's hut with the door open. Penetrating into the interior, we found the wife in bed with a newly-born infant. The admirable simplicity and infinite confidence of the north manifested itself, however, on this as in other instances, by the most kindly reception. Whilst M. Thom was making his arrangements, we amused the lady of the

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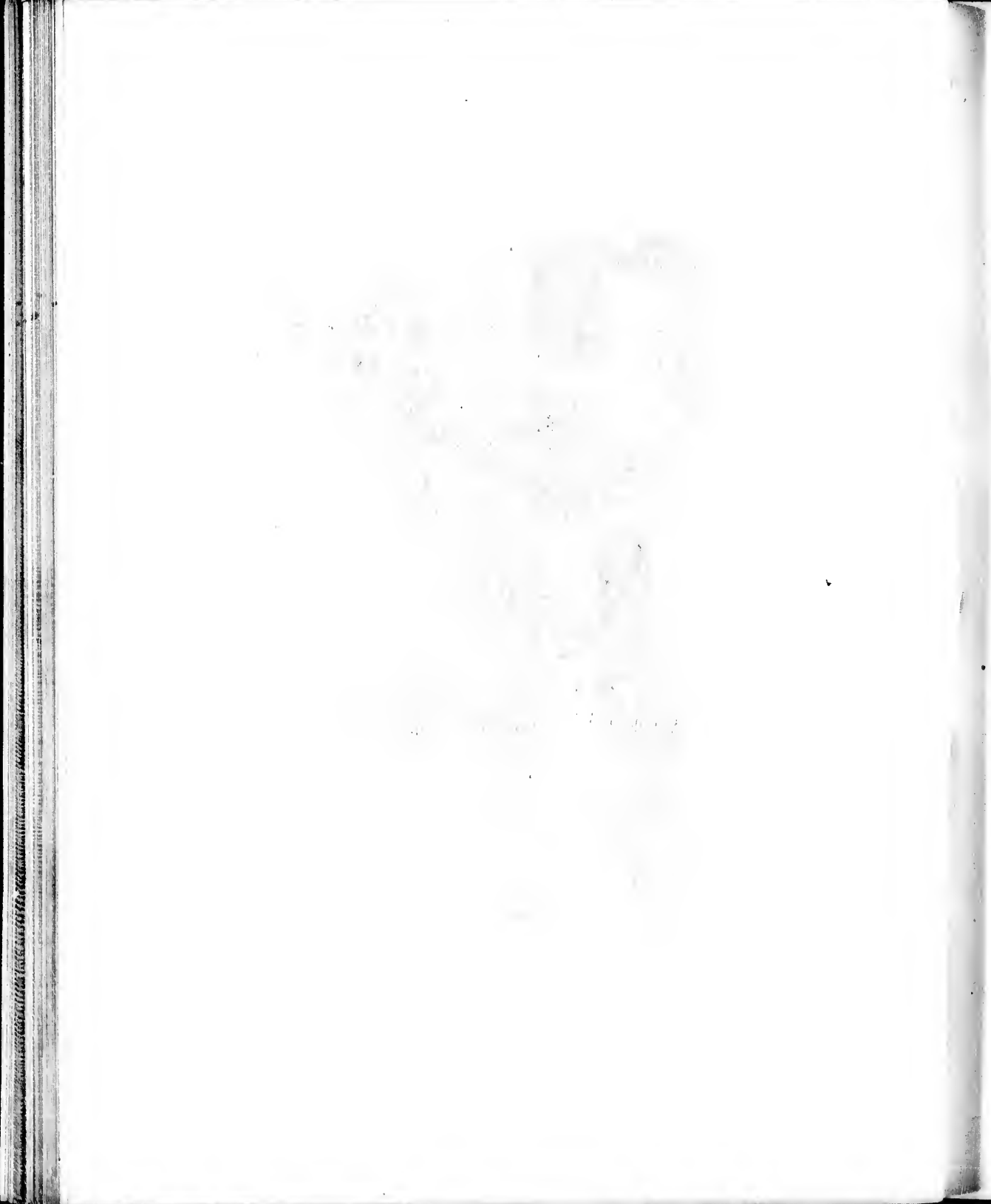
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house with an account of the enthusiasm with which the young monarch had been received. This so excited her Norwegian blood, that she determined upon getting up and going to see the scene herself, leaving us masters of the house. I, on my part, took a stroll in the neighbourhood. M. Thom, in the meantime, drew the curtains of the now vacant bed, and closing the shutters got up an efficient dark chamber. Just at that moment, as misfortune would have it, the husband came back, and seeing everything thus dark and closed up, he began to conceive the most dreadful apprehensions regarding his wife, who he had not left well, and who he now fancied must be dead. Hastening with tremulous steps to the door, he was met by a blast of colloid that at once convinced him that his worst fears were but too true. Stepping forward, however, he found himself in presence only of the photographer, who not a little embarrassed by his presence, and but slightly conversant with the language of the country, exhausted himself in efforts to make the real condition of things understood. This was not an easy matter, for without any intention on the parts of any one of the actors in this little *quid pro quo*, the position of all had become as equivocal as in the most ingenious drama of the Scribe school. At length, having joined the clamorous fisherman and agitated artist, and helped to explain away matters, and being luckily not in a country where we should have been marched off by a gendarme and charged with felony for half as much, the honest Norse fisherman recovered himself, his wife returned, sat for her portrait and that of her child, and we parted such excellent friends that the hardy sailor insisted upon presenting the artist with a box of matches, so that he might not be caught in the dark another time!

The city of Christiansund presented a banquet to the king which was held at the house of one of the municipals, who did the greatest honour to the body. It is a perfect mistake to imagine that the great men of the city of London monopolise all the good things of the world to themselves, or, at all events, the results popularly supposed to accrue from indulgence in the same. Never, before or since, have we seen a person of such dimensions. Chest, shoulders, and abdomen were rolled into one common ball; but, as is often to be observed in persons similarly circumstanced, his fine and intelligent head rose above his body, as a thing set apart from it—like the well-known mandarin toys. There are upon this, as upon many other matters, extremes of opinion entertained which want correcting. Obesity may be both hereditary and constitutional, as is well-known in some of our noble families. In neither case may it affect the intelligence of the individual. Again, obesity may be the result of gormandising, and the result may be—a pig. But then, again, obesity, coming in the train of a happy, generous, and intellectual turn of mind, may arise also from the combination of the very happiest qualities, tempered off by participation in the amenities of social life. When we see obesity in such a person, we feel inclined to say that what he has taken has done him good, which cannot always be said of the envious and ascetic tribes, who may yet, in their time have partaken of the good things of the world quite as much as the fat man. Public opinion, which is almost unerringly in the right, does justice in these matters. Our great national bard has, in that instance, corroborated the opinion of the public. It is not because a man is fat

that he must necessarily be a pig. It is not necessarily because a man is thin that he must be a wise-acre. But if a thin man eats and drinks like a fat man, we should, with Shakspeare, say to the latter that he is too thin for us.

The avenue of the spot where the banquet was given was adorned with flags, garlands, and pretty women, and we read the following device of the good citizens of Christiansund: "Fidelity, strong as the rock upon which we build our houses."

Royal movements are proverbially rapid. It seems as if they feared that the brilliancy of the thing would be dimmed by being prolonged. People might even weary of fireworks that were carried on from night to morning. Then, again, royalty may have a feeling that a prolonged stay may only entail increased expense. When will royalty find itself at home with the people? We have had, in our own times, the example of a citizen king on the other side of the Channel, but the results were certainly not encouraging for other princes to follow the example.

XV.

TRONDHJEM OR DRONTHEIM—NIDAROS OF THE VIKINGS—ASPECT OF THE CITY—THE SEA KING SAINT OLAF—THE CATHEDRAL—OUR LADY'S CHAPEL—SHRINE OF SAINT OLAF—ROUND AND POINTED ARCHES—TRADE OF THE CITY—DENONOR OF MUNKHOLM—LEER FOSSEN OR FALLS—PARALLEL ROADS.

HURRIED off the very same night, as humble individuals in the train of royalty, from Christiansund, we may be excused these involuntary reflections. We could have slept very comfortably at the stock fish town, and enjoyed the effervescent hospitality of its good people, without the hope of putting them to much expense, and certainly with great comfort to our persons, albeit not given to obesity. Fate, however, ordered it otherwise, and by daybreak we found ourselves in the Thronhjem fiord, which, as we first perceived it, seemed to be embayed in a beautiful framework of violet-coloured mountains, all the more distinctly revealed, from the perfect clearness of the atmosphere. It was there that lay the actual city of Thronhjem, the Nideros of the vikings of old, and it is in its cathedral that their successors must still be crowned. We regret the perversities of modern nomenclature in this instance as in many others. The city in question has been known as Dronthem for several centuries. One party has it Thronhjem, the *Handbook* has it Trondhjem. We have followed, in this instance, the party of the learned philologists; but, as a rule, where a certain version of a name has been long accepted and admitted, we also adopt it. It is only where a less known name has to be dealt with, that we vigorously adopt a correct orthography as far as it is possible.

The aspect of the city, as first contemplated in the early morning, was decidedly imposing. Built in an amphitheatre, on the border of the sea, and at the mouth of the Nid; it detaches itself from its natural framework to spread over beautiful green hills, whilst a chain of mountains gave to it a splendid back-ground.

Thronhjem was founded A.D. 997, by King Olaf Trygvason. The adventures of this king are among the most romantic of all the sovereigns of Norway. Born a prince, his mother only saved his life from the usurper of his rights by quitting the country; they were taken by pirates, separated and sold as slaves. At an early age, Olaf was discovered and redeemed

by a relative, became a distinguished sea-king, or leader of piratical expeditions, married an Irish princess, embraced Christianity, and ultimately fought his way to the throne of Norway in 991. He then became a most zealous and uncompromising missionary in propagating the faith, as Muhammad did Islamism, with the sword; death or Christianity was the only alternative he allowed his subjects. In 998 he destroyed the celebrated Nidaros, temple of Thor and Odin, with the idols of those gods which existed there, and were held in the highest veneration. This temple was a short distance from the present city, and upon its site the church of Flades was built.

Thronhjelm was the royal residence and seat of government, and remained the capital of Norway down to the time of its union with Denmark, when Christianity was made the capital. Its population, by the census of 1855, was about 16,000. The city is built

round a bay, on the south side of the fiord. It has repeatedly suffered from fire, most of the houses being formerly of wood. The last was in April, 1841, when 350 dwellings were destroyed. Since that all the houses rebuilt are, according to law, of brick or stone. The streets are regular and spacious, with large square water cisterns at their intersections. The architecture of the houses is of the plainest description, and hence, although undoubtedly security and comfort have been attained, still Christians and no longer offers to the tourist the same character of originality that is possessed by Bergen; all that remains of the picturesque, save some of the public buildings, are the magazines built on piles on the borders of the fiord, and which, joining together, form so many open galleries to the sea.

The cathedral is the great object of attraction. What remains of it reminds one, by its charming details, of that of Rouen, which is saying a good deal for it. The choir is especially elegant, both in its proportions and the beauty of its details; surrounded by galleries and columns of marble, it is separated from the nave by a portico of three ogives of admirable lightness. Ferguson, in his *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, relates of this building that St. Olaf built a church on the spot between the years 1016 and 1030. He was buried a little to the south of his own church, where the high altar of the cathedral of St. Clement's now is. Between the years 1036 and 1047, Magnus the Good raised a small wooden chapel over St. Olaf's grave; and soon after Harald Haardraade built a stone church, dedicated to Our Lady, to the westward.

This group of three churches stood in this state in the troubled period that ensued. In 1160, Archbishop Eystern commenced the great transept west of "Our Lady's" chapel. During the next sixty or seventy years the whole of the eastern part of the cathedral was rebuilt, the tomb-house or shrine being joined on to the apse of the Lady church. In 1248 Archbishop Sigurd commenced the nave; it is not certain whether it was ever completed. In 1328, the church was damaged by fire: it must have been after this accident that the internal range of columns in the circular part was rebuilt in the style of our earlier Edwards.

According to Mr. Laing, the west end, now in ruins, was founded in 1248, and at the end of the thirteenth century the whole structure must have stood in all its splendour. The extreme length has been 346 feet; its breadth, 84; but the west end, which contained the

grand entrance, had a chapel at each corner, making the breadth of that front 140 feet. The whole of this west end was highly decorated, particularly the entrance, which had three doors, over which were twenty delicately cut niches in which statues were placed, and judging by the mutilated remains, they were of considerable merit.

The shrine of Saint Olaf was decorated with the greatest magnificence, and long a favourite place of pilgrimage, not only for the Scandinavians, but for pilgrims from all parts of Europe, and in such veneration was he held, that even at Constantinople a church was erected to his memory.

The body of the Saint was found incorrupt in

1098, and also in 1511, when the Lutherans plundered the shrine of its gold and jewels to an immense amount. The ship which carried the greater part of this plunder away foundered at sea on its way to Denmark, and the rest, it is averred, as in many other cases of the spoliation of religious places, was seized by robbers on land. Notwithstanding these monkish legends, it is certain that the Lutherans treated the body of the saint with respect. In 1568 it was removed from the shrine and buried in the cathedral.

King Olaf, saint as he was, was not, as we have before seen, without the frailties of mortals. After being raised to the throne upon the express pledge that he would not disturb the people in their civil rights, or interfere with their religion, he subsequently forced Christianity upon them by the sword. His tyranny and atrocious conduct at length drove his subjects into rebellion, and he was compelled to quit



WATERFALL AT OPTUN.



VALLEY OF THE HEIMDAL

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the country upon its invasion by Canute the Great, who was thereupon proclaimed king, A.D. 1028. Aided by forces raised in Sweden, Olaf subsequently attempted to recover the throne of Norway, but was met at a place called Stiklestad by the army of Canute, and after fighting with great bravery, was slain, with most of his kinsmen and followers. Such was the conduct and fate of the man whose remains, when canonised, are stated to have performed all sorts of miracles, and to whose shrine at Thronthjem pilgrims flocked for centuries from all parts of Europe! A cross marks the place where Olaf fell, and the Antiquarian Society have also erected a pillar there.

Tradition and history alike recount how often the cathedral at Thronthjem has suffered from fire; and in various parts of the edifice finely carved stones have been built into massive walls, betokening but little regard to architectural beauty or uniformity in repairing the ravages of the devouring element. The transept and east end are the only parts now roofed in and used for divine service.

Even the upper parts of these have probably been rebuilt at various and comparatively recent periods, at least all above the first arches, or those springing from the ground. Mr. Laing conceives that all this higher part has originally been only of wood, and that where the woodwork has been consumed by fire at different periods, the stones of the aisles and arches within the shell now remaining of the west end, have been employed to build up the present walls of the transept and other parts which were originally of wood. Thus, he adds, we may account for the paltry taste and execution of all the upper part of the structure, and for the insertion of cut stone mouldings of arches where an arch could never have been intended; but the stones thus built in have evidently been brought from other places, while all that is below, and could possibly have been injured by any conflagration, is original, and from its antiquity, style, and execution, very interesting. The round arch with the zigzag ornaments, which we call Saxon, is employed in all this old part, and also in St. Clement's chapel.

The present entrance in the north transept is a fine specimen of both; but this simple massive style is mixed with light pointed arches, and adorned with grotesque heads, flowers, and all the variety of ornaments which are usually considered peculiar to a much later period of Gothic architecture, but here the two styles are evidently coeval. It shakes the theory of the Saxon and Norman, the round and pointed arch having been used exclusively in particular and different centuries, and affording ground to determine the comparative antiquity of Gothic edifices. The Norman arch, in its most florid style, is connected with the Saxon, in its most simple and massive form, in a building where the known date of the portion containing this admixture is more ancient than the ascertained date of those English edifices from which the theory is derived.

Upon the left, on entering at the north door, a large and beautiful round arch, highly decorated with the zigzag and other ornaments, was discovered in 1847, and carefully laid open. The general effect of the interior of the cathedral is ruined by the high pews below, as well as those inclosed in the galleries (a French tourist observes upon these, that they have furnished the walls of the temple with a multitude of little boxes in wood, with variously coloured silk curtains, which make the

place look like a theatre). The choir is octagonal, surmounted by a dome of modern construction. The high altar is surrounded by light pillars and open arches extending to the roof. The whole of the choir is most elaborately and beautifully decorated; over the altar is placed a fine cast of Thorwaldsen's noble statue of the Saviour. On either side of it are casts of statues of the twelve apostles, which are, however, very inferior as works of art.

The mixture of round and pointed arches which we have before remarked upon, Mr. Laing observes, is very remarkable. The upper row of arches are all round; but in the lower rows only the outer ones, while the inner ones on each side next the choir are fine full-pointed arches. The same peculiarity, he adds, may be seen in Christchurch cathedral, in Dublin.

Considerable sums have been expended within these few years in repairing this fine cathedral. The Norwegians take much pride and interest in its preservation; but it is evident that none of the authorities possess either skill or taste for Gothic architecture, for it has been fearfully "churchwardened;" the richest and most elaborate tracery being carefully choked up with coats of a lead-coloured wash. According to Professor James Forbes, the cathedral is built of bluish-grey chlorite schist, having some resemblance to pot stone, which appears to be easily fashioned and to harden on exposure. The same competent traveller remarks, that the tracery of the octagonal stone screen surrounding the altar has a peculiar and pleasing appearance. But such is the effect of demolition and rough casting without, and of whitewash and boarding within, that it is only piecemeal, as it were, that we can see the one imposing effect which it must have had. The architecture, the professor also observes, has a general resemblance to St. Magnus's cathedral at Kirkwall. The latter is incomparably better preserved, but has a more severe and gloomy character.

Some remains of the royal palace of old still exist south of the cathedral, and on the left bank of the River Nid, and which are now occupied as a military and naval arsenal. The throne of the Norsk kings is also preserved here. There is a museum with a capital collection of birds of the country, as also a theatre; not to mention that, near the Custom-house, is, according to the opinion of antiquaries, the spot where the ancient ora-thing, or assemblage of the people for this part of Norway was held.

The trade of Thronthjem is like the other coast towns of Norway, confined to its exports of dried and salted fish, timber, tar, with some copper from the mines of Roras; and to importing wines, groceries, and other articles of foreign produce, for supplying its own as well as the wants of the neighbouring districts. Of late years, Thronthjem has taken a great lead in ship-building, and has become celebrated for turning out very fast sailing vessels; but they are said to be exceedingly wet. The streets are wide, regular, and well kept (though the pavement is rough), and the houses are substantial, cheerful, with numerous windows, and scrupulously clean. The roofs are very generally of a red colour. The shops are like other houses, but with a name above the door, and a very moderate supply of goods in the windows. Here, as at Christiania, all persons not only take off the hat, but remain uncovered whilst dealing in a shop. There is a great air of comfort and well-being amongst the

people generally, and all classes are celebrated for their good looks.

Opposite the city, in the centre of the fiord, stands the small island-rock of Munkholm, where Canute the Great founded a monastery of Benedictines, in A.D. 1028, the first of that order established in Norway. A low round tower is all that remains of it, and that is within the walls of the fortress. It was in a small, gloomy chamber in this tower that the minister of Christian V. of Denmark, Graf von Greiffenfeld, was immured from 1680 to 1698. It is said he had worn a deep channel in the pavement by walking up and down, and indented the stone table where he had rested his hand in passing it. Great expense has been incurred by the government in strengthening the defences of this fortress, but the place is still the dark, solitary rock which Victor Hugo has described in his *Hans of Iceland*, looking more like a prison-house than a fortress.

The chief object of interest in the environs, after the Munkholm, is the Leer foss, a fine waterfall on the River Nid, and which, in reality, consists of two, the upper one being ninety-nine English feet high by four hundred and thirteen feet wide, according to Dr. Clarke; and the lower fall, which is a thousand yards distant, being eighty-two feet high and one hundred and twenty two feet in breadth. The upper fall is the most picturesque, but salmon fishing is best at the lower.

Professor James Forbes says, that his attention was, for the first time in Norway, forcibly arrested by the remarkable series of natural levels or terraces which stretch, at intervals, for a great way up the course of the River Nid. Such terraces, he adds, may be traced at intervals along most of the western coast. They are concisely, but accurately, described by that admirable observer, Leopold von Buch, and, in later years particularly, have been examined, and then again discussed, by Messrs. Durocher and Bravais, by Mr. Chambers, and many other writers. I offer here no opinion, the Professor continues, upon the origin of the terraces of the Thronhjems fiord in particular; but they are among the best defined I have ever seen, and in one instance were not unnaturally mistaken by me for military outworks, as a field, which includes several of them, perfectly grass-grown, is surmounted by a powder magazine.

Though the oak has ceased to grow in the neighbourhood of Thronhjem, and few kinds of fruit come to any degree of perfection, the aspect of the country is, in summer and tourist time, quite the reverse of bleak, but, on the contrary, cheerful, habitable, and flourishing. Very considerable farming establishments exist in the neighbourhood, and the love of flowers, so characteristic of Norway and its people, is here in the highest perfection. Scarcely a house exists in Thronhjem which has not its windows literally filled with flowering plants, tended by the owners; and so prevalent is this taste, that in all our journeys in steamboats, we were rarely without packages of flowers in pots, undergoing transport from one port to another. The view over the fiord is varied and picturesque. The hills, though not densely wooded, are by no means bare, and though, I believe, some distant hills were snow-covered when I saw them, yet, probably, no elevation of one thousand feet are visible from the shore at Thronhjem. The character, once again, resembles that of our Scottish highlands, where the

sea so frequently flows into the land between hills, forming inlets, which, in proportion to the size of the country, are as long and narrow as the fiords of Norway. That of Thronhjem extends thirty-five English miles before it reaches the ocean to the westward, and it runs inland to the north-east at least as far.

XVI.

CAMP AT STORDALEN—MOUNTAINEER TACTICS—SOLDIERS' GAMES—LEVANGER AND ITS FAIRS—A DISCONTENTED LADY—CHURCH AT STELLESTAD—SNAABEN VAND AND VICTOR HUGO'S "HANS OF ICELAND"—THE QUEEN OF SALMON STREAMS.

THE troops of Thronhjem were encamped in the vale of Stordal, also written Siordal, the largest of the lateral valleys on the east side of the Thronhjem fiord. It runs about 60 English miles up the country, and its beautiful stream abounds in trout. There were about two thousand men encamped here, more zealous than well drilled, and the mountains that hemmed in the valley were particularly well adapted for the tactics of Norwegian troops, of which a French tourist remarked with some degree of *naïveté*, that they exist more for the defence of the country than for the invasion of others. If there was any morality in princes and people there could be no want of invasion, and if the wrongfulness of invasion was admitted, there could be no necessity for armies of defence!

The youthful monarch, who had put on his uniform, gave his soldiers the example of privations endured with gaiety, and although he kept them at work almost from morning to evening, he seemed to be much beloved by all, excepting a few septuagenary field officers, who were upset by his activity and endurance. A petty warfare in the mountains gave us a particular opportunity of witnessing the extreme agility of these mountaineer rifle-men, who seemed then to be in their true element; quick and indefatigable, they climb the steepest ravines with the activity of wild cats.

The amusements indulged in by the soldiery bore a stamp of originality even more marked than their mountaineer tactics in war. Their dances were especially curious. The so-called hallingdances can only be executed by consummate artists; it consists of a whole series of feats of agility, which demand as much strength as activity. They are accompanied by a soldier, who plays upon a violin with eight strings; while another holds up a foraging cap at the extremity of his sword in the air; the dancers approach with the most burlesque attitudes, turn round it several times slowly, and then suddenly bound up into the air, like some wild beast of the forest, and try to knock the cap off with their feet. Most of their amusements partake of the same character, more or less burlesque, and yet athletic attempts to imitate the activity of wild animals. Among other absurd amusements, one consisted in two soldiers so interlaced as to resemble a fantastic quadruped, which changed its legs every time it tumbled over. These games of the Norwegian soldiery are represented at page 441.

The Stordals elv is crossed by a ferry at Helle, and we proceeded thence by Sandfarrhus, where Colonel Monnichofen landed with his Scotch and Dutch auxiliaries in 1612, at the same epoch that the less fortunate Sinclair landed with his regiment in the Romsdal. Hence we proceeded to Levanger, built at the very extremity of the Thronhjem fiord, or rather upon one

of its extreme prolongations designated as the *Værdals fiord*. The harbour of Levanger is the most sheltered of all the inlets in the eastern coast of the fiord, and is consequently a great place of resort for fishing vessels, and it constitutes a sort of commercial outpost for the trade of Thronhjelm. The Swedes, too, come across the "field" in great numbers, when the snow has set in and made the transport of heavy goods practicable in sledges. This fiord affords, in reality, by far the readiest communication with the sea for all the northern parts of Sweden as well as Norway. In addition to being quite as near as the Gulf of Bothnia, the fiord is never impeded by ice, and is consequently navigable at all seasons.

Two large fairs are held yearly at Levanger, one in December, the other in March; and so fully aware are the Norsemen of the great importance of this situation for commercial purposes, that several of the mercantile companies at Thronhjelm have establishments here. Nothing, says Laing, could be more interesting than to witness one of these fairs, held on the very extreme frontier of the civilised world—to see the Laplanders and the natives of Finmark, from their unfrequented mountain homes, come hither to exchange the produce of the chase for the few luxuries of civilised life, of which they know the use or value. There is a high way from Levanger to Ostersund on Lake Stovsgon in Sweden, and others thence to Hernesand and Stockholm.

The houses are remarkably good and clean; the little parlours, the kitchens and pantries, are like those of an English maritime town, but the streets are unpaved, and frightfully dirty; horses and cabriolets are so general among the country people, that the comfort of the pedestrian is little attended to. We were entertained here at the house of a local magistrate, who had only received his appointment two years before. His wife complained bitterly of her exile, as she termed it, and she was backed in her complaints by her father, who, when she declared that it was always cold in Levanger, joined in, "Yes, yes, my poor child must return to the south, that is to say, to Christiania."

The south, we thought, is like other things, a relative idea, and seeing that the husband was hurt, and was trying to change the conversation, we came to his aid and expatiated upon the pretty house, nice garden, and magnificent landscape beyond.

That garden, exclaimed the dissatisfied dame, produces no fruit but white cherries, and my flowers are frost-bitten in August!

Yet is Levanger a truly beautiful site. It reminds one in summer, by its verdure, its wooded hills and general outline, of the Swiss Canton of Friburg. And to the north is a vast sandy plain where 30,000 men might manœuvre at their ease. Not far off, on the other side of the *Væra Elv*, is the village of Stiklestad, where Saint Olaf fell fighting Canute. The church at Stiklestad is of stone, and very ancient. The entrance

gate is a round Saxon arch with peculiar fillet ornaments similar to those in the transept of the cathedral at Thronhjelm. The late King Bernadotte visited this place in 1835. What must have been the feelings of this monarch, as he stood on the very spot on which, at the same hour of the day of the month (3, p. m., 31st August), eight hundred and five years before, King Olaf was slain by his subjects.

Our most northerly point was the Namsen; we could not turn our backs upon the country, although getting wilder and wilder at every step, without a peep at the queen of salmon rivers, and having feasted our eyes upon a real live Laplander with his reindeer. The Snaaran-vand cheered us on our way. It is a most beautiful lake, situated in a hilly country, and embosomed in vast forests of splendid pine trees. Few persons who have read Victor Hugo's *Hans of Iceland*, would indeed be disposed to leave this lake unvisited. Not far beyond we came to Namos on the Namsen fiord, and into which the renowned Namsen empties itself, and coasting steamers touch occasionally at this remote station.

XVII.

RETURN SOUTH FROM THRONHJELM—
CROSS THE DOVRE FIELD BY ITS
ICE-FREE PASS—THE VAAERSTIG
AND ITS GLACIER MARKINGS—
MAINTENANCE OF ROADS IN NORWAY
—PEASANTRY OF THE DOVRE FIELD

We left, on our way back from Thronhjelm, by the well-cultivated and undulating high-land of Oust, from the tops of which a scene of vast extent and great beauty presents itself, looking back. In the foreground are the remains of some old fortifications—beneath, the city and its ample roadstead spread out like a map, and beyond was the immense extent of the fiord, bounded by mountains in the distance. To the left, on the banks of the fiord, is seen a small hill, called Swerroberg, where the renowned sea-king Swerro is said to have

lived in the latter end of the twelfth century. Beyond this, the church of Meehuus constituted a very picturesque object. It is beautifully placed on the crown of a small hill, with the fir-clad mountains towering above each other, broken ground, highly cultivated, in front, and the valley winding away in the far distance to the left. Hence, the road followed the pleasant valley of the Gula. It is highly cultivated and hops are extensively grown, but there are some bad hills to pass. Below Vollen the stream expands into a small lake. At Sakneas is a station for anglers on the Gula or Guul, which here winds its rapid course through a dark ravine; the mountains on either side, and in the distance, clothed with pine and fir to their summits.

Leaving the valley of the Gula, the road ran along high ground by Hov, through rich pastures for some distance, and with numbers of small farms in all directions, and the same mountain pastures and park-like scenery continued past Garlid, where capital carriages can be purchased for eighteen dollars, to Bierkager,



GIRLS OF CHRISTIANSUND.

where is much scrub, birch and fir. Next came a steep descent to the Orkla or Orkel Elv, with extensive and splendid views; the river was crossed, and then came a long ascent to Sundsteth, well known shooting-quarters, beautifully situated above a ravine of enormous depth, and at an elevation of 1,578 feet, with mountains piled above each other all round, covered with a sea of dark pine and fir.

Starting hence up through a thick pine forest, we reached a hilly upland, with much birch and scrub, and passing the stations of Stuen and Ovne, descended into the broad valley of the Vinstra Elv, and reached thence Driostuen, a capital farm, with good accommodation at the northern foot of the Dovre field. The latter part of the road in ascending to this point had been through a narrow and picturesque ravine, and we found ourselves, at the end of our journey, at an elevation of 2,157 feet above the level of the sea.

The road hence to Kongsvold exhibited a striking piece of engineering. It is carried all the way up the valley by the side of the Driva, being, in many places, quarried out of the face of the rock. This was done to avoid the fearful hill of Vuarstige by which the road was formerly carried.

A steep ascent led us from this last station to the highest point of the Dovre field road, 4,100 feet above the sea. High poles were fixed on each side of the road to mark the way during snow. Mr. Laing passed this way in February. He says: A smothering snow drift came on, and it was scarcely possible to see from pole to pole. I asked the boy who drove the baggage sledge if he was sure we were upon the road. He said they always left that to the horses, on this stage, when the path could not be discerned; that they would not go wrong if not put out of their pace, but left to take care of themselves. The journeying on this elevated plain, enveloped in a cloud of snow, as dense almost as that in which you are driving, makes a sublime impression on the mind. You seem travelling in the sky. What you see and touch of the earth is scarcely more substantial than the snow that is whirling round and above you. It seems all one element, and you alone in the midst of it. And such is, no doubt, the case. In such a parallel, at such an elevation, and in such a climate, the clouds of heaven and the mountain uplands meet, and you are travelling on snow, in a snow-filled sky.

The last station on this route, on the north side of Dovre field, was Kongsvold: the last station on the south side was Jerkind, and here we joined our old route where we had left it to proceed to Romsdal and Molde on our advance. If we had reason to be pleased with the kindness and hospitality of the good people at this well known shooting station on our first arrival there, this pleasure was doubled when we returned for a second time, and with all the feelings upon such a trying journey, of being old friends.

XVIII

OVER THE SOGNE FIELD AND THE SOGNE FIORD — EXCURSION TO BORGUND CHURCH FROM LOERDAL — PEOP AT THE FILLE FIELD, ITS HUBS AND COSTUMES — PARS OF VINDHELLEN — GLACIERS OF THE JUSTEDAL — ARISTOCRACY OF BEAUTY AND DESCENT AMONG THE PEASANTS OF SOGNE — URNAER CHURCH — NORSØENS OR GUDVANGEN FIORD — BAKKE CHURCH — THE HIGHEST FALL IN EUROPE.

We descended from the Dovre field to Laargard, previously described, whence we took the branch-road

by the Vaage vand or lake, from whence horse-tracks lead across the mountains of the Sogne field. Passing Blaker, the path lay down the valley of the Baver elv, by Kvaudesvold and Soeteren Boeverdium to Optun, where we once more arrived at our old quarters. The places mentioned are mere suters or mountain dairies, where it is essential to halt for the refreshment of the ponies and guides, and the journey was alike long and fatiguing enough. The chief relief afforded was a beautiful waterfall in the course of the Baver elv. It was not till we reached Fortun that the road became tolerably good, and we were enabled to get on at a better pace to Skiolden, at the head of the Lyster fiord, which is the extreme north-east branch of the Sogne fiord—the scenery around being alike grand and sombre.

Here we were enabled to take water, a great relief at all times, to Loerdal of the map, and Leirdalsora of the *Handbook*. The latter part of the journey had, however, to be performed on horseback. Soon after leaving Skiolden we saw the magnificent Feigum foss, a fine waterfall, said to be two hundred feet high, and the same stream is said to make another fall of seven hundred feet higher up in the mountains. The scenery was, at every point, so grand as to approach to the sublime. It included the Skagstolls Tind, which, according to Forsell's map, is seven thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven feet above the sea, being one hundred and sixty-three feet higher than Sneehætta, which was long supposed to be the highest.

Loerdal is a small town, where boats, carriages, and all kinds of provisions can be obtained, especially for mountain ascents and shooting or fishing excursions, and hence it is much frequented. We, on our side, after duly refreshing the inner man, made this a point from whence to deviate to the southward to Borgund, on the highway to Christiania, to see its church, which is one of the oldest buildings in Norway. The peasants' cottages, on this little excursion, struck us as particularly picturesque. They are built of solid trees, on foundations of rock, generally one-story high; when more than that, a gallery is made outside. The roofs are constructed with planks, overlaid with birch bark, and then covered all over with turf. The vegetation upon these roofs is very luxuriant, birch and alder are commonly seen growing upon them; and they are favourite browsing spots for the goats.

The valley descending from the Fille field presents a most remarkable specimen of Norwegian engineering skill. It is carried by excellent stone masonry, supported by iron fastenings, along the left side of a deep picturesque glen, down which the Loerdals elv bounds along. Where necessary, stone bridges and viaducts have superseded the dangerous wooden bridges of olden time. In some places the road is a great distance above the level of the torrent below, and it is scarcely possible to say too much of the grandeur of the scenery. From Maristuen, where the skulls of bears, nailed up over the door, give evidence of the skill of the Norsk sportsmen, the road keeps along the banks of the Upper Loerdal, through a most magnificent pass; enormous masses of rock, in many places fallen from the mountains above, add to the terrific grandeur of scenery, and presents one of the wildest sights in Norway. There is also a fine waterfall at the station of Hoeg.

The further we descend, the more narrow the valley becomes, till arriving at the bottom of a kind of funnel,

a little expanse covered with green sward and dotted with flowers presents itself, and in this cheerful mountain recess stands the dark outline of the church. We were about to say, the pagoda of Borgund. We are not aware if Mr. Holmboe, who has published a very learned work upon the traces of Buddhism in Norway, has satisfactorily established any positive relation between this venerable edifice of wood and the temples of the further East. But certain it is, that the pointed roof, the sculptured water-spouts, and the grotesque ornaments of the Borgund kirke, have a decided Burmese or Chinese physiognomy. Smaller than the church of Hitterdal, this edifice appears also to be more ancient, and a covered gallery, with columns blackened by time, runs all around it. The porches are covered with rude carvings of lions and dogs, buried in arabesques in relief. The church being little used has escaped the Vandilism and restorations that have been practised at Hitterdal, and the frescoes, somewhat faded it is true, can still be seen upon the walls with the cypher of the Virgin (S. M.) interlaced with red and blue arabesques. Great silver lamps, possibly of Dutch origin, are suspended from the roof, and everything breathes that venerable perfume of times long gone by, and of which the traces are every day disappearing more and more.

This most singular and interesting edifice was built, according to the adepts in such matters, in the eleventh or twelfth century, which is rather a wide range; for the arches and the apse are semi-circular, and it has all the characters of the style of a small German Romanesque church, so far as it could be imitated in wood. The nave measures but thirty-nine feet, the circular apse fifteen by fifty-four. The belfry is of much more recent date, and stands some distance apart.

We could not help, on quitting this curiosity of art, almost wishing that the same fate was in store for it that befel its counterpart near Loerdal, which was bought by the King of Prussia and removed into Silesia, but what would this dark valley be without it! Returning by the admirably constructed series of zigzags which have superseded the old road, so often the scene of frightful accidents, to Husum, we kept along the banks of a river through a beautiful pass, at times so narrow that the road had to be blasted out of the perpendicular rocks, to Middlyne, with its rude yet picturesque salmon-traps, and whence we arrived weary, but much gratified, at our old quarters at Loerdal. Before arriving at the village of Loerdal, a torrent from the south fell into the river, which we soon afterwards crossed for the last time. Many of the bridges on this stream were very picturesque and truly Norwegian, being entirely constructed of solid pine-trees in the most primitive fashion. The zigzag road, tunnelled and built up at so much expense of labour, money, and skill, is known to the Norwegians, who are justly proud of it, as the screw or pass of Vindhellen.

Before quitting the Fille field, we may observe that the character and costume of the people, on the side we are now describing, are peculiar, and totally different from those on the east side of the field. The women have fair hair, oval faces, and soft gray eyes; many of them are pretty. Their dress is a tight boddice of dark cloth, buttoned up to the throat, and with long sleeves; cloth petticoat, generally dark green; buttons and ornaments of silver. The married women wear a

white cap of very singular form. Those women who have had a child without being married wear a cap peculiar to themselves, and are called half-wives. The maidens wear their hair in a most becoming manner: it is braided with narrow bands of red worsted, and wound round the head—the Norwegian snood.

Loerdal is the best starting-point from whence to visit some of the grandest Alpine scenery in all Norway. The way to the glaciers of the Justedal is by water to Solvorn, in the Lyster fiord, and thence on to Ronneil, where there is a good run to Myklenyr, where horses and a guide can be obtained. A very tolerable bridle road leads up the valley, the track being along the bank on the Justedal river running through the narrow winding valley of same name. Ascending this fine pass for about a mile, the traveller arrives at the finest of the glaciers, Nygaard. It is seen to the left; and near to the glaciers there is a farm. The Justedal river flows from the glaciers, bringing down with it vast quantities of detritus, which whitens the fiord for about two or three miles from the spot where it flows in. The glacier of Nygaard, with a course of less than four miles, has a breadth of one thousand to eleven hundred yards. Beyond this glacier and further up the Justedal valley, there are other glaciers, and the stupendous mountain of Lodals-knabe, 6,798 feet high, with its wild dreary scenery, is reached. The glacier of Loerdal is the largest in Norway, its estimated length being five English miles and a-half, and its greatest breadth above eight hundred yards. To the artist this region of the Justedal affords numerous subjects of the grandest description of Alpine scenery, many of the peaks of the mountains being covered with perpetual snow.

We started from Loerdal in the steamer *Framnaes*, which is especially employed in the transit between Bergen and Loerdal, along the Sogne fiord, where it picks up the tourists who have come from Christiania. To such it presents double advantages, for it does not make its way along the middle of the fiord straight to the sea, but it visits its different islets, and even stops some hours in some of the more picturesque. Wherever we stopped the peasants came on board, and sometimes their cows and horses followed them. Their astonishment at the splendour of the *Framnaes* was something quite indescribable. Yet these peasants of the Sogne are very proud and reserved in their manners. "More than one peasant woman of the Sogne," says a French tourist, "carries her head as high as the haughtiest peeress on the other side of the Manche." There is a remarkable affinity, adds the same authority, in the best English and Norman types and those of Sogne. Dark blue eyes, Olympian profile, imposing height, belong to all three. The pride of these farmers and fishermen still rests upon the Sagas or traditions of olden times, they still speak of the Ganger Rolf (Rollo of Normandy) they know that they are descendants of the ancestors of the conquerors of the Channel Islands, of Norway, and of England, and it is the pride of this consciousness that constituted them the most aristocratic democracy in the world.¹

¹ Many of the peasant families in Norway have their coats of arms like the landed gentry with us. A professor of Copenhagen found precisely the same coat of arms in four families, corresponding to Sylvius, and the not uncommon name of Wood. Skog in Norway, Du Bois in Normandy, Boyce in England, and Boyls, a branch that emigrated from Scotland in the sixteenth century, in Sweden.

Passing up the Lyster fiord and its branch, the Aardals fiord, we were by noon of the next day at the foot of the glaciers of Justedal, and lying off the coquettish little church of Lyster. We were joined here by two students, who had just effected the passage of the Justedal from Lomh. This is a great feat among the students of Christiania and Bergen, who make annual excursions to this particular point. Even the Swedish princes deem it a point of etiquette essential to establish their powers of endurance, that they shall have crossed the glaciers and peaks of Justedal.

Mr. Milford describes in a few words one of the many views to be obtained in this celebrated mountain-pass. Never shall I forget, he says, the view which burst upon us; I can only compare it to some of the wildest I have seen of Lapland or Siberia, but it was still wilder and more desolate than those. A precipitous wall, or rather an abrupt mountain side, sunk beneath me, and far below, on my right, was a wide sea-green lake, bordered by snowy ridges and peaks, which overhung its waters, and a cluster of small specks in the distance, which my guide told me were a herd of reindeer, added interest to the scene. In front rose the Ludals-kaabe, the loftiest mountain of the range, to a height of many thousand feet, between which and the plain where I stood was a ravine filled by a huge glacier, and on my left was the vale of Justedal. The stream which rushes through it issues by a cataract from the lake, I believe the Stug-so.

Lyster is not the only church at this point; close by is that of Urnaes, which a learned German publication has deemed worthy of being compared with those of Hitterdal and of Bergund; the fact is, that the interior of the church of Urnaes has been respected, and is replete with interest to the artist and the archeologist alike, but the exterior has not had for an architect a man of bold, creative, and fantastic taste, as he the unknown who designed the sculptures of Bergund, and piled up the steeples of Hitterdal.

On our return we touched once more at Loerdal, and putting the carriages on board for Bergen, we left the steamer to once more venture into the mountain regions on an excursion to the Voring foss, a cataract of such celebrity, that a visit to Norway would be worse than incomplete without having contemplated and thereby identified oneself with its wonders. The first part of our journey was, however, still by water, the steamer taking us down the Aurlands fiord as far as Underhal, where we procured a boat with which to navigate the Næroens fiord, the south-west prolongation of the Aurlands fiord to Gudvangen. Too much cannot be said in praise of the scenery upon this truly grand fiord—the whole journey presented a moving panorama of the finest description. In many places the dark mountains rise perpendicularly from the water to an enormous height, upwards of 5,000 feet, and are very picturesque in form. Numerous waterfalls are passed, and the atmospheric effects are splendid, and this magnificent scenery increased in grandeur as we proceeded up the Næroens fiord, and the water began to narrow.

The south-east branch of the Aurlands fiord, which leads to the valley of Flaam and its waterfall, is not less worthy of a visit than the Næroens fiord or south-west branch which leads to Gudvangen. The numerous Bauta-stones to be met with afford evidence of this having been a chosen site for courts of justice, or-

things or meetings of the people, of sanguinary combats or of secret Pagan rites and sacrificial ceremonies, according as the tourist likes to place faith in one or more of the many controverted views of the significance of these stern and silent memorials of the past. Proceeding further up, the traveller enters the wild and picturesque region of the Sverrestein, through which King Sverre, in the beginning of his reign, effected his hazardous and bold retreat towards Halingdal and Valdres.

The Næroens fiord is the narrowest of all the inlets of the great Sogne fiord, and the grandeur of the scenery will be best judged of from the representations given at page 452, and page 468, in one of which the narrowest part of the fiord is seen, looking down whose precipitous walls of granite, the frail bark appears to those above like a nautilus shell, and in the other the gates of the Gudvangen itself, topped by snow-clad mountains, with the picturesque little wooden church of Bakke in the foreground.

Gudvangen consists of about a dozen houses situated in a very deep and narrow valley, closed in by mountains of immense height. Opposite the station, and high up the face of the mountain, is the Keel foss, a fall of 2,000 feet (a French tourist says 1,000 metres!), but admittedly the loftiest in Europe. There is good salmon fishing in this river up the valley, and shooting in the mountains around; and this, superadded to the grandeur and variety of the scenery, encumbered the station with tourists, and it was as difficult to obtain quarters as at the foot of Snowdon in the height of the season.

XIX.

PASS OF STALHEIM SELVEN—THE VOSS DISTRICT—TOWN OF VOSS—VANGEN—THE GRAVENS VAND—LEGEND OF THE BLACK FLAG—UPPER HARDANGERS FJORD—VALLEY OF HEMDAL—THE WATERFALLS OF NORWAY—GIANTIC AMPHITHEATRE OF ROCK—FOOT OF THE VORING FOSS—ASCENT OF A LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS—THE FALL—BRITISH AUDAACITY.

Owing to the previously noticed influx of tourists at Gudvangen we were introduced here to a new mode of punishment for the audacity of a venture into the Norwegian mountains. This was the stokegærre, a light cart on two wheels without springs, and as it had to carry the luggage as well as the person, and the narrow cross-seat is either a leather thong or a piece of wood attached to it, the amount of torture was scarcely conceivable, except to those who have been torn along over the steppes of Russia in a low cart, three feet long by one in width, with the knees bolting against the chin.

The sole indemnification was the magnificence of the scenery. What will not individuals undergo to taste of the pleasure of something really new and exciting in nature? It is the gratification of one of the strongest feelings implanted in the human breast. The river, or rather the torrent, of Næroedal is of a limpid green colour, but it and its fishing are barely five miles in extent. At or about that distance the valley narrows, and is shut up by a gigantic protrusion of rock, behind which the stream makes two tremendous falls. The road itself, however, does not stop, but ascends in a serpentine manner, and that after so strange a fashion, that with one curve one has one fall in view, and with the other another; while below is

the enormous bowl into which they pour their united waters, after descending from the heights above.

At each turn the engineers who effected this wonderful triumph of skill have also constructed benches of wood. They seem like the last relics of civilisation in the most wild and appalling scene that it is possible to picture forth to one's self. This viaduct is called the Stalheim Skjeven, and it is the counterpart of the Vindhellen, only that, whilst perhaps less striking in point of boldness or conception, it is rendered more picturesque by the two falls, from which the eye cannot detach itself, and which at the conclusion of the ascent can be both embraced in the same perspective, with the valley stretching far away into the fiord beyond.

Once emancipated from the great basin of the Sogne, and not only the aspect of country changes, but that of the people also. Leaving Stalheim, where there is but poor accommodation, but where, at a little distance off the road, on the north, there is another fine waterfall of a thousand feet—the Sevlo foss—the road is carried over very high ground, much broken, and with a good deal of wood and heather, old trees, and masses of rock, all highly picturesque; and with a lovely stream, near which the road runs most of the way, is twice crossed. The approach to Vinge, the next station, is preceded by another waterfall of considerable height on the right; the water is separated into two falls, and then split into a succession of smaller ones, forming one of the most picturesque objects of the kind that it is possible to conceive.

Beyond Vingo the same succession of glorious views present themselves, but the mountains gradually become less wild, and more like Westmoreland. Several small lakes are passed on the left, and the road at length descends into the lovely valley of the Rundals Elv, near the head of the Vangs fiord at Vosse Vangen. The intervening district between Lakes Vinge and Vangen is known as the voss, whence the name of the town, Vosse Vangen. It is a good pasturing country, and the farms (with their roofs protected by growing alrubs, or rather green branches sprung from their own cross-beams) have vast ranges of country for their flocks. Vosse Vangen is a small town, quite new, and, what is very rare, surrounding the church, instead of being, as is usually the case, one, two, or even three miles away from it. Situated on the borders of a beautiful lake, like the small towns of the Swiss canton, and in the heart of the most celebrated scenery, Vosso Vangen is a great resort for tourists, and we have no longer a "guard" attached to a post station, but an hotel—a real hotel. The fishing and shooting are also very good, and so many impediments to enjoy either are not put in the way of visitors as further north.

Our road hence lay through a forest, in a south-easterly direction, which opened upon a fertile valley, wherein was a large farm, several saw-mills, and, we need scarcely add, plenty of water-power. This guard was a perfect village, but the valley in which it and its mills were embosomed was, by a contrast not uncommon in Norway, succeeded almost instantaneously by a wild and rugged country or perfect chaos of rocks, beyond which the road made a rapid descent down a kind of precipice, and was then carried, by a wooden bridge, across a torrent, directly below the great fall, known as the Halting foss. A visit to this point was, by itself worth the journey.

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Not far beyond this most picturesque spot, the white house of Vasenden or Orve Vasenden displayed itself on the shores of the Gravens vand, a small lake of only some two miles in width, embosomed among green hills. Here we obtained a boat—as usual, a pleasant change from the jolting process termed carriele travelling—which conveyed us to Graven, a village with a church and goodly station-house, where we obtained saddle and baggage horses to convey us to Ulvig, on the uppermost inlet of the Hardanger fiord.

Travelling on horseback is as tedious an affair in Norway as in some parts of the east. The ponies are small and fat, and never trouble themselves to go out of a walking pace: all the more so, as the guides accompany them on foot, and have no interest in rousing them from their placid progress. As to the Klovhest, or pony that carries the luggage, it has two frameworks of bark of birch, suspended on either side, into which the smaller articles are put, counterpanes and cloaks being placed on the animal's back, between the whole, and made fast with bits of string or rope, and then the pony is allowed to have his own way to get over wooden bridges, cross torrents, or extricate himself from marshes, just as he can, and he does it with a slow step, but unerring certainty. It is quite a lesson of philosophy.

The transit from Graven to Ulvig took, under such circumstances, a matter of four or five hours; yet we had only one mountain range, or rather an extensive "field" or upland, to cross, and then we began to descend towards the Hardanger fiord, through a tolerably fertile country, with luxuriant meadows, interspersed with groves of pine, ash, and oak. Decidedly the climate was improving.

So also on the shores of the fiord, farms, surrounded by orchards in full bearing, and meadows in luxuriant green, gave manifest indications of a different soil and temperature to what is met with on the Sogne fiord. The Hardanger fiord presents, indeed, a general, as well as a local, difference to its great northerly counterpart. Stretching its narrow inlets far into the mountains, still it is itself less benimed in by precipices, the hills upon its shores are less lofty, and it presents, at almost every turn, some open space which affords shelter to one or more hamlets, and gives room for cultivation, planting or pasturage; or, if very limited in space, nestles the cottages of boatmen or fishermen, a class of persons who derive their livelihood from the waters alone, and from exchanging its products with more favoured localities.

But if the immediate shores of the fiord are less sublime than those of the Sogne, the valleys are, on the other hand, wider and more extensive, and often embrace, at a distance of a few miles in the interior, the strangest sites possible, and the most romantic scenery. It is from the borders of the Hardanger fiord that the abrupt valley of Heimdal, takes its start, and that the slopes of the Odde, the last spur of the Hardanger field, rise up to the rough rents of the glaciers of Folge-fonden—an immense accumulation of ice and snow, from whence a thousand waterfalls take their departure—and at whose base are some of the most fertile little corners in Norway, such as the farm of Bondhuus, and the ancient barony of Rosendal, the patrimony of the Rosenkrones. (See p. 457.)

The great point on the Hardanger fiord is, however, the Voring foss, or "Roaring Fall," and it was to it that we were directing our steps. We obtained a boat

at Ulvig, being at the head of the lake of the same name, and turning up Eid fiord were conveyed by it to the station of the same name, at the entrance to the valley of Heimdal. Being a calm and serene night, nothing could exceed the beauty of this navigation.

The next morning we started on foot to make the pilgrimage of the Voring foss. It is universally admitted by all who have seen them, that the cataraacts of the Voring foss, in the Bergenstift, and of the Ruikan foss, in Telemark, are so imposing, and so far surpass all that can be said of them, that they alone fully recompense all the fatigues, troubles, and expenses of a trip to Norway.

Beyond Eid fiord, we came to a little lake, the Eid-fiord vand, a calm mirror of a limpid green hue, where we again obtained a boat, and were ferried along for an hour before we came up to the great lime trees and red church of Sebo, from whence enormous valleys opened to the right and left, that to the left led to the Voring foss. Crossing a little cultivated plain, the path soon became rugged, and bending to the left up the wild valley of Sysseidal, we twice crossed the rapid torrent that rolled along its base, by frail and unstable wooden bridges. As we proceeded, the scenery became wilder and wilder, the whole valley was blocked up by immense masses of gneiss and granite, the bed of the river alone marked, when not tumbling over rocks, by a few stunted birch trees. A moor was then traversed, the river crossed by a frail bridge of pine trees, and we entered upon a path which was a mere smooth white surface on the polished rock, made by the passage of horses and men, and beyond which were a fall, and another accumulation of boulders, and a very steep acclivity, which was ascended by a rough, winding, zig-zag track, in some cases a mere staircase formed by blocks of gneiss, but which was practicable for the horses of the country. We felt much more at our ease, however, on foot. It took us an hour's toil to ascend this gigantic amphitheatre, which rises some eight hundred to a thousand feet above the valley below.

Our way now lay across a moor, from which a fine view was obtained of the snowy Normand's jokul, 5,500 feet high. A deviation was then made to the left of the path, and a few minutes' walk across some marshy moss ground brought us to the river just where the valley seems completely shut up, an abrupt precipice starting up from its very banks to the field above, while to the left is a deep fissure from which the view is robbed by an advancing rocky curtain, while the fissure itself seems like the trace of a giant's sword that had cleft these walls of stone and opened a passage for the water. Far down that dark and hidden fissure rolls the Voring foss, but there is no getting at it from below, although it seems as if a way could be made at an expense which would be as nothing compared to the magnificence of the scene which would be thus opened to the annual thousands of tourists, artists, and dilettanti who visit this natural wonder.

As it is, the traveller is perforce obliged to ascend the face of the precipice by 1,750 very indifferently steps cut in the rock, and the ascent of which on foot takes two mortal hours, with an exertion for the calves and ankles of a remarkably trying character, except to those who are in full mountaineer order. But what is most remarkable is that the Norwegians make their indefatigable little ponies go up and down this frightful precipice, once or twice we had ourselves nearly turned

dizzy when, entering into a cloud that was sweeping by, we emerged into the light of day just as the veil below was withdrawn or rent, and displayed the black-looking depths below in twofold obscurity from the contrast. What then must such an ascent or descent be to a horse bearing its load or its rider!

It was a long way after we had reached the top of this fatiguing ascent to the Voring foss. We had before us a vast field or plain bordered on the horizon by the snowy heights of the Gokul or Gokeln.¹ The precise spot where the river fell from this plain into the Heimdal beneath was indicated at a considerable distance by a cloud of mist. As we neared this spot of terror, amid brambles, briars, dwarf birch and willow, the mouldering away of which had given origin to a thin coating of soil, on which flourished the *Linnaea borealis*, the *Rubus Arcticus* and *pulidosus*, and the charming blossoms of the *Krokelbaer*, the waters had carried away large flakes of this spongy mass, and left the rock in naked great white and rounded polished masses. This by no means added to the security of the approach, and it would appear to be almost certain destruction to attempt, without a guide, to find out "the only overhanging stone," from whence a view of the fall beneath is obtained. From any other point it appears as if the tourist would inevitably go along with the fall itself.

The river, which had hitherto flowed tranquilly along the field, suddenly meets at this point the great fissure, which we have descended as seen below, and precipitates itself down it at one single leap. The left bank of the precipice is on a level with the field, the right bank, which faces the spectator, is about five hundred feet higher. A fall of lesser magnitude pours likewise over these rocks, and arrived at the level whence the Voring foss casts itself, it is absorbed in it, and the rapidity of the two streams seems to be increased with their junction and their apparently united resolve to rush over the deep precipice below.

The height of the fall is said to be 960 feet, and the descent of the very considerable body of water seems to be unbroken; but as another tourist remarks, it is a difficult and perilous task to attain a complete view from the dizzy point where the spectator is placed. This point is about a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet above the top of the fall, but the cliffs on the opposite side being more than double that elevation above the commencement of the fall, if the height be rightly estimated, the precipices on the right bank must be eleven or twelve hundred feet above the level of the river immediately beneath the fall. The rocks near the fall are so vertical, that there are no trees whatever on their faces, and it is only at a little distance that the occurrence of ledges in the escarpments admits of a sprinkling of birches. Another tourist adds that a better view of the fall may be obtained from the cliff on the north bank, that is, the opposite side to the usual point of view. To reach this the river must be crossed above the fall, if a boat is to be met with, and there is said to be sometimes one attached to a sacter.

The Voring foss is perhaps more powerful than the Ruikan foss, but the eye and the mind are less completely gratified: one cannot contemplate the former in all its plenitude and power as one can the latter. The scene, too, bearing the stamp of a peculiar savage

¹ Gokul in Icelandic means a glacier.

grandeur, produces a singular impression upon the mind. The sudden disappearance of this enormous body of water, leaving no other trace of its passage save a light cloud of mist, has also something in it that speaks vividly to the imagination, and leaves an impression never to be forgotten.

A Danish artist exhibited an admirable view of the field of the Voring foss at the Fine Arts Exhibition at Copenhagen, in 1859. Despairing of being able to represent the fall in all its power, the artist had confined himself more to depicting the desolation of the field, dark little lakes embosomed in birch and the white horizon of the desert, whilst to the left the abyss of the Voring foss was alone to be seen, an eagle soaring above it. The effect was particularly striking.

There are said to be two other grand falls, which are little known to tourists, to the north of the Voring foss; one of these is called the Skyttie foss, and is seven hundred feet high, and the other is called the Rembiedals foss. A small ridge of mountain lies between the two falls, but the streams from them afterwards unite and flow down Sirnedal into the north-east part of the Gid fiord.

XX.

NAVIGATION OF THE HARDANGER FIORD—UNFAVOURABLE WEATHER—CRUISE TO VILGOES—EXCURSION TO THE OSTED FOSS OR FALL—OVER THE "FIELD"—THE BRATEN FOSS—SAMNANGER FIORD—AN ENGLISH VILLA IN NORWAY—BERGEN.

THE descent of the 1,720 steps was, if possible, more fatiguing than the ascent. No wonder that the Norwegian pony, who had been down many times before, neighed so dolorously; and it was with positive delight that we arrived at the bridge thrown over the Heimely, which we had crossed before, and which is a structure of surprising strength and boldness. A mass of rocks have been cast down into the torrent on both sides, two stout pine trees have then been fixed into these natural dykes, inclined towards the bed of the river, and above the angle left between them and the banks two wooden causeways have been laid down, strongly fixed to the soil by enormous masses of rock. Only the arch remained to be done. This was accomplished by laying down four deal boards, strongly tied together by bark swathings, and then fastened to the pine trees, whilst above all a row of flat stones constituted a kind of general pavement. Men, horses, and carriages, pass over these kind of bridges, often carried over the most furious torrents with the most perfect safety. By four in the evening we were back again at Eidford vik, after twelve hours' exertions, and where a repast of fresh salmon and trout, with excellent potatoes, awaited us, and fully restored us from our fatigues.

Having accomplished our long-wished-for visit to one of the greatest natural curiosities of Norway, our next object was to return to Bergen. In order to do this with the greatest amount of convenience, we hired a boat wherewith to cross the Hardanger fiord, but the weather proved unlucky. At first, a heavy fog came on, which obliged the rowers to keep close to the left bank of the fiord, and it required the utmost exertions on the part of the stout boatman to keep us from being cast ashore. It then came on to rain, and as one has to preserve the horizontal position in those boats, we were all the more exposed to its influence. Our selves, our coverings and our baggage were soon

steeped by the rain and the waves breaking over us; for fog, rain, and the most awful sudden gusts of wind accumulated, and no evil seemed wanting to our odyssey. After twelve hours of incessant toil on the part of the enduring and uncomplaining boatmen, we had scarcely accomplished fifteen miles, and per force had to land at the little island of Heransholm at the foot of the Folge-fond.

No doubt but that this is a charming spot, when warmed up by a genial summer sun, and the gray stones of its quay are dry, but the very rain trickled cold from the pine trees, the pavement was wet and slippery, and we were glad to take refuge in a house, where an aged boatman and his wife helped to dry us.

Luckily we had accomplished so much of our journey that it only remained to cross the fiord, direct from this point to Vilgoer, to reach a horse and boat road to Bergen—albeit one of a rude and devious character. Accordingly, the next day landing at the above-mentioned parish church, where there is no station, we had to reach the latter to make our way to Sandmoen. Hence we made a branch excursion to the Ostud foss, another of the celebrated falls of Norway. The water falls perpendicularly four hundred feet upon a ridge of the mountain, from whence it foams in cascades over vast pieces of rock into the valley, altogether seven hundred feet, and the volume of water is immense. The mass of this water, as it falls over the protruding ridge above, produces a beautiful rainbow.

The view of the fiord from the mountain above this fall is splendid, and notwithstanding the soaking we got upon its fair bosom, it was not without regret that we bade farewell to its pretty ports with little schooners lying at anchor, its churches buried amid trees, its hospitable peasants and picturesque villages, and to the magnificent scenery that overtopped the whole.

Starting from Sandmoen, our way lay at first along a green valley, at the end of which the birch and pine-clad rocks rose up like a wall, and we had a just practicable pathway through the woods, on a continuous ascent for an hour, after which we gained one of the usual interminable stony and marshy fields or uplands, crowds of snipes rising up—creaming from the little pools as we rode by. It took us four hours to cross this field, when, taking the valley that opened directly before us, we soon found ourselves at Ekeland, and were hospitably received by a worthy old man, who was reading the bible in a corner of his hut, surrounded by ten romping children.

Beyond Ekeland the contrasted configuration of the land presented scenes of exceeding beauty, and we had, among other varieties, to descend a zigzag staircase that terminated in a vast natural circus, into which an enormous mass of water rolled with deafening noise, forming first a little lake, and then a torrent which we had perforce to pass. This was the Braten foss, and had an elevation of about five hundred feet. Our route hence lay along the valley of the river of same name, sometimes in the water, sometimes on dry land, sometimes amid a chaos of rocks.

The village of Tosse, where at last now arrived, stands at the head of the Samnanger fiord—the most northerly inlet of the vast Bjerne fiord, and it is not much more than a couple of Norwegian miles (they are good long ones, one being equal to seven English) across the mountains, as the crow would fly, to Bergen.

It might be done in half-an-hour in a balloon, but as such pleasant means of locomotion are not yet provided, and the mountain barrier that lay between us and the city of the sea kings declared to be impassable, we had no alternative but to take boat, and, for a time, turning our back as it were upon this place of our destination, navigate down the long but beautiful waters of the Samnanger fiord. Landing at Hatvigen, and proceeding thence to Oos, we turned the extreme

southerly point of the mountain barrier, and joined the main carriage and boat road, as it is called by courtesy, from Christiania to Bergen, after it has been carried across the Hardanger and Bjorne fiords, and there remains only two and-a-half Norsk, or seventeen English miles, to Bergen itself, to which we could now proceed in a northerly direction.

Our road lay at first over a series of wooded knolls of considerable height and steepness, which were suc-



BAKKE CHURCH.

ceeded by a wild, open country, yet exceedingly pleasing, well wooded with birch and alder, and showing here and there a farm house or country residence of a proprietor. Among these was one belonging to an English gentleman, who often spends the summer at Bergen, and his property might well pass for an elegant retirement in the Highlands of Scotland, with an excellent garden, well-fenced fields, and pretty natural undulating ground, with dells and knolls, streams and little tarns, over-

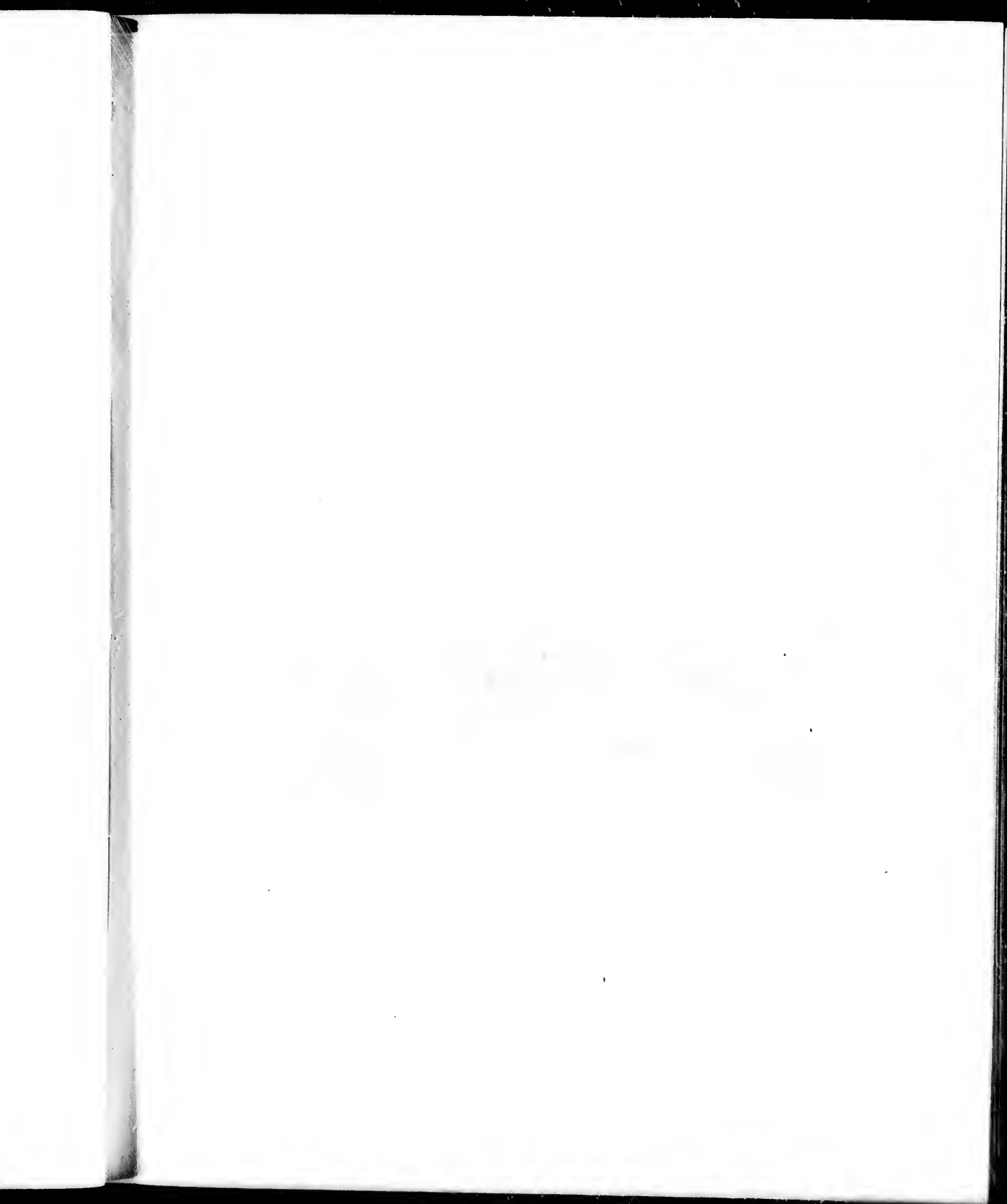
hung by beautiful birch trees, and with bold bare hills in the distance. At length, with a salt lagoon on the right of the road, and passing green and cultivated fields, with not a few pretty villas, we entered upon a formal avenue of well-grown trees in full leaf, and by them reached an old gateway, by which we effected an entrance into Bergen, old as its own Sagas, and now wealthy as the Hanse Towns, of which it once formed a component part.

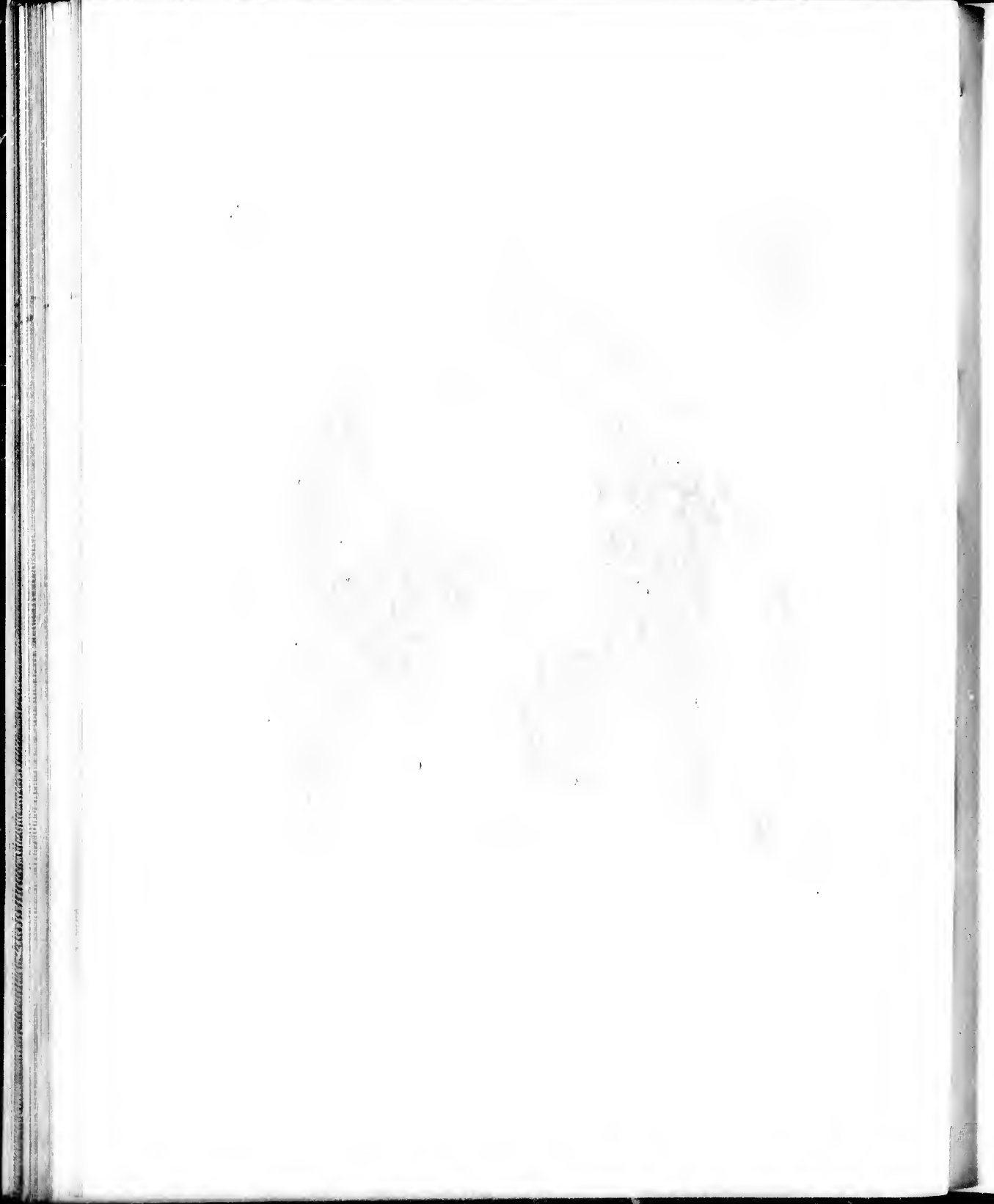
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INTERIOR OF A MOORISH LADIES APARTMENT.





A BRIEF SOJOURN IN TRIPOLI.

L

GREATER AND LESSER SYRTIS—ANCIENT OEA—APPROACH TO TRIPOLI—THE CITADEL AND PASHA'S PALACE—THE MES-SIAH—STREETS OF TRIPOLI—BAZAARS—GREAT MOSQUE—COFFEE HOUSES—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES—CONQUEST OF TRIPOLI BY THE ARABS—LOTUS TREE AND THE LOTOPHAGI.

THERE is but a limited portion of the littoral of the Mediterranean that in this present day of improved maritime communication remains without the network of steamboats, and which is, in consequence, little visited by tourists who travel for pleasure only. The coast that is thus tabooed, as it were, from civilisation, extends from Tunis to the valley of the Nile, and includes the older regency of Tripoli, now a mere ayalet or province of the Ottoman Empire.

Nowhere throughout the whole length of Northern

Africa does the great desert come so near to the sea: the formidable barrier of the Atlas, which from the Atlantic eastwards protects a more or less narrow band of fertile lands, known as Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, from the hot winds of the Sahara, lowers, till it is, as it were, lost in the lesser Syrtis leaving the sands a more or less easy access to the shore, all the way to the greater Syrtis, and to the Cyrenaic peninsula. Hence, indeed, the bad name of these coasts.

"Tres Eurus ab alto
In brevia et Syrtis urget, miserabile visu
Illiditque vadis, atque aggere cingit arenas—"

says Virgil, and Lucan repeats:

"per inhospita Syrtis
Litora per Cilihas Libyae sitientis Arenis."



TRIPOLI FROM THE INTERIOR.

Nothing could be more figurative. It was so much so indeed, that the old map-makers, even up to the time of Cellarius, in whom the thing can be seen, used to represent the two Syrtis as two great sand-banks, which, with long tail and many arms, resembled some great maritime monster, ready to devour everything that came in its way.¹

What was formerly the Syrtica Regio obtained in the third century the name of the Regio Tripolitana, from its three principal cities, Leptis Magna, Oea, and Sabrata, which were allied together, just as the Phœni-

cian Tripolis was the metropolis of the three confederate towns of Tyre, Sidon, and Aradus. Cellarius leaves it doubtful which of the three cities became the modern Tripolis. "Postea regionis nomen præcipue cuidam urbi, forsan Sabratae, vel Oeae, fuit inditum, quarum altera in vicum est redacta, Tripoli vecchia: altera, ex minus illius potentior facta, Christianis piratica sua est infesta." But the preference is generally given to Oea.

Egyptian and Phœnician colonists mixed, from a very early period, with the Libyan tribes that dwelt in these inhospitable lands, and among whom we find the Lotophagi, who lived about Syrtis minor. After which, the country became successively subject to Cyrenica or Pentapolis, to the Greeks, to Carthage, to Rome, to the Vandals, to the Arabs or Saracens, to Charles V., and to the Knights of Malta. The Turks took the

¹ The name has been generally supposed to be derived from the Greek *σyrta*, to draw; but it seems more likely to have come from the Arabic *syrt* or *sert*, a desert, from the desolate and sandy shore, by which the neighbourhood of the Syrtis is still characterised. The word was, indeed, synonymous with *vadosus*, "full of banks and shallows."

country from the latter in 1551. The population, at the present day, consists of Arabs, Moors, Berbers, Turks, Negroes, Jews, and Franks, and is supposed to number about a million and a half. The Arabs call the country *Bahr al Ahiyad*, or the "White Sea," from its sandy character.

With a favourable wind the traveller can cross from Malta to Tripoli in about forty-eight hours. The shore is low and not perceptible till close upon it, but the mountains of the interior are visible from a long distance. When at length the littoral itself is discerned a kind of crescent is perceived, the base of which is occupied by the city, while to the east is a dark forest of date-trees that seem to bathe their roots in the sea; but to the west there is naught, save a sandy, barren and naked tract.

It is well known to every tyro in travel that the cities of the East, so captivating and imposing without, are by no means so within. This is the case with Constantinople, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Bagdad, Alexandria and Cairo. Tripoli constitutes no exception to the rule. A chaplet of rocks invites the construction of a mole to protect a naturally good harbour for small vessels, but the lazy Turks have left what their Roman predecessors did towards uniting the islets by solid masonry just as it was, and the mouths of sundry old guns with dismantled carriages, or no carriages at all, still peer ominously through the embrasures of the marine fort. Allah Kerim! for the rest! It is probable that the barbarian pirates of a century ago practised their villainies on the open sea, with the same sham defenses at home. The lapse of time has made known the true value of these. (See p. 481.)

The beautiful cities of the East must be read of at home; to visit them is to be disappointed. It was probably the same illusion, produced by distance and by the fantastic and ferocious aspect of the rovers of Salee, and the corsairs of Algiers and Tripoli, that acted upon the imaginations of European sailors and gave to them so terrible a renown. How much have travel and intimacy taken from these absurd pretensions! What of the Salee and Rabat and the Tripoli of the present day? We have described the first, we shall now proceed with the second. As to Aljezirah, it is now the semi-civilised Algeria.

The extreme whiteness of square flat buildings covered with lime, which in this climate encounters the sun's fiercest rays, is very striking. The baths form clusters of cupolas very large, to the number of eight or ten crowded together in different parts of the town. The mosques have in general a small plantation of Indian figs and date-trees growing close to them, which, at a distance, appearing to be so many rich gardens in different parts of the town, give the whole city, in the eyes of an European, an aspect truly novel and pleasing. On entering the harbour, the town begins to discover dilapidations from the destructive hand of time, large hills of rubbish appearing in various parts of it. The castle, or royal palace, where the pasha resides, is at the east end of the town, within the walls, with a dock-yard adjoining, where the bey (the pasha's eldest son, and heir to the throne) builds his cruisers. This castle is very ancient, and is inclosed by a strong high wall which appears impregnable; but it has lost all symmetry on the inside, from the innumerable additions made to contain the different branches of the royal family; for there is scarcely an instance of any of the blood royal, as far as the pasha's

great grandchildren, living without the castle walls. These buildings have increased it by degrees to a little irregular town. (See page 469.)

The arrival of Christians in the harbour occasions a great number of people to assemble at the mole-end and along the sea-shore, the natural consequence of an African's curiosity, who, never having been out of his own country, finds as much amusement at the first sight of an European, as his own uncouth appearance affords to the newly arrived stranger. It consequently, after our arrival here, was not easy for us, during some minutes, to draw off our attention from the extraordinary group we perceived.

It may be remarked here that the Mughribis, or people of the west (whence our "Moors") pronounce the *p* as *b*, and the *æ* very broad, more so than in Syria and Turkey, hence the *pa-shah* (pasha), "vice-roy" of the Persians and Turks, is written by all old travellers "bashaw."

The city of Tripoli is, or rather has been, surrounded by a prodigiously strong wall, and towers, which are now in bad order; but persons of judgment in these matters say, that with repairs only, it might be made one of the strongest fortifications. The sea washes this town on three sides; and on the fourth a sandy plain, called the Meshiah, joins it to the rest of the country. On the east it is divided from Egypt by the dreary deserts of Barca, where none reside except occasionally the wandering Arab.

Not far from this spot it was that idolators paid divine worship to their deity Jupiter Ammon, under the figure of a ram; and here stood the famous temple dedicated to his name, which few could approach, on account of the burning sands, which still divide the inhabitants, or islanders, of this sandy ocean from the rest of their species. Ages pass without a traveller attempting to cross these burning sands. This city is much less than either Algiers or Tunis, neither of which states have been Moorish kingdoms quite four hundred years. About the year 1400, three different bands of soldiers, under the protection of the Grand Signor, settled at Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers, and from them these people sprung. This state soon became very flourishing, and continued so till the rigorous siege it sustained from the Spaniards, who attacked it, under the general Don Pedro de Navarra. Since that period, though harassed by the Spanish and the English, and latterly by the French, it has continued in the possession of the Turks and Moors, and governed by a Turkish pasha. It was tributary to the Porte for a long series of years, until freed from this yoke; it afterwards remained entirely under a Moorish sovereign. The town is so uneven with accumulated rubbish, on which they often build without removing it, that the thresholds of some of the street-doors are on a level with the terraces or tops of houses not far from them. The streets are narrow, but nearly double the width of those at Tunis and Algiers. There is only one kind of vehicle used here for conveyance, and that kept only by a few of the great Moors, for the females of their families. It is a sort of palanquin, entirely inclosed with linen, and placed on the back of a camel. The one belonging to the pasha is very richly and elegantly adorned, inside and out, and is merely for the purpose of conveying the ladies belonging to his own family to their country residences. None of the ladies belonging to the royal family ever walk in the streets, except when they go to their mosques, to fulfil a vow.

or make an offering, which they frequently do on various occasions, but with the greatest circumspection. They go out as late as eleven or twelve o'clock at night, attended by a considerable guard from the castle. A number of black female slaves and Moorish servants form a large body, in the very centre of which the princess or princesses walk, with their own particular attendants or ladies encircling them. The guard continually announces them as they go, to give timely notice of their approach. They have with them a great number of lights, and a vast quantity of burning perfume, which is carried in silver fillagree vases, and also large silver ewers of rose and orange-flower water, to damp the burning perfume, which, during their walk, produces a thick cloud around them, composed of the finest aromatic odours. Either of these accompaniments, besides the vociferous cry of the guards, is fully sufficient to indicate the approach of the royal party, in time to leave the way clear for them; and this is particularly necessary, as their law decrees no less a punishment than death for any person who may be in the streets and remain there while their ladies are passing by, or for any man who may look at them from a window. Of course every place is perfectly free from spectators before they come near to it.

Women of a middle station of life generally go out on foot, but hardly ever without a female slave or attendant. They are then so completely wrapped up, that it is impossible to discover more of them than their height, not easily even their size. They have a covering called a baracane, which is about one yard and a half wide, and four or five in length. This conceals them entirely, and they hold it so close over their face as scarcely to leave the least opening to see their way through it. The Jewesses wear this part of their dress nearly in the same way; but they hold it in such a manner as clearly to discover one eye, which a Moorish woman dares not do if she has a proper regard for public opinion, as her reputation would certainly suffer by it.

Merchandise is usually carried on the backs of camels and mules, and the dust they raise in these dry sandy streets is intolerable. The town stands on a foundation of rock. Here and there are a few remains of pavement, some of which are very ancient, and appear evidently to be Roman. They do not excel here in shops, the best of these being little better than booths, though their contents are sometimes valuable, consisting of pearls, gold, gems, and precious drugs. There are two covered bazaars, or market places, one of which is very large, and built in four aisles, meeting in a cross. These aisles are fitted up with shops, built on each side of them, containing every sort of merchandise, and having a way in the middle for purchasers to walk in. Several parts of this place are nearly dark, and the powerful smell of musk makes it very unpleasant to pass through it. The other bazaar is much smaller, and has no shops in it. Thither only black men and women are brought for sale! The very idea of a human being, brought and examined as cattle for sale, is repugnant to a feeling heart, yet this is one of their principal traffics.

The exterior of the great mosque, where the deceased relations of the royal family are buried, is extremely handsome. It stands in the main street, near the gate of the city which leads to the country, and almost opposite to the palace. Before the door of this mosque there is a second entry of neat lattice wood-

work, curiously carved, with two folding doors of the same work: a great number of beautifully coloured tiles, with which the bottom of the lattice work is set, gives it an appearance of delicate neatness very pleasing to the eye. Over the doors of all the mosques are long sentences from the Koran sculptured and painted; those over the door of this mosque being more richly gilt and painted, and the sculpture much handsomer than in any others in the town. There is another mosque at no great distance, having a door of most curious workmanship, carved in wood by the Moors. We stopped to look at it, but could not enter the building, it being the time of divine service. The appearance of the Moors at prayer was as solemn as it was strange. They were at that part of the service which obliged them to prostrate themselves and salute the earth: the whole congregation was accordingly in this posture, absorbed in silent adoration. Nothing seemed capable of withdrawing their attention for a moment from the object they were engaged on. The eye was alternately directed from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth again, uncaught by any objects around, unheeded even by each other. They seemed wholly enraptured in the prayers they offered up in this humble manner from the ground. There are no seats in the mosque, no desks, nor hassocks, nor pews; the people stand promiscuously together, without distinction of rank or dress. The women are not permitted to attend public worship; they go to the mosques only at midnight.

The coffee bazaar is where the Turks meet to hear and tell the news of the day, and to drink coffee: it is filled with coffee-houses or rather coffee-kitchens, which within are very black with smoke, and in which nothing but coffee is dressed. No Moorish gentlemen enter these houses, but send their slaves to bring out coffee to them at the doors, where are marble couches, shaded with green arbourers. These couches are furnished with the most rich and beautiful mats and carpets. Here are found, at certain hours of the day, all the principal Moors, seated cross-legged, with cups of coffee in their hands, made as strong as the essence itself. The coffee served to the ladies of the castle has sometimes in it a quantity of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. The Moors, when at these coffee-houses, are waited on by their own black servants, who stand constantly by their masters, one with his pipe, another with his cup, and a third holding his handkerchief, while he is talking, as his hands are absolutely necessary for his discourse, he marks with his forefinger of his right hand upon the palm of his left, as accurately as we do with a pen, the different parts of his speech, a comma, a quotation, or a striking passage. This renders their manner of conversing very singular; and an European, who is not used to this part of their discourse, is altogether at a loss to understand what the speakers mean.

One of the grandest arches of antiquity stands yet entire at the Marine. The old arch, as the Moors term it, was built so long ago as A.D. 164, by a Roman who had the control of the customs. He erected it in honour of, and during the joint reigns of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Aelius Verus. Marcus Aurelius, on the death of Antoninus Pius, with whom Lucius Verus likewise reigned, took him also as his colleague in the empire, though Lucius Verus had proved so vile a character that Antoninus did not nominate him at his death. When, in 161, these two emperors began to

reign, they changed their names, which accounts for the great number of initials in the inscriptions on the arch. When this arch was built, there were few habitations nearer this place than Labeda, the Leptis Magna of the ancients, which is about three days' journey from Tripoli. Lucius Verus was at this time rioting in the woods of Daphne at Antioch, and committing all kinds of outrages throughout Africa; and the Romans having strayed to the spot where Tripoli now stands, to hunt wild beasts, found under this arch a welcome retreat from the burning rays of the sun at noon-day. It is thought, by all good judges, to be handsomer than any of the most celebrated in Italy, as the temple of Janus, though built of marble, and esteemed one of the finest of these edifices, has only a plain roof. This arch is very high, but does not appear so, being from the great accumulation of sands carried thither by the winds, exactly as deep beneath the surface of the earth as it is high above it. It is composed of stones so exceedingly large, that it seems wonderful how they were conveyed hither, considering there are neither stone nor stone quarries in this country; and it is no less extraordinary, in such a country as this, how they could be raised to form this immense arch. No cement has been used to fasten them together, yet so solid are they that the hand of time, in its continual ravages around it, has left this monument of antiquity uninjured. The ceiling is of the most beautiful sculpture, a small part of which only remains in view, as the Moors, blind to its beauties, have for some time filled it up with rubbish and mortar, to form shops in the interior of the arch. On the outside are enormous groups of whole-length figures of men and women, which those who are versed in antiquity can easily explain; but they are too much worn away by time for others to understand them. So little inclination is there to search for antiquities, that those which remain are in general undisturbed. Europeans are often tempted to bring these antiquities to light: and they might doubtless make great and useful discoveries; but the Moors and jealous Turks will not permit them to disturb a stone, or move a grain of sand, on such an account; and repeated messages have been sent from the castle on these occasions to warn Christians of their danger.

Without the walls of the town are frequently found pieces of tessellated pavement, known to have been laid down two thousand years ago. At Labeda very considerable remains of Roman buildings are still standing nearly buried in the sands. So grand were the Roman edifices, that from Labeda, seven granite pillars of an immense size were, for their beauty, transported to France, and used in ornamenting one of the palaces for Louis XIV. At Zavin, which is but a few hours ride from hence, an amphitheatre, built by the Romans, is still standing entire, with five degrees of steps; its interior is one hundred and forty-eight feet in diameter.

When we reflect, that on the northern extremity of Africa, the Grecians found Cyrene and settled other colonies, while the Phœnicians built the city of Carthage, afterwards conquered by the Romans,¹

¹ Towards the end of the fourth century, Tripoli, then the ancient city of Oen, was obliged, for the first time, to slant its gates against an hostile invasion; several of its most honorable citizens were surprised and massacred; the villages, and even the suburbs, were pillaged, and the vines and fruit-trees of their rich territory were extirpated by the savages of Getulia. The provincials implored the protection of Count Romanus, who had

with all the kingdoms of Numidia, and that this is the same spot on which Tripoli, Algiers, and Tunis now stand, it is no wonder that Roman vestiges are yet to be found here, notwithstanding the neglect and destruction of the Arab, who is careless of the preservation of works of art. Most of the cities and towns in the kingdom of Tripoli exhibit many interesting remains which prove their antiquity. Bengazi, which is a very short distance from Tripoli, governed by a bey, or viceroy, under the Pasha, is the ancient city of Berenice, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, 284 years before Christ. Near to Bengazi, at Derne, which is also governed by a bey from Tripoli, in the village of Rasein, are considerable ruins of a tower and fortifications built by

long exercised the military command of Africa; but they soon found that their Roman governor was not less cruel and rapacious than the barbarians. As they were incapable of furnishing the four thousand camels, and the exorbitant price which he required, before he would march to the assistance of Tripoli, his demand was equivalent to a refusal; and he might justly be accused as the author of the public calamity. In the annual assembly of the three cities, they nominated two deputies, to lay at the feet of the Emperor Valentinian the customary offering of a gold Victory, and to accompany this tribute of duty, rather than of gratitude, with an humble complaint, that they were ruined by the enemy and betrayed by the governor. The count, however, long practised in the arts of corruption, had taken care to secure the venal friendship of one of the ministers of Valentinian; and, by a repetition of the same means, where they could most avail, continued to avert the vengeance of the emperor from his own guilty head to the innocent sufferers. The president of Tripoli was publicly executed at Utica, and four distinguished citizens were put to death, by the express order of the emperor. On Genseric's invasion of Africa, Tripoli was included in the Vandal kingdoms; and, when this monarchy was subverted by Helisarius, it was one of the five stations in which the Roman general established dukes or commanders.

After the standard of Muhammad had waved victorious in the east, Abdallah, the lieutenant of the Caliph Othman, at the head of 40,000 Mussulmen, contended, in the vicinity of this city, with a numerous army of the imperial troops, for the dominion of Africa. Their ardour was unabated by a painful march. They had pitched their tents before it; a reinforcement of Greeks was surprised and cut to pieces on the sea-shore; but the fortifications of Tripoli resisted the first assaults; and the Saracens were tempted by the approach of the prefect Gregory, to relinquish the labours of the siege for the perils and losses of a decisive action. It is reported that his standard was followed by 120,000 men; were it so, the regular lords of the empire must have been lost in the disorderly crowd of Africans, who formed the numbers, not the strength of his host.

For several days the two armies were fiercely engaged from the dawn of light to the hour of noon, when the heat and fatigue compelled them to seek shelter and refreshment in their respective camps. The daughter of Gregory, a maid of incomparable beauty and spirit, is said to have fought by his side. From her earliest youth, she was trained to mount on horseback, to draw the bow, and to wield the scimitar; and the richness of her arms and apparel was conspicuous in the foremost ranks of the battle. Her hand, with 100,000 pieces of gold, was offered for the head of the Arabian general; and the youths of Africa were excited by the prospect of the glorious prize. Zobeir, a young and noble Arab, advised Abdallah to retort the offer on the imperial prefect. At the same time, he recommended that a part of the Mussulmen forces should lie concealed in their tents, while the remainder kept up the usual morning contest with the enemy. When the weary troops of the empire had retired to prepare for the refreshment of the evening, unbridled their horses, and laid aside their armour, on a sudden the charge was sounded; the Arabian camp poured forth a host of fresh and intrepid warriors; and the long line of the Greeks and Africans was surprised, assaulted, and overturned. The victory was complete, and Tripoli opened its gates to the conqueror. Gregory fell by the sword of Zobeir; but the enthusiastic warrior dissuaded to claim the reward proposed at his own suggestion; nor would his achievement have been known, had not the tears and exclamations of the captives, on seeing him, proclaimed what his own modesty had concealed.

the Vandals. On the coast near Tripoli is the Island of Jerbi, known to be the Meninx of the ancients. This island has been in the possession of the Pasha of Tripoli from the time that the Moors, by burying nearly the whole of their own army and that of their enemy in the sea, drove from it the Dukes of Alva and Medina-Celi, in the fifteenth century. From the Island of Jerbi they bring to Tripoli great quantities of fruit, of nearly the size of a bean, and of a bright yellow when fresh. This is the produce of a tree which grows there, and is said by a French author to be the lotus of the ancients.¹

The Moors call it the karub, and with the seeds or stones of this fruit they weigh diamonds and pearls; the value of the diamond is ascertained by the number of karub stones.

It is also known as the carob-tree, although the true word is karub. Its botanical name, *Ceratonia siliqua*, has been derived from kera, a horn, in allusion to the long horn-like pods of this plant, which contain a sweet fecula, for the sake of which they are often imported from Spain under the name of the Algaroba bean. This last name is a slight alteration, by the prefix of the Arabic article al, of the Arabic name of the tree, karub. It is generally considered to be the locust-tree of scripture; and in Spain, where the seeds are eaten, it is called St. John's bread. Ignorance of eastern manners and natural history induced many persons to fancy that the locusts on which John the Baptist fed were the tender shoots of plants, and that the wild honey was the pulp of the pod of the karub or jujube, and whence it had the name of St. John's bread. There is better reason to suppose that the shells of the karub pod might be the husks which the prodigal son desired to partake of with the swine. The seeds or beans were often resorted to during the peninsular war as food for the British cavalry horses.

The karub-tree is a beautiful evergreen, with a massive circular and expansive head, and as it generally grows apart, and more or less isolated on grassy plains, it adds much to the beauty of eastern scenery, inviting to rest by its shade, and giving a park-like aspect to the native plains. This is especially the case in Cilicia Campestris, and in some parts of Northern Syria.

¹ He says, "Sur la côte de cette île, on trouve un arbre appelé par les anciens Lotulus, qui porte un fruit, de la grosseur d'une fève, et june comme du saffran, qui a un goût si exquis, que les Grecs disaient que ceux qui en avaient une fois goûté, oublièrent leur patrie!" And as the ancient Lotophagi (a people so called from their feeding on the fruit lotus) are known to have been that race of inhabitants who lived near the Lesser Syrtes, where this island is, it is more probable that this was the fruit known by the name of lotus than the jujub (or jujube) or the date, which are found all over Africa, and which some writers have thought to be the lotus.

The celebrated Mr. Bruce says, that Gerbi or Gerbo, is the Meninx of the ancients, or the island of the Lotophagi. Ulysses visited this country on his return from the Trojan war.

Not prone to ill, not strange to foreign guests,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast.
The trees around them all their fruit produce,
Lotus the name; divine nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi), which who so tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts;
Nor other homo nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country and his friends.

Homer's Odyssey, Book ix.

II.

OASES OR WADIS—ARAB TRIBE—RETLIKS AND KADALIKS—AN ARNAUT CONSPIRACY—HOUSES FANDUKS OR INNS—BATHS—AUBERFEROUS SANDS—RISE OF THE KARAMANLIS—PASHA'S PALACE—A MOORISH REBELLION—GREAT MOSQUE—GARDENS—FATE OF A FAIR CIRCASSIAN—A HAUNTED CASTLE—CAMELS—MOSQUES IN THE DESERT—STORY OF A SAYID'S DAUGHTER—DEATH OF HAMET THE GREAT.

A CONSIDERABLE city in the neighbourhood of Tripoli, of the name of Barea, is built entirely with the ruins of Hippo Regius,² and is little more than a mile distant from the place where that ancient city stood. The desert adjoining Tripoli, and leading towards Egypt, still bears the name of Barea,³ given it by the Romans on account of the fierceness of its inhabitants at that time. The couriers from Tripoli cross these deserts in their way to Grand Cairo, mounted on dromedaries, which the Moors esteem much swifter than a horse. The couriers are obliged to be fastened on with cords, to prevent their being thrown off by the fleetness of the animal; and owing to the extreme difficulty of passing these dreary regions, the couriers can seldom quit their caravans, and are generally from twenty-five to thirty days on the way from Tripoli to Cairo.

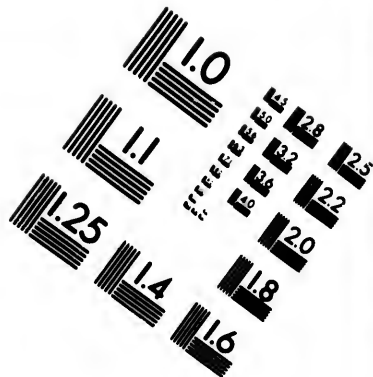
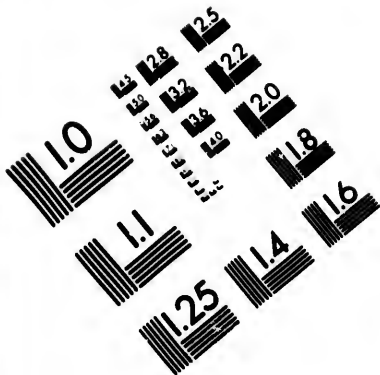
On this part of the desert, towards Egypt, are islands of inhabitants environed by oceans of sand, which completely separate them from each other, and from the rest of the world. None attempt to approach their habitations through the burning regions which surround them. Among these islands, called by the ancient geographers, oases, was that of Ammonia, where lived the worshippers of Jupiter Ammon,⁴ a region which we defer to another opportunity to describe. Only a few islands in this part of the desert are known to the caravans, where they stop in case of extreme necessity for refreshment and repose, after the hardships of a journey more dreadful than can be conceived, and which would not often be completed, but by the help of the compass and a knowledge of astronomy. The vast and sudden shifting of the sands, levelling mountains in one spot and raising them in another, so completely varies the aspect of the way,

² Hippo Regius is famous for having been the episcopal seat of Saint Augustine, who died here whilst it was besieged by the Vandals, in the year 430. A council was held here in the year 393, Saint Augustine at that time being only a priest. This city is mentioned by Ptolemy, Strabo, Pliny, and Mela; Silius Italicus also speaks of it.

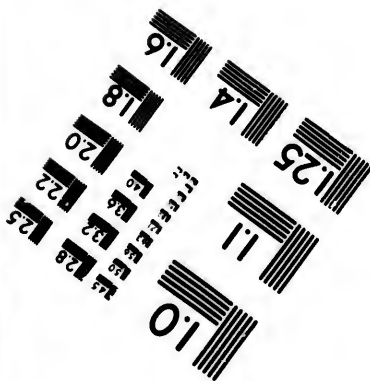
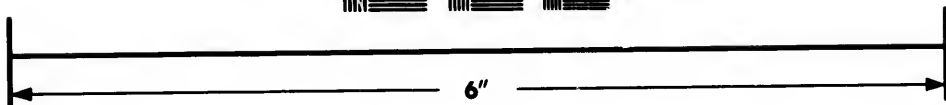
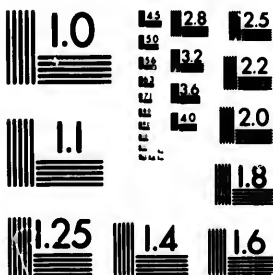
³ The country of Barea is said to have derived its name from the ancient city of Barea, built according to Herodotus by Battas, son of Arcephas, King of Egypt, and afterwards destroyed by Amasis. This country is very barren, and full of rocks and sandy plains.—*Herodotus*, lib. iv.; *Strabo*, lib. xvii.; *Ptolemy*, lib. iv. c. 4; *Pomponius Mela*, lib. i. c. 8.

⁴ Ammon and Hammon, a name of Jupiter, worshipped in Lybia. He appeared under the form of a ram to Bacchus, who, with his army, suffered extreme thirst in the deserts of Africa, and showed him a fountain. Upon this, Bacchus erected a temple to his father, under the name of Jupiter Ammon, i. e. the sandy, with the horns of a ram. The temple of Jupiter Ammon was in the deserts of Lybia, nine days' journey from Alexandria. It had a famous oracle, which was consulted by Hercules, Perseus, and others, but when it pronounced Alexander to be the son of Jupiter, such flattery destroyed its long-established reputation. The word oases or auases (*Strabo*, ii. p. 120) is supposed by some to be derived from the Coptic Oah, a resting-place; by others from the Arabic Hawa, a habitation, and Si or Zi, a wilderness; but it is more probably derived from the Arabic Wadi, as such places are now called, and which the French and others write as Oaudi and Oasis.—*Quintus Curtius*, lib. iv. c. 7; *Arrian*, lib. iii. c. 2; *Strabo*, lib. i. c. 17; *Pausanias*, lib. iii.





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that the traveller, bewildered, knows not where he is except by such aid. Other islands are also here, where the inhabitants will probably be insulated from the rest of the world to the end of time. Close to these deserts is Pentapolis, a country of the Cyrenaica,¹ where stood the five cities of Appollonia, Cyrene, Arsinoe, Ptolemais, and Berenice. This part of Barbary, once called, from its great fertility, the granary of the Romans, is recently much fallen off. The failure of its produce is attributed to the want of rains, which were formerly much more copious and frequent in this country than they have been of late years. The steep mountains of Ghuvian are the only ones seen on a clear day from the city of Tripoli, and seem to be a long ridge of high black hills. These, and the sands, are inhabited by numerous tribes of Arabs, among which are those of the Tarhona, Bu-ajila, Auar-shifana, Auar-gamma, Auar-ghasad, Auar-iyama, Auar-fellah, Aulad Bu Saif, and Beni Aulad, and others. These Arabs form three classes: the first, those who come from Arabia; the second, the Arabs of Africa; and the third, the wandering Bedawin or Bedouins. The first two are equally warlike, handsome in their persons, generous in their temper, honourable in their dealings, grand and ambitious in all their proceedings when in power, and abstemious in their food. They possess great genius, and enjoy a settled cheerfulness, not in the least bordering on buffoonery. Each of these tribes are governed by a chief, whose title is Sheik, by whose laws all those under him are directed, judged, and punished. Each family has a chief of its own kindred, whose authority in the same manner extends to life and death. Their trade is war. They serve as auxiliary troops to whoever pays them best: most of them are at present considered as being in the interest of the Pasha of Tripoli. The Bedawin are hordes of petty wandering merchants, trading with what they carry from place to place. They manufacture a dark cloth for bareans, and thick webs of goat's hair, used to cover tents, which they sell to the Moors.

These Bedawin, in the spring of the year, approach Tripoli from the Pianura, or plain, adjoining the town. Here they sow their corn, wait till they can reap it, and then disappear till the year following. During the stay of these people in the Pianura, the women weave, and sell their work to the Tripolitans. They pitch their tents under the walls of the city, but cannot enter the town gate without leave; and for any misdemeanour the Bedawin may commit, their chief is answerable to the pasha. Besides being divided into

¹ The Cyrenica, so called from the city of Cyrene, was also denominated the Pentapolis, from the five cities it contained, which, for several centuries were in a most flourishing condition. The successors of Battus, first king of this state, reigned for upwards of three hundred years, after which period it became a commonwealth, and had many sanguinary disputes with the republic of Carthage about the limits of their respective territories. Tasso's idea of the Cyrenica is both just and happily expressed—

Bodi e Creta lontane inverso 'l Polo
Non scerne; e pur lungo Africa non viene,
Sul mar calta e ferace; addentro solo
Fertil di mosti e d' incedente arene.
La Marmarica rade; e rade il suolo
Dove cinque cittadi ebbe Cirene;
Qui Tolomita; e poi con l' onde cheta,
Sorgor si mira il fabuloso Lete.

— *Gerusalemme Liberata*, c. 15. | *Ulaquiere's Letters from the Mediterranean*, vol. ii. p. 3.

hordes, each family is governed by its own chief, in the same manner as those of the Arabs. The Sultans, or Kings of Fezzan, are tributary to the Pasha of Tripoli. The Moors of Fezzan are of a dark copper colour, almost black. They are many shades darker than the Tripolitans who inhabit the countries at a small distance from Tripoli; for the Moors in the city and suburbs of Tripoli are, in general, white. To each of the cities belonging to the pasha he sends a viceroy with the title of Bey, and to the lesser districts a governor, who is denominated a Kaid (or Kay-id) pasha. The disunion among the Moorish princes preventing the pasha from attending as rigidly as usual to those governments, the Kaid is suffered to neglect going out to their different kaidaliks till it is absolutely necessary for the pasha to receive his tributes, which are then, for want of time, taken by force from the people. Where the Kaid has remained at their posts, they have found the Moors loyal to the pasha, and have gathered the tributes easily; while the Moors, who are harassed at other kaidaliks, have become troublesome and dangerous to the state. Among these kaidaliks are those of the Meshiah, Tujra, Mezzurata, Messlata, Zavia, Zuorra, and others. Near the Meshiah is a large district of land, under the jurisdiction, and in the possession of a priest. This district is called the Sayid, which was the name of its former priest, and means lion. It is a sanctuary which cannot be violated by the pasha himself. The life of a murderer within its walls is sacred. He may be starved out, by his friends being prevented from relieving him, but he cannot be taken thence by force.

The great fast of the Ramadan is kept with extreme or rather with excessive punctiliousness at Tripoli, and the Oriental proverb, when a thing is wished for, that it is desired as the moon of Bairam, or the feast that succeeds to the fast, is in few places more real than it is here. An odd incident occurred at this epoch during the last century (about 1753) which had nearly involved the city in a great disaster. An Arnaut, who had been sent upon an expedition from the Sultan, with some small vessels, and between five and six hundred men on board of them under his command, put into the harbour of Tripoli for provisions, sometime before the fast of Ramadan. The government, though much more energetic than it is now, was still, like the Moorish states, very weak. Many people were greatly discontented, and this man finding several of the chief officers displeas'd with the pasha, and ripe for rebellion, and having also observed that a part of the fortifications near the sea, for the want of a few days' labour, rendered that part of the city easy of access, formed the extraordinary idea of attempting, with his handful of people, the capture of Tripoli by surprise; and had not one of his emissaries committed the most grossly ignorant act that can be imagined, he would most probably have succeeded in this strange undertaking. He tampered with some of the great people, who tired of the rems of the pasha, or of the manner in which he held them, and instigated by the hope of gain from the spoils of the government, determined to favour his plan. Amongst these was the sheik. Without the concurrence of so capital a personage, it is not probable that the Arnaut would have undertaken this enterprise. Late one evening, he headed the greater part of his crew, under the walls of what the Moors call the Spanish castle, at the decayed part of the fortifications, and took possession of it.

The guns on that side, which had lain neglected and out of use for years, exactly commanded the pasha's palace. These the Arnauts immediately set about putting in order. The port-holes since that time have been filled up, and no guns placed on that side of the castle. This fort being left without a proper guard, the Arnauts found an easy admission. They got into it unobserved, and immediately proceeded to place in it a great quantity of ammunition from their ships, and about ten o'clock at night, during the Ramadan, when all the great Moors were assembled in the coffee bazaar, the chief Arnaut sent one of his people with a message to his friend the sheik, and ordered the man to take particular notice and bring word back who of the great people were at the bazaar. This man, probably intoxicated and not clearly understanding his master's project, when he got up to the sheik, who was surrounded by everybody of consequence in the place, was struck by a most extravagant idea, and while he was delivering his message, secretly pulled out a pistol, and shot the sheik dead at the instant. Such a violent step, of course, spread a general alarm. The man was despatched at once by the hands of the people round him. The greatest part of the Arnauts were immediately cut to pieces; the rest saved themselves by flying on board the ships in the greatest disorder. Their chief escaped, after several hours, to one of the Christian houses, where he remained concealed some days, and afterwards by the help of a disguise got into a vessel.

The houses of the principal people of Tripoli differ from those of Egypt, which, according to the customs of the east, are mostly built three and four stories high; here they never exceed one story. You first pass through a sort of hall or lodge, called by the Moors a skiffah, with benches of stone on each side. From this a staircase leads to a single grand apartment, termed a gul-phar or sky-light, which has (what is not permitted in any other part of the building) windows facing the street. This apartment is sacred to the master of the mansion. Here he holds his levee, transacts business, and enjoys convivial parties. None even of his own family dare enter this gul-phar, without his particular leave; and though this seems arbitrary, yet a Moorish lady may, in this one instance be said to equal her lord in power, as he cannot enter his wife's apartments, if he finds a pair of lady's slippers on the outside of the door, but must wait till they are removed. Beyond this hall or lodge, is the court-yard, paved in proportion to the fortune of the owner. Some are of a brown cement, resembling finely-polished marble, others are of black or white marble, and the poorer houses only of stone or earth. The houses, either small or large, in town or country, are built exactly on the same plan. The court-yard is made use of to receive large female companies, entertained by the mistress of the house upon the celebration of a marriage, or any other great feast, and also, in cases of death, for funeral ceremonies performed before the deceased is moved to the grave. On these occasions, the floor is covered with mats and Turkey carpets, and is sheltered from the inclemency or heat of the weather by an awning, covering the whole yard, for which the Moors sometimes incur great expense. Rich silk cushions are laid round for seats; the walls are hung with tapestry, and the whole is converted into a grand sala. This court-yard is surrounded by a cloister, supported by pillars, over which

a gallery is erected of the same dimensions, inclosed with a lattice-work of wood. From the cloisters and gallery, doors open into large chambers not communicating with each other, and which receive light only from this yard. The windows have no glass, but are furnished with jalousies of wood curiously cut; these windows produce a gloomy light, being admitted through spaces a quarter of an inch wide, and crossed with heavy bars of iron; and as they look into an inward court-yard, they are well calculated to calm the perturbed mind of the jealous Moor. The tops of the houses, which are all flat, are covered with plaster or cement, and surrounded by a parapet about a foot high, to prevent anything from immediately falling into the street. Upon these terraces, the Moors dry and prepare their figs, raisins, and dates and date-paste. They enjoy on them the refreshing inhabit, or sea-breeze, so luxurious after a parching day, and are here seen constantly at sun-set, offering their devotions to Muhammad; for let a Moor be where he may, when he hears the marabout announce the prayer for sun-set, nothing induces him to pass that moment without prostrating himself to the ground—a circumstance surprising to Europeans, if they happen to be in company with Moors, or walking through the streets at that hour. From the terraces the rain water falls into cisterns beneath the court-yard, which preserve the water from year to year in the highest perfection. No other soft water is to be had in this country. There are innumerable wells. Fresh water is everywhere found near the surface of the earth, but all of it is brackish and ill flavoured.

There are no rivers near, and consequently a long dearth of rain may possibly occasion a plague. The rains fall incessantly for many days and nights, and ceasing suddenly, not a drop more of water descends for several months together. The inside of the cisterns is made of a composition resembling marble, and often occupies as much ground as the size of the court-yard. (See 476.) The guard-house, which is known by the name of the Sand on or, is near the middle of the town, where an aga, or captain, is always stationed with a guard. This aga sends a party of soldiers through the town, accompanied by a pack of dogs in a starved state, who save the men the trouble of pursuing the people they wish to apprehend, for with a word the dogs rush forward, seize the unfortunate victim, and keep him pinioned to the ground till the guards come up.

One of the handsomest of the Moorish fanduks or inns is very large, with a square area in which is a well and a gabiya, or marble reservoir for water, for the convenience of the Moors to wash in before prayers and meals. Round the area is a number of small rooms, each for the goods or merchandise of the person or persons who may sleep in the apartments over it. The camels, horses, and mules of the travellers are ranged round the yard. When a stranger arrives, a Moor dusts the floor of an empty room, and spreading a mat, which is all the furniture allowed, leaves the guest in quiet possession of it. Those who can afford it, are expected on quitting it, to leave a small gratuity to the porter, and none can get out or into the fanduk till the adan or dawn of day, when a Moor unlocks the gates. The baths, which are large, are built chiefly of marble, and every hour in the day till sunset are crowded with ladies, who go there also to adorn their persons. They take their tirewomen and slaves with

them. Each lady requires several attendants after she has bathed; one of her women washes her hair thoroughly with orange flower water, and another is ready to dry it with a powder she has just prepared of high scented perfumes, composed of burnt amber, cloves, cinnamon, and musk. She divides or plaits the hair into small tresses to the number of at least fifty—a long operation, giving a great deal of pain; and additional sufferings are endured from the plucking out with an instrument all the uneven hairs of the eyebrows, and then painting with the greatest nicety the eyebrows and eyelashes with a black composition laid on with a silver or gold bodkin.

The people of Tripoli procure gold from the sands of the Syrtis. Their mode of procedure is to gather up handfuls of sand, put it into a wooden bowl, and wash it with several waters, till all the gold, which is so much heavier than sand, remains at the bottom. This residue is then tied in little bits of rags of about the size of a small nut, and brought in that state to Tripoli. These small parcels are known by the name of matagal. Their average value is about that of a Venetian sequin, or ten shillings and sixpence. The merchants melt them into bars or ingots. It is obvious that if the process of obtaining gold from sand by means of quicksilver, and recovering the quicksilver by distillation was known, that a much greater quantity might be obtained.

On approaching the castle of the pasha, the first intrenchments are passed, escorted by the pasha's body-guards. The castle is surrounded by a wall upwards of forty feet high, with battlements, embrasures, and towers, in the old manner of fortifications, and is of ancient architecture, much disfigured on the inside by irregular additions made by the different pashas to contain the numerous branches of their families. Having passed through the gate, you enter the first court-yard of the castle crowded with guards, waiting before the skiffar or hall, where the Kayah sits all day. This is the highest officer belonging to the pasha and the most in his confidence. He is invested with supreme power whenever the pasha is absent. No subject can approach the pasha on any affairs but through him. A number of guards with

black slaves and mamelukes attend him. Through this hall is a paved square with a piazza supported by marble pillars, in which is built the mess-ley or council chamber, where the pasha receives his court on gala days. It is finished on the outside with Chinese tiles, a number of which form an entire painting. A flight of variegated marble steps lead up to the door at 12. The nubar, or royal band, performs with great ceremony before the door of the mess-ley every afternoon, when the third marabut announces the prayers of lazzeri at four o'clock, and on the whole of Wednesday night, being the eve of the pasha's accession to the throne. No one on any account can pass the music while it plays, and the pasha's chamberlains must attend during the performance. The nubar is never played but for the pasha and his eldest son, when they go out with the

army, or on any public occasion. Before it begins, the chief or captain of the chamberlains, who, in this instance, must be considered as a herald, goes through the ceremony of proclaiming the Pasha afresh. The sounds of the nubar are singular to an European ear; they are composed of the turbuka, a sort of kettle-drum, the reel, and the timbrel; the turbuka belongs to the Moors, and the reel and timbrel to the blacks.

The numerous buildings added to the castle form several streets, beyond which is the bagnio, where the Christian ladies are kept. There are a number of Maltese, Genoese, and Spanish within it, but none of any other nation.

No gentlemen are permitted to approach nearer the harem, or ladies' apartments, than the bagnio; hence ladies are conducted by eunuchs through long vaulted passages, so extremely dark, that it is with great difficulty the way can be discerned. On entering the harem a striking gloom prevails. The court-yard is grated over the top with heavy iron bars, very close together, giving it a melancholy appearance. The galleries round the court-yard, before the chambers, are inclosed with lattices cut very small in wood. The pasha's daughters, when married, have separate apartments sacred to themselves; no person can enter them but their husbands and attendants, eunuchs and slaves; and if it is necessary for the ladies to speak in presence of a third person, even to their husband, father, or



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE.

brother, they must veil themselves. The great number of attendants filling up every avenue, renders it almost impossible to proceed from one apartment to another.

In the year 1714, one Hamet, a native of Carmania (Karaman), in Asia Minor, and hence designated as the Karamanli, and surnamed by the Moors Hamet the Great, who was Bey or Prince of Tripoli, made himself master of the place during the temporary absence of the pasha, by putting all the Turks who were in the city to death.¹ He contrived, without any disturbance, to clear Tripoli, in the space of twenty-four hours, of all the Turkish soldiers, amounting to several hundreds of disciplined troops. At his palace, not far from the town, he gave a superb entertainment, and invited all the chiefs of the Turks to partake of it. Three hundred of these unfortunate victims were strangled, one by one, as they entered the skiffar, or hall. This skiffar is very long, with small dark rooms or deep recesses on each side, in which a hidden guard was placed. These guards assassinated the Turks as they passed, quickly conveying the bodies into those recesses out of sight, so that the next Turk saw nothing extraordinary going on when he entered the fatal skiffar, but quitting his horse and servants, met his fate unsuspectingly.

Next day, the Turks who remained in this city, were (no doubt by order) found murdered in all parts, and little or no inquiries were made after those who had perpetrated such horrid deeds. Only a few straggling Turks remained to tell the dreadful tale. Great presents were sent by the pasha to Constantinople to appease the Sultan, and in a day or two no one dared to talk of the Turkish garrison, which, in a few hours, had been totally annihilated. Having in this dreadful manner freed himself and his family from the Turkish yoke, and having succeeded in keeping the Sultan in humour, he caused Tripoli to remain entirely under a Moorish government, for which the Moors still call his reign glorious.

The great mosque, in which is a grand mausoleum for the reigning family, is by far the handsomest in this city; the rest are neat, but very inferior to it. The Moors oblige everybody, women as well as men, to go over it barefooted. They take their shoes off at the entrance, and deliver them to their servants. This custom of taking off their shoes at the door is of less consequence, as the floor of the mosque is entirely covered with beautiful mats, over which are laid rich Turkey carpets. The building is large, lofty, and almost square. The walls, to within three feet of the ceiling, are lined with handsome figured china tiles placed uniformly: the ceiling is ornamented in the same manner. The sixteen marble columns have thin iron rods, painted blue and gilt, reaching from one to the other, and forming a large checkwork through the whole edifice, about six feet below the roof, from which are suspended in festoons antique lamps with long silver chains, some of them very large, with silver

filagree vessels for incense, and painted eggs hung on silken cords. On three sides of the mosque are square bow windows grated with iron without glass. On the side toward Mecca is a pulpit of marble resembling alabaster, with a flight of fourteen steps, inclosed with a marble balustrade: this pulpit is covered with Chinese tiles. Over it is a small alabaster dome, supported by four white marble pillars which rest on the pulpit, and the outside of this dome is entirely covered with gold. Near to this pulpit is a small arched recess or niche in the wall, to which the Imam descends from the pulpit to pray, with the sheikh on one side of him, and the kayah on the other. The Imam always prays with his face towards Mecca, as other altars are opposite to the east. There is no seat, bench, or resting-place in the mosque.

The windows on two sides look into a cloister which surrounds the mosque: on the third side they open into a neat white stone building resembling a mosque in appearance, but which is the mausoleum called the Turbah. It is filled with handsome tombs of all the relations of the royal family, excepting those who have died out of town, as it is against the laws here for a corpse to be brought in through the gates of the city, though all are carried out of the gates of the city that die in town. The Christians' burial ground is close by the sea side without the marine gate: there is no way to it from the country but through the town, and the corpse consequently cannot be carried there, but by crossing the sea before the harbour's mouth. If a Christian die in the country, fond of money as the Moors are, there is no sum that would prevail on them to let the body pass the gates; no resource remains but a sea-voyage to procure its interment.

To return to the Turbah or "dome" it is throughout of the purest white marble, and is filled with an immense quantity of fresh flowers, most of the tombs being dressed with festoons of Arabian jasmine, and large bunches of variegated flowers, consisting of orange, myrtle, red and white roses, &c. They afford a fragrance which those who are not habituated to such choice flowers can scarcely conceive.

The tombs are mostly of white marble; a few being inlaid with coloured marble. Those of the men are distinguished from the women's only by a turban carved in marble, placed at the top.

As the windows of the great mosque are very low, and made deep, the light is everywhere faint, which adds much to the solemnity of the place, and affords a most pleasing relief from the strong glare of light without. Owing to the perfumes of orange-flower water, incense, and musk, added to the great quantities of fresh flowers, and the agreeable coolness of the place, on our entering it from the burning, dusty street, it seemed to us a sort of paradise. Its extraordinary neatness, solemnity, and delicious odour, struck forcibly on the imagination.

An English lady, to whom we are indebted for letters written during a ten years' residence at the court of Tripoli, in the latter part of the last century, gives the following narrative of a visit to a garden, in the neighbourhood, as also of the last days of Hamet the Great.

During the absence, at Morocco, of the ambassador from Tripoli, his son, who is about twenty-five years of age, invited a party of Christians to his father's country residence, the grounds of which, owing to the taste of its owner, who has visited most of the courts in Europe,

¹ Karamania, the capital of which is Konyah, the ancient Iconium, was the seat of the Seljukian Empire, and the chief place of the Turks in Asia Minor, for some time before the Osmanli chiefs rose into power at Brusa, and extended their empire thence to Adrianople and Constantinople. We have, at Tripoli, a remarkable remnant of Turkoman, not Turk, origin, in the Kal-Oghlu, "sons of the servant" (of God), who constitute the chief population of the country immediately round the city, and are, in Baron de Kraf's words, "la pierre d'achoppement de toutes les tentatives d'indépendance nationale."

are in much better order than any of the plantations near it. It is a wilderness of sweets, beneath thick orange groves, through which the sun's beams but faintly shine. White marble channels with rapid clear streams of water cross the gardens in many directions; and the air in them is fraught with the scent of oranges, roses, and Arabian jasmine, whose thick shade forms an agreeable contrast with the burning atmosphere surrounding them. In the centre of the largest garden, nearest the house, is a most pleasant gul-phar, built a considerable height from the ground. The floor, walls, and window-seats are lined with Chinese tiles of lively colours: the windows are placed round it, through which honeysuckles, orange flowers and jasmine make their way. The shrubs reflect through them everywhere the most lively green, and fill the whole with the richest perfume.

These gul-phars are for the use of the master of the mansion and his friends, as they cannot visit him in the dwelling-house on account of the female part of the family, who are, therefore, never expected; but the ladies of this family do not confine themselves to that rule, and it is feared that some fatal consequence will result to them for trespassing, in so many instances, the narrow limits of indulgence allowed to Moorish ladies. The ambassador's son spoke English, talked much of his sister, but in a manner that spoke his fears for her, and his disapprobation of her conduct. It has been already observed, that it was apprehended her uncle would put her to death. An event which appears to us of such enormity, takes place here without hesitation or inquiry. The head of the house, whether father, brother, or husband, having the power of life and death relative to the female part of his family, has only to get a *teskera* of the pasha, which is a small bit of paper with his signature, giving leave to the person who requires it, to put to death the object of his anger; and this fatal paper is procured with the greatest facility.

This ambassador, a few years since, possessed a favourite Circassian slave, who lived at a garden a little distance from the family residence. He thought her conduct reprehensible, and after having often threatened and as often pardoned her, she at length fell a victim to the rage of a Mameluke belonging to her lord.

This wretch was an enemy to his master, and an unsuccessful admirer of the fair Circassian. Hearing that his master was engaged at an entertainment given by the Christians, he came to him late in the evening, and worked on his imagination till the fatal *teskera* was obtained. The Mameluke immediately rode off full speed to the garden where she resided, and not departed on the wretched errand but a few moments, when the visible alteration and the agony in the countenance of the ambassador, led his friends soon to the supposition of the cruel orders he had issued, and he was easily persuaded to countermand them. He sent horsemen with every inducement given them to overtake the sanguinary Mameluke, and arrest his hand from the murder he was so eager to perpetrate. They reached the garden a few seconds after him; but not knowing of a breach in the garden wall, had, assassin-like, entered that way to prevent alarm, and found the fair Circassian walking solitarily in the garden at that late hour. At the sight of him she fled, having long considered him as her destined murderer. She, in her terror, climbed up the garden walls, and ran round the

top of them. Those who were sent to save her saw her run in vain. They forced the gates and entered them; in the meanwhile, twice they heard a pistol fired, and soon after the dying groans of the unfortunate female, whom the Mameluke, to prevent explanations, had stabbed to death, after having discharged two pistols at her.

The ambassador having given orders for her death in a moment of despair, and from accusations against her which he probably thought exaggerated, seems never to have been happy since, and from the accumulated anguish he suffers through the conduct of the ladies of his own family, it is generally supposed that he will not return to this country. He is considered as extremely tenacious of his honour, free from bigotry, and possesses an enlightened understanding. The two latter qualities disqualify him for comforts in his own country.

Not far from this ambassador's gardens are the remains of an old building, called the castle of Lilla Zenobia, it having remained in her possession after the death of her father, Hamet the Great. It was within this century a very grand palace, where the court of that sovereign was kept; in one corner of the gardens belonging to it is a very large mound of earth, covering the bodies of several hundred massacred Turks, who were buried in that spot at the time her father subdued the Turkish garrison. This is the palace the Turks were invited to by Hamet the Great and murdered. The fatal recesses in the skiffar, which were the receptacles of the murdered Turks, are still entire, as is the skiffar through which the Turks passed in their way to the interior of the palace. Lilla Zenobia has been dead many years, and the building has been neglected and suffered to go to ruin. It is said that Turkish ghosts hold here their midnight haunt and revels. The Moors say it is so full of such company, that there is no room for any other. There are but a few of the inferior apartments, and one grand room (said to be that where the pasha gave audience) still standing. It is without floor or roof; the walls have some remains of painting still fresh in colour, and many ornaments are yet visible; and part of the ceiling lies in the middle of this spacious room, grown over with grass; the gates are immensely large and formidable. Having explored every part of this ruined castle that was passable, we returned to the ambassador's gardens to take refreshments: thither the Christians' servants had arrived, with the remnant of such provisions as they had saved from the eager grasp of the famished Moors. The city had been long distressed for corn, and a considerable crowd had gathered round the servants imperceptibly, and attacked the loaded mules as they were passing through the town gate. In a few moments no eatables were left, except some few dishes of pork, a food which the true Mussulman looks on with horror; the rest was seized by a number of hungry wretches, who tore it with a savage fury from each other. Not an article was lost but eatables—food was all they contended for. They fought together for the crumbs that fell on the ground; to such an extremity had hunger brought them.

The starved objects we passed this morning in the streets were shocking to behold. A total want of rain occasions this dreadful distress for the present, and makes us fear a famine will soon be at the height here, which surely, of all calamities is the most horrid: the great must pay for it, but what the poor will suffer must agonise every feeling heart.

During our ride we were struck with the singular appearance of the country at a small distance from town. In Barbary, the burying-places are out of the cities, in the manner of the ancients; and the numerous burying-grounds, from the shape of the tombs, resemble roofs of houses, and appear like little towns in miniature. The large mausoleums, belonging to people of distinction, represent capital buildings, proportionate in size to the little towns by which they are surrounded. In some of them lights are kept constantly burning, with the choicest flowers, the fragrance of which strikes you on approaching the tombs. The numerous Moorish gardens appeared to be so many woods of oranges; and these, added to detached plantations of olives and dates, formed a scene totally different to what is met with near the capitals of Europe. We alighted at a farm; the ladies were admitted into the house, where we had fresh and sour milk, and dates just gathered from the tree of the most beautiful transparent brown, and having the appearance and taste of fruit preserved in the highest manner. Some of the same refreshments were procured to be sent to the gentlemen in the garden. The Moors were obliged to secure a camel, which with much difficulty was prevented attacking our horses while they stood in the yard; though the camel is, with very few exceptions, perfectly mild, this having a young one unable to feed itself was the cause of its ferocity. The camels' milk is drank here by consumptive people: it is extremely salt and ill-flavoured, richer than cows' milk, and of a red colour. The young camel, when a few weeks old, is remarkable handsome. Nothing can be more distressing than to hear its cry at that age, as its voice then so exactly resembles the cries of a young child, that it is impossible to be distinguished from them. When they are grown up, their voice is very loud and rough, and when angry, they make a particular rattling in the throat that cannot be mistaken, which is a lucky circumstance, as it is a warning of their intention to bite; for, from the size of their mouths, and their never wearing a muzzle, a bite is nearly fatal. Fortunately, they are, in general, so inoffensive and tractable, that they commonly go without bridle or halter, and a single straw in the hand is often the only weapon used to drive them along with a burden of nine hundred-weight.

The dromedary seems to be used in this country only for the courier or post. The Moors never dress their camels with bells, as is done elsewhere; and though these animals show no emulation for dress, they are evidently pleased, and hasten their steps when accompanied by their master's song; they, therefore, sing to them while they drive them. This useful patient animal will sustain many days' thirst when traversing heavy laden, the burning sands; but in town, where it is cooler, and during the winter, he can remain some weeks without drinking, living on the water he has within him, preserved in a reservoir, whence he conveys it into the stomach at pleasure. The last time the bey was encamped, a camel was opened for the water it contained, when several gallons were found in a perfect state. The camp was at that time in want of water, the people having a very short allowance of it, and dying daily, when the bey made use of this costly expedient, as a camel is very valuable. The flesh is eaten by the Moors, and they say it is exceedingly good.

Continuing our ride to the sands, we had a distant

view of two of the most capital mosques in this kingdom, situated at some distance in the desert, where criminals take shelter, and are safe as long as they can stay in a certain district round them. This district extends to a quarter of a mile, and sometimes to two or three miles, according to the mosque it belongs to, and cannot be violated even by the pasha. All persons may be apprehended if seen in the act of procuring food for the culprit, in which case he is either starved to death or forced by hunger to surrender. One of the marabouts we saw to-day is called the sayid, the history of which is related by the Moors with a number of fictitious circumstances. The word sayid, which in Arabic means lion, was given to a Moor, who, with little more assistance than his own courage and strength, drove all the lions from that part of the country, and his son was the marabut of this place. The name of marabut is given both to the mosque and to the saint, or holy man, who resides at it; and the simple story of the sayid, related as a fact, is as follows:—

Hamet Pasha went, as customary, on particular occasions, to visit this mosque or marabut. In the hurry and confusion of the family of the sayid, during the visit the pasha honoured them with, and in bringing him all the refreshments in their power to procure, he got a momentary sight of the marabut's eldest daughter, said to be one of the most beautiful women at that time. He was so much struck with her appearance, that he directly told the marabut his fortune from that hour was made by sending his daughter immediately to Tripoli, as he was determined she should be the first lady in his seraglio. The aged and religious marabut, far from being pleased at the honours offered him on such terms by his sovereign, expostulated, and made great objections to his orders, when the enraged pasha told him, that if he did not send his daughter richly dressed and perfumed to the seraglio that very night, by morning there should not remain a vestige of himself, or any part of his family. Saying this, he departed, and left guards to see his orders executed.

The unfortunate marabut, unable to extricate himself or his lost child, loaded her with gold and jewels, and dressed her in the richest clothes she had; she having acquiesced in his wishes of taking a deadly potion to save her from the violence of Hamet Pasha's passion. He wept over her and led her to the door of his house, where he ordered the bridal song to be sung over her before she quitted her home. He then placed her in a linen couch on the back of a camel handsomely ornamented, such as the ladies of this country travel in, and gave her up, with tears, and heavy imprecations on the pasha's head, to his officers.

A numerous suite of attendants, in addition to those the pasha had left, arrived to conduct her to the castle. On her arrival there, she was immediately carried to the royal apartments, where not long after the pasha hastened to receive her. But on entering the room he was struck with horror and surprise on perceiving a beautiful corpse stretched on the floor, stiff and cold. He found not the least mark of violence upon her, and he knew no one had been suffered to enter the apartment after her arrival but himself. He had probably heard of the curses her father sent him, by the attendants, who came with her, which did not fail, with

1 Moorish women who die before they are married are buried in wedding clothes, and the bridal song is sung over the corpse before it leaves the house.

the reproach of his own conscience and the superstitious ideas of the Moors, to throw him into the greatest agitation, and he seemed to be nearly in the same state as the sacrificed victim laying before him.

At the dawn of day, Hamet Pasha set off to the sayid, and asked the marabout if he could any way account for the suddenness of his daughter's death? The marabout returned for answer, that his daughter had honour enough to receive a deadly poison from his hand before her departure from his house, and that now he had but one favour more to entreat of the Prophet Muhammad, who had so mercifully saved his child in the moment of distress, which was, that he would strike him, Hamet Pasha, blind. This misfortune actually happened to the pasha four or five years before his death; but, in the fable, the Moors say it happened at the instant the marabout implored Muhammad, and call it, of course, the vengeance of the sayid. But Hamet the Great was advanced in years when he lost his sight, and finding from this unhappy circumstance his power decreasing rapidly, he determined not to outlive his consequence, and the great name he had acquired amongst his subjects. He employed himself in regulating all he wished to have done before his death, naming his own son Muhammad for his successor, and immediately afterwards he ordered one of the youngest pages of his gul-pahar to attend him thither, where he spent many hours in

close retirement. As soon as they entered the apartment, the pasha desired the page to give him his pistols. He bid the youth stand close by his side, and if one pistol missed fire, to be ready instantly, to deliver the other to him at the peril of his life. The pasha shot himself dead with the first pistol, in the presence of his adopted son, Bey Abdallah, before either of them were collected enough to prevent the catastrophe. Bey Abdallah was at that time a child about eleven years old.

III.

CORN MAGAZINES—MOORISH GARDENS—THE DATE TREE—OLIVE GROVES—LIFE IN THE HAREM—STORY OF LILLA AMMANI—ATTACHMENT OF TWO SLAVES—NEGRO DANCE.

ON our way home we passed through a street noted for its corn wells, or rather caverns, dug very deep

into the earth. They are situated on each side of the street, at about thirty yards distance. They were designed for magazines to lay up corn in; and they say it will keep in them perfectly good a hundred years. Happy were it for the inhabitants of this country if these caverns were filled now as they were formerly, when the country was so rich in the produce of corn that it was hence exported to many parts of the world, and prized almost above any other. The barley, when sown here, yields twice as much as it does in Europe. When it grows properly, they reckon twenty-five and thirty ears for one an ordinary produce, while in Europe fourteen or fifteen is considered as a good return.

We have the use of a large Moorish country-house, on the skirts of the sands; and though the grounds belonging to it are not in the best order, yet they are in the style of all African gardens—a mixture of beauty and desolation. The orange, citron, and lime trees are in their fullest bloom; their branches covered with flowers, are at the same time bending down with the weight of fruit ready for gathering. The Arabian jasmynes and violets cover the ground; yet, in various parts of the garden, wheat, barley, water-melons, and other still coarser plants are indiscriminately found growing. The high date tree, with its immense spreading branches implanted round the gardens near the walls. The branches of this tree, which extends fourteen

feet, grow from the top of it, furnished with close leaves from two to three feet long. Each bunch of dates, which resembles monster bunches of grapes, weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. The tree grows nearly a hundred feet high. From this tree the Arab gathers the richest nourishment for his family, and from its juices allays fevers with the freshest suckaby, and cheers his spirits with that which has been longer drawn. They extract the juice from the tree by making three or four incisions at the top of it. A stone jar which will contain a quart is put up to each notch; the jars put up at night are filled by the morning with the mildest and most pleasant beverage, and, on the contrary, the contents of those jars which are put up in the morning and left till late in the day become a spirituous strong drink, which the Moors render more



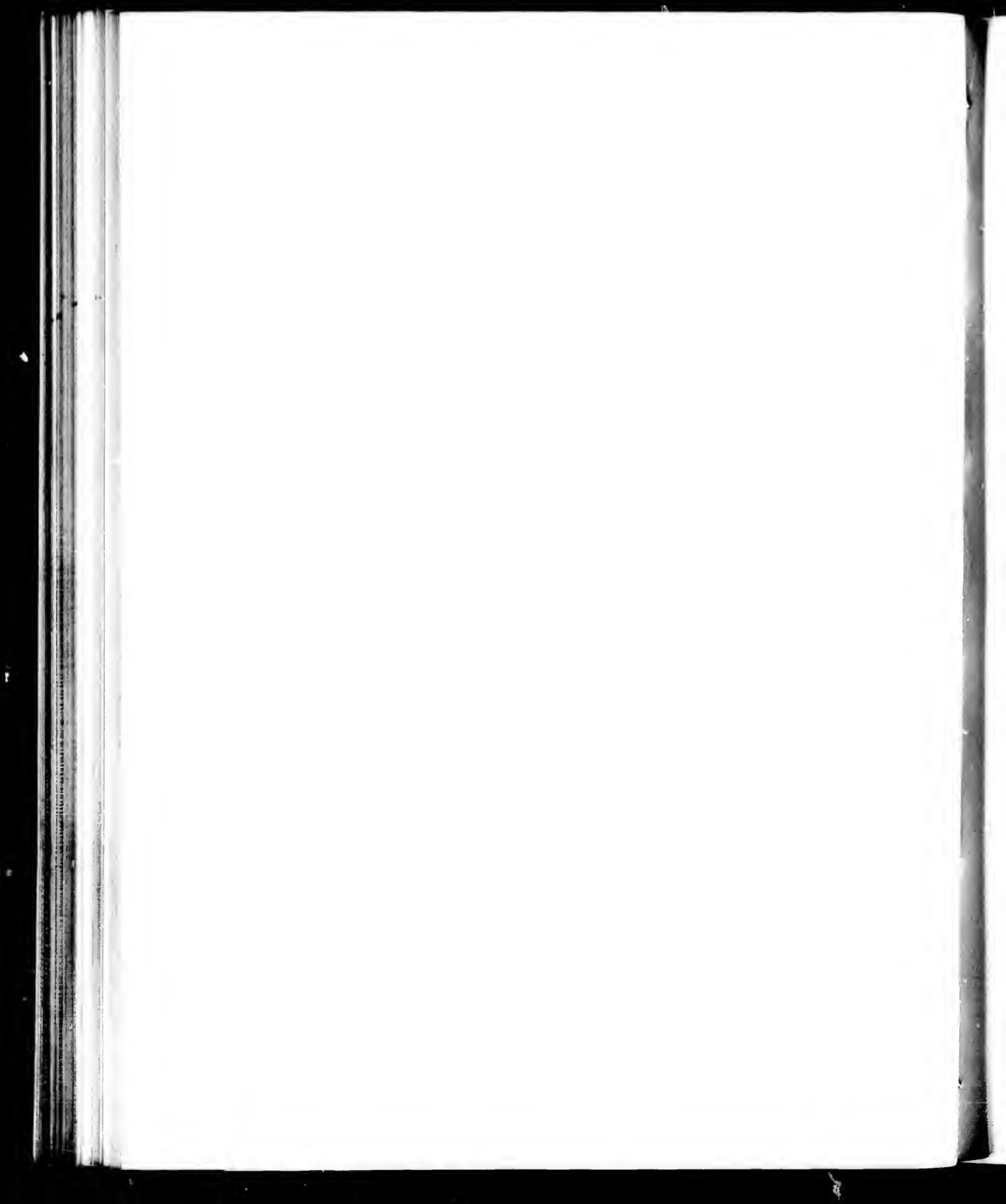
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HARBOUR OF TRIPOLI



perniciously strong by adding leaven to it. The tree will yield this juice for six weeks or two months every day; and, after the season, if taken care of, it recovers in three years, and bears better fruit than before it was bled, as the Moors term it. It is customary, in noble families to have the heart of the date tree at great feasts, such as weddings, the first time a boy mounts a horse, the birth of a son, or the return of an ambassador to his family; thus condemning this valuable tree from yielding further profit, for as timber it is of very little value. The heart lays at the top of the tree between the branches of its fruit, and weighs, when cut out, from ten to twenty pounds; it is not fit to be taken out before the tree has arrived at the height of its perfection. When brought to table its taste is delicious, and its appearance singular and beautiful. In colour it is composed of every shade, from the deepest orange and bright green (which latter encompasses it round) to the purest white; these shades are delicately inlaid in veins and knots in the manner of the most curious wood. Its flavour is that of the banana and pine; except the white part, which resembles more a green almond in consistence, but combines a variety of exquisite flavours that cannot be described.

The best dates, called by the Moors and Arabs *tupunis*, when fresh gathered have a candied, transparent appearance, far surpassing in richness any other fruit. In these gardens the Moors form no walks, only an irregular path is left, which you trace by the side of the numerous white marble channels that cross it with rivulets of water, as I have before described to you, through an almost impenetrable wood of aromatic trees and shrubs. The sweet orange of Barbary is reckoned finer than those of China, both in flavour and beauty; and the next best is a small red orange which grows at Malta, almost crimson within. Cherries are not known here; and pease and potatoes only when cultivated by the Christians. Water melons, as if ordered by Providence, are particularly excellent and plentiful. Many owe their lives to this cooling and grateful fruit, when nearly expiring through insupportable heat. The pomegranate is another luxurious fruit of this country. The Moors, by pressing the juice through the rind of it, procure an exquisite drink. The Indian and Turkey figs are acknowledged to be extremely good here. There are two sorts of apricots; one which is remarkable for its large size and excellence, while the other, with the musk melons and peaches, is very indifferent. There are several sorts of fine plums and some very high-flavoured sweet grapes, which, if cultivated in quantities for wine, would render this country rich in vineyards, from the ease and excellence of their production; but Muhammad has too expressly forbidden wine to Musulmans to admit of its being made in their presence, for even the sight of it is repugnant to the laws of the Koran. There are delightful olive woods near us, but when the olives are ripe it is inconvenient to walk under the trees on account of the olives continually falling loaded with oil. Near to these woods are marble reservoirs to receive the oil the Moors extract from the olives, and from these reservoirs they collect it into earthen jars; it is as clear as spring water, and very rich. The natives who can afford it are so delicate in their taste of oil, that they allot it to their servants when it has been made eight or nine months, and yet when a year old it often surpasses the finest Florence oil. The walls which surround the houses and gardens of the

principal people, divide this part into a number of narrow roads in all directions; beyond them are date trees, interspersed with fields of barley and high Indian corn. If to spaces of sand, separated by olive plantations, sun-burnt peasants, and camels without number, are added a burning sun and the clearest azure sky, a just picture may be formed of this place. The deserts adjoining, though singular in appearance, seem frightful from the frequent and recent examples we have had of their victims. A party arrived from them yesterday so exhausted that they would have died on the road if they had not been instantly relieved by the Moors. Four of their companions had perished the day before for want of water and from the excessive heat.

The gul-phars and best rooms in the country houses are sometimes delightfully relieved by a considerable stream of clear flowing water, conducted in a marble channel through the middle of them. The floors and sides of the apartment are finished with coloured tiles, and the ceilings carved and painted in Mosaic. In the inner court belonging to the house is a *labiya*, or reservoir, continually filled with fresh water from the wells near it, and which flows through it into the gardens; it is surrounded with a parapet of marble, and a flight of marble steps leads into it. There is only a broad walk left round it, which is paved or terraced, and into which the best apartments belonging to the house open. This circumstance affords a refreshing coolness to the house, and is most delightful during the extreme heat. (See p. 476.)

The life and adventures of a Georgian beauty, as related by the lady before mentioned, a near relative of Mr. Consul Tully, will serve to give an idea of the position of females in a Moorish seraglio, far more satisfactorily than any amount of description. The fortunes of the young Georgian, and which are common to most of the females provided for the harems of the great, derive additional interest from the circumstance of her having been wife to Haji Abderrahman, a Moorish ambassador who resided some time in England, and was reconducted to Tripoli by Captain now Admiral Smyth.

This Georgian lady related the events of her life in the most interesting manner. We saw her by appointment: she was evidently dressed with studied attention, and looked particularly beautiful. She wears the Moorish dress, not by choice but compulsion, as she observed with a sigh, that she was compelled to lay aside the Georgian habit when she embraced the Muhammadan faith, on the day she was married. She had dispensed with as many of the Moorish artificial additions to her dress as she could. Her jewels were brilliant from being all polished (the Moorish ladies often wearing them in a rough state), and what other arts she had used were not in opposition to nature, but successfully employed to improve her appearance; but any compliment paid to her person seemed much to distress her with the unhappy recollection, as she termed it, of her beauty, at the time Abderrahman purchased her. Her expressions of regret on this occasion, puerile in another, proceeded entirely from her education. She is sensible and amiable, of a very fine figure, tall, with blue eyes and beautiful small white teeth. Her countenance, though lively and spirited, is the picture of innocence itself. She was as superbly dressed as the Moorish costume would permit, and had for the outer covering a blue transparent baracan, fastened at the shoulders with a large cluster

of brilliants, with several rows of very large pearls hanging from it. She had double gold bracelets on her arms; her cap was entirely of gold, with a binding of black over the forehead set with jewels hanging over the face; and she had six large rings in each ear, set with diamonds, pearls and other precious stones. Two black slaves remained at her feet the whole time we were with her: when she removed from one place to another they rose up and followed her, and laid down at her feet again when she sat down; two other blacks constantly stood behind her. No Moorish lady keeps up near so much state as the Georgians and Circassians.

Abderrahman remained a widower for a few years with several children, and, rather than take a wife amongst the Moorish ladies, preferred looking out for a Georgian or Circassian slave, thinking she would behave with more attention to his children, through the fear of being sold again, or put to death: he therefore determined to go himself to the Levant to choose one for himself, and bring another with him for his nephew.

In his researches he met with two sisters equally handsome. Their being so nearly related would have deterred many Moors from taking them, from being both intended for one family; but Abderrahman, ever benevolent and kind, and unlike the jealous Moor, hoped to excite affection by becoming the constant theme of two so nearly related, if fortunate in his purchase; and he determined to wait for a proof of this before marrying the Georgian he intended for himself, or persuading his nephew to marry the other. Strange to relate, the bargain was made for both, in her own hearing, with her father; and her price was greater than her sister's, by possessing the acquirements of drawing, singing, and music. Equal care had been bestowed on their accomplishments, for on these is placed a Georgian's hope on the birth of a female infant. He views her only with the idea of future gain, and beauty without accomplishments would raise her no higher in the market than a common slave. Every nerve is therefore strained to excite natural and artificial graces, to make her excel in vocal and instrumental music, in all elegant works, and everything which can add to the fascination of her person.

She spoke with enthusiasm of her country, as a garden in the richest quarter of the world, where the choicest fruits and flowers grow spontaneously. The inhabitants make the finest wines and as much as they please, without consuming half the grapes that grow without cultivation, and overrun their hills. But it was not without some emotion she described to us the hard lot of her handsome countrywomen: born to a life of slavery, chains await them in the cradle. In this first affecting state, the unnatural parent with impatience views the rising beauties of her infant. Every growing charm fills her with rapture, not excited by that maternal affection which should characterise the mother, but inconceivable to believe, by the sordid idea of how much gold every lightened charm will bring her, when her child is put up to be bought by the best bidder. She expects offers from a number of different Turks who come to purchase these unhappy beauties, not for themselves, in which case the mother having seen the man but for hours, might still recommend to him the fate of her offspring; but no, the Turk purchases for the merchant he deals with, or worse, to carry her to the next market, where he expects a

handsome profit on his fair prize by putting her up to sale to a crowd of crafty traders. Those fair creatures whose parents may cherish feelings uncommon to the generality of people there, or whose vast riches may make them decline, or not think of selling their children, even those few are exposed to a lot as bad or worse, as they are frequently carried off by parties of Turkish robbers, who make incursions into their country, to seize on such unhappy people as fall in their way, and by that means procure beautiful women at a cheaper rate. These sons of rapine watch for those who incautiously stroll too far in their walks accompanied only by a few female attendants. They ride up to them in full speed, seize on their wretched prey and placing them behind them like a bale of goods, ride off with the same celerity; all which they do too quickly to admit of a discovery in time to redeem the unhappy captive, who has frequently many days' hard travelling to undergo in this manner, over barren deserts, before they reach any habitation.

These ruffians show their unfortunate victims no other indulgence than that of keeping them free from bruises and hunger, and that from the motive of a cattle-driver, who considers that a broken limb or a meagre appearance would spoil the price of his beasts at market. But the hardship and fatigue these fair creatures endure in this first of their journey often prove fatal to a frame too delicate to bear it, and rob the plunderer of his prize.

The first moment he thinks himself safe from pursuit, he incloses his wretched victim in a sack, which he carries with him for that purpose, to preserve her from the rays of the sun and other injuries.

Amnani is the Moorish name the Georgian received on her marriage with Abderrahman. She was about seventeen, and her sister younger, when they embarked with him from Alexandria. His attention at first was paid to her sister, and she herself was neglected. On their arrival at Tripoli, her sister beheld with perfect indifference the preparations making at Abderrahman's for her reception, while Amnani could not conceal her tears when the day was named for her removal to the house of Sidy Mustapha, Abderrahman's nephew. The first stern look, she said, she had ever received from Abderrahman, was on this occasion, when he bid them both withdraw, and for several days they heard no more of him. They talked over their misfortunes, and shuddered with the fear of being sold again, particularly Amnani, who had regarded Abderrahman with partiality.

At their next meeting, he presented her sister to his nephew, and desired Amnani to consider herself as the mother of his children, and to prove her regard for him by her attention to them. At this most happy period of her life, as she termed it, her courage almost forsook her: she fancied herself altered in her person, which seemed not yet to have recovered from the ravages of a sea voyage: she feared also a greater change from suddenly quitting a life of luxurious ease, where every indulgence and attention had been most profusely allowed her. To keep herself cheerful, and improve her looks, required now her utmost exertions, in order to convince the friends of Abderrahman, who were her enemies, that she was wholly taken up with the charge of the family. All of them were very young, except the eldest daughter, who was near her own age, and a great favourite with her father. The Georgian could not speak a word of Moorish, and was

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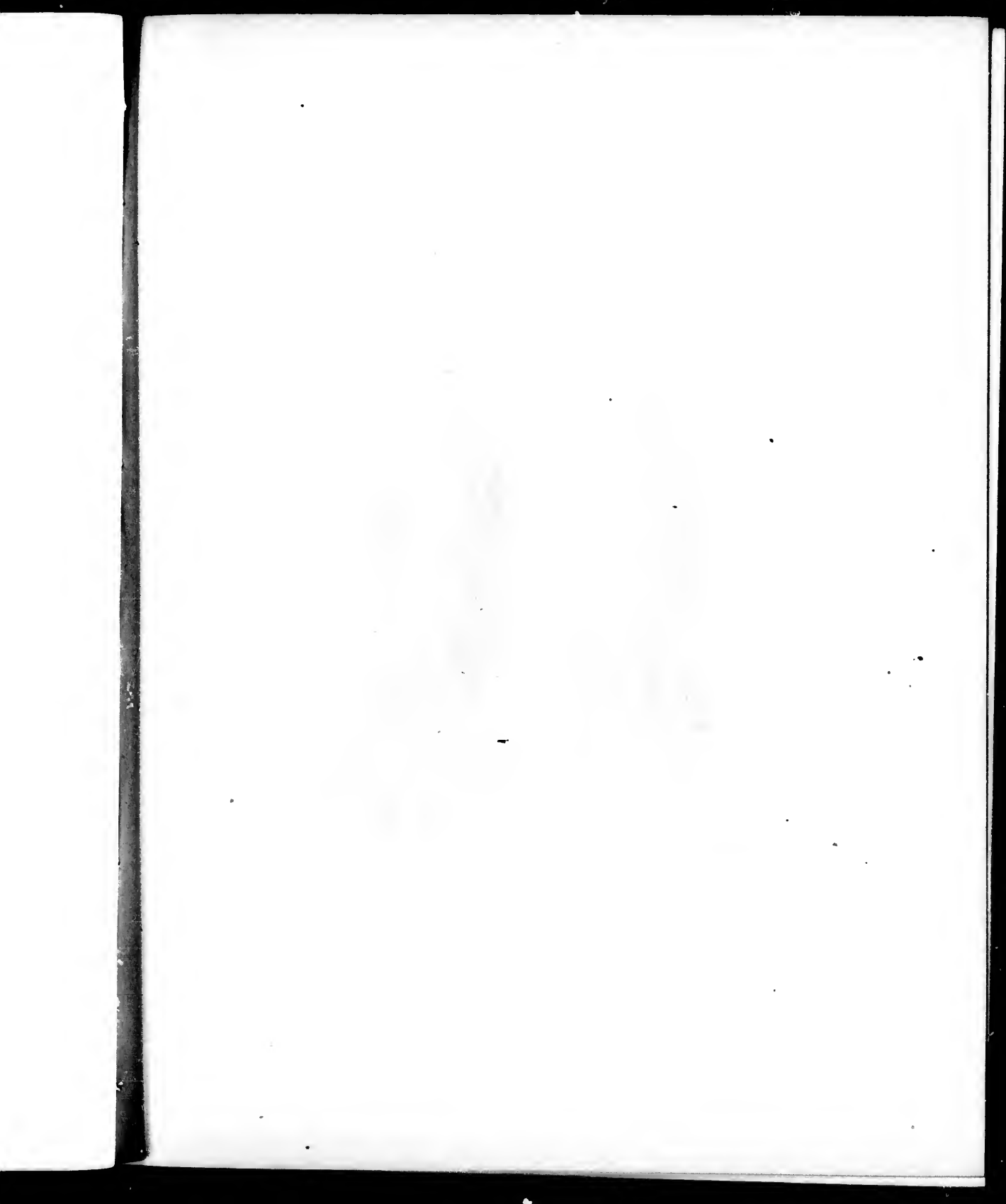
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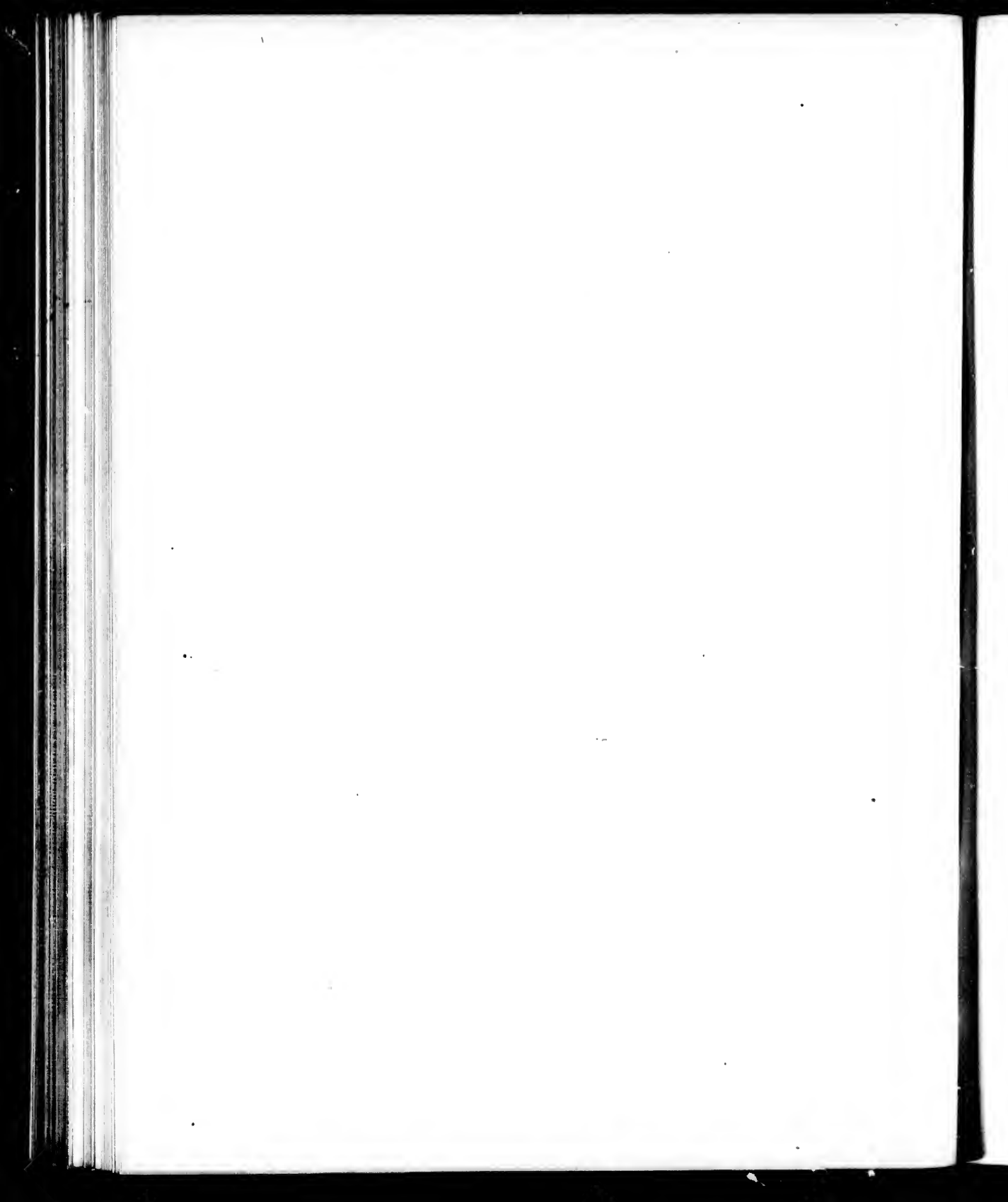
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ITALIAN CEMETERY

1864





besides a Christian¹ brought into a barbarian family, where the only enlightened person she could talk with was Abderrahman. Her first days were spent in endeavouring to divert Abderrahman's vigilance from perceiving the many malicious traits she suffered from the female part of his family, as she thought his displeasure, however excited, might only serve to irritate them, and consequently increase her own difficulties. Their continual visits, or rather examinations, she would gladly have dispensed with; and though she was treated, by Abderrahman's order, with every mark of attention, yet in her precarious situation, as his slave,

she was obliged to pay the greatest deference to their counsels, though often against her interest, till she gained sufficient confidence with him and Lilla Uducia, his daughter, to become more the mistress of her own proceedings. Abderrahman soon afforded her this advantage: he seemed to think all he could purchase for her was inadequate to her merit, and insufficient to show his attachment to her; and as a proof of the unbounded confidence he placed in her, he allowed her an indulgence quite novel to the Moors, that of writing to her friends, and receiving letters from them; but this was not granted her till after her marriage, which took place, with great pomp, in twelve months after her arrival at Tripoli, on the birth of a son who is now living, and for whom she confesses a distinguished fondness, by the circumstance of his birth having so soon terminated her captivity, made her Abderrahman's wife, and placed her on a level with the first ladies in

Tripoli near the sovereign's family. Abderrahman introduced her to his relations as a person to be respected as himself, and had her presented to Lilla Kebbiera, who, from Abderrahman's long and faithful services to the pasha, gave her a most flattering reception. Finding herself perfectly happy at home, a favourite at the castle, above the power of those who might wish to annoy her, and respected by the country, she appeared now at the zenith of her happiness, when

¹ The Georgians are all Christians of the Greek Church, and take their name from their patron St. George.

she received news from Georgia that her parents, by some unexpected losses, were reduced to the greatest distress. Amnani regarded her father with the strongest affection for the education he had given her, and almost lost sight of his cruelty in selling her. At this time Abderrahman, owing to a commencing scarcity in Tripoli, which has prevailed ever since, felt, in common with others, a great deduction in his revenues, and his increasing family made him very anxious to lessen his expenses.

Amnani was generous and timid, she brooded, therefore, over her family misfortunes in silence: her

lyre was laid by, her songs were cheerless and her looks grave, and often an involuntary tear spoke her unhappy. She was not aware of the danger of her silence till she perceived it from Abderrahman's looks. He lamented the change in her manners, without inquiring into the cause of it: this alarmed her, and she determined to acquaint him immediately with the source of her grief, without seeming to impose on his liberality, which to her was unbounded, nor to give up easily her parents, whose sufferings she could not bear to think on without agony.

While making up her mind to this explanation, Abderrahman was unexpectedly nominated, for the third time, ambassador to Sweden. So sudden was this embassy, that the day he received the proposal of the pasha, before his return to his house, the news of his appointment had already reached the unhappy Georgian, and then an ambassador's flag was hoisted in the harbour for his

departure. He found her more dead than alive. She told him the cause of her first distress, light in comparison to the present, in too short a time to explain it. He cautioned her to be aware of offending him a second time, by not making him her only confidential friend. The few hours that remained were obliged to be spent in audiences with the Pasha and transacting business, leaving a very short space of time to take leave of his family. To console Amnani for the distress she had brought herself into, on parting with her, he left her in his absence an unlimited power over all that belonged to him, and entrusted her to his brother



IRRIGATION WELL.

only to demand protection if wanted, but to be under no subjection—a circumstance most uncommon, as Moorish ladies are generally exposed to the vigilance of the husband's family in his absence.

Not long after his departure, one of his favourite children, by the first wife, died. The Georgian dreaded, and with reason, that the different branches of the family would attempt to injure her in the ambassador's opinion, with respect to the management of the child; but, as she expressed it, their malice blunted its point against Abderrahman's heart, without piercing it. She neglected (as is the custom here) to break and destroy the choicest of the furniture or looking-glasses in her house at the death of this child, for which she was much blamed, and said to have shown great disrespect to the family. All her enemies had persuaded themselves that she had, upon the whole, behaved so ill in his absence, that her destruction was inevitable at his return. Contrary to their expectations, however, when he arrived, Lilla Ammani was loaded with fresh presents, her brother sent for from the Levant, and her father and mother provided for. Abderrahman's attentions to her have never in the least diminished, and she often expresses her gratitude that her former wishes were not realised of being disposed of to a sovereign; and with reason, when she compares her situation with that of the three queens or wives of the late pasha at Tripoli, who are imprisoned, or obliged to live in the castle for the rest of their days.

Ship-loads of unfortunate blacks are frequently brought to Tripoli: they are carried to the bazaar, or market house, where they are bought by the rich people of the place, who occasionally sell them immediately to merchants waiting to re-ship them for other parts. We this morning saw a number of them, as we were going through the inner court-yard to the harem of a Moorish house of distinction. Two remarkably fine figures among some newly purchased blacks, a beautiful woman and a well-looking man, arrested our attention. By their gestures, it was easy to perceive they laboured under some very deep distress: the moment, therefore, our first compliments of meeting the family were over, we inquired the history of these unhappy people, and the reason of their present apparent despair. We were told they had given a great deal of trouble to the merchant's family, so that they were obliged to be watched day and night, and all instruments put out of their way, as they were at first continually endeavouring to destroy themselves, and sometimes each other. Their story will prove that there is friendship and fidelity to be found even among savages. The female, who is certainly beautiful for a black, is about sixteen, her hair long, full and shining like jet, her teeth beautifully even and small, and their whiteness more wonderfully striking from the contrast of her face, which is of the deepest black complexion. Her stature is tall, and fuller than that of the blacks in general. She is esteemed to be handsomer than any one that has been brought here for years. This beauty (probably the admiration of her own country) had bestowed her heart and her hand on the man who is now with her. Their nuptials were going to be celebrated, when her friends one morning missing her, traced her steps to the corner of an adjacent wood; and immediately apprehending she had been pursued, and that she had flown to the thicket for shelter (the common and last resource of escape from those who scoured the country for slaves), they

went directly to her lover and told him of their distress. He, without losing time to search for her in the thicket, hastened to the sea-side, where his foreboding heart told him he should find her, in some vessel anchored there for the purpose of carrying off slaves. He was just easy enough in his circumstances not to be afraid of being bought or stolen himself, as it is in general only the unprotected that are carried off by these hunters of the human race. His conjectures were just. He saw with distraction his betrothed wife in the hands of those who had stolen her. He knelt to the robbers who had now the disposal of her, to know the price they demanded for her; but all he was worth did not make him rich enough to purchase his female friend, on whom the high price of two hundred mabools (near a hundred pounds) was fixed. He, therefore, did not hesitate a moment to sell his little flock of sheep, and the small bit of ground he was possessed of, and then disposed of himself to those who had taken his companion. Happy that they would do him this last favour, he cheerfully accompanied her, and threw himself into slavery for her sake. This faithful pair were sold with other slaves to the African whose house we were in. The woman was to be sent off from this place with the rest of the merchant's slaves to be sold again, she having, from her figure and beauty, cost too much money to be kept as a servant. The merchant meant to keep the man, on whom a much less price was fixed, as a domestic in his own family.

This distressed pair, on hearing they were to be separated, became frantic. They threw themselves on the ground in the way of some of the ladies of the family, whom they saw passing by; and finding it was the daughter of their master, they could not be prevented from clinging round her to implore her assistance, and their grief could only be moderated by this lady's humane assurance that she would intercede with her father not to part them. The master, too compassionate in so hard a case to make use of his right in keeping either of these unfortunate slaves by force, expostulated with the man, showing him how easy his own blacks lived, and telling him that if he remained with him and was deserving, he should have many more indulgences. But the black fell at the merchant's feet, and intreated him not to keep him if he sent his companion away, saying, if he did, he would lose all the money he had paid for them both; for that though knives and poison were kept out of their way, no one could force them to eat, and that no human means could make them break the oath they had already taken in the presence of their deity, never to live asunder. In vain the merchant told this slave, that the beauty of his companion had raised her far above the price of those bought for menial servitude, and that she must soon become the property of some rich Turk, and consequently be separated from him for ever. This barbarity, the black replied, he expected, but that still nothing should make him voluntarily leave her; adding, that when they were parted by force it would be time enough for him to die, and go, according to their implicit belief, to their own country to meet her, as in spite of those who had her in their power, he knew she would be already gone thither, and waiting for him to join her. The merchant, finding it quite impossible to persuade him by words to stay, would not detain him by force, but he has left him at liberty to follow the fortunes of his companion.

Among a number of these new purchased slaves ordered into the apartment where we were, was the beautiful female black. For some time her attention was taken up with us, but the novelty of the sight did not keep her many minutes from bursting into the most extravagant grief again at the thought of her own situation. She ran from us, and hiding her face with her hands, sat down in a corner of the gallery, while the rest of her companions standing round her, frequently pulled her violently to partake with them of the sight of the Christians, at whom they gazed with fear, amazement, and admiration. But in these slaves just driven away from their native soil, hunted like animals from the woods where they had flown for shelter, and enticed from their dearest connections, the sight of white people must naturally inspire every sentiment of disgust and horror. However, by the time they were a little convinced that their dread, at least at the Christians present, was needless, some of them became quite pacified, and were ordered to make up a dance. The ablest amongst them took the lead, the rest, touching the tip of each other's hand and foot, according to their mode of dancing, formed a line, when each, with the greatest exactness and utmost grace imaginable, repeated the steps and actions of their leader in perfect time (*See* p. 602). But neither intreaties nor threats could prevail on the unhappy black to join in this dance. She sat inconsolable by herself, and continued many days in the same sullen condition; and all we could learn on leaving the house concerning this unfortunate female, lately so happy in her own country, was, that she was destined with her husband, or rather lover, to embark in a few days on board a merchant vessel, the owner of which had bought them both, with several others, to sell them at Constantinople.

It is somewhat sad to find a lady writing so late as in the latter part of the last century, of the natives of the great empires of Central Africa as "savages," because the abominable practice of slavery obtains among them. The allusion to the fact, as a curious one, that friendship and fidelity is to be found among them, is even still more astounding. As if the moral sentiments and human passions were not as strong in the black as in the white man! The prejudice would at any time have been more worthy of an American than of an English lady, and happy it is that the progress of geographical knowledge has now put all excuse for such foolish notions out of field, for it is impossible for any one to read of the power, population, and vast industrial, agricultural, and natural resources of the great empires of Negroland, as given, for example, in our synopsis of *Barth's Travels*, and not to feel, despite their disreputable slave-hunts, that it is only from ignorance that we speak of negroes as we do, and that, on their part, there is only ready communication wanted, in order that they should gradually be made to take the place that is due to them among the different prominent populations of the globe.

IV.

ROMAN TRIUMPHAL ARCH—ARCHES OVER THE STREETS—CONSULS STREET—TRIPOLI IN THE TIME OF THE REGENCY—FAMILY DISSENSIONS—AN ELDER BROTHER MURDERED BY A YOUNGER—A FRATRICIDE'S HAREM.

A RUIN of Roman times presents itself immediately on entering the town by the Bab al Behr, or Sea Gate.

It is a triumphal monument, consisting of an octagon cupola, supported by four arches, with the same number of pillars. The whole built, without cement, with enormous stones, sustained by their own weight. This monument was ornamented with carvings, figures, festoons, and warlike trophies, within and without; but the greatest part of these reliefs are destroyed; there remain only a few scattered and unconnected parts, which still show the ancient beauties of the work. On the north and west sides are the remains of an inscription, which, having been the same on both sides, was restored by M. Nissen, the Danish consul, by comparing them, and uniting and placing in order the fragments of both. Mr. Tully, British consul, at that epoch, prevailed upon the pasha, who seems, between family revolts, the encroachments of the Arabs, and the daring of pirates, never to have had a day's quiet during a long rule, to have the slag and rubbish removed out of the arch, which had almost choked up the inside and concealed the beautiful ceiling. Haji Skandar (Baron de Krafft) speaks of the same monument in more recent times, as disfigured remains belonging to the period of the Decline. The streets of Tripoli present a remarkable peculiarity, by their extreme narrowness, even in the East, the country of narrow streets, as also by the peculiarity, that at brief intervals, in some cases almost every ten paces, the opposite houses are united by arches about a yard in width, the object of which seems to be to keep the said houses apart, and prevent any dangerous approximation. This style of building is satisfactorily shown in the sketch given of the street designated as that of the Consuls, at page 480.

Baron de Krafft, writing of the palace or citadel, with its accumulated masses of ruinous structures, edifices, galleries, dungeons, and subterranean passages, says, one would fancy oneself in the castle of Udolpho, and it would be impossible to peruse there the gloomy pages of Anne Radcliffe without shuddering. Who can narrate the lugubrious dramas enacted within those dark precincts, when the eye of Europe was not there to watch the proceedings of the independent princes of the regency? Only two years ago, an old well within the citadel was cleaned out, and was found to be full of crania and other human bones.

There have been, however, eye-witnesses to these horrors, even at a time when there were European consuls tolerated rather than residing at Tripoli; for, at that epoch, they had not only little or no power or influence, but, according to Mr. Tully's sister-in-law, they were positively placed under an amount of surveillance and constraint that would not be submitted to in the present day by any European of independent spirit. It must be premised that, at the epoch we are now writing of, the so-called royal family of Tripoli consisted of Ali Karamanli, the pasha; Hassan Bey, his eldest son; Sidi Hamet, the second son; and Sidi Yusuf, the third son. The chief ladies of the court were, Lilla Halluma, wife of the pasha; Lilla Uduwa, eldest daughter; Lilla Fatima, second daughter; Lilla Aisha, wife of Hassan Bey; Lilla Zenobia, eldest daughter of Hassan Bey; and Lilla Hawviya, wife of Sidi Hamet. Sidi Yusuf, or "Lord Joseph," although the third son, aspired to the regency, and, in order to carry out his designs, he affiliated himself with some of the discontented Arab tribes of the neighbourhood. The anonymous author of the *Letters from Tripoli* relates that, upon one oc-

cusson, they had been away for a short time at the pasha's palace in the country, and that, on their return, all was calm and quiet. But it was not destined to remain long so. The pasha, the bey, and Sidi Hamet went to the marabout's together; and, during our late visits to the castle, we have found Lilla Halluma and the princesses happy, in comparison to what they were when we left town. There was only a little anxiety apparent to know how Sidi Yusuf was engaged whilst out of Tripoli; but that no person in or out of Tripoli could divine. It was thought by the family that Sidi Yusuf went out only to gather his tributes from his kaidaliks; but it was suspected by many that he was going about to the chiefs of the Arabs to engage them in his interest against his father and the bey. After his return, he remained at the pasha's garden in the meshid, and at the palace at which we were, whence he went at different times, apparently in the most amicable manner, to visit the rest of the royal family at the castle; and no one suspected the scene he meant so soon to bring forward. Sidi Yusuf's success in a plot so diabolically laid against the bey, is amongst those wonders which cannot be accounted for. Tired of waiting longer for the annihilation of the bey, he came to town, more determined and better prepared to complete the dreadful act than he had been before. He brought with him his chosen blacks, whom he had well instructed. The moment he entered the castle, he proceeded to his mother Lilla Halluma's apartments, to whom he declared his fixed intention of "making peace" with his eldest brother, and entreated her to forward his wishes by sending for the bey to complete their reconciliation in her presence. Lilla Halluma, transported with the idea of seeing her sons again united, as she flattered herself, in the bonds of friendship, sent instantly to the bey, who was in Lilla Aisha's (his wife) apartment, a confidential message informing him that his brother Sidi Yusuf was with her without arms and waiting to make peace with him; that she would herself join their hands together; and that, by the pasha's head, the bey, if he loved her, would come to her directly unarmed. The bey, actuated by the first impulse, armed himself with his pistols and sabre, to obey the summons.

Lilla Aisha, knowing the impartial tenderness of Lilla Halluma for all her children, was sure no open anger could threaten his life: her only apprehensions were from secret plots, but this the bey would never listen to. At the present moment, Lilla Aisha trembled for fear a report of the bey's passing through the harem to Lilla Halluma, with so hostile an appearance, so contrary to the rules, might give a pretext for the bey's being treacherously assaulted by Sidi Yusuf's people; she, therefore, observed to him, that, as he was going to his mother's apartments, where it was at all times sacrilege (according to the laws of Muhammad) to carry arms, his going there armed, after the message Lilla Halluma had sent him, would seem as if he meant to assassinate his brother, and thereby draw the vengeance of the castle upon him. The bey, after hesitating a moment, unarmed himself, embraced Lilla Aisha, and was departing, when she threw herself at his feet, and, presented him his sabre, entreated him not however, to depart wholly defenceless; and she would not let him go till he had yielded to her supplications. When the bey came to his mother's room, she, perceiving his sabre, begged of him (assuring him his brother had no arms) to lay

it aside before they entered into conversation. The bey, to whom there could not appear the smallest reason for suspicion, willingly delivered his sabre to his mother, who placed it upon a window near which they stood; and she, feeling convinced of the integrity of the bey's intentions, and being completely deceived in those of Sidi Yusuf, led the two princes to the sofa, and seating herself between them, held a hand of each in her's; and, as she afterwards declared to us, looking at them alternately, she prided herself on having thus at last brought them together to make peace at her side.

The bey, as soon as they were seated, endeavoured to convince his brother, that, though he came to go through the ceremony of making peace, yet there was not the least occasion for it on his part; for that, as he had no longer sons of his own, he considered Sidi Yusuf and his brother as such, and would always treat them as a father whenever he succeeded to the throne. Sidi Yusuf declared himself satisfied, but he observed, that, to make Lilla Halluma completely happy, there could be no objection, after such professions of friendship from the bey, to seal their peace with sacred oaths upon the Koran. The bey replied, "with all his heart;" that "he was ready." Upon which, Sidi Yusuf rose quickly from his seat, and called loudly for the Koran—the word he had given to his eunuchs for his pistols, two of which were brought and put into his hands; when he instantly discharged one of them at his brother, seated by his mother's side. The pistol burst, and Lilla Halluma, extending her hand to save the bey, had her fingers shattered by the splinter of it. The ball entered the bey in the side: he arose, however, and seizing his sabre from the window made a stroke at his brother, but only wounded him slightly in the face; upon which, Sidi Yusuf discharged the second pistol, and shot the bey through the body.

What added to the affliction of Lilla Halluma at this tragical event was, that the bey, erroneously supposing that she had betrayed him, exclaimed after being wounded, "Ah! madam, is this the last present you have reserved for your eldest son?" From her favourite son, what must these words have produced in the breast of the mother! Sidi Yusuf, upon seeing his brother fall, instantly called to his blacks, saying, "There lies the bey—finish him!" In a moment they dragged him from the spot where he was yet breathing, and discharged their pieces into him.¹ Lilla Aisha, hearing the sudden dreadful sound, broke from her women, who endeavoured to keep her from the sight, and springing into the room, clasped her bleeding husband in her arms, while Lilla Halluma, in endeavouring to prevent Sidi Yusuf from disfiguring the body, fainted over it from agony of mind. Five of Sidi Yusuf's blacks were at the same moment stabbing it as it lay on the floor; after which miserable triumph of their master, they fled with him.

This wanton barbarity, in thus mangling the bey's remains, produced the most distressing spectacle. Lilla Aisha, at this sight of horror, stripped off all her jewels and rich apparel, and throwing them into the bey's blood, took from the blacks the worst baracan amongst them, making that serve for her whole covering. Thus habiting herself as a common slave, and ordering those

¹ The bey had eleven balls in him when he died; one in his head, three in his left arm, and seven in his side.

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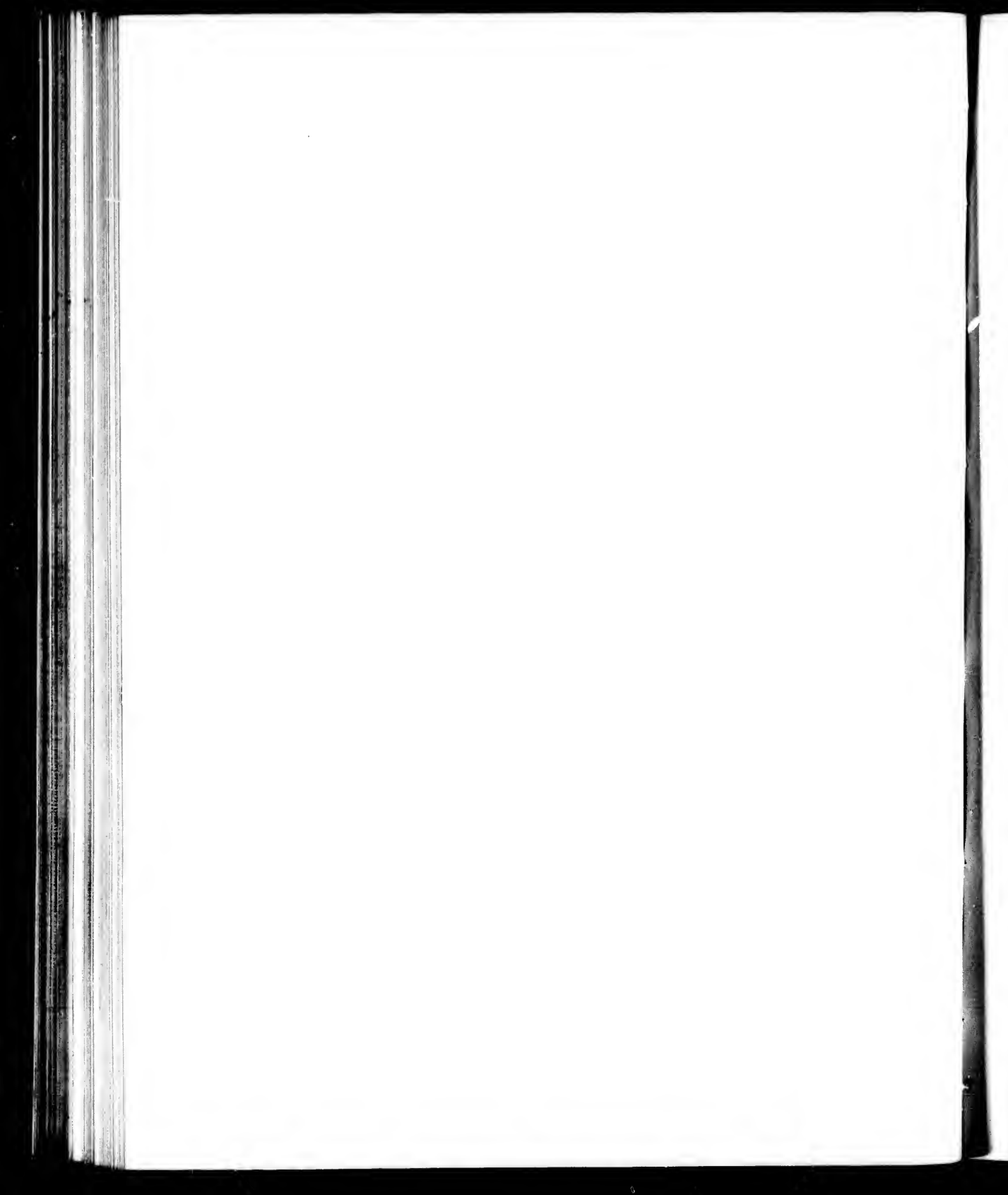
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ARABS OF TRIPOLI



around to cover her with ashes, she went in that state directly to the pasha, and said to him "that, if he did not wish to see her poison herself and her children, he must give immediate orders that she might quit the castle, for that she would not live to look on the walls of it, nor to walk over the stones that could no longer be seen for the bey's blood, with which they were covered."

As Sidi Yusuf left the castle he met Bey Abdallah, the great kayah, a venerable officer, the first in power, and beloved by the people. This officer, seeing the dreadful state in which Sidi Yusuf was, expressed his fear that something fatal had happened. Bey Abdallah was known to be particularly attached to the pasha's family, and, from his religious principles, could not be supposed to approve of this day's deeds. The moment, therefore, Sidi Yusuf saw him, he stabbed him to the heart, and the kayah instantly expired. Sidi Yusuf's blacks, who were following him, threw the body into the street, before the castle gate, and the hamper (the pasha's guards), who were standing by, conveyed it to his unhappy family. It was buried at the same hour with the bey. Sidi Yusuf had been three times into town to perpetrate this dreadful deed. The last time, he came at an hour he expected to find the bey unarmed and alone; but meeting him, on the contrary, armed and surrounded with his people, he kissed his hand, and after paying him the usual compliments, returned disappointed to his residence at the pasha's garden. On the 20th of last month he, however, accomplished the act, and nothing could then equal the confusion of this place. The people hurried in distressed groups through the streets, with their families and cattle, endeavouring to reach the city gates and quit the town, not knowing where the scene of havoc at the castle would end; and numbers crowded into our house besides those who had a right to shelter there from being under the protection of the flag. One of our dragomen met Sidi Yusuf with his trowsers and bernus stained with blood. He was followed close by his blacks, and riding full speed from the castle through the city gate, dreading at the moment the vengeance of the people. Various were the reports of the bey's existence for several hours. When the people were certain of his death, they began to arm, and passed through the streets in great numbers; the Arabs and Jebelins, or mountaineers, with their long guns and knives, and the Moors with their pistols and sabres, making to the inhabitants's most terrific appearance; each dreading to meet an enemy in his neighbour, and not knowing what party he was of.

The general alarm in town made it necessary to shut the consular houses. Ours had been closed but a few minutes, when two of the bey's officers hurried in despair to the door, and intreated us to let them in; expecting, as they said, to be massacred every moment by those attached to Sidi Yusuf, for being the favourites of their late master. One of them was Sidi Hassan, the nephew of the ambassador, Haji Abderrahman. His feelings for the fate of the bey were so acute, that he would have sunk on the floor had not our people supported him. In a moment after he entered our house, the bey's funeral passed, and Hassan instantly rose to join the procession, determined (as he said) to pay the last attention in his power to the Bey's remains, by supporting his coffin¹; though he thought it so hazar-

¹ This action, besides being deemed by the Moors as expiation for crimes, is likewise considered the greatest respect that can be paid to the departed.

dous, that he had not the least expectation of reaching the grave alive. He called to the other officer to accompany him; but he declined it, saying it was only sacrificing their lives to no purpose; and Hassan went by himself.

The bey was buried at three o'clock in the afternoon: the short space of little more than four hours had witnessed the bey in the bloom of health, in the midst of his family, murdered and buried!

The colours at the consular houses were hoisted half-mast high, as soon as the bey's death was announced; and all the ships that were in harbour fired minute-guns till he was interred, when the colours were hoisted up and the ships fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

The bey's widow freed every slave that followed his remains, but the people were so panic-struck, that the Moors of the highest rank seemed afraid to follow the body, and few accompanied it besides those who were ordered by the pasha to do so.

So little judgment could be formed of the pasha's state of mind at this critical moment, that the sheikh could not act in any way without sending first to the castle for orders, and waiting to hear from the pasha until he thought the town unsafe. Such was the agitation and dread the whole mass of people were in.

As soon as the bey was interred cha-ushes went through the town, proclaiming an order from the pasha for every one to be silent, not to assemble in the streets on pain of his displeasure, and to fear nothing. The cha-ushes words were, "To the bey who is gone, God give a happy resurrection;" and "none of his late servants shall be molested or hurt." But to the surprise of everyone, with this order no bey was proclaimed, which was unprecedented, as at the moment a pasha or bey expires, his successor is expected to be announced.

Sidi Hamet was from Tripoli when this shocking catastrophe happened, but was in town before night, and brought with him from Mesurata a chief of the Arabs (sheikh Alieff), and several hundreds of his people. They were encamped round the town during the night. Before Sidi Hamet reached town, however, the pasha had sent one of his confidential officers to Sidi Yusuf, desiring him to come to the castle. On word being brought that he was afraid, the pasha sent him his beads² to serve as a pledge for his safety. But even with this safeguard, Sidi Yusuf would not trust himself within the town.

When Sidi Hamet arrived with his Arabs, he went immediately to the pasha, who was so much alarmed at seeing him come into his presence armed, that he expressed his displeasure at it; but Sidi Hamet observed that he had that moment seen the officers whom the pasha had sent with his beads, to render the person of Sidi Yusuf sacred, after he had cut the bey in pieces! "This, then," said he, "is a moment when no person or action can be understood; every way is dark and uncertain, and therefore requires a strong guard, for fear of stumbling."

Sidi Hamet retired to his apartment, where, fatigued with travelling and overcome with agitation, he fainted upon the sofa. This accident happening so soon after his arrival at the castle, gave rise to a report that he had been poisoned, and threw the town again into confusion for some hours during the evening.

² The beads by which the pasha says his prayers are considered so strong a talisman in the hands of the greatest criminal, that they render his life sacred while they are in his possession.

... I am not writing from a country where the ideas and manners are so totally different from those you are accustomed to, I should almost fear that you could not credit the following account of Sidi Yusuf's conduct. The grave was scarcely closed over the brother he had mutilated, when he sent to town for Jews and a turban¹ to make a feast at the pasha's garden, where he was. The sounds of music, firing, and women hired to sing and dance, were louder than at the feast of a wedding. This was soon known at the castle, when, during the atrocious circumstance, the pasha retired, giving orders for no one to approach him till he called for them. From one of our rooms, which commands a view of a covered gallery leading to the pasha's apartments, we saw him seated in deepest thought alone!

Hamet, the second son was elected bey in succession to his brother, and to the exclusion of Sidi Yusuf, but the latter did not the less continue to act, not only in independence but in overt hostility against both pasha and bey. All the family turmoils did not prevent the leaders of the consulate paying formal visits to the assassin's wife, just as much as to any other lady of the court, and the account given of such a visit made shortly after this act of fratricide is very characteristic.

In going to Sidi Yusuf's house, we passed through some subterraneous passages almost entirely without light; and the superstition of the Moorish women with us (who were convinced that we should meet the ghost of the bey at every dark corner we passed) did not serve to enliven our minds, which were depressed with the fear of meeting more animated beings than spirits. When we arrived at the entrance of the last of these gloomy passages, a door nearly all of iron, securely fastened, prevented our advancing further till our names were reported. After some time, we heard the cuneh advance, push back the iron bolts, and, with great difficulty, remove two immense heavy bars, with which this pass had lately been guarded, to screen the guilty heart from the vengeance of all but its maker. As soon as this gate was opened, a lantern, carried by one of the eunuchs, gave just light enough to discover a part of their formidable figures and the glare of their arms; but when they held it up to take a better survey of those to whom they had given entrance, it shone fully on their faces, which, black as jet, were rendered more striking by the fierceness of their eyes and the whiteness of their teeth, and thrilled us with horror, while we reflected, as we followed them closely through the gloom, how lately their hands had been stained with the blood of the bey. We rejoiced when we saw daylight again, and found ourselves at a greater distance from these murderers. The tirewomen and blacks, who were sent to meet us, took us to an apartment, where we waited for the princess, Sidi Yusuf's wife. The floor of the apartment was covered first with Egyptian matting, over which were Turkey carpets; and, before the sofa, were laid over the carpets quilted satin mattresses with gold flowers. The sofa was crimson velvet embroidered with gold, and the cushions were of gold tissue. Contrary to the taste of the country, this room was not hung with tapestry, but nearly covered with looking glasses, and gold and silver fire-arms, trinkets, and charms. About the room were a number of large costly cabinets of mother-of-pearl, tortoiseshell, and ebony, some mounted

with gold and others with silver. Before the seida, where the couch or bed is for sleeping, four silk curtains richly embroidered were hung, one over the other. Upon the whole, the apartment was grander than any in the castle, except that of Lilla Halluma.

In a few minutes after we were here, the wife of Sidi Yusuf entered the apartment superbly dressed. An etiquette was observed when she entered which we have not seen practised in this place before: her people ranged themselves regularly on each side, her white attendants nearest to her, and her blacks the farthest off, forming a double line, through which we passed to meet her. It was the first time we had seen her. She is of Turkish extraction, young and handsome, but nothing soft in her manner, and her face has too much of the fierceness of a Turkish countenance to be pleasing. She was very reserved at first, but grew more familiar afterwards, and was so importunate with us to wait for Sidi Yusuf, who she said was expected every minute, that we quite despaired of quitting her before his arrival. When we parted, and before we got to the end of the galleries belonging to her apartments, we heard him with his blacks entering the court-yard below. The eunuchs who were with us wished us to return; but we desired them to go on, and soon reached the outside of Sidi Yusuf's harem, when the eunuchs quickly closed the tremendous door after us at the end of the subterraneous passages, with as much grating and difficulty as it had been opened.

On our return from Sidi Yusuf's we went with Lilla Halluma's women directly to Lilla Hawviya the bey's wife. The contrast was striking between the bey's apartments and those which we had just quitted. Here every countenance was open, and the servants looked easy and free from suspicion. Lilla Hawviya received us in the most courteous manner. Though this was merely a visit of form, a consciousness of her own dignity had satisfied her, without manifesting any outward sign of etiquette or ceremony that could be dispensed with. Her dress was more costly than usual, and she wore some additional jewels. She was engagingly affable but not cheerful; for who, as she said, can trust Sidi Yusuf? and she trembled for her husband's safety. We had not been long with her before the bey came in. We saw him cross the yard as we entered the galleries. He was then going to his father's levee; but Lilla Hawviya sent to tell him we were with her, and he returned to her apartment.

Sidi Hamet has never been out of Tripoli, nor is he in the habit of conversing much with Christians; yet his behaviour was mild, polite and courteous. His dress alone bespoke him a Moor. His manners to his family were not less affectionate and delicate than those of the most polished European. Lilla Hawisha, his favourite sister, wife of the rais of the marine, came into the apartment; as soon as she entered she went up to the bey and kissed the top of his turban, which instead of not deigning to notice, as is the custom of the country, he directly saluted her cheek and offered her his chair; this she did not accept, but made a sign to her blacks, who instantly brought her another. Chairs, which do not enter into the list of furniture for a Moorish sala, had been previously brought in for us, and it was the first time we had seen in Moorish company all the guests sitting on them. As soon as Sidi Hamet was seated, they brought him coffee and a pipe ornamented with gold, coral, amber, and silver.

¹ A sort of drum.

Moors of distinction hardly ever sit in company without their pipe and coffee. If they visit you they are immediately presented with both.

As this was a visit of etiquette, all the ceremony of coffee, sherbets, and perfumes were served, although we had already partaken of them at Lilla Halluma. The bey did not leave the apartments till a very few minutes before we went away, which was at sunset; he must therefore have been absent from the pasha's levee, for which he must have accounted to him, as the omission of this ceremony by the princes, without some particular reason, is considered a great mark of disrespect.

Sidi Hamet conversed with his wife and sister in a manner which showed he considered them as rational beings: he told them the news of the day, and heard their opinions on different subjects with a complacency uncommon to the Moors. He desired Lilla Uduziyain to send her women for some new gold bracelets for the feet that were making for her in the castle, which the Jews came there to manufacture. They were brought for us to see; the pair weighed nearly five pounds of solid gold curiously wrought, and from their weight they have literally the effect of fetters; but a Moorish lady walks very little, and with great caution when she wears them.

When we left the apartments of the bey, Lilla Hawisha, the rais of the marine's wife, accompanied us through the harem as far as the house allotted for the black female slaves. This place, though within the precincts of the harem, is farther than the ladies are accustomed to go. In consequence of this, a circumstance occurred that might have proved very serious, had it happened to any other than the parties concerned. From the long time we had spent with Lilla Hawisha, we were considerably beyond the hour appointed for us to quit the harem. The consul came to meet us as far as this place, a liberty, I believe I may safely say, that would not have been permitted to any Christian but himself; but the Moors look up to him as answering the title they give him of "Bawi" (protector), while they call his daughters, "Bint el bled" (children of the country). Lilla Hawisha's terror and surprise at finding herself so fully exposed to the eyes of a Christian, is easier conceived than described, in a country where the laws make it death for a Moorish lady to be seen by a male stranger. She instantly veiled herself and retired; but declared all the fault was hers, as it was indiscretion to wander so far through the harem, without sending to the house where the blacks are, to warn them of her approach. She intreated us to come again soon, and smilingly said, she should take care no such accident should happen in future.

V.

FURTHER CONSPIRACIES—THE CITY OF TRIPOLI BESIEGED—SIDI YUSUF'S WIFE AND FAMILY TAKE REFUGE IN A SANCTUARY—A MATHON'S HEROISM—A NOCTURNAL SKIRMISH—CURIOUS INCIDENTS OF CIVIL WAR.

The arch-traitor Sidi Yusuf did not remain long quiet. His next move was to get his second brother, Hamet Bey, to assist him in deposing the pasha, their father; he being in that case nominated bey till Hamet's son should have attained his majority. Hamet Bey would not listen to so unflattering a project, besides he probably felt that Yusuf, who had made away with his elder brother, and who now proposed to

make away with his father, would feel very little compunction in getting rid of Hamet himself and of his child, if they were the only remaining obstacles that lay between him and supreme power. Finding, however, that his vile proposals were not entertained, Sidi Yusuf immediately left the town, and, placing all his family at one of the country residences in the Meshiah, he addressed himself to the sheikhs of the Arabs, promising them large rewards, plunder, and future immunities and advantages, if they would help him to obtain the pashalik. At the same time, he threatened those who should hesitate with spoliation and massacre. This done, he fortified his country house, and abided his time with occasional visits to the town and palace.

Among the subterranean passages, says the writer previously quoted, through which we passed, belonging to the pasha's and to each of the prince's harems, and communicating with other parts of the castle, the bey has caused those leading from his harem to be closed up. This singular order was occasioned by the following event. During the fast of Ramadan, about a fortnight since, the bey went to pay a visit to his sister, Lilla Fatima, the widow of the Bey of Derner, who had sent for him. On entering the apartment, the bey perceived an Arab woman sitting in the room, wrapped in a dark burian; this did not strike him particularly, but the terrors of Lilla Hawviya his bride, who was there, and had purposely unveiled herself, surprised him; and she, at the same instant, made a signal to him with her eyes, to leave the room, which he directly did. Lilla Hawviya followed the bey as soon as she possibly could, and informed him, the figure in the dark burian was Sidi Yusuf, disguised as an Arab woman. She said it was the third time he had been conveyed in disguise into Lilla Fatima's apartments, for the purpose of meeting the bey there, and hearing his sentiments; and that she had seen the same figure each time, but never discovered it to be Sidi Yusuf till the present moment, when an awkward plot in his burian showed her a part of his countenance, after the bey had entered the apartments. On this account, the bey had all the subterranean passages that led to his harem securely closed. The bey's precautions can never be too great, while events continually prove Sidi Yusuf's intentions to ascend the throne at any price; the following illustration of which this day has furnished.

This being the first day of the feast of Bairam, Sidi Yusuf came to town to pay his compliments to the pashand bey, an etiquette which could not be dispensed with while Sidi Yusuf keeps up the least appearance of cordiality with his father and brother, as one of the strongest of their religious tenets is that of reconciling all differences at the feast of Bairam, and the least neglect or coolness at that period is considered as a declaration of open hostility. When the princes were at the pasha's levee, it was noticed that Sidi Yusuf was uncommonly agitated, and was eagerly pressing to get near the bey, as if to speak to him in private, which could not easily be accomplished, as the brothers were too much at variance to accost each other without ceremony. Sidi Yusuf at length came up to one of the bey's most faithful attendants, who, with the keen eye of affection as well as of duty, watches over the safety of his master in all critical moments, and desired him to tell the bey, that when their father's court was over he would go to the bey's gal-phar, where he much wished to be permitted to say a few words to him.

The attendant excused himself from going at that moment, by observing to Sidi Yusuf that the bey was speaking with his father, and he durst not interrupt them. Sidi Yusuf finding this man unwilling to deliver his message, sent another Moor, and in a few minutes after the brothers were proceeding to the bey's gul-phar, whither they were instantly followed by the infamous marabut Fataisi, and several of Sidi Yusuf's people; which this attendant perceiving, instead of accompanying them, he went directly to the bey's chief cha-ush, and told him to go instantly up with his blacks and take possession of the gul-phar to clear it from intruders.

As the bey was gone there with Sidi Yusuf. The cha-ush lost no time, but on his arrival he found that Sidi Yusuf's blacks, after the prince had entered, had already crowded round the door of the gul-phar, with their chief (Sidi Yusuf's cha-ush) at the head of them. In consequence of the information he had just received, he ordered Sidi Yusuf's cha-ush to draw off his blacks and leave him room to pass, but finding it impossible to prevail on Sidi Yusuf's blacks to permit them to gain a foot of ground without open hostilities, which at such a moment would have proved fatal to his master's life, he had recourse to stratagem to effect his purpose. He took the hand of Sidi Yusuf's cha-ush, as if in a friendly manner, and contrived by one squeeze to dislocate the man's little finger, the excruciating pain of which deprived Sidi Yusuf's cha-ush of all strength, and, knowing he was usurping a post for which if he said a word he might be cut to pieces, he led off his blacks directly, and left the door free to the bey's cha-ush.

Sidi Yusuf, who was already in the gul-phar with the bey, on seeing the apartment on a sudden so completely guarded, not by his own cha-ushes and blacks, as he had expected, but by those of the bey, rose quickly from his seat, and with his marabut (Fataisi) took instant leave of his brother, who has for the present escaped any mischief intended him, through the vigilance of his watchful attendant.

Thus foiled, Sidi Yusuf made another attempt to get his father, the pasha, into his hands, whilst his

followers plundered the gardens and country residences of both the pasha and bey. The town was now put in a state of defence, and the Arabs were called in for further protection.

At half-past ten the next morning, Sidi Yusuf appeared for the first time in open hostilities against his family. All the atrocities he had as yet committed received a ten-fold addition of guilt, by their having been achieved under the mask of friendship. On the appearance of Sidi Yusuf the second day, all the consular houses were closed, as were the shops and the houses of the inhabitants, who turned out with their arms and ranged themselves in the streets.

The pasha sent forces out early in the morning, to preserve the villages of the Meshiah from the further ravages of Sidi Yusuf's people. In the afternoon they brought in the governor or kayid of the Meshiah, who was carried to the castle to be strangled, but he is yet living. This man, instead of assisting the people and protecting them, had given every assistance he could to Sidi Yusuf. When the kayid arrived at the town gate, the pasha ordered his chances to proclaim Sidi Yusuf a rebel, and that it should be lawful to seize him wherever he could be taken, excepting in the marabouts or mosques, which may not be violated.

A noble Moor came into town in the evening of the twenty-second, and pretended not to have joined Sidi Yusuf, or to have approved of his measures; but he returned again to him early in the morning, and a short time after his departure, a quantity of provisions and ammunition was stopped at the town gate, which he had endeavoured to send out to him.

About an hour before noon, Sidi Yusuf's people attacked the town. We saw Sidi Yusuf for some time seated as kayid of the Meshiah in the Pinnura, in the place the kayid should have occupied had he been present. Just at this moment, the kayid of the Meshiah was brought into the castle-yard to be strangled; but he was remanded back. This is the second time in one day that he has undergone the terrors of being put to death.

The pasha has sent round the coast to collect the

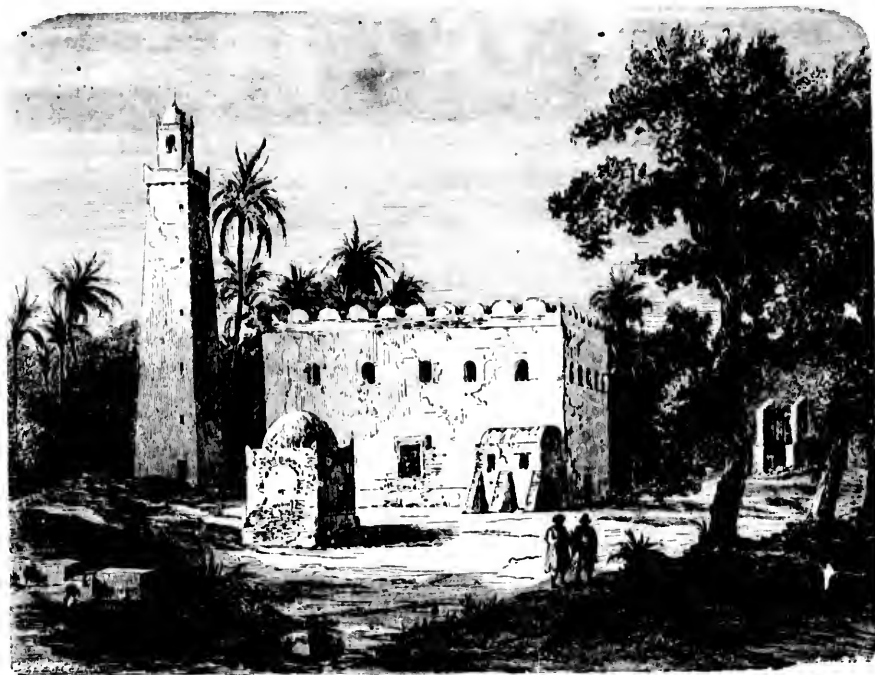


TRIPOLITAN GARDENERS.

Arabs. We saw a number of horsemen at a very great distance, approaching from the west: this circumstance gives courage to the people here, who were much cast down. The cannon from the town were fired at Sidi Yusuf's people during the whole of the day, which had the desired effect of keeping them back. But, though the firing was incessant, it did little execution on either side. Sidi Yusuf lost only five men, and a few horses belonging to the town were killed, notwithstanding there were upwards of three thousand shot fired. The cannon were not even mounted upon carriages; and they were fired by a Russian so bullly, that he frequently pointed them into the sea on his left, instead of into the Pianura exactly

before him. This account, I assure you, extraordinary as it appears, is true, for we saw every one fired.

From the situation and strength of the English consular house, it was at this critical juncture considered as the only safe asylum among the consular houses. It is very large and chiefly of stone, being built for the bey's residence many years ago. The side of the house which commands the harbour, Hamet the Great employed to contain a part of his garrison, having shut up all communication thence to the house, in which at that time resided two of his queens. This part was afterwards restored to the building. It is now considered strong enough to make a tolerable resistance, and is favourably situated, being isolated on



MOUQUE AT TAJURA.

three sides. On the fourth, it is joined only by Moorish houses, not sufficiently high to annoy it, therefore the flat terracing at the top of the building is very safe, being inaccessible except from the inner part of the house; so that, in the midst of the present troubles, we can in general walk on it with security. It is built exactly on the plan of all Moorish houses, with a square area in the middle, and a piazza, which supports an open gallery into which the apartments lead.

As soon as Sidi Yusuf arrived within sight of the town, the Greeks, Maltese, Moors, and Jews, brought all their property to the English house. The French and Venetian consuls also brought their families; every room was filled with beds, and the galleries were

used for dining-rooms. The lower part of the building contained the Jewesses and the Moorish women, with all their jewels and treasure. There was likewise a great quantity of jewels in the house belonging to the pasha, which were in the possession of some of the consuls, to be returned him at a future time. All these circumstances rendered it highly necessary to guard the house as much as possible, for which purpose a number of Schavonians, and other sailors, with small cannon from the Venetian ships, were ready with their arms to be stationed on the terraces.

Sidi Yusuf discontinued his assault upon the town about six in the evening. His people retired out of sight, and the cannon from the town ceased firing.

but it was expected he would return in the dead of night. The cry of the town-guard was without interruption till day-light, and at our house the consuls watched by turns the night through.

It did not prosper well with Sidi Yusuf—the fratricide—after this futile attempt. The chief Arab tribes declared against him; and his distress for provisions and clothes became so great that he was obliged to place his wife, Lilla Hawiya, and child under the protection of a marabut.

The pasha was induced, from a relation of their sufferings, to offer the princess an asylum for herself, her mother, and her son, at the castle; but this alleviation to her distress Lilla Hawiya would not accept: she says, she is ordered by Sidi Yusuf to remain at the marabut till he comes to take her from it, or till she hears he is dead. If the latter misfortune should take place, Sidi Yusuf has ordered her to take his infant to the pasha and go herself to the castle; if she be still permitted to profit of such an asylum. These being the last directions given her by the prince, she says, nothing but death will prevent her strictly following them. No person can force her from the marabut; but they might starve her to death there, as it is lawful to prevent the conveyance of either food or clothes to those who fly to these sanctuaries, by which privation criminals must either die or deliver themselves up, when nature can resist no longer. After this princess had refused to quit the marabut, the pasha, touched with her sufferings, and those of his little grandson, permitted clothes and provisions to be carried them from the castle.

The pasha, wishing, however, to make terms with his rebellious son, sent out his chief officers, the kaytayib, the kayal, the rais of the marine, and the shaktar, to treat with him before he quitted his gardens to attack Tripoli. On his mother-in-law being informed that it was intended they should be poisoned on the present occasion, she called to Sidi Yusuf from a gallery that surrounds a marble court-yard, and stretching out her arms with his son in them, declared she would drop the infant into the yard, unless Sidi Yusuf swore at that instant not to violate the laws of hospitality at her house, he being then at her gardens. "Let these officers fall," said she, "in any other manner, but not now; they are come as friends, and under your avowed protection, to see you under my roof." Her determined manner prevailed, and for that time these devoted people escaped with their lives.

A desultory warfare now ensued, all the more desultory as the pasha was supposed to be at the bottom favourable to the cause of Sidi Yusuf, and opposed to the pretensions of his second son, Hamet Bey. Skirmishes were carried on by night as well as by day on the Meshiah or Piaura, as the Franks term the great open plain, and all that was passing could be seen from the terrace of the consulate.

It was one of those clear still nights known only in the Mediterranean: the bright beams of the moon from a brilliant sky distinctly discovered to us the greatest part of the Meshiah with every object in it. The silence in the town was striking; nothing denoted

a night of cheerful relaxation after a long day's fast in Ramadan, at which time the Moors are seen in their yards and on their terraces, profiting by the few hours relief they can enjoy from sunset to sunrise, to prepare them for another day's abstinence. The greatest part of the inhabitants were without the ramparts guarding the town, and the rest of the Moors, instead of being sitting on their terraces, were, by their fears and the pasha's orders, retired within their houses. In the streets no objects were visible but the town guard with their hungry pack of dogs, prowling about in vain for some strolling victim to repay them for their vigilance. Near us not a sound broke upon the ear but that of the slow-swelling wave that washed the walls of the town; while, at a great distance on a calm sea, the white sails of the passing vessels were distinctly visible by the clearness of the night. Opposed to this calm were the confused screams and the incessant firing in the Piaura and in the country round, accompanied by the loud song of war and the continual beating of the tambura, or drum, to call the Moors and Arabs to arms. Frequent parties of Moorish horsemen and foot soldiers, we distinctly saw by the light of the moon, passing with swiftness over the sands in pursuit of the Arabs. The death-song breaking from different parts of the country, often announced to us the loss of some distinguished person on either side, who at that moment was numbered with the slain.

Some curious incidents characterised this internecine war, which derive interest as marking the Moorish manner of thinking and acting in war.

A party of Arabs carried a fine mare with its murdered master to Sidi Yusuf, who asked them why they had killed a man not fighting against them, as he had ordered that none but those armed against him should be molested; on their replying they had killed him for the sake of his mare, as the soldiers were so much in want of horses, Sidi Yusuf ordered the animal to be brought forward, had it shot in their presence, and desired them for the future to observe his orders better. Another extraordinary event was, that a Tripolitan, one of the pasha's people, having, on going out of the town, met with an old friend who was fighting on Sidi Yusuf's side, the latter began to reason with him, and endeavoured to persuade him to join Sidi Yusuf; but the Tripolitan told him to profit of that moment in which they were speaking amicably to save himself, for he considered it now his duty to take his life if possible whenever he should meet him afterward; on which the Arab instantly departed. The third circumstance, not less singular than the two former, was that the bey, after he had given orders for his soldiers to go out against his brother, perceiving Sidi Yusuf's people busy in carrying away their dead, prevented their going, saying he would not have the enemy disturbed till their present work was over.

At this time a reward was publicly offered to the Arabs, by the pasha's orders, before they quitted the town, of two thousand sequins to any one of them who brought in Sidi Yusuf's head. We saw Sidi Yusuf's men gathering up the sand on the plain and throwing it by handfuls towards the town. The meaning of this action was to show their contempt of the bey's people, and to excite them to come out. When the guns fired from the castle the Arabs ran off; but as soon as the balls fell, some of them returned and fired their pieces at the balls as they lay on the ground, hallooing and

¹ This respect for sanctuaries is descended from the most ancient times. Alaric, at the sacking of Rome, enjoined his soldiers to spare the blood of those who should have taken refuge in any holy place.—Chenier's *Present State of Morocco*, vol. I., p. 188.

hooting at the town for having missed their aim; when the pasha's horses were taken out to water at the wells, an Arab, in the pasha's pay, mounted one of the very best of them and rode off at full speed to Sidi Yusuf. The bey was at the same time so distressed for horses that he sent to one of the consuls for one to replace that taken off by the Arab.

The beautiful Zenobia, the wife of Sidi el Bunny and favourite of the late bey, is at her husband's garden out of town. Sidi el Bunny is one of Sidi Yusuf's generals, consequently he is fighting against the pasha. Zenobia has been continually sending secret intelligence to the castle concerning him; and she gave notice to Kayid Muhammad, to send thirty men to a garden where her husband is, to assassinate him. What a part for a wife to act! but with such extreme immorality as her character presents, such crimes are compatible.

VI.

ARRIVAL OF A TURKISH PIRATE—HE USURPS THE REGENCY OF TRIPOLI—THE KARAMANLIS OBTAIN SUCCESS FROM TUNIS—SIDI YUSUF USURPS THE THRONE—A PASHA IS SENT FROM CONSTANTINOPLE—FALL OF THE KARAMANLI FAMILY—MOSQUE AT TAJURA, A SUPPOSED CHRISTIAN CHURCH—RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE—MEDICAL PRACTICE—FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

AN interlude of a peculiarly Oriental character occurred in the midst of this prolonged civil war. One fine evening a fleet of Turkish vessels was seen unexpectedly to arrive and anchor in the harbour. Soon the news came that a Turk named Ali ben Zul was on board, and that he was the bearer of the sultan's firman to depose the pasha and mount the throne himself. The incident is thus related by the eye-witness before quoted.

There cannot be a stronger proof given of the degree of consequence attached to the sultan's firman, than the manner in which the Tripolitans have bowed their heads to it on the present occasion; for as the pasha and the bey at last ventured out of the gates defenceless to Sidi Yusuf, the pasha might have let Sidi Yusuf in, as he at one time intended to do, with his forces, to have driven the Turks off; but under the idea that the sultan's firman cannot be resisted, all has been submitted to.

By half-past six this morning, the officers of the frigate we are to go with were with us: they congratulated us on the ease with which the Turkish troops had been permitted by the Moors to enter the town, without harassing it with a battle; but everything is to be dreaded from the ferocity of the Turk, who, known to be a great enemy to the Christians, will always endeavour to insult them, except when restrained by interest. We breakfasted in a party of thirty, most of whom had passed the night in hourly expectation of the Arabs entering the town from the land-side, or the Turks from the sea-side. Before we had finished our breakfast, we were summoned to the terrace, to see the Turk come up from the Marine in the character of pasha: for, by this time, every person in Tripoli doubts the authenticity of the firman.

On the Turk's landing, all the Moorish flags were immediately changed for the Turkish colours; everywhere the crimson flag, with the gold crescent in the middle, displayed itself. As the Turks advanced, we saw them drive, with violence, the Jews from every part of the town, not suffering them to remain in sight

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while the Turkish pasha passed by, who was attended by a great number of Turks. The castle music, and the same corps of cha-uses which had for so many years announced to us the approach of the pasha and bey, preceded him; all the Turkish ves-els saluted him, and the batteries at the Marine fired, till he reached the castle. In his suite, we had the satisfaction to see the rais of the marine, who they last night said was strangled.

The despair and confusion of the Jews cannot be conceived: they expect to be stripped of their property, and happy for them if they save their lives by discovering all their treasures.

Everything is quiet in the Meshiah; and so few of Sidi Yusuf's people are seen, that it is thought by some of the Moors, he has determined to go to Tunis with the pasha and bey. Others say, he is collecting more Arabs to make head against the Turk, whom he speaks of and considers only as a ruffian.

Both the pasha and the bey may be said to have fallen sacrifices to the fatal effect of believing in destiny. When the unexpected news arrived at the castle of a new pasha being already in the bay, accompanied by a strong Turkish fleet, these princes were so paralysed with the thought of what they considered impending fate, that they seemed to wait, without attempting to make any resistance, till the storm reached them. When it was known that the Turk, who had arrived in the character of a sovereign, was possessed of the sultan's firman, the pasha and his ministers appeared motionless, and ready to bow their heads to the irrevocable decrees of the Porte. After some time, however, doubts were entertained of the validity of the firman, and of its having been obtained from the sultan; orders were therefore issued from the castle for the sheikh and rais of the marine to collect all the force they could, and oppose the Turk's landing; but neither the pasha nor the bey came out to animate the people, who feared, without a chief, to resist the man who in a few hours might hold their lives in his hand. An hour and a half passed after these orders were issued from the castle, without any appearance of their being put into execution. Messages were again sent to the sheikh and rais of the marine to arm, while neither the pasha nor bey approached near a window or gallery of the castle to see what was going on, or to show themselves to the people. From eight in the evening, the time was passed in fruitless messages from the pasha to his ministers, till midnight; when the firman was sent from the Turk on board the fleet, with great ceremony, to the castle, and the pasha ordered to quit it, or receive his death there.

The pasha, the bey, and the bey of Bengazi went off, accompanied by a tribe of the Nuiyialis, headed by their chief, Sheikh Ali ef. This officer confirmed the accounts given us, of the pasha having fainted three times in his way from the castle to the gates of the town. He felt severely for not having sent the females of his family, at any risk, to the Meshiah, which it was now too late to do; but they comforted the pasha by reminding him that all royal female captives must be safe according to the tenets of their Prophet, who forbids their being in the least annoyed in cases of war. The subsequent conduct of the Turk and his men, however, proved the pasha's fears just, and themselves to be banditti, and not authorised from the Porte; for, contrary to all Muhammadan laws, they took not

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only from all the ladies of the castle, but even from the pasha's daughters, their jewels and every valuable article they had about their persons, and of those ladies who were not detained in the castle few had more than a baracan to cover them. One of the princesses, Lilla Fatima, had the courage to resist the ruffians, and declare, that as she was a pasha's daughter, she would submit to death rather than leave the castle in such a state. They yielded to her remonstrances, and afforded her some more of her clothea. Lilla Halluma, who was very ill, was carried out in the arms of her blacks, to whom she had formerly given their freedom, for all the slaves in attendance were detained at the castle, male and female, for the Turk's service, or to be sold. These blacks, some living within the castle and some in the town, now gratefully flocked round their afflicted mistress to offer their services to her at this unfortunate moment. They bore her from the castle, accompanied by the widow of the late murdered bey, and these two royal fugitives are now secreted in town, but as yet we know not where. The late bey's beautiful daughter the Turk has detained in the castle, having declared his determination to marry her, and place her on the throne; but his intentions, instead of affording consolation to the family, can only distract them, as everybody seems convinced that this usurper, who calls himself Ali ben Zul, and has risen under sanction of some of the pashas to a command in the sultan's navy, was noted for his piracies, and has formerly been considered as the chief of a banditti of Arnauts, a people who are the refuse of the Turkish dominions.

This Turk put into the harbour of Tripoli with his ships several times lately, in his expeditions from the Porte to Egypt, which afforded him an easy opportunity of becoming acquainted with the dissensions in the pasha's family, and consequent disorder of the kingdom. Ali ben Zul, perceiving the general confusion, determined to profit by the defenceless state of the country, hoping to silence the sultan's ministers by the rich presents he will send hence, amassed by murder and rapine.

At this crisis the old pasha, with his son Hamet Bey, joined their forces with those of the rebel Sidi Yusuf, and thus united and backed by the Arabs, they made several ineffectual attempts to recover the city, but being discomfited they at length repaired to the Bey of Tunis to ask his assistance. The old pasha remained at Tunis, but Hamet Bey and Sidi Yusuf, so lately at deadly variance, returned to Tripoli with auxiliary forces, and they succeeded in driving the usurper away.

By the decrees of the sultan, the Bey of Tunis, and Ali Pasha, the Bey of Tripoli, and Sidi Yusuf, were jointly to share the throne of Tripoli; but soon after the two princes had cleared Tripoli of the Turks, Sidi Yusuf executed one of his schemes against the bey, which completely shut him out from regal power; and this was accomplished in the following singular manner.

The bey, warned by his friends or by his own apprehensions, had for a long time since his return to Tripoli, avoided quitting the town but in company with Sidi Yusuf, from the fear of the latter acting inimically to his interest whilst absent, or preventing his entering the town again on his return. But the two princes being out in the Meshiah together, Sidi Yusuf, on a dispute with his brother, left him, reached the gates of the town some minutes before him, and without further

ceremony closed them against the bey; he then ordered him from the walls to retire to Derner, of which, he said, he permitted him to be bey; adding, that on his refusal, he should be sacrificed before the walls of Tripoli. The bey having no other resource, turned about with the few people he had with him and went to Derner, of which place he is the bey, leaving his brother, Sidi Yusuf, quietly seated on the throne as pasha of Tripoli.

A disposition in the bey to give up his kingdom quietly, seems to promise him a happier life in this retreat than he has before experienced; while he need not envy Sidi Yusuf the throne, accompanied as it must be by dreadful reflections. Every object around must daily and hourly remind him of the late bey's murder, perpetrated in the same room in which he himself first drew breath, and which room still remains shut up in testimony of the dreadful scene performed within it.

Thus it was that Tripoli fell twice before Turkish corsairs, once when Dragut Rais expelled the Knights of St. John in 1551; and secondly, when Ali ben Zul captured the place from the descendants of, the first vassal or semi-independent regents. The rule of the last was, we have seen, brief, and the reign of Yusuf Pasha, who succeeded, was not altogether so bad as might have been expected from the series of crimes and usurpations by which he paved his way to dominion. It would be, perhaps, more just to say, that where so much evil and corruption existed, that Yusuf, who enjoyed a very long reign, was not worse than his predecessors, for though he administered public affairs with no very gentle hand, he was credited with more liberal views than most of the rulers of that unhappy country; property was to a certain extent respected, and commerce improved, the markets well supplied, manufactures encouraged, and population was increasing. As time elapsed, however, his natural proneness to avarice and cruelty manifested themselves more than ever, and at length after a reign of forty years, he was shut up within the walls of his palace by his revolted subjects, and was obliged to abdicate. Hence arose a civil war between two of his descendants, which lasted three years. The Porte at first espoused the cause of the third son, Ali (his two elder brothers being dead), and who was in possession of the town of Tripoli; but being unable to force him upon the Arab Sheikhs in the country, who had attached themselves to the cause of Em Hamet, son of Hamet Bey, who had retired to Derner, considered by Captain Beechey to be one of the most favoured towns on the coast, as far as its site is concerned; a fleet was sent to carry off Ali, and to place a chief—Askar Ali, or "the soldier Ali"—appointed from Constantino. Em Hamet, unable to survive the fall of his family—the Karamanli chiefs of Tripoli—killed himself; but the last descendants of the race are refugees in Malta, and they have still a strong party in the country, who render Askar Ali's sway almost powerless beyond the walls of the capital, notwithstanding that many of the Arab tribes have acquiesced in the rules of the Turks, the renowned Ghumas—Auar ghuma, Auar shifana, Auar-iyema, and Auar fellah, having been the last to uphold their independence.

These tribes were induced to give in their submission mainly through the instrumentality of the Consul-General of France; the country which he represents having, in accordance with the see-saw policy which is unfortu-

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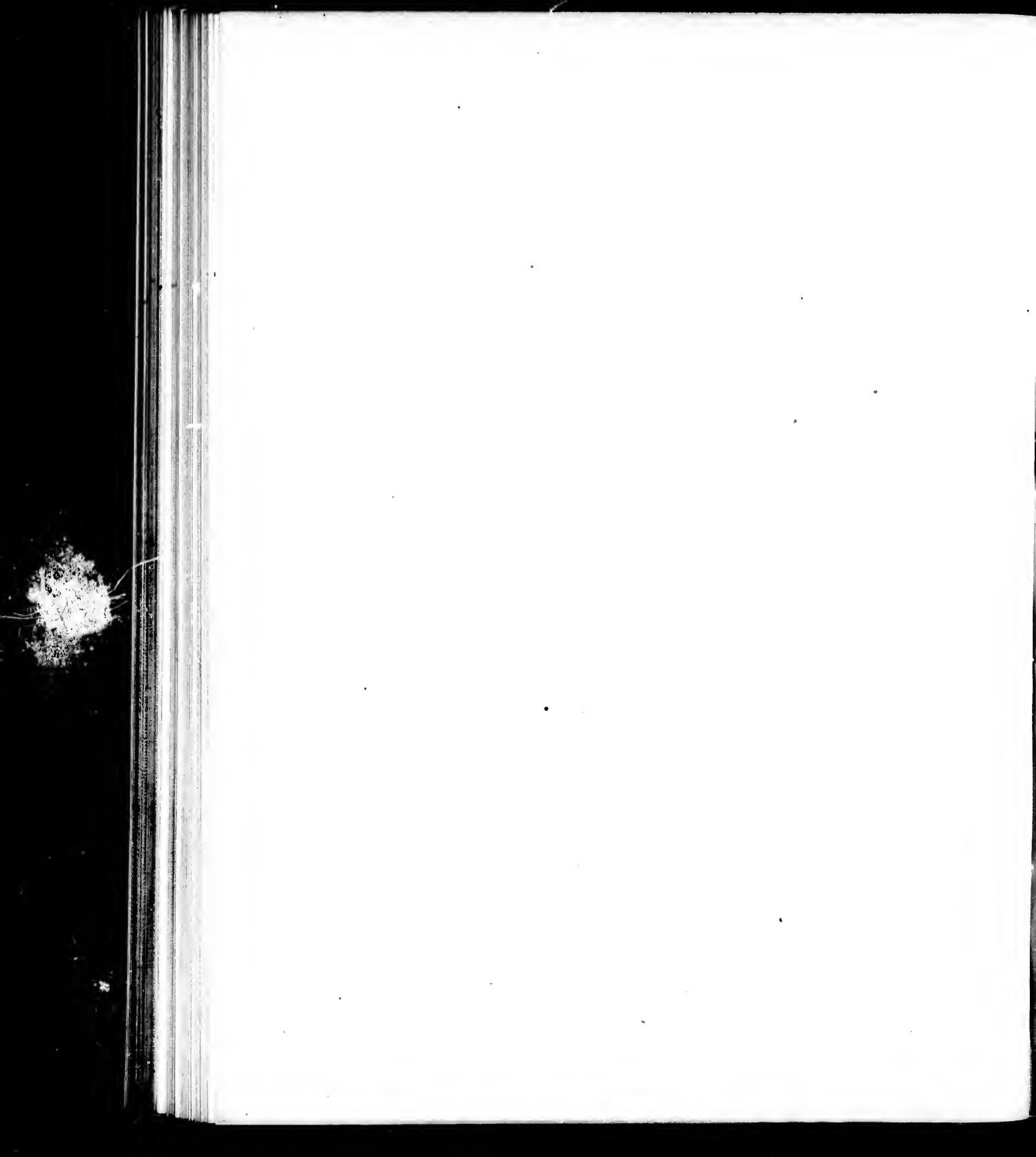


By P. P. P. P.

1850

Architect. Hall's

1850



nately everywhere practised in the East, deemed it to be its interest to support the existing pasha, and therefore to do everything in its power to consolidate his rule, simply because the ex-royal family have sought and obtained refuge under the British flag at Malta.

Baron de Krafft looks upon these Bedawin as the true Lotophagi, and he deems these, with some degree of plausibility, to be neither devourers of Karub beans, nor suckers of jujube, but simply date-eaters—"rotal" having, he says, been transposed into "lotob."

An excursion in the country in the time of the reign of the Karamanlis was not precisely what it is in the present day. We shall illustrate our sketch of the Mosque of Tajura (see p. 495) by a characteristic account of a visit made to that site which is about nine miles to the east of Tripoli, and where at the cape of the same name is a castle that has always played a prominent part in Tripolitan rebellions. Our party for this excursion consisted of twenty, and though our guards or dragomen and servants, with those belonging to the other consuls who went with us, amounted to more than that number, yet it was not thought safe to go without some of the hamjers, or pasha's guards, from the castle, which was granted for our further security. The place where we dined was an olive grove, with grounds belonging to the pasha's first minister, Mustapha Scrivan, where Moors are stationed to take care of his lands. Mustapha Scrivan's eldest son, and a sherrif of Mekka accepted of an invitation to join the party, accompanied us with our attendants and dined with us, sharing the amusements of the day, which were rendered more pleasant, as their presence gave greater security to our excursion by contributing to keep the Moors and Arabs in order.

For some miles after we left the town of Tripoli, the soil the greatest part of the way was a white silver sand, the brilliancy of which, in a long journey, is often fatal to the eyes of the traveller. This appearance is peculiar to the sands and deserts nearest Tripoli; their extreme whiteness makes the contrast between them and the deep red sands brought by the khamsin or hot winds from the interior, too striking to pass unnoticed.

In our ride, where the foliage of the Indian fig was in abundance, the roads, fields, and other inclosures, to which it served as fences, made a most extraordinary appearance. This immense leaf grows here to the length of sixteen or seventeen inches, and eight or nine in width; its consistence renders it nearly the substance of wood: while it is young, it is of a beautiful green, growing without stem, one leaf out of the other. This extraordinary shrub forms a hedge of fourteen or fifteen feet high, and eight or nine feet thick, making a much stronger fence than either brick or stone walls. This being the season for it to blossom, its appearance was truly curious; every leaf was set close round the edge with the full blossoms of the fruit, which were orange colour tipped with crimson; and the shape of the leaves forming large scolops, the extreme brightness of the sun gave the hedges and fields an appearance of being everywhere richly decorated in festoons of gold and red.

The cultivated grounds we passed were not laid out with method or design, but were inclosures of trees of all sizes and qualities, and placed in all directions, among which the towering date-tree was everywhere conspicuous, displaying close to its summit luxuriant branches of the ripe date, resembling amber: cabbages,

turnips, wheat and barley, grew in variegated and confused patches beneath them. The gardens of people of distinction, by being chiefly confined to the orange, lemon and citron trees, made a most beautiful appearance, heightened by the effect of the sun.

At the distance of a few miles from Tripoli, the greatest part of the Moors we met had on no other garment but the red cap and the dark brown baracan of web or woollen, which served to cover them from the shoulders to the middle of the leg, placed in ample folds, according to their own taste, around their bodies, but leaving the right arm and shoulder exposed. Coral, bits of tin, and beads ornamented the women's heads, and a lighter baracan, generally black, wrapped tightly round them, composed the whole of their dress. These women stared at us as much as we did at them, and did not seem over diligent to conceal their features from our party, but were careful in covering themselves when the Sherrif of Mekka, or Mustapha Scrivan's son, or any of the guards who were with us, approached them.

Just before we reached Sahal, we stopped to look at a small mosque in a village that was open at the time we passed. It was remarkable for its great neatness, and the gay china tiles with which it was lined throughout. The floor was covered with bright Tunisian carpets; and the pulpit with the steps ascending to it, was of the brightest marble; yet the congregation that came to this neat little mosque was wholly composed of the unclad peasantry of a mud village. To nothing, however, are the Muhammdans more attentive than to the beauty and cleanliness of their mosques and burying places.

When we first arrived at Sahal, we stopped only to examine the olive plantations, where we were to dine, and found, as had been described to us, that the olive trees formed a shade impenetrable to the sun's rays, and promised us a delightful shelter from the atmosphere, which was getting now intensely hot; but we still continued our ride to view a salt lake in the midst of the sands, called the Lake of Tajura, not far from the village of that name. At this time it was nearly dry; but when full, it covers a mile and a half of ground, and is in most places half a mile across. When this lake is dry there remains a bed of salt round the edge as hard as stone; it is broken with great difficulty, and brought in burs to Tripoli. This lake produces a great deal of salt, and is the chief place whence this article is taken which is exported from the kingdom: it is much finer, both in flavour and colour, than the salt from the two famous lakes of Delta, on this side Alexandria. The beds of these two extraordinary lakes are a sort of ditch, from ten to twelve miles in length, and near a mile in width: they are dry nine months in the year, but in the winter there comes from the ground a deep violet-coloured water, filling the lakes to five or six feet. The return of the heat dries this water up, and there remains a bed of salt above two feet in thickness, and so hard that it is broken by bars of iron. They procure from these lakes thirty-six thousand quintals of salt every year, a quintal being about one hundred and twenty pounds weight.

The Lake of Tajura is nearly surrounded by sands, but on approaching the village of Tajura there appeared innumerable small clusters of trees at considerable distances from each other. In the middle of each clump the sands carried thither by the winds lay in a

conical form, nearly as high as the tops of the trees, presenting an appearance of having been brought there by human exertion for some particular purpose.

The Muhammadan peasantry, though slaves to their lords in everything but name, appeared contented and happy. Whole families were lying round the doors of their cottages, laughing, smoking, singing, and telling romantic tales. They brought us out fresh dates, bowls of new milk, and jars of sweet lakaby.

In these mixed circles of peasants, it was worth while for persons more refined than the Moors to observe, through the rudeness of their manners, the attentions paid from the young to the aged, and from the son to the father. But Moors, Turks, and Arabs are remarkably kind to their children; and, in return, children are eminently obedient and affectionate to their parents, and submissive to their superiors. It was easy to discern in a moment, by his manner, when a young man was speaking to his father, his superior, or an older man than himself: to each he used a different sort of marked respect, both in his gesture and words.

Our admiration of the village marabut, or mosque, near Sahal, gave an offence to the Moors, which had nearly proved more serious than we at the time imagined. Several Moors came up to us on our leaving the marabut; but when spoken to by the guards, and seeing two persons of such distinction with us, a sherrif of Mekka and the son of the first minister, they retired, though evidently much discontented. Several other parties advanced to us, one after the other, and retired in the same manner: we thought little more of this circumstance, and continued our ride. Several hours afterwards, while we were dining under the olive trees at Sahal, some Moors appeared at a distance, apparently from the curiosity they in general have to see Christians. They hailed us with a compliment paid here from inferiors, that of "Salam alaikum" (may there be peace between us), and received from our party the appropriate answer to it of "Alaikum salam" (there is peace between us). Our servants carried to them, as usual, dishes of meat, and the Moors greeted us often in return with the expression of "Allah bark" (God prosper you). This cordiality seemed to speak all well. As the number of the Moors increased, we perceived their good-will towards us declined, and from the time we had finished our repast and prepared to mount our horses, till we nearly reached the town, they followed us, murmuring and expostulating with our dragomen; and it certainly was owing to the rank of our two Moorish friends who were with us, that they did not molest us. As a proof of their hostile intentions, the Governor of Sahal reported this circumstance to the pasha yesterday, saying, the Moors would have attacked the Christians if he had not prevented them in time. As we did not know exactly the extent of our danger, we arrived in town satisfied with having spent a very agreeable day.

The Baron de Krafft paid a visit to the same mosque, which he had been told was an old church built by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century; but he satisfied himself, by close examination of the buildings, that there were no grounds for such a supposition. He believes this mosque to be, however, of great antiquity, dating possibly from the time of the first eruption of Islamism, and that hence it may have been used as a church by the Spaniards during the epoch of their domination in this country, which circumstance, he

thinks, may have given origin to this legend. Our illustrations, as are also the others referring to Tripoli, are from drawings made from photographs taken on the spot.

In common with most Eastern cities, Tripoli has suffered at various periods from the ravages of the plague. Of this disease, which carried off so great a number of the population of that city in 1785, the writer above quoted makes the following mention.

The plague now (June 28th, 1785) depopulating this place is said to be more severe than has been known at Constantinople for centuries past, and is proved by calculation to destroy twice the number of people in proportion to those who died of the same disorder lately at Tunis, when five hundred a day were carried out of that city. To-day upwards of two hundred have passed the town gate.

Our house, the last of the Christian houses that remained in part open, on the 14th of this month commenced a complete quarantine. The hall on entering the house is parted into three divisions, and the door leading to the street is never unlocked but in the presence of the master of the house, who keeps the key in his own possession. It is opened but once in the day, when he goes himself as far as the first hall, and sends a servant to unlock and unbolt the door. The servant returns, and the person in the street waits till he is desired to enter with the provisions he has been commissioned to buy. He finds ready placed for him a vessel with vinegar and water to receive the meat, and another with water for the vegetables.

Among the very few articles which may be brought in without this precaution is cold bread, salt in bars, straw ropes, straw baskets, oil poured out of the jar to prevent contagion from the hemp with which it is covered, sugar without paper or box. When this person has brought in all the articles he has, he leaves by them the account, and the change out of the money given him, and retiring shuts the door. Straw, previously placed in the hall, is lighted at a considerable distance, by means of a light at the end of a stick, and no person suffered to enter the hall till it is thought sufficiently purified by the fire; after which a servant, with a long stick, picks up the account and smokes it thoroughly over the straw, still burning, and, locking the door, returns the key to his master, who has been present during the whole of these proceedings, lest any part of them should be neglected, as on the observance of them, it may safely be said, the life of every individual in the house depends.

Eight people in the last seven days, who were employed as providers for the house, have taken the plague and died. He who was too ill to return with what he had brought, consigned the articles to his next neighbour, who faithfully finishing his commission, as has always been done, of course succeeded his unfortunate friend in the same employment, if he wished it, or recommended another: it has happened that Moors, quite above such employment, have, with an earnest charity, delivered the provisions to the Christians who had sent for them. The Moors perform acts of kindness at present, which, if attended by such dreadful circumstances, would be very rarely met with in most parts of Christendom. An instance very lately occurred of their philanthropy. A Christian lay, an object of misery, neglected and forsaken; self-preservation having taught every friend to fly from her pestilential bed—even her mother! But she

found in the barbarian paternal hand: passing by, he heard moans, and concluded she was the last of the family; and finding that not to be the case, he beheld her with sentiments of compassion, mixed with horror. He sought for assistance, and, till the plague had completed its ravages and put an end to her sufferings, he did not lose sight of her, disclaiming her Christian friends who had left her to his benevolent care.

The expense and the danger of burying the dead has become so great and the burials to make the coffins so very scarce, that the body is brought out of the house by friends to the door, and the first man they can prevail on carries it over his shoulder, or in his arms, to the grave, endeavouring to keep pace with the long range of coffins that go to the burying-ground at noon, to take the advantage of the funeral service. To-day the dead amounted to two hundred and ninety.

July 1, 1785.—The cries of the people for the loss of their friends are still as frequent as ever; not a quarter of an hour passing without the lamentations of some new afflicted mourner. No more prayers are said in town at present for the dead; but the coffins are collected together and pass through the town gate exactly at noon, when the ceremony is performed over all at once, at a mosque out of the town, in their way to the burying-ground. The horrors of the melancholy procession increase daily. A Moor of consequence passed to day, who has not missed this melancholy walk for the last fifteen days, in accompanying regularly some relic of his family. He is himself considered in the last stage of the plague, yet supported by his blacks he limped before his wife and eldest son, himself the last of his race. The riches of his family become the property of the pasha, no one remaining to claim them, as does all other property except what returns to the church; lands or houses of this description annexed to the church, in possession or reversion, being deemed sacred both by prince and people in all Muhammadan states: therefore, by whatever means the property is acquired by those who give the reversion of it to religious foundations, those riches are transmitted unmoested to their direct male issue. Mecca and Medina are the places generally preferred for such dotation; the cave at Mecca, in which the angel Gabriel delivered the Koran to Muhammad, and the tomb of Muhammad at Medina, rendering these places sacred above all others. They gave the name of *vaeaf* to this settlement, for which they pay a very small acknowledgment yearly till the extinction of the issue that holds it, when it all devolves to the religious foundation on which it was settled.

Women, whose persons have hitherto been veiled, are wandering about complete images of despair, with their hair loose and their baracans open, crying and wringing their hands and following their families. Though a great deal of their grief here by custom is expressed by action, yet it is dreadful when it proceeds so truly from the heart as it does now, while all those we see are friends of the departed. No strangers are called in to add force to the funeral cries: the father who bears his son to-day, carried his daughter yesterday, and his wife the day before; the rest of his family are at home languishing with the plague, while his own mother, spared for the cruel satisfaction of following her offspring, still continues with her son her wretched daily walk.

Since the beginning of this dreadful infection, which is only two months, three thousand persons have died

in this town (nearly one-fourth of its inhabitants), and its victims are daily increasing. It must be observed, that the Moors, in all maladies, have great disadvantages, arising from the manner the people here treat their sick. I believe it to be often a doubt, whether the patient dies of the malady he labours under, or by the hand of those attending on him. They seem to have but a slender knowledge of physic: fire is one of their chief remedies; they use it for almost everything — for wounds, sickness, colds, and even for head-achs, they have recourse to a red-hot iron with which they burn the part affected. They perform amputations safely, though in a rough manner; but in all kinds of diseases, such as fevers, &c., it is thought one-fourth die of the disorder, and three of the remedies made use of. They will give fat boiled up with coffee-grounds to a child of three months old for a cough; and to a man in a high fever, a dish called *tarschia*, made of red pepper, onion, oil, and greens; or a dish called *bazzeen*, a kind of stiff batter pudding, dressed with a quantity of oil, and garnished with dried salt meat fried, known by the name of *kaleed*. When a person is thought to be dying, he is immediately surrounded by his friends, who begin to scream in the most hideous manner, to convince him there is no more hope, and that he is already reckoned amongst the dead! The noise and horror of this scene cannot surely but serve to hurry the patient, worn down already by sickness, to his last state. If the dying person be in too much pain (perhaps in a fit) they put a spoonful of honey in his mouth, which in general puts him out of his misery (that is to say, he is literally choked); whereas, by being treated differently or even left to himself, he might, perhaps, have recovered. Then, as according to their religion they cannot think the departed happy till they are under ground, they are washed instantly while yet warm, and the greatest consolation the sick man's friends can have is to see him smile while this operation is performing, as they look on that as a sign of approbation in the deceased of what is doing; not supposing such an appearance to be a convulsion, occasioned by washing and exposing to the cold air the unfortunate person before life has taken its final departure. This accounts for the frequent instances which happen here of people being buried alive; many of the Moors say a third of the people are lost in this manner.

A merchant, who died here a little while ago, was buried in less than two hours after they thought he was dead. In the evening of the same day, some people passing by the burying ground heard dreadful cries, and when they came into the town, they reported what had happened. As this man, whose name was *Bio*, was the last buried there that day, his friends went in the morning early to look at his grave, which they opened, and saw him sitting upright; he had torn off all his clothing, but was suffocated.

When they prepare a body for the grave, those who can afford it fill the ears, nostrils, and under the eyelids with a quantity of camphor, and the richest spices they can procure, and burn a great quantity of aromatic herbs under the boards the body is washed on. They then dress it in the best clothes they have, and put on it all the gold and jewels they can spare. An unmarried woman is dressed as a bride, with bracelets on her hands and feet; her eyebrows painted, and the hairs plucked out that they may look even. When dressed, the body is wrapped up in a fine new piece of white

linen brought from Mecca, where it has been blessed. The poorer Jewesses will work night and day till they have amassed money enough to purchase a piece of linen, which remains by them till wanted to bury them.

The coffin is covered, if a woman's, with the richest laced jilecks or jackets they have; if a man's, with short caftans of gold and silver tissue. At the head of a man's coffin is placed his turban, made up as handsome as possible, and as large as his rank will allow. The turbans, to those who are versed in them, clearly point out the description of the persons who wear them. By their fold, size, and shape, are known the ranks of military and naval characters, the different

degrees of the church, and the princes from the sovereign. A turban worn by a hadji is different from others, and a green one can be worn only by a shereef of Mecca. The size then of the turban is increased according to the rank of its wearer, and whether he belongs to the military, the navy, or the church, is known by the folds of his turban. At the head of a woman's coffin is fastened, instead of a turban, a very large bouquet of fresh flowers, if they are to be procured; if not, artificial ones. The body is carried often by its nearest relations, who in their way to the grave are relieved every moment by some friend or acquaintance of the deceased, or some dependent on the family, all of whom are so very anxious to put



NEGRO DANCE.

this last respect in their power to the remains of the departed, that the coffin is continually balancing from one shoulder to another till it reaches the burying-ground, at the risk of being thrown down every moment.

A space is dug very little more than big enough to hold the body, and plastered with a composition of lime on the inside, which they make in a very little time as neat as china-ware. The body is taken out of the shell, and laid in this place, where prayers are said over it. The iman of the parish accompanies from the house to the grave. When the body is laid in the earth, the pit is covered with broad deal boards,

to prevent the sand from falling in. They bury very near the surface of the earth; which is more extraordinary, as they know that an immense number of dogs from the country come in droves every night to the graves of their departed friends; and yet there is not any people who hold their own dead, or those of any other religion, more sacred.

It is the custom here, for those that can afford it, to give, on the evening of the day the corpse is buried, a quantity of hot dressed victuals to the poor, who come to fetch each their portion, and form sometimes immense crowds and confusion at the doors: this they call the supper of the grave.

RUSSIA.

A VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURGH.

I.

APPROACH TO THE CAPITAL—THE NEVA AND ITS INUNDATIONS—QUARRYING THE ICE—CHRISTMAS TREES—ADVENT OF SPRING—EASTER FESTIVITIES—CHURCH MUSIC.

We left Berlin for St. Petersburg early in the month of March. At starting we had already spring weather; but beyond Coselin (travelling through Pomerania) the elevated ground was still covered with a thin layer of snow, whilst in the low grounds a thaw suc-

ceeded to the slight frost of the night. The same temperature continued along the coasts of the Baltic, in the country between Dantzic and Königsberg, and throughout Lithuania and Courland to Riga. Here the Dwina was still covered with ice; but it was beginning to break up, and we did not traverse it without danger. Above Riga winter still prevailed; the whole country was covered with snow, which became so deep after we passed Derput, that we



TOWN SLEDGE.

were obliged to place the carriage upon a sledge. A few posts however before reaching St. Petersburg the snow suddenly disappeared, and we had to fasten on the wheels again and abandon the sledge. This phenomenon is said to be not unusual, from the peculiar warmth of this small extent of country.¹

In St. Petersburg we still found snow, and instead of the droshkies we saw only sledges in the streets. (See : here.) It seemed as if winter were about to re-

commence; the temperature was from fifteen to twenty-five degrees below freezing point, and continued so till the middle of April. The two principal disadvantages which the city of Peter the Great has encountered, and which it will continue more or less to labour under, are, the intensity of the cold of its climate in winter, and the low and swampy character of the country in which it has been placed. For six months in the year, its port cannot be entered, by reason of the ice, and it can never be supplied with provisions for the consumption of its inhabitants at proportionate prices with those of

¹ *Travels on the Shores of the Baltic, &c.* By S. S. HILL.

cities whose neighbouring fields produce wine and oil, or even bread and cheese, like our own. Nature, it must be confessed, however, has bent her stern character before the labours of men and the arts of civilised life, more here than in any other land possessing a similar climate. But there are bounds beyond which the elements will not cede to enterprise, ambition, or caprice. The greatest indeed of the apparent obstacles to the city's progress, arising out of the low character of the country, has been in a wonderful manner overcome; for, incredible as it appears, all the splendid show of palaces, and the noble quays, and public and private edifices of the modern capital of Russia, are built upon piles sunk in the mere morass upon which the city stands; and there remains on this account nothing but the unproductive character of the land about the town to regret.

But in another respect the position of the town, taken in conjunction with the effects of the climate, has appeared to some to leave it exposed to dangers which threaten even its sudden and utter dissolution. There are occasional swellings of the waters of the bay and the Neva, caused by the winds on the one side, and the heavy rains on the other; and these are sometimes so great, that the whole town becomes inundated to the depth of from six to twelve feet above the level of the streets. Every provision has been made to negative as much as possible all the effects of this inconvenience. Siches, or watch-towers, have been erected in all parts of the town, upon which watchmen are stationed, provided with the means of making signals by night and by day of the rise of the waters, inch by inch, when an inundation is threatened, which enables everyone to retire to his house, and seek the upper stories, in time to avoid the consequences of being suddenly overtaken by the rush of the invading flood. The same watchmen, serve too, to give the earliest alarm of fire, which is of more frequent occurrence in every town of Russia than in any other towns in any part of the world, partly arising from the quantity of wood used, even in their brick and stone buildings, and partly owing to the method of warming their houses by stoves set in the midst of the building, and yet more, perhaps, from a certain carelessness habitual to the people.

In relation to the inundation, it is even said by some not wholly visionary alarmists, that the entire city, with all its edifices, from the palace of the sovereign to the meanest habitation, is yearly exposed to the danger of being swept from the very surface of the soil without scarce leaving one stone upon another to record to future generations the glory of its short reign.

That such a catastrophe, indeed, is even possible, is sufficient to excite speculations; but that it is probable, as some of the inhabitants aver, and whose alarm has been echoed in a style of mixed pathos and humour by some foreign writers, can scarcely be believed. To produce, it is said, this great calamity, it is but necessary that two circumstances of occasional and one of annual occurrence should happen at the same time. These are the rise of the waters only a few feet above the base of the houses, a violent gale of wind from the westward, and the breaking up of the ice of the Lake Ladoga and the River Neva. Anyone who knows anything of the irresistible force of large masses of ice driven before the wind, could not indeed reflect without terror on the consequences to this city, should its edifices ever be placed by these inundations at the mercy of the fields of floating ice that may be driven before

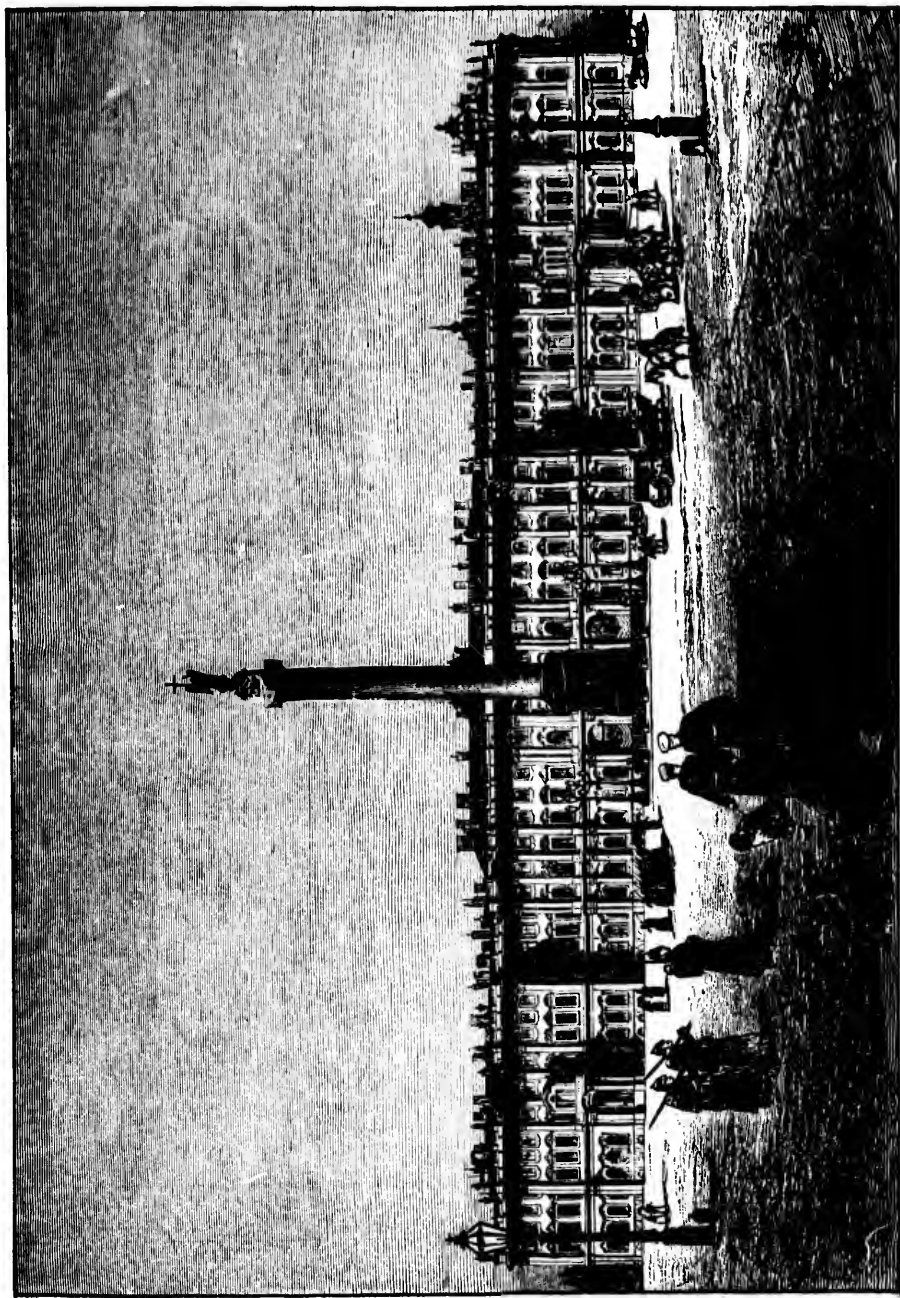
the westerly gale. Yet, those who have speculated upon the probability of this calamity, have not perhaps given sufficient weight to a circumstance which must go far to counterbalance these dreaded effects. It must be remembered, that the open bay can only be covered with floating ice when the great lake above the capital, increased by the numerous rivers which at the time of the melting of the snow fall into it, is pouring out the superflux of its waters, covered with ice also, and with such force as must at least greatly check the onward course of the western waters and of the ice which they bear, though it should not at the same time check the rise of the inundation. Thus the chances of such a calamity seem too remote to be a just cause of dread to the population.

Regular roads are marked out on the ice of the Neva for sleighing during the long winter, and these are even decorated at places with evergreens and lit up at night by lanterns affixed to poles. An appearance of bustle and activity is also kept up during the winter season by the transport of ice. This is cut or rather regularly quarried like stone on the Neva and the canals, in masses of about a yard and a half in length, and some two or three feet in thickness. This polygon is placed upon one of those simple sledges which the Russian peasant constructs so ingeniously himself, and with his small but patient and hardy horse he is never in want of work during an almost arctic winter. (See p. 512.) Not a nobleman, nor even a merchant's house but that has its ice-cellar. Thus, instead of the long files of carts bearing fire-wood which announce the arrival of winter, these are succeeded in winter by files of sledges bearing each its huge block of ice. The driver takes his seat upon his own merchandise, but his thick coat of sheep-skin protects him from cold.

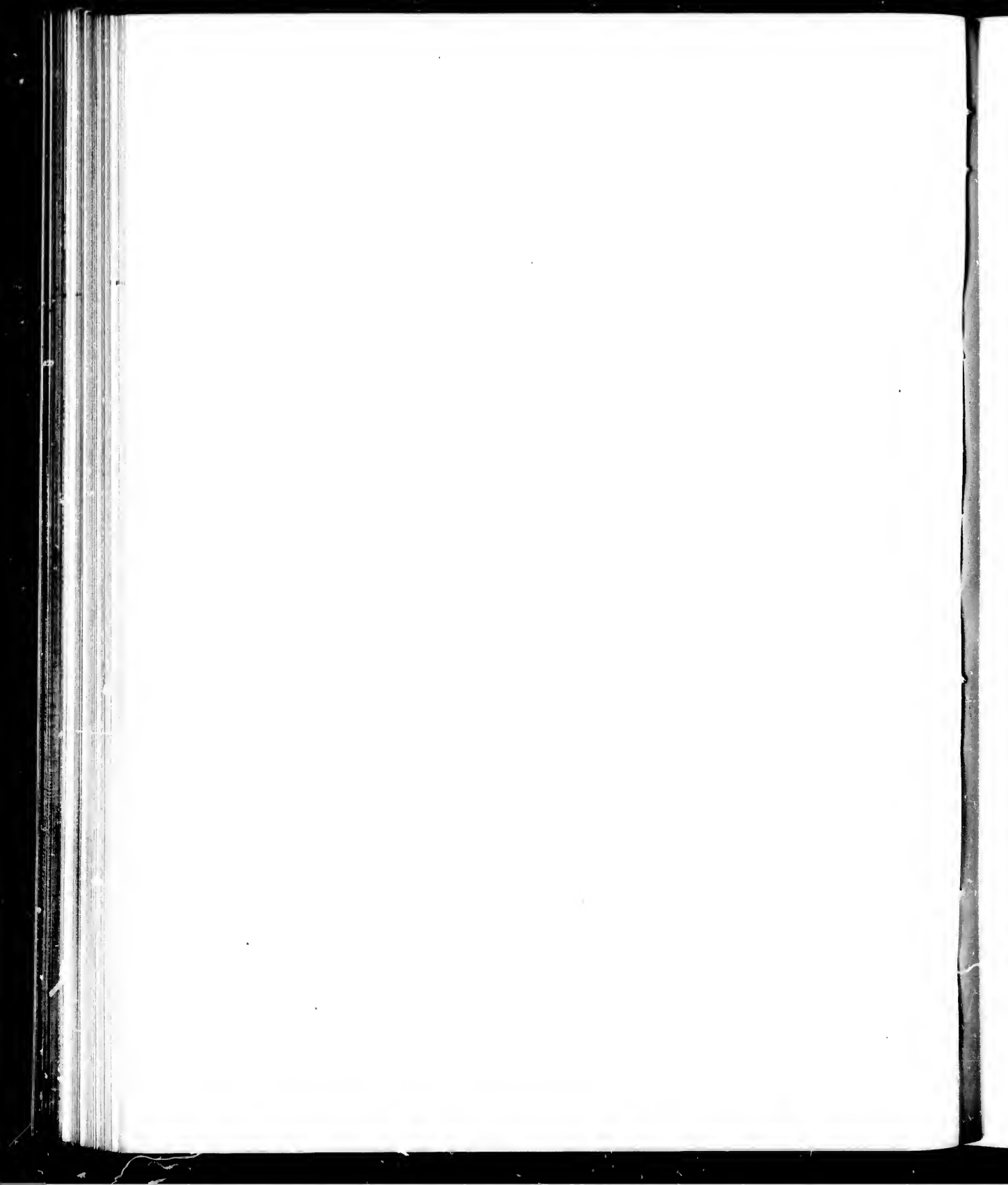
The long period of winter is by no means one of dullness in the capital of Russia. First of all, stores have to be laid in at the Sennain market, where the bustle among the mountains of frozen provisions, sheep, pigs, poultry, salmon, sturgeon, sterlets, and a hundred other things, that seemed to have been seized by the frost in the last convulsions, and moulded into the strangest shapes, is something wondrous to behold. It must not be supposed from this, however, that fresh provisions are not to be obtained during the winter in St. Petersburg. The contrary is the case. But they are obtained at a much lower price at this great anti-hyemal market, and they keep perfectly well, so long as they are not exposed to a high temperature.

Another market, of a more graceful character, heralds the eve of Christmas. The Christmas-tree has been introduced into Russia, as with us, from Germany. For the week preceding this great Christian festival nothing is seen in the streets of St. Petersburg but moving trees: one would fancy Birnam Wood in its progress to Dunsinane. This temporary market is held at the Gostinói Dvor, a vast bazaar in the Nevsky perspective. Thousands of young evergreens are brought thither from the forests of the environs, and the demand for them is prodigious, for no family is without its Christmas-tree. On the morning of the 24th, the bazaar is one mass of verdure: all day long the carriages of the aristocracy and the sledges of the middle classes keep succeeding one another, till at night nothing remains.

The room at home, where the same great festival is held, is carefully closed to the young people till evening, when, at a given signal, all rush in, accompanied by the



THE WINTER PALACE AT SAINT PETERSBURG.



delighted elders. Handsome young girls, youths in the old Russian boots and the uniform of the Imperial colleges, rush behind the youngsters, but in advance of their parents and their more sedate guests. The saloon itself is brilliantly lit up, and one or more trees are set out upon a long table. Little wax candles are burning from the branches, which sustain an infinite variety of presents. The table is also covered with books, albums, toys, pictures and works of art. There are portraits by Zarenko, landscapes by Timon or Zichy, sporting scenes by Svertchhoff, and pastels by Robillard. After the first moment of dazzling surprise is over, lots are drawn, and the delighted young people testify their gratitude by kissing the hands of their parents. (See p. 505.) The perpetual somovar follows, and a pleasant dance terminates the festival which inaugurates those grand receptions in which the princely luxury of the nobility delights to display itself. (See p. 513.)

Toward the end of April spring appeared. Until then I was lodged in Vasili Ostrof, on the right bank of the Neva. One morning it was announced to me that the breaking up of the ice in the Neva was about to commence; that in a few hours the bridge of boats would be dismantled, and unless I transported myself directly to the other side of the river, I should be cut off for several days from the main part of the town: I crossed over, therefore, immediately. In a few days the snow completely disappeared; the sledges vanished, and were replaced by droshkies, which were more numerous and more necessary than ever, for the streets were nearly everywhere a morass, almost impassable for pedestrians. The pavement in St. Petersburg is extremely bad, and all the efforts of the authorities have not yet produced any satisfactory amendment, although in several places every variety of paving has been tried. The nature of the ground and climate undoubtedly present great difficulties; but in seeing the labourers engaged in mending the pavement, it is difficult to understand how such wretched work is tolerated.

On the Sunday before Easter all the members of a Russian family assemble, generally late in the evening, and remain together until midnight, to visit the churches. I joined a family, from whom I had received an invitation. About half-past eleven o'clock we left the house: all the streets were illuminated, in a way which I have only seen in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Along the trottoirs on both sides of the street, in addition to the lamps, and at intervals of four or five paces, are bowls filled with burning tallow and turpentine, which produce a peculiar magical illumination of all objects.

The streets were full of people on their way to the different churches. We went to the Post Church, and found places in the gallery, whence we could survey the whole interior. The building became gradually filled with the faithful, each carrying an unlighted taper in his hand; everything was silent and sombre, and it was only in the centre, around the tomb of Christ, that tapers were burning. At a quarter before twelve one priest appeared, then others, and the simple and imposing chanting of the litanies commenced, with the constantly repeated "Gospodi pomilui!" (Lord, have mercy upon us!) in chorus. This simple chant, sung without any accompaniment by several fine male voices, proceeding from the only lighted part of the church, has a truly impressive

effect. The priests are engaged in their functions around the tomb of the Lord, which is at length carried into the sanctuary: then the roar of cannon announces the hour of midnight, and the commencement of the new and important day. The chorus of priests, in loud and joyful tones, sounds the "Christos voskress!" (Christ is risen!); the doors of the ikonostas open; at that on the left the woman standing nearest among the people lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by the priest. The neighbours receive the light from her; and thus it spreads in erratic sparks on all sides through the church, which is soon illuminated by a thousand lights.¹ And now begins the solemn mass, with the chorus of the priests.

The music of the Western Catholic Church, particularly in Italy, has acquired a secular and profane character, which is heightened by the instrumental accompaniment, and the singers, male and female, dressed in the first style of fashion, in the choir, who not infrequently sing brayuras with embellishments and cadences of their own. Even the church music of Beethoven and Mozart too often partakes of this light and florid character: the style of the theatre transferred to the church. Some of the stricter pontiffs have endeavoured to prevent this, but in vain: little improvement is likely to be effected, until instrumental music is entirely prohibited in the churches: even the organ ought not to accompany the singing of the priest and chorus, but only that of the congregation.

The choral music of the Protestant churches is admirable; the compositions of Sebastian Bach will always be regarded as masterpieces; but in general the music appears to me too simple, monotonous, and cold.

The music of the Russian church is well adapted to produce deep religious emotions, which is manifestly the object of all church music. In its present state it is not very ancient. Throughout the whole of the Eastern Catholic church—formerly also in Russia, and even among the Staroverzi (ancient believers), who retain tenaciously all the old forms down to the most insignificant details—the church singing is entirely different from the Russian of the present day. It is entirely in unison; and in the execution the nasal tones predominate, as throughout the East, and even among the Muhammadans, so that the general effect is by no means pleasing. The melodies, however, are for the most part very beautiful.

In the reign of Catharine II. the church music was reformed in Russia. The old melodies were adapted for several voices, and persons were sent to Rome to collect the most ancient Christian melodies, which had been preserved there principally in the Sistine chapel, and thus the present music was formed and brought into use. New compositions, also, particularly those of the Russian composer Bartiniowski, were intermingled with the liturgies. Schools were everywhere instituted for teaching music to the priests; and it is a proof of the great musical capacity of the people, as well as of

¹ On Easter Thursday also, I was told the Russians all bear wax tapers in the churches. During the reading of the Gospel the person standing nearest lights his taper at that of the officiating priest, and communicates the light to his neighbours, which is soon diffused throughout the whole church. Each person takes the taper (the light of the Gospel) home with him. What a simple symbol!

their excellent discipline, that within fifty or sixty years this mode of singing has gradually extended over the whole of the immense empire. How often have I heard in simple village churches the admirable singing which I had become acquainted with in the capitals! After this short digression, I return to my narrative.

The mass proceeded quietly, until shortly before the consecration of the elements, when suddenly the shawl of a woman in the thickest part of the crowd took fire. It was a moment I shall not easily forget. A cry of terror ensued from a thousand voices, a fearful tumult, and rushing towards all the outlets of the church! The priests instantly shut the ikonostas behind them. However the danger fortunately was soon over, and the fire was extinguished by the bystanders. The terror was greatest and the danger most imminent near me, in the choir of the gallery, which was crowded almost exclusively by ladies of the higher class: I have used the term "imminent danger," because, in fact, there was only one small staircase down to the body of the choir. After an interval of ten minutes all danger was over, quiet was restored, and the service continued to the end.

On entering the street again I found universal rejoicing. All who met greeted, embraced, and kissed each other, with the joyful exclamation, "Christos voskress!" and the answer, "Vo-istino voskress!" (He is risen indeed!) It was about three o'clock; all the houses were open, and everybody out of bed; visitors entered them, and were everywhere received with the Easter greeting, and conducted to the tables loaded and decorated with all sorts of dishes, the consecrated bread and cheese being first presented. I met a friend, General von M——, in front of his house: his servants received him in the hall, and he embraced and kissed them all without distinction; then the family met us with embraces and kisses; it looked like a joyful meeting after a long absence.

It was only when day broke that each one sought repose. At eleven o'clock I went to see the Grand Parade. By the intercession of a friend I obtained, under the portal of the Winter Palace, a favourable place for witnessing the whole. It was glorious weather, and the magnificent troops were drawn up in a long line. The Grand Duke Michael first appeared, galloping along the line, and was received with loud hurrahs from a thousand voices. After a little while the emperor came out of the palace, and walked to the troops; an immense shout of joy received him. He was in the uniform of the Don Cossacks, which became his handsome form better than a modern uniform. He stood in the centre before the troops, and then a number of private soldiers from all the regiments stepped forward and surrounded him. He went up to each in turn, gave the Easter salute, embraced and kissed him. It was a scene of striking grandeur! Every year, on the same day, for centuries, this public jubilee has been renewed, to commemorate the re-urrection of Our Lord. The feeling of their equality before Him pervades the whole people; all, high and low, embrace each other as brethren; and even the ruler of a quarter of the globe, the temporal protector and head of the church, salutes the lowest of his subjects, and acknowledges thereby the religious tie which binds him to his people, by a community of faith, love, and loyalty.

II.

PROMENADE ON FOOT—ADMIRALTY SQUARE—MONUMENTS—
—GREAT STREETS—NAVSKI PERSPECTIVE—INDICATIVE
DRAWINGS—GAY SCENES—IZVOSHCHIKS—DROSHKIES—
BUTSHNIKs.

St. PETERSBURGH has been justly described as a wondrous city, which rose up at the fiat of a mighty despot, from the midst of pestilential swamps, where scarce a hundred and fifty years ago, the solitary sea-bird alone found a home—where disease and death followed each man who placed his foot on the ungrateful soil. There the great Peter, on the bodies of a hundred thousand victim serfs, defying all natural obstacles, resolved to build his future capital; and lo! as if at the command of a magician, stately palaces, gorgeous temples, and splendid buildings appeared; and St. Petersburg now rivals all and surpasses most, of the older cities of Europe. At many miles distance the lofty dome of the Isaac Church may be seen reflecting back the sun's rays in a ball of glowing yellow light; and on approaching nearer, other domes and spires, and cupolas, and minarets open to the view, varying in colour, and sparkling with gold and silver stars.

Walking is very unfashionable at St. Petersburg, unless it be upon a public promenade at a particular hour, or within a public garden into which carriages are not admitted. The distances to be made are generally too great to be conveniently passed over on foot, whether we are engaged in the inspection of such objects as usually attract the attention of the stranger, or in any other business whatsoever. Nevertheless we chose to walk in preference to taking one of the vehicles called droshkies, which are to be seen waiting for hire in many places, as more favourable to our immediate purpose.

Issuing from the street in which our hotel stood, we came directly upon the grand public place of St. Petersburg, called the Admiralty Square. This great place is in form nearly semicircular, and is about a verst, or three-quarters of a mile in length, and about half a verst in breadth. To give some idea of its grandeur and extent it will be sufficient to mention the several chief edifices which form its several divisions, with the objects of art which here present themselves to the admiration of the stranger.

The most remarkable of the buildings are those of the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, which is the habitual residence of the sovereign, the Senate House, the Etat Major, and the cathedral of St. Isaac. The buildings forming the Admiralty, which are all inclosed within walls and surrounded by avenues of trees, stand in the middle of that side of the square which is formed by the ever-flowing Neva. The Winter Palace, facing the river, and the building of the Etat Major in the rear, form the upper wing of the square; and the Senate House and cathedral of St. Isaac, with some other public edifices, form the lower wing.

Upon the square appear also the two most remarkable monuments of the city—the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great which adorns its lower division, and the monumental column of Alexander, which is in the upper division.

From the side of the square opposed to the river, radiate the three principal streets of the capital, from all of which throughout their course may be seen the slender and gilded spire of the Admiralty, rising from the centre of the several buildings. After crossing the

great place we entered the chief street, which is called the Nevski Perspective, and is that in which there is the greatest movement and commerce, and that which presents the most remarkable of such characteristic scenes of this metropolis as are calculated to attract the first attention and interest of the stranger.

It was a little before the busy hour of noon that we turned into the grand promenade, and great commercial thoroughfare of St. Petersburg. An idea of the effect produced on a stranger upon entering this street for the first time, might only be conveyed in description by designating it a double line of lofty palaces, with a wide and well-paved space between them, and freed from the sameness incident to too great regularity by some variety in the style of the buildings, and by evidences at every step, that it is the centre of commerce and the seat of the more active and wealthy of the industrious inhabitants of the capital.

The first thing that strikes the stranger, after his eye has dwelt for some time upon the prospect before him, is the display of paintings suspended from the walls of the houses, or covering almost every shutter, from the ground floor, sometimes, even to the highest apartments of the buildings; and, at the same time, the paucity of writing, to indicate the trades and professions of the citizens. These paintings are, perhaps, the first of the traits of the character and customs of the middle ages surviving in Western Europe, which the traveller will observe in Russia, and of which the barber's pole seems the last relic in this way left among ourselves. Thus, here, as well as in other parts of the town, the trades and avocations of the tenants of the different apartments of the buildings, are significantly indicated by these signs. Instead of disfiguring the fronts of the houses by large bow-windows for the exhibition of the tradesmen's wares, as in our great thoroughfares, almost every article for sale, even upon the ground floor, is represented in these indicative paintings. If, for instance, we would purchase groceries, it is not necessary that we should be so learned as to read the Russian equivalent for our term, to guide us; we have only to look out for a sign, and we shall not search long before we find a picture with tea chest and sugar-hogsheads, very likely accompanied by amusing drawings representing the production of their contents, from the negro grinding the cane, and the Chinese rolling the tea-leaves, till they severally become articles of commerce in retail; and even up to the shopman vending them from behind the counter within. If we wish to buy shoes, we have but to look about, till we see the painting of some aproned artisan, probably a story or two high, busily at work with the awl, while another is represented in the act of trying on. If we want a cup of coffee or tea, we soon find a shutter crowded with the representations of coffee-pots, tea-pots, and cups and saucers, and have only to enter, to be served with some of the best in the world, of tea especially. If we desire to refresh ourselves with a glass of wine, a dozen painted bottles meet our eye in a moment; and we see waiters pouring out the generous beverage, and hithers holding up the sparkling glass to search for the insect's wing, which certain *bon vivants* among us are so delighted to discover. A London alderman, indeed, could not walk far up the Nevski Perspective, without discovering as many indications of good substitutes for turtle, if not of the shelled amphibious animal itself, as might reconcile him to any reasonable term of banishment from the

table of the Lord Mayor. Horses, carriages, equipages of every kind figure here; in short, everything for sale or hire, from a jin to a column of marble, or from a go-cart to an equipage fit for an emperor; and for all which, indeed, I felt quite as grateful, during my stay in the Russian capital, as every simple peasant must be, that from his cloddy occupation finds his way to the metropolis of his country. More than once, indeed, when unattended by a eicerone, I had to draw the tradesman from behind his counter to point out the article I was in want of, from among the many that were upon his sign; and it may be said, to the credit of the Russian artists, that much more rarely than might be expected, is a painting mistaken by the passenger for the representation of any other thing than that for which it is intended; at least, only one instance came within my experience. Upon this occasion, I was in company with a friend, and when we had pointed out to the shopman what we thought represented a pair of gloves, he presented us with a pair of breeches. But the mistake was easily corrected; for, such is the discernment natural to all who profit by their intelligence, that we had only to thrust our hands instead of our legs into the breeches, and we were understood in a moment.

While we were occupied, upon this first occasion, in examining the amusing pictures in passing, we arrived at the bridge of Anitsshof, which is at about the termination of the most frequented part of the Perspective, without perceiving the change that was taking place in the great thoroughfare. But when we turned to retrace our steps, we soon found ourselves confounded with many passengers, promenading or hurrying to and fro; and we now observed the broad carriage way half filled with equipages of the several varieties of the country.

I was unprepared for the brilliant show which the Nevski Perspective now presented. Upon the foot-pavement, which is about equal in breadth to that of the Boulevard des Italiens, at Paris, were promenading many well-dressed personages of both sexes, about a third part of the men being in uniform; and, at every instant carriages were driving up to the pavement to discharge their freights of elegantly attired ladies, attended sometimes by city beaux with frilled shirt and slender cane, and at others by female servants, who were the sole dowdily dressed persons to be seen.

The sun perhaps rarely shines upon a more brilliant living spectacle than that which the Nevski Perspective exhibits at this hour, in the gay month of July; and, as if the bright orb would make amends to this northern people for the paucity of his rays during two-thirds of the year, when he does favour them with his summer beams, his ray is scarce anywhere warmer; and the *beau monde* of St. Petersburg, know well how to appreciate, and make the most of, the short summer they enjoy.

Strangers in this capital are often surprised at the predominance of uniforms in the streets or upon the promenades. At this time, however, the Imperial Guard, and the quarter part of the garrison of St. Petersburg, amounting to 60,000 men, were encamped at Krasno Selo; and, therefore, there were not so many to be seen now as at other seasons. Nevertheless, as every public functionary, or *chimonik*, of every grade, wears a uniform of some kind or other, and as the greater part appear in full dress in the streets, the proper *bourgeois* attire will always appear to be in the

minority. Among the novelties, he will at one moment see a staff-officer in his carriage and four, dashing along under the escort of a well-mounted body of Cossacks, and the next, he will pass by two or more Circassians in company, richly clad, and as proudly treading the pavement as if it were the free soil of their native hills. A few, also, of the *bourgeoisie* are to be seen in the *caftan* or long-girdled pelisse, and with unshorn chins. But there is perhaps nothing more truly picturesque and at the same time characteristic of the country, than the appearance of the *ivoshtchiks* or drivers of the *droschkies* and other vehicles. They wear universally the *caftan*, and their beards, and a low four-cornered cap, which is peculiar to themselves. They are always smartly dressed too, and they are a real ornament to the streets and public places of the capital.

But there is a novelty to the stranger of another kind, to be seen here, as well as upon all the carriage-ways of the towns throughout Russia, caused by the method of driving the horses, until one has become accustomed to the sight, and lost the false taste from which it arises, is unpleasant to look upon. When there are two horses, one of them is attached within shafts, just as we attach a single horse, but the other, has the traces by which he draws merely hooked upon the left side of the vehicle. The horse in the shaft runs directly upon his course; but the other, instead of being allowed to pull in the direction in which he runs, has his head and his whole body turned by the off-rein, in the direction of about forty-five or more degrees aside from the course which he is actually making, and which the horse in the shafts is drawing. Thus this horse is running sideways, instead of in a straight direction; and, when this is first observed by the stranger, it appears as if the animal had broken the gear which attaches him to the carriage, and was merely dragged along by his fellow-quadruped. Yet such is the conventional law of fashion in the country, that the elegance of the whole equipage, as it conveys the noble or rich citizen, is considered in a great measure to depend upon the number of degrees from the direct line of the course of the vehicle, at which the side horse is made to appear to run. But it is yet still stranger, that even foreigners, to whom this method of driving seems at first so grotesque, as to be even painful to behold, after a few months, not only cease to condemn, but even admire and imitate it.

The common *droszky* is a vehicle quite peculiar, also, to the country. If it were introduced into England, it would instantly obtain the name of the rocking-horse. The seat for the passengers is placed, as seamen would say, fore and aft, instead of athwartships; and sometimes, when there is only one passenger, and sometimes when there are two, we are seated just as we sit upon a horse; and it is not much larger than that which we first strode across in the nursery. When there are two passengers, they commonly sit after the manner that our ladies sit on horseback, and one on each side of the fore and aft seat. There are other kinds of *droschkies*, however, though they are usually very small, in which, you may sit almost as comfortably as in a gig.

Among the novelties to a stranger, in the streets of this capital, are, also, certain armed men called *butshniks*, whose office may be said to correspond to our street police. Their manner of performing their duties, however, is more like that of soldiers encamped. They

are formed in parties of three, and they live in small wooden, detached, and movable houses, which are usually placed near the corners of the streets at which the men station themselves. They by turns keep watch, sleep, and perform the culinary offices during the twenty-four hours. When on watch, they wear a uniform composed of a grey coat faced with red; and they carry each an enormous battle-axe, or weapon like that of a Roman licitor, the handle of which, as they stand erect, rests upon the ground, while the metal portion, unless the *bushnik* be tall, appears in a line with his bearded and fierce visage. This weapon is, indeed, of such dimensions, as to seem rather intended for ornament than for use. And, in truth, any disorders in the streets of this capital are it is well known, of such rare occurrence, that it is even said that the edge of the formidable weapon has never been stained.

When we had seen enough of the grander public thoroughfares, we took one of the *droschkies* of the rocking-horse description, and after a drive through some of the less remarkable thoroughfares of the city, returned to our hotel.

III.

CHURCHES OF ST. PETERSBURGH—KAZAN CATHEDRAL—CHARACTER OF THE MASS—DECORATIONS—PICTURES—VIRGIN OF KAZAN—CITADEL OF ST. PETERSBURGH—CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND PAUL—IMPERIAL TOMBS—VIEW FROM THE TURRETS OF THE CITADEL—SCENE UPON THE RIVER—PETER THE GREAT'S COTTAGE—EXCHANGE—COSTUME OF THE MERCHANTS.

THE day after the tour and general review of the town described in the last chapter, I was occupied, in company with the same new acquaintance, in the examination of such of the churches of St. Petersburg as have the greatest reputation for their architectural merit or their decorations. It will suffice to make in this place a few such general remarks as suggested themselves during our visit to the Cathedral of Kazan. This was at this time the most important of the finished churches of the modern Russian metropolis, and that where the ceremonies of the great festivals were still celebrated, in awaiting the completion of the cathedral of St. Isaac.

The Russians are, certainly, as far behind the elder nations of Europe in the character of their architectural edifices, as they are in advance in planning and constructing towns; and any one disposed to enter upon a critical examination of the architectural merits of the Kazan cathedral, might easily find more to exult than to admire. But we are not about to make more than such few remarks upon this choice specimen of modern native architecture, as the restraints upon the free exercise of genius, which the church of which it is one of the temples imposes, and such as force themselves upon us by the imitation which we appear to see of St. Peter's at Rome.

The Kazan cathedral, in conformity with the established custom of the Greek, and which has been retained in the Russian church, and is rarely disregarded, in the larger temples especially, is constructed in the form usually designated the Greek Cross, of which all the four arms are of equal length. By this restraint upon the free hand of art, architectural beauty has been in this, as in other instances, in a great measure sacrificed. The church stands at a sufficient distance from the street to admit of a wide space in front of it and is placed in the centre of a semi circular colon

nade. In this colonnade, indeed, consists chiefly the imitation of St. Peter's, which by foreigners in Russia is usually spoken of as if an attempt had been made to produce such another church as the great temple of Romish worship in Italy. In truth, there is but one more particular, in which these edifices force us into drawing any comparison between them, and that more properly regards circumstances that are independent of the edifices themselves. It is the anomalies which mark both their situations, in regard to the towns in which they stand, and even to the immediate buildings by which they are surrounded. The Kazan cathedral stands about half a verst from the Admiralty Square, upon the Nevski Perspective, the remarkable character of which we have just seen. The position of St. Peter's, among the dirty irregular and poor buildings which surround it, is well known. Now, if it were possible to persuade the adherents to the rites and forms of worship severally practised within these temples, to get over the scandal which might attach to worshipping in a building in the figure of a cross of the wrong form, and after this, to win over a legion or two of such accommodating saints as the calendars of both churches might supply, and persuade them to tear up from their foundations the supposed great prototype temple at Rome, and its copy at St. Petersburg, and transfer them, each into the place of the other, then would both edifices be worthy of the cities they severally adorn, and both cities be worthy of the temples that adorn them.

As far as regarded the exterior of the Kazan church, we were satisfied with a mere glance, and we were not here insensible of the imitation. But as soon as we were within the edifice, we no longer recognised anything but the original and brilliant appendages to the Greek forms of worship.

The form of the Greek cross is decidedly a disadvantage also to the effect produced in the decorations of the church, and in the ceremonies which the Greek and Russian rituals require, as well as in that of the grand whole. In the present instance, indeed, this is more especially the case. In the rites of the Russian church, even more than those of the Romish, it is necessary, on account of a portion of the religious offices being performed concealed from the view of the people, that there should be one especially holy altar, which must face the east. Thus, in order to accommodate the position of the church to that of the street, the grand altar has here been thrown upon the left arm of the cross, which both spoils the effect as you enter, and interferes with its proper relation to the dome and cupolas without.

The first show of the interior of a Greek, a Russian, or a Romish temple, and the forms of the offices of religion in the act of performance, are, to a Protestant's observation, much the same. You suddenly find yourself in the midst of more or less gaudy decorations, and signs and symbols of events in sacred history, and the representation in one form or other of spiritual and material beings, often even from the Creator, in the well-known figure of a gray-bearded old man, down to the meaneast mitred or slaven-crowned saint, that has acquired sufficient celebrity to get into the calendar of the church, or to obtain a place for his mouldering bones, cased in glass, beneath one of the altars upon which the mass is performed.

As soon as we had obtained a first impression from the interior of this church, we began to examine the

details of its decorations; and, as there was no mass at the time performing, and but very few worshippers were within the church, we had ample time to do this, undisturbed ourselves, and without disturbing others.

The first thing that caught our attention, as it will probably catch that of everyone who may for the first time enter a Greek church, was the show of pictures, of which numbers were hanging about the vicinity of the principal altar, and the extraordinary manner in which they are encased. The whole of the paintings, indeed, are almost always, with the exception of the face and hands, entirely encased in plates of silver or gold, as it appears to the observer, and which is often so far removed from the canvases as to half conceal even these features of the sacred person represented.

Little as these decorations might be to the taste of those of a church of more simple forms of worship, yet we may find cause to exult, that our certainly nearer sister, of the Christian family, in some essential particulars, than the Italian church, has at least advanced a step towards discarding the practice of decorating her sacred buildings with representations of divine personages; for, although we find pictures in abundance, yet we find no sculptured images within her temples.

Our attention was first called to the principal altar of the cathedral. Some steps here conduct to a broad estrade, beyond which a screen shuts out the view of the sanctuary, or holy of holies, called the "ikonostas," into which the priests alone enter during divine service. This screen, however, is not closed during the whole of the ceremonies; but while it is closed, the priests at intervals appear before the people, making their exits and entrances by small doors, of which there is one on either side the ikonostas.

We observed that the whole of the screen was covered with such pictures as those above-mentioned, and was glittering with gold. Beyond this, and over the screen, which does not reach to the roof of the building, appeared above the altar, the image of the great source of light in the heavens, represented emitting his accustomed abundant rays. Above this curtain was concealed the proper altar-piece of the church.

We now turned to the western arm of the cross or nave of the church opposed to that of the chief altar, and where the architect has been most profuse in the decorations. Here there are double rows of polished granite set upon brass bases, with gilded Corinthian capitals. Between these were seen hanging the flags of all the nations whom successive czars and emperors have humbled in the field, from those of the warlike inhabitants of the Caucasus, to those of the politer races beyond the western boundaries of their empire. The church contains also the remains of the gallant Kutusoff.

After occupying ourselves for about half-an-hour in the examination of objects of interest in the wings of the church, we returned to the centre, where we found an augmentation of the numbers of the devout, awaiting the mass, for which preparations were commencing at the grand altar. The first thing that now struck us, was the greater proportion of men on their knees before the pictures, than are usually seen in the Romish churches, and then next, the greater appearance of warmth in the manner of those whom we saw engaged in the performance of their worship, than we are accustomed to observe in any Romish country.

When the more devout, indeed, are in the act of prayer, we cannot but be reminded of the Moslems in their sublimely simple and unadorned temples. The same genuflections, the same bowing down of the head, even till the forehead touches the ground. And it were well, perhaps, if, like the Moslems, they had no other picture before them, than that which the mind strives to conceive, in its efforts to comprehend and figure all perfection.

As we observed the Russians engaged in their humble worship, we remarked that one of the encased pictures, which was of the Virgin, had a larger share of their adoration than the rest; and upon inquiry, we learned that this was a picture of peculiar sanctity, of

the Virgin of Kazan, the patron of this cathedral. It had formerly hung in a church in the city of Kazan, the former capital of the Tartars; but, being an object of the special veneration of the Cossacks, it had been brought by one of the ancient czars to Moscow, and afterwards by Peter the Great transferred to St. Petersburg, where it remains still the object of veneration to this race of equestrian shepherds, whose soldiers, it is said, offered at the altar which it guards, all the spoils that fell to their share, after the campaigns which succeeded the burning of Moscow. It is distinguished from the rest of the paintings of the Virgin, by a greater abundance of jewels and precious stones about the casing, which forms the covering



ICE SLEDGES.

above mentioned. Although we are of other ways of thinking, and perform our duties in a manner we deem more becoming the higher degree of civilisation which we trust we have attained, and, though we say, when we see riches shut up in temples, and of benefit to no one, that "Gold put to use more gold begets," yet we cannot refuse our admiration of this devout trait in the character of this people.

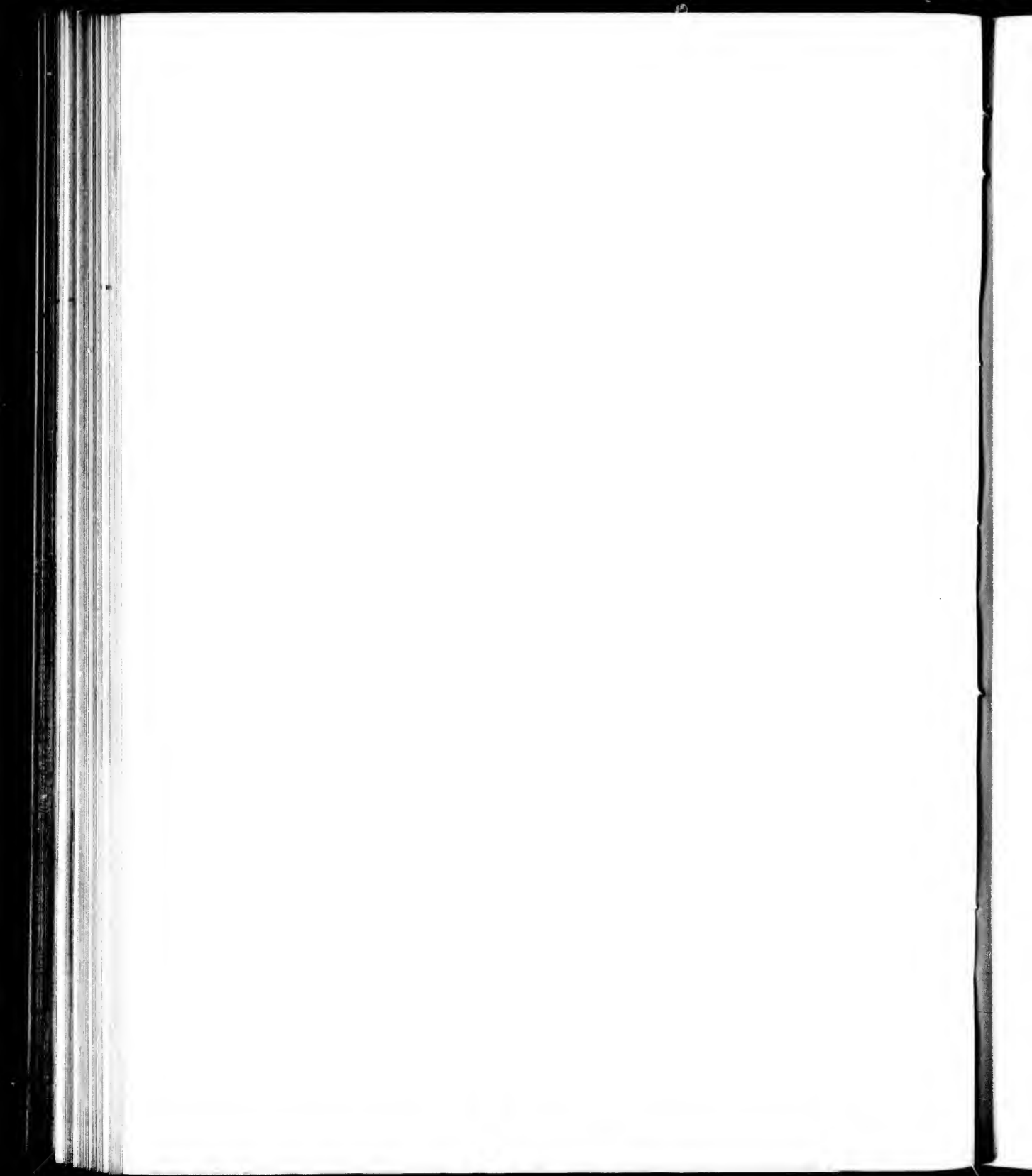
The citadel of St. Petersburg was among the earlier of the public works which we visited. After passing the Troitskoi bridge, above the Admiralty Square, and a bridge which unites the isle upon which the fortress is built with the larger island of Aptekarskoi, which here forms the right bank of the Neva, we reached the entrance, and we found no difficulty in obtaining

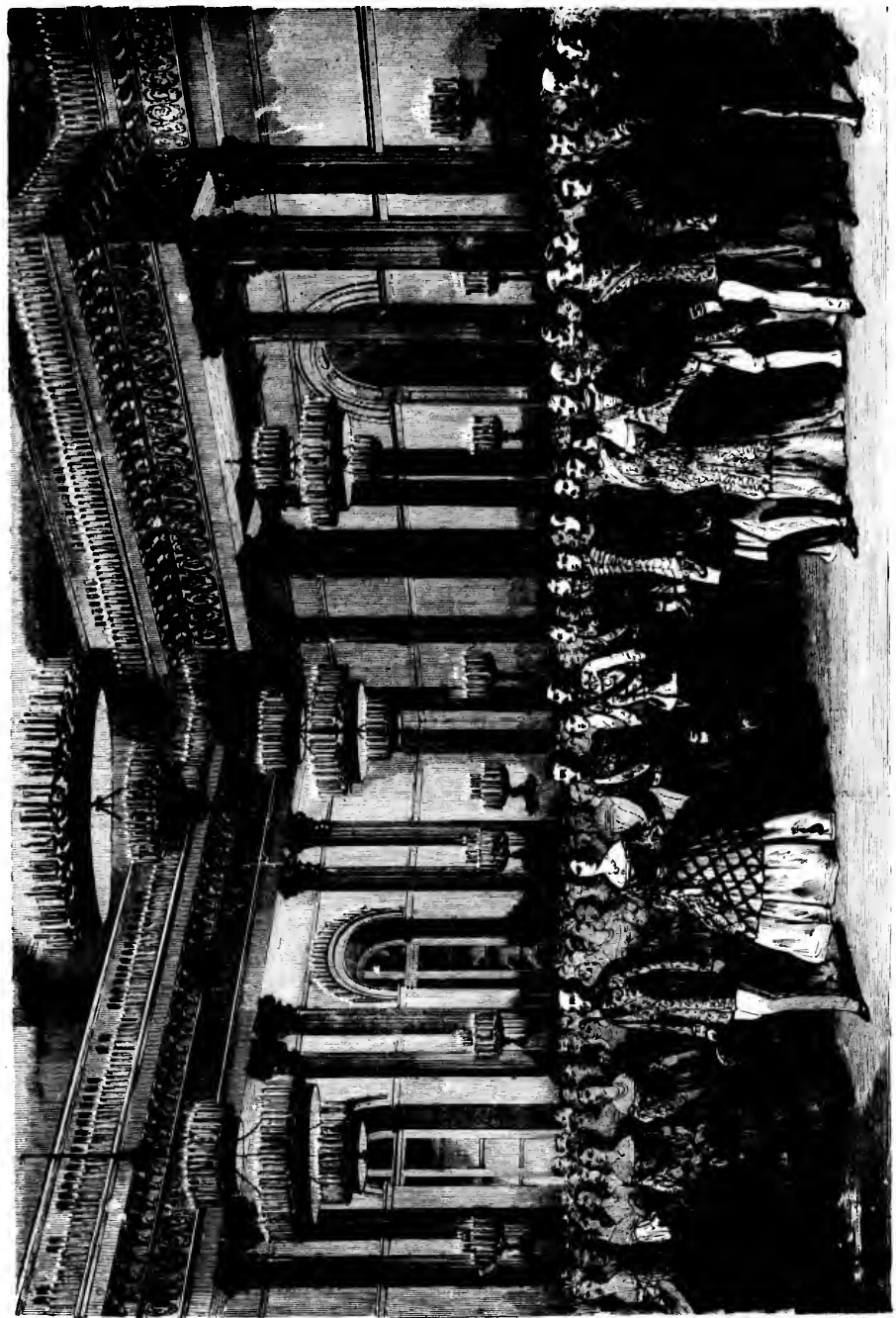
admittance. This fortress, by its position upon the island which it occupies, by its batteries, which mount a hundred guns, and by its garrison of a thousand men, is strong for all purposes of defence of its own turrets and bastions; but it is too remote from the vulnerable portions of the city, to afford protection against any hostile attacks, either by the river, or upon the quarters exposed to the cannon of an invading army. The city, however, is tolerably secure from attack by the river, on account of the difficulties already mentioned, arising from the shallowness of the water, and the intricacy of the channel of the Neva. There is not, as we have seen, water enough for a frigate equipped to pass this bay, nor can the channel be discovered but by means of marks which may be at any time removed.



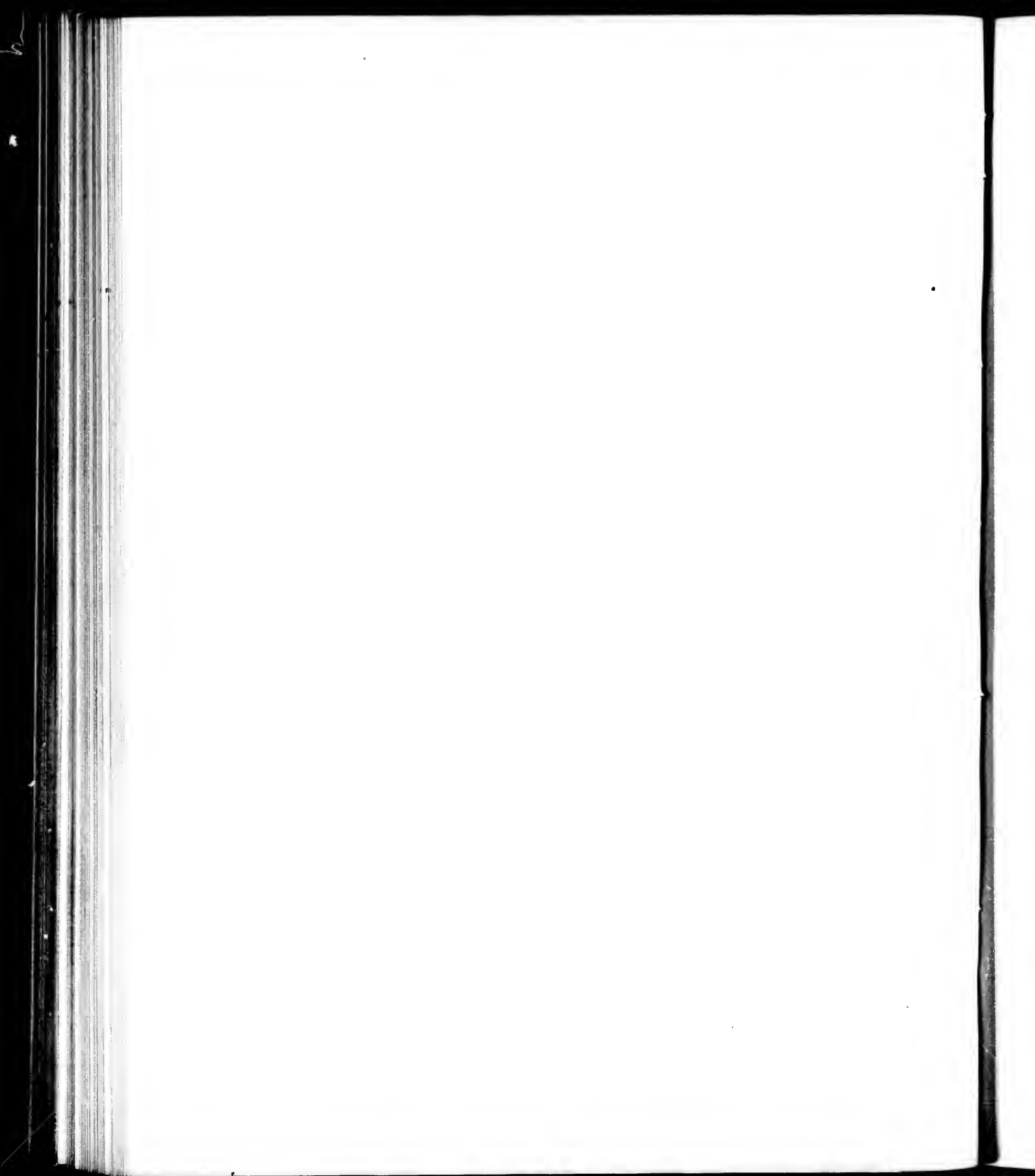
CHRISTMAS TREE.

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Within the walls of the citadel is the mint, in which the treasure of the country, in any time of danger, might be guarded. Here also stands the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, within the vaults of which lie the remains of the emperors, and of several of the imperial family of different epochs, beginning with Peter the Great, the ashes of whose predecessors repose within one of the churches in the Kremlin of the ancient capital of Russia. The spire of this church is similar to that of the Admiralty, and is seen at a great distance. The tombs within are extremely simple, and worthy of being imitated by many of the royal families of other lands. The remains of the departed lie in vaults beneath the church, and over these, on the floor of the nave above, are placed tombs or sarcophagi covered with palls of red cloth, upon which are simply embroidered in gold letters the words, "His Imperial Majesty," or "His Imperial Highness," with the mere name; and even, in some instances, there is no more than the initial letters of the name and title.

There are many trophies of victory within the church, in the form of the keys of towns and fortresses, crescent moons, suns, eagles, and numerous flags, among which latter, the most precious to the Russians seem to be those of the Swedes, which Charles XII. designed to plant upon the towers of the Kremlin at Moscow. There are also in this church a number of the ingenious pieces of workmanship of Peter the Great.

We ascended to the turrets of the citadel which overhangs the Neva. This position commands a fine view of the more remarkable portions of the town. No mean buildings nor smoking manufactories and warehouses break the range of palaces and noble edifices which line the bold quays of the broad, clear, and rapid Neva. As we stood upon these turrets, we had opposite to us the Winter Palace, the palace called the Hermitage, the theatre, and the Marble Palace, and also the stately groves of trees that form the Summer Garden. As we turned towards the right, our view embraced all those edifices upon the same side of the river which have been enumerated as forming the square of the Admiralty. Turning further in the same direction, we had before us the great edifice of the Exchange, which is placed at the point at which the river divides into two nearly equal streams, which, after forming an island, upon which is built a considerable portion of the town, fall into the broader waters, at the distance of three or four versts from each other; and beyond this were seen several noble edifices, which contain museums and chambers dedicated to the arts, of which they themselves are remarkable monuments. But, turning towards the left hand, the eye might range from the line of these elegant and cheerful buildings to forest scenes, where the river seems to be issuing from the swamps and lakes out of which it proceeds.

The scene upon the river is that alone which bears a resemblance to anything we meet with elsewhere. Gaily painted boats appeared here passing and re-passing the stream in every direction; and four wooden bridges, two of which severally span the two branches of the river below, and two the grand stream above, with their passengers crossing and recrossing, all added rather to the liveliness of the scene, than to the beauty of the standing prospect. A fine stone bridge was at this time also in the early stage of its construction, opposite the lower wing of the Admiralty Square.

After inspecting the fortress, we visited a cottage in

this vicinity, which was built and inhabited by Peter the Great. It has but three small apartments. One of these was that which was appropriated for the reception of the ministers, another was Peter's bed-room, and the third was a private chapel. It is full of evidences of this monarch's taste and ingenuity. There is also a boat shown here, which is said to have been constructed by this extraordinary man. In that part of the town which is upon the Island of Vasilie, there is even a museum designated by this prince's name and appellation, which is especially appropriated to conserve a choice portion of his numerous works of art, among which are lathes and tools, which are said to be the same with which he performed numberless works that must have required a knowledge of several distinct arts, any one of which would have taken the whole life of almost any other man to acquire. In truth, every place that Peter ever inhabited, every spot of earth that was the scene of any of his exploits, or of the exercise of his creative genius, is still full of him. If we admire a palace, it was Peter founded it; or it has risen phoenix-like, from the ashes of one that he placed there before it. If we see a public garden in which the citizens recreate themselves during their short season of summer, we need scarcely ask to whom they owe the inestimable blessing they enjoy; we may be sure it was Peter that planned it, and planted the first trees. All the great roads, the canals, everything in this part of the empire more especially, date from the age and epoch of Peter, and, with the social institutions which he framed, proclaim to a wondering world the master-hand that created them.

Had such a man appeared in a somewhat darker age, but in whom personal vanity was predominant over every other passion, so great superiority above the ordinary geniuses of the human race, could not have failed to hand his name down to future generations with the honours of some of the eastern deities, before whose images millions continue still to bow and bend the knee. But it was happy for Russia, that her uncivilised hordes fell so opportunely under the government of one, the motive of whose life was their progress and their improvement; and, we may say, for the world, that so large a portion of the human family was thereby brought at least within the circle in which the light of science cannot shine long in vain.

On the same day we visited also the Birsha, or Exchange, at the hour at which the merchants meet. Arrived at the point of the island above mentioned, we stepped from our boat upon a fine flight of stone steps which conduct to a broad quay in face of the building. The edifice itself resembles the Bourse at Paris, from which it was no doubt designed. Upon the quay stand two large columns about a hundred feet in height, to which are attached, near their summits, the representations of the prows of ships in bronze. These are of course imitations of the rostrum columns on the Piazza del Popolo, at Rome. Their appearance to a stranger, at a distance, is unspeakably grotesque, but well in keeping with the character of the place that they are intended to decorate.

Finding no one upon the quay to whom we could address ourselves for the occasion, we directed our steps towards the door of the Birsha, and we were soon mingled with the busy throng within the building. There seemed to be much business transacting, if we might judge from the earnestness with which the merchants were conversing with one another. Some-

times a pocket-book was taken out, and a memorandum made; and at other times agreements, as they seemed to us, were quickly scribbled upon desks, of which there were an ample number in the hall: but as we knew no one, and no one knew or addressed us, all that had life or soul in what we saw, was but a dumb show to our senses. It may, however, be mentioned here, that the greater part of the foreign trade is carried on, and nearly all the ships belonging to the port are owned by, foreigners, chiefly English and Germans.

There were nevertheless two things that were intelligible to our senses, and interested us—the Russian merchant's costume, and the spiritual ingredient which we saw for the first time mixed up with commercial affairs; but with the usages and the character of the people we were among, in whose most ordinary transactions this is constantly seen, we were yet but little acquainted. Some of the native merchants were dressed in the caftan, and all, except probably a few that mix more than the rest with foreigners, wore long beards.

The other usage, one might expect to find almost anywhere, rather than upon the supreme mart of worldly affairs. We had overlooked, as we entered and mingled among the crowd, a little altar placed near the entrance, upon which there was a light burning, till we saw the merchants recognise its presence. Some only crossed themselves as they passed it by; others from time to time approached, and made their genuflexions with bows and crossings; and, if we might judge from the apparent earnestness with which their incidental worship was performed, their petitions could not have been for anything but the success of the business which they had come to transact. Nevertheless, their worship appeared to us as much out of place here, as a commercial negotiation would be in the nave or the aisles of a cathedral.

Nothing further interested us in the Birzha; and we retired without having exchanged a word or a look with anyone among the busy throng; but also, as we trusted, without having caused any derangement in any transaction of that day.

The next of the commercial marts of importance in St. Petersburg, is the Gastinnoi Dvor. This is a grand depository and place of sale for merchandise for the most part by retail. It is an establishment of a thoroughly national character, and is to be found in every considerable town in Russia. It resembles the bazaar of the Turks and Arabs and other eastern people, and has numberless warehouses, stalls, shops, and sheds. The building in St. Petersburg is of colossal dimensions, and is situated upon the Nevski Perspective, and forms the angle between that great thoroughfare and one of the larger streets that pass across it, at the distance of more than a verst, or about an English mile from the Admiralty Square.

Wherever the number of foreigners that are intermingled with the population, as is the case in the modern capital of Russia, is sufficient to give to usages of society rather a foreign tone, there is perhaps nothing so well adapted to give a stranger an idea of the character and customs of the classes which are the same throughout the land, as the markets and marts of retail. The building itself, of this great commercial depository, is by no means an ornament to the grand street in which it stands, though it is well placed for all the purposes of the retail trade. It has two stories. In the upper of these a few deposited the goods for the supply of the retail dealers and the country merchants; but in the lower

are found only such goods as are for the retail trade of the town. The whole is surrounded by a colonnade, beneath which are some of the best shops, for the sale of every article of home production, and for some articles which are the produce of China and Persia.

It was about the busy hour of noon that we came beneath the colonnades of this great and universal bazaar. It presented to us the first scene we beheld after our arrival in Russia, if we except the *lavositchiks* and their *droschki*s, that was so thoroughly national and original, as to give us that sort of impression so much sought after by travellers, and sometimes called the romance of their travels. The retail merchants were nearly all attired in their picturesque caftans, with caps on their heads, and they wore long beards.

In some particulars the Gastinnoi Dvor is very different from the bazars to which it has been above compared. In the eastern bazaar all is still, save the light sound of the sandal upon the unpaved ground, as the purchasers move slowly from stall to stall, even when the alleys are crowded. The drowsy vendor, seated with his legs under him upon his carpet spread out upon the counter, with a little rail before him, and smoking his *chibouck* requires often a second, or even a third demand, before he will trouble himself to reach an article of his goods that you express a desire to purchase. But at the Gastinnoi Dvor you no sooner come upon the colonnade of the building than two or three of the native merchants pounce upon you with offers of goods, which they declare to be not only the best and cheapest in the world, but just exact what which they are sure you are at that very moment search of.

It would have been agreeable to us to examine some of the goods that were of native manufacture; but we found this impossible, on account of the importunity of the vendors. When we but cast an eye towards the shelves of one of the stalls, they approached us, and poured forth a torrent of eloquence that seemed more suited to an impassioned harangue than to a petition to purchase wares. Once or twice we halted to look at the contents of a stall, secure, as we hoped, from these importunities, by the merchants having their hands full of business with their customers; but we no sooner stopped than others from the opposite side of the alley rushed from their seats, and seized us by the arms, to draw us to their several stalls. Nevertheless it was not easy, nor perhaps right, for us to exhibit anger; for such was the manner in which they acted this seemingly rude part, and apologised when rebuked, that any ill humour on our part would have seemed quite out of place.

When we had seen enough of the stalls of the colonnade, we penetrated to the inner lanes of the building, which are numerous; and we found everywhere the same characteristic of originality, and all the trades classed as distinctly as in a Turkish bazaar.

From this we returned to our hotel.

IV.

WINTER PALACE—GRAND RECEPTION ROOM—HALL OF ALEXANDER—HALL OF ST. GEORGE—HERMITAGE—MARBLE PALACE—STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT—ALEXANDER COLUMN—ACADEMIES OF SCIENCE AND ART—ACADEMY OF MINES.

WHEN we visited the Winter Palace, we found, upon coming to the entrance, that both the grand stair-

case, and several of the apartments, were undergoing alterations, and that strangers were not at present admitted. But while we were holding a parley with the porters, by the aid of an interpreter, a young student who had been engaged in copying some of the paintings in the palace, happened to descend the grand staircase, and, seeing a party of foreigners in difficulty, politely offered his aid, which was gladly accepted. After leading us to another door of the palace, with a very little delay he procured us tickets of admission, and at the same time politely further offered to accompany us to view the interior of the grand edifice.

The Winter Palace was originally built by Peter the Great: but it has been destroyed by fire, and reconstructed during the present reign. The paintings, however, that are within it, which are the most precious of the works of art which it contains, are the same that adorned it before the fire, from which they were timely saved, with many other objects of value.

The first room that we inspected was a grand hall in front of the palace, which is used as the reception-room of the sovereign, upon great state occasions. It has a throne in it, and is decorated with numerous statues, imitations of ancient vases, and furniture and decorations, generally of the most magnificent description. Beyond either end of this hall there is another spacious apartment. One of these is called the hall of Alexander, and the other that of St. George. The hall of St. George is decorated, for the most part, with paintings representing the ancient battles of the Russians with the Swedes and Turks. In the hall of Alexander are many paintings of the battles during the campaigns of 1812 and 1813. There is also an equestrian painting of Alexandria; and there are full-length portraits of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, of the same epoch; and there is another of the Duke of Wellington. In one of the rooms there were two portraits which we were told were excellent likenesses of the two Russian generals of the last generation, Kutaisoff and Sawara.

It will suffice merely to mention one other apartment of the palace into which we were introduced, which chiefly excited our interest, on account of its decorations being at once characteristic of the Russian people, and illustrative of the effects of the rigour of the climate, and the means resorted to, to supply by art what the sparing hand of nature has withheld. Upon entering the spacious and lofty chamber at the back of the palace, we found ourselves suddenly in a perfect shrubbery, amidst the living plants of all the climes, and half the countries of the earth, in the centre of which a fountain was throwing up its column of fresh water, which descended in sparkling showers into a wide reservoir beneath. Chandeliers were hanging in all directions, and coloured lamps were seen mingled with the foliage of the innumerable plants in such numbers as, when lighted at night, must render the effect transporting. We quitted the palace full of interest in the characteristic features of the country which we found it exhibit, and with lively impressions of the magnificence of the Court of the Czar.

The next place to this is the Hermitage, which was built by Katherine II., and was formerly united with the Winter Palace by long covered galleries. This was where Katherine used to retire after the business of the day, and where, putting aside at once all the cares of state affairs, and the restraints of court etiquette, she was accustomed to gather around her such of the

men of her time as were most remarkable for their genius or learning. And it was here that that interchange of knowledge took place which may be said to have originated those memorable acts of that Princess's reign, which form the second grand era in Russian nationality and advancement.

We were introduced, also, into a private chapel in this palace, the decorations in which form a remarkable instance of the profuse use of gold without violating the chaste and simple style, which is so often abandoned for a style of decoration ill suited to private chapels of worship especially.

There is a library in this palace, founded also by Katherine, containing, besides all foreign works of celebrity, 10,000 volumes in the Russian language. Some of the copies of Voltaire's works are said to have notes in them, in the author's own hand. Several of that great writer's original manuscripts are, it is also said, stored among the treasures of this library.

The garden attached to the palace, we were told, still remains precisely as it was left by the Empress; and a theatre within it is also standing, and unchanged by time. The Hermitage is now, however, regarded merely as a gallery of painting and sculpture, of which it contains a numerous collection. Of paintings there are about four thousand, a great portion of which were collected by Katherine herself; and there are thirty thousand prints. The specimens of sculpture, which are also numerous, are, for the most part, copies from Greek originals.

The next of these imperial edifices completes the line of palaces along the quay of the Neva, and is called the Marble Palace, on account of the second and third stories of it, which are set upon a lower story of granite, being constructed of, or cased with, marble. It has nothing otherwise very remarkable in its structure. It was the only royal edifice we saw in St. Petersburg that gave us the impression of neglect and decay.

Of the monuments, properly so called, of this capital, it will suffice for our purpose merely to notice the two most remarkable,—that of Peter the Great, and that of the Emperor Alexander, both of which, as already mentioned, adorn the grand square of the Admiralty.

The equestrian and colossal statue of Peter the Great is familiar, indeed, to all of us, by its thousands of copies. It is eighteen feet in height, and is set upon a block of granite, which was found in a morass near St. Petersburg, of the enormous size of fourteen feet in height, thirty-five in length, and twenty in breadth, which makes the full height of the monument, measuring from the ground, thirty-two feet. The horse is represented rearing at the very edge of the rock, and Peter as governing the animal with his left hand, and pointing with his right to that ever-flowing Neva, whose desert banks, at his command, became the seat of magnificent palaces, and a populous city. The act in which the horse is represented, crushing a serpent beneath his hind feet, also forms an allegory well illustrative of the power of Peter over the apparent destinies of his unenlightened subjects.

The Alexander column must be pronounced a wonderful production of labour and art; yet some of the party with whom I inspected this great work, as well as myself, turned from contemplating it with feelings of depression and disappointment. Let us see of what it consists, and what are its dimensions, and then inquire why that which we are ready to acknowledge to be so

far above the ordinary efforts of art, should not inspire us with a sense of the merit of all who had any share in its construction.

This monument consists of a shaft cut out of a single block of red granite of no less than eighty feet in length, resting upon an enormous block, also of granite, of twenty-five feet in height, and of nearly the same number of cubic feet, with a massive capital supporting the statue of an angel bearing a cross raised high in the air, as an emblem of the triumph of the late Emperor over the enemies of his country and of religion, in which double character the Russians are wont at all times to regard their enemies. The full height from the ground to the top of the cross is stated to be one hundred and fifty feet. Among those who have looked upon this column with the eye of an artist, some have found fault with the very same parts of the work which others have either delighted to dwell upon, as instances of exact and happy conformity to the rules of art, or of an equally happy disregard of them. Be the merit, however, of the work what it may, we were satisfied that the feelings above mentioned, which we experience, were produced by the substitution of the ethereal being which the vast mass supports, for the figure of the sovereign in whose honour the monument is erected. Again, it must be observed, that whether a celestial messenger, placed in such a position, be, or be not, in an allegorical light, the most proper that could be chosen to produce the impression intended, we cannot behold so vast a mass of solid substance set up to support the figure of one of the beings, which we may believe to exist, though we do not know of what substance created, and from the regretted rarity of whose visits we retain so imperfect an image, without perceiving an incongruity in the design, which conveys a painful or depressing impression. It may be also remarked, that perhaps no allegorical figure whatsoever should be permitted to engross the whole idea which an artist has embodied in any great work.

This nevertheless magnificent monument is already damaged, though to what extent is hardly known. A rent has opened in the upper limb of the shaft, resembling a crack in a pine tree, and, doubtless, from the same frost which will rarely permit even the tall offspring of her own realm to pass its several ages, and return again to the ground, without similar instances of the power of a varying temperature over all that exists within its influence. Thus, it could hardly be expected that even a piece of the oldest of the rocks that compose our planet, and which must have had to contend more with heat than cold, now taken from the even temperature of the ground in which it was found, could bear uninjured the violent and sudden extremes to which an exposure to the air must subject it in this climate.

The capital of Russia possesses an Academy of Science founded by Peter the Great upon the model of that of Paris. Besides an extensive library of upwards of 100,000 volumes, this academy contains a Museum of Natural History, an Egyptian Museum, an Ethnographic Museum rich in the implements and dresses of the northern tribes, and a botanical collection. In the Museum of Natural History is preserved that astonishing specimen of animated nature, the mammoth, belonging to a species of the elephant, extinct, at least, before the historic period of the world commences, and which has afforded to the students of natural science so fertile a field of interesting suppositions concerning

the condition of the earth, and of its inhabitants, before our own species began to cultivate and beautify its surface.

We saw this museum, as well that above mentioned, under great disadvantages. We had some difficulty in obtaining admittance: and, when we were admitted, we were accompanied only by our interpreter and an excessively stupid attendant, whose answers to the questions put to him seldom exceeded the most provoking of all replies upon similar occasions—"I know nothing about it."

The mammoth is stated by the guide books to be sixteen feet in length, without including the tusks, and nine feet in height. The bones of this gigantic animal, with even a part of the flesh, were found on the banks of the River Lena, in Siberia, in the latitude of 70°. on the occasion of a mass of ice separating itself from the great body of which it must have formed a portion from the hour that the creature was imbedded in it, and, it may be, even from an epoch anterior to the appearance of the proud biped who now domineers over all creatures, perhaps but for his brief day, to disappear like his brute predecessors, and be heard of no more.

This skeleton was not found entire, but has been so skilfully restored, that it is difficult to tell the real bones from the imitation. There was a piece of the skin of the animal lying upon the boards upon which the skeleton stands, weighing thirty English pounds; and the quantity of thick hair with which it is still covered should be sufficient to save some naturalists such speculations as have ended in giving to Siberia a tropical climate, after our globe became cool enough for the existence of organised beings. The skeleton of an elephant of ordinary size has been placed beside that of the mammoth, to make the disproportion between them the more apparent.

The Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg, contains but one picture by a native artist of sufficient celebrity to be the subject of interest to visitors to Russia, though there are several original paintings of the Italian school, and many copies of the first among the Italian and other artists, of various degrees of merit.

The subject of the native painting is the destruction of Pompeii. The picture occupies nearly the whole of a wall that forms one end of a broad gallery, and the figures represented appear as large as life. The opinions of this *chef-d'œuvre* of the Russian school, and its talented author Briloff, are various, in relation to certain rules of art, or impressions, whether imaginary or real. It must at least be allowed to be a magnificent production, whatever may be the discoveries of the nice observers or casuists that visit the Academy.

The Mining Academy of St. Petersburg is an institution of great interest; and it were perhaps well if it were made the model of some institutions that might be with advantage established in Great Britain. Youths intended to be employed in the civil service of the mines belonging to the government in the different parts of the empire, receive an especially adapted practical education for the purpose, either here or in some one of the several branch establishments of the institution which have been formed in other parts of the country. Thus, in place of the study of the theory alone of those branches of science of which their future pursuits render it necessary they should acquire a competent knowledge, they have but to descend to the caves beneath the building of this academy, to be

transported into the midst of the type of the practical operation of the works they are designed to superintend. There, in a series of model mines, furnished with everything required in the interior of the several descriptions of mines in Russia and Siberia, they have the means of perfecting their knowledge, both of the theory and practice of the art of mining in all its branches.

The museum attached to this institution contains a thousand objects of the highest interest, and many articles of great intrinsic value. There is here a block of malachite, weighing above 3,000 lbs., and valued at £18,000 sterling, and many pieces of native gold, one of which was marked 88 lbs. Russian, which would be about 10 lbs. English. There is also a piece of platinum marked 24 lbs. Russian, or about 2½ lbs. English, and also ten diamonds, of 80 carats each. There are models, likewise, of portions of the Ural mountains, and of lakes and mines, and of all the mechanical instruments and chemical apparatus used in the process of mining. Some of the models of mines in glass cases are highly curious, and are filled with miners of the different classes, following every one his special occupation, in excavating, carrying, or wheeling the ore.

V.

RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—PECULIAR CONSTITUTION AND WIDE INFLUENCE OF THE INSTITUTION—IMPRESSIONS RECEIVED FROM A VISIT TO THIS REMARKABLE CHARITY.

THE most remarkable of the social institutions of the Russians, of a purely moral character, is the Vospitatelnoi Dom, or House of Education, which is the Foundling Hospital of the country, and, as peculiarly Russian in constitution and purpose, merits especial attention. This charitable asylum, indeed, on account of its extensive influence, forms an important feature in the social economy of the Russian people. The principle upon which it is based is, that the state recognises the right of every infant throughout the empire, abandoned by, or deprived of, its natural protectors, to receive public support during childhood, and even provision against want when arrived at mature age; and the practical application of this principle is commensurate with the liberality in which it originated.

The Vospitatelnoi Dom of St. Petersburg was founded by the Empress Katherine, in 1770. At first it supported no more than about three hundred children at the same time, but it has kept pace with the increase of the population of Northern Russia; and the number of children now annually received amounts to nearly ten thousand, and the standing number partaking of the benefits of the institution is about thirty thousand. Within this central edifice are the children only that are under the age of six weeks of both sexes, and the girls above six years. All the children at the first of these ages are sent out to nurse among the peasants, and the girls alone return for their education when they have attained their sixth year. The boys are sent for the same purpose to a branch establishment at Galshina. The number of the younger children in the central department, at this time, was six hundred. The whole expenses of the institution are estimated at about 5,000,000 roubles a year, which is provided for by special taxes, and the profits upon an accumulated capital arising out of donations received severally from all the sovereigns of Russia since its foundation.

I was accompanied, on a visit made to this asylum, by Mr. Marshall, an English gentleman, and, like myself, only a traveller in Russia. After passing the centre gate of the building, and crossing the broad court, we approached the chief entrance, where, finding a sentinel, we inquired of him, as well as we were able, for we had no interpreter, where we should find the governor; but we were not able to learn anything more than that we could not pass. We were not long, however, at a loss to know what to do, for a young man, who was crossing the court, and who afterwards informed us he was one of the medical gentlemen of the establishment, seeing us staring about, came up and addressed us in French, and after inquiring and learning our wants, conducted us to the office of the director, a German baron of one of the Baltic provinces, who gave us immediate permission to inspect the institution as fully as we pleased, and as the gentleman we had so opportunely encountered volunteered his further services to aid our inquiries, we cheerfully accepted them, and commenced our inspection of the more important offices and apartments of the noble edifice. It will suffice to mention such only as most excited our interest.

The building is of great extent, and with its courts, gardens, and dependent offices, is said to cover no less than twenty acres of ground. The apartment where we first came in direct contact with the children was that appropriated to the earliest cares towards the new-born infants. It consisted, properly, of a succession of chambers across the building, with a common passage through the centre of them. As we entered the first, the scene was touching and interesting. The room was furnished with many beds, set equi distant from one another; and, at our appearance, twenty or thirty young women, all dressed in a simple loose robe of the chastest white, and girdled at the waist, and wearing caps, started from the beds upon which they had been sitting, with infants at their breasts, or in their arms, and remained standing as long as we were present. They were evidently all from the country, from their smiling, fresh and happy countenances, which we especially remarked. The matron of the institution, a woman of riper years, soon made her appearance, and, as she accompanied us, she informed us the age of the children, with the time they had been in the asylum, and such other matters as she thought would most interest us, and she evidently took great pride and pleasure in so doing.

Some of the young women were the mothers of the children they were nursing, such an arrangement not being against the rules of the institution. Young mothers, indeed, are very wisely encouraged to enter the asylum and suckle their own offspring.

We, the two strangers, were both under the impression that we had heard a great deal about the almost universal ugliness of the Russian women, but there was nothing, in the sample of peasant girls before us, to confirm this. They were, in general, indeed, very young, few of them probably exceeding one or two and twenty. We remarked, however, that though they were smaller than the average of our women, they more resembled the peasant girls of our rural districts, than the German peasant girls resemble any of our women, from which we supposed that they were less exposed to field labour than the German women of the humbler classes.

We passed through the several chambers without

finding any variation, until we came to the last, save in the age of the children, which was less in every one we entered successively, and in the temperature of the atmosphere, which was warmer as we proceeded, and was regulated with the greatest exactness, to meet the age and strength of the children. But in this last chamber we witnessed a refinement in the arrangements of the charitable institution which I do not think can be exceeded within any asylum in any country in the world. There were here several copper cradles, floating in basins of their form, which were filled with warm water. These were for the purpose of raising infants of premature birth. The double cradle thus formed was enveloped in woollen coverings, by which the temperature within was kept at the same degree for the new-born infant as that in which the child exists before its birth, but which was daily diminished, by faster or slower degrees, in proportion as the time of the birth was nearer or further from the natural period of parturition.

As our obliging friend explained this to us, the matron removed an upper covering from one of the cradles, and then withdrawing a thin gauze curtain which was beneath this, exposed two infants tranquilly sleeping in the damp heat. We could not perceive that they breathed. The kind-hearted woman, however, told us that they were doing well. They had been two days, she said, in the institution, always sleeping, excepting when at the breast, to which they were put wrapped in hot damp woollen cloths. Of those thus brought in, it might be almost said before they were born, she informed us more than half lived at least until the end of the first term of six weeks that they remained in the institution, and nearly the whole of those that survived the two first days. Never might the words of King David, "For we are fearfully and wonderfully made," impress the truth they proclaim more strongly upon us than when we might be contemplating the chances of life for these tender babes, exposed to fortune the most adverse under which any of our species could come into the world.

We were next brought to the great dining hall; and, as it happened, at the hour at which the children of the ages above six years were at dinner. The baron was present here; and, as soon as he saw us enter, he politely came to serve as our guide in this part of the Asylum. Here we saw the girls that, from six to twelve years ago, for some of them were near twelve years of age, passed their short sojourn in the heated chambers we had just left, now after their return from the country, assembled to receive their proper education and the other benefits of the institution. According, however, to the statistics of the establishment, not much above one-third of the children which enter the central edifice, attain the age at which they properly commence their education. But when we consider the character of the climate of St. Petersburg, which is perhaps the worst in Russia, owing to the position of the town being between the great lake above it and the sea, and to the dampness of the surrounding morasses in summer, and, when we hear, that of the children in the healthiest districts, and even of those of our own country, as I believe, not above half attain their seventh year, we are less inclined to place this great mortality, as it might at first appear, to any want of care from the foster-nurses and attendants of the asylum. Neither can it proceed from any deficiency of medical attendance, there being no less than a dozen professional

gentlemen attached to the institution, who are under the obligation of frequently visiting all the children out at nurse, at any distance whatever at which they may be placed.

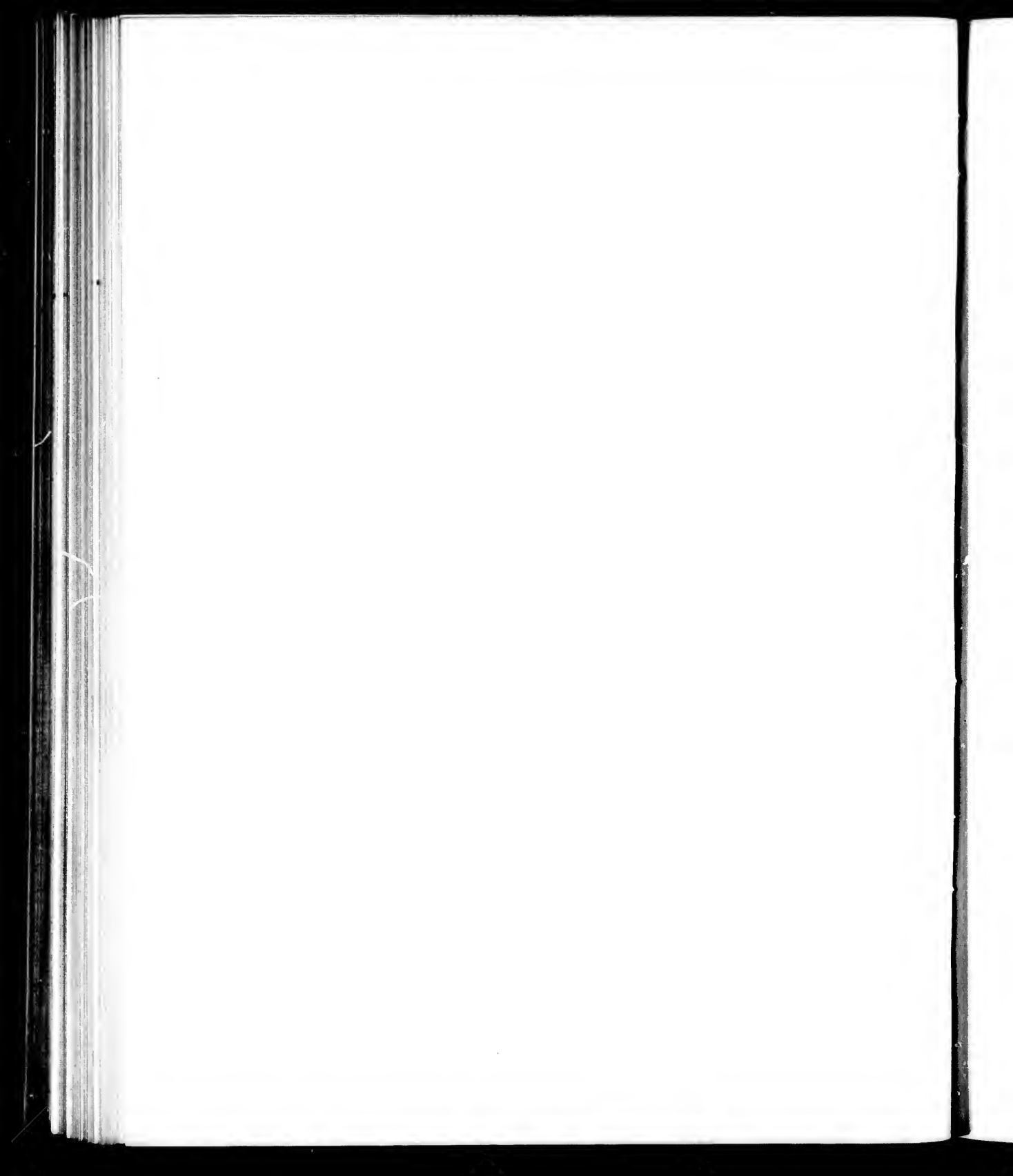
About a thousand girls were now sitting at two or three long tables in the body of the room, and at a circular table round a broad niche at the upper end. The first thing that struck us was their dresses, which were of different colours, which upon inquiry we found distinguished the degrees of rank to which they belonged in regard alone to their birth. Those who occupied the table in the niche were the children of nobles, generally military officers; and with these sat the teachers of the institution. Thus the Russian law, whatever the poverty of the parent, holds the right of nobility in the child inalienable, even in a charitable asylum. These, however, are generally the children that necessity, and not desertion on the part of their parents, has brought into the asylum; and it is this chiefly which distinguishes the institution of the Russians from those which seem based upon the same general principles in several other countries. We could not, however, when we considered the unceremonious manner in which we had introduced ourselves, consistently make very nice inquiries concerning the way in which the children were taken, or the influence of the honours by which they were distinguished, or the future to which they were destined.

As we walked about the hall, we observed them to partake of several dishes, one of which was rice, and another dish called *stchee*. The latter is an eminently national dish. It is something between a stew and soup, and is properly composed of beef and cabbage. I was at this time unacquainted with it, but afterwards found it among the most wholesome, as well as agreeable to the taste of any of the dishes of which I have ever partaken in any country. I believe that its introduction into England, especially if accompanied with the delicious sweet rye-bread eaten here, provided it were cooked as in Russia by slow boiling, would much diminish our consumption of deleterious drugs prescribed in place of a receipt for the better preparation or better choice of our food. Their beverage was a kind of beer called *quass*, made from fermented meal, and which I may say at this time, is wholesome, refreshing, and fattening. It has usually a little tartness, and is rarely liked by strangers, who, if Englishmen, are apt to compare it with sour beer. Upon our expressing a wish to taste this national beverage, the baron ordered a tumbler of it to be brought to us. Mr. Marshall first drank a little, and finding it not to his taste, seemed rather to disappoint the worthy governor, in expressing himself not quite satisfied with its flavour. Seeing this, I put it to my lips, with a determination to like it if it were possible, and was agreeably surprised to find I could, without any strained compliment, extol it very highly. Indeed, during my stay in Russia, I rarely afterwards drank anything else. The baron was evidently pleased that one of the foreigners found the beverage which his great family drank, agreeable; and taking in his hand the same somewhat large tumbler from which we had drunk, placed it to his mouth and drained it to the bottom.

When the dinner was concluded, the children rose from their seats simultaneously, but at what sign we did not observe; and now turning their faces to the upper end of the hall, they crossed themselves, and commenced a hymn which they sang with the peculiar



BLESSING THE WATERS.



melody of the Russian sacred music. At the conclusion of this, they all rushed towards the several doors, in a manner that left no room to doubt, whether they were going to the garden which was attached to the edifice, for recreation, or to their studies. Upon this, we took leave of the benign guardian of the countless thousands of children that had been reared under his superintendence, for he had been for many years at the head of the institution.

In fine, we learned that all except the sons of serfs, which are at the disposal of the crown, and generally sent to the imperial manufactories, were, after the completion of their education, allowed the free choice of their pursuits in life; and, indeed, that the care of the directors of the asylum was even extended to placing them, both boys and girls, in the several positions to which their education, which has generally been directed by the talent they have displayed, has seemed to qualify them.

Thus, out of this institution, from the boys proceed manufacturers, merchants, teachers, artists, and even priests, all perhaps as well disposed to respect for the laws, and to love of their country, so essential to the advance of civilisation, as any Russian subjects in any class of society; and from the girls, the most useful women, in every way of life which best suits their sex, the abilities they have displayed, and the consequent direction of their education, from menial servants, even up to governesses in the most noble families.

Nor do the benefits of this noble asylum towards those that are reared in it end here. Even the marriage of the girls is anticipated, and upon the day of their nuptials those of the ordinary classes receive 120 roubles, and those who have raised themselves to be teachers, either within or without the institution, receive 1,000 roubles.

In short, we left the house of charity with impressions concerning its moral effect upon society, very different from those usually entertained of institutions in our own country, which bear the nearest resemblance to the *Vospitatelnoi Dom* of the Russians. It should be remarked, however, that illegitimate birth is not looked upon in Russia with the same feelings as in England, and, that it is probable, that for every child that owes its birth to the security which this institution affords against the shame that might otherwise have awaited the mother, there are twenty reared that would have perished if the institution had not existed.

VI.

THE EMPRESS' FETE—THE WORLD AT PETERHOFF—LESSER FESTIVITIES—A ROW TO YELAGIN—GARDEN ISLANDS—PETERHOFF—CONSECRATION OF THE WATERS—AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS—THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY—BATHS—RESTAURANTS.

THE fete of the empress is a great day with the people of St. Petersburg, as well as with foreigners who make a holiday of it and an excursion; the imperial family celebrating the festival at Peterhoff, in company with as many thousands of the inhabitants of the metropolis as could find means to convey them to the scene of rejoicing; and as it appeared that no more could go until the boats that had departed returned, and which it was said would scarce give time to those who went by them on their second trip to witness all the diversions of the day, I determined, instead of following the rest, to join the quieter portion of the citizens, whom I learned were gathering to unite in

a lesser display of all the ordinary excitements to joy, upon one of the islands on the opposite side of the Neva.

I was accompanied on this occasion by a German gentleman, who was likewise a stranger in St. Petersburg, and in the same position as myself; and it was yet an early hour, when we drove off for the place of the lesser festivities.

After passing to the opposite side of the grand arm of the Neva, we crossed a narrow portion of the island of Vasileostrow, which divides the current of the great river into two parts, and alighted on the banks of the Little Neva, or northern arm of the grand river, where we took a boat and proceeded, amidst a busy scene of gaily decorated craft, towards the centre of the appointed place of the festivities upon the Island of Yelagin.

The prospect around us, as we floated upon the broad Neva, presented nothing of the native scenery which the banks of rivers in high latitudes commonly exhibit, consisting almost entirely of dark-coloured and stunted fir trees. An Englishman might easily here have believed himself to be upon the River Thames, far above all the larger bridges, and the day to be one of the spare holidays enjoyed by our industrious citizens of London and Westminster. Lofty and broad-spreading trees, with their luxuriant foliage, everywhere shaded the green pasture with which the ground was covered, and upon which some sheep were seen grazing at intervals; and gay parties in the boats, with happy faces, and in their best attire, were seen everywhere greeting each other as they recognised acquaintances, or were heard singing tunes, not the less joyous because heard more frequently in "Holy Church," than in places less sacred, and at times of relaxation and enjoyment.

When we came to the place of landing, such was the number of boats and people there gathered, that we had some difficulty in getting on shore. Upon effecting this, however, we found ourselves at once amidst a crowd of the citizens of the capital.

We hear so much in other parts of Europe, of the Russian *mujik*, or man of the peasant or labouring class in his sheep skin, and of the citizens generally in their caftans and flowing beards, that my companion and myself were surprised on this occasion to find that the dresses purely European were at least predominant. It might, indeed, have been supposed that the celebration of the empress' fete was almost confined to the various classes of foreigners so numerous at St. Petersburg, or that there was some connection between the European costume and good humour, which had brought together all who had adopted the one, to enjoy in each other's good company all that was concomitant with the other.

A military band was playing in the centre of a large open space, around which there were walks shaded by groves of trees, among which were placed small booths and *kabaks* or spirit stalls, without order, and without exhibiting anything characteristic of the people, or different from the similar places of resort of the continentals generally. There was nothing that our own holiday folks would call a show; and, in relation to commerce, there was nothing exhibited worth the least notice. In fact, we should have returned after half an hour's promenade, had we not heard that the government had provided an exhibition of fireworks, which would be well worth seeing.

We had to wait, however, until near midnight before these were displayed; but we were not disappointed in what we now witnessed, as far as quantity and quality were concerned; yet, as there is no night in the 60th degree of latitude on the 14th of July, they were necessarily exhibited in full day; and their effect was rather to gratify the ear by strange cracklings in the air, than to delight the sense which rejoices in the brilliant night exhibitions at Vauxhall.

We retired from the gardens about midnight, upon the whole pleased with this first acquaintance which we had the opportunity of making with the citizens of the metropolis of the country with which we had both the intention of acquiring a more intimate knowledge.

Another traveller¹ thus describes the scene, and sums up his impressions. It is a fête day, and the population of Petersburg is pouring in living streams along the banks, or gliding over the broad Neva in row-boats, towards "The Garden Islands," which, like those whereon the city stands, were rescued from an unhealthy swamp, to form the retreat of the wealthy and the resort of pleasure's votaries. The "Garden Islands" are five in number, on one of which (Yelagin) is an imperial chateau. The others are dotted over with fantastic villas, of Chinese, Gothic or Italian styles.

To Yelagin, as the centre of attraction, we made our way in a frail boat, rowed by Cossacks from the banks of the Don. It was a balmy evening, and the setting sun was already throwing the long shadows of the trees over the water, not, however, as a prelude to darkness, for here, in summer, soft twilight (usurping the throne of inky night) sheds its pale light around, and gives a dreamy mystery to objects which in the broad glare of the midday sun possess neither interest nor beauty.

As we approached our destination, a low murmur of ten thousand voices, or the strains of music, mellowed by distance, came wafted on the breeze. At length, amidst a crowd of boats, we reached the land, and mingled with the joyous multitude. Who, while gazing around, would have thought that he looked partly but on a throng of serfs!—that their lives and property were in the hands of one man, who might at any time deprive them of either or both! Yet so it was; and no one born in other and freer lands could have left that scene without feeling that the slave who has known no higher estate may dance merrily to the jingling of his fetters, or pass through life without feeling the weight of his chains.

The island is laid out in walks and drives, along which, on foot or in carriages, from the street droschky to the magnificent equipage of the noble, promenaded thousands of people. Here and there small circles of soldiers, with the "zapevala," or leader, in the centre, sang their wild but harmonious national songs. Some of these were highly amusing. The zapevala addressed the group in singing threats or questions, entreaties or arguments, according to the nature of the song, accompanying his voice with grimaces, leavings, and dances, and an occasional blow on a small tambourine, performing these movements with an accuracy of time quite astonishing; some in the circle

replying, or the whole joining in chorons with extreme vivacity and no ordinary talent.

Punch, with his ever-attentive nonsense, conjurers and jugglers, drew admirers around them; while a hundred tents and booths were crammed full of good folks, sucking their tea, flavoured with a slice of lemon, through lumps of sugar previously deposited in their mouths; a characteristic method of imbibing the decoction of souchong peculiar to the Muscovite.

As ten o'clock approached a general movement was observed towards the water's edge; for on an opposite island fireworks were to be let off. By good luck we found our boat, and with difficulty obtained a favourable position for seeing the display of pyrotechnical art. Chinese lamps of varied colours hung in festoons on steamers and barges moored for the purpose. After pushing or struggling, bawling or pulling, scolding or laughing, each endeavouring to get the best place, the boats were at last jammed into a compact immoveable mass. All noise was now hushed, for a signal rocket flashing through the air was followed by sparkling fountains of fire, and scintillating stars; and then by the bombardment of a castle with thousands of rockets and fire-balls; a wind-up fluttering to the tastes of the *braves Russes*. On our return to Petersburg we found the streets illuminated by pans of fat with large wicks in the centre, placed along the edges of the foot pavements.

On the morning of the 15th we took steamer for Peterhoff, the St. Cloud of St. Petersburg. The palace, about which there is nothing remarkable, is situated on an eminence; the sloping bank of which has been arranged with water-works, considered by many people to be as fine as those of Versailles.

This being the second day's fête of the Empress (of which the one at the islands was the first), we saw these fountains in full play; and the effect was very beautiful. There are an immense number of *jets d'eau*, issuing from the mouths of dolphins, frogs, &c., or pouring out of vases held by nymphs. The principal jet gushes from the mouth of a lion, stretched open by a colossal Sampson in bronze, eighty feet in height.

The gardens and grounds are neatly laid out; and a small river and lake made the most of. The stream is about three miles long, planted on each bank with trees. Here an effective illumination took place in the evening. The trees were filled with Chinese lanterns. The borders of the stream, the margins of the lake, and the islands on it, were lighted up; and the outlines of some castellated houses traced with coloured lamps.

At about ten o'clock a procession of carriages moved gently along the avenue: the first, a "char-à-banc," contained the emperor and empress, some of the Imperial family, and royal visitors. The rest, about thirty in number, were filled with ladies, and gentlemen of the court in brilliant uniforms. The fête closed with fireworks, arranged with elegance and taste.

At periodical seasons, a curious ceremony takes place in Russia, called *the consecration of the waters*,² which

¹ *The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea*, by Charles Henry Scott.

² What can be more imposing than the blessing of the waters of the Neva, on the day of the Epiphany! A magnificent octagon temple rises on the surface of the river, opposite the Winter Palace. In the centre of this temple, a large opening made in the ice affords a view of the water. A cannon-shot gives the signal. *

is in fact a commemoration of the baptism of Christ. In the observance of this, at St. Petersburg, the Neva is the river consecrated, while at Moscow it is naturally the Moskwa.

"About nine o'clock, on the occasion of the accession of the late Emperor Nicholas to the throne, a procession of ecclesiastics, consisting of more than four hundred prelates, priests, chief deacons, and deacons, issued forth from the 'convent of miracles,' and walked towards the river, escorting the royal family. This procession took almost the same road as that on Palm Sunday, by which formerly, in ancient Muscovy, they celebrated the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem. (The Saviour was then represented by the Patriarch, who, cross in hand, was seated on a mare, whose bridle was held by the Czar himself, supported by his principal ministers. The procession used to go from the Kremlin, to the church of Vassili Blagenni, and then on to the Lobnoe-Misto, situated in the same place.) On the occasion to which we now refer, the train turned round the church, and descended towards the river, where the consecration of the waters was to be performed with much pomp, and in the presence of the whole population. After the ceremony, the festival of the patron saint was just beginning, when suddenly they saw the Emperor appear at the entrance, having on his left the Grand Duke Michael, on his right, the Grand Duke Constantine; the three brothers were clasping each other by the hand, while their countenances beamed with joy. The crowd was enthusiastic, caps were flung into the air, thunders of applause broke forth, the citadel resounded with prolonged shouts of 'Hurrah, the Emperor, hurrah, Constantine!'"

The Grand Duke Constantine, believing the coronation to have been fixed for the 15th, had arrived from Warsaw the day before, without having apprised his brother of his intention. An aide-de-camp hastened to announce him to the Czar; Nicholas, who was employed in dressing, and thought that the visitor was his brother Michael the Grand Duke, would have excused himself for a few minutes; but the aide-de-camp seemed embarrassed. Nicholas looked inquiringly at him, and the officer answered to the look, "The Czarovitch." The Emperor with a joyful exclamation ran to meet his brother; Constantine seized his hand and kissed it with a low bow; but Nicholas embracing him warmly made the deepest protestations of respect and gratitude.

long procession is then seen emerging from the palace, composed of the archbishop and his clergy, the high dignitaries of the court, pages, officers of the guard, and followed by the Emperor, surrounded by the members of his family. Every one is in full uniform, and bare-headed. Whilst the procession proceeds towards the temple the crowd rushes in disorder, and soon the banks of the Neva, and the Neva itself, are lost to view, covered with the dense mass. It is fortunate that at this period the ice of the river is five or six feet deep. The ceremony commences. A solemn silence enables the prayers of the archbishop, and the melodious response of the court choristers, to be heard. At last, the prelate takes the cross and plunges it in the water which rages at his feet. The cannon then rours anew. The Emperor tastes the water, which is consecrated, in a golden cup that he receives from the hands of the clergy; after which he returns in silence to the palace. From this moment the people have the constant; they precipitate themselves with frenzy towards the temple, carrying pichlers to be filled with the holy water. It is a struggle, a tumultuous crowding, a pêle-mêle which it is impossible to describe. Some individuals even plunge into the river; mothers bathe their children in it. I have mentioned also to what extreme the Russians carry out the fanaticism and ridicule of these superstitions. (See page 521.)

Schnitzler, from whom the above is somewhat shortened, describes at full length the coronation, with its magnificent attendant pageantry, and then proceeds to say, "It was when the ceremony of crowning him was over that the most interesting scene took place. Whilst the singing continued, the Emperor and Empress received the congratulations of the princes and princesses of their family, the high clergy and principal personages of the court. The mother of the Czar was the first who would have approached—he prevented her and hastening forward, embraced her and received her blessing. Maria concealed her tears on the breast of her son; perhaps she was thinking of that other son so fondly loved, of whom death had bereaved her. It excited the sympathy of all. Hardly had the Empress mother torn herself from her son's embrace, when Constantine was seen bending the knee before that younger brother who had replaced him on a throne to which, by birth, he had himself been called. Nicholas fell on his knees, pressed him to his heart, and forgot for a moment his part as a crowned king, to obey the impulse of nature. Their august mother returned and blessed them; every one was moved on beholding this scene, in comparison with which, all the rest was formal and languid. The Grand Duke Michael, his lovely consort Helena, Princess of Wurtemberg, and the young heir to the throne, presented in succession their congratulations, and the clergy, without leaving their places, bowed thrice before the consecrated couple."

"Ambassadors from eastern and western courts, envoys from Georgia, Circassia, Mingrelia, the Kirghiz, Kazaks or Co saks, the sovereigns of Daghestan, and of other parts of Asia, were assembled on this grand occasion. In the description of the accompanying festivities, a curious account is given of a banquet offered the people of Moscow by the Czar. Two hundred and forty tables were spread on the plain of Devitche Polc, covered with a variety of dishes, whilst wine and beer were poured from fountains erected 'for the nonce.' In the midst of all was a tent where the Emperor and his court were assembled. A hundred thousand mujiks, or Russian peasants, pressed round the place of entertainment. At noon, at a signal from the Emperor—who said graciously to them, 'My children, all this is yours,'—the mujiks darted on the feast, and under their ravages disappeared in a few minutes, tables, clothes, dishes, meats, and fountains!"

Marriage in Russia is a purely religious act, the ceremony is touching, generally taking place in the evening, and preserving traditions of the olden time. Formerly neither father nor mother could be present, they were supposed to be at home absorbed in grief at the loss of a beloved child; this point of etiquette is, however, no longer so strictly observed. A pulpit is brought forward in front of the altar bearing the liturgy, and it is placed upon a handsome carpet. The bride and bridegroom, each attended by a page of honour, and their friends, take their places in front, the minister behind, and the choir on the sides. One portion of the ceremony is peculiar, and is represented in the illustration at page 29. At a certain period, the choristers chant a loud nymn, the bride and bridegroom take a lighted taper in the left hand, the minister places another in the right, and then taking a hand of each united in his, he thus leads them three

¹ *Russia and her Cæars*, by E. J. Brabazon.

times round the pulpit, the pages of honour following, all the time holding a crown of silver over each of their heads.

Vapour baths are not a mere object of luxury with the Russians but a matter of necessity. All classes of society make use of such with the utmost regularity. These hygienic establishments occupy vast spaces. They are of three descriptions or classes, and costing from three kopeks to fifteen, or from three-halfpence to sixpence. The arrangement is the same for all, only females have their own compartments, but in the higher priced every person can also have his own compartment. The vapour is obtained by throwing water upon heated plates of iron, and a different temperature is obtained by wooden stages. The higher-priced baths are luxuriously and often tastefully decorated with carpets, mirrors, and rich furniture, and they are brilliantly lit up in the evenings, especially in winter time. We have given a sketch of the crowd besieging the entrance to one of these baths. Saturday is the day upon which they are most frequented, and long lines of soldiers, mujiks, women, and of the working classes may be seen on such occasions presenting themselves at the doorway with their packet under their arms.

Restaurants abound in St. Petersburg, some of them are first-class establishments of their kind. Dussant, Borrel, Vair, and Douar enjoy a well-merited reputation. Their saloons are spacious, handsomely furnished, and well lit up. The attendance is paid by Tartars dressed in black with white cravats, in other respects good Mussulmen, and, generally, speaking Russian, German, and French. The prices vary from a rouble upwards. The establishments of Wolf, of Dominique, and of the Great Vauxhall, at the railway station, are also in high repute. After the restaurant come the *traktir*, a word which a French traveller believes to be a corruption of *traiteur*. The *traktir* is as much a national institution as the "public" is in our own country, and the *café* in France. Some of these establishments are kept in splendid style, but still they are essentially Russian; the attendants wear their long hair divided in the middle, the perpetual tunic, and the un-failing boots. The chief article of consumption is tea; and business and pleasure alike are transacted in the presence of the perpetual somovar. Dinner, and a very good one, too, preceded by ardent spirits, and ham, tongue, sturgeon or sterlet, dry and smoked, with the oleaginous roe of the latter (caviare), as appetisers, are to be obtained. There is also always some kind of music going on, from a monumental organ down to a hurdy-gurdy. The Russian cannot find repose without his organ of hearing being put to tortures by barbarous sounds, although a great appreciator of vocal music. Ivan Turgenieff, of Moscow, in his entertaining little book, called *Russian Life in the Interior, or the Experiences of a Sportsman*, gives a lively and characteristic description of a village *traktir*, as also of the musical feeling among the peasants. (See p. 531.)

VII.

THE TRAKTIR OR TAVERN—A RUSSIAN HOST—THE RAVINE OF KOLOTOKA—THE WHITE ROOM—TURK IACHKA—THE "SAYAOE GENTLEMAN"—A VOCAL CONTEST.

THE little village of Kolotofka was formerly the property of a lady surnamed in the country Stryginkha (one who clips or shaves), on account of her

sharp and ready humour; it now belongs to some German from St. Petersburg. This village is situated on the eastern slope of a barren hill, cut from top to bottom by a frightful ravine. Yawning like an abyss, and torn up by the fury of the spring and autumn floods, this ravine runs right through the main and only street of the village, dividing the poor little hamlet into two parts, which, though face to face, are far from being on that account neighbours. A few meagre hazel trees maintain a precarious and hesitating existence on the irregular banks of the horrible and tortuous canal. The bottom, which seems to be a composition of various kinds of sand, is of a dry and copper-coloured tint, and covered with immense clayey boulders. It is to be confessed that the locality is far from an inviting one, and yet there is not an inhabitant within a circle of fourteen miles who is not familiar with the road to the village of Kolotofka, and who does not pay it a willing visit, and that pretty often too.

At the point where the ravine enters the village, a few paces from the narrow cleft which forms its commencement, stands a little square house quite apart from the rest. It is thatched, and boasts a single chimney, which rises from the middle of the roof; it possesses only one window, and that at the back of the house, like a Cyclop's eye looking down upon the ravine, which on winter nights, lighted from within, is visible from afar through the thick and frosty mist—the pole-star of many a belated peasant. Above the door is nailed a blue sign-board; and as this cabin is at once the tavern and place of general rendezvous, it assumes the title of *Pritymni R. b.atchok* (Little Tavern of Refuge.) I daresay that in this tavern with the euphonious surname, the grain wine is sold at the same price as in every other; but it is, notwithstanding, much more frequented than any establishment of a similar kind in the whole district. The reason of that is, that the host is Nicolai Ivanytch.

Nicolai Ivanytch—not so long ago a well-formed, handsome young fellow with fresh countenance and curly hair—now a man of remarkable rotundity, gray head, moist, perspiring face, and possessing an eye always animated by a fine geniality of expression, and a deeply-furrowed brow—has been established at Kolotofka for more than twenty years.

Nicolai Ivanytch, like the majority of tavern-keepers, is a man of quick and penetrating mind; he is not distinguished by any particular politeness, but, without being communicative, he possesses the unconscious art of attracting customers, who seem to love to sit by the bar under the calm clear-seeing look of this phlegmatic personage. He is endowed with admirable good sense; he knows accurately the mode of life of every proprietor in the district, of every citizen and every peasant, as well as the state of their affairs. In difficult conjunctures there would be wisdom in consulting him, but as a circumspect man he is far from desiring so great an honour, much preferring to remain under the shadow of his bar; it is consequently only by distant hints, uttered apparently by accident, that he puts his customers on the path of reason and good sense, and these only such of his customers as he takes a genuine interest in. He is learned in everything which it is important for a Russian to know—horses, cattle, building-timber, bricks, delft-ware, hides and leather, songs and dances.

When his tavern is empty, he generally sits like a

sack of wheat on the ground before the door of his cottage, his slender legs drawn under him, and in this position exchanges greetings with all the passers-by. This man has seen much; he has survived ever so many poor country gentlemen, who, if they did not look in as they passed to rinse their throats, at least provided themselves with their annual supply of brandy at his house. He knows everything that is going on within a circle of a hundred versts, and, so far from letting slip a word which might indicate what he knows, no one could even guess that he was quite intimately acquainted with a thousand little secrets beyond the suspicion of the police commissioner himself. He closes his lips, smiles, drinks, and passes the drinking cup. The neighbours have great respect for him; even his excellency M. Stcherepetenko, the most distinguished proprietor in the district, so far as civil rank is concerned, does not fail, every time he passes, to salute him with an air of consideration. Nicolai Ivanytch is clearly a man to be relied on.

He once induced a cattle-stealer to restore a horse which he had stolen from the courtyard of one of his acquaintances; one morning he brought to their senses the peasants of a neighbouring village who had unanimously determined not to recognise a new overseer. Do not imagine, however, that his conduct in these matters is regulated by devotion to his neighbours; he wishes, in fact, only to prevent what might afterwards disturb his repose. His wife, a woman of firm and agile step, with a quick eye and thin nose, has lately become rather stout, like her husband. He has a blind confidence in her, and she keeps the keys of his strong box. The turbulent drunkards are afraid of her; she is pretty firm with them; although, in general, plenty of noise is to be had from them, but little money. She decidedly prefers the silent, morose, and moderate drinkers to those who are habitual and reputed drunkards who are sure to quarrel with one another.

It was a July day, oppressively hot, and I climbed the hill with difficulty in the direction of the Pritymui Rabatshok, on a footpath which ran along the slope of the ravine of Kolotofka. The sun ruled in the heavens like a merciless tyrant—terrible, implacable, unavoidable; the air was impregnated with a suffocating dust. I was tormented with thirst; there was neither spring nor stream at hand. At Kolotofka, as in the majority of steppian villages, the peasants, for lack of springs and wells, have accustomed their stomachs to a muddy marsh liquid. But who would be so bold as to honour with the name of water a liquid so disgusting? I resolved to pay a visit to Nicolai Ivanytch, and enjoy a glass of beer or kvass.

I believe I have said that at no period of the year is the aspect of Kolotofka pleasing; but under the pitiless rays of a July sun, it excites a feeling more than usually melancholy; the heat has shrivelled and calcined the brown and dilapidated roofs of the huts, and burnt up the scanty herbage of the hideous ravine; and the poor village flock—a flock dusty and wan, which does not, I assure you, remind one of Holland or the Tyrol—among which large and meagre fowls stalk about—droop and languish under the sickly atmosphere. The sun strikes perpendicularly on the gray walls of an old ruin, the remains of an ancient seignorial mansion, a ruin where flourish luxuriously the nettle, the burian, and the wormwood. The marsh, with a black surface, speckled with the down of geese, seems to be evaporating its last moisture under the burning heat; near

the embankment which incloses it, and, resting on the dry shrivelled earth, the sheep breathe with difficulty, and, gasping for air, press languidly one upon the other, hanging their poor little muzzles as low as possible as if to let the fiery torrents which the sun darts upon them pass over their heads.

Worn out with fatigue, I approached at last the dwelling of Nicolai Ivanytch, causing an astonishment on the part of the children which partook more of stupidity than anything else, and a discontent among the dogs, expressed in violent barking, which seemed to do them some serious internal injury on the spot, for they were at once seized with violent coughing, and began to twist about as if they were the victims of convulsions. I reached the tavern, however. As I approached there appeared on the threshold a man of small stature; his head was bare, and from his whole appearance and manner I could discover the eccentric man.

"Come! hallo, come, will you?" he stammered, raising his eyes and long eyebrows with considerable effort. "Come, Morgatch; what are you after? you creep and creep along, while people are waiting for you inside. Come!"

"Well, well, here I am, here I am," replied a small fretful voice, and from behind the house there emerged a little lame man. He was clothed in a cloth tchuika, in pretty good condition, one arm passed through the sleeve, and the other loose. A pointed hat hung over his eyebrows; his little yellow eyes were restless, and round his thin lips hovered a forced, a reserved smile; his long pointed nose jutted out like a ship's prow.

"I am coming, my friend," he continued, steering for the tavern-door; "but why call me in that fashion, and who is waiting for me?"

"Why call you?" replied, in a tone of friendly reproach, the tall man; "ah, Morgatch, what a droll fellow! you are asked to enter a tavern, and you wish to know why! Those who are waiting inside are good and right jovial fellows. There is Turk Iachka and Diki-Barin, and the contractor of Jizdra. Iachka has taken a bet of a large measure of beer that he can sing better than the contractor—you understand?"

"Will Iachka sing?" said Morgatch, sharply; "you are not deceiving me, Obaldui?"

"I am not a liar," replied Obaldui, haughtily. "Your question is rude. There can be no doubt of Iachka's singing, I should think, when he has made a bet on it. Are you such a blockhead as has not to see that? and such a brute to tell me I lie?"

"Well, well, let us go in, Simplicity; let us go in, and have done."

They entered.

I suppose that very few of my readers have had an opportunity of making acquaintance with our country taverns; we sportsmen go everywhere. Their exterior aspect is that of a hut, and their interior arrangements are extremely simple. There is first a little passage of somewhat gloomy character, and this leads into a large room, called in Russ *beelala izba* (white, that is, clear room), divided into two by a partition, behind which no one who is not a member of the family is allowed to pass. In this partition, above a large oak-table, representing the bar, is cut an opening of greater breadth than length. Along the sides of this table are arranged, in several rows, the liquors in process of consumption; on the floor, just behind the opening, lie sealed bottles, arranged according to their sizes. The anterior part

of the room—that devoted to visitors, is furnished with a single bench, running round the wall, two or three empty casks, and a table in the corner, under the holy image. Village taverns are, for the most part, gloomy enough, and you rarely ever see on the naked beams of which the walls are composed, the coarse images called *lubotchnya* (bark) so strongly coloured, and which no hut in Russia could want.

When I entered, I found already assembled a pretty large company.

At the bar, his huge body almost filling the entire opening in the partition, was Nicolai Ivanytch, pouring out two glasses of eau-de-vie with his white flabby hands to his two friends, Morgatch and Obaldui. Behind him, in a corner, and just half seen, was his wife, keeping evidently a watchful eye upon her lord and master.

In the middle of the room was a thin man of about twenty-three, clothed in a long blue nankin kafetan. He had the air of a factory workman, and his colour was far from indicating very robust health. His large restless gray eyes, his straight nose and flexible nostrils, his white sloping brow, his yellow curls, pushed behind his ears, and his lips, somewhat inclined to thickness, but fresh and expressive—all revealed a fiery and impassioned nature. He was in a state of great agitation; he opened and shut his eyes, and breathed unequally, and his arms trembled as if suffering from an ague-fever. And indeed he had a fever, that neuralgic fever so well known by all those who have to sing or speak in public. It was the artist Iachka. Near him stood a man of about forty, with low forehead, thick cheeks, horizontal Tartar eyes, nose short and flat, square chin, and black and brilliant hair. Without moving his body, he looked slowly round him like an ox under the yoke. This man went by the name of the Savage-Gentleman, Diki Barin.

Opposite him, on the corner of the bench under the images, was seated the rival of Iachka, the contractor of the town of Jizdra—a man of moderate height, but well formed, about thirty years old, with a face covered with red spots, flat and crooked nose, slightly wall-eyed, and possessed of a fine silken beard.

"What is the matter, now?" cried Obaldui, after tossing off a glass of eau-de-vie. "What do you wait for? Let us begin. Hallo! Iachka!"

"Yes, yes; come, commence," said the tavern-keeper in a tone of encouragement.

"Good; let us begin!" said the contractor, in a calm and confident tone, smiling at the same time; "I am ready."

"And I too; I am ready," muttered Turk Iachka, not without some hesitation.

"It is time," exclaimed Diki-Barin, in gruff, dictatorial voice. "We shall draw lots: you will draw," he added, addressing Morgatch.

Morgatch, pleased to play a part in all this, smiled, seized the cap with both hands, and shook it well.

There was a profound silence; the two lots struck against each other. I watched attentively the faces of those present—all expressed the highest anticipation. Even Diki-Barin knitted his brows. Morgatch plunged his hand into the cap, and pulled out the contractor's lot. There was a stir in the assembly. Iachka reddened; the contractor passed his hand through his hair.

"What shall I sing?" he said, with some emotion.

"What song you please," said the tavern-keeper,

slowly crossing his arms on his breast; "one does not ask one song more than another; sing what you like best to sing, only take care to sing well, and we shall pronounce our judgment conscientiously."

"Yes, conscientiously," added Obaldui, as he licked the rim of his empty glass.

"My friends, give me a little time to collect myself," said the contractor, playing with the fur collar of his coat.

"Bah, bah! no more off-putting and excuses—begin," said Diki-Barin, resolved to hear only, and speak no more. The contractor missed a moment, shook his head, and moved towards the centre of the room.

Before describing the musical contest which took place on this occasion, it will not be out of place to say a few words about each of the personages of my narrative.

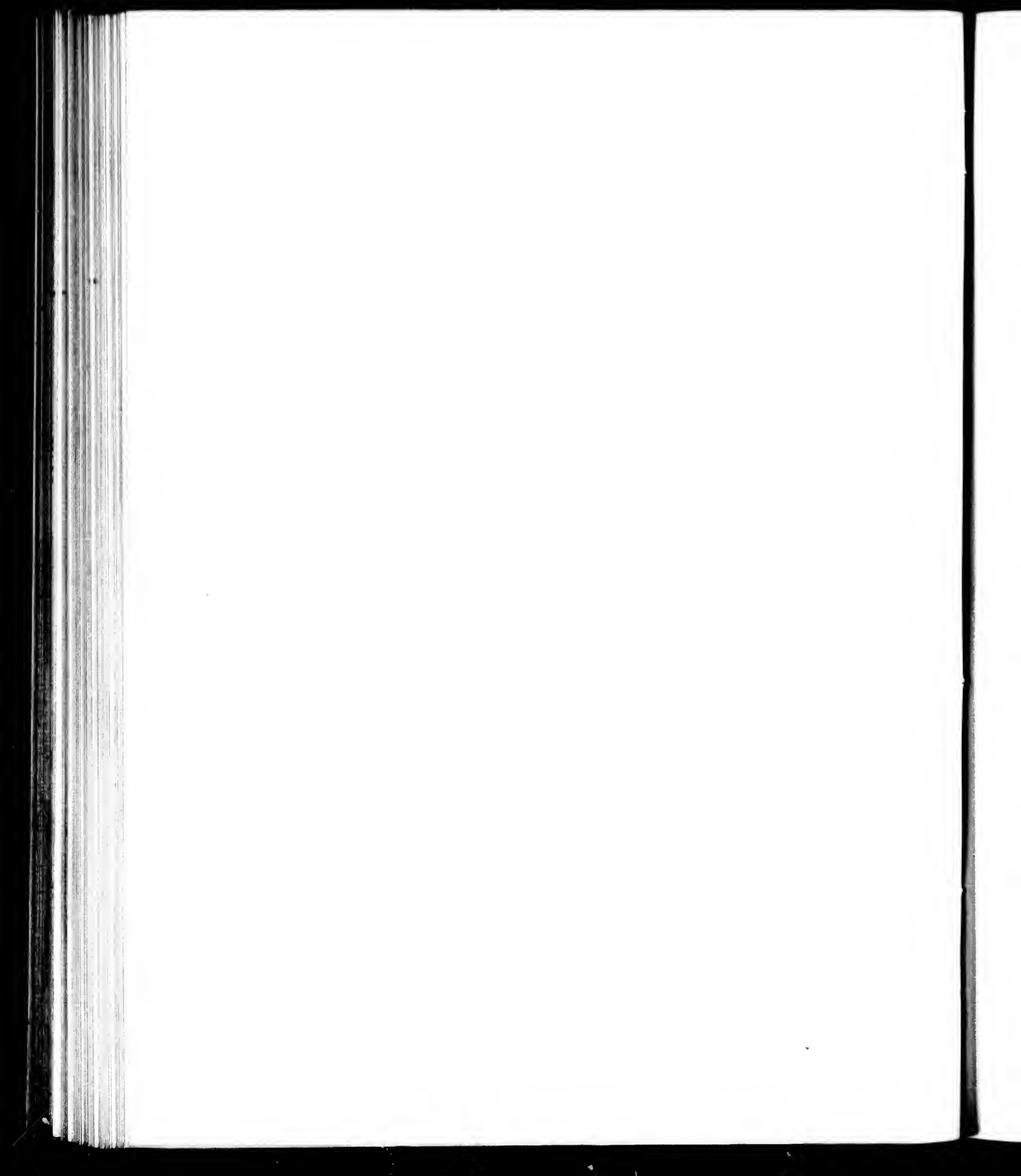
Let us begin with Obaldui. His real name is Evgraif Ivanoff, but in our districts he never receives any other name than Obaldui, a sobriquet of which he is himself quite proud. It is suitable enough for this good-for-nothing brawler, this meddlesome marplot, whose features, like his long arms and tongue, are in continual agitation. He was at one time a serving-man—a habitual drunkard, whom his masters had dismissed to take care of himself; and though he never has any occupation anywhere, and never receives a kopeck from a single soul, he somehow finds the means of amusing himself at the expense of others. There are a great many people of his acquaintance who treat him to tea and brandy, though they could not themselves tell why; for he is never in the least amusing. On the contrary, he disgusts everybody by his stupid talk, his mosquito-like pertinacity, his nervous restlessness, and his loud hollow laugh.

Morgatch has no trait of resemblance with Obaldui. The name Morgatch, or the Winker, is a nickname this man has received no one can say why, for he does not wink more than any other person. The Russian people are naturally disposed to dub every one with some sobriquet, and the man who lives in twenty places runs great risk of having twenty nicknames, and of course it would be a wonder if all of them were equally just and appropriate. In spite of my desire to know something about the history of Morgatch, there still remain, as the people who make books say, many points in his life enveloped in thick and impenetrable darkness. All that I know is, that he was once coachman in the house of an old lady without family, that he ran away with three of the best horses committed to his care, was not to be found for a whole year; that, having probably convinced himself of the dangers and miseries of a vagabond life, he returned of his own accord in a dreadful condition, lame, haggard, and in rags, but repentant and beseeching pardon at the feet of his mistress; by his exemplary conduct, caused his past faults to be forgotten, regained by degrees the favour, and afterwards the full confidence of the lady, became steward of her property, and on the death of this excellent person found himself free, and enrolled among the *odnovotzi*. He afterwards became a farmer on the lands of a neighbouring proprietor, made his fortune, and now lives in the enjoyment of easy circumstances.

He is a shrewd fellow, full of practical wisdom. His moral character is neither good nor bad. He is a clever speculator, has a good knowledge of human character, and does not fail to show it on occasion.



RUSSIAN MARRIAGE.



He is circumspect and bold, in case of need, like the fox; he will sometimes chatter like an old woman, but without ever saying a word he does not intend to say, although he induces other people to utter what they would fain have kept concealed. He does not assume the look and manner of a fool, like so many cunning fellows of his kind, and indeed he would find it difficult to play this part; for I have never seen eyes so piercing, so sparkling with intelligence, as the small roguish eyes of this honest peasant. He never looks you straight in the face, but sideways, up or down; in short, in every other direction.

The Contractor is a contractor, and goes by no other name in this part of the country; he will supply you

with goods of every kind, from beef, fish and candles, to bricks, stone, lime, and wool for a house; he will let you a house or sell you a hunting dog, provide you with a stock of lucifer matches or of stewpans.

To pass to Turk Iachka, or Iakoff, his rival in singing. The sobriquet of Turk he has received from the fact that his mother was a Turkish woman, brought as a prisoner into Russia. This man, despite his coarse external appearance, is in soul an artist—an artist in every sense of the word. He is engaged in a paper manufactory belonging to a merchant in the neighbourhood.

As regards the Diki-Barin, I shall not be so sparing of details—the high civilisation of the present age



TRAKTIR OR PUBLIC HOUSE.

having had the singular effect of spreading a taste for savages. I ought to premise that the character of this man is more enigmatical, less savage, and less lordly than the title he bears would at first incline us to believe.

The first expression which the appearance of this man produces, is the feeling of a brute force—a rude, massive, tremendous indomitable power. He seems endowed with the physical robustness and health of a Hercules; he looks as if he were cut out of heart of oak, only in this heart of oak there is life sufficient for ten men. If my reader does not wish to see him presented as Alcides, I have much pleasure in recommending him to his notice as a bear; but, again, I must inform him that my friend the bear is far from

being without grace—that, on the contrary, there is an incontestable and unmistakable grace in his appearance and manner, which proceeds, as I believe, from the sweet and placid confidence he has in the power of his ursine humanity. It is very difficult to guess, at first sight, in what social category we ought to place this personage. One can only describe him by negatives; he is neither a domestic servant, nor an *odnovoretz*, nor a man of business, nor a ruined or retired lawyer; still less is he a gentleman, a John Lackland—the victim of his own folly, or a sportsman, or a poacher, or a boxer, or a parasite. He is what he is, a man of overwhelming physical power, of an inoffensive disposition, who does what he pleases, and to whom one always yields without thinking about it. No one can

tell to what his affection for our district is owing; some have expressed the opinion that he is certainly descended from an Onucvoretz family, and that he must have been in the army, or at least in the civil service, in the administrative, if not in the judiciary department. The fact is, no one can give any positive information about him, and he alone could write his history, if he knows how to write—and even this is still his own secret. As regards conversing with him, it is easy to see that he is naturally silent and morose.

My readers may still ask, what are his means of living? One thing appears certain; he has no profession, no trade, no business. He never goes to anybody's house, he does not seek the acquaintance of anybody, and yet he is never in want of money, and takes nothing on credit. I cannot say that he is modest—that would not be the correct expression, but he is always peaceable; he lives like a man who is independent of all authority, and has made up his mind, once for all, to take no notice of anybody. When speaking of him, people never employ any other designation than the sobriquet of Diki-Barin; but when addressing him, they call him Perevleçoff. No one has ever remarked that he endeavoured to lord it over the poorer people, and nevertheless he possesses great influence throughout the district. He is obeyed without a grudge, although he has not the least right to give orders, and indeed never allows the slightest suspicion to escape him that he has any idea of the sort.

He says a word, gives a sign, and he is obeyed. Such is the privilege of power; the idea that it may advance, makes us draw back; the idea that it may compel, causes us to come. He very seldom drinks any liquor, and never speaks to women—but is madly fond of vocal music, whether it is a man or a woman who is singing.

The character of this man attracts the attention much more powerfully than any enigma, than any inscription, than any mystery created by the faculty of infinite combination living in the human brain; for a man, as a theme for study and examination, is an abyss that cannot be fathomed—he is something almost infinite, for he comes from God himself. It seems to me that in Perevleçoff lie hid extraordinary forces which he keeps sternly chained in the depths of his soul—well knowing that if ever they should rise and break forth into the world without, they would instantly become intoxicated with the free air, and dash and shatter him to pieces against the opposing forces that act upon in the external world. And I much deceive myself if, in the life of this man, there has not happened something of this kind; if, taught and enlightened by experience, after having with difficulty saved himself from some tragical fate, he does not pitilessly, despotically, keep himself under a constraint and a surveillance which absorb all his time, and all his faculties. What has struck me most in Perevleçoff, is this feeling of an immense natural force, an innate ferocity—the impulses of which, suppressed with great difficulty, now and then suddenly appear in his look—joined to a goodness of heart just as natural: two qualities which I have never seen united in any other person in the same degree.

The contractor, standing between the counter and the corner he had been sitting in, with his eyes half-shut, began, in a very high falsetto, a national air, which I heard for the first time, and which certainly cannot be compassed, except by a voice capable of reaching, with equal purity, the very highest notes. His voice was

sweet and agreeable, though in some places thin; he played with it as a girl would with a toy sparkling with rubies; the sound appeared to come from the clouds, and to remount and descend unceasingly; and from these elevated heights rained clouds of dazzling melody, floating and undulating in the air, from which would dart points like shooting stars, and lose themselves in the silence. . . and after these pauses, which hardly left him time to draw breath, he would resume with a sweep and a boldness that carried away the soul.

In the rapid evolutions of his execution, sweet and strong notes succeeded each other, and the perfect art which he showed in managing these transitions, interested me more than all his shakes and roulades, wonderful as they were for the musical purity and skill displayed in them. Every connoisseur would have been delighted to hear what I was listening to; a German he might have been dissatisfied. His voice was a Russian *tenore di grazia*; it would have been enjoyed and appreciated at Milan, or at Venice, or at Naples, and, as a light tenor, at Paris. His theme was a merry dance-air, the words of which, so far as I was able to catch them amidst the interminable fioritures and shakes, seemed to be those of a national love-song.

All listened with attention. He evidently felt that he had before him judges of experience and ability; and he did not spare himself. In fact, the district which I inhabit can count by the hundred acute connoisseurs in music; and the reputation of the large town of Sergievskoe, which stands on the Orel high road, is far from being accidental or unmerited—the reputation which it enjoys throughout Russia, as the locality which has produced the sweetest and most charming specimens of vocal melody.

In spite of all his efforts, the contractor sang for some time without producing any very powerful effect on his audience; he wanted a chorus to sustain him in the refrain. At last, after a very difficult passage on a marvellously high key—a passage which made even Diki-Barin smile with pleasure, Obaldni could no longer contain himself, and uttered a loud shout of delight. A rapturous shudder passed through all. Obaldni and Mor-gatch began to follow the contractor in a low tone, to take the part of chorus, and when the singer's voice rose alone, they whispered and muttered to each other: "Magnificent! That's the thing, that's the thing!—Yes, yes, well done!—Ahi! ahi! capital!—Ahi! Jakoff has no chance!—The devil! ahi!" and many other polite exclamations of the same sort.

Nicolai Ivanytch, seated on a corner of his counter, wagged his head approvingly to the right and left. Obaldni made a thousand grimaces, shrugged his shoulders in the most convulsive manner, and stamped his heels on the floor with a supernatural energy. Jakoff's eyes were red and inflamed, he trembled like a leaf, and a restless vague smile played on his face. Diki-Barin never changed a feature of his countenance, and sat motionless in his seat; but his look, fixed on the singer, bore a remarkable sweetness of expression, though his lip was curled as if in disdain.

Encouraged by these evidences of the general delight, the virtuoso rose into a perfect whirlwind of song, executed such roulades, such wonderful shakes, and poured forth such cataracts of sound, that, when at last, pale, exhausted, and bathed in perspiration, he uttered his last notes, which seemed to be lost in the infinite heights of space, a general shout of rapture rose

at once from all quarters of the room. Obaldui threw himself on the neck of the contractor, and pressed him in his long bony arms; on the broad fat countenance of Nicolai Ivanytch shone a ruddy glow, that took twenty years from his age; Iakoff shouted as if he had lost his senses, "Molodetz! molodetz!"—(Capital fellow). Even my poor neighbour, the ragged mujik, could not resist the general enthusiasm, struck his fist on the table, cried, "Ah gha! Ah gha! it is beautiful; devil take me, it is capital!" and spat boldly to the other side of the room.

"You have given us a treat, brother," cried Obaldui, without quitting his hold of the exhausted singer; "and what a treat! what a treat! You have certainly gained the victory, brother! Iachka need not trouble himself trying——"

"Leave him alone, leave him alone, I tell you, tire-some blackhead!" cried Morgatch; "don't you see he is tired almost to death? You marplot! you are always making a fuss. You're like the bath-leaf, or the fly in the honey—there's no getting rid of you."

"Well! let him sit down," replied Obaldui; "I am going to drink his health," he added, going up to the counter. "I expect you will pay for it," nodding to the contractor, who returned a sign of consent.

"You sing well, brother! I say *well!*" said Nicolai Ivanytch, in the tone of a man who knows the importance of what he is saying. "There, now, it is your turn, Iachka; pay attention, brothers! don't be afraid, keep up your heart, Iachka! We shall see, we shall judge. You have heard for yourself, you have owned yourself that the contractor sings well, really well, upon my word."

"He sings very well, very well," added the tavern-keeper's wife.

"Capitally, gha, ah gha!" bellowed the mujik.

"Ah, the wriggler! the poleeka! what the devil is he doing here!" cried Obaldui immediately, and approaching the door, he pointed his finger at him, and burst into a loud shout of laughter; "poleeka, gha, badea, ponai, gha, the wriggler! Come, shuffler, where have you fallen from?"

The unhappy mujik trembled; he was just going to rise and leave the room, when the brazen voice of Diki-Barin thundered—

"Will that animal not leave a body in peace?"

"I—I am doing nothing," muttered Obaldui.

"Hold your tongue! And you, Iakoff, begin."

Iakoff rose, muttered some unconnected words, and appeared overwhelmed with agitation. All eyes were upon him—the contractor's more anxiously and fixedly than the rest; there was observable in his countenance, too, beneath his natural assurance and the triumphant expression which his recent success had created, a vague restlessness for which I could see no motive, observing, as I did, the great timidity displayed by his rival. He leaned back against the wall, and kept perfectly motionless.

The singer sighed, drew a long breath, and commenced. The first note promised little; it was feeble, unequal, and did not seem to proceed from his chest; it appeared rather to come from a distance—from without—and to have been thrown by chance, as it were, into the midst of the attentive audience. It produced a singular effect upon all of us; we looked at each other, but each seemed to redouble his attention, and determined not to lose a note of this second part

of the concert. He went on—his voice becoming clearer, fuller, and firmer; he grew animated, and his song rose and swelled, and carried every soul along with it. It was of a remarkably melancholy character, and began thus: "O! there's many a path leads to the prairie."

I have rarely heard a voice of such exquisite freshness. Weak and broken at first, with a sickly tone that was far from pleasing, it afterwards revealed sentiment so profound, passion so true—such a mixture of power, sweetness, youth, and a charming abandon, with tones of poignant sorrow, as to search and shake the soul of every listener. The whole power of the Russian soul—naturally good, warm, and ingenuous—breathed forth in this voice, which went right to the heart of every one, awaking the national melancholy with the magic of its notes. He had now lost every trace of his former timidity, and gave himself up with his whole soul to the enjoyment of his own singing. He had completely forgotten his rival and his audience. There was something genuine, national, large, invigorating, ineffably sweet, in the tone of his voice, like the breeze that sweeps across the boundless steppes of our country.

My ear was struck with the sound of stifled sobs. It was the tavern-keeper's wife. Iakoff cast a rapid glance at her, and his voice continued not less sonorous and impassioned. The breast of Nicolai Ivanytch was palpitating with delight; Morgatch's eye glowed and dilated; Obaldui, stupified, sat with his mouth open; my neighbour the peasant could not restrain his sobs; while, on the iron countenance of Diki-Barin, under his long eyelashes, stood two large tears, ready to burst and flow down his cheeks. Iakoff's rival sat with his fist clenched against his forehead, and without making the least movement.

I do not know how all this would have ended, overpowered as we all were by these feelings, had not Iakoff suddenly concluded with a shrill note of an extraordinary delicacy, boldness, and purity. No one shouted or spoke—no one moved; we seemed to be all waiting for the return from the skies of this wonderful, ravishing sound. Iakoff opened his eyes; he seemed astonished at this silence; his look appeared to ask the reason of it. It was not long before he understood it—the victory was gained.

"Iakoff," said the Diki-Barin, placing on his shoulder a hand trembling with emotion; and he could not utter another syllable.

We were all as if petrified with astonishment. The rival of Iakoff rose, went up to him:

"You have won; yes, you have won," he said, with an agitation painful to behold, and left the tavern.

This rapid movement, this sudden opening and shutting of the door, broke the enchantment which lay like a paralysis upon body and soul; every one found his tongue, and the room began to resound with the usual chant. I left the room and walked home.

I was descending with rapid strides the side of a ravine, when, from a distance in the valley, the shrill voice of a child suddenly broke the stillness of the night. "Antropka, Antropka; a, a, a." More than thirty times did the name of Antropka strike on my ear, but no answer was returned. At last I heard a voice, weakened by distance, shout in return:

"What?"

The voice of the first child, full of malignant glee, replied :

"Come here, you demon ; come here, you devil."

"What do you want me for?" answered the other, after a silence of two minutes.

"Come here, aunt is going to whip you ; they're waiting."¹

VIII.

MOSCOW AND ITS GREAT BAZAAR—RUSSIAN SHOPKEEPERS—POSITION OF WOMEN—POPULATION OF MOSCOW—CHANGE IN ITS CHARACTER—MANUFACTURING LABOURERS—FORMATION OF A CITIZEN CLASS—GERMAN CORPORATIONS AND RUSSIAN ASSOCIATION—RUSSIAN ARTISANS—MILITARY SERVICE—THE DVORNİK OR DOOR PORTER—THE BRUSHNIK OR POLIOMAN—THE ISVOSTNIK OR DROSHKY-DRIVER.

ON the other side of the great square at Moscow, which extends before the two large gates of the Kremlin, commences the Kitaigorod, the first building in which is the immense warehouse or bazaar, called also gorod. I believe a person might walk for an hour without traversing all these innumerable passages, with their rows of booths on both sides. It is a fair that lasts the whole year ; but one not well acquainted with it does not easily find what he wants ; for every kind of merchandise has its own row of booths : leather goods, cotton, linen, &c. ; and the stranger may consider himself fortunate if in his wanderings he soon arrives at the booth he requires. These bazaars are found in every town in Russia ; they are manifestly of Oriental origin, but quite adapted to the spirit of association of the Russians. The Gostinoi Dvor in Moscow surpasses, as might be supposed, all the others ; and it would be difficult to find in the whole world, under the same roof, a stock of goods surpassing this one in the variety and richness of the different articles. Everything imaginable is to be had here, of course at a good price : there is, however, great pressing and tempting of customers. In most of the booths are boys of twelve to fifteen years of age, in long cloth kaftans, generally blue, who are trained to decoy the passers-by. As soon as you approach the booth, the little rascal comes smirking up to you, and tries with wheedling gestures and expressions to entice you in : he stops the way, places himself before you, and only yields reluctantly step by step as you pass onwards. On the confines of his own department he makes another desperate effort, seizes hold of your body, clings to the skirt of your coat or arm, and tries to force you into the booth. If, however, you still resist, he suddenly desists, and walks away, to hunt down the next passer-by in the same manner. You, however, escape from one, only to encounter the assault of the next no less zealous little brat ; and if you unluckily chance to stand in the middle between two booths, you are attacked on both sides.

Women or girls are never seen as shopwomen in Russia. Even in the modern milliners' and fashionable shops, French, German, and other foreign women wait upon the customers ; I never observed Russian. Among the young workwomen sewing and embroidering may sometimes, indeed, be seen Russians also ; but they do not appear as saleswomen, at least not of millinery.

¹ *Russian Life in the Interior ; or, the Experiences of a Sportsman.* By Ivaia Tourghenieff, of Moscow. Edited by James D. Meiklejohn.

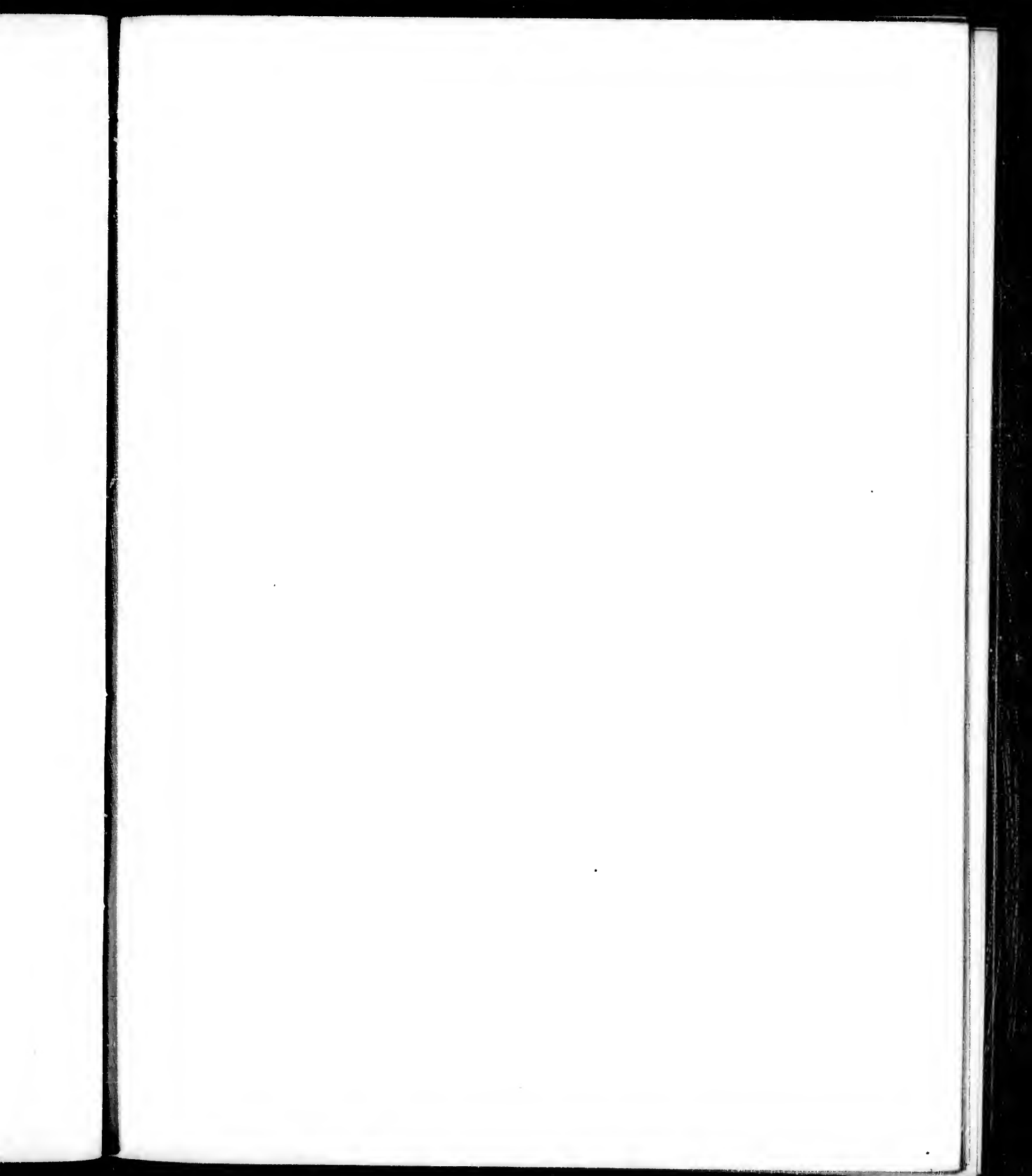
The St. Simonians went to Egypt to discover the free woman ; had they gone to Russia they would perhaps have returned better satisfied. In a constitutional country the king reigns, but does not govern ; in a well-organised family the man reigns, but the wife governs. In Russia, at least in Moscow, the reverse of this is the case ; here the wife reigns, and the man governs. The female sex in Russia occupies a peculiar position, different from that which they hold in other European countries : it varies, however, according to rank. In the case of the Mujiks, or peasants — of whom there are about 100,000 in Moscow — the women work much less than the men ; even the work in the houses is generally done by the men, who carry wood and water, and light the fires,² while the wife looks on, walks about, carries the children, &c. With the bourgeoisie, particularly the merchants and artisans, the wife does nothing the whole day ; she takes not the slightest trouble with the housekeeping, nor has any idea of the life and duties of a German housewife. The husband does everything, even directing the housekeeping. Among the rich, the females are educated mostly in the different boarding-schools, and receive an education much superior to that of the men ; but these institutions form only ladies of fashion, not housewives. In the higher classes this is still more the case.

The households in Moscow are indeed becoming more and more Europeanised ; in every genuine Russian household all the work was formerly, and still is, performed by the male sex. There are only men cooks — no cookmaids, chambermaids, housekeepers, &c. ; all their work is done by men ; hence the extraordinary predominance of the male population in Moscow, which amounts to nearly double the female. The statistical tables in 1834 gave 214,778 men, and only 133,784 women.

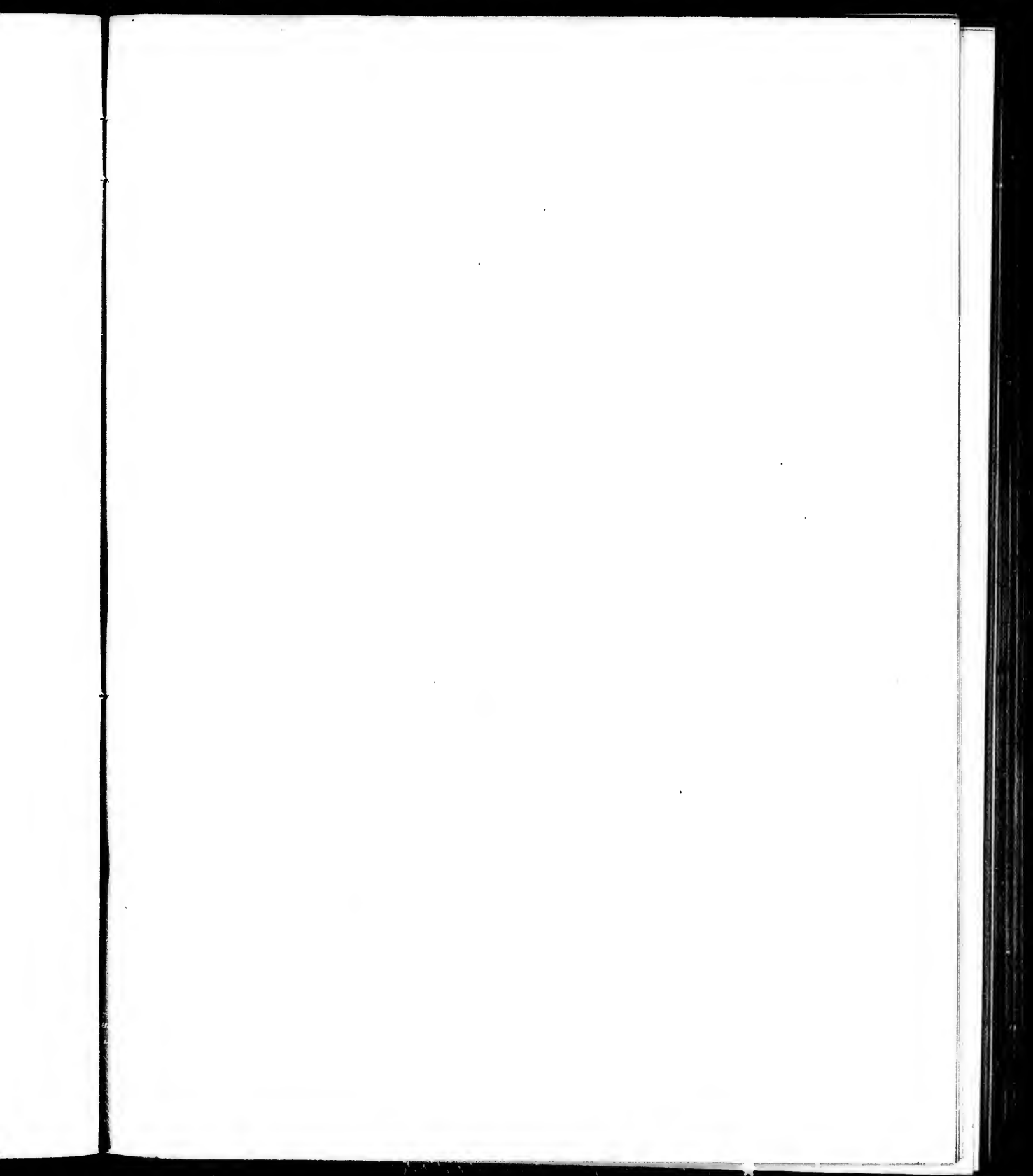
A great part also of all fixed property is in the hands of women. On the front of every house in Moscow and St. Petersburg is written the name of the proprietor, and before every third house at least the name is that of a woman. With landed property the same thing occurs ; from one fifth to one-fourth is perhaps in the hands of the female sex. The preponderance this must give to the women, in their whole social position, may easily be conceived.

The general development of social life has led to this result. Nowhere is there such a perpetual revolution in property as in Russia : the land is constantly passing from hand to hand ; in the public service, in commerce, in manufactures, in the professions, large fortunes are made rapidly, but are as rapidly lost.

² There is a humorous little Russian story which represents, in the form of a dialogue, the patience and humility of the peasant, and the tyrannical domination of his wife over him : — "*Peasant.* Dear wife, we will sow this barley. — *Wife.* Husband, it is not barley ; it is buckwheat. — *P.* So be it, I won't dispute it. — *P.* See how well the barley has come up. — *W.* It is not barley, it is buckwheat. — *P.* Buckwheat let it be, I won't dispute it. — *P.* The barley is ripe, we will cut it. — *W.* It is not barley, it is buckwheat. — *P.* Buckwheat so be it, I won't dispute it. — *P.* The barley is threshed now, how fine it is? — *W.* It is not barley, it is buckwheat. — *P.* Buckwheat let it be, I won't dispute it. — *P.* What beautiful barley-malt, we will brew beer with it. — *W.* It is not barley-malt, but of buckwheat. — *P.* Buckwheat-malt let it be, I won't dispute it. — *P.* What delicious beer from our barley-malt. — *W.* It was not barley-malt, but buckwheat-malt. — *P.* So be it, I won't dispute it ; but I never heard of buckwheat-malt, or that beer was brewed from it."









Frauds are discovered in the public service, and the property of the culprit is confiscated; unsuccessful speculations (the Russians are fond of speculation) ruin the merchant and manufacturer, and in such cases his family would be completely ruined. These occurrences are so frequent, that the parties are obliged to calculate upon them as a part of their probable casualties, and thus seek to preserve a *peculium* for their families. They assign a part of the property—the house for instance and the real property—to the wife; at first this was for appearance sake, but it has gradually become a fixed and permanent legal condition. Russian legislation too favours women in the administration and disposal of their property more than that of any other country. The property of the husband has become the personal, that of the wife the real part of the property; the latter remains secure, even when the former is dissipated.

As Moscow since the great fire in 1812 has assumed a completely altered outward aspect, so has it also undergone a great revolution in its population. It was once the city of the Russian nobility; it is now a modern manufacturing town. Only fifty years ago it was calculated that, of the 8,360 private houses, about 6,400 belonged to the nobles, who at that time lived mostly, at least in winter, in Moscow. The nobles, however, were too proud to allow others to live in the same houses with themselves; the whole buildings were so constructed that shops could not easily be placed in the lower stories, nor traders and artisans carry on their business in them. The dwelling-house was placed either in the back part of a courtyard, or fronting the street, but had always a court with a carriage-gate by the side. Many were large palaces, with two and even three stories; others, of one story, were constructed of logs, but handsomely ornamented. Streets consisting of rows of adjoining houses, of two, three, or more stories, the lowest forming shops, as in our West-European towns, were unknown in Moscow.

In these houses dwelt the nobles with their families and dependants (serfs), in a mixture of Oriental and European luxury. The peasant worked and paid a poll-tax to his lord, which the latter with his family and domestic slaves generally expended in Moscow. The greatest luxury was displayed in the number of horses and servants; and the government was frequently obliged to issue regulations regarding the equipages, decreeing who was to drive with six, four, two horses, &c. Of the luxury displayed in servants it is impossible for us to form any idea: it is asserted that in the larger palaces there were as many as a thousand, or more; even nobles of minor consequence and fortune had at least from twenty to thirty; and a more wretched, lazy, and disorderly crew were not to be found. It was impossible to give sufficient occupation to this crowd of people: I have been told it was often ridiculous to see the manner in which the household business was divided amongst them: one had nothing to do his whole life long but to sweep a flight of stairs, another had only to fetch water for the family to drink at dinner, another in the evening, &c. The expense of their maintenance, however, was not great; they lived, like the Russian peasants, on bread, groats, *shchiki* (cabbage-soup), and *kvass* (a kind of sour beer); their dress was that of the peasants, and they lived in the *izbas* (black rooms) which are always found in Russian courtyards. The nobles and their house-servants constituted at that time the principal

population at Moscow, perhaps 250,000 souls. (1) these, one-half or two-thirds repaired to the country in summer, and Moscow was then deserted until winter.

Since 1812 a complete change has gradually taken place. The nobles' houses were all burnt down, and their families retired into the country; they had suffered immense losses, and had therefore neither the power nor the means of restoring their palaces to their former state, or of leading the idle and luxurious lives to which they had been accustomed. The nobles remained more in the country, and passed the winter in the different government-towns, which have since greatly increased in prosperity. The government began to encourage and promote trade and manufactures, and Moscow soon became the centre and principal seat of industrial activity. If you now ask, "To whom does this palace belong?" the answer is, "To the manufacturer M—, the merchant O—, &c, formerly Prince A— or G—."

Since the rise of this trading and manufacturing activity, the elements of the population of Moscow have been completely changed. In the better parts of the city the rows of houses are more continuous, one house adjoining the other; the large courts with entrance-gates are now seldom seen, being found only in the more distant quarters of the town. The houses are generally of two or three, rarely of more, stories, and in the lower stories are rows of shops. Some streets, as for instance the Smith's Bridge, may vie in this respect with the most splendid in the best towns of Europe.

The place of the nobility, with their innumerable and lazy domestics, is now occupied by the manufacturers with their equally numerous workmen. A large number of the nobles have themselves engaged in manufactures, and their former house-servants now work in the factories for wages.

But even those of the nobility who have not turned manufacturers, and reside in Moscow in the civil service of the government or on their private fortunes, have entirely altered their mode of life. The number of horses has been very much diminished, and they confine themselves to what is indispensable. The system of household servants has been quite changed: no more are retained than are necessary; and although there may still be double the number kept than for instance in Berlin (a family which in Berlin would be served with two or three domestics, maintains in Moscow at least four or six), still the crowd of unemployed dependants has disappeared. It is a rare thing to find twenty or thirty people in the house, or to hear a Russian noble speak of some old boyar still gathering some hundreds of servants about him in the old way, is an extraordinary occurrence. I was told of a Prince Galitzin as an instance of this. In general, the nobles find it suit their present habits as well as interest much more, to permit their former idle servants (on payment of head-money to them their masters) to take work for wages in the numerous manufactories, in this way maintaining themselves, and often acquiring property. Indeed those of the nobility who adopt completely the European mode of living, have generally not even their own serfs as servants, but hired domestics. Whilst a nobleman's own serfs are perhaps living as domestics in other families in Moscow for their board and wages, he in turn hires the serfs of other nobles.

Thus the outward appearance as well as character of Moscow has been so much changed in the last thirty years, that the social condition of the place fifty years ago is no longer to be recognised. The political influence which Moscow exercises, as the centre of industry, upon the policy and measures of the government, has hitherto neither been made the subject of investigation nor remark. With the love and veneration of all Russians for the "white walled encircled holy mother Moscow," and its immense importance as the centre and representative of the industrial activity of the empire, the government is obliged, particularly with regard to the system of protective duties, to show the greatest respect for the opinion of Moscow, however much reasons of foreign policy might incline it to adopt another course. This will be better understood when we consider the extent of this industrial district, which equals that of a large empire, and contains sixteen million inhabitants. I was told that recently, when there was some talk of a complete incorporation of Poland, a deputation from Moscow represented that the industry of the interior, and particularly of their city, would suffer great injury, and consequently the project was given up for the time.

I have already remarked that I consider it one of the greatest defects in the social condition of Russia, that it possesses no distinct citizen class, which by its education and position in society might have introduced that municipal and corporate spirit, those honourable and proud sentiments, which have contributed so much, from the Middle Ages downwards, to the development and cultivation of the German and Romanic nations.

It appears as if mysterious causes existed in the character and history of the Slavonic peoples unfavourable to the formation of a citizen class; for not only in the case of the Russians, but also of the other Slavonic races, there is nowhere any powerful spontaneous development of it—neither among the Poles nor the southern Slaavs, and in Bohemia it is an institution introduced by the Germans; nay, the Bohemian towns are to this day mostly inhabited by Germans.

For more than half a century the government has exerted itself to form a citizen class in Russia. Catherine II. issued regulations for the towns, and several laws concerning their condition were enacted in the German spirit and after the German model. It must be acknowledged that these laws were on the whole a failure, and have by no means had the effect expected. The German corporate spirit, on which the law was founded, was quite foreign to the Russian national character, which possesses a strong spirit of association: it was opposed to the national habits, the social customs and ideas, of the Russian people; and I do not believe that it will ever really strike firm root in the soil.

It is otherwise in the case of the trading and manufacturing system, which has sprung up with much vigour in the last twenty-five years. That this, with the enormous extension it has acquired, will exercise a decided influence, and one which it is at present impossible to estimate, is unquestionable; but what form it is to assume still lies concealed in the future.

The Russian has capacity and talent for everything. Of all peoples he has, perhaps, the greatest amount of practical ability in acquiring a position adapted to him. But that which is so peculiar to, and characteristic of, the German—an attachment and love for his position, his profession, his work—is unknown to the Russian.

The true German loves his position in the world; he would not exchange it for any other; to the profession or trade to which he has devoted himself he remains faithful, pursues it with constancy, with love, and with a certain pride; he thinks it honourable to perfect himself in it, and rejoices in the successful work of his hands; he believes that he sees in his position a distinct appointment of Providence, to which he is bound to remain faithful.

Not so the Russian: accident mostly decides which of the talents a boy possesses shall be first developed. The lauded proprietor, without much examination, chooses among the boys of his serfs, who is to be a shoemaker, who a smith, who a cook, who a clerk, &c. Prudent landowners, in order to acquire better workmen, sometimes give the boys to master artisans, under a contract for three to eight years to teach and exercise them in their work. The colonel of a regiment orders at once, and without much investigation, that so many men shall be saddlers, so many smiths or wheelwrights; these shall be musicians, those clerks. And they become all these, and almost invariably with ease and dexterity; and from them proceed in general the most solid and best artificers, workmen, and artists, because, being appointed and constrained by outward authority, they remain in the occupation they have adopted. In the case of the crown peasants, on the other hand, the boy receives the first impulse from his parents or relatives, or chooses an occupation for himself. After adopting his calling, there is no question of any education such as the German artisan receives, nor of the settled apprenticeship with regular masters, nor advancement from the position of apprentice to that of journeyman, and ultimately on examination and trial to that of master, participating in important privileges. He learns as he can, from observation or accident, attempts and invents himself, and seeks employment wherever he can find it. Of love or veneration for his position or calling there is never any question: he has no fixed tariff of the price of his work, but takes what he can get. Of the feeling of duty or honour in the production of a good substantial piece of work he is ignorant; he works only for appearance, only to dispose of his commodity, and his reputation is quite indifferent to him.

If an artisan fails in one handicraft or profession, he adopts another. How often does a man commence as a shoemaker or tailor, then leave his work, and become perhaps a *kulatchi* carrier (running about the streets of St. Petersburg or Moscow with pastry for sale); then, after having made some money, and provided himself with horses and a cart, he turns carrier, and wanders about the whole empire. He enters, too, into small speculations as a hawker, and at last establishes himself in some spot, and if fortune is favourable, becomes perhaps a rich merchant. The career of most of the large merchants and manufacturers, if examined, will be found to correspond with this description.

But even when the Russian has become a rich merchant or manufacturer, he does not therefore grow attached to his position and profession: he regards the latter merely as a means of acquiring wealth. If he has children, he perhaps educates one for his own profession, but solely in order to have a faithful assistant in his business; upon the others he endeavours to bestow an education qualifying them for the military or civil service, and thus giving them hope of acquiring the rank of noble; for the love of money

and distinction are the rocks upon which in Russia every character is shipwrecked. The common man, the peasant, is estimable and good at heart; but as soon as he acquires money, and becomes a speculator or merchant, he is ruined and metamorphosed into an arrant rogue.

The government is aware of the injurious consequences of this fluctuation, and has made various attempts to restrain it within certain limits. It is anxious to form a stable class of citizens, and the law regarding the institution of honorary citizens is a striking proof of this.

The awakened manufacturing activity contributes in some degree to introduce stability into the citizen class. The mere merchant, particularly the Russian one, who possesses the spirit of a chafferer or shop-keeper much more than that of a merchant (and therefore seldom, considering their large number, engages in the foreign trade of the empire, which is generally left to the Germans and English settled in St. Petersburg), can easily shut up his shop when he pleases, and abandon his business. Not so the manufacturer: a manufacturer implies a certain stability; it is almost like a landed estate. There belongs to it a large material and fixed capital in buildings and machinery, and an equally large capital in human physical and mental labour and power; consequently a dissolution of the whole is much more difficult, and always accompanied by great losses. Besides, a far more comprehensive ability, study, and varied education are needed in a manufacturer than in a merchant. The permanence and stability of a manufactory leads the owner to educate his children to his business; in this education solid acquirements are requisite, and these produce in every man a certain love for the occupation to which he devotes them. In this way undoubtedly Russia may cherish the hope that gradually, in the manufacturing class, may spring up a higher class of citizens.

But the real kernel, the lower citizen class, is still wanting. The higher will, in Russia, sooner or later become amalgamated with the nobility; but for the formation of an honourable and numerous lower class of citizens, there is at present no hope. The people who represent it—artisans, shopkeepers, and small traders—are utterly demoralised.

To attempt to raise these classes out of this demoralisation by means of strict guild regulations I consider impracticable; because, as I have observed, the corporate spirit of guilds is altogether foreign to the Russian national character. Example, emulation, and competition have done most for these classes. In almost all the larger towns are German workmen; and when a Russian wishes particularly to praise and recommend any article, he says it is German work; consequently competition and example occasionally lead to imitation, and the Russian artisan begins to work in a substantial manner and to charge honest prices.

Unfortunately it has lately been the subject of remark, that the newly arrived German workmen have not maintained their old reputation for solid and honourable dealings, but many of them have become fond of puffing and not to be depended upon.

The original Russian form for the production of mechanical products is the trading commune organised as a manufactory. Entire villages and districts, or rather the whole of their inhabitants, carry on one

and the same trade. There are villages which produce only boots, others only tables and chairs, others earthenware, &c. One or several families form a manufactory, dividing the work among them, and having their warehouses and shops in the large cities and market-towns. This kind of industry is found all over the empire, and is genuinely Russian. The Russians are in general excellent workmen when united in manufactories, but singly bad artisans; they are fond of workmen's associations, but not of workmen's corporations.

There is no lower class in Moscow, such as is found in German towns, for instance in Berlin, living in garrets and cellars. Cellars I have never seen in Moscow; and there are few if any hired garrets. Formerly there was no rabble in Moscow, and even now this forms but a very small proportion of the population. There were in former times only two lower classes: either they belong to the peasantry and to some commune, and had always a right to the possession of a portion of land, or they were bondmen, and belonged to some proprietor, who was obliged to provide food, lodging, and clothing for them. People without a home, land, or a proprietor to provide for them, people in general *vis à vis du rien*, were unknown.

Enlistment in the army is one of the means by which freedom is attained in Russia, the serf who becomes a soldier is thereby freed from his master. When discharged he is an entirely free man, but it is only the freedom of the bird in the air. Formerly the soldier abandoned every other relation in life, and this for ever. The number of soldiers who remained after the twenty-five years' service, and again returned into civil life, was very small: they seldom formed new family relations, but lived and died isolated and alone, and could not be considered as the germ or foundation of a future proletariat. The Emperor Nicholas abridged the time of service, and even introduced a system of furlough for a series of years, which gives the soldier back to civil life, without his former connections with his commune, his family, or his master being resumed. It is a dangerous experiment, and exhibits in Russia for the first time the germs of a rabble, of a future proletariat.

In Moscow the whole population of the lower classes, or perhaps nine-tenths, appear in the national dress. Singular and occasionally very characteristic figures are seen among them; there are also some particular employments which have given peculiar manners and customs to certain classes. Among these that of the *dvornik* is one of the most characteristic figures—he occupies the place of house servant and door-porter. The *dvornik* lives summer and winter in the court and entrance hall, under the gateway or in the street: the latter he is bound to keep in a respectable state of cleanliness; if he neglects this, let him beware, for his good cousin the *budoshnik* understands no jesting. Morning and evening he is seen, armed with his broom, indefatigably at work, cleaning the *trottoirs* or the interior of the courtyard, of which he is absolute ruler, and from which (*dvor*, court) he has derived his name. Charged by the proprietor with the superintendence of the house and premises, he acts as agent between him and the lodgers, whose factotum he is.

The first cousin of the *dvornik* is the *budoshnik*, the lowest servant of the police: he is the superintendent

of the street, as the dvornik is that of the court. At the corner of all the principal streets is a log-hut, the abode of the budoshnik. It is his duty to see that no disorder takes place, and that the street is kept clean: he has to observe everything, and to know who lives in each house—to him you may always apply for information.

A thoroughly characteristic figure in all Russian towns, but particularly in Moscow, is the *isvoshtchik* (the droshky-driver). The great Russian is born a driver; riding is properly not his *metier*; the common man (Cossacks excepted) is seldom seen on horseback, but in the art of driving he surpasses all other nations. The flower and crown of Russian drivers however is the *isvoshtchik*. A more amiable, civil, cunning, and

dexterous rascal there is not in the wide world. His first instruction he receives as postillion to the equipage of some nobleman; here the boy of ten or twelve years is seen the whole day, and in the season also the greater part of the night, sitting upon one of the leaders; he eats and drinks, plays and sleeps upon it, in short he is properly one with his horse. When seventeen or eighteen years old, he is advanced either to be coachman on the box, or becomes an *isvoshtchik*;—at first on hire, with some one richer than himself, until he has saved or made by his speculations sufficient to procure a horse and droshky, and in winter a sledge, for himself. Thenceforward he lives on a narrow seat in front of his droshky or sledge.

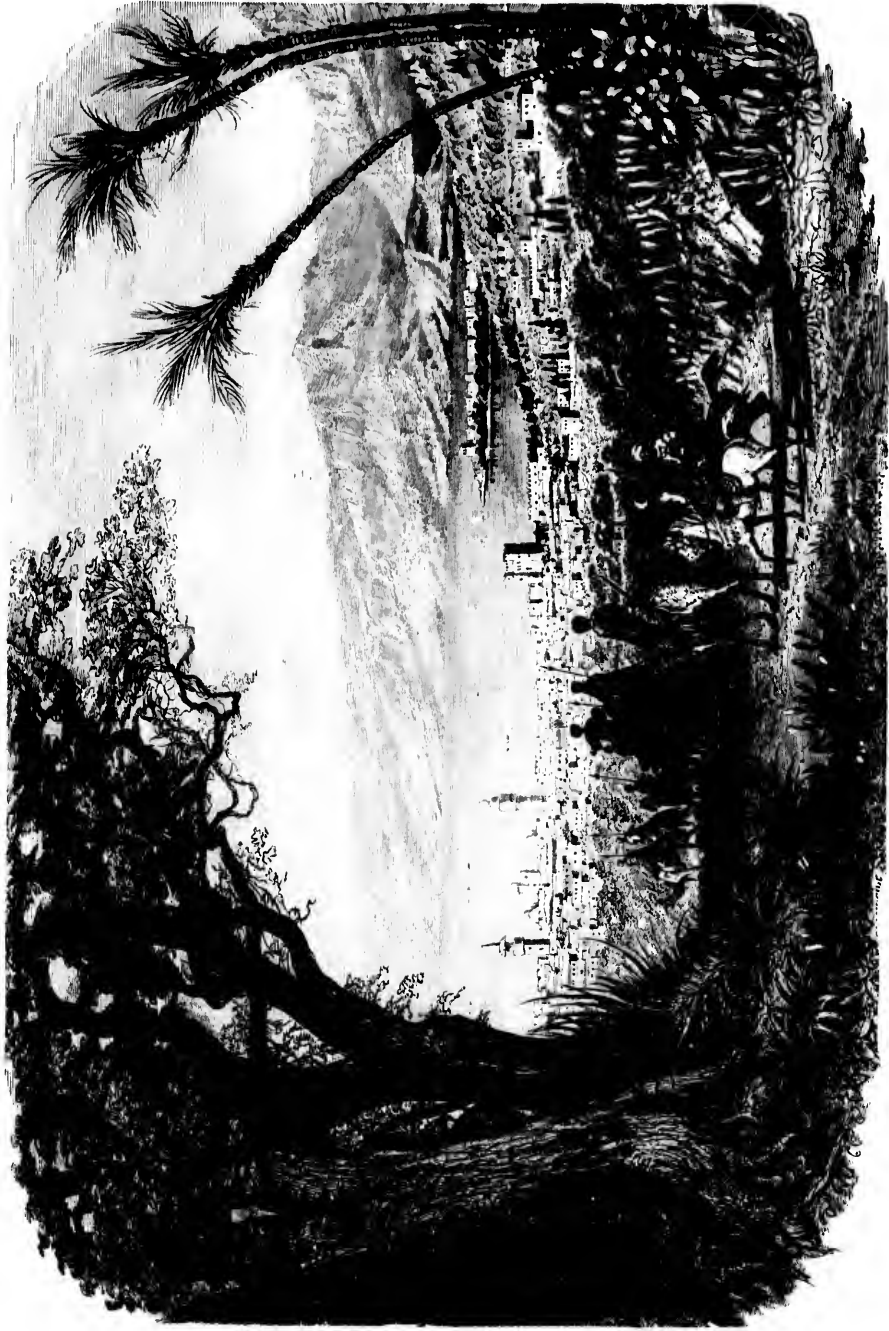
In Moscow and St. Petersburg there are night as



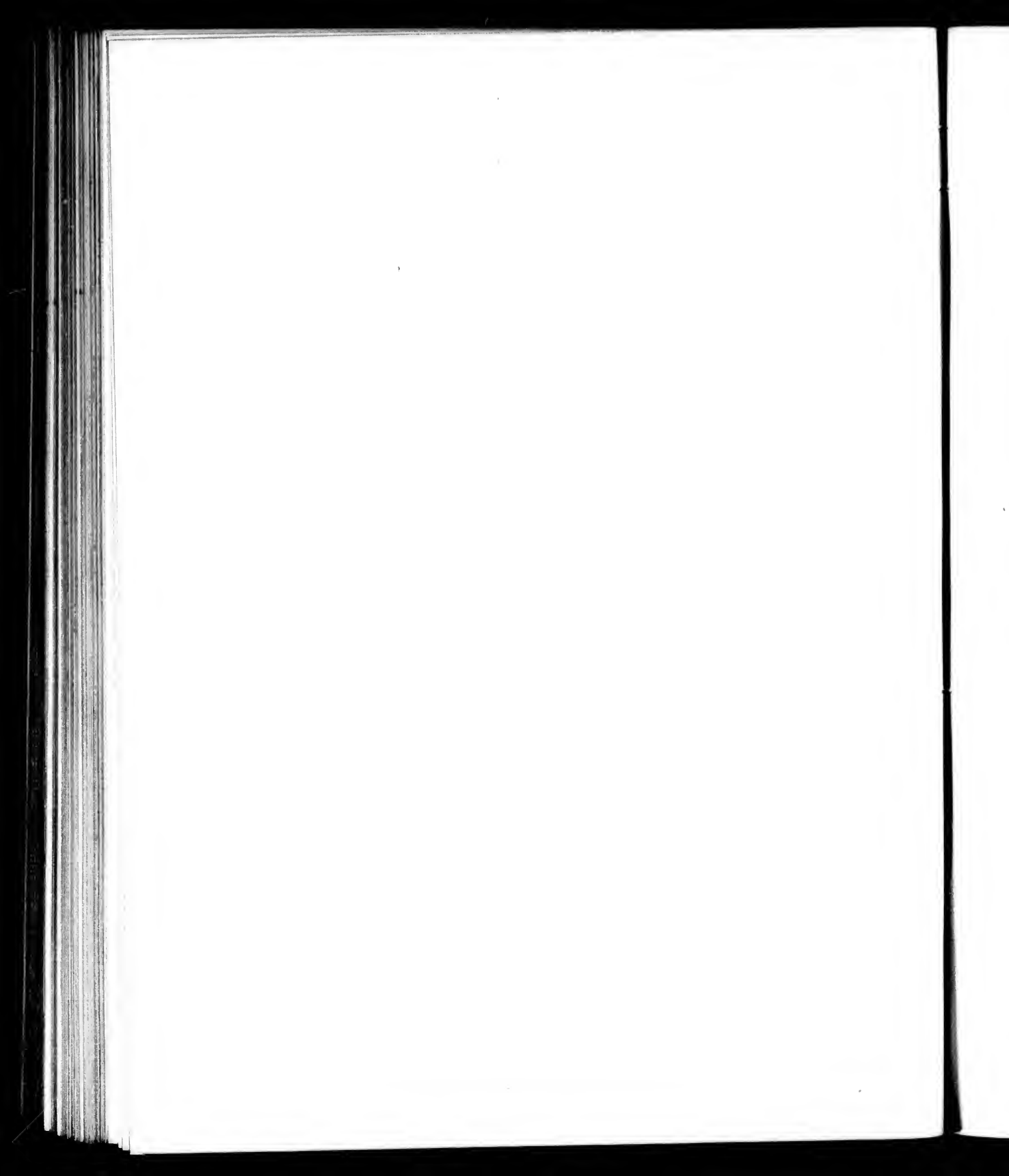
PUBLIC BATHS.

well as day droshkies, which drive about the streets the whole night from ten till five o'clock. Generally two *isvoshtchiks* unite in partnership; they have together three horses, and manage so that each horse has always in turn one day of rest. About five o'clock in the morning the night droshkymen drive into the courtyard of certain *kabaks* (inns); here are also the day *isvoshtchiks*, who then get out of bed, and they drink their tea together, their only warm food during the day. From five to seven o'clock scarcely a single droshky is to be seen in the streets. In good-breeding, patience, and civility, the *isvoshtchik* surpasses every other class of the people. When a well-dressed man, walking in the street, merely looks round, he is sure to see half a dozen droshky-drivers drive up to him, offer-

ing their services in the politest manner; there is the greatest emulation between them, but none of them ever abuses another, or a successful rival; they never touch or drive against each other, nor injure anything. The public carriages in St. Petersburg and Moscow are excellently and carefully superintended by the police: unrelenting severity is exercised; the driver or *isvoshtchik* who kills or even injures anybody by driving over him, or who injures another carriage, is immediately arrested; and in the first case he is irrecoverably delivered up to be made a soldier; in the other case he receives corporal punishment; his horse, however, he always loses; it is given up to the police, who send it to the depot of the fire brigade.



VIEW OF BEYRUT.



FROM BEYRUT TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON, WITH A FURTHER VISIT TO THE CEDARS IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER.

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BEYROUT, THE PORT OF SYRIA—THE BEROETHAI OR BA'AL BEROETH OF THE HEBREWS AND BERYTUS OF THE ROMANS—HISTORICAL ANTECEDENTS AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TOWN AND PORT—LEGEND OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON—THE DOG-RIVER AND ITS SCULPTURES—LAZARIST CONVENT AT ANTURA—MARONITE CHIEF AND HIS FAMILY.

BEYRUT or Beyrouth, as it is variously written, but pronounced as Bayrut, that is to say Bay as in bay-tree, and rût as in our word root, is a port and

city of great antiquity. Stephanus goes so far as to say that it was built by Chronus or Saturn. Strabo speaks of the same place which Scylax designates as Berytus, a city with a port, as overturned by Tryphon, but restored by the Romans, and garrisoned by two legions under Agrippa. Pliny says, the colony of Berytus, which is called "Felix Julia." It is also so designated on coins of Augustus Casar, and of Trajan, COL. IVL. AVG. FEL. BEI.

The city was celebrated in olden times for its



KANUBIN, THE MARONITE PATRIARCHATE.

schools. Eusebius and Socrates in his Ecclesiastical History, both attest to this fact, and the poets commemorate it as a pleasant quiet city wherein to dwell. Thus, one calls it "Berytus the nurse of a quiet life" (*Nonnus Dionysius*, xli. v. 364). Another speaks of it as being in a most pleasant place (*Periegeta*, v. 911). And a third speaks of Tyre as opulent, but of Berytus as most agreeable (*Festus Avienus*, v. 1070).

Beirut, as Dr. Robinson spells it, is the ancient

Berytus of the Greeks and Romans, and perhaps also the Berothai or Berothah of the Hebrew scriptures. The notices, however, respecting the latter are so very indefinite, that the name alone suggests an identity.¹

¹ Beirut seems, in all probability, to be the same as the Berothah or Ba'al Beroth of the Phœnicians (*Benjamin of Tudela*, vol. i. p. 61), whose site, like that of the neighbouring Byblus, is supposed to be coeval with the first settlement of the country by Cronus or Ham.—(*Cory's Ancient Fragments*, p. 16.)

As Berytus, it is mentioned by the Greek and Latin geographers. Under Augustus it became a Roman colony by the name of Felix Julia; and was afterwards endowed with the rights of an Italian city. It was at Berytus, that Herod the Great procured the flagitious mock trial to be held over his two sons. The elder Agrippa greatly favoured the city, and adorned it with a splendid theatre and amphitheatre, besides baths and porticoes; inaugurating them with games and spectacles of every kind, including shows of gladiators. Here, too, after the destruction of Jerusalem, Titus celebrated the birthday of his father Vespasian, by the exhibition of similar spectacles, in which many of the captive Jews perished.

In the next succeeding centuries, Berytus became renowned as a school of Greek learning, particularly of law; and was visited by scholars from a distance, like Athens and Alexandria. Eusebius relates, that the martyr Apollinaris resided here for a time to pursue Greek secular learning; and the celebrated Gregory Thaumaturgus, about the middle of the third century, after having frequented the schools of Alexandria and Athens, repaired to Berytus, to perfect himself in the civil law. It was early likewise made a Christian bishopric, under the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Antioch; and is mentioned by Jerome, as one of the places visited by Paula.

Under the reign of Justinian, in the sixth century, Berytus was regarded as the most beautiful city of Phenicia; its academy continued to flourish, and was visited by many young men of wealth and rank, who pursued here the study of the Roman law in its Greek form. Under the same reign Berytus was laid in ruins by an earthquake, and the school removed for a time to Sidon. In a later and more legend-loving age, in the eighth century, Berytus became the reputed seat of the noted miracle, according to which, when an image of Christ was once mocked and crucified by the Jews in scorn, and the side pierced with a spear, there issued from it blood and water in great quantity.

The Crusaders, in their first progress along the coast from Antioch to Jerusalem in A. D. 1099, passed by Berytus, as they did other cities, without any attempt to get possession of it; indeed its commander is related to have furnished to them supplies of provisions and money, on condition that they would spare the harvest, the vineyards, and the trees around the city. The place was not captured until A. D. 1110, when King Baldwin I took it, after a protracted siege of seventy-five days. It remained long in the hands of the Christians; and is described as surrounded by a strong wall, and as lying in the midst of orchards, and groves, and vineyards. Berytus was made a Latin bishopric, under the archbishop of Tyre, and the patriarch of Jerusalem. In A. D. 1182, Saladin besieged the town by sea and land, and made violent efforts to take it by storm; but withdrew on the approach of the Christian forces from Sepphoris, after laying waste the adjacent orchards and vineyards. Five years later, immediately after the battle of Hattin, Berytus surrendered to him on the eighth day after it was invested.

To the new host of crusaders, chiefly from Germany, who reached the Holy Land in A. D. 1197, the possession of Berytus became an object of importance. It was now a seat of trade; it occupied a favourable position; and the Saracen galleys which harboured in and near its port committed great ravages upon the

Christian commerce, capturing and making slaves of thousands of pilgrims as they approached the Syrian coasts. The Christian army marched from Tyre upon this enterprise; and after a general battle with the Saracen forces, near Sidon, appeared before Berytus. They found the gates open; for on the preceding day, the Christian slaves within the walls had risen upon the Saracens, and delivered the city over to the Christian fleet. It was now given up to Amalric, as king of Cyprus and Jerusalem, and re-annexed to the latter kingdom.

In the later strife between the Emperor Frederick II. and the Regent John of Ibelin, Berytus was seized and occupied for a time, in A. D. 1231, by the imperial forces; but was again abandoned without taking the citadel. The city remained in possession of the Christians, until the final and terrible overthrow of the Frank dominion in Syria, in A. D. 1291, in the siege and storm of Akko. After the abandonment of Tyre and Sidon by the Christians, the troops of the Sultan Ashraf approached Berytus. The Emir in command announced to the inhabitants that the former truce, which they had not broken, should be continued to them; and, at the same time, summoned them to come out and meet him with confidence, as he drew near. They went forth accordingly in procession, to receive him on their borders; but, false to his word, he caused them to be seized and put to death or thrown into chains, took possession of the city and castle, and laid them both in ruins.

In the next following period, Berytus, like Saida, appears to have recovered from its desolation, and continued to be a trading city. Bulfeda describes it as surrounded by a rich soil and gardens, and as the port of Damascus. So, too, edh-Dhahiry, in the fifteenth century. Frank travellers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries speak of the beauty of its environs, full of fruits and gardens of all kinds; among which, however, the mulberry already predominated; the culture of silk being, even then, the chief occupation of the inhabitants. Like Saida, this city also revived somewhat in the beginning of the seventeenth century, from the activity of Fakhr-ed-Din, who made it one of his chief places of residence, and erected here an extensive palace; although he filled up the port. According to D'Arvieux, Berytus, in his day, was twice as large as Saida, and much better built; though the chief centre of European trade, during that and the eighteenth century, remained at Saida. Caravans from Aleppo, Damascus, and Egypt, regularly arrived at Berytus; especially at the season when the silk of each year came into market.

Within the present century, and indeed within the last twenty years, Berytus has received a new impulse, from having been made the centre of European trade for this part of the coast, and as the port of Damascus. Before that time, one or two consular agents were the sole representatives of the West. At present, there are resident consuls from most of the European powers, and also one from the American States; trade has flourished and been extended by the establishment of mercantile houses, some of which have branches in Damascus; and the activity, the population, and the importance of the city have been greatly increased. This circumstance, and the facilities of communication with the interior and other parts of the country, have caused Berytus to be selected as the

chief seat of the American Mission in Syria; which, in its schools, and by its press, as well as by direct effort, has prospered not only in proportion to its means, but to an extent far beyond what its limited means would have authorized us to expect.

The town is situated on a kind of shoulder, sloping towards the shore (see p. 539), from the north-north-west side of a triangular point which runs more than two miles into the sea. It contains upwards of 3000 houses, all of stone, well built, and generally lofty; and some of the best display the consular flags of different nations. The bazaar is adequately supplied for the wants of the Maronites, Muslims, and other inhabitants, who number nearly 15,000 souls. The streets are narrow, only moderately clean, and usually have in the centre a deep channel of flowing water.

The place is inclosed on the land side by a substantial wall, flanked by large square towers; besides which, three were constructed as an additional means of defence in advance of the works, by the Emir Fakhr-ed-din. On some rocks at the north-western extremity of the town are two castellated buildings to defend the harbour or, more properly, the anchorage, which is exposed to the west and north-west winds. The innermost castle is connected with the town by means of a causeway, resting upon arches of unequal size, partly constructed with ancient columns and hewn stones, and through which the sea passes.

Beyond the southern extremity of the town there is a basin capable of containing four or five small vessels, and in its neighbourhood are some cisterns excavated in the rock. There are also some portions of mosaic pavements and other remains probably belonging to old Beyrut, if not even to the Phœnician Beroth or Berothah.

A rich belt of mulberry and date gardens, inclosed by hedges or walls, and studded with country houses, surrounds the town; beyond which the extensive plantation of Fakhr-ed-din forms part of the striking landscape presented by the slopes of Lebanon. Common report, it is to be observed, ascribes the planting of this grove, also called Harsh Beyrut, to Fakhr-ed-din, but Idrisi describes the same city as having in the twelfth century a large forest of pines in the south extending quite to Mount Lebanon. No doubt a remnant of the great forests of antiquity.

Beyrut was much injured by the bombardment sustained from the English and Austrian fleet in 1840, when the allies wrested Syria from the Egyptians to restore it to Turkish rule. The Turks have left the castle of the port still lying in its demolished state. They probably think, that as the allies tumbled it down they ought to build it up again. Europeans, Frenchmen especially, begin now to flock to Beyrut as settlers in great numbers. They are attracted by the silk trade, which is a very advantageous one.

Our start from Beyrut, for Kesruwan and the country of the Maronites, lay along a dusty sandy road, between cactus hedges and small native houses, and among men, camels, horses, and asses, till crossing the Nahr Beyrut (the Magoras of Strabo and Pliny), the passage of which is effected by an old Roman bridge recently repaired, we got upon the sandy beach, at the extremity of which was the rocky promontory which advances into the sea south of the Nahr al Kelb

—the Lycus or Dog river—and which is so remarkable for its faded sculptures and inscriptions. The principal figures, resembling those on the Ninveh marbles, are cut in low relief, presenting the left side to the spectator. The right hand of one is held up, with something in it; the arm bent at right angles; the left arm is across the body; on the head is a conical cap; the beard long and in formal curls; a long tunic descends to the feet, which are not seen, or if sculptured, they are not distinguishable on account of the weatherworn state of the stone. An inscription in cuneiform characters covers all the stone, from the waist of the figures downwards; but it is so nearly obliterated from the same cause, that we could with great difficulty copy a few of the characters behind one of them. This, however, is of no importance, as excellent casts have been taken by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Bonomi. They are deposited in the British Museum.

We found the figures cut in three places in the rock, in slightly excavated niches, with circular heads and round mouldings. By the side of two of these is a tablet larger than the niche, with a sort of Doric entablature. At first nothing was visible on it but the marks of the tooth of time. After having attentively considered it for some time, each was found to have two small figures of Egyptian character; one making an offering to the other, as with the Egyptian Pharaohs to their gods. On one of the tablets the king has his legs stretched out, as in quick motion; and the arms like those on the pylone at Elfu, Philæ, &c. The four figures are incised like those of Egyptian monuments. When seen from a distance we fancied that the greater part of these tablets were covered with inscriptions, but on approaching all was lost in the "honey-combed" marks of age. When the rays of the sun fall at a certain angle, they may be detected, if any exist.

The Latin inscriptions are given, it is to be noticed, by Maundrell and Burekhardt. The Egyptian sculptures are supposed to be a monument of the renowned conqueror Sesostris. Mr. Sharpe, in his *History of Egypt*, p. 45, says, "Rameses II (Sesostris) left monuments behind him in the countries which he conquered, and one of these still remains in Syria, near Beyrut. The Nahr Beyrut, or Magoras, it is also to be observed, is the traditional site of the combat of St. George and the Dragon. All these chivalrous stories of dragon combats have their origin, it seems probable, in the existence in older times of crocodiles in the rivers of Syria and of the Mediterranean; the remains of such have not only been found in the rivers of Syria, but as high up as Paris in the Seine. The legend in question particularly attracted the attention of the Crusaders, and is noticed by their historians."

Descending from these ancient sculptures—which no doubt are records of deeds which in their day filled the world with admiration, or dismay and misery—there is a very fine view, looking up the River Nahr al Kelb, flowing through a narrow ravine from the lofty Lebanon mountains, which are seen in the background. In the middle distance the river is spanned by a good bridge of one large arch and two small ones, built by Fakhr-ed-Din. In the foreground the rocky and rugged road was made more picturesque by a party

¹ *Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petraea, &c.*, by Ed. Robinson, D.D. &c., vol. III. p. 441. et seq.

² A church commemorating the legend is said to have been erected in modern times in the same neighbourhood.

of ten Hawara, or irregular soldiers, armed in various ways, with muskets, pistols, or long lances. Altogether I never saw a subject in nature more truly in the style of *Salvator Rosa*. The soldiers having been disbanded, were seeking service; and from their appearance, and the furtive glances which they cast on us, it would not perhaps be doing them much injustice if we had suspected them of wicked thoughts in reference to our wallets. They seemed just as likely to enlist for subverters as for supporters of order. We had to ford the river, which was rapid, and at one time I made up my mind for a ducking.

Soon after noon we left the sea coast, and turned eastward towards the mountains. Several hills before us were picturesquely crowned with convents; especially one seated on a precipice overlooking a deep ravine and river where the Patriarch of the Maronites resides during the winter season. This convent was rendered famous by the atrocious imposture of Hindia, a pretended saint, who gained many proselytes before her abominable practices were detected.

At 1.30 we passed through the village of Zuk, where the greater part of the beautiful embroidery sold at Beyrut is made. After this we fairly entered upon the Lebanon mountains, by the best route, at this part, through which they can be penetrated. Before losing sight of the sea, we had an extraordinary view of the western face of the mountain range in long profile, extending as far as the eye could reach, having a uniform outline descending rapidly to the sea.

At Antura (*Pococke* calls it *Ontua*) we visited a handsome Latin convent, which had been rebuilt by the liberality of a French bishop. Attached to it is a college of Lazarists, much frequented by Maronite youths of this district. (*See* page 558.) We rode along a precipitous ridge commanding a fine view of the deep and fertile valley of the *Nahr el Kelb*, with the village of *Bekfash* on the heights above it. A part of the ridge is sandstone, on which is a small patch of pine-trees.

We met the sheikh of the village of *Ajalton* (*Ajalton*, according to *Pococke*), surrounded by attendants. He was very well dressed, and bore the evident stamp of a well-bred man in the courteous manner of his salute, and the apparent sincerity with which he prayed us to alight at his house. As he was going down the mountain, we thanked him without feeling the necessity of making the ungracious return of refusing his hospitality; which, had he been there to have received us, we should have done, as it is not advisable to accept such offers when one is not prepared with suitable presents, which are generally expected.

We arrived at *Ajalton* at 4.45, and pitched our tents on a good sward, and were soon surrounded by the villagers, some of whom were well dressed, especially one who was pre-eminent not only in this, but in person and in manners. His pipe-stem seemed to be rather inconvenient for a peripatetic smoker, being the flexible shoot of a wild rose, freshly cut, and about six feet in length. The son of this gentleman was sent for to interpret the animated speeches and gestures, which we could not understand.

The youth came in great haste, and earnestly entreated us not to sleep in the tent, as the night in these lofty regions would be very cold, but to do his father the honour of accepting his hospitality. We

now felt the consequences of dissimulation in not having frankly accepted or refused the former invitation, and perhaps added to the dilemma by the want of tact in telling our new acquaintance of it. He, however, denied that the first was the chief of the village, asserting that he himself was the prince of all the district. The fact was, the first was the Druse sheikh, and the second the Maronite chief. After many excuses and refusals, and as the first did not make his appearance to assert his prior claim, we reluctantly accepted the proffered kindness, which had all the air of disinterested patriarchal hospitality; and having made arrangements with *Ynsul*, we followed the prince to his house, which was large, surrounding a court into which all the rooms looked. We were led into a spacious saloon, plastered and whitewashed, with a tinge of yellow. The timbered roof was black with smoke, which, by way of apology, was said to be unavoidable. This truly was manifest, as there was no chimney to carry off the fumes of a charcoal fire burning in a small mud-made fire-place in the middle of the room; round which, close to the walls, were spread mats with mattresses and cushions. We were led to those in the centre, the place of honour. The master of the house having declared that all we saw was our property, seated himself next to us, and beyond him were some other gentlemen, apparently belonging to the family. The unveiled ladies were ranged along the end of the room, and some, the youngest, were very pretty. All had brilliant eyes, and all were vigorously plying the *narguileh* while furtively watching us. (For sketch of Maronite man and woman, *see* p. 513. Pipes, sherbet, and coffee, were handed round. Our ride had given us an appetite for more substantial things, which were very long in making their appearance; as a whet, however, which we did not require after the sweet, invigorating draught of mountain air we had inhaled, raw vegetables, sweetmeats, and fruits were brought in a tray, and placed on a little table just high enough for us to sit at cross-legged. The son did the honours by peeling walnuts, which he stuck in the sweetmeats, and pointed out the proper order in which they were to be eaten. When this table was removed, pipes were again brought, and then began a series of questions, through the young prince, who, having been educated at the Catholic college of Antura, spoke French very tolerably. They were at first personal, as regarding our rank, &c., the rest principally related to the government and constitution of England, about which they were very inquisitive.

The family of our host consists of one son, named *Daher*, our interpreter, a fine, intelligent youth about seventeen years of age, and two beautiful daughters, about fifteen and twelve. His name is *Mansur Ibrahim*. He is the head of the family or tribe *Kazain*, which dates about four hundred years, by *firman*. It numbers three hundred men, who intermarry with no other tribe, even of noble blood, in order to maintain the honour of their house, which, however, in the opinion of persons of less exclusive ideas, becomes thereby much degenerated, both physically, morally, and especially as to worldly advantages, for many of these proud scions of unquestionable nobility gain their livelihood by menial service in foreign countries. This family formerly possessed all the villages from *Juni* to the mountains, but much has been sold to peasants, and much has been given to convents.

The land is cultivated at half profit; the landlord

provides implements and pays the tributes, with the exception of the kharateh. Silk and corn only are sent to market, the rest is consumed on the farm, from which but a bare subsistence is derived for both parties. The peasants do nothing in the winter, and but little during the spring and the summer. The lords of the soil do nothing all the year round but smoke, and sometimes hunt or shoot. Improvements of any kind are never thought of, partly from want of capital, but more through absence of energy. Many were the inquiries made of me as to the possibility of raising money in England, but the necessity for providing sufficient security does not enter their heads. They have, however, a mine of wealth in the silkworm, which would be very productive with a little more industry and care in the cultivation.

Daher is very anxious to go to England, but as he is an only son, his father will be unwilling to part with him, and I could not learn that this prince, or emir, although he has so large a territory, would be able to provide funds for a journey of such a duration as might be beneficial. There can be no doubt, however, that it would be a very desirable thing for the sons of great proprietors to travel, in order to see what may be done by the energies of a free people. We had now been several hours talking, and at intervals speculating between ourselves on the probability of having a dinner, for which we yearned. At length it was brought in, at seven o'clock. Before sitting at table, however, the youngest daughter presented each of us with a rose. The ladies having previously supped, had the pleasure of looking on. The male part of the family—that is, Mansur Ibrahim, his two brothers Assadi and Marun, and Daher, drew round the low table, as before, with ourselves; and on this important occasion we were provided with forks; the rest had skewers, with which all plunged into the same dishes. The supper was abundant, though but little to our taste. When we had done eating, Mansur proposed the health of our noble Queen, afterwards that of Colonel Rose. He next did honour to ourselves. After each toast a song on the same subject was improvised. I gave as a toast "The prosperity of the family Kazain;" but had no song for the occasion, and the company seemed disposed to accept an apology with better grace than an attempt would have merited. After these courtesies, we took a decided lead in the manifestation of somniferous tendencies, in which also they concurred, less perhaps from politeness than compulsion, proving that we all felt we had enjoyed as much of each other's company as we could bear for one sitting. We were led by the Emir to a clean room, where good beds with embroidered red sheets were laid on the ground. We were not long in accommodating ourselves to them after the fatigues of the ride in the morning, and of the supper in the evening. We slept soundly till the dawn of day.

II.

THE NOBLE FAMILY OF THE KAZAINS—THE TANTHRA, OR HORN—THE BEAUTIFUL OTI—ROCK BRIDGE—THE DEMON'S GLEN—TEMPLE OF NYSTRA VILLAGER OF METAWALLS—RELICS OF OLD TIMES—FABLE OF ADONIS—THE ASSASSINS—CASTLE AND PORT OF JEBEL, GEBAL OF THE BIBLE—CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

The following day was stormy; and Daher tried to urge us to wait for better weather, as he said it would be very cold in the mountains. There was, however,

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some little prospect of its clearing up, and his solicitations were unheeded. This young chief had fallen much in our estimation by the unmistakable proofs that he was speculating on the amount of bakshish we might be disposed to give. I even heard the hated word pronounced, or pass between him and the servant who had done the very little waiting we required. The great and frequent praises which were lavished by all the party on English fowling-pieces, pistols, gunpowder, &c., were as near to a request as could decently be made. Unfortunately, I had but such as were sufficient for my own wants, and powder was so scarce at Beyrat, that I had only been able to purchase a very small quantity, and no shot. I therefore made it convenient to consider these as common-place remarks, in the ordinary course of conversation; and that I could not offer any trifling article, which I might have dispensed with, without running the risk of offending the "honour of the family," in payment for the entertainment we had received. I resolved, however, never again to give up the better cheer and better lodging of the tent for such questionable hospitality; especially when the master should assure me that I was "mistaken in calling it his house; for it was mine and all that belonged to him." Yusuf afterwards said that the inducement for such a pressing and apparently cordial invitation was the hope that we might turn out to be some very great people in disguise, travelling about for no other purpose than to distribute valuable and disproportioned gifts: which accounts for the frequent interrogations we had to answer with respect to our exact rank, and whether we were not princes in our own country.

The dollar which I gave the servant was therefore a great disappointment to the master, if not to the man; for they both went off abruptly on receiving it. I must, however, do Daher the justice to say, that though he did not wait for the moment of departure to say his adieu, he pressed us strongly to return if the weather should prove bad. A few minutes after eight o'clock we proceeded in our journey towards the mountains, contrary to Yusuf's advice, as well as that of our young friend.

The road was very rugged, among isolated rocks, though *in situ*, and showing their stratification, as if the whole country had been torn by prodigious torrents.

"Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement;
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret."

Lady of the Lake.

We had not gone far when Daher's predictions were verified; and, after having two or three showers, we were obliged to take shelter in a house in the village of Klahart; where, as we had not to yield to pressing offers of hospitality, there was no fear of offending the "honour of the house" by a fair remuneration for what we might require, and where we were received without the suspicion of being princes in disguise.

The house was large, and like the generality in this country, built on the slope of the hill; so that there is only one floor at the back, and two in front; that below being occupied by the cattle, farming implements, &c.

The upper story has in front a large portico or vestibule open to the south, with seven gothic arches on two ranges of pillars, the capital of each having different ornaments. Four rooms open into this portico, and there are others at the end. One room is occupied

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by the proprietor, a widow, and her family; the others by servants, and the peasants who cultivate the land, all huddled together in the most higgledy-piggledy style. Yusuf had just secured, by agreement, two of the rooms for us, when a man came in, a cousin of the Kazains, who pressed us, with great importunity, to go to the "better" accommodation of his house; which of course he declared was our property. We resisted all his blandishments; and he seemed resolved to make up for the disappointment on his part, and the disadvantage on ours, by promising to give us the benefit of all his spare time; which was within a very small fraction of the whole of it.

Our new friend was communicative as well as inquisitive. His acquirements in language was limited to a little French, which he had gained at the "college" of Ajaltun; and he was very desirous of adding English, in order that he might obtain a good post with some Englishman; a prince of course, though, to the disgrace of the house of Kazain, he had served in a menial capacity in Constantinople. The fact was, he was ready to accept anything, in the hope of making it a stepping-stone to fortune. An enterprising genius is indeed lost in these mountains, where the chief care is to secure a subsistence.

The lady of the house, a very fat representative of the noble family of Kazain, is one of the few remaining of the Maronite women who preserve the ancient custom of wearing the tantura or horn on the forehead. Her's was the first good specimen we had seen. She promised to allow me to make a sketch of it; but was too fat and lazy to sit up, and it was constantly deferred. It is never taken off even for sleeping. I caught her napping, with the horn propped up in the corner of the window frame, in a very uncomfortable position; but she was obliged to pay thus dearly for her antique vanity.

The horn is about twenty inches in length, and three in diameter at the base; tapering, so as to be much smaller at the upper end. It is made of thin gold, or silver gilt, with filligree ornaments in front and precious stones. It is attached to a pad, or cushion, on the forehead, and secured by a strap round the back of the head.

The discomfort of this custom, which would seem never to have been felt during the thousands of years that it has been in vogue, is now acknowledged, as few young women will submit to it; and in another generation the "horn" will cease to be "exalted."

To console me for the disappointment, the beautiful young Oti, her niece, who was said to be ill in bed, got up from it all "a taunto," that is, dressed, and put on her best attire for me to exercise on her my small amount of skill.

The room was very dark, and blinding with smoke from a fire made with wet wood, which alone would have been a sufficient excuse for failure, with even better talent; but, in addition, the fair Oti was in continual motion, either to put herself in a better attitude, to coquet with her friends, or to watch the progress of the work, interrupting me with directions about the oval of her lovely face, the arch of the eyebrows, and the thinness of her delicate and aristocratic nose. Pointing with her little taper finger to the colour-box, she frequently told me to put plenty of red in her richly coloured cheeks and coral lips, so that there was small blame to her taste for being dissatisfied with my production. I, however, made up for all

deficiencies by telling her that it was not in the power of art to do justice to her beauty. In which, indeed, I was not far wrong; she was a lovely creature of fifteen. My compliment unfortunately made her wish to possess the portrait; which, though more of a libel than a likeness, was useful to me as a memorandum of the costume, as well as something of a reminiscence of a Syrian beauty. I, therefore, was ungallant enough, on both accounts, to resist all her entreaties; but promised a better one for her. When I was off my guard, the cunning little rogue snatched it out of my portfolio; which obliged me to have recourse to gentle force, after a long and amusing search and struggle, to which her aunt and the lookers on instigated me.

I somewhat reconciled her to the loss by pointing to the fact, which she was not willing to deny, that I had not made her cheeks red enough, nor her eyes bright enough; though I might be able to approach a little nearer to her perfections when I had more time and rosy tints to bestow on them. I was sorry, however, to see her pouting her little lips when I made my adieux.

The next morning was cloudy, after a great deal of rain in the night; but showed some symptoms of clearing up. We started at nine o'clock over rocks becoming more rugged as we ascended. The isolated blocks had been worn by the action of the weather to sharp pinnacles, furrowed deeply by floods of rain on their perpendicular sides. In some places a capping, like a table, was left on the apex of the crag. The difficulty of the road increased with the wildness of the mountain scenery. In the neighbouring valley of the Nahr al Kelb, into which we looked from the heights, there are some fine cliffs rising from deep ravines. We descended to the upper part of this wady; and obtained a lodging in the poor village of Fariyat at 1,50, the weather being very threatening. At four o'clock it cleared a little; and taking a guide while Yusuf was preparing our dinner, we crossed the valley, fording a rapid stream, and ascending the opposite mountain, in search of the natural bridge of Jisr al Hajjar (or Rock bridge), the principal object of this part of the journey.

The road was very difficult; we had to ford torrents and to surmount two ranges of cliffs. A little snow was in our path. After some toil in scrambling over the rocks, in many places obliged to lead the horses, we came to a stupendous natural arch, forced by the former action of the river through the upper range of cliffs. The torrent is not now visible, as it is excavating for itself another passage through the rocks lower down, where it precipitates itself from the hole thus formed, which the badness of the weather would not permit us to explore. Intense gloom hung about the chasm of the bridge; through which, and through the driving clouds above, occasional peeps were had of the snowy fields of the higher range of mountains. Many fine waterfalls descended from the opposite mountains. All was in harmony with the deep music of nature—the gloom, the storm, and the roaring cataracts. Altogether it was one of the wildest Alpine scenes I had ever beheld. It has, I believe, been rarely visited. We reached our cottage at dusk, having been about an hour in going and the same in returning, with a little time for a hurried and imperfect sketch of this very fine cavern. At six o'clock, thermometer 55°, the aneroid at the village indicated a height of 4803 feet; but as I had no corresponding observations by a

standard barometer, and as the weather was very unsettled, I doubted my little friend the aneroid. However, the reading of the instrument the following morning, with very beautiful weather, differing very little from the observation of last night, makes it probable, that the elevation here given is not far from the truth.

If it had been possible, we should have crossed the mountains at the head of the Wady, to Akura, and then might have been able to reach "The Cedars" on our way this morning; but the rain which yesterday and during the night fell so heavily with us, was a great accession of snow to the higher regions. We therefore were obliged to take a lower road, ascending the range on the right of the Wady. The mukris did not know the way, and stopped to inquire at some cottages in the village Kharajih, where no one was to be found but infants taking care of babies. All the people were at church, and we were obliged to wait till morning mass was over, before we could get put in the right road. At 8.10 we crossed a brow to another valley; then a torrent; and the road passed round the crest of a steep mountain, with snow in many places below us. Many ravines from this take a direction west-north-west with numerous cascades from the upper glaciers or masses of snow. In several places are fine streams gushing out from the rocks. On our turning a shoulder of the mountain, a splendid view burst on us of a very extensive valley, losing itself in the distance in the deep recesses of the Lebanon. All was in broad light, mixing up and rendering the details infinite by the soft blending of the colouring, such as the genius of Turner alone could show on canvas. It is the Wady el Jin, at the upper part of the Wady Nahr Ibrahim, which terminates at the sea near Jebail, and which corresponds to the ancient Adonis. Two ranges, or perpendicular walls of cliff, encircle this fine valley; one crosses it at right angles, cutting off all communication between the upper and lower parts. From the middle of this range a beautiful cascade leaps at least one hundred feet in one sheet. The higher range rests on a softer stratum, and is continually falling and scattering huge fragments of rock far and wide; resembling, in one place, the chaos of the valley of Gavarni in the Pyrenees. The rocks are full of fossil shells. At 1.25 we left the broad valley, and turned up a smaller one, communicating with it, on its left.

The road was excessively difficult; the mules could hardly find footing on the steep sides of the hill, and we were frequently obliged to dismount and lead our horses. The mountain became more precipitous at every step; and we could discover no possibility of a passage through this gorge, which seemed to terminate in an amphitheatre of perpendicular rocks from 500 to 800 feet high. Below was a roaring torrent, leaping from crag to crag; but whence it came we could not imagine, so closed was the head of the valley. At last a turn of the road brought us in front of the most beautiful object I ever beheld—the stream emerging from a large cavern at the foot of the perpendicular mountain, forming a succession of beautiful falls over ledges of rocks; and crossed, immediately on its exit, by a picturesque bridge called Nahr Nahr Ibrahim Megara. But before reaching this we passed, on our right, but on the left bank of the stream, the ruins of a building perched on an eminence over-looking the cascade. This building is called Kalah Fakhra, and Porter gives the following account of it.

This is a simple square tower of Roman origin, with massive walls, and a few confined apartments. Over the doorway is an inscription, but so much broken and defaced that I was not able to copy it.

On the same side of the building, near the angle, is another inscription, showing that the building was founded in the year 355, A.D. 43, which was the third year of the reign of the Emperor Claudius. It appears that Richter made out so much of the inscription above the door as to ascertain the name of this emperor.

Five minutes south of this building, down the rocky slope, is another and much more extensive ruin. Here are the traces of a temple with a portico of massive columns, and a large inclosed area in front. The walls are of great thickness, and constructed of large squared blocks, and the columns are four feet in diameter. Near this are the ruins of a bath, fragments of the marble pavement of which, I was informed, still exist beneath the rubbish. In the rocks around are some excavated tombs, and there are likewise the foundations of several other buildings.

This place, though far removed from human habitation, was now alive with groups of men and women; children, too, played around the bases of wild cliffs, and scampered along the miniature meadows that line a little stream. It was the harvest season, and the villagers had for the time deserted their houses to bivouac on the thrashing-floors. Gaily-dressed sheikhs were dashing about from field to field on their fine nudes, while the more aged perched on a stone or a rocky ledge, with umbrellas to protect them from the sun's rays. It is the universal custom in Lebanon for a large portion of the inhabitants to spend some weeks on the thrashing floors during the harvest. In the more exposed districts this is impossible, and there the grain is conveyed to the village as soon as it is reaped. This scene brought vividly before me the simple Bible narrative of Boaz and Ruth; and it showed, also, how little change the lapse of near three thousand years has effected in the habits of the people of this land.

On a nearer approach we found many copious streams gushing from the base of the cliffs in this amphitheatre, and contributing to the grandeur of the principal cascade below the bridge. Passing this, we went up a small valley, with several pretty falls of water. At 3.30 we stopped at the Metawali village Afka, composed of only a very few wretched hovels. After a careful scrutiny the best house we could secure promised us but very indifferent accommodation, as we had to share the only room with the horses, mules, and other cattle; the man, with his wife and children, having kindly vacated in our favour.

We had ridden eight hours this day, over a very fatiguing road; yet I could not resist the desire to go down again to the beautiful cascade, and returned quite exhausted with fatigue. But in that horrid house there was no possibility of sleep, the odour was so excessively offensive. After tossing about for several hours, I was obliged to remove my bed to the open portico. My companion remained within, undisturbed; though he gave occasional intimations by his heavy breathing, that the perfume made itself palpable even to his dormant senses. The night was fine but cold, and I lay a considerable time looking at the bright stars and the snow-clad mountains before me, till I fell into a profound and refreshing sleep in the pure air; and resolved never again to run the risk of fever by



MARONITE MAN AND WOMAN.

sleeping in such a contaminated atmosphere as that within.

Next morning, at daylight, fine weather, with a north-east wind. Thermometer 58° last evening. The

aneroid gave an elevation for this village of 4,560 feet. The natives were somewhat importunate this morning. They are the most uncivilised people we had met in Syria, and bear a very indifferent character.

The Mutwali, or Metawali, are a different race from those we had hitherto seen in the mountains. They have generally a very round face, short chin, with rather a wild appearance; the children, however, were very pretty.

The whole population of the village was grouped in and around our portico, watching every motion, and inspecting every article they could lay their hands on. Though differing widely from them, they are anxious to be thought good Turks, and followers of Omar; they really are of the sect of Ali.

We proceeded on our journey at 6 40 A.M., up a steep hill, and soon surmounted the higher of the two ranges of cliffs which encircle the valley, and had a delightful ride along the brow, the view losing itself in the vast valley below us. Yusuf recounted an incredible story of the sheikh of one of the neighbouring villages, who, to escape from the wrath of Ibrahim Pasha, leaped over the precipice without being hurt; but his poor horse was killed in saving his master.

The trees were here but just bursting into leaf, though we had left the mulberry in full foliage at Beyrut; while, higher up in the mountains, the bud is only appearing.

At 8.10 we reached the head of the valley, where we had to admire a natural phenomenon, similar to that of yesterday; namely, a river bursting through a cavern at the base of the perpendicular mountain, with the difference, that a bridge near it is also the work of nature. The volume of water that comes from the rock is very great. Half-way up the face of the cliff we observed a belt, or long horizontal stripe of brilliant pink colouring, which at first was difficult to be accounted for. It proved to be the blossom of wild almond trees, which have here found a congenial soil.

At nine we crossed the rapid river or torrent Jinne, by coming through a gorge in the perpendicular and rocky descent from a higher valley.

The mountains were still clad with snow, so turning at this point to the westward, we followed the right bank of the Jinneh, or Junch. The scenery in this part is the grandest and most beautiful we had seen in the Lebanon.

At eleven o'clock we came by accident on the ruins of a small temple of ancient architecture, probably Roman. The walls are very well built of good squared blocks of limestone; what now remains is perhaps about two-thirds of the original height, but without any vestiges of entablature. The length of the building is about forty-two feet, and its breadth nineteen. It is square at the west end, with an apsis at the east; which, from the inferiority and looseness of the construction, may have been a recent addition, on its adaptation to Christian purposes. The lower parts of two columns are standing inside the building, but there are no capitals to identify the order to which they belonged. Two opposite doors in the north and south sides have lintels and consoles of good workmanship.

Outside of the south door, and attached to it, is a pointed arched vault, as a porch; most likely also of recent addition. At ten yards distance are the ruins of a large church of three aisles. Two crosses were in the walls, but no inscriptions were found. Beyond these we saw another square building of small dimensions. These all possibly belonged to some monastic establishments. Great heaps of stones were lying about, marking the sites of other buildings, now utterly ruined.

In the temple some recent attempt had been made to discover treasure, which the Arabs always believe to be buried in ancient buildings. A priest, accompanied by a party of gold-seeking Christians, had made excavations without success, and unfortunately they turned up nothing of interest to the antiquary, in objects of art, or inscriptions, that might have given some clue to the origin and purposes of the building. It seems next to a certainty that a town must have existed in this neighbourhood; being the centre almost of a wide and very fertile valley, though now deserted and overrun with brushwood; a peasant said that a town formerly stood here, which he called Noah. In the forests among these mountains the beautiful Adonis lost his life while hunting. The valley is a basin inclosed in the mountains, about ten miles in length, and four or five in breadth, with a fine little river flowing through it. It contracts at the lower end to a very narrow gorge with precipitous sides through which the river anciently forced a passage, and drained the basin of what was previously, in all probability, a lake.

Porter thus describes the sublime glen of the Nahr Ibrahim. I here stood on the summit of a ridge whose side sunk down at my feet in a series of gigantic natural terraces, faced with rugged cliffs, to the brow of the Wady Ibrahim; and there a sheer precipice of naked rock formed the side of a ravine that seemed to open the vast mountain to its base. On the opposite side rose a similar but still loftier precipice, over which towered, almost perpendicularly, a mountain peak, its sides partially clothed with the dark foliage of the dwarf oak. Tall needle-like rocks of white limestone shoot up here and there from its sides and summit, giving it an alpine wildness and grandeur. A fleecy cloud of milky whiteness hovered round it, bringing out in bolder relief the jagged top, and rendering still more gloomy, by the contrast, the profound glen beneath. The whole was more like a scene from *Manfred* than a living reality.

A wild Bedawy, who appeared mysteriously from among the rocks, guided us to the lost road. After passing through the little encampment of his tribe, we reached the fine spring of Neba el-Hadid. Having drunk of its ice-cold waters, we continued our course along the shelving mountain-side—the sublime glen of the Nahr Ibrahim, the ancient Adonis, far below on our left, and the loftiest summits of Lebanon rising up on our right. The path was in most places a mere goat-track, and the stones loosened by the horses' feet rolled and leaped down the declivity till lost in the far distance. In a little over an hour from Neba el-Hadid we reached the brow of a long descent, passing down which we arrived at Afka. The muleteers were waiting beneath the ruins of the old temple. The tent was soon pitched in the ravine below, overshadowed by the fragrant foliage of a large walnut. Beside it the foaming torrent leaped from rock to rock, diffusing an agreeable coolness and freshness through the air, notwithstanding the bright beams of the evening sun.

This is a spot of singular wildness and beauty. A semicircular wall of naked rock, nearly a thousand feet high, shuts in the deep glen on the east. From a dark cave at its foot bursts forth a noble stream, which almost immediately falls in sheets of foam over several ledges of rock, and then rushes like a maniac through confused heaps of huge boulders to the profound and unseen depths below. Groves of pine and oak trees,

intermixed with the walnut and the mulberry, overshadow the boiling waters and clothe the rugged banks of the ravine. On a little mound beside the waterfall once stood the temple of Venus, now a confused mass of ruins. Hewn stones and shattered columns cover its summit and sides, while many others have rolled down to the bed of the river, and are washed by its waters. This is the fountain of the River Adonis.

There can be no doubt that this is the Apheca, celebrated in ancient times for its Temple of Venus, where the fairest daughters of Syria assembled to pay their vows to the goddess of Love. It is also the scene of the romantic tale of Venus and Adonis; and the river was in former days believed to be reddened at certain seasons by the blood of the shepherd hunter who was killed on its banks.

The little village of Afka stands a few hundred yards from the fountain, on the side of the ravine. Its inhabitants, who are all Metawali, have a bad name, and the appearance and manners of such as I saw tended to corroborate the common rumours. They present a marked contrast in their spare figures, restless fierce eyes, and abrupt address, to the staid dignity and noble bearing of their Christian neighbours. They are idle and unsettled in their habits, and are noted thieves.

To the south of Jebail the Wady Ibrahim joins the sea; into which a "fair large river" discharges the water collected by the valley; which at certain seasons of the year, is of a blood-red colour, believed by the ancients to be caused by sympathy for the death of Adonis. Maundrell witnessed the phenomenon, and says that it is occasioned by a kind of minium, or red earth, "and not by any stain from Adonis' blood."

After leaving the ruins we ascended the hills on the right, and arrived at one o'clock at the village of Kartaba, situated in the midst of fertility; of which it shows the proofs in a large convent, and in the well-built houses of the peasants. The view from this elevated spot is very fine.

We found here our muleteers, whom we had sent on while we remained at the ruins. They proposed stopping at the convent for the night, which seemed preposterous after having made so short a day's march; and we therefore insisted on going further, not crediting their assertions that, at the next village, which was very far, no lodging could be procured for ourselves nor corn for the beasts.

Our wish was to have followed the wady to its termination at the sea; but we were assured that the ravine, at which it contracts, has only sufficient breadth for the torrent El Jinneh, dashing and foaming over a rocky bed the whole way, with walls perpendicular on either side, many hundred feet in height. There was no alternative but to cross over to the next valley by the most difficult and fatiguing ascent we have yet had, up the mountain-ridge on the right or north side of the Wady Ibrahim; winding up a path so steep, that the poor mules could scarce raise themselves with their loads, and sometimes they were wedged between two rocks, or stopped by the overhanging branches of trees. It seemed rather surprising that they could get on at all, but they were good animals; one was the largest and most powerful mule I had seen. We were obliged to dismount, and lead our horses the greater part of the ascent.

The mountain was well covered with trees; but the beauty of the evergreen oaks was destroyed by the

practice of stripping off their leaves in the winter for the goats, and lopping the branches for fuel.

In an hour-and-a-half we reached, as we had hoped the summit of the pass called the Wady el Jin, or the Valley of the Evil Spirit; and descending on the other side of the ridge half-an-hour brought us at three P.M., to the small village of Ballnis; where, as predicted by the mukri, nothing was to be had, and there was no suitable place for pitching the tent. At length, after much entreaty and offers of payment, an old man with great complacency led us to a small room, with mud floor and walls, and the roof blackened with smoke. However, we were the sole occupants; and not having to share it with our quadruped companions, there was chance of having a better night than at the dirty village of the Metawali. Our poor beasts fared badly, having scanty food after their very toilsome journey. Although the old man had assumed all the merit of lodging us, it was a woman who took pity on the strangers. The aneroid stood at 25° 85', giving the elevation of the village at 4296 feet above the sea.

We started the next day at 7.15, and passing round the head of the little valley Wady el Miyat, and up another rugged ascent of an hour, the Wady Ibrahim again appeared on our left far below. At 9.15 we reached the real summit of the pass, and crossed it to a fine wide valley opening to the sea. At 10.15 we forded a stream in the middle of the valley, with a picturesque mill and waterfall. Three men, a Turk, a Metawalee, and a Christian, looked on with astonishment while we made our breakfast on the bank of the pretty rivulet.

Another long ascent brought us to the shoulder of a mountain; from whence we had a pretty view of the town of Jebail, where we arrived at 2.35. The beasts, especially the strong mule, were very tired, and unable to go further; his foot was much swollen. The little horse which I rode was a wonder. I thought on leaving Beyrut that he would have broken down after the first day's journey, and I was very much dissatisfied with Yusuf for having made so bad a bargain. However, the gallant little roan carried me over the most rugged paths without ever making a false step or trip. They all well deserved a rest; therefore, although so early in the day, we made a halt, and pitched the tent in a large cemetery, the favourite lounge of the people of the town. Many groups were seated on carpets, or on the grass in various parts. Some, among them the governor with a number of officials, were discussing public business in the intervals of smoking; at least so we had a right to presume. Others were in the simple performance of kaif, or gossiping, or nothing. Some women were seated at a tombstone; the freshness of which, and the newly-watered flowers, might induce the belief that the period of grief had not passed away; while others, before some more weather-worn stone, and rank plants, appeared to be there more from custom than feeling; but their veiled faces did not permit or sanction a surmise either way. Horses were picketed in all directions in the now rich herbage. Groups of lookers-on, boys and beggars, varied the general aspect of the scene. In the background was the picturesque castle of Jebail.

We strolled through the town and bazaar. As there is a large proportion of Christians, we, as Giaurs, passed not only without insult, but the people were remarkably civil; which was rather surprising in a place but little visited by strangers.

This is the ancient Gebal of the Bible (Ezek. xxvii.

9); the town of the stone-squarers, who assisted at the building of Solomon's Temple.

The ruined castle is interesting, as showing the architecture of many periods. In the greater part of the outer wall, and in the keep, that is to say, for about two-thirds of the height, the original structure remains; and is of bevelled stones, like those of Baulbec and Jerusalem. The largest were from fifteen to eighteen feet in length, and five or six feet in thickness. All this part has the appearance of great antiquity; and though we can hardly suppose it to be so old as the buildings which the stones resemble, they may represent the skill of the ancient Gilleites—those "famous workers in stone." In the moat, at the corner of the lowest course, and consequently the most ancient part, there is a stone not bevelled, and having from above the appearance of a portion of entablature: which would go to prove that, however old this part may be, it has in its substructure portions of an earlier building. The upper third of the keep is of the time of the Crusaders, and a more recent Turkish style. In a crypt, or the lowest apartment in the keep, are some large blocks; but the small stones of the pointed vaulting would appear to be recent, except that they are built in with the original wall. In the gateway were found some curious characters, on different stones, and not consecutive.

The small, but very well sheltered port was formed by a good pier seaward, having a tower, possibly a fanal, or lighthouse, at the extremity. It is now nearly filled with ruins and sand. Many gray granite columns are lying on the shore and in the water. It now has shelter for boats only. The view from this, with the castle and the Lebanon mountains in the background, is very fine. When I sat down to sketch it, a Turk, doubtless the captain of the port, called out to me several times from his little house on the sea-wall; but whether to desist or not I could not imagine, either from his words or gestures. So I thought it better not to attempt to understand them; but to consider them intended for some other delinquent. Whereupon he came down; and I found I had done the poor man great injustice. In fact, he was a connoisseur, a man of taste; and was evidently flattered by the honour I was doing his charge, by carrying off a delineation of it for the *Ingleez* (English).

He endeavoured to convince me that I should have a better view from his guard-house, where he could accommodate me with a chair, a table, and a pipe. I however preferred my own selection. He watched the development of the sketch with interest; and was much amused, as were also some pretty young girls, when other persons, who had been looking over me, duly figured in it, as they reached a proper position for the foreground or middle distance.

This little harbour could be cleared out very easily; and would be of immense value to the coasting trade, which is very insignificant now, it is true, but would increase as land traffic does by the construction of roads.

The mules with the baggage were sent on as soon as they could be got ready, for they still felt the effects of the fatiguing journey of yesterday. This gave us time to wander about the picturesque town, and also to examine a church in the suburb, which was said to be very beautiful, and supposed by Pococke to be of the fourth or fifth century. It did not justify such description. There is nothing to be admired in the interior. The shafts of the three-quarter columns are

built of several stones; the capitals are of very rude and debased style. The windows on the outside show some similarity to the Norman style of architecture; which may also be said of a sort of vestibule by the side of the entrance, that may have been a chapel or a small chapter-house. The mouldings of the arches have ornaments like the "zigzag and billet." One arch was peculiar, being ornamented with what might be called the book moulding, being like the backs of books on a shelf. There are some of the same kind in ruined buildings of the Crusaders at Jerusalem. This church so little answered to the description given of it by Pococke, that it is possible it may not be the same that he described, although our guide said it was the principal Christian edifice in the town.¹

"In this vicinity," wrote Benjamin of Tudela, "reside the people called Assassins, who do not believe in the tenets of Mohammedanism, but in those of one whom they consider like unto the Prophet Khar-math.² They fulfil whatever he commands them, whether it be a matter of life or death. He goes by the name of Sheikh-al-Hashishin, or their old man, by whose commands all the acts of these mountaineers are regulated. His residence is in the city of Kadmus, the Kedemoth of Scripture, in the Land of Sehon. The Assassins are faithful to one another by the commands of their old man, and make themselves the dread of everyone, because their devotion leads them gladly to risk their lives, and to kill even kings when commanded. The extent of their country is eight days' journey. They are at war with the Christians, called Franks, and with the Court of Tripoli, which is Tarabul-el-Sham. Some time ago Tripoli was visited by an earthquake, which destroyed many Jews and Gentiles, numbers of the inhabitants being killed by the falling houses and walls, under the ruins of which they were buried. More than twenty thousand persons were killed in Palestine by the earthquake.

One day's journey to the other Jebail, which was the Gebal of the children of Ammon; it contains about one hundred and fifty Jews, and is governed by seven Genoese, the supreme command being vested in one of them named Julianus Embriaco. You there find the ancient place of worship of the children of Ammon. The idol of this people is seated on a cathedral or throne, constructed of stone, and richly gilt; two female figures occupy the seats on his side, one being on the right, the other on the left, and before it stands an altar, upon which the children of Ammon anciently offered sacrifices and burned incense. The city contains about two hundred Jews, the principal of whom are R. Meir, R. Jacob, and R. Syrinchah. It stands on the coast of the sea of the Holy Land." Our friend Mr. Thomas Wright, who has edited an abridgement of Benjamin of Tudela's work, from which we extract the above, in his *Early Travels in Palestine*, justly remarks, upon the passage which refers to Julianus Embriaco, that it was entirely misunderstood by the earlier translators. The family of the Embriaci was one of the most ancient of the

¹ *The Dead Sea, &c.*, by Captain William Allen, R. N., vol. II., p. 131, *et seq.*

² Khar-math was a famous impostor, founder of a sect called Carmathians, very similar to that of the Assassins. One of the tenets of this sect was, that the soul of the founder transmigrated into the body of the successor, and that the person who held the office of chief among them was the personification of the original founder of the sect.

patricians of Genoa; and one of its members, Guiliemus Embriacus, was named commander of the fleet which was sent to aid the Christian princes of Syria, and which, in 1109, took Byblus, of which he became the feudal lord. The jealousy of the other patrician families was subsequently roused, but the family of the Embriaci succeeded in retaining their feudal tenure. The supreme government of the city, however, at this time, appears to have been vested in a committee of seven persons, six of whom were delegated by the republic, the place of president being always filled by one of the Embriaci. William of Tyre relates the conquest of Byblus by the Genoese, and informs us that the Christian name of the Embriacus, who governed when he wrote (about 1180), was Hugo, "a grandson of the Hugo who conquered it;" but all other historians called the conqueror Guilielmus, and Mr. Asher thinks that we ought to read, in Benjamin's text, William, instead of Julianus.

The so-called assassins to whom Benjamin of Tudela here alludes, are now known as the **Ansarians**, **Ansarii** or **Nusairi**, and the **Ismaili**, the former of whom are, according to Mannert, a people who, under the name of the Nazareni, had their own Prince as late as the time of the Romans, and are still powerful, being able to arm 12,000 or 15,000 men. They are occasionally mixed with a few Arabs, Kurds and Turks, and occupy both slopes of the great **Ansarian range**, from Kalat-el-Hisn northwards to the southern part of the district of Aleppo. The Ansarians consider Adam, Christ, and Muhammad simply as prophets, but they regard Abel, Peter, and especially Ali, as personifications of the Divinity. Many of them believe in the metempsychosis, but there are different sects, such as the **Shemishiya**, the **Kelbiya** and the **Muklidjai**; the first of which, as worshippers of the sun, are connected with the idolatry of Babylonia. Their tenets are, however, involved in mystery, and are likely so to continue, for in conversation they practise the same system of deception which is in part the safeguard of the Druses, by whom they are claimed as an apostate branch. It is laid down that nothing concerning their religion is to be disclosed to strangers; that they must love their brethren, be charitable, refrain from theft and swearing, and patiently endure poverty and ill-treatment from their wives.

The other branch, the **Ismaili**, or **Assassins**, strictly speaking, are less numerous, and their tenets no less mysterious. Kalat-el-Masryad is their principal seat, and outwardly they are Shi-ites, but they do not believe in Muhammad; although they attend the mosques, in order, as is supposed, to conceal from the Turks that they are attached to paganism, which is not tolerated by that people. They implicitly obey to the extent of life and death a chief called Sheikh al Hashishin, and they have acquired several strongholds in the mountains of Tripoli; but Persia is now the principal seat of the Assassins whose name is now supposed to have been derived from the intoxicating herb Hashishin, and to have no connection with the story of the old man of the mountain.

General Chesney estimates the population of the Maronites at 250,000; that of the Ansarians, at 90,000; of the Metawalis at 40,000, and of the Ismaili, or Assassins, at 15,000.¹

¹ Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tyrie, vol. i., pp. 542, 543, and 548.

The small Maronite town of Jobail, according to the same authority, surrounded by fruit trees and vineyards, is inclosed by a wall of about a mile and half in circumference, with square towers at intervals, apparently of the time of the Crusades; as at Beyrut and Latakiah, ruined columns of older date have been used in the later constructions, in this case remains of the Gebel of the children of Ammon, which supplied caulkers for the fleets of Tyre, and which at a later period was called Byblus. Owing to the treachery of Raymond, Count of Toulouse, the Crusaders failed before this place in 1099; they subsequently succeeded, but it was retaken by Salah ed-din (Saladin) in 1187.

III.

THE TRIPLE TOWN OF TYRIANS, SIDONIANS AND ARADIANS—TRIPOLI STILL CONSISTS OF THREE SEPARATE TOWNS—VALLEY OF KADISHA—GROTTO CONVENT OF ST. ANTHONY—KANUBIN, THE ECCLESIASTICAL CAPITAL OF THE MARONITES—A MODERN EDEN—CARMELITE CONVENT—ARRIVE AT THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

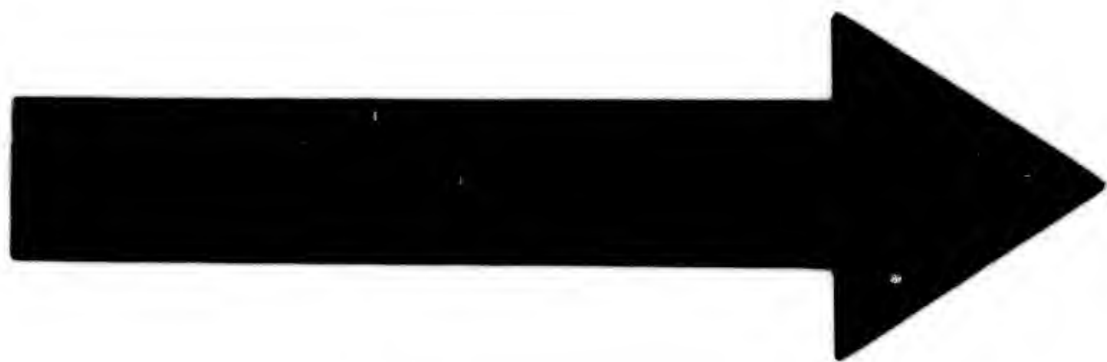
We bade adieu to this interesting little town early in the morning, and after a ride of about an hour and a half we crossed a bridge of one arch, spanning a rocky ravine, with a pretty little valley above. From its construction it appears to be Roman, although its good state of preservation has a more recent aspect. With this exception, the country promised very little of interest or beauty. On one side were dreary, stony hills; on the other the sea; and under us a road so bad as to have defied the powers of Macadam. Thus we had all the monotony which could weary the mind, and the difficulties which fatigue the body. Yet, in a land so apparently doomed to sterility, a man was ploughing in the loose stones, to sow corn, as he said; so that the soil could not have been far beneath; and seed scattered anywhere in this favouring climate is sure to grow.

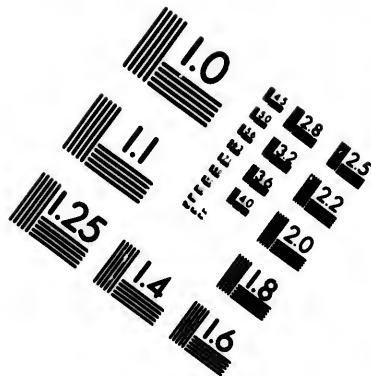
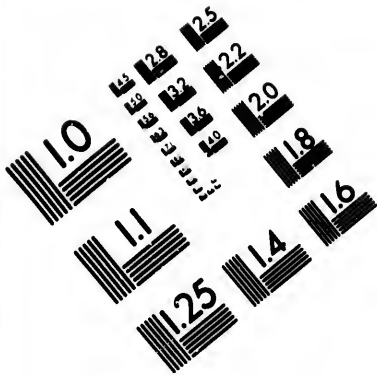
We left Batrun at some distance to the left on the sea-shore. It was now an insignificant village, with no remains of the ancient tower founded by Ithobalus, king of Tyre; about the time of the prophet Elias, according to Josephus. After having passed this place, we turned inland towards the mountains. On the border of a small stream, and under the shade of some fine trees we found a Turkish gentleman seated on his carpet, more wisely than we, resting during the mid-day heat. He had numerous attendants about him. On the left was a picturesque, steep bridge. Beyond the little river rose a long, narrow, perpendicular crag about a hundred feet high, crowned by the ruins of a castle inaccessible nearly on all sides; while in the distance were the blue mountains. The whole formed a rare assemblage of subjects for a picture, which I regret not having sketched. It is the *beau-ideal* of the stronghold of a border or robber chieftain.

At one o'clock we entered a very pretty valley between hills of very soft limestone like that of the Ladder of Tyre, or even more chalky. The ascent was very steep, and passes over the neck of a promontory, terminating in the bold and precipitous headland called Ras-el-shakka. From the summit is a pretty view towards Tripoli. Descending on the other side, we pitched our tent on a green near a roadside kaffineh, or coffee-shop and police station, on the sea-shore, with a fine view of the promontory; where,

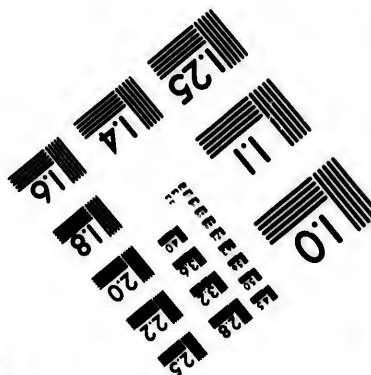
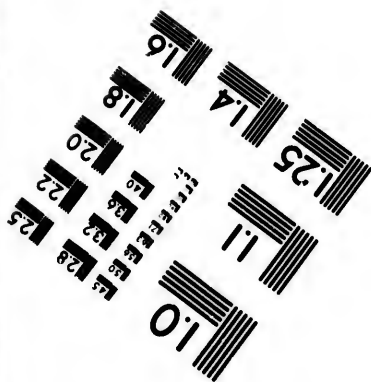
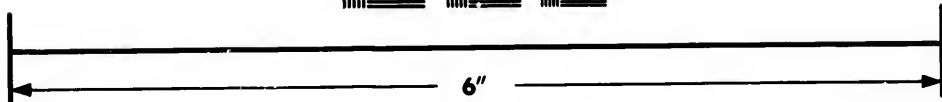
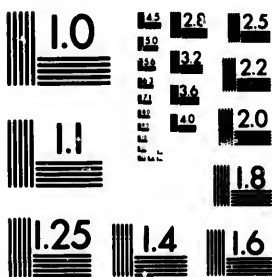


THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.





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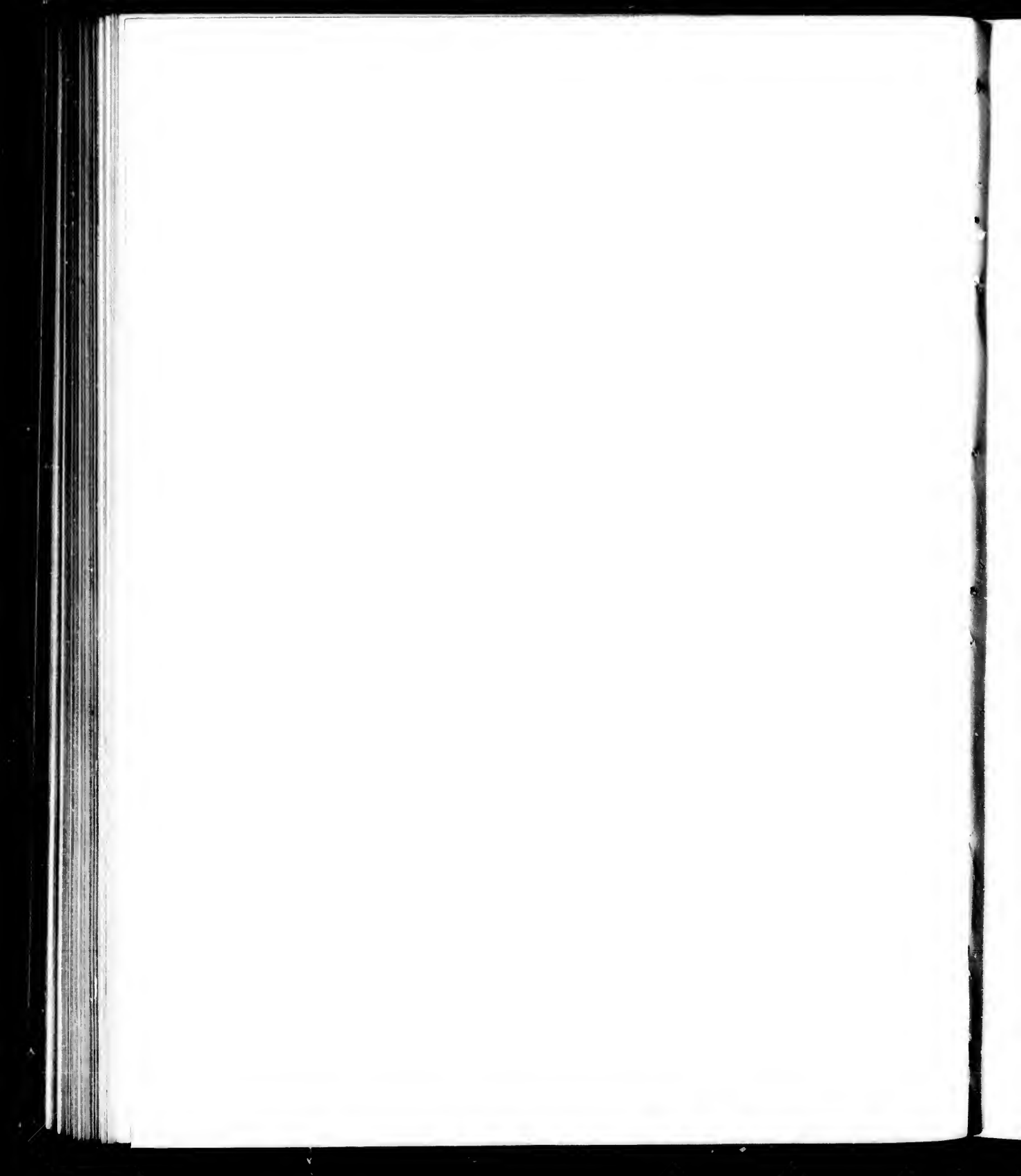


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two-thirds up the cliff, stands the convent of Belmont, a conspicuous object. It was visited by Maundrell.

A very heavy dew fell during the night, and nearly wetted us through the tent. Yusuf and the muleteers, however, slept in the open air without inconvenience. We then proceeded on our journey through a pretty country, with the sea on the left hand. At about seven miles from the last encampment, our attention was drawn to some upright stones, forming a peculiar kind of niche, facing outwards, and of three blocks only; a very primitive style, which perhaps proves its great antiquity. I thought I could make out the form of a building, or rather the ground plan of it; which appeared to be an oblong, with a semi-circular end towards the sea, on a rectangular base, or platform. The two niches are near to each other on the south side. The ground slopes from the ruin towards the sea on the west. There was nothing else to indicate an ancient settlement on this spot, nor was there any appearance of recent habitations.

After leaving this undefinable piece of antiquity, we found the road again turn inland, leaving another hill between it and the coast. When within about four miles of Tripoli we passed the small village Calmun, the ancient Calamon. The road was over rugged rocks close to the sea, with many points jutting out in the line of stratification, forming tiny coves. These may afford shelter to small boats, but I doubt it; and especially I cannot think they have been cut for the purpose, as it has been supposed. I should rather imagine them to be caused by the wearing away of a soft rock, alternating with a harder stratum. The country then became an alluvial plain, in some parts sandy, with many hillocks, the deposit from the little River Kadisha, which we ferded at a part where there are abutments of an ancient bridge, and traces of a road.

When we entered Tripoli we called on our vice-consul, Mr. Catzeffis, who, with his brother, carries on a large trade here as a merchant. They have very comfortable houses, in the style of Damascus, on a smaller scale. The streets of Tripoli, and especially the bazaars, are picturesque; owing, in some respects, to the numerous arches and half-arches crossing them, and intersecting each other. These are probably remains of buildings of the period of the Crusaders; though this idea is not entertained by the antiquaries of the place.

Tarabulus-el-Sham, as Tripoli is called, the capital of the Pashalik, exemplifies the eastern principle of leaving things as they happen to be found; for it has now, as it had in ancient times, three separate divisions, viz, the Marina, the Town, and the Fortress, which probably represent the sites of the triple town once occupied by the Tyrians, the Sidonians, and the Aradians; and which, at a later period, was one of the most important cities of Phœnicia. (See p. 557.)

The first contains the stores and the dwellings of shipwrights, labourers, and others connected with trade. The buildings in this portion are mean, but prettily situated round a bay, and an anchorage, which is but imperfectly sheltered by a string of rocky islets, defended by seven square Saracenic towers at equal distances around. About a mile and a half to the eastward, at the base of the triangular plain, is the second and principal portion of the town; this part, which is, perhaps, the best built in Syria, stretches north and south along the western slope of a hill inclosing one side of Wadi Kadisha, and is picturesquely situated amidst luxuriant groves of orange, lemon and mulberry

trees, interspersed with the dark green of the spiral cypress.

Tripoli contains good shops, an excellent *bar-va*, several large mosques, baths, khans, and about 2000 houses, many of which have gothic arches below, and are covered with small cupolas, or the ordinary toriced roof, commanding generally a view of the sea. Being intersected by the stream, or rather canal of Nahr Abu Ali, water is easily conveyed by means of conduits in every direction; so that few houses are without the luxury of a fountain in the court, and not unfrequently also *jets d'eau* in the reception rooms. There is an extensive soap factory, and a population of about 3000 Greek catholics, 1000 Maronites, and nearly 14,000 Turks. The town is inclosed with an ordinary loop-holed wall, and is surrounded by the fruit groves already noticed, which extend up the side of the hill to the eastward. On the latter is the remaining portion of the city, now the fortress, and once the Acropolis, which occupies the whole of the summit, and completely commands the town by its guns.

The work consists of a very high scarp, flanked by square towers, and is without a ditch, being, as usual, constructed probably by the Saracens, along the extreme edge of the hill. A little to the eastward there is another hill rather more elevated, which is separated from that of the castle by a deep ravine. A little way up Wadi Kadisha there is a convent of dervishes, and half an hour's journey farther, the valley is crossed by the aqueduct of Kantarah el Brino, from which a canal conveys drinking water into the town along the left side of the Kadisha—the valley of the Cedar Grove.

Ancient Tripoli was one of the last strongholds held by the Crusaders, from whom it was taken by the Mamluks in 1289; and it is farther remarkable, in consequence of being the first place where the existence of the sugar-cane, then called *sucra*, or sweet-honied reed, is noticed.

Being rather low, and embosomed in gardens, the heat of Tripoli gives rise to intermittent fevers at certain seasons, to which, however, owing to the sea-breezes, the Marina is much less exposed than the other parts of the town. Where cultivated, the rich soil of the plain of Tripoli produces the sugar-cane, cotton, silk, grain and the finest tobacco, equal to that of Latakiah; higher, it is pebbly and less favourable for cultivation, yet the steep sides of the mountains produce silk, oil, grain and wine.

We left Tripoli by the country which extends to the foot of Lebanon, and which, for about two leagues in extent, is called a plain, though it is very uneven ground. It is watered by three streams, the Gubban, or Gutban of Poccocke, the Nahr Bashan, and the Ab-i-Ali, or Abonali of Poccocke, also called Kodis Chai, all of which come from the mountains around and above the Cedar Grove. These having united a little to the eastward of Tripoli, the trunk flows through the town and into the sea at the port. We first crossed a hill, and then passed over a small track of ground planted with olive trees, whence we gained the valley of the Ab-i-Ali or Kadisha river, passing over the river by a kantarah or bridge of six arches. We then proceeded along a most romantic valley, which appeared as if it was shut in on every side by high pointed rocky mountains almost covered with wood. The Kadisha river rushes through it with a great noise, but is so covered with trees that it is seen in very few places, but there were several villages on the hills around, among which

are Kafin, where there is a Greek convent, and Kafirkabli where is a ruined castle. Turning to the left we came to the Maronite convent of St. Anthony Cassiyah, which is almost all cut out of the rock, the church itself being a grotto. There is also another large natural grotto with stalactites and stalagmites, as in other grottoes of a similar character in limestone countries. Pococke tells a strange tale of this grotto, for he says that in a dark part of it they discipline mad people; this place being, as they say, famous for miraculously curing the disorders of the brain. The same traveller tells us that they bury the monks in a vault above ground in their habits, in which they appear like skeletons; and "I saw," he adds, "one whose skin seemed to be uncorrupted, who, they say, was a holy man." It is curious that, passing their living days in caverns, these monks should take a pride in being buried above ground. This place is famous for excellent wine, which the monks preserve for their use in large earthen jars close stopped down with clay. Crossing the valley at this point, previous to arriving at which we had reached the region of pines, we went up the hill to the south, and passing Ban, with a single church on the right, called Auka, we descended to the renowned monastery of Kanubin, the ecclesiastical capital of the Maronites.

Kanubin, the summer residence of the Maronite patriarch, is situated on the southern slope of the great mountain amphitheatre of Besharra, or Beshirra, otherwise variously written, which contains the large Maronite village of same name, having 120 houses and no less than seven churches, surrounded by gardens of mulberries and other fruits. This remarkable monastery overhangs a precipitous rock, in the upper part of which, in addition to a church dedicated to the Virgin, and some forty or fifty cells for the monks a sepulchral grotto has been in part excavated for the deceased patriarchs, and another for the priests. The church itself is a fine large grotto, and its three bells are conveniently swung in its window. Near the convent is the chapel of St. Marina, which is also a grotto; this canonised female is said to have lived as a monk and in man's habiliments both at Tripoli and at Kanubin. The Kadisha runs in a narrow valley below the monastery, having on both sides two very high ridges of mountains covered with pines; this situation, Pococke remarks, is the most extraordinary and retired that can be imagined, there being only one way to it, which makes it a very secure retreat, and is probably the reason why the patriarchs have taken up their residence here. (See p. 541.)

Proceeding eastward from Kanubin, we passed by the village of Aden—or as some have it appropriately enough, Eden—a remarkably pretty village, and of which Pococke said, "it is reckoned one of the most pleasant places in the world, on account of its situation and prospect, its waters and the fine improvements about it." Several beautiful cascades were visible on both sides as we travelled onwards to the convent of the Latin Carmelite fathers, called Mar Serkias or St. Sergius, which is a most delightful retirement in summer; the beauty of the opposite hills, the several waterfalls and streams of water, and the perpetual freshness of the air in these high regions, make the place very agreeable, whilst the heats in the plains are almost intolerable, but in winter the fathers reside in Tripoli. From this convent, a gentle ascent of about an hour took us to a large plain between the highest

parts of Mount Lebanon, and in the north-eastern corner of which we found ourselves in the presence of the sacred grove of cedars. (See p. 553).

IV.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON—FOREST TREES OF SYRIA AND PALESTINE—ECONOMICAL USES OF THE CEDAR—DIFFERENCES OF OPINION UPON THE SUBJECT—THE TERMS "KEDR," "KODRUS," AND "CEDAR," APPLIED TO VARIOUS WOODS—THE CEDAR A FAVOURITE IMAGE IN THE POETRY OF THE HEBREWS—DISCREPANCY OF TRAVELLERS IN REGARD TO NUMBER OF TREES AND GROVES—A MODERN PLACE OF WORSHIP—DESCRIPTIONS OF THE GROVE BY DIFFERENT TRAVELLERS.

THE Cedars of Lebanon have the glory of being one of the most ancient groups of trees, or fragments of an almost primeval forest, that are historically known. They are the patriarchs of the Holy Land, and some of them still in existence may have been unintelligent witnesses of scenes recorded in Scripture—may have actually shaded or sheltered the persons of those who now only live to us in their inspired writings.

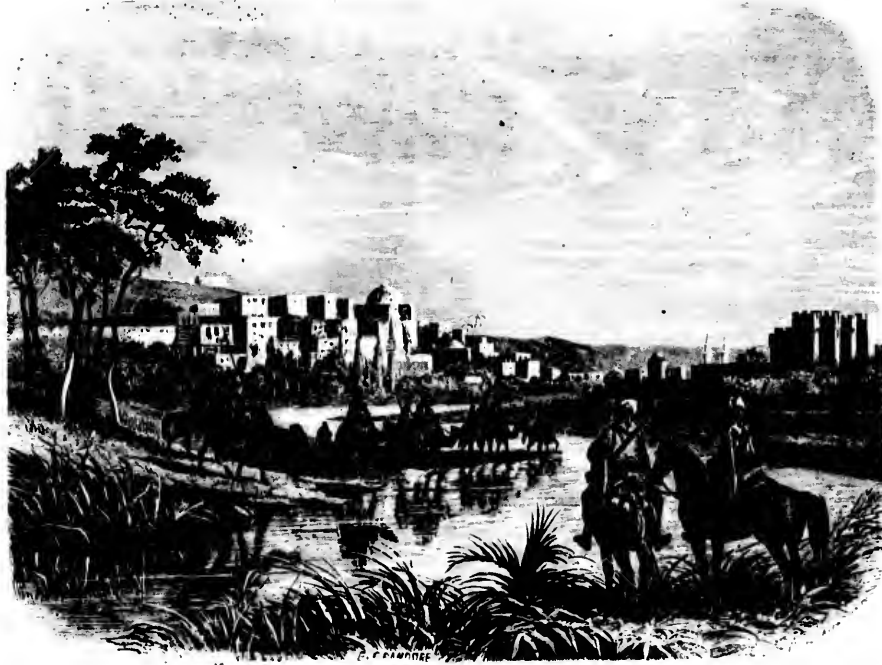
Judea possessed, in olden times, forests which are sought for in vain in the present day. They are often alluded to in the Scriptures under the name of Jarim. Thus, upon the Lebanon were those famous forests of cedars, more particularly noticed in the First and Second Books of Kings, of which, in the present day, only a few descendants remain. The oaks, firs, and pines of the Lebanon supplied the Phœnicians with wood for the construction of their ships (2 Sam., xix., 25). And we know, from the historical causes of the wars between the Ptolemys and the Seleucides, that available forests still existed in the same regions, since they became the field of contest for the possession of the timber.

The Bible furnishes us with similar testimony as to the existence of forests, the place of which is now occupied by a mere naked soil. Such were the forests of Ephraim, the destruction of which was commenced by the Ephraimites themselves (2 Sam., xviii., 6). And those in the land of the Perizzites, and of the giants or Rephaim (Josh. xvii., 15); as also those which clothed the district of Baala, on the frontiers of Benjamin and of Judah, and gave to the city its surname of Kirith Jarim, or the city of forests.

The Phœnicians, who were devoted to maritime commerce from the most remote times, were no doubt the chief agents in spoiling Palestine and Syria of its forests; and in the present day, few even of the remnants of such are met with south of the parallel of Tripoli. But north of Kadisha valley, the country becomes generally woody, the low hills and valleys being alike densely clad with shrubs and trees of lesser growth, till on Mount Casius, Mount Rhodus, and Mount Amanus, the great forest features of the country, the various oaks at the base, and tall pines at the summit, attain their full development; and, indeed, in the two last-mentioned mountain ranges, to the same extent as in any portion of the Cilician Taurus. Ibrahim Pasha is said to have obtained three millions of francs worth of timber from Adana, in 1832. The pashulik, which comprises a large portion of ancient Cilicia, is meant, for we know, by our own personal observation, that the greater part of the wood was obtained from Mount

Amanus, nor do we believe that a single trunk was floated down the Cydnus, Sarus, or Pyramus, from the Taurus. Our good friend, Mr. L. Alfred Mauzy, is in error, then, when quoting our account of the Valonia, or gall-nut forests of Kurdistan;¹ he supposes that there are few or no trees in Syria.² The forests of North Syria are still very extensive and very productive. Nor must we omit notice altogether of the woods of mountain pine and stone pine still existing in Lebanon, more especially near Beyrut; of the thick oak woods of Bashan on the table lands of Gilead; of the groves of palms which gave their name to Jericho, as those of sycamores did to Syzaminopolis — the modern Kaipha; of the evergreen carob trees scat-

tered over the park-like meadows; of the Turkish oak, with its many veterans, the oak of Abraham near Hebron, the oak of Moreh at Shechem, and the oak of Bethel. Nor of the tall and spreading terebinth trees, or the evergreen ilexes, myrtles, and oleanders of the valleys. As the aged trees became the centre of a long succession of historical recollection, and had at first been marked out as natural resting-places for the patriarchal or Arab encampments, so they were afterwards in all probability the sacred groves under which altars were built, partly to the True God, partly to Astarte. Canon Stanley points out two such groves, one as existing with apparently the remains of a sacred edifice at Hazori, near Damascus; another, of singular



TRIPOLI IN SYRIA.

beauty, on the hill of the lesser sources of the Jordan, at the ancient sanctuary of Dan.³

¹ *Histoire des Grandes Forêts de la Gaule, &c.*, p. 97, quoting Ainsworth's Visit to the Chaldeans, *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xi., p. 29.

² Captain William Allen, in the same way, quoting Hamilton, Ainsworth, Walpole, Smyth, and others (*Dead Sea, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 278), goes a great deal too far when he says that such travellers describe the southern slopes of the back-bone of Asia Minor as a perfect contrast to the well-wooded northern side, and the huge forms of these hills as all bare, except in some localities.

³ Mr. Van de Velle describes what he calls a Lebanon forest as occurring between Heruel and the cedars. "Between these two places," he says, "I saw still more of Nature's beauties, and these too of quite a different kind from what I had seen in the more southern mountain ranges at Jebel. I was ravished

While the palm, which gave its name to Phœnicia, "the Land of Palms," is still found in groves on the

with the picturesque groups of oaks, the fantastically-shaped terebinths, the oddly-twisted stems and branches of other trees, in which were blended together all sorts of green, pale, dark, yellowish, sometimes more inclining to brown. At other points, again, the road led over rocky plateaux, grown over with short prickly shrubs. Alternating with these there appeared at other places cypress groves, where each several tree was in itself a study for the landscape painter; some on account of their enormous stems and branches; others on account of their trunks having been broken by storms or being half decayed; and others, and there too, on account of the bright verdure of the shoots here and there springing up from a piece of root apparently dead, and partially torn out of the ground." (*Narrative of a Journey through Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852*, by C. W. M. Van de Velle, vol. ii., p. 475.)



MARONITES OF ANTURA

maritime plains of that country and of Philistia, the Holy Land is in the present day mainly characterised by the olive, the fig, and the pomegranate; and it has been truly remarked of these, that it is only when the spectator is amongst them that the twisted stems and silver foliage of the first, the dark broad leaf of the second, and the tender, green, and scarlet blossoms of the third are fully appreciated as the most beautiful of

lights, even when stripped of the associations which would make the tallest of their kind venerable.

There has been some misapprehension with regard to the economical uses of the cedar, pine, and oak in olden times, owing to the difficulty of determining the kind of timber alluded to by the ancient writers. The word *eres* or *eres*, which is supposed to be synonymous with *cedar*, occurs in numerous places of Scripture, but authors are not agreed on the exact meaning of the term. Celsius (*Hiobot.*, l. 106), for instance, conceives that it is a general name for the pine tribe, to the exclusion of the cedar of Lebanon, which he considers to be indicated by the word *berosh*. The majority of commentators, however, are of opinion that the cedar of Lebanon (*Pinus Cedrus* or *Cedrus Libani* of botanists) is alone intended.

It is unfortunate that there should be discrepancy of opinion as to the identification of so remarkable a tree, as it necessarily produces a distrust in the conclusions which are arrived at respecting what would appear to be the less easily distinguished plants and trees mentioned in the Bible. The discrepancy of opinion has, on this occasion, however, arisen from the doubt whether *eres*, in the numerous passages of Scripture where it occurs, is always used in the same signification; that is, whether it is always intended to specify only one particular kind of the pine tribe, or whether it is not sometimes used generically. In the latter case, others of the pine tribe appear to be intended along with the cedar of Lebanon, and not to its exclusion as advocated by the learned Celsius. Viewing the matter in this light, one of the best and most qualified of modern writers—Professor J. F. Royle—says, in an article in the *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, "We are disposed to think that the different passages in which *eres* occurs authorise our considering it a general term, applied to different species;" and we think that, considering the variety of economical purposes to which the *eres* was put, as ship-building, the construction of temples and houses, and the moderate supply and little adaptability of the cedar to such purposes, combined with other considerations, leave little doubt but that this is an accurate conclusion.

The name *arz* or *ars* is, at the present day, applied to the cedar of Lebanon by the Arabs in the neighbourhood. Mr. Harmer (*On Canticles*, v. 15), observes that the country people near the mountain call the cedar *ars*, which is very nearly the original name. But the same name appears to be applied also to others of the pine tribe: thus, at Aleppo, the fir tree is included under the name *ars* (Niebuhr, as quoted by Rosenmüller, *Bibl. Bot.*, p. 246). So we find the term *al arz* applied by the Arabs to a coniferous plant, a native of Mount Atlas. The wood work of the roof of the celebrated mosque, now the cathedral, of Cordova, which was built in the ninth century, has been shown to be formed of the wood of this tree (*Loudon's Arboret.*, p. 2463). The English name larch is supposed to have been derived from this word, *al arz*. Professor Royle also points out that in Persian works we find the name *aras* or *orus* given as a synonyme of *abul*, which is a species of juniper. Celsius says that *arz* is a general name for the pine tribe among the Arabs, and he adds that the translators of the sacred Scriptures into Arabic sometimes use the term *sunobar* or pine, sometimes *arz*, as the representative of *eres*.

When Holland, in his translation of *Pliny's Natural History*, speaking of the lesser cedar (*Cedrus minor*),

says, "The timber of it is everlasting; wherefore, in old time, they were wont to make the images of the gods of this wood, as it appeareth by the statue of Apollo Sosianus, made of cedar wood brought from Selencia;" he appears to allude to the juniper or cedar, the *kedrus* of Dioscorides, either *Juniperus oxycedrus* or *J. Phœnicia*. Box is, however, more frequent than juniper at Seleucia. Quintus Curtius also uses the term *kedrus* in a general sense, when he says of the palace of Persepolis "multa cedro edificata erat regia."

If we proceed to compare the several passages of Scripture in which the word *eres* occurs, we shall equally find that one plant is not strictly applicable to them all. Thus, for example, when we find Moses commanding the houses in which the lepers dwelt to be purified with cedar wood among other things (*Lev.* xiv., 4, 6), and Moses and Aaron using cedar wood in a sacrifice, we cannot but feel that an aromatic juniper or cedar is meant. The ancients threw the berries of juniper on funeral piles, to protect the departing spirit from evil influences, and offered its wood in sacrifice to the infernal gods, because they believed its presence was acceptable to them. They also burned it in their dwelling houses to keep away demons. The cedar of Lebanon, as Lady Calcott remarks (*Script. Herbal*, p. 92), could not have been procured on Mount Sinai without difficulty, whereas the juniper is plentiful there. Professor Royle also remarks that there is another species of juniper, called *gogol* by the natives, which is employed in the remote parts of the Himalayan mountains for burning as incense in religious ceremonies.

We are informed in several other passages of Scripture of the negotiations with Hiram, King of Tyre, for the supply of cedar trees out of Lebanon, and of the uses to which the timber was applied in the construction of the Temple, and of the king's palace; he "covered the house with beams and boards of cedar;" "the walls of the house within were covered with boards of cedar;" there were "cedar pillars," and beams of cedar; and the altar was of cedar. In all these passages the word *eres* is employed.

Whatever the wood employed was, it must have been considered as well fitted for building purposes. Now it does not appear, from the greater number of testimonies, that the cedar of Lebanon is so. People, when speaking of cedar, have often in mind the red or pencil cedar, which is the wood of a juniper (*J. Virginiana*). Loudon describes the wood of the cedar of Lebanon as light and spongy, and by no means durable (*Arboretum*, p. 2417). Pœcke compares it to white deal. Varennes de Feuille considers it as the lightest of the resinous woods. Dr. Lindley calls it "the worthless, though magnificent cedar of Mount Lebanon," and he is of opinion that some of the cedar trees sent by Hiram may have been the produce of the *Al Arz* (*Callitris quadrivalves*) obtained from Mount Atlas, but why not of the Syrian pines used for shipping, alike in ancient and modern times? Professor Royle remarks, that "though we have seen both temples and palaces built entirely with one kind of cedar (that of the *Cedrus Deudara*), we think it more probable that, as the timber had to be brought from a distance, where all kinds of cedar grew, the common pine tree and the cedar of Lebanon would both furnish some of the timber required for the building of the Temple, together with the juniper cedar. Celsius was also of opinion that the *eres* indicated the *Pinus syl-*

vestris or Scotch pine, which yields the red and yellow deals of Norway, and which is likewise found on Mount Lebanon." This opinion, Professor Royle observes, seems to be confirmed by Ezekiel, xxvii. 5, "They have made all thy ship-boards of fir trees of Senir, they have taken cedar from Lebanon to make masts for thee." For it is not probable that any other tree than the common pine would be taken for masts, when this was procurable.

It must not at the same time be omitted that the cedar wood of Mount Lebanon has been manufactured into small pieces of furniture, which presented "a compact surface, agreeably varied and variously shaded" (*Paris Hist. du Cèdre*, p. 42), and Mr. Wilcox, of Warwick is said to have in his possession some specimens of furniture made of cedar of Lebanon, ornamented with carved work, in flowers, leaves, &c. We may therefore admit, with Professor Royle, that the wood of the cedar of Lebanon was used as well as that of pine, in the construction of the Temple and palace, the more especially so as the cedar was so well known to the Hebrews, and so great a favourite with them as a poetic image, although the two were not distinguished by appropriate names; and we may still say, with Canon Stanley, that a practical indication of the size of these cedars, as compared with any Palestine timber, is the fact, that from the earliest times they have always been used for all the great works of Jewish architecture. "They were so employed for Solomon's Temple, and again for the Temple of Zerubabel, when nothing but sheer necessity could have induced the impoverished Hebrews to send so far for their timber. They were used yet once again, probably for the last time, in Constantine's Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. When the ceiling of that ancient edifice was last repaired, the rafters were no longer from the forests of Lebanon, but gifts from our own oaks, by King Edward IV."

We have said that the cedar was a favourite image in the poetry of the Hebrews. Luckily, upon this point there is little room for discrepancies of opinion. It is manifest that in the figurative passages of the Scriptures in which the *eres* is alluded to, that the cedar of Lebanon is meant, as when the word *berosh* is used it applies to the funereal cypress. Thus in Psalms, xcii., 12, it is said, "The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree, and spread abroad like a cedar of Lebanon." It has been well remarked that the flourishing head of the palm and the spreading abroad of the cedar are equally characteristic. But the prophet Ezekiel (xxxi.) is justly adduced as giving the most magnificent, and at same time the most graphic, description of this celebrated tree, "Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowy shroud, and of high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs." "Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters." "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young." In this description, Mr. Gilpin has well observed, the principal characteristics of the cedar are marked: first, the multiplicity and length of its branches. Few trees divide so many fair branches from the main stem, or spread over so large a compass of ground. "His boughs are multiplied," as Ezekiel says, "and his branches become long;" which David calls spreading

abroad. His very boughs are equal to the stem of a fir or a chestnut. The second characteristic is what Ezekiel, with great beauty and aptness, calls his shadowy shroud. No tree in the forest is more remarkable than the cedar for its close-woven leafy canopy. Ezekiel's cedar is marked as a tree of full and perfect growth, from the circumstance of its top being among the thick boughs.

Almost all travellers to the east make a pilgrimage to the sacred grove, which is indeed easily enough reached in summer-time, being at the head of the Valley of Kadisha, a small river, which having its origin in the little Lake Lemone or Yemone, in the upland valley of the grove itself, flows into the sea at Tripoli. The grove itself stands in reality in a bight of the mountains where the Jebel Akkat from the north terminates in the spur or group of the Jebel Makmel, before it is prolonged by the Jebel Liban, as the great backbone of Syria. The whole are, however, generally known as the Lebanon.

It is remarkable how the different reports of observers made at different periods of time would seem to indicate a gradual falling off in the number of veterans—patriarchs of the grove—and a rapid rise of undergrowth in modern times. Belon, who travelled in Syria about 1550, found about 28 cedars in a valley on the sides of the mountains. Rauwolf, the Elizabethan traveller, visited the cedars in 1574, and says he could tell no more but 24, that stood round about in a circle; and two others, the branches whereof are quite decayed from age. De la Roque, in 1688, found but 20. Maundrell, in 1696, found them reduced to 16, and Dr. Pococke, who visited Syria in 1744 and 1745 discovered only 15. One of these that had the soundest body, though not the largest, measured 24 feet in circumference. M. Lamartine, in 1832, says these trees diminish in every succeeding age. Travellers formerly counted 30 or 40; more recently, 17; more recently still, only 12. There is a new but 7. These, however, from their size and general appearance, may be fairly presumed to have existed in Biblical times. Around these ancient witnesses of ages long since past, there still remains a little grove of yellow cedars, appearing to me to form a group of from 400 to 500 trees or shrubs. Every year, in the month of June, the inhabitants of Besharrah, of Eden, of Kanubin, and the other neighbouring valleys and villages, climb up to these cedars, and celebrate mass at their feet. How many prayers have resounded under these branches, and what more beautiful canopy for worship can exist?

The distinguished biblical traveller Dr. Edward Robinson attributes the discrepancies of travellers in counting the trees not so much to the perishing of the veterans, as in including more or less some of the young ones. At present, he adds, the number of trees appears to be on the increase, and amounts in all to several hundred. This grove was long held to be the only remnant of the cedars of Lebanon. But Seetzen, in A.D. 1805, discovered two other groves of greater extent; and the American missionaries have also, in travelling through the mountains, found many cedars in other parts. The distinguished naturalist, Professor Ehrenberg, who spent a considerable time in Lebanon, found the cedar growing abundantly on those parts of the mountain which lie north of the road between Baalbek and Tripoli, as we advance in fact to what still continues to be the woody region. The trees were of all sizes, old and young; but none so ancient

and venerable as in the traditionary sacred grove. Upon this point General Chesney also observes (*Expédition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris*, vol. i., p. 387) that the celebrated cedars have obtained an extraordinary size in the peculiar sheltered spot at the foot of the Jebel Makmel, and in a few other places only: "it in general should be observed, however, that although indigenous to the soil, the cedars scarcely attain the size of mere shrubs." Elsewhere (page 454) the General, speaking of the sacred trees, says, "Five of very large, about 50 of tolerable growth, and 200 or 300 of small size, still remain, but stunted cedars are common in other parts of the Lebanon, and probably are indigenous." Although General Chesney's observations were published in 1850, they were really made many years previously, and ante-dated those of Dr. Robinson and of the American missionaries.

The Maronites used formerly to celebrate the festival of the Transfiguration beneath the cedars, but their patriarch was obliged to suppress the festival on account of the quarrels which accompanied it. In the present day the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages go there from time to time in procession with their priests, and having said mass and celebrated their visit by a few discharges of musketry, and by sundry libations, with a few songs and dances, they return with branches of the trees in commemoration of their visit. So great is the afflux of visitors that a Maronite monk of Besharra takes up his residence there in the summer months, providing travellers with refreshments, and, what is more, selling little boxes hewn out of the cedar wood by the monks of Besharra and Kanubin.

The Rev. J. L. Porter was lucky enough to visit the sacred grove at the time of one of the festivals. He had been misled on his way from Hasrun, of the beauty and grace of whose female inhabitants he speaks in the highest terms, attesting thereby to the great salubrity of the mountain climate, and arrived at the cedars hungry and exhausted. "I sat down," he relates, "beneath the wide-spreading branches of one of those gigantic trees, expecting to be obliged to pass a dinnerless and houseless night; and this was not the worst, for crowds of drunken men and women were wandering about, quarrelling with each other, and firing off guns and pistols, without much regard to the safety of their neighbours. Thus do they celebrate the feast of the cedars! About nine o'clock the muleteers arrived, and after a hearty dinner I threw myself on my humble bed. I was soon asleep, and notwithstanding the noisy piety of those around, the light of morning was stealing over the lofty mountain-tops ere I awoke."

The next day he thus describes his experiences. "On first viewing the cedars from the heights above Hasrun, I experienced feelings of disappointment. I had pictured in my mind far different scenery in the district round them. Imagination had painted rugged cliffs, and wild ravines, and these remnants of ancient noble forests clinging to the mountain side, like pines on an alpine peak. But here was a vast semicircular basin in the bare white mountains, whose sides slope down from the rounded summits with uniform regularity, without a crag, or peak, or patch of verdure to relieve the monotony. The mountain-tops were now streaked with snow, but even this almost blended with the white limestone, and gave little variety to the scene. In the very centre of this vast basin I saw a solitary

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black speck, apparently altogether out of place—it was the grove of the cedars. On approaching the brow of the hill, where my eye took in the sublime glen of the Kadisha, with its terraced banks, and numerous villages peeping out from dark masses of foliage, the view was finer and more varied; but still a long naked slope separated the cedars from the grandeur of the glen below.

"It was not till I entered the precincts of the sacred grove that feelings of disappointment vanished. Then the beautiful fan-like branches of the younger trees, the gracefulness of their pyramidal forms, and, above all, the huge trunks of the patriarchs themselves, which one must walk round to form a true conception of their vast proportions, excited feelings of unmingled admiration. And when all the associations of their high antiquity, ancient glory, and sacred interest awelled upon my memory, the wondrous attraction that had for centuries drawn crowds of pilgrims to this lonely spot from the ends of the earth, became at once manifest. The pine-groves of the Metn are far more picturesque, and the oak forests of Hermon and Bashan far more extensive and beautiful; but cedar-beams were laid in the Lord's House at Jerusalem, and the cedar forests were the glory of Lebanon, as Lebanon was the glory of the land of Israel.

"Only a few, perhaps a dozen, very ancient trees now remain. There are, however, many others of very respectable dimensions and antiquity, some of which are four or five feet in diameter. The whole grove is compact, the trees growing close together on the summit and sides of a little limestone knoll. In the centre a small rude chapel has been constructed within the last few years, the roof of which is wholly of cedar-wood. In a chamber attached to it resides the deacon, who is the recognised guardian of the place, and expects from all travellers some little present in exchange for a few cones, or a fragment of a branch which the winter's snow may have broken down.

"I was present during the celebration of morning mass by two stranger bishops who had just arrived. During the performance the deacon brought me the traveller's book, with a pencil from off the altar. He requested me to write my name in it. This is certainly a more rational mode of recording a visit than the sacrilegious practice of carving the letters on the bark of some noble tree. In fact the trunks of all the most ancient trees, with one exception, are now hacked, hewn, and disfigured by this barbarous propensity of travellers. There may be read by the curious, names of illustrious savans joined with elsewhere unheard of individuals. Noble lords, too, figure beside the autographs of their dragoon; and other associations, equally ennobling, are formed to excite the amusement and indignation of posterity."

Thus it is that within the last few years—that is between the epoch when we first visited the cedars of Lebanon, nigh twenty years ago—the solitude so well calculated to enhance the reverence of the place, and the solemn almost holy silence that pervaded the precincts of this lone temple of nature's architecture, have been broken by the intrusive presence of a monkish beggar, a Maronite who has built a habitation for himself in this lovely spot, and of whom Van de Velde says, "I cannot strictly call him a hermit, for

¹ *Five Years in Damascus, &c.* By Rev. J. L. Porter, A.M. F.R.S.L., vol. ii., p. 300, et seq.

during winter, when the cedars lie buried under twenty feet of snow (an oriental exaggeration) he returns to his old residence in the village of Besharra." And such has been the allux of visitors in recent times, that their piety seems to have aroused that of the native Syrians, their visits and processions have become more frequent, and have even gone so far as to desecrate with the presence of a rude chapel, although not the most magnificent, still, perhaps, the most lovely and interesting of all existing places of worship.¹

Mr. Van de Velde gives a very graphic picture of the sacred grove as seen from the narrow ridge where the two roads unite, one from Baalbec by Ain-Ata, the other from Hermel by Deir Mar Marun across the Jebel Muskiel (10,000 feet). "Of the apparent magnitude of the objects" he says, "you may form a comparative idea when I tell you of the fir-famed cedar park as it appears from this lofty spot. You know, from the narratives of different travellers, that the old cedars, now only twelve in number, stand in a broad cleft of Lebanon, at 6,300 feet above the sea. You know that those venerable trees—perhaps the oldest in the world, and which some think must have sprung up soon after the flood—are giants above all other trees growing, and that this dozen is surrounded by an after-growth of 400 younger cedars, more or less. Such a park consequently comprises a considerable plot of ground, and the height of the cedars is in proportion to the ground they cover. Nevertheless, the cedar park, seen from the summit ridge where you cross Mount Lebanon from east to west, above the deep valley of Besharra, appears like a green spot of the size of a man's hand, and of such tiny dimensions that one might suppose it to be a solitary bush of oak.

The descent from this to the cedars occupies nearly an hour and a half. After that, one passes from the scorching rays of the sun under their splendid leafy arcades, where you find yourself transplanted at once into one of the most charming regions that this globe can show. A cool atmosphere, perfumed with the balsamic smell of the cedar-wood, and the charm of the birds among the branches; you may imagine how the overheated and wearied traveller feels at the change. Had not the praise of those cedars been so often sung by others, I would try to tell you something of the glory of God in His works,—the cedars which "He hath planted." (Ps. civ., 16.) But you know the cedars, and have perhaps often ere now felt a desire to come and encamp here for a part of the summer. If you ever happen to realise that wish, then I beg that I may be of the party. Six weeks under the cedars of Lebanon! it is worth one's while to set about such a journey." (Van de Velde, *Op. Cit.* vol. ii., p. 478.)

This is very touching, but still more splendid is Canon Stanley's peroration. "It was the very remoteness of this noble tree, combined with its majestic height and sweeping branches, that made it, one may almost say, an object of religious reverence. It is hardly ever named without the addition, either of the lofty mountain where it grew—'the cedars of Lebanon,' or of some epithet implying its grandeur and glory, 'the trees of the Lord,' 'the cedars which He planted,' 'the tall cedars,' 'the cedars high and lifted up,'

¹ It must not be omitted, however, that in Pococke's time that traveller describes the Christians of the several denominations as going there to celebrate the festival of the transfiguration, and he adds, they have built altars against several of the large trees, on which they administer the sacrament.

'whose height is like the height of the cedars' 'spread abroad like the cedar,' 'with fair branches,' 'with a shadowing shroud,' 'of an high stature,' 'his top among the thick boughs,' 'his height exalted above all the trees of the field,' 'his boughs multiplied, his branches long,' 'fair in his greatness,' 'in the length of his branches,' 'by the multitude of his branches.'

These expressions clearly indicate that to them the cedar was a portent, a grand and awful work of God. The words would never have been used had it been a familiar sight amongst their ordinary gardens, as it is in ours. It is said that the clergy of the Greek church still offer up mass under their branches, as though they formed a natural temple, and that the Arabs call them the "trees of God." This may now be a homage to the extreme antiquity of those which are left; but it may also be a continuation of the ancient feeling towards them which filled the hearts of the poets of Israel.²

Still more recently (in the autumn of 1860), Dr. J. D. Hooker accompanied a party (including Captain Washington, Hydrographer of the Navy), on a voyage to Syria, where it was proposed, amongst other scientific agenda, to examine the cedar grove of Lebanon, and, if desirable, to execute an accurate topographical plan of the valley. They sailed in the *Firisy*, commanded by Captain Mansell, an able and scientific officer. On September 25th they arrived at Beyrut, and on September 29 reached the Kadisha valley, and camped in the evening at its head under the cedars, at an elevation of 6172 feet, as they have determined the real altitude of the sacred grove to be. They describe the number of trees as being about 400, and they are disposed in nine groups. They are of various sizes, from about eighteen inches to about forty feet in girth; and Dr. Hooker points out as a remarkable fact that there is no tree of less than eighteen inches in girth, and that no young trees nor even seedlings of a second year's growth were found. It would seem from this as if only a particular cycle of seasons was favourable to the propagation of the cedars of Lebanon, and this would partly account for their occasional diminution and rapid re-supply. Calculating roughly from the rings of a branch, Dr. Hooker thinks that the younger trees in Lebanon would average 100 years old, the older 2,500.

We are further glad to hear, through the *Natural History Review*, that a survey of the valley was made by Captain Mansell, and sent to England, accompanied by sections of two of the youngest trees.³

² *Sinai and Palestine*, &c., by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, p. 133.

³ No traveller in the east has been so minute in his geography as Dr. Pococke. Dr. Robinson may have surpassed him in details, where a special regard to Biblical sites was concerned, and the officers of the Euphrates expedition in as far as North Syria was concerned, by carrying out a regular survey in every direction to which their labours extended, naturally worked out more satisfactory results; but wherever we have followed in the footsteps of the veteran traveller, we have found his notices unequalled in their detail. Yet in his account of the Kadisha valley we find some points that want clearing up, and which in a popular account like ours it is not necessary to enter upon, but we may notice that in one place he describes Marmakeis (Mar Serkiyas), which is synonymous with the convent of St. Sergius, as being situate on the point of the high mountain above St. Antony Casieeh (Cassiyah), "under which is the pleasant village of Aden." In another place he describes himself as retracing his footsteps from Kambhia to Aden, and coming thence to the convent of the Latin Carmelite fathers, called St. Sergius

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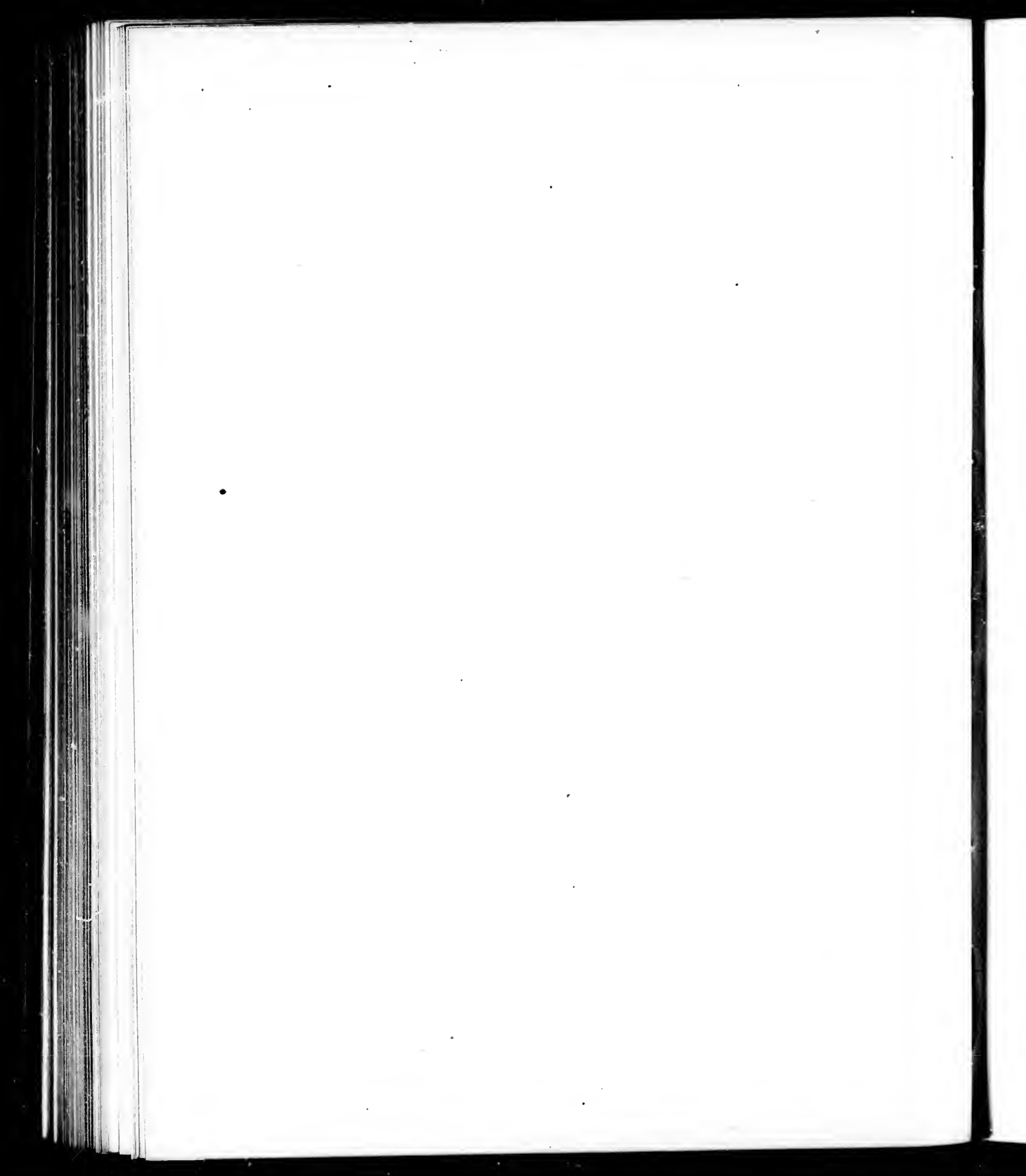


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We have much pleasure in giving still further completeness to this brief account of the cedars of Lebanon, by a narrative of a visit made to them by the Rev. John Hoskyns Abrahall, accompanied by a friend, in the winter season; a feat that we have never heard of as being before accomplished, being at a time when the worthy Maronite Monk, who is commissioned by his

brethren as the custodian of the sacred grove, retires to the shelter of his convent, and when mountains, hills, and valleys are alike clad in a deep and uniform covering of snow. The author has, it will be observed, only enumerated the trees in one group, not those of all the nine groups as distinguished by Dr. Hooker's party.

OVER LEBANON AND BACK IN THE SNOW.

BY THE REV. JOHN HOSKYN ABRAHALL, M.A.

In the early part of February, 1853, we left Beyrut for Damascus, through the valley of Baalbec, Lebanon being on our left. A long day's ride brought us to a little group of huts, shaped like beehives. There we pitched our tent for the night, this being the point from which Lebanon was most accessible, if one wished to obtain a view of the cedars. They stood, we were informed, some four thousand feet below the other side of the ridge that rose above us. To see them only was all we then contemplated. At this season no one attempts to visit them by surmounting the ridge for that purpose, as the depth of the snow is great, no less than four thousand feet below the summit. Indeed, from even the ascent of the mountain were we dissuaded by our dragoman, Komi, whom we had brought from Cairo. My companion had been lost on one occasion in the Little Desert by going too far away from our cavalcade; besides, the expedition was a hazardous one. At this time of the year not only is the mountain covered with snow, but snow-storms are frequent, and gather very speedily. Komi assured us we should hardly find a guide in the village who would venture to accompany us. After some search a mountain guide was found, who escorted tourists up in summer time. He was very reluctant; he spoke of the depth of the snow, the risk of snow-storms, and the long time required for the purpose, as, under the most favourable circumstances, the expedition could not be accomplished at this season by the light of one day. We determined, however, to attempt it, if the morning proved promising. It did—or rather, probably, "the wish was father to the thought," for Komi was not so sanguine. So bent were we on the ascent, that we awoke before the men, whom we had brought from Jerusalem to attend to our horses. The guide in due course made his appearance; he wore a very long face. Komi, with a kind of protest, handed us over to his charge; so, after a hurried breakfast, we started on our horses. It was about 7 o'clock, A.M.; day was soon to dawn. Our course, at first, was a tortuous path through a wooded swamp; this lasted some miles, as the floods were out. The snow that had fallen during the winter had melted, and turned the country lying at the foot of the mountain range

into a morass, which extended some three or four miles; in some parts the water was out in lake-like sheets. Eventually, we emerged from this low country, and gradually ascended through a forest of stunted oaks till we reached the line of snow, said to be then four thousand feet below the top of the saddle-back ridge. Here we were obliged to leave our horses, not only on account of the snow, but also from the steepness of the mountain. The village guide alone accompanied us further. We soon found the snow becoming deeper. We had a treadmill-like task—the undertaking, in fact, promised to be a serious one. We looked at each other somewhat blankly, and a glance at the guide's face did not reassure us. By dint, however, of hard and silent ploughing through the soft snow, the depth of which continually increased, we pushed on. Occasionally we stumbled across some jagged rock that cropped out; we then would fall over on our noses, and leave on the yielding material rude casts of our countenances and our bodies. The guide took the work more leisurely, and hung behind, satisfied with keeping us in sight. He had no idea of our going beyond the top of the ridge. He thought we should be contented with a distant view of the cedars from above, nor dreamed of our troubling ourselves with descending through four thousand feet of deep snow for a closer acquaintance. On our reaching the summit they appeared so insignificant, that we thought we had really, as far as they were concerned, misspent our toil, if this was all we were to see of them. They looked like a herd of cattle crouching in the snow. Recovering by degrees from our fatigue, becoming invigorated by the mountain breeze, and reflecting how much the apparent insignificance of their size must be due to their great distance below us, we determined to descend to them; meanwhile, we enjoyed the magnificent view. Allowing for the difference of seasons, it fully bore out the description given of it by Professor Stanley in his admirable work on *Sinai and Palestine*. All the surrounding heights were mantled with snow. This, however, as it brought out in all the bolder relief the verdure below, by no means lessened the beauty and grandeur of the landscape. We had feasted our eyes on the scene and decided on a visit to the cedars, when the guide joined us. We made known to him our intention. On finding protestation and deprecation of no avail he let us go, but declined to accompany us; supposing we should have him in sight all the time, we did not care about his

on his way to the cedars of Lebanon. The necessity for this peculiar detour, and the relative situation of places, can only be made clear by the anticipated publication of the survey in question.

company. We soon found again that we almost had reason to repent of our undertaking. The snow was considerably deeper on this side, and the mountain steep was broken into abrupt undulations, so we repeatedly lost sight of the guide; indeed, we scarce saw him the whole time, and we might have perished in the snow before he could be expected to seek for us and rescue us. Another cause of danger arose as we approached the cedars. The sky suddenly became overcast. It was clear that a storm was brewing.

We recollected the gathering storm viewed by the Hebrew prophet from Mount Carmel, and the awful circumstances that preceded it, the thrilling tale of the appeals to Baal and Jehovah, and the solemnly impressive miracle that followed. We were reminded how soon "the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." It was not till we were within about a furlong of the cedars that they began to swell into their real proportions; and it was only when standing under them that we became fully impressed with their grandeur, and with the undoubtedly vast antiquity of about a dozen of their number. The girth of one of these ancients proved, on measurement, to be five times as much as the taller of us, whose height was five feet ten and a half inches, could span with fully extended arms. This girth extended some considerable way up the tree. After taking a hasty survey of the trees, we searched some ten minutes for a cone. Only one could we find perfect. It was about the size of a large duck's egg. The rest were more or less in a state of decay, and scattered about in fragments. From their appearance one would have supposed them to have been gnawed to pieces by squirrels. The ground beneath the trees was carpeted with them, and entirely free from snow. We could only afford a quarter of an hour for our stay among them. On a hasty and rough estimation, we made them out to be about a hundred. All were fine trees, but the majority were not to be compared with the dozen veterans.

We have spoken of difficulties, but the brunt of the struggle lay in the return to the top of the ridge. Thinking it the easier method, we retraced our way on our old footsteps; but thereby we sunk down all the deeper in the snow. This was especially trying to the shorter of us. In his haste, he, by mistake, stepped

into the track of his taller companion, and got fairly stuck in the snow. His feet not touching the ground, and his body resting on the pyramid of snow between, he looked as if he were astride on a jolting white ass. The longer-legged, not being subject to this uncomfortable process, found the ascent less difficult. Every time he looked behind him, he saw his friend either astride, as has been mentioned, in a comparatively secure position, or else in the act of losing his equiservice by striving with one leg to get a footing in the cavity, and thereby a ; archase for a fresh start. The taller of course stopped occasionally, to give the shorter traveller time to overtake him. But, what with the gathering storm, and the short space of daylight left, it was absolutely necessary that we should push on as fast as possible. Hence, though it seemed hard, the taller felt obliged to start again, as soon as he had enticed his comrade on by slackening his own pace. We at length reached the top of the ridge. So sensible were we of the danger we had escaped, a fresh fall of snow having already begun, that we spontaneously uttered an exclamation of thanks to Providence.

We now, accompanied by the guide, descended through the falling and fallen snow to the spot where we had left our horses. It was quite dark when we reached it. The disagreeables of the journey were not over. In retracing our way through the wooded swamp, the guide was repeatedly at fault. What by daylight and in summer-time would have taken but half an hour, was now a work of two hours. Meanwhile, too, we feared we might be going in a wrong direction. It was with no little joy that we beheld twinkling lights in the distance, and as we drew nearer, heard the barking of the dogs, and then the buzz of human voices. The natives had been for some time looking out for us, and had felt most anxious for our safety. Komi at their head, they received us with great warmth, embracing the guide, and congratulating us at having escaped from a serious danger. Doubtless we had. It was as well, though, that we made the expedition on that day. During the following night and the whole of the next day, the wind and rain, which had commenced some time before our return, swept incessantly down the valley. We had to run the gauntlet through it, as we pushed on to the ruins of Baalbec.

THE DRUSES OF MOUNT LEBANON

MOUNT LEBANON SOUTH OF THE CEDARS—MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF THE DRUSES—PECCILIAR SCENERY—VARIOUS MOUNTAIN ROUTES DAR EL KAMAR—CAPITAL OF THE DRUSES—PALACE AT BEIEDDIN—PRINCELY FAMILY OF SHEHAB—WARS OF THE DRUSES AGAINST THE EGYPTIANS—REBEL AGAINST THE TURKS SHEIKHS SAVED BY THE ENGLISH CONSUL—RELIGION AND HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE DRUSES.

The course of Mount Lebanon from Jebel Makmel, which rises up to the southward of the mountain recess in which are the celebrated cedars, is rather west of south as far as the country of the Druses, and it shows at intervals the elevated peaks of Jebel Samin, Jebel Rhuau, and Jebel Baruk. The range is almost entirely

composed of masses of limestone, which rise abruptly from the valley of Zahle and Baalbec on the eastern side, whilst on the western there is a succession of lower mountains forming wooded basins and rich valleys which extend from thence down to the sea-coast. As the crest of this part of the great range are covered with perpetual snow, they must have an elevation of more than 7,000 feet; on their steep sides are forests of pines, oaks, and other timber, while at intervals are plantations of mulberries, and grain is cultivated on a succession of narrow terraces supported by stone walls.

In certain places these little gardens completely en-



DRUSES AT DAR EL KAMAR.

circle the mountain basins for which this part of Syria is so remarkable, giving to them, in consequence, the appearance of gigantic amphitheatres, of which the scattered flat-roofed cottages seem to form separations

between successive rows of seats. Rich and varied scenery of this kind, interspersed with towns, villages, mansions, and convents, and vineyards, prevails on the western slopes of the principal chains, which, leaving

the country of the Maronites north of the parallel of Beirut, becomes, south of the same parallel, within the tenure and jurisdiction of the Druses, and is hence significantly known as the "Jebel el Deruz."

The Druses inhabit many mountain districts in Syria; the three principal centres of population are, however, the Jebel el Deruz or Drus, in which are the districts of esh Shuf, Al Tafikh, Al Shumar, and thirteen others enumerated by Burckhardt (*Travels in Syria*, p.p. 214, 305). Robinson, however, simply distinguishes the districts as of el Ghurb, el Jurd, el Arkub, el Mamsiz, and el Shuf. The second centre is the Jebel es Sheikh or Mount Hermon, connected with which are Rasheiya and Hasbeiya, and the third the Hauran, where, according to Mr. Porter, the most powerful sheikhs have taken up their abode: Shuhba and Suweidiyah having been for a long time the residence of the princely family of Shehab. Advancing from the sea-shore into the first-mentioned district, in some places huge masses rise abruptly from the very edge of the sea, whilst in others they gradually recede from it, showing peak above peak, and forming in certain places rocky basins or amphitheatres, on whose sides are villages and cultivated terraces shaded by lofty pines or cedars, with not unfrequently a convent or monastery above, overlooking the whole.

Towards the interior the slopes are generally formed by a succession of hogs'-back ridges, separated by deep gorges or ravines, with walnut trees on the lower slopes; and about midway are villages and hamlets surrounded with terraces, on which are grown cotton and hemp, besides grapes, olives, mulberries, and other fruits; higher up are forests of pine; and on the summits a profusion of myrtle, with usually a village, adjoining which is either a convent or an emir's serai palace or mansion.

But occasionally the scenery is of a higher cast; a deep and wide gorge terminating in an amphitheatre of valleys and ridges, studded with villages. From the ruined Ionic temple at Dar el Kalah, for instance, the view presents a great amphitheatre covered with terraces, amidst which forty-five Druse villages may be counted, in addition to Mar Khana, and several other convents, with the serai of Ras el Mittan; while beyond all are the snow-clad peaks and furrowed sides of Jebel Riahah and Sanin.

No sooner has one narrow ridge in this singular country been gained than another valley or amphitheatre appears, seeming, like the preceding, with villages, to reach some of which, although at short direct distances, a whole day is frequently consumed in ascending and descending from one village to another by zig-zag paths or steps.

It is just upon one of these bold ridges or maritime spurs of Mount Lebanon—ridges which separate the mountain basins, just as in the country of the Maronites, into so many small districts—that Dar el Kamar, the capital of the Druses, is situated. The particular ridge in question is one of two that rise up between the valleys of the ancient Tamyras to the north, and that of the Bostrenus to the south. Dar el Kamar crowns the northerly ridge in the district called el Marasif; Judeidah and the Mezraat esh Shuf—a holy man's mausoleum—crown the southerly ridge in the district of esh Shuf.

The district in question also lies a little to the north-eastward of Sidon, a town which, if not now comparable to the Royal City which furnished its quota of

the Phœnician and Syrian fleet for the invasion of Greece¹; yet, as one of the ports of Damascus, and an outlet for the produce of the neighbouring mountain districts, has some commerce; silk, cotton, oil, corn, and fruits being exported from thence, whilst almost every vestige of trade has fled from the rival city of Tyre.

Proceeding eastward from Sidon, we have first the convent of Mar Iliyas, or Elias, and to the northward the villa of Jun, where resided Lady Hester Stanhope, and where Lamartine visited her ladyship, and penned no small amount of absurdities in connection with the soil visit. Dar el Kamar is about twelve miles north-eastward of Jun on the eastern side of the principal valley in this part of the chain. A horse track—that is to say, a highway in Lebanon—runs from Beyrut to Dar el Kamar and Beteddin, the palace of the celebrated Emir Beshir, and there divides into two mule tracks, one of which crosses the mountains near the head of the Bostrenus, and through the main chain itself descending into the valley of the Litany, or Leontes, at Jubb Jenin. The other goes by Baklin and Jun to Saïda or Sidon. There is also a short cut from Beteddin to the valley of the Bostrenus by Judeidah, and this road is prolonged by Badran across the Lebanon, the valley of the Leontes, and Anti Lebanon to Rasheiya and Damascus. It is one of the "highways" of the country.

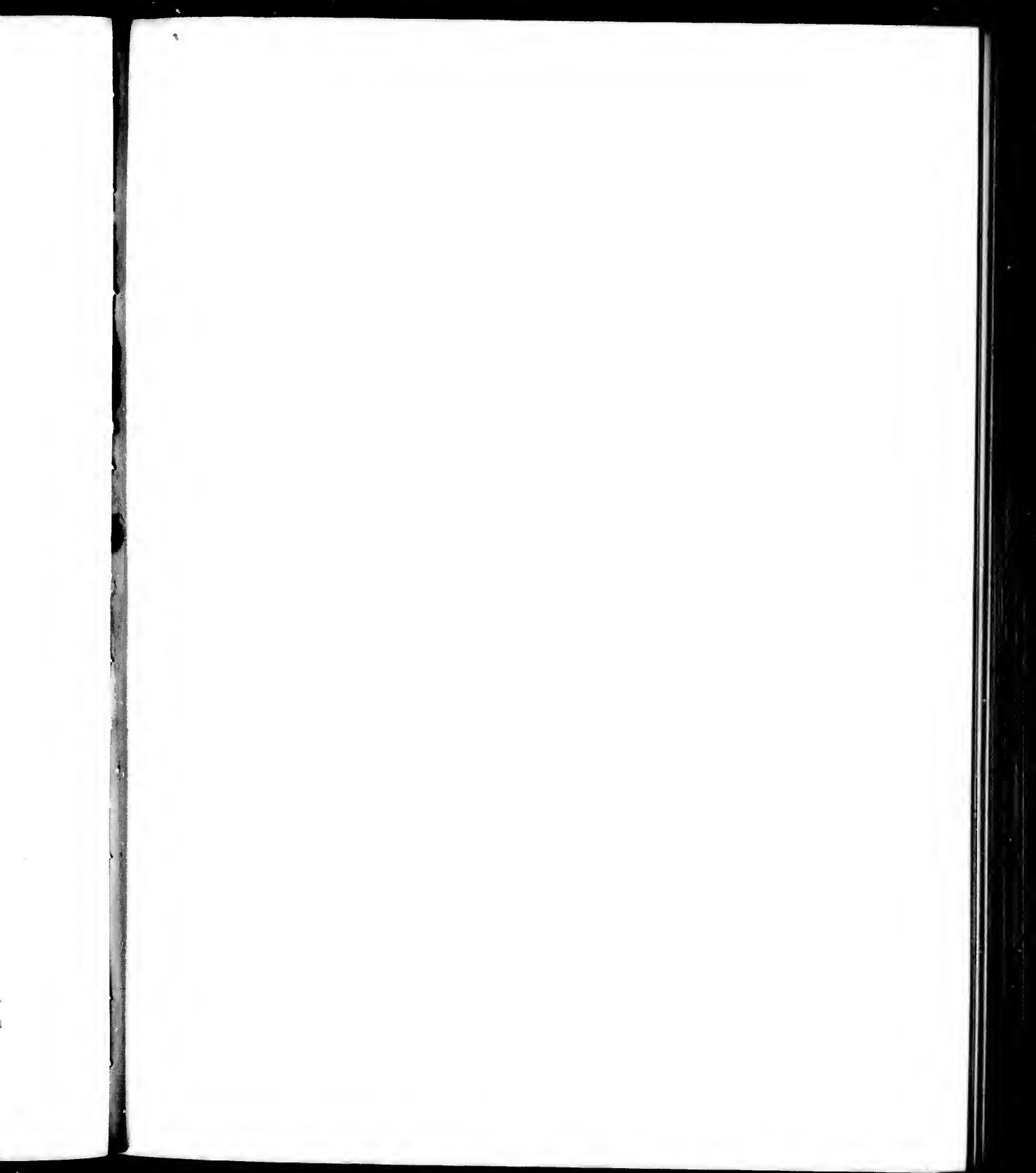
Another, and still more interesting road, as that most favoured by the Crusaders of old, follows the northern tributary to the Bostrenus, crosses a mountain ridge at the castle of Niha, a most picturesque place, with a neighbouring convent, surnamed of the apricots, "Deir Mishmushy," crosses the southerly tributary to the Bostrenus to Jezzî, thence by Kafr Hunch to the renowned Belfort, now Kalah esh Shukif, which commands the ancient bridge and pass of the Litany, now Jisr Burghuz, and whence roads diverge to all the country beyond.

Dar el Kamar is variously written by tourists, Deir el Kaimmah (Chesney), Deir el Kamr (Porter), and indeed in a different manner by nearly every traveller and tourist. Yet Deir and Dar are two very distinct words, and known as such from the most remote regions in which the Arabic language is spoken.

Dar el Kamar contains about 8,000 Druse and Maronite inhabitants, two Maronite and as many Melchite churches, with nearly nineteen hundred substantially-built dwellings, which form a succession of terraces and a number of narrow streets. In the upper part of the town there is a well-supplied bazaar, displaying the rich abbas or cloak, interwoven with gold or silver threads, for the manufacture of which it is celebrated.

On still higher ground, forming a separate hill, or rather shoulder, stands the great pile of building once the serai or palace of the Emir Beshir. Terraces sown with corn, or on which are planted fruit-trees, particularly the mulberry, extend for some little distance, chiefly to the eastward of the town; and in different spots around the latter, there are many sepulchres of an unusual kind. They are stone buildings, each about 40 feet square, and almost every Christian family has one which is walled up after each interment.

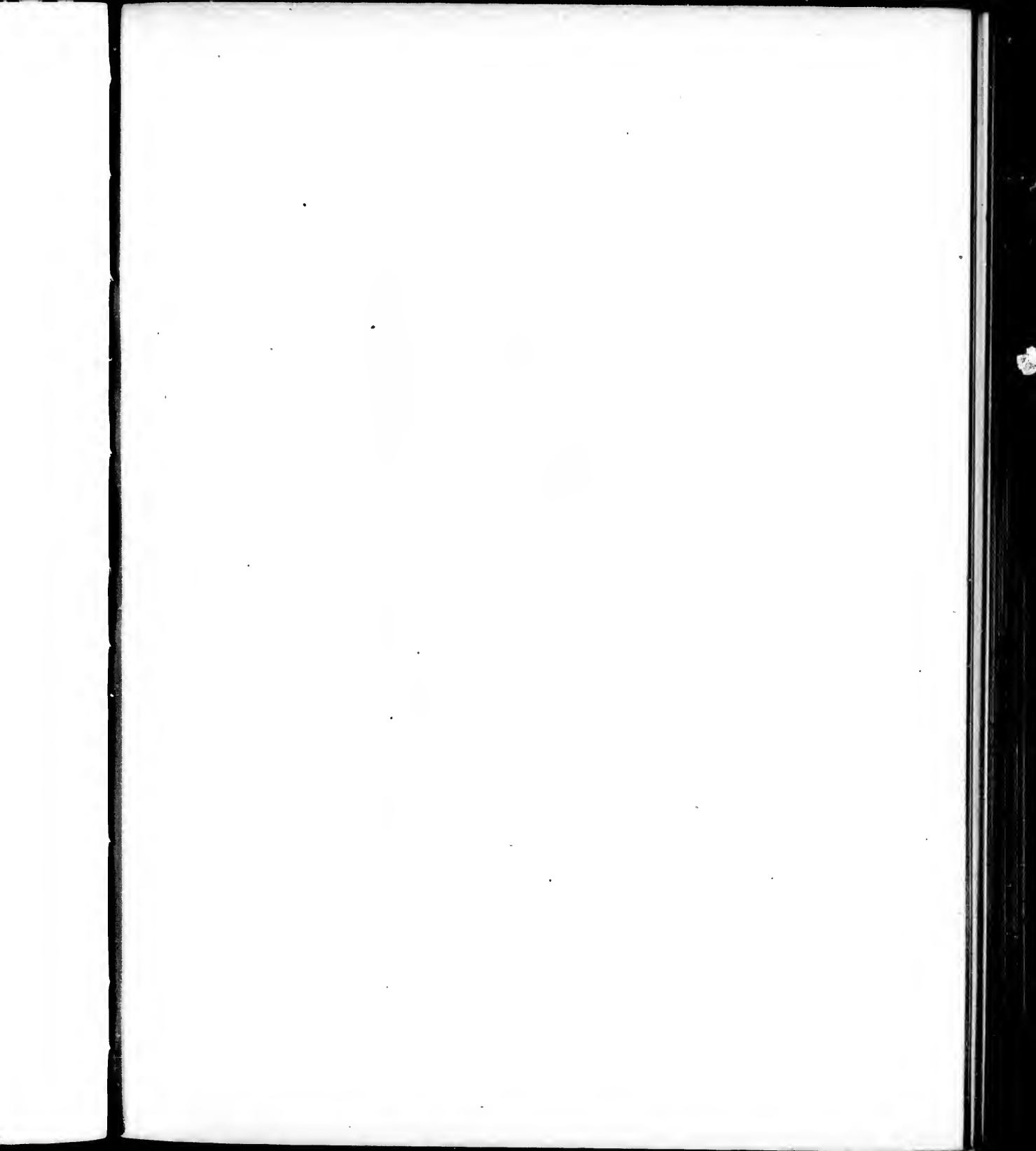
¹ Amounting to 300 vessels. *Herod.*, lib. vii., cap. lxxxix. Tetraemeste, son of Amyntas, commanded those of Sidon; and Malen, son of Siranus, the Tyrian vessels. *Ibid.*, cap. xcviil.

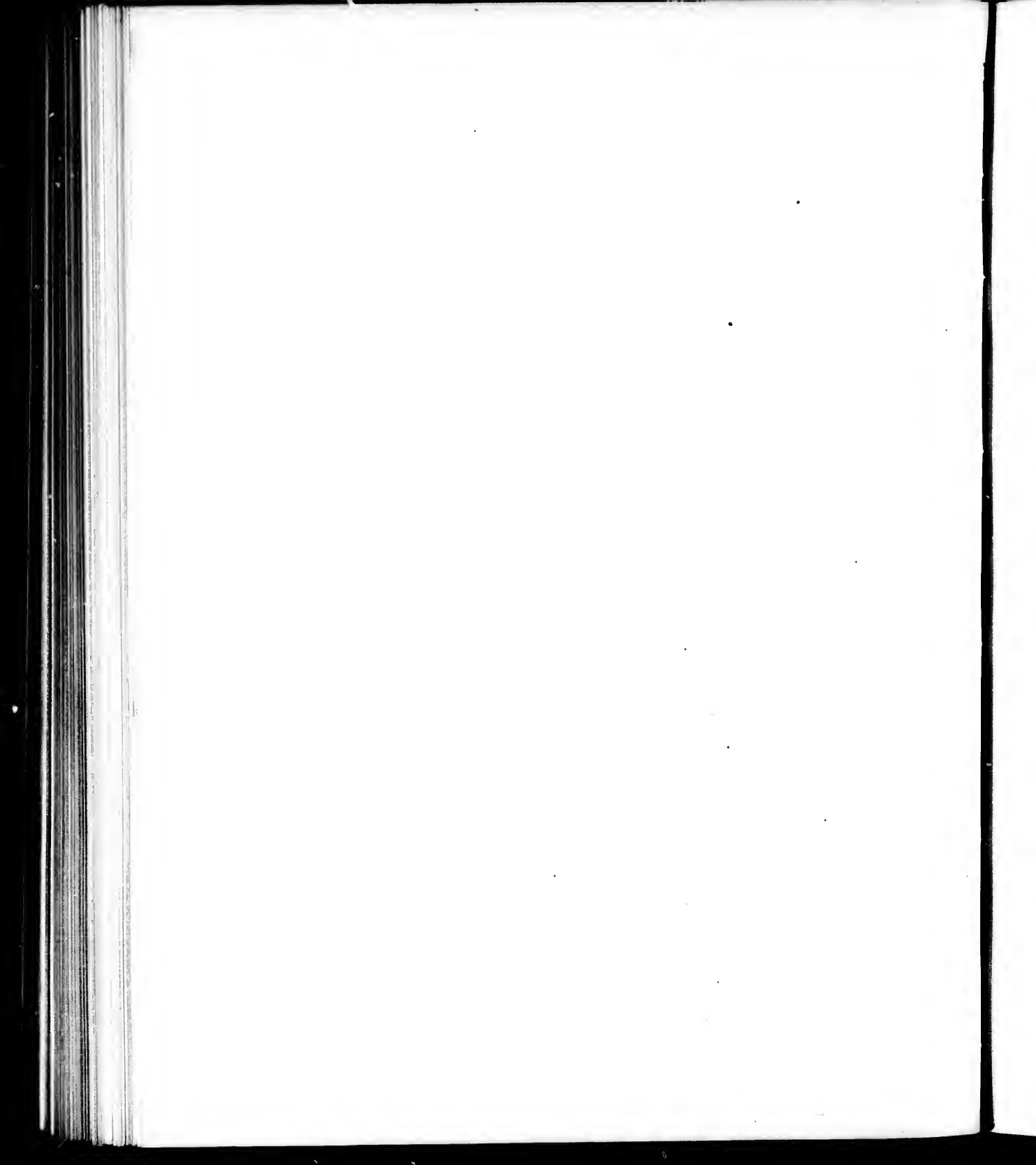




Woods on the river

1894





Betdlin or Btedlin of Robinson, the walled palace of the Emir Beshir, is a little way south-eastward, on the southern side of the valley, and nearly on the same level; it occupies the crest of an isolated sugar loaf hill, whose slopes are covered by terraced gardens, supported by walls, forming a succession of circles from the base almost to the summit; through these, by means of a flight of steep steps, there is an ascent from the valley to the palace. A castellated entrance leads into an outer court of the latter, round which are arcades, partly used as stables, and partly by the guards and other attendants; on the western side there is a Saracenic archway leading into a second court; and beyond is a third court, which is that of the harem. The second court is in the eastern style, having in the centre a large marble fountain, prettily shaded with orange-trees; and around it are the church and principal apartments, forming several suites. The rooms are, however, it is almost needless to say, very different to anything associated with our ideas of a palace; but the deficiency in this respect is more than compensated by the wild and striking scenery presented from the terraces of the building. Beneath is a deep and winding valley, which at first presents, on one side, terraced gardens, trees and shrubs, with bold rocks beyond; and on the opposite side is the town, backed by high and rugged mountains, through an opening of which the sea is visible in the distance.

The Druses or Druzes (ed Deruz, in the singular ed Derazy) used to enjoy a kind of republican independence under their sheikhs or hereditary chieftains, chief among whom was the Sheikh Beshir Shehab in the region now in question. His court and attendance have been picturesquely described by a great number of tourists of former times. The late massacres occurring since civilised Europe has taken a deeper interest in Oriental matters has led to the rule of the Sheikhs being superseded, first by French occupation, and then afterwards by that of the Osmanlis.

The princely family of Shehab, from whom Shuhba in the Hauran derives its name, has for many years been one of the most celebrated in Syria, and it is said to derive its origin from the ancient tribe of the Korish, its members thus claiming relationship with the Prophet. One of their ancestors emigrated about the seventh century from Hadramaut on the southern shores of Arabia, and took up his residence at Shuhba. There his descendants remained, with their property and dependents, till the twelfth century, when during the war of Nur-ed-Din "light of faith" and Salah-ed-Din "work of faith" (the Noureddin and Saladin of history and romance) they resolved to escape from their adopted city, where they were exposed to the depredations of the contending parties, and to take up their abode amid the fastnesses of Lebanon. They consequently set out in regular order; but in passing up Wady et Teim, near Hasbeiya, they were attacked by the Frank garrison of that stronghold, and having signally defeated them, they took possession of the castle and have ever since retained it. The present Emir, Sayid-ed-Din, of Hasbeiya, is now the head of the house; the Emir Effendi, of Rasbeiya, is another scion of it; and the celebrated Emir Beshir Shehab, the former powerful chief of Dar el-Kamar, was only a junior member of the same family.

One of the most remarkable episodes in the history of the Druses is the resistance they made to the

tyranny of Ibrahim Pasha, and his Egyptians, in their portion of Syria.

In the year 1839, the pasha, making a second conscription, demanded a levy of one hundred and seventy-five men from the Druses of the Hauran. Sherif Pasha, the civil governor of Damascus, summoned Sheikh Hamdan, at that time prince of the Druses, to press the levy. The prince replied, that if they met the demands of Ibrahim Pasha, of a second conscription, they, as the settled cultivators of the land, would have no more able-bodied men to resist the incessant attacks of the Arabs. The objections of the prince were, however, not admitted, and four hundred horsemen were sent to Um esh Zaitun, or the "mother of olives," an important village on the frontier of the Leja, where they were put to death with the exception of their leader. The Druses then withdrew into the almost inaccessible regions of the Leja, and bid defiance to the Egyptians.

Muhammad Pasha, the general of division, and Achmet Bey, brigadier, were sent with the first regiment of the guard, and the second and eighteenth of the line, to chastise the Hauranites. They entered the Leja, meeting but little opposition, and that only from a few marksmen, who like the Parthians of old, retreated before them, firing. The tactics of the Druses were to draw the Egyptians into the worst fastnesses of this rocky region, and so well did they succeed, that, having got Muhammad Pasha, with the guards, as far as Abu-Ekaden, they there surrounded him, and killed the general and Yakub Bey, the colonel of the regiment, the soldiers taking flight, and leaving numbers of dead on the ground.

Ibrahim Pasha at once ordered the second regiment of the guard to march from Homs, the fourth of the line from Aleppo, and the fourteenth from Antioch, to revenge this defeat, but the news of the advance of the Osmanlis across Taurus, towards Nizib, prevented his going himself; he stopped at Aleppo, and despatched Achmet Pasha Mereky with the sixth regiment of infantry, the ninth of cavalry, two guns, and four to five hundred horsemen. The same thing happened on this as on the previous occasion. The Egyptians advanced, the Druses retreating, firing before them, till at length they came to a wall of rocks, some two miles in extent, crowning the crest of hills, to which the Torres Vedras would have been a plaything. Three times were the Egyptians led to the assault, and as often repulsed, till the Druses, seeing their numbers thinned, and their ranks discouraged, and in disorder, rushed past their lines upon them, putting them to flight, killing two generals, one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, seven commandants (bimbashi), twenty captains, and upwards of three thousand soldiers, and wounding two thousand, besides capturing the two guns, six hundred muskets, fifty camels laden with powder and the whole baggage of the Egyptian force.

Ibrahim Pasha, counselled by Sulaiman Pasha, adopted a new plan, after this most signal reverse, for subjugating these brave mountaineers. The Leja, like many other Syrian districts, has to depend for its supply of water, in the dry season, upon artificial reservoirs cut in the rock. It was resolved to fill these up with stones, and several regiments were employed in this unwarlike proceeding. The Druses defended their birkets, as they are called, with obstinate valour, but one after another they were

taken, and filled in detail. They had no alternative then left them but to submit or to emigrate: they preferred the latter, and sought shelter in the Jebel Sheikh, between Hasbiya and Rashiya, in the Anti-Lebanon.

Previous to the war in which the British naval forces combined by sea and by land with the Osmanlis to expel the Egyptians from Syria, Mr. Wood had been sent to effect an alliance with the revolted Druses, and for which exertions he was rewarded with the consulate of Damascus. After the objects of the coalition had been obtained, however, the Druses found that in welcoming the soldiers of General Joennis they had only changed masters, and they once more withdrew into the Leja in open revolt. The newly appointed Turkish Pasha of Damascus was terrified at the alternative presented to him of attacking with three thousand men—all he had at his disposal—the two thousand reliable mountaineers, and that in a country where, with only one thousand men, they had defeated the admirable troops of Ibrahim Pasha, so they appealed to Mr. Wood to intercede. Mr. Wood consented to do so, but only upon the most solemn promises of an amnesty. This was conceded, and the Emir Assaad Shuhab, Sheikh Yusuf, Abd-el-Malek, and other Druse chiefs, accepted the hospitality of the British consulate. After the lapse of two months, a firman arrived from Constantinople to put all the Druse chiefs to death, and to send their heads to the capital.

The day after this firman arrived, the pasha's secretary rode to the consulate, and inquired, with infinite suavity of manner, why the sheikhs did not come to the palace and take a pipe and a cup of coffee? Yusuf accepted the invitation, and had no sooner reached the palace than he was arrested. Mr. Wood at once went and reminded Ali and Achmet Pashas—the civil and military governors—of their express and solemn promises. It was, however, in vain: the fatal firman was produced in reply. Mr. Wood justly remarked upon this, that if the Porte had been loyally informed of the true character of the transaction, it would never have issued such a firman. After a discussion that lasted several hours, Mr. Wood, finding he could not prevail, and being told that a battalion of the Nizam would be sent to the consulate to fetch the chiefs, prepared to withdraw, declaring that he would defend the honour and inviolability of the consulate to the last, and that not a Druse chief should be removed so long as he was alive. The Turkish Pashas, hearing this, at length gave way, and the lives of the Druse sheikhs were saved by the resolution of the British consul. Ever since this, this warlike race of mountaineers has looked upon the English as peculiarly their friends—their friends when a sultan by Ibrahim Pasha, and equally their friends when their lives and liberties were threatened by the Turks. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that they should have been involved in the late internecine quarrels with the Maronites, fomented by foreign influence, and still more so that they should have been implicated in the atrocious massacres committed by the fanaticism of the Moslems of Damascus and other places.

This was not, indeed, the last time that the British consul at Damascus had to interfere in behalf of the Druses. The defeat of the Turkish troops in the war of 1852 again led the government to seek the intercession of the English consul, but, on this occasion, only after the representatives of other European

nations had volunteered their services and failed. Mr. Wood arranged a meeting with Sheikh Sayyid Jimblat, at that time the most powerful and influential of all the Druse chiefs, and, in company with him, proceeded first to Edhra and thence to Busr el Hariry. At this latter place, the sheikhs of the Hauran all assembled to receive the proposals of the Porte, and discuss the terms of peace. It was a stormy scene; and more than once a peace congress was well-nigh changed into a fierce battle. The fanatical Moslems feared, or pretended to fear, treachery on the part of Mr. Wood and Sayyid Bey, and once the cry was raised to pull down the house in which they were sitting. The proud Druse chief could ill brook such insults, and haughtily stated that if he had anticipated such insolence, he would have brought from his native mountains such a force as would have effectually prevented its recurrence for the future. In fact, it was only the smallness of his retinue—about one hundred and fifty men—that prevented him from taking instantaneous revenge. Still, notwithstanding such threats and insinuations on the spot, and the no less dangerous intrigues of disappointed consuls in Damascus, Mr. Wood, with his usual ability, succeeded in opening up communications, which secured peace till the late outbreak.

The sketch at page 565 gives a picturesque idea of the assembling of these warrior mountaineers at Dar el Kamar, under the appeal of their princely chieftain, whose influence with the people is no less in the present day than it was when they wrested Hasbiya from the Frankish crusaders.

It is curious that no satisfactory account has yet been given of the religion of the Druses. De Sacy, the well known Oriental scholar has written a work on this subject, "*Expéd de la Religion des Druses, &c.*, 2 tom., Paris, 1838." Niebuhr has ventilated the subject in his *Reisebericht*, ii., p. 428, *et seq.* Volney, the sceptic, in his *Voyage*, ii., p. 37, *et seq.* and Burckhardt in his *Travels*, pp. 193, 205, and several educated Syrians have aided modern tourists in eliminating facts without, however, by any means making the matter perfectly clear. Their books have also been seized, as in the insurrection of 1838 by the Egyptians, and it was from one of these that De Sacy compiled his work, others are also said to have been purchased by the missionaries of Beyrut, but with no better results.

Dr. Robinson says of them that they appear to have sprung up out of one of the many Muhammadan sects (the Karmethians) of the centuries before the Crusades; and the insane Hakim, Khalif of Egypt, is regarded as their deity. Burckhardt said on the contrary that Islamism was first introduced among them by Hakim, in 1030; and when in public they perform its rites, but in private it is otherwise, and they are said to abhor all religions except their own. General Chesney says they have a priesthood, of which the first class is the Akkal, or initiated, who have charge of the schools, and perform "certain unknown ceremonies" every Thursday, in the closed and guarded oratories, the women being part of the assemblage. It is also said that in order the more effectually to conceal their religious opinions, they, on being questioned concerning them, profess to be of the same faith as the inquirer, whether he be Christian, or Muslim, or Pagan. Benjamin of Tudela described them simply as heathens and unbelievers, who confess no religion.

They are said, however, to keep a register of births, and that they cannot disinherit their children. They do not practise circumcision, neither do they fast or pray, but they believe in the transmigration of souls; moreover, they divorce on the slightest occasion; they drink wine, eat pork, and marry a sister; none of which practices would be followed, if their religion had been founded on that of Muhammad. It is probable that its origin must be sought for in the ancient practices of the Himyaritic Sabæans of Hadramaut, from which country they came originally, rather than from those of the ancient Samaritans, with whom some have recently attempted to establish their analogy.

We have before seen that, owing to the absence of level tracts and the depth of the valleys in the Druse districts in Lebanon, the villages are formed usually about midway on the slopes of successive ridges, along which rows of houses and mulberry terraces rise one above another, like the steps of a gigantic amphitheatre.

The number of houses in the villages varies in general from twenty or thirty to about a hundred, but some contain nearly four hundred, besides the serai of their chief. The latter is always a more or less extensive pile of buildings, usually situated on the most commanding ground, and containing two or even three generations of the family, with suitable apartments built round; an outer and an inner court, the latter generally occupying a higher level.

The ordinary houses are comfortable, being substantially built of stone, and almost always white-washed. They seldom contain more than one apartment, with the addition of a kind of arcade or else a verandah covering the door, which not unfrequently is the only aperture in the building. A fire-place in the centre, a raised divan on one side, and several cupboards recessed in the walls, constitute the furniture of the interior, but a terraced roof, shaded by mulberry and pomegranate trees, serves as a second room, and is the sleeping place in summer, as well as the chief resort of the family; passengers also occupy it occasionally, for on the roof of one house is the ordinary passage to that of a higher building, the terraces are common to all persons, but a stranger must not enter the dwelling itself. Arabic is the language spoken.

Patient industry, in which the females largely share, determined valour, extreme pride of birth, hospitality, extending to the unflinching protection of strangers, deadly feuds among themselves, an absence of respect for the ties of blood, the dread of a public insult, and exceeding love of their romantic country, are some of the leading characteristics of these mountaineers.

All that such a race really wants is a fair market for their silk, fruit, grain, and other produce, protection to their landed property, or to be allowed to vindicate their rights when assailed by Turks, Arabs, or Maronites themselves, relief from restraint, which their haughty clamish spirit rebels against more than anything else, and of which one of the worst forms is conscription; and indemnity from that extortion to which they have ever been subjected, when the transaction of business carries them to the ports or large towns in the hands of the Turks. This is asking a great deal as far as restraint is concerned, but it is a question, if mere justice were rendered to them, if they would not submit to a fair amount of taxation and conscription without a murmur. They did not break out into rebellion against the Egyptians till conscription was pushed to

an unendurable extent, and as to their sad affairs with the Maronites, it would be a long tale to tell of the hereditary disputes, bickerings, and blood-feuds—the Maronites pushed on by European powers—that have grown up into such disastrous antagonism. The Christians have, under the new arrangement, their own governor or ruler, the Druses and Muhammadans theirs; and it is to be hoped that hostilities will cease, and the two peoples will live together in peace and harmony.

M. Van de Velde, looked upon as an Englishman, was most hospitably treated and feasted by the Druses when in their country, yet he sets the opinion of Christian natives against the evidence of his own senses when he says, "I do not at all wish to decry the virtue of hospitality, as exercised by the Druses; but from some hints dropped by William's father and Mr. Wortabet on this point, I have the impression that their special love for the English is not quite disinterested; these two gentlemen being residents in the country must know them well." Perhaps, thus narrowly inquired into, there is no such thing as utterly disinterested international loves or hatreds.

In what follows, M. Van de Velde is, however, especially entitled to a hearing, inasmuch as he is by his origin to a certain extent removed from the influences which actuate other parties:—

"Not that I shall venture to determine exactly how far the warlike Druse, the child of independence, sympathises with the originality of the English national character, as far as it is displayed by British travellers in Palestine; nor that I overlooked the moral influence exercised on this people by the American missionaries (who are looked upon by the Druses in the same light as the English), in proof of which influence an occasional convert from among them is seen; but it is well known that for many years the Druses have sought the alliance of the English, in opposition to the union of the Greek Christians with Russia, and of the Maronites with France. (This is the Syrian Question divested of all subterfuge.)

"As the influence of the European Powers has become greater in the dominions of the Sultan, this party spirit has developed more strongly; while the Druses, seeing the progress made by Protestant or Evangelical Christianity in Syria, have not been slow in openly showing their preference for the Protestant natives. A natural consequence of this is, that you meet with great diversity of opinion among the different writers who have spoken of the Lebanon population.

"French travellers paint the Druses in the blackest colours, while they attribute to the Maronites, as their brethren in the Roman Catholic faith, not a few good qualities. English visitors, on the contrary, are not free from prejudice in the way in which they view the vices of the Maronites, while they are less disposed to acknowledge the hypocrisy of the Druses, which is, perhaps, their greatest vice, and is, alas! counted by themselves as a merit. From the little experience I have had as regards both Druses and Maronites, it seems to me that travellers in Palestine and Syria have good reason to think lightly of both."

This is so far quite correct, and it is probable that there is little to choose between Ansarians, Ismaelians, Maronites, Greek Christians, Druses, Arabs, or Turks, but it is sufficient that any European power gains by the ascendancy of one of the numerous races that rule

or dwell in Lebanon, that the spirit of antagonism, founded on the maintenance of the balance of power, should be aroused. It is admitted by M. Van de Velde, that the Russians have religious allies in the Syrians of the Greek Church, and the French in the Maronites; it is, therefore, no more to be wondered at that the Druses should seek alliance with England, than it is that England, having an interest in the welfare of the

country, as well as in the balance of power, avails itself of a friendship founded upon mutual political interest. According to M. Van de Velde, the greatest vice of the Druses is hypocrisy, but it is admitted, on the other hand, that they possess many noble virtues, as courage, hospitality, fidelity, family pride, love of independence, and the spirit of national honour, to an extent not to be met with in any other tribe in the Lebanon.

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF ASCENTS OF THE PEAKS OF POPOCATEPETL AND ORIZAVA.

I.

VERA CRUZ AND SAN JUAN DE ULUA—HOUSES AND INHABITANTS—ROADS TO THE INTERIOR—REGION OF PALM FORESTS—SAVANNAS OR PRAIRIE—RUINS OF OLDEN TIME—REGION OF FORESTS—ALPINE OR HIGHLAND DISTRICTS—PINE FORESTS—LIMIT OF ALL VEGETATION—PLATEAUS OR TABLE LANDS OF MEXICO—CURIOUS CACTUSES.

The popular mind satisfies itself with three very general ideas in reference to Mexico: first, that it is a vast and fertile territory, more particularly remarkable for its romantic scenery, as also for its dangers and inconveniences—both natural and artificial—from storms, banditti, and vile hosteries; secondly, that it had an ancient history, of which very little is known, save that its older inhabitants left some magnificent monuments of industry, and many more of a grotesque character, behind them; and, thirdly, that as a Spanish viceroyalty, or a Spanish republic, its present inhabitants have inherited the pride and vices of the mother country, have superadded to them those of a tropical climate, and that the vices of the people have extended to its rulers, the whole nation is now in a state of anarchy and disorganisation.

And no wonder that the popular mind should be satisfied with such crude and imperfect ideas, when we consider that previous to the publications of our own native historian, the elegant and learned Robertson, little more was known of this and the other Spanish colonies than the history of their discovery and conquest; and even the information afforded by Robertson was, till the days of Prescott, most scanty and imperfect. For two hundred years, with the exception of Ulloa's travels, and the narratives of Bouguer and Condamine, no satisfactory intelligence had been communicated to the world relating to any of the principal Spanish settlements. It was not till Spain abandoned the system of secrecy and concealment, and threw open the trade to other nations, that travellers appeared, such as Molina, Alcedo, Estalla, Depons, Antillon, and, above all, Humboldt, whose *Political Essay on New Spain* is, despite the changes which fifty years have called forth, a *point d'appui* for every writer on Mexico. The great Prussian's researches did not, however, extend to northern or New Mexico, and we are mainly indebted to what we know of that

region to the people of the United States, among whom Prescott takes the lead as historian, and Pike and Stephens as explorers.

If we approach the coast of Mexico, as is usually done, by the port of Vera Cruz, with its renowned fort of San Juan de Ulua, dark forests, gradually sloping upwards, are seen to inclose the sandy shore to the west; then follow several mountain terraces, one commanding the other, till at length, towering above all, the magnificent cones and indented summits of the dark blue Andes seem to support the clear vault of heaven. Majestically rearing their heads over their fellows are the snowy summits of the peak of Orizava and the wild jagged crater of Perote. From the latter the mountains branch off northwards to the sea, terminating in an abrupt rocky wall on the shores of the gulf, whilst to the south the Cordilleras extend in a huge semicircle in the distant horizon. Everywhere we find the same features—a narrow level tract of coast, not many miles in width, then a gradual ascent by gently inclining slopes to the spurs of the mountains, and finally to the high lands, which, almost uninterruptedly, extend for many hundred miles from north to south, nearly parallel with the coast.

On landing, everything appears strange—language, dress, and complexion of the inhabitants, and the town, with its Andalusian-Moorish trappings. Here we beheld a group of negroes and mulattoes gesticulating in the most passionate manner, there the copper-coloured Indian silently offering his fruit for sale; the clearer skinned Mestizo, or Mestizo, urges forward his horse, or trots on an ass after his well-laden mules, whilst the European or Creole dandy, puffing his cigar, examines the new arrivals. On one side the Paris fashions, on the other the lightest possible clothing, consisting of a broad-brimmed straw hat, coloured or white shirt, and ample trousers. The fair sex exhibits the same contrast: on one hand the greatest luxury, on the other half-naked. What European can fail to be astonished at the sight of the fat negress there, who, seated comfortably at the door of her house, with a short clay pipe in her mouth, caresses her perfectly naked offspring, clinging to and clambering about her like a very ape! Who would not cast a glance after that troop of Mestizo girls, all mounted, with fluttering ribands in their straw hats, as, smoking their cigarettes,

they jest with their brown admirer, who, seated on his long-eared steed, thrums his jarana and sings jocular songs!

The women and girls of the lower classes wear large four-cornered wrappers of calico, with nothing save a fine chemise, often embroidered and trimmed with lace beneath. They have also a wide petticoat of bright calico or muslin, sometimes with a white under-petticoat, whilst the feet, innocent of stockings, are encased in light silk shoes. The dress of the wealthy Creole ladies is pretty much the same as with Europeans, being regulated by the newest Parisian fashions. For church-going, nevertheless, they adhere to the ancient Spanish black *ma tilla*, falling from the head over the shoulders, and half way down the arms.

In Mexico, as indeed in all the originally Spanish colonies, the appearance of the towns is more or less similar to what is observed in the mother-country. Straight streets with raised foot-pavements, massive stone houses with flat roofs, churches in the Italian style of the seventeenth century, with lofty towers and high cupolas, covered, for the most part, with parti-coloured shining tiles, meet the eye. The interior of the houses is decidedly Moorish. You enter through an arched gateway into the first court, surrounded by a colonnade, which is repeated in the upper stories. The doors and windows of the apartments all open on this court. In some districts there is a pretty fountain in the centre round which flowering plants are grouped in large vases. A second court is usually surrounded by the servants' offices, kitchens, and stables. In Vera Cruz there are no fountains, the flat sandy soil does not afford a drop of water, and that which is furnished by the tropical storms is collected in large stone cisterns. Within the town the numerous black vultures, seated in long rows on the buildings, or disputing with the lean dogs in the streets for the refuse of the kitchens, make a strange impression, and, without, the shrubless downs impart a dull, forbidding feeling.

Two great roads lead from Vera Cruz to the interior; the one passing through Jalapa and Perote, the other through Cordova and Orizava. The traveller may either proceed by mail coach, by sedan borne by mules, or in a still more independent manner, mounted on a mettlesome little Mexican horse. The road lies at first over the sandy district, and it is some time before the wooded region is attained, and where the beautiful flowering trees, shrubs, and lianas rejoice the traveller's eye. On the banks of the river Antigua rows of black and white ibises, dazzling white herons, and red spoonbills, may be seen perched on the horizontal branches of the *Picus americana*; and occasionally an old alligator may be seen sunning himself on a dry log, and looking like a log, too.

The huts of the garochos, or coasters, are the most simple things imaginable—walls of bamboo stems, and a roof of palm-leaves. The river supplies them with fish and turtle, the forest with game; ready money is obtained by charcoal burning, and they cultivate a little maize and a few fruits, as bananas, pines, oranges, and lemons. Such a bounteous nature makes man idle. If the garochero wants fuel he goes out with his donkey and brings in a fallen tree; he then passes it in by the door to the fireplace, and when the end is consumed it is pushed in further, and so on, till it gets into the house. On the same river is the village of the same name, the first permanent settlement of Fernando

Cortes, and whose stone church is one of the oldest in the country.

Beyond this the traveller reaches the first palm forest. A forest of this kind, a traveller remarks, represents "the grandest cupola; palms of all sizes constituted the proud vaulting, the capitals were represented by the blossoms and fruit which regularly appeared under the stipules, the dark gloomy forest forming the walls, the light of the deep blue sky penetrating solely through the feathery palm foliage. A feeling of indescribable awe and reverence was given birth to in me, and too distinctly I recognised and bowed before the might of the All-Wise."

That part of the coast in which the conditions most favourable for luxuriance of vegetation—a powerful sun, and moisture loaded with carbon—exist, is the one least fitted for man. The moist atmosphere produces not only all the bad fevers prevalent in tropical regions, but calls into existence countless armies of tormenting mosquitoes, ticks, and blood-sucking insects, which render life a complete torment. The only sounds that enliven these dark forests are the chirping of crickets and grasshoppers, the chattering of parrots, the tapping of woodpeckers, and the cry of the apes.

A few leagues more, and the plains, with their palm forests, are left behind, the country becomes undulated and rocky, chiefly volcanic, and rent by fearful chasms. In the summer months the tropical rains call forth a lively green in these savannahs or prairies, which extend from 800 to 2500 feet above the sea. At such times thousands of cows pasture on the rich juicy grass, tended by the leather-jacketed rancheros, who dwell in solitary farms, for there are neither towns nor villages in these wild districts. Yet it was not so in olden times. Traces of terraces, water-dams, houses, large cities, and miles of regular roads, are to be met with buried in shrubs and tall grass; remains of extinct tribes and of a dense agricultural population, who had been extirpated before the Spaniards invaded the country. At one time every foot of land appears to have been as diligently cultivated as the banks of the Nile, or the Euphrates in the days of Solomon. At other times of the year these wildernesses are clothed with low thorny cismosia and other shrubs and trees, whilst dark pillar-shaped cactæe, opuntias, manillareas, bromelias, and agaves start up from heaps of stones. In the dry season the prairies are also often set on fire, partly to destroy the clouds of tormenting ticks and tarantulas, partly to call forth a new crop from beneath the ashes. In this region, the village of Codasta alone, the ancient Cantastlan, with fine ruins of hewn stone, covered with sculpture, dates from an historical period; it was a royal residence, and was destroyed in the Aztec wars with the Toltecs a century before the arrival of the Spaniards.

On attaining an elevation of 2500 feet we come to the oak and evergreen forests. There is no gradual transition from bush to tree; "the complete forest stands all at once before us." This region extends to an elevation of 5000 feet. "Here we can breathe freely, no pestiferous vapours rise from the soil, no intermittent fevers rob the planter of his vigour, no enervating heats hem his activity. A soft, mild atmosphere prevails here all the year round, rendered pleasant during the day by the sea-breeze, cooled at night by the refreshing mountain air. Here the clouds, driven by the trade-wind towards the highlands, most

frequently discharge themselves; the country is never long without fertilising rain, and the plants are nightly refreshed with a heavy dew. Without artificial irrigation, here flourish the sugar-cane, rice, tobacco, and the banana; without wearisome labour, bounteous nature furnishes abundance of wholesome food within a small space."

Plants which in the north, scarcely rise above the ground become trees in this fertile region; for instance, the wolf's-milk species, the thornapple, the nightshade, and sage. This is also particularly the case with the climbing and arborescent fern, which may be reckoned amongst nature's most graceful productions. So active are the powers of nature that they call forth life wherever moisture can give. Every tree is a colony

of countless plants. The forests produce many excellent kinds of wild fruits, to which the Old World has sent its cultivated additions. An Indian village of this zone presents a truly delightful picture, surrounded by heavily-laden orange-trees and banana stalks, by fruits of every imaginable shape and hue, and by the blossoming shrubs which invariably follow the steps of man. Arborescent dahlias, graceful and various tinted blumerias, and lilacs and roses surround every Indian hut.

The traveller cannot fail, however, to experience surprise on passing through these fertile districts, where there have long been settlements—for instance, in the vicinity of Cordova, Orizava, Huatusuca, Jalapa, Papantla, and other towns—to see how little



GATEWAY OF ST. ANTONIO.

land is cultivated. This is partly accounted for by the sparse population, partly by the productiveness of the soil, which produces within a small space a mass of nutritious fruits. Who is unacquainted with the valuable and important banana or plantain, which can furnish sustenance for fifty men from ground on which wheat would not give more than would be requisite for the nourishment of two, and of the nourishing roots, such as yam, manioc, arum, batate, and arrow-root? The yield of maize is two hundred-fold, of rice fifty to sixty-fold; the coffee-plant flourishes here as in its native mountains; vanilla grows in the forests; colouring matter, spices, and drugs, are in part spontaneously brought forth by nature. Can we wonder if the colonists as well as the natives enjoy the banquet

thus prepared for them, and deem it folly to provide for the future? The very birds of the air and the beasts of the field seem to set the example of thoughtlessness and improvidence.

We find the most luxuriant vegetation at the height of from 2,500 to 4,500 feet above the sea. Most of the original settlements of the natives are met with at an elevation of between four to six thousand feet. In loftier situations the climate is no longer tropical; frequent rains cool the air, and in winter rime and snow-storms are not unusual. Nevertheless this climate is exceedingly healthy and uniform; the valleys and mountain slopes are adorned with perennial green, and the products of the temperate zones can be harvested the whole year round.

It is in the forest region, however, more than in that of the savannahs, that those picturesque scenes are met with which form the staple theme of admiration with every Mexican traveller. The mountains are deeply indented, the valleys narrow, and declivities steep, and there are everywhere indications of volcanic activity, streams of lava, craters fallen in, mountains uplifted and cast down. All the streams are torrents, and they form countless waterfalls. A vapoury cloud is often observed rising from some obscure recess of the forest; it is sure to be a cascade, precipitating itself into some deep abyss. It is only here and there that the country assumes the level appearance of plateaus, or of broader valleys. For the most part it has an alpine character, with a tropical or sub tropical aspect, smiling valleys, dark forest-grown mountains, everywhere moisture, and an exuberant vegetable and animal kingdom.

It is the reverse with the alpine or highland districts. Here the principal mountain ranges, instead of jutting forth, rise in the form of terraces and vast plains or plateaus, each of which is distinguished by the peculiar character of its vegetation. "In countless spots we find ourselves in the most beautiful woods, in all the luxuriance of a semi-tropical vegetation: a steep mountain-path conducts us 2,000 feet higher, and, as though by magic, we stand in a pine-forest, and hear the whistling of the wind as in the forests of the north." But generally the change is more gradual, and the ordinary forest trees, as the oak, alder, and arbutus, are found extending far into the pine regions. The lowest limit of the pine is usually 6,500 to 6,800 feet.

The different forms of the Mexican conifers have not only been lately described, but miniature specimens of these dwellers on the Andes are seen in most botanic gardens. These, however, can afford no idea of the grandeur and majesty of these mountain forests. The straight, slender stems, often 100 or 120 feet in height, the close summits with the branches inclining downwards, the sharp-pointed leaves, now shorter, now longer, the cones sometimes quite small, sometimes immense, the flowing groups of *Abies religiosa*, which are furnished with branches from the base upwards, the solemn stillness prevailing, interrupted only by the occasional scream of the blue jay, of the green aras, or the howl of some hungry wolf—all give rise to a feeling of loneliness, more oppressive even than that of the far-extending prairie. Ravines with foaming mountain torrents, steep masses of rock, and green meadows, afford now and then some variety to the otherwise monotonous scenery; here, too, we find all the charms of alpine vegetation. All is familiar to us, from the grasses to the different species of clover, crowfoot, potentilla, gentianae, strawberries, and violets. Vaccinæ and other mountain berries are found here as in the north, the lupins and penstemonæ blossom even at the height of 11,000 feet, where the alder already disappears, and nothing is found save the *Pinus Montezumæ*, the forest tree of greatest elevation. The juniper species are not met with so high; very few indeed grow on the east side of the mountains, but all the more on the west. The agave and cactus are only seen here and there between the rocks; they object to the moist climate of the eastern declivity, although they are not wholly unrepresented.

Although the forest disappears from the loftiest and most desolate portions of the mountains, vegetation

does not entirely cease. Large patches are still covered with grass, with some shrubs, and, still more, flowering plants; the senecio, with its silvery beard, and the snow-thistle, completely covered with grey felt, are seen, with lichens and mosses, in the loftiest regions. Above 14,500 feet the latter are alone met with, and they extend as high as 14,700 feet. On Orizava, *Parnelio elegans* rises above all. A few steps further on and we are on the borders of the region of eternal snow, or ice, for it is here a compact mass of eighteen or twenty feet in thickness, covered with loose snow, which is constantly thawing and being replaced.

From this standpoint, which is higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, let us view the country we have traversed. An interminable prospect lies before us, too extensive for every different object to be distinguished. We clearly recognise the mirror-like surface of the gulf, the darker forest-region of the coast, the lighter tracts of prairie-land. Then follow the sombre, wavy lines of the forest clad mountains, occasionally interrupted by cultivation. The chasms indicating the water courses are distinctly recognised by their profound shade; solitary white dots in the midst of the foliage we presume to be churches and villages. The mountains ascend from terrace to terrace; we recognise the line of the pine forests, where they are in full development, and the elevation where the trees completely disappear. From the threshold of rigid death, as from the North Cape, or the glaciers of Iceland, our eyes pass from the arctic zone and the pine groves of the north to the gardens of the Hesperides with their golden fruit, and thence to the glowing zone where the palms and the arborescent ferns and grasses are developed. An immeasurable panorama acquaints us with the physiognomy of the country—namely, a gradual ascent of the soil from the sea to the ridge of the highlands, and from there a gentle, declining slope to the far-extending table lands or plateaus.

It is not the same with the eastern half of Mexico as it is with the western. The land rises gradually from the Pacific to the height of 10,900 to 12,000 feet, then falls again some 3000 or 4000 feet, forming those extensive plateaus which lie from 6000 to 8000 feet above the sea, and constitute one of the great landmarks of the country. Viewed from the same summit as before, moderately lofty mountain chains are seen to bound the plain; groups of mountains, mostly pointed or with blunt cones, interrupt the surface, whilst further to the west a lofty cordillera, with a snowy summit closes the picture. No forests, no luxuriant meadow can be perceived in the valley, but on all sides cultivated fields, many villages and hamlets, also sand and moor, gray lava masses, bare mountains, or slopes with a few scattered bushes or low trees. The contrast is so great, that it seems as though one were transported to a totally different country, from the south to the north, from the fragrant forest to the dreary heath.

The great plateau, or table-land of Mexico is intersected by numerous mountain chains, which, however, never completely interrupt the communication of the plateaus with each other. From the eighteenth to the thirteenth degrees there are carriage roads, and from Mexico to Chihuahua a railroad could easily be constructed. The climate resembles that of Southern Europe, hence the vegetation has nowhere a tropical appearance, neither is it so perfectly developed, nor in

such exuberant masses. The grasses are short and fine, the trees low, the mountains bare. Succulent plants, as the cactus, agave, and yucca, with the mimosa and composite plants, determine the character of the landscape. Villages and large farms (haciendas) are met with, and attached to them are extensive cultivations of wheat, maize, barley, and pulse. On all sides the agaves bound the fields and roads, and surround the scattered dwellings.

The plains of Tlascala and Huamantla, of Puebla, Mexico, Queretaro, Morelia, and Guanajuato, present landscapes which resemble those of Southern Europe. Numerous towns, villages, and farms, surrounded by olive, fig, cherry, apple, quince, and other trees, avenues of poplar and ash, orchards and kitchen-gardens of all kinds, would make the traveller forget that he is on the ridge of the Andes, if the plantations of agaves and the garden-hedges of cactus did not remind us of Montezuma's empire.

Wherever there is neither water nor cultivation—on the rocks and mountains and on the more arid plains—succulent plants abound in the most whimsical and varied forms. An acquaintance with hot-house plants is now so general, that we may venture just to glance at these. Small and very prickly mamillares scarcely raise themselves above the ground, groups of a larger kind nestle in the rocks, melocactæ and echinocactæ of all dimensions start up, from the size of a fist to the altitude of a man, from one to three feet in diameter, furnished with short or long, with straight or curved prickles. The opuntias, or Indian figs, are crowded together in distinct groups, differing in form, size, and colour of the leaves or branches, and in blossom and fruit. The cærea creep like snakes along the ground, clinging to the branches of trees and to the rocks, or rise in the form of a pillar thirty or forty feet above the generality of their species. There is one singular species called organos, whose appearance is almost incredible. A thick, ungainly trunk, from four to six feet in height, bears several hundred upright multangular pillars of all sizes, and which, being tallest in the middle, and smaller on either side, resemble a large organ. The mountains, where frequently thousands of these plants are seen, are not unlike walls of columnar basalt. This stiff, strange, and shadeless vegetation is quite in accordance with the rest of the landscape, with the grey rocky masses of volcanic or with the yellowish calcareous mountains.

The succulent plants, however, present both man and beast with the sources of existence. Humboldt has justly termed the cactus "the vegetable spring of the wilderness." Without them and the agaves, the sterile mountains of the plateaus, being so poor in water, would be uninhabitable. Instinct teaches the oxen and horses to remove the thorns and wool on the top of the thick echinocactæ with their horns or hoofs, and to bite in the succulent flesh, so that a little reservoir is formed. During the night the clear sap collects in this, and in the morning quenches the animal's thirst; the reservoir refills itself for several weeks in succession. The animals know their watering places well, return to them every morning, and defend them against usurpers. The agave is hollowed out by man in a similar manner into a bowl, and the liquid, removed every morning and evening, easily ferments, and constitutes the favourite drink *pulque*. The young leaves of the opuntias are used as a favourite vegetable: the juicy fruit eaten raw is highly refreshing; dried

and pressed, it is not unlike fig, and forms an object of traffic. The juice of the fruit is sometimes converted into syrup, sometimes, slightly fermented, and termed *colanche*, it forms a substitute for wine at the festivals of the shepherds and mountaineers. Pulque is, however, the chief drink of Mexico. A large plant produces daily about eight bottles of sap, and there are plantations of twenty thousand to forty thousand. Caravans of several hundred mules are frequently met with conveying this nectar of the Indians to the towns in goatskins. The quantity of alcohol in pulque is about the same as in strong beer, and, as our author says, "one should see the happy faces of the Indians, squatting in a circle, without distinction of sex, and passing round the filled schikals (large gourds), one must see them staggering home from their feasts, in order to comprehend how so vast a quantity of sap can be consumed." In districts where water is rarely seen, it is often very difficult to procure a glass, whilst every Indian willingly offers a cup of pulque. The natives, it is to be observed, however, seldom use it till it has acquired a strong taste and a disagreeable fetid smell, and as it is fermented in oxskins with the hair inside, and carried in goatskins, the flavour is not always tempting to a stranger. Ropes, thread, sacks, and cloth are also, it may be observed, woven out of the same plant, which, to the Indians, is in some districts almost everything. They build their huts, light their fires, weave their cloth, and supply their table from this invaluable gift of God.

The heat and dryness on the table-lands, which do not all present exactly the same physiognomy, are greatest from March till June; the trees then lose their foliage, the course of the rivers and brooks alone being indicated by a green line. A dense bluish fog fills the atmosphere, arising from the heated state of the lower strata of air. Vertical atmospheric currents often take place, whirling grass and dry leaves to an immense height. All these phenomena vanish on the approach of the rainy season. The air is then most pure; everything assumes its green covering. The winter months are somewhat raw, and on the more elevated plateaus night frosts are not uncommon, snow falling occasionally, rarely, however, lying more than a day, although in the northern highland valleys it sometimes lies a week.

II.

FACILITIES OF TRANSPORT IN MEXICO—SUGAR AND COFFEE PLANTATIONS—MINES—VOLCANOES—BARRANCAS OR CHASMS—SOCIAL AND POLITICAL RELATIONS OF THE MEXICANS—MESTIZOS OR MESTIZOS—LAMBOS—INDIANS—LEPEROS OR PROLETARIANS—POLITICAL EVENTS—GENERAL DEMORALIZATION—PICTURE OF A MEXICAN REVOLT.

SOUTH AMERICA has its plateaus like Mexico, and those of Quito, Cusco, and Cundinamarca: are in part loftier than the latter. But they are separated from each other by profound and extensive valleys, and bounded by enormous chasms, with a tropical climate, from which the ascent to the cold Paramos is made with incredible fatigue. Not so in Mexico, where from south to north travellers and merchandise meet with uninterrupted vehicular transmission. Although there are three principal mountain ranges, the middle one is so constituted that the connection with the table land is everywhere feasible by means of broad valleys. It is only the declination towards the sea that is less favourable for travellers. In the south,

for example, the descent from the mountains from Chiapas to the gulf is so steep, that it is impossible even to employ mules, and both goods and travellers have to be conveyed on the backs of Indians.

Taken altogether, the western slope is less abrupt than the eastern, and yet it is in parts more difficult for the construction of roads. The character of the landscape also differs much. The country is drier and hotter, the dense luxuriant forests are rarer, whilst more grasses and a slight growth of resinous trees—mimosas and terebinthias—are met with. The sea-coast is rather rocky than sandy; and there are safer bays than on the gulf. Dense palm forests border the lagoons, and the valleys are adorned with charming groups of palms, *caesalpinia*, and figs.

There are districts where the industry of man has introduced artificial irrigation on a grand scale. Sugar and coffee plantations, equal to the most considerable in the West Indies, exist in the fertile plains south of Mexico. Extensive plantations are also met with in the plains of Mechoacan, but, generally speaking, little is cultivated, save what can be sown during the rainy season, although there are many Indian villages, the inhabitants of which plant vegetables and fruits in artificially irrigated fields. The yield of cotton along the coast is good, but there is a want of hands in the plantations, and the dwellers on the plateaus shun the coast as carefully as they would the infernal regions.

The country is very thinly peopled, and would have still fewer inhabitants if the mountains towards the South Sea were not so rich in metals. Most of the towns and villages owe their origin to miners, and new colonies are founded by them alone. In these mountains mining is very ancient; before the Europeans discovered America, the Aztecs diligently worked the diggings of Taschko, where, at the present day, the mining town of Tasco is built upon silver. From Tehuantepec to Arispe, and further to the north, the mountains between the sea and table-land are metalliferous. In the north of Sonora are extensive gold fields, richer, perhaps, than those of California. Silver, copper, lead, and iron have been found everywhere; but the rich veins can scarcely be said to have been opened for want of hands to prosecute such undertakings with advantage. When, in the course of time, the Germanic population penetrates further south, and the Hispano-Indian race is replaced by one more energetic and enterprising, the extraordinary wealth of this country will be duly appreciated.

These mountains have also a remarkable number of hot salt springs, giving off much gas. Subterranean fires are not everywhere extinct, and occasionally burst forth here or there, committing the most extensive ravages, or convulsing the earth with terrific spasms. In the south, a succession of volcanoes passing from Oajaca through Chiapas are connected with the burning mountains of Guatemala. Cempulcopec, one of the loftiest points of the Cordilleras of Oajaca, is a volcanic cone, and the frequent earthquakes in the plateaus of Oajaca always appear at the same time as those of Guatemala. The chief range of the Mexican volcanoes lies, however, between the nineteenth and twentieth degrees of north latitude, and may be traced from the Atlantic to the South Sea across the whole country. The last eruption of the Tustla, only sixty miles from Vera Cruz, took place in 1789, when the ashes lay several inches deep in towns situated twenty miles distance. The last eruption of Orizava, the highest point

of the Mexican Andes, being 17,819 feet in elevation, occurred in 1569, and lasted twenty years; but the internal fires are not extinct, and the lurking monster may, like Etna, again terrify those dwelling on or near it, even after the lapse of three centuries. The base of the giant is also surrounded for a considerable distance with smaller volcanoes. Two rivers, which rise on the east side of Orizava, suddenly disappear. The perpendicularly rocky walls, from 1000 to 2000 feet high, of the profound chasms which are met with for some miles in the volcanic soil, give the best idea, with the height of the mountains themselves, of the might of volcanic ravages in this country in former times.

Popocatepetl (from the Aztec "popoca" to smoke, and "teptl," mountain), 17,773 feet high, is not extinct, and the neighbouring snow mountain, Iztacchualt, bears the same relation to it as the Coffin of Perote does to Orizava: it is "a ruined flue of the same hearth." From Toluca to the South Sea two more volcanoes are still active—Jorulla and Colima; the latter, since the earliest known periods, the other a recent production of the mighty subterranean fires, which in the middle of the last century called forth terror and dismay on all sides. The whole succession of volcanic mountains in Mexico, according to Sartorius, from Tustla on the Gulf to Colima, traverses the mountain range at right angles, and all seem to stand on a great rent or cleft in the firm crust of the earth; even Jorulla, the most recent in its origin, exhibits a cleft far down in the crater, at a right angle with the mountains. Frequent observations have shown that for the last twenty years the earthquakes were most severely felt in the volcanic line, and that the shocks were more from east to west, or *vice versa*. We shall, however, when giving an account of recent as compared with former ascents of the two celebrated volcanoes and loftiest of the Andes of Mexico, enter more into details regarding them.

The deep almost perpendicular rents—barraques, as they are called, those wonderful chasms which are so frequent in all parts of the country—are amongst the most striking peculiarities of Mexico. The greater part are met with between the mountains and the sea; but they are not uncommon on the table-land. In many parts the country is so rent by chasms that one cannot travel a league from north to south without finding the road interrupted by these perpendicular abysses. They are frequently narrow clefts, with bare perpendicular rocky walls, more than 1,000 feet in height; but often they are of immense width, the sides having, by falling in, formed different stories or terraces. Sometimes several chasms communicate, the result being highly picturesque. Foaming torrents almost invariably hurry through these ravines, plunging from rock to rock, sometimes as a noisy cascade, sometimes as a roaring cataract. There are an incredible number of these waterfalls in the country, vying with one another in sublimity. The humidity also brings forth a most luxuriant vegetation in the shady dells.

These chasms naturally interfere a great deal with the communication in the interior, being frequently inaccessible for a distance of many leagues; and even when a passage can be effected, long use and confidence in the sure-footedness of the mules and horses are requisite to enable one to ride down these neck-breaking, winding, rocky paths. In some places they are spanned by natural bridges of rock, as at the "Puente de Dios," near Puebla; at others by a fallen tree; or they are crossed by the Maromas or hanging

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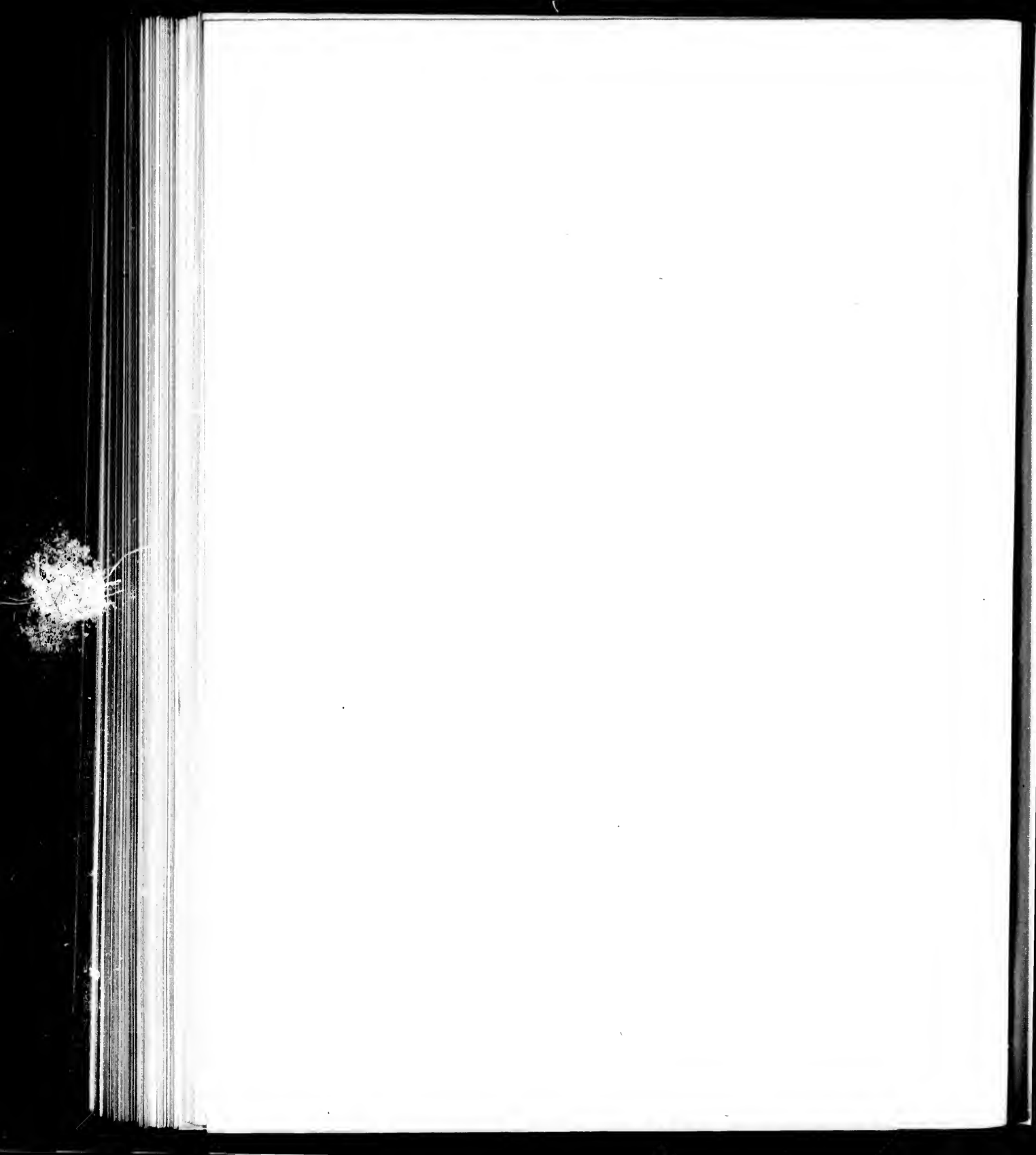
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CANAL OF CHALCO.



bridges of the Indians, as also by means of a basket suspended by a rope.

The little plantations of the Indians are frequently found in the depths of these chasms, with their bananas and kitchen gardens in the midst of a dense growth of forest trees, in spots apparently quite inaccessible. The Indian likes the dangers and the solitude of the chasms; a cave affords him shelter, and he fears neither the jaguar prowling about in the night, nor the swarms of monkeys that plunder his fruit.

We wish we had space to add something concerning the zoology of Mexico, in connection with which interesting subjects much that is fabulous has been printed—as, for example, by Tummel, in his *Mexico and the Mexicans*, where he speaks of apes of such monstrous dimensions as fear or drunkenness could alone have imparted to the reality. The learned professor, Lichenstein, of Berlin, also considers many of the animals described by old Hernandez as fabulous, but Sartorius tells us that the old author was right, and that the animals exist. The consideration of such a subject, as well as that of, geology and mineralogy of the country would, however, carry us beyond all moderate limits.

Turn we, then, to the Mexicans and their social and political relations. According to the people themselves, they are of two kinds, "*gente de razon y gente sin razon*," or, the reasoning and the unreasoning—that is to say, the whites, and the red and black races—the mixed races not only asserting their claim to some modicum of reason, but being at the same time more pertinaciously opposed to the Indians than the whitest of the whites. The law happily knows no distinctions; the constitution has placed all the citizens of the country, whatever their colour, on an equal footing, all privileges of birth are annihilated, and slavery has been long since eradicated. Customs, however, which have taken root amongst the people, and are perpetuated by the language, cannot be easily obliterated by law, and we consequently find in Mexico an aristocracy of colour, as in Europe we find an aristocracy of birth.

The Mexican population presents the most striking contrasts. On one side, splendour and luxury, elegant carriages, and Parisian fashions; on the other, dirt and indigence, an exclusive life with a separate national type in its outward appearance, in language, and manners. The different figures that pass before us comprise a leaf of the history of the country—a sad one, as with so many nations. The dusky Indian ruled here, and boasted a mighty empire; the superior intelligence of the Europeans conquered it, and rendered the freemen slaves. The severe tasks imposed on them carried off thousands, and to save them from extirpation the black African was introduced. When Cortes with his daring band conquered Mexico, the dominant race was that of the Aztecs, who, coming as invaders from the north, had subjected the peaceful agricultural nation of the Toltecs, and, enriched with immense booty, had adopted the customs of those they had overthrown. The noblest of the Aztecs fell in the struggle with the Spaniards; their property passed into the hands of the victors, who at the same time became possessed of the families of those who had fallen; the rude warriors were pleased with their acquisition, and married the dusky daughters of the country, who were rendered their equals by baptism. Cortes himself married the beautiful *Marina*, or

Matintzin. At the time no one considered this a misalliance, the expression Mestizo, or Mestizo, was unknown, and the noble families of the Aztecs were regarded as nobles of Spain. Besides these noble alliances there have been others of a less distinguished and often of a less legitimate character, and, during three centuries, "the priest and the monk, the soldier and the young creole, have continued to graft the Caucasian stock on the wild trunk."

Thus arose the numerous Mestizo population, which has inherited in part the brown hue of the mother, but also the greater energy and more vigorous mind of the father. The gradations of colour are naturally determined by the degree of relationship, the union of the Mestizos with the whites giving rise to a lighter, that with the Indians to a darker, hue. The African race, which is but slightly represented in Mexico, has such very marked characteristics, that it may be recognised, in spite of every intermarriage, by the woolly hair, thick lips, and broad, compressed nose. From the union of a negro with an Indian female, or of a mulatto with a negress, arise those dark brown Mestizos, known on the west coast by the appellation of *Zumbos*; in general, however, the different degrees of colour are not taken into consideration, as was the case when slavery still existed, and as it still is in the West Indies and North America. Mexico, in fact, never had many slaves, and these only in the torrid regions on the coast. In the higher districts, where there was no want of hands, the conviction had long since been arrived at that the labour of free men was cheaper than that of slaves. When, in 1810, the Creole population rose against the Spanish rule, abolition of slavery was proclaimed in one of the first paragraphs, and as soon as they had attained complete independence, it was determined by the constitution that slavery should not be permitted within the bounds of the republic, and that every slave should be free as soon as he touched Mexican ground.

The varied groups of the Mexican population have something highly original, and form an excellent relief to the landscape, particularly the Creole in the country, and the Mestizo, who, as horsemen, are quite equal to the Arabs, and gallop about the far-extending plateaus. In the towns, the younger Creole belonging to the educated classes is dressed in the European style. The desire to play the dandy is unmistakable in the young people, whilst the old Creole, as well as the Spaniard, never quits his dwelling without his long dark cloak, even though the sun be in the zenith.

The Creoles constitute a seventh part of the population, or about 1,200,000. In outward appearance they approach the Spaniards; and yet a peculiar type is unmistakable. The Creole is, above all, passionately attached to every kind of festive amusement, is a great admirer of the fair sex, and most pertinaciously addicted to gambling. The morality of the women is upon a par with that of the men. The Creoles constitute the chief part of the population of the cities; they are government officials, physicians, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, mining proprietors, and artificers. The great landed proprietors, the country traders, and the higher orders of the clergy, also belong to this class. The wealthy Creole is a friend to luxury; he has showy equipages, beautiful saddle-horses, numerous servants, but no comfort in his house. Domestic life is very different from that of the Germanic races. The life led by the ladies in their boudoirs savours

somewhat of the Oriental; they work beautifully with the needle, weave and embroider, play, sing, and smoke, the latter from early youth, but the intellectual element is wanting, the understanding and the feelings are uncultivated, and sensuality therefore easily obtains the upperhand. Yet they are said to be amiable and animated, and their society, as well as their persons, to be very attractive. The respect paid by the children to their parents is a redeeming feature in the character of the Creoles, who are also generally humane, compassionate, kind, and indulgent. The Creole has retained the liveliness, the excitability, and the romantic sentiments of the Spaniard, but while the latter is conservative, the Mexican Creole is for progress; he is also liberal and tolerant even in religious matters, whilst the Spaniard never quits the established forms in Church and State. The Spaniard labours perseveringly, seeks also to profit in detail, and saves what he has earned for old age; the Mexican earns with facility, but just as easily lets it slip through his fingers; he seeks to enjoy the fleeting moment, and leaves Providence to care for the future.

The aborigines of America, from Canada to the mountains of Araucaria, have fundamentally the same type of features, greatly modified of course by position and climate, mode of life, and peculiar customs. The aborigines of Mexico, too, though divided into many tribes, and separated by totally different languages, exhibit at the first glance the peculiarities of a race. They are naturally close, distrustful and calculating. This among themselves as well as in their intercourse with strangers. It lies in their language, their manners, and their history. Their expressions are always ambiguous, and they are refined diplomatists in their negotiations. Even the priests cannot understand the confessions of their converts, the penitent delivering himself in metaphors and riddles. An Indian can seldom prevail on himself to tell a stranger his name, and usually gives a false one, lest he should be compromised. They are submissive and servile, with the exception of the Apaches and Comanches, who still retain their independence in the northern country. The Indians have the advantage of numerical superiority, constituting about five-eighths of the population, and apprehensions might be entertained of their awakening to a sense of their being a conquered race. But this is unlikely; they have lost all history and all spirit, there is no union among them, and as they enjoy the same right as the other inhabitants, they have no cause for discontent. Speaking some four-and-thirty different languages, they still live in communities, partly in villages, partly in towns, where they have their separate quarters. They choose their own municipal officers. All the subjected Indians are Roman Catholics, and most of their priests are of their own race. They have also elementary schools, but they are little cared for.

The Mestizo, or Mestizo, is properly the offspring of a white father and an Indian mother. But the various relations of the Mestizos among themselves, and with the whites and Indians, have given to the name a much wider signification. There is this great peculiarity about the Mestizo, however, and which is almost general, that while the Creole has taken for pattern his progenitor the Spaniard, and sought as far as possible to reproduce him, while the Indian was quietly preserving the usages of his forefathers without ever being able to assert a prominent position, the Mestizo

has never been anything else than Mexican, and the Creole has adopted his peculiarities rather than the reverse.

The Mestizo is a hardy fellow, of lank, elastic form; his complexion is not white, neither is it copper-coloured, like that of the Indian, but a light brown, through which the flush of the cheek appears. The hair is thick and black, but softer than the Indian's, the forehead higher, the eyes brilliant, sometimes black, sometimes hazel. He has inherited the Roman nose and heavy black beard of his father, the white teeth and small foot of the mother. One might take him for an Arab, as, lance in hand, he rushes past upon his light steed. He is an excellent horseman, of a bold, excitable disposition, temperate and persevering, but levity itself; always prepared for the dance or game, undisturbed by any care for the future, if the present moment has anything to enjoy.

The Mestizos are distinguishable from the Creoles on the one side, and the Indians on the other, by dress, as well as by complexion and language. The Creole contests his equality, while the Indian hates him as the bastard of his daughter; hence the progress is continually towards the whites, and the nearer the Mestizo approaches the Creole in colour, the more easy becomes the amalgamation. That which has once been torn away from the Indian race rarely returns to unite itself again. The Indian seeks his marriage alliances only among those of unmixed blood; the ambition of the Mestizo is only satisfied with a wife of a fairer colour than himself. Still the numerical superiority of the Indians would lend support to Dr. Knox's theory of the greater adaptability of the Indian races to their own climates; the Mestizos do not, indeed, reckon above two millions, or one-fourth of the entire population.

As the kind of foliage determines the physiognomy of the landscape, so do the cities bear the characteristic impress of a people's life and manners. The Mexican cities show, at the first glance, a common origin with the Romanic nations of Southern Europe: straight streets, open squares, stone houses with flat roofs, numerous churches with glistening cupolas, far-extending citadel-like cloisters, Mounts of Calvary, magnificent aqueducts like those of ancient Rome—splendour and luxury on the one hand, filth and nakedness on the other. The two Castiles have furnished the models; there, as well as here, we find the same lack of trees, the same absence of beautiful parks and gardens, of cleanly and pleasant environs. In Mexico the suburbs are mean and dirty, and inhabited by the lowest classes. Refuse and filth, carcasses of animals and rubbish of buildings, are found piled up at the entrance of the streets by the side of wretched hovels, the abode of ragged vagabonds or half-naked Indians. Lean, hungry dogs and flocks of carrion vultures beleaguere these loathsome, neglected precincts, and the traveller hastens his pace on passing to withdraw both nose and eyes from such unpleasant impressions. Although this picture applies almost universally to the towns on the table-lands, it is not so on the eastern coast, where at Jalapa, Orizava, and Cordova, for example, the suburbs are a labyrinth of fruit gardens, from among which the red-tiled roofs of the cottages look forth with remarkable cheerfulness.

The Mexican cities, it is to be observed, have their numerous and peculiar proletarians as well as Naples and Seville; and, indeed, while the well-known Lan-

zaroni have perhaps more skill in devouring macaroni, they scarcely represent their class so worthily as the Leperos—or, as they are also called, Pelados—of Mexico. In Europe it is very hard to be obliged to belong to this class, in Mexico it is deliberately chosen; no pressure of circumstances can hinder the freedom of development, in which the peculiar talent of the Mexican can display itself to the greatest advantage. The Leperos are proletarians in the strictest sense of the word. Epicureans on principle, they avoid the annoyance of work as much as possible, and seek for enjoyment wherever it may be obtained.

The possession of house and farm produces cares, and it is inconvenient to lock up boxes and chests, therefore they decline troubling themselves about such. The whole individual, with all that he has about him, is not worth a goat, and yet he is in the best humour in the world, and ready to sing and dance. When evening comes, he rarely knows where to lay his head at night, nor how to fill his empty stomach in the morning. A shirt is an article of luxury, but agreeable as a reserve in order to pawn it, or stake it, according to circumstances. If he is in luck he buys one, and a pair of trousers of manta (cheap cotton stuff). His chief possession is the frazada, a coarse, striped cloth, protecting him against stabs or blows, his bed and counterpane for the night, his state dress for church and market. This, his toga virilis, the Lepero throws over his shoulders with more pathos, he produces a greater effect with it, than formerly Cicero and Pompey, and should he eventually fall by the knife of an irritated *t.é.*, he does so with as much dignity as the great Cæsar on the ides of March. Sympathising friends then wrap him in his royal robe, passing a cord round him like a bale of goods, and thus he wanders to the grave simply as he lived.

The proletarians, it is to be observed, are exclusively Mestizos; the Indians, poor as they seem to be, as peasants, landowners, mechanics, and as members of a community, are never proletarians. The Indian supports himself and his family honestly; he pays his taxes, lives in well-to-do, and does not leave his village to wander about like a Lepero vagabond. Two men proved by their vigorous administration that this bad system could be a good deal controlled: these were Count Revilla-Gigedo, viceroy in Mexico from 1789 till 1794, and General Miguel Tacón, governor-general in Cuba some twenty years since. The position of the latter was uncommonly difficult, as in the Havannah he had to do with a most vile description of proletarians, consisting of negroes and mulattoes, and with a dissipated, unruly nobility.

It is strange to think that, with such a motley and immoral population, it was not till the beginning of this century that the idea of a separation from the mother country, and the assumption of an independent political existence, began to take root in the Spanish provinces in America. In Mexico, it was not till 1810 that the independent party, led by Hidalgo and Allende, took up arms against the Spaniards. In this sanguinary struggle, which lasted ten years, the leaders frequently changed, for the sword carried off many. The popular party gave evidence of much talent and bravery, as in the persons of the two ecclesiastics, Morelos and Matamoros, but, defeated by superior tactics and discipline, they had to have recourse to that guerilla warfare to which the country is peculiarly adapted. The chiefs of these guerillas, Guerrero, Bravo, Cos, and

Victoria, termed themselves generals, but their sphere of action was very limited.

The revolt of Augustin Iturbid, a Mexican by birth, but a soldier in the ranks of the Spaniards, ultimately secured to the country its independence, but superadded a military despotism. The sudden elevation of this adventurer to the throne rendered him giddy, and he was deposed by the same power by which he had been elevated. The people then chose the republican form of government, and, moreover, the federal constitution, after the precedent of the United States. At the same time, most civil offices and employments, as well as military commands, fell into the hands of the insurgents, many of them uneducated, and only calculated to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of their subalterns. The national guard was looked to as the chief defence of the country, but it was so badly organised that it became the tool and the butt of the line. Owing partly to this circumstance—the incapability of the individuals in power—the demoralisation of the patriots, and the incompetency of the national guard, there has been nothing but civil commotion ever since the institution of the republic: the standing army playing the pitiful part of assisting sometimes one partisan, sometimes another, to gain the upper hand.

The army itself became as demoralised as all the other institutions in the country by the revolt which carried Santanna into power. This rude and immoral egotist, to whom honour and conscience, fidelity and faith, were but as empty words, deprived the army of many excellent officers by dismissing the Spaniards and replacing them by an utterly worthless set—the willing instruments of his selfish plans. During Santanna's long dictatorship every branch of the administration fell into disorder. In the government expenditure immense sums—from twelve million to fifteen million pesos—figured every year for the war department, and yet there were no warlike stores; the troops were badly clothed, the fortresses dismantled. The army, which ought to have been 36,000 strong, could scarcely number 10,000. Yet, fabulous as it may appear, the army register counted 120 generals and 30,000 officers, all demanding their pay for doing nothing; and the country had to feed this flock of vampires. This superiority in the number of officers over that of soldiers had its origin in the guerilla times, when chiefs elected peasants into officers at pleasure, the evil was increased at each civic disturbance, each successive pronunciamiento being followed by the creation of colonels and generals—satellites of the successful aspirant to administrative powers, whoever he might be. The description of the way in which a Mexican revolt is concocted and carried out is alike amusing and instructive.

It suddenly occurs to some former soldier, perhaps a captain, residing in a village three hundred leagues from the capital, that the government is good for nothing. He speaks about it with Jack and Peter of the same village, reads the newspaper to them, shows letters from friends of consequence, which also blame the minister, and harangues his gossips that it is for them to change matters. They are content, and beat up proletarians for their scheme—rascals who prefer spending money to working, and know well enough that little is to be risked in such matters. A discontented colonel is known; he is informed that the country looks up to him as her liberator, and he is

requested to place himself at their head. If he be one of the right sort, he comes with some of his confidants, a consultation is immediately held, and the plan for reforming the world is concocted. The same night the town-hall is taken possession of, the aldermen are sent for, are made acquainted with the intentions of the revolutionists, and compelled to do homage. On this the tax-gatherer is obliged to hand over all he has in his strong-box, and should it be little, a forced loan is raised from the disaffected shopkeepers of the place, the alarm-bell is rung, rockets are sent up, and when all the inhabitants are assembled in the market-place they are informed of what has taken place. Now follow loud cheers for the patriots, especially for the

general-in-chief, as he is dubbed. A proclamation is then put forth, addressed to the whole nation, which is, of course, read with applause, and as soon as a sufficiently animating quantity of spirits has been drunk, it is resolved to march upon the next market-town. All hasten to fetch their arms and horses; the women howl and refuse to let their husbands depart; and, indeed, with many of them no great amount of persuasion is requisite. They slip out of the back door to the forest till the tumult is over. At length, after midnight, the patriotic army is ready to march. Though few, they are full of courage; the bottle is passed round once more at the expense of the regiment, and the heroes vanish in darkness.



MOUNT IZTACCHUALT—THE WHITE WOMAN.

If all goes well, several villages are surprised and join the rebels. When the principal village of a district has given in its adherence, a provisional government is appointed, and the army (200 men, perhaps) organised, armed, and drilled, the newspapers are full of it, a detachment of fifty soldiers is sent out against them by the prefect, but returns with all speed at sight of the superior numbers of the foe. The prefect packs up his archives and hastens off, whilst every one seeks to conceal his property of all kinds. Men who can be depended on are sent to treat with the insurgents, to sound them, and to promise to join them in order to gain time. Meanwhile fleet messengers are sent off to the provincial government and to the federal govern-

ment. The provincial authorities complain that they have neither money nor arms to put down the increasing movement, presume that the conspiracy has far extending ramifications, talk of a certain party, who are waiting for the favourable moment only, and request speedy assistance from the capital. If the pronunciados were energetic men, they might generally march half-way across the country before meeting with any organised resistance; but they decline going far—merely look around to see where they can lay their hands on some public funds and guard against a surprise. They have great difficulty in keeping their men together, who have all sorts of scruples really when the excitement is at an end. An instance is related where

the whole quota of a village declared to their chief that they must now return home to have their shirts washed!

At length information is brought that the government troops have marched. A council of war is held; it is resolved to occupy a strong position, to withdraw to the mountains; nevertheless they remain for the present in the village. A well-combined attack would in a general way settle the whole affair, and place them all at the mercy of the government; but milder measures must be attempted. The blood of citizens must not be shed, and those who have strayed must be reclaimed. The rebels proudly reject all advances; some of the outposts fire on each other from a distance of a thousand yards; a dozen of the government soldiers desert; this is a bad omen, and prudence is the mother of wisdom. Some honest people of the neighbourhood offer their mediation, which is accepted, and the end of the story is, that after several bootless marches, after wasting a tolerable quantity of powder, an agreement is come to, according to the terms of which the chiefs of the pronunciados lay down their arms and acknowledge the authority of the government, retain the rank, dignity, and pay which they have conferred on themselves, keep what they have stolen from the state, dismiss their army, and are all completely amnestied.

This is the way in which civil commotions incessantly arise, and are as incessantly extinguished, and all real progress is impeded, the social condition deteriorated, commerce injured, and property rendered insecure, whilst the army continues to be supplied with incompetent colonels and generals. Santanna himself signed thirteen thousand commissions whilst he was at the head of affairs. Many of them were given to mere children and others to reward other services besides such as were of a political or military nature. Thus it is related, a good German shoemaker made his excellency a wonderful boot for his club-foot. The artist was rewarded according to his deserts with a captain's commission, for he had helped to put the first man in the republic on his legs. The cobbler now determined not to stick to his last, but to strut about with his plumed hat and sabre. The shoe-shop, however, was still carried on, although the captain had so much to do with his comrades in the coffee-houses and guard-rooms, and had such difficulty in quenching the thirst thereby given rise to, that the master had no time to cut out, or to look after his journeymen. The customers complained of corns, of bad workmanship, and gave their orders elsewhere; and ere long this respected thriving German shoemaker had become a poor vagabondising Mexican captain.

No wonder, then, if in the Mexican army of officers as thus constituted, amateur robbers, bandits, and forgers are to be met with. Where there is such a total want of education and morality, there is just as little military honour. Yet with all this, Spaniard, Mestizo, or proletarian alike, believe themselves to be the cream of the earth in point of knowledge, activity, and courage. Their vanity, as with most uneducated nations, is unbounded. The war with the United States did them an infinite deal of good in this respect. They found that they were not precisely the invincible heroes that they deemed themselves—especially in the presence of their mistresses. But even on this occasion there was no popular or general rising in the country, or Scott's army would have been annihilated.

He was allowed to penetrate from Vera Cruz into the interior, across the mountains, and through the most difficult passes, without an arm being raised against him. And he was further permitted to occupy such a position, and to bring up his reserve and supplies, without a blow being struck. "The laurels which Scott gained," says Sartorius, "were owing less to his tactics and bravery than to the weakness and indolence of his opponent."

Such, then, is the present state of Mexico, a country presenting as great a variety and richness of resources in the vegetable and mineral world as perhaps any country on the face of the earth, possessing almost unequalled advantages in climate, soil, and configuration, and yet are three of its finest provinces, Sonora, Durango, and Chimalon, overrun by wild Apaches and Comanches, whom a handful of men ought to drive any day from their forest and mountain lairs, while the more civilised portions of the country have been for a long time past subjected to the discomfords and abuses of revolutions, brought about by a needy, unprincipled, and demoralised set of officials and adventurers. It is to be hoped that the interference of Britain, France, and Spain, in the cause of order and good government, will work a quick change, and introduce forthwith an entirely new order of things.

III.

ASCENT OF THE POPOCATAPETL OF SMOKE MOUNTAIN—PREVIOUS ASCENTS—GATE OF SAN ANTONIO—CANAL OF CHALCO AND VALLEY OF MEXICO—CURIOUS HERB—BEAUTIFUL AZTEC GARDENS—NATURAL OBELISKS—CHALCO—COTTON FACTORY—TOWN OF AHCACAMECA—MEMBERS OF THE SCIENTIFIC MISSION—HACIENDA OR FARM OF TOMACOCO.

A SMALL party left Mexico early on the morning of the 17th of January, on a charming day. They were bound to ascend the grand Popocatepetl, next to Orizava the loftiest of the Mexican Andes. The name derived from the Aztec "popoca," to smoke, and teptl, "mountain," is not prepossessing, yet we have an approximation to its most repulsive syllable in the Turkish "tepeh" or hill—tell of the Arabs. It was considered by Humboldt, who determined its elevation at 17,773 feet as the highest point of the country. M. Sartorius says, in his work of Mexico, that as early as the years 1824 and 1825, he repeatedly felt convinced that he had seen smoke rising from the crater, though he was disbelieved, at least by the natives. In April, 1834, Mr. Frederick von Gerolt, afterwards Prussian Minister at Washington, ascended to the summit; according to his estimation, the enormous crater was about a league in circumference, with steep, almost perpendicular, sides of about 800 feet in elevation. At the bottom were two sulphur springs, the water of which was precipitated into the lower part of the crater. In the upper part steam issued from numerous crevices, also impregnated with sulphur. They also rise from the crater itself in greater or less volumes, and consequently may be seen at a distance. It was found impossible to descend into the crater. At this height the cold is very intense, but the rarefied atmosphere was still more troublesome, and gave rise to an oppressive feeling of anxiety. There was on this mountain, as on Orizava, a desert tract between the grassy region and the snow.

After this first expedition, Popocatepetl was frequently ascended by Europeans. One party arrived at the summit just as the bowels of the mountain were in combustion; the crater vomited forth smoke,

and great masses of stone were cast up, though without reaching the edge, as they always fell back again into the abyss. Fine sand only was hurled high up in the air.

It is well known that the mountain was ascended by order of Cortes, and that the first visitors beheld molten masses in the crater, which they took for gold, and were at great pains to get out. It is also known that the sulphur was procured from this crater at great risk, which served the Spaniards for the fabrication of the first powder in Mexico. The volcano has, therefore, been in activity for now three centuries, without exhibiting any violent eruption.

No sooner had our party issued forth from the gate of San Antonio (*see* p. 573), than the renowned volcano could be at once perceived in the horizon, and not far from it the lofty snow-mountain, Iztaccihuatl, from the Aztec, "Iztac," white, and "cihuatl," woman; and so named from an Indian tradition, alluded to in a splendid passage of Prescott's, where he describes an episode in the life of the Conquistador, and which has consecrated the "white woman" as the wife of its more formidable neighbour. Sartorius remarks more philosophically, if less poetically, that this mountain bears the same relation to Popocatepetl, as the Coffer of Perote does to Orizava, "it is a ruined flue from the same hearth." (*See* p. 582.)

Compared with the other heights that rose up around them, says the historian of the expedition,—M. Laverrière,—on the great Mexican upland, and which seemed insignificant in their presence, these twin mountains lifted up their bright white helmets, as if to defy us beforehand. It really seemed, indeed, as if our difficulties were to commence at the onset, for notwithstanding that the previous months had been very dry, the great causeway that leads in a straight line from Mexico to Penon Viego, was submerged by the far-spreading waters of Lake Tezcoco. This circumstance rendered it necessary to follow a very devious route. We left the church of Churubusco, a place of some celebrity in the warlike annals of Mexico, to the right, and crossing the Mexicuiltzingo, enlivened by the Indian boats that ply upon the canal of Chalco (*see* page 577, for scene on the canal, with a general view of the Valley of Mexico, and the two mountains on the horizon), we arrived at Ixtapalapan, once a powerful and populous city, but now a ruinous village. Near this place is a barren hill, which, in the time of the Aztecs, was the locality of a curious ceremony. Tezozomoc relates that there was a temple on the said hill, Tahnallineau, at which the Acheacantzins, or chiefs of Mexico, came to present as an offering, little packets called emahamatl, and which inclosed whatever had been carefully removed from the visages of widows, whose duty it was to remain during a mourning of eighty days without washing themselves.

But that which constituted the pride of Ixtapalapan, before the arrival of the Spaniards, and which boasted of fifteen thousand houses in the time of Cortes, were its gardens, celebrated throughout the whole country of the Aztecs. Traversed by a navigable canal, which communicated with the Lake of Tezcoco, they were divided into separate portions, adorned with graceful trellis work, which supported climbing plants, while at their base grew shrubs, with bright fragrant flowers, and delicious fruits. The borders of the canal were decorated with curious sculptures, and wide steps led down to the level of the water, which was further dis-

tributed over the garden in lesser channels, and thus maintained a perpetual coolness in the shades. The establishments devoted to horticulture in Europe would not at that time bear comparison with what the art of the Aztecs had effected. Alas! scarcely had a generation of the "more civilised" Europeans succeeded to that of Cortes, than this very spot, once so charming, could no longer be known. Ixtapalapan, its buildings and gardens, were all alike deserted; the waters drained from the table land, and its wood cut down by the conquistadores, have left behind them nothing but saline efflorescences, while repulsive reptiles and birds of prey have made their home in the midst of ruins that were once the palaces of kings. The miserable remnant of population in the village derives a scanty subsistence from these efflorescences of natron, or carbonate of soda—called *tequesquite* in the country, and which men, women, and children are daily employed in collecting for the consumption of Mexico.

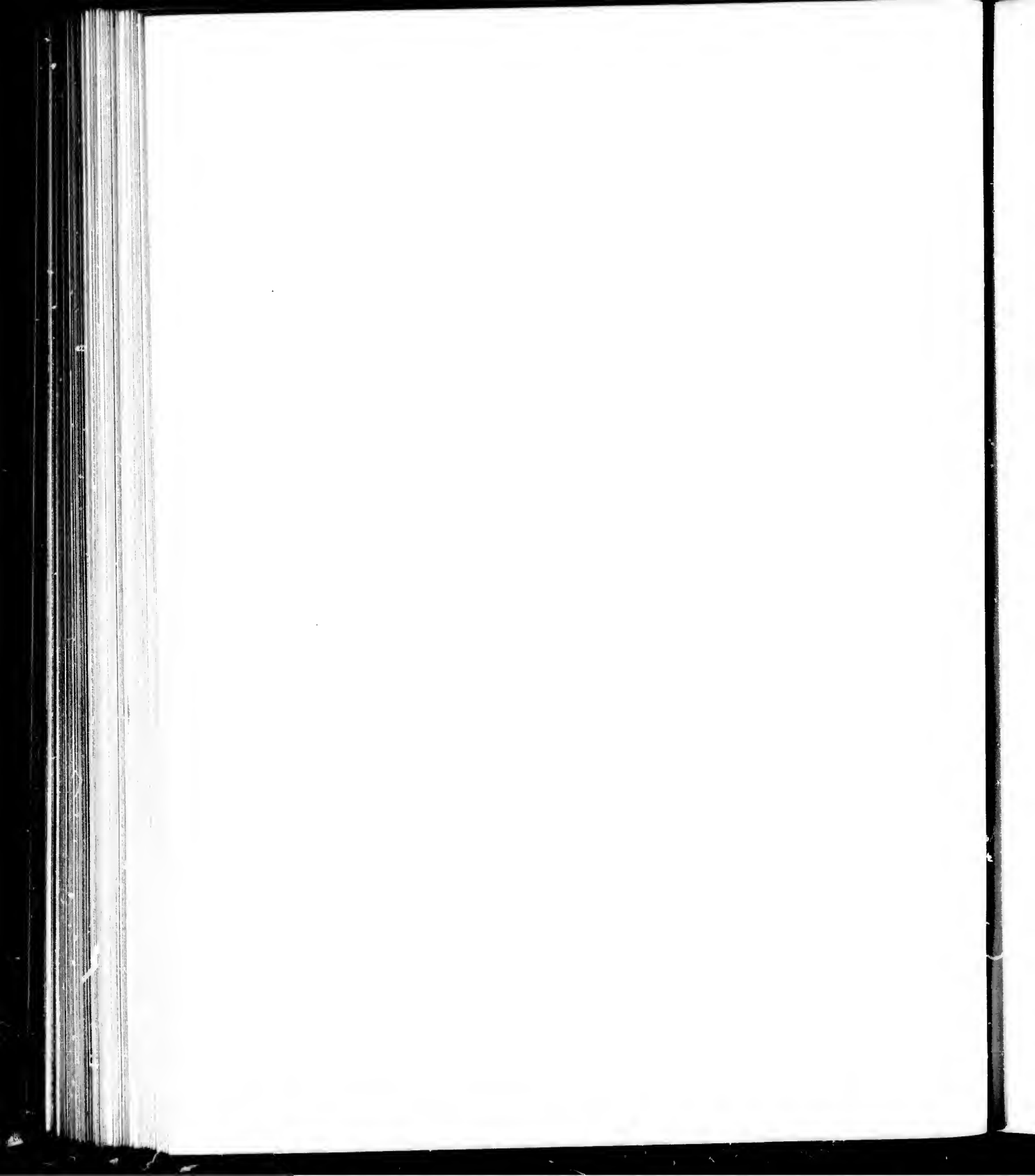
The little caravan crossed this plain at random; horses and men were alike overwhelmed with the heat, whilst clouds of acrid dust, and the brightness of the snow-white crystals, fatigued eyes and lungs. At length they reached the group of mountains which stretch like an island from San Nicolas to Santa Marta. Each separate mountain in this district bears a name, borrowed from the Christian mythology, Santa Cruz, Santa Maria, Santa Marta, San Yago, &c. Their dark outline distinctly marked in the blue sky, and the barrenness of their acclivities, unrefreshed by any streams, attest their volcanic origin.

A mass of detached rocks presented themselves on the western slope of these mountains, which, at a distance, resembled the fantastic ruins of a castle. They consisted mainly of three enormous masses of basalt, stuck up like obelisks—a raised mound. One of them was cleft, or sundered in two, apparently by the lightning. They were a mile or more from any other rocks. It seemed, indeed, as if they had been thrown, or cast, by some prodigious volcanic impulsion, right into the hollow formerly occupied by the Lake of Tenochtitlan, and there fixed in the soil, which subsequently held by them, whilst the rest was carried away around, thus leaving them, as it were, isolated on a mound, or monticule. Near the mountains progress is impeded, if not rendered altogether impossible, by a chaos of rocks and mural precipices, between which are occasionally small cultivated spots; but fragrant plants and aromatic pastures clothed the surface of the more level but undulating upland. To the left was the great Lake of Texcoco; behind them the white walls and rocks of Mexico; in front the elliptic cone of the volcano of Ayotla. The expedition arrived at sunset, well wearied, at San Andro, where they intended to pass the night, but unfortunately the place was occupied by soldiery, who had invaded the town, and even the hacienda of Istapalapan, situated a league further. They had no alternative, then, but to push on with their worn out mules to Chalco, which they reached about nine at night.

Luckily, the next day being Sunday, they obtained some rest, and further strengthened their party by an arriero and his mules, who were on their way to procure ice from the mountains. They then effected an early start on the 19th, the road from Chalco to Tlalmanalco leading through a beautiful cultivated country. The land sloping gently was easily irrigated



PEAK OF POPOCATEPETL, FROM THE BRANCH OF TLAMACAS.



by little streams of pellucid water, but maize and barley seemed to be the only crops. As to cattle no one seemed to trouble themselves about them; they are sent in the daytime among the stubble, and they are fed morning and evening with a little maize straw. Brought up in the rough school of adversity, the Mexican ox is a perfect model of sobriety; he feeds as he can without complaining, works as little as possible, and revenges himself by leaving as a legacy the most detestable beef possible.

A league and a half from Chalco they passed the cotton mills of Miraflores. Messrs. Martinez del Rio employ some hundreds of natives in this factory, which is therefore a benefit to humanity, as well as to the country in which it has been founded at great expense. Higher up on the hill side is Tlalmanalco, with a very insignificant modern church flanked by the ruins of a Franciscan convent, commenced shortly after the conquest, but which never rose beyond the first arches to the crypt. The exquisite beauty of what remains, however, richly and gracefully carved in the Moorish style, but in the bold proportions of the Renaissance, make it much to be regretted that the building was not completed.

They arrived by daylight at Amecameca, and calling upon Don Pablo Perez, well known in the country for the interest which he takes in all that concerns the Popocatepetl and his brother Don Saturnino Perez, whose love of field-sports had familiarised him with the mountain, volunteered to accompany them on their projected ascent. They also obtained two guides, Angel Bastillo and Francisco Aguilar, one of whom was to have the command of the brigade of porters, whilst the other was to have charge of the equipage of the commission to be left below, and to forward such supplementary instruments and provisions as might be found to be desirable.¹ The most difficult thing to obtain was a pulley, and one was only found after a deal of research. An incident like this tells volumes of the primitive habits of the inhabitants of the upland of Mexico. They are going slowly, imperceptibly, but still incessantly, back to an almost savage condition. As in the case of the Orizava, the Alcaldes of Amecameca also desired an official witness before he could give a certificate of an ascent really accomplished, even by a Government Expedition, for a great many persons were said to have previously obtained such upon fallacious representations of success, and for merely imaginary achievements.

The members of the commission were assembled on the morning of the 20th of January, with eighteen porters, two guides, and Don Saturnino Perez, in the square of Amecameca, and they issued thence, and out of the town, rejoicing in the prospect of success. The porters were almost all men employed in extracting sulphur from the crater. Among them were two Indians of the Chichimec race, stout fellows, to whom fatigue seemed to be a thing unknown and unfeared. They were brothers, one called Vicente, the other Guadalupe Teyes.

The first spot they arrived at was Tomacoco, a hacienda or farm situated in one of the most pictu-

¹ The scientific commission sent in 1857 by the minister, Don Manuel Silveo, to the Popocatepetl and the Iztaccihuatl, was composed of four persons—Messrs. A. Sontag, in charge of the geologic observations; Jules Lavieñère, the historian and artist of the expedition; M. F. Samelrnat, naturalist; and Messrs. Salazar and Ochoa, medical men.

resque places possible. On one side was the plain of Amecameca, framed in wooded hills, on the other the Volcans and the Sierra, the lofty white peaks of the first seeming to rise up from out of an immense dark pine-forest. A rivulet, that tumbled down noisily from the mountain above, was made first to turn a mill and then to irrigate the lands. The landlord, Don José Maria Perez, an old man of seventy-one years of age, but still active and robust, which speaks well of the upland climate, received them patriarchally.

Hence they proceeded by the road to Puebla, which is exceedingly picturesque, but also replete with obstacles and difficulties in the shape of fallen rocks and trees, and abrupt ascents and descents. In parts it becomes a mere pathway, cut amid soil and stone, and rendered devious by the growth of great forest-trees. Vegetation was indeed splendid in its vigour, and the fortifying fragrance of the great pine trees was softened by a light bracing atmosphere.

They were now in reality ascending the foot of the colossal mountain. At times the road was so bad that most of the party were obliged to get down. Don Saturnino, however, kept to his saddle, nailed, as it were, to a sturdy little cob; he seemed to be utterly indifferent to stumps or trunks of trees, or slippery precipices. Yet was this painful road the same as that which Cortes had followed three centuries before on his way from Cholula to Mexico, and the description of which enabled Prescott to introduce a vivid and eloquent account of the Popocatepetl and of his "white wife" into his *History of Mexico*.

IV.

ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN—THE RANCHO OF TLAMACAS—CRUCIFIX AT THE LINE OF PERPETUAL SNOW—EFFECTS OF THE RAREFACTION OF THE ATMOSPHERE—THE PICO MAYOR AND ESTIAZO DEL DIABLO—THE CRATER—FUMEROLLES, OR SMOKE HOLES—RESPIRADEROS, OR JETS OF WATER AND VAPOUR—SULPHUR DEPOSITS—A NIGHT IN THE Cueva DEL MUERTO, OR DEAD MAN'S GROTTO—MORNING BREAKING OVER MEXICO, AS SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF POPOCATEPETL.

AFTER three hours of perpetual ascent, the Puebla road descended into a ravine, which it followed for some distance, to the right, till it once more began to ascend, over a spur between Mount Hiclosochitl and Penacho, at the eastern slope of the mountain. The crest of this spur was a kind of naked table-land, clad with yellow zacate, and burrowed with the holes of rodents. For the first time we could contemplate from the naked upland the volcano, which seemed to welcome us with a most glacial physiognomy. To the right was Mount Torrenepango, and the Pico del Fraile, the latter of which was cut up with frightful precipices—all, however, sloped off to the Valley of Amecameca, bearing in their rocky folds more or less abundant waters, supplied by the melting snows above. The ridge that connected us with the Torrenepango constituted the watershed between the Valley of Amecameca and that of Puebla. A ravine sprang from its base, which took a north-easterly direction, round Mount Tlamacas. Crossing this, and climbing over the rocky and precipitous shoulder of the last-mentioned mountain, we soon had the pleasure of being able to distinguish the little rancho of Tlamacas, embosomed in pines, and at some distance below us.

Notwithstanding its easterly exposure, the climate of the rancho of Tlamacas is severe. Trees are few in number and wide apart; their trunks are knotted,

not tall and slim, and their branches are covered with mosses and lichens. The soil is a loose volcanic sand, that with difficulty affords sustenance to a few long blades of dried grass. The only habitations were a kind of soster or chalet, built with sawn planks, and three log-huts. These are for the use of the sulphur collectors; and there was also a building for the sulphur itself, but it had been accidentally destroyed by fire. (See p. 585.)

Our brigade of porters had anticipated us at this mountain station, and imparted animation to the scene, that contrasted agreeably with the silence of rock and forest around. The fires lit up in front of the huts, the neighing of steeds, and an occasional shot fired to keep away the wolves, made the solitude less frightful to some of the party, who seem to have been but little accustomed to solitary adventures. The calcined foot of the volcano, surmounted by its dome of snow, and



ALOE MAGNEY.

only separated from their bivouac by a thin line of pines, appeared, indeed, to them, as a dumb sphinx, during them to their next day's exploits.

Preparations were made at this spot for a twenty-four hours' stay at the summit of the mountain. Provisions were cooked and made ready, the loads and instruments were distributed, and skins and other coverings provided. Whilst the members of the Com-

mission wisely prepared for the fatigues of the morning by early rest, the Indians, to whom the ascent was no fatigue at all, danced and sang round the fire.

Everyone was on foot by daylight. The Indians were already gone with the brothers Teyes. The Commission next mounted. They were very silent, for it was very cold, and some of its members appeared to be deeply impressed with the magnitude of the task

they had entered upon. "Our looks," says the historian, "fixed themselves apprehensively upon the colossus whose summit was at that moment bathed in the roseate beams of a rising sun. The boundaries of the wood were crossed in about a quarter of an hour, and they entered upon a sabulous district, whence they gained the baranca or chasm of Huiloac, which, strange to say, was dry, with a sandy bottom. The water was in part frozen above; what did flow down, percolated beneath the sand.

Beyond the baranca of Huiloac, the road turned in an easterly direction round the northern flanks of the mountain. The sandy soil rendered onward progress very fatiguing to the horses. All traces of vegetation, save a few patches of brown and yellow lichens upon the rocks, had disappeared; but, as if to recompense them, they could gaze below upon the Valley of Puebla, lathed in the morning sunshine, and presenting a scene of marvellous beauty.

Starting at six, it was half-past seven when they reached a rocky wall known as the Buaco. There was a little resting-place for the sulphur-gatherers at this spot, and the horses were allowed a moment's breathing time. Another hour's toil took them to La Cruz, a little promontory, not far from the region of perpetual snow, and surmounted by a crucifix.

Here everyone had to get down, and the horses were sent back to Tlamecas. Here also the party refreshed themselves, and prepared for the remainder of the ascent on foot. A start was effected at nine o'clock, Don Saturnino leading the way, the rest following like a line of sheep. Not a word was spoken, everyone was solely absorbed in husbanding his resources. Slow regular steps were found to preserve the respiratory powers best, and to exhaust the limbs the least. Messrs. Salazar and Ochra gave in first, they had laden their feet with heavy pattens to save them from slipping. An Indian guide who was with them, after exhorting them to exertion, gave them up in despair, and with a short run and a few bounds, accomplished as if he were foster brother to a chamois or a mountain sheep, he joined the party in advance. One of the Indians went on before, digging holes with a hatchet in the ice and snow for the feet of those who followed behind; by this means the zone of glaciers was soon passed, and they reached that of perpetual snow.

The snow presented a good footing, far superior to that of the ice and volcanic sands; but this advantage was more than compensated for by the sufferings brought on by the dry, cold, and rarified atmosphere. With most of the party, the faces became pale and the lips blue, while the dilated nostrils and nervous contractions of the mouth, showed to what exigencies the respiratory process was subjected. M. Sountag also complained of pain in the region of the heart, and had to wait awhile. The major-domo and the guide, Angel, were already far in advance. After having carefully veiled their faces, so as to insure a little bed of artificial air, warm and loaded with carbonic acid, near the mouth, the ascent was recommenced, but still they had to rest every forty or fifty paces. M. Sountag became worse, his countenance assumed a leaden livid hue, and froth came out of his lips, but still he persevered with indomitable courage.

It was half-past one before they attained the fringe of snow that bordered the rim of the crater, and which was soon succeeded by a warm bed of sand. They were glad to cast themselves down upon this

and seek a little repose, but the skin dried so quickly as to wrinkle and almost crack under the contraction. Refreshments had no beneficial effect. As to spirits, they burnt the mouth and stomach, and left them more prostrate than before. Even wine rather increased than diminished their feverish thirst. As to solids, they had no appetite for such. The pulley was, however, hoisted upon a capstan and a rope affixed, but the Indians resolutely declined to expose themselves to the peril of so slender an apparatus, and nothing came of it.

Such portions of the crater as were accessible were in the meantime explored. The party stood upon its north-north-east side. To the right was the Pico Mayor, which, from M. Sountag's admeasurements, was found to be 147 metres above the point where they stood; to the left the tooth-like edge of the Espinazo del Diabolo peered over strata of perpendicular rocks. On the side of the crater, at what they called the breach of Siliceo, a bed of volcanic sands and rock led down at an inclination of 35 degrees. But it was merely held up by rude rocks below, over which anything that was disturbed from its place rolled down into the depths beyond. (See p 591.)

There were traces of a kind of rat at this extreme elevation, and the major-domo and Angel saw one but could not catch it. They described it as having a reddish coat. There was, however, no vegetation. The air was loaded with sulphureous exhalations, which came from fumeroles or smoke-holes in the interior of the crater, and in the rocky crevices to the right of the breach near the Pico Mayor.

There was a descent in the same direction, a downward pathway which led to the rocks that support the previously-described *débris*, and among which is a grotto known to the sulphur-gatherers as La Cueva del Muerto, an account of one of them having died there suddenly. There is another similar and corresponding platform below this, on which a rude crustan had been erected. Hence the descent is made to the bottom of the crater.

From this platform, which is designated as that of Malacate, the whole circumference of the crater could be contemplated. The walls were more or less circularly disposed, and the stratification of the thick beds generally horizontal, with a slight dip toward the Pico Mayor. But below the Espinazo del Diabolo the rocks were broken up into irregular masses, often very sharp, and it was amidst these that the fumeroles most abounded. There were none on the stratified rocks. A vast quantity of rocky *débris* filled the sides at the bottom of the crater, up to various heights, highest beneath the platform of Malacate itself. This mass of *débris* reduces the circumference of the bottom of the crater considerably. In the latter are situated the respiraderos, as they are called, columns of water and of vapour of various colours, red, yellow, and white. Others exist in the state of simple chimneys or fumeroles.

Seen from the platform of the Malacate, these respiraderos resemble a column of steam issuing from a locomotive, but M. Sountag, who afterwards descended into the crater, found that one of them was nine French yards in diameter. The volume of water, however, varies, it appears from different reports, at different seasons of the year, as do also the number of respiraderos. Captain Don Lorenzo Perez Castro, who descended in 1857, found five; M. Sountag found only

four. The power of the jet was so great that a stone eight or nine inches in diameter cast into it was immediately thrown aside. A thermometer which marked 150° Fahrenheit was at once broken when immersed in the water. Sulphur is collected from around these respiraderos. It is found in small compact masses, in grains mixed with sand, and as flour of sulphur deposited by the vapours. The waters re-unite to form little reservoirs at the bottom of the crater. These also vary in number and amount at different seasons and epochs, and are at the same time more or less acid and sulphureous, according to the dearth or predominance of fluid. Except in the neighbourhood of the respiraderos, the bottom of the crater is covered with snow. On the way down by the cable from the platform of Malacate, a cavern is passed from whence issues a cold wind, that is said to blow so strongly as to sometimes make the sulphur collectors turn round upon the cable. This may be admitted *cum grano sulphuris*. M. Sountag found the bottom of the crater to be elevated 2,841 metres above Malacate, and from the Pico Mayor to the Espinazo del Diablo was a distance of 826 metres, leaving about 800 yards as the diameter of the crater.

Messrs. Salazar and Ochoa joined the rest of the party at half-past four the same evening. Their sufferings had been great and very much prolonged. The Cueva del Muerto was cleared out for a sheltering place during the night. It would, however, only hold five persons, so the guides and Indians had to sleep on the platform. Don Saturnino had retraced his steps to Tlamacas.

It was not a very pleasant night that which was spent in this grotto suspended over the crater. The body seemed to be on fire, whilst the limbs were freezing. The sulphureous vapours made their heads ache, and strange noises rising up from below interrupted the feverish attempts at sleep. The Indians alone preserved their gaiety, and sang cheerful ditties far into the night.

The vision that presented itself at the first break of morning was one of unbounded magnificence. The peak of Orizava seemed to light up as if on fire, or like a brilliant ruby set in a dome of brightest silver. A few minutes more and a colossal disc of purple hue projected its first rays upon the summit of Popocatepetl. The horizon seemed to be bathed in a diaphanous sea, tinted with the richest colours. Gradually the luminous rays crept down, driving the shadows of night before them, and rocks, ravines, and plains, the soil and the trees, came forth as if by enchantment. Inundated with light, the whole landscape seemed to live and breathe.

After having made some further observations, the party left the crater at ten o'clock, their mules were ready for them at the Crucifix, and they got back to the rancho of Tlamaca at half-past one. Several days were afterwards spent at Amecameca in explorations of the Iztaccihuatl and other points in the neighbourhood, and M. Sountag made another ascent of the Popocatepetl, on which occasion he succeeded in exploring the very bottom of the crater. The party returned to Mexico on the 11th of February, after an absence of twenty-five days. The barometric observations made during the expedition gave as results, for the city of Mexico, 2,277 metres; for the rancho of Tlamacas, 3,899-30 metres; for the Pico Mayor (Popocatepetl), 5,422 metres; and for the southern peak of the

Iztaccihuatl, 5,081-16 metres. These results differ very slightly from those obtained trigonometrically by M. de Humboldt.

V.

ASCENTS OF THE VOLCANO ORIZAVA, THE LOFTIEST OF THE ANDES IN MEXICO.

THE workings of Nature in her profoundest laboratories are, it has been justly observed, concealed from us. It is true that science teaches us that the metallic bases of the earths, which constitute the solid crust of the globe, are combustible when exposed to the action of air or water, and their oxides give birth to quartz or silex, to felspar and clay, to lime and to other rocky bases, and it is therefore presumed that these substances may exist in their metallic form in the centre of the earth; but this is as yet conjectural; nor does such a theory precisely account for all the phenomena of volcanoes, or the production of certain simple combustible bodies, as sulphur, fluor, or phosphore, and others; possibly, however, because their metallic bases have not yet been eliminated. But, granting all this, still the real fact itself, and the manner in which volcanic action is actually brought about, have not yet been unfolded to us, although now so readily conjectured at.

The results of volcanic action are, however, everywhere present. The mighty forces of subterranean agency are to be seen in the inclined strata and disturbed disposition of the sedimentary rock formations almost all over the earth's surface, and elsewhere in the heaving up of islands or mountains from the abyss, or the crumbling them to atoms, or the emission of smoke, flames, cinders, and lava from their ignivomous mouths, or in the vents established by their own forces between the interior and the exterior.

In Mexico vast revolutions have been effected by volcanic agency; the Cyclopean forges are, indeed, for the most part cold, but the subterranean forces are not everywhere extinct, and occasionally burst forth here or there, committing the most extensive ravages, or convulsing the earth with terrific spasms.

In the south a succession of volcanoes, passing from Oajaca through Chiapas, are connected with the burning mountains of Guatemala. Cempoaltepec one of the loftiest points of the Cordilleras of Oajaca, is a volcanic cone; the frequent earthquakes on the plateau of Oajaca always appear at the same time as those of Guatemala, so that a complete assemblage of volcanic agencies would appear to exist there.

The chief range of the Mexican volcanoes lies between the 19th and 20th degrees of north latitude, and may be traced from the Atlantic to the South Sea, across the whole country. Near the gulf shores, about sixty miles from Vera Cruz, the isolated mountain range of Tuxtla, or San Martin, rears itself above the plain. It is evident that the whole range must have swollen up like a vast bladder, and subsequently have been cleft by repeated eruptions and fallings in. The highest point is about three thousand feet above the sea; several craters are visible, and also a round, very deep lake of fresh water, on a little plateau on the south-west side, indicating a sunken hollow. The last recorded eruption of this volcano took place in 1789. It was preceded by an earthquake, and subterranean thunder. A vast cloud of ashes was cast up to an incredible height, and carried off by the current of air

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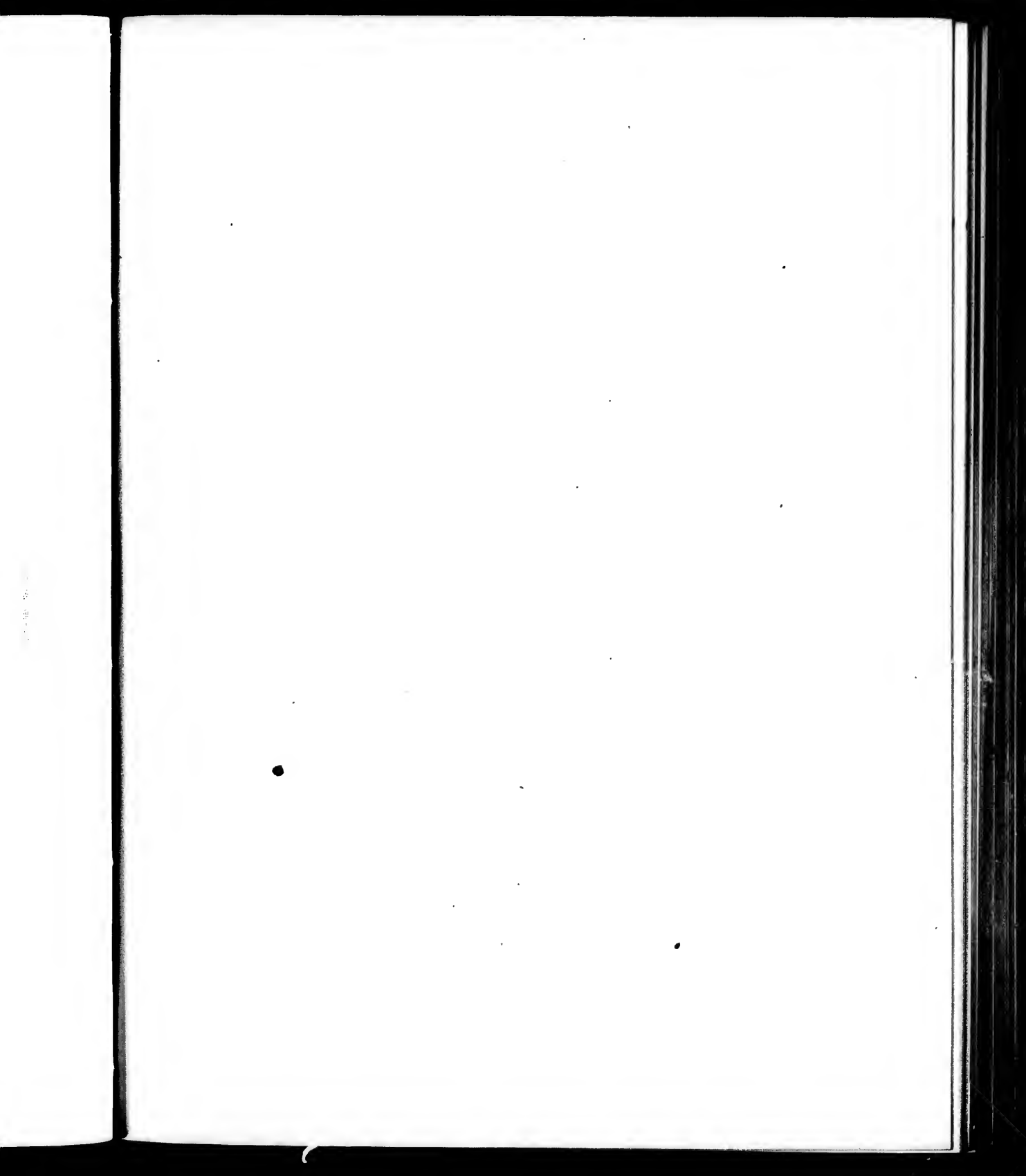
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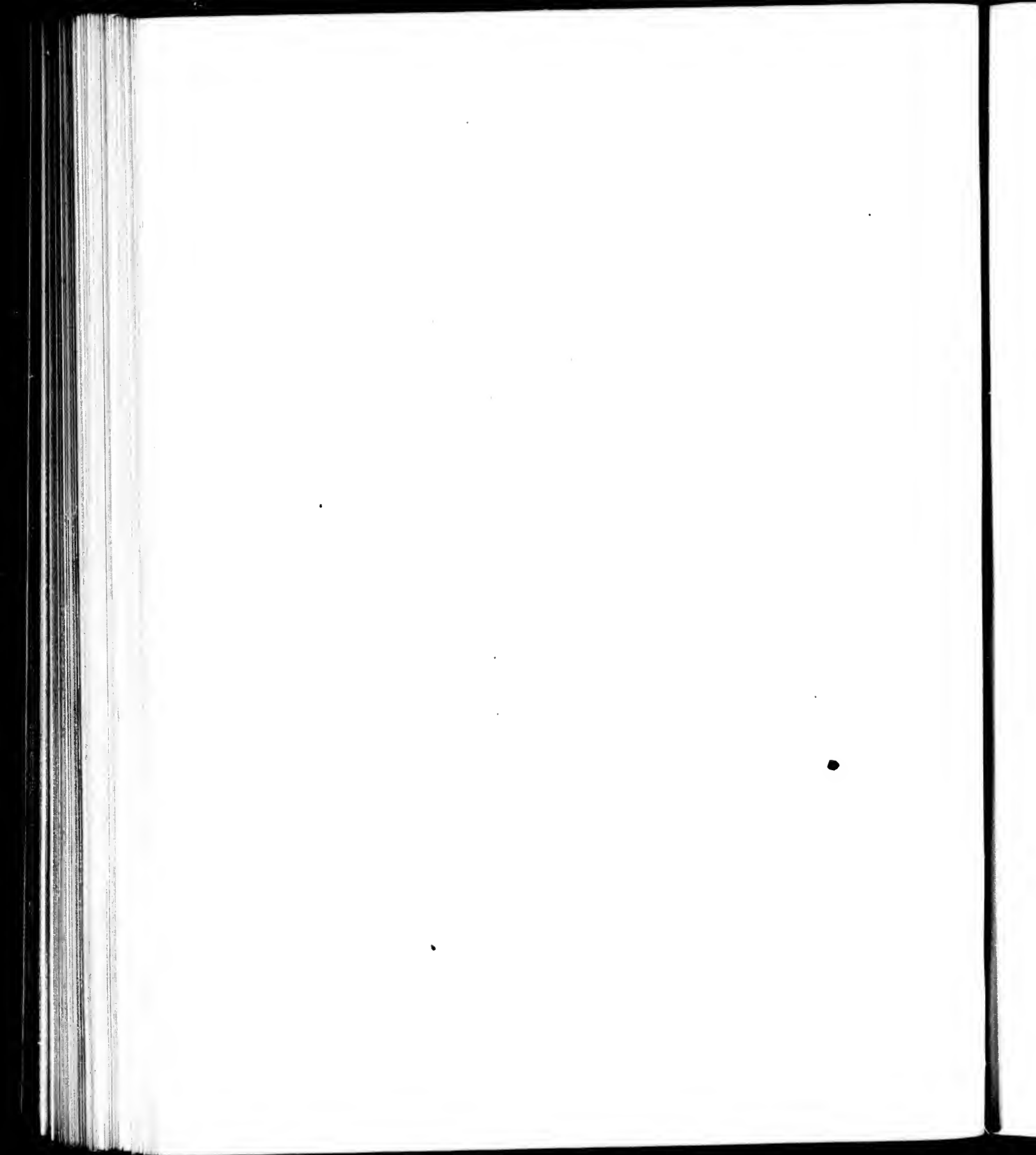
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A MOUNTAIN VIEW





that sets in from east to west. The ashes lay several inches deep in the streets and on the roofs of houses in towns situated twenty miles to the west, and even on the opposite side of the mountain, eight miles off, in the village of Perote, everything was covered with ashes. Since then the volcano has been at rest, but sounds as of distant thunder have been heard in the depths. The natives then say, "The Tustla growls!" The dwellers in the Tustla, itself, however, aver that the sounds come from the direction of the Peak of Orizava, and call it the thunder of Orizava. It is hence deduced that a subterranean communication exists between the two mountains, a circumstance rendered all the more probable, not only by several

volcanic summits rising up on the line, but also by the fact that earthquakes are felt most distinctly in the same direction.

Orizava, the loftiest mountain of the eastern chain, exhibits at the first glance its volcanic origin; its form a majestic cone, whilst on the magnificent snowy peak, somewhat to the east of the highest ridge, the vast crater is distinctly seen. An eruption, that lasted almost without interruption for twenty years, took place fifty years after the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico, in 1569, but it does not appear to have been accompanied by a discharge of lava. The opinion which was entertained in the following centuries that the ascent of the mountain was impossible, is supposed



CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL.

by some to be derived from the long duration of this eruption. (See p. 592.)

In 1848 some North American officers were said to have attained the summit, but Sartorius, in his excellent work on *Mexico and the Mexicans*, says that no one in the country believed it. Three years later, on the 26th March, 1851, a party of eighteen young men undertook the ascent. They passed the night at the point where vegetation ceases, and next day they reached the ice, where the perilous part of their enterprise began, by sunrise. After a short struggle, one half of the party, which comprised various nationalities (two Frenchmen, one Englishman, one American, one Belgian, and thirteen Mexicans), gave up the attempt, and returned exhausted. Six of them succeeded in

reaching a ridge of rocks, about half way up to the snowy cone, on the north side, whence the ascent took place, and which can be perceived from the sea. Here they rested, enjoyed the prospect, and then returned.

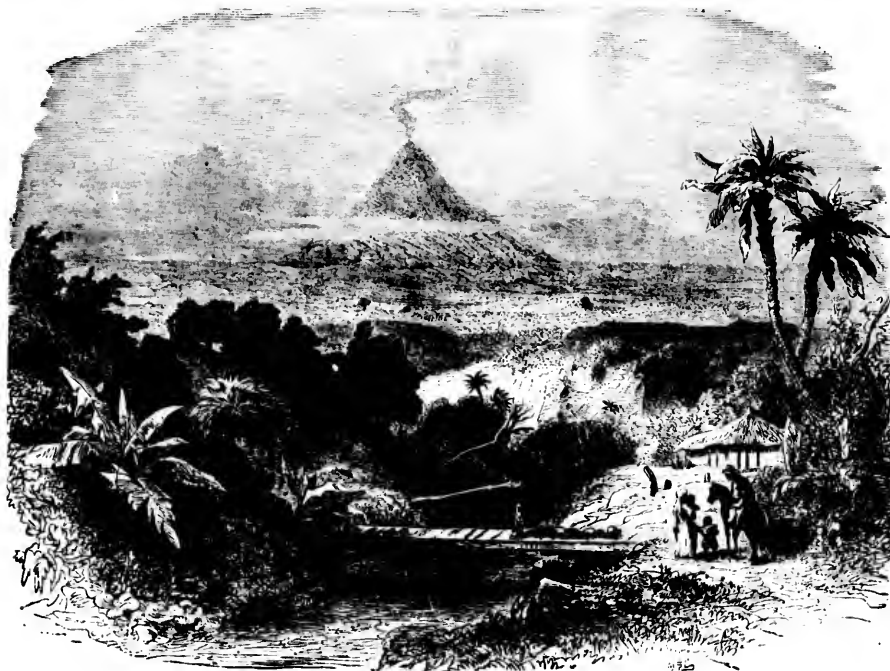
One of the Frenchmen, however—Alexandre Doignon by name—reached the highest point, after a further fatiguing ascent of five hours and a half. He described the day as being perfectly clear, the air pure and transparent, and not the slightest cloud obscuring the lowlands. To the east the blue surface of the Atlantic and Vera Cruz were distinctly seen; the whole of the coast and the bright prairies; the towns of Orizava and Cordova, St. Juan, Huatusco, and Jalapa, the indented mountain chain, stretching north and the table-lands, with their numerous

villages and lakes, bounded by the snowy range of Popocatepetl, constituted an immense landscape that extended before the astonished gaze of the intrepid traveller, like a gigantic drawing.

The crater he described as lying something to the south-east of the highest point, and as being some hundred feet lower down. He also found at its edge a flag-staff, six feet long, bearing the date 1858, and part of a North American flag, affording proof that the honour of having made the first ascent is due to the Americans. Only two of Doignon's companions, Mr. Jorus, a Belgian, and Contreus, a Mexican, reached the edge of the crater, and they were completely exhausted; the rarity of the atmosphere rendered re-

spiration exceedingly difficult, and blood flowing from their mouths, they were soon forced to return. The elevation of the peak was estimated to be 18,178 feet.

The inhabitants of the little town of St. Andres Chalchicomula, on the west side of the volcano, having doubted the truth of Doignon's story, he was incited to venture on a second ascent a week subsequent to the first, or on the 4th of April, 1851. He was accompanied on this occasion by a number of Mexicans, who, however, gave up the undertaking the moment they reached the snow. This time the ascent was attended with great risk. Fresh snow had fallen and covered the former track, the chasms and fissures were concealed by it, and our adventurer sank into it at



PEAK OF ORIZABA

almost every step, carrying with him a flag-staff, as also a large flag, which he had wound about his body like a scarf.

Having attained in safety the pile of rocks that jut out of the snow, he here unfortunately missed his way, and getting more to the eastwards, or on the left side, than the first time, he found his progress impeded by an enormous chasm twenty-five feet wide and four hundred deep, and consisting within of terrace-like masses of ice. This chasm extended about half a league in a semicircle. Some fragile bridges of ice affording the only means of passage, Doignon ventured over these, but even then he met with and had to cross several other dangerous fissures, in doing which he had

to encounter the greatest dangers. When just nearing the summit, a steep wall of ice interposed itself between him and the accomplishment of his hopes. Calling forth all his remaining energies, exhausted, trembling, every moment in peril of being precipitated into the abyss, he at length surmounted this last obstacle, and was able then to rest for a time.

At first our adventurer was shrouded in a dense fog which, however, soon fell below the snowy cone. To the north-east he perceived a succession of isolated rocks, several hundred feet high, rising like a ruined wall. The snow extended to the edge of the crater, within which, on the north side, were deep fissures reaching to the top. A rock at the edge of the crater

fifteen feet thick, is described as being quite hot, as was the soil round the same, and even the ground is said to have trembled slightly at this spot, but it was more probably the spectator. There was no snow, only sand and volcanic ashes. A powerful smell of sulphur is also described as proving the ceaseless activity of the fire within, and both the interior of the crater and the highest westerly point of the mountain were covered with sulphur, the soil being also heated. Several rocks were also glazed on the surface (vitreous lava, or obsidian), but within they were whitish, like burnt lime. The crater itself had an oval shape, with two inlets to the south and east. The diameter at the top was estimated by Doignon at about 2000 metres, and the circumference 6500.

This great crater presented a terrific abyss, with almost perpendicular sides, furrowed by black burnt fissures. "We look down," says the narrator, "into a fearful gulf, which on the east side may be about five hundred and fifty feet deep. In this gulf enormous black pyramidal rocks are seen, dividing it into three openings, two smaller ones to the south, the larger one to the east. On the north side, about one hundred and fifty feet from the edge of the crater, a gigantic black cleft rocky pyramid rises to the height of more than four hundred feet. From the large opening to the east, volumes of steam, strongly impregnated with sulphur, constantly rise as from a flue. A low rumbling is heard in the depths, causing a feeling of anxiety in the lifeless wilderness." The sides of the crater to the west and south-west were less steep, and covered with snow.

Doignon had planted his flag on the loftiest pinnacle, but a brisk ice wind made him fear that it had been overthrown. He therefore once more returned to the summit, and believed, for a time, that he should be forced to pass the night at the foot of the warm rocks: the wind falling, however, he commenced his descent at four o'clock in the afternoon. At eight o'clock he joined his companions at the foot of the glaciers. A few days after this the gallant young man was honoured with a splendid banquet, and even valuable presents were made him by the inhabitants of St. Andres Chalchicomula.

This, it is to be observed, was in March and April, 1851. A still more recent ascent has been effected at a different season of the year, in the month of August, 1856, by Baron Müller, who had only arrived that month at Vera Cruz from an exploring journey in Canada and the United States.

The learned traveller issued forth from the small town of Orizava to effect the ascent on the morning of the 30th of August, accompanied by Mr. Sonntag, a Swedish gentleman, Malmjö, and a graduate of the University of Berlin.

The party, provided with all that was necessary for their undertaking, took the direction of the volcano across narrow but rapid streams and barancas—the terrible chasms or ravines that intersect the uplands—and which they found difficult to cross even with the aid of the well-trained Mexican horses. They arrived the first day at the hacienda, or farm of Toquila, near San Juan Coscomatepes, where they passed the night, and laid in a further stock of provisions. Beyond this they reached the Indian village of Alpatlahua, where they obtained native guides, who led them by rocky pathways along the beds of torrents and over rocky crests, but still amidst a luxuriant vegetation.

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The plain, says the baron, was now far below us, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled beneath our feet, for we had attained an elevation of two thousand six hundred and sixty metres. At this elevation vegetation had changed its aspect, creepers and climbers had disappeared, but the orchidaceæ still clung to the trees. After passing the night in a rancho, or shepherd's hut, they made an early start on the morning of the 1st of September, and soon reached the region of pines. By nine in the morning they arrived at the rancho of Grecale, three thousand three hundred metres above the level of the sea. The road kept increasing in difficulty, and was now intersected by horrible barancas.

"At ten and a half," says Baron Müller, "we reached the end of the baranca of Trinchera, and the sources of the Rio de la Soledad. Not far from thence was the rancho of Jamapa, the aim of that day's excursion: it consisted of a few wooden huts, the proprietor of which, a Mexican in rags, received us with the most polished dignity. We refreshed ourselves at this station, washing down our meals with latalan (a strong Spanish brandy), and sleeping soundly. The next day, on our departure, we saw the colossal head of the volcano glittering with the reflected light of the sun in an azure blue sky. Soon vegetation ceased entirely, we were surrounded by nothing but rocks of gneiss, of trachyte, and of hornblende, with volcanic sand and cinders."

At eleven the travellers arrived at the base of the peak, properly so called. The view to the westward is described as being magnificent: the Popocatepetl and the Malincho towered out of the lofty upland of Mexico, whose surface seemed to be dotted with lakes that glittered like so many precious stones. To the east the landscape was buried in fog and cloud. A sharp wind gave additional intensity to the cold, and the Indian guides were despatched into a forest below to bring up wood to construct a hut and make a fire. They did this with great alacrity. A lofty rock of granite served as a gable; another of less dimensions filled up one of the sides; the opposite corner was supported by a stake made firm with stones, for the soil was too hard frozen to permit of a hole being made in it; the crossbeams were made fast with ropes, and the whole was covered with straw matting.

Next morning the party made their last preparations for the ascent of the peak. They started at seven in the morning. Their way lay at first over loose soil, with here and there a patch of snow, after which they had to climb over rocky boulders and huge detached stones, amid deep crevices and ravines.

After two hours of the most painful toil, they had attained an elevation of only three hundred and sixty yards above whence they had started, and had reached the line of perpetual snow. At this point the guides gave in, and the travellers had to carry the instruments themselves. The ascent was so abrupt that they did not advance more than eight or ten feet in twenty-five paces. The brilliant light reflected from the snow added to their discomfort by dazzling their eyes and affecting the sight. The snow was covered with a thin coating of ice, which often gave way beneath their feet.

"We were nearing the crater," Baron Müller relates, "when I heard Malmjö call out from behind. I turned round, and saw that he had sunk into the snow up to his armpits; and at the very moment one of my legs broke through the ice deep into the snow below. I

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however, succeeded in getting to Malmjö, when he showed me the hole he had fallen into. We were, in fact, standing over a vast abyss, from which we were separated by only a thin coating of snow and ice. It was in vain that the eyes sought for indications of rock or soil, columns of ice and crystals filled the depths beyond, and the abyss, instead of being dark, was splendidly lit up by some subterranean or subnival source of light—probably the sun's rays that fell upon the snow. Fear paralyzed our every movement. After having raised ourselves up with the utmost caution, we spread out our arms at all risks over the snow, and then we let ourselves slide slowly down. After having thus descended some hundred paces, we arrived at a spot that appeared to be firm. There we held a deliberation, for it was necessary to determine by which side it was best to turn the abyss in order to reach the crater." But suddenly a strong wind arose, and bore up thick clouds, which so enveloped them that they could not see one another at a distance of three paces. It was impossible to ascend any further in such a snow storm, so that they were obliged to retrace their steps without guides or provisions, for in saving themselves from the abyss they had unfortunately let the provision basket fall.

They arrived at four in the afternoon at the extemporised hut where they had spent the previous evening. This night was still more painful and distressing than the previous one. The determination of blood to the head injected their eyes till they were quite red, and an inflammation, attended with the most severe pain, manifested itself in the instance of Sountag and Malmjö, and what was their horror, when daylight came, to find that they were perfectly blind!

All these untoward circumstances combined, induced Baron Müller to attempt the passage to the west, towards San Andres Chalchicomula. As the Orizava approaches nearest to the high upland of Mexico on that side, the travellers would have two thousand metres less distance to go to reach the table-land. They had to lead the blind across a most difficult country covered with rolled stones and volcanic cinders, till, after an hour's toil, they reached the limits of vegetation, and soon afterwards the shelter of a fine pine forest.

After having traversed a cultivated plain, enlivened here and there by ranchos, our travellers reached the small town of San Andres Chalchicomula the same evening. Sundry washings performed near an aqueduct upon the eyes of the sufferers had enabled them to see a little better.

From information which they obtained at this place, it appeared that the ascent of the mountain was much more practicable from the south, and Baron Müller was determined to try again forthwith. But, notwithstanding a few days' repose, M. Malmjö and M. Sountag were too ill to join him, two other persons, however—Mr. Campbell, an inspector of telegraphs, and M. de la Huerta—volunteered to accompany him.

The Citaltepetl, "the mountain of the star," as the Indians call the Orizava, or, as some have it, Orizaba, was enveloped in dense clouds the morning of the 8th of September, 1856, Baron Müller relates, when he bade farewell to his friends, and left San Andres Chalchicomula amidst the good wishes of the inhabitants.

Two courageous and experienced Indians, whose services had been obtained for me by the prefect, had

been sent on beforehand, in order to lay in provisions of wood and water, and deposit the same in a grotto that was situated on the south side of the mountain, just below the limits of perpetual snow, and where we were to spend the first night. My party was composed of Mr. Campbell, M. de la Huerta, and two attendants, all four on horseback; and we had besides, a mule laden with provisions.

Starting with spirit, we soon attained a table-land, the surface of which was diversified by a great number of volcanic hills of little elevation, and beyond which were fine forests of pine and fir; but our way was not more obstructed by fallen trees than it was by occasional deep ravines and the necessity there was for following the most impracticable and dangerous pathways.

At about five in the evening, as we were thus toiling along the side of a baranca, the horse that bore M. Huerta lost its footing and fell. He was near me, and as he fell on a smooth rock, I expected to see him hurled into the depths of the abyss below; but the Mexican horses are extraordinarily sagacious, and the poor brute extricated itself and its rider from their perilous position with marvellous promptitude and address.

It was late at night before our travellers reached the grotto. It was not dark, however, the firmament being lit up by a tropical moon.

The preparations for the ascent were commenced by the earliest dawn on the ensuing day, and, after an hour's toil, they reached the last limits of vegetation, and then the zone of perpetual snow. The preparations were so thoroughly done up that they had to be sent back to the grotto.

The atmosphere, says Baron Müller, was so rarefied that our poor steeds could scarcely inhale a sufficient quantity of oxygen, and their breathing was as deep and difficult as if they had galloped a long stage. The men were also sensible of the same influence; but birds seem to be indifferent to it, for here, at an elevation of five thousand five hundred yards, I saw two falcons playing in the air full seven hundred yards above me.

The travellers arrived without any accidents at the fields of snow, out of which pieces of rock jutted here and there, and helped them much in their scramble upwards. By noon they had attained a little platform covered with snow. This point, which presented a smooth surface of a few feet square, was the last where there was any possibility of reposing themselves before reaching the volcano, so they accordingly rested here a few moments to refresh themselves.

The ascent was recommenced after a quarter of an hour's rest, but the depths of the snow presented extraordinary obstacles to our progress. We went up to our knees at every step, and as the slope generally exceeded an angle of forty-five degrees, we had to crawl on all fours. The chief difficulty was to breathe, and we could not get over twenty or twenty-five paces without rest. Spite of a veil and of green spectacles, my eyes suffered this time: but even the pain derived from that affliction was surpassed by an attack I experienced at about two o'clock. It came on like the sensation of a red-hot iron searing my lungs, and from that moment, every time I took a breath, I experienced agonising pains in the chest, and which, with intervals of relief, became so acute at times as to leave me perfectly senseless. My two friends and the Indian

guides were so terrified at the intensity of the attacks, that they wished to return, but I would not consent to that.

The sun had at least warmed the travellers up to that time, but the heavens coming on clouded, they now began to experience a sharp cold. They now began to feel alike wearied and discouraged; the day was already far advanced, the summit was still far off, and the Indian guides refused to go any farther. Even the companions of the baron began to lose courage. It was only upon the latter's declaring that, if left alone, he would still persevere in the ascent, that they consented to remain with him. It was not till after unheard-of efforts, and the most indomitable perseverance, that, almost utterly exhausted, and yet full of a firm resolve to succeed, the baron attained the brim of the crater at forty-five minutes past five in the afternoon.

Success had crowned my efforts, says M. de Müller, and my joy was so great, that for a moment I forgot all my sufferings, but I was soon recalled to a sense of my weakness by a fainting fit, and the pouring forth of torrents of blood from my mouth. When I came to myself again I was still on the borders of the crater, and I summoned together all my strength to look around me and observe as much as I could. I proximatively determined the form of the crater; but my weakness was so great, and the fall of snow continued so dense, that I could not fix its precise circumference with the aid of a sextant. Nor was it in my power to make a topographical survey of the regions below, for nothing could be plainly discerned.

The crater has an irregular elliptical form; its chief axis is from west-north-west to east-south-east, but it curves a little more to the southward; its length may be about two thousand five hundred metres. Two other axes, running nearly from north to south, have very different lengths; the greatest to the east is about five hundred French yards; the lesser one to the west about one hundred and fifty yards. I estimate the whole circumference of the volcano at six thousand metres. (See p. 596.)

My pen fails me in attempting to depict the appearance presented by this great crater, or the impression that it produced upon me. What terrible powers have been evoked to raise and break up such enormous masses, to melt them, to pile them up one upon another, tower-like, till they cooled in such a position and retained their existing shapes! A bed of yellow sulphur covered the inner walls at different places, and little volcanic cones rose out of the bottom. The soil of the crater was, however, mostly clad with snow as far as I could see, and was not therefore warm; but the Indians assured me that a warm air issues from the crevices in various places.

A project which I had entertained from the first of passing the night upon the crater had, by the force of imperious circumstances, been superseded. Twilight, which, as is well known, is under such latitudes very brief, had already set in, and there was no alternative but to return at once. The two Indian guides rolled the *petates*, or straw mats, they had brought with them, in the shape of a kind of sleigh or sledge; we then took our seats upon these, and spreading out our legs, had nothing to do but let the vehicles thus extemporised glide down. But, as may be imagined, the rapidity with which we were thus hurried along soon increased to such an extent, that our descent resembled rather a fall in the air than any other system of loco-

motion; and we were carried in a few minutes over the same distance that had taken us five hours to climb up.

Arrived at the limit of perpetual snow, after having effected their dangerous descent, which the baron designates as a *schulte*, not without some slight accidents and still more serious perils, our travellers had to accomplish the remainder of their journey on foot. At half-past eight they were cheered by the vision of the fire burning in the grotto of the Valle de Lopus, and they were safely ensconced in it an hour afterwards.

The scene, says M. de Müller, was singular. The snow had fallen in every direction, and the floor of the grotto had been converted into mud by the increased quantity of water that had filtered into it. Our clothes were also wet through and through, and yet our eyes were so had that we durst not approach the fire. All we cared for, after fourteen hours' arduous toil, was to lay down and repose ourselves. So we took off the greater portion of our clothes, and let the Indians dry them at the fire, whilst we sought refuge, half-naked, in the driest corners of the grotto. Water was, at the same time, being boiled, so as to make a strong decoction of tea mixed with wine. An hour afterwards we had our tea, our clothes were partially dried, and so happy did we feel, compared with the dangers just surmounted, that we slept better than princes buried in sheets of cambric.

Our sleep was broken next morning by a cheerful sun. The snow of the previous evening was in great part molten, and strengthened by a good sleep and a good chocolate, we took the road that we had followed on our ascent. About two in the afternoon, as we were approaching San Andres Chalchicomula, I was surprised at seeing the whole population of the town coming out with music and banners to congratulate us on our success. One of our Indian guides had started off from the grotto of Valle de Lopus by a short cut and with a quick step, and had spread the news of our successful ascent some time before. After having briefly reposed themselves, Mr. Campbell and M. de la Huerta went to the prefect, and made an affidavit as to the positive ascent having been accomplished.

According to Doignon's measurement, the height of the Peak of Orizava is 18,178 feet English; Ferrar found it to be 17,885 feet; and the North American engineers, 17,819 feet. Baron Müller estimated the height at 5,527 metres, and if we adopt the least of the calculations, it would appear that Orizava is the highest point of the Mexican Andes.

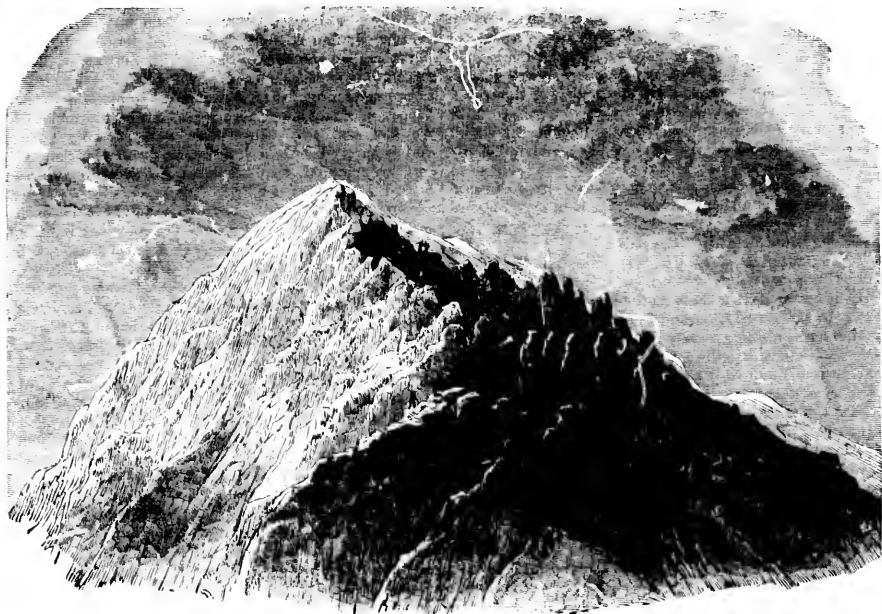
These ascents, and especially Doignon's, which were accomplished under more favourable circumstances and with less exhaustion than Baron Müller's, afford proof that the subterranean fire in this volcano, or rather the sources whence its volcanic action are derived, are not extinguished or exhausted, and that the lurking monster, like Etna and Vesuvius, may again terrify those dwelling on or near it, even after a lapse of three centuries.

The base of the giant is likewise surrounded for a considerable distance with smaller volcanoes. To the north-east and east we see a whole group of blunted cones between steep calcareous mountains, some of which have cast up lava, others mud and ashes. To the south and south-east are various craters, hot sulphur-springs, and springs which burst forth from rocky cavities like brooks. The course of the streams has also been much altered by volcanic action. Two

rivers, which rise on the east side of Orizava, suddenly disappear. The larger one, Jamapa, plunges into a fissure on the right bank of a deep ravine, and reappears three miles further off, on the other side of a range of limestone mountains, not in the ravine, but issuing from a cave more to the south. From the point where the river quits it the bed of the ravine is dry. The other, called Tlipa, after foaming as a raging torrent over the rocks, disappears near Cordova, at the western base of a range of hills, and then reappears as a deep vortex in a steep rocky inlet near the mountain-pass of Chiquihuite, at a distance of two miles on the east side. This rivulet has further the peculiarity that the chief source, which is high up in the pine forests of Orizava, has milk white, lukewarm water in winter, whilst in the rainy season it is clear and very cold.

On the west side of the Peak of Orizava, towards the table-lands, several volcanic appearances are also met with. Sulphureous vapours rise from a shrubless hill. The Indians use these warm sulphur exhalations to obtain vapour baths. They dig pits three feet deep, and as many wide, then sit down in them and cover up the top, so as to leave the head free. Not far off there is also a group of mountains called Los Derrumbatos, one of which is cleft, and frequently belches forth flame.

In the plain at the foot of Orizava, towards the west, near the village of Aljojuca, is a crater filled with water, which tastes rather brackish, but can still be used for drinking. This round pool is about one-eighth of a mile in circumference, with perpendicular rocky sides. A path made by the ancient Indians leads



CRATER OF ORIZAVA.

down into the hollow. Farther on, the steep cones of Pizarro and Tepicyacualeo rear their summits above the plain, and a mass of lava serves them for a pedestal.

It is pretty generally admitted by geologists that, as expounded at length by the illustrious Humboldt, the forces of volcanic action are undergoing diminution. Everything tends to show that the crust of the globe has gone through changes which are gradually arriving at a certain point of consistency. But there are speculations which militate against this view of the subject. It is, for example, supposed that in the constant march of creation and disintegration, the great alluvial beds deposited by rivers, and the vast lithophytic or coralline growths in the Pacific, remain to be tilted up from below by volcanic action before they can take their

place, some future day, as islands or continents. Be this as it may, and even granting the limitation of volcanic action, there is nothing to show that the country now in question may not yet be some day the seat of some terrific convulsions of nature, and yet these may be, comparatively speaking, slight, as contrasted with such as have preceded them. Further, were eruptions to ensue upon such efforts of nature to relieve itself, they would, from what has been previously noted, be more likely to occur in the table-lands, the sides of mountains, or in lesser ranges, than from the crater of Orizava.

As this lofty volcano has been succeeded by smaller volcanoes and other cones and craters, as above described, so it appears to have itself succeeded its ancient

rival Nancampetpetl, or the Coffin of Perote, in the principal mountain-chain, and which appears to have been in part destroyed by lateral eruptions that have occurred at an epoch posterior to when it was itself an active volcano, just as we see going on in the present day with regard to Mount Vesuvius. On the north side of the mountain is the so-called Mal Pais, a broad stream of lava, nearly ten miles in length, whose glazed scorificaceous mass bears every indication of a molten state, while the pumice-stones, scattered far and wide, distinctly prove that a discharge took place in that direction. The mountain is most shattered on the south-east side, where it has an appearance as though an explosion from the summit to the base had hurled one whole side of the crater to the east. A beautiful plain, remarkable for its great fertility, was produced at its base by this falling in, as also by the streams of lava, and the discharges of ashes and mud. The mightiest trees flourish there, and for more than a century maize has been annually sown in the same ground without manuring.

The perpendicular rocky walls, from a thousand to two thousand feet high, of the profound barancas, ravines, or chasms, which everywhere intersect this region, also enable us to form some idea of the might of volcanic ravages. They are compact masses of firm

conglomerate, with larger or smaller fragments of basalt, or a jumble of volcanic tufa. The upper covering is argillaceous of all colours, but mostly ferruginous, and wherever water can exert its influence, iserine, or crystals of magnetic iron, are washed out in great quantities, as in other countries similarly circumstanced. The breaking up of these mountains must have happened at a very remote period, for horizontal stratification may be observed, or at all events divisions into separate stories, marking, probably, different epochs of eruption and cataclysm, and there are deep caves and grottoes at their base.

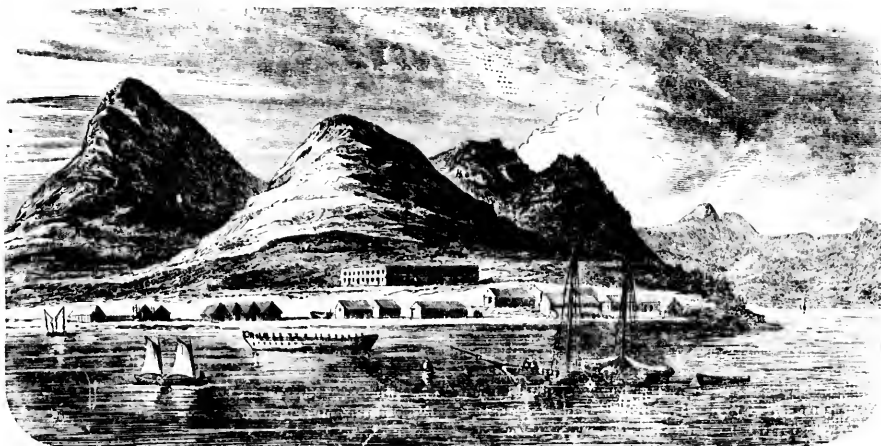
It only remains to be remarked that the lofty Popocatepetl (17,773 feet), though quiescent, is still active, and close by it is the snow mountain Iztaccihuatl, which bears the same relation to Popocatepetl as the Coffin of Perote does to Orizava: it is a ruined flue of the same furnace. Nearer to the Pacific two more volcanoes are still active, viz., Jorullo and Colima, the latter since the earliest known periods, the other a recent production of the mighty subterranean fires, which in the middle of the last century called forth terror and dismay on all sides. It is not impossible that this line of volcanic country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, indicates an occasional subterranean connection or filtration between the two oceans.

Mexico, as already mentioned, was, previous to the French intervention of 1862, divided into a federal union of twenty-two states or republics, with a form of government resembling the United States of America; but in 1863 the French expeditionary army converted the republican form of government into an empire, and

placed the Austrian Archduke Maximilian on the throne. The French troops were, however, withdrawn in the beginning of 1867, and a civil war then resulted between the imperialists and the republicans, in which the former were defeated, the Emperor Maximilian shot, and Mexico once more declared a republic.

NEW CALEDONIA.

FRENCH POSSESSIONS IN THE PACIFIC.



ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT IN NEW CALEDONIA.

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OCCUPATION OF NEW CALEDONIA BY THE FRENCH IN 1853 AND 1854—MODE OF PROCEEDING—MISSIONARY AUXILIARIES—CHARACTER AND APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—PROCEEDINGS OF THE FRENCH AT VARIOUS POINTS OF THE ISLAND—FOUNDATION OF PORT DE FRANCO—LA CONCEPTION, A MISSIONARY ESTABLISHMENT.

SOME geographers have given the name of Oceania to the whole collection of those islands which are situated in the Pacific Ocean, but it having been found, upon closer inspection, that this vast assemblage of islands is naturally divided into three groups, we are in the habit in this country of writing of them as belonging to Malasia, or the East Indian Archipelago, to Australasia, as contradistinguished from Australia, by which name what was once absurdly called New Holland is now designated, and to a third or eastern division, grouped under the head of Polynesia. These designations are not admitted by our good friends and allies the French for obvious reasons; they have recently founded a colony in the Hindhu Chinese peninsula—in Annam or Cochin China—and they naturally feel that the so-called East Indian Archipelago is just as much Hindhu Chinese as it is East Indian; they have established themselves in the Australian Seas, at New Caledonia, and the archipelago might therefore just as well be Franco-Caledonian as Australasian; and they have declared their supremacy in the Society Islands, discovered, like New Caledonia, by our own

circumnavigator Cook, at the very heart and centre of the Eastern Pacific group, as also in the Marquesas, and they have therefore divided the whole collection into Malasian and Oceanic.

These regions, said one of their most gifted writers, present in every quarter scenes fitted to move the most frigid imagination. Many nations are here found in their earliest infancy. The amplest openings have been afforded for commercial activity. Numberless valuable productions have been already laid under contribution to our insatiable luxury. Here many natural treasures still remain concealed from scientific observation. How numerous are the gulfs, the ports, the straits, the lofty mountains, and the smiling plains! What magnificence, what solitude, what originality, and what variety! Here the zoophyte, the motionless inhabitant of the Pacific Ocean, creates by its accumulated exuvie a rampart of calcareous rock round the bank of sand on which it has grown. Grains of seed are brought to this spot by the birds, or wafted by the winds. The nascent verdure makes daily acquisitions of strength, till the young palm waves its verdant foliage over the surface of the waters. Each shallow is converted into an island, and each island improved into a garden. We behold at a distance a dark volcano ruling over a fertile country, generated by its own lava. A rapid and charming vegetation is displayed by the side of heaps of ashes and of scorie, Where the land is more extended, scenes more vast

present themselves; sometimes the ambiguous basalt rises majestically in prismatic columns, or lines, to a distance too great for the eye to reach, the solitary shore with its picturesque ruins. Sometimes enormous primitive peaks boldly shoot up among the clouds; while, hung on their sides, the dark pine forest varies the immense void of the desert with its gloomy shade. In another place, a low coast, covered with mangroves, sloping insensibly beneath the surface of the sea, stretches afar into dangerous shallows, where the noisy waves break into spray. To these sublime horrors a scene of enchantment suddenly succeeds. A new Cythera emerges from the bosom of the enchanted wave; an amphitheatre of verdure rises to our view. Tufted groves mingle their foliage with brilliant enamel of the meadows. An eternal spring, combining with an eternal autumn, displays the opening blossom along with the ripened fruits. A perfume of exquisite sweetness embalms the atmosphere, which is continually refreshed by the wholesome breezes from the sea. A thousand rivulets trickle down the hills, and mingle their plaintive murmurs with the joyful melody of the birds animating the thickets. Under the shade of the cocoa the smiling but modest hamlets present themselves, roofed with banana leaves, and decorated with garlands of jessamine. Here might mankind, if they could only throw off their vices, lead lives exempt from trouble and from want. Their bread grows on the trees which shade their lawns, the scene of their festive amusement. Their light barks glide in peace on the lagoons, protected from the swelling surge by the coral reefs surrounding their whole island, at a short distance from the shore, and confining their domestic water in the stillness of a prison.

For what Great Britain has done for these lands of promise, it is sufficient to refer to Australia, Tasmania, and to New Zealand, the first with its five separate colonies, or distinct governments, and a population, since 1788, of upwards of a million of souls. The Dutch have their settlements also, of no small import, and the Americans have obtained a footing in the same sea of islands. No wonder, then, that France should desire to be worthily represented in "Oceania."

"But when we turn," says M. Alfred Jacobs,¹ "from the spectacle presented by the English colonies, and pass on to that presented by our establishments in Oceania, the change is as complete as it is abrupt. We no longer see the activity, the force, the exuberant and turbulent life, the vast spaces delivered up to the process of clearing: at the bottom of some haven, where occasional whalers or a wandering merchantman now and then seek refuge, may be seen a brick and mud building, over which our standard floats, whilst a few marines lounge about the doorway. A few scattered huts sometimes help to constitute a group of habitations that spreads and assumes even the aspect of a little town or of a goodly village; but everything is dull and lifeless except when the commodore or admiral, who carries his flag from one establishment to another, comes to impart a kind of factitious animation by his presence, and to create a movement that is more military than industrious or commercial." The picture is not flattering, but it has the much greater advantage of being pointedly and graphically correct.

Whence, the same writer goes on to inquire, this

¹ In a recently published work, *L'Océanie, Nouvelle Colonie, Migrations, Mélanges*, par Alfred Jacobs.

inactivity? Are we, then, unequal to the industry and labour of our neighbours, and have the descendants of that old Celtic race, that loved so much to wander over the face of the earth, become inimical to all change of place? Most assuredly not: Egypt, Persia, and India, which witness so many Frenchmen taking their science and their swords, can testify to the contrary. Nor has the aptitude to colonise been always wanting to France: witness Canada and Louisiana, not to mention India, which might have had a very different destiny if Dupleix and La Bourdonnais, the heroes of the eighteenth century, had not been basely abandoned. There is still a region in the present day where French activity seems to take foot and develop itself, and that is in the magnificent region watered by the Rio de la Plata.

We are not, then, utterly foreign to the labours and proceedings of external life, and yet we must admit that divers circumstances have contributed to leave us in inferiority to our neighbours, the English, and even the Germans. Out of his own country, the Frenchman is engineer, soldier, adventurer; he is seldom a cultivator or a merchant. Further, the complete separation from his native soil is more repugnant to him than to any other exile. What a touching and persevering affection have Louisiana and Canada preserved for the mother country! Add to all this, France has always sufficed for herself, and has never obliged her children to cast looks of covetousness across the ocean, or to ask from foreign regions for the resources of existence. Hence a radical difference has sprung up between the education and the primary ideas of the English and French people. Here people are born cultivators and soldiers; there, sailors and merchants. In England, the great cities are on the coasts, and a nation of men, cradled in the sea, are familiarised with ideas of expatriation and have for the most part friends or relations in the most distant countries. Every day they read in the papers news of their countrymen in China or Australia, and they thus become accustomed to consider the world as a province of England.

The fertility and natural abundance of our soil, the attachment that we experience for it, the political circumstances of the end of the last century, and the commencement of this, our continental military glory—such are, in fact, the honourable and avowable causes of our colonial inferiority. We do not complain of it: every nation has had its destinies, and ours yield in Europe to that of none other. To England belongs the great movement of colonisation, to create empires, to clear the forest, to cover the land with flocks and herds, and to build cities that shall rival London and Liverpool. It is a part full of grandeur, but which has its deceptions and its dangers: colonies are ungrateful, often very forgetful and very repudiating. More than one has cast off the mother country, and, to continue prosperous and powerful, England has perpetually to begin over again.

A few men and a few books that have emanated from France is, on the contrary, all that has sufficed to establish the preponderance and spread the influence of French genius over the world. We have many times heard regrets expressed that France was not before England in occupying New Zealand—regrets that have no foundation; that colony which has become so prosperous in the hands of the English would have remained sterile in ours. Besides, if we want a field for whatever aptitude we have in this line, have we not Algeria at our very doors? Commerce can do very

well without colonies; the United States have none such, which does not prevent them being the first commercial people in the world. What we can reasonably demand, is a commercial development that shall have some relation to the number of our harbours and to the extent of our coast; transoceanic companies organised at Havre, at Bordeaux, and at Saint Nazaire; a share in the profits of distant fisheries; and maritime stations well and duly supplied to repair and to protect our mercantile navy. This is the title under which our establishments in Oceania present themselves to our suffrages, as points in a good commercial road, and hence it is that we have acted recently in favour of our true interests in taking possession of New Caledonia.

The corvette *La Constantine*, commanded by Captain Turly de Montravel, was off the coast of China in the year 1853, when its commander received sealed despatches that were not to be broken till he was out at sea. The corvette sailed off at once, and proceeded, as a result, to occupy New Caledonia in the name of France. This island, connected with which are the Isle of Pines and the Loyalty group, is situated between the twentieth and twenty-third degree of south latitude. It is sixty-six leagues in length, ten in width, and is formed by a mountainous crest, fertile and well watered, that runs from north-west to south-east. It was discovered by Cook in 1774, and has been since visited by the French circumnavigators D'Entrecasteaux and D'Urville. It is, like the north-west coast of Australia (Queensland), and most of the islands in the Pacific, surrounded by coral reefs, and many vessels have perished on its dangerous and inhospitable shores.

When the *Constantine* arrived at the Island of Pines, in January, 1854, the French flag already waved on that as well as on the greater island. Rear-Admiral Febvrier des Points, "under apprehensions of being anticipated by the English," had gone thither from Tahiti, in the previous September, to come to an understanding with some French missionaries settled in the Isle of Pines, and to open negotiations with the principal native chiefs, and he had then taken his departure, after having built a kind of small provisional fort.

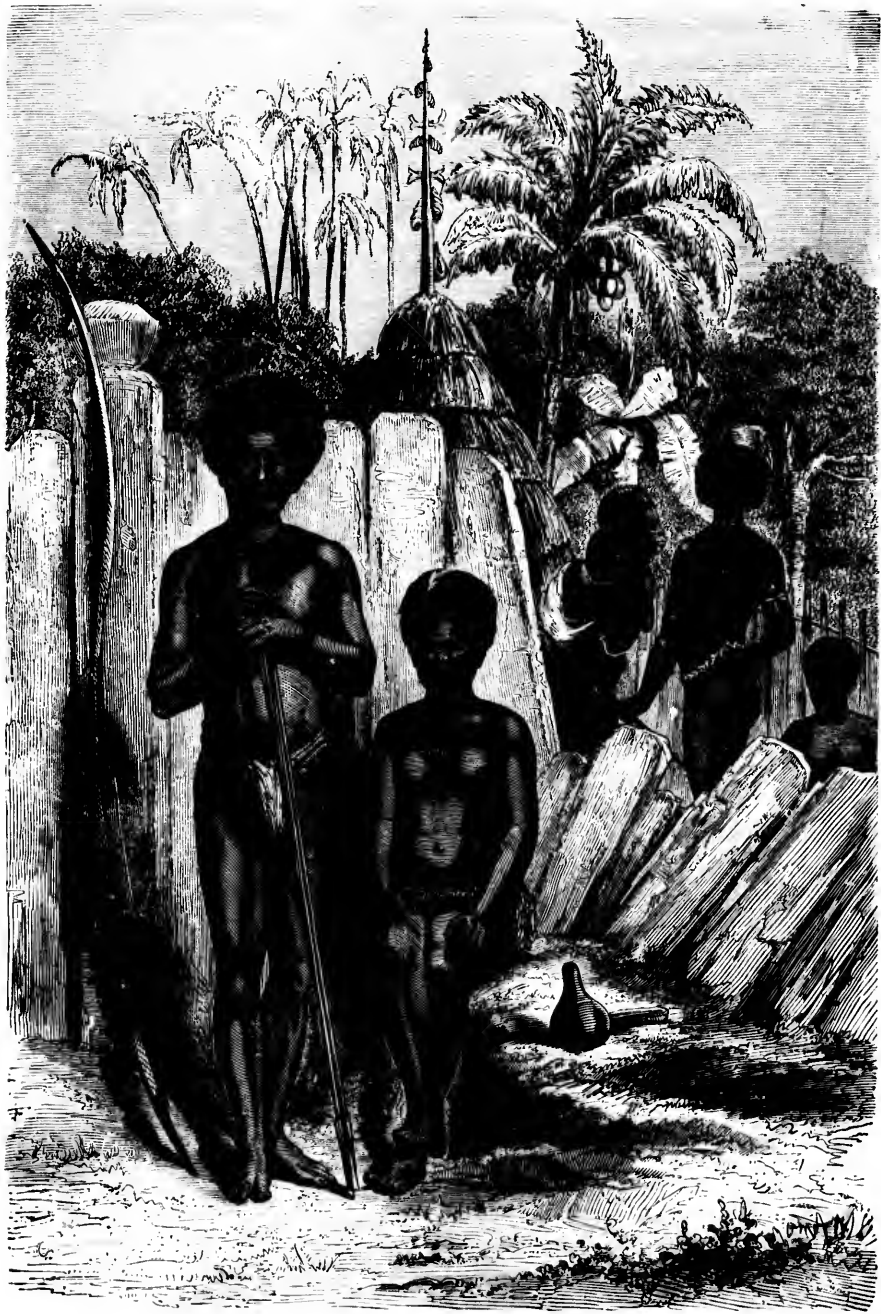
A period of about ten years had elapsed at that epoch since the missionaries, who so efficaciously helped the French officers in their task, had been settled in New Caledonia. The corvette *Bucephale* disembarked a few missionaries in the Balade haven, on the west coast, in 1843, and, before leaving, the sailors constructed a commodious habitation for the pious exiles, and which, two years later, served as a place of refuge for the crew of the *Saine*, which vessel was lost on the reefs of the island. In 1850, the missionaries were subjected to ill treatment by the natives. Surrounded, they were, indeed, about being made prisoners, when, luckily, a French ship, the *Brillante*, arrived in time to rescue them, an operation which was not effected without a struggle, and they were removed to the Isle of Pines.

There, with a perseverance that does them honour, they formed the nucleus of a new mission, and they succeeded in re-opening new relations with the natives of New Caledonia, and in thus favouring French occupation. After their expulsion from Balade, a fearful crime was enacted by these ferocious insulars. In 1851, the ship *Alouène* was engaged in surveying the island,

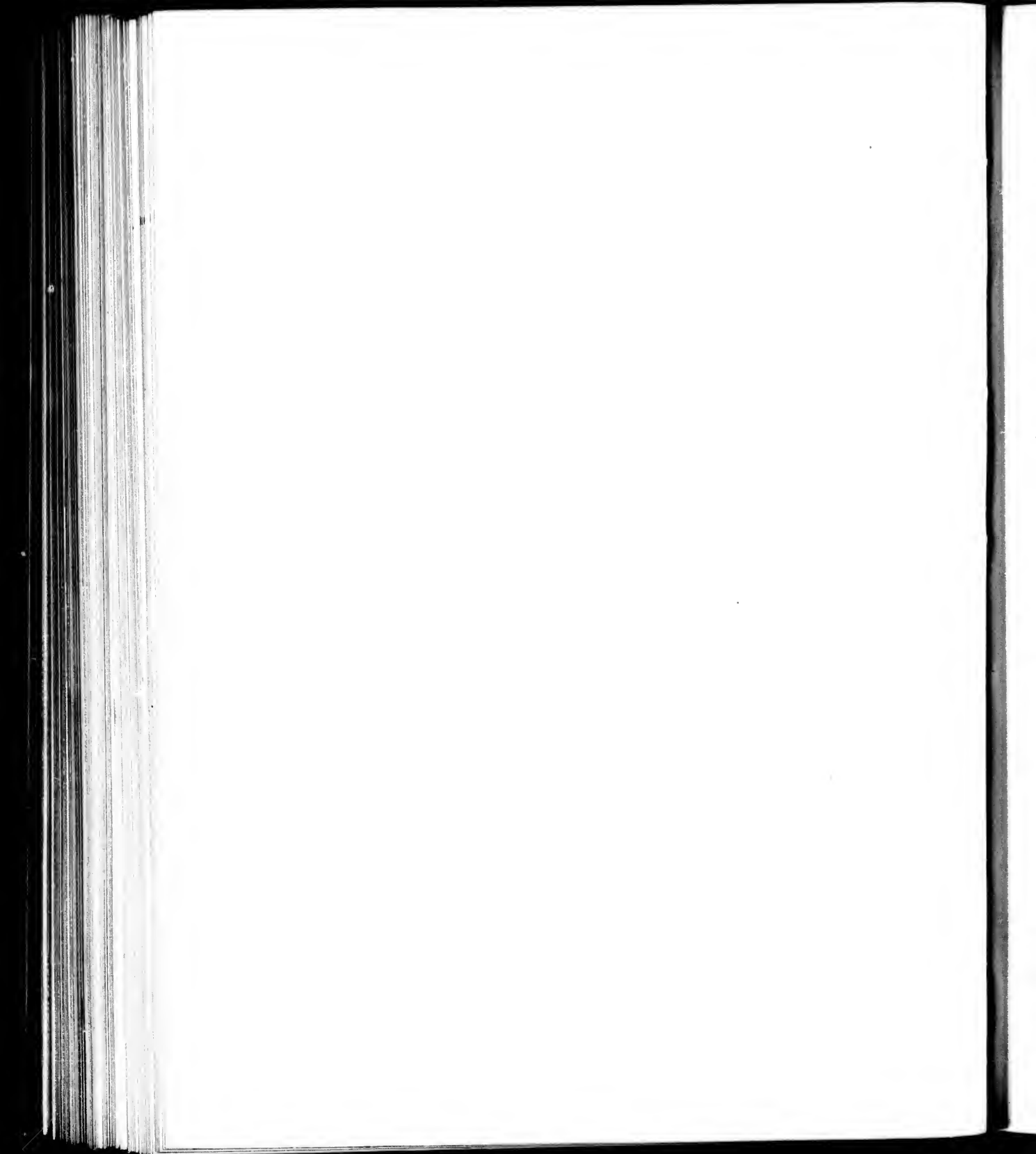
when two young officers M.M. de Varennes and Saint-Phal, were despatched in a boat with fifteen men to effect a reconnaissance along the coast and in the interior of the bays. They unfortunately allowed themselves to be taken by surprise by the natives on a small island which they thought was uninhabited. Officers and sailors alike were all massacred and devoured. The commander of the *Alouène* fired upon the natives and burnt their huts wherever he could get at them, but he was destined to be almost as unlucky as his officers and men, for he lost his ship upon the coral reef that envelops the island.

At the very moment, indeed, that Commodore Tardy de Montravel made his appearance in these fatal waters, another French vessel had just been lost there. This was a three-masted ship, the *Croix du Sud*, which had only issued from the slips of Bordeaux two years previously. It had visited America, China, and Australia, and was coming from Melbourne with the intention of visiting the Moluccas and touching at the French establishment on the way. Deceived by imperfect charts, the captain believed himself, on doubling the western point of the island, to have entered an open channel, whereas he went right upon the reefs, and the ship went to pieces. The crew, consisting of the captain, a young wife, and twelve men, had no resource left them but to take to the boats; and they luckily succeeded, after seven days' suffering, in reaching Port Balade, with their water and provisions exhausted, yet unable to land from the hostility of the same natives who had devoured so large a portion of the crew of the *Alouène*. The *Constantine* received the shipwrecked, and its commander despatched the screw-brig *Prony* to see if it could in any way relieve the *Croix du Sud*; but all hopes of this had to be given up after prolonged efforts, and the crew of the French merchantman had to remain in Caledonia till the opportunity presented itself of being transferred to Sydney.

The mission of the French commodore was more particularly directed to re-establishing the missionaries in safety on the chief island, to erect forts and habitations for soldiers and employes, to negotiate with the natives, and to induce them to accept the French protectorate. The task did not present any great difficulties at Balade, where the two powerful tribes of Puma and Pompo were under the influence of the missionaries. One of the chiefs, who, on being baptised, had exchanged his barbarous name of Bulone for that of Philip, willingly acceded, on receiving a few presents, to all that was demanded of him; he granted territorial concessions, and even submitted to the promulgation of a species of code, which, nevertheless, deprived him of one of his especial privileges, which was to distribute justice by breaking the heads of the accused. He was for the future bound over to graduate the scale of punishment according to the amount of criminality, and even, in certain cases, to have recourse to French jurisdiction. The French commander had further the ingenious idea of interesting the savages themselves in suppressing crime and in arresting the guilty. He organised a body of police among themselves, paying them with tobacco, and decorating, or rather distinguishing, them by a badge with the French colours. They thus became quite proud of their responsibilities, and were on the constant look-out for malefactors. The plan turned out, indeed, to be most successful. As to the chief, Philip, he was a brutal savage, of very limited intelligence, and it was impossible to



NEW CALEDONIANS.



trust in him. He in was, 1850, one of the most vindictive enemies of the missionaries, and he still preserved as a relic of his plunder a magnificent cassock, which he took great pleasure in putting on upon grand occasions.

After having constructed and armed the new fort at Balade, the *Constantine* proceeded to a place called Pouebo, or, as we should write it, Puabo, farther to the south, and in the territory of the tribe of Monelibe. At that point the landscape is more agreeable and animated. We have no longer naked rocks and rugged crests: the highlands assume a fertile and smiling aspect. A prolific vegetation reaches from their very summits down to the sea-shore, whilst a pretty river, navigable in boats for some miles, precipitates itself down the mountain sides in picturesque waterfalls, and then winds peacefully across the plain. One of the principal chiefs, when becoming a Christian, had assumed the name of Hippolyte; he had been a staunch friend of the missionaries, and he counterbalanced by his authority the opposition of another chief, of the name of Tarebate, who refused to become a Christian, because if he did he would have to renounce three out of his four wives.

No sooner had the *Constantine* cast anchor off Puabo, than the chief, Hippolyte, came instigated by the missionaries, to solicit in the name of his tribe that the same "measures of order" should be adopted there as had been put in force at Balade. His request was complied with, and the French commandant resolved, in order to overawe these tribes, to carry out his objects with a certain amount of solemnity. He accordingly landed with his staff and two companies of marines, and also two field-pieces with which to salute the French flag that was about to be hoisted. The little expedition ascended the river windings, and disembarked at a distance of only a few hundred yards from a large village, where the whole tribe awaited to receive it in arms. The natives received the French force with loud shouts, and the latter took up a position *en bataille* before the mission house. After a brief address from the commandant, which was translated by the chief Hippolyte, the French flag was hoisted and saluted by the artillery, amidst the applause of the aborigines. Hippolyte and Tarebate next affixed a kind of signature to the bottom of a document, in virtue of which they accepted the sovereignty of France, which was followed by the reading and explanation of the new penal code; lastly, what gave a great deal more pleasure to the natives, there came a general distribution of cakes of tobacco, and presents of arms, tools, and tinsel were made to the chiefs. In order the better to express their joy at this liberality, the natives gathered round the mission house whilst the officers were there taking a frugal repast, and began to execute their dances. They jumped and gesticulated to their own whistling and the sound of a bamboo, which beat time upon the ground. This substitution of whistling to singing when dancing is said to be peculiar to the natives of New Caledonia, and the French agreed that nothing could be more fatiguing or disagreeable.

The natives are, generally speaking, tall and robust, and the sailors all agree in extolling their vigour. The photographs that have been brought to this country give the idea of muscular, well-made men, but their physiognomy is coarse and brutal. The females especially, with their woolly hair, their great stupid fea-

tures, their hanging breasts, and slender extremities, resemble beasts more than human beings. The men are entirely naked, with the exception of a simple waistband; and the women have for all clothing a wrapper of about a foot in width, with a long hipnet behind. (See p. 601.) We find in New Caledonia the finest Polynesian races mixed up with the Austral negro, so low in the scale of humanity, and the bastard race that has sprung up from this admixture, like the mixed Austral-Malay races of the north-west of Australia, superior to the one and inferior to the other, have adopted the customs of both. One of the most remarkable superiorities of these savages consists in the strength and skill with which they use their clubs and the javelin. D'Entrecasteaux, who visited New Caledonia after Captain Cook's discovery of the island, relates that threatening groups of natives having gathered round him, he resolved to give them a notion of the terrible effects of their fire-arms. He had a pigeon tied to a tree, placed three of his best shots at a distance, and gave the word of command. Not one of the men hit it. A native, who was carelessly reclining close by, rose up, brandished his javelin (*zagai*, or *assegai*), cast it, and transfixed the bird.

The occupation of New Caledonia was not everywhere so easy as at Balade and at Pumbo. The *Constantine* pursued its explorations along the eastern coast, visiting the principal tribes, and seeking for a spot favourable for a chief settlement. In proportion as she proceeded from the north to the south, the population was found to be more and more ill-disposed. The action of the missionaries was no longer felt, and they were further, it is said, encouraged in their hostility by some English and American seamen, deserters from vessels, who had established themselves among them, who lived as they lived, without competition or control, and who dreaded the introduction of a foreign influence and domination.

There was particularly, at a place called Hienguene, or Hiyanwani, a powerful tribe, whose chief, named Buarate, a man of energy, and endowed with a certain amount of intelligence, and who had once been to Sydney, where he was received with great respect, and treated as if he had been king of all New Caledonia. Buarate professed a great attachment for his friends the English—Sydney men, as he called them—and he had announced that he would resist the occupation of the country by any other white men. The neighbouring tribes looked up to Buarate, whose followers were numerous, and well provided with guns, so it was determined to strike the decisive blow at this point.

The *Constantine* and the *Prony* arrived off Hiyanwani, in the month of May, 1854, and a considerable number of canoes put off, and their crews went on board the French ships with a show of amicable familiarity; but their chief did not make his appearance. Buarate having refused, on being summoned, to make his submission, an officer was sent with an armed party to communicate to him that if he did not obey the "invitation" made to him by ten o'clock the next day, the commodore would himself land with an armed force to raise the French flag, and establish the sovereignty of France over the territory of the tribe, and that at the least appearance of resistance he should be dethroned, and his territory declared to be the property of government.

The officer charged with this mission succeeded, by

ascending a goodly river that waters Hiyanwani, in reaching the residence of Buarate. He found the chief seated in front of his house, a gun in hand, and he prevailed upon him, not without difficulty, to follow him. Buarate was treated with more courtesy on board the corvette than he appears to have anticipated, and he promised, after some opposition, to appear next morning with his warriors in front of the principal village, and celebrate the act of giving up his territory to the foreigner.

Accordingly, the next day, eight boats took their departure from the corvette and the brig, conveying two hundred and fifty men, with two guns, who effected their landing in the midst of a considerable assemblage of warriors, armed with muskets, assegais, and steel axes, which have taken the place of clubs among the tribes that are in relation with Europeans. The act of possession was read by the commodore, and translated by a pupil of the mission; the flag was unfurled, and saluted by three discharges of musketry and one-and-twenty guns from the *Constantine*; after which, the two hundred and fifty marines drilled in front of the flag, whilst Buarate and other chiefs of the tribe were engaged in signing the act of sovereignty and occupation. The sight of so many men armed with muskets, and the sound of the great guns, made, we are told, a great, if not a lasting, impression upon the natives. The parties separated good friends, and the commodore promised Buarate to visit him in his own house the next day.

In execution of this promise, the eight boats proceeded up the river the ensuing morning in file. The river of Hiyanwani is barred at its entrance by a reef of coral, which only leaves a narrow passage at the southern extremity of the bay; it itself only reaches the sea after a devious course among abrupt mountains, which pour down the waters of the uplands by deep ravines, the ruddy face of the rocks being everywhere clothed with a rich and vigorous vegetation. Coconut trees shelter well-constructed huts at the bottom of the ravines.

The natives rushed to the shores in crowds to contemplate a spectacle so new to them, and they followed the procession of boats by narrow pathways that ran along each side of the river. The armed men led the way; the women and children followed at a short distance, and loud shouts arose from each side of the stream. Having reached the village, the French effected their landing in a column, the flying artillery in the centre, and then took up a position in order of battle in front of Buarate's residence.

The litter was what M. Jacobs calls "*une grande case Calédonienne*," a kind of cone hoisted upon a cylinder four feet in height, with a low, narrow door in front, and at the top of the cone was a rude sculpture representing the human form, whilst to the right and left were other huts for women and strangers. The chiefs of the tribes, one hundred and fifty to two hundred in number, were grouped before the principal hut; they were diversely armed, and all naked with the exception of Buarate, who was draped in a blue woollen shirt. Other groups of warriors remained at a more respectful distance, and the women and children looked on with curiosity from behind the houses and trees.

The artillery and marines then went through a variety of evolutions, after which another French flag was unfurled, saluted with twenty-one guns, and then

handed over to Buarate, in commemoration of his new nationality. The commodore took advantage of the impression produced by "this imposing ceremonial" to engage the tribe to give up the practice of cannibalism, representing to them that such a practice was looked upon by all civilised people as the most disgraceful of any to which human beings could be addicted; after which he interdicted Buarate from administering justice any longer with the blows of an axe; and finally, to allay the bitterness of these new obligations, he distributed a few arms, some tools and utensils, and invited the chief to sit down with him and his officers and partake of a sheep, roasted whole, after the Caledonian fashion. The soldiers also partook of a repast on their side, and the crowd, overcoming their fears, also crowded round, precipitating themselves upon the bones or biscuits, or the least fragments that were thrown to them.

This military demonstration of the French commandant had, it is said, a lasting effect; from that time forth Buarate ceased his hostilities, and the other chiefs followed his example. The two vessels, passing the two strange rocks that were called the towers of Notre-Dame, because at a distance they resembled them both in form and elevation, left Hiyanwani behind them, and prosecuted their search for a suitable spot wherein to found the chief town of the colony in *future*. Among others, they visited the magnificent bay of Kanala, where a chief, named Kai, came on board of his own free will, proud of a shift, trousers, and cap, as also of an old sword, which, in his eyes, constituted a magnificent costume. Thence they doubled the southern point, touched at the Island of Pines, and proceeded to explore the lower portions of the western coast.

The Bay of Morare, one of the first that presents itself on doubling the southern point, presented many claims for election. Numerous streams of water find their way at that point to the sea, and vessels meet with an excellent watering-place formed at the foot of a copious fall, which descends from the Mont d'Or, an isolated peak that dominates the coast at this point, and which is indebted to its name for the hopes entertained at first of finding it to be auriferous, but which were not afterwards realised. The fall precipitates itself from a height of sixty feet, into a kind of basin. The richness of the valley, the facilities for irrigation, the gentle acclivity of the mountains, all invited cultivation; the forests were rich in timber, and the borders of the sea were unencumbered by that monotonous growth of mangroves that is met with on so many other points. Extensive plains, diversified by groves of trees, seemed to be waiting for cattle. Lastly, deposits of coal surround the bay; five veins show themselves at the surface of the soil close to the sea. With a better anchorage, Moraré would have been made the seat of the chief colonial establishment; but failing in this essential, the neighbouring bay of Noumea, or Numiya, now Port de France, was selected as "*le chef lieu Européen de la Nouvelle-Calédonie*."

It is now little more than four years since the first stone of this establishment was laid, and people will not fail to be interested in knowing what, in the present day, is this town, still in embryo, that France has undertaken to build in Australasia, opposite to Queensland and New South Wales. A harbour easy of access, safe, well disposed, and easy of defence, lies at the entrance of a spacious and well-sheltered bay.

ascended in by hills, and behind a narrow peninsula. The hills that surround it form a kind of *hemicycle*, enveloped by mountains that rise in stages like an amphitheatre. This is the spot on which rises Port-de-France; it has the inconvenience of not being well watered; the nearest rivulet is at a distance of six miles; it may some day be brought nearer, but, for the time being, water is obtained from deep wells. A kind of barrack occupies the beach of the peninsula, which can accommodate about a hundred soldiers; the French flag floats on the top of it. At a little distance are five or six houses, one of which is the seat of government, and is surrounded by a large garden, in which have been inaugurated the usual *cessai d'acclimatation et de culture*. (See p. 603.)

Since 1855 the missionaries, persecuted by Buarate, Philip the Convert, and other chiefs, whose apprehensions had been removed by the disappearance of the French ships, gathered together to found an establishment under the protection of Port de France, called "La Conception," and of which they have made—as also of Puabo, on the other side—the centre of their labours. There, at three leagues from Port-de-France, near the sea, and upon a hill that dominates the shore, they have grouped around them a few hundred natives. The Caledonian city, as it is designated, is divided into three quarters, according to the number of individuals who have contributed to its erection; and it must not be supposed that it consists solely of huts; some of the savages, instructed by their European directors, have built themselves houses covered with slates, in which the island abounds, and they are whitewashed and surrounded by gardens and cultivations. It is a novel and curious spectacle that of these men digging the soil, superintending their plantations, looking to their domestic duties, treating their wives almost as their equals, grouping themselves in regular and industrious families, and no longer requiring human flesh from the want of other food to assuage their hunger. They are clad in a sort of woollen Guernsey, with a medal or chaplet round their necks. Their coarse features relax when they exchange a cordial shake of the hand, with the words "father" or "brother" in their mouths. A tolerably spacious church of brick and whitewashed earth occupies the centre of the "village." When the bell summons them to their religious duties, they quit their labours and join in the services with a guttural nasal tone.

The same process of praiseworthy improvement is said to be going on at Puabo. The mission is situated there at about half a league from the sea, at the end of a fine plain, where the hill-side is shaded by cocoa-nut trees. The buildings, which consist of two spacious houses, a godly church, and a few huts, are surrounded by carpenters' workshops and a blacksmith's forge. The cultivation of rice and maize has particularly succeeded at this place, whilst herds of cattle, pigs, and goats are a better guarantee than all the sermons against the anthropophagous habits of the natives.

The measure of success has been, it is said, even still greater at the Isle of Pines; there, a thousand natives obey one chief. The huts are grouped round the religious establishment. Plantations of cocoa-nut trees, of sugar-cane, and of bananas, the grape-vine, the fig-tree, and different European cereals, prosper, and occupy the foot of the hills crowned with verdure. Many of the natives have also been taught to hive bees.

Here, says M. Alfred Jacobs, are very good results,

only it must be acknowledged that they are very circumscribed. The catechumenists do not number two thousand, which, according to M. Tardy de Mont-ravel's estimate of a population of sixty thousand, is but a twentieth of the population; further, if a number of docile and disciplined natives are to be seen round the missions, it must also be admitted that a far greater number witness these innovations with extreme repugnance. Some even among the converts are very indifferent, and have been known to say, "Well, if your baptism is so salutary and procures felicity, you shall confer it on me when I am about to die." Others are argumentative. A good missionary was arguing with a native one day against anthropophagism. "But," insisted the savage, "if it is an enemy killed in fight?" "He is thy equal, a man like thyself, who might be thy relative or become thy friend." "His flesh fills my stomach and nourishes me as well as that of another; and besides, do not you yourself eat of the sheep and the fowls which you have brought up with your own hands?" M. Alfred Jacobs avers that "to tell the truth, there is little real hope that their missionaries, whatever may be their courage or zeal, will be able to organise an indigeneous society living under their constant direction."

In the meantime, the French may, with justice, congratulate themselves upon the experiment that is being made: it redounds infinitely to their credit.

II.

THE FRENCH AT TAHITI OR OTAHEITI—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—PAPEETE, THE FRENCH METROPOLIS IN OCEANIA—BLOOM ROAD—THE TAHITIANS—PROJECTED LINE OF CIRCUMNAVIGATION BY THE FRENCH—THE CHINESE COLONY AT TAHITI—THE FRENCH IN THE MARQUESAS—CHARACTER OF THE ISLANDERS—NUKAHIVA—PROJECTED ABANDONMENT OF THE FRENCH PROTECTORATE.

AWAITING until the importance of New Caledonia with its natural riches shall develop itself, Tahiti, or Otaheti, the chief of the islands of the Archipelago of the Society Isles is, we are told, at the head of the French possessions in the Pacific, and Papeete, its capital, is the French metropolis in Oceania.¹

We have before alluded to this beautiful group of islands, but mainly in reference to their geological character, in vol. I., p. 537, of *All Round the World*. What we now add is more in reference to their occupation by the French, and to their history since that epoch.

The exquisite beauty of Tahiti is familiar by repute to almost all. In the exterior or border landscapes of Tahiti and the other islands, says Mr. Ellis, there is a variety in the objects of nature's history; a happy combination of land and water, of precipices and level

¹ The Society Islands are generally spoken of by British geographers as being about seventy miles to the westward of Tahiti, or Otaheti, which is the chief island of the Georgian group, so named in honour of George III. Mariners, however, sometimes designate them as the Windward and the Leeward Islands. As the two clusters are politically as well as geographically distinct, the French should speak of Tahiti in the Georgian Islands, and not in the Society Islands. The names of the islands, according to the orthography introduced by our missionaries and used by the press now established among the people, are: Georgian Islands—Meitia, Tahiti (Otaheti), Eimeo, Ainaite, or Charles Sander's Island, and Tetuaroa. Society Islands—Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, Borabora, Maunua, Tubai, Lord Howe's Island, and Scilly Island. The Society Islands were so named by their discoverer, Captain Cook, in honour of the Royal Society of London.

plains of trees often hanging their branches, clothed with thick dark foliage, over the sea, and distant mountains shown in sublime outline and richest hues; and the whole, often blended in the harmony of nature, produces sensations of admiration and delight. The inland scenery is of a different character, but not less impressive. The landscapes are occasionally extensive, but more frequently circumscribed. There is, however, a startling boldness in the towering piles of basalt, often heaped in romantic confusion near the source or margin of some cool or crystal stream that flows in silence at their base, or dashes over the rocky fragments that arrest its progress; and there is the wildness of romance about the deep and lonely glens, around which the mountains rise like the steep sides of a natural amphitheatre, till the cloud seen supported by them—this arrests the attention of the beholder, and for a time suspends his faculties in mute astonishment. There is also so much that is new in the character and growth of trees and flowers, irregular, spontaneous, and luxuriant in the vegetation, which is sustained by a prolific soil, and matured by the genial heat of a tropical climate, that it is adapted to produce an indescribable effect. Often, when either alone or attended by one or two companions, I have journeyed through some of the inland parts of the islands, such has been the effect of the through scenery which I have passed, that it has appeared to me as if we had been carried back to the primitive ages of the world, and beheld the face of the earth, as it was perhaps often exhibited when the Creator's works were spread over it in all their endless variety, and all the vigour of exhaustless energy, and before population had extended or the genius or enterprise of man had altered the aspect of its surface.

The French likewise describe Tahiti, their new possession, as a charming island, covered with wood, of various configuration, dominated by a peak of two thousand four hundred and fifty French yards, which is called the Diadem. Above this majestic peak, upon a table-land, at an elevation of five hundred French yards, is a lake, half a league in length, and very deep, the water of which is always at the temperature of twenty-three to twenty-four degrees centigrade. Little rivers tumble down in the form of cataracts from the various heights, and water the picturesque valleys and fine plains, where the native habitations are grouped under the shade of the cocoa-nut tree. The greatest length of the island is thirteen leagues, by seven in width, and a reef of coral surrounds it, leaving only narrow passages at certain points. The first navigators who visited the island, struck by the mildness of the climate and all its beauties, spoke of it in the most enthusiastic terms. An officer of the French navy, who has recently returned from the island, describes the most graceful panorama as being unfolded as the ship, approaching the island, doubles the Point of Venus; and as it coasts the reef, ten miles in length, which separates it from the pass, the abrupt peaks of the island appear in succession, surmounted by the sharp points of the Diadem. These secondary summits appear to be covered with a luxuriant vegetation, in the midst of which sparkle innumerable cascades, whilst the shore is clothed with cocoa, pandanus, orange and bread-fruit trees, whose shade shelter here and there the huts of the natives, and whose roots are bathed by the internal sea, perfectly calm between the reef and the coast. Such is the landscape, vigorously

lit up by a tropical sun, that presents itself to the traveller still under the influence of the rude climate and inhospitable shores of Cape Horn. A moment more and the white houses of Papeete, the French metropolis in Oceania, make their appearance at the bottom of the harbour.

The roadstead, of easy access and well sheltered, presents a good anchorage to merchantmen; the beach surrounds it like a circle; a reef closes it up towards the sea, and the city stretches from one point to the other, having in its centre a jetty for disembarkation. Around the house of government, or protectorate, and the arsenal, magazines, barracks, and docks, are scattered the habitations of two or three thousand persons, strangers as well as natives; and these houses are arranged in a tolerably fair line, called Broom-road, along the shore. They are chiefly of wood. There are, indeed, only the public buildings and consuls' houses that are of stone and two stories high. A good road starts from the chief town, and is carried round the island; and in front of the bay, in the amphitheatre formed by the heights that rise as it were in stages, the houses of some of the residents are scattered amidst splendid gardens, in which the orange, the banana, the cocoa-nut, the aloe, the vanilla, and twenty other varieties of intertropical plants mingle their foliage. The market-place stands at the meeting of the two main roads; it consists of two thatched sheds, thirty feet long by ten wide, in which a few old men, women, and children are seated, surrounded by their provisions, bread, fruit, bananas, oranges, cocoa nuts, sometimes fish, and raw or roasted pork. Near the arsenal is a commodious and almost pretty house, the residence of Queen Pomare, who, according to her fancy, dwells there or in her native hut at Papea. Papeete also contains a few public-houses and restaurants, for the use of sailors and those engaged in the harbour, but no comfortable inn—a circumstance which, with the necessity for a permission to reside there which is exacted from all passing visitors, are the source of much legitimate grumbling on the part of the English and Americans.

The indigenous shirt or pareu, a kind of toga of brilliant colours, which the Tahitians cast over their shoulders, and allow to fall in graceful folds to the left, mingles with the European costume in the city. This garment is marvellously well adapted to the high stature and handsome forms of most of the natives; whilst those who have been foolish enough to adopt the European costume, look awkward and ill at ease. Tahiti has indeed, not changed much in appearance from when it attracted the admiration of the early circumnavigators. There are still to be seen the vigorous forms of the natives, the handsomest of the Polynesian races; those graceful females of soft and easy speech, idle, without a care, decorating themselves with flowers, and only seeking for pleasure, are also still there. But, alas, Europeans have entailed many vices and many miseries upon the inhabitants of this fortunate island. Of the nine thousand natives of Tahiti, there is scarcely one who does not bear marks of diseases of European origin, and all seek with avidity for spirits, especially absinthe. Every morning at daybreak the European is woke up by the noise made in the streets by a group of women of all ages, from the gray-haired matron to the young girl with a laughing face, and who have been condemned to sweep the streets, some of them for a week, and others

even longer, for having been picked up dead drunk. It is now nigh seventeen years since France has established its protectorate, or rather its domination, over Tahiti. "It is," says M. Jacob, "a precious acquisition, for the island is in a straight line with the road which leads from Panama, Nicaragua, and Tehuantepec, on the American isthmus, to Australia." Vessels favoured by good winds, both in going and returning, put in there on their way from Melbourne and Sydney to San Francisco and back again. Steamers renew their provisions of coal there; and it is thus that Tahiti and New Caledonia are called upon to give one another the hand. The one contains rich coal deposits, the other presents them with a market or outlet.¹ A few native productions, as taro, sorgho, and arrow-root, contribute to the consumption within; but the agricultural and commercial resources of the place might be made to assume a considerable extension if the colonists were more active and numerous. Few Europeans have undertaken attempts at colonisation upon a large scale in the island; and it is possible that here, as elsewhere, this duty will be delegated to the Chinese.

The yellow faces had been rarely seen at Tahiti till the year 1856, when an American ship brought over a whole batch of them. They were miners and craftsmen, on their way from Australia to California, but arrived at Papeete, they asked permission of the governor to establish themselves there as servants, porters, and workmen. The captain, who on his side had been in great apprehension of a revolt, was delighted with the idea of getting rid of his living load. Thus it was that about a hundred individuals became the nucleus of a Chinese colony. They have their separate quarter, whence they issue forth every morning by daylight throughout town and island in the pursuit of all kinds of branches of industry. The approximation of two such different classes of men as the Chinese and the native Oceanians presents a very singular contrast, which can only be seen at Tahiti and in the Sandwich Islands, because it is only in these that the natives mingle with Europeans in their towns. The Chinaman makes but a mean appearance, with his bald head and long tail, his prominent jaw and oblique look, by the side of the Polynesian of Tahiti or Sandwich, tall

¹ Captain Bedford Pim, R.N. has lately advocated what he terms a new transit through Central America, in which he lays down a route from San Juan del Sur to Sydney, *via* Tahiti, stating at the same time, that the passage to Sydney now effected, *via* Southampton and Egypt, never in less than fifty-five days, could be performed by that route in forty-four, or in eleven days less. Dr. Berthold Seeman pointed out, upon this, in a letter to the *Albion*, that the steamer would have to call at the Fiji Islands; the southernmost of which islands, Kadono, has an excellent harbour. Dr. Seeman would also, instead of making the terminus of the proposed route at Sydney, would make it at Brisbane, the capital of the new and flourishing colony of Queensland, and already connected by telegraph and steam with every inhabited part of Australia. Five degrees of latitude, and possibly two days of time, would thus be saved. Dr. Seeman would proceed to Brisbane in almost a straight line from San Juan del Sur, calling on the way at the French colony of New Caledonia, at the Fijis, and the Marquessa. Tahiti would be too far south to render it a convenient place for touching at. Mr. Consul Pritchard has also been advocating, with an energy worthy of the purpose, the necessity for giving protection to the Fiji Islanders. It is quite evident that the French having occupied New Caledonia, the Society Islands, and the Marquessa, we are at present left without a single commercial or steamboat station—without a footing, indeed, in the whole of Polynesia or Oceania, or on the line of route from Australia and New Zealand to Central or South America, or to British Columbia.

and strong, with regular features, somewhat savage, with an expression at times ferocious at others simple, and a step at once proud and indifferant. Sitting at the door of his tent, or bending beneath his burden, there is something in a Chinaman's physiognomy that is at once expressive of timidity, and yet of cunning, cheating, and deception. By the look which he casts at the native, so gallant in his person, but so improvident, idle, and careless, one can see at once that he looks upon him as his prey. "Alas!" says M. Jacobs, "these are the men to whom in all probability a great part in the future of Oceania is left. If one day the circumnavigator finds some thousands of these Jews of the East scattered over Polynesia, increasing in numbers and wealth, will he not regret the time when the canoes wafted the indolent, benevolent, and peaceful (with some exceptions!) natives of these fortunate islands of the Pacific alongside the ships of Cook?"

The native of the Marquessa, better preserved from external contact by isolation, from those islands not being as yet upon any commercial highway, and visited almost solely by whalers, has also more perfectly preserved his personal and primitive physiognomy. He appears to belong to a more energetic and fierce race than the Tahitian: tattooing of a complicated character, warrior dances, and human sacrifices are still in full vigour in those portions of the country where French influence has not yet made itself felt. There is the same difference between the natives of the two archipelagos as there is between the islands themselves. Nukahiva has not the same smiling aspect as Tahiti; its shores present at first aspect nothing but gloomy cliffs, which terminate in dark precipices over the sea, or rise up in slopes towards the sharp and pointed peaks of the mountains of the interior. These black volcanic rocks are clad with coarse grass, and only here and there a few trees of stunted growth show themselves upon the heights; it is only in the deep valleys that open towards the sea, and that are watered by rivulets, that a rich vegetation presents itself. So dense, however, is the vegetation in these narrow glens, and so intricate is their disposition, that they leave the natives in a curious kind of isolation from one another—a circumstance which has also materially affected their character. They are almost uniformly of a grave and almost mournful disposition. To see them asking of their kava its formidable enjoyments, it would be fancied that these men were seeking to bury a sorrow in oblivion, or to ward off some fatal ousure.

Five or six natives get together, one of them chews the white and tender root of the native plant, and with his saliva mixed with water he forms a yellow liquor, having a penetrating odour, but not spirituous, and which produces a somnolence and inebriety which resembles that of the hashish. He who partakes of it does not reel, nor does he utter exclamations; he preserves his consciousness and his reason, but he is seized with a general nervous shaking, he projects his head forwards, and feels great weakness in his limbs. He walks slowly and with an uncertain step, and soon seeks repose on a mat. He requires, indeed, absolute silence and repose, the circulation is subdued, a profuse perspiration comes on, sight becomes confused, and a sort of torpid yet calm feeling supervenes, accompanied sometimes by erotic visions. This state of intoxication comes on at the end of twenty minutes, and lasts from two to six hours, sometimes more, according to the

done and the habits of the drinker. The use of the kava has disappeared from Tahiti, whose inhabitants prefer brandy and absinthe, but it is in full vigour at the Marquesas, where the habitual drunkards are easily recognised by their bloodshot eyes, their exceeding thinness, and by white scales or ulcers that appear upon the skin.

The French have increased the natural resources of these islands by importing there cattle, sheep, and asses. Pigs and dogs and poultry have been long known. Unfortunately, rats have emigrated at the same time, and they entail sad destruction among the fowls. It was, no doubt, with the view of reserving what remained to themselves, that the priests and chiefs declared them to be tabooed. Nothing would induce a native to eat a fowl, or even to lay his head on a pillow stuffed with their feathers. It is the same with regard to the sea turtle, which is not often caught, and which is reserved for certain religious ceremonies. The devil-fish, a kind of skate, and sharks, notwithstanding the coarseness of their flesh are all much sought after.

The islanders, the number of whom are reckoned at about twelve thousand, present in general a handsome type. The men are tall and well made; their physiognomies would be often pleasing if it were not for the tattooing to which they subject them; the brown colour of their skin fades beneath this frightful operation, and they appear black or deep blue. They raise up their hair into a kind of fan with a stiff band. Their eyes are dark and expressive, their teeth good, and they have more beard than other Polynesians. The women are well made, and have pleasing figures. They are marriageable when very young, and as lascivious as all the women of the Pacific. Men and women are equally apt in all bodily exercises, and they swim and dive with marvellous dexterity. The dialects spoken at the Marquesas and at Tahiti have been made the object of especial study by the hydrographical engineer, Ganssin. They may, he says, originate from a common source, but they have been modified in diverse senses, and have taken very distinct characters

according to the instincts and tastes of the two populations. "When," says a French naval officer, M. Jouan, who resided for several years at Nukahiva, "one arrives from Tahiti, where the inhabitants are so talkative and noisy, and where a soft and flowing idiom is heard on all sides, one is surprised at the taciturnity of the Nukahivians. They speak little, and what they do utter is in a formidable bass tone, in which they eliminate distinctly all the syllables of their harsh language."

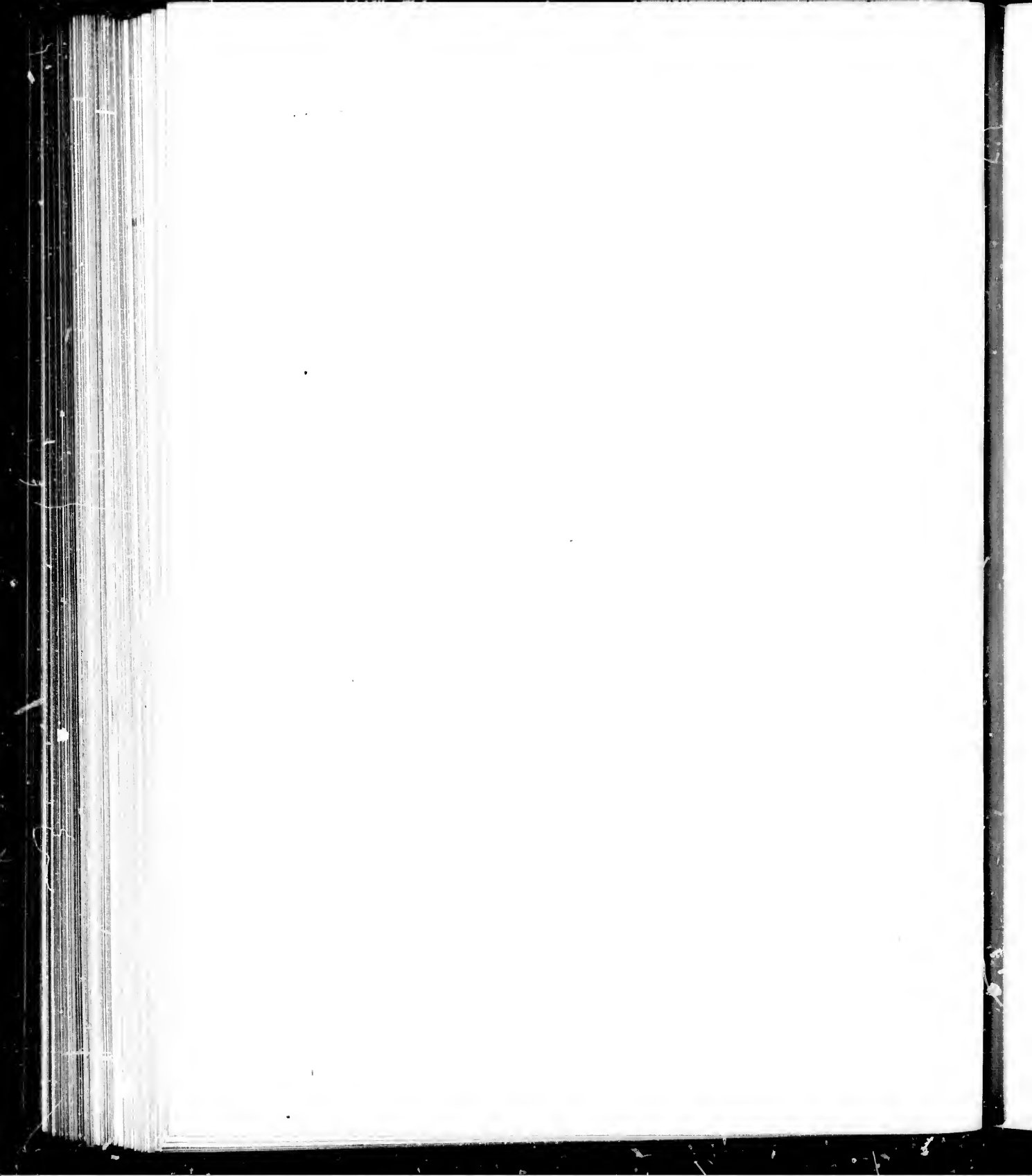
France took possession of Tahiti and Nukahiva in the year 1842; but these two establishments have had different destinies, which have been attributed to their respective positions in the Pacific. Papeete saw one hundred and forty-three merchantmen enter its harbour in 1856; the value of imports has risen to three millions, and of exports to a little less than two millions of francs. Nukahiva has only been visited by the American whalers when descending from the north-west seas to the southward. A barrack and a few houses constitute the city, and a lieutenant, twenty marines, and a few missionaries, constitute the European population. It has been a question of abandoning this possession, which is so unproductive, but consolation has been sought in the hope that our era is destined to see those old barriers, which lengthen the voyage to the Pacific and to the Indian Ocean, removed. When that is accomplished, the group of the Marquesas, the Archipelago of the Society Islands and New Caledonia, like steps from the east to the west of the Pacific Ocean, between the American isthmus and Australia, Malasia and New Zealand, the regions of gold, of colonisation, and of commerce, may become so many stations between the Old World and the New. These rocks, so long useless, will then spring into new life, and at the same hour the doom of the native races will have been pronounced. Either they will have learnt to adapt themselves to the active and laborious existence of which Europe makes law, even to the Islands of Oceania, or they will have given way to the Americans, the English, or the Chinese, to those men who move and toil "throughout the whole earth."

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PORT OF FRANCE.



TOUR IN PORTUGAL.

I.

MOORISH AND BURGUNDIAN EPOCHS—HOUSE OF BRAGANZA—GERMANIC-PORTUGUESE DYNASTY—PORT AND BAY OF VIGO—TUT, THE STUMBLING-BLOCK OF THE FRENCH ARMY—VALENCIA AND ITS SAINT BELOVED BY CROWS—THE RIVER MINHO—CAMINHA AND ITS TRAVELLED CRUCIFIX—NABIER'S EXPLOITS.

In the old Roman times, there was a town called Calle—now Oporto—near the mouth of the Douro, in Lusitania; and this haven having been much frequented, the ignorance of the Middle Ages conferred on the surrounding region the name Porto-Calle, which, as the

country was gradually recovered from the Moors, was yet more improperly extended to the whole kingdom, and whence its modern name—Portugal.

Its old inhabitants were, it is said, a Celtic tribe, and they were subdued by the Romans, Goths, and others, ere the country was finally over run by the Moors. It was afterwards recovered from the Moors by the Spaniards, assisted by the Princes of Burgundy, who founded its first dynasty. The Moorish wars were hence succeeded by those with the kings of Castile, in which the natural hatred of the Portuguese and Spaniards had its first origin. Among the kings



VIANNA DO CASTELLO.

of this period we distinguish Dinniz, or Denis, who reigned from 1279 to 1325, and who was worthy of the surnames which he received from a grateful posterity—the Just, the Cultivator, the Father of his Country. He resisted with prudence and firmness the encroaching spirit of the clergy, who loudly demanded exemption from taxes, and, at the same time, he managed to remain on good terms with the most imperious of popes, Nicholas IV. Himself a scholar and a poet, he proved the most liberal friend of science, and he founded the University at Lisbon, which was in 1309 transferred to Coimbra. Dinniz was succeeded by Alphonse IV., and his son and successor, Pedro, married the unfortunate Inez de Castro, whose tragic and romantic history forms one of the finest episodes in the history of Portugal, and has been the subject of many tragedies. The male line of the Burgundian

dynasty was extinguished with Pedro's son Ferdinand, who died in 1383.

A natural brother of Ferdinand, the gallant John I., founded a new dynasty, and it was in his time that the discoveries of Diaz, Vasco de Gama, Albuquerque, De Cabral, Magellan, and others, added so much to the wealth and power of the country that Lisbon became the most animated commercial town in Europe. Portugal is, with Spain and Great Britain, a proof of the importance of geographical exploration, as a means of adding to the wealth and power of nations. Unfortunately in Portugal as in Spain, the rapid increase of money, without a corresponding progress in industry, led to luxury and idleness, and bigotry followed in the train. The Inquisition was introduced, and wasteful wars engaged in against the Muhammadans—a cardinal succeeded to Sebastian, who fell at Al Kazar in Mo-

rocco, and the dynasty expiring with him, the country fell into the hands of Philip of Spain.

In 1640 the Spaniards were driven out of Lisbon, and the Duke of Braganza proclaimed King of Portugal, under the title of John IV. It was under the first king of the house of Braganza that the bonds of amity that existed between England and Portugal were drawn closer, and in 1808 Portugal was wrested by British bravery from the hands of the French, and was restored to its native prince. A British armament was again called upon to interfere in the usurpation of Dom Miguel. The marriage of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and then of Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, with the Queen Donna Maria da Gloria, introduced a new element into the dynasty, which is now Germano-Portuguese, and allied by blood, as well as by long cemented interests, with the reigning family of Great Britain.

These introductory observations are necessitated in the instance of Portugal, because otherwise any historical allusions that may be suggested in the course of the account which we propose to give of a tour in the northern provinces by the presence of castles, churches, universities, and other public buildings or ruins of older time, would lose half their point. It is essential, in travelling in Portugal, a peculiarly artistic country, to remember its Moorish and Burgundian epochs, its Portuguese dynasty—the era of discovery and of religious fanaticism—and its house of Braganza tormented by the invasions of Spain and France, weakened by abdications to Brazil, its princes and people in incessant insurrection, and its constitution and laws undergoing successive changes, counter-revolution succeeding to revolution, till a period of repose embittered only by recent domestic calamities was brought about under the existing reigning family.

The Peninsular Steam Packet Company's vessels present the pleasantest and readiest of all methods of reaching Portugal from this country, touching first at Vigo, a port of the Spanish province of Galicia. The coast of this province differs from that of Portugal in being deeply indented with beautiful bays, Vigo, immediately north of the Rio Minho, constituting the most southerly of these grand natural harbours, while, with the exception of Aveiro, there is nothing but estuaries and mouths of rivers from that point to Cape St. Vincent. Oporto is on the Douro, Coimbra on the Mondego, and Lisbon on the Tagus. Our first object on landing at Vigo was to climb the steep hill which is crowned by the Castle del Castro; a magnificent view is obtained from this point of the bay, one of the finest in the world for security and extent, with its granite rocks called the Cies, the more distant Bayona Islands, the sea beyond, and the stern and impenetrable looking Serra in the background. The town itself, which is supposed to be the ancient *vicus episcoporum*, occupies the whole of the acclivity in question, upon which are the remains of the old castle of San Sebastian, as well as that of Castro. Sir Francis Drake forced his way into this bay in 1587, and took the town, which he plundered. In 1702, the combined Dutch and English fleets which lay in wait for the Spanish galleons returning from America, succeeded in capturing some and sinking others within the bay. The town was again taken by the English in 1789, but was shortly afterwards evacuated.

Vigo has in the present day but a trifling amount of commerce; the mere fact of the Peninsular Steam

Packet Company's steamers touching there has not sufficed to confer upon it the wealth and fame which springs from industry and enterprise.

The well-known author, Mr. William H. G. Kingston, who is familiar with Portugal from his earliest youth, gives a lively account in his *Lusitanian Sketches* of his arrival by one of the same company's steam packets at this port.

When I went on deck on Thursday morning we were running in for the Bayona Islands, at the mouth of Vigo Bay. The balmy air came softly from the land, strongly impregnated by the sweet-scented flowers of the heather, which clothes the mountains of Galicia, then rising blue and indistinct on our left. Two hours elapsed before we entered the bay, leaving the Ons Islands and the harbour of Pontevedra on our left, and the two rocky Bayonas on our right—the inner sides of which are cultivated, and afford secure anchoring-ground and good shelter from westerly gales.

Everybody must admire the bay, or rather, from its great depth, it might more properly be called the Gulf of Vigo. It is large enough to contain all the navies in the world, and the water is so deep that I have been close up to the town in a first-class frigate, the *Castor*. As we sailed up, wooded and vine-covered hills, rising from the water, appeared on each side, covered with cultivated fields, interspersed with cottages and hamlets, and elevated into mountains on the north. About five miles up, on the south side, stands Vigo, picturesquely situated on a hill crowned by a dark frowning castle, the base surrounded by a wall and trench, which, I suspect, from its appearance, would afford but slight protection to the town.

It has been my fate to visit Vigo several times. When leaving Portugal it has appeared to advantage, but the stranger from England cannot particularly admire the interior, however beautiful it may seem to him from the deck of the vessel. It is indeed very inferior to any of the other sea-port towns I have visited in the north of Spain. It boasts of a square, in which stands a tolerable hotel, with several streets—not very dirty—containing many respectable houses. A good road leads from it in the direction of the famous St. Jago de Compostella; but how far the macadamised part extends I know not.

In the winter, and when there are threatenings of boisterous weather, the mail-bags for the north of Portugal are landed here, and dispatched by a courier, who travels night and day, on the same horse, to Oporto, enjoying only a few hours' rest; but so bad is the road, except for a few miles in Spain, that he occupies nearly two days in performing a distance which he might with facility perform, were the roads improved, on three or four good horses, in less than ten hours.

The Bay of Vigo extends some considerable distance above the town, when it suddenly narrows between high rocks, and then again expands into a second basin or lagoon, which I understand affords some beautiful scenery. Twice I have unsuccessfully attempted to explore it: once when cruising in a ship of war we put into the bay, and, settling off with a party in a small boat, we were nearly lost, and compelled to return; a second time my companions idled away the day in the town, until it was too late to accomplish the expedition.

The moment the steamer's paddles are stopped off

Vigo (for she does not anchor) she is surrounded by numberless small boats manned by the most uncouth, wild-looking beings imaginable, all speaking together, and at the top of their voices, a harsh guttural language—a mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, although disowned by both. The lieutenant's gig is now lowered, and he proceeds on shore with the mail-bags for the north of Spain and Portugal, to deliver them to the British consul, accompanied by an important personage, the comprador, who is in search of fresh provisions—milk, eggs, and fruit, to regale the passengers. As the lieutenant in charge of the mails remains away barely an hour, it is scarcely worth the while of a passenger to visit Vigo, except for the sake of saying that he has trod on Spanish soil. Some twenty, thirty, or even fifty fresh passengers presently arrive on board, but they are considered of the fourth class, and are stowed away on the fore-part of the deck, as pigs are when brought from Ireland for the English market. What a dreadful jabbering noise they make, and how fierce and wild they look! but they are in reality orderly and obedient, and go to the stations allotted to them without a murmur: blow high or low, sunshine or rain, it appears indifferent to these hardy sons of the mountains. They are Gallegos, the inhabitants of Galicia, of which Vigo is one of the chief ports, and are bound for Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz, in search of employment as water-carriers and porters, as also in the lower menial offices. From the inferior grades of servitude they frequently, by perseverance and honesty, rise to the higher situations. They have expended all they possess in fitting themselves out and in paying their passage-money, but their hearts are light, for they put a firm trust in their patron saint, a stout arm, and a long stick, which, with a second shirt, a gay waistcoat, and coloured handkerchief for festal occasions, constitutes the capital with which they propose to commence business. The poorer Gallegos leave their homes to seek their fortunes and work their way by land to their destination, subsisting on a dried herring and a piece of brown bread for each meal, and sleeping in stables, or under trees, with scarcely clothes to cover them.

It will be said that Galicia must be a wretched country when her people consider Portugal, supposed to be so poor, as the land whence wealth is to be obtained; but the truth is, Galicia is in general very fertile but over-populated, while Portugal is thinly populated in comparison to the vast resources she possesses within herself, and which alone require industry, set in motion by capital, with judicious direction, to be brought forth. Several examples of the perseverance and honesty of this race have come under my notice. Some friends of mine were residing at Oporto many years ago, when a youth offered himself to undertake the lowest menial office of water-carrier and shoe-black to the household, earnestly entreating to be taken into their service. He was at length allowed to remain in the house, that he might make himself useful as he best could, to do which he soon found many occasions—receiving as his wages merely the food the servants gave him. When the French under Soult entered Oporto the family were obliged to fly the country, escaping on board an English merchant-vessel. They had already got out to sea, when the young Gallego was discovered stowed away in the hold, and when brought on deck he fell on his knees, and petitioned with tears that he might

not be set on shore again, but be allowed to seek his fortune in England, promising to serve his master faithfully. Indeed it was impossible to land him, and he was consequently allowed to accompany the family to their home in England, where for some time he occupied the same unassuming office he had before held. Having narrowly watched the other servants, he quickly learned the mysteries of their office, and entered the parlour as footman. He then taught himself to read and write, and became butler; he forgot his native tongue, and even form of religious worship, and regularly attended the Protestant church, saying he could not discover the difference. He proved a most excellent and trustworthy servant; and having saved some two or three thousand pounds, he returned, about three years ago, with the son of his old master to Portugal, where, when describing the wonders of England, he found himself sadly at a loss for words to express his ideas among his compatriots. From thence he went to his native village in Galicia, where he bought land, and, like Gil Blas, set up as an hidalgo; but he soon afterwards again made his appearance at Oporto, shaking his head, and saying that his was a miserable country, that the inhabitants were barbarians with whom he could do nothing, and that he preferred a seat by the fire-side of his old friends' kitchen in England. He again went to England, but he found himself there treated as a servant, while in his own land he had been a gentleman, so he once more returned to Spain, and is now living with independence on his estate.

There were no objects, however, to detain us here beyond the necessity of obtaining the means of further progress, and which, awaiting the opening of prospective railways, consisted of horses and baggage mules under the superintendence of the usual arriero, odoriferous of garlic. It was also essential to lay in a small stock of provisions, for the resources of estalagens, posadas, and vendas, especially in bye-ways, are often very problematical, and, when found, not always very agreeable.

At length a start was effected by ten in the morning, on the 19th of April, a pleasant time of the year; and we left Vigo by the gate called del Placer, but were only enabled to get as far as Porriño the first day. After a night's rest at this place, of which all that can be said is that it is a large village or small town, whose white-washed cottages detach themselves prettily from the surrounding green landscape, we started at an early hour for the frontier town of Tuy, where we arrived without incident by four o'clock in the afternoon. Tuy, which is celebrated for its excellent preserved fruits, commands the right bank of the River Minho, with its citadel, whilst Valença protects the left on the opposite side. Spain finishes with Tuy, Portugal begins with Valença. The two places, thus confronting one another, seem as if upholding a perpetual state of defiance. We did not stop at Tuy, but passing the Minho by boat, got comfortably installed in a hospedaria of Valença the same evening. M. Silva, an old officer of Dom Pedro, showed us the town the next day. It presents, however, few points of interest, the chief being its fortifications by Vaubau, the position of the stronghold and town itself, upon the summit of a table-land, from whence the bends of the magnificent frontier river could be seen for a distance, its banks green and enlivened by houses that sparkled like diamonds in the sun stretching away

into the far distance. Valenca is commonly called Valenca do Minho, after the river, and to distinguish it from the town of the same name in Spain. It is supposed to have been founded at the time when Portugal became an independent kingdom; and was rebuilt in 1262, by Alphonso or Affonso III., who changed its former name of Contrasta to that which it now obtains.

In 1837, the Baron de Leiria defended the place against the Septembrists; and ten years later it sustained a vigorous siege from the same faction, till relieved by the Spanish General Concha. The guns of Valenca could, without much difficulty, lay Tui in ruins, a fact which our kind cicerone, M. Silva, after refreshing our inner man with rice and cinnamon and a glass of Oporto, did not fail to point out to us, remarking, at the same time, that the strong are always merciful.

It was from Tui that the French General Thomières endeavoured to force his way across the Minho in boats, but was beaten back by the Portuguese Ordenanzas; this obliged the French to go round by Orense, prevented Soult from marching on Lisbon at once, and gave the Duke of Wellington time to land and to expel the invaders for the second time from Portugal.

Near Valenca is the village of Ganfei, once celebrated for its monastery, re-erected after it had been destroyed by Almanzor, king of Cordova, by San Ganfei, a Frenchman, in 970. The church, though much modernised, deserves a visit. It was a famous place of pilgrimage for the whole of Galicia. A history of the place is given by Brother Leon de San Thomas, in his *Lusitania Benedictina*. It was at Valenca, also, that San Vincent, from whom the Cape, renowned for the naval victories of Rodney, Jervis (afterwards Lord St. Vincent), and Napier, derives its name, suffered under the Prefect Dacian, in 303. The body of the saint was, according to the legend, attended on its removal from this place to the cape that bears his name (and whither it was conveyed for safety at the Moorish invasion), by crows, and the same birds, generally supposed to be of ill-omen, followed it on its second translation to Lisbon, in 1147, and attended the ship in which it was transferred. Hence, certain tame crows are always kept in the cloisters of the cathedral of St. Vincent, and these birds are introduced into the arms of the city. Hence, also, the Cape is frequently called Monte Corvo, and was named by the Moors Keniraba-l-Gurab, "the church of crows."

With the aid of our good friend, M. Silva, whose stories of the combats at San Miguel and Terceira, and of the battles of Ponte Terceira, Santo Rodendo and Almaster, were sparkling with vivacity, we obtained, at Valenca, the services of a decked fishing-boat, "la Santa Annica," painted in dazzling colours, with a triangular sail and generally primitive aspect; and that of two swarthy sailors yeapt Gaspar and Leonardo, to proceed down the Minho, and thence along the coast to the southwards to Viana or Vianna, situate at the mouth of the Rio Lima. The Minho is about the breadth of the Thames at Chelsea, between Valenca and Tui, and it is navigable to Moucao, about two leagues higher up. The scenery on both sides of the river, especially on the south, is rich and beautiful; the mountains gradually grow bolder, and, during the greater part of the distance, Mount San Thecla, easily to be distinguished by its very remarkable shape, formed a conspicuous object in

front. Several ancient and ruinous forts were to be seen on the Portuguese side, each one answered by a corresponding fortification on the Spanish. Such was the Villa Nova da Corveira, a small ruinous frontier town, commanded by Fort Goyan on the Spanish side; and the seal of the lazaretto for those performing quarantine on entering Portugal from Galicia. The Serra da Estrica constituted a splendid background at this point of the river. Beyond, was Seixas, a pretty little village in the middle of vineyards. Just beyond this, the River Coura joins the Minho, and is crossed by a long wooden bridge. It, as well as the Minho, abounds in salmon, shad and lampreys.

As we sailed gently over the stream, Leonardo sat steering in thoughtful silence, whilst Gaspar, taking his viola or guitar, indulged us in an interminable series of villaneles, as the songs and melodies of the country are designated. We had just passed Villa Nova, fresh as a bouquet, leaning over the forts that protected it, as if to admire itself in the river, when La Guardia, a fortress which advances into the Atlantic at the extreme point of the Sierra de Testeyro, appeared in sight with its white walls, red roofs, and green shutters. On the left was Caminha, with its armed batteries, its frowning rocks, its houses scattered about the hilly slopes, and buried in pleasant and unbrageous gardens.

The church of Caminha is considered to be the best in this part of the country; its erection was begun in 1148, and not completed till 1516; the tower, 110 feet in height, is battlemented, and externally resembles a fortification; the choir and nave are very good specimens of Flamboyant; the extreme length is about 150 feet. A crucifix is venerated here, which is said to have been discovered, with two chalices and the vestments of a priest, in a box at sea in 1539, where it is further supposed to have been thrown for the sake of preserving it, in some outbreak at the Reformation. A French tourist says, several of the frontier churches of Portugal have their entrances decorated with the figure of a man with his back turned to Spain, with anything but a considerate or delicate gesture. It is even hinted that an instance of this is to be seen at Caminha. What is much better is, that this little harbour, fortress, and fishing town, possesses the secret of a salmon sauce all the more appreciated because it is redolent of garlic, and which is exported as well as the salmon. Notwithstanding its fortified wall and the strong insulated castle in the river, Sir Charles Napier, when an admiral in the service of the Queen of Portugal, surprised and captured this place from the Mignellites, with a few marines and British blue jackets.

Mr. Kingston, who travelled in precisely an opposite direction to that which we were pursuing, and came to Caminha by land, writes thus concerning it. Caminha is a regularly fortified town, the walls on one side are washed by the waters of the Minho; but it is not a place of any great strength. At the mouth of the harbour is a rocky island, on which stands a fort mounting several guns, and forming a cross-fire with Caminha. After the embarkation of the British army at Corunna the French attempted to enter Portugal in this direction, and attacked the town, but were successfully repulsed, and finally abandoned the enterprise. A different fate befel it before the arms of the Queen of Portugal's admiral, Napier. Appearing off the mouth of the river with his fleet, he landed his blue jackets and marines, with whom he marched towards the town, and

ing a herald in advance to say that he purposed to bring up his big guns, and to blow the walls about the ears of the garrison, if they did not instantly surrender. To this bold threat the governor thought fit to send a civil answer, assuring him he had only to march in and take possession of the place, which he accordingly did, much to the surprise of the Miguelite forces, who fully expected to see a large army with all the munitions of war make their appearance. In war, as in love or politics, there is nothing like a name to carry a man on to victory. Probably the governor was very glad of a decent excuse to yield up his command peaceably, for he knew that the cause of his master was by that time lost.

We walked round part of the fortifications, which are not now kept in good condition, whatever they might then have been. The houses being built of square blocks of hewn stone, have a neat appearance, but the place has a deserted *triste* air. While our horses were feeding, we entered into conversation with some people at the door of the inn, who were very eager in their inquiries about iron steam-boats and flying machines, and seemed to have great respect for us as belonging to the nation which could invent such wonders. The flying machines, one man sagaciously observed, were less wonderful; for birds and bats could fly; but iron ships! they were surprising, for everybody till now supposed that iron would always go to the bottom. "Miracles will never cease!" was his concluding remark. I must do the rest of the party the justice to say that they fully understood the principle of the iron vessels; nor is it surprising that they believed in the flying machine. There is a dockyard at Caminha where merchant vessels are built.

From this town to Valenca is four leagues, the road running along the banks of the Minho the whole way, sometimes close to the margin of the river, and at others winding over slight rises. The scenery, though far from grand, is very pretty. About two leagues from Caminha we passed through the old fortified town of Villa Nova de Cerveira, situated on a hill, the lofty frowning towers which guarded the two entrances still standing, though sadly shattered by time. I regretted not being able to make a sketch of this picturesque old place. Near it is a castle of more modern date, but of no strength as a fortification, and on the opposite side of the river is the Spanish fort of Gayau. Further on is another small fort called Novalia, with a Spanish rival of the name of Amorim. From the nature of the soil, more than from the care bestowed on it, the road is good all the way to Valenca.

The scenery on approaching Valenca is exceedingly interesting. The fortifications appear well in the foreground, with the River Minho below, the Spanish town of Tuy on the opposite bank, and the wild sierras of Galicia in the distance. The walls crown the summit of a hill, rising gently from the south and west, but precipitous on the other sides. The fortress mounts about fifty pieces of cannon, and consequently its governor, when summoned by Napier to submit to his arms, unlike his brethren, refused to obey. It held out for a considerable time, but at last, when threatened that it would be stormed, it capitulated with all the honours of war.

After passing the mouth of the Minho, the coast assumed a softer character, the hill sides being covered with pine-groves and fields, with white glittering

cottages interspersed among them. We could hear the sound of the wheels of the ox-carts screeching, or rather singing, in concert; for when at sea, and at some distance from the shore, the noise has a pleasing effect to the ear, and tells of rural life, peace, and industry. On shore, when following a cart up a steep hill, on a hot day, and suffering from a head-ache, it is quite a different thing. Our pleasant sail along the coast was further enlivened by the gambols of porpoises and the flights of sea-birds, both of which abounded off those fishy shores. The same evening we fetched the fortress that defends the entrance of the River Lima, and experienced no difficulty in our small boat in passing the bar, which is dangerous to vessels drawing much water, and the "Santa Annica" cast anchor before it was dark amidst a small fleet of fishing-boats, and other small vessels, which we were told were laden with fruits, oil, and manufactures for export.

II.

VIANA OR VIANNA--THE ARCEBISPO SANTO--PORTUGUESE COOKERY--THE LIMA AND PONTR DO LIMA--THE ROMANS AT THE RIVER OF OBLIVION--BARCELLOS--COSTUME OF THE PEASANTS--BRAGA--LADIES AND LATTICES--CAMPO DE SANTA ANNA--THE CATHEDRAL--MOUNTAINS OF THE BOM JESUS--THE CHURCH MILITANT.

VIANA or Vianna is one of the cleanest, most possessing, and charming towns that can be possibly conceived. None more gracious is to be met with in Portugal. The houses of handsome aspect are often faced with coloured tiles (azulejos), the roofs are turned up at the sides and corners, and wrought in various patterns; and terraces adorned with shrubs or flowers line the wide streets. These cannot be said to be very lively, for the Portuguese are not so busy a people as the English; on the other hand, the population has a well-to-do and quiet, happy aspect, such as is rarely to be met with in a country town in France.

Viana is the largest and most prosperous port in the province, next to Oporto. It was known to the Romans as Nonetanobriga, and afterwards as Velobriga; at a still later period it was called Diana, from containing a celebrated temple to that goddess, and thence, by an easy corruption, Viana, or Vianna. It has a tolerable harbour, which admits vessels of 150 tons burthen: the quay is respectable; and it carries on a considerable trade in salt fish with Newfoundland. Here was shipped the first port wine ever exported to England. It is a fortified city, with five gates. The Castello de Santiago, which defends it, was the work of Philip II. The Igreja Matriz is an interesting Flamboyant building. The arcaing of the time of Dom Manoel in the north aisle, the Flamboyant canopy to the altar in the south aisle, and the effigy in low relief of a priest at its west end, are peculiarly worthy of examination. There are two western towers, and a very fine Flamboyant door between them. The church and convent of San Domingos were the work of the celebrated Archbishop of Braga, Dom Bartolomeo dos Martyres; it is a handsome Grecian structure, with fine cloisters. The convent is now the residence of the military governor. The archbishop is buried in a sarcophagus of red and white marble, on the north side of the choir; some ex-votos are suspended from it, though he has never been formally canonised. He was born at Lisbon in 1514, entered the Dominican order at the age of fourteen, and was nominated to the archbishopric in

1558. He attended the Council of Trent, where he distinguished himself by his learning and ability, and by the resistance which he opposed to the assumption, by the see of Toledo, of the Primacy of all the Spains. Having convoked a provincial council in 1556, and submitted its statutes to the approval of the Pope, he learnt that it had been intrusted by the latter to the revision of the Archbishop of Cambray, on which breach of discipline he distinguished himself by one of the boldest letters which the see of Rome ever received. He was indefatigable in visiting his diocese, and in penetrating the furthest recesses of its mountains, where no bishop had been seen before. As a proof of the neglect which it had experienced, it is recorded that, on occasion of visiting for the first time one of the wildest glens in the North, he was met by the inhabitants processionally with this anthem, "Blessed be the most holy Trinity, and her sister the most pure Virgin." In 1502 he resigned his see, and led the life of a common monk in this convent. He died July 16th, 1590, and is always spoken of by the Portuguese as the *Arcebispo Santo*. His life, written by Fr. Luiz de Sousa, is one of the most interesting works in the Portuguese language; and, with the exception, perhaps, of that of Dom Joao de Castro, by Andrade, has passed through the greatest number of editions of any Portuguese biography. The first edition was printed at Vianna in 1619, and is now very scarce. The French memoirs published by the monks of Saint Germain des Prés, appeared in 1664; and there is another good life by J. B. Bean, under the title of *Historia de Vita Bartholomei de Martyribus*. The works of the archbishop were published at Rome in 1734, in 2 vols. folio. The medallion over his tomb agrees completely with his authentic picture in the convent of the Third Order of San Dominic at Guimaraes.

Vianna was formerly known simply as villa (little town) of Vianna do Minho, it was only after Donna Maria II. had raised it to the rank of cidade (town), for the loyalty and courage displayed by its garrison in 1847, that it assumed the name of Vianna do Castello. This was on the occasion of the last revolt of the *Septembristas*, and when it was defended by M. Seabra against the progressist insurgents of Oporto. It had before surrendered to Napier, when, by the terror of his name, more than by the strength or size of his army, he won the entire part of the richest province of Portugal for the queen.¹

¹ "Vianna," says Mr. Kingston, "is one of the nicest and cleanest towns in Portugal. The streets are broad, and well paved, with a number of large and handsome houses, formerly the residences of some of the most ancient fidalgos in the realm. There are still several very old families living there, but the greater number have, from time to time, been drawn to Lisbon, by the attractions of the court, or have become extinct, or broken up in the course of the convulsions which lacerated the country before liberty was established.

"Vianna is the capital of the corregedoria of the same name. It was formerly a place of considerable trade, which of late years has much fallen off; though I trust its commerce, with that of the rest of the country, may again revive. The harbour also has become shallower, owing to the accumulation of mud washed down from the interior. The entrance is defended by the castle of Santiago, next to that of Viseu the strongest fort in the north of Portugal; although its defenders did not attempt to withstand the victorious little band of the gallant Napier, when he, turning himself and his blue jackets into soldiers, with a few native troops, took possession of the greater part of the province for the queen. On the north side of the castle is a large green—a refreshing sight to English eyes seldom to be seen in this country. In every di-

Our Vigo provisions being exhausted, we first made acquaintance with Portuguese cooking at this pleasant town. The effect to a novice was disastrous in the extreme. The Viennese have a detestable passion for boiled fowls, served up with a sauce of oil and garlic. But even this could have been managed by shirking the sauce, had it not been for its being preceded by a cold soup of water, bread, oil, vinegar, onions and garlic. A table spoonful made the hair stand on end. Even rice was served up seasoned with saffron. We did, however, get a dinner, and that was some excellent cod, which almost made us forget the assorda, as the cold garlic soup is called, in Portugal (*gaspacho* in Spain), followed by refreshing limes and some good *vinho d'enforcado*, so called because the grape vine that produces it climbs up trees and trellices, whence the bunches hang pendant downwards, and some still better *Monçao*—a Galician wine which ought to be introduced into our own country. A Portuguese dinner is always followed by the *palito* or toothpick, cut out, it is said by some, of the wood of the orange tree, but by others from the white willow. A sketch at page 611 of the *placa* of Vianna will convey a good idea of the tasteful character of the street architecture, and of the artistic taste displayed in its public buildings and monuments—even in the case of a simple fountain.

It is a little more than eleven leagues by water from Vianna to Ponte do Lima, and we engaged our old friends Gaspar and Leonardo to convey us thither. The navigation of the river was delightful, nothing could be more beautiful or picturesque than the banks of this fine stream. Every bend in its water displayed some new and charming site; unluckily, however, we were going against the current, the breeze was too slight to make much way, and the navigation was further impeded by sand-banks, so that it was only after fourteen long hours of endurance that we anchored alongside the quay at the foot of Dom Pedro the First's bridge, which boasts of its twenty-four arches.

Ponte do Lima is, in the language of panegyric common to many countries, esteemed to be the most beautiful place in the world. This praise receives, however, a higher degree of consideration from having been to a certain extent admitted by the Romans who gave to the country to the right the name of the Elysian Fields. The Lima itself was called the *Lethe*, the River of Oblivion, because its beauties were supposed to possess the effects of the lotus, and to make the traveller forget his country and his home. It was here that Lucius Junius Brutus had so much difficulty in persuading his soldiers to cross. "Having traversed the greater part of Spain," says the historian, "and having subdued the Celts and the Lusitani, he advanced as far as the ocean on the western coast, an action the more remarkable because he had crossed the River of Oblivion, a feat before unheard of: for the soldiers

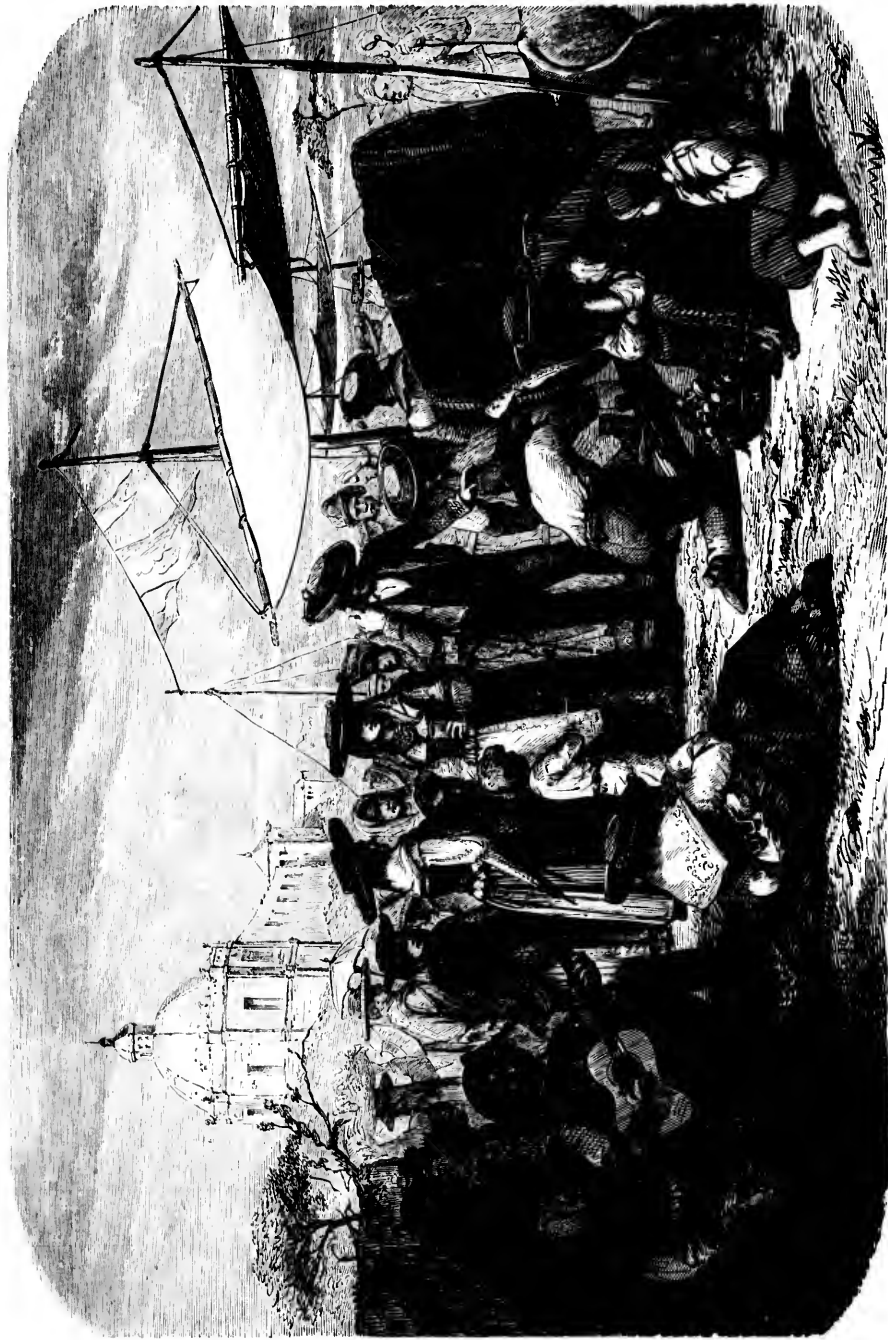
rection about the town are fountains of pure water, of all sizes and fashions, which add much to the cleanliness and beauty of the streets. The governor of the province frequently resides here, when there is generally much gaiety going forward, though, whatever might formerly have been the case, it does not in that respect surpass Braga. There is a large annual fair held here in August, where everything, from a bale of cotton to a needle, is sold, including hats, wooden shoes, tooth-picks, tin-tacks, and pocket-handkerchiefs. A number of horses are also brought here for sale from other parts of the province, but few from Spain, as compared with the number sent to Viseu. The chief import is salt fish, for storing which there are large lodges, whence the northern part of Portugal is supplied."

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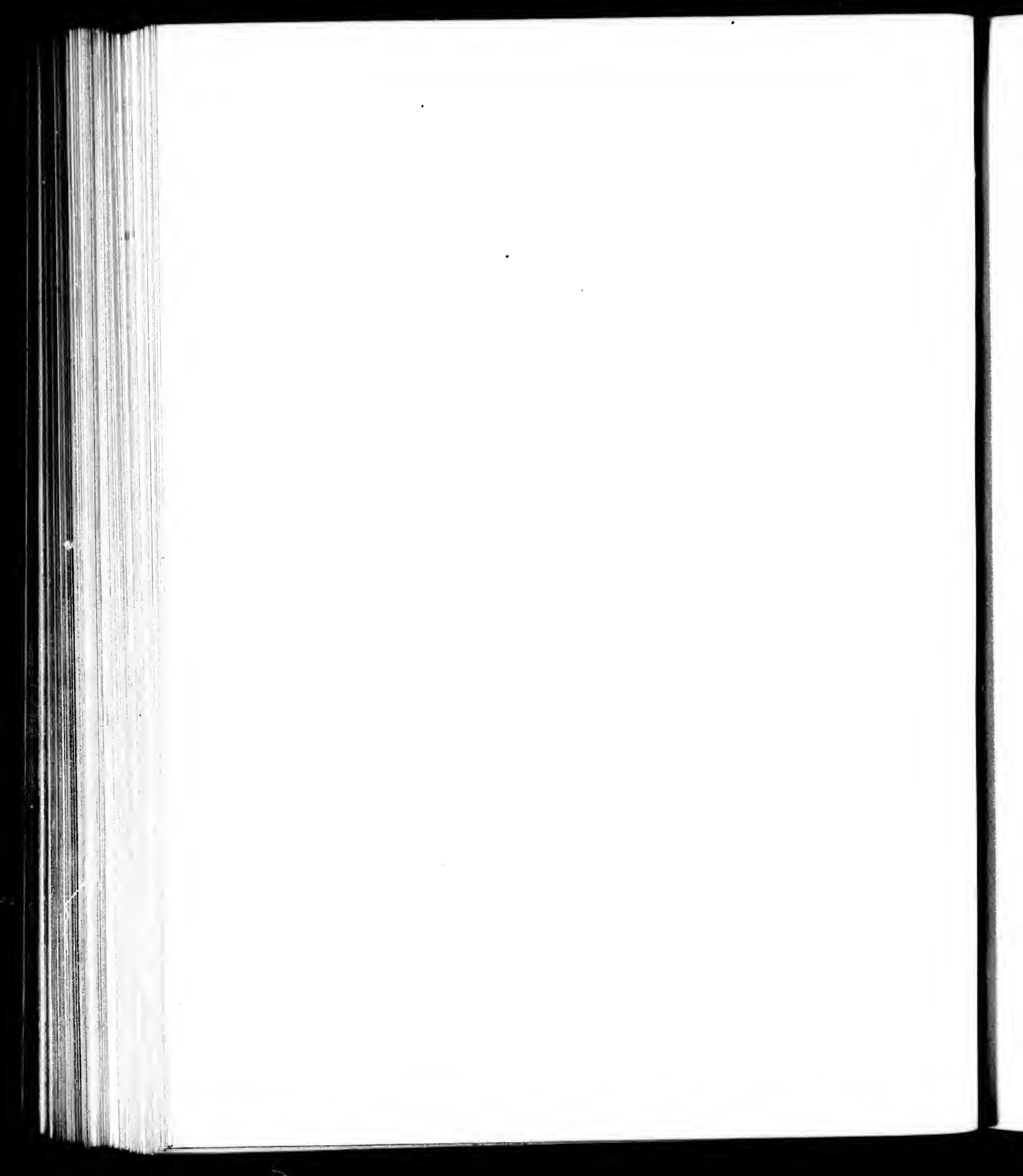
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feared to cross it, as they would fear to go to certain destruction. Brutus, seizing the standard from the hand of the standard-bearer; 'Now,' says he, 'the ensign and your imperator will be beyond the river: it is your business to do what you choose to do.' And plunging in as he spoke, shame would not permit them to remain on the other side, and the whole passed over." Travellers have found words fail them to express the beauty of the spot. "I thought," says Lord Carnarvon, "when wandering along the banks of the Lima, that I had never gazed upon a lovelier scene, as I saw the sun set gloriously behind a range of bold mountains then robed in the deepest purple." "It would be in vain," writes Landmann, "to make any effort to describe the beauties of the majestic scenery surrounding this place; words have a meaning too limited for the purpose." It was the *Forum Liniacorum* of the Romans, refounded by Donna Tarja in 1125, and again by Dom Pedro I. in 1360. The estalagem is very decent; the town itself has shady, narrow streets, and great remains of ancient fortifications; its population is about 2,000. The River Lima rises in the Sierra de San Mmede, in Galicia, and receiving the pretty little Calvao, flows across Minho, and enters the sea at Vianna, after a course of 21 leagues. It is, not unnaturally, a great favourite with the Portuguese poets. Diego Bernardes gave its name to the collection of his poems; he speaks affectionately of the

"Claras aguas de nosso dome Lima,"

And in another place he says:

"Junto do Lima, claro e fresco rio,
Que Lethé se chamou antigamente."

It abounds in salmon, barbels, and trout; and near the sea in lampreys, soles, and a kind of sea-eel called *Morea*.

From Ponte do Lima we had once more to mount our mules and put ourselves under the charge of the arreiros, and passing Ponte d'Ahel by a rather rocky and desert country, we arrived the same evening at Barcellos, a town of greater importance than Ponte do Lima, less peopled than Viana, but rivalling both in the beauty of its position, the elegance of its houses, and having peculiarities that belong to it alone. Situated on the right bank of the Cavado, a little blue river which flows into the Atlantic at Espoende a few leagues further down, its streets rise up the hill-side, at times so precipitously as to require steps to go from one to another. It is also approached by a bridge, on the southern side of which is a singular chapel, square, with a pyramidal head, and a lean to colonnade all round; a very picturesque object. On the opposite side are the remains of the ducal palace. (See p. 620). Dom Afonso, illegitimate son of Dom Joao I., created Duke of Braganza, married, in 1401, Donna Brites de Pereira, daughter of the Great Constable, from whom this domain descended to the present reigning family. Above the palace is the collegiate church, a respectable but not very remarkable Flamboyant building. In the Rua de San Francisco is a pretty little chapel, with a good Flamboyant door. The Campo da Feira is a large open space in the upper part of the town; at the further end is the church of Santa Cruz, a domed modern erection, with short transepts. The Convento das Beatas, and the convent of the Third Order of San Francis, are merely modern buildings. It was at Barcellos, during her last journey to the North, that the house in which the

late Queen of Portugal was sleeping took fire, and she barely preserved her life by escaping in her night-dress.

Barcellos is also surrounded by an old wall, but unfortunately the belt has cracked in several places, as has also an old dungeon attached to it, and which dates back to the times of the ancestors of the house of Braganza, whose cradle this city was. It was market-day when we explored this charming old city, and this gave us a good opportunity for studying the picturesque costumes of the tricanas or peasants, and of the pescadores or fishermen. Strabo said that the Lusitani enveloped themselves in black mantles, because that was the colour of most of their fleeces, the men seemed still to delight in black or brown; but the women, with great black felt hats and white kerchiefs, indulged in garments of yellow, red, and green hues. They also displayed jewellery, in the shape of ear-rings, necklaces, and chains, and were alike pretty and proud. A few of the men were distinguished by mantles with alarming colours, called "honras do miranda," and some of the peasants were clad in straw hats and mantles, even to straw bodices and skirts, and they looked like moving beehives or savages from some remote forest.

It is five Portuguese leagues from Barcellos to Braga. The road keeps for a time along the right bank of the Cavado, it is afterwards carried over the river, and then over broken country, by a second-rate road, to a plain of enchanting aspect, which is watered by three rivers, the Cavado to the north, the Doste to the south, and the Ave to the east. An isolated mound or hill rises out of the centre of this plain, and streets, roofs, walls, and the ruins of an old fortification creep up the sides of this hill, while at its foot, and without the precincts of a medieval feudality, the houses, at first grouped gradually, scatter themselves in the plain, amidst trees, shrubs, and flowers. Such is Braga.

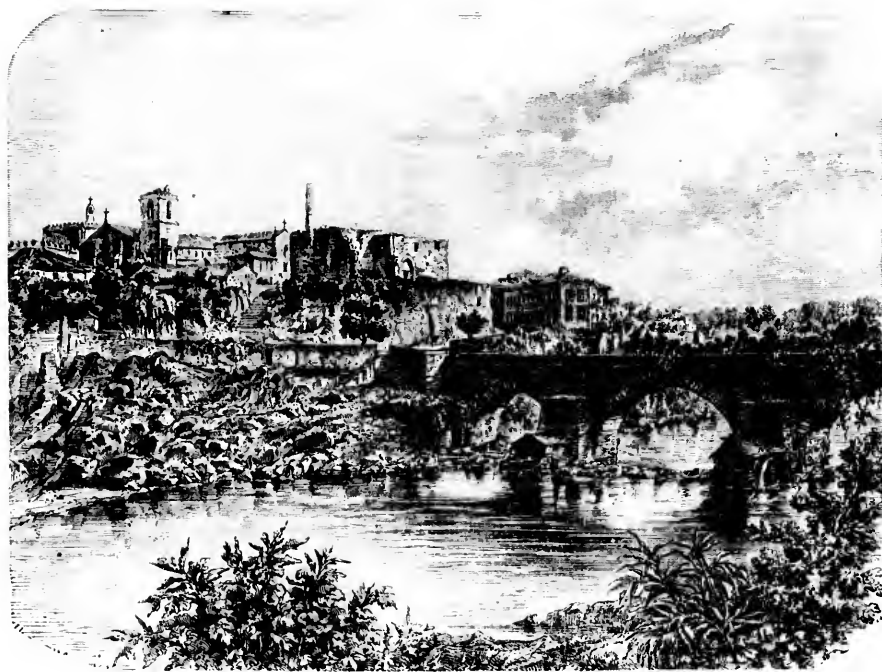
We soon found ourselves entering one of the long, spider-like legs which stretch out from the body of Braga: for let it be known that to that reptile do the inhabitants, from its shape, liken their city. We reined in our horses, and rode steadily along: for good reason we had to do so, not only that a slow pace was more suited to our sedate character, but that from beneath the latticed windows on each side of the street many a bright pair of eyes were beaming forth, in whose lustre we were fain to bask, even for a moment. In common place language, I have never seen so many pretty girls looking out of windows in any town as I did during that ride through the streets of Braga. Then the windows are not common windows, which let in the garish light of day unrestrained, or the vulgar stare of the audacious crowd; but oriental-like lattices, which, lifting up like the ports of a ship, exhibit only so much of the person as the fair inmate may wish to disclose.

Now the ladies of Braga are not only very lovely, but being Christians, and good Catholics, have towards the gallant knights who may be perambulating the streets a feeling of charity and kindness, which makes them unwilling to keep those jealous blinds altogether closed; and therefore, infringing the custom of their oriental sisters, they raise them sufficiently to be clearly recognised by their admirers below, without any great difficulty on the part of either. These lattices are of various forms, painted green or dark red. Some cover the entire front of the house, so that it is difficult to say from what part the bright

eyes of the imprisoned beauties may be gazing forth; though these have certain parts which open on occasion, but which in all probability are generally kept locked by the discreet duennas during their absence from home, lest their fair charges might be tempted to essay their attractive powers on the sensitive hearts of the many ready to adore them without. For such things will happen, it is said—not that the duennas can mistrust their charges, of course; but merely that they have a kind and considerate regard for the feelings of the loving youths, and wish to keep the tempting fruit from their sight. Other houses have only the windows with latticed fronts, which lift up from below, and some have latticed balconies; but these latter have

regular rows of ports, which when open enable the ladies who sit working within to see, without being seen, all that goes forward in the street below.

Fortunately for us this was a holiday and saint's day, which fully accounted for the number of fair beings who, dressed in their best attire, were unwilling to allow their charms to bloom unseen, and thus, with lattices lifted to their utmost height, were looking forth on the world abroad. The tramp of the steeds of seven cavaliers on the hard smooth stone-pavement doubtless drew many to the windows, though we do not presume to say the appearance of any individual of the party had such attractive powers; indeed, we have strong fears that we were pronounced



BARCELON.

to be a very dirty, unpolished set of travellers. However, before we had ridden five minutes through the streets we pronounced Braga to be a very delightful place.

At the end of the long street turning to our right, we entered one nearly as long and twice as broad as Sackville-street, Dublin, which, as all the world knows, is the broadest in the British Isles. Not that I mean to compare the Campo de Santa Anna of Braga with that of the Irish capital in any respect, except in width; for, instead of being paved all over, the centre is a sea of dust; and though it can boast of a church of respectable size, and several of the houses are large, there are many very small ones. But when completely

paved, as it is to be forthwith, and rows of trees planted on each side, and fountains in the centre, the effect will be very handsome, and it will much resemble the streets of one or two towns I have visited in the south of France. The towers of the ancient citadel at one end, and a church at the other, add much to its appearance. A broad pavement of beautifully regular square stones runs the entire length on each side, formed, however, I am grieved to say, by the demolition of one of the old towers of the city. Directly on entering the square our guide stopped at a large old house near the church, which we soon discovered to be the Estalagem dos dois Amigos. Into it we were most hospitably welcomed by a

personage who informed us that he was the Moco do estalagem, *id est*, the waiter, that his name was Manoel, that the master was away at a quinta, and that he himself was prepared to wait upon us and sundry other guests besides.

Braga, from being an episcopal see, was formerly overrun by priests and friars, so that no ladies ventured abroad, and every one walked (as a friend described it) with their hands crossed before them, and their eyes cast to the ground. Except church music, none was heard, and dancing was an amusement so little dreamed of, that not a young lady in the place possessed that accomplishment.

"It was cards, cards, cards, and scandal all," observed a friend. No bad description of some cathedral towns in England!

"Were the people better?" he continued. "Certainly not. Were they happier? Far from it. There was more wickedness, and more mischief going forward on every side; and an immeasurable deal more of hypocrisy. Thank heaven, we have got rid of the abominable nuisance! Great changes have lately taken place. We now meet at each other's houses, where we have music and dancing. We have a capital club-house, at which we also give balls—for the ladies will not be excluded from any society; indeed, where is it perfect without them? During the Carnival we have masquerade-balls, commenced two years ago, which might vie with those of Italy, though we keep them select; but during the last Carnival, though our dresses were ordered, and arrangements made, owing to the unhappy affair of Almeida we could not have our ball. We met and consulted on the subject, but though none of our relations were engaged in the affair, how could we enjoy dancing while our countrymen were cutting each other's throats?"

I have given a faithful translation of my friend's words, for they will better describe the state of society in Braga than I can in my own. I found them to be perfectly correct.

Even at present there is a certain clerical air about Braga, and at every corner we meet priests in their robes; a sight not usual at Oporto. There are also many more shrines than in the latter city; one of which we passed in our walk, over the gate of the public prison, or lock-up house. This prison is a dreadful-looking den, a recess apparently in the old castle walls, with a strongly barred iron gate in front, more suited to confine wild beasts than human beings, however turbulent. Some half-dozen most ruffian-looking wretches were thrusting out their arms and hats from between the grating, begging charity of the passers by. Over this den there was a shrine containing the figure of a saint, whether male or female I forget, surrounded by flowers, and lighted up with numerous wax-candles, before whom every passer-by took off their hats—a few devout old women kneeling down to offer up their prayers. Following the wise rule of "Do as Rome as the Romans do," we of course bowed as respectfully as the firmest believers—or the greatest infidels—among the crowd.

Notwithstanding the exertions of the previous day, and the excessive heat of the weather, we left our hotel at ten o'clock to view some of the sights of Braga, and afterwards to make some calls on our acquaintance; having first sent a message to Senor Joao Borges to request him not to venture out on so burning a morning, his health, as we knew, being delicate.

"Beneath the lofty roof and the shaly cloisters of the cathedral we shall be far cooler than in any other spot in the neighbourhood," we concluded, "except it be on the summit of those lofty serras above us, to reach which would be a toil beyond our powers." To the cathedral therefore, directly facing the bishop's palace, and which was close at hand, we bent our steps; taking advantage of every shady spot to advance. It was useless to look up at the windows in our way; the jealous lattices were closed, nor at that time of day could we expect any bright eyes to be gazing forth on us through them, or rather, I ought to say, could we expect to see any of the fair inmates of the domiciles beneath them. The heat was certainly very great, but the position of the city being high, the atmosphere was pure and rarefied, and besides, being highly interested in all we saw, we felt not what might have overcome other people.

I think my readers may, from those I have already described, picture to themselves the style of the streets through which we passed. In general, there were, first, on the ground floor open shops, that is to say, with many doors and no windows, either of French perfumery, gloves, and *bijouterie*, or those of linen-draperies, grocers, or cloth-merchants; then, for one or two stories, came the vast masses of light trelliced wood-work; and above all was a story of stone, or wood, with two or three windows falling back behind the rest. The streets are paved with flat flag-stones, the gutter being in the centre, and mostly without trottoirs. Sad innovations have lately been made on the picturesqueness of the city (however the inhabitants may have gained both air and light), by the partial abolition of the trellices, and the substitution of plain handsome fronts of stone-work, with large windows to some of the houses.

The cathedral of Braga is one of the oldest Gothic ecclesiastical structures of Portugal; and although on many sides it is concealed by other buildings, the parts of which a good view can be obtained offer a very beautiful specimen of that style of architecture. The porch at the principal entrance, in particular, is most light and airy, with several delicate fluted columns, supporting a rich tracery-work, and a roof of highly-pointed arches. One end of the edifice, facing a broad street, is also very exquisitely ornamented. As I neither took measurements nor sketches of the building, and as I have never read any description of it, I cannot well say more of the exterior, but my impression was, that of itself it well merited a journey from Oporto to Braga to be viewed. The interior has been much disfigured by the execrable fashion of the last few centuries (I fear that I may say the very last), in being whitewashed, or bedaubed with bad paintings—in having the Gothic columns turned into those of the Grecian, or some nondescript order—and by altars, of the most inappropriate description, erected at the sides. How grieved would the architect be, who planned and built that once perfectly beautiful structure, were he to behold the sad changes which the hand of modern barbarians, more than of time, have worked on the produce of his genius and knowledge! how little cause would he have to say that the present age is in advance of the past. Many Portuguese gentlemen expressed to me their disgust and vexation at the vile havoc which the modern race of priestly Vandals have made on the finest productions of the architectural talents of their forefathers. They turned

aside their heads with a dissatisfied air as we passed, in our walks through the city, several of the elegant crosses, in which it abounds, disfigured by whitewash, or yellow, green, and red paint. Some portions, however, of the interior of the building of which I am speaking, have escaped this barbarous desecration of art.

Having made this prelude to my description, I will endeavour to sketch in detail much which we saw worthy of note. There are several chapels on each side of the cathedral, opening into it, and in one, that of the Holy Sacrament, I observed an altar-piece of carved wood in very high relief. The subject was the triumph of religion. War, Rapine, and Murder, represented by men with most expressive features, are being ground beneath the wheels of a chariot; preceded by a prancing steed and his rider, bearing aloft the Roman eagle and the keys of St. Peter.

An old, fat, smiling faced mulatto, who performed the duties of sacristan, acted as our cicerone; and before he would allow us to see anything else, he insisted on our entering what he considered his *sanctum sanctorum*—the region over which he more especially presided—the sacristy itself. It was a handsome hall with arched roof. Up the centre, arranged on stands, were the rich canonicals of the bishop, and the other principal dignitaries of the establishment, while on each side were immense lockers with drawers, in which various other dresses and valuables were kept.

First, we were shown a drawer holding the golden-tissue robes of some departed bishop, who being a man of very diminutive stature, had a pair of white and gold shoes, constructed with enormously high heels, which gave him nearly half a foot more of height. They looked like a caricature of such as were worn by our great-grandmothers more than a century ago. There were several mitres of white silk worked in gold with glittering jewels—but I must not say precious ones—for I suspect those robbers, the French, had carried such off, as they did everything valuable they could possibly lay hands on. There was also a beautiful piece of gold tissue, with which to cover the Holy Sacrament. Other drawers contained piles of magnificent vestments; some had been worked in Braga, others had come from Rome; some were of red silk and gold, to be worn on the day dedicated to the Holy Ghost; and others, of green silk and gold, were very handsome. The weight of some which we lifted was prodigious—sufficient, I should think, to fatigue the stoutest prelate who ever ruled the see of Braga. Those powerful bishops, however, it must be remembered, were in days of yore accustomed to don not only vestments of gold and silk, but coats of mail, and to do good service therein, when they led their followers to the field; so that they might perhaps have found no inconvenience from such cumbersome garments. One dress in particular I remember, of the richest brocade, and of great weight, with a cross worked on it, was brought from China three hundred years ago. It was used, and I suppose still is, when a new bishop is initiated in his office. On a fine marble table in the centre of the hall were arranged the gold cups and other utensils used in the communion service, covered with cloths of gold tissue. On the upper shelf of the locker which ran round the hall were numerous busts of the former bishops, and above them, paintings of the saints, and events in their lives, by Portuguese artists. In a glass case, among the bishops' heads, was the skull of Santa Candida, crowned with a wreath of

white roses; and I believe that the cathedral contains many other most precious relics, which I must own to not having seen. I fear the sacristan had not full confidence in the orthodoxy of our belief, as he did not even offer to exhibit to us those invaluable treasures.

An inscription on the outside wall near the entrance gives a long account of them, mentioning that they were presented, many centuries ago, by a certain pious prelate, who had collected them at vast expense and labour. The army of Soalt never thought of carrying them off, which is a strong proof, if any were wanting, of the utter disregard they had to all religious subjects. The vile infidels! What, leave behind those invaluable relics, which were well worthy of a general crusade of all the nations of Christendom to win, and carry away instead all the vile dross of gold and silver which came within their reach? No wonder the united arms of England and Portugal drove them with ignominy from the land.

We had not yet seen half the treasures. The sacristan now opened a closet door, and displayed a fine collection of gold and silver cups and croziers. The most beautiful was a large chalice of finely-chased gold, and surrounded with bells, which gave forth a musical sound as it was raised aloft. It was upwards of three hundred years old. Then there was a small silver cup, inlaid with gold, used at the christening of the great Alfonso Henrique, more than seven hundred years ago, and a ring and cross of even greater antiquity, belonging to some bishop, of some place or other, which, as our dark cicerone observed, it mattered but little to us to know.

Near this closet stood a trunk with all the utensils used at the sacrament and in administering extreme unction, which I had now, for the first time in my life, a good opportunity of examining. There were jugs to contain the wine, a pot and spoon to sprinkle holy water, a case to contain the oil and ointment, and other vessels, looking very like tea-pots. I must assure my readers that I touched them all with the utmost respect.

On each side of the sacristy were two Morisco-looking fountains, painted of all colours, the taps of which shut with a spring, so that they cannot be left running—an idea worth copying for those used in beer or wine-casks.

It is time we should leave the sacristy, and mount the steps of the high altar, over which stands a figure of Nossa Senhora da Pedra, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. The altar-table is covered with a cloth of gold, the subject worked on it being the lives of the twelve apostles. On one side is the tomb of Count Henri of Bezaçon, the father of Alfonso Henrique, and on the other that of his wife Donna Teresa, both of stone. On the lid of the first is the recumbent statue of a knight, rudely carved, which has since been vilely mutilated, one arm being also broken. Think of the denn and chapter foreshortening Count Henri's legs to squeeze him into his present position. That of Donna Teresa has less pretensions to beauty or style of execution. On one side of the altar is the episcopal throne; both it and the canopy being covered with cloth of gold.

On the left of the principal entrance is a very ancient and beautiful font, and on the other side is the tomb of Dom Sebastian, the infant son of Dom Joao I., who died at ten years of age. It is entirely of bronze, and

the design is very elegant. On the lid of a richly-worked sarcophagus is a child sleeping, with angels watching round him, while couchant dogs support the whole tomb. A canopy of bronze raised by four light pillars shades it, and it is also surrounded by an iron railing.

Leaving the body of the church, we entered a separate chapel of pure Gothic architecture, in which no innovations have been made, dedicated to Nossa Senhora do Libramento. It contains not only the tomb, but in a glass case, on one side of the altar, the veritable mummy of the gallant Dom Lorenzo, bishop of Braga, who fought most valiantly at the battle of Alagarrota, where he received a tremendous sabre cut, the mark of which is still to be seen on the right side of his cheek. The body is very perfect, of a light clay colour, the teeth, hair, and nails still seen, but the robes of gold tissue were renewed some twenty years back. Beneath is an inscription praising his valour and his piety. On the other side of the altar is the sarcophagus in which the body was originally preserved.

We next ascended to the organ-loft, which quite blazes with gilt carving. The organs are very handsome, of black wood, with gold ornaments, and are finely toned. By a fee to the organist strangers may at any time hear them played.

As the sacristan was showing us round, he frequently complained that such and such an ornament had been carried off by the French. "Then I suspect, Senhor Sacristao, that they are no friends of yours," I observed. "Friends, indeed," he answered with a scornful tone. "Thank heavens, I have no friends amongst the greatest thieves of the earth. How can an honest man claim them as friends, forsooth?"

We lingered amid the cool recesses of the sacred edifice, till our black cicerone informed us that he had shown us all the curiosities of the place, politely hinting at the same time that he was anxious to close the doors, and to take his dinner and siesta; so we most unwillingly were compelled to seek once more the hot furnace of the outer air.

We stood for some time admiring a fountain of elegant design, which threw around its cooling showers in front of the bishop's palace. Six figures support a large shell, on the top of which is a rock, with a castle finely carved on it. The castle is surmounted by turrets and battlements; the water flowing from beneath it, over the sides of the shell, into a large tank below.

We then entered a part of the palace open to the public, being a large hall hung round with portraits of the defunct prelates of the see; and beyond, the bishop was holding a sort of a court of justice, his predecessors having enjoyed, at one time, the rights of petty princes.

Among the other sights of Braga is the sacred hill and church of the Bom Jesus, with a bad road about a mile in length, with two chapels and iron gateway at the commencement of the ascent. Looking up an interminable range of steps above steps, and masonry piled on masonry, appeared, with here and there little chapels or resting places for the devout, like the few calm spots we meet with in the toilsome up-hill journey of life. The eminence on either side is thickly clothed with trees and bestrewn with vast stones, the chestnut, the cork tree, and the oak succeeding each other as the elevation increases. Passing the principal

church, on the highest point to which the chapels reach, is a large open space, on the further extremity of which is the crowning chapel of all, that of the Ascension. All the chapels belonging to this singular structure have iron-barred gates at their entrance, kept always closed, the whole of the interior of each being fitted up as the stage of a theatre, or some wax-work show, with figures performing different parts, as large as life or larger: the scenery is very appropriate, as are also the dresses. The figures are carved in wood, entirely by Portuguese artists, and mostly by those of Braga. The expression of their faces is admirable, and their attitudes natural. Thus, the look of surprise and awe in the countenances of the disciples at the ascension of our Saviour is very well portrayed in the first chapel. These chapels are of considerable size, and circular, or rather of an octagonal form, holding some twenty or more figures, grouped about on rocks, or beneath trees, as the scenery requires. To the right of the chapel of the Ascension is that of the Last Supper. Christ and his disciples are seated at table with a leg of mutton before them, while several attendants are bringing on other dishes of considerable magnitude. Some scribblers, profanely inclined, might find subjects in these exhibitions on which to exert their wit, and would laugh at the dog and cat in the centre of the stage, who are looking up with longing eye at the savoury viands the waiters are bearing; indeed, it is difficult at all times to preserve the gravity such subjects demand.

On the left of the first chapel is one of which the scene is the angels guarding the tomb of Christ, when Mary Magdalene and other women came with spices and ointment. This large platform is surrounded by a stone balustrade and seats. On two sides of it the hill descends precipitously to the vale below, while a beautiful view up the valley towards Chaves is seen from it. At the Festival of the Bom Jesus this is the chief point of attraction; for here the vendors of fried fish, cakes, and wine, erect their booths, and make their principal stand; and here thousands from all parts of the country collect to eat, drink, pray, and amuse themselves. It is truly a gay and enlivening scene at the time. The large square of Braga itself, the road thence to the Monte, the whole flight of steps, the church, the platform we are speaking of, and the wooded hill above, are crowded with people, in their best holiday attire, and in many varied costumes; some having arrived on foot, others on horses, mules, or donkeys; all screaming, laughing, talking, or praying together. Not only are peasants there collected, but shopkeepers, merchants, and traders of every description, resort thither; nor do the lesser gentry, or the high fidalgos, think it derogatory to their dignity to join the festal scene. The largest fair in Portugal is held during this festival at Braga, where every species of merchandise is sold, including cattle, horses, mules, and donkeys.

But I must describe the Mount as we saw it, almost deserted, and not the Festival of the Bom Jesus, with its scenes of moving life. From this high platform, by a gradual descent, we reached two other small chapels; the first containing a representation of the Resurrection of Christ on the third day. The astonished look of some of the soldiers, and the sleepy expression of others, is exact to the life; indeed, the believing peasants may be excused if they fancy that they see before them breathing figures of flesh and blood. In

the second chapel, Christ is represented as dead, with the women mourning over him.

We now came upon a second large terrace, on which stands the principal church, with a large edifice on one side, built for the accommodation of families of higher rank, who may wish to perform their devotions in the purest air, and to enjoy a lovely view at the same time. Numbers spend several consecutive days there for that purpose. A little further off, on the side of the hill, is another long low building, where accommodation is to be found both for man and beast.

The church is an elegant structure, though of the modern style; and surely no spot could have been more appropriately chosen on which to erect a temple to the most High God. The interior is chaste and quiet, without any of that tinsel and paint which disfigures so many of the sacred edifices in Portugal. The altar-piece is curious. It consists of a figure of Christ on the Cross, as large as life, and is considered to be, and, as far as I could judge in the imperfect light, is, very beautifully executed. It was a present from Rome, and is made of pine. In front stand about twenty wooden figures, also as large as life, representing the apostles, the soldiers, and women, who were present at the crucifixion.

The sacristy was hung round with pictures of the benefactors of the work, among which were those of Dom Joao VI., the Duke of Lafões, and the Marquis of Marialva, of whom Beckford speaks so affectionately. We were shown also a very beautiful crucifix of ebony inlaid with ivory, brought from China. The name given to this crucifix is the Bom Jesus dos Navigantes; which may be translated, "The Good Saviour of Sailors." Before it, therefore, "they that go down to the sea in ships" come to pay their devotions.

We mounted to the summit of the helpy, which contains some fine-sounding bells, which were afterwards rung for our gratification. Thence we obtained a good view of the broad streets and white edifices of Braga, the whole valley being bathed in the glowing light of the setting sun. After sitting on the terrace for some time, listening to the sweet sound of the bells and enjoying the view, we commenced our descent.

It must be known that the whole of this vast structure has been built by the voluntary donations of the faithful, and that the entire plan is not yet complete.

On the next landing-place we reached, two new chapels were in the course of erection, of chaste design, exhibiting a very great improvement in the modern taste. Near one of them, on a summit of a large rock, is the statue of an armed knight on horseback, representing, we were told, the soldier who plunged his spear into the side of Jesus; but why he is thus commemorated, I cannot possibly say. Both the chapels and the statue were designed and executed, I believe, by two Braga artists, of whom I had before heard.

On each side of the steps, which near the top consist of two flights, are high balustrades surmounted by statues of saints and scriptural characters; on the outside are closely cut box-trees, and down the centre are a succession of fountains, to the very bottom. The first fountain is dedicated to Hope, over which Noah presides: his ark, from beneath which the water gushes forth, rests on a rock. From the second the water flows forth from the holes in which the nails were driven in the Cross, with this motto over it: "Ejus fluent aquæ vivæ," which one of our party read most innocently, "Ejus fluent aquæ vitæ," and trans-

lated, "Hence flows a fountain of brandy;" being much disappointed when he discovered the water was *neat*.

We had all the way down a fine view of Braga, and enjoyed that sublime spectacle not witnessed by me without emotion, of the sun setting in glorious splendour behind the mountains of Gerez, the whole sky glowing, for many minutes afterwards, with a vast flame of ruddy light.

On the third fountain was a curious design. It was that of a dark lantern, a rope, dice, a triangle, hammer, nails, and many other carpenter's and mason's tools, such as, it may be supposed, were used at the Crucifixion. From several consecutive fountains the water flows forth from all the organs of the senses, first separately, and then all combined; but I am unable to give any interpretation of these designs. During our descent we passed eight other chapels; the fifth from the top being that of the Descent from the Cross; the sixth, Christ compelled to bear his Cross. A figure is holding a handkerchief, with the impression of his face on it. I know not from what authority the idea is taken, but doubtless deserving of implicit belief. The seventh is the Ecce Homo—Christ brought bound before the people; the eighth, the crown of thorns platted on his head; the ninth I forget; the tenth, the Betrayal—Simon Peter is cutting off the ear of the high priest's servant, and his Master is rebuking him. The two last chapels on each side of the entrance contain representations of the Last Supper, and the Passion on the Mount. There are thus twelve chapels, each of which contains from ten to twenty figures, so that at the least there must be a hundred and fifty of them, as large as life, and many very well executed; but it is as a whole, and not by parts, that this work must be judged.

The idea in itself was grand, thus to build a temple on the summit of a lofty hill, with a fine flight of steps leading to it from the vale below; but the designer probably died before his work had proceeded far, and his successors did not carry out his plan.

What I had pictured to myself was an elegant temple of Grecian architecture, on the very highest point in the neighbourhood, with a single broad and wide flight of steps leading in an unbroken straight line directly to it; the smaller temples resting on terraces at each side at some little distance. This would indeed have been beautiful, and I doubt if any temple in the world could then have surpassed it. The great difficulty would have been to proportion the steps to the size of the church, as they must have been several hundred yards wide to have had a good effect at the distance.

Braga, the *Braçara Augusta* of the Romans, is said to have been founded 296 years before Christ; it was the capital of the Suevi, and one of the most important towns in the early Portuguese monarchy. The maritime discoveries gave the first blow to its splendour, and it never recovered the erection of Lisbon into a patriarchate in 1716; it still, however, contains 16,000 inhabitants, being thus the largest place in the kingdom with the exception of the two capitals and Setúbal. The first bishop of the see was San Pedro de Rates, who has a chapel in the cathedral, and who, according to tradition, was a disciple of the apostle Peter. The third prelate, San Ovidio, had the somewhat singular distinction of an epigram addressed to him, before his conversion to Christianity, by the poet Martial:

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FISHERWOMEN OF OPORTO.



Si credis mihi, Quinte, quod mereris,
Natales, Ovidi, tuos Apriles
Ut nostris amo Martias Calendas:
Hic vitant tribut, sed hic amicum;
Plus d'out, Quinte, mihi, tuas calendas.

The eighty-sixth archbishop was a person of very remarkable character and belonged essentially to the church militant. He was known as Dom Lourenco de Lourihaa, but his true name was simply Lancerote Vicente, and the chapel of Nossa Senhora do Livramento, which forms the east end of the external north aisle of the cathedral, was erected for his burial place.

Having studied at Montpellier and Paris, he was raised by Dom Fernando to the see of Porto, and thence translated to that of Braga in opposition to the election of the chapter. In the siege of Lisbon by the Castilians, during the civil war which followed the death of Dom Fernando, he distinguished himself by equipping twelve galleys at his own expense; and was afterwards one of the most vigorous supporters of the Master of Aviz in the Cortes at Coimbra. Before the battle of Aljubarrota, he confessed and communicated Dom Joao I., and rode along the ranks, bestowing indulgences on the soldiers. In the battle he fought valiantly, wearing his rochet over a complete suit of armour, and having an image of Nostra Senhor de Nazareth instead of a plume, the primate's cross being carried near him. Having received a wound in the right cheek, he was carried from the field without hope of life to Nazareth, but slowly recovered. He after this enjoyed his see in peace; and it was a saying of Don Jono I. that one of his eyes as the Great Constable, and the other the archbishop. In the latter year of his life he founded this chapel, and caused his obit to be placed there. It is said that, when he came to see it, he found that the scar, on which he set so much value, had not been represented, on which he called for a chisel and engraved it himself, saying when he had finished, "Agora sim; que esta ao natural." He died June 4, 1397, making, as Cardoza observes, "a better end than beginning." On the anniversary of his death in 1663 his tomb was opened, and the body discovered in that state of incorruption in which it will be shown to the visitor (the episcopal vestments have, within the last few years, been renewed). The news of this discovery reached the Portuguese army just before the victory of the Lines of Elvas, and inspired them with fresh courage for their assault.

III.

THE LINE OF SOULT'S RETREAT BEFORE THE BRITISH—START EARLY FOR SALAMONDE—ARRIVE AND THE CARVALHO D'ESTE—TOWNE OF LAMUZO—PULL UP AT ST. JEAN'S FOR REFRESHMENT—VARIOUS SCENERY OF THE ROAD—RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR GUIDE—PONTE NOVA: DREADEFUL SLAUGHTER OF THE FRENCH TROOPS—THE MISERELLA.

Mr. KINGSTON made a lateral excursion from Braga to Salamonde, in order to follow up the footsteps of Soult's retreat before the British, the account of which is alike replete with local and with some permanent historical interest, and to which a primary reference to the pages of Colonel Napier's admirable *History of the Peninsular War*, commencing at the 277th page of the second volume, forms an appropriate introduction.

When Marshal Soult had been driven out of Oporto by the British army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, he retired through Valongo upon Guimaraens, and thence

taking a path across the mountains, leaving Braga on his left, he reached the heights of Carvalho d'Este, having been joined by Loison's division at Guimaraens during the night, and by Lorge's dragons from Braga. Here, drawing up his troops on the morning of the 15th, he reorganised his army; taking command of the rear-guard himself, and giving that of the advanced guard to General Loison. From Carvalho he retired to the small village of Salamonde, in the neighbourhood of which is a bridge over the Cavado which the English general had ordered to be destroyed, but the work being imperfectly performed, the French drove the Portuguese peasantry who were defending it from their posts, and entered the dangerous and narrow defile leading to Montalegre. Before the rear-guard had passed, the British appeared on the heights above, when a scene of slaughter and confusion ensued in the French army, though they contrived, by vast exertions and courage (fighting their way across a second bridge, that of Miserella), to make good their retreat into Spain.

We quitted our couches at three o'clock, though we were not in our saddles till four, when in compact order, the stars yet shining brightly over our heads, we rode out of Braga towards the east, with two mounted servants in attendance, one leading the other bringing up the rear. Passing near the foot of the Senho do Monte, which it was yet too dark to see, we continued along a narrow rough road, till daylight breaking, we perceived a beautifully rich valley on our right, along which we rode for some miles, till we commenced the steep ascent, by a most rugged path, of that range of lofty hills called the Carvalho d'Este.

We made a zig-zag way up the mountain amid large rocks and over stones which rolled down beneath our horses' feet. "It is to be hoped we shall have reached this before the return of darkness, or our necks may suffer, not to mention our horses' knees," was the far-seeing remark of one of our company.

Surmounting the acclivity, we found a good bridle-path, over which we could trot gaily along; none of the party appearing to be afraid of the rather ugly-looking slopes which bordered either one or the other side of the road. When we reached the extreme summit, a fine view of the lovely valley of Gerez (by the side of which lay our destined route) broke on our sight to the left. I reined in my steed to gaze at the beauty of the scene, so calm and soft, in the cold tints of the early morn. A silvery mist floated at the bottom of the valley, rising above which might be observed the tops of the thickly-leaved chestnut, and the delicate green of the willow, or here and there the white walls of a peasant's cottage; while the lower slopes of the green hills were already dotted by cattle, or sheep and goats on their way to pasture; the opposite rocky side of the valley appearing of a grayish tint, through a gap in which towards the west were blue intersecting lines of the distant mountains. As we rode on, the light clouds, which floated like fleeces in the east, seemed suddenly to burst into glowing masses, the sky then gradually assuming a ruddy hue, till the glorious radiance of the sun himself appeared.

"On, on to the summit of yonder mound!" we cried; and darting forward, we reached the point in time to see the bright orb of day burst upon the world, lighting up all the mountain-heights with his golden rays, and driving down the shadows into the valleys below. I shall not forget that sunrise on the mountain

of the Carvalho d'Este, or the first view of the valley of the Cavado.

It was on this ground that Soult drew up his forces after his retreat from Oporto, and before he commenced that dangerous march through the pass of Salamonde, which he must have felt was to cause either his annihilation or his preservation. Through his own talents, and fortuitous circumstances, it proved the latter. Looking over the rugged and mountainous country he must have passed to reach this position from Guimaraens, it is surprising that with a disorganised and dispirited army he could ever have performed the march. The truth is, that neither did the cruel Loison (nicknamed Maneta, the one-armed), nor a single Frenchman at that time, dare to surrender. Each man in the army well knew that only by keeping together could they expect to escape with life: most of the baggage and ammunition having already been abandoned.

Continuing at a good pace with the valley on our left, we mounted gradually to yet higher ground, when winding round the hill to our right appeared on the summit of a lofty peak the famed tower of Lanhozo. The position is wild in the extreme, standing alone as it does high amid a sea of treeless mountains, sloping and falling in every direction. It was to this castle that the warlike Donna Teresa retired, after she had been defeated under the walls of Guimaraens by her son Alfonso Henrique and the insurgent barons, and here it was, according to some accounts, that she was confined, to prevent the further effects of her turbulent disposition. On the summit of its square and lofty tower she stood, and cursed her once-beloved son, as she saw his army defile by on their march to invade the Galician territories of his cousin Alphonso VIII. That the curse had any effect, does not appear, as he was nearly always victorious, and survived it upwards of fifty years; his death taking place in 1185. Dismounting from my steed, which one of my friends held, I made a sketch of the tower of Lanhozo from the eastern side of it; indeed, it was not visible from the west.

Urging on our horses, we overtook the rest of the party as they drew up before a little estalagem in the prettily-situated village of St. Jeans; they loudly vociferated that they could proceed no further without nourishment. "Then we shall lose the advantage of the cool morning air, and not reach Salamonde till the sun is high," I observed. "Food, food, food!" was the only answer; so, turning our beasts into a stable, which occupied the entire lower story of the house, we unpacked our saddle-bags, and mounted to a verandah above. While some of the party were occupied in arranging our eatables, and making coffee in a clay jug, and which proved most execrable, I took hence a more elaborate sketch of the picturesque castle of Lanhozo, which appeared to great advantage, rising on the other side of a vale, seen over a rich profusion of trees, shrubs, and vines, with numerous ranges of mountain-tops around and beyond.

When I am travelling through an interesting country I think little of my creature-comforts, nor till my strength gives way do I dream of rest; therefore, using the most persuasive arguments, I induced the rest of the party to mount and proceed. After leaving the village, through which the road was narrow and bad, we wound for about a league over the brow of another height, wild, rocky, and uncultivated, till we reached a second hamlet, from which a good bridle-road brought

us to the village of Padeira. We here once more came in sight of the vale of Gerez on our left, nor did we lose it again, the road winding along at a considerable height above it parallel with the stream of the Cavado, till we reached the village of Salamonde.

Although the road was a very good bridle-path in most places, yet in many there was not even room to pass an ox-cart without climbing up the bank, or running the risk of toppling over into the valley below; so that the reader may judge of the difficulties and dangers the retreating army of Soult must have encountered, hastening on with a speed on which their very existence depended.

The views for the whole way were most lovely. High above us on our right arose the southern side of a deep valley covered with lofty trees, which in many places overhung the road, while in others vines threw their slender tendrils across our path, or wild and rugged crags jutting out from the hill-side compelled us to deviate from our course, and vast dark rocks threatened to overwhelm us if we passed beneath them. Below us on the left the River Cavado, now diminished by the summer-heats, sparkled bright and clear over its rocky bed, but the water-worn crags far above its present height showed how wild and foaming a torrent it must become when swollen by the winter rains. On the other side were the lofty and precipitous cliffs of the Gerez mountains, on the top of which winds another road to Montalegre, and an old Roman way, which, I am informed by a friend who went over it, is in many places very perfect. On the other side the mountains were broken by ravines and smaller valleys which extended up from the main branch, adding variety to the views; and dry as was the season, we observed several waterfalls dashing down the sides of the mountains in foaming cataracts.

On a point from which one of the most beautiful views is to be obtained, a large handsome stone building has been erected, which, as it has a church attached to it, was probably intended as a summer-residence of the members of some monastic institution, but it was apparently never finished, and is now in a state of decay.

Passing through a small hamlet, beautifully perched on the very slope of the hill, looking as if it would slide into the stream beneath, we were courteously offered by a young girl from her pitcher a draught of the coolest and clearest water I ever drank. She told us the stream never failed, that in summer it was always thus cold as ice, and that in the winter it was warmer than other water. Most of the party, afraid of the effects of the cold, mixed brandy with it, but I could not resist a draught of the pure nectar, nor did I feel any ill effects from it. When I offered her a small silver coin, she blushing at first refused to take it, till some men standing near laughingly told her that the fidalgos had many bags full of such, and that she need have no scruples; when, with many expressions of gratitude, and a modest air, she consented to receive it.

Our party at times were at a considerable distance apart, and as none knew the road, and were far before our attendants, we more than once took a wrong turning; but fortunately each time found some peasant to direct our steps. For about two or more leagues the path, though narrow, was so good, that we were scarcely once compelled to draw rein; and well did our steeds, either at a trot or canter, carry us over it.

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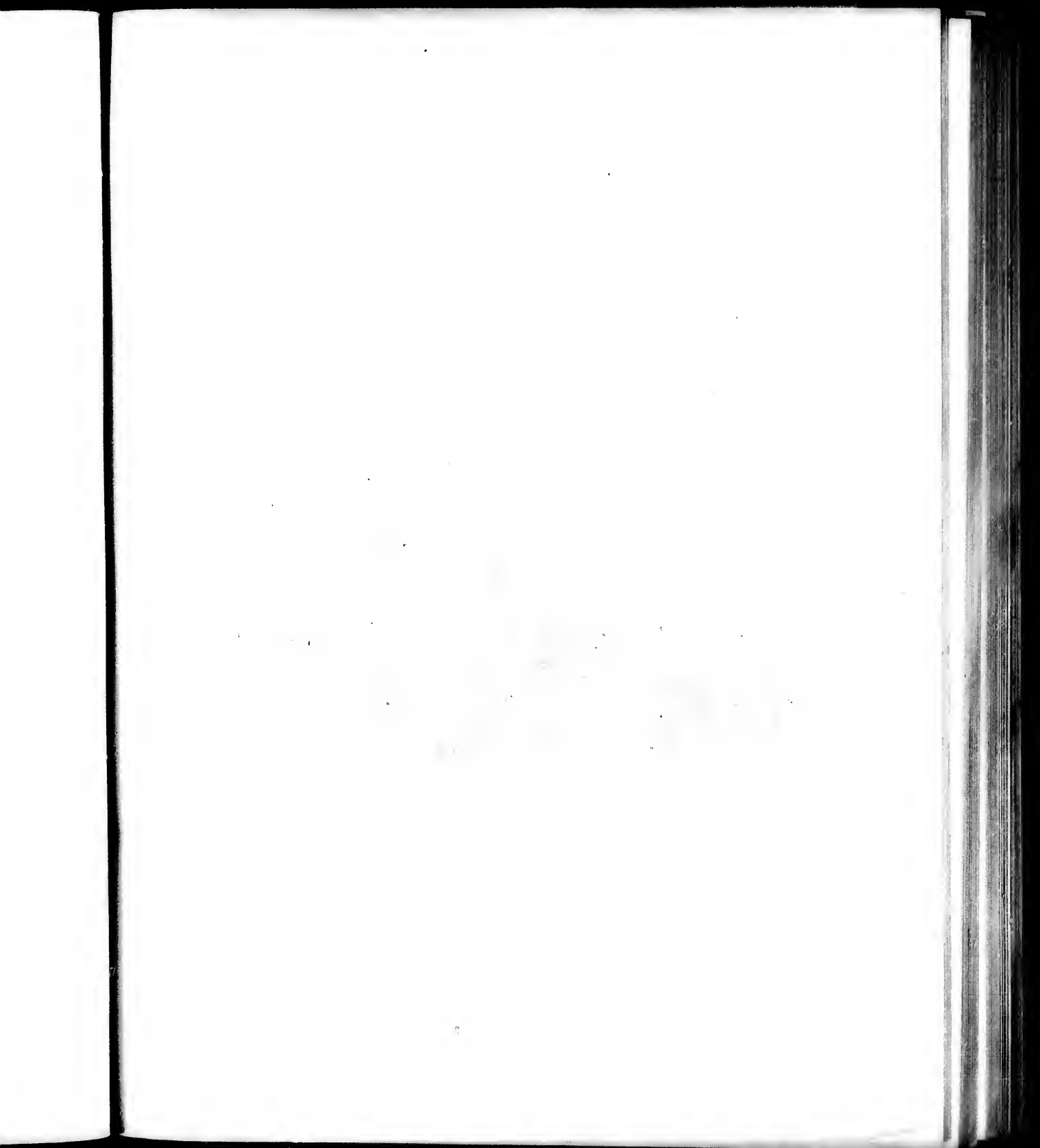
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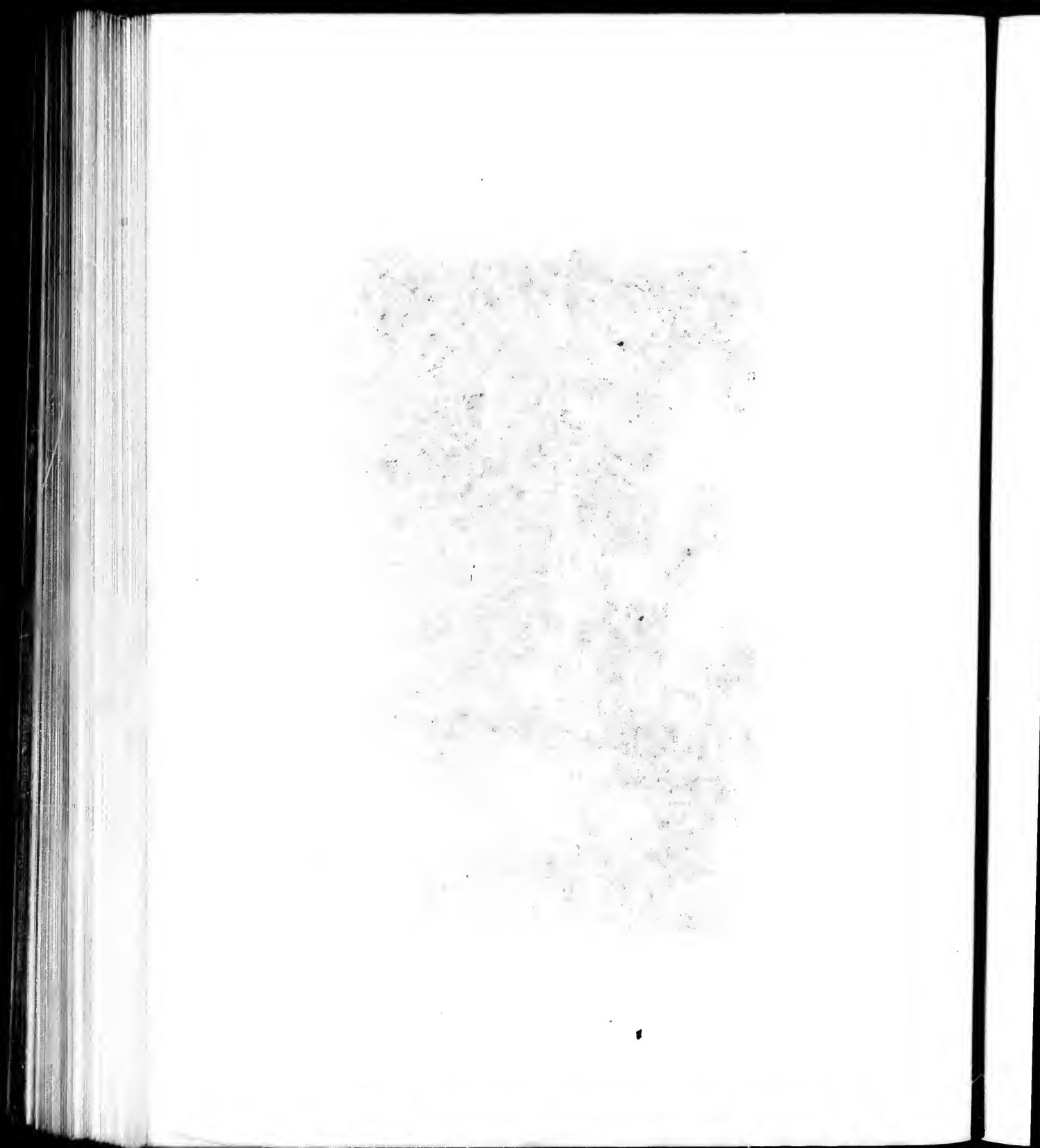
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appearing to care nothing for the heat, which had by this time become considerable. Neither, indeed, did we ourselves suffer from it, owing to our frequent applications to the way-side fountains, the fluid from which supplied the unusual evaporation which was taking place.

I always carry on such excursions a *quaigh*, which I value much, having received it as a present when climbing the heathery heights above Dunoon on the fair Clyde, during a delightful visit I made to Scotland. It holds a decent mouthful of whisky, and as much water as a man in a violent heat may swallow with impunity: many a time that day did I use it to refresh myself from every stream and rill we passed.

By ten o'clock we reached the small village of Salamonde, the place at which Marshal Soult first halted after quitting the heights of Carvalho d'Este. The street is so narrow that three horsemen cannot pass abreast, yet through this had the whole of the French army to defile. We had none of us any definite ideas as to the position of the bridges and pass we had come to see, having been led to suppose that both were close to Salamonde: we were therefore not a little disappointed at learning, from the innkeeper of the place, that the Ponte Nova was half a long league off, and the Miserella full another beyond that.

"Our horses will be knocked up, if we take them without rest," remarked some. "We shall be so ourselves



OUR LADY OF THE OLIVE-TREE, GUIMARAENS.

if we walk," interposed others. That we must return to Braga at night, nearly all agreed. "I am determined to have sufficient time to make some sketches of the Miserella," I insisted. "Is there anybody here who can guide us thither?" "I can, senhores," cried a young active lad, springing forth from a crowd of peasants, who were huddled in a corner of a narrow street to be clear of our horses' heels.

"But you will not serve to hold all the horses," I observed. "I have a father who will go too at your pleasure, senhores. *O! meu pai!*" cried the boy, and an old man stepped forward with a long stick in his hand, whose sinewy frame showed him to be yet capable of great activity.

"I shall be happy to accompany the gentlemen, and show them the way," he said, taking off his broad-brimmed hat. "I ought to know it, for more than fifty years have I lived in the neighbourhood, and well do I remember the day when your brave countrymen were here."

"The very man for us!" I shouted to my companions, interrupting him. "Now hear my proposal. Let us leave word to desire the two arrieros with our food and forage for our horses to follow us forthwith: we will dine at Miserella ourselves." "There is about a quarter of a league from Miserella, a stable where the horses may be put up," observed the old man.

"All our difficulties vanish, you see, my friends!" I cried; "so onward!" And walking my horse, following the old man and his son, I found that all my friends were moving the same way.

"And your name, my friend?" I asked of our guide. "Jozé Maria de Faria, at your service, senhor, and that lad is my son: he is a quick boy, and has learned to read and write perfectly, of which arts I, his father,

alas! know nothing. He is a good boy, too, and if you will take him into your service he shall go with you at once. I wished to send him to the Brazils, but you must know, senhor, I am poor—the means are wanting. I owned a mill down there on the stream we are about to pass, but last winter's floods carried it away, and I have spent all my money in building another, which is not yet finished."



STREET OF THE ENGLISH AT OPORTO.

Such was Senhor Jozé's account of himself; and I should advise all visitors to Miserella to inquire for him as the best of guides, or rather cicerones, for there is but little difficulty in finding the way. He had far more interesting narrations in store for us.

On leaving Salamonde we turned sharp off to our left, winding down the rough sides of the mountain by a steep and narrow track, among a few straggling oaks

and other trees, with small gullies and ravines running up in various directions, the mountains of Gerez being sometimes on our left, and sometimes before us. Above us were the lofty ridges of the Serra de Cabreira and the heights of Salamonde and Ruivaens.

"Well do I remember, senhor," said our guide, "the time the French and English arrived here: the weather was cold, rainy, and blowing, and it was near

night when the French appeared, and took up their quarters in and about Salamonde. We thought they would all be captured, when what was our dismay to find that the position of the Ponte Nova, which bridge we fancied had been destroyed, was taken, and that the soldiers had torn down the houses, and carried off the planks and beams to repair it! All day they were crossing, two or three only abreast; yet good reason they had to hurry, for before dark the British troops had reached those heights above us. I had escaped up the mountain, and never shall I forget seeing the long lines of bayonets drawn up as far as the eye could reach—some had come from Braga, some from Guimaraens; yet there they stood, careless of the wet, the cold, or the wind. In that hollow, senior, to the right, the French threw away many mule loads of treasure, which the English recovered: that deep gully was full to overflowing of the carcasses of mules, horses, and men, while dead bodies sprinkled the whole side of the hill. About here, senior, it is said the military chest was buried, and many people have dug for it, but no one has found it." We were passing a narrow but deep cut in the mountain which extends towards the Cavado. "The day after the battle we discovered a French dragoon and his horse, in that hollow," continued our guide: "the horse was killed, but, strange to relate, his rider was only slightly injured, and we carried him up to the hospital establishment at Salamonde."

Winding down the hill, a sudden turn of the path brought us to the side of the mountain-torrent over which the Ponte Nova is thrown, and directly on to the bridge. Colonel Napier was misinformed when he speaks of it as over the Cavado—the stream is very similar to, and runs almost parallel with that of Miserella, falling like it into the Cavado. The bridge consists of one high but small arch, of only breadth sufficient to allow of four men crossing abreast. So short, however, is the distance spanned by the arch, that an active man might almost leap across it; and nothing but the complete demolition of the whole structure could have prevented desperate men like the French from crossing. Rocks directly face each end of the bridge, the road turning sharp round in opposite directions, while on each side of the torrent the hills rise rugged and precipitous. It was near here that the greatest slaughter occurred; for before the French rear-guard had passed, the British cannon had begun to play upon them, "and then man and horse, crushed together, went over into the gulf; and the bridge and the rocks and the defile beyond were strewed with mangled bodies." Colonel Napier says that the peasants tortured and mutilated every sick man or straggler who fell into their power; but our old guide, on whose word I can rely, assured us that he assisted in succouring many wounded Frenchmen. This, however, was under the eye of the English, and doubtless many atrocities were committed in stern retaliation of those of which the French themselves were guilty.

"It was late in the evening when the English appeared," said our old guide, "nor was a moment lost in attacking; night alone putting an end to the slaughter: indeed, before all the French had crossed the bridge, it was destroyed by them, and it took the English some time again to repair it. By that time the French had escaped; but as they marched along the guerrillas hovered on the hills above them,

harassing them dreadfully, and cutting off numbers by the way. Those were sad times, Senhor."

When our whole party were collected on the Ponte Nova, "Let us give three cheers for the honour of Old England," exclaimed one of the party, in a fit of military enthusiasm. "As you like it," I answered; "though this is not exactly the spot where much was done to boast of. Hear, however: May the foes of Great Britain and Lusitania fly ever before them as they did through this pass! Hip! hip! hurrah!" and we made the welkin ring again with a hearty British shout.

As I rode along, listening to Senhor José's descriptions, I could almost have wept with vexation as I thought of the escape of those lawless devastators of the rich fields of Portugal, and could well enter into the feelings of rage which must have possessed the bosoms of the brave men, who, after so many days of toil, saw their foe thus eluding their grasp.

On crossing the bridge, the road turned sharp round to the left, and then continued running parallel with the Cavado, generally so narrow that not more than three foot soldiers could have marched abreast. Dark rocks were above, and precipices were below, over which a false step, or the bullet of a guerrilla, must have sent many an unhappy horseman. The views were much the same as I have before described, but rather increased in beauty and wildness, though mere words can scarcely express the difference of the scenery; looking up the valley especially, the mountains were more lofty, rugged, and broken by ravines, while overhead the trees were more aged, of more luxuriant growth, and more fantastic in their shapes. At about a small league from the Ponte Nova we found a low house of two stories which had formerly been an estalagem. "Can you give food and shelter to our horses, my friend?" I asked of a man whose head was projecting from the window of the building.

"They may go into the stable; but except some dried grass I have no food," answered the said personage, who was a little man with a large hooked nose, and a most dull expression of countenance.

"What, no milho?" we exclaimed.

"Not a grain, Senhores."

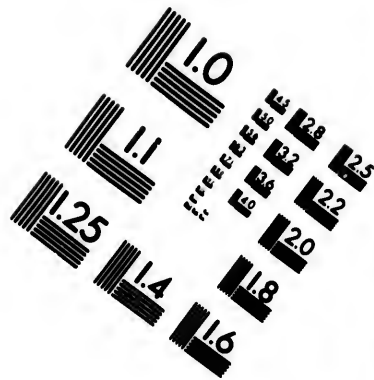
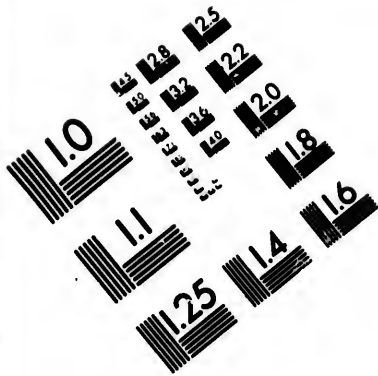
"You have some broa, then?"

"Not a particle: our broa is but just put into the oven," was the unsatisfactory answer.

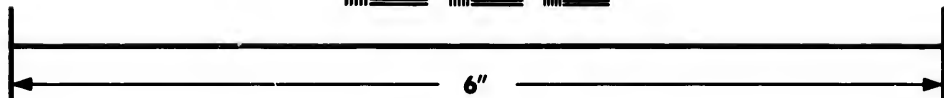
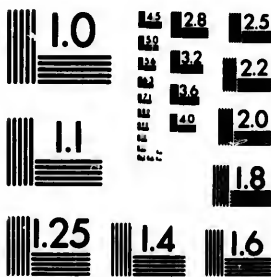
"Now, my friend," I urged, vexed at his real or pretended stupidity, "both corn, bread, and wine are to be procured at no great distance—they must be found." Saying this, I walked away, and took up my seat under a shed, when I made a sketch of the magnificently wild mountain scenery before me, looking up the valley towards Montalegre, the direction the French took in their retreat. My friends in the meantime made up their minds, that, taking a glance at Miserella, we must return forthwith to Salamonde. "I mean to dine and spend some hours at Miserella, and so will you," was my answer as I sketched away.

Before I finished my sketch our muleteers with the saddle-bags arrived, as did a sack of milho for the horses, and some broa for ourselves, our own white bread being nearly exhausted. I must say, to the credit of the thoughtful mogo do estalagem, Manoel, he had supplied the said saddle-bags with meat most plentifully. Our old guide, throwing the bags over his shoulders, and his boy carrying a jug to fetch water, we commenced our walk in better spirits towards the





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bridge. Not to mislead people, I must observe that the road is perfectly practicable for horses. The scenery increased in beauty and wildness as we advanced; indeed, it was altogether the most romantic I have seen in Portugal.

Walking for rather more than half a mile, with declivities sloping steeply down to the Cavado on our left, and the rugged sides of the mountain above us, we wound gradually round to our right, and soon came upon the precipitous banks of the torrent of Miserella, a little way from the mouth of which is the narrow, one-arched bridge which the French were obliged to storm before they could cross. On each side are high cliffs, or rather vast broken crags, with trees clinging around the crevices in them, the torrent leaping down with falls of ten and twenty feet at a time, from a deep rent in the mountain above. On the eastern side, among the rocks, the Portuguese guerrillas were stationed, with slight entrenchments thrown up; but had the bridge been destroyed, and regular troops with good officers been in their place, the utmost bravery of the French could not have driven them from their post. After taking a general survey of the whole scene, I crossed the bridge and clambered down the rugged banks, to make a sketch of it, looking up the ravine. At my feet amid huge masses of rock the water dashed, foaming and boiling along, yet now was the driest time of summer. What must it have been when swollen by the melting snows and the rains of winter! Alas! the hapless wretches who were once plunged into its raging tide!

I had just finished my sketch, when I saw my fellow-travellers scrambling down amid the crags, on the opposite side, towards a clear, deep, calm pool, beneath the arch, evidently with the intention of bathing: the temptation was great, and I rose to join them. As I was crossing the narrow bridge, and looking down into the deep abyss below, "For the love of God, do not venture into that deep pool, Senhor!" said our old guide. "It looks calm enough, and you fancy you can touch the bottom, but believe me nobody has ever reached it; for it sinks down into the bowels of the earth." "Fear not, my friend," I answered; "we intend only to swim on the surface."

Though on one side the water is of this great depth below the arch, on the other the fall is so considerable that it appears but a few feet below it. We found a delightfully shady spot beneath a large rock, on a slab level with the water, and in a few minutes I with those who could swim were floating on the clear stream, while the rest resorted to a shallow spot in a channel worn by the torrent. We found the water refreshing after the heat and dust of the morning, though far from cold; it having been well warmed by its passage down the valley, into which the rays of the sun darted fiercely. I took a sketch of the spot, as I did afterwards a third of the bridge looking down the valley; and then a loud call summoned me to dinner, which I found spread on the bank, beneath the shade of a large tree, surrounded by the rest of the party, who were doing ample justice to it, quaffing quails full of wine to the success of the British arms in every part of the world.

The day had sped faster than we fancied: unwillingly, therefore, were we compelled to quit that lovely spot. On our return, the rays of the sun falling more horizontally, the views appeared to double advantage, there being on the more distant cliffs that light blue

haze which contrasts so beautifully with the bright green of the foreground.

Reaching the *ci-devant* estalagem, which our hooked-nosed acquaintance Senhor Antonio da Cruz owned (for by that name was he known), we mounted our steeds, who appeared quite fresh. Senhor Antonio, like many stupid-looking persons, was fully alive to his own interests, if we might judge by the outrageous charge he made for the use of his stable and the grass he had afforded our beasts. When desired to mention the items he modestly named so many jugs of water brought from the neighbouring spring. In truth, the ex-innkeeper looked the rogue, and was one; nevertheless, I advise any of my friends who intend returning to Salamonde to bring corn thence, and to make use of his stable.

While my companions were halting at Salamonde, feeling in a meditative mood, I rode on ahead, and being well mounted, completely distanced them, enjoying by myself the superlative beauty of that magnificent pass. The shades of evening were fast approaching before I had made good half our distance to Braga, so on I pushed, every instant expecting my friends to overtake me at a gallop. I had crossed one barren height, and fully believed that I was close to the village where we had breakfasted in the morning. It was now perfectly dark, when I saw a light burning in a cottage window. "Ah!" I thought, "there is the inn, and there will I cook some coffee, and wait for my friends." When I reached the door, I was told the inn was a little further on, and as my steed seemed perfectly to know his way, which I must confess I could not even see, I threw the reins on his neck, and let him proceed at his own pace. Sometimes he trotted, sometimes cantered, and on, on he went, till I found that we were on the barren summit of a hill, whence it appeared that tracks were radiating off in every direction. Two ideas at that moment occurred to me; the first, that the horse might possibly be as ignorant of the road as I was; and secondly, I recollected having been told at Braga that there was a greater probability of encountering banditti in that neighbourhood than in any other part of the north of Portugal. I never, however, felt more perfectly unconcerned or contented in my life, and in a minute my confidence in the animal's sagacity was restored. He never stopped nor hesitated. I did not for a single moment attempt to guide him, merely keeping the rein sufficiently short to aid him in case he should step on treacherous ground. For a whole league did we thus proceed, sometimes with precipices on one side or the other, and sometimes down steep descents, which appeared to me to lead into some dark chasm, till at last my good steed struck into a lane with high banks on each side, in passing through one part of which, where trees overhung the road, I could scarcely see even his head. At last I heard the sound of human voices: how sweet and clear they rung through the calm night-air! for they were those of young girls whose joyous laughter struck like music upon my ear. "Am I near St. Jeans, my pretty maidens?" I cried. Suddenly their laughter ceased. I repeated the question. "It is here! it is here!" cried several, and then they broke forth afresh with a merry peal, I fancied at the compliment I had thus paid at hazard. The moment I loosed the rein my horse trotted on, and suddenly bolting to the left, nearly knocked my head against a ramada which was over the door of the

stable where he had been fed in the morning. Calling to the people of the ostalagem to open the door, I gave him a good feed of Indian corn, which he so richly deserved at my hands, and sat down by his side till he had finished it. Then with the aid of the fat old landlady's two daughters, who were blowing up the fire, I prepared coffee for my friends, while I rested on a bench with my back against a heap of faggots, and entered into conversation with a variety of persons who came into the kitchen—the common room of the inn. More than an hour thus passed before the party arrived, with an account of a variety of disasters; such as horse-shoes lost, missing the road, and missing me, of whom during the latter part of the way they could gain no tidings.

Some of them, almost knocked up, were for remaining the night here, but four beds only were to be seen, and those none of the cleanest; others were for pushing on, and the latter gained their point. We had, by Manoel's forethought, brought three torches, but those even of the very best sort could not last us one half of the distance, two very long leagues (from eight to ten miles). Having matches, we reserved them therefore till we should reach the descent of the Carvalho d'Este, and the precipices before we arrived there. The chief muleteer led, we following in single file, and our second man brought up the rear. It was most dreary work, for we could not see many yards on either side, yet in spite of the dangers of the path, we could scarcely keep our eyes open, and O'Shaughnessy declared he was unable at times to tell whether his horse was moving with his head or tail foremost. We had long passed the castle of Lanhoso when the first torch was lighted, but so dried had it been by the sun during the day that it rapidly burnt out. We luckily found a pool in which to moisten the others, or we should have soon been left in darkness on the mountain's summit. So long was our line that the single torch in the front only increased the difficulties both to horse and man in the rear; nor at times, when I was riding there, could I see even the person before me. The light, too, increased my inclination to sleep; sometimes I thought it was the setting sun, next the rising moon—and again, the great light, the emblem which first bursts upon the amazed sight of the initiated in the Egyptian mysteries.

Suddenly, as we were passing a very narrow path with a steep precipice on our right, my drowsiness was banished completely, by a cry from one of the party, the man before sharply pulling up his horse, "Good God!" he exclaimed. "he is over!" It was impossible to offer assistance—one horse could not pass the other without the risk of sharing our friend's fate. The horse of L— had fallen with great force, his rider's legs were entangled in the stirrups—he gave one roll over towards the steep declivity—it was a moment of dreadful suspense. L— providentially extricating himself, scrambled up the bank, while his beast, with instinctive dread springing back, recovered his feet. Our friend again mounting, we rode on for some time without any further disaster, till after ascending for some distance a barren hill, our guides gave us the pleasing information that they had lost the way.

"The very spot where Manoel warned us we should be shot down like partridges if we ventured to pass it at night!" exclaimed one.

"He told us so because he knew we should most certainly venture in consequence," said another.

"Ay, and bought the torches to tempt us!" cried a third.

"Depend on it Manoel expects us to eat the supper he has provided, though I fear he will be disappointed," observed a fourth. "I deem the chances are we shall spend the rest of the night on the mountain's brow; but do not mind, we have cigars—we are not very hungry, we can light a fire, and the heather will afford us clean couches. I have slept on it in a colder climate."

"But not with a white jacket only and thin trousers on," cried the most desponding.

Our guides now tried to recover the way back, lighting, as we retrograded, piles of dry heather which had a fine appearance, blazing on every point in the neighbourhood. I was apprehensive that the flames would extend over the whole hill, but the universal "Nao tem duvida," assured me the muleteers thought differently. At last the right track was found, which led us to the very worst bit of road that I trust I may ever be compelled to descend on a dark night—I refer to that on the side of the Carvalho d'Este. I— preferred walking, while his horse, whose knees were dreadfully cut, followed sagaciously in the rear alone, one of the muleteers being on foot, with a torch to light us at the worst spots. By setting fire to tufts of dry grass, those who followed were able to see the way clearly; and bad as the road unquestionably was, not a horse stumbled or appeared tired. Scarcely had we reached the bottom when our last torch expired, and for a long weary league, in almost Tartarian darkness, did we jog on till the lights of Braga cheered our sight. At the Duos Amigos a good supper, served by the active Manoel, renovated our strength, though it could not keep us awake; and for my own part, I have a consciousness that I fell fast asleep at the table. It was now three o'clock. Thus three and twenty hours had passed since we left the inn, the whole of which time we were in the open air, and, except a few minutes at breakfast and dinner, in violent exercise—riding, walking, and swimming. During the last hours the exercise we went through indeed was not violent, it must be owned, but the slow pace at which we were compelled to move was more fatiguing than a faster rate. For full fifteen hours we were on horseback, which also speaks well for the endurance of Corneiro's steeds; but the best advice I can give my friends is—not to do the same, if they can possibly avoid it.

IV.

PRACA DOS CARVALHOS—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES—HOSPITAL OF BRAGA—ARCLOTE OF THE IRON HEEL—GUIMARAENS—ANCIENT ANTECEDENTS—CHURCH OF NOSSA SENHORA DA OLIVEIRA—LEGEND OF THE HOLY TREE—PRACA DA FEIRA—THE CASTLE AND PALACE—ANCIENT CHAPEL—DOMINICAN CONVENT—LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

AMONG other interesting points visited on the return to Braga, we must not omit to notice the Praca dos Carvalhos, a sort of public garden, formed by the camara of the city to contain the Roman remains discovered on the Cerez mountains. In the centre of the garden, on a pedestal, is a large circular slab, which must, I should suppose, have served the purpose of an altar in one of the high places. In regular order about the garden are arranged numerous pillars of from five to six feet in height, with inscriptions on them deeply cut, and very perfect. From having been discovered on the Via Romana, which, as I have observed, runs

along the summit of the Gerez mountains, they are supposed to have served the office of mile-stones; but what the antiquaries say on the subject, I do not know. Certain it is that the Romans must at one time have very thickly inhabited this part of the country, as their numerous architectural remains abundantly testify. In a lower part of the valley to the south of Braga the foundations of a town of considerable size have been discovered, the stones and bricks of which probably served to build that which stood on the site of the present city, and which in like manner has given way to more modern structures. Outside the *Praca dos Carvalhos* are many other columns, not yet set up; and I regret that I had not time to copy the inscriptions on them.

Our friend then led us to a *praca* of some size, at one end of which stands the hospital. To the right is the church of the Crucifixion, the front of which is curiously ornamented with all the emblems of that event, well cut in stone, of considerable size, and on the left is a large convent. On one side of the hospital is the church belonging to it, which we visited on account of a mosaic sarcophagus sent from Rome, and also to drop our contributions on behalf of that admirable institution into a box near the altar.

We then entered the hospital, which, as it should be, is a building of the most simple style of architecture. Every useless piece of ornament on an edifice of that description I consider as being so much abstracted from the purposes of the charity, to feed the vanity of the townspeople or nation. The dispensary to the right of the entrance is a large room well furnished with the very best drugs. There are two principal physicians and four surgeons attached to the establishment, who are esteemed the most skilful in Portugal, where the study of medicine and surgery has been much attended to in late years, though formerly sadly neglected. The edifice is built round a quadrangle, with arcades on the two first stories, beneath which the patients may take air and exercise, sheltered from the sun and rain. The area is laid out with flower-beds, in the centre of which plays a clear fountain. The whole building, both the interior and the outside, is neatly whitewashed, the wood-work being picked out with various colours. We traversed several of the wards, which afford an example of neatness, cleanliness, and good arrangement, to any country. The beds run in a single row lengthways round the ward, each being separated from the other by a lath and plaster partition, while in the inside a passage runs the whole extent, to admit the attendants, and to allow of the freest possible circulation of air. Each compartment was furnished also with curtains, so as to form a separate chamber for every inmate. I was told that it contains generally from one hundred and fifty to two hundred patients; two-thirds of the necessary funds being supplied by voluntary contributions, the smaller portion having been left by the founders of the charity. Since the abolition of the monastic orders, the contributions and bequests have very greatly increased; one benefit, at all events, arising from the suppression of these crying evils.

The air of Braga is certainly very pure, and the water also is said to possess most salutary qualities, which, aided by the skill of the medical attendants, have worked cures considered elsewhere hopeless. At the end of one gallery we looked into a neatly laid out burial-ground. A large building is in the course of

erection, joined by a covered way to the hospital, for the reception of patients of the upper ranks; the rooms in the main building appropriated for that purpose being found insufficient. This circumstance alone speaks for the high credit in which the institution is held.

Quitting the hospital, much pleased with our visit, we entered a broad street which led directly to the beautiful end of the cathedral of which I have before spoken. This must, in times long past, have been one of the aristocratical quarters of the city, from the number of ruinous palaces it contains, of the same date evidently as the cathedral itself. Winding our way among the most shady streets, we then crossed the city to the north side, where, on the highest point of ground, stands a church, from which as lovely a prospect as any city in Portugal can boast is obtained. This building is placed in the centre of a circular terrace, which has a parapet wall round it, with stone seats beneath shady trees. The view to the west extends over the city, and far down the smiling vale, with hills rising in the distance; to the south, looking down upon the *Caupo de Santa Anna* in front and on the hill-side beyond it appeared the shrine of the *Bom Jesus*. To the east, directly below us, amid verdant gardens, was a convent, now used as an asylum for female orphans; and further to our left, on the steep sides of the *Carvalho d'Este*, was situated a large building belonging formerly to the *Jesuits* in their days of power, now the property of a gentleman of Braga. The immense thickness of the walls, and the long airy corridors and arcades, make it a delightfully cool summer residence, through the small cells and vast halls are not calculated for the reception of a family. Behind us was a rock; and wood-covered mound, the most western spur as it were of the *Gerez* mountains. At the foot of this beautiful hill it is in contemplation to form a public walk and drive, where a band of music will play in the evening, as an attraction to unite the people in one focus; and I doubt not, from what I saw of the enterprise and public spirit of the gentlemen of Braga, that this laudable purpose will ere long be effected.

We here parted from our kind friend, who we saw was overcome with the heat and his exertions in our service, and returning to our hotel, found the rest of the party still at breakfast. They all then adjourned to my room, the coolest in the house, where, collecting the chairs from other rooms, and throwing ourselves on them and on the beds, we spent the hottest hours of the day in smoking our cigars and talking over our past adventures, till the cool evening air tempted us again to sally forth.

We soon wandered to the *Monte*, the lovely spot above described, where we found a few groups of people, and among them, to our great pleasure, one of the kind and attentive friends to whom I had been introduced. In the course of conversation he made the following observations, on the correctness of which, as corroborated by the natives of other places, I can entirely rely. "I do not speak of the higher orders; they differ but little from each other in any country," he observed; "but of the second rank, for instance. It is said a native of Braga is always known at *Coimbra*, among other students, for the quickness of his parts, and for his applications; he generally carrying away all the honours. We have two sculptors in the city, whose juvenile productions gave promise of the highest excel-

lence; but, alas; here they have no models from which to study, and the expense of sending them to Italy is so great that no one is able to afford it."

"Then let them be sent at the expense of the city!" I exclaimed: "they will bring you honour in return."

"You know what town-councils are," he answered, shaking his head and smiling as he continued: "You hear that piano being struck. Now the girls who are playing are my tailor's daughters: they play very well, as also do many of their rank." Not only were the tailor's daughters performing well, but their piano was a very fine one. "I know not if that piano was made here," he continued; "but a native of Braga has manufactured several very good ones: he was a self-taught artisan, and with one model only before him, by several ingenious contrivances he brought his work to perfection. We have painters also with considerable talent, but without the works of the great masters before them what can you expect?"

I then spoke of our visit to Salamonda. "Ah! well do I remember that time!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, seizing my arm; "I was a boy then. I recollect seeing the first two soldiers of the British army who entered the city. They were two dragoons with carbines in their hands, who rode up that street without uttering a word to any one, and then halted like two statues. Soon afterward others followed, and then the whole of that gallant host appeared. I cannot express to you the joy of our hearts—the enthusiasm with which your countrymen were received. Had a god descended on earth, he could not have been welcomed with more delight. My father, who spoke English perfectly, had received notice that Sir Arthur Wellesley would take up his quarters in his house, and dinner was prepared accordingly. It was towards the evening, and I was with my father, when an officer, wrapped in a large cloak, entered the saloon, and told him that he was come to remain there. 'I regret,' said my father, 'that I cannot give you the best accommodation my house affords, as the general is coming here himself.' 'I am the general,' said the officer; and for the first time I saw your great duke. Throwing off his cloak, and in orderly bringing in a case of maps, he desired my father to accompany him into an inner room, and there for two hours did they sit looking over them while my father was describing the country. During all this time was dinner waiting; but not a particle of food would the general touch till he had formed his plans. The following morning the army again marched in pursuit of the robber-troops of the French general, and had it not been for the sad neglect in not destroying the bridges of the Saltador and the Miserella, not a man of them would have escaped. Ah! those were stirring times."

Between Braga and Guimaraens, the country is very pleasant, well wooded and in parts as well cultivated; here and there villages are seen on the hill-sides or in the valley with the modest church-tower rising above the peasants' huts, but the road was in very bad order, or, to speak more correctly, it never had been in good order.

Guimaraens is seated in a beautiful valley, where the learned pretend to have discovered the traces of the ancient Avaduca, signalled by Ptolemy, and whose inhabitants had very wisely put themselves under the protection of Ceres. Conquered in olden times from the Moors, by the Kings of Leon, and of Oveido, the

town rises at a short distance from the River of Avevilla, and on the right bank of the Ave, whose tranquil flood winds its way listlessly to the ocean between the two strongholds of Azmar and Villa de Conde. At first a county, and erected at a later period into a duchy, to become the hereditary domain of the eldest of the House of Braganza, Guimaraens is surrounded by fortifications due in part to old King Dierex, behind which the renowned Marshal Souto ensconced himself in modern times.

This very ancient city was the cradle of the Portuguese monarchy and the residence of Count Henrique. Here his son Alfonso Henriques was born in 1109. The name of Egas Moniz, the celebrated Portuguese hero, is inseparably connected with Guimaraens. When the city, in 1127, was besieged by Alfonso VII. of Leon, the partisans of Alfonso Henriques, finding themselves unable to maintain an effectual resistance, declared in the name of their youthful sovereignty, that he should acknowledge himself a vassal of the crown of Leon. Egas Moniz, one of the most powerful of the Portuguese barons, pledged himself to the fulfilment of this treaty. The King of Leon raised the siege and retired into Galicia; when in the following year Alfonso Henriques acquired full possession of the sovereign power, the pledge given at Guimaraens was forgotten by all but Egas Moniz. Followed by his wife and children, he went with bare feet and a halter round his neck, to the court of that monarch, professing that he came prepared to atone by his death for the violation of his oath.

E com seus filhos e mulher se parte,
A levantar com elles a fanga;
Descalços, e despidos, de tal arte,
Que mais move a piedade, que a vingança;
Se pretendes, Rei Alto, de vingar-te
De minha tenearia conflancia,
Dizia, eis-aqui venho offerecido,
A te pagar co' a vida o prometido.

Lusiad, Canto iii., 88.

The enraged king, struck by so singular an instance of fidelity, allowed him to depart uninjured. This story is credited even by Herculano (*Historia de Portugal*, i. 228, and note p. 468), and may therefore be considered as well authenticated. If a Portuguese estalagem boasts any pictures at all, one of them is sure to be the surrender of Egas Moniz.

Dom Joao I. marched from this place to Aljubarrota; and, in consequence of a vow made before his departure, erected, after this great victory at that place, among other edifices, the celebrated collegiate or cathedral church of Nossa Senhora da Oliveira, of which we give a view at page 629.

The whole interior of this building has been renewed in a modern style; but being free from the paint and gilding so much in use in Portugal, it is a remarkably chaste edifice. "To the right of the altar," Mr. Kingston relates, "I observed an elaborately chased silver shrine, which, by some miracle, escaped the sharp eyes and pillaging hands of the French."

We then wandered into the sacristy, but could find no one to show us the treasures it contains. These treasures are called "The Treasures of Our Lady"—(Os Tesouros de Nossa Senhora). A young lady of my acquaintance made an odd mistake on that subject when visiting Guimaraens some time ago—a very natural one, it must be confessed. On her first arrival while dressing, the maid-servant at the hotel informed her that among the many wonderful things her native

city contained were those in the cathedral, particularly "Os *Thesouros de Nossa Senhora*," which she understood—Our Lady's scissors. When, therefore, she with the rest of her party visited the sacristy, and several venerable priests, whose fair round bellies were with fat *caldo* lined, were standing round, and politely exhibiting the holy treasures of their shrine, she, after all had been shown, with much hesitation, from considering that they might be unwilling to allow eyes profane to behold so valuable a relic, begged to see "the scissors of *Nossa Senhora*." "What does the lady want to see?" said one worthy priest, holding his sides, while his cheeks filled out, his lips curling and a bright sparkle illuminating his eyes. "The scissors of *Nossa Senhora*," said the young lady quietly. "The scissors of *Nossa Senhora*! Ha! ha! ha!" The scissors of *Nossa Senhora*! Ha! ha! ha!" repeated the priests in chorus; and never was such holy cachinnation before heard. At length the first who recovered his breath and voice, with tears in his eyes, explained, amid numerous bursts of merriment, that however much they should value so inestimable a treasure, they did not possess it; that they had already exhibited "*os theouros, de Nossa Senhora*," but that for "*suns tesouras*," they unhappily possessed them not. Ha! ha! ha!" and again they all laughed. Whoever visits the cathedral of Guimaraens, and wishes to hear a hearty laugh, let them ask to see the "scissors" of *Nossa Senhora*. It should be explained, that *thesouros* are treasures, and *tesouras* are scissors.

We did not then see them, though we afterwards did; and again wandering forth, we examined the exterior of the building. The belfry is square, with beautifully worked, delicate columns at the outside corners; the windows of the purest and most elegant Gothic, as is a vaulted apartment on the ground-floor, seen through them. The principal entrance and a window over it are of the most elaborately worked Gothic architecture but, alas! one end of the edifice, having fallen into decay, has been repaired with an Ionic column. How the man who erected that column could be guilty of such a solecism in architecture, I know not; but yet more dull and destitute of taste were the whole band of reverend prebends who allowed so barbarous an innovation on their elegant cathedral.

To the right of the principal entrance was an inscription in modern and ancient Portuguese. The modern I copied, but lost patience before I had finished the first line of the ancient: the tablet on which the latter was carved was surrounded with small shields bearing the arms of Portugal.

The translation of the inscription is as follows:

"It was in the year one thousand three hundred and eighty-five, on the sixth day of the month of May, that this work was begun by order of Don John the First, king of this realm of Portugal, son of the very noble king Don Pedro of Portugal. This king Don John engaged in a royal battle with the king Don John of Castile, and was the conqueror of him; and in honour of the victory which the Holy Mary gave he ordered this work to be performed."

Nearly in front of the chief entrance stands the little Gothic shrine or temple of which I spoke. It is formed of four pointed arches, with a domed roof, and in the centre stands a highly carved cross. Near it is also the ancient tree so much respected by all the inhabitants.

I had been examining its high pointed arches, and

massive pillars, when I turned round to look at the tree which on a green mound surrounded by iron palings stands near it. I was wondering why it was thus carefully preserved, when I heard a voice in a low tremulous tone, with but a slight touch of the beggar's wince, asking for alms, and taking a small silver coin from my pocket I let it drop into the withered skeleton-looking hand I saw extended towards me. "May God and the Holy Virgin and all the saints guard you from harm, my young *fidalgos*," said the voice, which I found proceeded from a woman of advanced age, as her white locks, her tottering steps, and her bent body, which she supported by a long stick, fully declared; yet she made no attempt to excite compassion by a squalid or tattered dress; on the contrary, her clothes, though patched in many places, were as neat and clean as her circumstances would probably admit. She had too, I doubt not, in her youth been lovely as the lily of the valley, a being on whom lordly man might have set his fondest affections, or who might have warmed his bosom with the most ardent flame—now she was one from whom he would turn aside with disgust. I judged this from the regularity of her thin parchment-like features, and the large eye now sunk and dim, which had been either of a dark blue or a purplish blue grey, a colour so attractive among the fair Hibernians.

"You are gazing at that little tree, *Senhor*, with a curious eye; yet, perchance, you have not heard the tale of its holy origin," she observed. I confessed my ignorance, and begged the old woman to enlighten me, if in her power so to do. "I can, *Senhor*, and gladly shall I thus be able to repay you, though inadequately, for your charitable feeling towards a poor forlorn old woman like myself—in Heaven must you look alone for your great reward." "I am eager to hear your tale, my good lady!" I exclaimed; "pray commence it." "I will, I will, *Senhor*. Youth is always in a hurry," she muttered.

"You must know, *Senhor*, that many hundred years ago—I might almost say the usands—the one lived in this province a man of the name of Wamba. He was a person noted for his extraordinary piety, his bravery, and his learning; for it was well known that although he could not write like the learned clerks to be found in the monasteries, he was well able to read, and thus was he reputed far and wide by those of all ranks who knew him throughout the Peninsula. The former king of the country having died, the people were anxious to elect a new one, but had great difficulty in making their choice. In this emergency they fixed their eyes on Wamba. At that time the spot where we now stand was an open space, in a fine grove, where the neighbouring proprietors used to assemble to exchange their cattle or corn and wine for what they might require. There was one day a collection of people far greater than usual on the spot, when the principal ones again began to discuss the subject of electing a king; and at last it was agreed that no man was more fitted for that office than Wamba. He had not then made his appearance, but scarcely had he been unanimously elected, when he was seen approaching the spot, driving before him with his long stick a remarkably fine pair of oxen. He drove them into the crowd, and offered them in exchange for so much corn and wine and oil, which he was anxious to present to some holy monks who lived up in that sheltered nook in yonder mountain, which you see from hence; when what was his



THE PRIEST'S TOWER, OPORTO.

surprise on beholding all the surrounding people take off their hats and hail him king.

“Wamba was a pious man, and modest respecting his own virtues and acquirements—a sign of true talent, it is said, Senhor; he therefore, at once taking off his

own hat, entreated his friends not to expose him thus to ridicule, but if they wished to make a mockery of any one, to select some other person as their laughing-post. They one and all declared, that far from wishing to mock the good Wamba, they were never more serious

in their lives; again entreating him to accept the regal dignity. 'It cannot be! it cannot be!' he exclaimed, 'I am not fitted for so high an office. Heaven has appointed me to the quiet life of an humble *lavrador*, and in that, please God, I will remain. Receive many thanks, my friends, for your good opinion of me, of which I am sufficiently proud, and do you select some more worthy person.' 'No one is more worthy than Wamba! no one is more worthy than Wamba!' was shouted among the crowd; and the chief people again stepped forward, entreating him with prayers to accept the regal crown. Now Wamba, though a pious man, was a little impatient in his temper, as even the best of us are at times when tried; and he was anxious to dispose of his oxen, and to return home to his wife; so when thus unexpectedly delayed, he began to lose patience. 'It is enough, my friends; I beg you do not mock me,' he cried, 'I must away to my home.' But as he endeavoured to retire from the little mound on which he was standing, they thronged still more round him, taking hold of his robes to detain him. 'This is folly, my friends,' he exclaimed, striking, in his vexation, his long iron-pointed goad (his *pass*) into the ground with considerable force. 'When my stick, which I cut twenty years ago, begins to flourish, then, if it please Heaven, I will be your king, or anything you require; but till then I swear on the four evangelists and the holy gospels I will never make so great a fool of myself.' At hearing these words the people were sadly disappointed, for they knew well that no earthly power would make him break so great an oath; and though they were determined to have a king, they knew not whom else to select.

They were all retiring disconsolate to their homes, and the humble Wamba was about disposing of his oxen, when a loud exclamation of wonder was heard from those standing round the little mound where in his vexation he had left his stick. They rushed to the spot, when what was their amazement to behold the dry iron-pointed stick, which they had seen thrust into the ground a few minutes before, now sending forth green leaves in every direction! Wamba flew towards it, and his first impulse was to attempt to draw it forth, thinking it was the work of witchcraft, but it resisted all his efforts; it had taken too firm root—an emblem of the Portuguese monarchy. Overcome by his feelings of pious amazement, he fell on his knees, beseeching power might be vouchsafed him from above to fulfil the onerous and honourable task he now clearly perceived he had been especially selected by Heaven to perform. He was at once proclaimed king with loud shouts from all the people as they rose from their knees, on which they had fallen at sight of the wonderful miracle. He no longer made a pretence of refusing the regal crown. They immediately set to work to erect a palace for him near the spot where Heaven had itself conferred this dignity on him; and that was the very first house built in Guimaraens, which has since become so important a place. His reign was long and prosperous, nor were the people ungrateful for the benefit Heaven had conferred on them. The tree, too, has always been preserved with religious care by succeeding generations, but has never increased nor decreased in size, being the first to put forth leaves in the early spring, and the last to shed them in the autumn; a living manifestation of the truth of miracles which the most sceptical cannot doubt.

Having thoroughly examined the cathedral, we

atrolled onward towards an open space, called the *Praca da Feira*, at one end of which a most lovely view appeared before us. Over a small stream, by whose sides grew several large and gracefully weeping willows, a bridge with statues at each end, half shrouded by the light green foliage, led to an elegant church. To the right of the church appeared a grove of olive trees, and further on to the left, on an elevated terrace, the palace of the Baron de Villa Poncea, while beyond all arose a range of richly clothed hills, dotted with quintas, cottages, and convents. Passing the bridge we mounted by a flight of steps to the broad terrace in front of the mansion of the baron. Having the honour of his acquaintance, and having but a few days previous received a kind invitation to visit him at one of his many houses in another part of the country, I knew that he was not there, and consequently did not wish to intrude into the house. This much-esteemed and amiable nobleman is not only the senior baron of Portugal, but is also one of the oldest family in the country. His father was the Visconde de Fezo de Regoa; but he takes the older title, which is hereditary, the higher one not being so.

The magnificent view from the terrace amply repaid us for our walk. Before us lay the town, full of convents, churches, and steeples, and surrounded by gardens; fertile fields stretching away on every side, interposed with pretty quintas, groves, and orchards. In the centre appeared on a rocky mound the lofty square towers of the castle and palace of Alfonso Henrique, while around arose the green laughing hills which form the sides of the basin in which stands Guimaraens.

On our walk through the streets we remarked that they were paved with very large flat flag-stones, and that even the smallest houses were built of well-cut square blocks of considerable size, nearly all having broad balconies.

There was to be no rest for us this day, so with a guide to show us the lions, we sallied forth again. Passing through a long street with a handsome nunnery in it, that of St. Clara, and several large houses belonging to *fidalgos*, we turned to our right, and ascending a rocky mound through a grove of olive trees, we stood before the gates of the palace, built, it is said, by the warlike Alfonso Henrique, the first monarch of Portugal. It is yet very perfect, and part of it, of course repaired, is used occasionally as barracks for troops. To the left stands the once proud castle of Guimaraens, yet a stalwart ruin, refusing to sink into decay. The castle was built by the gallant Count Henri of Bezançon, the father of King Alfonso.

This Count Henri was a French knight, who marrying Teresa, the illegitimate daughter of Alfonso VI., king of Spain, the government of Portugal was conferred on him, in consequence of the assistance he had rendered his father-in-law (the famous conqueror of Toledo) against the Moors. Before that time, A.D. 1095, that part of Portugal not in possession of the Moors had been subject for several centuries to local governors, dependent on the counts of Galicia. Count Henri, died A.D. 1112, leaving his son, Alfonso, only in his second year, during whose minority the administration of the country was assumed by Teresa his mother. This Donna Teresa appears to have been a princess not only of a fierce and warlike disposition, but addicted to the softer passion of love, if the scandal relating to a certain Dom Fernando Peres is to be

credited. At all events, her son quarrelled with her, and routing her army under the walls of this very castle, drove her to take shelter in that of Lanhoza. It appears he took her prisoner, and bringing her back to Guimaraens, he shut her up within a lofty tower which has but one entrance, twenty feet from the ground. This he did from being a great advocate of female morality, and wishing that his mother should set a better example to his subjects than she had previously done.

The Count Alfonso first assumed the dignity of royalty A.D. 1140, after his ever-memorable victory on the plains of Ourique (in the Alentejo), obtained over the Moors. A winding pathway amid rugged rocks and crumbling walls conducted us to the narrow and strongly-guarded gateway of the castle. The walls and turrets are still perfect to their full height on the outside; though within time has made greater ravages. The building is of an oblong form, with square towers guarding the entrance, also one at each corner and half way at each side. In the centre rises the enormously high, dark, frowning tower, which formed the prison of the naughty Donna Teresa. It is said that for centuries no one has entered that prison tower. Climbing over a ruined wall, through a narrow doorway, we looked up at the lofty keep, and there, surely enough, appeared a narrow window, or doorway, full twenty feet from where we were standing, while the other sides were destitute of any opening at all to a considerably greater distance from the ground. It is affirmed that there was no subterraneous entrance to this same keep. This tower was probably intended to serve as the last place of defence in case of the outer part of the castle being stormed, and in the good old days, before gunpowder was invented, it might have enabled the garrison to hold out for a considerable length of time, till relieved by their friends. It is more likely that it was built for the above purpose, than, as the keeper of the castle informed us, to confine the fiery Donna Teresa.

Besides the rooms of the keeper who has charge of the castle, we found several of the turrets roofed in and inhabited. In one square tower, with strongly-barred windows, wretched maniacs of the male sex are at times confined, and an opposite tower is destined for females; but neither now contained any occupants. Into a dark vault, the roof of which had given way, we looked down: it is said to have been the dungeon of the castle, and such probably, from its central position and gloomy appearance, was its use, though a castle of that consideration must, in those times, have contained many more prison-holds.

The view from the walls, as we walked round them, was beautiful in the extreme. Directly below us was the palace of Alfonso, beyond, the town, with the quintas of the Baron of Villa Pouca and of Senhor Aruxelles, all which were surrounded by fields and groves, interspersed with the cheerful white habitations of men: then, again, rose bosomy hills covered with trees and shrubs, among which could be discerned the convent of da Costa; and above all, on a serrated ridge, appeared the little chapel of Panha, built up there to tempt the piously inclined thus to win their way towards heaven.

We were much amused by the keeper's description of the castle and palace. "You must know, Senhores," he observed, "that yonder palace was built by a certain count, who came from a far distant country,

a long way over the sea; but what the *diabo* was his name, I cannot recollect" — and he shrugged his shoulders, took off his hat, and scratched his head; but to no purpose; so we allowed him to continue his tale. "Know, Senhores, that in that very palace was born, many years ago, one of the greatest kings the world ever saw—the mighty Alfonso Henrique, who, when a baby, was baptized in the little chapel below, which I am about to shew you. Now, the king Alfonso, when he grew up, had a wife, who, unfortunately, was no better than she should be, so he built that high tower which almost breaks your neck to look up at, and shut her up in it, which served her right, and there she died: this is all I know on the subject. Let us now, Senhores, descend to visit the chapel, which is well worth seeing."

A few steps brought us to the door of a small very ancient-looking chapel in the olive grove near the castle. The interior of the chapel is of roughly-hewn stone, and contains nothing worthy of notice, except a printed paper in a frame, which the keeper showed us with great reverence, certifying that A.D. 1008, was here baptized the great king Alfonso Henrique. Without the leave of the alcade, even the bishop himself cannot enter the church. Throughout the building everything was simple—the chairs on which the alcade sits, and the confessional box, which was a mere screen of thin wood with a seat behind it, and a French print stuck to it. The edifice was renewed in 1795. This was the first church in Guimaraens.

We then entered the court-yard of the palace, and wished to penetrate into the ruined church beyond: the finely-trellised and highly-worked windows of which we could see through another window directly facing us, also beautifully carved; but, unfortunately, the person who held the key could nowhere be found. Much of the palace was pulled down to build the convent of the Capuchins. Thus many of the most beautiful Gothic and Moorish remains have been treated, and now, in their turn, the convents are being destroyed, or converted into dwelling-houses, barracks, or stables.

It must have been one of the most delightful residences in ancient days, for the rooms are large and lofty, with windows of good proportions, looking down upon a view which could never have been otherwise than lovely. At two corners of the building were turrets, with winding stairs leading to them, which establishes the antiquity of that part of the building. Some of the rooms had fire-places with enormous chimneys, and indeed so had the castle itself, which proves that Count Henri, though a great warrior, was fond of his comforts. All the very old houses in Portugal have fire places, and those only of later days are without them, for what reason I cannot understand.

The court-yard is a large square, with the walls of the palace and its offices on each side, the church in front, and the gateway and towers on the fourth side; indeed, the whole pile must have been in a style of magnificence rarely to be found in those days, but worthy of the gallant warriors who inhabited it. Some of the rooms had those broad tables round them intended for soldiers' bed-places, as had others pallets for non-commissioned officers; but the windows were open and the floors swept, so that all looked clean and in order. Should the spirit of the war-like Alfonso think fit to revisit his abode on earth, he would at times find

some hundred men ready-armed to follow him at a moment's notice to battle—only, I suspect, he would experience considerable difficulty in manœuvring them.

We passed outside the ancient walls, which have, like those of Oporto, indeed of almost all the towns I have seen in Portugal, pointed parapets. They extend in a line of considerable length, part of them serving to enclose the garden of the convent of Santa Clara. After paying another visit to the garden of the Baron de Villa Poncea, we passed through several open spaces with churches in them, and entered the large square of the city.

Here are numbers of the shops of cutlery for which Guimaraens is celebrated in Portugal. The iron comes from abroad by way of Oporto, and being manufactured both here and at Braga, is distributed over the country in the shape of every description of knife, spurs, locks, and carpenter's adzes. One of the party bought a most formidable-looking cut-and-thrust clasp knife, with a spring and hilt, and a saddle at the end of the handle on which to place the thumb, in order to drive it with greater force into an antagonist's body. The cutlery which was shown us, though inferior to the English, looked well and neatly made, and the blades of the knives properly tempered. It is manufactured here on account of the abundance of wood, and the consequent cheapness of charcoal.

While the party were completing their purchases, I amused myself by looking on at the proceedings of people in the square. In the centre was an elegant fountain, formed by a succession of shell-like basins, placed on another, decreasing in size towards the summit. As the water flowed forth, splashing in sparkling showers over the lower ones, and falling into a large circular tank below. A pretty young girl sat with her basket by her side on a stone seat near me, her face so placid that I thought she could not see me as I stood admiring her beauty, till seeing a modest blush rise on her cheek, her eyes sparkle, and a smile wreath itself round her lips, I discovered that the little rogue had been all the time aware of the admiration she had been exciting. *Così fanno tutte.* I leave it to my fair friends to decide whether she was displeas'd. I shall not forget quickly that pretty face, albeit Lusitania contains so many, that it would require a large album to contain them. A crowd of lazy people had collected round to gaze at us strangers, when some respectable-looking men passing by, thinking we did not hear them, endeavoured to disperse the idlers, observing, "Why do you stand rudely gazing at those gentlemen! They do not differ from us. Go home, go home." Such is the delicate civility which a stranger who comports himself according to their notions of propriety universally receives from all classes; and when I have heard of instances to the contrary I have invariably found that the first offence has been committed by the stranger, sometimes, of course, unintentionally, through a misunderstanding of each other's language.

We now returned to our hotel to prepare for our departure, when our cicerone hurried in to inform us that if we would proceed immediately to the cathedral, we could see "the Treasures of Our Lady." "On no account would we miss so gratifying a sight," we answered; and following the guide into the sacristy we had before entered, we found two worthy priests standing before a large folding oaken door, who bowing politely as soon as they perceived us, they threw open,

and exhibited to our sight a cupboard filled with numerous gold and silver ornaments. The most worthy of notice was a silver shrine, gilt, and beautifully chased. It served as the travelling shrine of Don John king of Castile, to be placed in his tent, and was captured from him on the field so glorious to Portugal, of Algebarrota, by the brave Joao I., king of Portugal, in 1403. Here also is preserved the very coat king Dom Joao wore on that bloody day—a thickly padded silken jerkin, somewhat, as may be supposed, the worse for wear. I remember, besides, another small silver shrine, most beautifully worked, a number of cups and crosses, and a silver statue of St. Sebastian, shot to death by arrows. The most valuable, however, of all the treasures is a crown of pure gold, used on state occasions, as it was on that day, to adorn the head of Nossa Senhora herself, whom we had observed as we entered standing with regal dignity near the high altar. All these, and other treasures, having been exhibited, we also asked to see "the scissors of Our Lady." A smile rose on the lips of the grave and polite priest who was acting as showman, when suddenly there entered the sacristy a long line of reverend canons, clothed in the richly-worked vestments of their order, and who had just concluded the performance of high mass. Immediately the smile vanished from the face of our friend, the portals of the treasure-house were closed, the priests commenced murling, and we bowed, and in return were bowed out of the hall. We forthwith repaired to the hotel, and packing our baggage, despatched it towards Braga, we ourselves soon after mounting our horses to follow in the same direction.

Few towns in Portugal are more pleasantly situated, or surrounded by a more fertile and lovely country than Guimaraens. In the orchards in the neighbourhood grow those delicious plums, which being dried are packed in small round boxes by the nuts, and ornamented with silver and silk flowers. They are well known in England by the name of Guimaraens plums. I remarked particularly the great number of elegant crosses of every shape throughout the town, chiefly of stone, the stems of a light spiral form, with merely a small cross piece at the top; also in every direction the numerous shrines, the architecture and ornaments of which were far from deserving of the same admiration. I understand that there are many other objects to be shown in the town, which we did not see; particularly various relics of peculiar sanctity, not exhibited except to devout eyes of true believers; but I trust on a second visit I may be considered as such, and enjoy the inestimable satisfaction of viewing them, when I promise to give a full and exact description of their peculiar virtues.

There is a proverb which says that Guimaraens has a cathedral without a bishop, a palace without a king, and a bridge without a river. The so-called cathedral being in reality a collegiate church, and the river becoming dried up at certain seasons of the year. The so-called Casa da Camara stands on a triple row of pillars on the right hand, as the visitor leaves the cathedral, or the left on entering. Not far off is the Dominican convent, now belonging to the Third Order, which still exists. The cloisters, apparently of the fourteenth century, and very beautiful, are the property of the Camara, and are being restored for municipal purposes. The church to the right hand, to which these belong, has a fine Flamboyant west end, but is much Italianised inside. The church to

the left hand is not worth visiting, but the hospital to which it is attached is: it belongs to the Third Order, and contains some curious portraits, especially one of the great and good Archbishop-Primate D. Bartolomeu dos Martyres. The drawings of modern benefactors are so execrably bad as to be ludicrous.

Guimaraens was the birthplace of Pope S. Damasus, one of the two Portuguese who have attained that dignity: also of Gil Vicente, commonly called the Portuguese Plautus, the first, and it may be said the best, dramatic author his country has produced. The date of his birth is unknown, and but few particulars of his life are recorded. A piece written by him in 1504 to celebrate the birthday of the Infante Dom Joao, afterwards Dom Joao III., is still extant. He was much patronised at court, and acquired so European a fame that Erasmus learnt Portuguese on purpose to read his plays. He is supposed to have died at Evora about 1540. See the *Essaio Bi graphico Critico* of José Maria do Costa e Silva, tom. i. p. 241-295. The Testamento de Maria Parda, given in that essay, is an excellent specimen of the style of Gil Vicente. His works, which were extremely difficult to procure, have lately been reprinted in the *Bibliotheca Portuguesa*, in which they form three vols., and only cost a trifle.

Like other travellers we must acknowledge that we are indebted for this last tit bit of useful information, as well as for many others, to Mr. Murray's invaluable *Handbook*.

V.

PORTO, OR OPORTO — ITS HISTORICAL ANTECEDENTS — TOPOGRAPHICAL HAMBLE — PRINCIPAL STREETS — SUPERSTITION — FOUNTAINS — CONVENT OF SAN BENTO DAS FREIRAS — LOCALITIES OF DIFFERENT TRADES — PRAÇAS OR SQUARES — TOWN HALL — ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE — SUBURBS OF OPORTO.

A NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED broad macadamised road establishes a communication between Guimaraens and Oporto. It is, however, badly made, full of stones and ruts, rugged and broken. Luckily, our stout active steeds disdained such trifling impediments; and, cantering away gaily past green and fertile fields of Indian corn, past villages and pine groves, and ultimately leaving the serrated ridge on which the Miguelite entrenchments were thrown up in 1833, we descended into the roughly paved streets of Oporto. We had been some sixteen hours on horseback, and it is almost needless to say with what pleasure we gained the refreshing roof of the Hotel do Comercio in the Rua Nova dos Ingleses, of which we have given a sketch at page 630. There is also an English hotel in the city, kept by Mary Castro, and a Hospidaria Inglesa, in the Rua do Calvaria, both good. It is evident that the "Ingleses" are the great upholders of tavern life in this great wine mart.

The loyal and unconquered city of Porto—such is its official title—the second in the kingdom, one of the seventeen administracoes and an episcopal See, is situated on the north side of the Douro, and about a league from its mouth, and with its suburbs contains more than 90,000 inhabitants. Its extreme length along the river, from the Padrao de Campanha at the east, to the Praya do Bicalho in the west, is about a league; its extreme breadth, from the Lapa church in the north to the Praça da Ribeira in the south, is about half a league.

During the siege it was divided into three Bairros—

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Santo Ovidio, Cedofeita, and Santa Caterina; there are at present four parishes within the city—the Se, San Ildefonso, San Nicolau, and Victoria; and eight in the suburbs—the Cedofeita, Massarelos, Miragaia, Campanha, San Joao da Foz, Lordello do Ouro, Paranhos and Honfim. Porto, as we have seen, with its opposite suburb of Cale, gave its name to the kingdom. After being a city of great importance during the domination of the Moors, it was utterly destroyed by Almanzor of Cordova, in 820, and remained a desert till 999, when it was refounded and re-peopled by an expedition of Gascons and French. Hence its name of Portus Gallorum, whence some would derive Portugal. It was always a favourite of the Portuguese monarchs; its walls, 3000 paces in circumference, and thirty feet in height, which are still to be seen here and there, were constructed during the reigns of Dom Alfonso IV., Dom Pedro I., and Dom Fernando I. In the ancient Cortes, its deputies were seated on the highest bench. In the civil war between Dom Diniz and his son Dom Alfonso, it took the part of the latter, and remained faithful to him when he, in his turn, was at war with his son Dom Pedro.

Porto has always been subject to sudden outbursts of popular insurrection. In 1628, on occasion of a tax imposed on all linen or woollen manufacturers, the women arose, routed the soldiers, and attacked Dom Francisco de Lucena, the obnoxious minister, who narrowly escaped with his life. This is called the insurrection das Macarocas. In 1661, a tax on stamped paper gave rise to another outburst, which was not put down without great loss of life. In 1756, when the wine monopoly was created by Pombal, there was an insurrection, which lasted only for a day, but for which twenty-six persons were put to death by that unprincipled minister, besides many sentences of confiscation and lesser punishments. In June, 1807, Porto set the example of attempting to throw off the French yoke; and on May 11th, 1809, it was rewarded by witnessing the successful passage of the Douro, perhaps the most brilliant action of the Duke's whole career. So bold was the attempt, and so utterly impossible did it seem to the French, that Soult, who had himself superintended breaking up the bridge of boats on the preceding night, was actually sitting down to a banquet in the Carranca, when he had to gallop from the city, and to leave his dinner to be eaten by the Duke and his staff. Since 1820, Porto has seldom been quiet long together. In that year the inhabitants proclaimed the Constitution, which, in 1836, they again substituted for the Charter; in 1842, they replaced the former by the latter, and, in 1846, the latter by the former. The great event, however, of the history of Porto, is the siege, in 1832 and 1833. Dom Pedro, having landed at Arnosa, July 24th, 1832, at the head of an army of 7500 men; and, wanting ability to advance to Lisbon, shut himself up in Porto, where he was unsuccessfully besieged by Dom Miguel.

"The heroic and ever-unconquered city of Oporto," as it is grandiloquently designated, is built upon two granite hills at the foot of which flows the Douro. The Villa Nova de Gaia (Portus Cale), which has become a mere annexation to the old Castrum Novum, occupies the left bank. The cathedral and the episcopal palace dominate the town; the convent of Serra do Pilar, transformed into a citadel by Dom Pedro, in 1832, protects or threatens the suburbs, according to circumstances, or the relation of parties. Oporto is

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connected with *Vila Nova de Gaia* by a suspension bridge. Vessels, with the flags of all nations, encumber the harbour, whilst streets, succeeding one another, like so many terraces, and reached by as many staircases, run alongside the hill, except when relieved by the native rock, which, projecting like a side scene, imparts a most picturesque aspect to a view, the background of which is formed by the Douro disappearing in semi-obscurity.

It is probable, however, that the citizens of Oporto would willingly exchange a portion of their picturesque beauty for greater facilities of locomotion. Mr. Kingston says, for example, it is one of the most irregularly built towns with which he was acquainted. Few of its streets are level, and fewer still run at right angles with each other; indeed, its inhabitants seem to have an abhorrence of right angles; it is, however, a very picturesque, interesting place. It well earned the title of heroic from the gallant defence it made against the army of the usurper Dom Miguel, in 1832, when every military man declared that, according to all the rules of military tactics, it ought to have been taken. The armed inhabitants, the few regular troops, and the foreign auxiliaries, thought otherwise, or, being ignorant of the art of war, did not know when to yield: so the city was preserved, to prove the nucleus whence the genial beams of true liberty and enlightened education may radiate over the far surface of Lusitania. As to its claim to the title of "the ever-undefeated," the inhabitants, when they gave it, surely must have forgotten the circumstances of its capture by Soult, and all the miseries they suffered during the short time his army held possession; as also too, probably, its relief by the gallant British troops under our great duke. The Portuguese have so well proved their prowess under their great duke (of Braganza), that they ought to be above any vain boast: they ought not to forget that the fierce hosts of Gallia brought havoc, destruction, and all war's miseries into their fair land—they ought to remember that the armies of Britain brought them succour, peace, and happiness.

The extreme width of Oporto is rather less than a mile from the river: it commences about three miles from the sea, and extends in length about one mile along the banks of the Douro, up hill and down dale; half this space, too, being occupied by gardens, which few houses are without, except those close to the river. It contains, if I am informed rightly, about eighty thousand inhabitants, but no one seems to be exactly certain on the subject. The houses are built to the very edge of the water, whence the city rises on two high steep hills, which are themselves again broken into smaller hills and valleys. (See p. 619.)

It was once surrounded by a wall of large square stones, fastened without any cement—many suppose built by the Moors; but it is in reality of much later date than the time of their short sojourn in Oporto, though an imitation of their style. The greater part of the wall still remains entire, but the city has grown very far beyond it. That part along the side of the river is in perfect preservation, with a walk extending its whole length, on which the doors of houses open, flanked on the western end by a low round tower. At each end of the city it runs directly up the hill from the river, surmounted by a pointed parapet, and having a steep precipice on the outside. Two square towers, and some hundred yards of the wall, are also to be seen

from the Rua de St. Antonio, which is now the very centre of the city. The architecture of the houses varies very much: those on the wall facing the river put me in mind of Havre de Grace, and similar Norman towns, while others, in the oldest parts of the city, are of substantial stone, richly carved, somewhat like the old town of Edinburgh; and others, again, would almost vie with many of the Italian palaces, in size, if not in elegance; but the buildings of a later date are of an architecture peculiar to themselves, in which all rules and plans have been entirely discarded. Indeed, esteeming the Portuguese as I do, for their many admirable qualities, I must say that at the present day they are the very worst architects I have in any country ever met. Looking at the city from the river, the most conspicuous object is the episcopal palace—a large square stone building with many windows, standing on the summit of a hill in the centre of the oldest part of Oporto. Near it is seen the cathedral, a substantial edifice of stone, whose towers rise above the surrounding houses. Again is seen high above the many bellies scattered throughout the city the arabesquely-carved tower of the Clerigos. (See p. 637.) To the extreme east is an elegant chain suspension-bridge, lately erected, connecting the two banks of the river, and just above it is one of the ancient towers of the city walls, in later years converted into a summer-house for the nuns of Santa Clara, whose convent, built on the edge of the rugged precipice, is seen near it. On the summit of a high and rugged cliff on the south side stands the now dilapidated, but once rich convent of the Serra, with its lofty circular church and domed roof. Below the convent, directly facing Oporto, and extending down the river on the sloping sides of its banks, is the town of *Vila Nova da Gaia*, the long low buildings seen in which are the wine stores of the Oporto merchants.

Such is a rough sketch of Oporto from the river. We will now land and wander through the city, first setting foot on the new, broad, handsome quay near the Custom-house, at which vessels of two hundred tons' burden can discharge their cargoes. Passing up a short steep hill among holes of goods and ox-carts, with the Custom-house, a shabby-looking building, on the right, we enter the Rua Nova dos Ingleses—the New Street of the English. It is of no great length, but the broadest in the city, and contains some good houses, the finest of which is the English Factory House. (See p. 630.) High above it, at one end, appears the bishop's palace, looking down from its eyrie, and at the other is a collection of churches. Here the merchants hold their exchange, and congregate to talk of business, or the last new opera. At one end a broad street has lately been opened, extending up the slope of the hill, in which a fine stone front is being erected to the extensive walls of the suppressed convent of St. Francisco. It is to serve as an exchange, with rooms for offices. Within the building a handsome hall has already been opened, on the plan of the commercial rooms in most large English towns: here also the Commercial Association hold their sittings. Close to the exchange another fine stone building is rapidly rising, intended for the banking-house of the Branch Bank of Lisbon. Both buildings will soon be completed, and will add much to the beauty and dignity of the commercial part of the city. In the Rua Nova and its neighbourhood are the counting-houses of the merchants; but their dwelling houses are generally in the higher parts of the city or in the

country. The most regularly built street is the Rua Nova de San Joao, rising on a steep hill from the river, and crossing the eastern end of the Rua Nova dos Ingleses. By a regulation, which has been strictly adhered to, each house must correspond with the one opposite to it, to prevent we may suppose, the one staring the other out of countenance; so that if the builder of one side has displayed any remarkably bad taste (no uncommon occurrence), the builder of the other, though a man of superior judgment, has been obliged to imitate him. As it is, the effect when landing is good, for the houses are high, with gaily painted and gilt balconies; a handsome stone fountain against the gable end of a house to the right, and reaching to the roof, first meeting one's sight. Had the suspension-bridge been carried across the river from the foot of this street, as was first intended, it would have been a sight of which the people of Oporto might have been justly proud. As it is, the bridge is placed completely out of the way, with a wretched approach at each end. This fault was committed to take advantage of the solid rocks on each side, in which to fix the chains, and because the river is there a few feet narrower. It was erected by a French engineer, and belongs to a company. By its bad position a large sum is lost, occasioned by the number of persons who cross the river in boats who would otherwise have gone on foot.

The idea of making the opposite houses match, originated, it is said, with the Marquis of Pombal, who ordered several streets to be built, and planned many others, of which the monuments remained for many years in the shape of very magnificent door ways and lower window-frames of highly carved stone, some covered with the humble roof of a cottage, and others serving as walls to garlens. Of late years, as the city has increased in wealth, most of those buildings have been completed. Granite being the foundation on which the city stands, every edifice has the windows and door-frames of well-carved stone, and is most substantially built, even the lowest cottage being formed to endure for ages.

In all parts of the city are fountains, generally formed after Moorish models, in what I call the arabesque style. Some are built under arches, and against walls, as are to be seen in Italy—but all have some carved work about them, and are, at all events, far more elegant and ornamental to a city than is the Aldgate-pump, *par exemple!* At every hour of the day they are surrounded by Gallegos with their water-barrels, and girls, some with pitchers, to fetch water, and others washing clothes. The inhabitants of all warm climates delight in fountains, and lavish the greatest care on their construction; indeed, when walking the streets on a hot sultry day, it is truly delightful to see the pure bright water bubbling forth, and running over the stone basins or tanks in every direction.

At the top of the Rua Nova de St. Joao, turning to our right, we enter the Rua das Flores, the best paved street, and containing the richest merchandise of any in the city. It is principally inhabited by the goldsmiths and cloth-merchants; the shops of the latter are dingy-looking places, without glazed windows, the light being admitted by two open door-ways, in front of which the tales of cloth are piled up. The goldsmiths' shops are very attractive, being filled with the most beautiful ornaments of light filagree work in gold,

very similar to those made in Genoa of silver. Even the richest shops are of small size: the commoner ornaments are hung up in glass cases on each side of the windows, to attract the passantry as they pass on a market-day, and the counters are elegantly decorated with the more costly jewels, also in glass cases. The gold used is without any alloy, nor can that so called by English jewellers be worked in the same way. The Portuguese look upon it as some base metal, unworthy of the name of gold. Their precious stones and jewels are also very beautiful, and are sold at a much lower price than is paid for inferior ones in England.

At the end of this street is the large and once wealthy convent of San Bento das Freiras, the Nuns' Convent of St. Bento. A few nuns advanced in years still reside there, who employ their time, and gain a livelihood, by making sweetmeats and ornamenting boxes of dried fruit, which they sell chiefly to the English merchants. A flight of steps leads to a court-yard in front, through which is the principal entrance. It is a high white-washed edifice, full of closely barred windows, whence in days of yore many a fair face has gazed forth with a hopeless, wistful look, longing to escape. The church is on one side, and behind it is a secluded garden, of which the old wall of the city forms one barrier.

Turning to the left for a few yards, we enter the Praça de Dom Pedro, at the foot of two of the widest and gayest streets, the Calçada dos Clerigos and the Rua de Sant' Antonio, which face each other, rising up two steep hills. At the summit of the first is the church and lofty tower of that name, of which I have before spoken, and at the top of the Rua de Sant' Antonio is the Church of Sant' Ildefonso. The shops in these streets are chiefly those of the linen-draper, mercer, French hair-cutters and milliners, and of French bijouterie. Here are to be found the trunk and saddle-makers, and the manufactories of hats, of which great numbers are exported to the Brazils.

The people of each trade congregate very much together. The grocers live in the Rua Nova de San Joao, the shoemakers chiefly in the Bello Monte, the ironmongers in a dark, narrow, winding street, that of Santa Anna, the tinmen in one equally dirty and obscure by themselves, the shops of the soco makers are found in numbers together. The soco is the wooden shoe worn by all the lower orders: the sole is formed of orange-wood with a high heel, the upper part, generally of some bright leather, is shaped like a slipper. As the wearer runs along the pavement they make a loud clattering noise, and one is surprised that they can be kept on the feet: a novice attempting to walk in them will most assuredly kick them off at the first step he makes.

But to return to the shopkeepers. Unlike most other shopmen, they appear to be utterly careless whether they sell or not, throwing about their goods without seeming to know even the prices; generally asking at first more than they will take, and indeed being perfectly ignorant of the illustrious Sam Slick's art of dealing in 'soft sawder.' I have frequently entered a shop with the intention of purchasing some article, and have quitted it without getting what I required, merely from the people not choosing to take the trouble to search for it, although I have had no doubt that the shop contained that, or something which would have answered my purpose. They are both in manners and appearance the most disagreeable class of

the inhabitants of the city, yet even they at times are polite and attentive to a stranger. They are also absurdly proud, and expect to be addressed by the title of "O Senhor"—as, "The gentleman will have the goodness to show me a pair of gloves." These remarks refer more to the shopmen, frequently raw lads from the country, than to the masters; though there is abundance of room for improvement in them also.

There are seven or eight large open spaces in the city rightly called *Pracas*, to which we in England should give the name of squares; though as few of them are built with much mathematical precision, they cannot lay claim to the latter appellation. The largest

is the *Praca de St. Ovilio*, one of the highest parts of the city, whence there is a fine view; the air also is excessively pure and healthy. On one side stand the principal barracks, a fine building, capable of containing three thousand men, the space in front serving as their exercise ground: here also all grand reviews are held. On another side is the house of the *Visconde de Beira*, with some pretty gardens before it, which he throws open to the public every Sunday in summer. Behind the barracks is the handsome church of *Nossa Senhora da Lapa*, containing the heart of *Dom Pedro*; a broad well-paved space being in front, and a fine flight of steps leading to it. Near the church is also a beautiful terrace cut in the side of the hill, plant-



THE EXCHANGE AT OPORTO.

with trees, and ornamented with a balustrade and stone seats. The view hence over the city, river, and neighbouring country, covered with pine-groves, fields, and hamlets—the isolated rocky height of *St. Jeans* to the right, and the castle and town of *St. Joo da Foz* in front, with the broad extent of the Atlantic beyond—is very beautiful. The high road to *Braga* passes here, and it is by far the best approach to the city.

The next *praca* in size is the *Cordoaria*, or rope-walk, so called from being exclusively appropriated to the use of the rope-makers, who ply their trade across it. It was formerly surrounded by noble trees, three only of which now remain, the others having been cut down during the siege to form balustrades for the trenches; but it has again been planted with young

ones. In every direction appear fine buildings, but so irregularly placed that their effect is lost. On one side is the prison, a handsome edifice of dark stone—opposite is a college, incomplete, but already occupied as a school of medicine, and behind it is the *Foundling Hospital*. In one corner is the lofty tower of the *Clerigos*, or of the *Priests*, and close to it the new market-place, in constructing which the useful has decidedly been more consulted than the ornamental. (See p. 637.) On the other side, towards the sea, is the fish-market, on the side of the hill, so that the roof alone is seen. (See p. 625.) Near it is the small pretty church of the *Anjo*; and in another corner the grand hospital, by far the finest edifice in the city, but much of it is hid from view; the ground sloping down to it, and a row of houses

standing in front on a more elevated site. The other sides of the Cordoaria are filled with the houses of the rope-makers, and by a number of miserable sheds, which are being gradually pulled down. If, however, the rope-walk were removed, as proposed, to a more proper position on the banks of the river, this would be a very fit place for public gardens; being in a central position, and the approaches to it easily made good. Just below the Cordoaria is a very pretty spot for a public walk, called the Virtudes—a terrace on the summit of a wall built up to a great height from a valley; but it is of small extent. It is ornamented with rows of lime trees, which in spring emit a most delicious odour, and has stone seats along it, reposing on which one may enjoy a view of the shipping crowding near the quays below, the shrubs of Macarells, the whole length of the river, with its rugged cliffs and shallow bays, to the very mouth, the castle of St. Joao, and the bright blue glittering sea beyond. Yet lovely as it is, from being open to the road, few people except those living in the immediate vicinity ever resort thither.

Leaving the Cordoaria, we descend the broad street called the Calçada dos Clerigos, and reach the square now called the Praça de Dom Pedro; but it has changed names with each revolution in the form of government. On one side is the Casa da Camara, or town-hall, exhibiting a specimen of the taste of the Camaristas; it being painted on the outside a bright blue and yellow. Some of the rooms are of considerable size, but as a building its pretensions to beauty are not very great. The side next is occupied entirely with the church and convent of the Congregados, now used partly as a tobacco-manufactory, and part fitted up for private houses. On the other side are dwelling-houses and shops, and in one corner appears the old city wall. The centre space is perfectly level, and is surrounded by stone pillars, and an iron railing, with trees planted on each side, forming a neat and pretty square. This was formerly the place of execution, and here the ten constitutional judges who had formed the Provisionary Government were put to death by Dom Miguel when he usurped the crown—two others who were respited being compelled to witness the death of their friends. So little did the unfortunate men believe in their danger, that though they might have escaped from prison they refused to do so.

Ascending the broad but somewhat steep street of St. Antonio, to the right of which, between gyps in the houses, is seen the old wall of the city, we reach the Praça de Batalha, where, at one end, stands the church of St. Ildefonso, and, at the other, the Italian Opera house, a large pile having not the slightest claim to architectural beauty, being a high oblong edifice, with pink walls, and crowded with windows.

There are several large houses here, the principal one being that of the Condessa de Pangim and Senhor Manoel Guedes her husband. This is the most irregular praça in Oporto: all the buildings appear to have started forward eager to reach the centre, but finding the ground too rough for their advance, had remained twisted and turned in every possible direction. At the end of the street leading from hence is the Praça de San Lazaro, the only one laid out in public gardens. They are surrounded with stone-work and a handsome iron railing: the flower beds are in the French style, with numerous seats, and a large circular basin with jet d'eau in the centre: altogether a very pretty spot,

each year improving as the trees grow up, and the resort on a summer evening of many respectable people; sentries being stationed at the gates to prevent those who are not so from entering. Two entire sides of the praça are formed by convents; one, the nunnery of Sant Lazaro, is still inhabited by a few of its former inmates: it contains also an establishment for young ladies who are left orphans and have no friends with whom to reside. The other is now converted into a public library and a picture gallery. A little way beyond it are some gardens, established by an Italian, the former *impresario* of the Italian Opera House. He has given the name of Tivoli to them. They are completely in the French taste, containing a Montagne Russe, roundabouts, swings, a shooting gallery, and other means of amusement; but are not much patronised by the fashionables of Oporto society.

Turning down a narrow lane from the Batalha, we reach the beautiful but much-neglected walk of the Fontainhas, running along the very edge of the cliffs above the river. Few cities are able to boast of a more lovely view than that seen from it. In the depths below, the dark-shining stream glides rapidly along, spanned on the right by the graceful iron suspension bridge, above which, crowning rugged cliffs on the north side, appear the ancient walls and towers of the city; and on the opposite side, on the summit of yet higher rocks, the circular dome-roofed church and convent of the Serra, now falling into decay. Beyond, again, stretching along the shore and up the hill, is seen the wide extending town of Villa Nova. To the left, between the high and barren cliffs, we catch a glimpse of green and smiling banks covered with trees, and the turrets of the picturesque palace of the Freixo in the distance. Here and there, too, below us a tiny cottage is seen on some jutting point, or the white sails of a windmill—vines and shrubs growing among the broken crags, and many a sparkling stream darting down over the moss-grown rocks. At the end of the walk, to the east, is a ruined building called the Seminary, the first post the British gained at the passage of the Douro. A large space near it, formerly the gardens of the bishop's quinta, is now converted into a public cemetery—one of the most important improvements made of late years in Oporto.

Besides the praças or largos I have mentioned, there are, close to the Cordoaria, those of the Ferradores and the Carmo, in which is the most frequented church in Oporto. The barrack of the municipal guard is in the convent to which the church formerly belonged. In the former are a number of wine shops, and also the shops of the makers of deal boxes, chairs and tables—the highest-priced costing half a crown: they are formed of the pine of the country, fastened together by wooden pegs, but are strong and serviceable. In the centre of the Carmo is the corn market, where the dealers in corn sit on the market days, before movable stalls, with trays, on which their samples are displayed, while their carts and cattle are collected around. Out of the Ferradores runs a long street, called the Cedofeita, in which are several good houses, and from it numerous other new, well-paved streets branch off to the north, all the houses of which have gardens: they may be considered the outskirts of the city. There are also several other praças, the names of which I forget.

I must not, however, omit to mention a large open space, within the barriers to the west of the city, called

the Largo do Torre da Marca, on the summit of some cliffs overhanging the river, a road running down at their base. It takes its name from a mark which formerly stood there for the entrance of vessels into the river, shaped like the gable end of a church with a large arched window in it. The building was knocked down by the cannon-balls from an opposite battery during the siege of Oporto, and the materials were carried off to erect a new mark in a more convenient position, nearer the mouth of the river. On one side is a group of beautiful quintas, one below the other, nearly to the water's edge; on the other, some barracks for soldiers; indeed, this space is often used as their exercise-ground. Both up and down the river the views are lovely: to the west between the cliffs the entrance to the river is seen, with the castle of St. Joao da Foz on one side of it, and a long sand-bank on the other, between which the richly laden barks dash boldly on from the wild waves of the ocean into the tranquil waters of the Douro. To the east the city is seen rising from the stream, house above house, many a church steeple elevating its head among them, till all are crowned by the elegant tower of the Clerigos. On the opposite side is the now shattered, but picturesque convent of the Serra; the wide-spreading town of Villa Nova extending in the form of a theatre up the hill, while far beyond are seen range above range of mountain chains, each more blue and indistinct, till lost in distance. The river, taking a sharp bend some way higher up, gives the water from hence the appearance of some land-locked arm of the sea, increasing its picturesque beauty. Nearly opposite is the site of the ancient Calle, the hill on which it stood now crowned by a round signal-tower, and directly in front the church of St. Antonio, belonging to a suppressed convent, whose once picturesque gardens, full of statues and fountains, are now rooted out and destroyed. On the inner side of this beautiful spot is a row of dirty houses; but I have heard it proposed to pull them down, and to build in their stead a fine crescent, such as adorn some of the heights on which Bath and Clifton stand. Should such a plan ever be followed out, the residences here will be the most desirable in Oporto; for even in the warmest day of summer the sea-breeze seldom fails to reach this spot. Behind it is one of the largest houses in the city, the residence of the Conde Terrana Joze: a square edifice, with a fine old square tower at one corner. Near it is also another large building, called the *Casa das Carrancas* (The House of Ugliness), where the Emperor Dom Pedro took up his abode during the siege, and which was successively occupied by Marshal Soult and Lord Wellington during the Peninsular War. This is the most airy and clearest part of the city, and in this neighbourhood the greater number of English reside. Here of late years several straight, level, and broad streets have been opened, and a number of good houses have sprung up—indeed a variety of improvements are still going on.

The suburbs of Oporto to the north and east extend for a considerable distance on each side of the principal roads; the houses being chiefly small, but here and there a few of good size appear. The chief high roads are those of Viana, still left in the old style of badness; to Braga, a fine broad macadamized road; to Guimarães, also a fine new road; to Amaraute, a tolerable paved road for some distance; and to Valongo near the river, partly macadamized and partly paved—then

across the river, and through Villa Nova to the south towards Lisbon, a fine road is progressing rapidly.

It may justly be said, that in comparison with most other cities of the Peninsula, the streets of Oporto are light, clean and airy, with the exception of the most ancient, which run along the river within the wall, and those which surround the height on which stands the *Se*, or cathedral, and on which hill there is no doubt the first foundations of the city were laid. These streets are, however, well worthy of an exploring visit to those who have any taste for antiquarian research, as, though narrow, dark and winding, the houses are lofty, of fine hewn stone, now blackened by time, and contain many curious specimens of that elaborate carving with which our ancestors delighted to adorn their domiciles. Here, as in the old town of Edinburgh, many of the ancient families possess mansions, now mostly abandoned for more airy situations, or inhabited only during their short visits to this the northern metropolis of Portugal.

One of the most foreign-looking (if I may be so allowed to call it) of the streets of Oporto, is the Rua das Hortas, which is paved entirely across with large smooth flag stones, and is of great length, extending up to the Campo do St. Ovidio. Like the streets in many Spanish towns, it has no raised trottoirs: the houses are high, with several rows of projecting balconies, and so narrow a space between, that people in them can conveniently carry on a conversation across the street. When on the day of some grand procession, crowded with well-dressed ladies, and hung with various coloured flags and cloths, the ground being strewn with flowers, the effect is excessively pleasing. Few of the houses in Oporto are without one or more rows of balconies, supported by brackets of carved stone, and having iron railings painted and gilt, which give them a very gay appearance.

VI.

SOCIETY IN OPORTO—ASSEMBLY ROOMS—THE PORTUGUESE AT HOME—MANNERS AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE DIFFERENT GRADES OF SOCIETY—ROMANIA, A FESTA OR MERRY-MAKING—COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE—CHRISTENINGS—BURIAL OF THE DEAD—PESEMÓ, OR VISIT OF CONDOLENCE.

FEW persons are more qualified by long residence and early impressions than Mr. Kingston to describe the society in Oporto, and yet he himself proclaims it to be a delicate task; for, as he justly remarks, praise may be considered as flattery, and censure would be condemned as ingratitude towards those from whom one has received constant attention and kindness.

Lord Porchester observes: Were I asked in what country society had attained its most polished form, I should say in Portugal. This perfection of manner is perhaps most appreciated by an Englishman, when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class which has adopted in minor points the refinements of the first European society, and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindness of feeling. A Portuguese has a real repugnance to wound the feelings of the humblest individual, and sedulously avoids any expression which can possibly have that effect; not only because it is ill-bred, but because the act of inflicting pain on another is disagreeable to himself. A Portuguese possessed of strong

sarcastic talent will seldom direct it, however veiled, against any individual present, and will use the utmost circumspection in conveying an unpleasant truth.

The careless feeling so often perceptible in English society hardly exists in Portugal: there are no ardent aspirations after fashion; there is little prepared wit, and no one talks for the mere purpose of producing an effect, but simply because his natural taste leads him to take an active part in conversation. In spite of manners apparently artificial, society is more unaffected in Portugal than superficial observers would at first suppose.

Speaking of the fair Portuguese, his lordship observes: They do not possess, to the same extent, the heady passions and romantic feelings of their beautiful neighbours; but they are softer, more tractable, and equally affectionate. Certainly, with some few exceptions, they are not highly educated; they feel little interest on general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation. A stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness, wit, and ready perception of character. The best society in England is perhaps the best in the world, because it combines civilisation of manner with cultivation of mind; but without reference to intellectual culture, the best finish of polished breeding distinguishes perhaps in a still greater degree the higher orders of Portugal.

With the above observations of that highly-talented and amiable nobleman, an able discriminator too of character, I, says Mr. Kingston, most cordially agree. In one respect he would find an improvement. Education, now widely extending among all classes, has not been neglected by the fair and young fidalguia. Many with whom I am acquainted possess all the usual accomplishments of our own fair countrywomen; they are well read on many subjects, and speak both French and English with facility; some also Italian. To a stranger they are as reserved as Englishwomen generally are, if not more so; and the idea of displaying their knowledge never entering their heads, a visitor to the country may remain a considerable time, and depart, under the impression that they do not possess it. Many English residents not mixing in the more select circles of their society, have been unable to form a correct opinion on the subject; indeed, I know of few writers on the country who have enjoyed opportunities of observing the higher classes correctly. The known character and rank of Lord Porchester at once gave him the *entrée* into the best society, and he therefore has described the nobility of Portugal in true and very pleasing colours. With few exceptions, the Portuguese gentlemen of the present day whatever may be their rank or fortune, are possessed of an elegant education, though their classical attainments rarely equal those which our universities afford.

There are but trifling differences in the style of general society of the present day throughout all the large cities of Europe, particularly where, as in Portugal, the aristocratical privileges,—those barriers which served to keep the different classes asunder,—have been completely overthrown. At the large balls in Oporto all ranks of gentle birth and education meet on equal

terms; the daughters of the highest noble giving their hands in the dance to any gentleman, whatever may be his lineage, who claims the honour, without waiting for the formal introduction of the lady of the house, or the master of the ceremonies. There are at Oporto two assembly-rooms, which the higher classes frequent, being invited by the respective members of the association to which the rooms belong. The oldest is the British Association, commonly called the English Factory House, established some fifty years ago by twelve or rather more of the principal British merchants of the city. The ball room is of most elegant proportions, with a drawing-room and supper-rooms on each side; and I have seen it crowded with a brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty, such as few other establishments of a similar nature can boast of. Many royal guests have honoured it by their presence; balls having been given by the members to the Emperor Dom Pedro, the young king of Portugal, the young Prince de Lippe, Lord Bessford, and many other personages of distinction who have visited Oporto. I mention these names merely to shew the style of the society in these assemblies. At one time the fidalgos only, with few exceptions, were invited there, including the chief military and civil authorities in the place, with their families. Now, however, it would be impossible to keep up such a distinction, and consequently all respectable families, who mix in the general society of the place, are in turn invited.

That next established was the *Assemblee Portuense*, or Oporto Assembly Rooms. Every gentleman of whatever nation is eligible to become a member by ballot; most of the principal people in the place belonging to it. It is a regular club-house, with the addition of a very handsome ball-room, rather larger than that of the Factory House, where six balls are given during the winter, ladies only being invited; no gentleman who does not belong to the club being admitted, unless he is a stranger. The greater number of the fidalguia frequent them, and the music and refreshments are very good. There are also several large private houses in which balls are given, but far less frequently than formerly.

It is however on their own estates in the country, surrounded by their relations and dependents, that the Portuguese nobility are seen to the greatest advantage; and if a stranger is pleased with their demeanour when meeting them in the society of a city, he will be doubly so on such occasions. In the country their houses are open nearly every evening for the reception of their neighbouring acquaintance, who there meet and amuse themselves much in the same way that we do in England, though perhaps with more vivacity. Dancing, of course, where there are young people, forms one of the principal sources of amusement. They have a variety of games, such as French blind-man's-buff, cross questions and crooked answers, and one in which a person gives a line, and each of the rest of the party must add another rhyming to it. Then there are few young ladies who do not play on the piano—generally very well. Most of them, as well as many gentlemen, touch the guitar, with which they accompany their voices in their exquisite *modinhas*, and they will frequently sit round in a circle, each of the party following the other, singing *improvisos* verses. There is also scarcely a neighbourhood without its poet, who recites his verses on all great occasions, without the slightest degree of *mauvaise honte*; and if

there are two or more present, they will frequently enter into an amicable contest for superiority, like the bards of old. The Portuguese language is admirably adapted, as well for tender and pathetic (of which there exist as beautiful specimens as any language can produce) as for comic and satirical poetry, in which the people certainly excel; and on the occasions of which I speak, much amusement is afforded by the poets reciting verses of the latter style; for though they will generally raise a good-natured laugh against some of the party present, they take care never to make use of expressions which can offend.

As in most continental countries, it is much the custom for people to visit each other in their boxes at the Opera—a very agreeable way of passing the time between the acts, and during the ballet; though they love music too well not to attend to the singing while that is going forward.

From what I have said, it may justly be supposed that the best society in Portugal is most agreeable and polished; nor can even a stranger fail to be pleased with it. Of the second class I know less, though there are two other assembly rooms in club-houses, besides those I have mentioned, to which a great number of members belong, where large balls are constantly given; one called the *Civilizadora*, the other *Recreative*. Many of the young ladies whose families frequent them are possessed of considerable beauty; and though I cannot say how far their mental education may have been attended to, they all dance remarkably well, and most of them are very fair musicians; indeed, there is scarcely a house of any respectability in Oporto which does not boast of a pianoforte. I speak of the class of society—a very large one too—whose members are not precisely the most wealthy merchants, and who are yet above tradesmen or artisans—such as rich shopkeepers, clerks in public offices, brokers, &c. In dress they vie with the higher orders; the ladies universally now appearing in Parisian costume, as do the men; a slight difference only in the style being discernible between them and the higher orders, and the men appearing with a greater profusion of oily locks and gold chains, according to the custom of *la jeune France*.

The only time ladies now wear the mantilla is when they go to mass, or rather to confession; on which occasions it is not the etiquette for any of their gentlemen acquaintance to notice them, as they are supposed to be *incognita*; even that custom is gradually going into disuse, and I believe many ladies do not even possess this article of dress. The richer females wear a mantilla of thick black silk; it consists of a petticoat and a long hood with a triangular piece of pasteboard at the top bent over the head. It is then kept in front by the hands of the wearer, and is far from an ungraceful costume. The lower orders wear it made of a sort of camlet. In a few years it will probably entirely disappear; for little girls even of the lower ranks are invariably dressed in bonnets, though their mothers adhere to their old style of dress. The third class of the social body have also their peculiar amusements; the principal of which is a visit on a holiday to some neighbouring village, where there is a *romaria*, a festa or merry-making. (For an illustration of a *romaria* see that of the Festival del Pilar, given at page 617.) A *romaria* is a *fête* held in honour of some saint, generally in an open space before the village church. Here booths and stalls are erected for

the sale of fried fish, sweet cakes, and prints of the saint, with the latter of which the visitors adorn their hats on their return home. The people from the neighbourhood for several miles round assemble in their gayest costumes, the young men with their low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, set jauntingly on one side, their jackets thrown over one shoulder to exhibit their bright-coloured waistcoats and white shirt-sleeves, most of them carrying their three-stringed guitars in their hands; the young women in a far greater variety of dress—some with a white handkerchief thrown over the head, and a gay one over the neck, with or without any cloak; others wearing low-crowned broad-brimmed hats, from beneath which the most coquettish cork-screw ringlets appear. Then again others have high-crowned ponderous black hats, bedecked with flowers and ribands, and a bright shawl worn on the shoulders. But the most magnificent of all are the farmers' wives, with the last mentioned style of hat, and a blue riding habit, their necks literally covered with gold chains, and large gold rings of tilagree work pendant from their ears. They generally arrive on the back of a mule, donkey, or horse, their lords following on one of these animals behind them; nor can the noblest lady in the land look more proud than they, as they return, having their hats adorned with a print of the saint, and well filled with bacallao, sweetmeats, and wine. The older men wear long blue coats, carrying a thin stick of considerable length in their hands. Then come the citizens—the wife with a bonnet of a far from fashionable shape; for want of style a profusion of flowers makes amends—a bright shawl covering all other defects—either on foot, or on a pack-saddle; the husband sometimes, if they are not blessed with offspring, on a small donkey, or else carrying, with paternal solicitude, his last infant in his arms, and leading one or two other little cherubs by the hands; the mother and the maid-servant accompanied by a like number each. The people on these occasions perform a small quantity of praying, a good deal of eating and drinking, and a vast quantity of dancing and singing; but although numberless wine casks are brought to the ground in carts, drunkenness is very rare; nor are there any of those quarrels or disorders which take place on similar occasions in most other countries. The dances consist (the partners first facing each other) in performing the figure of eight to a slow tune, with sundry hops and skips, but without much spirit; their countenances generally wearing a grave expression—except perhaps when a witty observation is made by one of the beaux, on which the girls will clap their hands, and give way to a hearty shriek of laughter, apparently almost uncontrollable. The castanets are peculiarly Spanish, I believe; at all events, I have never seen them used in Portugal. The guitar is the instrument generally used, accompanied by the voices of the dancers, except on grand festas, when large bands of musicians attend.

It is highly amusing to accompany a large party of people returning from a *romaria*, a dozen or more men walking together with their guitars, or rather violas, in their hands, with which they accompany their voices, as one after the other they give forth extemporary poetical effusions; sometimes pathetic, and at others jocose, as their spirits incline them; the women answering them in return. There is a monotony in their airs, which may at length fatigue the ear, but it is extraordinary what beautiful images these rustic poets

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VIEW OF OPORTO.



will invent; nature—the great master—being their best instructor. The bright skies of day, and glittering stars of night, the pure sparkling atmosphere of their delicious clime, their green fertile vales, their picturesque mountains, their clear streams, and, more than all, their dark-eyed maids, the gallant sons of Lusitania, and their love of liberty, are in their turns the subjects of their muse. I have heard the same style of singing in Germany, and it must be confessed that the peasantry of that country are far more scientific musicians, though I doubt their being such good poets.

In my walks I have frequently stopped at the door of a cottage, where a large party have been assembled, amusing themselves with music and dancing. The dances I have then seen performed have been very similar to quadrilles, with all the gravity and decorum to be seen in more brilliant assemblies; and I must do the people the justice to say, that I have never seen in their behaviour anything at which the most fastidious person could cavil—except such as would deprive the humble peasant of all light and innocent amusements suited to their taste.

From dancing we naturally turn to the style in which courtships are carried on in Portugal. Here the gentleman seldom enjoys the same opportunities of paying his addresses to his mistress as in England: not that love-matches are not common, but the arrangements are more frequently made by the parents, and a *mésalliance* is consequently scarcely ever heard of. With regard to the higher ranks, there is but little difference, if indeed any, with the custom of our own country.

The courtship concluded, the marriage ceremony takes place, among the lower orders in the parish church. The priest literally ties the hands of the loving couple together with the end of his surplice, before he puts on the ring. He reads the service in Latin, the spectators all the time not thinking it necessary to act with any great decorum; and as soon as it is over they salute the bride and bridegroom with showers of boubons, before even they can get out of the church. I remember on one occasion seeing the officiating priest almost blinded by one hitting him in the eye, greatly to the amusement apparently of all present. The higher orders are married in the private chapels belonging to their houses, the ceremony being the same as in other catholic countries; a ball afterwards taking place at the house of one of the party, at which the newly-married couple are invariably present.

They frequently live on for years in the house either of the lady's or gentleman's parents, till their family increasing over much they seek another home, though more often till it becomes their own.

Christenings being frequently consequent on marriages, it next occurs to me to describe them. Those I have seen have taken place in private chapels. I once accompanied an English Protestant friend who had been requested to stand godfather to the child. The guests first assembled in the drawing-room, when refreshments were handed round, and we then repaired to the chapel, where each person was presented with a long wax taper, with which in our hands we stood round the font on the left side of the entrance. There was only one godfather and one godmother. They stood close to the priest, who, habited in rich vestments, took the infant in his arms, anointing its lips

and eyes with oil, and afterwards made the sign of the cross with water on its brow. A few prayers quickly hurried over in Latin completed the ceremony, when we gave our tapers to a servant, and I took our leave. One important thing may be noted, that people can scarcely be called bigoted who will admit of Protestant sponsors, for it is at once acknowledging them equally good Christians with themselves; and I know many Protestant residents in Portugal who have several Catholic godchildren. Perhaps, however, the most rigid Catholics would not allow it.

The only church ceremony which is in Portugal performed in an imposing manner is the burial of the dead: all others are hurried over as fast as the priests can get through the work. When a person of distinction dies, he is laid out in state on the following day in his chapel, which is lighted up by candles. In the evening the corpse is carried in an open coffin to one of the principal churches, where it is placed beneath a black velvet canopy trimmed with silver, on a bier covered with the same. The attendant mourners line the church, with long waxen tapers in their hands, while the burial-service is read, and some music is performed—frequently very fine, though the tunes are not always appropriate to the gravity of the occasion. The coffin is then closed, and the key handed to the person of highest rank present, or to the most intimate friend of the deceased, whose duty it is to hand it to the nearest relation. The mourners then accompany the coffin to a cemetery near at hand. The same coloured canopy is used for matrons, but for maidens it is always blue and silver, and for young children of various gay colours. The canopies I speak of might be called *temp'les*, raised for the occasion in the centre of the church: the devices are elegant, and the pillars being ornamented with silver wound round them, they have a very handsome appearance.

The Portuguese give the very poetical name of *anjiuhos*, little angels, to young children when they die; and considering that they are at once translated to heaven, without the unpleasant passage through purgatory, instead of mourning for them, they rejoice, putting on their gayest attire: thus at their funeral no one appears in black, and the parents are congratulated instead of condoled with. I remember attending the funeral of a friend's child, but when people went up to congratulate him, he shook his head, observing, "A father feels the same whatever may be his child's age."

Hearses have lately been introduced at Oporto, which were much required, as the cemeteries are all now on the outskirts of the city. Throughout the country it is prohibited to bury the dead in churches; a wise regulation, which followed close upon that made in England to the same effect. The poor think much of the way their children are buried, and will make any sacrifice to get the little corpses decked out gaily. One frequently meets a woman with a small blue coffin open on her head, and a dead child, dressed in silk and tinsel, with its cheeks painted, to give it the appearance of life. I like the idea which prompts this, for at the last glance the mother takes of it, before it is closed for ever from her sight, it appears to her eyes to retain all its beauty, and she thus thinks of it only as a lovely angel about to enter the realms of bliss.

The most disagreeable, and I think absurd ceremony which takes place after the death of a person of any family, is the visit of condolence to the nearest rela-

ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

tions of the deceased, called the *pesemo*. On entering the house the visitor finds the hall and passage dimly lighted, and following a servant he is conducted into a room hung with black, with a single small taper burning in it. Gropping his way up to where he supposes the owners of the house are sitting, he bows and makes some appropriate speech—they rise, and bow in return, and he then retires from them, and finds a place on the seats arranged round the walls of the room among the other guests, with whom he may converse in whispers. He ought to sit there till some fresh guests arrive, when he may rise, make his bow, and depart. I have always found these visits the greatest tax upon my politeness; and I should think that, having thus to sit up for three evenings, must be excessively irksome to people whose feelings have just been agitated by the loss of a near relative. The custom arose from the more intimate friends calling to console those who were in affliction, but at present it is considered incumbent on all persons to receive even their common acquaintance. It has now become the practice to issue notes of invitation to funerals, and rather curious compositions they are. The paper surrounded by a broad black edge, and a print of a tomb at the top, sets forth, that as Heaven has pleased mercifully to take to itself the illustrious Senhor Jose Antonio Teixeira Pinto Alvarenga d'Aziverdo, his widow requests you will do your utmost in paying respect to his memory, and accompany his body to the grave. These invitations are frequently issued by the undertakers, who send round according to the lists they have had on former occasions, without reference to your acquaintance with the family of the deceased, but of course in such case it is not necessary to comply with them.

A relation of mine, commanding in this district, was once asked to take charge of the key of the coffin of some person of consequence, who had died, and to deliver it to the widow. One of his officers, led by curiosity, approached the coffin after it had been locked, and examining it, found that there were no hinges. He afterwards mentioned the circumstance—"Oh," said somebody present, laughing, "of course the sacristan would never think of burying the fine clothes with which the corpse is covered, and that handsome coffin: the clothes he will sell for a good price, for they will serve to deck some of our city dandies, and the coffin will probably contain the remains of fifty other illustrious personages."

The truth is, that in general the Portuguese think little of the bodies of their friends after death: the last obsequies are paid—they have done their duty—and it is given over to the arch-devourer of kings and beggars, the hungry worm. It is for the soul, the alma, the essence, they utter their ejaculations: they offer up their prayers, and expend sums in masses, to free it from purgatory. This idea, or feeling, is, I conceive, more general among the southern nations of Europe, than those of colder climes, and is certainly more philosophical than the one which causes people to regard with affection the mouldering remains of their friends. The North American Indians bury the implements which will they think be required in the happy hunting-field; the ancient Irish laid the weapons of the warrior by his side; the Scandinavians did so also; the Saxons raised magnificent monuments to the dead, whom they fully believed appeared often in their bodily forms;—even in the present day the Russians, Swedes, Danes, Germans, and English, talk and think

far more of the body of the deceased than of the spirit. We speak of our departed friends—the Portuguese invariably express themselves regarding the souls of the dead. They pledge each other to the alma of the departed. I remember particularly a friend of mine relating a circumstance to that effect. During a *pesemo* visit the lady of the house rose from her seat, and pouring out a glass of wine put it to her lips, saying in a solemn voice, "Let us drink to the soul of my deceased brother." The effect of the speech may be more easily conceived than described.

VII.

CHURCHES AND CONVENTS OF OPORTO—THE SERRA CONVENT—SAN DOMINGOS—SAN FRANCISCO—SAN BENTO—NUNNERIES—RELIGIOUS ORDERS—CATHEDRAL—NOSA SENHORA DA LAPA—THE CROFERTA—THE CLERIGOS.

THERE were, before the siege of Oporto, no fewer than twenty-four monastic establishments in Oporto and Villa Nova, though here they at no time flourished in the rich luxuriance to which they attained in other parts of the kingdom; which may give one a tolerable idea of the vast number scattered over the country. Not a town, scarcely a village, was without one or more in the neighbourhood; and now, although not very many years have passed away since, in perfect security, they dreamed not of destruction, where are they? Strong and vast as were those proud edifices of the monks, they are now masses of blackened stones or deserted ruins, in whose wide halls, where once resounded the ringing laugh of the jovial friar at his bountiful repast, now fit the screeching owl and the gloom-loving bat; and as to the former inhabitants—who can tell what has become of them? Wanderers and outcasts, they starve where once they feasted, or, lawless brigands, they plunder where, a short time since, as lords they gave in charity. Many have long since sunk under the hardships they were driven to endure, and others still subsist at the houses of the religious and charitable of their party, though perhaps their hosts have themselves but a pittance on which to exist.

One of the largest and most wealthy convents was that of the Serra, so called from being situated on the summit of some lofty cliffs overlooking the river on the southern bank. It contained twenty-eight monks, canons of the order of Saint Augustin, called Frades Cruzes; none but men of noble rank being admitted into the brotherhood. Their revenues amounted to about four thousand a-year, exclusive of many other gains. The monks appeared in the streets always on mules, and their robes, of the best materials, were clean and put on with a certain air which showed them to be the clerical dandies of the place. Though not esteemed for the depth of their knowledge, or extraordinary talents, their aim was to shine in conversation, and they delighted to indulge in wit and satirical observations on the rest of the world.

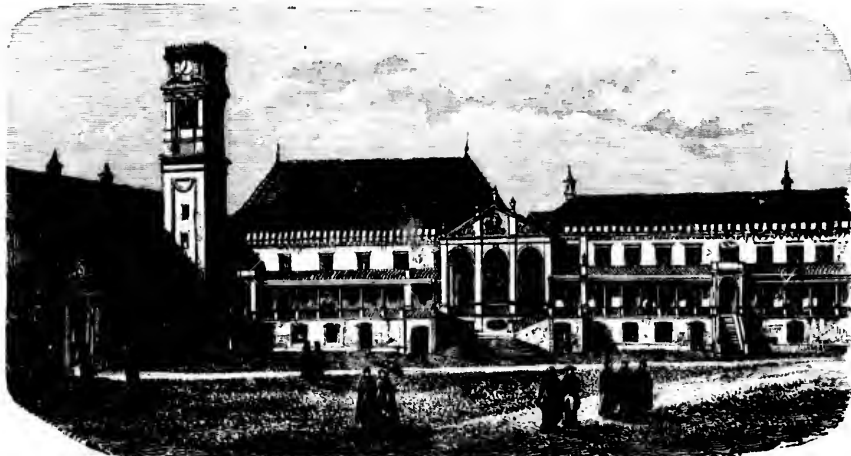
The church of the Serra is a round solid structure, with a domed roof, built after that of the Santa Maria di Roma, called the Redonda, and was richly ornamented. The cloisters are of the same shape, and the dormitories are beneath the roof of a low building of great length extending towards the east. The gardens were extensive, with terraces, statues, fish ponds, flower beds, full of sweet-smelling plants, and surrounded by trees. A lofty aqueduct of considerable

venient on arches brought the purest water to it from the neighbouring mountains. Indeed, the noble friars enjoyed the sweets of life, with few of its toils: they eat, drank, and grew fat—so fat that it was truly a pleasure to behold three or four of them walling arm-in-arm along one of their terraces—for their walks were made broad on purpose. One felt as one looked at their fine portly and dignified figures, their robes well filled out like the bulging sail of a ship before a steady breeze, that the food they had eaten and the wine they had drunken had truly benefited them, forming a pleasing contrast to those ungrateful wretches who feed hugely, and yet grow not the fatter.

The year which gave liberty to Portugal brought destruction to these honest gentlemen. Some time elapsed after the entrance of Dom Pedro and his little army into Oporto, before, at the earnest recommendation of Colonel Hare and Colonel Badcock, the Serra was occupied as a military post. Then, like the

unhappy Boabdil departing from his beloved Alhambra, the last friar sighed as he passed through its portals—no more to return! The trees of the surrounding wood were ruthlessly cut down to form palisades, and to prevent the enemy having a place of shelter behind them, the walls were levelled, rough entrenchments took the place of the broad terraces, the neat walks, the ponds and flower-beds. The once peaceful garden, the abode of contentment and ease, became the scene of the most desperate and bloody encounters, and now, a straggling rose-bush, or a broken column just peeping above the earth, alone remain—sad epitomes of the richly-cultivated and highly-ornamented quinta which formerly stood there!

The strenuous endeavours made by the Miguelite army to gain possession of the Serra, proved the importance they attached to it as a military post; indeed had it not been occupied in the first place, or had they succeeded in capturing it, the fall of the city,



UNIVERSITY OF COIMBRA.

completely overlooked as it is by this convent, must have been inevitable. It was most gallantly defended by Col. Torres and Major Bravo, commanding the Queen's Volunteers, aided, whenever any important movement took place, by troops passed over from the city. During the first attack the enemy succeeded in gaining the threshing-floor in the farm-yard on the east side of the convent, when a desperate charge made by the commandant and his lieutenant drove them back again. After that time the entrenchments were much increased in strength, and were never again passed.

The spot is now one of utter desolation and disorder. The church was so showered on by shot and shell, that not a part remains free from their marks; a large aperture appearing in the domed roof through which entered a shot from a gun of vast size yecept Joao Paolo: The walls are shattered, and the dormitories, the spacious passages, the refectories and kitchen, are exposed to the rains of heaven. The new road to Lisbon, now in active progress further on,

is to lead round with a gradual ascent beneath the Serra; and I hope then to see the site of that ruin occupied by some useful and ornamental edifice.

Most of the other convents in Oporto are either pulled down or occupied in some useful manner. The greater part of that of San Domingos, the most ancient convent in the city, has been pulled down; a fine broad street leading from the foot of the Bello Monte, over the spot where it stood, to the Rua Nova. The remainder is now employed as a bank and storhouse.

The friars were one and all staunch advocates of absolutism; and what made them still more hated and feared was, that beneath their convent were, it is said, vaults intended for a branch of the Inquisition, an institution they were anxious to re-establish. The convent of San Domingos was founded in A.D. 1239, and contained forty friars.

At the foot of the new street is the former convent of San Francisco, founded 1241: it contained eighty friars, who went barefooted, and employed themselves

in begging, whereby we may estimate the service they were to society. It was reduced almost to ruins by fire during the siege, but is now undergoing extensive alterations, to make an Exchange. The church of San Francisco has been lately repaired, and service is performed in it. The roof is richly carved and covered with gilding, so that it has a handsome appearance, and is well worthy of a visit.

The convent of San Bento, inhabited by Benedictine monks, forty in number, was decidedly the handsomest in the city. It stands next to the prison, and is now employed as a barrack, though mass is still performed with military music in the church attached to it. It is said to have been built on the site of the synagogue, destroyed by the same gross bigotry which banished thousands of its most useful and enterprising inhabitants from the kingdom. The following Latin verses over the entrance refer to the circumstance of its foundation :—

*"Quæ fuerat sedes tenebrarum et regis solis,
Expulsi tenebris Sol
Benedictus orat."*

The convent of San Antonio da Portos Carros contained fifty friars, and also possessed halls where lectures were delivered on rhetoric, philosophy and theology; but, what was valued far more than human learning, which the wisest must consider but as vanity, its church



PORCH OF THE CASA DO CAPITULO.

contained among other valuable relics, the ashes of Saint Severino, St. Engenio, and the holy martyr St. Clement, deposited in three urns! It is impossible to describe the miracles these invaluable remains have worked; indeed, I must confess myself not very learned in their history, nor am I quite confident that they were not carried off when the monks took to flight. They were unwilling to leave such precious relics behind them—for the urns were of silver!

There were numerous other convents of monks, numbering twelve in all, and if we reckon fifty professed members of each, there must have been six hundred friars, and twice that number of lay brothers and servants in Oporto alone.

The number of nunneries was about the same, some of which still exist, others have been converted into military storehouses, like that of Monchique near the river. It was founded A.D. 1575, by Donna Beatriz Vilhena, to whom the mansion belonged; but on her husband's death, having no children, she took the veil, and converting it into a convent, got it dedicated to the Madre de Deos—the Mother of God. The convent of Santa Clara on a height overlooking the river near the Betalha, was the wealthiest, the largest, and most ancient in the city, containing about three hundred inha-

bitants. None but daughters of noble families were received into the body of this community, as appears to have been the rule of all the convents of that name. They belonged to the strict order of St. Francis. A few still remain to drag out a sad existence, one by one dropping off, with no young fresh faces to keep them company. The church is richly gilt, and at one time contained many valuable ornaments, but they have long since disappeared. Their garden is bounded by the old wall of the city, one of its towers serving them as a summer-house, whence they can enjoy a most lovely view both up and down the river.

The convent of Ave Maria, commonly called San Bento, at the end of the Rua das Flores, is still inhabited by a few nuns, advanced in years, who are celebrated for the very delicious sweetmeats they manufacture, as much as for the size of their convent and the richness of their church. It was founded in 1580, by the renowned King Dom Manoel.

Not to enumerate any more, there must at one time, no doubt, have been as many nuns as monks in the city.

The financial departments of almost all the nunneries throughout Portugal are in a very deplorable condition; and some time ago I heard of several in which the poor women were reduced to a state of absolute starvation, their allowances not being paid, and all their revenues being alienated.

The different orders of friars were supposed to be distinguished from each other by certain characteristics. The Cruzes, canons of St. Augustin, I have described as wealthy and aristocratic, although their internal constitution was on the republican principle. The most civilised in society, they were far from being learned, and husbands with jealous dispositions were unwilling to leave them too much in the company of their spouses.

The Benedictines, on the contrary, prized culture of the intellect above the gratification of the senses. Their almost emaciated figures, and the ascetic cast of their countenances, showed that they lived up to their rules, and the quick penetrating glances of their eyes proved that they were well able to read the characters of those with whom they conversed. They also possessed ample funds, which prevented their resorting to mean devices in order to increase their revenues; and they were consequently more respected than any of the other orders.

The Loyos were few in number, and wealthy. Their dress of blue cloth they wore tastefully disposed, and always aimed at being considered as belonging to the aristocracy of the friararchy.

The Congregados, like the Benedictines, were highly educated, but they were long regarded with suspicion, as being similar in their system to the Jesuits, who, since they were banished by Pombal, have been looked upon with the greatest dislike by the Portuguese. The college once belonging to this latter order is near the cathedral, and has one of the finest churches in Oporto attached to it.

The Franciscans were a mendicant body, hard-working in their vocation, tolerably well informed, and much addicted to jocose conversation, by means of which, and the employment of the most persuasive eloquence, they contrived to collect an abundant supply of the good things of this life.

The Bernardines were the acknowledged jesters of

the monkish body, and their wealth procured them an entrance into all society, of which they were ever willing to become the butts. They were celebrated for their mistakes and amusing stories, though more were told of them by others than they themselves related. Take them all in all, a most useful set of gentlemen were the good friars of St. Bernardo.

Then there were the Capuchins, the poorest of all the orders.

But of all the orders, the Carmelites were regarded in Oporto with the most universal dislike. They were mendicants, wearing a dark gown, a drab hood and cape, with sandalled feet. Their convent is now converted into a barrack for the municipal guard, and their church is the most fashionably attended of any in the city.

Oporto is full of churches, most of them of a style of architecture peculiar to Portugal—large, strong, and magnificent buildings; but, as Murphy observes, totally devoid of everything that constitutes scientific architecture: theirs is of a species between the Teutonic and Tuscan. The materials of which they are formed are excellent, and the masonry part not without merit. The cathedral is of great antiquity, having been rebuilt by Count Henry, father of Alfonso I. It stands on the summit of a hill, with a flight of steps leading to it, as also a steep winding road. The roof is supported by columns of a reddish tint, which are very picturesque. The scallop-shells for holy water at the entrance are elegant, and it boasts of a silver shrine of great value. Near it is the bishop's palace; the entrance-hall to which is one of the handsomest in the country, and decorated in a very rich style.

Nossa Senhora da Lapa is one of the finest churches in the city, and standing on a commanding height, it is a conspicuous object far out to sea. From a broad open space in front a noble wide flight of steps leads up to its principal entrance, the facade being of finely-hewn stone, supported by Corinthian pillars. The interior is in a simple and handsome taste, of the same material. It contains in a stone sarcophagus the heart of the heroic Dom Pedro, which he left to the city as a remembrance of the gallant manner in which the inhabitants fought for his daughter, and from a confidence that there it would ever be surrounded by freemen. A mass is here performed on the 24th of September, the anniversary of his death, and is an imposing and interesting service.

The most ancient church in Oporto is a small Gothic building to the north of the city, called the Ceifeita. It was founded by Theodomiro, King of the Suevi, in the year 559, who being, with his son Ariamiro, converted to Christianity, of the Arian church, they were there baptized. The cause of the king's conversion was, of course, miraculous, as the story relates. He had a daughter, a very lovely maiden, who was seized with a malignant distemper, which the art of none of the professors of healing in his court could conquer. St. Martin, I believe, or some other holy father of the church, was fortunately on a journey to gain proselytes Travelling that way, and hearing of the circumstance, he repaired to the palace of the sovereign. King Theodomiro taking him for a disciple of Esculapian, ordered him instantly to exert his talents in curing his daughter, "I work not by such means, O king," answered the saint; "but if my prayers and fasting will avail, they shall not be wanting." It appears that the prayers and penances of the holy man had not the

desired effect, as the invalid was nothing benefited by them; so, as a last resource, he proposed a pilgrimage to Rome. The king himself was unable to go, nor could his daughter be removed; but he sent an ambassador with rich presents in the saint's company to the pope. A short time only had the envoys departed, when, to the surprise of all the court, the maiden recovered suddenly from her malady; and it was afterwards discovered that this happy event coincided with the very day on which the presents were laid before the feet of his holiness. The king, in gratitude, built a church, which he named, from this felicitous incident, *Cedofeita*, which may be interpreted quickly done; and from it a whole parish has taken its name, and also one of the longest streets in Oporto.

The tower of the church is a solid mass of masonry, of a flint-coloured stone, with two arches on the summit for bells. The whole building is of the same description of material. A lamb is rudely chiselled out on the key-stone of the arched doorway forming the principal entrance, which shows how slightly advanced the fine arts were in the country in those days.

The church of the Clerigos, built in 1748, has the highest tower in Portugal attached to it, and under the same roof is an hospital for poor clergymen. The façade, with steps and balustrades before it, would look well from the street, were not the building crooked, and narrowing off towards the tower. (See p. 637.)

The church of the Misericordia, in the Rua das Flores, is a handsome building, and the institution to which it belongs the most useful and charitable in the city.

VIII.

SEGREGATION OF TRADES—VARIOUS ARTICLES OF MANUFACTURE—SHOP SIGNS—DISPOSAL OF GOODS—THE GALLEONS—STYLE OF BARGAINING—DIFFERENT KINDS OF VEHICLES.

The followers of each trade live very much together in Oporto, and thus they are able to combine, either for their own protection, or to impose on the community. They have been accused of being very bad workmen; but I will do them justice to say, that, though seldom possessed of much inventive genius, they perform their usual work as well as any men, and that they imitate any model placed before them with considerable accuracy. The greatest improvement has taken place in cabinet-making within the last few years, and now every article of furniture is made in the city, from the best English or German patterns, with much neatness and strength.

There are two iron-foundries, in which, though the directors are respectively English and French, the artisans are Portuguese, and hence grates, stoves, and all domestic utensils, are well turned out. In the English one the iron-work of the suspension bridge was manufactured, and also the engines for a small steamer have been supplied.

The Portuguese make very neat boots and shoes, at half the price that they cost in England. As tailors they excel the general run of English workmen; and one sees even the volunteers and young tradesmen in well-fitting clothes. There are several hat manufactories in the country, which not only supply the greater part of the inhabitants, but also furnish a considerable number for exportation to the Brazils.

Large quantities of silk stuffs are manufactured in and about Oporto, where there are many hundreds, I

may say thousands, of looms; nearly every other small house in the suburbs containing one. There are manufactories, also, where a number are collected under one roof, but in general each mechanic works in his own cottage, and is paid by the piece. That these people are industrious I am convinced, for at whatever hour of the day or night I have passed their cottages, some of the looms have been going, one man probably relieving the other. A thick woollen cloth with a long nap, somewhat like blanketing, is also manufactured, and being gaily tinted, serves for winter shawls. Glass is made in Oporto, but the finer sort comes from a manufactory near Aveiro. An abundance of pottery-ware is produced in and about the city, some red and some very thin and black, which is well adapted to withstand intense heat.

The Portuguese linen cloth is very strong, and of many degrees of fineness. Some is fine enough for shirts, but it is more particularly adapted for sheeting and towels; for the latter purpose I prefer it to anything I have seen elsewhere. This fabric is all made from thread spun by hand. In the country, it is the practice of a farmer who possesses a loom to collect the thread spun by his neighbours' wives and daughters, and weave it into cloth. A Portuguese female peasant is never seen without a distaff under her arm. Even walking to market with a basket on her head she spins all the way, and also in tending cattle or driving a cart her fingers are actively employed.

The Oporto citizens are very fond of what may be called standing jokes, as exhibited in the signs over their shop-doors. A carpenter has over his door, Professor of Boxes. On a hat-maker's board he announces himself to be the Editor and Publisher of Hats. A vendor of cordials and spirits, more honest than many of his brethren, wittily declares that he is the fabricator of real Dutch gin; and another, that he owns a manufactory of English butter. Most of the shops have some sign before them. The dentists hang out rows of teeth, with enormous fangs; barbers, invariably a Mambrino's helmet; gloves, a golden glove; and vintners, the ancient sign of the bush—a small branch serving the purpose. Hosiers suspend outside a whole row of the articles they sell; and hatters, an old battered beaver—not as a specimen of those they have within, but as a *memento mori*, I conclude, to remind the passers-by of the state to which their own may soon be reduced.

The goods are generally exposed in the door-ways of the shops, which cannot boast of much neatness or elegance, though in that respect they have, during the last few years, much improved. There are two or three large haberdashers' shops with glazed windows, as have some of the shoemakers. Formerly, such a thing as a pastrycook's shop was not known—now there are several, where very nice confectionary is vended. Bread was formerly made with leaven, which gave it a bitter acid taste, now yeast is used; and it is impossible to have sweeter or more wholesome bread. Loaves are made very small, either in the shape of twists, which are the best, or in oblong lumps.

Here also are a number of booksellers' shops: the best, kept by a Frenchman, has a handsome appearance; but the greater number do not tempt the passer-by to enter, for, like the cloth shops, they are small and dark. There is a fruit shop, but generally fruit of every description is hawked about the streets by women, who carry it on their heads in baskets. Fish is sold in the

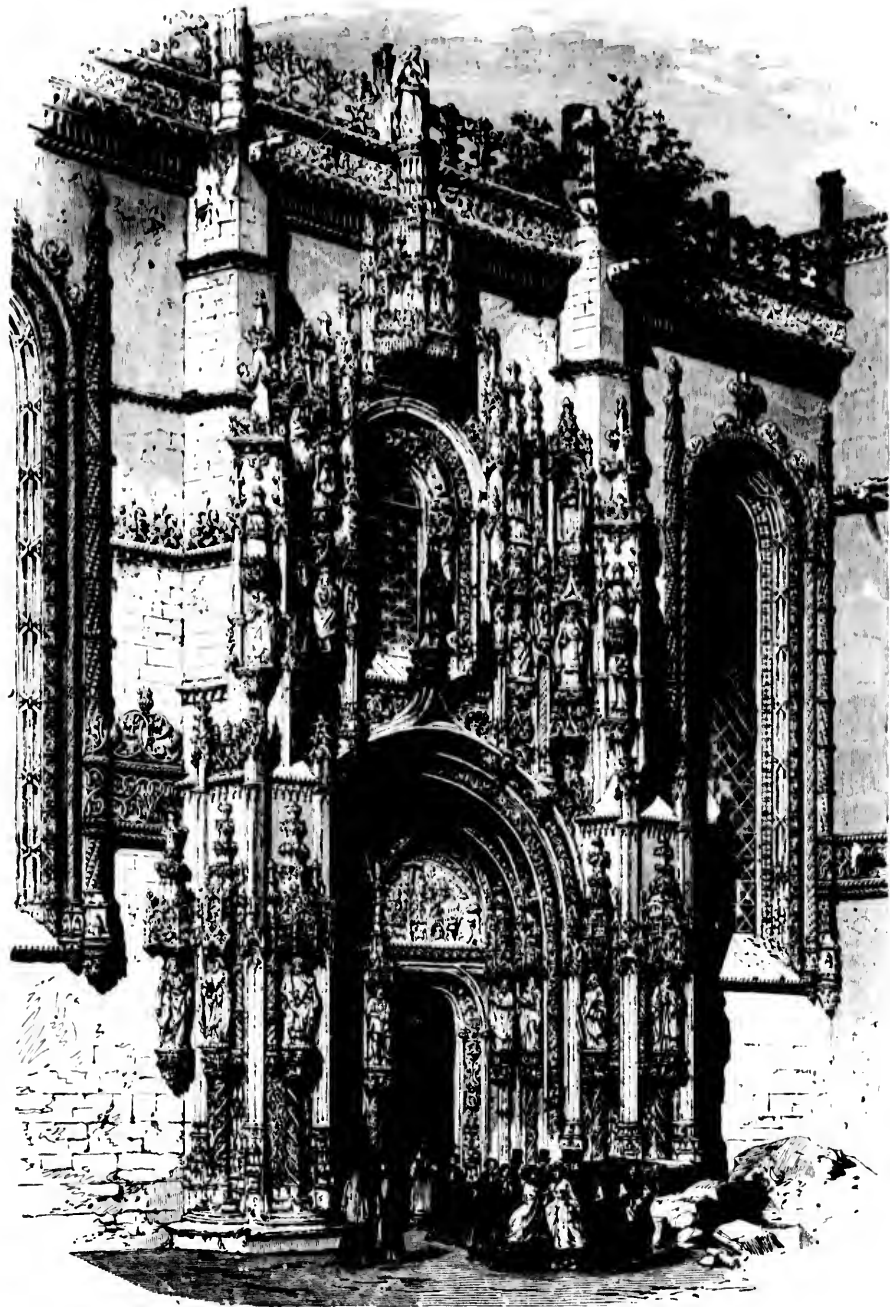
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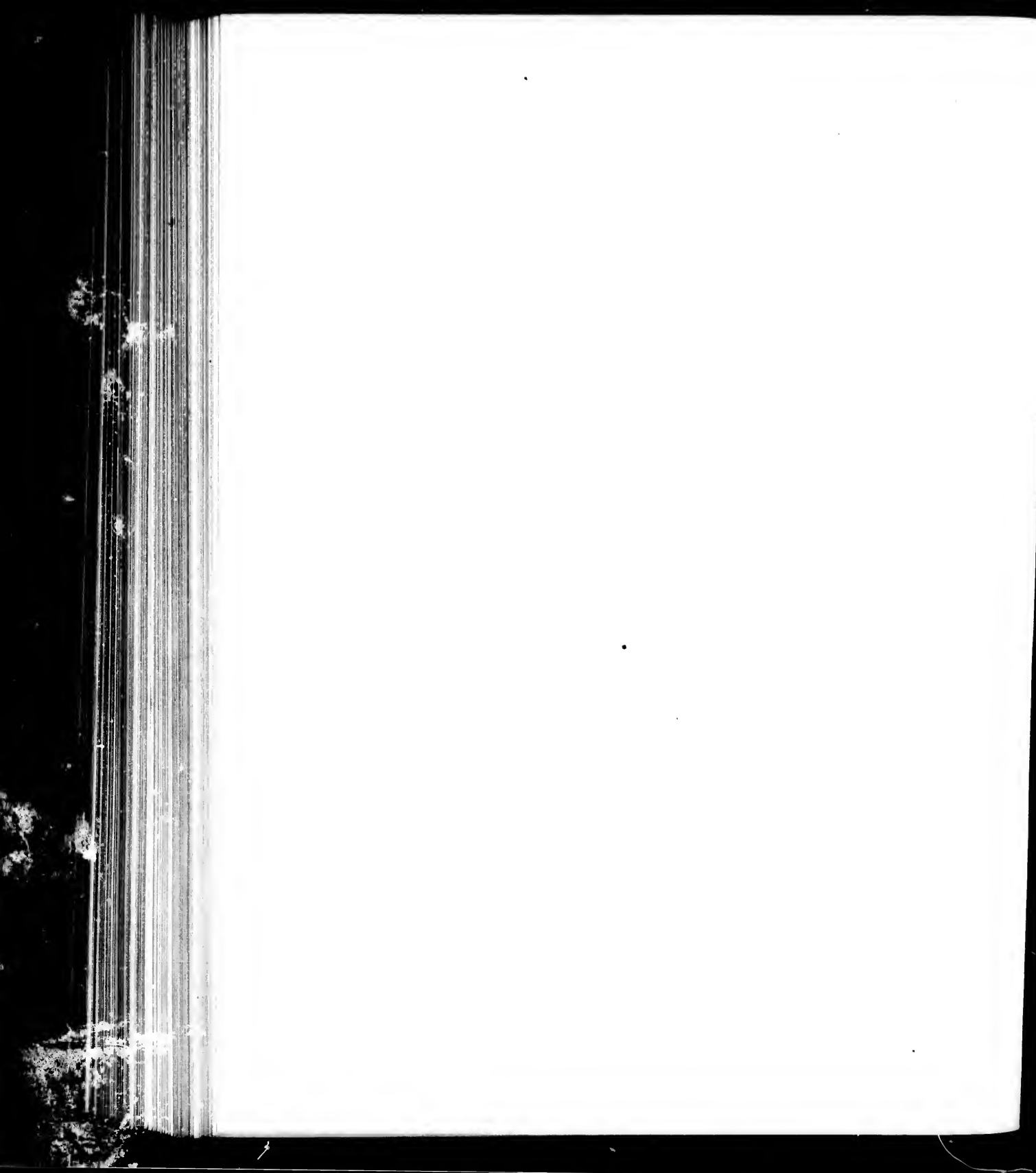
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PORCH OF SANTA MARIA AT BELEM.



same way by women, as is poultry, but wild-fowl and game exclusively by men. Houey is cried about the streets by a man who carries a jar of it on his back. Vinegar is always sold by an old man, who has two small barrels of it slung on the back of a decrepit donkey. His cry is amusing, and highly laudatory of the article he has to sell: "Beautiful vinegar, beautiful vinegar—the richest vinegar in the province. Who has seen the like? It is just finishing, just finishing—come then and buy, come buy." Thus he commences early in the morning, and continues all day, so that at some time or other during that period he must have departed slightly from the truth.

The cones of the pine tree, which are much used to light fires, are brought into the city in large nets on the backs of donkeys. There are pedlars who sell nothing but paper, a sheet at a time, if required: they carry their property in a dirty cloth under their arms. They are generally, I believe, Gallegos. A goat's milk cheese, made in the Upper Douro, is also sold by women in the streets. The most remarkable are the chestnut women, who are to be found at the corner of most streets in the city, sitting on a low stool with a basket of raw chestnuts by their side, and a little stove of black clay, with a round pot of the same material full of holes, in which the chestnuts are roasted. There they sit from morning till night, inviting everybody who passes to buy a farthing's worth of their fruit. Boiled chestnuts are also sold by women who carry them about in a round oblong jar, wrapped up in their cloak to keep them warm.

In summer, refreshing beverages are sold by men, who carry a moveable table with a lemonade-fountain in the centre, and cups ranged round it. In the autumn the large heaps of melons, piled up on the pavement at the corners of various streets, look most attractive, particularly the cool juicy water melon. Both sorts grow to a large size in the country. Melons are here considered very wholesome, and a person may eat half a common-sized one without fear of disagreeable consequences.

Of all classes of the community, the Gallegos are the most remarkable. There are many thousands in the country employed in domestic service, while others gain their livelihood as porters and water-carriers: these wear badges on their arms, and are very honest hard-working fellows. They carry the water from the fountains to the houses in high barrels narrowing towards the top. Nobody says "Call a porter," but if a parcel is to be sent, "Call a Gallego." "Oh Gallego!" is the mode of summoning one, and he comes immediately, to carry a note, or to bear an hundred-weight. He would prefer the latter, for he expects to be paid higher. They are most parsimonious, living on the coarsest food, clothed in the commonest habiliments, and sleeping in some wretched hovel which they hire by clubbing together. When, after years of toil, they have scraped together a few pounds, they return to their homes to end their days in ease.

Oporto is full of French milliners and dress-makers, who have abundance of employment in adorning the fair inhabitants according to the latest fashions; and here also is a most enterprising perruquier of the same nation, who, besides selling every article of *bijouterie*, imports live bears to turn into grease. Indeed, this place has in that respect fully kept pace with the age.

Notwithstanding the steepness of the hills, carriages are in general use in Oporto, of many different descrip-

tions, from the antiquated family coach to the modern light britzka. The former is a curious vehicle, all inside, without rumble or even a coach-box; for the driver is a humble individual, very different from the sleek, fat, liveried, and bewigged English coachman. He is habited in a coat of straw, his hat is battered, and if he has shoes they are made of wood, while in his hand, instead of a whip, he carries a long thin pole tipped with iron. No horses could drag that huge, lumbering, rolling machine up the hills, and therefore a couple of patient oxen are yoked to it, who have probably been employed during the morning in ploughing or drawing cart-loads of mud.

Of long standing also is the calessa. It is in shape between a chariot and a cab, partaking of the qualities of both, and hung excessively high, between large wheels. It is drawn by two horses or mules; and although, as I have watched one descending a steep hill, I have thought it must inevitably break down or be overturned, accidents very seldom occur to them. There are many English carriages in the city, both open and closed; and, as the roads in the neighbourhood improve, there will probably be many more. Horses are even now kept at a small expense, and of course, when the communication into the interior is facilitated, provender will be still cheaper. A very tolerable horse can be hired for about six shillings a day.

Litters are much used for journeys. They are odd-looking machines, gaily painted, and with curtains, carrying two persons uncomfortably and one tolerably at his ease. They are something in shape like small Isle of Wight sociables, with shafts before and behind, which rest on the shoulders of two mules. The mules employed for the purpose are of the largest size, and the strongest and most docile; for if they fall, or are vicious, the passengers' lives are in imminent peril.

Ladies generally pay their evening visits in sedan-chairs, which are precisely similar to those used in England. The chairmen are always Gallegos, and wear a large livery cloak, and hat with a band, the servant preceding them bearing a torch. Nearly all the houses in Oporto having large entrance-halls, the ladies are thus carried to the very foot of the stairs.

IX.

CHARITABLE AND USEFUL INSTITUTIONS—THE SANTA CASA DA MISERICORDIA—COLLEGE FOR FEMALE ORPHANS—WEALTHY BROTHERHOODS—FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—ASYLUMS FOR THE AGED—ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE—MINOR THEATRE—PRINTING OFFICES AND PERIODICAL WORKS—PUBLIC LIBRARY—SCHOOLS—PUBLIC CEMETERIES.

Oporto contains four hospitals, numerous friendly brotherhoods, several schools admirably conducted, various asylums for decrepit age, or helpless childhood; a medical college; a public library, of which any city might be proud; a gallery of paintings adjoining, of which less must be said; a commercial association, which possesses a handsome hall of meeting in the New Exchange; four club-houses, not to mention the British Factory House; two public banks, of great credit; insurance offices, both for ships and houses; a Steam Navigation Company; several barracks, and a prison (a fine structure); a naval and military arsenal; markets, well supplied with all the necessaries of life; companies for the improvement of the internal communication in the country; several burial grounds, on

the outskirts of the city, well laid out; an Italian Opera House of large size, and two minor theatres; many printing-offices; besides other associations for various purposes.

Such is Oporto at the present day; and it is worthy of notice, that except the hospital, the barracks, the theatre, the prison, and perhaps one or two others, all these institutions have arisen within the last ten years of constitutional liberty.

Of all the institutions of Oporto the most admirable is that of the Santa Casa da Misericordia—the Holy House of Pity. It is under the direction of some of the principal men of the place, who have very large funds at their disposal, to support hospitals, to send medical assistance and food to the sick, and to bury the poor. Among other establishments under their care is the magnificent hospital of Santo Antonio, in the Cordoaria; one of the directors taking it by turns to act for a month as major domo. The hospital is attended by two physicians and three surgeons. The building is in a most airy situation, of vast size, and yet incomplete; indeed, the plan was far too great for the necessities of the district. It is even now capable of containing many hundred persons. The wards are lofty, airy, and kept very clean. The food of the patients is of the best kind; indeed, the Portuguese would be shocked at our union-house rations. The dispensary is considered excellent. There are private rooms for invalids of a superior class, the charge for which is slight.

There is a college in the square of St. Lazaro, entitled Collegio de Nossa Senhora da Esperanca das Orfas, superintended also by the Misericordia, into which girls of respectable families left orphans are received and very highly educated; those who can afford it paying something towards their own maintenance.

An asylum exists in Oporto into which husbands may put their wives during their absence from home. There is another establishment where those whose conduct has caused uneasiness to their husbands, or who have proved faithless, are shut up. There are also two asylums for children abandoned by their parents. Two infant schools are in full activity, under the care of some of the first ladies of Oporto, who take it by turns to inspect the establishments, and many attend daily to give instruction. Here is a college also for orphan boys of the upper ranks, who are instructed in all the accomplishments necessary to fit them for society. Five or six wealthy and highly respectable brotherhoods may likewise be enumerated, composed generally of all ranks, who have hospitals for their poor and sick brethren, and schools for the instruction of their children.

Next to the Misericordia, that of the Trindade is the most important and wealthy. The clergy have also a brotherhood for the support of those of their body who are old and destitute. Some are wealthy—others have but a precarious means of existence.

The Foundling Hospital in the Praca da Cordoaria is in considerable request. Before it, at times, may be seen the nurses waiting to receive the little beings they are to bring up at their own homes; the greater number being nursed in this way. There is a wheel in front of the building for the reception of the new-born infants. It is in the shape of a cylinder revolving perpendicularly in the wall, with an aperture on one side, in which the child is placed, and it then being turned round a bell is rung to give notice of the arrival of the

little stranger. The number of those who grow up in comparison to those who die is small. Many of the boys are apprenticed to the rope-makers, who reside close at hand; all of whom, it is said, have come out of the wheel. They are generally a wretched set of beings.

Advanced age is not neglected in Oporto. There is an asylum for old and decrepit women in the Praca da Cordoaria, under the name of the Hospital de Santa Clara. Each old woman has a room, a dress once a year, one meal and fourpence in money a-day; and if ill, is sent to the hospital free of any expense. Another of the same kind also in the Praca de St. Lazaro; but I believe neither of them have sufficient funds for the support of the numerous claimants.

An hospital for British sailors and other subjects of Great Britain, is placed under the care of an English physician, Dr. Henry Jebb. It is now supported by private contributions, the government having withdrawn a subscription they formerly paid towards it.

Among the other establishments of Oporto, I must not forget to mention the Italian Opera House, one of no little importance if considered rightly, and so the government have at all times judged, as an aid in the prevention of disturbances, revolts and revolutions. People have then the Opera House to which they may adjourn for most nights in the week, and the other evenings are employed in discussing the entertainments. The Portuguese government therefore wisely bestows some thousand pounds annually towards the maintenance of the Opera Houses of Lisbon and Oporto. The performances at the former are justly celebrated all over Europe for their excellence, nor are those at the latter, at times, much inferior.

The Opera House at Oporto is a large unsightly building, standing in the Praca da Batalha. It was built, I believe, about sixty years ago, many English residents assisting the funds. The interior is handsome. It has five tiers of boxes, closed like those of other opera houses, and the most commodious pit of any I have ever been in, each of the seats having well-shaped backs and arms. In size it is larger than any of the London minor theatres, but rather smaller than Drury Lane or Covent Garden. Its great fault is that the stage is too shallow, and people in some of the boxes do not hear very well. It is tastefully ornamented, and kept tolerably clean. The audience are of the most respectable class, and no females are admitted into the pit. The price of admittance is very low. A box can be hired in the best circles for about ten shillings a night, and only three shillings is paid for the pit stalls—even less, by taking one for a month. Except on gala occasions, when the theatre is lighted up, the ladies do not appear in full dress, and men in any costume are admitted into the pit; few appearing in evening dresses. The consequence is, the greater part of the audience walk, or rattle there on donkeys, in the most independent style; a very pleasant custom during the fine evenings in spring. It is the custom for people to pay visits to each other's boxes; so that altogether the Oporto Opera House is a very agreeable place in which to spend an evening.

When there is no opera, Portuguese and Spanish plays are performed on the stage of the theatre of Saint Joao. There are few even tolerable actors among them: the women are the worst, for it is not considered a very creditable profession. The Spanish actors who have appeared at Oporto were very superior in every respect, and always drew large audiences.

There are two minor theatres at Oporto. The Portuguese are passionately fond of private play-acting, and for amateurs are admirable performers. There are numerous small private theatres in the city, and one of the largest companies have hired a theatre, and another acts frequently in that of Saint Joao. The female parts are, however, on these public occasions taken by men, which of course spoils any tragic piece. A few years ago the English possessed a very elegant private theatre, where plays were acted by the young English residents, once a fortnight, to audiences amounting to seldom less than three hundred persons; all of whom understood the language of the performers.

There are nine printing offices in Oporto, whence issue daily five newspapers, and two papers merely for advertisements. There are numerous booksellers' shops; by far the best being that in the Calçada dos Clerigos, where most of the first-rate French, English, and Portuguese works are to be found.

The Public Library of Oporto, in the Praça de Saint Lazaro, is well worthy of admiration. The walls of the building containing it formed part of an old convent. The rooms are most elegantly fitted up, of great size, well ventilated, and lighted; indeed, I fear the literary tastes of the inhabitants scarcely deserve so handsome a hall. The works of all the Portuguese authors are to be found there, with many thousand volumes of monkish books, into which probably no one will ever look, collected from all the suppressed convents in the north of the country. There are also a good number of English, French, and Italian works, which I have looked over.

I have, I believe, given a sketch of nearly all the establishments in Oporto. I will now conclude with the last scene of all, which ends this "strange eventful history," the public cemeteries. Their establishment was one of the greatest improvements under the present régime. The first formed, and which contains the greatest number of tombs, is that of the Lapa; the inhabitants preferring it from its being near a church. It is situated among some rocky hills, behind the church of the Lapa. The largest cemetery is in the ground formerly occupied by the bishop's quinta and the seminary, at the end of the Walk of the Fontainhas. The site is admirably chosen, as the ground can be easily drained, and it commands a beautiful view. Near the church of the Cedofeita there is another very neat cemetery. The Protestant burial-ground attached to this elegant chapel has many pretty monuments, shaded by magnificent lime-trees.

I.

THE BRIGHTON OF OPORTO—THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE OF MATOZINHOS—MONASTERY OF LEÇA DO BAILO—VILLA DO CONDE—COIMBRA—CATHEDRAL—COLLEGE—LIBRARY—UNIVERSITY—GOVERNMENT CHAMBERS—OBSERVATORY—MUSEUM—GALLERY DEPOSENCE OF COIMBRA IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY—THE QUINTA DAS LAURIMAS AND DONNA INEZ DE CASTRO—CANAL DOS AMORES—SANTA CRUZ—THE MONDEGO.

ON the 30th of April we floated down the Douro to San Joao da Foz, the Brighton of Oporto. Here passengers are landed from the steamer at the jetty called the Cantareira. There are a great many new and comfortable houses, assembly-rooms, a club-house, and billiard-tables. The bathing is excellent. There are patches of fine sand between the rocks, on which are pitched a number of tents, intended for dressing-rooms for the bathers. Ladies issue forth in a kind of Tur-

kish trousers and very short dress; gentlemen wear the same trousers, with scanty coats, and caps long and hanging down. The ladies are attended by bathing men, and the gentlemen by bathing-women; and, with the crowds of spectators, seated on chairs for their accommodation, the bright dresses of the bathers, the laughing and talking, it is a very pretty, though to an Englishman rather an extraordinary, scene. The English ladies have a bathing-place to themselves at some distance from the rest.

Close to Foz is the frightful Bar of the Douro, on which so many lives have been lost. The latest and one of the most terrible accidents happened on March 29, 1852. The *Porto* steamer, on her voyage to Lisbon, was obliged to put back; she crossed the Bar in safety, but struck on a sunken rock, unshipped her rudder, became unmanageable, drifted on to the rocks, and was there knocked to pieces. Sixty persons perished within a stone's throw of the castle, and within hearing of the crowds, who were utterly unable to render any assistance. It was from this catastrophe that the Humane Society of Foz had its origin; a large proportion of the funds was contributed by British houses. It is at Foz that the various kinds of Portuguese boats may be seen to the greatest advantage. The *catraia* is the boat employed to land the mails and passengers; about thirty feet long, sharp at both ends, with a Dutch-hung rudder, and with only one sail, carried by a very long slender yard. In fine weather these vessels will carry from twenty-five to thirty passengers, with their luggage, over the Bar. The *barco de tolde* is a kind of clumsy gondola. The *caique* is a flat-bottomed punt. Then there are the Aveiro boats, which have already been described; the *rasca*, the prettiest vessel to be seen anywhere, employed in the coasting-trade, with three little stumps, masts, and a long taper lateen sail; and the *hiate*, a very ugly kind of schooner. Here also may be seen the low schooners, sharp at the prow, with square yards on raking masts, which are still employed in the slave-trade.

Proceeding thence along the north shore we visited Matozinhos or Matasinhos, celebrated for the most famous of the miraculous images of Portugal: 30,000 pilgrims annually visit the church in which it is kept. The legend regarding it is as follows:—Nicodemus, it seems, made five wooden images of Our Lord, which are now—one in Syria, one at Lucca, one at Borgos, one at Orense, and this, the most famous of all. The image was thrown into the sea at Joppa, in order to avoid being exposed to profanation, floated down the Mediterranean, was dashed against the African side of the Straits of Gibraltar, and lost its left arm; was thence washed into the Atlantic, and on May 3, A.D. 117, was thrown ashore near the rocks called the Leixões; and here they say no shipwreck has occurred from that time to this. A church having been built for its reception, it was endeavoured to fit on a left arm; but none would ever adhere to the body, and the image therefore was left imperfect. Fifty years afterwards an old woman, picking up wood on the sea-shore, found an oddly-shaped piece that bore some resemblance to an arm. When she attempted to light her fire with it, to her astonishment it leaped out into the middle of the room; and the prodigy having been repeated several times, she very naturally took advice as to what it might mean. Some one suggesting that it might possibly be the long-lost arm of the miraculous image, it was carried to the church, and there of its own accord it was attracted to

its natural place, to which it has adhered firmly ever since. And this is the tradition respecting Nostra Senhor de Matozinhos or de Bouças, from the name of the place (called also Espinheiro) where the arm was discovered, which the visitor may hear for himself at great length from the worthy sacristan, and which forms the subject of the following work of constant occurrence in Portuguese book-shops—*Histoire e Milagras da prodigiosa Imagem de N. S. de Bouças*. It is also treated of by the following authors: De Castro, *Mapa do Portugal*, tom. ii., p. 226; Cardoso, tom. ii., p. 615; Dos Anjos, *Jardim de Portugal*, 182; and the *Relação* of Tavares de Carvalho, printed here in 1645.

The Leça is one of the prettiest little streams in Portugal, and disputes with the Leina the honour of being the Lethe of the Latin soldiers. It forms the subject of one of the most charming lyrics of Sà de Miranda. A little way up it is crossed by the Ponte de Leça do Balio, where is a decent estalagem or inn, at which, having refreshed ourselves, we proceeded to visit the monastery of Leça, which lies about half a mile to the left.

This ancient monastery is mentioned in a document of 1003; it was then Benedictine, and contained, as was not unusual, a nunnery also. It was united in 1094 to the see of Coimbra by Dom Raymundo, Count of Galicia, and came into possession of the Hospitallers before 1118. The present church was erected by Dom Fr. Estevao Vasques Pimental in 1336. The greater part of the cloisters were demolished 1844. The building has quite a military appearance: the tower, which is at the south-west, is exceedingly picturesque, from the little galleries boldly corbelled out at its angles. Within these are several curious tombs. In a north chapel is the kneeling figure of Fr. Christovao Cernache: † 1569; he distinguished himself in the gallant, though unsuccessful, defence of Rhodes against Soliman II., 1522. In the Capella de Ferro is the resting place of Fr. Estevao, the founder of the church: † May 14th, 1336. The tomb was "restored" in 1814; but the brass legend, with its engravings of the Annunciation, &c., is very curious; it narrates the good actions of the deceased, among which it reckons his possession of five commendams besides this priory, and ends thus:—

"Ut rosa flos florum, sic S. Prior iste priorum;
Carmen in tumulo sit sibi pro titulo.
MlI terecentis et septinginta quaternis
Hic obiit medio mense quasy medio."

Era 1374 = A.D. 1336. In the same chapel is the tomb of Dom Fr. Joao Coelho, Balio of Negropont: † 1515. Observe on the north side of the nave the tomb of B. Garcia Martins † 1306, with its lamp and ex-votos. He is still spoken of in the neighbourhood as the Homem Santo or Homem Bom. The font, which is very handsome, was the gift of Fr. Joao Coelho. On the south of the priory are the remains of an old tower, called by the singular name of Talha do Inferno—Hell's Wicker Basket. About one hundred yards to the east of the church is a remarkably handsome cross of the sixteenth century. In this priory the infamous marriage of Dom Fernando I. and Donna Leonor Tallez de Menezes took place in 1372.

When Dom Frei Estevao Vasques Pimental founded this monastery at Leça, the country was liable at any moment to be ravaged by the followers of Osman, the Moorish chief of Granada, and hence it was constructed

as much with a view to defence as to religious seclusion and ceremonial. The gates only communicated with the interior by a narrow winding staircase; and it was protected at its north-west angles by two stately round towers, the vestiges of which now only remain; others spacious buildings were destroyed as late as in 1844, but the mass of incongruous buildings that still remain excite the deepest feelings of interest, attached, as their history is, to such eventful times as those of Moorish horsemen and knights of St. John, and bringing back as they do, in the most forcible manner, ideas of manners and customs long gone by.

Two leagues further on is a spot ever to be remembered by the constitutionalists, called Mindello, where Dom Pedro and his liberating army landed in 1832. A small stone obelisk was, some time ago, erected there by public subscription: it serves as a monument to his memory, and to mark the ground, which ought ever to be consecrated in the hearts of those who would be free. A little bay, with a beach of smooth sand, and with dark rocks on each side, a pine grove on a hill being behind it, was the spot chosen for the disembarkation of the troops. The first who landed having secured the hill, protected the remainder from the troops of Santa Marta, who menaced them at first, but afterwards retired; and, without any opposition, they marched in triumph into Oporto. Had they at once followed up their success with energy, there is every reason to believe the war would have quickly terminated, instead of which, shutting themselves up shortly after in Oporto, they endured a siege of many months, and all the horrors which can visit a city—not the least of which were shot and shell, starvation and plague.

About four leagues from Oporto, yet further to the north, on the sea-coast, is the town of Villa do Conde, on the River Dava, the entrance to which is protected by a small fort, and it has a long wooden bridge over it. The ruins remain of a bridge of stone, which was overthrown by a flood, and replaced by the one above mentioned. The most conspicuous building in the town is the large convent of Santa Clara, on the summit of some precipitous rocks overlooking the river; and daring must have been the loving youth who, to visit a mistress, would have attempted to gain an entrance on that side. It is supplied with water by an aqueduct of lofty arches, extending to some hills full six miles off. The convent was built, it is said, under the direction of a brother of the lady abbess, who being sent to raise a regiment in the district, allowed the men exemption from military service, provided they engaged to work on it for a certain time. None but daughters of noble families were admitted into this convent, as professed nuns, and it was consequently considered the most aristocratic retirement in the province. The view from the windows over the wide Atlantic, the pretty town below, the picturesque river, and the rich country beyond, must be very fine. Villa do Conde, the town of the Count, takes its name from a son of the good King Dom Dinis bearing that title, to whom the surrounding lands were given. He built a castle on the height where the convent now stands, and the town springing up round it, was called after him. Here a number of small craft are constructed, of very pretty models, and even brigs of considerable size; but the water on the bar is too shallow to allow of large vessels crossing it.

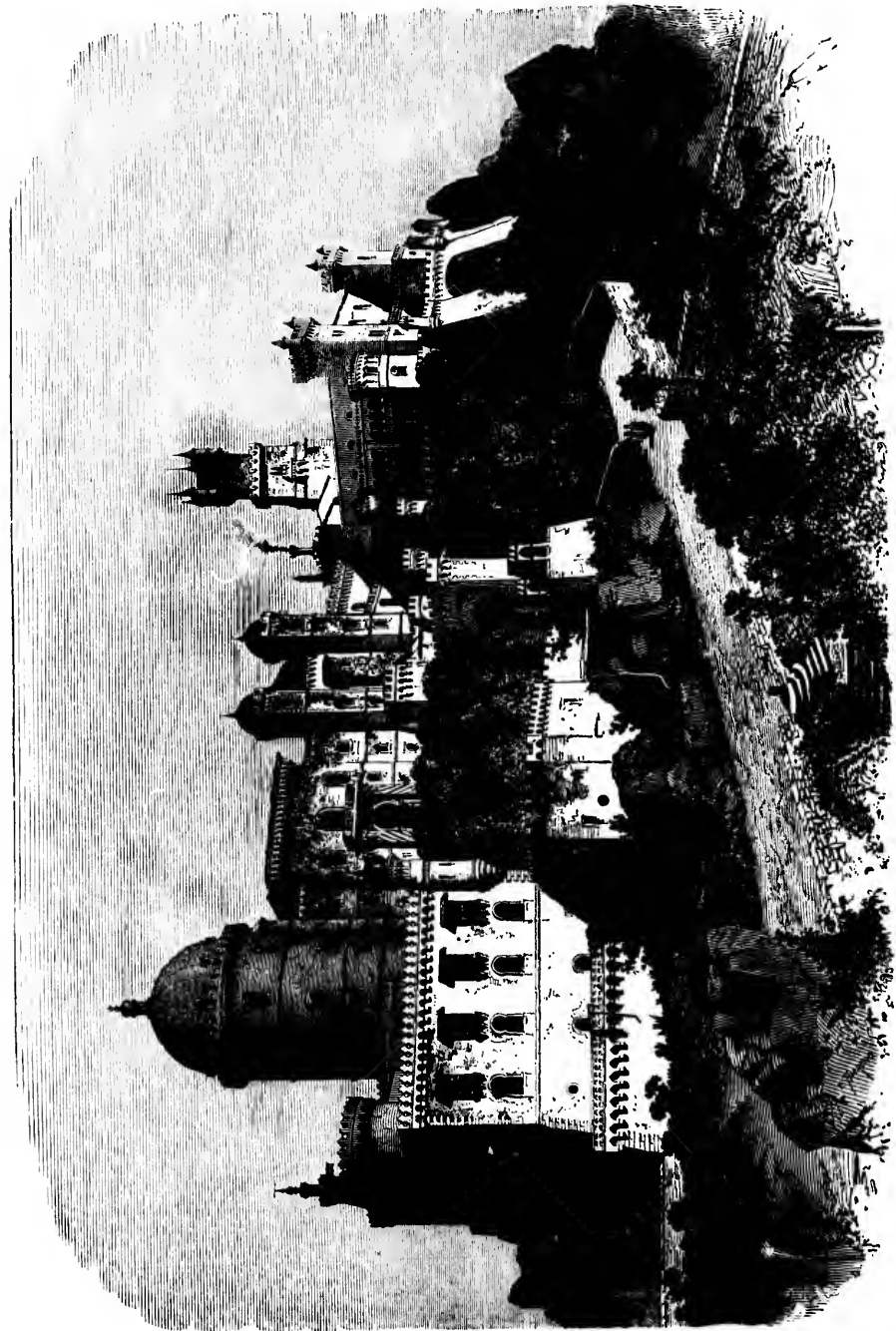
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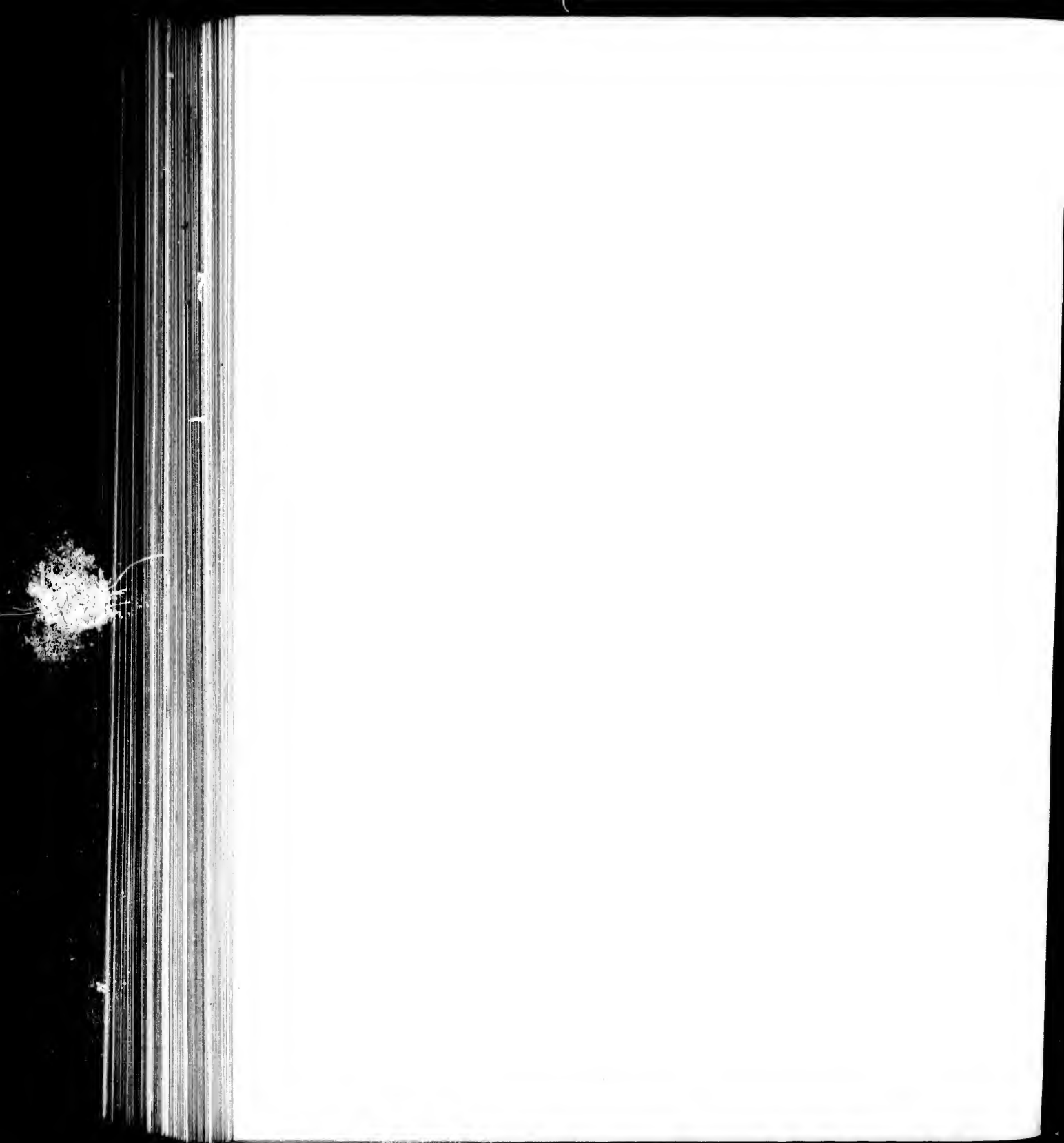
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CASTLE OF PENIA DA CINTKA.

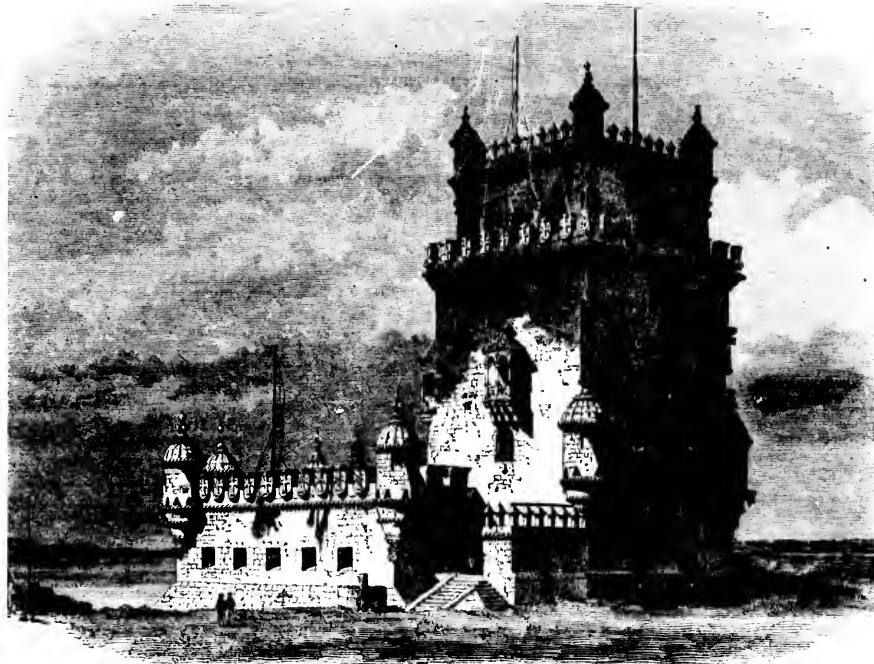


described, our next excursion was to Coimbra, between which and Oporto there is an excellent road and a swift diligence, dispensing with mules and saving all the usual fatigues and annoyances of dilatory horseback travel. The Estrada Real, as the diligence route is called, has, however, a drawback, that it follows the shortest of the four lines that lead from Oporto to Lisbon, and the least interesting by Villa Nova—a long row of straggling houses whence the traveller first loses sight of the Douro and of the city of innumerable towers, ever conspicuous among which is that of the Clerigos

Passing Oliveira d'Azemeis, a strong military position, which served as head-quarters to Don Miguel

in 1832, and to the Duke of Saldanha in 1847, we crossed the Antica and soon reached Sardo, where the wine is grown, which, from being shipped at Figueira, at the mouth of the Mondego, is known in England as Figueira or Barraida wine. Leaving the memorable mountain of Busaco to our left, the towers and convents of Coimbra came into view, like some huge castle rising against the sky and passing through the wide street of Santa Sofia lined on each side with vast convents, we were ultimately comfortably housed in the hotel of the Passo do Conde.

Coimbra stands on several hills, which rise somewhat abruptly from the Mondego, over which river extends a long stone bridge, built it is said, on the ruins of two



TOWER OF BELEM.

former ones. On the southern side rise wood-crowned banks, interspersed with quintas and convents. Among the former is the far-famed Quinta das Lagrimas, and the principal of the latter is the extensive Convent of Santa Clara. In the centre of the city the lofty and elegant tower of the Observatory shoots up, close to the chief buildings of the University, one side of which is on the summit of a precipice directly above the river. Far around are seen the towers of numerous handsome churches and vast monastic piles.

The streets are narrow and steep, and are paved with small, round, dark flint-stones, most disagreeable to walk on. The exterior of the private houses have

no pretensions to architectural beauty, being in general mean and shabby; though their interior is far superior to their outside promise. A tree in the north part of the city, of such vast dimensions that it requires several men joining hands to embrace it, is one of the curiosities of Coimbra. It is, I believe, of equal antiquity with the city itself.

Coimbra contains a great number of convents, whose lofty and dreary walls occupy one-half of the city; the broad street of St. Sofia having few other edifices in it. Some of those formerly belonging to the friars are now converted into a variety of beneficial purposes, as public offices, barracks, schools, and two are employed as hospitals. It is impossible to find

ness for them all, so that many are falling into decay. Some ground belonging to one has been employed as a Botanical Garden, which is a credit to the city, and to the members of the university, who support it.

The environs of Coimbra afford a number of beautiful views, which I will describe in the course of my rambles. There are many handsome churches attached to the convents, and two cathedrals, an old and a new one, the latter a superb temple formerly belonging to the Jesuits' College. Indeed, Coimbra is a most interesting and picturesque city. Camoens thus describes it:—

* Here castle-walls in warlike grandeur lower,
Here cities swell, and lofty temples tower;
In wealth and grandeur each with the other vies;
When old and loved the parent-monarch dies!"

as Mickle elegantly translates the lines of the immortal bard. The last line refers to the good King Diniz, one of the earliest monarchs of Portugal, who in 1306 instituted the University of Coimbra.

The University (See p. 653) was once or twice removed to Lisbon, undergoing many vicissitudes, till the accession of the Marquis of Pombal to power. It had at that time fallen into much decay and disrepute, owing to the greater number of the professors' chairs being possessed by the Jesuits. On the banishment of that sect of religionists from the shores of Portugal, the great minister completely remodelled the University, appointing the most learned and enlightened men to fill the vacant chairs. It has ever since enjoyed a deservedly high reputation as a seat of learning, and as being the birthplace and nurse of liberal sentiments.

Hence we proceeded to the new Sé, or Cathedral, formerly the church of the Jesuits' convent, one part of which building has been converted into a museum, another into a hospital. The interior architecture of the Sé is plain and handsome, free from that tawdry gilding which disfigures so many churches. The arches are round; the pillars of granite square and massive; the altars and organ-loft are richly carved and gilt.

Thence we repaired to the College, entering a handsome square through an archway called the Iron Gate. To the right is a large building, a flight of steps leading to it, with an elegant colonnade in front, known by the classic name of Via Latina. This building, which extends along the greater part of another side of the square, is the College, containing the residence of the rector, the halls, and lecture-rooms. In front of us was the Library, a building with a handsome exterior: a view of the river and opposite hills was seen from the corner of the square, and on our left rose the lofty tower of the Observatory.

Entering the College, we were first shown the public examination hall, which has a roof ornamented with arabesque paintings of great antiquity, and is hung round with portraits of all the sovereigns of Portugal. Some of the portraits are well executed. We then entered a smaller hall in the same style, for private examinations, containing the portraits of all the rectors; and grim-looking characters they were, all having been friars, except the first, and the much esteemed Conde de Terrena. The floors of these halls are covered with Indian matting; the furniture is of ancient form; the whole kept in the most perfect order, and having a very antique appearance. Passing through several long galleries lined with paintings, we looked down from balconies above each, into the different lecture rooms, eight or ten in number, which open into a

quadrangle in the centre of the building. They are of elegant shape, good size, and newly painted.

We were shown the large hall in which Pombal held a court at the re-opening of the University on its reformation. It is left precisely as it was in those days, and had been for many previous centuries. The colours on the ceiling have been admirably preserved. The chapel contains a fine organ; the roof is painted in arabesque; the lower part of the walls is covered with blue tiles; and on the wall of the gallery is painted an open door so well, that it is impossible to discover the deceit till close to it. The taste of this species of ornament is questionable. In a corner of the College is a tower—the old observatory, I believe.

The library consists of three compartments, forming one lofty and beautiful hall. The roof is richly painted, a cornice of gold and blue running round the walls; and though some centuries old, the colours retain their pristine brightness. The bookcases, which reach to the ceiling, are of black wood, ornamented with arabesque patterns in gold, which give it a very handsome appearance.

We next descended to a story under ground, used till 1836 as a prison for refractory students; but now, all divisions being thrown down, it is fitted up as a library—itsself a large hall well lighted, and full of books. I ought to observe, that as the College stands on the edge of a precipice, the walls at the back run to a considerable depth below the front. We were amused with the lines cut deep into the massive shutters by the captives of former days. One ran thus: "Here the most illustrious and most excellent J. J. N. P. was most unjustly confined by the severe tyranny of his judges. Think of it, ye Muses, and mourn for his fate." Below this story is another now filled with an immense number of useless theological works, brought from the suppressed convents, and here left to rot. This story is divided into dungeons, so artfully arranged, that they might have defied the efforts of any captive to break from them. It was at one time the prison of the city, where the worst criminals were confined; a novel appropriation of a portion of the collegiate buildings! The only entrance is from above, into a hall, from which passages with many turnings branch off; there being at each turning a massive iron door, and the dungeon at the furthest end.

Ascending again, we walked round the galleries of the hall, and thence on to the roof, whence we could examine the antique architecture of the college, and admire a lovely view spread before us. On one side was the city with its towers and convents, glittering in the sun, on the other, the silvery stream of the shallow Mondego, the convent of Santa Clara, surrounded by woody heights, and the Quinta das Lagrimas. Looking up the stream was the Botanical Garden, the Ecclesiastical College, and a surgical hospital, formerly a convent, while hills rose above hills in long succession in the distance.

The Observatory is a building perfect in its kind, and in excellent order, furnished with all the best astronomical instruments. From the second story extends a broad terrace over the roof of the lower part, from which the view is most lovely. The roof and part of the wall of the tower open, to allow of observations being taken; and in the centre also of the roof is a circular aperture, through which the transit of any planet is observed. Other observatories are, I believe, on the same principle.

Leaving the *Praca do Collegio* we proceeded to the Museum, a very fine structure, the architecture simple and chaste. The front elevation contains about thirty windows, having a good space between them. Before the Museum is a large open plot of ground, well paved, and facing it is a building used as a laboratory. This also is in excellent taste, and admirably suited to the purpose. Having no upper story, it covers a large extent of ground, the grand hall forming the centre.

I was much pleased when looking around as I stood in the square, to discover nothing which could in the least offend the eye. All was in perfect order, good taste, and unexceptionably clean; the air blowing pure and fresh from the hills to the south, on which side the *praca* is perfectly open. On the doors of the laboratory being opened, we entered the building. In the centre is an extensive and lofty lecture-room, well arranged for seeing as well as hearing. On each side are large rooms, where in glass-cases the apparatus used for illustration is preserved. But the laboratory itself, or experiment-hall, is most worthy of notice. It is a large lofty room, fitted with stone tables, a variety of furnaces, bellows and retorts, on the grandest scale. The building contains likewise a geological lecture-room, and rooms to preserve specimens, besides a small smelting-room; which we severally inspected.

We then crossed to the Museum, entering first the anatomical department to the right, which is properly kept separate from the other part. The lecture-hall is very handsome, the seats for the pupils rising in a circle round the lecturer's table, which is composed of a single slab of fine marble, and turns on a pivot. In another apartment were several other anatomical tables and surgical apparatus, swinging beds, &c.

By a decree of Pombal, all dead bodies within three leagues of Coimbra were, if demanded, sent to the Anatomical Museum; but now the numerous hospitals afford abundance of subjects.

Returning to the street, we entered the centre hall, which is remarkably handsome. A fine flight of steps leads to the upper story, ornamented much in the same style as the Bank of England. A vast number of rooms running the whole length of this floor, and communicating by side-doors, have a fine effect. The conchological collection is considered the best. The entomological is incomplete; but a large number of insects are expected from the Brazils. In minerals it is very rich.

I was much interested with a miscellaneous collection of curiosities, begun in the despotic days of Pombal, who ordained that anything possessing more than ordinary interest should be sent hither for preservation; entirely regardless of the owner's unwillingness to part with it. Among them is a magnet, said to be the most powerful in the world: it lifts the enormous weights of 2786 pounds. We each of us hung on to an iron ring attracted by it; though I cannot say it drew the pen-knives from our pockets. After witnessing its powers, one could almost believe the wonderful adventures of the renowned Sinbad. There is a small one lifting eight pounds. We saw a skein of thread, spun by a lady of a neighbouring village, in the days of Pombal, of as fine a texture as that produced by the silk-worm. How delicate indeed must have been her sense of feeling! There were the very muskets with which the brave old Joao de Castro defended Diu against the infidels, and, equally esteemed, the bolts of the ancient gates of the city.

When the old fortifications of Coimbra were pulled down, the University demanded the gates, much revered as relics of bygone times; but finding them too large to admit within the building, they were satisfied with the bolts alone. In the year 1248 Coimbra was governed by a brave soldier, Dom Martin de Freitas, who had been appointed to the command by his king, Sancho the Second. Alfonso, the brother of the king, having revolted against his sovereign, whom he deposed, and declared himself regent, laid siege to the city, which Dom Martin defended for several months with the most determined bravery, refusing to accede to all propositions of capitulation, till he had received orders from his master to yield up his command. Sancho dying in captivity during the continuation of the contest, a rumour of the event reached the city; but the sturdy governor still refused to yield till he had ascertained the accuracy of the report. He demanded therefore of Alfonso a truce, which being obtained, he proceeded to Toledo, where Sancho was buried, and having satisfied himself that his beloved master was no more, by a sight of his inanimate body, he deposited on it the keys of the city, asking permission of the dead king to present them to the regent. Interpreting silence into acquiescence, he resumed them, and returning to Coimbra, opened the gates to Alfonso. The new king was so struck with the gallantry and loyalty of Freitas, that he confirmed him in the governorship of the city without exacting homage, settling at the same time a rich estate on his heirs. Dom Martin, however, looking on Alfonso as an usurper, and considering that he had but performed his duty to his master, not only refused to accept the boon, but laid his curse upon such of his heirs to the fourth generation as should take advantage of the grant.

We examined a large collection of South American and Indian arms, dresses, and other implements. I was interested also with looking over 1263 samples of the beautiful woods of Brazil; in fact, there were many other objects well worthy of notice, of which it was impossible to make a satisfactory examination.

We afterwards ascended a hill through the *Praca de Feira*, to visit the Botanical Gardens, passing the picturesque old Sé, and beneath a lofty aqueduct, which leads from the hills to the convent of Santa Cruz. A handsome iron railing with bronze ornaments, the work of a native of Coimbra, surrounds the gardens; the gateway having then been finished but a month. It is situated on the sides of a valley with numerous terraces, one rising above another, covered with rare and fine trees. The lower and warmer situations are devoted to tropical plants, many of which thrive here without the protection of glass. On one side are the conservatories, some of large dimensions being in the course of erection. Above them is a convent, now belonging to the Botanical Society. On the opposite side, on a height surrounded by trees, is the hospital for surgical cases; also formerly a convent.

Near the gardens, with a broad space before it, is the Priests' College, or rather seminary. The church attached to it is small, but richly ornamented; the roof supported by fine marble columns. We entered at a side door, beyond which we did not advance, for the body of the church was occupied by the students, some thirty in number, who, habited in clerical robes, were on their knees with their hands raised before them, I presume either learning to chant the service, or at prayer.

leaving thence, and leaving the youthful acolytes still uttering their monotonous chant, we proceeded to a far different scene, a lovely terrace on the brow of a neighbouring hill, overshadowed by trees, and looking down upon a rich valley, full of the dark-leaved olive, the glistening orange, and other fruit-bearing trees, surrounding many a smiling cottage or country-house; the gardens and fields divided by hedge-rows of the prickly pear or cactus. Hither, their favourite resort on a summer evening, come the students to pass the short cool hour before night sets in, with their guitars, and to enjoy the fresh breeze from the mountains. I have before observed that the Portuguese of all ranks are passionately fond of music. It is also much practised by the students, many of whom possessing fine voices, they have here, beneath the unconfined vault of heaven, full scope for their exercise.

Having still an hour of daylight before us, I was anxious to visit the far-famed Quinta das Lagrimas—the Garden of Tears—the scene of the loves of Dom Pedro and the beautiful, though, alas! not guiltless Donna Inez de Castro, and of her early and tragical death. Proceeding down a steep hill, beneath the walls of the university, we crossed the long stone bridge over the Mondego.

Close to the river, near the south end of the bridge, are the ruins of the ancient convent of Santa Clara, founded by Queen Isabella. By a sudden rise of the river, swelled by the melting of the snows of winter, the waters rushed in and overwhelmed it; the ground being now almost on a level with the arch of the front entrance. The present convent, a building of great extent, stands considerably higher up the hill, with one belonging formerly to an order of friars just below it. The left wing was appropriated to the reception of guests. Till of late years, there being but few inns in the country, and those of the very worst description, nearly every monastic edifice had a certain portion set apart for the reception of travellers, who were expected to contribute a trifle for their entertainment, probably in support of the church of the convent. The convent of Santa Clara received, like those of the same name at Lisbon and Oporto, none but the daughters of *fidalgos*, the nobles, within its walls. It still contains a large number of inmates, about fifty, including ladies and servants.

Turning to the left, along the banks of the river, we soon came to the Canal dos Amores, "the Canal of Love," so called from a tradition that Donna Inez used to send her letters down it, in a little boat, from the fountain whence it leads, to Dom Pedro, who anxiously awaited them by the river's side. Part of the garden has been lately inclosed, and a handsome house built near the site of her residence, the property of Senhor Antonio Maria Azorio, a *fidalگو* and peer of the realm, though he has no title. He has attempted to inclose the whole, and to shut up a pathway from time immemorial open to the public, leading to that fountain by whose side the fair dame sat and mourned, luted in pearl-like tears which rivalled in purity the drops from the sparkling stream. The inhabitants of the city resisted the sacrilegious attempt, and when the owner found that he could not succeed, he allowed the spot to fall into neglect, hoping thus to deprive it of its attractions.

Thither, skirting the walls of the garden, we next wended our way. I approached it with reverential steps, for to a lover of the verses of the immortal

Camoens it is classic ground. The bright water bubbles out of a small cavern in a high moss-covered rock, overtopped by several magnificent cedars and a drooping willow, which throws a cool, thick shade below and upon the silvery streamlet flowing from it. The streamlet falls into a tank, whence issues the Canal dos Amores, the conveyer, perchance, of many a tender epistle from the lovely lady to her lord. The very seat on which she reclined beneath the overhanging rock still remains, the hard stone (yet not so hard as the hearts of her ruthless destroyers), worn by the corroding effect of time. By the side of the fountain is a tablet, with some of the exquisite lines of Camoens engraved on it, erected by that gallant soldier, General Sir Nicholas Trant, when governor of the province.

Such is the Fonte dos Amores, the same which Camoens has described in lines whose beauty and pathos no poet has ever surpassed. The view from the Quinta dos Amores, as seen from beneath the wide-spreading trees, is very beautiful—the lofty walls and towers of Coimbra rising on the other side of the Mondego, with the neighbouring hills and far blue mountains.

Unwillingly I quitted it, but the shades of evening were fast approaching, and my companion was wearied, I suspect, with his exertions in my service. We sat for awhile to rest upon the bridge, where groups of grave priests and masters of the colleges were collected, to enjoy the fresh air, which blew up the river, while my friend gave me much information regarding the University. It contains at present about eleven hundred students, who have the means at their disposal of acquiring every branch of human learning. There are professors of most of the ancient and modern languages usually taught in our own universities—one of English Literature among the number.

Besides the University there is a fine building, called the Collegio das Artes, containing halls for the reception of the younger students. In this are the chairs of six professors of languages.

I rose by daybreak on Friday morning, and walked forth alone along the willow-bordered banks of the Mondego. The air was pure and cool, like that of a fine spring morning in England; it felt almost frosty: the dew-drops yet hung upon the boughs, sparkling, as the rays of the rising sun first glanced upon them, and the birds sang with gladness, as they felt his warming beams. I sat down beneath a willow, and made a sketch of the picturesque city. The path led along the top of a high bank bordered by willows, between which on one side was seen the river, and on the other the fertile green fields of the Mondego. Further on works of considerable magnitude are in progress to improve the navigation, by narrowing the stream, under the direction of Don Agostino. Along the banks also are numerous water-wheels to irrigate the meadows.

Returning to breakfast, I afterwards hasted with L—— to visit the church of the Santa Cruz, standing in a *praça* of that name, and belonging to the enormous and now suppressed convent of the same. A large stone screen stands outside, in front of the church, and is of that style of architecture to which I know not what name to give. The interior of the church is handsome, of the simple Gothic, with several fine tombs, the principal being on each side of the high altar; that on the right, of Sancho, King of

Portugal, and on the left of Alfonso Henrique, both in the florid Gothic style, and much alike. I sketched that of Alfonso. On the lid of a sarcophagus is a recumbent figure in armour, with a crown on his head, which rests on a cushion, and at his feet a lion couchant; above, in alto relievo on the wall, hangs his helmet and gauntlets. A richly worked stone canopy reaches to the roof, and is supported by delicate pointed columns, having the statue of the Virgin and Child in the centre, with those of the Saints on each side and above. There is also a pulpit elegantly carved in stone. The walls are covered with blue tiles, on which are represented various scripture-subjects.

We then, quitting the church, went round the gardens, which, like the convent, have fallen into a sad state of decay. The entrance-court is now used as a market-place, and several of the buildings surrounding it were fitting up for some public purpose. This convent is one of the largest in Portugal: it appears almost a city in itself, straggling over a wide extent of ground, up and down hills, with extensive gardens stretching a considerable way to the east of the city.

In our way back to the inn we passed the market-place, crowded with women seated either on mats spread on the ground, or on baskets reversed, generally beneath large coloured umbrellas, surrounded by their fruit and vegetables, fish, pottery-ware, or cheese.

The melons and oranges of Coimbra are remarkably fine, and in profuse abundance. Two or three of the former were sent up to us at dinner, to cut up, and select the one to our taste—their flesh was green and very sweet. In speaking of the markets, I must mention a privilege possessed by the students, which, among many others granted them by the Marquis of Pombal, would, in the present day, be considered very despotic and unjust. In the market called *Feira dos Estudantes*, opposite the new *Sã*, the students have the first choice of all that is sold; so that if they see anything for which they have a fancy purchased by another person, they may compel him to give it up at the market price.

The Mondego offers as great a variety of scenery as the Douro, though far inferior both in size and beauty—first rushing through lofty rock-formed mountains, and then gliding calmly between green meadows. It is navigable fourteen leagues (about forty miles) from its mouth; that is to say, seven leagues above Coimbra. Figueira, at the mouth, is a favourite bathing-place of the inhabitants of the province, who resort there in the autumn in great numbers. The society, it is reported, is then very agreeable; for the *fidalgos*, who are shut in their country houses, far from each other all the rest of the year, then meet on social terms.

XL

VISIT TO COIMBRICA, ANCIENT COIMBRA—POMBAL AND ITS MARQUIS OF SAME NAME—ATROCITIES OF THE FRENCH—SYRIAN LANDSCAPE—LEISIA—CASTLE OF KING DINIZ—MONASTERY OF BATALHA—ITS ARCHITECTS—CHAPEL OF THE FOUNDER—GREAT CLOISTERS AND CHAPTER HOUSE—SMALLER CLOISTERS AND MONASTERY—OTHER CHAPELS.

We quitted Coimbra at an early hour on the 4th of May, passing Condeixa, a pretty little town of 1200 inhabitants, the female portion of whom have no very good reputation, owing to the vicinity of the University. Thence we turned off to the left to Condeixa a Velha, where are extensive ruins of olden time. This was

probably the *Conimbrica* of the Romans which anteceded and gave its name to Coimbra. The latter city was liberated from the Moors in 872, reconquered by them in 982, and finally, in 1064, re-won by Dom Fernando the Great, assisted by Dom Rodrigo de Bivar, the celebrated Cid. There are still traces of this victory in the names of the *Porta da Traição*, by which the conquerors entered, and the *Arco de Almedina*, that is, of the "Gate of Blood," where the most desperate struggle took place. At the erection of Portugal into a kingdom, Coimbra became the capital of the monarchy, and continued so till the reign of Don Joao I. After the election of that prince by the celebrated Cortes held in this city, the nobility and deputies requested him to transfer the seat of Government to Lisbon, for the sake of the advantages derivable from the Tagus.

Heads of columns, fragments of wells, and hewn stones cropping out of the soil, seemed to accompany us all the way to Redina, whence, joining the high road, we soon reached Pombal, in *Estremadura*. This town was founded by Dom Gmaldin Paes, Master of the Templars in Portugal, in 1181. The arms are—on a tower, between two doves (*Pomba*), the angel Gabriel, a scroll issuing from his mouth, with *Ave Maria*. Here it was that, by the meditation of Santa Isabel, peace was made between Dom Diniz and his rebellious son Dom Alfonso. A peculiarity in the ecclesiastical arrangements in this place was, that in one of its three parishes baptisms only were celebrated, in another marriages, and in the third funerals.

This town is principally known from having given the title of Marquis to the most unprincipled statesman that Portugal ever possessed. Sebastiao Jose do Carvalho e Mello was born at Lisbon, May 13, 1699. He first distinguished himself as ambassador in London; thence he was sent to Vienna, where he mediated between the Austrian Government and Benedict XVI. Returning to Portugal, he obtained the greatest influence over Dom Jose, and occupied himself in all kinds of reforms, both good and bad. It was owing to his firmness that, after the great earthquake, the seat of government was not transferred to Rio de Janeiro, and he passed fourteen days and nights in his carriage, amidst the smoking ruins of the city, to preserve order and to guard the inhabitants against banditti. He has the credit however, of the famous speech, which he never made, when Dom Jose, helplessly inquired what was to be done? "Bury the dead and feed the living," was the reply; but it was in reality made by another nobleman who was present. To Pombal is due the expulsion of the Jesuits, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, from Portugal; and his whole administration was a continued struggle against the old nobility and their rights. To revenge himself on their opposition, it is next to certain that he got up the pretended plot of 1758, for which the Duke of Aveiro, the Marchioness of Tavora, and others, were put to death with great barbarity. He was, in consequence, raised to the rank of Conde de Oeiras, and in 1770 to that of Marquês de Pombal. On the death of Dom Jose, in 1777, Pombal was disgraced; the sentence against the so-called conspirators was revised, something too late in the case of those who had been executed; the prisons were thrown open, and a great number of the ex-minister's victims, in the last stage of wretchedness, set at liberty.

Directly after the death of Dom Jose, there arrived

from Goa a vessel with an enormous sum of money, plate, jewels, and valuables of all kinds, from the suppressed convents of the Jesuits, which Pombal had quietly intended to appropriate for himself; they were sent back to India by Donna Maria I. There was a general cry for the trial and execution of the degraded minister; but, out of respect to the memory of her father, the queen contented herself with banishing him to a distance of twenty leagues from the court. Followed by the execration of all Portugal, he retired to the place whence he derived his title, and died there in 1782. That his talents as a politician have been very much overrated there can be no doubt; that it would not be easy to overrate his total want of principle is equally certain. It is far clearer that he was a bad than that he was a great man. His remains were preserved by the monks when the church of St. Francisco, where they had been buried, was accidentally burnt, and now lie unburied in a little chapel in the town.

The Igreja Matriz is a modern building; on the opposite side of the square in which it stands is an inscription setting forth that, in that house, Charles, King of Spain (i. e. the Pretender to that monarchy, whose support by the English gave rise to the War of Succession), slept on August 31, 1704. The castle stands well on an eminence, and is an interesting ruin. The traveller should make a point of seeing the remains of the church of the Templars, a very good specimen of Romanesque. Of the horrid atrocities committed by the French in this place, Colonel Landmann, an eye-witness, has left a faithful account.

"The author had passed a week at Pombal, about two years before its destruction, in the house of a gentleman at that place, and was treated with great kindness: the family consisted of a gentleman, his wife, one son, two daughters, and three young ladies, his nieces, all well educated and very amiable. Every evening during the said week, little parties assembled either at this house or at that of some of the friends, and to these he, the author, went as one of the family. The harmony of these meetings and the pleasantness of society were such as to baffie ordinary descriptions. The common people, too, appeared in much better circumstances than in other parts of the kingdom. In 1811, on revisiting Pombal, after the torch and sword had done their worst, the author went to the house where he had experienced so much civility, anxious to learn the fate of the family. On reaching the door, it appeared that the fire had been less active there than in other quarters: after knocking several times a feeble voice from an upper window inquired the business of the stranger; on looking up he saw the well-known countenance of the mistress of the house, but she was deeply worn by grief. The lady instantly descended, and, bursting into a flood of tears, remained speechless several minutes: at length, with a loud scream, she exclaimed, 'Oh! the French have destroyed them all!' and related the following heart-rending account: 'On the retreat of the French army from near Lisbon, my family, excepting my three nieces, thought it most prudent not to quit the house, as the enemy had always held out to us that every house which the inhabitants abandoned should be plundered. Under this delusion, we ventured to remain here, in hopes of saving our little property: we saw them enter the town, and all went on tolerably well until the last of them were about to depart. Oh! then, what scenes of bloodshed

and murders of every kind! They came in and asked for my unfortunate husband; he no sooner appeared than several soldiers demanded money, plate, jewels, &c., with their guns pointed at his breast, and threatening to shoot him on the spot if he did not satisfy them: my unhappy son was at this time in the upper part of the house, and came down to defend his sisters, thinking that insult had been offered them; as he entered the room the ruffians stabbed him through the heart: in an instant afterwards my poor husband was shot, and this noise brought my daughters from a concealed place. Oh, God! how can I declare their fate! Yet why should I cover the truth! They no sooner appeared than the soldiers rushed upon them; one, thank God! escaped into the yard, and, by seeking her death in the well, was saved from meeting the same treatment with her unhappy sister, who was detained in this room with myself, and there, before my face, suffered on this very spot, pointing to the floor, 'every infamy which delicacy forbids me to mention; and then received the death-blow from the very men who, had they been human beings, ought to have looked upon her at least with compassion; but no, they seemed to rejoice in their guilt, and stripped both of us of every article of our clothes; the house was then plundered, the furniture destroyed, and set on fire.'

"The wretched lady, at this period of her narration, seemed to be almost deprived of her senses; but, after recovering, told the author that one of her nieces at the approach of the enemy quitted the house, and she had only just been informed that a body answering the description of her person had been found dead and floating in an adjacent lake; of the two others, one had died on board a vessel in Mondego Bay, either through want or from some other cause; and the third, after suffering during several days under a dreadful state of mental derangement, had expired without once recovering her reason.

"From this house the author went in quest of some place where his horses could be put under cover during the ensuing night; and amongst other buildings he entered a church, which the enemy had evidently used as a stable: the floor had been taken up to serve as fuel, or to search for gold in the graves of the dead, and was strewed with skulls and other human bones; the decorations of the interior were totally destroyed; and, on observing some pieces of rope fastened to a high beam over the principal altar, he was informed that three of the friars belonging to the adjoining convent had been hung in their sacerdotal vestments, by the enemy, to that beam. In short, every church, house, or other building, was reduced to a state of ruin; and the author, in rambling through the adjacent grounds, particularly near the ancient castle on the hill, in search of an advantageous spot whence he could employ his pencil, was forced, by the stench of the half-buried bodies, to hurry away."

On the 5th we left Pombal for Leiria. The heat was already very great, and the country seemed to be parched and arid, almost desert, and reminded us of many a Syrian landscape, an illusion to which still greater effect was imparted by the presence here and there of noras, or Moorish wells, which the Portuguese have allowed to remain just as they were when the Arabs dwelt in those countries. Nor were occasional trains of mules, bearing baskets that hung down nearly to the ground, out of keeping with the oriental character of the landscape.

Gradually, however, the country improved: verdure and cultivation succeeded to parched uplands, and crossing the Lis, we entered the city of King Diniz—the Alired and Charlemagne of the Portuguese. The situation of Leiria is very striking. The castle crowns an exceedingly steep hill, and the valley of the Lis both ways is very rich and beautiful. The cathedral is quite modern, but handsome in its way, and in much better taste than the generality of Portuguese churches. The other churches are not worth a visit, though the city at first sight appears to abound with towers, most of them belonging to suppressed monasteries. The castle was founded by Alfonso Henrique, and remains in tolerably perfect condition. It commands an extensive view of the Serra do Junto and the sea to the west. Leiria is said to have been the ancient Callipo. Taken by Alfonso Henrique from the Moors in 1135, it was shortly afterwards retaken by them.

It was a favourite residence of Dom Diniz and San Isabel: the place where they resided is to this day called Monte Real. It was this king, rightly surnamed the Husbandman, who first planted the extensive pine forests for which Leiria is famous. He thus put a stop to the incursions of the sand, which threatened to overwhelm the city, and provided an inexhaustible supply of the best deal for his kingdom. The original trees came from Les Landes in Burgundy. It is worth while to take a ride through the Pinhal Real; the deal of these trees is said to be the best in the world. Besides the traffic in this wood, there is a large manufacture of naphtha and of glass. 3,000,000 reals are paid monthly at Leiria to the labourers in these two employments. The town was raised to be an episcopal see by Dom Joao III, in 1545; there is at present some talk of removing the bishopric to Thomar.

In July, 1808, the inhabitants, encouraged by the success that had attended the patriotic insurrection against the French at Coimbra, proclaimed their legitimate sovereign before they had the necessary means of making their rising successful. On July 5, General Margat appeared before the town, and after making a feeble resistance the Portuguese fled, leaving 800 or 900 on the field. According to the French not a person was injured nor a house burnt; whereas the truth is, that the victorious army began an indiscriminate butchery of old and young women and infants in the houses in the churches, and in the gardens. The most atrocious acts were not committed by the common soldiers only.

Leiria is honourably distinguished as being the first city in the Spains, and the fourth in Europe, which possessed a printing-press. In the year 1466 the *Coplas* of the Infante Dom Pedro, of which only four or five copies now exist, was published here.

In the Rocio, at the side of the river, there is a warm spring, which possesses medical virtues; and at the foot of Mon e Sao Miguel is another fountain called the Olhos de Pedro, which sends forth from the same rock one hot and one cold stream. Here, in 1590, was born the poet Francisco Rodrigues Lobo, who ranks next to Camoens and Sa de Miranda. His chief work is the *Contestacoes de Portugal*, a long historical poem on the Life of Nuuo Alvares Pereira; it is not without great beauties in particular portions, but, from the writer's having tied himself down to the task of an annalist, is on the whole very tedious. Lobo enjoyed the greatest popularity during his life, and when he was drowned in the Tagus near Santarem, his death was regarded as a public calamity. He was one of

those who had the moral courage to write entirely in Portuguese during the Castilian usurpation.

The River Lis, which flows through the city, and gives it its name, is a favourite of the Portuguese poets, and especially with Francisco Rodrigues Lobo—

“Formoso rio Lis, que entre arvorados
Idos detendo as aguas vagarosas
Atá que humas sobre outras invejosa
Fluquem cobrindo o vao destes penedos.”

We were, however, in a haste to get to Batalha—a spot well known to tourists as affording the greatest treat in its wondrous monastery, which has been described as “a mountainous confusion of spires, pinnacles, pierced battlements, and flying buttresses,” and which yet resolves itself into a very simple design, that is to be seen, perhaps, in all Europe. The monastery was founded by Don Joao in consequence of his many vows made at the Battle of Aljubarrota. The Dominicans persuaded him to appropriate it to their order; and the letters of donation were issued from the camp before Molgaco, in 1388. From that date the works were carried forward, more or less continuously, till 1515, when, as we shall see, they were given up for want of an architect.

The whole building may conveniently be divided into five portions: 1, the original church; 2, the Capella do Fundador, at the south-west end of the south aisle; 3, the great cloisters and chapter-house on the north side of the nave; 4, the smaller cloisters and monastery itself, to the north of the great cloisters; 5, the Capella Imperfeita (called also the Capella de Jazigo, and the Capella de Manoel), at the east end of the choir.

The original church was to all intents and purposes finished before 1416. It is cruciform, with a very short choir, that has no aisles, and two small chapels at the east of each transept. There are neither side chapels nor side altars to the nave, an arrangement which so remarkably contrasts with the usual Portuguese theory, and symbolises with our own, as not improbably to be owing to the taste of Philippa of Lancaster, whom we know to have been consulted on the plan of the nave.

The traveller who enters the building for the first time towards evening, when its faults are to a great degree hidden, will probably think it the most imposing cathedral he has ever beheld. The total exterior length, however, reckoning from the extreme points, is only 416 feet, which is about that of Worcester; the interior length of choir and nave only 266 feet; the height to the apex of the nave vaulting is 90 feet. The nave has eight bays. The immense height of the pier-arches (they reached an altitude of 65 feet) almost atones for the want of a triforium. Though there is now merely a low rail to the choir, a tolerable rest for the eye is afforded by the multifoliation of the choir arch, thus distinguished from the other crossing arches. The piers themselves are exceedingly simple, and in their first general effect (though not in their mouldings) give the idea (as do all Portuguese buildings of the same date) of transitional work. The two chapels to the east of each transept are all similar, and triapsidal; the two central ones with an eastern lancet; the two exterior ones with two lancets on the external sides. The first to the north is dedicated to Santa Barbara. Here is the tomb of the Duke of Aveiro, the father of the nobleman executed for Pombal's sham plot. Its shields and inscriptions were defaced by order of that minister in his attempt to root out the very name of that hated family. The next chapel is that of Nostra

Senhora do Rosario. Here was the tomb of Donha Isabel, queen of Dom Afonso V. : it is now destroyed. The first in the south transept is Nostra Senhora do Pranto : here was the tomb of Dom Joao II. According to the infernal system which always has been adopted by the French expeditionary armies, it was not only destroyed, but the remains of the monarch were exhumed and cut in pieces. The portions that could afterwards be discovered were buried under the miserable wooden case which at present exists there. The south chapel, dedicated to San Michael, is the burying-place of the distinguished family of the Da Sousas.

The choir is painfully short, consisting of a pentagonal apse and two bays only. The whole of its fittings

are in the most wretched modern taste. Before the altar is the high tomb of Dom Duarte, son of the founder, and his queen, Donna Lianor. It is somewhat awkwardly inserted in the middle of the steps to the sanctuary, so that the foot of the monument is on a level with the sanctuary floor. The effigies were much injured by the French. The windows originally contained a series of subjects from the Old Testament in the nave, and from the new in the choir ; a few specimens of the latter, as the appearance of our Lord to St. Mary Magdalene, the Annunciation, Visitation, and Ascension, still exist in the apse lancets. The greater part was irreparably injured by the French. In the year 1839 government commenced the restoration of the



MAFRA.

fabric, appropriating to that purpose the annual sum of 2,000,000 r., i. e., about £420.

From the church itself we enter the Capello do Fundador. On the death of Donna Philippa in 1416, she was buried in the centre of the choir ; Dom Joao gave directions in his will that he should be laid by her side, till the new chapel which he was then erecting should be ready for their joint reception. He himself departed this life August the 14th, 1434, the anniversary of the Battle of Aljubarrota. The chapel was not then completed ; he was accordingly buried in the choir, whence the remains of himself and his queen were translated with great pomp into the Capello do Fundador. There they now rest ; for the vault in

which they were deposited fortunately escaped the diabolical outrages committed, after their usual fashion, by the French, on the other royal personages buried in Batalha.

The chapel forms a square of sixty-six feet, with a central octagonal lantern of forty feet in diameter. This rests on eight magnificent piers, carrying most elegant stilted arches, thirteen foiled and refoliated, the mouldings being picked out in green, crimson, and gold. Over each of these, on each side of the lantern, is a broad lancet. The vaulting is most exquisite, especially the crown-like central boss, which has angels bearing the arms of Portugal. No words can express the beauty of this lantern. In the centre is the high

tomb on which repose the effigies of Dom Joao and Donna Philippa. The height of the slab is about seven feet from the ground: the effigies, which are very fine, are larger than life. At the head of each is an octagonal canopy; these bear on the other side the arms of Portugal, and of Portugal impaling England, respectively. At each corner of the tomb is a sumptuous stone socket for the cerpes burnt at the anniversary orbits of the founders. The tomb itself is quite plain, except for a rich wreath below the upper slab. This consists of briar-leaves, with the motto repeated, *Il ne plait pour bien*. The allusion is to the burning bush and to the call of Moses, the deliverance of Portugal from the Castilian yoke being thus typified by that of Israel from Egypt. At the east end of the lantern was an altar, with a most elegant triptych, destroyed of course by the French.

The south side of the chapel itself is taken up with the four recessed and canopied tombs of the four younger children of the founders—their eldest son, afterwards the King Dom Duarte, having been, as was said before, in opposition to his father's express injunctions, buried in the choir. These tombs are all of the same general design, and can scarcely be surpassed. The first, to the east, is that of the Infante Dom Fernando, grand master of Aviz, and commonly called the Principe Santo, the youngest son of Philippa of Lancaster. During his mother's pregnancy, she was informed by the physicians that if she would preserve her life it was necessary to procure an abortion—a proposal which she rejected with great indignation. An expedition against Tangiers being proposed by Dom Duarte, it was put under the command of his brothers, the Infantes Dom Henrique and Dom Fernando. The siege was formed with an army of 6,000 men. The garrison made a stout defence, and was soon relieved by the Kings of Fez and Morocco at the head of 130,000 Moors. The Portuguese proposed to re-embark under cover of night, and might have done so in safety had it not been for the treachery of the chaplain, Martin Vieira. After resisting, for a whole day, the attack of the Moors on their entrenchments, the Portuguese offered to surrender Ceuta on condition of being allowed to re-embark. Dom Fernando remained as a hostage till the king's consent could be obtained to the terms. It was judged that Ceuta was too important to be given up; but any sum of money was offered which Zala-ben-Zala, the aptor of Dom Fernando, would name. The offer was rejected, and when Dom Juan of Castile threatened to take up arms in behalf of the Infante, the Moorish chief transferred his prisoner to the King of Fez, by whom he was promised every kind of honour if he would embrace the creed of the false prophet. On his refusal he was shut up in a dungeon, without light or air, where he remained, in spite of the offer by Dom Duarte of Ceuta, till his death, June 5th, 1443. When Dom Alfonso V. had taken Tangiers, and obtained possession of the wife and children of its governor, Muley Zeque, he offered them liberty on condition of receiving his uncle's remains, which were accordingly given up to him, and translated with great pomp to this tomb, June 17th, 1472. Though never canonised, Dom Fernando was venerated as a saint in many places; and a brief of Pope Paul II., in 1470, was issued in his honour.

The soffit repeats the motto, *Le bien ne plait*. On the sides of the tomb is the cross of Aviz, and foliage of the ground ivy. The second is that of the Infante Dom

Joao, seventh child of Dom Joao I., and master of the order of Santiago. He married his niece, the daughter of the first Duke of Braganca, and died at Alencor do Sal, 1442. The motto is, *J'ai bien raison*: the ornaments of the tomb are a punch with scallops, and foliage of the wild strawberry; on the wall above is represented the Passion. The third is that of the celebrated Infante Dom Henrique, Duke of Viscu, and Master of the Order of Christ, the father of Portuguese maritime discovery. He was born in 1394, and died in 1460. His motto is, *Talent de bien faire*: the tomb is ornamented with the order of the Garter, and with foliage of the ilex: his is the only effigy. On the other tombs are placed a kind of cylinder ornamented with shields, in a manner clearly intended to represent a pall. The fourth is that of the unfortunate Dom Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, and afterwards regent of the kingdom. He was born in 1392, and fell in the Battle of Alfarrobeira, May 20th, 1449. Buried first at Alverca, his body was removed to Abrantes, thence to San Eloy at Lisbon, and finally here. The motto is, *Désir*: the ornament of the tomb is the order of the Garter and the balance of justice; the foliage is that of the oak.

The east side of the chapel is occupied by the four altars of the four Infantes: the first to the north, that of Dom Pedro, is dedicated to the guardian angel of Portugal; the next, that of Dom Henrique, to San John Baptist; the third, that of Dom Joao, to Santiago; and the fourth, that of Dom Fernando, to the Assumption. Each had a fine triptych, painted by Gran Vasco; they were all destroyed by the French.

The west side is much plainer, and merely contains four recessed arches, intended probably for the tombs of any future members of the royal family. The windows on all three sides are the same: a large central one of eight lights, and two side ones of four, the tracery being remarkably good; they were filled with scenes of Portuguese history, from the battle of Campo d'Ourique to that of Aljubarrota. The entrance from the nave, opposite the last bay but one of the south aisle, is by a very fine cinquefoiled and doubly refoiled arch.

We will now visit the cloisters, the usual entrance to which lies through the sacristy. The latter, which is approached from the eastern chapel of the north transept, is a good plain, but nowise remarkable building, vaulted in two bays, north and south, and lighted by two two-light windows at the east. Here they show the helmet worn by Dom Joao I. at Aljubarrota, and his sword. Hence we enter the chapter house, an exquisite building, nearly square, but vaulted octopartitely. This vaulting is perfectly beautiful; the east window of three lights resembles the best English: middle-pointed. Opposite to this is the entrance to the cloisters, a nine-foiled refoiled arch, deeply recessed, of four orders. On each side of this is a large window of two lights, trefoiled and refoiled. The whole of this entrance, which, notwithstanding its massiveness, has an effect of extreme lightness, is one of the most beautiful things in the church. In the centre of the chapter-house are two wooden cases, replacing the tombs of Dom Alfonso V., and Dom Alfonso, the son of Dom Joao II.

The chapter-house was probably the erection of Dom Alfonso V.; if so, the corbel at its south-east angle, which is shown as the portrait of Alfonso Domingues, the first architect, must be that of one of his successors.

The cloisters, manifestly (whatever Portuguese antiquaries may say to the contrary) the work of Dom Manoel have no rival in Europe. They are one hundred and eighty feet square, each side enriched with seven windows, of lights varying from three to six, with tracery of the most wonderful richness and variety, sometimes wrought in mere foliage without any figure, sometimes arranged in bands and circles round the cross of the order of Christ, sometimes encircling with its wreaths the sphere; no two windows are the same; scarcely any two based on the same idea; additional variety afforded by the passage to the court itself through the central window on each side. Nor are the monials less wonderful than the tracery; some are voluted, some are filleted, some are chequy; some are, as it were, wreathed with pine leaves; some seem as if they were built up with fir cones; in some, strange lizards climb up and twist themselves in and out among the foliage of oak and ivy, and, what is here a favourite enrichment, young cow cabbage; some are dotted over with stars, some nebulous, and some chevronné. It is wonderful that one mind could devise such variety and extravagance of adornment. The gem of all, however, still remains to be mentioned. At the north-west angle a most delicate network of tracery projects inwards in two bays, inclosing a little square for a fountain. The multifoliations and refoliations of this work far exceed everything else in the cloister; and the oblique view from the north to the west side of the cloister, where the eye takes four planes of tracery, each foreshortened, but all at a different angle, forms such a labyrinth of enrichment as none can conceive who have not seen it for themselves. The whole consists of three stages; and, though now dry, one may judge of its beauty when the rays of the sun fell upon its waters through the network, or it might better be said, lacework, of stone that surrounded them.

To the west is the refectory, a very plain building; and to the north, the place in which the wine belonging to the convent was stored. At the north-east of the east side is a circular-headed door, extravagantly adorned; branches of trees, cables and lizards, twisted together, form the orders of its arch. It is now blocked, but originally led into the lecture room.

The cloisters of Alfonso V., now forming part of the barracks, are good, but not very remarkable.

We will next visit the Capella Imperfeita. In order to appreciate the epoch at, and the circumstances under, which it was erected, we must remember that at the beginning of the reign of Dom Manoel, justly surnamed the Fortunate, the discoveries of Vasco da Gama in the east, and Nuno Cabral in the west, had opened to Portugal the way to conquests and to riches which the rest of Europe almost regarded as fabulous. The wealth that poured in from Coronandel and the Spice Islands, and the yet unexplored regions of Santa Cruz, now Brazil, elevated Dom Manoel to a degree of opulence which perhaps no other European monarch ever possessed. Abhorring war, and always on good terms with Spain, he was enabled to indulge his passion for building to the fullest extent; and the twenty-six years of his reign filled Portugal with a prodigious number of magnificent edifices. It appears very probable, from the constant and friendly intercourse carried on between that country and England, that Dom Manoel conceived the idea of imitating Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster, by the Capella Imperfeita: both attached to the conventual church which form the royal burying-place;

both occupying the same position, the extreme east end; both built in the fullest development of their respective styles; and for the service of both, artists summoned from the furthest parts of Europe. It seems to have been the design of Dom Manoel to translate hither the remains of the earlier Portuguese monarchs, and then to fix the place of his own sepulture among the tombs of his ancestors.

The chapel itself is octagonal, each side being tripartite. Each of these chapels was to be appropriated to some Portuguese monarch, or to some member of the royal family. They are therefore furnished with piscina and aumbry: the actual place, however, in which the body was to be deposited is not visible from the interior. Nighed in between each two of the chapels is a kind of projection, furnished with a lancet tracery throughout. The entrance was to have been in the side of one of the adjacent chapels, but it has never been opened. Each of these chapels has a thirteen-foiled and refoiled arch of entrance, the shafts having three orders.

The glory of this chapel is, however, its western arch, surpassing in richness anything even in the cloister. The west side of the arch has seven orders of the most elaborate foliage springing from hollow sockets: among knots, flowers, and foliage, the words *Tanias et Rey* are repeated over and over again. The meaning of these letters has been much disputed. The tradition on the spot is, that *El Rey* is of course Dom Manoel, and that *Tanias* was his favourite chronicler: the only objection to this is, that there never was such a person as Tanias. Other equally inadmissible derivations have been proposed by the antiquaries. The chapel had advanced to its present condition when Matheus Fernandez died, April 10, 1515. It appears that he left no working drawings behind him. The design for the completion of the chapel was therefore intrusted to his son. The new architect was a man of the new generation, and commenced on the west side in the clerestory stage, by erecting two heavy Grecian arches, spotted and spungled with stars, and with a vulgar balustrade beneath. Dom Manoel, happening to pay a visit to the works was so much disgusted as to give orders that they should instantly stop. He probably intended to provide himself with an architect more capable of carrying them on, not knowing that Christian art had reached its extreme limit. He was also much occupied with the convent of Belem at Lisbon, which, gorgeous as it is, is immeasurably inferior to Batalha. It is necessary to procure an order from the master of the works to ascend to the roof. This is nearly flat, and is very well covered with large and slightly convex tiles, firmly embedded in cement—a striking contrast to the generality of the Peninsular cathedrals, where, as for example at Burgos, the tiles are usually laid one upon another without any fastening whatever. There is a rich pierced battlement of about seven feet high, with pinnacles, and a second pierced battlement of the same character to the aisles. This was a good deal injured in the great earthquake; but has been restored and with very tolerable success. From the roof of the nave that of the choir looks mean indeed, stunted, without battlement or pinnacle, and merely strewn over with coarse red tiles. The traveller should pay particular attention to the west facade, remembering, however, that the lantern of the Capella do Fundador was originally capped by a richly pannelled octagonal spire, thrown down in the great earthquake. The west door

is especially grand with its six apostles on either jamb, its seventy-eight canopied saints in the arch, its tympanum representing Our Lord with the four Evangelists, and the Coronation of Saint Mary in its canopy.

The best external views of the whole building are—1, from a little hill covered with cives about three hundred yards to the south; and 2, from a tree that overhangs the right bank of a rocky lane leading to the north-west. At some distance to the south-east of the convent is the original parish church of Batalha, now disused, the conventual church being appropriated to the parish. It has a fine west door, imitated from the entrance arch of the Capella Imperfeita, but more arabesque. In the interior there is absolutely nothing to see. The parish was dismembered from that of San Estevao at Leiria in 1512, and the church erected in 1532.

XII.

ALCOBACA—CELEBRATED CISTERCIAN MONASTERY—CHURCH—MOORISH CASTLE—NOSSEIRA SENHORA DE NAZARETH—BATTLE OF ALJUBARROTA—PORTUGUESE HEROINE—CROSS THE SERRA D'ALBAROTOS—OUIEM THE TEMPLARS AT THOMAR—ITS WONDERFUL CONVENT—CHURCH OF SAN JOAO BAPTISTA—COTTON FACTORY—SAN GREGORIO.

We had started from Leiria on foot, leaving the arreiros to follow with the mules; and when we had feasted almost to repletion upon the exquisite details of the monastery, we mounted for Alcobaca, which we only reached after a somewhat weary and long ride. The fact is, we were tired before we started. Alcobaca is a large village, which would be passed without notice were it not for its ancient abbey, whose renown has, like Batalha, made a place of pilgrimage of it to all such as undertake an artistic tour in Portugal. The Cistercian monastery of Alcobaca is declared in the *Handbook* to be the largest in the world. Nor is the history of the foundation of this great structure without interest. Alfonso Henrique, when expelling the Moors from the country in 1143, having become master of Santarem, sent a deputation to Saint Bernard, at Notre Dame de Clairvaux, requesting from him a band of monks for the new foundation which he proposed to erect. Accompanied by the court and the newly arrived Cistercians, the king searched out the most suitable situation between the Serra d'Albarotos and the sea, and began to dig the foundation with his own hands. The first church was completed in four years. At a later period it served for the Igreja Matriz, till Cardinal Henrique, afterwards king, who was then abbot, rebuilt it in the wretched taste of his time. The actually existing building was commenced in 1148 and finished in 1222. It is said that there were for a long time 999 monks in this place, but that this number never could be exceeded. They were divided, according to the rule of Saint Benedict, into deaneries: as soon as an office was finished by one set it was taken up by the next, so that praise was never intermitted. The abbot was mitred; he was ex officio high almoner, precentor of the Chapel Royal, general of the Cistercian order in Portugal, subject to Rome only, and, till the reign of Dom Joao III., visitor of the order of Christ. The black death reduced the monks to eight, a blow from which the abbey never recovered: its revenues were partially seized, and the income that was left was barely enough for a hundred monks. Still, however, Joao Dornelles, the tenth abbot, was able to send eleven bodies of his vassals to fight at Aljubarrota.

Cardinal Henrique was the twenty-sixth and the last of the abbots for life: then began the succession of triennial heads, which lasted till the suppression.

The church of Alcobaca, next to that of Batalha, is the most interesting building in Portugal. It is an excellent example of a purely Cistercian design; simple almost to sternness, it strongly resembles the abbey church of Pontigny near Auxerre, and is manifestly the work of a French architect. Its total length is 360 feet; its height is said to be 64 feet, though it is scarcely possible to help believing that the latter is underrated. The twelve pier-arches of the nave are remarkable for their prodigious height; there is neither triforium nor clerestory; the piers themselves are the perfection of majestic simplicity, and the vista down the aisles, which are necessarily the same height as the nave is, from their length and their narrowness, exceedingly grand. The church itself has a circular apse, a presbytery, or, as the Portuguese call it, *charola*, with nine chapels round it, transepts with aisles, and a south-west chapel to the south transept. The choir of the monks occupied the five east bays of the nave, the screen being at the end of the sixth. Notice more especially the fine effect of the nine windows in the apse, the two great marigolds in the transepts, and the exquisite manner in which the pier-arches are stilted. In the chapel of the south transept are the tombs of Dom Alfonso II. and Dom Alfonso III., with their queens, Donna Urraca (celebrated in Southey's ballad of the "Five Martyrs of Morocco") and Donna Brites. But the most interesting monuments in the church and in the kingdom are the high tombs of Dom Pedro and Iguéz de Castro. Contrary to the almost universal law of monuments, they are turned foot to foot, the king having expressly commanded this, in order that, at the Resurrection, the first object that should meet his eyes might be the form of his beloved Iguéz. Nothing can be more exquisite than the details of both tombs, more especially that of the queen. The sculpturo under six straight-sided arches on each side, the Crucifixion at the head and the Great Doom at the feet, are of the very best workmanship of the very best period of Christian art. Neither in the choir nor in its chapels does there now exist anything of interest; the former was much spoiled by an Englishman named William Elsdon, who "beautified it" for the monks about 1770. To the east of the charola is the sacristy, 80 feet by 38; it was the work of Dom Manoel, and is rather plainer than the erections of that king usually are. The chapels of Nostra Senhora do Desterro and do Prosepio are worth seeing. The west front of the church, with its two towers, is a barbarous erection of the seventeenth century. Fortunately the west door, which is of seven orders, has been left in all its original magnificence. It is worth ascending to the roof of the church in order to obtain a correct idea of the size of the monastery, now principally used as barracks. It was almost destroyed by the French, and rebuilt in the style that might be expected after their expulsion. The order for consigning it to the flames, signed by Massena's own hand, during his disgraceful retreat, fell into the hands of his pursuers. The soldiers piled a quantity of inflammable materials round the piers of the church, but fortunately, though for the depth of six or eight inches their bases were reduced to lime and crumbled off, their immense massiveness preserved them from further destruction. A

similar treatment would, in a few hours, have brought such a church as Belem to the ground. The monastery was 620 ft. in width by 750 in depth, and contained five cloisters. According to the Portuguese saying, its cloisters were cities, its sacristy a church, and its church a basilic; or, as it pleases Mr. Kinsey to describe it, a basilisk. The north-west end was the hospedaria or reception-house for guests; there were seven dormitories; the kitchen was 100 ft. in length by 22 in breadth, and 63 in height to the vaulting. The fireplace which stood in the centre was 28 ft. in length by 11 in breadth, and its pyramidal chimney was supported by eight columns of cast-iron. The refectory was 92 ft. by 68, divided into three aisles by piers. The library, which contained 25,000 volumes and 500 MSS., was removed at the suppression to the Bibliotheca Nacional at Lisbon. The rights conferred on this monastery by Alfonso Henrique, and somewhat curtailed by his successors, were again beatowed in full by Dom Joao IV. The only recognition by which the abbey confessed itself dependent on the crown was a custom which compelled them to present a pair of boots to the king whenever he visited the convent person, and even this was abrogated by Dom Alfonso III. in 1314. It must be remembered, however, that this, like all the other great houses, paid three-tenths of its yearly revenues to the state. The foolish and fanatical hatred displayed by Camara towards the English is nowhere so conspicuous as in his account of Alcobaca. Without mentioning the French, he simply says that the convent was burnt down, partly in consequence of the civil wars, and partly because the English troops set it on fire, from its containing a manufacture of cotton which rivalled their own. Here was preserved the caldron taken by the victors at the Battle of Aljubarrota. When Philip II. visited Alcobaca, he was pressed by the abbot to allow its conversion into a bell. Piqued at being thus reminded of the defeat of his countrymen, "Pray let it alone," he replied; "for if it has made so much noise in the world as a caldron, who could ever endure it when it became a bell?"

From Alcobaca an excursion may be made to the Pilgrimage Church of Nostra Senhor de Nazareth. The town of Pederneira, close to which it lies, is situated at the mouth of the little River Alcoa, and contains 2,000 inhabitants. It was to this place, according to Portuguese tradition, that Dom Roderic fled, in company with the monk San Romano, from Cauliano, near Merida, where he had taken refuge after the Battle of the Guadalete and the loss of Spain. Here they lay hid for a year, at the end of which time San Romano died; and the king, having buried him, fled to San Miguel de Fetal, near Vizen, where he ended his wretched life. The hermitage was cruelly sacked by the French in 1808, and there and at Pederneira jewels and valuables to the amount of 600,000 crusados were carried off. Of 300 houses at Pederneira, only four escaped destruction; and the soldiers made a point of burning all the boats and nets which they could find. The tower of Nostra Senhor de Nazareth serves as a sea-mark. It was to this place that Dom Lourenco de Lourinhaa, Archbishop Primate, was carried, when supposed to be mortally wounded at Aljubarrota, and here he recovered. Pederneira itself had its origin in the time of Dom Manoel, when the sea-side village of Paredes, which contained 600 houses, was overwhelmed by the sand.

Aljubarrota, a name like Alcobaca, of corrupt

Moorish origin, and still bearing the article *al* prefixed, famous for the great victory which decided the independence of Portugal, is close to the Cistercian Monastery, from which it is, indeed, only separated by a spur of the Serra d'Albardos.

At the death of Dom Fernando I., in 1383, there was no legitimate successor to the throne. Donna Brites, daughter of the late king, had, by her marriage with Dom Juan I. of Castile, lost her right of succession. Dom Pedro, father of Dom Fernando, had left an illegitimate son, then Master of Aviz. At the Cortes held at Coimbra this nobleman's pretensions were so strongly put forward by his partisans, and especially by the Great Constable, Dom Nuno Alvares Pereira, Dom Lourenco de Lourinhaa, Archbishop of Braga, and the great lawyer, Joao das Regras, that he was unanimously elected king. The King of Castile, who had previously, during the Regency, invaded Portugal, on receiving this intelligence, again put his army in motion, and advanced upon Lisbon. Dom Joao I., who was then in the north, hastily gathered such forces as he could, and followed the Castilian army. On the 14th August, 1385, advancing from Leiria at the head of 6,500 men, he fell in with the Spanish vanguard at a place then called Canoeira, now better known as Batalha. The Castilians are reckoned variously at from 33,000 to 90,000; they had the advantage of the field, occupying its west side on a hot August afternoon, and they had ten pieces of artillery, then called trons, the first ever seen in the Peninsula. Notwithstanding these advantages, the king, who was ill with the ague, was recommended not to accept battle, but overruled all objections. The armies therefore met at the foot of the ridge, where Batalha now stands, but something more to the west: the centre of the Castilians was at Cruz da Legoa, and their rear had stretched beyond Aljubarrota. Just before the engagement, the Archbishop of Braga, riding in front of the Portuguese lines, gave indulgences to the soldiers from the true Pope, Urban VI. A Spanish bishop did as much to his nation from the Anti-Pope, Clement VII. The Portuguese were in three divisions: the left wing, which formed the vanguard, was commanded by the Great Constable; the right wing, commanded by Mem Rodriguez and Ruy Mendes de Vasconcellos, consisted of the knights who took the romantic appellation of Namorados; the third division, commanded by the king in person, consisted, like the first, of seven hundred lances, supported by the best part of the infantry; the rear-guard, which contained the inferior soldiers, was at a considerable distance behind. At the very moment of attack a ball from one of the trons killed two brothers in the Portuguese army. A panic began to seize the front line, when a common soldier, with great presence of mind, called out that, so far from being a bad omen, the shot was an especial mark of God's favour, inasmuch as to his certain knowledge the two men so slain were desperate villains, who would not be allowed to share in the glory of the future victory.

The king himself and the constable performed prodigies of valour; the former was struck from his horse by a Spanish knight, and would certainly have been killed on the spot had it not been for the prompt assistance of Dom Gonçalo de Macedo. The great standard of Castile was finally taken, on which Dom Juan, in spite of his ague, mounted his horse, and never drew rein till he reached Santarem. His tent,

with all its furniture, fell into the hands of the victors. The silver triptych of the altar is preserved in the sacristy of Guimaraens; and a large bible, taken with it, was given to the Abbey of Alcobaca, and is now in the Bibliotheca Nacional at Lisbon. Other relics of the battle, of undoubted authenticity, are the helmet worn by Dom Joao, in the sacristy of Batalha; it requires a strong man to bear it on his head; his sword, in the same place; his pelote, in the sacristy of Guimaraens; and, till the year 1834, there was to be seen, in a house at Aljubarrota, an immense caldron, employed in cooking beans for the Castilian army. Three of these were taken: this, that at Alcobaca, which gave rise to the witticism of Philip II., and another, which disappeared soon after the battle. The Castilian prisoners were generously used; the Portuguese engaged on the enemy's side either fell in the fight or were put to death afterwards; a brother of the constable was among the latter number. Dom Joao, after remaining, as the custom was, on the field of battle three days, went to Alcobaca, where he celebrated the Festival of San Bernard (to whose intercession he attributed the victory), with great pomp.

A pleasant ride amidst rocks and bushes, the former of which kept increasing in size and confusion, till we got into a real chaos of mountain, told us we were crossing the Serra d'Albardos, and when we attained the crest a splendid panorama of magnificent mountain scenery made us still more sensible of this fact. We could see before us where the Serra broke off on the one hand into what is called the Junto, which is prolonged to Cintra, and was prolonged right into the Atlantic on the other, and where it terminates on the superbly abrupt Cape Roca. By mistake we got to Ouren instead of Thomar, our destiny, a miserable and desolate village which crowns a sharp peak of the Serra do Junto with ruinous walls and no hostelry.

After partaking of the hospitality of the worthy priest of Ouren, we proceeded the next day by a better road to Thomar, a town which, situated near the ruins of the ancient Nabantina, is by many declared to be one of the most interesting places which Portugal can show to the ecclesiologist. Its position on either side of the Nabao, the steep hill that rises to the west, and is crowned with the enormous convent of the Order of Christ, the pilgrimage chapel of Nossa Senhora da Piedade, the very curious bridge, and the spire and tower of the two ancient parish churches surpass even Coimbra.

No sufficient account of this wonderful convent has as yet been published, and even Count Razynski discusses the subject in a very few pages. Passing the church of San Joao Baptista (of which presently), and the little Praca beyond it, we begin to ascend the steep hill, the convent walls towering above our heads. Turning sharply to the left, we enter the postern, and then the gate, of Santiago, coming out into what is now a wheat-field, but which was formerly a court. Close to the walls are the remains of the chapel of Santa Caterina, built, as the guide will not fail to assure you, by Dom Caterina, queen of Dom Diniz; but as the only Queen Catherine of Portugal was the wife of Dom Joao III., local tradition does not preserve much accuracy here.

Descending the hill, we next visit the church of San Joao Baptista. At the west end of this is the Praca, with the Casa da Camara opposite; above that the convent. Leaving the church and retracing our

steps to the bridge, which is of good pointed work with openings at the side, we get to the south-east end of the town, passing the cemetery. Here is the church of Nostra-Senhora dos Olivaeos, or Nostra-Senhora da Assumpcao: the descent to it is by nineteen steps. The tower is detached, and stands some distance from the west end; it is Romanesque, low, and massive, and may possibly be referred to the times of Gualdim Paes. From hence we proceed to visit the cotton manufactory. Although, of course, it cannot compete with the great English mills, it is nevertheless interesting to see how these things are done in Portugal. The largest in the kingdom is at Lisbon, and is worked by steam. This, which is turned by water-power, is the second, and there is one nearly as large at Visella, near Porto. It employs 300 hands—160 women, 140 men—besides 100 hands outside the mill, in bleaching, &c. The highest pay is 2s. a day, the lowest, half a testao, 27d. Hence it is worth while to walk along the Levada, which works the mill, to the weir at its head, both for the sake of the view and for the picturesque effect of the washing and bleaching carried on in grottos at the side of the Nabao.

Retracing our steps, and again crossing the bridge, we visit the chapel of Saint Gregorio, an octagonal building with a fine flamboyant door. Immediately above this, on the summit of a steep hill, is the pilgrimage chapel of Nostra-Senhora da Piedade; the ascent to it is by 255 steps in 94 tiers, the landing-place on each tier having on each side a semicircular stone seat: the effect of the whole is very fine, but under a Portuguese sun the ascent is rather trying. Halfway up on the right-hand side is the now ruined chapel of Nostra-Senhora Jesus do Monte.

XIII.

SANTAREM—CHURCHES AND WALLS—PORTUGUESE RAILWAYS—CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF BELEM—BEMFICA CONVENT—PALACE OF QUELUZ—PALACE OF CINTRA—CASTLE—CONVENT OF PENHA DA CINTRA—THE COKE COVENT—PENHA VERDE—THE SITIANS—THE ROCK OF LISBON—PALACE AND CONVENT OF MAPRA—THE TORRES VEDRAS.

WE were now in comparatively civilised countries, and our journey from Thomar to Santarem presented none of those difficulties which had opposed themselves to rapid progress for now some days past. This ancient city is one of the seventeen civil administrations of the kingdom, and is situated on the high ground to the north of the Tagus. It was the Scalabis or Presidium Julium of the Romans. Its present name is derived from Santa Iria or Santa Irene.

Santarem was taken from the Moors by Don Alfonso VI. of Castile in 1093, but it soon fell again into their power. Its final liberation by Alfonso Henrique is one of the most interesting episodes in Portuguese history. Santarem was the last strong place held by the Migueletes in 1833, and they only surrendered it after their three defeats at Pernes, Almoater, and Assiceira. To the ecclesiologist, Santarem is a most interesting town. The church of San Joao do Alporao, said to be a corruption of Alcorao, the building having originally been a mosque, is now used as a theatre, and miserably defaced. The tower is detached: there is a good deal of Romanesque work remaining. Close to this is the modern church of San Martinho. Next is the church of the suppressed convent of Graes, founded by the Count of Ouren: the high tomb beneath which his remains rest is one of the finest in Portugal. Here

is also the chapel of Santa Rita, who is invoked against impossibilities: her picture, by Ignacie Xavier, a native of Santarem (1724), is much admired. The church of the Jesuits, now parochialised, was exceedingly rich, and has some good mosaics. That of Santa Maria de Marvilla (said to be a corruption of Maravilha, from a miraculous image sent hither by St. Bernard after the capture of the city) is asserted to date from 1244. The conventual church of St. Francis dates from the 13th century.

There are some remains of the ancient walls, which had formerly five gates. On the opposite side of the river is the town of Almeirim, once the famous residence of the Portuguese monarchs during summer, when its precincts abounded with game. The town was built by Dom Joao I. in 1411, the royal castle by Dom Manoel: here several of the Infantes were born, of whom the most celebrated was the cardinal king Dom Henrique. Here also that monarch, when worn out with years and sorrow, held the Corteza in which he made his final decision of leaving the crown to whoever had most *right*—that is, in plain terms, most power. He was buried in the church of this place, though his body was afterwards translated to Belem.

From Santarem we proceeded to Carregado and thence by Villa Franca, Alhandra and Pavea to Lisbon. A railway was at the time in progress along the valley of the Tagus to Santarem, a line which will, it is to be hoped, be prolonged to Spain. The railway is, indeed, now open to Santarem, and Government is promoting railway communication from Lisbon to Oporto by it, through Thomar, Pombal, and Coimbra, as also from Santarem by Abrantes, Crato and Portalegre, to Badajoz, where a junction would be effected with the Spanish, and consequently with the French railways. The rare beauties and exquisite relics of art contained in Portugal will then truly be opened to all the world. We reserve to ourselves the description of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, to another opportunity, when the illustrations, which must necessarily accompany such descriptions shall be in hand; but we shall not part from the Tagus without a word or two concerning three of its chief gems—the Church and Monastery of Belem, of which we have given a sketch at pages 657 and 665—the Palace and Castle-Convents of Cintra and of Penha da Cintra, of which latter we have also given a sketch at page 663,—and lastly of the enormous Palace and Convent of Mafra, for an illustration of which see page 672.

We made our way to Belem down the Tagus by boat, passing through a fleet of vessels of all nations, and landing at the foot of the celebrated tower, within a few paces of the no less celebrated convent. This magnificent structure was intended as an expression of gratitude for the successful result of the expedition of Vasco da Gama. The site was selected, as being the place where that hero embarked, July 8, 1497, on his adventurous expedition, and to which he returned July 29, 1499. Here originally, when the place was called the Barro de Restillo, stood a small Ermida founded by the Infante Dom Henrique, for the convenience of mariners. In this chapel Vasco da Gama and his companions passed the night previous to their embarkation in prayer. When it was determined to erect a magnificent church here the name of the locality was changed to Belem (Bethlehem). The first stone was laid by the king in person with great ceremony in the year 1500. The stone, which is a carbonate of lime, was obtained in the neighbour-

hood. It admits of exquisite carving, and it is very durable; originally white, it has now acquired a rich golden hue.

The whole building is erected on piles of pine-wood. It sustained scarcely any damage in the great earthquake; a small part of the vaulting then injured, and not attended to, fell down about a year after. It is entered on the south side under a rich porch, which contains more than thirty statues. In the apex is that of Nostra Senhor dos Royes. The doorway is double. Above the central shaft is a statue of the Infante Dom Henrique in armour. The nave and transept are very rich specimens of the latest flamboyant. The eastern arches of the gallery that supports the *coro alto* are superbly sculptured. The arrangement of the transepts is singular; there is a kind of vestibule between choir and nave, which would at first sight be taken from them,—whereas they really form dwarf excrecences at the extremity of this. The choir is of later work, and "classical." On the north are the tombs of Dom Manoel and his Queen Maria; on the south those of Dom Joao I. and his Queen Catherina. They are all plain sarcophagi, supported on elephants. The cloisters are very rich and good.

Leaving Lisbon by the north-west road, we soon reach Bemfica, a village containing about 3,500 inhabitants; on the way, the Aguas Livres and the multitude of windmills are the principal objects. Bemfica is prettily embosomed in orange-groves, gardens, and orchards; and near the Larangeiras stands the once celebrated Dominican convent. It is now a manufactory: the church is preserved, and contains the chapel of the Custos, and the tomb of the great lawyer, Josa das Regras. The former has, among other monuments, the mausoleum of the ever-famous Viceroy of India, Dom Joao de Castro, the friend of San Francis Xavier, and one of the greatest men whom Portugal can boast. In the church is an image of St. Mary, brought from Tunis by the Portuguese squadron sent to the assistance of Charles V. of Spain, under the command of Dom Luiz. Ascending the hill of Porcalhota, and passing a somewhat desolate country, we reach Queluz, at a distance of two leagues from Lisbon, a royal palace founded by Dom Pedro III., husband of Donna Maria I., a favourite residence of Dom Joao VI. and of Dom Miguel. Here is shown the bed in which Dom Pedro IV. expired; the room is called that of Don Quixote, from a series of paintings occupying eighteen panels, which represent the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha. The palace is much like other palaces; in the oratory is a monolithic Doric column of agate, found in Herculaneum; it was a present from Leo XII. The gardens, which were modelled on those at Marly, are, in their way, very fine. Hence, over a rough broken country, covered with heath, to Ramalhao, another royal palace, where the Queen Donna Carlotta was sent to reside in 1822, in consequence of her refusing to take the oath to the Constitution, and where, in conjunction with Dom Miguel, she plotted its overthrow. Dom Carlos of Spain resided here in 1832. It is now deserted. Passing the village of San Pedro, and turning the edge of the mountain, we catch the first view of Cintra, with its crags towering up above the thick foliage, the Cork convent, and the two large conical kitchen-chimnies of the royal palace, which form so curious a feature of the view from all parts.

This palace was the Portuguese Alhambra, "the

bed" of the Moorish kings, and when, in after ages, Lisbon was made the seat of the Christian Government, it became the favourite residence of its monarchs. Dom Alfonso V. was here born, and here died. Here it was that Dom Sebastiao held his last audience, before sailing on his disastrous expedition; here, also, that the miserable Dom Alfonso VI. was confined for the last eight years of his life. The palace is a singular mixture of Moorish and Christian architecture, with its fountains, terraces, gardens, arabesque windows, slender shafts, reservoirs, and towers. The Sala das Pugas, the Magpies' Saloon, is a large apartment, painted all over with magpies, each bird holding in its beak the legend *Por bem*, "For good." It is said that Dom Joao I. was discovered by his Queen, our Philippa of Lancaster, in the act of bestowing some very questionable mark of attention on one of her maids of honour; and that his only reply, on the principle of *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, was *Por bem*. In order to show that he was not ashamed of the adventure, and to satirise the gossip of his court, he gave orders for painting the Magpies' Saloon. Hence the visitor will be taken to the chapel, and to the room in which Dom Alfonso VI. was confined. It is a miserable apartment, in which the brick floor is entirely worn away on one side by the perpetual walking to and fro of the unhappy monarch, like a wild beast in his den. He died suddenly of an apoplexy while hearing mass, September 12th, 1683.

Hence we proceeded to the Penha convent, built on the very summit of one of the highest peaks, for the Jeronimites of Belem. (See page 663.) On the suppression of convents, the Penha was bought by a private gentleman, from whom it was shortly afterwards purchased by the King Regent Dom Fernando. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, embracing the Arrabida to the south, the mouth of the Tagus, the lines of Torres Vedras, the Serra Baraguda to the north, and the huge pile of Mafra, rising from the plain, at a distance of about nine miles.

Another of the lions of Cintra is the Cork convent, founded by Dom Joao de Castro, and consisting of about twenty cells, partly built over the surface of, and partly burrowed in, the rock. They are lined with cork for the purpose of keeping out the damp, whence the name; are about 5 feet square, and have the door so low that it is impossible to enter without stooping. Cintra is thronged during the summer by Lisbon visitors, anxious to exchange the intense heat and sickening closeness of the capital, for the fresh cool shades and breezy heights of these mountains. Lodgings are to be let in every part of the town; most of the Portuguese nobility resident in Lisbon, and of the British merchants, have a quinta here; and, no doubt, the great fame of Cintra has partly arisen from the striking contrast it affords them.

From Cintra we made an excursion to the Cabo da Rosa (the Rock of Lisbon). A league to the west is the beautiful valley of Verzea and the town of Colares, celebrated for the wine of the same name. At the end of the valley is a kind of lake, where there is a pleasure boat, and to which parties are often made from Cintra. A league to the west of Colares are the Fojo and the Pedra d'Alvidar, or Alvidar. The first is a huge cavern in the rocks, tenanted by a prodigious quantity of sea-birds; the second is a headland, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of about 200 feet. The

whole of this coast is very grand: its highest peak, the Rock of Lisbon, attains an altitude of 1920 feet.

From Cintra our way lay due north across a parched and desolate tract of ground, close abutting upon the Atlantic to Mafra. Villa Chilveros was the only place passed on the way, and soon after passing it we obtained a first sight of the enormous palace and convent, which, according both to our own national *Handbook* and the *Lisbon Guide*, is "very striking"—and most assuredly it is so. (See page 672.)

The history of its foundation is this. Dom Joao V., anxious for an heir to succeed him in the throne, made a vow that, on the birth of a son, he would change the poorest into the most magnificent monastery in his dominions. On the birth of an heir he caused inquiries to be instituted with a view of fulfilling his vow; and finally selected Mafra, then a poor foundation for twelve friars, as the site of the future convent. In imitation of the Escorial, he determined that it should embrace a palace as well as a monastery. The architect was the German Ludovici: the foundation stone was laid November 17th, 1717, and this ceremony alone cost 200,000 crowns. Thirteen years were spent in the erection of the palace, and the average number of workmen was 14,700.

The whole of the edifice forms a parallelogram, of which the longest sides (those which run from north to south) measure about 770 feet. To the south is the palace called the Residencia da Rainha, to the north that named the Residencia del Rei; both are four stories in height, and terminate in magnificent towers at the extreme angles of the edifice. It contains 866 rooms, 5,000 doors, 2 towers 350 feet high, and 9 courts. The great fault of the whole is, that no one room is worthy, in its size and proportions, of the rest of this stupendous building. The *Camara de Audiencia* is preserved as it existed when Don Joao inhabited the palace; and it is the only apartment by which the traveller can judge of the effect of the whole when it was the residence of a wealthy court.

The library is three hundred feet in length, the pavement of white and red marble, the roof stuccoed, and the bookcases of the richest woods. It contains 30,000 volumes. The belfrey and clocks are perhaps the most curious portion of the building. The machinery of the latter resembles rather that of a Birmingham manufactory than that of a religious edifice. The immense cylinders covered with spikes, which set the chimes in motion, are deservedly celebrated; the entire weight of metal in each tower is reckoned at upwards of 200 tons. In the southern tower the hands of the clock mark the time in the common way; those in the north in the Roman method, with only six divisions in the circumference. The church surpasses in richness the rest of the edifice.

Close by Mafra are the commencement of the celebrated military lines or defences known as the Torres Vedras. They extended from Alhandra on the Tagus to the mouth of the little River Sizandra, near Torres Vedras. The direct line across the country, between these points, is about twenty-six miles; the line of defence was about forty.

Following the course of these lines to Alhandra and Villa Franca, through a delightful country, we returned by the steamer to Lisbon, much benefited and in no small degree improved by our trip.

A VISIT TO ATHENS.

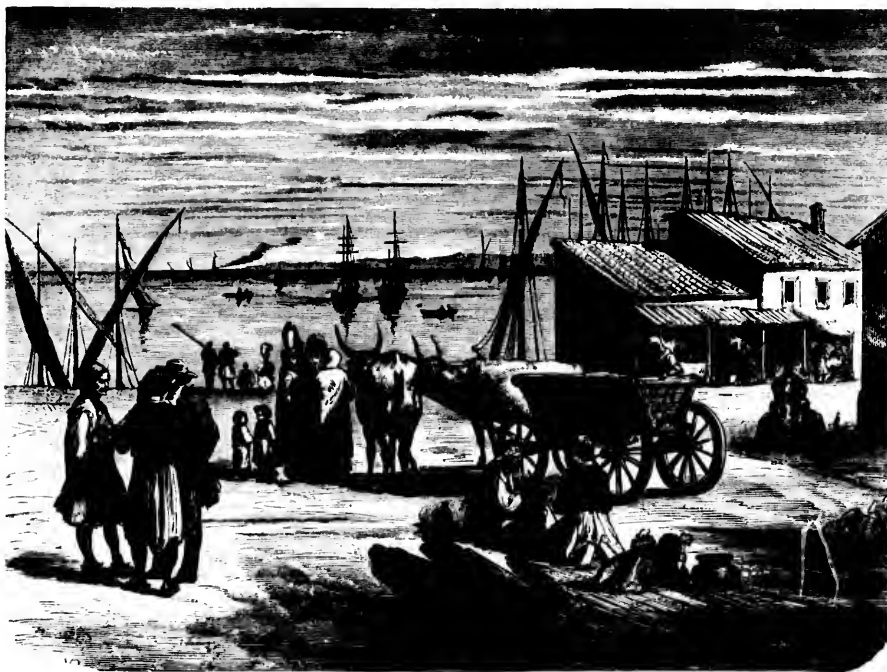
I.

THE PIRÆUS—ACROPOLIS OF MONTICIA—OTHER RELICS OF ANTIQUITY—MODERN ATHENS—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—ATHENS AS IT WAS IN THE TIME OF THE TURKS—ITS FIRST INSURRECTION—TURKS TAKE REFUGE IN THE ACROPOLIS—CAPITULATION AND MASSACRE OF THE TURKS—USURPATION OF ODYSSEUS.

AFTER some months spent in exploring that largest and most beautiful island of the Mediterranean, Sicily, I embarked at Messina for Greece. From Cape Spar-

tivento, where we bade farewell to Italy, it is but twenty-four hours' run to Cape Matapan and the island of Cerigo, where the classic land first presents itself in the shape of gloomy rocks with a naked uncultivated soil. Evening was fast approaching, and simple as the scene was, still the setting sun, which cast a lurid red tint over the cliffs, imparted to them a grandiose aspect, and seemed to reflect in sanguinary hues the reminiscences of years of heroic conflicts.

"A tree!" shouted an Englishman at our elbow, "a



THE PIRÆUS.

tree! I have been 'doing' the East these ten years, and have passed this point twenty times, but never saw that tree before, I must make a note of it." It was a tree, but a sickly and stunted one, left there probably to show that where one thinks everything has crumbled to pieces, a fragment still remains erect.

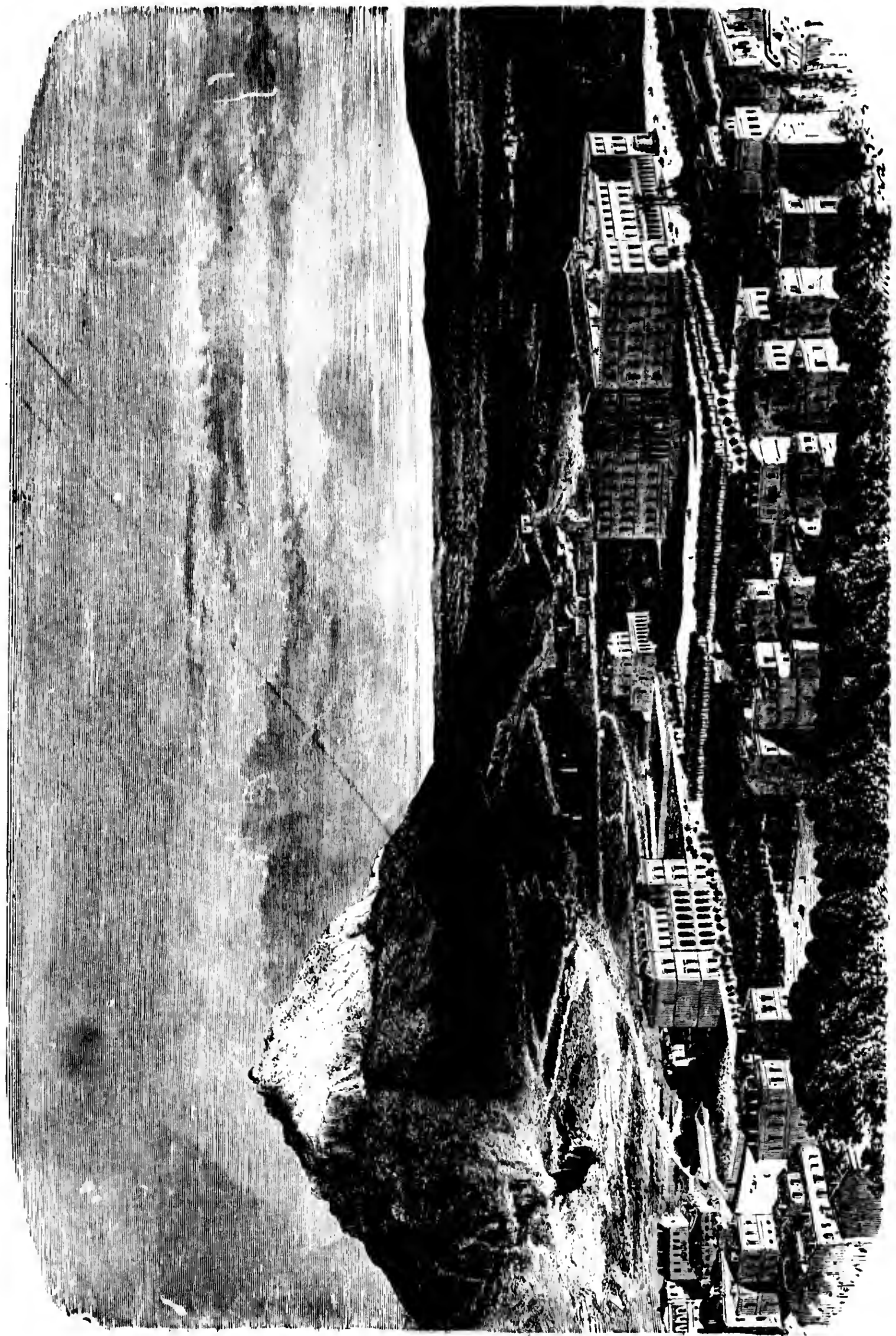
It was not till the evening of the next day that we anchored in the harbour of the Piræus, now Drako or Porto Leone. Most of the passengers hurried off to Athens the same evening, especially our sharp-eyed companion, in the fly-leaf of whose handbook a considerate friend had written, "Beware of the hotels of the Piræus."

Not so with us. The rocky island which became connected with the mainland within historical times, with its Acropolis, temple, theatre and Hippodameian Agora—not to mention its many historical reminiscences—had too many points of interest not to attract us to it for a day at least. The modern part does not present a very inviting aspect (*See above*), and the many little ports of old—Cantharus, Zea, now Stratiotiki, and Munychia, now Fanari—were only fit for triremes, but as time revolves, so things seem sometimes to return to what they once were only in a different shape; and if a turreted two-gun iron-blast can, in our own day, vanquish large men-of-war, why

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ATHENS, FROM THE ACROPOLIS.



may not Greece also be once more as stout of defence as she was when assailed by the fleets of Tyre and Sidon?

The Piræus constitutes a good introduction to Athens; seen first, there is much to admire; visited afterwards, the eye is apt to rove from fragmentary ruins of olden times to the ever-living clear blue ocean, that laves its sides just as it did in the days when it was a demus belonging to the tribe Hippothontis. It was therefore with no small amount of zest that early next morning we started for the Castella, the loftiest of the two heights that tower out of the peninsula, and at whose foot is the smallest of the three small harbours. Leake supposed this to be the site of the Acropolis of Phalerum, but more recent authorities consider it to be the site of that of Piræus or Munychia, and which was surrounded by Themistocles with a strong line of fortifications. So also it has been shown in recent times that whilst Themistocles fortified the Piræus, it was formed into a regular planned town by Pericles, who employed Hippodamus for this purpose. Hippodamus laid out the town with broad straight streets, crossing each other at right angles, which thus formed a striking contrast with the narrow and crooked streets of Athens.

Standing upon a fragment of the fortress, from which Thrasybulus carried on successful operations against Athens, and which had harboured Antipater, Cassander, Demetrius Poliorcetes, Antigonus, Aratus, and a host of great men of antiquity, or it may have been of the temple of Artemis Munychia, the guardian deity of the citadel, we could contemplate below the slope where once stood the Dionysiac theatre, identified, however, by some with the ruins near the harbour of Zea, the position of the broad street that led down to the Hippodameian Agora, the site of the temple of Zeus Soter, the lesser height terminating in the promontory Alcimus, where stood the tomb of Themistocles, and opposite to it, the tongue of Getionia, where the Four Hundred erected a fort B.C. 411.

We notice here only what lay almost at our feet; but a far more comprehensive landscape was in reality embraced from the hill that was last militarily occupied by the Greeks, under General Gordon, in 1827. A level plain, in part covered with olives, stretches hence to Athens. The Acropolis rises magnificently in the background, projected on the horizon with such distinctness in the blue sky of Greece, that all its edifices can be generally discerned, though some miles distant. To the left, the long valley of the Cephissus, terminating in the Phaleric Bay, with Phalerum at the point opposite to the Piræan Promontory, is hemmed in by Mounts Corydallos and Pæcilium, part of the range of Aegæos, on the one side, and by Mounts Anchesmus and Lycabettus, with Athens at their foot, on the other. The smaller valley, which contains the brooks Ilissus and Eridanus, is just discerned as an opening between the two last-named hills and the spurs of Mount Hymettus, celebrated for its honey. Several modern villages and sites of interest are also to be detected, especially with a glass, around and on the flanks of the hills, notoriously Prospalta, the two Agryles, Aæxono, Thymætia, Corydalus, and Hermus. The whole, indeed, of the central plain of Attica, which is inclosed by mountains on every side, except the south, where it is open to the sea, stands like a panorama before the Munychian spectator.

It requires an effort to pass from so comprehensive a scene to the details, to go down and peer out the chæls or noles formed by the prolongation of the walls, and

which, with the towers upon them, once made "closed ports" of the little harbours; to seek for traces of the temple of Aphrodite, near which were the five Stom or columnades, beneath whose protecting shades the merchants of old transacted business, or to endeavour to picture to oneself what the armory of Philo, or the Phreattys, the court of justice for the trial of homicides, may have been. Struck down by Sylla, already in the time of the Amasian geographer, Strabo, the Piræus was nothing but a small village, situate around the ports and the temple of Zeus Soter. It is a little better in the present day, only its *emplacement* has changed.

In this latter respect modern Athens is scarcely happier than the port now called Drako, from the colossal white lion removed to Venice in 1687. Few words have been more abused and misused than that of "dragon." Instead of sheltering their newly-founded city behind the Acropolis towards the sea, the Bavarian dynasty have exposed it to the biting winds of the north; and instead of imitating the respect of Hadrian for the city of Theseus, they have placed their heavy constructions upon the ancient ruins as if to bear them down and crush them for ever.

There is not a palm of land on this plain of Attica that has not its significance. Let the art have come from Egypt, or from Assyria, or from Lesser Asia, still it is there that that sublime expression of intelligence which, more than anything else, indicates the perfection of cultivated minds, attained its apogee; there is its real temple, and it ought to have been respected. It is absurd to oppose the usurpation of old systems by new ones, to condemn the supplanting of things that are gone by by new creations; but in a country where everything had to be inaugurated, what possible necessity was there to plant the new capital upon the very ruins of the old one? The great heavy modern palace of Pentheleic marble that now stands not far from the Acropolis indicates precisely the distance that intervenes between an Hellenic and a Bavarian artist (See p. 681).

The plan upon which modern Athens is built can be best compared to a twelfth cake, cut into four equal portions. The two incisions correspond to the streets of Hermes and Eole; the central ornament is the palace just mentioned, an ornament that cost the nation an enormous sum of money. With the exception of these two cross streets, the rest follow any direction that seems to have best suited them. Still more recently the good taste of the people has induced them to build at a greater distance from the Acropolis, and a new quarter called Neapolis has arisen on the side of Lycabettus, which has the advantage over the other of rectilinear, or at all events continuous streets, and which boasts of at least one respectable modern structure—the University, built by Hanson, a Danish architect.

Of other public buildings, the less that is said of them, in the presence of the monuments of antiquity by which they are surrounded, the better. There is a hospital for the blind, a school for orphans, a seminary, and an Amalion, admirable charitable foundations, but not works of art. Sums of money have been put aside for the erection of an academy, of which the foundations have been laid, as also of a museum; but the restless and susceptible disposition of the modern Greeks, leading them on to incessant political insurrections, is far more fatal to the progress of the country than even the notorious incapacity of the Bavarians. The foun-

stations of a naval school have also been recently laid. Instead of being situated at the once celebrated port, the seat of a naval power which defied the greatest and most extensive state at that time in the world, the site selected for it has been in Athens itself, where, awaiting the creation of a navy, it has been converted into a gymnasium.

If the aspect of modern Athens is little prepossessing in the present day, it can easily be imagined what it was a few years ago, when in the hands of the greedy, bigoted, and tyrannical Turk. The Rev. R. Walsh, chaplain to the British Embassy in the time of Lord Strangford, has left us a brief, but graphic account of the place at that epoch. The city, he says, contains about 1,500 houses, of which 1,000 are inhabited by Greeks. We first traversed these, and perhaps you would wish to have a general idea of their appearance, though it is not easy to describe a town where you see neither streets nor houses. Conceive, then, a mud wall, or one not much better or stronger than that of a parish pound, inclosing an area of about two miles in circumference. Conceive this area to be filled and intersected with long, crooked, narrow, dirty lanes, not half so wide or so clean as those of the worst fishing-town in England; conceive these dark and winding passages, inclosed by high mouldering walls, in which there are gates like prison-doors, hampered with nail-heads, opening in the middle and always fastened by an iron chain, passed across through two large rings on the outside, as if the master, like a gaoler, had taken care to lock up all the prisoners when he went abroad; conceive everything silent and lifeless in these lanes, except at long intervals a savage dog uttering a dismal howl, a solitary Turk loosening or fastening a chain to let himself in or out, or a woman cautiously peeping through a crevice beside the gate; and this will give you a general impression of the present city of Minerva. It is not to be imagined what a contrast exists between its actual state and what you expect to find it. Modern Rome, so sadly degenerated from its former appearance, yet still bears marks and evidences of its pristine grandeur; but Athens is a miserable mass of hovels, among which you scarcely can discern a trace of its ancient glory; the few fragments of it that remain are to be sought outside the city, and for these I refer you to the details of more competent travellers.

No wonder, however, that the fiery spirit of the Greek, however long subdued, should have one day broke forth from so ignoble a bondage, so shameless and oppressive. It was very shortly (only one year) after the above sketch of Athens under the Turks was penned, that the pent-up energies of the Greeks broke out into open insurrection. The population of Athens consisted at that time of 11,000 Greeks and 2,000 Turks, of which latter 500 were well-armed soldiers. The town occupied a semi-circular space, directly under the Acropolis, which rises in a steep precipice above it, and entirely commands it. A wall inclosed the town, running from the face of the precipice till it again met it, and this was furnished with gates, which the Turks carefully closed every night.

Dr. George Finlay, writing of this first outburst in 1821, in his *History of the Greek Revolution*, Vol. I., p. 199, says:

Athens was a town of secondary importance in Greece, fallen as the other towns of Greece then were.

In population it was equal to Livadea; but one half was of the Albanian race, and both the Christian and Mussulman inhabitants were an impoverished community, consisting of torpid landed proprietors and lazy petty traders. Yet Athens enjoyed a milder local administration than most towns in Greece. It formed a fiscal appanage of the Semil. Its ancient fame, and the existing remains of its former splendour, rendered it the resort of travellers, and the residence of foreign consuls, who were men of higher attainments than the commercial consuls in most of the ports of the Ottoman empire.

The Mussulmans of Athens formed about one-fifth of the population. They were an unwarlike and inoffensive race. The Voivode's guard consisted of sixty Mussulman Albanians, who were the only soldiers in the place. The Greeks were not more enterprising or courageous than the Turks.

The first reports of a general insurrection of the Christians caused the Muhammadans to transport their families and their valuable moveables into the Acropolis, and to fill the empty and long-neglected cisterns with water. On the 23rd of April the Turks seized eleven of the principal Christians, and carried them up to the Acropolis as hostages. This act irritated the Athenians, who sent messengers inviting the Albanian villagers of Mount Paros to come to their assistance. On the night of the 6th of May, the people of Menidhi and Khasia, who represent the Acharians of old, though they are Albanian colonists of a recent date, scaled the wall of the town near the site now occupied by the royal stables. About sixty Mussulmans were surprised in the town and slain. Next day the Acropolis was closely blockaded. Hunger and thirst committed great ravages among the besieged as summer advanced, but they held out obstinately, and on the 1st of August, 1821, they were relieved by Omer Vriani.

Omer Vriani had relieved the Acropolis in the autumn of 1821. Before leaving Attica he supplied the garrison with provisions and military stores. But the besieged neglected to take proper precautions for securing a supply of water. They did not clean out their cisterns during the winter, and they trusted to the imperfect inclosure of the Serpentjece for the defence of the only good well they possessed. The winter proved extremely dry. The Greeks drove the Turks from the Serpentjece; so that when the supply of water in the cisterns was exhausted, the garrison was forced to capitulate.

The capitulation was signed on the 21st of June, 1822. The Turks surrendered their arms, and the Greeks engaged to convey them to Asia Minor in neutral ships. The Turks by the treaty were allowed to retain one-half of their money and jewels, and a portion of their movable property. The bishop of Athens, a man of worth and character, who was president of the Areopagus, compelled all the Greek civil and military authorities to swear by the sacred mysteries of the Oriental church that they would observe strictly the articles of the capitulation, and redeem the good faith of the nation stained by the violation of so many treaties.

The Mussulmans in the Acropolis consisted of 1,150 souls, of whom only 180 were men capable of bearing arms, so obstinately had they defended the place. After the surrender of the fortress, the Mussulman families were lodged in extensive buildings within the

ruins of the Stoea of Hadrian, formerly occupied by the Voivode. Three days after the Greeks had sworn to observe the capitulation, they commenced murdering their helpless prisoners. Two ephors, Andreas Kulanogdartes of Patras and Alexander Axiottes of Corfu, had been ordered by the Greek government to hasten the departure of the Turks. They neglected their duty. The Austrian and French consuls, Mr. Gropius and M. Fanvel, on the other hand, did everything in their power to save the prisoners. They wrote to Syria during the negotiations, to request that the first European man-of-war which touched at that port should hasten to the Piræus. Unfortunately, before any ship of war arrived, the news reached Athens that the Ottoman army had forced the pass of Thermopylae. Lekkas, an Attic peasant, whose courage had raised him to the rank of captain, but who remained a rude Albanian boor, excited the Athenian populace to murder their Turkish prisoners, as a proof of their patriotic determination never to lay down their arms. The most disgraceful part of the transaction was, that neither the ephors nor the demogeronts made an effort to prevent the massacre. They perhaps feared the fate of the Moolah of Smyrna. A scene of horror ensued, over which history may draw a veil, while truth obliges the historian to record the fact. The streets of Athens were stained with the blood of four hundred men, women, and children. From sunrise to sunset, during a long summer day, the shrieks of tortured women and children were heard without intermission. Many families were saved by finding shelter in the houses of the European consuls. But the consuls had some difficulty in protecting the fugitives; their flags and their persons were exposed to insult; and the Greeks were threatening to renew the massacre, when two French vessels, a corvette and a schooner, entered the Piræus and saved the survivors. Three hundred and twenty-five persons who had found an asylum in the French consulate were escorted to the Piræus by a party of marines with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. The party was surrounded by Greek soldiers on quitting the town, who brandished their arms and uttered vain menaces against the women and children whom the French protected, while crowds of Athenian citizens followed the soldiers shouting like demoniacs. When this party of prisoners was safely embarked and the French vessels sailed, the Greeks appeared suddenly to become sensible of the baseness of their conduct. Shame operated, and all the Turks who remained in the Austrian and Dutch consulates were allowed to depart unmolested. England, being only represented by a Greek, was helpless on this occasion. Lekkas, who was the first to urge this massacre, was taken prisoner by the Turks visiting Attica as a spy, after the capitulation of the Acropolis in 1827, and was impaled at Negropont.

The misconduct of the central government and the crimes of Odysseus left Eastern Greece in a state of anarchy during the summer of 1822. Even at Athens order was not established, though the social condition of the inhabitants afforded peculiar facilities for organising a regular administration. There were no primates in Attica who exercised an influence like Turkish beys or Christian Turks—no men who, like Zaimis and Loukas in Achaia, could waste the national revenues in maintaining bands of armed followers far from the scene of actual hostilities; nor was there any military influence powerful enough to reduce the pro-

vince to the condition of an armatolik. The Greek population of the city of Athens was unwarlike. The Albanian population of Attica served in several bands under local captains of no great distinction. Many of the native soldiers, both citizens and peasants, were small landed proprietors, who had a direct interest in opposing the introduction of the irregular military system, to which Greece was rapidly tending. They united with the local magistrates and the well-disposed civilians in striving to organise a local militia capable of preserving order. Power was very much divided, and administrative talent utterly wanting. Every man who possessed a little influence aspired at command, and was indifferent to the means by which he might acquire it. Athens, consequently, became a hotbed of intrigue; but it would be a waste of time to characterise the intriguers and to describe their intrigues. Something must nevertheless be told, in order to explain the result of their folly and selfishness. An Athenian citizen employed by the central government to collect the public revenues was murdered by the soldiery, who wished to seize the national resources, and make Attica a capitanklik of armatoli. An Athenian captain gained possession of the Acropolis, and displayed more insolence and tyranny than had been recently exhibited by any Turkish disdar. He was driven from power by another Athenian; but against the authority of his successor constant intrigues were carried on. The shopkeepers of the city at last imagined that, like the Turkish janissaries at Constantinople, they could unite the occupations of hucksters and soldiers, and under this delusion they undertook to garrison the Acropolis themselves, instead of forming a corps of regular troops. As might have been foreseen, each man did what seemed good in his own eyes, anarchy prevailed, and the persons possessing anything to lose sent a deputation to Prince Demetrius Hypsilantes, inviting him to come and take the command of the Acropolis. He arrived at Megara, but the soldiery in the Acropolis refused to receive him as their leader, and in order to secure a powerful patron, they elected Odysseus as their general, and offered to put him in possession of the fortress. He hastened to seize the prize, and hurrying to Athens with only a hundred and fifty men, was admitted into the Acropolis on the 2nd of September, 1822. The authority of Odysseus was recognised by the Athenians as the speediest way of putting an end to a threatening state of anarchy.

Attica was thus lost to those who, from their opinions and interests, were anxious to employ its resources in consolidating civil order and a regular central administration, and was thrown into the scale of the Albanian military system, which soon extended its power over all liberated Greece.

As soon as Odysseus found himself firmly established as captain of Attica, he persuaded the people of Eastern Greece to form a provincial assembly at Athens, where he held the members under his control. This assembly dissolved the Arcopagus, and appointed Odysseus commander-in-chief in Eastern Greece. Without waiting for his confirmation by the central executive, he assumed the administration of the revenues of Attica, and compelled the municipality of Athens to sell the undivided booty surrendered by the Turks at the taking of the Acropolis. This money he employed in paying his followers, and in laying up stores of provisions and ammunition in the Acropolis,

which all parties had hitherto neglected. He subsequently added a strong angular wall to the Acropolis, in order to inclose a well situated below the northern wing of the Propylæa.

But while he was making these prudent arrangements, he also gratified his malicious disposition by a cruel as well as a vigorous use of his power. Three persons were brought before him accused of treasonable correspondence with the Turks. The truth was, that they favoured the government party; but the accusation afforded Odysseus a pretext for revenging private opposition. He remembered the lessons of his old patron, Ali of Joannina. Two of the accused were hung, and the third, who was a priest, was built up in a square pillar of stone and mortar. As the mason constructed the wall which was to suffocate him, the unfortunate man solemnly invoked God to witness that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge.

II

THE EGYPTIANS OCCUPY THE MORÆA—SIEGE OF MESOLONGHI—ATHENS INVITED BY THE TURKS UNDER RESHID PASHA—DEATH OF GOURA—GHIOTTOS THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE ACROPOLIS—KARAIKAKI'S OPERATIONS TO RAISE THE SIEGE—FAVIER REINFORCES THE ACROPOLIS—STATE OF GREECE DURING THE WINTER OF 1826-27.

THE state of his relations with Russia, and the destruction of Ali Pasha's power, was what had enabled Sultan Mahmud to make his first great effort in 1822 for reconquering Greece, and which led among other episodes to the capitulation of Athens and to the usurpation of Odysseus. A new phasis was given to the war by Muhammad Ali of Egypt, engaging to assist the Sultan in 1823, and the landing of Ibrahim Pasha at Modon, February 24th, 1825, with four thousand regular infantry and five hundred cavalry. The first marked feature in the campaign, after the defeat of Kolokotronis, at Makryplagi and at Trikorphas, was the siege of Mesolonghi, celebrated in connection with the heroism of Lord Byron, by the combined Turkish and Egyptian forces, and the fall of which place was followed by the investment of Athens.

As soon as the affairs of Western Greece were settled on a footing that promised at least a temporary security for the restoration of order, Reshid marched into Eastern Greece, occupied the passes over Ceta, Knemis, Parnassus, and Parnes, strengthened the garrison of Thebes, and organised regular communications by land between Larissa and Chalcis in Eubœa. He entered Attica before the crops of 1826 were gathered in.

The exactions of Goura had exceeded those of Odysseus, for Odysseus allowed no extortions but his own, while Goura permitted his mercenaries to glean after the harvest of his own rapacity had been gathered in. A great proportion of the Attic peasantry was driven to despair, and the moment Reshid's forces appeared in the Katadema, or hilly district between Parnes and the channel of Eubœa, they were welcomed as deliverers. On advancing into the plain of Athens, they were openly joined by the warlike inhabitants of Menidhi and Khasia, who vigorously supported Reshid's government as long as he remained in Attica.

The contributions which Goura levied under the pretext of preparing for the defence of Attica were exclusively employed for provisioning the Acropolis,

and in garrisoning that stronghold with four hundred chosen mercenaries in his own pay. These men were selected from those whom the civil war in the Morœa had inured to acts of tyranny, and they were taught to look to Goura and not to the Greek government for pay and promotion. The citizens of Athens were not allowed to form part of the garrison of their own citadel.

The Turks took possession of Sepolia, Patissia, and Anbelokepos without encountering serious opposition. On the 28th of June, Reshid arrived from Thebes, and established his head-quarters at Patissia. His army did not exceed seven thousand men, but his cavalry, which amounted to eight hundred, were in a high state of efficiency, and he had a fine train of artillery, consisting of twenty-six guns and mortars. The siege of Athens was immediately commenced. The hill of the Museion was occupied, and batteries were erected at the little chapel of St. Demetrius, and on the level above the Pnyx.

He soon obtained a brilliant victory over the Greeks. About four thousand armatolis had been concentrated at Eleusis. The Greek chiefs who commanded this army proposed to force their way into the town of Athens, and expected to be able to maintain them selves in the houses. Reshid divined their object, and forestalled them in its execution. On the night of the 14th of August he stormed the town, and drove the Athenians into the Acropolis, into which Goura could not refuse to admit them.

The Greek troops persisted in advancing from Eleusis, though they seem to have formed no definite plan. Their numbers were insufficient to hold out any reasonable probability of their being able to recover possession of Athens. The irregulars amounted to two thousand five hundred under the command of Karaiskaki, the regulars to one thousand five hundred under Favier. The Greek force crossed the mountains by a pathway which leaves the Sacred Way and the monastery of Daphno to the right, and took up a position at a farmhouse with a small tower called Khaidari. Instead of pushing on to the Olive Grove, and stationing themselves among the vineyards, where the Turkish cavalry and artillery would have been useless, they awaited Reshid at Khaidari. On the 20th of August the attack was made, and the Greeks were completely defeated. The two leaders endeavoured to throw the whole blame of the disaster on one another, and they succeeded in convincing everybody who paid any attention to their proceedings that both of them had displayed great want of judgment. Nobody suspected either of them of want of personal energy and daring, but both were notoriously deficient in temper and prudence.

Karaiskaki soon regained his reputation with his own soldiers, by sending a large body on a successful foray to Skontra, where they captured a numerous herd of cattle destined for the use of the Turkish army. Favier withdrew his corps to Salamis.

Reshid bombarded the Acropolis hotly for some time, but seeing that his fire did the besieged little injury, he attempted to take the place by mining. Though he made little progress even with his mines, he persisted in carrying on his operations with his characteristic perseverance.

A body of Greek troops, consisting of Ionians and Romeliotis, made two unsuccessful attempts to relieve the besieged. The summer dragged on without any

thing decisive, when the death of Goura drew public attention to the dangerous position of the garrison and the neglect of the Greek government. The soldiers in the Acropolis manifested a mutinous spirit in consequence of the ineffectual efforts made to relieve them. Many succeeded in deserting during the night, by creeping unobserved through the Turkish lines. To prevent these desertions, Goura passed the night among the soldiers on guard, and in order to secure the assistance of the enemy in preventing the escape of his men, he generally brought on a skirmish which put them on the alert. On the 13th of October, while exchanging shots with the Turkish sentinels, he was shot through the brain. His opponent had watched the flash of the powder in the touch-hole of Goura's rifle.

A cry of indignation at the incapacity and negligence of the members of the Greek government was now raised both in Greece and the Ionian Islands. Greece had still a numerous body of men under arms in continental Greece, yet these troops were inactive spectators of the siege of Athens. General Gordon, who had recently returned to Greece, records the general opinion when he states that these troops were condemned to inaction by the bickerings of their leaders. Some attempts were at last made to interrupt Reshid's operations. Fabvier advanced into Bœotia with the intention of storming Thebes, but being deserted by his soldiers, he was compelled to fall back without intercepting anything. Reshid, who was well informed of every movement made by the Greeks through the Attic peasants who acted as his scouts, sent forward a body of cavalry, which very nearly succeeded in occupying the passes of Cithæron, and cutting off Fabvier's retreat to Megara. On his return, Fabvier was left by the Greek government without provisions; and attempts being made in the name of Karaïskaki and Niketas, perhaps without their authority, to induce his men to desert, he found himself obliged to withdraw the regular corps to Methana in order to prevent its dissolution.

Karaïskaki advanced a second time to Khafdari. This movement enabled Grigiottes to land unobserved in the Bay of Phalerum, near the mouth of the Cephissus, and to march up to the Acropolis, into which he introduced himself and four hundred and fifty men without loss.

As Athens was now safe for some time, Karaïskaki moved off to Mount Helicon, where a few of the inhabitants still remained faithful to their country's cause. He expected to succeed in capturing some of the Turkish magazines in Bœotia, and in intercepting the supplies which Reshid drew from Thessaly by the way of Zeituni.

The Acropolis was now garrisoned by about one thousand soldiers, but it was enfeebled by the presence of upwards of four hundred women and children. The supply of wheat and barley was abundant, but the clothes of the soldiers were in rags, and there was no fuel to bake bread. Reshid, who determined to prosecute the siege during the winter, made arrangements for keeping his troops well supplied with provisions and military stores, and for defending the posts which protected his communication with Thessaly.

The Turks neglected to keep a naval squadron in the channel of Eubœa, though it would always have found safe harbours at Negrepont and Volo. The Greeks were therefore enabled to transport a large

force to attack any point in the rear of Reshid's army. It was in their power to cut off all the supplies he received by sea, and, by occupying some defensible station in the northern channel of Eubœa, to establish communications with Karaïskaki's troops on Mount Helicon, and form a line of posts from this defensible station to another of a similar kind on the Gulf of Corinth. Talanta and Dobrens were the stations indicated; but instead of attempting to aid the army, the Greek navy either remained idle or engaged in piracy. Faction also prevented a great part of the Greek army from taking the field, and the assistance which the Philhellenic committee in Paris transmitted to Greece was employed by its agent, Dr. Bailly, in feeding Kolokotronis's soldiers, who remained idle in the Morea, without marching either against the Egyptians or the Turks. Konduriottes and Kolokotronis, formerly the deadliest enemies, being now both excluded from a place in the executive government, were banded together in a most unpatriotic and dishonourable opposition to a weak but not ill disposed government, composed of nearly a dozen members, many of whom were utterly unfit for political employment of any kind. Some feeble attempts were made to organise attacks on Reshid's rear, but each leader was allowed to form an independent scheme of operations, and to abandon his enterprise when it suited his convenience.

The command of one expedition was intrusted to Kolettes, a man destitute both of physical and moral courage, though he looked a very truculent personage, and nourished a boundless ambition. The feeble government was anxious to prevent his allying himself with Konduriottes and Kolokotronis, and to effect that object he was placed at the head of a body of troops destined to destroy the magazines of the Turks in the northern channel of Eubœa. Nobody expected much from a military undertaking commanded by Kolettes, but the selfish members of the executive body, as usual, consulted their personal and party interests, and not their country's advantage, in making the nomination.

Kolettes collected the Olympian armatoli who had been living at free quarters in Skiathos, Skopelos, and Skyros for two years. The agents of the French Philhellenic committees supplied the expedition with provisions and military stores, and Kalerky, a wealthy Greek in Russia, paid a considerable sum of money into its military chest. Kolettes' troops landed near Talanti in order to gain possession of the magazines in that town, but the Turks, though much inferior in number, defeated them on the 20th November, 1826. The armatoli escaped in the ships, and Kolettes abandoned his military career, and returned to the more congenial occupation of seeking importance by intriguing at Nauplia.

Karaïskaki about the same time began active operations at the head of three thousand of the best troops in Greece. Though he was compelled to render all his movements subordinate to the manner in which his troops could be supplied with provisions, he displayed both activity and judgment. His object was to throw his whole force on the rear of Reshid's army, master his line of communications, and destroy his magazines. The diversion, which it was expected would be made by Kolette's expedition, would enable Karaïskaki's troops to draw supplies of provisions and ammunition from the channel of Eubœa through Eastern Locria, as

well as from Megara and the Gulf of Corinth. The victory of the Turks at Talanti occurring before the Greek troops had entered Phocis, Karaïskaki determined to cut off the retreat of Mustapha Bey, who had defeated Kolettes, and proposed falling back on Salona. Both Turks and Greeks were endeavouring to be first in gaining possession of the passes between Mounts Cirphis and Parnassus. Karaïskaki sent forward his advanced guard with all speed to occupy Arachova, and his men had hardly established themselves in the village before they were attacked by a corps of fifteen hundred Mussulman Albanians. Mustapha Bey had united his force with that of Elmas Bey, whom Reshid had ordered to occupy Arachova and Budunitza, in order to secure his communications with Zeituni.

The beys endeavoured to drive the advanced guard of the Greeks out of Arachova before the main body could arrive from Dystomo to its support, but their attacks were repulsed with loss. When Karaïskaki heard of the enemy's movements, he took his measures with promptitude and judgment. He occupied the Triodos with a strong body of men, to prevent the Albanians falling back on Livaden; and he sent another strong body over Mount Cirphis to take possession of Delphi, and prevent them from marching on to Salona. While the beys lingered in the hope of destroying the advanced guard of the Greeks, they found themselves blockaded by a superior force. They were attacked, and lost the greater part of their baggage and provisions in the engagement. During the night after their defeat they made a bold attempt to escape to Salona by climbing the precipices of Parnassus, which the Greeks left unguarded. The darkness and their experience in ambuscades enabled them to move off from the vicinity of Arachova unobserved, but a heavy fall of snow surprised them as they were seeking paths up the rocks. At sunrise the Greeks followed them. Escape was impossible, for the only tracks over the precipices which the fugitives were endeavouring to ascend, were paths along which the shepherd follows his goats with difficulty, even in summer. They were all destroyed on the 6th of December. Their defence was valiant, but hopeless; quarter was neither asked nor given. Many were frozen to death, but three hundred, protected by the veil of falling snow, succeeded in climbing the precipices and reaching Salona. The heads of four beys were sent to Egina as a token of victory.

Karaïskaki was unable to follow up this success; want of provisions, more than the severity of the weather, kept his troops inactive. Reshid profited by this inaction to strengthen his posts at Livaden and Budunitza. Part of the Greek troops at last moved northward to plunder his convoys, while the rest spread over the whole country to obtain the means of subsistence which the Greek government neglected to supply. The Turks entrenched themselves at Daulis. Omer Pasha of Negrepont at last attacked the Greek camp at Dystomo, and this attack compelled Karaïskaki to return and recall the greater part of his troops. After many skirmishes the Turks made a general attack on the Greeks at Dystomo on the 12th of February, 1827, which terminated in their defeat. But the country was now so completely exhausted that Karaïskaki was compelled to abandon his camp and fall back on Megara and Eleusis, where the presence of his army was deemed necessary to co-operate in a direct attack on Reshid's forces before Athens.

After Goura's death, several officers in the Acropolis pretended to equal authority. Grigiottes was the chief who possessed most personal influence. All measures were discussed in a council of chiefs, and instability of purpose was as much a characteristic of this small assembly of military leaders as it was of the Athenian Demos of old. One of the chiefs, Makriyannes, who distinguished himself greatly when Ibrahim attacked the mills at Leria, was charged to pass the Turkish lines, in order to inform the Greek government that the supply of powder was exhausted, and that the garrison was so disheartened that succour must be sent without delay. Makriyannes quitted the Acropolis on the 29th November, 1826, and reached Egina in safety. His appearance awakened the deepest interest. He had distinguished himself in many sorties during the siege, and he was then suffering from the wounds he had received. His frank and loyal character inspired general confidence. The members of the executive government again felt the necessity of immediate action.

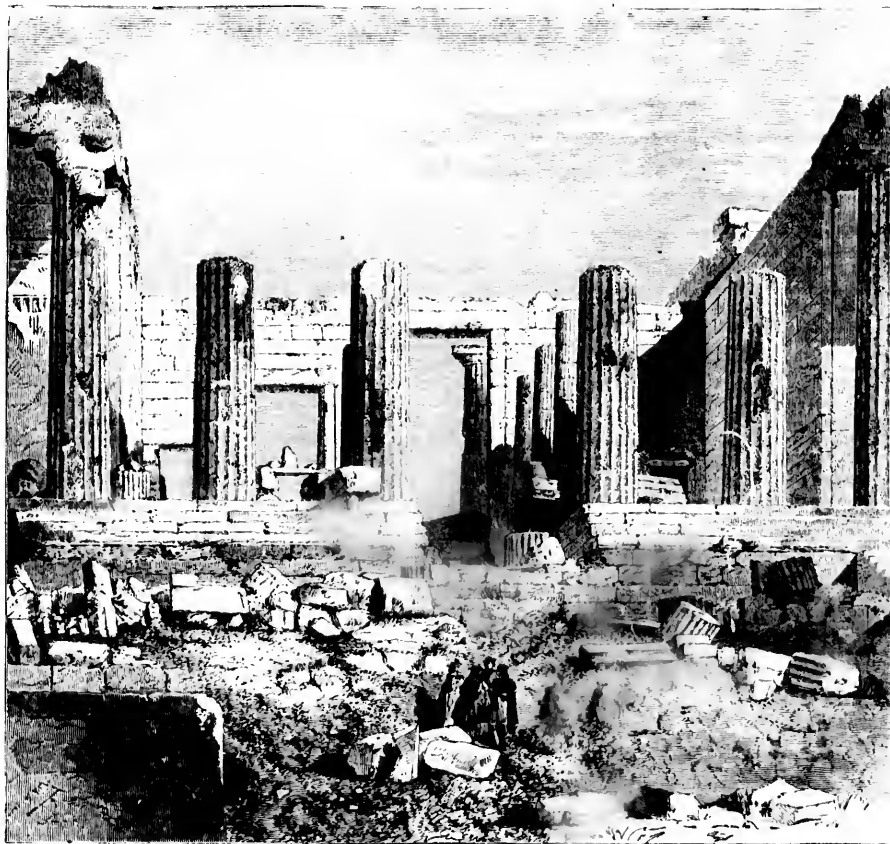
Colonel Fabvier, who had brought the regular corps into some state of efficiency at Methana, was the only officer in Greece at this time capable of taking the field with a force on which the government could place any reliance. He was not personally a favourite with the members of the executive body. They feared and distrusted him, and he despised and distrusted them. Fortunately the news of Karaïskaki's victory at Arachova rendered him extremely eager for immediate action. The fame of his rival irritated his jealous disposition and excited his emulation. He therefore accepted the offer to command an expedition for the relief of Athens with pleasure, and prepared to carry succour to the Acropolis with his usual promptitude, and more than his usual prudence.

Fabvier landed with six hundred and fifty chosen men of the regular corps in the Bay of Phalerum, about midnight on the 12th December, 1826. Each man carried on his back a leather sack filled with gunpowder. The whole body reached the Turkish lines in good order and without being observed. They were formed in column on the road which leads from Athens to the Phalerum, a little below its junction with the road to Sunium, and rushed on the Turkish guard with fixed bayonets, while the drums sounded a loud signal to the garrison of the Acropolis to divert the attention of the besiegers by a desperate sortie. Fabvier cleared all before him, leading on his troops rapidly and silently over the space that separated the enemy's lines from the theatre of Herodes Atticus, under a shower of grape and musket balls. To prevent his men from delaying their march, and exchanging shots with the Turks, Fabvier had ordered all the flints to be taken out of their muskets. A bright moon enabled the troops of Reshid to take aim at the Greeks, but the rapidity of Fabvier's movements carried his whole body within the walls of the Acropolis, with the loss of only six killed and fourteen wounded. In such enterprises, where the valour of the soldier and the activity of the leader were the only qualities wanted to insure success, Fabvier's personal conduct shone to the greatest advantage. His shortcomings were most manifest when patience and prudence were the qualities required in the general.

His men carried nothing with them into the Acropolis but their arms, and the powder on their backs. Even their greatcoats were left behind, for Fabvier

proposed returning to the vessels which brought him on the ensuing night. The garrison of the Acropolis was sufficiently strong, and any addition to its numbers would only add to the difficulties of its defence by increasing the number of killed and wounded, and exhausting the provisions. Unfortunately most of the chiefs of the irregular troops wished to quit the place and leave the regular troops in their place, and they took effectual measures to prevent Fabvier's departure by skirmishing with the Turks, and putting them on

the alert, whenever he made an attempt to pass their lines. It is also asserted with confidence, by persons who had the best means of knowing the truth, and whose honour and sagacity are unimpeachable, that secret orders were transmitted from the executive government at Egina to Grigiottes, to prevent Fabvier from returning to Methana. This unprincipled conduct of the Greek government and the military chiefs in the Acropolis caused great calamities to Greece, for Fabvier's presence hastened the fall of Athens, both by



THE PROPYLAEA.

increasing the sufferings of the garrison, and by his eagerness to quit a fortress where he could gain no honour. After the nomination of Sir Richard Church as generalissimo of the Greek troops, Fabvier's impatience to quit the Acropolis and resume his separate command at Methana was immoderate; and Gordon asserts that, had only Greeks been in the Acropolis, it might have held out until the battle of Navarin saved Greece.

Greece fell into the chronic state of political anarchy

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during the latter part of the year 1826, which perpetuated the social demoralisation that continued visibly to influence her history during the remainder of her struggle for independence. The executive body, which retired from Nauplia to Egina in the month of November, was the legal government; but its members were numerous, selfish, and incapable, and far more intent on injuring their rivals in the Peloponnesus, who established a hostile executive at Kastri (Hermione), than on injuring the Turks who were besieging Athens.

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Kolokotronis, who was the leader of the faction at Kastris, formed a coalition with his former enemy, Konduriottes, and this unprincipled alliance endeavoured to weaken the influence of the government at Egina, by preventing Greece from profiting by the mediation which Great Britain now proposed as the most effectual means of saving the Greek people from ruin, and the inhabitants of many provinces from extermination.

The treaty of Akerman, concluded between Russia and Turkey on the 6th of October, 1826, put an end to the hopes which the Greeks long cherished of seeing Russia ultimately engaged in war with the Sultan. But this event rather revived than depressed the Russian party in Greece, whose leading members believed that the emperor would now interfere actively in thwarting the influence of England. At the same time, the agents of the French Philhellenic committees displayed a malevolent hostility to British policy, and seized every opportunity of encouraging faction, by distributing supplies to the troops of Kolokotronis, who remained idle, and withholding them from those of Karaiskaki, who were carrying on war against the Turks in the field.

The active strength both of the army and navy in Greece began to diminish rapidly about this time. The people in general lost all confidence in the talents and the honesty both of their military and political leaders. The bravest and most patriotic chiefs had fallen in battle. Two names, however, still shed a bright light through the mist of selfishness, Kanaris and Miaoulis, and these two naval heroes belonged to adverse parties and different nationalities. The Greek navy was unemployed. A small part of the army was in the field against the Turks; the greater part was engaged in collecting the national revenues, or extorting their subsistence from the unfortunate peasantry. The shipowners and sailors, who could no longer find profitable employment by serving against the Turks, engaged in an extensive and organised system of piracy against the ships of every Christian power, which was carried on with a degree of cruelty never exceeded in the annals of crime. The peasantry alone remained true to the cause of the nation, but they could do little more than display their perseverance by patient suffering, and never did a people suffer with greater constancy and fortitude. Many died of hunger rather than submit to the Turks, particularly in the Morea, where they feared lest Ibrahim should transport their families to Egypt, educate their boys as Muhammadans, and sell their girls into Mussulman harems.

The Philhellenic committees of Switzerland, France, and Germany redoubled their activity when the proceeds of the English loans were exhausted. Large supplies of provisions were sent to Greece, and assisted in maintaining the troops who took the field against the Turks, and in preventing many families in different parts of the country from perishing by starvation. The presence of several foreigners prevented the executive government at Egina from diverting these supplies to serve the ambitious schemes of its members, as shamelessly as Konduriottes' government had disposed of the English loans, or as Kolokotronis' faction at this very time employed such supplies as it could obtain. Colonel Heideck, who acted as the agent of the King of Bavaria; Dr. Goss of Geneva, who represented the Swiss committees, and Mr. Eynard; Count Porro, a noble Milanese exile; and Mr. Koering, an expo-

rienced German administrator, set the Greeks an example of prudence and of good conduct by acting always in concord.

Two Philhellenes, General Gordon and Captain Frank Abney Hastings, had also some influence in preventing the executive government at Egina from completely neglecting the defence of Athens.

General Gordon returned to Greece at the invitation of the government with £15,000, saved from the proceeds of the second loan, which was placed at his absolute disposal. He was intimately acquainted with the military character and resources of both the belligerents. He spoke both Greek and Turkish with ease, and could even carry on a correspondence in the Turkish language. His *History of the Greek Revolution* is a work of such accuracy in detail, that it has served as one of the sources from which the principal Greek historian of the Revolution has compiled his narrative of most military operations. Gordon was firm and sagacious, but he did not possess the activity and decision of character necessary to obtain commanding influence in council, or to initiate daring measures in the field.

Captain Hastings was probably the best foreign officer who embarked in the Greek cause. Though calm and patient in council, he was extremely rapid and bold in action. He brought to Greece the first steam-ship, which was armed with heavy guns for the use of shells and hot shot; and he was the first officer who habitually made use of these engines of war at sea. At this time he had brought his ship, the *Karteria*, into a high state of discipline.

Mr. Gropius, the Austrian consul at Athens, who then resided at Egina, was also frequently consulted by individual members of the executive body. His long residence in the East had rendered him well acquainted with the character and views of the Greeks and Turks, but his long absence from Western Europe had prevented him from acquiring any profound political and administrative views.

Mavrocordatos and Tricoupi were generally the medium through which the opinions of the foreigners who have been mentioned were transmitted to the majority of the members of the executive body. Mavrocordatos possessed more administrative capacity than any of his countrymen connected with the government at Egina; but the errors into which he was led by his personal ambition and his phanariot education had greatly diminished his influence. Tricoupi was a man of eloquence, but of a commonplace mind, and destitute of the very elements of administrative knowledge. These two men served their country well at this time, by conveying to the government an echo of the reproaches which were loudly uttered, both at home and abroad, against its neglect; and they assisted in persuading it to devote all the resources it

¹ This singular man came to Greece with Dr. Goss, who assisted him in escaping from the Continent on receiving his word of honour that he was not flying from any fear of criminal law; yet even Dr. Goss never knew his real name. He was of great use to Dr. Goss in organising the manner of distributing the stores sent by the various committees, and he displayed a degree of administrative experience, and an acquaintance with governmental business, which could hardly have been acquired by service in an inferior position. To wealth or rank, even to the ordinary comforts of life, he seemed to have resigned all claim. Though of some use to Capodistrias, he was neglected by that statesman, who feared him as a liberal; and he died of fever during the president's administration.

could con-vent to new operations for the relief of Athens.

It has been already observed, that the simplest way of raising the siege of Athens was by interrupting Reshid's communications with his magazines in Thesaly. The Greeks could easily bring more men into the field than Reshid, and during the winter months they commanded the sea. An intelligent government, with an able general, might have compelled the army before Athens to have disbanded, or surrendered at discretion, even without a battle; for with six thousand men on Mount Parnassus, and a few ships in the northern and southern channels of Eubœa, no supplies, either of ammunition or provision, could have reached Reshid's army. The besiegers of Athens might also have been closely blockaded by a line of posts, extending from Megara to Eleutheræ, Phyle, Decelleia, and Rhannus. This plan was rejected, and a number of desultory operations were undertaken, with the hope of obtaining the desired result more speedily.

The first of these ill judged expeditions was placed under the command of General Gordon. Two thousand three hundred men and fifteen guns were landed on the night of the 5th February, 1827, and took possession of the hill of Munychia. Thrasybulus had delivered Athens from the thirty tyrants by occupying this position, and the modern Greeks have a peculiar love for classical imitation. In spite of this advantage, Reshid secured the command of the Piræus by preventing the Greeks from getting possession of the monastery of St. Spiridion, and thus rendered the permanent occupation of Munychia utterly useless.

While Gordon was engaged in fortifying the desert rock on which he had perched his men, the attention of the Turks was drawn off by another body of Greeks. Colonel Burbaki, a Cephaloniot, who had distinguished himself as a cavalry officer in the French service, offered to head a diversion, for the purpose of enabling Gordon to complete his defences. Burbaki descended from the hills that bound the plain of Athens to the west, and advanced to Kumatéro near Menidi. He was accompanied by eight hundred irregulars; and Vassos and Panayotaki Notaras, who were each at the head of a thousand men, were ordered to support him, and promised to do so. Burbaki was brave and enthusiastic; Vassos and Notaras selfish, and without military capacity. Burbaki pushed forward rashly into the plain, and before he could take up a defensive position in the olive grove, he was attacked by Reshid Pasha in person at the head of an overwhelming force. Burbaki's men behaved well, and five hundred fell with their gallant leader. The two chiefs, who ought to have supported him with two thousand men, never came into action: they and their followers fled in the most dastardly manner, abandoning all their provisions to the Turks.

After this victory Reshid marched to the Piræus, hoping to drive Gordon into the sea. On the 11th of February he attacked the hill of Munychia. His troops advanced boldly to the assault, supported by the fire of four long five-inch howitzers. The attack was skillfully conducted. About three thousand men, scattered in loose order round the base of the hill, climbed its sides, covered by the steep declivities which sheltered them from the fire of the Greeks who crowned the summit. Several gallant attempts were made to reach the Greek intrenchments; but as soon as the Turks issued from their cover, they were received with

such a fire of musketry and grape that they fled back to some sheltered position. A diversion was made by Captain Hastings, which put an end to the combat. He entered the Piræus with the *Karteria* under steam, and opened a fire of grape from his 68-pounders on the Turkish reserves and artillery. The troops fled, one of the enemy's guns was dismounted, and the others only escaped by getting under cover of the monastery. The Turkish artillerymen, however, nothing daunted, contrived to run out one of the howitzers under the protection of an angle of the building, and opened a well-directed fire of five-inch shells on the *Karteria*. Every boat belonging to the ship was struck, and several shells exploded on board, so that Hastings, unable to remain in the Piræus without exposing his ship to serious danger, escaped out of the port. His diversion proved completely successful, for Reshid did not attempt to renew the attack on Gordon's positions.

Reshid had some reason to boast of his success; and in order to give the Sultan a correct idea of the difficulties with which he was contending, he sent to Constantinople the 68-lb. shot of the *Karteria* which had dismounted his gun, and a bag of the white biscuits from Ancona, which were distributed as rations to the Greek-troops. At the same time he forwarded to the Porte the head of the gallant Burbaki and the cavalry helmet he wore.

III.

EXPEDITIONS UNDER GORDON, BURBAKI AND HEIDECK—GENERAL SIR RICHARD CHURCH—LORD COCHANE (EARL OF DUNDONALD)—ELECTION OF CAPODISTRIAS AS PRESIDENT OF GREECE—NAVAL EXPEDITION UNDER CAPTAIN HASTINGS—OPERATIONS OF CHURCH AND COCHANE TO RELIEVE ATHENS—EVACUATION OF THE ACRAPOLIS AND FALL OF THE CITY.

THE failure of the double attack on Reshid's front persuaded the Greek government to recommence operations against his rear. General Heideck was appointed to command an enterprise similar to that in which Kolettis had failed in the disgraceful manner previously recounted. But Oropos was selected as the point of attack instead of Talanti. Oropos was the principal magazine for the supplies which the army besieging Athens received by sea. These supplies were conveyed to Negrepont by the northern channel, and sent on to Oropos in small transports. Heideck sailed from the Bay of Phaleron with five hundred men. The naval force, consisting of the *Hellas* frigate, the steam corvette *Karteria*, and the brig *Nelson*, was commanded by Miaoulis. On arriving at Oropos, the *Hellas* anchored about a mile from the Turkish battery; and Hastings, with the *Karteria*, steamed to within musket-shot of the Turkish guns, silenced them with a shower of grape, and took possession of two transports laden with flour. One of the carcass-shells of the *Karteria*'s 68 pounders set fire to the fascines of the Turkish battery, destroyed the carriage of a gun, and exploded the powder-magazine. The evening was already dark, but Miaoulis urged Heideck to land the troops immediately and storm the enemy's position, or at least endeavour to burn down his magazines, while his attention was distracted by the fire in his battery. Heideck declined to make the attempt on account of the darkness, which the admiral thought favoured his attack. Next day the Greek troops landed in a disorderly manner, nor did Heideck

himself put his foot on shore, or visit the *Karteria* which remained at anchor close to the enemy's battery. The Turks, however, contrived to remove a gun, which they placed so as to defend their position from any attack on the side where the Greeks had landed. Nothing was done until, a body of cavalry arriving from Reshid's camp, Heideck ordered his men to be re-embarked, and sent them back to the camp at Munychia.

The conduct of Heideck on this occasion fixed a stain on his military reputation which was extremely injurious to his future influence in Greece. It furnished a parallel to the generalship of Kolettis, and encouraged the enemies of military science to express their contempt for the pedantry of tactics, and to proclaim that the maxims and rules of European warfare were not applicable to the war in Greece. It was in vain to point out to the Greeks, immediately after this unfortunate exhibition of military incapacity, that it was by gradually adopting some of the improvements of military science, and establishing some discipline, that the Turks were steadily acquiring the superiority both by sea and land.

Immediately after Heideck's failure, the affairs of Greece assumed a new aspect by the arrival of Sir Richard Church and Lord Cochrane.

Sir Richard Church had commanded a Greek battalion in the British army, but had not risen to a higher rank than lieutenant-colonel in the service. After the peace he had entered the Neapolitan service, where he attained the rank of lieutenant-general. He now came to Greece, at the invitation of the Greek government, to assume the command of the army. His popularity was great among the military chiefs who connected his name with the high pay and liberal rations which both officers and men had received while serving in the Anglo-Greek battalion.

The prominent political as well as military position which Sir Richard Church has occupied for many years in Greece, and the influence which his personal views have exercised on the public affairs of the country, render it necessary for the historian to scrutinise his conduct more than once, both as a statesman and a general, during his long career. The physical qualities of military men exert no trifling influence over their acts. Church was of a small, well-made, active frame, and of a healthy constitution. His manner was agreeable and easy, with the polish of great social experience. The goodness of his disposition was admitted by his enemies, but the strength of his mind was not the quality of which his friends boasted. In Greece he committed the common error of assuming a high position without possessing the means of performing its duties: and it may be questioned whether he possessed the talents necessary for performing the duties well, had it been in his power to perform them at all. As a military man, his career in Greece was a signal failure. His plans of operations never led to any successful result; and on the only occasion which was afforded him of conducting an enterprise on a considerable scale, they led to the greatest disaster that ever happened to the Greek army. His camps were as disorderly as those of the rudest chieftain, and the troops under his immediate command looked more like a casual assemblage of armed mountaineers than a body of veteran soldiers.

Shortly after his arrival, Sir Richard Church obtained from a national assembly the empty title of

Archistrategos, or Generalissimo; and often, to win over independent chiefs to recognise this verbal rank, he sacrificed both his own personal dignity and the character of the office which he aspired to exercise. He succeeded in attaching several chiefs to his person, but he did so by tolerating abuses by which they profited, and which tended to increase the disorganisation of the Greek military system.

As a councillor of state, the career of Church was not more successful than as a general. His name was not connected with any wise measure or useful reform. Even as a statesman he clung to the abuses of the revolutionary system, which he had supported as a soldier.

Both Church and the Greeks misunderstood one another. The Greeks expected Church to prove a Wellington, with a military chest well supplied from the British treasury. Church expected the irregulars of Greece to execute his strategy like regiments of guards. Experience might have taught him another lesson. When he led his Greek battalion to storm Santa Maura, his men left him wounded in the breach; and had an English company not carried the place, there he might have lain until the French could take him prisoner. The conduct of the Greek regiments had been often disorderly; they had mutinied at Malta, and behaved ill at Messina. The military chiefs who welcomed him to Greece never intended to allow him to form a regular army, if such had been his desire. They believed that his supposed influence with the British Government would obtain a new loan for Greece, and for them high pay and fresh sources of peculation.

Sir Richard Church arrived at Porto Kheli, near Kastrì, on the 9th of March, and was warmly welcomed by Kolokotronis and his faction. After a short stay he proceeded to Egina, where he found the members of the executive dissatisfied with his having first visited their rivals.

Lord Cochrane (Earl of Dundonald) arrived at Hydra on the 17th March. He had been wandering about the Mediterranean in a fine English yacht, purchased for him out of the proceeds of the loan in order to accelerate his arrival in Greece, ever since the month of June, 1826.

Cochrane was a contrast to Church in appearance, mind, character, and political opinions. He was tall and commanding in person, lively and winning in manner, prompt in counsel, and daring but cool in action. Endowed by nature both with strength of character and military genius, versed in naval science both by study and experience, and acquainted with seamen and their habits and thoughts in every clime and country, nothing but an untimely restlessness of disposition, and a too strongly expressed contempt for mediocrity and conventional rules, prevented his becoming one of Britain's naval heroes. Unfortunately, accident, and his eagerness to gain some desired object, engaged him more than once in enterprises where money rather than honour appeared to be the end he sought.

Cochrane, with the eye of genius, looked into the thoughts of the Greeks with whom he came into close contact, and his mind quickly embraced the facts that marked the true state of the country, and revealed the extent of its resources. To the leading members of the executive body he hinted that the rulers of Greece ought to possess more activity and talent for government than they had displayed. To the factious op-

position at Kastri he used stronger language. He recommended them, with bitter irony, to read the first philippic of Demosthenes in their assembly. His opinions and his discourse were soon well known, for they embodied the feelings of every patriot, and echoed the voice of the nation. His influence became suddenly unbounded, and faction for a moment was silenced. All parties agreed to think only of the nation's interests. The executive body removed from Egina to Poros, and a congress was held at Damala, called the National Assembly of Troezen.

The first meetings of the national assembly of Troezen were tumultuous. Captain Hamilton fortunately arrived at Poros with his frigate the *Cambrian*. His influence with Mavrocordatos and the executive, the influence of Church with Kolokotrones and the Kastri faction, and the authority of Lord Cochrane over all parties, prevented an open rupture. Matters were compromised by the election of Count Capodistrias to be president of Greece for seven years. Lord Cochrane was appointed arch-admiral, and Sir Richard Church arch-general. As the national assembly could



TEMPLE OF WINGLESS VICTORY.

not invest them with ordinary power, it gave them extraordinary titles. As very often happens in political compromises, prospective good government was secured by the resolution to remain for a time without anything more than the semblance of a government. A commission of three persons was appointed to conduct the executive until the arrival of Capodistrias; and three men of no political talent and no party influence, but not behind any of their predecessors in corruption and misgovernment, were selected.

The election of Capodistrias was proposed by Kolo-

katrones and the Russian party, in order to counterbalance the influence which England then exercised in Greece in consequence of the enlightened zeal which Captain Hamilton displayed in favour of Greek independence, and the liberal policy supported by Canning. A few men among the political leaders, whose incapacity and selfishness had rendered a free government impracticable, endeavoured to prevent the election of Capodistrias without success. Captain Hamilton observed a perfect neutrality, and would not authorise any opposition by an English party. Go-

don's description of the scene on the day of the election is correct and graphic. He says the Anglo-Greeks hung down their heads, and the deputies of Hydra, Sjetzas, and Psara walked up the hill to Damala with the air of criminals marching to execution.

It has been said already that the Turkish army before Athens drew the greater part of its supplies from Thessaly. These supplies were shipped at Volo during the winter, and forwarded by sea to Negrepoint and Oropos. It was at last decided that an expedition should be sent to destroy the Turkish magazines and transports at Volo, and the command of the expedition was given to Captain Hastings. He sailed from Poros with a small squadron to perform this service.

The Gulf of Volo resembles a large lake, and few lakes surpass it in picturesque beauty and historical associations. Mount Pelion rises boldly from the water on its eastern side. The slopes of the mountain are studded with many villages, whose white dwellings, imbedded in luxuriant foliage, reflected the western sun as the Greek squadron sailed up the gulf on the afternoon of the 20th April, 1827.

The fort of Volo lies at the northern extremity of the gulf, where a bay, extending from the ruins of Demetrius to those of Pagasæ, forms a good port. At the point near Pagasæ, on the western side of the bay, the Turks had constructed a battery with five guns. These guns crossed their fire with those of the fort, and commanded the whole anchorage. Eight transports were moored as close to the fort as possible. The *Karteria* anchored before the fort at half-past four in the afternoon, while the corvette and brig anchored before the five-gun battery. The Turks were soon driven from their guns. A few rounds of grape from the *Karteria* compelled them to abandon the transports, which were immediately taken possession of by the Greeks. Five of these vessels, which were heavily laden, were towed out of the port, but two, not having their sails on board, were burned; and the eighth, which the Turks contrived to run aground within musket-shot of their walls, was destroyed by shells. About nine o'clock a light breeze from the land enabled the Greek squadron to carry off its prizes in triumph.

After carefully examining every creek, Hastings quitted the Gulf of Volo on the 22nd. On entering the Northern channel of Eubœa he discovered a large brig-of-war and three schooners in a bight near the sea of Tricheri. This brig mounted fourteen long 24-pounders and two mortars. It was made fast head and stern to the rocks, and planks were laid from its deck to the shore. A battery of three guns was constructed close to the bows, and several other batteries were placed in different positions among the surrounding rocks, so that the brig was defended not only by her own broadside and four hundred Albanian marksmen, but also by twelve guns well placed on shore. Hastings attempted to capture it by boarding during the night. The Greek boats moved silently with muffled oars, but when they had approached nearly within musket-shot, heaps of faggots blazed up at different places, casting long streams of light over the water, while at the same time a heavy fire of round shot and grape proved the strength and watchfulness of the enemy. Fortunately the Turks opened their fire rather too soon, and Hastings was enabled to regain the *Karteria* without loss.

On the following day the attack was renewed from a

distance in order to destroy the brig with hot shot, for the dispersed positions of the batteries, and the cover which the ground afforded to the Albanian infantry, rendered the grape of the *Karteria*'s guns useless. Seven 68-pound shot were heated in the fires of the engine, brought on deck, and put into the guns with an instrument of the captain's own invention; and as the *Karteria* steamed round in a large circle about a mile from the shore, her long guns were discharged in succession at intervals of four minutes. When the seven shot were expended the *Karteria* steamed out of range of the enemy's fire to await the result. Smoke soon issued from the brig, and a great movement was observed on shore. Hastings then steamed near the land, and showered grape and shells on the Turks to prevent them from extinguishing the fire. A shell exploding in the brig gave him the satisfaction of seeing her abandoned by her crew. Fire at last burst from her deck, and she burned gradually to the water's edge. Her guns towards the shore went off in succession, and caused no inconsiderable confusion among the Albanians; the shells from her mortars mounted in the air, and then her powder-magazine exploded. The *Karteria* lost only one man killed, a brave Northumbrian quartermaster, named James Hall, and two wounded.

Experience thus confirmed the soundness of the views which Hastings had urged the Greek government to adopt as early as the year 1823. It was evident that he had practically introduced a revolution in naval warfare. He had also proved that a Greek crew could use the dangerous missiles he employed with perfect security. Sixty-eight pound shot had been heated below, carried on deck, and loaded with great ease, while the ship was moving under the fire of hostile batteries. The *Karteria* herself had suffered severely in her spars and rigging, and it was necessary for her to return to Poros to refit.

In passing along the eastern coast of Eubœa, Hastings discovered that Reshid Pasha did not depend entirely on his magazines in Thessaly for supplying his army before Athens with provisions. Several vessels were observed at anchor off Kumi, and a number of boats were seen drawn up on the beach. Though the place was occupied by the Turks, it was evidently the centre of a considerable trade. It was necessary to ascertain the nature of this trade. Hastings approached the shore, and a few Turks were observed escaping to the town, which is situated about two miles from the port. The vessels at anchor were found to be laden with grain, shipped by Greek merchants at Syra; and it was ascertained that both Reshid and Omar Pasha of Negrepoint had, during the winter, purchased large supplies of provisions, forwarded to Kumi by Greeks. Hastings found a brig under Russian colours and a Parian schooner just beginning to land their cargoes of wheat. A large magazine was found full of grain, and other magazines were said to be well filled in the neighbouring town. About one-third of the grain on shore was transferred to the prizes taken at Volo. The Russian brig was not molested, but two vessels, fully laden with wheat, were taken to Poros, where they were condemned by the Greek admiralty court. On his return Hastings urged both Lord Cochrane and the Greek government to adopt measures for putting an end to this disgraceful traffic; but the attention of Lord Cochrane was called off to other matters, and there were some coun-
drels

who possessed considerable influence with the Greek government, and who profited by licensing this nefarious traffic.

Military operations were now renewed against the Turkish army engaged in the siege of Athens. Karaïskaki, after his retreat from Dystomo, established his force amounting to three thousand men, at Keratsina, in the plain to the west of the Piræus. Repeated letters had been transmitted from the Acropolis, written by Fabvier and the Greek chiefs, declaring that the garrison could not hold out much longer.

Sir Richard Church commenced his career as generalissimo by establishing an army at the Piræus of more than ten thousand, with which he proposed driving Reshid from his positions. He caused, however, considerable dissatisfaction by hiring a fine armed schooner to serve as a yacht, and establishing his headquarters in this commodious but most unimilitary habitation.¹

It was decided that the navy should co-operate with the army, so that the whole force of Greece was at last employed to raise the siege of Athens.

Lord Cochrane hoisted his flag in the *Hellas*, but continued to reside on board his English yacht, not deeming it prudent to remove his treasure, which amounted to £20,000, from under the protection of the British flag. He enrolled a corps of one thousand Hydriots to serve on shore, and placed them under the command of his relation, Lieutenant Urquhart, who was appointed a major in the Greek service. The enrolment of these Hydriots was a very injudicious measure. They were unable to perform the service of armatoli, and they were quite as undisciplined as the most disorderly of the irregulars. When landed at Munychia they excited the contempt of the Romeliat veterans, strutting about with brass blunderbusses or light double-barrelled guns. The army had also reasonable ground for complaint, for these inefficient troops received higher pay than other soldiers.

Lord Cochrane's own landing at the Piræus was signalised by a brilliant exploit. On the 25th of April, while he was reconnoitring the positions of the two hostile armies, a skirmish ensued. He observed a moment when a daring charge would insure victory to the Greeks, and, cheering on the troops near him, he led them to the attack with nothing but his telescope in his hand. All eyes had been watching his movements, and when he was seen to advance, a shout ran through the Greek army, and a general attack was made simultaneously on all the positions occupied by the Turks at the Piræus. The fury of the assault persuaded the Muhammadans that a new enemy had taken the field against them, and they abandoned nine of their small redoubts. Three hundred Albanians threw themselves into the monastery of St. Spiridion; the rest retired to an eminence beyond the head of the port.

The troops in the monastery were without provi-

¹ Gordon blames Church for remaining too much on board this schooner, and not exhibiting himself sufficiently to the troops, and also of being too fond of employing his pen, which was a very useless instrument with armatoli. Gordon himself set the fashion of generals keeping yachts in Greece; but Gordon lived on shore while he commanded at Munychia, and sent his yacht to Salamina. The inaccuracies contained in this published despatches of Sir Richard Church were caused by his isolation on board.

sions, and only scantily supplied with water. In a short time they must have attempted to cut their way through the Greek army, or surrendered at discretion. Unfortunately, it was determined to bombard the building and carry it by storm. In order to breach the wall of the monastery, the *Hellas* cannonaded it for several hours with her long 32-pounders. The building looked like a heap of ruins, and the Greek troops made a feeble attempt to carry it by storm, which was easily repulsed by the Albanians, who sprang up from the arched cells in which they had found shelter from the fire of the frigate.

Attempts were made next day to open negotiations with the Albanians, who it was supposed would be now suffering from hunger; but a Greek soldier who carried proposals for a capitulation was put to death, and his head was exposed from the wall; and a boat sent from Lord Cochrane's yacht with a flag of truce, was fired on, and an English sailor dangerously wounded. The frigate then renewed her fire with no more effect than on the previous day. The garrison found shelter in a ditch, which was dug during the night behind the ruins of the outer wall, and its courage was increased by observing the trifling loss which was caused by the tremendous fire of the broadside of a sixty-four gun frigate. The Turks, having now placed four guns on the height to which they had retired on the 25th, opened a plunging fire on the ships in the Piræus, and by a chance shot cut the mainstay of the *Hellas*.

There was little community of views between the lord high admiral and the generalissimo. Cochrane objected to granting a capitulation to the Albanians in the monastery, as tending to encourage obstinate resistance in desperate cases, and he reproached the Greek chiefs with their cowardice in not storming the building. The irregulars refused to undertake any operation until they gained possession of the monastery. There could be no doubt that a storming party, supported by a couple of howitzers, ought to have carried the place without difficulty. Church determined to make the attempt, and Gordon, who commanded the artillery, was ordered to prepare for the assault on the morning of the 28th of April.

In an evil hour the generalissimo changed his plans. Surrounded by a multitude of counsellors, and destitute of a firm will of his own, he concluded a capitulation with the Albanians, without consulting Lord Cochrane or communicating with General Gordon. Karaïskaki was intrusted with the negotiations. The Albanians were to retire from the monastery with arms and baggage. Several Greek chiefs accompanied them as hostages for their safety. But the generalissimo took no precautions for enforcing order, or preventing an undisciplined rabble of soldiers from crowding round the Mussulmans as they issued from the monastery. He must have been grossly deceived by his agents, for his report to the Greek government states "that no measures had been neglected to prevent the frightful catastrophe that ensued." Nothing warranted this assertion but the fact that Karaïskaki Djavellas, and some other chiefs, accompanied the Albanians as hostages.

As soon as Lord Cochrane was aware that the commander-in-chief of the army had opened negotiations with the Albanians, he ordered Major Urquhart to withdraw the Hydriots from their post near the monastery to the summit of Munychia.

The Albanians had not advanced fifty yards through the dense crowd of armed men who surrounded them as they issued from St. Spiridon, when a fire was opened on them. Twenty different accounts were given of the origin of the massacre. It was vain for the Mussulmans to think of defending themselves; their only hope of safety was to gain the hill occupied by the Turkish artillery. Few reached it even under the protection of a fire which the Turks opened on the masses of the Greeks. Two hundred and seventy men quitted the monastery of St. Spiridon, and more than two hundred were murdered before they reached the hill. "The slain were immediately stripped, and the infuriated soldiers fought with each other for the spoil," as we are told by a conscientious eye-witness of the scene.

This crime converted the Greek camp into a scene of anarchy. General Gordon, who had witnessed some of the atrocities which followed the sack of Tripolitza, was so disgusted with the disorder that prevailed, and so dissatisfied on account of the neglect with which he was treated, that he resigned the command of the artillery and quitted Greece. Reshid Pasha, on being informed of the catastrophe, rose up and exclaimed with great solemnity, "God will not leave this faithlessness unpunished. He will pardon the murdered, and inflict some signal punishment on the murderers."¹

Nothing now prevented the Greeks from pushing on to Athens but the confusion that prevailed in the camp and the want of a daring leader. Some skirmishing ensued, and in one of these skirmishes, on the 4th of May, Karaiskaki was mortally wounded. His death increased the disorder in the Greek army, for he exercised considerable personal influence over several Romeliot chiefs, and compressed the jealousies of many

¹ The author was serving as a volunteer on the staff of General Gordon, and accompanied him to join the storming-party on the 28th of April. It had been observed from Gordon's yacht, which was anchored in the Piræus, that communications passed between the Albanians and the Greeks during the whole morning. The Hydriots were also seen retiring to the summit of Munychia. As Gordon passed in his boat under the stern of Lord Cochrane's yacht, the author prevailed on him to seek an explanation of what was going on. Cochrane said that he, as admiral, had refused to concur in a capitulation, unless the Albanians laid down their arms, and were transported as prisoners of war on board the fleet. He added, that he feared Church had concluded a capitulation. While this conversation was going on, the author was watching the proceedings at the monastery with his glass, and seeing the Albanians issue from the building into the armed mob before the gates, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "All those men will be murdered!" Lord Cochrane turned to Gordon and said, "Do you hear what he says?" to which the general replied, in his usual deliberate manner, "I fear, my Lord, it is too true." The words were hardly uttered when the massacre commenced. The author landed immediately to examine the effect of the frigate's fire on the monastery. He witnessed a strange scene of anarchy and disorder, and while he remained in the building two Greeks were killed by shot from the guns on the hill. The Hydriots under Major Urquhart mutinied at being deprived of their share of the spoil. Lord Cochrane sent Mr. Masson to pacify them with this message, "My reason for ordering the Hydriots to muster on Munychia was to remove the forces under my command from participating in a capitulation, unless the Turks surrendered at discretion. My objects were to preserve the honour of the navy unsullied, and at the same time to secure an equal distribution of the prize-money." The author visited the yacht of the generalissimo shortly after, and found the staff on board in high dudgeon at what they called the treachery of the frigate. He did not see the generalissimo. The feeling among the Palladines in the camp, and there were many officers of many nations, was amazement at the neglect on the part of the generalissimo.—*M.S. Journal*, 28th April, 1827.

captains, who were now thrown into direct communication with the generalissimo.

Karaiskaki fell at a moment favourable to his reputation. He had not always acted the patriot, but his recent success in Phocis contrasted with the defeats of Fabvier, Heideck, and Church, in a manner so flattering to national vanity, that his name was idolised by the irregular troops. He was one of the bravest and most active of the chiefs whom the war had spared, and his recent conduct on more than one occasion had effaced the memory of his unprincipled proceedings during the early years of the Revolution; indeed, it seemed even to his intimate acquaintances that his mind had expanded as he rose in rank and importance. His military talents were those which a leader of irregular bands is called upon to employ in casual emergencies, not those which qualify a soldier to command the numerous bodies required to compose an army. He never formed any regular plan of campaign, and he was destitute of the coolness and perseverance which sacrifices a temporary advantage to secure a great end. In personal appearance he was of the middle size, thin, dark-complexioned, and haggard, with a bright expressive animal eye, which joined to the cast of his countenance, indicated that there was gipsy blood in his veins. His features, while in perfect repose, wore an air of suffering, which was usually succeeded by a quick unquiet glance.

Sir Richard Church now resolved to change his base of operations from the Piræus to the cape at the eastern end of the Bay of Phalerum. Why it was supposed that troops who could not advance by a road where olive-trees, vineyards, and ditches afforded them some protection from the enemy's cavalry, should be expected to succeed better in open ground, has never been explained.

On the night of the 5th May, the generalissimo transported three thousand men, with nine field-pieces, to his new position, but it was nearly daybreak before the whole were landed. It was then too late to reach the Acropolis before sunrise, and the road lay over open downs. Gordon calls the operation "an insane project," and says that "if the plan deserves the severest censure, what shall we say to the pitiful method in which it was executed?"

Early dawn found the Greek troops posted on a low ridge of hills not more than half-way between the place where they had landed and the Acropolis. A strong body of Ottoman cavalry was already watching their movements, and a body of infantry, accompanied by a gun, soon took up a position in front of the Greek advanced guard. The position occupied by the Greeks was far beyond the range of any guns in the Turkish lines, but Sir Richard Church, who had not examined the ground, was under the erroneous impression that his troops had arrived within a short distance of Athens, and counted on some co-operation on the part of the garrison of the Acropolis. Had he seen the position, he could not have allowed his troops to remain on ground so ill chosen for defence against cavalry, with the imperfect works which they had thrown up. The advance-guard had not completed the redoubt it had commenced, and the main body, with the artillery, could give no support to the advanced-guard.

Reshid Pasha made his dispositions for a cavalry attack. They were similar to those which had secured him the victory at Petta, at Khaidari, and at Kamatero. He ascertained by his scouts that his enemy had not a

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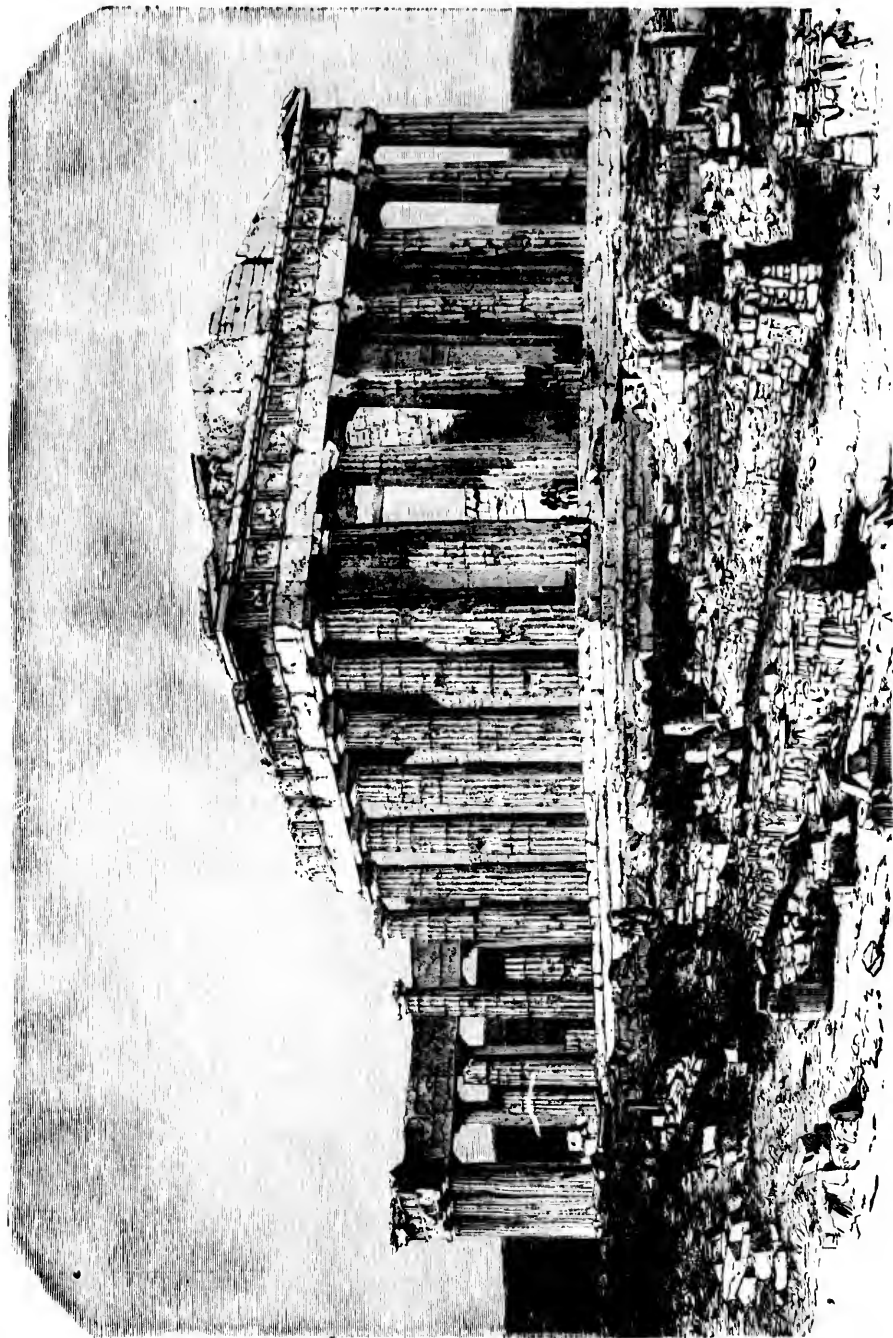
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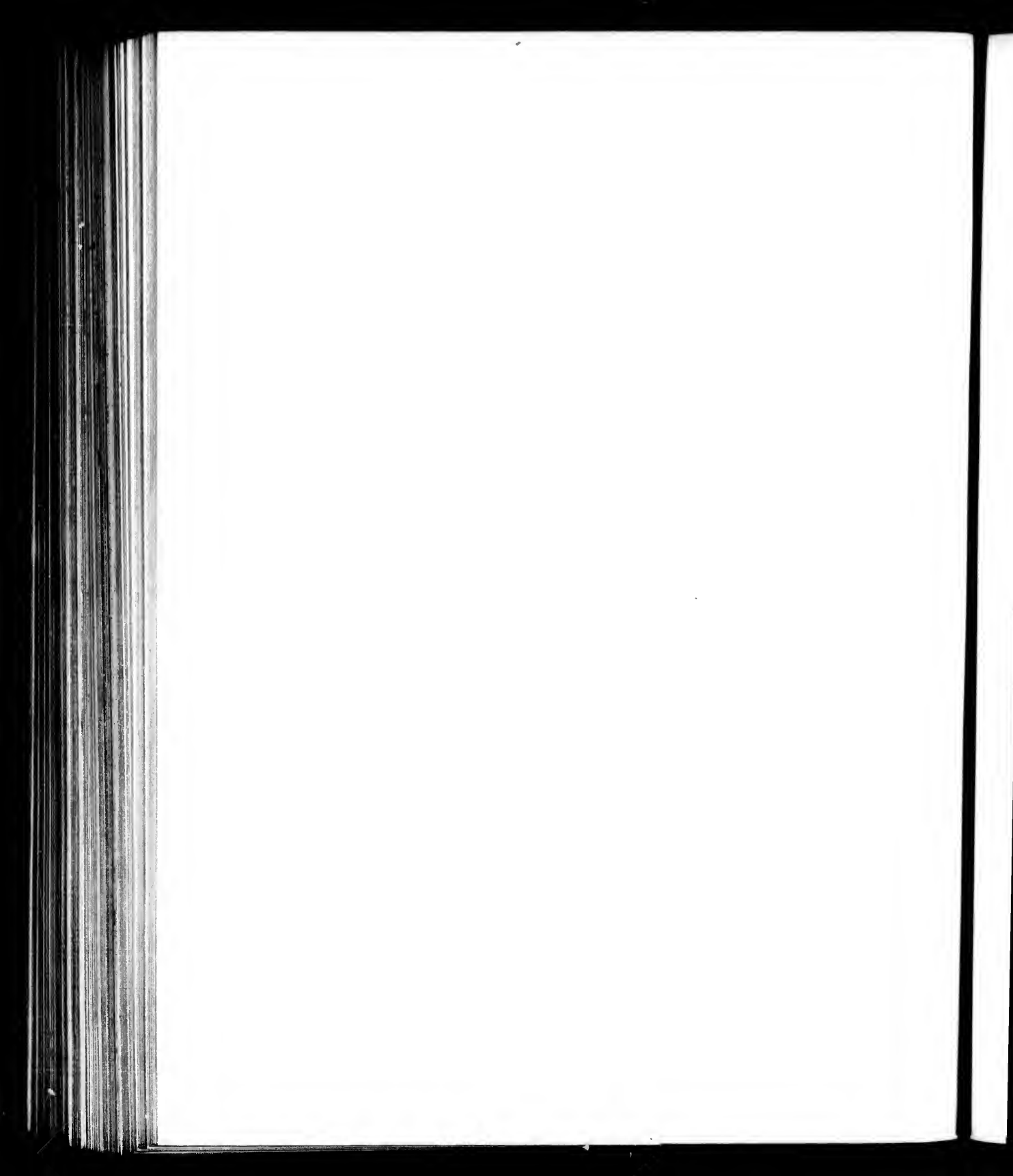
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single gun to command the easy slope of a ravine that led to the crest of the elevation on which the advanced redoubt was placed. Two successive charges of cavalry were repulsed by the regular troops and the Suliots, who formed the advanced-guard of the Greek force. But this small body of men was left unsupported, while the Turks had collected eight hundred cavalry and four hundred infantry in a ravine, by which they were protected until they charged forward on the summit of the ridge. The third attack of the Turks decided the contest. The cavalry galloped into the imperfect redoubt. A short struggle ensued, and completed Reshid's victory. The main body of the Greeks fled before it was attacked, and abandoned the guns, which remained standing alone for a short interval before the Turkish cavalry took possession of them, and turned them on those by whom they had been deserted. The fugitives endeavoured to reach the beach where they had landed. The Turks followed, cutting them down, until the pursuit was checked by the fire of the ships.

Sir Richard Church and Lord Cochrane both landed too late to obtain a view of the battle. The approach of the Turkish cavalry to their landing-place compelled them to regain their yachts. Reshid Pasha, who directed the attack of the Turkish cavalry in person, was slightly wounded in the hand.

Fifteen hundred Greeks fell in this disastrous battle, and six guns were lost. It was the most complete defeat sustained by the Greeks during the course of the war, and effaced the memory of the route at Petta, and of the victories gained by Ibrahim Pasha in the Morea. The Turks took two hundred and forty prisoners, all of whom were beheaded except General Kalergy, who was released on paying a ransom of 5000 dollars, and who lived to obtain for his country the inestimable boon of representative institutions by the Revolution of 1843, which put an end to Bavarian domination, and completed the establishment of the independence of Greece.

The Battle of Phalerum dispersed the Greek army at the Piræus. Upwards of three thousand men deserted the camp in three days; and the generalissimo was so discouraged by the aspect of affairs, that he ordered the garrison of the Acropolis to capitulate. Captain Leblanc, of the French frigate *Junon*, was requested to mediate for favourable terms, and was furnished with a sketch of the proposed capitulation. This precipitate step on the part of Sir Richard Church drew on him a severe reprimand from the chiefs in the Acropolis, who treated his order with contempt, and rejected Captain Leblanc's offer of mediation with the boast, that "We are Greeks, and we are determined to live or die free. If, therefore, Reshid Pasha wants our arms, he may come and take them." These bold words were not backed by deeds of valour.

Church abandoned the position of Munychia on the 27th of May, and the garrison of the Acropolis then laid aside its theatrical heroism. Captain Corner, of the Austrian brig *Veneto*, renewed the negotiations for a capitulation, and the arrival of the French admiral, De Rigny, brought them to a speedy termination. The capitulation was signed on the 5th of June. The garrison marched out with arms and baggage. About fifteen hundred persons quitted the place, including four hundred women and children. The Acropolis still contained a supply of grain for several months' consumption, and about two thousand pounds of powder, but the water was scarce and bad. There was no fuel

for baking bread, and the clothes of the soldiers were in rags.

The surrender of the Acropolis, following so quickly after the bombastic rejection of the first proposals, caused great surprise. The conduct of Fabvier was severely criticised, and the behaviour of the Greek chiefs was compared with the heroism of the defenders of Mesolonghi. The sufferings of those who were shut up in the Acropolis were undoubtedly very great, but the winter was past, and had they been inspired with the devoted patriotism of the men of Mesolonghi, they might have held out until the Battle of Navarin.

The conduct of Reshid Pashid on this occasion gained him immortal honour. He showed himself as much superior to Sir Richard Church in counsel, as he had proved himself to be in the field. Every measure that prudence could suggest was adopted to prevent the Turks from sullyng the Muhammadan character with any act of revenge for the bad faith of the Greeks at the Piræus. The pasha patrolled the ground in person, at the head of a strong body of cavalry, and saw that his troops who escorted the Greeks to the place of embarkation performed their duty.

The fall of Athens enabled Reshid to complete the conquest of that part of continental Greece which Karaïskaki had occupied; but the Turks did not advance beyond the limits of Rumelia, and the Greeks were allowed to remain unmolested in Megara and the Dervenokhorra, which were dependencies of the pashalik of the Morea, and consequently within the jurisdiction of Ibrahim Pasha. Many of the Rumeliot chiefs now submitted to the Turks, and were recognised by Reshid as captains of armatoli. In his despatches to the Sultan, he boasted with some truth that he had terminated the military operations with which he was intrusted, and re-established the sultan's authority in all that part of continental Greece placed under his command, from Mesolonghi to Athens.

IV.

BATTLE OF NAVARIN—FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE MOREA—OPERATIONS IN EASTERN AND WESTERN GREECE—TERMINATION OF HOSTILITIES—PRINCE LEOPOLD—ASSASSINATION OF CAPODISTRIAS—GENERAL ANARCHY—THE FRENCH IN GREECE—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE BAVARIAN DYNASTY.

THE destruction of the Ottoman and Egyptian fleets at Navarin (October 20th, 1827) made no change in the determination of Sultan Mahmud, nor was the courage of Ibrahim Pasha depressed by his defeat. The action of the allies was crippled by misunderstandings among themselves. Whilst England and France wished to preserve the Sultan's throne, as well as to establish the independence of Greece, Russia was even more eager to destroy the Ottoman empire than to save Greece. Hence it was that there was not wanting those who looked upon Navarin as "an untoward event." The weakness of the British cabinet allowed Russia to assume a decided political superiority in the East, but after the conclusion of the war between Russia and the Porte, in 1828-29—a war which reflected little honour on the armies of the Emperor Nicholas—the French government undertook to send an army to expel Ibrahim, for the utter exhaustion of Greece prevented the government of Capodistrias from making any effort to expel the Egyptians from the Peloponnesus, whilst the mutual jealousies of England and Russia threatened to

retard the pacification of Greece indefinitely. On the 19th July, 1828 a protocol was signed, accepting the offer of France; and on the 30th August, an army of fourteen thousand men, under the command of General Maison, landed at Petalidi in the Gulf of Coron. The convention concluded by Cobrington at Alexandria had been ineffectual. It required the imposing force of the French general to compel Ibrahim to sign a new convention for the immediate evacuation of the Morea. The convention was signed on the 7th of September, 1828, and the first division of the Egyptian army, consisting of five thousand five hundred men, sailed from Navarin on the 16th. Ibrahim Pasha sailed with the remainder on the 5th October; but he refused to deliver up the fortresses to the French, alleging that he had found them occupied by Turkish garrisons on his arrival in Greece, and that it was his duty to leave them in the hands of the Sultan's officers.

After Ibrahim's departure, the Turks refused to surrender the fortresses, and General Maison indulged their pride by allowing them to close the gates. The French troops then planted their ladders, scaled the walls and opened the gates without any opposition. In this way Navarin, Modon, and Coron fell into the hands of the French. But the castle of Rhion offered some resistance, and it was found necessary to lay siege to it in regular form. On the 30th October the French batteries opened their fire, and the garrison surrendered at discretion.

France thus gained the honour of delivering Greece from the last of her conquerors, and she increased the debt of gratitude due by the Greeks by the admirable conduct of the French soldiers. The fortresses surrendered by the Turks were in a ruinous condition, and the streets were encumbered with filth accumulated during seven years. All within the walls was a mass of putridity. Malignant fevers and plague were endemic, and had every year carried off numbers of the garrisons. The French troops transformed themselves into an army of pioneers; and these pestilential medieval castles were converted into habitable towns. The principal buildings were repaired, the fortifications improved, the ditches of Modon were purified, the citadel of Patras reconstructed, and a road for wheeled carriages formed from Modon to Navarin. The activity of the French troops exhibited how an army raised by conscription ought to be employed in time of peace, in order to prevent the labour of the men from being lost to their country. But like most lessons that inculcated order and system, the lesson was not studied by the rulers of Greece.

The Morea being thus liberated, nothing remained for Capodistrias, who had been elected President of Greece on the 14th April, 1827, but to clear the remainder of the country of the Turks. The Russian war compelled Reshid Pasha to leave continental Greece and Epirus almost destitute of troops, and he was threatened with an insurrection of the Albanian chieftains in his own pashalik of Joannina. In autumn the Greeks advanced to Lombotina, famous for its apples, and drove the Turks into Lepanto. Hyspiliantes about the same time occupied Beotia and Phocis, and on the 29th of November the Turks in Salona capitulated, and the capitulation was faithfully observed by the Greeks. On the 5th of December, Kargenis was evacuated. A few insignificant skirmishes took place during the winter. The Turks were too weak to attempt anything, and the anarchy that still prevailed

among the Greek chiefs prevented the numerical superiority of the Greek forces from being available.

The army of Western Greece was not more active than that of Eastern during the summer of 1828. Capodistrias visited the camp of Sir Richard Church near Mytika, and he declared that, on inspecting the troops in Acaurania, he found less order than in those he had reviewed at Trezene. This visit gave the President a very unfavourable opinion of the generalissimo's talents for organisation. In September the Greeks advanced to the Gulf of Arta, and occupied Loutraki, where they gained possession of a few boats. Capodistrias named Pasano, a Corsican adventurer, to succeed Hastings as commander of the naval forces in Western Greece. Pasano made an unsuccessful attempt to force the passage into the Gulf of Arta, but some of the Greek officers under his command, considering that he had shown both cowardice and inactivity in the affair, renewed the enterprise without his order, and passed gallantly under the batteries of Previsa. This exploit secured to the Greeks the command of the Gulf of Arta. Pasano was recalled, and Admiral Kriezis, a Hydriot officer of ability and courage, succeeded him. The town of Vonitza, a ruinous spot, was occupied by the Greek troops on the 27th December, 1828; but the almost defenceless Venetian castle did not capitulate until the 17th March, 1829. The passes of Makrynores were occupied in April.

Capodistrias, who had blamed both Hyspiliantes and Church for incapacity, now astonished the world by making his brother Agostino a general.

Count Agostino Capodistrias, besides not being a military man, was really little better than a fool; yet the President, blinded by fraternal affection, named this miserable creature his plenipotentiary in Western Greece, and empowered him to direct all military and civil business. The plenipotentiary arrived in the *Helles*. On the 30th April, 1829, the garrison of Naupaktos (Lepanto) capitulated, and was transported to Previsa. On the 14th May, Mesolonghi and Anatolikon were evacuated by the Turks.

Reshid Pasha escaped the mortification of witnessing the loss of all his conquests in Greece. His prudence and valour were rewarded with the rank of Grand Vizier, and he quitted Joannina to assume the command of the Ottoman army at Simla before the Turks evacuated continental Greece.

The war terminated in 1829. The Allied Powers fixed the frontier of Greece by a protocol in the month of March. Yet the Turks would not yield possession of the places they still held in Eastern Greece, and some skirmishes ensued, in which a great deal of powder was wasted, and very little blood was shed. A body of Albanians, under Aslan Bey, marched from Zetuni by Thermopylae, Livadea, and Thebes, and reached Athens without encountering opposition. After leaving a small and select garrison in the Acropolis, Aslan Bey collected all the Turks in Attica and Beotia, and commenced his retreat. But on arriving at the pass of Petra, between Thebes and Livadea, he found a body of Greek troops strongly posted to dispute the passage. The Turks, unable to advance, concluded a capitulation on the 25th of September, 1829, by which they engaged to evacuate all Eastern Greece, except the Acropolis of Athens and the fort of Karababa on the Euripus.

The sovereignty of liberated Greece curtailed by the sacrifice of Acaurania and great part of Etolia, was offered by the protecting powers, and accepted by

Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who however soon wearied out by the intrigues and dissensions that pervaded the country, left it a prey to the unconcealed tyranny of Capodistrias. Insurrection, the natural consequence of such a state of things (as it has been, in our own days, of the incapacity of the Bavarian king) was, as has also been the case in the present instance, put down by the intervention of the Allies, more especially of Russia. Capodistrias fell, however, shortly afterwards by the hands of assassins, and Greece, which had been deprived by his tyranny, only became more utterly demoralised by his death.

An interval of anarchy succeeded. Agostino Capodistrias was elected to the Presidency, only to be ejected by an insurrection of the Romelioti. The French occupied Nauplia to arrest the progress of disorder and civil war; Kolokotronis rallied the Capodistrians, whilst Djavellos occupied Patras, and at the end of the year 1832 Greece was in a state of almost universal decomposition. The government acknowledged by the three powers exercised little authority beyond the walls of Nauplia. The senate was in open rebellion. The Capodistrians under Kolokotronis and Djavellos had never recognised the governing commission. A confederation of military chiefs attempted to rule the country, and blockaded the existing government. The commission of three members, which exercised the executive power, alarmed at the prospect of being excluded from power before the king's arrival, implored the residents to invite the French troops to garrison Argos. Four companies of infantry and a detachment of artillery were sent from Messenia by General Guichenot to effect this object. In the meantime, General Corbet, who commanded at Nauplia, detached two companies and two mountain-guns to take possession of the cavalry barracks at Argos, in order to secure quarters for the troops from Messenia. The town was filled with irregular Greek soldiery, under the nominal command of Grigiottes and Tzokres. These men boasted that they would drive the French back to Nauplia, and that Kolokotronis would exterminate those who were advancing from Messenia. The prudent precautions of the French officers prevented the troops being attacked on their march, and the whole force united at Argos on the 15th of January, 1833.

On the following day the French were suddenly attacked. The Greeks commenced their hostilities so unexpectedly, that the colonel of the troops, who had arrived on the preceding evening, was on his way to Nauplia to make his report to General Corbet when the attack commenced. The French soldiers who went to market unarmed were driven back into the barracks, and a few were killed and wounded. But the hostile conduct of the Greek soldiery had prepared the French for any sudden outbreak, and a few minutes sufficed to put their whole force under arms in the square before their quarters. The Greek troops, trusting to their numbers, attempted to occupy the houses which commanded this square. They were promptly driven back, and the streets were cleared by grape-shot from the French guns. The Greeks then intrenched themselves in several houses, and fired from the windows of the upper stories on the French who advanced to dislodge them. This species of warfare could not long arrest the progress of regular troops. The French succeeded in approaching every house in succession with little loss. They then burst open the doors and

windows of the lower story, and, rushing upstairs, forced the armatoli and klephts to jump out of the windows, or finished their career with the bayonet. In less than three hours every house was taken, and the fugitives who had sought a refuge in the ruined citadel of Larissa were pursued and driven even from that stronghold.

Never was victory more complete. The French lost only forty killed and wounded, while the Greeks, who fought chiefly under cover, had a hundred and sixty killed, and in all probability a much greater number wounded. Grigiottes was taken prisoner, but was soon released. A Greek officer and a soldier, accused of an attempt at an assassination, were tried, condemned, and shot.

While the Greek troops were plundering their countrymen and murdering their allies, the three protecting Powers were labouring to secure to Greece every advantage of political independence and external peace. A treaty was signed at Constantinople on the 21st July, 1832, by which the Sultan recognised the kingdom of Greece, and ceded to it the districts within its limits still occupied by his troops, on receiving an indemnity of forty millions of piastres, a sum then equal to £462,480. The Allied Powers also furnished the king's government with ample funds, by guaranteeing a loan of sixty millions of francs. The indemnity to Turkey was paid out of this loan.

The Allied Powers also secured for the Greek monarch an official admission among the sovereigns of Europe, by inviting the Germanic Confederation to recognise Prince Otho of Bavaria King of Greece, which took place on the 4th October, 1832. The protectors of Greece have often been reproached for the slowness of their proceedings in establishing the independence of Greece; yet when we reflect on the anarchy that prevailed among the Greeks, the difficulties thrown in their way by Capodistrias, the desertion of Prince Leopold, and the small assistance they received from Bavaria, we ought rather to feel surprise that they succeeded at last in establishing the Greek kingdom.

The King of Bavaria concluded a treaty of alliance between Bavaria and Greece on the 1st November, 1832. He engaged to send 3,500 Bavarian troops to support his son's throne, and relieve the French army of occupation. This subsidiary force was paid from the proceeds of the Allied loan; for Bavaria had neither the resources, nor, to speak the truth, the generosity, of France. A convention was signed at the same time, authorising Greece to recruit volunteers in Bavaria, in order that the subsidiary force might be replaced by German mercenaries in King Otho's service.

On the 16th January, 1833, the veterans of the Greek Revolution fled before a few companies of French troops; on the 1st of February, King Otho arrived at Nauplia, accompanied by a small army of Bavarians, composed of a due proportion of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers. As experience had proved that there were no statesmen in Greece capable of governing the country, it was absolutely necessary to send a regency composed of foreigners to administer the government during King Otho's minority. The persons chosen were Count Arnauisberg, M. de Maurer, and General Heideck.

The Bavarian troops landed before the king. Their tall persons, bright uniforms, and fine music, contrasted greatly to their advantage with the small figures and well-worn clothing of the French. The numerous

mounted officers, the splendid plumes, the prancing horses, and the numerous decorations, crosses, and ornaments of the new comers, produced a powerful effect on the minds of the Greeks, taught by the castigation they had received at Argos to appreciate the value of military discipline.

The people welcomed the king as their saviour from anarchy. Even the members of the government, the military chiefs, and the high officials, who had been devouring the resources of the country, hailed the king's arrival with pleasure; for they felt that they could no longer extort any profit from the starving population. The title, however, which the Bavarian prince assumed—Otho, by the grace of God, King of Greece—excited a few sneers even among those who were not republicans; for it seemed a claim to divine right in the throne on the part of the house of Wittelsbach. But every objection passed unheeded; and it may be safely asserted that few kings have mounted their thrones amidst more general satisfaction than King Otho.

As long as the literature and the taste of the ancient Greeks continue to nurture scholars and inspire artists, modern Greece must be an object of interest to cultivated minds. Nor is the history of the modern Greeks unworthy of attention. The importance of the Greek race to the progress of European civilisation is not to be measured by its numerical strength, but by its social and religious influence in the East. Yet, even geographically, the Greeks occupy a wide extent of seacoast, and the countries in which they dwell are so thinly peopled that they have ample room to multiply and form a populous nation. At present their influence extends far beyond the territories occupied by their race; for Greek priests and Greek teachers have transfused their language and their ideas into the greater part of the Christian population of European Turkey. They have thus constituted themselves the representatives of Eastern Christianity, and placed themselves in prominent opposition to their conquerors, the Ottoman Turks, who invaded Europe as apostles of the religion of Muhammad. The Greeks, during their subjection to the yoke of a foreign nation and a hostile religion, never forgot that the land which they inhabited was the land of their fathers; and their antagonism to their alien and infidel masters, in the hour of their most abject servitude, presaged that their opposition must end in their destruction or deliverance. The Greek Revolution came at last. It delivered a Christian nation from subjection to Muhammadanism, founded a new state in Europe, and extended the advantages of civil liberty to regions where despotism had for ages been indigenous.

Yet if we are to believe our great authority in the matter, and one to whom we are so largely indebted—Dr. George Finlay—the Greek Revolution was not an insurrectional movement, originating solely in Turkish oppression. The first aspirations for the delivery of the orthodox church from the sultan's yoke were inspired by Russia; the projects for national independence by the French Revolution. The Greeks, it is true, were prepared to receive these ideas by a wave in the element of human progress that had previously spread civilisation among the inhabitants of the Ottoman empire, whether Mussulman or Christian.

The origin of the ideas that produced the Greek Revolution explain why it was pre-eminently the movement of the people; and that its success was

owing to their perseverance, is proved by its whole history. To live or die free was the firm resolve of the native peasantry of Greece when they took up arms; and no sufferings ever shook that resolution. They never had the good fortune to find a leader worthy of their cause. No eminent man stands forward as a type of the nation's virtues; too many are famous as representatives of the nation's vices. From this circumstance, the records of the Greek Revolution are destitute of one of history's most attractive characteristics; it loses the charm of a hero's biography. But it possesses its own distinction. Never in the records of states did a nation's success depend more entirely on the conduct of the mass of the population; never was there a more clear manifestation of God's providence in the progress of human society. No one can regard its success as the result of the military and naval exploits of the insurgents; and even the Allied powers, in creating a Greek kingdom, only modified the political results of a revolution which had irrevocably separated the present from the past.

Let us now examine how far the Greek Revolution has succeeded. It has established the independence of Greece on a firm basis, and created a free government in regions where civil liberty was unknown for two thousand years. It has secured popular institutions to a considerable portion of the Greek nation, and given to the people the power of infusing national life and national feelings into the administration of King Otho's kingdom. These may be justly considered by the Greeks as glorious achievements for one generation.

But yet it must be confessed that, in many things, the Greek Revolution has failed. It has not created a growing population and an expanding nation. Diplomacy has formed a diminutive kingdom, and no Themistocles has known how to form a great state out of so small a community. Yet the task was not difficult; the lesson was taught in the United States of America and in the colonial empire of Great Britain. But in the Greek kingdom, with every element of social and political improvement at hand, the agricultural population and the native industry of the country have remained almost stationary. The towns, it is true, are increasing, and merchants are gaining money; but the brave peasantry, who formed the nation's strength, grows neither richer nor more numerous; the produce of their labour is of the rudest kind; whole districts remain uncultivated; the wealthy Greeks who pick up money in foreign traffic do not invest the capital they accumulate in the land which they pretend to call their country; and no stream of Greek emigrants flows from the millions who live enslaved in Turkey, to enjoy liberty by settling in liberated Greece.

There can be no doubt that the inhabitants of Greece may, even in spite of past failures, look with hope to the future. When a few years of liberty have purged society from the traditional corruption of servitude, wise councils may enable them to resume their progress.

But the friends of Greece, who believed that the Revolution would be immediately followed by the multiplication of the Greek race, and by the transfusion of Christian civilisation and political liberty throughout all the regions that surround the Egean Sea, cannot help regretting that a generation has been allowed to pass away unprofitably. The political position of the Ottoman empire in the international system of Europe is already changed, and the condition of the Christian

population in Turkey is even more changed than the position of the empire. The kingdom of Greece has lost the opportunity of alluring emigrants by good government. Feelings of nationality are awakened in other Oriental Christians under Ottoman domination. The Greeks can henceforth only repose their hopes of power on an admission of their intellectual and moral superiority. The Albanians are more warlike; the Slavonians are more laborious; the Roumans dwell in a more fertile land; and the Turks may become again a powerful nation, by being delivered from the lethargic influence of the Ottoman sultans.

The Ottoman empire may soon be dismembered, or it may long drag on a contemptible existence, like the Greek empire of Constantinople under the Paleologues. Its military resources, however, render its condition not dissimilar to that of the Roman empire in the time of Gallienus, and there may be a possibility of finding a Diocletian to reorganise the administration, and a Constantine to reform the religion. But should it be dismembered to-morrow, it may be asked, what measures the free Greeks have adopted to govern any portion better than the officers of the Sultan? On the other hand, several powerful states and more populous nations are well prepared to seize the fragments of the disjointed empire. They will easily find legitimate pretences for their intervention, and they will certainly obtain a tacit recognition of the justice of their proceedings from the public opinion of civilised Europe, if they succeed in saving Turkey from anarchy, and in averting such scenes of slaughter as Greece witnessed during her Revolution, or as have recently occurred in Syria.

It is never too late, however, to commence the task of improvement. The inheritance may not be open for many years, and the heirs may be called to the succession by their merit. What, then, are the merits which give a nation the best claim to greatness? Personal dignity, domestic virtue, truth in the intercourse of society, and respect for justice, make nations powerful as surely as they make men honoured.

V.

HARMONY BETWEEN ATHENIAN ARCHITECTURE AND THE SOIL AND CLIMATE — THE ACROPOLIS — THE PROPYLEA OR PORTICOES — TEMPLE OF THE WINGLESS VICTORY — THE PARTHENON, "THE VIRGIN'S HOUSE" — COLOSSAL STATUE OF THE VIRGIN GODDESS — WAS IT CONTAINED WITHIN THE BUILDING, OR DID IT STAND OUT ABOVE IT?

It has been justly remarked of the celebrated Mount Lycabettus, now commonly called the Hill of St. George, and which used to be identified by topographers with the Auchenus, that it is to Athens what Vesuvius is to Naples, or Arthur's Seat to Edinburgh—the most striking feature in the environs of the city (See p. 681).

South-west of Lycabettus, and at the distance of a mile from the latter, is the Acropolis, or Citadel of Athens, a square empy rock rising abruptly about one hundred and fifty feet, with a flat summit of about a thousand feet long from east to west, by five hundred feet broad from north to south. Immediately west of the Acropolis is a second hill, of irregular form, the Areopagus. To the south-west there rises a third hill, the Pnyx, on which the assemblies of the citizens were held; and to the south of the latter is a fourth hill, known as the Museum.

The plain of Athens is barren and destitute of vegetation, with the exception of the long line of olives which stretch from Mount Parnes by the side of Cephissus to the sea. "The buildings of the city possessed a property produced immediately by the Athenian soil. Athens stands on a bed of hard limestone rock, in most places thinly covered by a meagre surface of soil. From this surface the rock itself frequently projects, and almost always is visible. Athenian ingenuity suggested, and Athenian dexterity realised, the adaptation of such a soil to architectural purposes. Of this there remains the fullest evidence. In the rocky soil itself walls have been hewn, pavements levelled, steps and seats chiselled, cisterns excavated, and niches scooped; almost every object that in a simple state of society would be necessary, either for public or private fabrics, was thus, as it were, quarried in the soil of the city itself." (Wordsworth, *Athens and Attica*, p. 62.)

Not only did the Athenian soil, but its configuration also, and equally so the climate, exercise an important influence upon the buildings of the city. They are characterised by Milton in his noble lines:

"Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil."

Mr. Pennethorne has only recently explained the secret of that beauty which at once awakens enthusiasm, without its true source being always fathomed. Mr. Pennethorne, and since him Mr. Penrose, have subjected the Athenian monuments to minute measurements, and they have found that in this architecture, as in nature, all the lines follow a curve or an inclination. It can then now be understood how the Greek monuments tally with nature, and it is from this perfect harmony of their lines with the lines that surround them, that has sprung that fulness of character which no art has been able to attain. It is as questionable if pure Greek architecture, harmonising as it does with the limestone hills and valleys of Greece and Sicily, is any more at home on the boulevards of Paris, or the streets of London, than a pyramid or obelisk torn from the vast open plains of Egypt would be transplanted to one of our green parks, whose intricate foliage might find some relief in Gothic tracery; but is only placed in rude contrast when interrupted by a simple monumental shaft.

Wordsworth accounts in part for the practical defects of the domestic architecture of the Greeks, the badness of their streets, and the proverbial meanness of the houses, even of the noblest individuals among them, to the same surpassing beauty and clearness of the Athenian atmosphere, and which allows the inhabitants to pass much of their time in the open air.

Hence it was that in the best days of Athens the Athenians worshipped, they legislated, they saw dramatic representations, under the open sky. The transparent clearness of the atmosphere is noticed by Euripides, and modern travellers have not failed to notice the same peculiarity. Mr. Stanley speaks of "the transparent clearness, the brilliant colouring of an Athenian sky; of the flood of fire with which the marble columns, the mountains, and the sea, are all bathed and penetrated by an illumination of an Athenian sunset." The epithet which Ovid applies to Hymettus, "purpureos colles Hymetti," is strictly correct, and the writer whom we have just quoted mentions "the violet hue which Hymettus assumes in the evening sky, in contrast to the glowing furnace of

the rock of Lycabettus, and the rosy pyramid of Pentelions." (Stanley in *Classical Museum*.)

Mr. Mure, in his *Tour in Greece*, has also ably depicted the harmony that exists in Attica between architecture and soil and climate. The great national amphitheatre, he remarks, of which Athens is the centre, possesses, in addition to its beauty, certain features of peculiarity, which render it the more



MUSIC THEATRE AT HERODES.

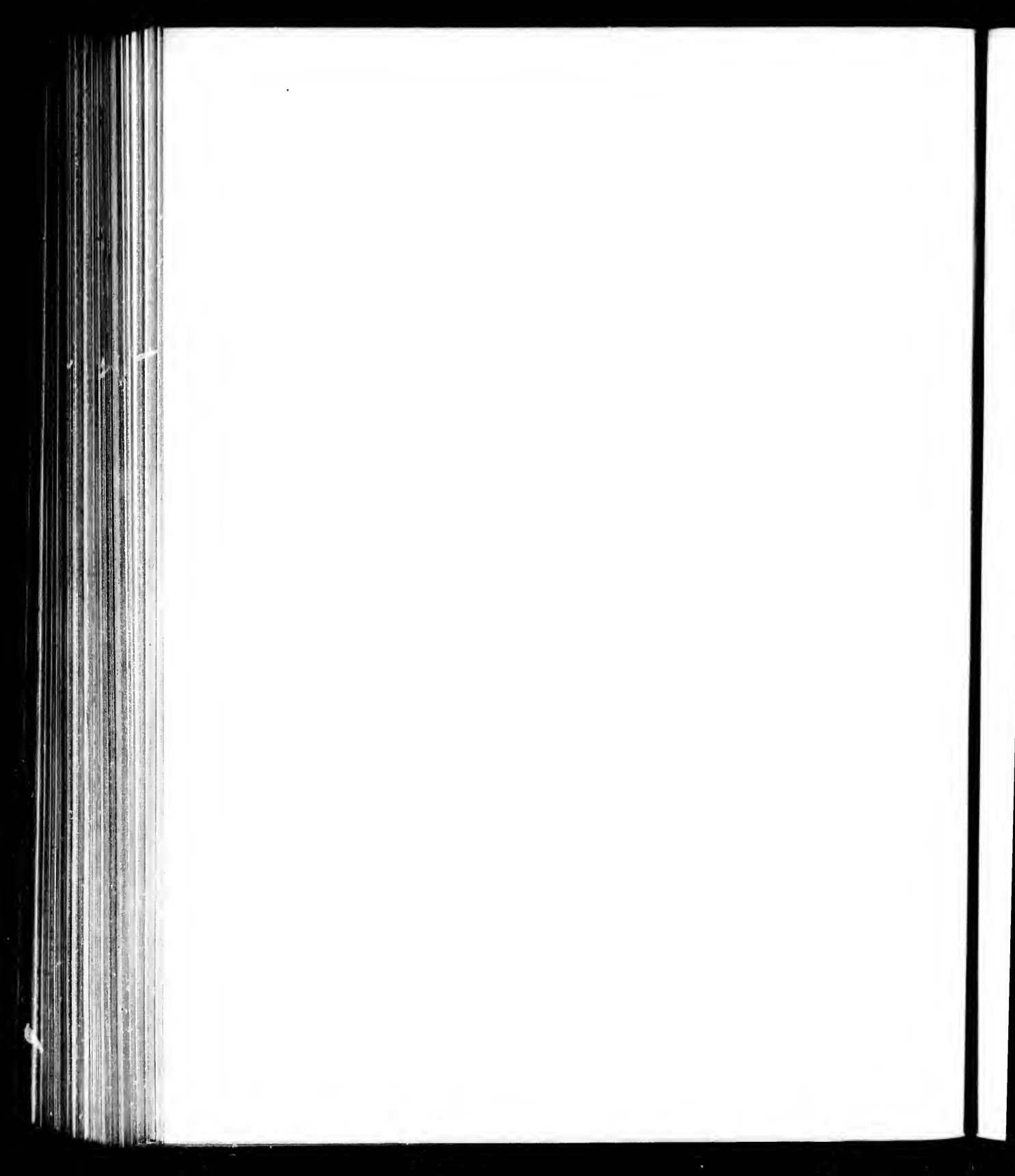
difficult to form any adequate idea of its scenery but which enables the eye the better to apprehend its whole extent and variety at a single glance, and thus to enjoy the full effect of its collective excellence more perfectly than where the attention is distracted by a

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THE AGORA OF ATHENS.

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less orderly accumulation of even beautiful objects. Its more prominent characteristics are—first, the wide extent of open plain in the centre; secondly, the three separate ranges of mountain—Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parus—to the eye of nearly the same height, and bounding the plain at unequal distances on three sides, to the south east, north-east, and north-west; thirdly, the sea on the remaining side, with its islands, and the distant mainland of Peloponnesus; fourthly, the cluster of rocky protuberances in the centre of the plain, the most striking of which either form part of the site of the city, or are grouped around it; and fifthly, the line of dark, dense olive groves, winding like a large green river through the heart of the vale.

Any formality, which might be expected to result from so symmetrical an arrangement of these leading elements of the composition, is further interrupted by the low graceful ridge of Turcouni, extending behind the city up the centre of the plain, and by a few marked undulations of its surface about the Peiræus and the neighbouring coast. The present barren and deserted state of this fair, but not fertile region, is perhaps rather favourable than otherwise to its full picturesque effect, as tending less to interfere with the outlines of the landscape, in which its beauty so greatly consists, than a dense population and high state of culture.

The Acropolis of Athens was at one and the same time the fortress, the sanctuary, and the museum of the city. Although the site of the original city, it had ceased to be inhabited from the time of the Persian wars, and was appropriated to the worship of Athena and the other guardian deities of the city. By the artists of the age of Pericles its platform was covered with the master-pieces of ancient art, to which additions continued to be made in succeeding ages. The sanctuary thus became a museum, and in order to form a proper idea of it, we must imagine the summit of the rock stripped of everything except temples and statues, the whole forming one vast composition of architecture, sculpture, and painting, the dazzling whiteness of the marble relieved by brilliant colours, and glittering in the transparent clearness of the Athenian atmosphere. It was here that Art achieved her greatest triumphs; and though in the present day a scene of desolation and ruin, its ruins are some of the most precious relics of the ancient world.

The Acropolis stood in the centre of the city. Hence it was the heart of Athens, as Athens was the heart of Greece. It was to this sacred rock that the magnificent procession of the Panathænic festival took place once in four years. The chief object of this procession was to carry the Peplus, or embroidered robe of Athena to her temple on the Acropolis. In connection with this subject it is important to distinguish between the three different Athenas of the Acropolis. The first was the Athena Polias, the most ancient of all, made of olive wood, and said to have fallen from heaven; its sanctuary was the Erechtheum. The second was the Athena of the Parthenon, a statue of ivory and gold, the work of Phidias. The third was the Athena Promachus, a colossal statue of bronze, also the work of Phidias, standing erect, with helmet, spear, and shield.

The surface of the Acropolis appears to have been divided into platforms, communicating with one another by steps. Upon these platforms stood the temples, sanctuaries, or monuments, which occupied all the summit.

On the ascent to the Acropolis from the modern town our first attention is called to the angle of the Hellenic wall, west of the northern wing of the Propylæa. It is probable that this wall formed the exterior defence of the Acropolis at this point. Following this wall northwards, we come to a bastion, built about the year 1822 by the Greek General Odysseus to defend an ancient well, to which there is access within the bastion by an antique passage and stairs of some length cut in the rock. Turning eastwards round the corner, we come to two caves, one of which is supposed to have been dedicated to Pan; in these caves are traces of tablets let into the rock. Leaving these caves we come to a large buttress, after which the wall runs upon the edge of the nearly vertical rock. On passing round a salient angle, where is a small buttress, we find a nearly straight line of wall for about 210 feet; then a short bend to the south east; afterwards a further straight reach for about 120 feet, nearly parallel to the former. These two lines of wall contain the remains of Doric columns and entablature, to which reference has already been made. A mediæval buttress about 100 feet from the angle of the Erechtheum, forms the termination of this second reach of wall. From hence to the north-east angle of the Acropolis, where there is a tower apparently Turkish, occur several large square stones, which also appear to have belonged to some early temple. The wall, into which these, as well as the before-mentioned fragments, are built, seems to be of Hellenic origin. The eastern face of the wall appears to have been entirely built in the Middle Ages, on the old foundations. At the south-east angle we find the Hellenic masonry of the Southern or Cimonian wall. At this spot twenty-nine courses remain, making a height of forty-five feet. Westward of this point the wall has been almost entirely cased in mediæval and recent times, and is further supported by nine buttresses, which, as well as those on the north and east sides, appear to be mediæval. But the Hellenic masonry of the Cimonian wall can be traced all along as far as the Propylæa under the casing. The south-west reach of the Hellenic wall terminates westwards in a solid tower about thirty feet high, which is surmounted by the temple of Nike Apteros, described below. This tower commanded the unshielded side of any troops approaching the gate, which, there is good reason to believe, was in the same position as the present entrance. After passing through the gate, and proceeding northwards underneath the west face of the tower, we come to the Propylæa. The effect of emerging from the dark gate and narrow passage to the magnificent marble staircase, seventy feet broad, surmounted by the Propylæa, must have been exceedingly grand. A small portion of the ancient Pelasgic wall still remains near the south-east angle of the southern wing of the Propylæa, now occupied by a lofty mediæval tower. After passing the gateways of the Propylæa, we come upon the area of the Acropolis, of which considerably more than half has been excavated under the auspices of the Greek government. Upon entering the inclosure of the Acropolis the colossal statue of Athena Promachus was seen a little to the left, and the Parthenon to the right; both offering angular views, according to the usual custom of the Greeks in arranging the approaches to their public buildings. The road leading upwards in the direction of the Parthenon is slightly worked out of the rock; it is at first of considerable breadth, and

afterwards becomes narrower. On the right hand, as we leave the Propylæa, and on the road itself, are traces of five votive altars, one of which is dedicated to Athena Hygieia. Further on, to the left of the road, is the site of the statue of Athena Promachus. Northwards of this statue, we come to a staircase close to the edge of the rock, partly built, partly cut out, leading to the grotto of Aglaurus. This staircase passes downwards through a deep cleft in the rock, nearly parallel in its direction to the outer wall, and opening out in the face of the cliff a little below its foundation. In the year 1845 it was possible to creep into this passage, and ascend into the Acropolis; but since that time the entrance has been closed up. Close to the Parthenon the original soil was formed of made ground in three layers of chips of stone, the lowest being of the rock of the Acropolis, the next of Pentelic marble, and the uppermost of Peiræic stone. In the extensive excavation made to the east of the Parthenon there was found a number of drums of columns, in a more or less perfect state, some much shattered, others apparently rough from the quarry, others partly worked and discarded in consequence of some defect in the material. The ground about them was strewn with marble chips; and some sculptors' tools, and jars containing red colour, were found with them. In front of the eastern portico of the Parthenon we find considerable remains of a level platform, partly of smoothed rock, and partly of Peiræic paving. North of this platform is the highest part of the Acropolis. Westwards of this spot we arrive at the area between the Parthenon and Erechtheium, which slopes from the former to the latter. Near the Parthenon is a small well, or rather mouth of a cistern, excavated in the rock, which may have been supplied with water from the roof of the temple. Close to the south, or Caryatid portico of the Erechtheium, is a small levelled area, on which was probably placed one of the many altars or statues surrounding that temple.

Mr. Penrose has further called attention in his important work, *An Investigation of the Principles of Athenian Architecture*, to the remarkable absence of parallelism among the several buildings. "Except the Propylæa and Parthenon, which were perhaps intended to bear a definite relation to one another, no two are parallel. This asymmetria is productive of very great beauty; for it not only obviates the dry uniformity of too many parallel lines, but also produces exquisite varieties of light and shade. One of the most happy instances of this latter effect is in the temple of Nike Apteros, in front of the southern wing of the Propylæa. The façade of this temple and pedestal of Agrippa, which is opposite to it, remain in shade for a considerable time after the front of the Propylæa has been lighted up; and they gradually receive every variety of light, until the sun is sufficiently on the decline to shine nearly equally on all the western faces of the entire group." Mr. Penrose observes that a similar want of parallelism in the separate parts is found to obtain in several of the finest mediæval structures, and may conduce in some degree to the beauty of the magnificent Piazza of St. Marc at Venice.

Pericles raised the magnificent monument called the Propylæa at the top of the road which led from the agora up the western slope of the Acropolis, and was paved with slabs of Pentelic marble, and covered the whole of the western end of the Acropolis, which was 168 feet in breadth. The central part of the building

consisted of two Doric hexastyle porticoes, covered with a roof of white marble, which attracted the particular notice of Pausanias. Of these porticoes the western faced the city, and the eastern the interior of the Acropolis; the latter, owing to the rise of the ground, being higher than the former. They were divided into two unequal halves by a wall, pierced by five gates or doors, by which the Acropolis was entered. The western portico was 43 feet in depth, and the eastern about half this depth; and they were called Propylæa, from their forming a vestibule to the five gates or doors just mentioned. Each portico or vestibule consisted of a front of six fluted Doric columns, supporting a pediment, the columns being 4½ feet in diameter, and nearly 29 feet in height. Of the five gates the one in the centre was the largest, and was equal in breadth to the space between the two central columns in the portico in front. It was by this gate that the carriages and horsemen entered the Acropolis, and the marks of the chariot-wheels worn in the rock are still visible. The doors on either side of the central one were much smaller both in height and breadth, and designed for the admission of foot-passengers only. The roof of the western portico was supported by two rows of three Ionic columns each, between which was the road to the central gate.

The central part of the building which we have been describing, was 58 feet in breadth, and consequently did not cover the whole width of the rock; the remainder was occupied by two wings, which projected 26 feet in front of the western portico. Each of these wings was built in the form of Doric temples, and communicated with the adjoining angle of the great portico. In the northern wing (on the left hand to a person ascending the Acropolis) a porch of 12 feet in depth conducted into a chamber of 35 feet by 30, usually called the Pinacotheca, from its walls being covered with paintings. The southern wing (on the right hand to a person ascending the Acropolis) consisted only of a porch or open gallery of 26 feet by 17, which did not conduct into any chamber behind. On the western front of this southern wing stood the small temple of Nike Apteros. The spot occupied by this temple commands a wide prospect of the sea, and it was here that Ægeus is said to have watched his son's return from Crete. From this part of the rock he threw himself, when he saw the black sail on the mast of Theseus. Late writers, in order to account for the name of the Ægean sea, relate that Ægeus threw himself from the Acropolis into the sea, which is three miles off.

The Propylæa, which constituted so suitable an entrance to the wonderful works of architecture and sculpture within, were, although the idea was borrowed from Egypt, considered one of the master-pieces of Athenian art, and are mentioned along with the Parthenon as the great architectural glory of the Periclean age. When Epaminondas was urging the Thebans to rival the glory of Athens, he told them that they must uproot the Propylæa of the Athenian Acropolis, and plant them in front of the Cadmean citadel.

There are still considerable remains of the Propylæa. (See p. 689.) The eastern portico, together with the adjacent parts, was thrown down about 1656 by an explosion of gunpowder which had been deposited in that place; but the inner wall, with its five gateways, still exists. The northern wing is tolerably perfect, but the southern is almost entirely destroyed: two columns of the latter are seen imbedded in the adjacent

walls of the mediæval tower. These walls attest the astonishing precision with which the Greeks piled up their stones without mortar. The enormous blocks seem as if superposed a few days ago, and the gigantic character of the construction contrasts strangely with the little temple of Wingless Victory to the right.

In the time of Pericles, Nike or Victory was figured as a young female with golden wings, but the more ancient statues of the goddess are said to have been without wings. Nike Apteros, or the Wingless Victory, was also identified with Athena and called Nike Athena. According to others, the figure indicated that Theseus returning from Crete, did not send news of his victory before he came himself, and again it has been opined that the temple was raised to Victory never destined to fly from Athens.

Standing as the wingless deity did at the exit of the Acropolis, her aid was implored by persons starting on dangerous expeditions. Hence the opponents of Lysistrata are described by Aristophanes, upon reaching the top of the ascent to the Acropolis, as invoking Nike, before whose temple they were standing.

This temple was still in existence when Spon and Wheler visited Athens in 1676; but in 1751 nothing remained of it but some traces of the foundation, and fragments of masonry lying in the neighbourhood of its former site. There were also found in the neighbouring wall four slabs of its sculptured frieze which are now in the British Museum. It seemed that this temple had perished utterly, but the stones of which it was built were discovered in the excavations of the year 1835; and it was rebuilt with the original materials by the Archaeological Society of Athens, after the plans published by Spon and Wheler, and under the auspices of Ross and Schaubert. The greater part of its frieze was also discovered at the same time. The temple now stands on its original site, its façade being composed of four monolithic fluted columns surmounted with Ionic capitals, and at a distance it looks very much like a new building with its white marble columns glittering in the sun. (See p. 693.)

The frieze, which runs round the whole of the exterior of the building, is one foot six inches high, and is adorned with sculptures in high relief. It originally consisted of fourteen pieces of stone, of which twelve, or the fragments of twelve, now remain. Several of these are so mutilated that it is difficult to make out the subject, but some of them evidently represent a battle between Greeks and Persians or other oriental nations. It is supposed that the two long sides were occupied with combats of horsemen, and that the western end represented a battle of foot soldiers.

The original building, it has been further remarked, must have been erected after the Battle of Salamis, since it could not have escaped the Persians, who destroyed everything upon the Acropolis; and this style of art shows that it could not have been of the age of Pericles. But as it is never mentioned among the buildings of this statesman, it is generally ascribed to Cimon, who probably built it at the same time on the southern wall of the Acropolis. Hence its sculptures have been supposed to be intended to commemorate the recent victories of the Greeks over the Persians.

There stands at present on the western front of the northern wing of the Propylea a lofty pedestal, about 12 feet square and 27 high, which supported some

figure or figures, as is clear from the holes for stanchions on its summit. Moreover, we may conclude from the size of the pedestal that the figure or figures on its summit were colossal or equestrian. Pausanias, in describing the Propylea, speaks of the statues of certain horsemen, respecting which he was in doubt whether they were the sons of Xenophon, or made for the sake of ornament; and as in the next clause he proceeds to speak of the temple of Nike on the right hand (or southern wing) of the Propylea, we may conclude that these statues stood in front of the northern wing. Now, it has been well observed by Leake, that the doubt of Pausanias, as to the persons for whom the equestrian statues were intended, could not have been sincere; and that, judging from his manner on other similar occasions, we may conclude that equestrian statues of Gryllus and Diodorus, the two sons of Xenophon, had been converted, by means of new inscriptions, into those of two Romans, whom Pausanias has not named. This conjecture is confirmed by an inscription on the base which records the name of M. Agrippa in his third consulship; and it may be that the other Roman was Augustus himself, who was the colleague of Agrippa in his third consulship. It appears that both statues stood on the same pedestal, and accordingly they are so represented in the accompanying restoration of the Propylea.

There is also an aperture in the walled inclosure of the Acropolis, in front of the Propylea, upon which is the following inscription, in Greek and French. "France discovered the gate of the Acropolis, the walls, the towers, and the staircase. Beulé, 1853." Some archaeologists think that this aperture, only about four feet wide, could scarcely have harmonised with the plan of the Propylea, and Mr. Proust doubts the existence of a staircase, and he designates the Pelægic wall of M. Beulé as an "opus incertum."

The Parthenon, or the Virgin's House (See p. 697) was the great glory of the Acropolis, and the most perfect production of Grecian architecture. It derived its name from its being the temple of Athena Parthenos, or Athena the Virgin, a name given to her as the invincible goddess of war. The Parthenon was erected under the administration of Pericles, and was completed in B.C. 438. It was sometimes called Hecatompedes, the Temple of One Hundred Feet from its breadth. It has been supposed to have been built on the site of an earlier temple, destroyed by the Persians, and Mr. Penrose found, indeed, the foundations of another and much older building under the stylobate of the present Parthenon.

The Parthenon stood on the highest part of the Acropolis. Its architecture was of the Doric order, and of the purest kind. It was built entirely of Pentelic marble, and rested upon a rustic basement of ordinary limestone. The contrast between the limestone of the basement and the splendid marble of the superstructure enhanced the beauty of the latter. Upon the basement stood the stylobate or platform, built of Pentelic marble, five feet and a-half in height, and composed of three steps. The temple was raised so high above the entrance of the Acropolis, both by its site and by these artificial means, that the pavement of the peristyle was nearly on a level with the summit of the Propylea. The dimensions of the Parthenon, taken from the upper step of the stylobate, were about 228 feet in length, 101 feet in breadth, and 66 feet in height to the top of the pediment. It consisted of a cella, surrounded

by a peristyle, which had eight columns at either front, and seventeen at either side (reckoning the corner columns twice), thus containing forty-six columns in all. These columns were 6 feet 2 inches in diameter at the base, and 34 feet in height. Within the peristyle at either end, there was an interior range of six columns, of 5½ feet in diameter, standing before the end of the cella, and forming, with the prolonged walls of the cella, an apartment before the door. These interior columns were on a level with the floor of the cella, and were ascended by two steps from the peristyle. The cella was divided into two chambers of unequal size, of which the eastern chamber or naos was about 98 feet, and the western chamber or opisthodomus about 43 feet. The ceiling of both these chambers was supported by inner rows of columns. In the eastern chamber there were twenty-three columns, of the Doric order, in two stories, one over the other, ten on each side, and three on the western return: the diameter of these columns was about 3½ feet at the base. In the western chamber there were four columns, the position of which is marked by four large slabs, symmetrically placed in the pavement. These columns were about four feet in diameter, and were probably of the Ionic order, as in the Propylæa.

Such was the simple structure of this magnificent building, which, by its united excellencies of materials, design, and decorations, was the most perfect ever executed. Its dimensions of 228 feet by 101, with a height of 66 feet to the top of the pediment, were sufficiently great to give an appearance of grandeur and sublimity; and this impression was not disturbed by any obtrusive subdivision of parts, such as is found to diminish the effect of many larger modern buildings, where the same singleness of design is not apparent. In the Parthenon there was nothing to divert the spectator's contemplation from the simplicity and majesty of mass and outline, which forms the first and most remarkable object of admiration in a Greek temple; for the statues of the pediments, the only decoration which was very conspicuous by its magnitude and position, having been inclosed within frames which formed an essential part of the designs of either front, had no more obtrusive effect than an ornamented capital to an unadorned column. The whole building was adorned within and without with the most exquisite pieces of sculpture, executed under the direction of Phidias by different artists. The various architectural members of the upper part of the building were enriched with positive colours, of which traces are still found. The statues and the reliefs, as well as the members of architecture, were enriched with various colours; and the weapons, the reins of the horses, and other accessories, were of metal, and the eyes of some of the figures were inlaid.

Of the sculptures of the Parthenon the grandest and most celebrated was the colossal statue of the Virgin Goddess, executed by the hand of Phidias himself. It stood in the eastern or principal apartment of the cella; and as to its exact position some remarks are made below. It belonged to that kind of work which the Greeks called chryselephantine; ivory being employed for those parts of the statue which were unclothed, while the dress and other ornaments were of solid gold. This statue represented the goddess standing, clothed with a tunic reaching to the ankles, with her spear in her left hand, and an image of victory, four cubits high in her right. She was girdled with the ægis, and had

a helmet on her head, and her shield rested on the ground by her side. The height of the statue was twenty-six cubits, or nearly forty feet. The weight of the gold upon the statue, which was so affixed as to be removable at pleasure, is said by Theocydides to have been 40 talents, by Philochorus 41, and by other writers 50; probably the statement of Philochorus is correct, the others being round numbers. It was finally robbed of its gold by Lachares, who made himself tyrant of Athens, when Demetrius was besieging the city.

There has been a great controversy among scholars as to whether any part of the roof of the eastern chamber of the Parthenon was hypæthral, or pierced with an opening to the sky. Most English writers, following Stuart, had arrived at a conclusion in the affirmative, but the discussion has been recently reopened in Germany, and the author of the article "Athens," in *Smith's Dictionary*, says that it seems impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion upon the subject. Yet the same writer, after discussing the matter, is decidedly against the hypæthral theory.

We know that, as a general rule, the Grecian temples had no windows in the walls; and consequently the light was admitted either through some opening in the roof, or through the door alone. The latter appears to have been the case in smaller temples, which could obtain sufficient light from the open door; but larger temples must necessarily have been in comparative darkness, if they received light from no other quarter. And although the temple was the abode of the deity, and not a place of meeting, yet it is impossible to believe that the Greeks left in comparative darkness the beautiful paintings and statues with which they decorated the interior of their temples. We have moreover express evidence that light was admitted into temples through the roof. This appears to have been done in two ways, either by windows or openings in the tiles of the roof, or by leaving a large part of the latter open to the sky. The former was the case in the Temple of Eleusis. There can be little doubt that the naos or eastern chamber of the Parthenon must have obtained its light in one or other of these ways; but the testimony of Vitruvius cannot be quoted in favour of the Parthenon being hypæthral, as there are strong reasons for believing the passage to be corrupt. If the Parthenon was really hypæthral, we must place the opening to the sky between the statue and the eastern door, since we cannot suppose that such an exquisite work as the chryselephantine statue of Athena was not protected by a covered roof.

The most satisfactory explanation of the real state of things is probably that given by Mr. Edward Falkener in his admirable work, *Dædalus; or, the Causes and Principles of the Excellence of Greek Sculpture*: a work which revives and even excels the best days of Winkelmann; and had more regard been had to the accessories of soil and climate, would have been perfect in its way. Mr. Falkener, in his restoration of the Parthenon, supplies for the first time a Greek temple with a vaulted ceiling, with an hypæthron or skylight in the centre—the whole sufficiently lofty to have contained the celebrated Minerva of Phidias, her spear touching the ceiling. As Mr. Falkener sensibly remarks, "Animated, as all antiquaries should be, by the like zeal for truth and love of art, a difference of opinion in details must yet always be expected." It

is, however, no slight difference of detail to decide whether the colossal statue of the virgin goddess stood within a covered temple, or her head and bust rose above it into open space; and any theory that would explain away the absurdity of the latter supposition, without infringing historical data and ancient canons of art and architecture, as far as they are known, was a real boon made to common sense and to universal taste.

Before quitting the Parthenon, there is one interesting point connected with its construction which must not be passed over without notice. It has been discovered within the last few years, that in the Parthenon, and in some others of the purer specimens of Grecian architecture, there is a systematic deviation from ordinary rectilinear construction. Instead of the straight lines in ordinary architecture, we find various delicate curves in the Parthenon. It is observed that "the most important curves in point of extent are those which form the horizontal lines of the building where they occur; such as the edges of the steps, and the lines of the entablature, which are usually considered to be straight level lines, but in the steps of the Parthenon, and some other of the best examples of Greek Doric are convex curves, lying in vertical planes; the lines of the entablature being also curves nearly parallel to the steps and in vertical planes." The existence of curves in Greek buildings is mentioned by Vitruvius (iii., 3), but it was not until the year 1837, when much of the rubbish which encumbered the stylobate of the Parthenon had been removed by the operations carried on by the Greek government, that the curvature was discovered by Mr. George Pennocher, an English architect then at Athens. Subsequently the curves were noticed by Messrs. Hofer and Schaubert, German architects, and communicated by them to the *Wiener Bauzeitung*. More recently a full and elaborate account of these curves has been given by Mr. Penrose, who went to Athens under the patronage of the Society of Dilettanti for the purpose of investigating this subject, and who has published the results of his researches. Mr. Penrose remarks that it is not surprising that the curves were not sooner discovered from an inspection of the building, since the amount of curvature is so exquisitely managed that it is not perceptible to a stranger standing opposite to the front; and that before the excavations, the steps were so much encumbered as to have prevented anyone looking along their whole length. The curvature may now be easily remarked by a person who places his eye in such a position as to look along the lines of the step or entablature from end to end, which in architectural language is called "boning."

The Parthenon was converted into a Christian church, dedicated to the Virgin-Mother, probably in the sixth century. Upon the conquest of Athens by the Turks, it was changed into a mosque, and down to the year 1687 the building remained almost entire with the exception of the roof. Of its condition before this year we have more than one account. In 1674 drawings of its sculptures were made by Carrey, an artist employed for this purpose by the Marquis de Nointel, the French ambassador at Constantinople. These drawings are still extant, and have been of great service in the restoration of the sculptures, especially in the pediments. In 1676 Athens was visited by Spon and Wheler, each of whom published an account

of the Parthenon. In 1687, when Athens was besieged by the Venetians under Morosini, a shell, falling into the Parthenon, inflamed the gunpowder, which had been placed by the Turks in the eastern chamber, and reduced the centre of the Parthenon to a heap of ruins. The walls of the eastern chamber were thrown down, together with all the interior columns, and the adjoining columns of the peristyle. Of the northern side of the peristyle eight columns were wholly or partially thrown down; and of the southern, six columns; while of the pronaos only one column was left standing. The two fronts escaped, together with a portion of the western chamber. Morosini, after the capture of the city, attempted to carry off some of the statues in the western pediment; but, owing to the unskillfulness of the Venetians, they were thrown down as they were being lowered, and were dashed in pieces. At the beginning of the present century, many of the finest sculptures of the Parthenon were removed to England by Lord Elgin. In 1827 the Parthenon received fresh injury, from the bombardment of the city in that year; but even in its present state of desolation, the magnificence of its ruins still strikes the spectator with astonishment and admiration.

VI.

THE ERICHTHEIUM—LEGENDS OF ERICHTHEUS—FOUNDATION OF THE ERICHTHEIUM—STATUE OF ATHENA PROMACHUS—TEMPLES OF ARTEMIS AND OF ROMEO AND AUGUSTUS—THE ARROPAEUS—THE PNYX—PULPIT OF DEMOSTHENES—THE HILL OF THE NYMPHS—MONUMENT OF THRASYLLUS—THE MUSIC THEATRE—CAVE OF APOLLO AND PAN—THE SANCTUARY OF AGLAURUS.

THE Erechtheum was the most revered of all the sanctuaries of Athens, and was closely connected with the earliest legends of Attica. Erechtheus or Erichthonius, for the same person is signified under the two names, occupies a most important position in the Athenian religion. His story is related variously; but it is only necessary to refer to those portions of it which serve to illustrate the following account of the building which bears his name. Homer represents Erechtheus as born of the Earth, and brought up by the goddess Athena, who adopts him as her ward, and installs him in her temple at Athens, where the Athenians offer to him annual sacrifices. Later writers call Erechtheus or Erichthonius the son of Hephaestus and the Earth, but they also relate that he was brought up by Athena, who made him her companion in her temple. According to one form of the legend he was placed by Athena in a chest, which was entrusted to the charge of Aglaurus, Pandrosus, and Ilse, the daughters of Cecrops, with strict orders not to open it; but that Aglaurus and Ilse, unable to control their curiosity, disobeyed the command; and upon seeing the child in the form of a serpent entwined with a serpent, they were seized with madness, and threw themselves down from the steepest part of the Acropolis. Another set of traditions represented Erechtheus as the god Poseidon. In the Erechtheum he was worshipped under the name of Poseidon Erechtheus; and one of the family of the Butadae, which traced their descent from him, was his hereditary priest. Hence we may infer, with Mr. Grote (*History of Greece*, vol. i., p. 246), that "the first and oldest conception of Athens and the sacred Acropolis places it under the special protection, and represents it as the settlement and favourite abode of Athena, jointly with Poseidon;

the latter being the inferior, though the chosen companion of the former, and therefore exchanging his divine appellation for the cognomen of Erechtheus."

The foundation of the Erechtheum is thus connected with the origin of the Athenian religion. We have seen that, according to Homer, a temple of Athena existed on the Acropolis before the birth of Erechtheus; but Erechtheus was usually regarded as the founder of the temple, since he was the chief means of establishing the religion of Athena in Attica. This temple was also the place of his interment, and was named after him. It contained several objects of the greatest interest to every Athenian. Here was the most ancient statue of Athena Polias, that is, Athena, the guardian of the city. This statue was made of olive wood, and was said to have fallen down from heaven. Here was the sacred olive tree, which Athena called forth from the earth in her contest with Poseidon for the possession of Attica; here also was the well of salt water which Poseidon produced by the stroke of his trident, the impression of which was seen upon the rock; and here, lastly, was the tomb of Cecrops as well as that of Erechtheus. The building also contained a separate sanctuary of Athena Polias, in which the statue of the goddess was placed, and a separate sanctuary of Pandrosus, the only one of the sisters who remained faithful to her trust. The more usual name of the entire structure was the Erechtheum, which consisted of the two temples of Athena Polias and Pandrosus. But the whole building was also frequently called the temple of Athena Polias, in consequence of the importance attached to this part of the edifice. In the ancient inscription mentioned below, it is simply called the temple which contained the ancient statue.

The original Erechtheum was burnt by the Persians; but the new temple was built upon the ancient site. This could not have been otherwise, since it was impossible to remove either the salt well or the olive tree, the latter of which sacred objects had been miraculously spared. Though it had been burnt along with the temple, it was found on the second day to have put forth a new sprout of a cubit in length, or, according to the subsequent improvement of the story, of two cubits in length. The new Erechtheum was a singularly beautiful building, and one of the great triumphs of Athenian architecture. It was of the Ionic order, and in its general appearance formed a striking contrast to the Parthenon of the Doric order by its side.

The Erechtheum was situated to the north of the Parthenon, and close to the northern wall of the Acropolis. The existing ruins leave no doubt as to the exact form and appearance of the exterior of the building; but the arrangement of the interior is a matter of great uncertainty. The interior of the temple was converted into a Byzantine church, which is now destroyed; and the inner part of the building presents nothing but a heap of ruins, belonging partly to the ancient temple, and partly to the Byzantine church. The difficulty of understanding the arrangement of the interior is also increased by the obscurity of the description of Pausanias. Hence it is not surprising that almost every writer upon the subject has differed from his predecessor in his distribution of some parts of the building; though there are two or three important points in which most modern scholars are now agreed.

The form of the Erechtheum differs from every other known example of a Grecian temple. Usually a Grecian temple was an oblong figure, with two porticoes, one at its eastern and the other at its western end. The Erechtheum, on the contrary, though oblong in shape and having a portico at the eastern front, had no portico at its western end; but from either side of the latter a portico projected to the north and south, thus forming a kind of transept. Consequently the temple had three porticoes, and which may be distinguished as the eastern, the northern, and the southern *pro-tasis*, or portico. The irregularity of the building is to be accounted for partly by the difference of the level of the ground, the eastern portico standing upon ground about eight feet higher than the northern; but still more by the necessity of preserving the different sanctuaries and religious objects belonging to the ancient temple. The skill and ingenuity of the Athenian architects triumphed over these difficulties, and even converted them into beauties.

The building has been frequently examined and described by architects, by none more minutely than by M. Tetaz in the *Revue Archéologique* for 1851, and the different objects in the building and connected with it. The temple of Athena Polias, with the altar of Zeus Hypatus in front of the portico—the altars of Poseidon Erechtheus in the portico itself—the Palladium or statue of the goddess, near the western wall—the golden lamp with wick of Carpasian flax (*asbestos*)—the statue of Athena Polias of olive wood—the olive tree and the salt well in the Pandrosium—the Erechthonian serpent—the Temenos or sacred inclosure, with its numerous statues and its mysterious Arrephorimaidens who conveyed their annual burdens to the subterranean natural cavern near the temple of Aphrodite in the gardens—have all been subjects of curious and interesting discussion, and in some instances, as that of the statue of Athena Polias, even resuscitated by the ingenuity of Muller and Scharf.

The Propylæa, the Parthenon and the Erechtheum were the three chief buildings in the Acropolis; but its summit was covered with other temples, altars, statues, and works of art, the number of which was so great as almost to excite our astonishment that space could be found for them all. We shall only notice here the most important.

The statue of Athena Promachus, one of the most celebrated works of Phidias, was a colossal bronze figure, and represented the goddess armed and in the very attitude of battle. Hence it was distinguished from the statues of Athens in the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, by the epithet of Promachus. This Athena was also called "the Bronze, the Great Athena." It stood in the open air nearly opposite the Propylæa, and was one of the first objects seen after passing through the gates of the latter. It was of gigantic size. It towered even above the roof of the Parthenon; and the point of its spear and the crest of its helmet were visible off the promontory of Sunium to ships approaching Athens. With its pedestal it must have stood about seventy feet high. It was still standing in A.D. 395, and is said to have frightened away Alaric when he came to sack the Acropolis. The exact site of this statue is now well ascertained, since the foundations of its pedestal have been discovered.

A brazen Quadriga, dedicated from the spoils of Chalcis, stood on the left hand of a person as he entered the Acropolis through the Propylæa.

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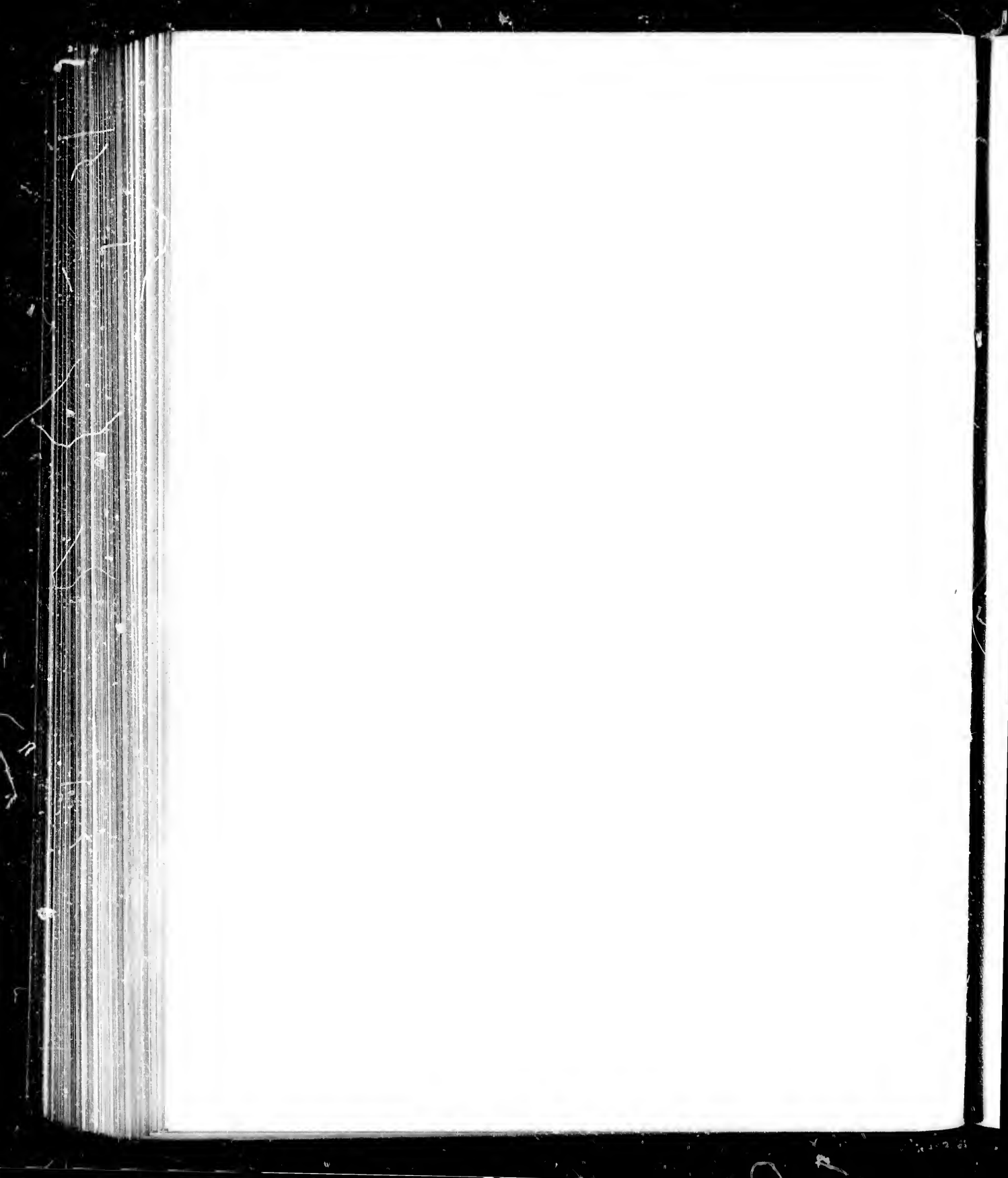
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The Gigantomachia, a composition in sculpture, stood upon the southern or Cimonian wall, and just above the Dionysiac theatre; for Plutarch relates that a violent wind precipitated into the Dionysiac theatre a Dionysus, which was one of the figures of the Gigantomachia. The Gigantomachia was one of four compositions, each three feet in height, dedicated by Attalus, the other three representing the Battle of the Athenians and Amazons, the Battle of Marathon, and the Destruction of the Gauls by Attalus. If the Gigantomachia stood towards the eastern end of the southern wall, we may conclude that the three other compositions were ranged in a similar manner upon the wall towards the west, and probably extended as far as opposite the Parthenon. Mr. Penrose relates that south-east of the Parthenon, there has been discovered upon the edge of the Cimonian wall a platform of Piræic stone, containing two plain marble slabs, which are perhaps connected with these sculptures.

The Temple of Artemis Brauronia, standing between the Propylæa and the Parthenon, of which the foundations have been recently discovered. Near it, as we learn from Pausanias, was a brazen statue of the Trojan horse, from which Menestheus, Teucer and the sons of Theseus, were represented looking out. From other authorities we learn that spears projected from this horse, and that it was of colossal size. The basis of this statue has also been discovered with an inscription, from which we learn that it was dedicated by Chære-demus, of Coele (a quarter in the city), and that it was made by Strongylion.

The Temple of Rome and Augustus, not mentioned by Pausanias, stood about ninety feet before the eastern front of the Parthenon. Leake observes that, from a portion of its architrave still in existence, we may infer that it was circular, twenty-three feet in diameter, of the Ionic or Corinthian order, and about fifty feet in height, exclusive of a basement. It was dedicated to Rome and Augustus, because this emperor forbade the provinces to raise any temple to him, except in conjunction with Rome.

The Areopagus, or Hill of Ares, was the rocky height exactly opposite the western end of the Acropolis, from which it was separated only by some hollow ground. Of its site there can be no doubt, both from the description of Pausanias, and from the account of Herodotus, who relates that it was a height over against the Acropolis, from which the Persians assailed the western extremity of the Acropolis. According to tradition it was called the Hill of Ares, because Ares was brought to trial here before the assembled gods by Poseidon, on account of his murdering Halirrhothius, the son of the latter. The spot is memorable as the place of meeting of the Council of Areopagus, frequently called the Upper Council, to distinguish it from the Council of Five Hundred, which held its sittings in the valley below the hill. The Council of Areopagus met on the south-eastern summit of the rock. There are still sixteen stone steps cut in the rock, leading up to the hill from the valley of the Agora; and immediately above the steps is a bench of stones excavated in the rock, forming three sides of a quadrangle, and facing the south. Here the Areopagites sat as judges in the open air. On the eastern and western sides is a raised block. Wordsworth supposes these blocks to be the two rude stones which Pausanias saw here, and which are described by Euripides as assigned, the one to the accuser,

the other to the criminal, in the cases which were tried in this court. The Areopagus possesses peculiar interest to the Christian as the spot from which the Apostle Paul preached to the men of Athens. At the foot of the height on the north-eastern side there are ruins of a small church, dedicated to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, and commemorating his conversion here by St. Paul.

At the opposite or south-eastern angle of the hill, forty-five or fifty yards distant from the steps, there is a wide chasm in the rocks, leading to a gloomy recess, within which there is a fountain of very dark water. This was the sanctuary of the Eumenides, commonly called by the Athenians the Semna or Venerable Goddesses. The cavern itself formed the temple, with probably an artificial construction in front. Its position is frequently referred to by the tragic poets, who also speak of the chasm of the earth. It was probably in consequence of the subterranean nature of the sanctuary of these goddesses that torches were employed in their ceremonies. Æschylus described the procession which escorted the Eumenides to this their temple, as descending the rocky steps above described from the platform of the Areopagus, then winding round the eastern angle of that hill, and conducting them with the sound of music and the glare of torches along this rocky ravine to this dark inclosure. Within the sacred inclosure was the monument of Oedipus.

The Pnyx, or place of assembly of the Athenian people, formed part of the surface of a low rocky hill, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the centre of the Areopagus hill. The Pnyx may be best described as an area formed by the segment of a circle, the radius of which varies from about sixty to eighty yards. It is on a sloping ground, which shelves down very gently toward the hollow of the ancient agora, which was on its foot at the north-east. The chord of this semicircle is the highest part of this slope; the middle of its arc is the lowest; and this last point of the curve is cased by a terras wall of huge polygonal blocks, and of about fifteen feet in depth at the centre: this terras wall prevents the soil of the slope from lapsing down into the valley of the agora beneath it. The chord of this semicircle is formed by a line of rock, vertically hewn, so as to present to the spectator, standing in the area, the face of a flat wall. In the middle point of this wall of rock, and projecting from, and applied to it, is a solid rectangular block, hewn from the same rock. This is the celebrated bema, or pulpit, often called "the Stone," from whence the orators addressed the multitude in the semicircular area before them. The bema looks towards the north-east, that is, towards the agora. It is eleven feet broad, rising from a graduated basis: the summit is broken, but the present height is about twenty feet. It was accessible on the right and left of the orator by a flight of steps. As the destinies of Athens were swayed by the orators from this pulpit, the term "the stone" is familiarly used as a figure of the government of the state; and the "master of the stone" indicates the ruling statesman of the day. The position of the bema commanded a view of the Propylæa and the other magnificent edifices of the Acropolis, while beneath it was the city itself studded with monuments of Athenian glory. The Athenian orators frequently roused the national feelings of their audience by pointing to "that Propylæa there," and to the "splendid buildings, which they had in view from the Pnyx."

The area of the Pnyx contained about 12,000 square yards, and could therefore easily accommodate the whole of the Athenian citizens. The remark of an ancient grammarian, that it was constructed with the simplicity of ancient times, is borne out by the existing remains. We know moreover that it was not provided with seats, with the exception of a few wooden benches in the first row. Hence the assembled citizens either stood or sat on the bare rock; and accordingly the Sausage-seller, when he seeks to undermine the popularity of Cleon, offers a cushion to the demus. It was not provided, like the theatres, with any species of awning to protect the assembly from the rays of the sun; and this was doubtless one reason why the assembly was held at day-break.

It has been remarked that a traveller who mounts the bema of the Pnyx may safely say, what perhaps cannot be said with equal certainty of any other spot, and of any other body of great men in antiquity: Here have stood Demosthenes, Pericles, Themistocles, Aristides, and Solon.

The Hill of the Nymphs, which lay a little to the north-west of the Pnyx, used to be identified with the celebrated Lycabettus, but its proper name has been restored to it, from an inscription found on its summit.

The Museum was the hill to the south-west of the Acropolis, from which it is separated by an intervening valley. It is only a little lower than the Acropolis itself. It is described by Pausanias as a hill within the city walls, opposite the Acropolis, where the poet Musæus was buried, and where a monument was erected to a certain Syrian, whose name Pausanias does not mention. There are still remains of this monument, from the inscriptions upon which we learn that it was the monument of Philopappus, the grandson of Antiochus, who having been deposed by Vespasian, came to Rome with his two sons, Epiphanes and Callinicus. Epiphanes was the father of Philopappus, who had become an *ætrian* citizen of the demus Besa, and he is evidently the Syrian to whom Pausanias alludes. The part of the monument now remaining consists of the central and eastern niches, with remains of the two pilasters on that side of the centre. The statues in two of the niches still remain, but without heads, and otherwise imperfect; the figures of the triumph, in the lower compartment, are not much better preserved. This monument appears, from Spon and Wheeler, to have been nearly in the same state in 1676 as it is at present; and it is to Ciriaco d'Ancona, who visited Athens two centuries earlier, that we are indebted for a knowledge of the deficient parts of the monument. Of the Fortress, which Demetrius Poliocetes erected on the Musæum in B.C. 229, all trace has disappeared.

The stone theatre of Dionysus lay beneath the southern wall of the Acropolis, near its eastern extremity. The middle of it was excavated out of the rock, and its extremities were supported by solid piers of masonry. The rows of seats were in the form of curves, rising one above another; the diameter increased with the ascent. Two rows of seats at the top of the theatre are now visible; but the rest are concealed by the accumulation of soil. The accurate dimensions of the theatre cannot now be ascertained; there can be no question that it must have been sufficiently large to have accommodated the whole body of Athenian citizens, as well as the strangers who flocked to the Dionysiac festival. It has been supposed from a passage of Plato, that the theatre was capable of containing more than

30,000 spectators, since Socrates, speaking of Agathon's dramatic victory in the theatre, says that "his glory was manifested in the presence of more than three myriads of Greeks." The magnificence of the theatre is attested by Dicaearchus, who describes it as "the most beautiful theatre in the world, worthy of mention, great and wonderful." The spectators sat in the open air, but probably protected from the rays of the sun by an awning, and from their elevated seats they had a distinct view of the sea and of the peaked hills of Salamis in the horizon. Above them rose the Parthenon, and the other buildings of the Acropolis, so that they sat under the shadow of the ancestral gods of their country. This theatre was commenced B.C. 340, but was not completely finished till B.C. 330, during the administration of Lycurgus. A theatre might, however, like a Gothic church, be used for centuries without being quite finished; and there can be no doubt that it was in this theatre that all the great productions of the Grecian drama were performed.

There is a grotto above the upper seats of the theatre and the Cimonian wall of the Acropolis, which was converted into a small temple by Thrasyllus, a victorious choragus, to commemorate the victory of his chorus, B.C. 320, as we learn from an inscription upon it. Hence it is usually called the Choragic Monument of Thrasyllus. Within the cavern were statues of Apollo and Artemis destroying the children of Niobe; and upon the entablature of the temple was a colossal figure of Dionysus. This figure is now in the British Museum; but it has lost its head and arms. This cavern was subsequently converted into the church of Panaghia Spiliotissa, or the Holy Virgin of the Grotto; and was used as such when Dodwell visited Athens. It is now, however, a simple cave; and the temple and the church are both in ruins.

The Odeum or Music theatre of Regilla (*See p. 704*), also lay beneath the southern wall of the Acropolis, but at its western extremity. It was built at the time of the Antonines by Herodes Atticus, who called it the Odeum of Regilla in honour of his deceased wife. Pausanias remarks that it surpassed all other Odeia in Greece, as well in dimensions as in other respects; and its roof of cedar wood was particularly admired. The length of its diameter within the walls was about two hundred and forty feet, and it is calculated to have furnished accommodation for about six thousand persons. There are still considerable remains of the building; but, in spite of their extent, good preservation, and the massive material of which they are composed, they have a poor appearance, owing to the defects of the Roman style of architecture, especially of the rows of small and apparently useless arches with which the more solid portions of the masonry are perforated, and the consequent number of insignificant parts into which it is thus subdivided.

The Cave of Apollo and Pan, more usually called the Cave of Pan, lay at the base of the north-west angle of the Acropolis. It is described by Herodotus as situated below the Acropolis, and by Pausanias as a little below the Propylea, with a spring of water near it. The worship of Apollo in this cave was probably of great antiquity. Here he is said to have visited Creusa, the mother of Ion; and hence the cave is frequently mentioned in the *Ion* of Euripides. The worship of Pan in this cave was not introduced till after the battle of Marathon, in consequence of the services which he rendered to the Athenians on

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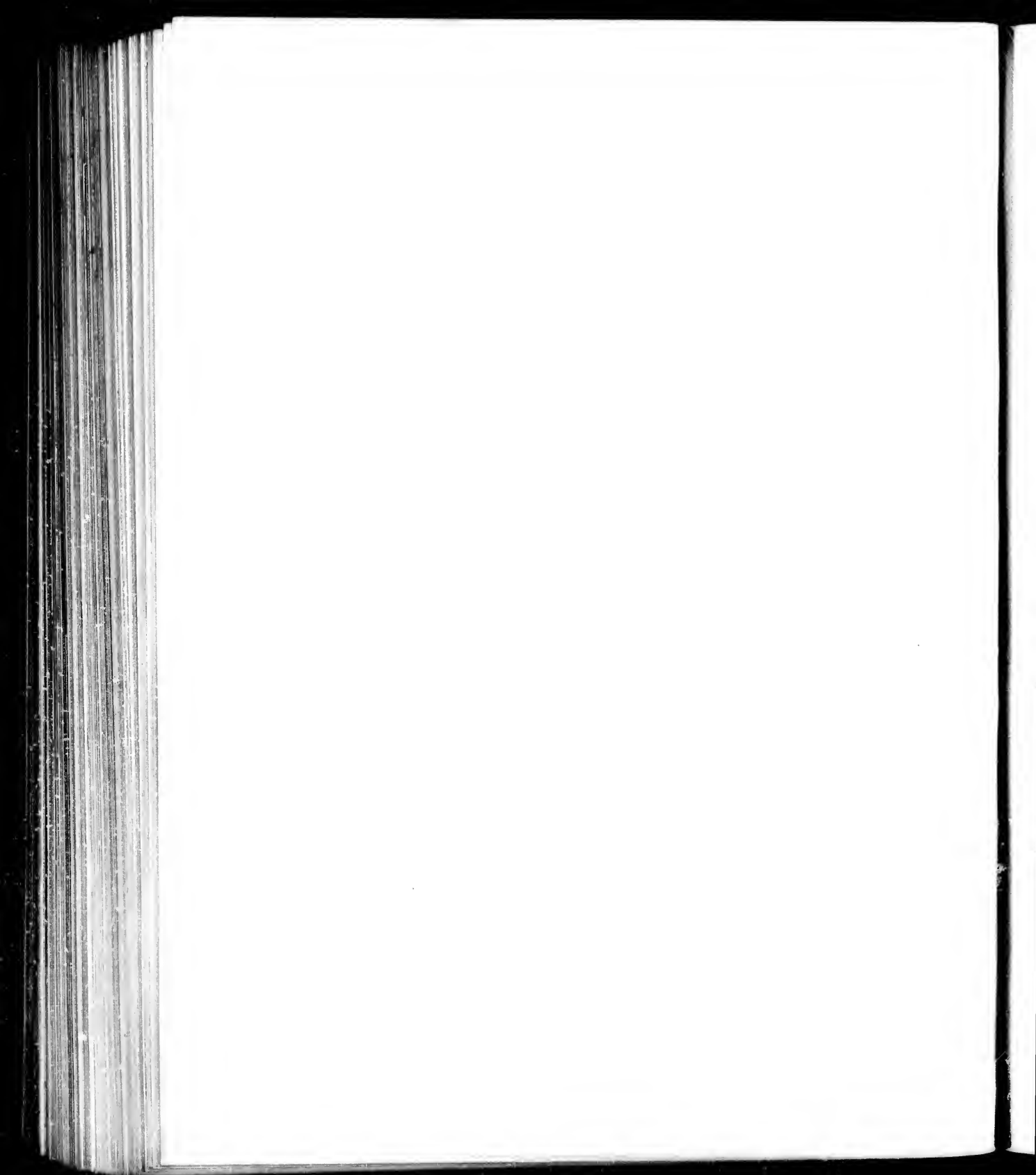
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SHEPHERDS NEAR ATHENS.



that occasion. His statue was dedicated by Miltiades, and Simonides wrote the inscription for it. A statue of Pan, now in the public library at Cambridge, was discovered in a garden a little below the cave, and has been supposed to be the identical figure dedicated by Miltiades. The cave measures about eighteen feet in length, thirty feet in height, and fifteen feet in depth. There are two excavated ledges cut in the rock, on which we may suppose statues of the two deities to have stood, and also numerous niches and holes for the reception of votive offerings.

The fountain near the cave was called Clepsydra, more anciently Empedo. It derived the name of Clepsydra from its being supposed to have had a subterranean communication with the harbour of Phalerum. "The only access to this fountain is from the inclosed platform of the Acropolis above it. The approach to it is at the north of the northern wing of the Propylea. Here we begin to descend a flight of forty-seven steps cut in the rock, but partially eased with slabs of marble. The descent is arched over with brick, and opens out into a small subterranean chapel, with niches cut in its sides. In the chapel is a well, surmounted with a peristomium of marble; below which is the water, now at a distance of about thirty feet."

The sanctuary of Aglaurus, one of the three daughters of Cecrops, was also a cavern situated in the northern face of the Acropolis. It is evident, from several passages in the *Ionia* of Euripides, that the Aglaurium was in some part of the precipices called the Long Rocks, which ran eastward of the grotto of Pan. It is said to have been the spot from which Aglaurus and her sister Herse threw themselves from the rocks of the Acropolis, upon opening the chest which contained Erichthonius; and it was also near this sanctuary that the Persians gained access to the Acropolis. We learn from Pausanias that the cave was situated at the steepest part of the hill, which is also described by Herodotus as precipitous at this point. At the distance of about sixty yards to the east of the cave of Pan, and at the base of a precipice, is a remarkable cavern; and forty yards further in the same direction, there is another cave much smaller, immediately under the wall of the citadel, and only a few yards distant from the northern portico of the Erechtheium. In the latter there are thirteen niches, which prove it to have been a consecrated spot; and there can be no doubt that the larger was also a sanctuary, though niches are not equally apparent, in consequence of the surface of the rock not being so well preserved as in the smaller cavern. One of those two caves was undoubtedly the Aglaurium. Leake conjectured, from the account of a stratagem of Peisistratus, that there was a communication from the Aglaurium to the platform of the citadel. After Peisistratus had seized the citadel, his next object was to disarm the Athenians. With this view he sent for the Athenians in the Anaceium, which was to the west of the Aglaurium. While he was addressing them they hid down their arms, which were seized by the partisans of Peisistratus and conveyed into the Aglaurium, apparently with the view of being carried into the citadel itself. Now this conjecture has been confirmed by the discovery of an ancient flight of stairs near the Erechtheium, leading into the cavern, and from thence passing downwards through a deep cleft in the rock, nearly parallel in its direction to the outer wall, and opening out in the face of the cliff a little below the foundation. It would

therefore appear that this cave, the smaller of the two above mentioned, was the Aglaurium, the access to which from the Acropolis was close to the northern portico of the Erechtheium, which led into the sanctuary of Pandrosus, the only one of the three daughters of Cecrops who remained faithful to her trust. Leake conjectures that the Aglaurium, which is never described as a temple, but only as a sanctuary or sacred inclosure, was used in a more extended signification to comprehend both caves, one being more especially sacred to Aglaurus and the other to her sister Herse. According to one tradition Aglaurus precipitated herself from the Acropolis, as a sacrifice, to save her country; and it was probable on this account that the Athenian epebi, on receiving their first suit of armour, were accustomed to take an oath in the Aglaurium, that they would defend their country to the last.

VII.

THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS—THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS OLYMPIUS—THE TEMPLE OF THE WINDS—THE LANTERN OF DEMOSIENESES—ARCH OF HADRIAN—ORIENTAL CHARACTER OF THE GREEKS—ATHENIAN SOCIETY—APPEARANCE AND DRESS—THE AGORA, OR MARKET-PLACE—LIFE IN ATHENS—THE CARNIVAL.

The temple of Theseus is the best preserved of all the monuments of Athens. It is situated on a height in the north-west of the city, north of the Areopagus, and near the Gymnasium of Ptolemy. It was at the same time a temple and a tomb, having been built to receive the bones of Theseus, which Cimón had brought from Scyros to Athens in B.C. 469. The temple appears to have been commenced in the same year, and allowing five years for its completion, was probably finished about 465. It is, therefore, about thirty years older than the Parthenon. It possessed the privilege of an asylum, in which runaway slaves in particular were accustomed to take refuge. The temple of Theseus was built of Pentelic marble, and stands upon an artificial foundation formed of large quadrangular blocks of limestone. Its architecture is of the Doric order.

Although the temple itself is nearly perfect, the sculptures have sustained great injury. The figures in the two pediments have entirely disappeared; and the metopes and the frieze have been greatly mutilated. Enough, however, remains to show that these sculptures belong to the highest style of Grecian art. The relief is bold and salient, approaching to the proportions of the entire statue, the figures in some instances appearing to be only slightly attached to the table of the marble. The sculptures, both of the metopes and of the friezes, were painted, and still preserve remains of the colours. Leake observes that "vestiges of brazen and golden-coloured arms, of a blue sky, and of blue, green, and red drapery, are still very apparent. A painted foliage and meander is seen on the interior cornice of the peristyle, and painted stars in the lacunaria." In the British Museum there are casts of the greater portion of the friezes, and of three of the metopes from the northern side, being the first, second, and fourth, commencing from the north-east angle. They were made at Athens, by direction of the Earl of Elgin, from the sculptures which then existed upon the temple, where they still remain. The subjects of the sculptures are the exploits of Theseus and of Hercules; for the Theseium was not only the tomb of Theseus, but also a monument in honour of his friend and companion, Hercules.

The Theseum was for many centuries a Christian church, dedicated to St. George. When it was converted into a Christian church, the two interior columns of the promas were removed to make room for the altar and its semicircular inclosure, customary in Greek churches. A large door was at the same time pierced in the wall, which separates the cella from the opisthodomus; when Athens was taken by the Turks, who were in the habit of riding into the churches on horseback, this door was closed, and a small one was made in the southern wall. The roof of the cella is entirely modern, and the greater part of the ancient beams and lacunaria of the peristyle are wanting. In other respects the temple is complete. The building is now converted into the National Museum of Athens, and has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition. The vaulted roof of the cella has been replaced by one in accordance with the original design of the building.

The identification of the church of St. George with the temple of Theseus has always been considered one of the most certain points in Athenian topography; but it has been disputed by Ross, in a pamphlet written in modern Greek, in which it is maintained that the building usually called the Theseum is in reality the temple of Ares, mentioned by Pausanias.

The site of the Temple of Zeus Olympius, or of the Olympic Jupiter, is indicated by sixteen gigantic Corinthian columns of white marble, to the south-east of the Acropolis, and near the right bank of the Ilissus. This temple not only exceeded in magnitude all other temples in Athens, but was the greatest ever dedicated to the supreme deity of the Greeks, and one of the four most renowned examples of architecture in marble, the other three being the temples of Ephesus, Branchida, and Eleusis. It was commenced by Peisistratus, and finished by Hadrian, after many suspensions and interruptions, the work occupying a period of nearly 700 years. Hence it is called by Philostratus "a great struggle with time."

This magnificent temple boasted once of 120 columns. Of these sixteen are now standing, with their architraves, thirteen at the south-eastern angle, and the remaining three, which are of the interior row of the southern side, not far from the south-western angle. These are the largest columns of marble now standing in Europe, being six and a half feet in diameter, and above sixty feet high. A recent traveller remarks, that the desolation of the spot on which they stand adds much to the effect of their tall majestic forms, and that scarcely any ruin is more calculated to excite stronger emotions of combined admiration and awe. It is difficult to conceive where the enormous masses have disappeared of which this temple was built. Its destruction probably commenced at an early period, and supplied from time to time building materials to the inhabitants of Athens during the Middle Ages.

The building, commonly called the Temple of the Winds, from the figures of the Winds upon its facade, but more properly, the Horologium of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, is situated north of the Acropolis, and is still extant. Its date is uncertain, but the style of the sculpture and architecture is thought to belong to the period after Alexander the Great. It served both as the weathercock and public clock of Athens. It is an octagonal tower, with its eight sides facing respectively the direction of the eight winds into which the Athenian compass was divided. The di-

rections of the several sides were indicated by the figures and names of the eight winds, which were sculptured on the frieze of the entablature. On the summit of the building there stood originally a bronze figure of a Triton, holding a wand in his right hand, and turning on a pivot, so as to serve for a weathercock. This monument is called a horologium by Varro. It formed a measure of time in two ways. On each of its eight sides, beneath the figures of the Winds, lines are still visible, which, with the gnomons that stood out above them, formed a series of sun dials. In the centre of the interior of the building there was a clepsidra, or water-clock, the remains of which are still visible. On the south side of the building there was a cistern, which was supplied with water from the spring called Clepsidra, near the cave of Pan. Leake states that a portion of the aqueduct existed not long since, and formed part of a modern conduit for the conveyance of water to a neighbouring mosque, for the service of the Turks in their ablutions.

The elegant monument, called the Lantern of Demosthenes, but more properly the choragic monument of Lysicrates, was dedicated to Dionysus by Lysicrates, in B.C. 335-4, as we learn from an inscription on the architrave, which records that "Lysicrates, son of Lysitheides of Cleynna, led the choros, when the boys of the tribe of Acamantis conquered, when Theon played the flute, when Lysiades wrote the piece, and when Evænetus was archon." The monument of Lysicrates is of the Corinthian order. It is a small circular building on a square basement of white marble, and covered by a cupola, supported by six Corinthian columns. Its whole height was 34 feet, of which the square basis was 14 feet, the body of the building to the summit of the columns 12 feet, and the entablature, together with the cupola and apex, 8 feet. There was no access to the interior, which was only 6 feet in diameter. The frieze, of which there are casts in the British Museum, represents the destruction of the Tyrrhenian pirates by Dionysus and his attendants.

The fountain of Callirrhoe was the only source of good drinkable water in Athens. It flowed from the foot of a broad ridge of rocks which crossed the bed of the Ilissus. The Stadium used for the gymnastic contests of the Panathenæic games is now only a long hollow, grown over with grass.

The arch of Hadrian, which is still extant, is opposite the north-western angle of the Olympæum, and formed an entrance to the peribolus of the temple. It is a paltry structure; and the style is indeed so unworthy of the real enlargement of taste which Hadrian is acknowledged to have displayed in the fine arts, that Mure conjectures with much probability that it may have been a work erected in his honour by the Athenian municipality, or by some other class of admirers or flatterers, rather than by himself. The inscriptions upon either side of the frieze above the centre of the arch, describe it as dividing "Athens, the ancient city of Theseus" from the "City of Hadrian." We know that a quarter of Athens was called Hadrianopolis in honour to Hadrian; and the above-mentioned inscription proves that this name was given to the quarter on the southern side of the arch, in which stood the mighty temple of Zeus Olympius, completed by this emperor.

Much discussion has arisen as to whether there were two agora or market-places in Athens or only one. The author of the article "Athens" in *Smith's*

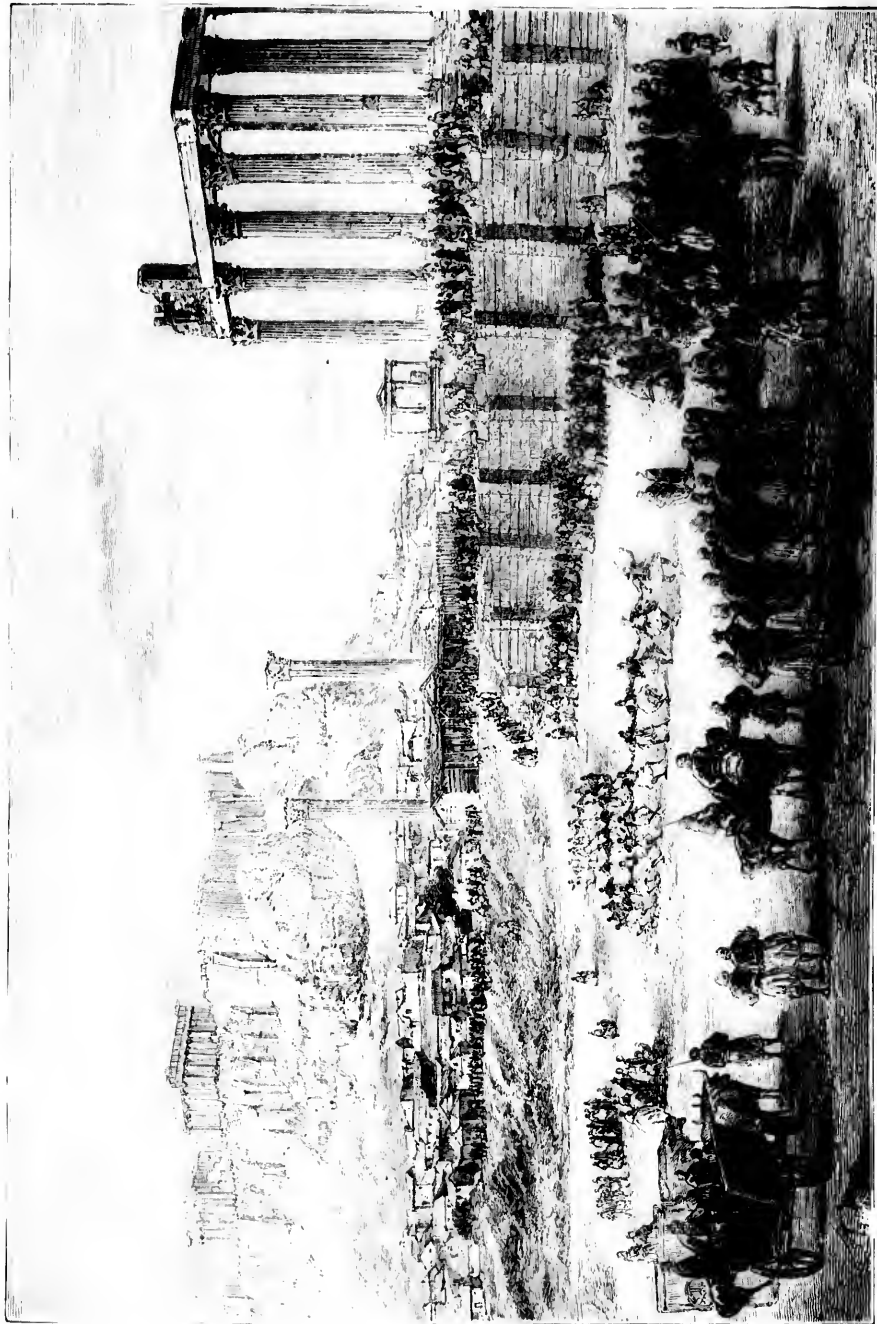
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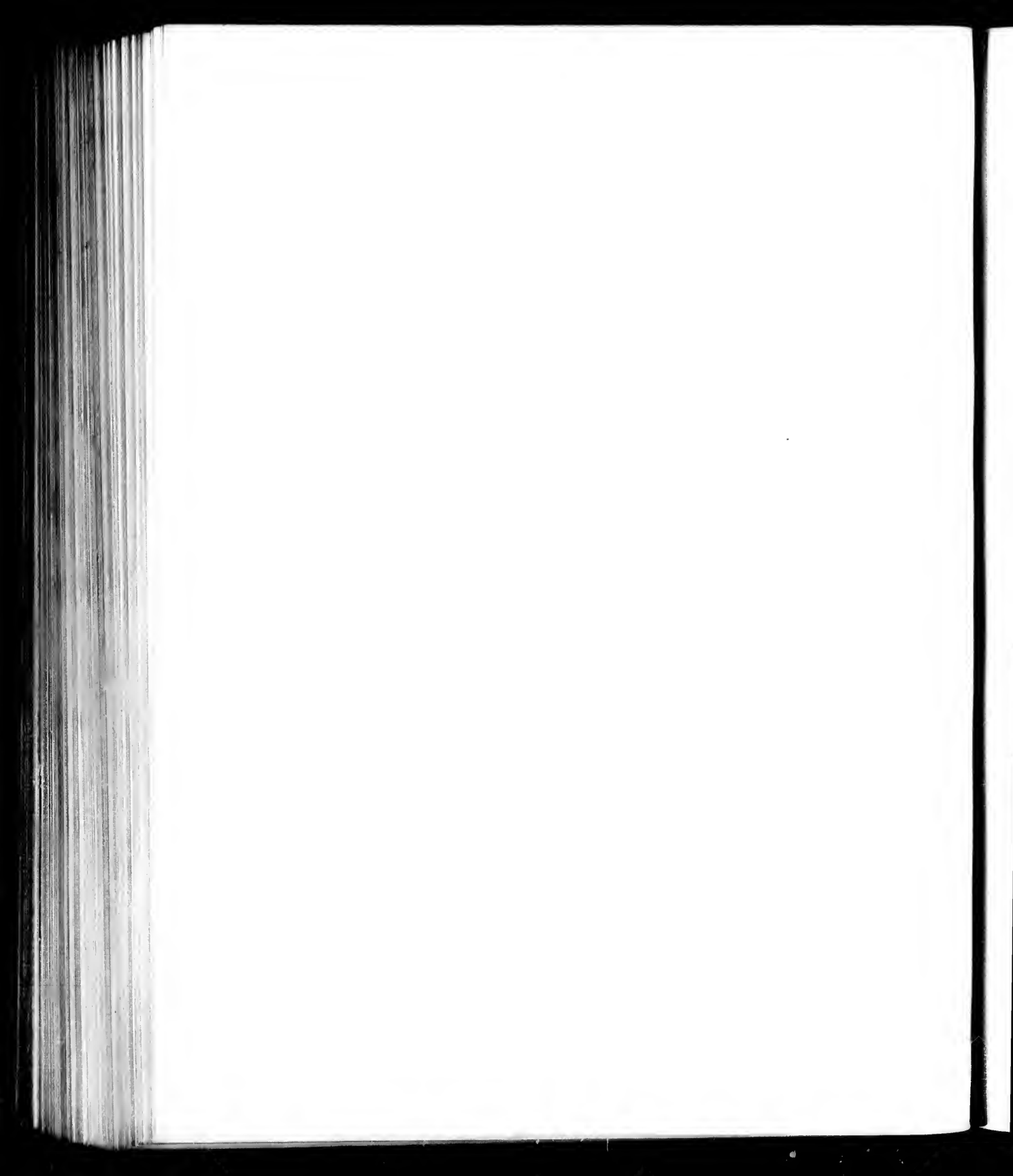
ERECHEIUM.

PARTHENON.

FESTIVAL AT ATHENS.

ARCH OF HADRIAN.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER.



Dictionary, and to which we have so frequently referred, after entering upon the subject at length, decides in favour of Forchhammer's view, that there was only one.

While we were at Athens, M. Pitakis, conservator of antiquities at Athens, was carrying on excavations in the Odeium of Herodes or Regilla, and he had brought many interesting relics to light. The Pinacotheca, a modern museum of Athens, contains indeed now an immense collection of monuments and relics of different kinds illustrative of Grecian art, from the earliest days down to the time of the Romans. Father Simon, chief of the Capucin friars, is said to have purchased the choragic monument of Lysicrates for 150 crowns. Thus the only remaining monument in the "Street of the Tripods" which now adjoins the Queen's Boulevard, belongs, as does also we believe the Horologium of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, to France.

The manners of the modern Greeks have remained essentially oriental; their ideas are patriarchal and democratic, and deeply imbued with the reminiscences of Asiatic civilisation of which Homer was the representative, as well as with those early Christian precepts of which St. Paul was the most illustrious apostle. It is now high half a century since the West has been labouring to Europeanise Greece, but to very little purpose. Even in the sailors of Athens, the assumption of western manner is as manifest as it is superficial, but go into the country, visit the cottages or the peasant's hut, nothing can be more decidedly oriental; nay, simply walk out of the metropolis, and ascending the flanks of Mount Parnes, examine a group of peasants—shepherds and others—with the love of the open air common to all orientals, cooking their dinner in a cavern on the rugged mountain side (See p. 717), with the ruins of olden time below, and the true and ineffaceable character of the Greek comes out in unmistakable relief. The Athenians always speak of the English and French as Europeans, as if they themselves dwelt on the other side of the *Ægean*—the White Sea of the Turks. The fact is that all the populations beyond the Adriatic differ much from those to the westward, and shade off gradually from European to Asiatic habits.

The antagonism of the Greeks and Latins is hence most marked, and it extends even to their religious feelings. With the Greek the true characteristics are the sentiment of equality, self-reliance, and a profound antipathy for social discipline. The Latin races follow one another like sheep, cringe to power, wait till those in authority do what they ought to do themselves, and conveniently shelve their religious responsibilities on an infallible hierarchy. It is that spirit of self-reliance that makes of the modern Greek a good sailor and a not very inefficacious pirate. His daring is not however always equal to his ambition, and brings ingenuity to his aid far more frequently than dash.

Athenian society trained to European fashions resembles a garden of acclimatisation, in which nothing is as yet acclimatised, and yet from whence all native produce has been expelled. The first who modelled themselves after the European fashions were the Phanariots. These families who took refuge after the conquest of Constantinople in the Phanar or Fanar, a quarter of Stambul (Islam-pul or city of Islamism), became enrolled in the diplomatic, financial, and administrative service of the Osmanlis, and adopted the habits and manners of the West. They even presumed to found a kind of aristocracy, by making their adminis-

trative titles hereditary. But the sham only succeeds among adulatory foreigners, the Greeks themselves laugh at such pretensions. An exarch comes to the west and calls himself "his grace," a bey or a Boyard is proclaimed to be a "prince;" it is the translation, but by no means the equivalent to his rank at home.¹

The mental qualities of the Greek have remained the same: he is apt to understand well and quick, and expresses himself eloquently and metaphorically. All Greeks "thee" and "thou" one another. His excellency "thous" his grocer or his tailor.

The Greeks are far more serious and reflective than would be imagined from their excitable and generally loquacious character, and the turn of their mind is decidedly critical, analytical, and suspicious. Their vanity is notorious, and their dissimulation little less so, but the latter has been exaggerated. The mental superiority of the Greek has caused him to be disliked by all surrounding peoples. Hence the Turk reproaches the Greek with mistrustfulness and dissimulation, because he opposed cunning to force; the Levantines accuse them with want of principle in commercial transactions, because they modelled their practices after theirs, and sometimes surpassed them; the English skipper denounces the Greek as a cheat, because he combats haste by prudence. This only of the middle classes: among the upper range of the middle classes in Greece, as perfect gentlemen in thought and manners, and as ladylike in act and feeling, are to be met with as in any part of the world. The Greek is always to be distinguished by his fine open forehead, his handsome accentuated features and expression of quick intelligence, from the Albanian with narrow temples and turned-up noses, although both wear the same dress.

The beauty of the Grecian young ladies is deservedly renowned, and has been sung in every European and in most Asiatic languages. That beauty has played an important part in the history of the Osmanli sultans as well as of Osmanli pashas. It is deeply to be regretted that the vanity of the French—the Greeks and Persians of the West—will induce them to force their ideas of civilisation upon the old Hellenic traditions, which were in vogue when Gauls and Franks were clad in sheep skins. The fezy, with its golden acorn or tassel, is still worn; the fystan or kilt still predominates; the embroidered gaiter is not exploded, and the talagani still mantles over fine Greek forms in the winter-time; but alas, every day the durable manufactures of the East are giving way to the inferior but cheaper articles of the West. Athens has now seventy tailors and fifty shoemakers, who profess to follow European fashions, to six national tailors and national shoemakers. There are sixty-two *magasins de nouveautés* for the ladies, but excepting the queen's ladies of honour, who are obliged to wear the national costume, few now adhere to it. Even those who do so only retain a portion of the national costumes, as the open waistcoat and the taktikos or red cap. (See p. 713.) The origin of this lies in the poverty of the Greeks. Travellers remark that in Greece they are always civilly received, and kindly treated, but there is a difficulty in becoming intimate. There are no *déjeuners* for the tourists, dinners for the English, or *petit soupers* for the French. Nor for want of will,

¹ "Les Grecs," says a French writer "par vanité ennoblesent les moindres choses, en leur donnant une origine illustre.

but because the modern Athenians cannot afford it. Add to which, the Greek is extremely susceptible of the supercilious manner in which so many travellers put down (like some novelists at home) all domestic practices which do not precisely tally with their conventional notions. There cannot be a narrower mind than that which would cut and clip all the world precisely to its own notions of rectitude. The men, therefore, imitate the Westerns, because they have not the courage (which wealth would give them) to disregard criticism; and many of the fair sex would rather wed rich young travellers than their own poor countrymen, and hence they also Europeanise themselves. And do they get recommendations in return? M. Proust says: "Oriental nonchalance imparts to them a charm unknown in our country, but they walk badly, and ignore that correctness in their *tournure* which the French ladies possess in so high a degree." A traveller's ideas never can get out of the national groove.

The prettiest Greek girls are mainly Asiatic and belong to the Phanariot class, among whom the blood has remained most pure. The two classes—the Greek and the Phanariot—constitute, indeed, two very distinct societies at Athens; the Moldo-Wallachian "princesses," for example, constitute a portion of the Phanariot society. They are quite European, sometimes too much so; taking it into their heads, from reading the worst French novels, that many things are permitted in European society which are rigidly excluded; they all speak the French language, and are tolerably well informed; the other class have an instinctive good sense, a perfect tact, and a simple talent in pleasing, that more than makes up for their ignorance of *Bulzac* and *Paul de Kock*. Absurd stories are current of young men trapped into matrimony in Greece; the family in Athens is both respected and highly respectable, and the education of girls is as free as in England.

To see the peasant girl the tourist must visit the Agora, not the ancient Agora of the Cerameicus—the pottery or Tulleries of Athens of old, according to some, but called Ceramic, according to Pausanias, from the king of that name—a miserable and truly oriental collection of wooden stalls, protected from the sun by torn patches of canvas (See p. 705), and where are to be purchased Smyrna figs by the side of Parisian perfumery. Two spectres of antiquity adorn this market-place, the Temple of the Winds and the portico of Minerva Archegetis. The female peasants of Greece are, however, rarely pretty, and there is little that is picturesque in the dress or appearance of the men. But still the scene is worth seeing. The national dish of *mout n à la pullikare* and *yurt*, or the skim of milk removed when just about to boil, with strawberries and sugar, are to be eaten there in the open air; and many a glass of fragrant Scio and fruity Cyprus are tossed off from the counter. The currency of the country is, however, rather troublesome. It is in drachmas, of which we extract the following explanation from a French tourist:—"La drachme vaut un pence et demi, un peu moins qu'un franc, un peu plus qu'un swanziger." Tenpence half-penny is what was

meant, but how can that be rather less than a franc! The streets of Athens have their own peculiar physiognomy. There is neither the noisy disorder of the streets of Naples nor the methodical activity of the streets of London. Athens has the appearance of a town where no one has anything to do; the male portion of the population take up their places on the sunny side of the street; tradesmen have one foot in the shop, the other without; and every one has a word or two to say to the other. For tourists, Alexander's establishment is the great centre of gossip. The Café de la Belle Grèce is, however, the place in which to meet notabilities. If the Greeks themselves were to be believed, every official man is sold or for sale, although his price is not ticketed on his back. Great names, Canaris, Chriosis, Metaxas, Mavrocordatos, Rangavi, Miaoulis, are spattered with dirt. The Scio bankers are especially envied. The Ionians dominate the crowd by their tragic vehemence. The Athenian population altogether presents a curious study. On the Sundays it leaves the square of Belle Grèce, to walk on the Patissia (corruption of Padishah), where a military band plays, and thence they return quietly home in the evening; but when it is hot, many camp out of doors, when their presence is revealed by the noise prolonged even into their sleep.

The Carnival is a great day in Athens, only that instead of being held, as in Latin or Romanist countries, before Lent, it is held on the first day of Lent. The place selected for the public games upon this occasion is one of singular beauty. (See p. 721.) It is the open space between the Stadium and the Arch of Hadrian, at the foot of the magnificent temple of the Olympic Jupiter, and in front of the Acropolis. The long lines of dancers unfold themselves, serpent-like, to the sound of the lyre and of drums, and, after the dance, Lent is inaugurated by a rejast of olives, caviare and roast grains of maize—the most popular articles of food with the Greeks from the Danube to the Euphrates. "This fast," Mr. Proust says, "which the Greeks scrupulously observe, does honour to their stomachs and to the firmness of their belief." The ceremony that follows this, that which represents the Resurrection, is avowedly as solemn as it is picturesque.

There can, indeed, be no doubt as to the genuineness and the depth of the religious feeling in the Greek. It is in him allied to his politics, and not to talk politics in Greece is to hold one's tongue for good. Unfortunately it is too often combined with a profound ignorance, but the heads of the church say: "So long as the Turks have a foot in Europe, we shall not fight against either the ignorance of the clergy or the superstition of the people. We should be too much in fear of weakening religion by purging it; but once the Greeks at St. Sophia again, no fear need be apprehended of a people foregoing its national religion."

It is no doubt for similar reasons that the Greeks insist upon their Princes adopting the orthodox faith, an obligation which has already given rise to grave difficulties regarding succession, and has been one of the causes of the late insurrection.

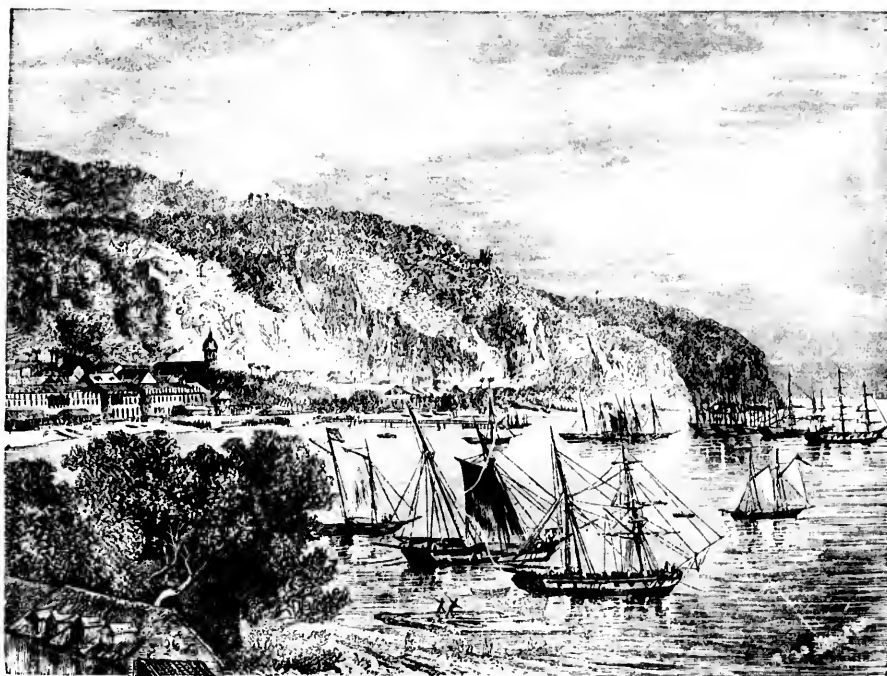
THE BERMUDAS, WEST INDIES, BRITISH GUIANA, AND ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

L

**THE BERMUDAS—THE PORT'S ISLANDS—WHALE FISHERY—
A CORAL REEF—STORY OF A LUMP OF AMBERGIS—
COLONISATION BY THE VIRGINIA COMPANY—NUMBER OF
ISLANDS—TOWN OF ST. GEORGE'S—FORTIFICATIONS OF
IRELAND—CONVICTS—SOPHINES OF THE COLONISTS.**

THE Bermudas have long been celebrated for their beauty, richness, and salubrity—advantages which

time, however, has served to diminish rather than confirm. Their climate is that of a perpetual spring, mild, genial and salubrious, though during southerly winds, which are most prevalent, the atmosphere becomes charged with a humidity unfavourable to constitutions predisposed to rheumatism, gout, or pulmonary affections. The fields and trees are always green; and the predominance of the cedar—*Juniperus*



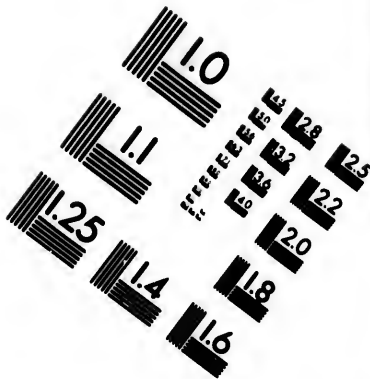
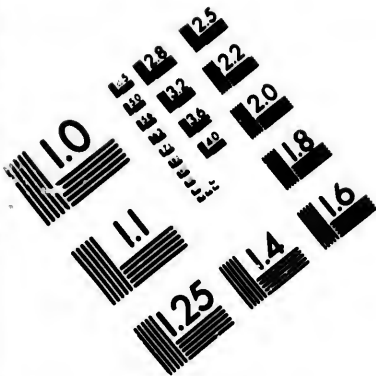
ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

Bermudiana (a tree which must not be confounded with the cedar of Lebanon, which is a *Larix*), and from which small swift and very durable vessels are constructed—while it refreshes the air with its fragrance, imparts according to some its dark hue to the landscape, and relieves according to others the dazzling whiteness of the coralline rock.

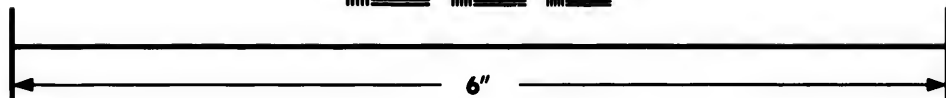
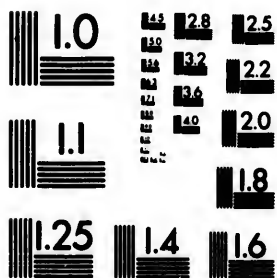
The Bermudas, so called from Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard who is said to have touched there in 1522, or as it is in May's account, from a Spanish ship called *Bermudas* being cast away there; and also called

Summers or Sommers Islands, from Sir George Summers or Sommers, who was driven upon them in 1609, on his voyage to Virginia, were great favourites with the English poets during our Augustan age. They have been supposed to have been the scene of Ariel's tricky doings, and that Shakspeare may have heard of them some indistinct rumours, sufficient to have enabled him to speak of the "still vexed Bermoothes." Certain it is that the islands are very subject to tempests, thunderstorms, and hurricanes, especially during the autumn, a circumstance that may be attributed to





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their situation on the verge of the trade-wind, where variable and disagreeable weather always occurs at certain seasons. Waller wrote of them as follows:—

"Hermuda, walled with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
The Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound
On the rich shore of ambergris is found;
The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The prince of trees! is fuel to their fires;
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn;
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn,
The sweet palmettos a new Bacculus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at some constant seasons, every year
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crowned.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the blessed tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With choicest plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine,
And with potatoes fit their wanton swine.
Nature these rates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does e'er return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament is worn;
For the kind spring, when but salutes us here,
Inhales there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed,
Hearve their fruit for the next age's taste;
There a small grain in some few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree,
The palua-christi, and the fair papia,
Now but a seed (preventing nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear."

Waller's poem, *The Battle of the Summer Islands*, is descriptive of the whale fishery, and the Bermudians are generally considered among the most dexterous of fishermen, more particularly with the harpoon. The whale fishery is carried on at a trifling expense, and employs about twelve whale boats and their crews three months in the year. One good fish covers the cost of the whole season, and sometimes twenty or more are taken, yielding one thousand gallons of oil. The flesh is sold in the market, and eaten by the natives. The season commences in March and ends in June; the whales approach the islands close on the southern side, and men are stationed on the cliffs to give notice of their appearance.

Waller has been generally supposed to have visited the Bermudas himself, but Mr. Robert Bell, in his annotated edition of the *English Poets*, utterly dissents from this view of the case, and justly remarks that the descriptions, as far as they go, might have been easily

Marvall also wrote a little poem called *Bermuda*.

drawn up from published materials. The aspect of the Bermudas has much changed since those descriptions were written. The practice of cutting down the cedars for firewood has not only diminished the picturesque beauty of the Bermudas, but greatly reduced the productiveness of the orange plantations, by depriving them of the shelter necessary to their cultivation. The cedars are in fact mere low bushy trees, much resembling stunted firs. Of lemons and oranges there are now actually none in Bermuda. The trees suffered a blight a few years ago, and no effort has been made to restore them.

The oysters found in the rocks sometimes contain good pearls yet, and as to coral, the Bermudas are essentially coral islands. The rocks are all composed of corals and shells of different magnitudes, more or less consolidated by a calcareous cement; and it seems probable that the Bermudas owe their existence to the accumulation of such materials on a coral reef, reposing on volcanic rocks below. The lengthened narrow shape of the islands gives, however, so much the character of a coral reef, as to have led Captain Vetch to look upon them simply as such.

There is not, indeed, an insular group in the whole globe so protected by nature from the effects of a boisterous ocean as the Bermudas; they are surrounded by dangerous rocky reefs, extending in some parts ten miles from the islands, which render them very difficult of access. The few channels through the reef are thickly studded with coral rocks, but the water is so beautifully clear, that they are visible to the eye; and the negro pilots, looking down from the bow of the vessel, conduct her through the labyrinth with a skill and confidence only to be acquired by long habit.

There is a rather curious story connected with the existence of ambergris on the islands, as noticed by Waller, and which also involves the "wanton swine." Sir George Summers, who we have before seen was driven on the islands, in 1609, made his way with his party to Virginia in two small cedar-built vessels, constructed by his men, of which that in which Sir George embarked did not contain an ounce of iron, except one bolt in the keel. At the time of his arrival in Virginia, the colony was much distressed by famine, and the account given by Sir George of the abundance of large black hogs (supposed to have belonged to the Spanish ship cast away there), induced Lord Delaware, the Governor of Virginia, to send him back for a supply. Sir George died on his arrival at the islands, and his crew, in spite of his last orders, proceeded with the vessel to England, instead of returning to Virginia. Two sailors had been left behind at the time of the wreck, and one remained from this expedition. A quarrel arose among the crew for the sovereignty of the islands, which had nearly terminated fatally. Rumbling along the shore, they found a piece of ambergris, weighing about 80 lbs. and as this treasure was valueless in their present situation, they formed the scheme of sailing in an open boat, either to Virginia or to Newfoundland to dispose of it.

In the mean time, the Virginia Company, who claimed the islands as the first discoverers, sold their right to a company of 120 persons, who, obtaining from King James, in 1612, a charter for their settlement, sent out sixty settlers, with Mr. More as governor. More found the sailors healthy and in good condition. The new colony was formed in St. George's Island, which was laid out and fortified; and, in the course of

the same year, a second party arrived with supplies of all kinds, when the town of St. George was commenced.

Captain Daniel Tucker succeeded Mr. More as governor, in 1616, and, during his time, some rats, which had come on shore from the ships, increased in such a degree, as to destroy almost everything in the islands, even making their nests in trees; but, after five years, this dreadful annoyance suddenly ceased.

The General Assembly was established in 1620, at the town of St. George, pursuant to the Company's instructions in England; and many of the nobility at that time purchased plantations, and their cultivation was highly encouraged, so that prosperity continued to increase for many years, and was greatly favoured by the Civil Wars, which caused many persons of character and opulence to take refuge there. Such, indeed, was the influx, that the number of white inhabitants at that time has been estimated at 10,000.

The islands have always remained in the possession of the British, though, towards the close of the first American War, General Washington contemplated their capture, as a station for vessels of war, to the annoyance or destruction of our West India trade. For this purpose nothing could be more eligible, as they lie directly in the homeward-bound track.

Including the small ones, the number of islands is very great; it is common to say that there are 365, or as many as there are days in the year, but the large ones may be reduced to five, viz.—St. George's, St. David's Long Island, or Bermuda, Somerset, and Ireland. They lie in a north-east and south-west direction, including a space about twenty miles in length, and more than six in the greatest breadth; they are all low, the highest point, called Tibbi Hill, at the southern extreme of the large island, being only 180 feet above the level of the sea. There are no springs or fresh-water streams in the islands, and but few wells, the water from which is brackish. Each house has its own tank, to which the roof serves as a conductor for the rain; and, on the Island of St. George's, are large tanks for the supply of shipping.

There are two towns, each of which has its mayor and civic officers; St. George's, on the island of the same name, and Hamilton, on the large island about the centre of the group. They are both well built of coral rag; St. George's, which is the larger, contains about 500 houses, a church, the town-house, in which both branches of the legislature hold their sittings, a library, and other public buildings. The whole group is divided into nine parishes, each of which sends four members to the House of Assembly. The scattered houses and hamlets are so numerous that the whole island has the appearance of one continued village.

The soil, unfortunately—once capable of producing every article of West India, and of home produce—is now generally exhausted. Coffee, cotton, indigo, and tobacco are no longer cultivated. Of the 12,000 acres which Bermuda is said to contain, only 456 are under cultivation. There are 3,070 acres of pasture. Live stock and flour are imported from British America. Arrowroot and hides are now, with West India produce, the chief articles of export.

Nothing, says Mr. More, can be more romantic than the little bay of St. George's, the number of little islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove to another, form altogether the sweetest minia-

ture of nature that can be imagined. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns which the pencil of Claude might imitate.

There was formerly a small dockyard at St. George's, but it has been removed to Ireland Island, on which large sums have, of late years, been expended, in order to render it a strong port for a naval and military dépôt. The whole face of the island has been changed, hills removed and plains made, and all the ingenuity of art, and the labour of a large convict establishment, have been expended to strengthen this important station ever since 1824, as also in constructing a break-water. A revolution in war, as the introduction of iron-clad ships, or an earthquake, may render the labour of all these years of no avail.

As a fortress, says the most recent traveller who has published the results of his observations—Mr. Anthony Trollope—no doubt it is very strong. I have no doubt on the matter, seeing that I am a patriotic Englishman, and as such believe all English fortifications to be strong. It is, however, a matter on which the opinion of no civilian can be of weight, unless he have deeply studied the subject, in which case he so far ceases to be a civilian. Everything looked very clean and apple-pie; a great many flags were flying on Sundays and the Queen's birthday; and all seemed to be ship-shape. Of the importance to us of the position there can be no question. If it should ever come to pass that we should be driven to use an armed fleet in the Western waters, Bermuda will be as serviceable to us there, as Malta is in the Mediterranean. So much for the fortress.

As to the prison, I will say a word or two just now, seeing that it is in that light that the place was chiefly interesting to me. But first for the colony.

Snow is not prevalent in Bermuda, at least not in the months of May and June; but the first look of the houses in each of its two small towns, and indeed all over the island, gives one the idea of a snow-storm. Every house is white, up from the ground to the very point of the roof. Nothing is in so great demand as whitewash. They whitewash their houses incessantly, and always include the roofs. This becomes a nuisance, from the glare it occasions; and is at last painful to the eyes. They say there that it is cleanly and cheap, and no one can deny that cleanliness and economy are important domestic virtues.

There are two towns, situated on different islands, called St. George and Hamilton. The former is the head-quarters of the military; the latter of the governor. In speaking of the place as a fortress I should have said that it is the summer head-quarters of the admiral in command of the Halifax station. The dockyard, which is connected with the convict establishment, is at an island called Ireland; but the residence of the admiral is not far from Hamilton, on that which the Bermudians call the "Continent."

I spent a week in each of these towns, and I can hardly say which I found the most triste. The island, or islands, as one must always say—using the plural number—have many gifts of nature to recommend them. They are extremely fertile. The land, with a very moderate amount of cultivation, will give two crops of ordinary potatoes, and one crop of sweet

potatoes in the year. Most fruits will grow here, both those of the tropics and of the more northern latitudes. Oranges and lemons, peaches and strawberries, bananas and mulberries thrive, or *would* thrive equally well, if they were even slightly encouraged to do so.

No climate in the world probably is better adapted for beetroot, potatoes, onions, and tomatoes. The place is so circumstanced geographically that it should be the early market-garden for New York—as to a certain small extent it is. New York cannot get her early potatoes—potatoes in May and June—from her own soil; but Bermuda can give them to her in any quantity.

Arrowroot also grows here to perfection. The Bermudians claim to say that their arrowroot is the best in the world; and I believe that none bears a higher price. Then the land produces barley, oats, and Indian corn; and not only produces them, but produces two, sometimes three crops a year. Let the English farmer with his fallow field think of that.

But with all their advantages Bermuda is very poor. Perhaps, I should add, that on the whole, she is contented with her poverty. And if so, why disturb such contentment?

But, nevertheless, one cannot teach oneself not to be desirous of progress. One cannot but feel it sad to see people neglecting the good things which are under their feet. I saw no fruit of any description, though I am told I was there in the proper season, and heard much of the fruit that there used to be in former days. I saw no vegetables but potatoes and onions, and was told that as a rule the people are satisfied with them. I did not once encounter a piece of meat fit to be eaten, excepting when I dined on rations supplied by the Convict establishment. The poultry was somewhat better than the meat, but yet of a very poor description. Both bread and butter are bad; the latter quite unentable. English people whom I met declared that they were unable to get anything to eat. The people, both white and black, seemed to be only half awake. The land is only half cultivated; and hardly half is tilled of that which might be tilled.

This was all very well as long as the land had no special virtue—as long as a market, such as that afforded by New York, was wanting. But now that the market has been opened there can be no doubt—indeed, nobody does doubt—that if the land were cleared its money value would be greatly more than it now is. Every one to whom I spoke admitted this, and complained of the backwardness of the island in improvements. But no one tries to remedy this now.

They had a Governor there some years ago who did much to cure this state of things, who did show them that money was to be made by producing potatoes and sending them out of the island. This was Sir W. Reid, the man of storms. He seems to have had some tolerably efficient idea of what a Governor's duty should be in such a place as Bermuda. To be helped first at every table, and to be called "Your Excellency," and then to receive some thousands a year for undergoing these duties is all very well; is very nice for a military gentleman in the decline of years. It is very well that England can so provide for a few of her old military gentlemen. But when the military gentlemen selected can do something else besides, it does make such a difference! Sir W. Reid did do much else; and if there could be found another Sir W. Reid or two to take their turns in Bermuda

for six years each, the scrubby bushes would give way, and the earth would bring forth her increase.

The sleepiness of the people appeared to me the most prevailing characteristic of the place. There seemed to be no energy among the natives, no idea of going a-head, none of that principle of constant motion which is found so strongly developed among their great neighbours in the United States. To say that they live for eating and drinking would be to wrong them. They want the energy for the gratification of such vicious tastes. To live and die would seem to be enough for them. To live and die as their fathers and mothers did before them, in the same houses, using the same furniture, nurtured on the same food, and enjoying the same immunity from the dangers of excitement.

I must confess that during the short period of my sojourn there, I myself was completely overtaken by the same sort of lassitude. I could not walk a mile without fatigue. I was always anxious to be supine, lying down whenever I could find a sofa; ever anxious for a rocking chair, and solicitous for a quick arrival of the hour of bed, which used to be about half-past nine o'clock. Indeed this feeling became so strong with me that I feared I was ill, and began to speculate as to the effects and pleasures of a low fever and a Bermuda doctor. I was comforted, however, by an assurance that everybody was suffering in the same way. "When the south wind blows it is always so." "The south wind must be very prevalent then," I suggested. I was told that it was very prevalent. During the period of my visit it was all south wind.

The weather was not hot—not hot at least to me who had just come up from Panama, and the fiery furnace of Aspinwall. But the air was damp and muggy and disagreeable. To me it was the most trying climate that I had encountered. They have had yellow fever there twice within the last eight years, and both occasions it was very fatal. Singularly enough on its latter coming the natives suffered much more than strangers. This is altogether opposed to the usual habits of the yellow fever, which is imagined to be ever cautious in sparing those who are indigenous to the land it visits.

The working population here are almost all negroes. I should say that this is quite as much a rule here as in any of the West Indies. Of course there are coloured people—men and women of mixed blood; but they are not numerous, as in Jamaica; or, if so, they are so nearly akin to the negro as not to be observed. There are, I think, none of those all but white ladies and gentlemen whose position in life is so distressing.

The negroes are well off; as a rule they can earn 2s. 6d. a day, from that to 3s. For exceptional jobs, men cannot be had under a dollar, or 4s. 2d. On these wages they can live well by working three days a week, and such appears to be their habit. It seems to me that no enfranchised negro entertains an idea of daily work. Work to them is an exceptional circumstance, as to us may be a spell of fifteen or sixteen hours in the same day. We do such a thing occasionally for certain objects, and for certain objects they are willing to work occasionally.

The population is about eleven thousand. That of the negroes and coloured people does not much exceed that of the whites. That of the females greatly exceeds that of the males, both among the white and coloured people. Among the negroes I noticed this, that if not

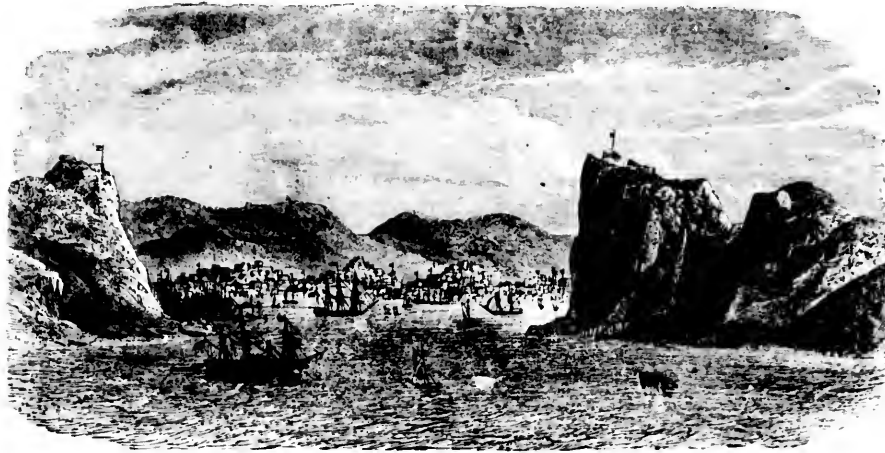
more active than their brethren in the West Indies, they are at least more civil and less sullen in their manner. But then again, they are without the singular mixture of fun and vanity which makes the Jamaica negro so amusing for awhile.

These islands are certainly very pretty; or I should perhaps say that the sea, which for a itself into bays and creeks by running in among them, is very pretty. The water is quite clear and transparent, there being little or no sand on those sides on which the ocean makes its entrance; and clear water is in itself so beautiful. Then the singular way in which the land is broken up into narrow necks, islands, and promontories, running here and there in a capricious, half-mysterious manner, creating a desire for amphibiousness, necessarily creates beauty. But it is mostly the beauty of the sea, and not of the land. The islands are flat, or at any rate there is no considerable elevation in them. They are covered throughout with those scrubby

little trees; and, although the trees are green, and therefore when seen from the sea give a freshness to the landscape, they are uninteresting and monotonous on shore.

I must not forget the oleanders, which at the time of my visit were in full flower; which, for aught I know, may be in full flower during the whole year. They are so general through all the islands, and the trees themselves are so covered with the large straggling, but bright blossoms, as to give quite a character to the scenery. The Bermudas might almost be called the oleander isles.

The government consists of a Governor, Council, or House of Assembly; King, Lords, and Commons again. Twenty years ago I should thoroughly have approved of this; but now I am hardly sure whether a population of ten or twelve thousand individuals, of whom much more than half are women, and more than half the remainder are negroes, require so composite a



ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS.

constitution. Would not a strict Governor, with due reference to Dowling Street, do almost as well? But then to make the change; that would be difficult.

"We have them pretty well in hand," a gentleman whispered to me, who was in some shape connected with the governing powers. He was alluding, I imagine, to the House of Assembly. Well, that is a comfort. A good majority in the Lower House is a comfort to all men—except the minority.

There are nine parishes, each returning four members to this House of Assembly. But though every parish requires four members, I observe that half a clergyman is enough for most of them. But then the clergymen must be paid. The council here consists chiefly of gentlemen holding government offices, or who are in some way connected with the government; so that the Crown can probably contrive to manage its little affairs. If I remember rightly, Gibraltar and Malta have no Lords or Commons. They are fortresses and as such under military rule; and so is Bermuda a fortress. Independently of her purely military im-

portance, her size and population is by no means equal to that of Malta. The population of Malta is chiefly native, and foreign to us;—and the population of Bermuda is chiefly black.

But then Malta is a conquered colony, whereas Bermuda was "settled" by Britons, as the word goes. That makes all the difference. That such a little spot as Bermuda would in real fact be better without a constitution of its own, if the change could only be managed, that I imagine will be the opinion of most men who have thought about the matter.

II.

WEST INDIAN ISLANDS—A SEMI-CIRCULAR VOLCANIC REEF—RAYS BETWEEN TWO VOLCANOES—ISOLATED VOLCANIC PEAKS—VIRGIN ISLANDS—SAINT THOMAS—CENTRAL ROYAL MAIL PACKET STATION—MOTLEY P. PULATI N.

THE West Indian Islands or Antilles stretch out in the form of an arch between the two continents of America. The aspect of these islands is in general rugged and highly elevated; where low they are

ounded by thick swampy forest. In the former case, the adjacent sea is open and of great depth, so that an anchorage is practicable only very close to the shore, above a bottom of black sand or rock; in this latter the soundings show a muddy bottom, and the coral reefs compel ships to keep off the shore. This observation holds equally true of all the Archipelago of the West India Islands. The volcanoes and coral reefs, to which these islands owe their origin, open their mouths chiefly towards the west, which side is rugged, and displays all the disorder incident to volcanic regions. The vast bays and ports are usually situated between the volcanoes. Such is the superb bay of Port Royal at Martinique, of Marine, of Kingston in Jamaica, and of Saint Christopher. There are some exceptions to this rule, however. A grand lagoon now occupies the place of a reef which anciently existed in the mouth of the Guaturani valley. At Martinique, the alluvial plains formed in the bay and basin of Port Royal, at the embouchure of Monsieur River, and of others announce by their rapid progress, that in a few ages they will exhibit the effects observed at Trinidad, of closing up an access from the sea into these rivers. The great isolated rocks, which shoot up in the sea at various distances around the West Indian Islands, with a bold and picturesque aspect, have had a similar origin as the islands themselves, and have been formed by submarine volcanoes. The most remarkable are at Saint Lucia, le Gros Ilet; at Martinique, le Diamant, the Isle of Ramiers, the Devil's Table, the Isle of Saint Aubin, the Caravelle, and the Perle; and at Guadeloupe, the Isle of Goyave, the Caennenne and the Grenada.

The Royal Mail Steam Packets, that ply between Southampton, the West Indies, and the Spanish Main, go to the little Danish Island of Saint Thomas, where their freight and passengers are distributed to other vessels according to their destiny. Wherefore a Danish Island should be thus favoured, when Tortola, and Virgin Gorda, two of the Virgin Islands, both belonging to ourselves, and situated equally well for the required purpose as is Saint Thomas, has bullied many others besides ourselves. There is a well-known admirable harbour at Tortola, the stronghold of the Dutch buccaniers. The Islands are also preferable to Saint Thomas on the important score of superior healthiness.

The history of Saint Thomas, and that of its neighbour Santa Cruz, for their fortunes have ever been the same, present the same changing scenes as most other West Indian Islands. They were first occupied in 1643 by the British, and the Dutch; but jealousies having arisen among them, the Dutch were driven out, after a very obstinate engagement, in 1646. In 1650, the British were in their turn attacked and overmastered by the Spaniards, but the latter had not possessed the island a single year before they had to give way before the French, who were sent out from Saint Christopher for the purpose of seizing it. The West India Islands have always been human as well as geological volcanoes. What will be their future in the age of iron-clad war vessels just being inaugurated?

In 1696, the colonists, with their wives and children and their negro servants, left the islands, after demolishing the forts, and went to St. Domingo. Thus the islands remained without colonists, and without cultivation, till the year 1733, when they were sold by

France to a company of Danish merchants. They continued in the possession of this company till 1801, when they were taken by the British, by whom they were restored to Denmark in the same year, soon after the Battle of Copenhagen. The British again took the islands in 1807, and then again restored them in 1814. The Danes and Swedes now rank among their possessions in the West Indies, Santa Cruz, Saint Thomas, St. John—whose pretty little town has with characteristic West India luck been a martyr to fires—and St. Bartholomew, an islet that has changed hands as often as a young lady in a country dance. The group indeed no longer deserve the name of Virgin Islands, in the sense used in the orient in their Kiz Kalahsis, "virgin or uncaptured fortresses," or by the Greeks in their "virgin goddess," the Minerva of the Parthenon, "the virgin's house."

Mr. Anthony Trollope has so very sketehy and amusing an account of his visit to this favoured, although sickly place, that we must fain once more make free with his pages, premising that the port itself is figured at page 729.

As St. Thomas at present exists, it is of considerable importance. It is an emporium, not only for many of the islands, but for many also of the places on the coast of South and Central America. Guiana, Venezuela, and New Granada, deal there largely. It is a depôt for cigars, light dresses, brandy, boots, and can de Cologne. Many men therefore of many nations go thither to make money, and they do make it. These are men, generally not of the tenderest class, or who have probably been nursed in much early refinement. Few men will select St. Thomas as a place of residence from mere unbiased choice and love of the locale. A wine merchant in London, doing a good trade there, would hardly give up that business with the object of personally opening an establishment in this island; nor would a well-to-do milliner leave Paris with the same object. Men who settle at St. Thomas have most probably roughed it elsewhere unsuccessfully.

These St. Thomas tradesmen do make money, I believe, and it is certainly due to them that they should do so. Things ought not, if possible, to be all bad with any man; and I cannot imagine what good can accrue to a man at St. Thomas if it be not the good of amassing money. It is one of the hottest and one of the most unhealthy spots among all these hot and unhealthy regions. I do not know whether I should not be justified in saying that of all such spots it is the most hot and most unhealthy.

I have said in a previous chapter that the people one meets there may be described as an Hispano-Dano-Niggery-Yankee-doodle population. In this I referred not only to the settlers, but to those also who are constantly passing through it. In the shops and stores, and at the hotels, one meets the same mixture. The Spanish element is of course strong, for Venezuela, New Granada, Central America, and Mexico are all Spanish, as also is Cuba. The people of these lands speak Spanish, and hereabouts are called Spaniards. To the Danes the island belongs. The soldiers, officials, and custom-house people are Danes. They do not, however, mix much with their customers. They affect, I believe, to say that the island is overrun and destroyed by these strange omers, and that they would as lief be without such visitors. If they are altogether indifferent to money making, such may be the case. The labouring people are all black—if these blacks can

be called a labouring people. They do coal the vessels at about a dollar a day each—that is, when they are so circumstanced as to require a dollar. As to the American element, that is by no means the slightest or most retiring. Dollars are going there, and therefore it is of course natural that Americans should be going also.

I saw the other day a map, "The United States as they now are, and in prospective;" and it included all these places—Mexico, Central America, Cuba, St. Domingo, and even poor Jamaica. It may be that the man who made the map understood the destiny of his country; at any rate, he understood the tastes of his countrymen.

All these people are assembled together at St. Thomas, because St. Thomas is the meeting place and depot of the West Indian steam packets.

"They cannot understand at home why we dislike the intercolonial work so much," said the captain of one of the steam ships to me. By intercolonial work he meant the different branch services from St. Thomas. "They do not comprehend at home what it is for a man to be burying one young officer after another; to have them sent out, and then to see them mown down in that accursed hole of a harbour by yellow fever. Such a work is not a very pleasant one."

Indeed this was true. The life cannot be a very pleasant one. These captains themselves and their senior officers are doubtless acclimated. The yellow fever may reach them, but their chance of escape is tolerably good; but the young lads who join the service, and who do so at an early age, have at the first commencement of their career to make St. Thomas their residence, as far as they have any residence. They live, of course, on board their ships; but the peculiarity of St. Thomas is this; that the harbour is ten times more fatal than the town. It is that hole, up by the coaling wharves, which sends so many English lads to the grave. If this be so, this alone, I think, constitutes a strong reason why St. Thomas should not be so favoured. These vessels now form a considerable fleet, and some of them spend nearly a third of their time at this place. The number of Englishmen so collected and endangered is sufficient to warrant us in regarding this as a great drawback on any utility which the island may have—if such utility there be.

As seen from the water, the view St. Thomas presents is very pretty. It is not so much the general scenery of the island that pleases us, as the aspect of the town itself. It stands on three hills or mounts, with higher hills, green to their summit, rising behind them. Each mount is topped by a pleasant, cleanly edifice, and pretty-looking houses stretch down the side to the water's edge. The buildings do look pretty and nice, and as though chance had arranged them for a picture. Indeed, as seen from the harbour, the town looks like a panorama exquisitely painted. The air is thin and transparent, and every line shows itself clearly. As so seen, the town of St. Thomas is certainly attractive. But it is like the Dead Sea fruit; all the charm is gone when it is tasted. Land there, and the beauty vanishes.

The hotel at St. Thomas is quite a thing of itself. There is no fair ground for complaint as regards the accommodation, considering where one is, and that people do not visit St. Thomas for pleasure; but the people that one meets there forms as strange a collec-

tion as may perhaps be found anywhere. In the first place, all languages seem alike to them. One hears English, French, German, and Spanish spoken all around one, and apparently it is indifferent which. The waiters seem to speak them all.

The most of these guests I take it—certainly a large proportion of them—are residents of the place, who board at the inn. I have been there for a week at a time, and it seemed that all then around me were so. There were ladies among them, who always came punctually to their meals, and went through the long course of breakfast and long course of dinner with admirable perseverance. I never saw eating to equal that eating. When I was there the house was always full; but the landlord told me that he found it very hard to make money, and I can believe it.

A hot climate, it is generally thought, interferes with the appetite, affects the gastric juices with lassitude, gives to the stomach some of the apathy of the body, and lessens at any rate the consumption of animal food. That charge cannot be made against the air of St. Thomas. To whatever sudden changes the health may be subject, no lingering disinclination for food affects it. Men eat there as though it were the only solace of their life, and women also. Probably it is so.

They never talk at meals. A man and his wife may interchange a word or two as to the dishes; or men coming from the same store may whisper a syllable as to their culinary desires; but in an ordinary way there is no talking. I myself generally am not a mute person at my meals; and having dined at sundry *tao's*. "hôte have got over in a great degree that disinclination to speak to my neighbour which is attributed—I believe wrongly—to Englishmen. But at St. Thomas I took into my head to wait till I was spoken to; and for a week I sat, twice daily, between the same persons, without receiving or speaking a single word.

I shall not soon forget the stout lady who sat opposite to me, and who was married to a little hooked-nosed Jew, who always accompanied her. Soup, fish, and then meat is the ordinary rule at such banquets; but here the fashion is for the guests, having curried favour with the waiters, to get their plates of food brought in and put round before them in little circles; so that a man while taking his soup may contemplate his fish and his roast beef, his wing of fowl, his allotment of salad, his peas and potatoes, his pudding, pie, and custard, and whatever other good things a benevolent and well-fee'd waiter may be able to collect for him. This somewhat crowds the table, and occasionally it becomes necessary for the guest to guard his treasures with an eagle's eye;—hers also with an eagle's eye, and sometimes with an eagle's talon.

This stout lady was great on such occasions. "A bit of that," she would exclaim, with head half turned round, as a man would pass behind her with a dish, while she was in the very act of unloading within her throat a whole knifelul charged to the hilt. The efforts which at first affected me as almost ridiculous advanced to the sublime as dinner went on. There was no shirking, no half measures, no slackened pace as the breath became short. The work was daily done to the final half-pound of cheese.

Cheese and jelly, guava jelly, were always eaten together. This I found to be the general fashion of

St. Thomas. Some men dipped their cheese in jelly ; some ate a bit of jelly and then a bit of cheese ; some topped up with jelly and some topped up with cheese, all having it on their plates together. But this lady — she must have spent years in acquiring the exercise — had a knack of involving her cheese in jelly, covering up by a rapid twirl of her knife a bit of about an inch thick, so that no cheesy surface should touch her palate, and then depositing the parcel, oh, ever so far down, without dropping above a globule or two of the covering on her bosom.

Her lord, the Israelite, used to fight hard too ; but the battle was always over with him long before the lady showed even a sign of distress.

Over and above this I found nothing of any general interest at St. Thomas.

III.

LEeward ISLANDS—SAINT CHRISTOPHER—NEVIS—ANTIGUA—CARIBBEAN ISLANDS—GUADALOUPE—MARTINIQUE—DOMINICA—SAINT LUCIA—SAINT VINCENT—GRENADINES—GRENADA.

THE Virgin Islands are at the head of what are designated as the Windward Islands, or the Lesser Antilles ; and the British possessions of Saint Christopher, Antigua, Nevis, and others, constitute a group



POINTE A PITRE, GUADALOUPE.

between them and the French group, of which Guadeloupe is the most important.

In the good old days, Mr. Anthony Trollope remarks, when men called things by their proper names, those islands which run down in a string from north to south, from the Virgin Islands to the mouth of the Orinoco River, were called the Windward or Caribbean Islands. They were also called the Lesser Antilles. The Leeward Islands were, and properly speaking are, another cluster lying across the coast of Venezuela, of which Curaçoa is the chief. Oruba and Margarita also belong to this lot, among which, England, I believe, never owned any.

After leaving Saint Thomas, the first island seen of note is Saint Christopher, commonly known as

Saint Kitts, and Nevis is close to it. Both these colonies are prospering fairly. Sugar is exported, now I am told in increasing, though still not in great quantities, and the appearance of the cultivation is good. Looking up the side of the hills one sees the sugar-canes apparently in cleanly order, and they have an air of substantial comfort. Of course the times are not so bright as in the fine old days previous to emancipation ; but, nevertheless, matters have been on the mend, and people are again beginning to get along. On the journey from Nevis to Antigua, Montserrat is sighted, and a singular island-rock called the Redonda is seen very plainly. Montserrat, I am told, is not prospering so well as Saint Kitts or Nevis.

These islands are not so beautiful, not so greenly

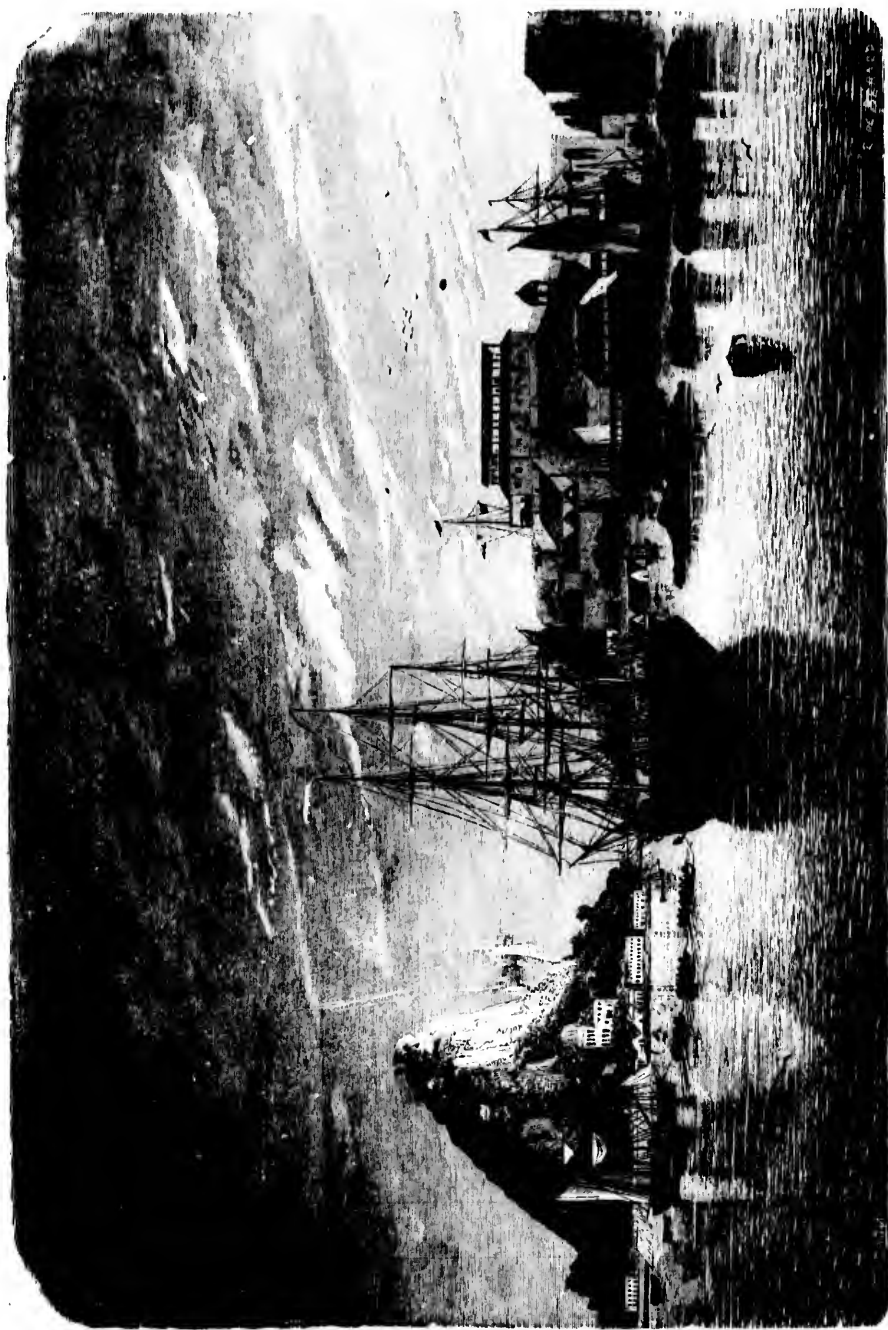
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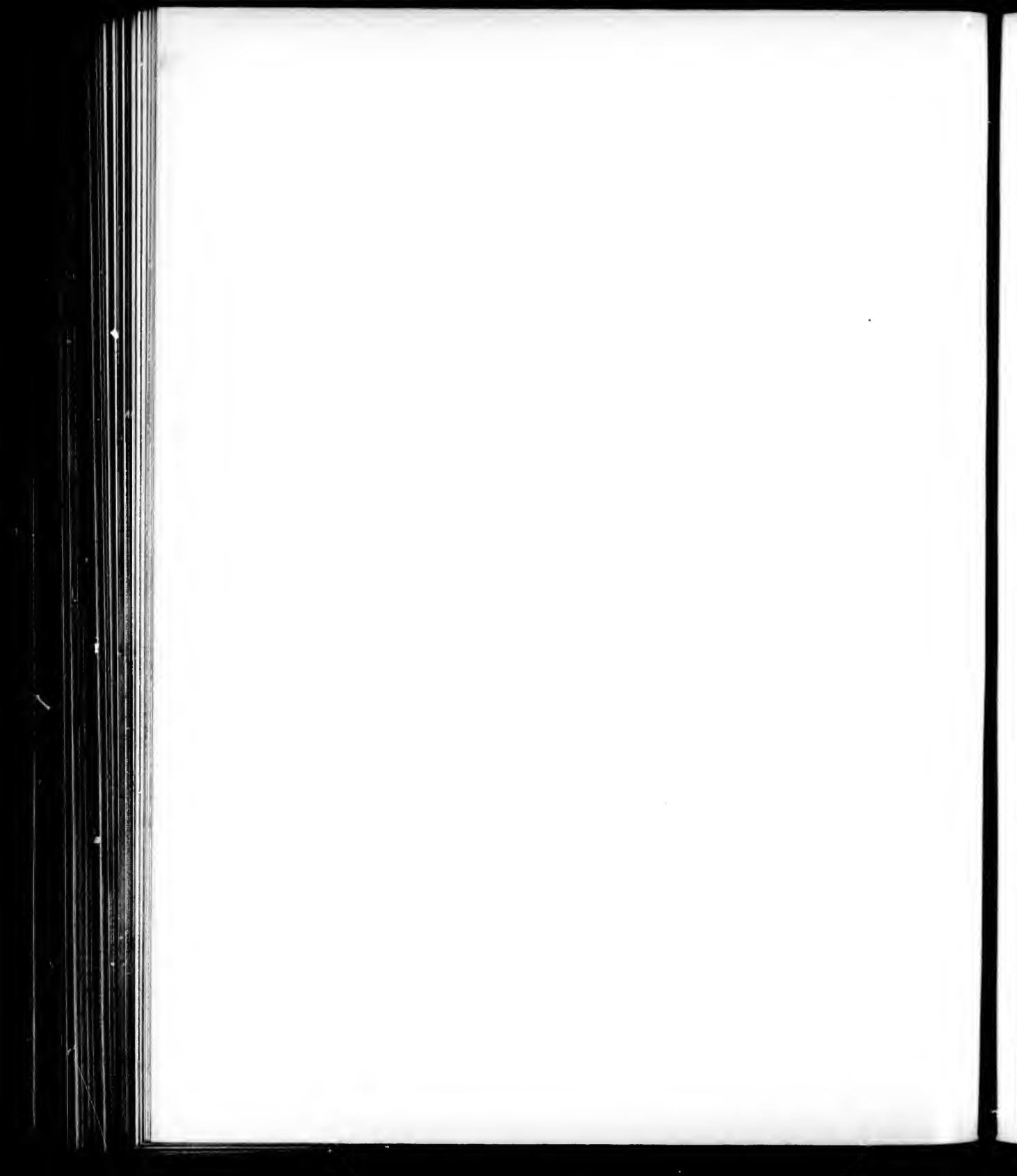
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THE BERMUDAS



beautiful, as are those further south, to which we shall soon come. The mountains of Nevia are certainly fine as they are seen from the sea, but they are not, or do not seem to be covered with that delicious tropical growth which is so lovely in Jamaica and Trinidad, and, indeed, in many of the smaller islands.

Antigua is the next, going southward. This was, and perhaps is, an island of some importance. It is said to have been the first of the West Indian colonies which itself advocated the abolition of slavery, and to have been the only one which adopted complete emancipation at once, without any intermediate system of apprenticeship. Antigua has its own bishop, whose diocese includes also such of the Virgin Islands as belong to us, and the adjacent islands of Saint Kitts, Nevia, and Montserrat.

Neither is Antigua remarkable for its beauty. It is approached, however, by an excellent and picturesque harbour, called English Harbour, which in former days was much used by the British navy; indeed, I believe it was at one time the head-quarters of a naval station. Premising, in the first place, that I know very little about harbours, I would say that nothing could be more secure than that. Whether or no it may be easy for sailing vessels to get in and out with certain winds, that, indeed, may be doubtful.

Saint John's, the capital of Antigua, is twelve miles from English Harbour. I was in the island only three or four hours, and did not visit it. I am told that it is a good town—or city, I should rather say, now that it has its own bishop.

In all these islands they have Queen, Lords, and Commons in one shape or another. It may, however, be hoped, and I believe trusted, that, for the benefit of the communities, matters chiefly rest in the hands of the first of the three powers. The other members of the legislature, if they have in them anything of wisdom to say, have doubtless an opportunity of saying it—perhaps also an opportunity when they have nothing of wisdom.

After leaving Antigua we come to the French island of Guadeloupe, and then passing Dominica, of which I will say a word just now, to Martinique, which is also French. And here we are among the rich green wild beauties of these thrice beautiful Caribbean Islands. The mountain grouping of both these islands is very fine, and the hills are covered up to their summits with growth of the greenest. At both these islands one is struck with the great superiority of the French West Indian towns to those which belong to us. That in Guadeloupe is called Basseterre, and the capital of Martinique is Saint Pierre. (See page 725.) These towns offer remarkable contrasts to Roseau and Port Castries, the chief towns in the adjacent English Islands of Dominica and Saint Lucia. At the French ports one is landed at excellently contrived little piers, with proper apparatus for lighting, and well-kept steps. The quays are shaded by trees, the streets are neat and in good order, and the shops show that ordinary trade is thriving. There are water conduits with clear streams through the towns, and every thing is ship-shape. I must tell a very different tale when I come to speak of Dominica and Saint Lucia.

The reason for this is, I think, well given in a useful guide to the West Indies, published some years since, under the direction of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company. Speaking of Saint Pierre, in Martinique, the author says: "The streets are neat, regular, and

cleanly. The houses are high, and have more the air of European houses than those of the English colonies. Some of the streets have an avenue of trees, which overshadow the footpath, and on either side are deep gutters, down which the water flows. There are five booksellers' houses, and the fashions are well displayed in other shops. The French colonists, whether Creoles¹ or French, consider the West Indies as their country. They cast no wistful looks towards France. They marry, educate, and build in and for the West Indies, and for the West Indies alone. In our colonies it is different. They are considered more as temporary lodging-places, to be deserted as soon as the occupiers have made money enough by molasses and sugar to return home."

All this is quite true. There is something very cheering to an English heart in that sound, and reference to the world home—in that great disinclination to the idea of life-long banishment. But nevertheless, the effect as shown in these islands is not satisfactory to the *amour propre* of an Englishman. And it is not only in the outward appearance of things that the French islands excel those belonging to England which I have specially named. Dominica and Saint Lucia export annually about 6,000 hogsheds of sugar each. Martinique exports about 60,000 hogsheds. Martinique is certainly rather larger than either of the other two, but size has little or nothing to do with it. It is anything rather than want of fitting soil which makes the produce of sugar so inconsiderable in Dominica and Saint Lucia.

These French islands were first discovered by the Spaniards; but since that time they, as well as the two English islands above named, have passed backwards and forwards between the English and French, till it was settled in 1814 that Martinique and Guadeloupe should belong to France, and Dominica and Saint Lucia, with some others, to England. It certainly seems that France knew how to take care of herself in the arrangement.

To my mind, Dominica, as seen from the sea, is by far the most picturesque of all these islands. Indeed, it would be difficult to beat it either in colour or grouping. It fills one with an ardent desire to be off and rambling among those green mountains—as if one could ramble through such wild, bush country, or ramble at all with the thermometer at 85. But when one has only to think of such things without any idea of doing them, neither the bushes nor the thermometer are considered.

One is landed at Dominica on a beach. If the water be quiet, one gets out dry-shod by means of a strong jump: if the surf be high, one wades through it; if it be very high, one is of course upset. The same things happen at Jacmel, in Hayti; but then Englishmen look on the Haytians as an uncivilised, barbarous race. Seeing that Dominica lies just between Martinique and Guadeloupe, the difference between the English beach and surf and the French piers is the more remarkable.

And then, the perils of the surf being passed, one

¹ It should be understood that a Creole is a person born in the West Indies, of a race not indigenous to the islands. They may be white Creoles, coloured Creoles, or black Creoles. People talk of Creole horses and Creole poultry; those namely which have not been themselves imported, but which have been bred from imported stock. The meaning of the word Creole is, I think, sometimes misunderstood.

walks into the town of Roseau. It is impossible to conceive a more distressing sight. Every house is in a state of decadence. There are no shops that can properly be so called; the people wander about chattering, idle and listless; the streets are covered with thick, rank grass; there is no sign either of money made or of money making. Everything seems to speak of desolation, apathy, and ruin. There is nothing, even in Jamaica, so sad to look at as the town of Roseau.

The greater part of the population are French in manner, religion, and language, and one would be so glad to attribute to that fact this wretched look of apathetic poverty—if it were only possible. But we cannot do that after visiting Martinique and Guadeloupe. It might be said that a French people will not thrive under British rule. But if so, what of Trinidad! This look of misery has been attributed to a great fire which occurred some eighty years since; but when due industry has been at work great fires have usually produced improved towns. Now eighty years have afforded ample time for such improvement if it were forthcoming. Alas! it would seem that it is not forthcoming.

It must, however, be stated in fairness that Dominica produces more coffee than sugar, and that the coffee estates have latterly been the most thriving. Singularly enough, her best customer has been the neighbouring French islands of Martinique, in which some disease has latterly attacked the coffee plants.

We then reach Saint Lucia, which is also very lovely as seen from the sea. This, too, is an island French in its language, manners, and religion; perhaps more entirely so than any other of the islands belonging to ourselves. The laws even are still French, and the people are, I believe, blessed (!) with no Lords and Commons. If I understand the matter rightly, Saint Lucia is held as a colony or possession conquered from the French, and is governed, therefore, by a quasi-military governor, with the aid of a council. It is, however, in some measure dependent on the Governor of Barbados.

To the outward physical eye, Saint Lucia is not so triste as Dominica. There is good landing there, and the little town of Castries, though anything but prosperous in itself, is prosperous in appearance as compared with Roseau.

Saint Lucia is peculiarly celebrated for its snakes. One cannot walk ten yards off the road—so one is told—without being bitten. And if one be bitten, death is certain—except by the interposition of a single individual of the island, who will cure the sufferer—for a consideration. Such, at least, is the report made on this matter. The first question one should ask on going there is as to the whereabouts and usual terms of that worthy and useful practitioner. There is, I believe, a great deal that is remarkable to attract the visitor among the mountains and valleys of St. Lucia.

And then in the usual course, running down the island, one goes to that British advanced post, Barbados—Barbados, that lies out to windward, guarding the other islands as it were! Barbados, that is and ever was entirely British! Barbados, that makes money, and is in all respects so respectable a little island! King George need not have feared at all; nor yet need Queen Victoria. If anything goes wrong in England—Napoleon coming there, not to kiss Her Majesty this time, but to make himself less agreeable—let Her Majesty come to Barbados, and she will be safe! I have said that Jamaica never boasts, and have on that

account complained of her. Let such complaint be far from me when I speak of Barbados. But shall I not write a distinct chapter as to this most respectable little island—an island that pays its way!

St. Vincent is the next in our course, and this, too, is green and pretty, and tempting to look at. Here also the French have been in possession but comparatively for a short time. In settling this island, the chief difficulty the English had was with the old native Indians, who more than once endeavoured to turn out their British masters. The contest ended in their being effectively turned out by those British masters, who expelled them all bodily to the Island of Ruatan, in the Bay of Honduras; where their descendants are now giving the Anglo-American diplomatists so much trouble in deciding whose subjects they truly are.

Kingston is the capital here. It looks much better than either Roseau or Castries, though by no means equal to Basseterre or St. Pierre.

This island is said to be healthy, having in this respect a much better reputation than its neighbour St. Lucia, and as far as I could learn it is progressing—progressing slowly, but progressing—in spite even of the burden of Queens, Lords, and Commons. The Lords and Commons are no doubt considerably modified by official influence.

And then the traveller runs down the Grenadines, a pretty cluster of islands lying between St. Vincent and Grenada, of which Bequia and Carriacou are the chief. They have no direct connection with the mail steamers, but are, I believe, under the Governor of Barbados. They are very pretty, though not, as a rule, very productive. Of one of them I was told that the population were all females.

Grenada will be the last upon the list; for I did not visit or even see Tobago, and of Trinidad I have ventured to write a separate chapter, in spite of the shortness of my visit. Grenada is also very lovely, and is, I think, the head-quarters of the world for fruit.

The town of St. Georges, the capital, must at one time have been a place of considerable importance, and even now it has a very different appearance from those that I have just mentioned. It is more like a goodly English town than any other that I saw in any of the smaller British islands. It is well built, though built up and down steep hills, and contains large and comfortable houses. The market place also looks like a market-place, and there are shops in it, in which trade is apparently carried on and money made.

Indeed, Grenada was once a prince among these smaller islands, having other islands under it, with a Governor supreme, instead of tributary. It was fertile also, and productive—in every way of importance.

But now here, as in so many other spots among the West Indies, we are driven to exclaim, Ichabod! The glory of our Grenada has departed, as has the glory of its great namesake in the old world. The houses, though so goodly, are but as so many Alhambras, whose tenants now are by no means great in the world's esteem.

All the hotels in the West Indies are, as I have said, or shall say in some other place, kept by ladies of colour: in the most part by ladies who are no longer very young. They are generally called familiarly by their double name. Betsey Austen, for instance; and Caroline Lee. I went to the house of some such lady in St. Georges, and she told me a woeeful tale of her

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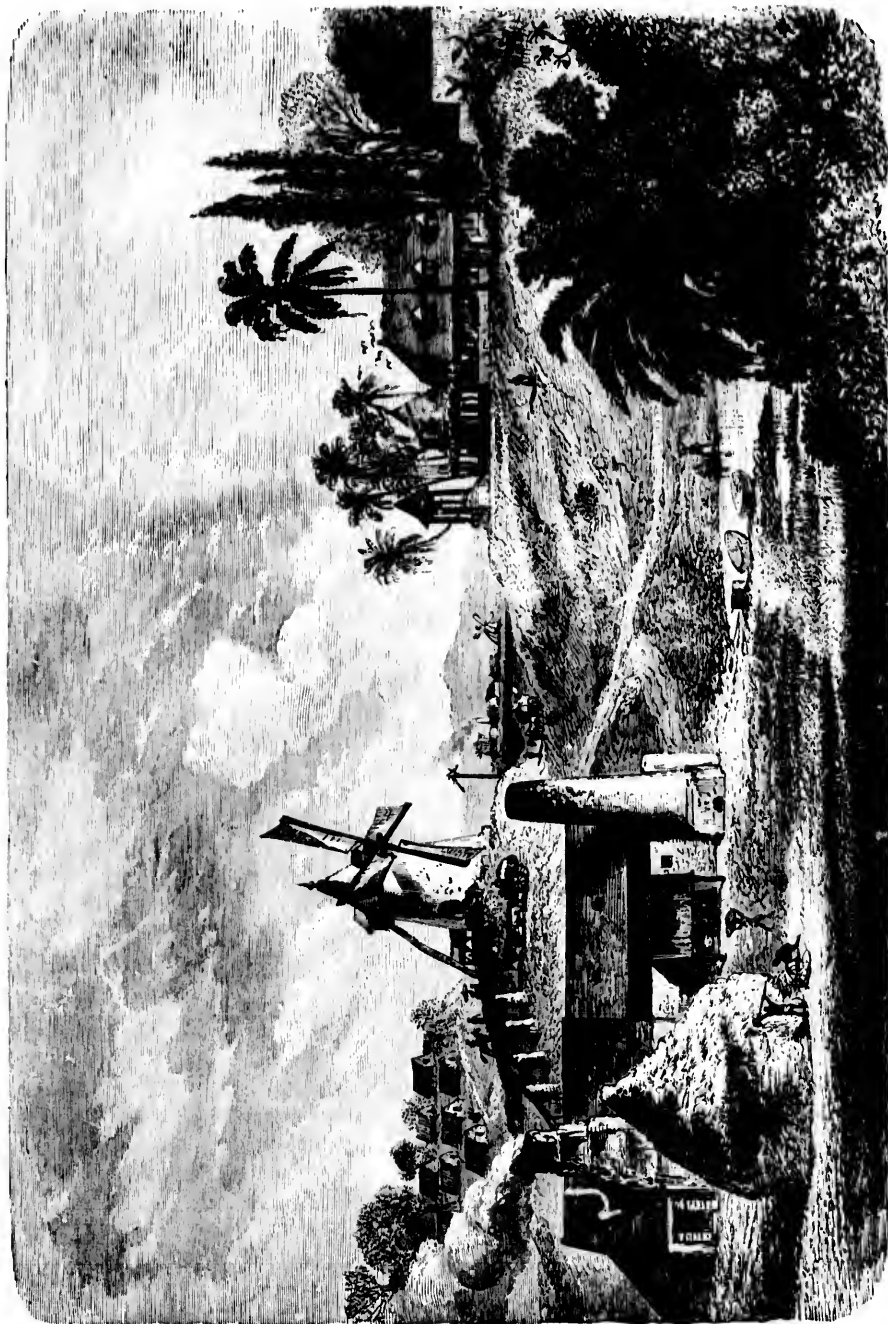
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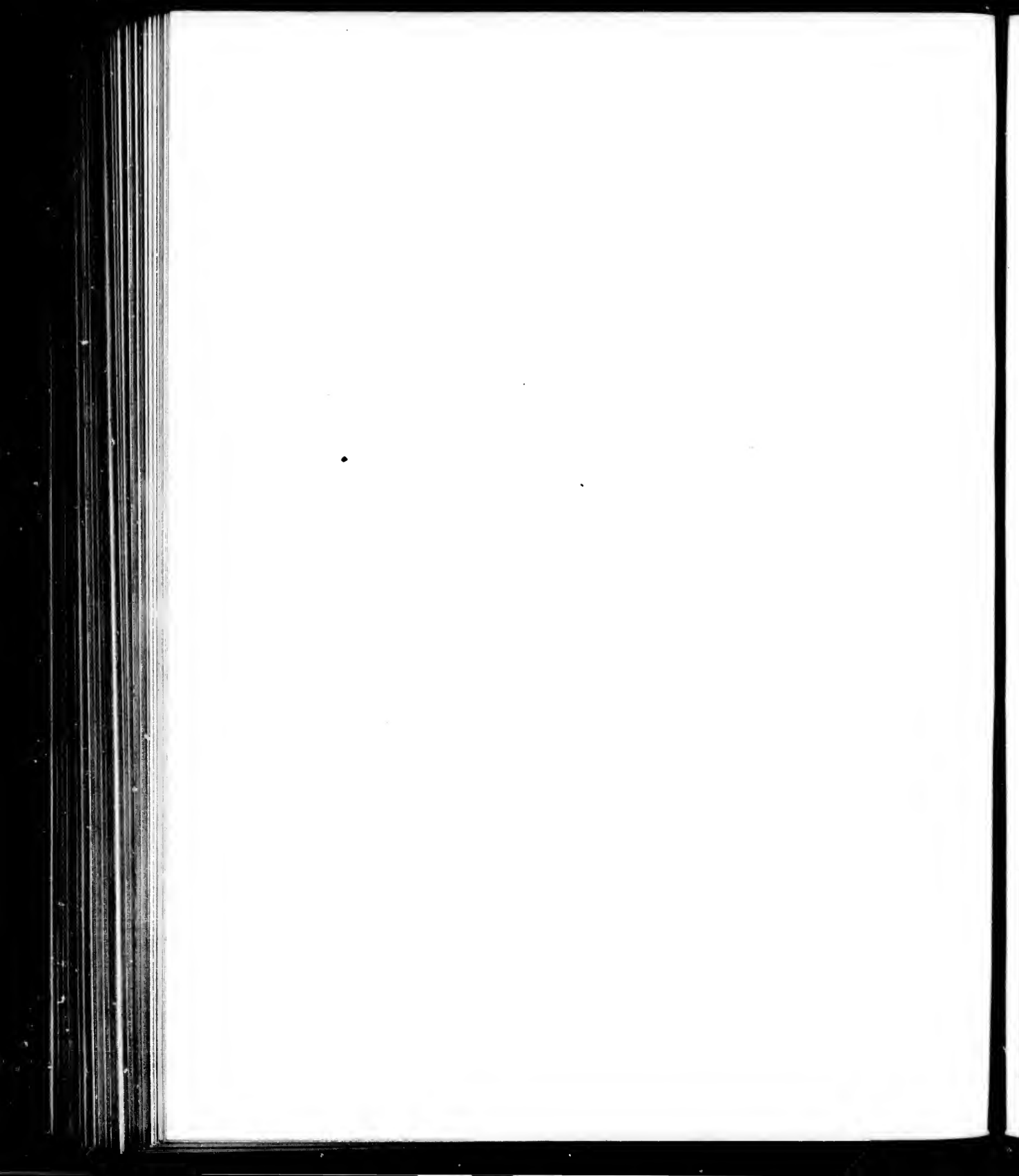
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SUGAR MILL AT GUADALOUPE.



miseries. She was Kitty something, I think—soon, apparently, to become Kitty of another world. "An hotel," she said. "No; she kept no hotel now-a-days—what use was there for an hotel in St. Georges? She kept a lodging-house; though, for the matter of that, no lodgers ever came nigh her. That little granddaughter of hers sometimes sold a bottle of ginger beer; that was all." It must be hard for living eyes to see one's trade die off in that way.

The Island of Guadeloupe has somewhat of the form of a crescent, and may be considered as rather consisting of two islands than of one; for it is divided into two parts by a narrow strait called Salt River, navigable only by canoes. The sea on the north-west communicates by this remarkable channel with the sea on the north-east. The north-west and most fertile part of the island is divided into Basse terre and Cabas-terre; the eastern and more sandy division of it is named Grande-terre. That portion of the island from which the whole takes its name, is towards the middle, full of high and rugged rocks, where the climate is so cold, and the soil so barren, that little vegetation is to be seen. Over the summit of these rocks, the mountain called La Soufrière, or the Sulphur Mountain, rises to a height of 1,557 French yards above the level of the sea. This mountain continually sends forth, through various apertures, a thick black smoke, frequently mingled with sparks of fire. The principal harbour is called Point à Pitre, of which we give a sketch at page 732.

Guadeloupe produces sugar, coffee, rum, ginger, cocoa, logwood, &c., and is well stored with horned cattle, sheep, and horses. The population exceeds 100,000 in the relative proportions of about 90,000 negroes, 13,000 whites, and 8,000 creoles. The exports present a comparative value of 8 to 10,000,000 lbs. of brown and other sugars, 1,000,000 gallons of rum, 1,500,000 lbs. of coffee, 2 to 300,000 lbs. of cotton, and 900 to 1000 lbs. of cocoa. The sketch we have given at page 737 is that of a French sugar factory and its appurtenances, with the owner's residence, in olden times. Windmills have been now generally succeeded by steam, where there is not water power, and various other changes and improvements have been introduced with the progress of time. We shall, however, give some idea of the slow progress with which improvements are introduced into the West India Islands, as depicted by Mr. Anthony Trollope's graphic pen, in our next chapter, when treating of Barbados, where the windmill is still in full play, as it is in many of the French Islands.

IV.

BARBADOS, "A RESPECTABLE LITTLE ISLAND"—BRIDGETOWN—ICE-HOUSES—HOTELS AND THEIR LANDLADIES—NEGROES, BIRMS, OR CREOLES—SUGAR PLANTATIONS AND FACTORIES.

BARBADOS is a respectable, a very respectable little island, and it makes a great deal of sugar. It is not picturesquely beautiful, as are almost all the other Antilles, and therefore has but few attractions for strangers.

But this very absence of scenic beauty has saved it from the fate of its neighbours. A country that is broken into landscapes, that boasts of its mountains, woods, and waterfalls, that is regarded for its wild loveliness, is seldom propitious to agriculture. A portion of the surface in all such regions defies the

improving farmer. But, beyond this, such ground under the tropics offers every inducement to the negro squatter. In Jamaica, Dominica, St. Lucia, and Grenada, the negro, when emancipated, could squat and make himself happy; but in Barbados there was not an inch for him.

When emancipation came there was no squatting ground for the poor Barbadian. He had still to work and make sugar—work quite as hard as he had done while yet a slave. He had to do that or to starve. Consequently, labour has been abundant in this island, and in this island only; and in all the West Indian troubles it has kept its head above water, and made sugar respectable paying twenty shillings in the pound, supporting itself, and earning its bread decently by the sweat of its brow. The pity is that the Barbadians themselves should think so much of their own achievements.

As to its appearance, it is, as I have said, totally different from any of the other islands, and to an English eye much less attractive in its character. But for the heat, its appearance would not strike with any surprise an Englishman accustomed to an ordinary but ugly agricultural country. It has not the thick tropical foliage which is so abundant in the other islands, nor the wild, grassy dells. Happily for the Barbadians every inch of it will produce canes; and, to the credit of the Barbadians, every inch of it does so. The island is something over twenty miles long, and something over twelve miles broad. The roads are excellent indeed, but so white that they sadly hurt the eye of a stranger.

Bridgetown, the metropolis of the island, is much like a second or third-rate English town. It has none of the general peculiarities of the West Indies, except the heat. The streets are narrow, irregular, and crooked, so that at first a stranger is apt to miss his way. They all, however, converge at Trafalgar Square, a spot which, in Barbados, is presumed to compete with the open space at Charing Cross bearing the same name. They have this resemblance, that each contains a statue of Nelson. The Barbadian Trafalgar Square contains also a tree, which is more than can be said for its namesake. There are good shops in Bridgetown—good, respectable, well-to-do shops, that sell everything, from a candle up to a coffin, including wedding-rings, corals, and widows' caps. But they are hot, fusty, crowded places, as are such places in third-rate English towns. A purchase of a pair of gloves in Barbados drives one at once into the ice-house.

And here it may be well to explain this very peculiar, delightful, but too dangerous West Indian institution. There is something cool and mild in the name, which makes one fancy that ladies would delight to frequent it. But, alas! a West Indian ice-house is but a drinking shop—a place where one goes to "liquor," as the Americans call it, without the knowledge of the feminine creation. It is a drinking-shop, at which the draughts are all cool, are all iced, but at which, alas! they are also strong. The brandy, I fear, is as essential as the ice.

There is a mystery about hotels in the British West Indies. They are always kept by fat, middle-aged coloured ladies, who have no husbands. I never found an exception, except at Barbice, where my friend Paria Brittain keeps open doors in the city of the sleepers.

As a rule, there is not much to be said against these hotels, though they will not come up to the ideas of a traveller who has been used to the inns of Switzerland. The table is always plentifully supplied, and the viands generally good. Of that at Barbados I can make no complaint, except this; that the people over the way kept a gray parrot which never ceased screaming day or night. Otherwise than on this score, Miss Caroline Lee's hotel at Barbados is very fair. And as for hot pickles—she is the very queen of them.

The inhabitants of Barbados are, I believe very nearly 150,000 in number. This is a greater population than that of the whole of Guiana. The negroes here differ much, I think, from those in the other islands, not only in manner, but even in form and physiognomy. They are of heavier build, broader in the face, and higher in the forehead. They are also certainly less good-humoured, and more inclined to insolence; so that if anything be gained in intelligence it is lost in conduct. On the whole, I think that the Barbados negroes are more intelligent than others that I have met. It is probable that this may come from more continual occupation.

But if the black people differ from their brethren of the other islands, so certainly do the white people. One soon learns to know a—Bim. That is the name in which they themselves delight, and therefore, though there is a sound of slang about it, I give it here. The most peculiar distinction is in his voice. There is always a nasal twang about it, but quite distinct from the nasality of a Yankee. The Yankee's word rings sharp through his nose, not so that of the first-class Bim. There is a soft drawl about it, and the sound is seldom completely formed. The effect on the ear is the same as that on the hand when a man gives you his to shake, and instead of shaking yours, holds his own still.

The Bims, as I have said, are generally stout fellows. As a rule they are larger and fairer than other West Indian Creoles, less delicate in their limbs, and more clumsy in their gait. The male graces are not much studied in Barbados. But it is not only by their form or voice that you may know them—not only by their voice, but by their words. No people ever praised themselves so constantly; no set of men were ever so assured that they and their occupations are the main pegs on which the world hangs.

It is certainly the fact that they do make their sugar in a very old-fashioned way in Barbados, using wind-mills instead of steam, and that you see less here of the improved machinery for the manufacture than in Demerara, or Cuba, or Trinidad, or even in Jamaica. The great answer given to objections is that the old system pays best. It may perhaps do so for the present moment, though I should doubt even that. But I am certain it cannot continue to do so. No trade and no agriculture can afford to dispense with the improvements of science.

I found some here who acknowledged that the mere produce of the cane from the land had been pressed too far by means of guano. A great crop is thus procured, but it appears that the soil is injured, and that the sugar is injured also. The canes, moreover, will not ratoon as they used to do, and as they still do in other parts of the West Indies. The cane is planted, and when ripe is cut. If allowed, another cane will grow from the same plant, and that is a ratoon; and again a third will grow, giving a third crop from the

same plant; and in many soils a fourth; and in some few many more; and one hears of canes ratooning for twenty years.

If the same amount and quality of sugar be produced, of course the system of ratooning must be by far the cheapest and most profitable. In, I believe, most of our colonies the second crop is as good as the first, and I understand that it used to be so in Barbados. But it is not so now. The ratoons almost always look poor, and the second ratoons appear to be hardly worth cutting. I believe that this is so much the case that many Barbados planters now look to get but one crop only from each planting. This falling off in the real fertility of the soil is, I think, owing to the use of artificial manure, such as guano.

There is a system all through these sugar-growing countries of burning the magass, or trash; this is the stalk of the cane, or remnant of the stalk after it comes through the mill. What would be said of an English agriculturist who burnt his straw? It is I believe one of the soundest laws of agriculture that the refuse of the crop should return to the ground which gave it. To this it will be answered that the English agriculturist is not called on by the necessity of his position to burn his straw. He has not to boil his wheat, nor yet his beef and mutton; whereas the Barbados farmer is obliged to boil his crop. At the present moment the Barbados farmer is under this obligation; but he is not obliged to do it with the refuse produce of his fields. He cannot perhaps use coals immediately under his boilers, but he can heat them with steam, which comes pretty much to the same thing.

Even in Barbados, numerous as are the negroes, they certainly live an easier life than that of an English labourer, earn their money with more facility, and are more independent of their masters. A gentleman having one hundred and fifty families living on his property would not expect to obtain from them the labour of above ninety men at the usual rate of pay, and that for not more than five days a-week. They live in great comfort, and in some things are beyond measure extravagant.

"Do you observe," said a lady to me, "that the women when they walk never hold up their dresses."

"I certainly have," I answered. "Probably they are but ill shod, and do not care to show their feet."

"Not at all. Their feet have nothing to do with it. But they think it economical to hold up their petticoats. It betokens a stingy, saving disposition, and they prefer to show that they do not regard a few yards of muslin more or less."

This is perfectly true of them. As the shopman in Jamaica said to me: In this part of the world we must never think of little economies. The very negroes are ashamed to do so.

Of the coloured people I saw nothing, except that the shops are generally attended by them. They seemed not to be so numerous as they are elsewhere, and are, I think, never met with in the society of white people. In no instance did I meet one, and I am told that in Barbados there is a very rigid adherence to this rule. Indeed, one never seems to have the alternative of seeing them; whereas in Jamaica one has not the alternative of avoiding them. As regards myself, I would rather have been thrown among them.

I think that in all probability the white settlers in Barbados have kept themselves more distinct from the

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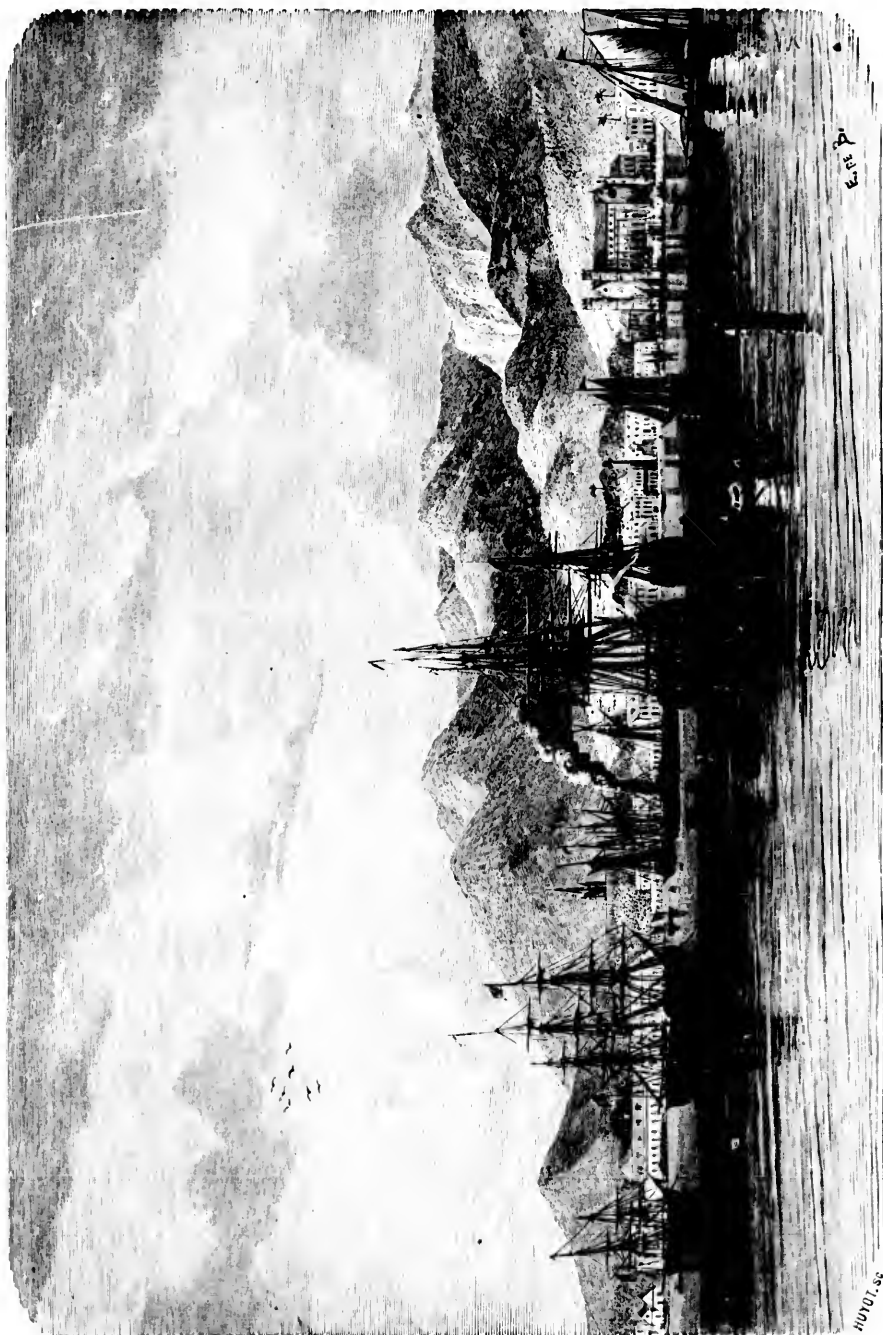
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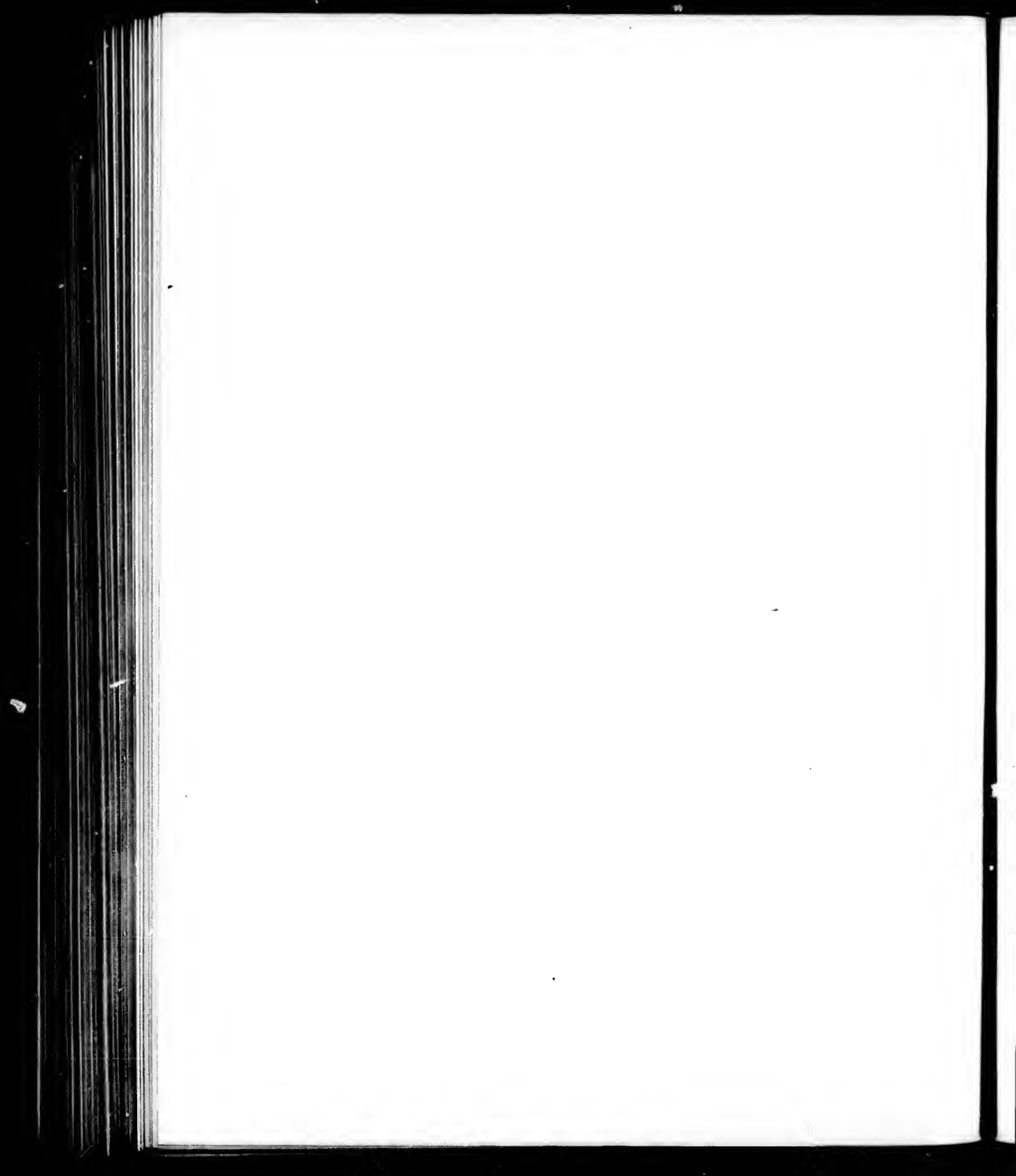
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PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.



negro race, and have not at any time been themselves so burdened with coloured children as is the case elsewhere. If this be so, they certainly deserve credit for their prudence.

Here also there is a King, Lords, and Commons, or a governor, a council, and an assembly. The council consists of twelve, and are either chosen by the Crown, or enjoy their seat by virtue of office held by appointment from the Crown. The governor in person sits in the council. The assembly consists of twenty-two, who are annually elected by the parishes. None but white men do vote at these elections, though no doubt a black man could vote, if a black man were allowed to obtain a freehold.

Here, as elsewhere through the West Indies, one meets with unbounded hospitality. A man who dines out on Monday will receive probably three invitations for Tuesday, and six for Wednesday. And they entertain very well. That haunch of mutton and turkey which are now the bugbear of the English dinner-giver do not seem to trouble the minds or haunt the tables of West Indian hosts.

And after all, Barbados—little England as it delights to call itself—is and should be respected among islands. It owes no man anything, pays its own way, and never makes a poor mouth. Let us say what we will, self-respect is a fine quality, and the Barbadians certainly enjoy that. It is a very fine quality, and generally leads to respect from others. They who have nothing to say for themselves will seldom find others to say much for them. I therefore repeat what I said at first. Barbados is a very respectable little island, and considering the limited extent of its acreage, it does make a great deal of sugar.

V.

TRINIDAD—WHALING ESTABLISHMENTS—PORT OF SPAIN—QUESTION OF COOLIE IMMIGRATION AND LABOUR—GOVERNOR'S HOUSE—THE SAVANNAH AND ST. JAMES'S BARRACKS—NEGRO AND CHINESE TROOPS—THE SADDLE—PITCH LAKE.

No scenery can be more picturesque than that afforded by the entrance to Port of Spain, the chief town in the Island of Trinidad. (See page 741.) Trinidad, as all men doubtless know, is the southernmost of the West Indian islands, and lies across the delta of the Orinoco river. The western portion of the island is so placed that it nearly reaches with two horns two different parts of the mainland of Venezuela, one of the South American republics. And thus a bay is formed closed in between the island and the mainland, somewhat as is the Gulf of Mexico by the island of Cuba; only that the proportions here are much less in size. This inclosed sea is called the Gulf of Paria.

The two chief towns in Trinidad are situated in this bay. That which is the larger, and the seat of government, is called the Port of Spain, and lies near to the northern horn. San Fernando, the other, which is surrounded by the finest sugar districts of the island, is on the other side of the bay and near the other horn.

The passages into the inclosed sea on either side are called the Bocas, or mouths. Those nearest to the delta of the Orinoco are the Serpent's mouths. The ordinary approach from England or the other islands is by the more northern entrance. Here there are three passages, of which the middle is the largest one, the Boca Grande. That between the mainland and a small

land is used by the steamers in fine weather, and is

by far the prettiest. Through this, the Boca di Mona, or monkey's mouth, we approached Port of Spain. These northern entrances are called the Dragon's mouths. What may be the nautical difference between the mouth of a dragon and that of a serpent I did not learn.

On the mainland, that is the land of the main island, the coast is precipitous, but clothed to the very top with the thickest and most magnificent foliage. With an opera-glass one can distinctly see the trees coming forth from the sides of the rocks as though no soil were necessary for them, and not even a shelf of stone needed for their support. And these are not shrubs, but forest trees, with grand spreading branches, huge trunks, and brilliant coloured foliage. The small island on the other side is almost equally wooded, but is less precipitous. This little island in the good old days, regretted by not a few, when planters were planters, and slaves were slaves, produced cotton up to its very hill-tops. Now I believe it yields nothing but the grass for a few cattle.

Our steamer as she got well into the boca drew near to the shore of the large island, and as we passed along we had a succession of lovely scenes. Soft-green smiling nooks made themselves visible below the rocks, the very spots for picnics. There was one narrow shady valley, into which a creek of the sea ran up, that must have been made for such purposes, either for that, or for the less noisy joys of some Paul of Trinidad with his Creole Virginia.

As we steamed on a little further we came to a whaling establishment. Ideas of whaling establishments naturally connect themselves with icebergs and the North Pole. But it seems that there are races of whales as there are of men, proper to the tropics as well as to the poles; and some of the former here render up their oily tributes. From the look of the place I should not say that the trade was flourishing. The whaling huts are very picturesque, but do not say much for the commercial enterprise of the proprietors.

From them we went on through many smaller islands to Port of Spain. This is a large town, excellently well laid out, with the streets running all at right angles to each other, as is now so common in new towns. The spaces have been prepared for a much larger population than that now existing, so that it is at present straggling, unfilled, and full of gaps. But the time will come, and that before long, when it will be the best town in the British West Indies. There is at present in Port of Spain a degree of commercial enterprise quite unlike the sleepiness of Jamaica or the apathy of the smaller islands.

Trinidad is a large island, great portions of which are but very imperfectly known; of which but comparatively a very small part has been cultivated. During the last eight or ten years, ten or twelve thousand immigrants, chiefly coolies from Madras and Calcutta, have been brought into Trinidad, forming now above an eighth part of its entire population; and the consequence has been that in two years, from 1855, namely, to 1857, its imports were increased by one-third and its exports by two-thirds!

Immediately round Port of Spain the country is magnificent, and the views from the town itself are very lovely. Exactly behind the town, presuming the sea to be the front, is the Savannah, a large inclosed, park-like piece of common, the race-course and Hyde Park of Trinidad. I was told that the drive round it

was three English miles in length; but if it be so much, the little pony which took me that drive in a hired buggy must have been a fast trotter.

On the further side of this lives the Governor of the island, immediately under the hills. When I was there the Governor's real house was being repaired, and the great man was living in a cottage hard by. Were I that great man I should be tempted to wish that my great house might always be under repair, for I never saw a more perfect specimen of a pretty spacious cottage, opening as a cottage should do on all sides and in every direction, with a great complexity as to doors and windows, and a delicious facility of losing one's way.

On the other side of the Savannah nearest to the town, and directly opposite to those lovely hills, are a lot of villa residences, and it would be impossible, I imagine, to find a more lovely site in which to fix one's house. With the Savannah for a foreground, the rising gardens behind the Governor's house in the middle distance, and a panorama of magnificent hills in the back of the picture, it is hardly within the compass of a man's eye and imagination to add anything to the scene. I had promised to call on Major —, who was then, and perhaps is still, in command of the detachment of white troops in Trinidad, and I found him and his young wife living in this spot.

"And yet you abuse Trinidad," I said, pointing to the view.

"Oh! people can't live altogether upon views," she answered; "and besides, we have to go back to the barracks. The yellow fever is over now."

The only place at which I came across any vestiges of the yellow fever was at Trinidad. There it had been making dreadful havoc, and chiefly among the white soldiers. My visit was in March, and the virulence of the disease was then just over. It had been raging, therefore, not in the summer but during the winter months. Indeed, as far as I could learn, summer and winter had very little to do with the matter.

At this time a part of the Savannah was covered with tents, to which the soldiers had been moved out of their barracks. The barracks are lower down, near the shore, at a place called St. James, and the locality is said to be wretchedly unhealthy. At any rate, the men were stricken with fever there, and the proportion of them that died was very great. I believe, indeed, that hardly any recovered of those on whom the fever fell with any violence. They were then removed into these tents, and matters began to mend. They were now about to return to their barracks, and were, I was told, as unwilling to do so as my fair friend was to leave her pretty house.

It certainly seems that no care has been taken to select healthy abodes for the troops at Trinidad. The barracks are placed very low, and with hills immediately around them. The good effect produced by removing them to the Savannah—a very inconsiderable distance; not, as I think, much exceeding a mile—proves what may be done by choosing a healthy situation. But why should not the men be taken up to the mountains, as has been done with the white soldiers in Jamaica? There they are placed in barracks some three or four thousand feet above the sea, and are perfectly healthy. But in Trinidad this may be done quite as easily, and indeed at a lesser distance, and therefore with less cost, than in Jamaica.

Under such circumstances white men must, I

presume, do the work. A chilling day is an object to them, and they are slow to blow out their own brains; but they should not be barracked in swamps, or made to live in an air more pestilential than necessary.

My hostess, the lady to whom I have alluded, had been attacked most virulently by the yellow fever, and I had heard in the other islands that she was dead. Her case had indeed been given up as hopeless.

On the morning after my arrival I took a ride of some sixteen miles through the country before breakfast, and the same lady accompanied me. "We must start very early," she said; "so as to avoid the heat. I will have coffee at half-past four, and we will be on horseback at five."

I have had something to say as to early hours in the West Indies before, and hardly credited this. A morning start at five usually means half past seven, and six o'clock is a generic term for moving before nine. So I meekly asked whether half-past four meant half-past four. "No," said the husband. "Yes," said the wife. So I went away declaring that I would present myself at the house at any rate not after five.

And so I did, according to my own very excellent watch, which had been set the day before by the ship's chronometer. I rode up to the door two minutes before five, perfectly certain that I should have the pleasure of watching the sun's early manoeuvres for at least an hour. But, alas! my friend had been waiting for me in her riding-habit for more than that time. Our watches were frightfully at variance. It was perfectly clear to me that the Trinidadians do not take the sun for their guide as to time. But in such a plight as was then mine, a man cannot go into his evidence and his justification. My only plea was for mercy; and I hereby take it on myself to say that I do not know that I ever kept any lady waiting before—except my wife.

At five to the moment—by my watch—we started, and I certainly never rode for three hours through more lovely scenery. At first, also, it was deliciously cool, and as our road lay entirely through woods, it was in every way delightful. We went back into the hills, and returned again towards the sea-shore over a break in one of the spurs of the mountain called the Saddle; from whence we had a distant view into the island, as fine as any view I ever saw without the adjunct of water.

I should imagine that a tour through the whole of Trinidad would richly repay the trouble, though, indeed, it would be troublesome. The tourist must take his own provisions, unless, indeed, he provided himself by means of his gun, and must take also his bed. The mosquitoes, too, are very vexatious in Trinidad, though I hardly think that they come up in venom to their brethren in British Guiana.

The first portion of our ride was delightful; but on our return we came down upon a hot, dusty road, and then the loss of that hour in the morning was deeply felt. I think that up to that time I had never encountered such heat, and certainly had never met with a more disagreeable, troublesome amount of dust, all which would have been avoided had I inquired over-night into the circumstances of the Trinidad watches. But the lady said never a word, and so heaped coals of fire on my head, in addition to the consuming flames of that ever-to-be-remembered sun.

As Trinidad is an English colony, one's first idea is that the people speak English; and one's second idea

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WATERFALL IN GUYANA



when that other one as to the English has fallen to the ground, is that they should speak Spanish, seeing that the name of the place is Spanish. But the fact is that they all speak French; and, out of the town, but few of the natives speak anything else. Whether a Parisian would admit this may be doubted; but he would have to acknowledge that it was a French patria.

And the religion is Roman Catholic. The island of course did belong to France, and in manners, habits, language and religion is still French. There is a Roman Catholic archbishop resident in Trinidad, who is, I believe, at present an Italian. We pay him, I have been told, some salary, which he declines to take for his own use, but applies to purposes of charity. There is a Roman Catholic cathedral in Port of Spain, and a very ugly building it is.

The form of government also is different from that, or rather those, which have been adopted in the other West Indian colonies, such as Jamaica, Barbados, and British Guiana. As this was a conquered colony, the people of the island are not allowed to have so potent a voice in their own management. They have no House of Commons or Legislative Assembly, but take such rules or laws as may be necessary for their guidance direct from the Crown. The governor, however, is assisted by a council, in which sit the chief executive officers in the island.

A scientific survey has just been completed of this island, with reference to its mineral productions, and the result has been to show that it contains a very large quantity of coal. There is also here in Trinidad a great pitch lake, of which all the world has heard, and out of which that indefatigable old hero, the late Lord Dundonald, tried hard to make wax candles and oil for burning. The oil and candles, indeed, he did make; but not, I fear, the money which should have been consequent upon their fabrication.

VL

BRITISH GUIANA.

THE BUSH—MOUNTAINS—SAVANNAS—LAKE ARNUCH—VIRGIN FORESTS—MAGNIFICENT RIVERS—DEVIL'S ROCK—INDIAN HIEROGLYPHS—CATARACTS—CURARE POISON—NATIVES—HISTORICAL EPISODES—ANIMAL LIFE—QUADRUPEDS—BIRDS—REPTILES—INSECTS.

It is surprising how little is known of British Guiana. Take up any modern work on geography, and you will find something to the following effect:—"The whole coast is so flat, that it is scarcely visible till the shore has been touched; the tops of the trees only are seen, and even seem to be growing out of the sea—nothing of varied scenery is presented to the eye—little is beheld but water and woods, which seem to conceal every appearance of land. The same sombre and monotonous appearance is presented in the interior to those few curious individuals who have endeavoured to penetrate into those recesses of the forest, by the numerous openings which nature has made by the streams which successively augment the Corentin, the Berbice, the Demerara, and the Essequibo."

Such a picture of Guiana is perhaps the least correct that could be possibly given. True it is that this extensive territory is largely encircled and intersected by rivers, which present the almost unparalleled hydrographic phenomenon of flowing in almost uninterrupted

communication throughout the land. But, notwithstanding this peculiarity, the interior of Guiana presents a very diversified surface, and much contrasted configuration. Such ignorance of the country as would describe it either as an island or a mud-flat is now no longer tolerable.

"Before the arrival of the European," says Dr. Dalton,¹ "the lofty mountain heights of the interior, the fertile and undulating valleys of the hilly region, and the borders of the illimitable forests and savannahs, were alone tenanted by the various tribes of Indians who were scattered throughout this vast domain. Their fragile canoes were occasionally seen gliding along the large rivers and the numerous tributary streams which intersect the country; a dense mass of unrivalled foliage, comprising palms, mangroves, couridas and ferns, fringed the banks of the rivers and the margins of the coasts; while a thicker bush of an infinite variety of trees extended inland over an uncleared territory, where the prowling beast, the dreaded reptile, the wild bird, and the noxious insect roamed at large. But when colonisation commenced and civilisation progressed, the flat lands bordering on the coasts and rivers were cleared and cultivated, the savage forests and their occupants retreated before the encroaching step of civilisation and the march of industry, plantations were laid out, canals and trenches dug, roads formed, and houses raised over the level plain of alluvial soil, which, without a hill or elevation of any kind, stretches for many miles between the sand-hill regions and the Atlantic Ocean."

Once in sight of the land the scene rapidly changes in appearance—from a long, low outline of bush to the different objects which characterise the attractive scenery of the tropics. The bright green palm-trees, with their huge leaves fanned briskly by the sea breeze, and the lofty silk cotton-tree are plainly visible; while a confused, but picturesque group of trees and plants of tropical growth, with white and shining houses interspersed among them, present to the stranger rather the appearance of a large garden than the site of an extensive and busy city.

This low wooded alluvial tract extends inland to variable distances, from ten to forty miles, and is almost level throughout its whole extent. It is succeeded by a range of unproductive sand-hills and sand-ridges, which attain an elevation varying from thirty to one hundred and twenty feet. These sand-hills repose upon rock, and beyond them the land is covered with trees and shrubs, constituting what is called the "The Bush."

The mountains of British Guiana are so far removed from the coast, and are so difficult of access, as to be rarely seen by the inhabitants. Yet are there many different ranges and groups, for the most part granitic, more or less wooded, and varying in elevation from one to four and even five thousand feet. Among them is the famous Roraima, or "red rock," a remarkable sandstone group which rises 7500 feet above the level of the sea, the upper 1500 feet presenting a mural precipice. These stupendous walls are as perpendicular as if erected with the plumb-line; nevertheless, in some parts they are overhung with low shrubs, while

¹ *The History of British Guiana*; comprising a General Description of the Colony; a Narrative of Some of the Principal Events from the Earliest Period of its Discovery to the Present Time; together with an Account of its Climate, Geology, Staple Products and Natural History. By Henry G. Dalton, M.D., &c. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

down their face rush numerous cascades, which, falling from this enormous height, flow in different directions to form the tributaries of three of the largest rivers in South America; namely the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Essequibo.

Romantic and poetical as are the sublimities of nature, they are duly appreciated by the Indians. Their traditions and songs bear constant allusion to this magnificent scenery. In their dances they sing of "Roraima, the red-rocked, wrapped in clouds, the ever-fertile source of streams;" and in consequence of the darkness which frequently prevails when thick clouds hover about its summit, it is likewise called the Night Mountain; "of Roraima, the red-rocked, I sing, where with daybreak the night still prevails."

These mountain ranges are inhabited by various tribes of Indians, who live chiefly by hunting; and inclosed between the same rocky regions, the rest of the face of the country is marked by a few, but grand features—such as wide-spread savannahs, illimitable forests, undulating plains, and gigantic rivers.

There are several kinds of savannahs. Some are merely large tracks of swampy land, covered with tall rank grasses, the abode of reptiles and aquatic birds; but some of them are also well adapted for grazing. A second variety are more inland, of greater extent—extending to about 14,400 square miles—mountains surrounded, but also marshy, covered with grasses and a few stunted trees, traversed by tortuous streams whose course may often be traced afar off by an irregular row of trees, and with here and there tufts of trees like verdant isles in the plain.

Upon these savannahs is the celebrated Lake Arnuch, whose waters during the season of inundation are said to flow eastward and westward, and which, according to Schomburgh, was once the bed of an inland lake, which, by one of those catastrophes of which even later times give us examples, broke its barrier, forcing for its waters a path to the Atlantic.

A third description of savannahs are of varying extent, but are marked by an entire absence of hills or irregularities of any kind; hence the term llanos, or plains, which have been applied to them by some. According to Humboldt, these savannahs, improperly called by some, prairies, are true steppes (llanos and pampas of South America). They present a rich covering of verdure during the rainy season, but in the months of drought the earth assumes the appearance of a desert. The turf becomes reduced to powder, the earth gapes in huge cracks. The crocodiles and great serpents lie in a dormant state in the dried mud, until the return of rains and the rise of the waters in the great rivers, which flooding the vast expanse of level surface, awake them from their slumbers. These sterile savannahs are the deserts of the American continent.

"Far different to the barren savannahs," Dr. Dalton remarks, "are the magnificent forests which present to the eye an unfading garment of green, varying in tint from the darkest to the lightest hue. Here are to be seen majestic trees, larger and statelier than the oak; here entwine in voluptuous negligence numerous pliant vines, interlacing and encircling the larger trees, and named by the colonists bush-ropes (lianes). Here flourish the varieties of the broad-leaved palms, the numerous native fruit trees, and a host of others possessing medicinal and other valuable properties, whilst minute mosses, innumerable lichens, and a variety of

ferns and parasitic plants crowd together in social luxuriance; orchilaceous plants in amazing numbers, perched on the gigantic and forked branches of trees, seeking only for a resting place, appear to inlure from the air alone (though so densely crowded by inhabitants) the pabulum which supports their capricious and singular existence."

Not alone are trees, and shrubs, and plants glorying in existence, but the forest, still and silent as the grave, is yet a city for the reception of all things living, save man. Yet amid this apparent silence, should one listen attentively, he hears a stifled sound, a continued murmur, a hum of insects that fill the lower strata of the air. Nothing is more adapted to excite in man a sentiment of the extent and power of organic life.

Myriads of insects crawl on the ground, and flutter round the plants scorched by the sun's heat. A confused noise issues from every bush, from the decayed trunks of trees, the fissures of the rocks, and from the ground, which is undermined by lizards, millepedes, and blind worms. It is a voice proclaiming to us that all nature breathes, that, under a thousand different forms, life is diffused in the cracked and dusty soil as in the bosom of its waters, and in the air that circulates around us.

Timber trees in every variety, fruit trees in astonishing profusion, medicinal plants of singular efficacy, shrubs and flower plants in inexhaustible numbers, are found within these fruitful forests, in whose branches nestle a world of birds. The shrill scream of the parrot at morning and evening rends the air, while plaintive and slow strains may be heard at times from the maam and the powie. The rich plumage of the numerous bird tribes, and their peculiar and varied notes, form a marked contrast to the mute but grand assemblage of living plants. The magnitude and grandeur of these vast forests are almost incredible, save to eye-witnesses. The Indian, the melancholy lord of the soil, alone appreciates their gorgeous beauty and soothing solitudes.

Next to the boundless forests come the magnificent rivers of Guiana; with their noble expanse of waters, their beautiful wooded islands, their picturesque cataracts, their lonely but romantic scenery, and their secluded creeks, the resort of savage barbarism.

But it is not in the neighbourhood of the coasts, nor near the banks of the rivers, although even there the luxuriance of the foliage and breadth of water are very striking, that the most remarkable scenes and objects which are met with in the interior of British Guiana present themselves to notice. The traveller must pass by the maritime portion, and leave behind him the interminable forests; he must ascend the rivers, and surmount the numerous rapids and cataracts; he must quit the equable but enervating temperature of the low lands, and ascend the granite mountains and sandstone heights, in order to appreciate all the grandeur and beauty of the scenery; and to trace with awe, wonder, and admiration, the picturesque objects which stud the wooded plains and wandering streams.

According to Sir Robert Schomburgh, the greatest geological wonder of Guiana is the Ataripu, or Devil's Rock. This singular rock is wooded for about 350 feet, above which rises a mass of granite devoid of all vegetation, in a pyramidal form, for about 550 feet more. At another spot, a remarkable basaltic column, fashioned by nature, and called by the Indians Pure-Piapa, or the Felled Tree, occupies the summit of a

small hillock, about 50 feet high. A portion of another group of columnar basalt, which also terminates on the summit in one abrupt pillar, about 50 feet in height, has been assimilated by the Indians to the Maroca—a large rattle made of the fruit of the calabash tree, filled with pebbles, feathers, and snake-teeth, and which is the indispensable instrument of the Piatrary, Piai-man, or Indian sorcerer, during his conjurations. Another group of columnar trap-rocks has been called the guava-treo stump. The Indians have a very primitive tradition of a good spirit turning everything to stone which he touched; hence every rock which is of more than ordinary size, or fantastically shaped by nature, is compared to some bird, animal, or tree, petrified by the powerful Maknaima.

Granite rocks, well known for the fantastic shapes which they assume in various countries, and for their peculiar decomposition into globular masses and rocking stones, present the same peculiarities here as elsewhere, and to a rather remarkable extent. Piles of granite are met with on the Essequebo rising to a height of 140 to 160 feet. One pile consists of three huge blocks, resting one above the other. Another of a pyramidal shape attains nearly to the height of 200 feet. These "giants of the hill," as Mr. Waterton has termed them in his *Wanderings*, are both of them inaccessible.

It is in this neighbourhood that the rude and fanciful hieroglyphics, called "picture-writing" by the Indians, are met with. The figures represented are of the most varied and singular description—rude outlines of birds, animals, men and women, and even large vessels with masts. Characters have also been met with which have been supposed to bear a remote resemblance to the Hebrew.

It might be remarked upon this that cataracts are just the places where hard rocks, such as granite and greenstone, are met with, adapted for lasting sculptures; the natural beauties of the spot, to which the Indian is never insensible, and the neighbourhood of water, would have constituted further temptations to the lingering hunter to practise there his rude and elementary art. We have given a sketch, at page 745, of one of these picturesque waterfalls, which helps at the same time to convey an idea of the unglorious scenery of British Guiana.

The Indians of Guiana are of a reddish-brown colour, and somewhat glossy, not unlike new and clean copper. They are as grave and austere as Arabs, exhibiting much dignity in their walk and bearing, and an imperturbable calmness and self-possession. They are divided into tribes, having different names, habits, language, and even moral and physical qualities, although apparently descending from the same parent stock, which is Mongolian in its character. After an intercourse of three hundred years with the white man, the modes and habits of the native have undergone little or no change. With the exception of the efforts made by a few zealous missionaries, no attempt has been made to civilise and improve him; while the intrusion of Europeans into the territories which once belonged to his forefathers rapidly threatens to extinguish the last remnants of his race.

The tribe called Maensi has the credit, if any, of preparing the famous wourali or curari poison, the various ingredients of which he obtains from the depths of the forests. The principal, according to Dr. Dalton, is the wourali vine, which grows wild. Having pro-

duced a sufficient quantity of this, he next seeks a bitter root, and one or two bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice. These being all tied together, he searches for two species of venomous ants: one large and black, the "munceery," about an inch long, and found in nests near to aromatic shrubs; the other a small red one, found under the leaves of several kinds of shrubs. Providing himself now with some strong Indian pepper, and the pounded fangs of the "cabarri" and conna-couchi snakes, the manufacturer of poison proceeds to his deadly task. He scrapes the wourali vine and bitter root into thin shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander, made of leaves; this he holds over an earthen pot, and pours water on the shavings; the liquor which comes through has the appearance of coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been procured, the shavings are thrown aside. He then bruises the bulbous stalks, and squeezes a proportionate quantity of their juice through his hands into the pot. Lastly, the snakes' fangs, ants, and pepper are bruised, and thrown into it. It is placed then on a slow fire, and as it boils, more of the juice of the wourali is added, according as it may be found necessary, and the scum is taken off with a leaf; it remains on the fire till reduced to a thick syrup, of a deep brown colour. As soon as it has arrived at this state, a few arrows are poisoned with it to try its strength. The manner in which the strength of the poison is tested is said to be by wounding trees and if the leaves fall off or die within three days, they consider the poison sufficiently virulent, but not otherwise.

Parturition is attended with few inconveniences to the female Indian; as soon as the child is born, it is not an uncommon thing to see the mother proceed to a neighbouring stream, where she performs the necessary ablutions for herself and infant. There is little in the way of dress to give her much trouble; nor does the occurrence occasion any interruption to her usual duties. The husband, however, is not let off so easily; the etiquette of savage life requires that he should take to his hammock for several days, where, with solemn countenance, and an appearance of suffering, he receives the visits of his acquaintances, who either condole or rejoice with him, as the case may be.

The history of Guiana comprises the first discovery by the Spanish navigators at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, followed by the numerous adventurous and romantic expeditions made in search of the El Dorado of the West—a rich city abounding in gold, silver, and precious stones, situated on the borders of the Lake Parima, and of whose fabulous wealth the Spaniards had obtained reports as early as in A.D. 1500—a story which in after-times kindled the romantic spirit of the chivalric Raleigh.

The settlements of the Dutch succeeded in 1580 to these dreams of wondrous wealth; methodical and unimaginative, the Dutchman left to more credulous and speculative individuals the task of exploring the interior of a country enveloped in mystery and marvels. The adventurers from Spain, Portugal, England, and France left little behind them but the history of their misfortunes and disappointment. The Dutch, who settled down in contentment upon the undrained banks of rivers and sea-coasts, constructed canals, upon whose placid waters they trafficked in their barges, and which have been totally neglected by their successors; they introduced the cotton-plant, the coffee-plant, and the

sugar-cane; they laid out beautiful gardens, where groves of orange and lime trees mingled their shade and perfume with plantains and other indigenous tropical fruit trees. They also introduced slaves.

The epoch of Dutch colonisation of Guiana is diversified by several invasions by the English and French, till Demerara and Essequibo were finally surrendered to the former in 1803, an occupation which was followed subsequently by the introduction of European women. The population had till that time been kept up by mulattoes, terceroons, quadroons, quarteroons, and quinteroons, or mustees, as they were called, according to the amount of white and black admixture of blood, all difference vanishing in the last.

The history of English tenure presents the usual colonial varieties of a long succession of governors of various tempers and abilities; of disputes between the new governors and the old established order of things in the shape of a Dutch fiscal; of disputes about the administration of justice and the monopoly of officers; of insurrections fanned by missionary interference and the negro apprentice act; of the emancipation of slaves, the appointment of stipendiary magistrates, and the encouragement of free immigration of Portuguese and Coolies.

British Guiana has acquired an unenviable notoriety both in Europe and the West Indies for the insalubrity of its climate, and for the mortality which has occurred among Europeans and others who have visited its malarious shores. But Dr. Dalton argues, that the temperature is very equable, and even advantageous for a certain class of complaints, and the greater amount of fatality is induced by the recklessness of the colonists. In fact, if the natural law is carefully observed, a person may live as long in Guiana, with very little more sickness, than elsewhere.

In a country constituted as Guiana is, animal life naturally abounds. Noxious insects intrude into dwelling-houses, the rivers teem with fish, birds and reptiles people the savannahs, wild beasts roam undisturbed in the forest. The monkeys are lords of the forests—the snake alone disputing with them the dominion of the wooded world. They live on high branches of lofty trees, where they consider themselves to be tolerably safe, except from the hunter's gun or Indisu's arrow, and their greatest enemy, the snake. There are howling monkeys, weeping monkeys, and preaching monkeys, spider monkeys, fox-tailed monkeys, squirrel monkeys, and monkeys with all kinds of faces and beards. The forest in some respects resembles a large community of men. There are vampire bats that suck the blood of persons asleep. There are wild dogs that live on crabs (*Procyon cancrivorus*). There are skunks, which bid defiance to all enemies, driving back dogs and men by their intolerable fetid odour.

Domestic cats and dogs removed to Guiana do not thrive; they have fits and die; but wild dogs and cats abound, and commit great depredations. Tiger-cats may be seen climbing the trees in the suburbs of the cities, and the favourite food of the jaguar are the pigs and cows of the colonist. The most impudent thieves are the opossums. The sportsman's great resources are the labba or paca, the water-hog, and the acourys—the American hare. There are also deer, wild bear, tapira, sloths, armadillos, ant-eaters, and a variety of other strange creatures. Nature in such regions appears positively to luxuriate in the most fanciful and curious creations. That great unwieldy-looking

animal, the sea-cow, is met with at the outlet of the larger streams.

The variety and number of birds found in Guiana, the richness and beauty of their plumage, the surprising, and in many cases melodious, tones of their voices, and the curious and singular habits of most of them, offer a large field of inquiry. Possibly there are few persons who have not at times felt the wish to have their curiosity satisfied regarding the habits of those humming-birds, parrots, macaws, shrikes, tanagers, manakins, troupales, jacanars, and other birds of brilliant plumage, which attract the eye in almost every collection. Guiana has also its useful birds—its turkeys, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, plovers, snipes, ducks, &c.

Needless to say that tortoises, crocodiles, snakes, and other reptiles abound in a country so favourable to the development of animal life. There are many kinds of turtle and tortoises, from the edible to the ferocious, and which themselves prey on other reptiles. Alligators are even to be seen in the canals and trenches about Georgetown. The largest species is the black alligator of the Essequibo. Among snakes, there are the boas, the largest of which, the boa-constrictor, is called the bush-master. There are great numbers of venomous snakes, and others that are not so, and which latter are chiefly arboreal or water snakes. Frogs are among the most noisy denizens of the colony. The number and size of fishes in the waters of the coasts and the rivers and canals is truly astonishing. One fresh-water fish—the *Sudis gigas*—attains a length of from eight to thirteen feet, and weighs from two hundred to three hundred pounds, and is excellent food. A species of siliuris, called lau-lau, is also often captured ten or twelve feet long, and weighing two hundred pounds. Common eels are three or four feet in length.

The insect nuisances of the tropics are in force in Guiana. Every house has its centipedes; but fleas and mosquitoes are the great bane of comfort. Guiana is also much infested by the chigoe, or jigger, which burrows in the flesh, especially of the toe-nail. Scarcely does the sun go down than thousands of beetles crowd into the drawing rooms of the dwelling-houses. Others of the insect tribe get into all descriptions of food. The common black beetle here, as in China, nibbles the toes of persons. In rainy weather large crickets alight on the head or hands, irritating the skin with their rough legs. Ants not only abound, but are also venomous. The sand-fly pesters human beings, as well as the mosquito, and is so small as to defy detection. Common flies also, by their numbers, add to the insect nuisances.

In a land of unsurpassed vigour in the production of both animal and vegetable life, where the air, the ground, and the waters alike teem with living things, it is naturally to be expected that magnificent and curious flowers should also abound, ornamenting the plains, decorating the woods, and enlivening the dark expanse of waters. On the lofty mountains and in the quiet valleys, in the fertile plains and grassy marshes, an immense garden, stored with infinite variety, is presented to the observer. Raised and cultivated alone by nature, thousands of plants, the most rich and rare, spring up, blossom, and die.

From these outlines some estimate may be formed of the natural wonders of Guiana. The little that has been seen has struck all beholders with astonishment and admiration. There may be monotony and

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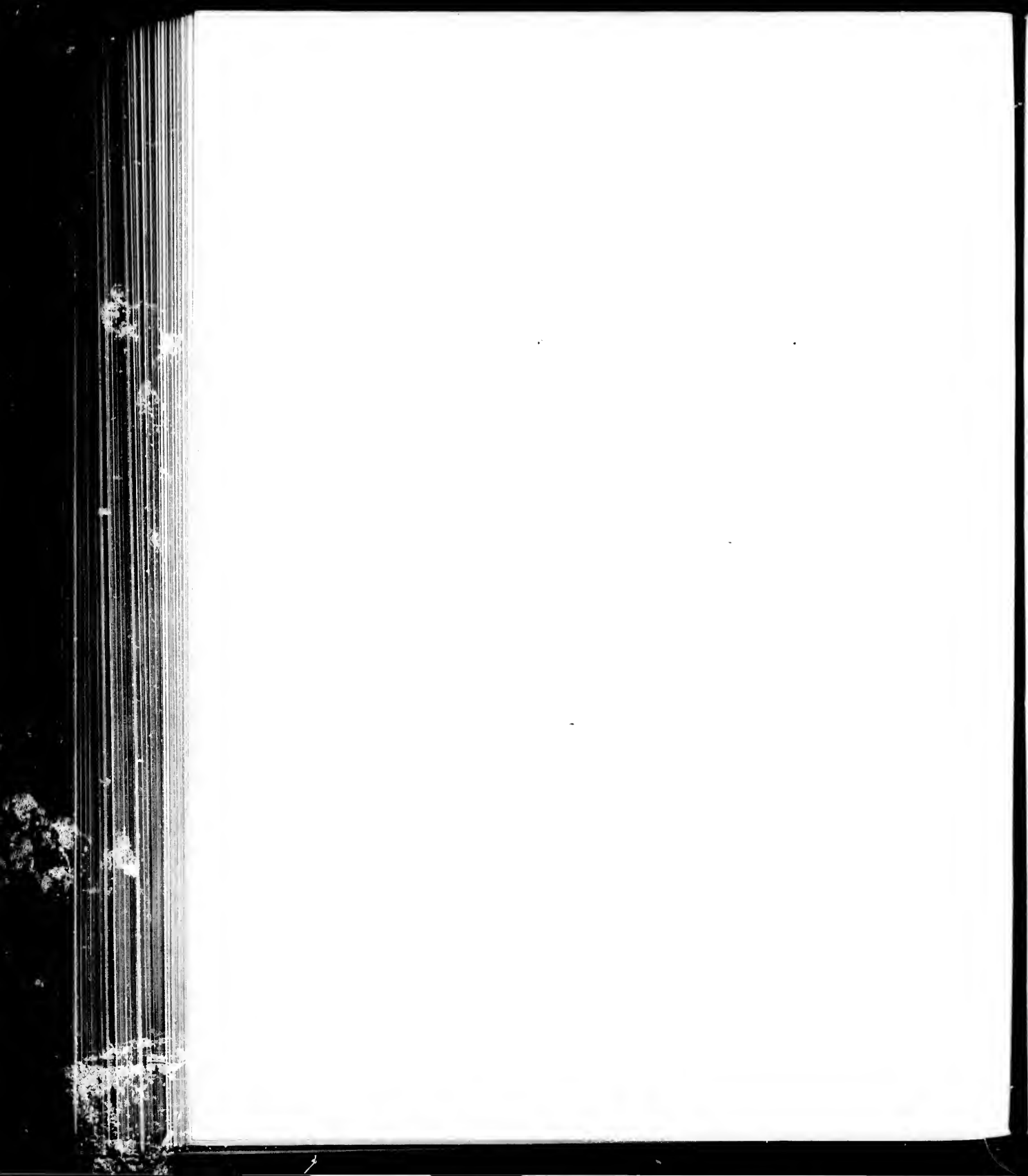
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ISTHMIUS OF PANAMA. GUNNING FOR PARROTS.



sameness in the wonderful extent of its perpetual forests, but to the lover of nature and of science there is rich reward. There may be difficulty and danger to encounter in its far-stretching savannahs and granite mountains, but to an enterprising spirit there are both interest and honour to be derived by gathering and recording his triumph over the cayman and the serpent. Patience and endurance may be required to trace its numerous streams, and their verdant banks hung with garlands of flowers to the water's edge, but to the poet and the naturalist they are inspiring themes. Industry and perseverance are, no doubt, required by the man who desires to avail himself of the singularly fertile tract of alluvial land which has passed through so varied a course of agriculture and cultivation, but ample treasures await the individual who possesses such qualities.

VII.

ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

CHAGRES—THE AMERICAN TOWN AND THE TOWN OF THE NATIVES—MOVING COLOURED POPULATION—CASTLE OF SAN LORENZO—COLON OR ASPINWALL—THE PANAMA RAILWAY—PANAMA—TORRICO—PORT FOR ENGLISH PACKETS TO PERU AND CHILI.

It will be a curious thing to compare the Isthmus of Panama, as it was a few years ago to what it is in the present day. The extinction of old modes of conveyance, by the introduction of steam, and the supplanting of gigantic men-of-war by iron-clad gun-boats, do not present a more astounding metamorphosis than what is sometimes brought about by revolutions in lines of communication. We shall refer to Julius Froebel, who travelled in 1850, for our first picture. It was on the 5th of November of that year, towards the evening, that the mountains of the Isthmus of Panama first appeared in sight of the learned and intelligent German, in the shape of isolated cones of a truncated form. On the next morning, he relates, a hilly coast extended before us, showing a long line of country covered with forest, and a chain of mountains in the rear.

By and by, the castle of San Lorenzo, rising above the mouth of the Rio de los Lagardos, became visible; a few hours later we anchored in the roadstead, at its base; and on the following morning we succeeded in safely entering the river, where we moored our brig close to the bank, just in front of the frame-building which constituted the so-called "American" part of Chagres. The reader, I suppose, is aware that throughout America the term "American" is almost exclusively applied to the people of the United States, a practice by which the "manifest destiny" of that compound of the most active elements of the present generation of mankind is thoughtlessly recognised, even by those who are most immediately threatened by it, for in all Spanish-American countries "los Americanos" means the people of the great Northern Republic.

This "American town" of Chagres, then, which most likely has ceased to exist since the opening of the Panama railroad, when Aspinwall has taken its place as the Atlantic terminus of the Isthmus route, was situated on the left bank of the river, while, on the opposite side, in a nook formed by the hill of San Lorenzo, stood the "village of the natives," which, as it existed before the time of Californian travel, may be supposed to have outlived its go-ahead rival, and to be still the home of a few families.

In choosing the place of the American settlement, the exclusive considerations of a reckless love of gain must have decided. In a locality known to be sickly in the highest degree, it was built on the water's edge, on a low and muddy ground. But it stood on the deep water side of the river, and brigs and schooners could unload a few hundred steps from the houses. These had all been sent ready made from New York. The most prominent among them was the Irving House—the principal "hotel" of the place. At New York I had seen it advertised and recommended as a superior establishment, "in whose spacious halls the traveller was sure to find the comforts and commodities of civilisation as it exists in the temperate zone, combined with all the luxuries of the tropics." It was a large barn-like farmhouse of two stories, each of them forming one single undivided room. In the lower story a hundred or more travellers, sitting on four long benches of rough boards on both sides of two long tables of the same material, were treated with salt pork and dried beans, while in the upper room several hundred persons, sick with fever, were either shaking from frost or burning in the paroxysm of heat; and those who were able to keep up were sitting on their boxes or trunks in order to secure them from being removed by the numerous thieves and robbers who at that time invested this dangerous highway of travelling adventurers. Between the mud-holes and fetid water-pools of the street in front of the houses stood gambling tables surrounded by dirty ruffians, and here and there the door of a liquor shop was left open, and groups of bearded and long-haired unwashed and uncombed pale-faced and hollow-eyed men were seen, some of them cautiously holding their hands over their pockets, heavily loaded with the proceeds of a mining season in California, and too heavily altogether for the unsold condition of their ragged apparel.

None of the foreign residents of Chagres had thought of cultivating the smallest piece of land, or even of making the natural productions of the neighbourhood available to the daily wants of life. For the two or three cows which were kept here, the food was brought from the United States, and so was the fuel for the daily uses of the kitchen, while the trees of the forest stood close to the houses. The most common vegetables or fruits of the tropics, such as plantains, bananas, yams, mandioc, &c., were unknown on the table of the "hotel." The natives did not cultivate more of these articles than they wanted for themselves, and nobody thought of an occupation that would not promise an instantaneous reward.

Such, in 1850, was the North American settlement at Chagres—a place where, as Captain B. of our brig observed, no other than an utterly reckless man could be supposed to live of his own free accord. This opinion may have contained too severe a judgment. As to me, however, never more forcibly than at Chagres did the idea strike me, how much the development of many of the noblest qualities of our nature is dependent upon the influence of a home that is more to us than a fit place for doing business—to which, on the contrary, we feel attached—which we rejoice in improving and adorning, and in which we like to recognise, more or less deeply impressed, the traces of our taste and character, our thought and action. It is not from men alone that we are entitled to expect a reciprocation of our affections. Nature, too, and all the things around us, give us a reward for the interest our heart

takes in them, by exerting an ennobling influence upon the mind; not men alone, but even things cannot be neglected and degraded by us, without the bad consequences of such an offence against the deeper laws of the moral world falling back in just retribution upon our own characters. In neglecting and degrading the things around us, we unavoidably neglect and degrade ourselves. At a place where everybody was but a temporary resident, attracted by no other motive but the lust of gain—where everybody, from the very day of his arrival, impatiently counted the time to the moment when he would have gained enough to justify his departure, a result for which, at Chagres, a few years were thought rather a long period—at such a place life must have been a mean and debased aspect, without much hope of improvement. I do not know what may have become the character of Aspinwall, to which place many of the inhabitants of Chagres have removed not long after my visit; nor am I informed of the merits of social life in the gold mines of Australia. As to California, however, a considerable number of those who went there from all parts of the world, have justly found it so desirable a home from the very beginning, that even the mining regions of that country have soon been graced with the charms of home life; and nowhere it has been better understood than in California, that one individual intending to make the country his permanent home, is worth more to the community than a number of temporary residents, however important may be the business they come to transact for a while.

I passed the river to examine the village of the natives. There is a swamp on one side of it, the fetid exhalations of which, mingled with the dew of the evening, were so thick and substantial, that beyond their affecting the olfactory sense, I had the taste of them on my tongue; nevertheless, this part of Chagres made a far more favourable impression on me than the American town. The habitations, standing on a more or less elevated ground, neatly built of cane, and covered with palm leaves, were extremely clean. Seen from the opposite side of the river, they represented a very picturesque view. A grove of palm-trees surrounds them in the rear, at the foot of a steep hill covered with a dense forest of exogenous trees, some of them of a gigantic growth, waving their wide-spread umbrella-shaped crowns high over the rest. The inhabitants were a mixed race of Indian, African and Spanish origin, using the Spanish language as a common medium, though some of the negroes or mulattoes living there were from Jamaica; they, too, having been attracted by the expectation of extraordinary gain. I had a conversation with one of these men, an intelligent and fine-looking mulatto, who told me that, indeed, he could make a good deal of money here, but that the climate was too sickly, so that whatever he gained he had to pay to the doctor. It is not without interest to know how such a climate as that of Chagres is looked upon by a coloured native of Jamaica; and at the same time I am touching here upon a fact, unnoticed as far as I know in Europe, the fact of the existence of a moving coloured population congregating here and there as circumstances may invite them, on the coasts around the Caribbean Sea, and which promises to become of importance in the future history of the West Indies, and of Central America, as well as in the development of the coloured races of the New World. Of this class

of the coloured population of Chagres, the greater number are from Curaçao and Cartagena. The natives of the place itself seemed to be more of a Hispano-Indian caste, extremely strong and well formed, some of them with very intelligent and pleasing countenances. I found that personal cleanliness and neatness were marked traits in their character, by which they were most favourably distinguished from the inhabitants and the travelling crowd on the other side of the river. On every morning during the eight days of our stay, men and women, as they passed the river in their small canoes, appeared in a clean suit, although the whole dress of the former consisted only in a straw hat and a pair of white trowsers worn over the skin. Here I had the first opportunity of seeing that peculiar style of half-savage elegance which characterises the female dress and deportment of the lower classes of Spanish America. Indeed, these women, with their flounced skirts of striped muslin, fastened round their naked waists, their busts loosely covered with the flying *quipil* of white muslin glittering with gold or silver paillettes, or the long striped *rebozo*, stylishly thrown over the left shoulder, a pair of small white satin shoes, embroidered with silver or gold, on the naked feet, the jet hair tastefully adorned with white, yellow, or crimson flowers, just taken from the shrub, made altogether a coquetish appearance, as they would walk along in assumed dignity, with a defying swing of their arms, or would negligently repose in their gently moving hammocks. I observed that a perfect politeness of language prevailed among these people, in whose conversation the address of "Senor" and "Senora" was rarely omitted. Only the men who were rowing the canoes on the river, or were occupied in unloading the vessels, mutually addressed themselves in a less formal manner, calling their companions by the simple designation of "Hombre!" (man) "Mulatto!" "Cuadron!" "Zambo!" according to the gradations of caste.

Between the inhabitants of the two villages a little war had broken out during the time of my visit. The natives had offered to forward the travellers on the river at a lower rate than the Americans would allow. And, as the former neglected the prohibition, one of their canoes, filled with travellers, was fired at from the American side. To these high-handed proceedings, the natives responded by similar acts of violence; some wounds were received on both sides, and there was a good deal of excitement for a few days.

Mounting the steep hill on which the castle of San Lorenzo is situated, I saw, as a physician would say, a splendid specimen of elephantiasis, in the shape of the monstrous leg of a negro, sitting at the side of the foot-path. The castle, which once defended the northern entrance to the passage across the Isthmus of Panama, is one of the most remarkable monuments of Spanish dominion in those parts of the world; though, from the effects of the excessive dampness of the climate, and from want of repair, it is almost a ruin—its material being a variety of sandstone which is unfit for withstanding the attacks of atmospheric influences. In one of the courts stood a wooden building, the residence of a solitary officer, styled the "commandante;" but I saw no trace of a garrison, not even a single guard to prevent me and my companions from entering a vault which we found to contain, I cannot tell how many thousand pounds of moist gunpowder, in open boxes, which some of us investigated with a lighted cigar in the

month, before recognising the dangerous nature of the substance. Old pieces of artillery, some of very heavy calibre, and pyramids of piled up balls and shells lay about the ground. Besides a large number of iron guns, I counted ten guns and mortars of bronze. Two of the latter, of beautiful workmanship, reciprocally bore the inscriptions: "*El Escorpion, Sevilla, 1749*;" and "*El Dracon, Sevilla, 1742*."

The view from the castle is grand and beautiful. On one side is the sea, washing the foot of the hill on which it stands, and which is very precipitous in this direction. A line of coast, covered with forest down to the beach, extends from hence in a long sweep. Towards the interior, a country of wooded hills unfolds

itself, and leaves a passage to the river, which may be traced with the eye for a considerable distance as it takes its course through the dark shades of the forest.

Behind the castle is a deep ravine, through which a clear brook rushes down to the sea, between majestic trees. A crowd of half-naked women were occupied here in washing their linen. As we approached they made signs that we should not come near—a rare instance of feeling, which in general seems to be almost unknown amongst the lower classes of Spanish America. As we proceeded in our walk we came to a grove of cocoa-nut trees, and on a small square between them saw the remains of a sugar factory, with several large kettles, in good condition, lying about. The



BAY OF PANAMA.

establishment seemed to have never been in a working state, and undoubtedly has been one of the many unfortunate speculations begun in those regions of tropical America without a due appreciation of the difficulties and obstacles inseparably connected with the uncivilised state of the country. I have seen a like result of a similar speculation in British Honduras, where, in the wilderness surrounding the Manatee Lagoon, I found all the improvements and costly machinery of an intended sugar plantation overgrown by the rank vegetation of a forest.

The next day I took a walk along the coast, and after having followed it for two or three miles to a

beautiful spot, where, near a projecting rock, a little river empties into the sea, I took a footpath leading into the forest. This, after the distance of a mile, brought me to a number of huts, constructed of canes and palm leaves. Brown women, in all the finery described above, even white satin shoes not excepted, were swinging in their hammocks in the open doorways. What might have induced these people to erect their habitations in the midst of the forest, I could not learn. Perhaps, they wanted to be near enough to the port to profit by the neighbourhood, without having their dwellings exposed to the looks of the passing "Americanos."

Our second picture is borrowed from the lively and graphic pages of Mr. Anthony Trollope.

Cartagena was once a flourishing city, great in commerce and strong in war. It was taken by the English, not however without signal reverses on our part, and by the special valour—so the story goes—of certain sailors who dragged a single gun to the summit of a high abrupt hill, called the "Papa," which commands the town. If the thermometer stood in those days as high at Cartagena as it does now, pretty nearly through the whole of the year, those sailors ought to have had the Victoria Cross. But these deeds were done long years ago, in the time of Drake and his followers; and Victoria Crosses were then chiefly kept for the officers.

The harbour of Cartagena is singularly situated. There are two entrances to it, one some ten miles from the city and the other close to it. This nearer aperture was blocked up by the Spaniards, who sank ships across the mouth; and it has never been used or usable since. The present entrance is very strongly fortified. The fortifications are still there, braving down to the water's edge; or they would bristle, were it not that all the guns have been sold for the value of the brass metal.

Cartagena was hotter even than Santa Martha; but the place is by no means so desolate and death-like. The shops there are open to the streets, as shops are in other towns. Men and women may occasionally be seen about the square; and there is a trade—in poultry, if in nothing else.

There is a cathedral here also, and I presume a bishop. The former is built after the Spanish fashion, and boasts a so-called handsome, large, marble pulpit. That it is large and marble, I confess; but I venture to question its claims to the other epithet. There are pictures also in the cathedral; of spirits in a state of torture certainly; and, if I rightly remember, of beatified spirits also.

From Cartagena I went on to the isthmus; the Isthmus of Panama, as it is called by all the world, though the American town of Aspinwall will gradually become the name best known in connection with the passage between the two oceans. This passage is now made by a railway which has been opened by an American company between the town of Aspinwall, or Colon, as it is called in England, and the city of Panama. Colon is the local name for this place, which also bears the denomination of Navy Bay in the language of sailors. But our friends from Yankee-land like to carry things with a high hand, and to have a nomenclature of their own. Here, as their energy and their money and their habits are undoubtedly in the ascendant, they will probably be successful; and the place will be called Aspinwall in spite of the disgust of the New Granadians, and the propriety of the English, who choose to adhere to the names of the existing government of the country.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and Colon or Aspinwall will be equally vile however you may call it. It is a wretched, unhealthy, miserably situated, but thriving little American town, created by and for the railway and the passenger traffic which comes here both from Southampton and New York. That from New York is of course immensely the greatest, for this is at present the main route to San Francisco and California.

I visited the place three times, for I passed over the

isthmus on my way to Costa Rica, and on my return from that country I went again to Panama, and of course back to Colon, but I can say nothing in its favour. My only dealing there was with a washerwoman, and I wish I could place before my readers a picture of my linen in the condition in which it came back from that artist's hands. I confess that I sat down and shed bitter tears. In these localities there are but two luxuries of life—iced soda water and clean shirts. And now I was debarred from any true enjoyment of the latter for more than a fortnight.

The Panama railway is certainly a great fact, as men now-a-days say when anything of importance is accomplished. The necessity of some means of passing the isthmus, and the question as to the best means, has been debated since, I may say, the days of Cortes. Men have foreseen that it would become a necessity to the world that there should be some such transit, and every conceivable point of the isthmus has, at some period or by some nation, been selected as the best for the purpose. This railway is certainly the first that can be regarded as a properly organised means of travelling; and it may be doubted whether it will not remain as the best, if not the only permanent mode of transit.

Very great difficulty was experienced in erecting this line. In the first place, it was necessary that terms should be made with the government of the country through which the line should pass, and to effect this it was expedient to hold out great inducements. Among the chief of these is an understanding that the whole line shall become the absolute property of the New Granadian government when it shall have been opened for forty-nine years. But who can tell what government will prevail in New Granada in forty-nine years? It is not impossible that the whole district may then be an outlying territory belonging to the United States. At any rate, I should imagine that it is very far from the intention of the American Company to adhere with rigid strictness to this part of the bargain. Who knows what may occur between this and the end of the century?

And when these terms were made there was great difficulty in obtaining labour. The road had to be cut through one continuous forest, and for the greater part of the way along the course of the Chagres river. Nothing could be more unhealthy than such work, and in consequence the men died very rapidly. The high rate of wages enticed many Irishmen here, but most of them found their graves amidst the works. Chinese were tried, but they were quite inefficient for such labour, and when distressed had a habit of hanging themselves. The most useful men were to be got from the coast round Cartagena, but they were enticed thither only by very high pay.

The whole road lies through trees and bushes of thick tropical growth, and is in this way pretty and interesting. But there is nothing wonderful in the scenery, unless to one who has never before witnessed tropical forest scenery. The growth here is so quick that the strip of ground closely adjacent to the line, some twenty yards perhaps on each side, has to be cleared of timber and foliage every six months. If left for twelve months the whole would be covered with thick bushes, twelve feet high. At intervals of four and a half miles there are large wooden houses—pretty looking houses they are, built with much taste—in each of which a superintendent with a certain number

of labourers reside. These men are supplied with provisions and all necessaries by the company. For there are no villages here in which workmen can live, no shops from which they can supply themselves, no labour which can be hired as it may be wanted.

From this it may be imagined that the line is maintained at a great cost. But, nevertheless, it already pays a dividend of twelve and a half per cent. So much at least is acknowledged; but those who pretend to understand the matter declare that the real profit accruing to the shareholders is hardly less than five-and-twenty per cent. The sum charged for the passage is extremely high, being twenty-five dollars, or five pounds for a single ticket. The distance is under fifty miles. And there is no class but the one. Everybody passing over the isthmus, if he pays his fare, must pay twenty-five dollars. Steerage passengers from New York to San Francisco are at present booked through for fifty dollars. This includes their food on the two sea voyages, which are on an average of about eleven days each. And yet out of this fifty dollars twenty-five are paid to the railway for this conveyance over fifty miles! The charge for luggage, too, is commensurately high. The ordinary kit of a travelling Englishman—a portmanteau, bag, desk, and hatbox—would cost two pounds ten shillings over and above his own fare.

But at the same time, nothing can be more liberal than the general management of the line. On passengers journeying from New York to California, or from Southampton to Chili and Peru, their demand no doubt is very high. But to men of all classes, merely travelling from Aspinwall to Panama for pleasure—or, apparently, on business, if travelling only between those two places,—free tickets are given almost without restriction. One train goes each way daily, and as a rule most of the passengers are carried free, except on those days when packets have arrived at either terminus. On my first passage over I paid my fare, for I went across with other passengers out of the mail packet. But on my return the superintendent not only gave me a ticket, but asked me whether I wanted others for any friends. The line is a single line throughout.

Panama has doubtless become a place of importance to Englishmen and Americans, and its name is very familiar to our ears. But nevertheless it is a place whose glory has passed away. It was a large Spanish town, strongly fortified, with some thirty thousand inhabitants. Now its fortifications are mostly gone, its churches are tumbling to the ground, its old houses have so tumbled, and its old Spanish population has vanished. It is still the chief city of a State, and a congress sits there. There is a governor and a judge, and there are elections; but were it not for the passengers of the isthmus, there would soon be but little left of the city of Panama.

Here the negro race abounds, and among the common people the negro traits are stronger and more marked than those even of the Indians or Spaniards. Of Spanish blood among the natives of the surrounding country there seems to be but little. The negroes here are of course free, free to vote for their own governors, and make their own laws; and consequently they are often very troublesome, the country people attacking those in the town, and so on. "And is justice ultimately done on the offenders?" I asked. "Well, sir;

perhaps not justice. But some notice is taken; and the matter is smoothed over." Such was the answer.

There is a Spanish cathedral here also, in which I heard a very sweet-toned organ, and one magnificent tenor voice. The old church buildings still standing here are not without pretence, and are interesting from the dark tawny colour of the stone, if from no other cause. I should guess them to be some two centuries old. Their style in many respects resembles that which is so generally obvious to an Englishman's eye and ear, under the title of Renaissance. It is probably an offshoot of that which is called Plateresque in the south of Spain.

During the whole time that I was at Panama the thermometer stood at something above ninety. In Calcutta, I believe, it is often as high as one hundred and ten, so that I have no right to speak of the extreme heat. But, nevertheless, Panama is supposed to be one of the hottest places in the western world; and I am assured, while there, that weather so continuously hot for the twenty-four hours had not been known during the last nine years. The rainy season should have commenced by this time—the early part of May. But it had not done so; and it appeared that when the rain is late, that is the hottest period of the whole year.

The heat made me uncomfortable, but never made me ill. I lost all pleasure in eating, and indeed in everything else. I used to feel a craving for my food, but no appetite when it came. I was lethargic, as though from repletion, when I did eat, and was always glad when my watch would allow me to go to bed. But yet I was never ill.

The country round the town is pretty, and very well adapted for riding. There are large open savannahs, which stretch away for miles and miles, and which are kept as grazing farms for cattle. These are not flat and plain, but are broken into undulations, and covered here and there with forest bushes. The horses here are taught to pace, that is, move with the two off legs together, and then with the two near legs. The motion is exceedingly gentle, and well fitted for this hot climate, in which the tougher work of trotting would be almost too much for the energies of debilitated mankind. The same pace is common in Cuba, Costa Rica, and other Spanish countries in the west.

Off from Panama, a few miles distant in the western ocean, there are various picturesque islands. On two of these are the depôts of two great steam-packet companies, that belonging to the Americans which carries on the trade to California, and an English company, whose vessels run down the Pacific to Peru and Chili. I visited Toboza, in which are the headquarters of the latter. Here I found a small English maritime colony, with a little town of their own, composed of captains, doctors, engineers, officers, artificers, and sailors, living together on the company's wages, and, as regards the upper classes, at tables provided by the company. But I saw there no women of any description. I beg therefore to suggest to the company that their servants would probably be much more comfortable if the institution partook less of the monastic order.

If, as is probable, this becomes one of the high roads to Australia, then another large ship company will have to fix its quarters here.

A TRIP TO DENMARK.

I.

FROM THE ELBE TO THE BALTIC—HOLSTEIN—KIEL—A FAVORITE WATERING PLACE—KORSOR—PETER STRAN AND THE MERMAID—NYEBORG—KING CHRISTIAN II.—DEATH-PLACE OF ELLEN MAARSVIN—GLORUP, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF COUNT MOLTKE—RYGAARD—A LEGENDARY TEMPLE.

On the 6th of July, 1860, we found ourselves at the iron railing that separates Altona from Hamburg. This iron fence constitutes a frontier. On the other side of it we entered into German Denmark or Holstein, well clothed with crops, pastures, and wood. The road that we followed passed a mile or two to the right the ducal castle of Ploen or Plön, which stands on the borders of a lake of the same name, one of those little Mediterraneans with which the soil of Denmark is dotted. The situation of the town itself, on a small strip of land, dividing the wood-encircled lake, and in the midst of one of the most fertile valleys of Holstein, is very romantic. It was, until 1761, the capital of an independent principality, but now belongs to the crown of Denmark. The castle, the former residence of the Dukes of Holstein-Plön, rises majestically on the brow of a steep hill overlooking the lake. (See p. 760.)

In the environs, where hill and valley, verdant meadows and waving cornfields, large tracts of woodland and sunny lakes, succeed each other in rich variety, no spot possesses more attractions than the estate of Ascheburg, which has for centuries belonged to the family of Rantzau, celebrated in Danish history. In the beautiful pleasure grounds, which border the lake, are the four tallest fir-trees in Holstein, they being more than 100 feet high. The splendid avenue of lime trees, which leads up to the house, strikes all who behold it with admiration.

Holstein, as it exhibits itself between Altona and Kiel, must not be judged of, however, from this favoured spot. The country is, indeed, almost a dead flat the whole way, and interspersed with bogs, small lakes, and heaths like the worst part of Hanover. Trees are few in number and far between. In summer, storks are numerous, and their large nests may be seen on the summit of the gable-end of most of the farm-houses. They are wisely protected, for it would be as cruel and insane to destroy them, as it is the rooks and small birds in our own country, which may do some harm, but compensate for it by doing an infinite greater amount of good. Towards Kiel the soil improves, the ground becomes prettily undulated and well wooded, and the views along the bay, before reaching the town are very pleasing. This country is also strewn with granite boulders, which were valueless before the railway was made, but are now a source of considerable profit. The railway has also caused much land to be drained and brought into cultivation which was before

neglected. Trains ply three times a day from the Elbe to the Baltic, accomplishing the journey in about three hours and a-half, at a cost of from two shillings to two shillings and sixpence English.

The Bay of Kiel is magnificent. The town itself, with its cathedral, quays, edifices, and in front of it with farms and meadows, is like the end of a world—of the German world—and the point whence we enter upon another, that of Scandinavia, with its scalds and sagas, its primitive traditions and pagan heroes. Kiel was, before the railway existed, a town of study and pleasure. The gentry were attracted to it in summer as a sea-bathing place, on account of the exceeding beauty of its situation and that of its environs. Nothing can be more beautiful than the avenue of limes that extend from the Hôtel de Bellevue to the palace, a distance of upwards of two miles, and lined, the whole length, with charming cottages and villas of red brick, like those around the Hague. The University has, notwithstanding the connection of the duchy of Holstein with the kingdom of Denmark, all the characteristics of the other German universities; the students wear the red cap and white band, and the professors, with black coats or green puleot and brundburgs, monopolise the pavement and give way to no one. The old houses on the market place present as great a contrast to the modern town-hall and guard-house as old Kiel does to the Kiel of the present day. The church of St Nicholas, where repose the remains of Duke Adolphus IV., the benefactor of the town, appropriately crowns the old portion of the town. At least, M. A. de Flaux, who travelled last year, tells us that this is the case; whilst the *Handbook* credits the convent church with the tomb, which we did not see. The palace of Kiel, a vast edifice of irregular construction, and all the more original for its indifference to style, is, with its delicious gardens, inhabited by the Duke of Glücksburg, who married King Frederick VII.'s divorced wife, according to de Flaux, and one of the royal princesses of Denmark, according to the *Handbook*. The Duke lives in retirement, being still under the ban of the ill-fated insurrection of 1818; but the sympathies of town and university are alike Germanic. This is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as Denmark is concerned, as a great future lies in store for Kiel, favourably situated for traffic with the Baltic, possessing a better harbour than Lubeck, and connecting the Baltic with the Elbe by railway, it will soon take precedence of the latter port, and become the rival of Stettin. (See p. 763.)

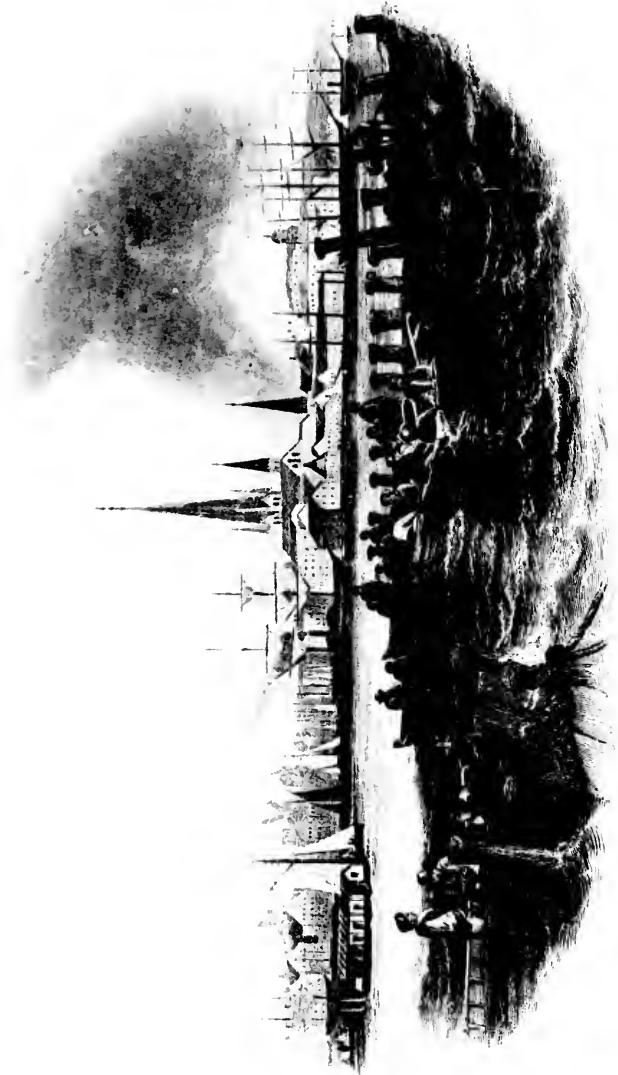
The steambath leaves Kiel in the evening, so that the journey to Korsor, being performed in darkness, is so peculiarly uninteresting that for that and other reasons of a marine character, the traveller generally

¹ Du Danemark, par A. de Flaux. Paris. 1863.

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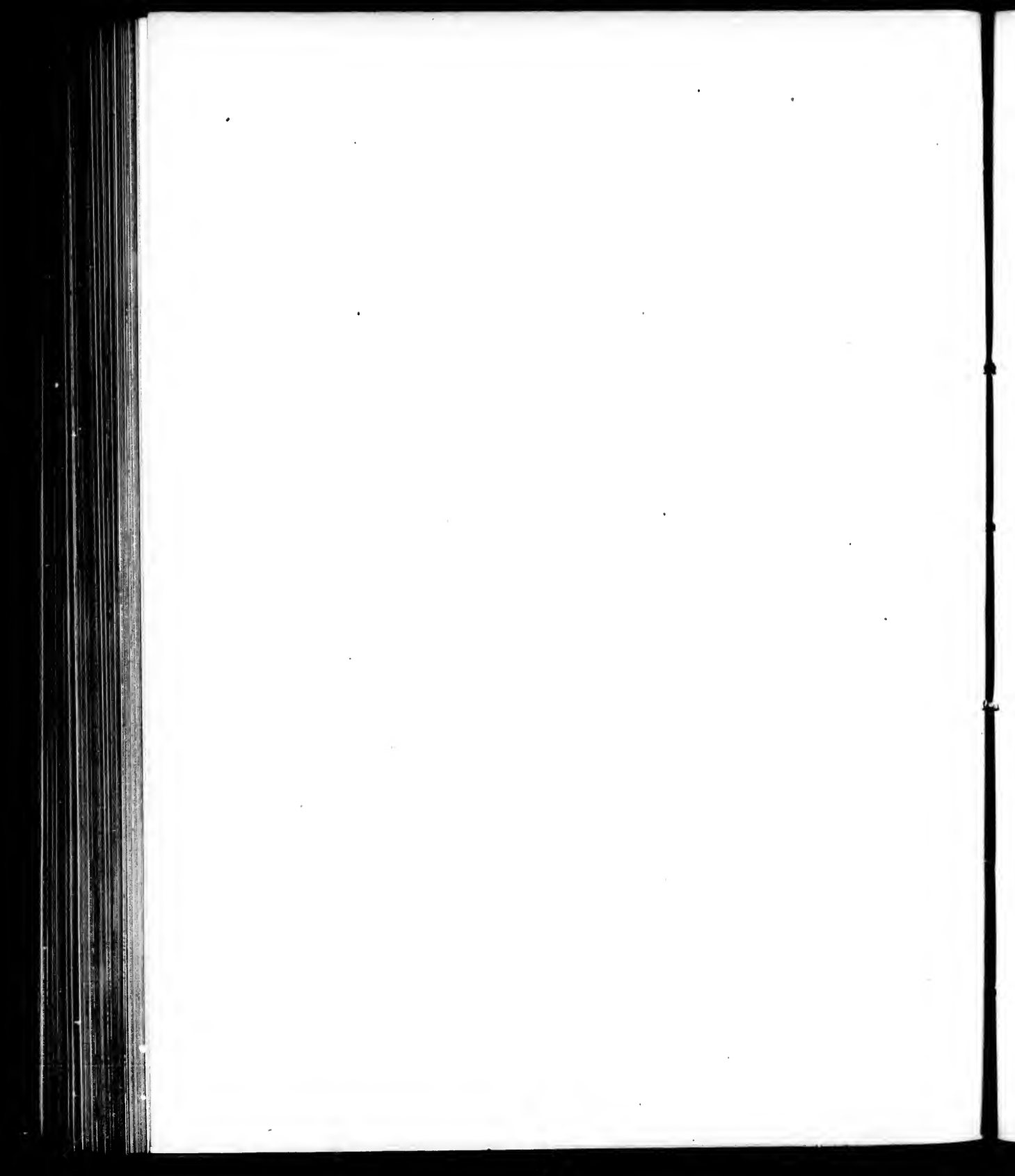
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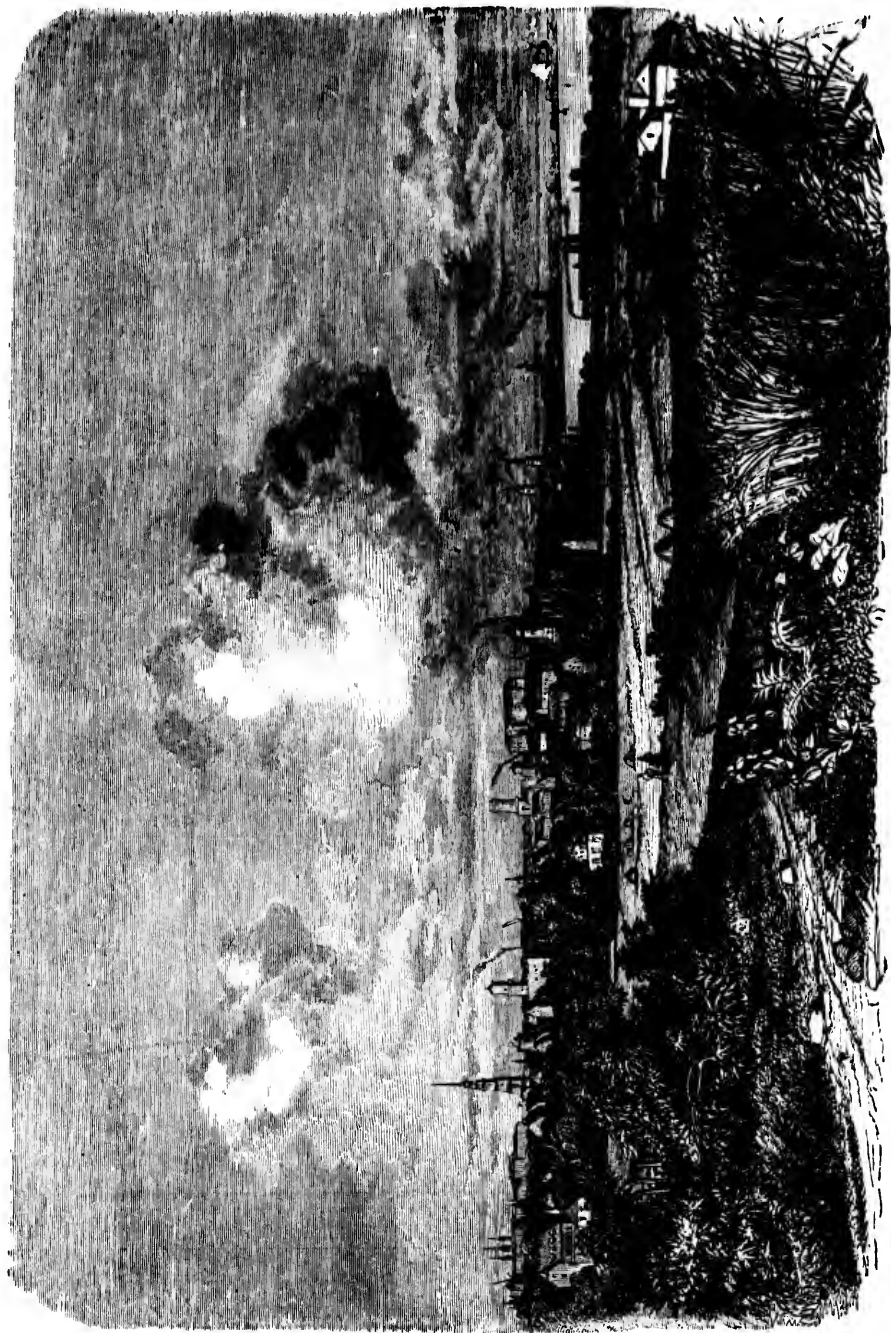
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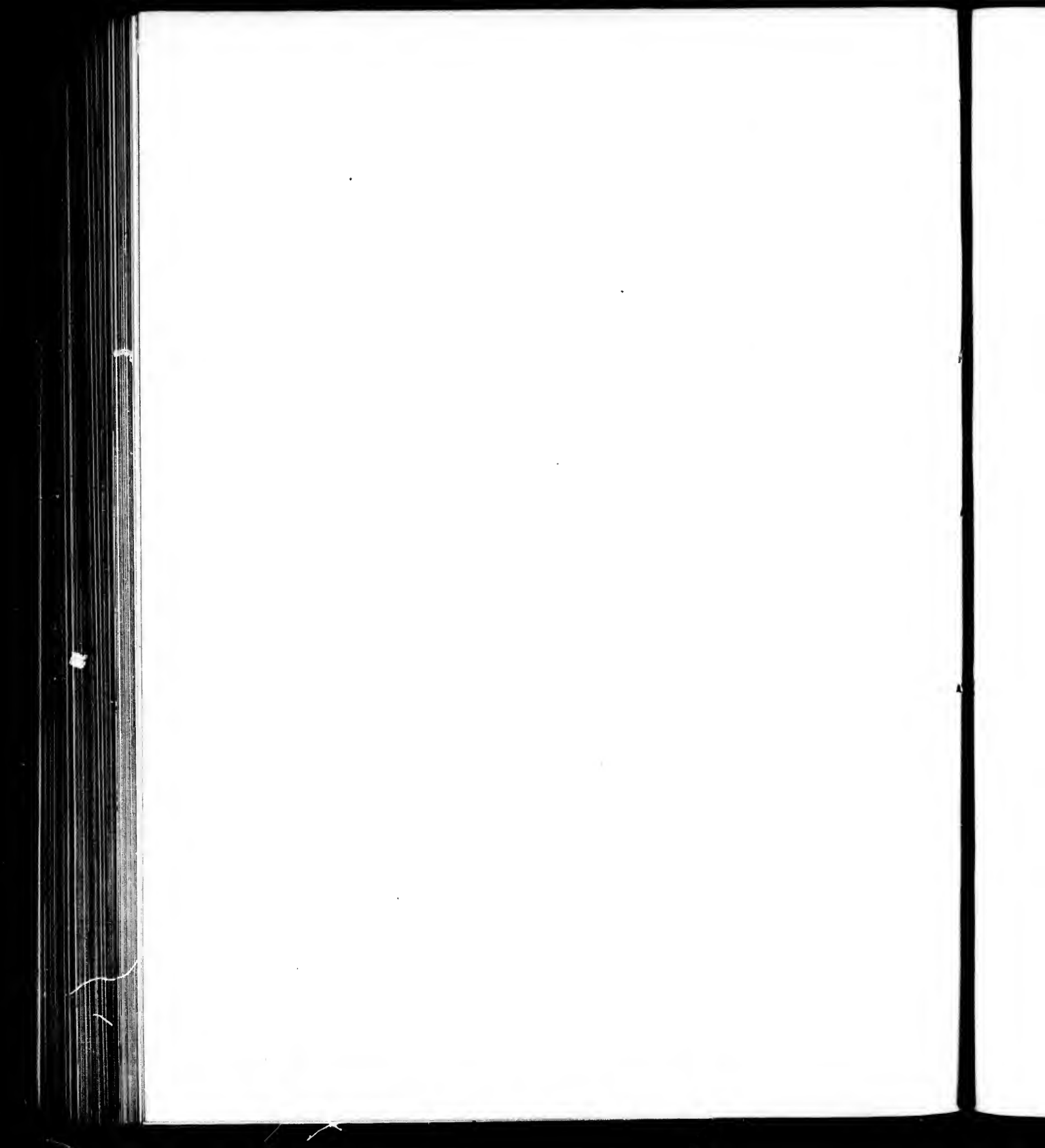
Yacht

J. W. B. N. 1874





GENERAL VIEW OF COPENHAGEN.



betakes himself to a sofa. In the morning we were awoke by the noise of anchoring in the harbour of Korsør, a small and almost forgotten city of the Danish dominions, once the capital of an amt or province, later disfranchised, but now raised to activity by the opening of the railway to Copenhagen. The hotel, as its *affiche* announces, is most conveniently situated for those who travel either by boat or rail; and so it is. A cold buffet is in constant requisition from sunrise till sunset, and from sunset till sunrise. Four steamers, independent of our own, lie in the harbour. Two more are visible on the horizon in their inward passage. They start, they arrive, at all hours of the twenty-four, for Kiel, Aarhus, Kolding, Funen, everywhere. Judge then of the quiet of this clean hotel. On one side the steamers ever puffing and whizzing; you fly to the opposite—from Scylla to Charybdis—the locomotives shriek, hustle, and roar.

Of the ancient fortress of Taarborg, on the site of that founded, says tradition, by Svend Grathe, long since sacked and destroyed by the Wendish pirates, one small tower alone remains. During the wars of the Counts, in 1535, the inhabitants of Skjelskor, partisans of Christian II., gained possession of this castle by stratagem; presenting themselves as horse-dealers, they demanded audience of the castellan, for the purpose of discharging the custom dues previous to embarkation for Funen. On the appearance of the castellan they immediately seized his person, and kept possession of the castle for some years, until they were expelled by the forces of Peter Skram, a celebrated noble of those days, surnamed Vove Hals, or Risk-neck.

The Zealand railway can be taken here to Copenhagen, a journey of three and a-half hours, performed for about nine shillings English in the first-class, but our route lay across the Great Belt to Nyeborg, one of the most important towns in the kingdom in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Half-way across the Belt is the little Island of Sprogø, on which is a telegraph for the transmission of news when, during the winter, the ice compels the mail to stop there; and there is also an inn for the accommodation of travellers who may be in the same predicament. That it is not a very enviable one to be in, is shown by the Danish proverb, "I wish he were at Sprogø."

Nyeborg was fortified by Christian IV. and Frederik III. In 1569, the Danes obtained a decisive victory over the Swedes, who occupied the fortress, which liberated Denmark from the yoke to which the ambition of the Swedish monarch had tried to subject her. 1808, Nyeborg was again, for a few days, in the hands of a foreign power, the Spanish General Romano, who was then quartered in Funen, having thrown off his allegiance to the French, took possession of the fortress and of all the batteries on the fiord, and held them until, aided by the English, he was able to return to his own country. A most extraordinary scene is said to have taken place upon this occasion on the beach outside the fort. When embarking on board the English fleet, Romano's troops, consisting mostly of cavalry, were obliged to leave their horses behind them; and these animals, abandoned to themselves, soon engaged in a most sanguinary combat, which lasted until almost all were killed. The few that survived were captured by the Danish peasants, and the mixture of Andalusian blood is still visible in the breed of horses in this neighbourhood.

Alarrrat writes in his usual off-hand style of Nyeborg

or Nyborg: We have passed some days, he says, at Nyborg, too glad to recruit our minds and bodies in the comfortable post-house—an inn of times gone by—not all picturesque and dry-rot like that of Ringkjøbing, but a house built with good large rooms, before the world began to economise space, very cool and comfortable. So our eight days fled rapidly by; we strolled on the rampart heights, we bathed in the waters of the fiord, boated and fished occasionally, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Nyborg is not a town of vast pretensions to antiquity; it dates its origin from the "New Castle," long since gathered to its sister "borgs." Valdemar the Great (though he did beat poor Liden Kirsten to death) was a very good son of the Church after his own peculiar manner, and, like many worthy people of the present century, very fond of proselytising. He preached Christianity church-militant-wise, fire and sword, among the heathens of Rugen. Prislav, own brother of pagan King Nucleo of the Wends, embraced Christianity, and King Valdemar gave him as a reward his sister Catherine in marriage, with Lolland as her dower. Her son Knud founded here his castle of Nyborg; he did not, however, enjoy it much, for he turned monk for very peace sake, and Nyborg fell into the hands of the crown. King John much loved this royal residence. Here were born Christian and Protestant Elizabeth of Brandenburg, who considered twenty-two years of incarceration quite locking-up enough for one family. The days of canonisation were over, and she had no fancy to be a martyr.

In later days Nyborg, with its grand and lofty tower, followed the fate of other royal buildings; it was pulled down for its materials, not by that old clothesman, the second Frederic, but by the bigamous fourth Frederic, to build up his trumpety palace of Odense.

Not being in an excursioning mood when at Nyborg, we merely extended our walks to the adjoining manor of Holckenhaven, a chateau beautiful in itself as well as in its situation, and undegraded; it was once termed Ellensborg, and was built by Ellen Marsvin, as the iron cramps, bearing the letters of her name, announce, date 1616.

It was here that, some twenty-four years later, Ellen ended her long and successful life in her seventy eighth year. We visited the chapel—splendid in its carved oak fittings; and there on the wall's side hangs the portrait of the foundress painted at the age of seventy-seven—no longer Ellen fair and dimpled, as at Rosenholm, nor Ellen over-blown, as at Norland, but Ellen an aged woman—a fine strong, green, old age—in the costume of the period, with a peaked hat, like that of Mother Shipton—a most interesting picture. At her death—she lies buried in the village church of North Broby with her husband, Ludwig Munk—Ellensborg passed to Christina Munk, and again to her daughter, fair Eleanor Ulfeld; then came confiscation, and the glory of the Munkites was at an end.

By the side of old Ellen are two full-length portraits, those of Corfitz and Eleanor.

Every town in Denmark piqued itself on something in the good old days, and Nyborg appears to have vaunted loud and high its salutary bye-law—so severe, its very existence would have made me let my house, the wearing of swords at parties—such a chopping off of hands for next to nothing—Star Chamber a joke to it. The women, however, were treated with becoming respect, for in one article it is enacted "that every

qvinde" detected in stealing or being in connivance with a thief shall be condemned to be hanged, but the sentence, on account of her "woman's modesty," to be commuted to being "buried alive."

As for the laws of adulteration, the punishment was death; but, in case of detection, the offenders were allowed to decide the matter by arms. Fancy a London grocer and twelve of his shop-boys engaged in single combat, in the precincts of the Green Park against twelve adulterated house-keepers, called upon to avenge the housekeeping grievances of their outraged house-wives. In addition to the losing of heads, whippings, and such like, all adulterated goods were declared to be confiscated, and were solemnly burnt in the presence of the injured citizens. Such a decree might be found advantageous even in the present day.

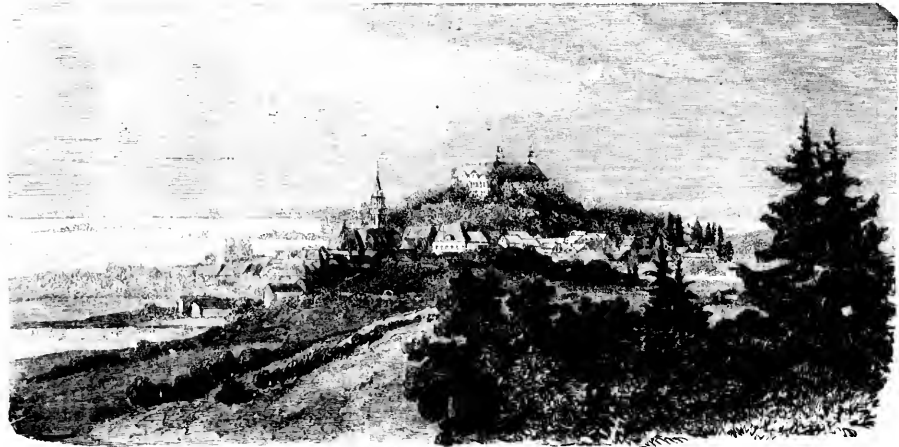
These bye-laws were just, had they extended to all classes; but the magistrates themselves were exempt from their severity: for, says the old Danish rhyme.—

"When the mayor of the city sells ale and wine,
And the magistrate he kills the sheep and swine,
When the baker weighs himself his bread,
The citizens might all as well be dead."

It is evident corporation monopolies were not approved of.

In a letter existing from King Hans to Bent Bilde, Governor of Nyborg, he writes:—"We intend, please God, to visit church with our dear wife the Sunday next to St. Olaf's day, and have our young daughter christened. And we beg you to be present at that time and the same day with your dear wife, and enjoy yourselves with us and several friends whom we have invited."

We were bound to Glorup, one of the beautiful country residences that dot the islands of Funen. Three open carriages awaited on the quay to convey us thither. The drivers were in livery with cockades and the harness was decorated with ribands. Our route lay



CASTLE OF PLOEN, HOLSTEIN.

along the sea-coast, the country undulating almost as gently as the sea itself, and the land divided into cultivation, pasture, and wood. A French tourist, M. Dargaud, says of Funen that it resembles England with its rich cultivation and well-stocked pastures, only it is an arctic England without its factories and with forests which it has not.

Glorup seemed, as we neared it, like a princely abbey of the Middle Ages on the verge of a feudal forest (See p. 764). Within it is a vast Trianon, but a Trianon in Denmark, with all the luxuries that could be invented by Scandinavian imagination. The building is quadrangular, so that when the visitor has passed the iron railing, with gilt arrowheads, and the great oaken gateway above which rises the dome, he finds himself in an interior court bound by four wings of the mansion. Such is Glorup. A bright-coloured Ara parrot screamed a welcome from beneath two flags that floated above, the one with the national the other with the family colours. The Danish national colours are a white cross on a red ground.

We were conducted, soon after our arrival, over the gardens, with their terraces, ponds, basins, aviaries, and flower-beds, and thence to the stables, where were fifteen horses of English, Danish and Norwegian breeds; and where the sleighs or sledges, outnumbering the carriages, spoke of the severity of the winter climate. A wheelwright, a blacksmith, a baker, and other handicrafts, are attached to the establishment, adding to the already large number of attendants and keepers. When one of these members of the household is disabled by age, he is provided for in a neighbouring village, which is a mere almshouse. Thus this fine residence suffices for itself, and constitutes, as it were, a little world within itself. These Danish chateaux, or country mansions, are either feudal or personal. When they are feudal, they cannot be alienated, but pass to the eldest son; the others can be sold or disposed of like any other property. Glorup is attached to the fief of Maltkenburg, to which also belong the property and chateau of Rygaard (See p. 761) and that of Antiof.

One of my first occupations, after a night's rest at

this charming old feudal mansion, was to pay a visit to the doctor and to the minister, who were best calculated, by the nature of their pursuits, to give me an insight into the habits and manners of the people. Doctor Winther resided on a small property near the village of Svindinge, having his own cows and horses. He was a man of liberal education, enlarged by travel and experience. The pastor, M. Biering, was a most praiseworthy minister and an excellent man. The details he communicated to me in respect to the progress of education in Denmark were quite astounding. In addition to the gymnasia, which the little Scandinavians enter at ten to leave at eighteen, and which are the provincial vestibules to the University of Copenhagen, there are also schools in every village which the sons and daughters of peasants are obliged to attend. "Then," I said to the pastor, "all Danes know how to read and write." "Yes," he replied, "almost without an exception; and more than that, they are acquainted with geography, arithmetic, and history, more especially national history."

Marryat also visited Glorup, and thus speaks of it: We are off for Svendborg this morning, a drive of sixteen miles, but stop half-way to visit the manor of Glorup, the country residence of Count Moltke, famed for its English gardens. English gardens are to be mistrusted even in Denmark, where the climate assimilates somewhat to our own. The velvet turf is always wanting—turf of ages—never to be replaced by sowings of common grass. Dissect for your amusement a small die of our finest sheep-fed English sward, compressed to dwarfdom; you will find nearly one hundred varieties of plants in the small square; it is the work, the progress of years of vegetation, not to be produced by an annual crop; added to which, did they possess the turf itself, the Danes would never understand how to take care of it, or allow the time necessary to the gardener for bringing it to perfection.

Glorup is a fine old place, with lime-avenues of half-a-mile in length, unrivalled even in Denmark. A long oblong fishpond, all in character with the old-fashioned building. As a whole it is beautiful, but ruined by an Anglomaniac taste badly carried out. The house was built by the celebrated Walkendorf, minister to Christian IV., and arch enemy of Tycho Brahe, whose ruin he plotted from the day of the "dog-scene" in the Isle of Hveen. His portrait is in the village church, together with early tombs of his ancient house. Stone carvings of mermaids and mermen support the vaultings of the roof, a strange device, as these marine monsters were held in the utmost horror by the Church of old. In the ballad of Agnete, when her merman comes to the English church to fetch home his spouse, it is sung—

"When the merman into the church-dose treads,
The small saints and angels avert their heads;"

but they were English saints, and knew how to comport themselves.

We explored the old Castle of Rygaard (See p. 764), room by room. It is at once a charming yet austere old edifice, in the style of mediæval manor-houses. The low dungeon-like vaults that open upon the lake, resembling those of Chillon will long dwell in my memory. The so-called room of the knights, of which all the windows opened upon the sea, was the most splendid. The Gothic chimney-piece was of inspiring magnitude and good design. According to tradition,

the Chatelaine of Rygaard, who first dwelt in this feudal residence, used to sit in a corner at this chimney, awaiting in vain the return of her husband, a follower of King John, son of Christian I. There she span from her distaff, seated on a chair of tapestry, without looking at the Belt, or swerving from her melancholy thoughts, and her servants grew old around her seated on wooden stools at their fire-places also, where they would consume, at times, the trunk of a whole tree, but boisterous gaiety was ever banished from that ill-fated house.

We also visited several remnants of greater antiquity in the neighbourhood. Among these was a Scandinavian dolmen (*dol*, table; *men*, stone), composed of five colossal monoliths, surmounted by one gigantic stone. It is said to be the bust of a viking, whose remains were first burnt on the stone table, and then placed in an urn, which was dug out of the ground below. It belonged to the second age, or that of bronze, in Scandinavian Archaeology—now also adopted in Scotland. There are many tumuli in the same neighbourhood, most of which have been opened, and arms and utensils in stone, bronze, and iron have been obtained from them. These relics belonged to the three different ages, which have been limited by some; the first to ten thousand years; the second to twenty centuries; and the third to two centuries before Christ.

The stone monument above described is near Svindinge, and there is near Tårup a tumulus to which a fairy legend attaches itself. A beautiful young Danish princess set forth to visit her aunt, Eva, who was married to the Saxon hero Wittekind, and who dwelt in the castle of Wittekindsherg, near Minden. One of Wittekind's sons fell in love with the young princess. He was a fiery and audacious pagan, and she was modest and a Christian; so she became terrified at having attracted his notice. Yet it was not easy to withdraw, and if she did he would follow, so in such a predicament she appealed to the Virgin for aid. This was granted to her, and she was changed into a doe, and in that shape Princess Vola (for such was her name) fled over the hills and valleys, across plains and through forests, as far as the Baltic Sea. But she was followed by the enamoured Thormann, as Wittekind's son was called, upon one of his father's best horses, which a celebrated magician had endowed with supernatural vigour. Vola, thus closely pursued, had no alternative but to cast herself into the sea, which she did; and she swam so effectively that she reached Langeland, and thence her native county Funen, where she resumed her natural form. Thormann, on his part, had done the same. He had thrown himself, with his steed, into the sea, and arrived in safety at Funen, shortly after the princess. But when she saw him coming up, exhausted yet ardent, worn with toil and fatigue, yet inflexible in his love, his steed shaking the briny fluid from his long mane and gory flanks, her heart was moved with the passion that had prompted such devotion. Vola received him, and listened to him no longer in fear, but in interest. There was only one difficulty which remained to be overcome. Thormann was, as we have seen, a pagan; to win fair Vola, he not only became a Christian, but renounced his country with his paganism, and lived to earn distinction as well as love in Funen. He was, at his decease, buried in the tumulus of Tårup, along with the horse that had so successfully breasted the Baltic, his arms, and Vola's bracelets.

II.

MIDDELFART—ODENSE AND ODIN—MISDEEDS AND SUFFERINGS OF CHRISTIAN II.—PLOUGHING GHOSTS—MURDER OF ST. KNUD—THE TRAITOR BLAKKE—FUNERAL OF CHRISTINA MUNK—THE LADY WHO DANCED HERSELF TO DEATH—THE PET CATS OF MRS. MOUSE—KING JOHN AND HIS FAMILY—THE LEAR OF ODENSE AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

THERE is a very good road from Glorup to Middelfart, amid lakes, villages, fields of wheat, of barley and of oats, woods and pastures. Yet it is a long journey—some thirty miles—to the last-mentioned forest and maritime town, whence wandering in the woods, or boat excursions on the Little Belt, may be enjoyed in perfection. The manor of Hindsgrave, situated upon a small but thickly-wooded promontory, about a quarter of a mile from the town, is considered to be one of the finest seats in Denmark. On the old castle hill are the ruins of the royal castle of Hegnsgave, celebrated in Danish history, and which was destroyed by the Swedes in 1659.

Two miles from Middelfart, on the road to Odense, the little village of Visenberg, situated on an eminence, commands a fine and extensive view of the fertile and highly-cultivated country, which bears some resemblance to parts of England, this being the only province of Denmark proper where the fields are inclosed by living hedges, chiefly of lilac. On the same road is Holsten House, one of the residences of Baron de Holsten-Carissius. The baron is a noble-looking old man, with a most intelligent expression of countenance, a kind heart, and amiable in conversation. Besides his fief of Odense, he has other tenures in Jutland and in Funen, one particularly at Faaborg, from whence a most comprehensive view is obtained of the Baltic and its numerous islands.

Odense is the capital of the province of Funen, and the most ancient and considerable of the provincial towns of Denmark. (See p. 773.) By popular tradition it derives its name from Odin, the chief of the Asas, who is said to have founded the town, and whose sepulchral tumulus is shown near the little lake of the Næsbyhoved, a quarter of a mile north of Odense, where are also the remains of the very ancient Castle of Næsbyhoved.

The Cathedral of Odense, one of the finest in Denmark, was founded by Canute, or Knud IV., in 1080, in honour of the English Saint. Alban, who was a great favourite with the king. After Knud was murdered, and the Danish clergy, anxious to have a national saint, had prevailed upon the Pope to canonise him, his remains were deposited in the church of St. Alban, which thenceforward has borne the name of St. Knud. Annexed to the church was formerly an abbey, founded by Erik, Knud's brother and successor, for twelve English monks, whom he brought over from Evesham. The church was consumed by fire in 1247, and was restored in 1300 by Bishop Gualoco. Several of the monuments in the interior of the church are very interesting. In the town hall (Raadhuset), an ancient building, were sometime held the diets of the nobles, which superseded the national assemblies of Denmark. It was at one of these diets, in 1527, under Frederick I., that the reformed party in Denmark gained its first victory over the Roman Catholics.

Odense Castle, built by Frederick IV., is the seat of the governor of the province of Fyen; this appointment being generally held by the Prince Royal, who holds his court at Odense.

Our excellent friend Hans Christian Andersen, whose amiable conversation once relieved the tedium of a long quarantine at Orsova on the Danube, and Jerichon, the sculptor, are both natives of Odense. It was near Odense that was fought, on the 14th of November, 1659, the battle which placed Funen in the possession of the Dutch, the Imperialists and the Danes commanded by Shack and by Ahlfeld. Charles Gustavus of Sweden heard the firing at Korsor, and he was joined there the next day by General Stenbock and the Count Palatine Sultzbach, who passed over the Belt in disguise in a fisherman's boat.

The chapel of the Ahlfelds, or Ahnsfelds, with its bronze figures, its steel coats of armour and marble tombs of most original design, constitutes one of the greatest curiosities in the cathedral. The chapel of the Walckendorf contains the embalmed body of Christina Munk, the semi-official wife of Christian IV.—the Bearnais of Denmark. There are also some bas-reliefs over the mausoleum of Christian II.; a Count of Rantzau sculptured in relief in granite, and a figured brass, behind which are the bones of a Prince Canute, who was assassinated, that are well deserving of attention.

The little river or canal, seen in our sketch, page 773, is both animated and picturesque. The harvests of almost the whole island are exported by this waterway. The streets are alike remarkable for their picturesqueness and for their extreme cleanliness. There are new houses and new streets that are straight, and old houses and old streets that are crooked, and there are fronts of all colours—gray, white, brown, green, red, and lilac. There are flowers in pots and birds in cages at every balcony and every window. Funen is called the garden of Denmark, and Odense is, to all intents and purposes, its capital.

The cathedral founded by Harald Blatand in 980 and which originally belonged to the convent of Recollets, contains the sepulchres of John as well as of his son Christian II. John ascended the throne in 1481, on the death of his father Christian I., and in 1497, renewing the union of Kalmar, obtained the crown of Sweden, which the Swedes, however, did not long permit him to enjoy. He died on the 12th of February, 1513, having on his death bed admonished his son Christian II.; admonitions which had no effect on a breast already corrupted by power, and impatient for dominion. John, says the quaint traveller Coxe, would have acted more wisely had he endeavoured to render the infant mind of his son capable of receiving the impressions of virtue, and had not shamefully neglected his education; a crime highly reprehensible in a father, but unpardonable in a sovereign, who is perhaps rearing a tyrant for his subjects, and entailing on his country a series of evils for which he is himself chiefly accountable. Historians agree in representing John as a wise and prudent prince, inclined to peace, but enterprising in war; and as generally moderate and humane; admitting, however, that he perpetrated occasional acts of violence and cruelty, derived from a species of melancholy madness, that preyed upon his mind, and at times deprived him of his senses.

His son, the cruel and unfortunate Christian II., lies entombed near his father, under a plain grave-stone, somewhat raised, but without inscription. He was born at Nyborg, on the 2nd of July, 1481; and discovered in his youth symptoms of a lively genius and good understanding, which, if properly cultivated,

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CHURCH & CHURCHYARD IN WESTERN HOLSTEIN
(HORNHOV DITHMARSCHEN)

ALAMY AND CO. PHOTO



might have rendered him the ornament, instead of the dishonour, of his country. The young prince was entrusted to a common burgher of Copenhagen, and afterwards removed to the house of a schoolmaster, who was a canon of the cathedral. In this situation his chief employment consisted in regularly accompanying his master to church, where he distinguished himself beyond the other scholars and choristers in chanting and singing psalms. He was afterwards consigned to the tuition of a German preceptor, a man of learning, but a pedant; under whom, however, he made a considerable proficiency in the Latin tongue. From this humble education Christian imbibed a taste for bad company, and was accustomed to haunt the common taverns, to mix with the populace, to scour the streets, and to be guilty of every excess. The king at length, informed of these irregularities, reproved him severely; but as the prince had already contracted habits which were grown too strong to be eradicated, these admonitions were too late. He reigned, however,

contrition for his past behaviour, and again won the affections of his father by his military successes in Norway, and by an unwearying application to the affairs of government.

During the first years of his reign, which commenced in 1513, his administration was in many respects worthy of praise; and the excellence of many of his laws has induced Holberg to affirm that if the character of Christian II. was to be determined by his laws, and not by his actions, he would merit the appellation of good, rather than of tyrant. Happy would it have been for himself and his people, had he continued to reign on the same principles.

At first all his enterprises were crowned with success; he abridged the power of the Danish nobility, and exalted the regal prerogatives; he obtained the crown of Sweden by conquest, and was even proclaimed hereditary sovereign of that kingdom. A prudent and temperate use of these advantages might have ensured him a long and undisturbed possession of the throne;



KIEL.

but his natural disposition, now freed from all restraint by prosperity, hurried him to the perpetration of the most flagrant acts of tyranny. The dreadful massacre of Stockholm, in which six hundred of the principal nobility were put to the sword, under the semblance of law, and amid the rejoicings for his coronation, exhibited such a striking instance of his malignant and implacable character, that, on the success of Gustavus Vasa, the spirit of resistance diffused itself rapidly from Sweden to Denmark, where he had exasperated his subjects by his repeated oppressions, and the confidence which he placed in the lowest and most worthless favourites.¹

¹ The first of these favourites was the infamous Sigrebit, mother of the king's mistress Divecke. This artful woman, who was a native of Holland, and had kept an inn at Bergen in Norway, ever after her daughter's death, retained such power that she might be styled prime minister; she was the only channel of favour, transacted all affairs of importance, had the care of the finances, superintended the customs of the Sound, and had, in a

In 1523 Christian was publicly deposed by the states of Denmark, and the crown transferred to his uncle

word, acquired such a wonderful ascendancy over the infatuated monarch, that her influence was attributed to fascination. On the king's deposition, Sigrebit was so much detested, that, from apprehensions of the popular fury, she was conveyed in a chest on board the vessel which carried Christian from Denmark. Holberg adds, she consoled the king for the loss of his crown, by assuring him that, through the emperor's interest, he could not fail of being chosen burgomister of Amsterdam. The particulars of this woman's life, subsequent to her escape from Denmark, are not known. The other favourite of Christian, no less infamous than the former, was Nicholas Slagebeck, originally a barber of Westphalia, and recommended to the king by his relation Sigrebit. He rendered himself so useful to Christian by his sanguinary advice at the massacre of Stockholm, and by being the instrument of his cruelty, that he was rewarded with the archbishopric of Lunden. Not long afterwards, however, the king threw on his favourite all the odium of the massacre, and sacrificed him to the public vengeance; the unfortunate victim was first mangled, and then burnt alive, exhibiting a melancholy example what little confidence is to be reposed in the favour of a tyrant.

Frederick Duke of Holstein. This deposition was neither the consequence of Frederick's intrigues, nor of party spirit; but occasioned by the just and universal detestation which pervaded all ranks of people, and had

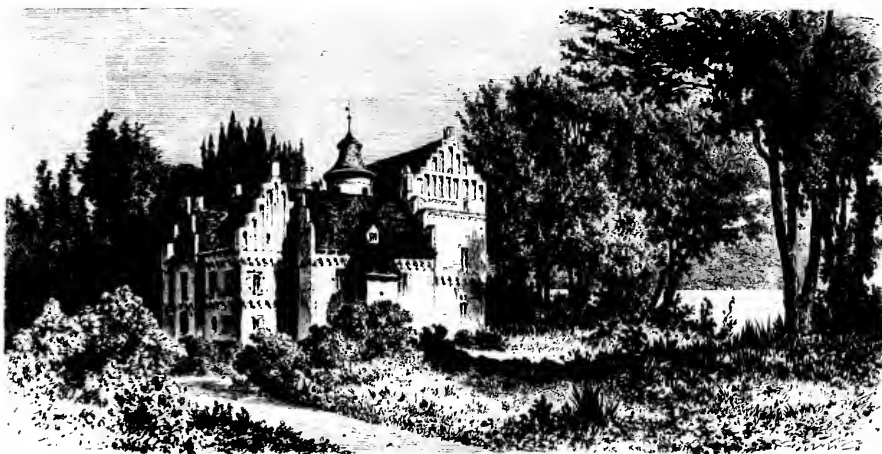
more the appearance of a new election on the demise of the crown than of a revolution which deprived a despot of his throne. Christian himself was sensible of the general odium, and, though by no means deficient



CHATEAU OF GLORUP.

in personal courage, made not the least effort to retain possession of that throne which he had often dishonoured. Quitting Copenhagen, he repaired to Antwerp, under the protection of Charles V., whose sister

Isabella he had married. After many delays and solicitations at the different courts of Europe, he at length collected, by the emperor's assistance, a fleet and army, with which he invaded the Danish dominions; his



CHATEAU OF RYGAARD.

attempts, however, proving unsuccessful, he fell, in 1542, into the hands of Frederick I., and was consigned a prisoner to the castle of Sundeberg, a strong fortress in the Isle of Alsens.

The place of his confinement was a dungeon, with a small window, admitting only a few rays of light, through which his provisions were conveyed. Having entered this gloomy cell, with a favourite dwarf, the sole com-

panion of his misery, the door was instantly walled up. Even the horrors of this situation were aggravated by the death of his only son John, who expired at Ratisbon in the fifteenth year of his age, and on the same day in which his father was taken prisoner. The premature decease of this accomplished prince, whom he tenderly loved, and on whom he rested his sole hopes of enlargement, reduced him to a state of despondency. After much anxious solicitude by what means he could convey intelligence of his dreadful situation to his daughter, the Electress Palatine, and to the Emperor Charles V., the king prevailed on the dwarf to counterfeit sickness, and solicit his removal from prison for the recovery of his health. If successful, he was to seize the first opportunity of escaping from the Danish dominions to the court of the Electress, that she might engage the Emperor to intercede with the King of Denmark for some alleviation of her father's sufferings. The dwarf accordingly feigned sickness, was transferred to the neighbouring town, eluded the vigilance of his guards, and made his escape; but was overtaken at Resburgh, scarcely a day's journey from the Danish confines.

Christian, frustrated in this attempt, and deprived of his faithful associate, lingered for some time in total solitude, until an old soldier, worn out with the fatigue of the war, offered to share the king's imprisonment. The veteran being immured in the dungeon, amused the royal prisoner with various anecdotes on the different princes and generals under whom he had enlisted, and by describing the expeditions and battles in which he had been present, and as he had served from his earliest youth, was a person of much observation, and by nature loquacious, he assisted in relieving the *tedium* of Christian's captivity. Nor did any event, scarcely the loss of his son, more sensibly affect the deposed sovereign, than the death of this saviour of his misery, who expired in the dungeon.

After a confinement of eleven years in his original cell, Christian was at length removed, through the intercession of Charles V., to a commodious apartment in the same castle, provided with suitable attendants, and indulged with the liberty of visiting in the town, attending divine service in the public church, and hunting in the neighbouring district. Yet even this change of situation, which had been so long the sole object of his wishes, could not make him forget that he was still a prisoner, the recollection of which affected him occasionally to such a degree, that he would suddenly burst into tears, throw himself on the ground, utter the most bitter lamentations, and continue for some time in a state approaching to insanity. However deservedly odious Christian II. may have appeared in the former parts of his life, yet his subsequent sufferings raise compassion; and it is a pleasing satisfaction to every humane mind, that he recovered from his despondency, and acquiesced in his fate with perfect resignation.

In 1546, after a confinement of sixteen years and seven months in the castle of Sonderborg, he was conveyed to the palace of Kallenborg, in the Isle of Zealand, a place to which he was particularly attached. Christian III. repaired in person to Assens, received his fallen rival with great marks of attention, and promised him every comfort which could tend to alleviate his situation. These unusual honours, joined to his removal from a place where he had experienced so much misery, and the prospect of again inhabiting his

favourite palace, excited transports of joy, and he compared himself to a person recalled from death.

Being conducted to Kallenborg, he had the satisfaction of finding these promises religiously fulfilled. He survived this happy change ten years; and his mind was so softened by adversity, that, old as he was, his death was hastened by affliction for the loss of his benefactor Christian III. He died on the 24th of January, 1559, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and in the thirty-sixth from the period of his deposition.

Marryat likewise proceeded from Middelfart to Odense, and he thus relates his experiences. We land at Middelfart, and, whilst our carriages are preparing, wander down to the shore-side. The "red cabbage," sprung from the blood of Sir Niels Bagge, was not, however, there; perhaps we may next time be more lucky. Then on to Odense, twenty-four English miles, over a road straight as the crow flies, a hill always before you, and, when you are at the top, another. The land is rich and highly cultivated, but you sigh after the expansive wastes of Jutland. It is divided into small fields—like England, were the hedges of quickset; here they are mostly of lime. This division was rendered necessary by the dishonesty of the inhabitants. "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark," we all know, but we are ignorant of the punishment assigned hereafter to those who commit this crime. The Fionese declare that the ghosts of the culprits are compelled to plough the fields from which they unlawfully removed the stones, to all eternity; and in the villages of Ryslinge and Lørup they may still be heard of a night speeding their ploughs for the benefit of no one. Across a hill, too, called Grabberge, the peasant will tell you it is dangerous to pass after nightfall, for the unwary pedestrian may suddenly find a red-hot rein poked into his hand, and be compelled to plough as long as the tortured spirits care to repose themselves. In this case there is but one resource: kick off your shoes—sabots, if you wear them—and, when you turn back, shove your feet quickly into them, and take to your heels.

Oh for the meadow of Mened! its eight square miles of haycocks! Stuffy, oppressive Funen! We may grow used to it, but at present we despise her "prettiness" from our heart's core. At last comes Odense—not a bad town, with long streets and fine churches. A canal alone connects it with the fiord. Despicable place! A city—capital, too, of a Danish island—and no water save a murmuring brook! No historic interest can ever make up for such a disappointment, so the sooner we are off from the clean but noisiest of all noisy post-houses the better.

Don't inquire the etymology of the city's name, and rashly plunge into the vortex of real Odins and false Odins. It won't pay. The statue which once stood on the so-called Odin's höi, has long since disappeared. Let us turn at once to Knud the Holy, of whom we have heard so much—not Knud, flushed with the hopes of victory, about to sail with his mighty fleet to wrest his rebellious province of England from the Normans—not Knud, prosperous lord of the castle of Sjørring, which we visited together one windy day—but Knud, in the fair Isle of Funen, with a few followers, a fugitive from those opor-tious of all subjects the Vendelboers. On his journey none succoured him, save one, and that one a granite boulder. The weary king, on his way from Middelfart to Odense, sank down from sheer fatigue on the rock which lay by the way-

side. Touched, says tradition, by the sorrows of the unlucky monarch, the hard granite softened, and the king enjoyed an undisturbed repose, as on a bed of down, till the morning dawned, and he continued his journey.

Among his suite was Earl Esbern, called Blakke, or the "red-haired," from his shining locks. Knud loved him much, but he proved a traitor. He assured the king there was no danger; that instead of passing across the Great Belt he might repose at Odense. When the king was in the sanctuary of St. Alban's church—English St. Alban's, a favourite saint of our own Great Canute, and founder of the edifice—Blakke persuaded him the Vendels had returned to Jutland, so he slept quietly together with his two brothers. Blakke then called to the peasants, "Go round and shoot the king through the window." They did so. Knud was kneeling before the high altar, with his brother Benedict, when a javelin, hurled through the window, laid him low. The king, feeling his end was nigh, prepared, his arms folded, to meet his death with dignity. He prayed for his enemies; but he was very thirsty, and demanded to drink; thereon a young man ran to the fountain in the market place, and filling an earthen pot with water, gave it to the dying king, passing it through the window on his spear; but an old peasant with his axe struck it down. The king looked up; their eyes met, and a few moments after the king expired. That man was never again tranquil; the dying gaze of the king, so patient and so sad, for ever haunted him, and he died shortly afterwards in great agony.

It is related in the same Chronicle how, while the small but trusty band of the king defended his person, the false Blakke killed the good Benedict, brother of the king. Blakke himself was slain in the fight; and when the battle was over, these two were found lying side by side. The blood of the prince flowed in a long stream of reeking gore along the pavement to the right, that of the traitor to the left: even in death their life-blood would not mingle. About the year 1100 Knud was canonised, and his body is interred within the church which bears his name, in a splendid shrine above the high altar. His brother Benedict is allowed to repose by his side. You may see them now, each in a carved oak box, Benedict's by far the smartest. He and the holy Knud remain, no longer regarded as relics and holy, in a chapel of the building, and their mouldering legs, once the admiration of thousands, may still be discerned, half powder, through the glass apertures of their coffins. There is no image of St. Knud here extant, but in the village of Branninge, by Ribe, you may see one, a very ancient carved figure, in the full armour of the day, his head covered with a monk's cap.

Adela, his widowed queen, wanted, on her retire ment from Denmark, to carry off these precious relics to Flanders. Had she persisted in the execution of her whim, she would have met with the same fate as the saint himself. Deprive Odense of her "apothek" and head doctor! Furious, the inhabitants resented the idea. "Did he not cure every disease? A most skilful oculist, he restored sight to the blind! For rheumatics, he had no equal! and for the purification of the blood, never talk of *la moutarde blanche*, when St. Knud is to be got at!" Though a saint, he had his *spécialité*, and particularly prided himself on his success in all cutaneous disorders.

So Queen Adela, who had no particular fancy for

being poked with a javelin, retired to Flanders, and left St. Knud to the adoration of the multitude.

His church is a fine building of exquisite proportions, spoiled by the modern fittings and loggie of the last centuries, used by the monarch and the heir-apparent (who generally held the post of governor of Funen), as well as by their guests; for Odense has had a world of fine company in her days of splendour. Our own George I., among the number, in the old Electress's lifetime paid a visit to Denmark, to Christian V.,—came to see his old aunt the dowager queen—always kind to the Palsgrave family. But Odense is out of fashion now; her palace untenanted. Next on our list of royal folks appears Erik Lam; he turned monk. I've no patience with your *rois fainéans* who turn religious to get out of this world's troubles. It is not religion at all—all sneaking, nothing more nor less.

Then comes King John, whose splendid sepulchral slab, removed from the extinct church of the Gray Friars, lies imbedded in the wall—a fine specimen of its period: the king arrayed in his royal robes, and good Queen Christina, who here died 1521, standing by his side; between them their youngest son, Prince Francisus, a small boy, in full costume, with golden chain, to which hangs a pendant rose, some old Pope's present. Within the same vault, but no monument erected to his memory, lies Christian II., together with his father and mother, at last at rest. Hard by stands the coat of arms, in carved wood, of young Prince Francisus, bearings of the house of Oldenburg; observe the supporters, wild men not yet moulded, well coated with hair—hair, however, we all know, will not last for ever, and the savages of the Danish arms have, like the rest of the world, become bald.

Before we close the list of royalty, observe that velvet coffin—plain, simple coffin—a duchess's coronet, "C. M." the initials—worthless Christina Munk. We have visited her birthplace, assisted at her marriage, her disgrace, her death, and now she lies interred, or rather exposed, in the chapel of St. Knud's church of Odense—*requiescat in pace!* Christina had the good luck to die at the moment when Ulfeld and his wife were at the height of their power—so on her death-bed she was attended by the hof-preacher of General Wrangel, as well as by the king's doctor. Her coffin was brought to Odense, met outside the town by the nobility, and buried in the presence of her children and grandchildren all arrayed in white clothing. So after all she was interred as a countess, and not as Mrs. Christina of Boller.

We will first enter the splendid chapel of the Counts of Ahlefeldt, a really noble dormitorium. Look at the banners, the armour, the coffins, all gilt and engraved; nothing in death and dust can be more magnificent. Thirteen warriors of this house fell in the Ditsmark combat, when the sacred banner of the Danebrog was lost to the Danes for ever.

Observe that figure of a lady in a dark brocade dress and tight corsage, with choking ruff. No beauty—Lady Margaret Skovgaard is her name, a lady of great possessions. She was young and fair, and loved the revel and the dance. At a ball at Odense she danced with twelve successive knights—braves, corantos, and what not; dances not like our calm meandering quadrills of the nineteenth century. She danced, and would not stop, till she could no more, and fell exhausted, dead, at the feet of the twelfth knight, her partner. He—for the age of chivalry was not yet over

—caused, at his own expense, this stone to be erected to her memory, and, like the rivals Capulet and Montague, had it richly gilt. "Stuff and nonsense!" cried fourth Christian, when he saw it (he was elected to his throne in Odense); "bring me a tar-barrel. Take a brush and tar the jade all over. I am not going to have my devotions (Christian's devotions!) disturbed by her gold and glitter." But Christian counted without his host, old Time; for, after a lapse of more than two centuries, the tar is peeling off, the gold reappearing, and perhaps she will again rival the gingerbread of the country fairs in her glittering finery. Scandalous people declare that the Lady Margaret had refused to lend money to Christian during her lifetime; it was on this account that he revenged himself. For the credit of St. Knud, all coffins are closed to the public, even that of Mrs. Muus, wife of the first protestant prelate of the diocese, who, in order to prove she was above the prejudices of her "race," caused herself to be buried along with her four pet cats, each grimalkin clothed in grave-clothes of white satin, with a little black velvet cap and feather placed on his feline head—a story much in favour of the collahey of the clergy, if bishop's wives made such fools of themselves.

I have done my best to like Odense, but can't. I have mounted the lofty tower of St. Knud's church, and am not enthusiastic about the view, though anything like the steepness of its ladders I never came across. In the church of Our Lady is the splendid altar-piece, brought from the long-since destroyed convent of the Gray Brothers, executed in the town of Odense, about the year 1520, by Claus Berg, whose name deserves to be handed down among the artists of his age. It was a present from good Queen Christina to that fraternity, a lady much patronised by the early members of the Oldenburg family. In the lowest division, ranged on each side of the figure of Christ, stand King John and his family; the likeesses, if the portraits of the day are to be trusted, are admirable. To the right bends King John himself, followed by his sons—Christian II., the fac simile, beard and all, of the portrait of Christiansborg, a ruffianly-looking fellow, and his younger brother, the youthful Francis. On the female side, Queen Christina; then young Elizabeth of Austria, the fair spouse of neglectful Christian. And last, another Elizabeth, known to readers of Carlyle—Elizabeth married to the elector of Brandenburg—protestant ways inclined—caught by one of her numerous daughters tripping in her creed, receiving the communion in both kinds. "I'll brick her up," roared her husband in his ire. Elizabeth was too good a Lutheran not to hate bread and water; so off she sets, with not a change of linen to her back—mends her broken axletree with her veil—travels night and day till she gains the dominions of her neighbour the protestant Duke of Saxony, and never returns to her husband more. Joachim declared he meant nothing; but as his wife was well out of his reach, it was all very fine—she, for one, never believed him. There she bends—nice-looking, with plaited tresses—the only representation of her extant in the Danish dominions.

I am perfectly aware that Palnatoke, founder of the Hvide family, whom we have had before at Marienlyst, uproarious like the rest of the warriors in Harald Bluetooth's time, got himself slain somewhere by here; and I have read a description, to which only

Froisart or dear Miss Strickland could do justice, of the foul homage done by the Dukes of Holstein, John and Adolf, to our good King Frederic, in 1579. Anything so smart as they all were no one can imagine. But the noise and the dust of Odense, nothing will ever make up for it.

Though Augsburg can boast her Fuggers, Odense can boast her Baggers; but in this latter case I am afraid virtue becomes its own reward, and the Bager family ranks not high among the counts of the Danish dominions. Olaf Bager was a rich merchant, and a man of noble and generous sentiments. He lent money to his king, the second Frederic, who when he visited Odense never failed to sup at the house of his friend and subject.

Puttling and sweets, as you well know, are served anyhow in the northern climes, in the middle of dinner, as the cook or housewife wishes it. One night at supper King Frederic praised highly some conserves of apricots. "What a bouquet, too, they have!" exclaimed the king. "Wait," replied Bager, "till the dessert; I will give you some incense which will smell far sweeter." The supper over, an incense-burner, laden with perfumed cedar-chips, was brought in, on the top of which was laid a mass of papers.

"Will your majesty deign to light the pile?" requested Bager, offering a match. His majesty did so most graciously, and with quiet satisfaction saw reduced to cinders his own bonds for sums so enormous he had little hopes of defraying the debt. This is historical; but here the Danes were not first, for Faggar lived in Charles V.'s reign, some years previous. Time rolled on, and Bager had a numerous family, some twelve or fourteen—you may see them all upon his epitaphium. He portioned his daughters, got ruined later, and had, like King Lear, to come to his children for help and refuge; but they treated him badly. "He had much better," said they, "have kept his bonds, instead of ruining himself for his sovereign's sake, and becoming a burden to his family." So Olaf, sick at heart, determines to try a ruse. He goes round to his various friends and merchants with whom he had once had dealings, and returns with a heavy coffer, which he deposits in a place of safety, well closed with wrought-iron lock and key. He has, he says, received gifts from some, from others the payment of debts long due. The contents of the coffer he intends to leave by his will to the child who treats him best.

A change comes over the spirit of the ungrateful offspring; it is now who shall treat the old man best—all love and filial affection. So Bager, laughing in his sleeve, ends his days in peace and comfort. He can make no distinction at his death; all have been kind to him, "his dutiful children;" the contents of the coffer are to be equally divided amongst them; it is heavy enough for all. Olaf Bager is conducted in pomp and honour to his last abode, followed by his sorrowing descendants. The will is read—the coffer opened—and lo! they discover, what? a heap of stones, a just requital for their ungrateful behaviour.

The schloss gardens form the favourite promenade of Odense. Here the military music plays in the evening. But notwithstanding its position as a capital, its patron saint, its cathedral, and its bishop (there was a dance at the bishop's last night), we were very glad to mount the carriage, and move on along the tiresome *chaussée*, its dullness alone relieved by an occasional picturesque old church nestling among the trees.

III.

SVENBORG—PIO CASTLE—PICTURESQUE ISLANDS—ISLAND OF THORSUNG, THE APPENDAGE OF COUNT WALDEMAR—CHRISTIAN IV.—NICHOLAS JUEL—PORTRAITS OF THE HOUSE OF OLDENBERG.

FROM Odense we proceeded to Svenborg, to explore the lovely environs of that picturesquely situated little town; the narrow winding streets lying upon the sides of the hills that surround the bay command extensive views of the innumerable islands without it. (See p. 780.) The spires of Nicolai Church, and the Klosterkirke or Convent Church, tower above the red roofs, and are not without interest within. There were thirteen islands in sight from the heights above the town whence our sketch is taken. First comes Thorsung or Tansing, with Styro and Strynokalo beyond it; to the left were Thoro, Langeland, and Lolland or Laland; to the right Sknaro, Dreio, Als, Aro, Avernako, and Hierto. Some of these islands were principalities: Funen has 200,000 inhabitants; Lolland, 60,000; Langeland, 20,000; Als, 18,000; and Thorsung, 5,000.

We navigated from island to island, from gulf to gulf, amid the labyrinth of this archipelago so dear to the hero-god Thor. The firmament of Odin was over our heads, the sea of Ægir beneath our feet. Bays, hills, woods, villages, and hamlets, rivalled with one another in picturesque beauty. The one that pleased us most was Thorsung. It belongs to the family of Juel, and is the reward of their heroism. It was formerly a fief of the Crown, and Christian IV. erected a mansion there for his son Waldemar, one of the children he had by Christina Munck. The king was particularly attached to this boy. He wished to marry him to one of the daughters of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, hoping thereby to associate him in a league against Sweden; but this union, which was to have insured the happiness of Waldemar and the preponderance of Denmark over the cabinet of Stockholm, was frustrated by the premature death of the young man. The castle of the Island of Thorsung has preserved the romantic and tragic name of Waldemar.

We made an ascent of the hill of Bregninge previous to visiting the castle; the church on this hill is the family mausoleum of the Juels. Their tombs of enormous gray stones, are arranged in succession beneath their feudal vaults according to their dates. The view from this hill is, if possible, still more comprehensive and beautiful than that obtained from Svenborg.

A succession of woods and corn-fields took us to the mansion of Waldemar, built as a residence for a prince to whom it was only a sepulchre. There is a fine portrait of Christian IV. in this mansion, mounted on his celebrated black horse. He is depicted as tall, with an aquiline nose, an open expansive forehead, and a martial air; his eyes and mouth smile at danger, his whole physiognomy breathes with confidence and frankness. He is a hero before being a king. No wonder that Christian IV. should be the Henry IV. of the Danes. Victor at Kalmar, he not only commanded his armies but also his fleets. In 1644, in a naval engagement, he was severely wounded by a splinter which struck him on the face and threw him on the deck. "The king is dead!" ejaculated the bystanders in their horror. "No!" exclaimed the king, recovering himself, "he is not dead, but remains to do his duty." There is a picture illustrative of this incident in the Royal Palace of Copenhagen. Christian was as great a

diplomatist as he was a general. His treaties, which he drew up himself, were worth so many victories. He was also as good as he was brave. His famous edict of 1627, in which he forbade all belligerents interfering with non-belligerents, is well known. He was magnanimous and also ungrudging, and yet he was economical and orderly in his expenses. His popularity was immense with the people as well as with the army and navy, and all the national songs of Denmark are based upon his fame.

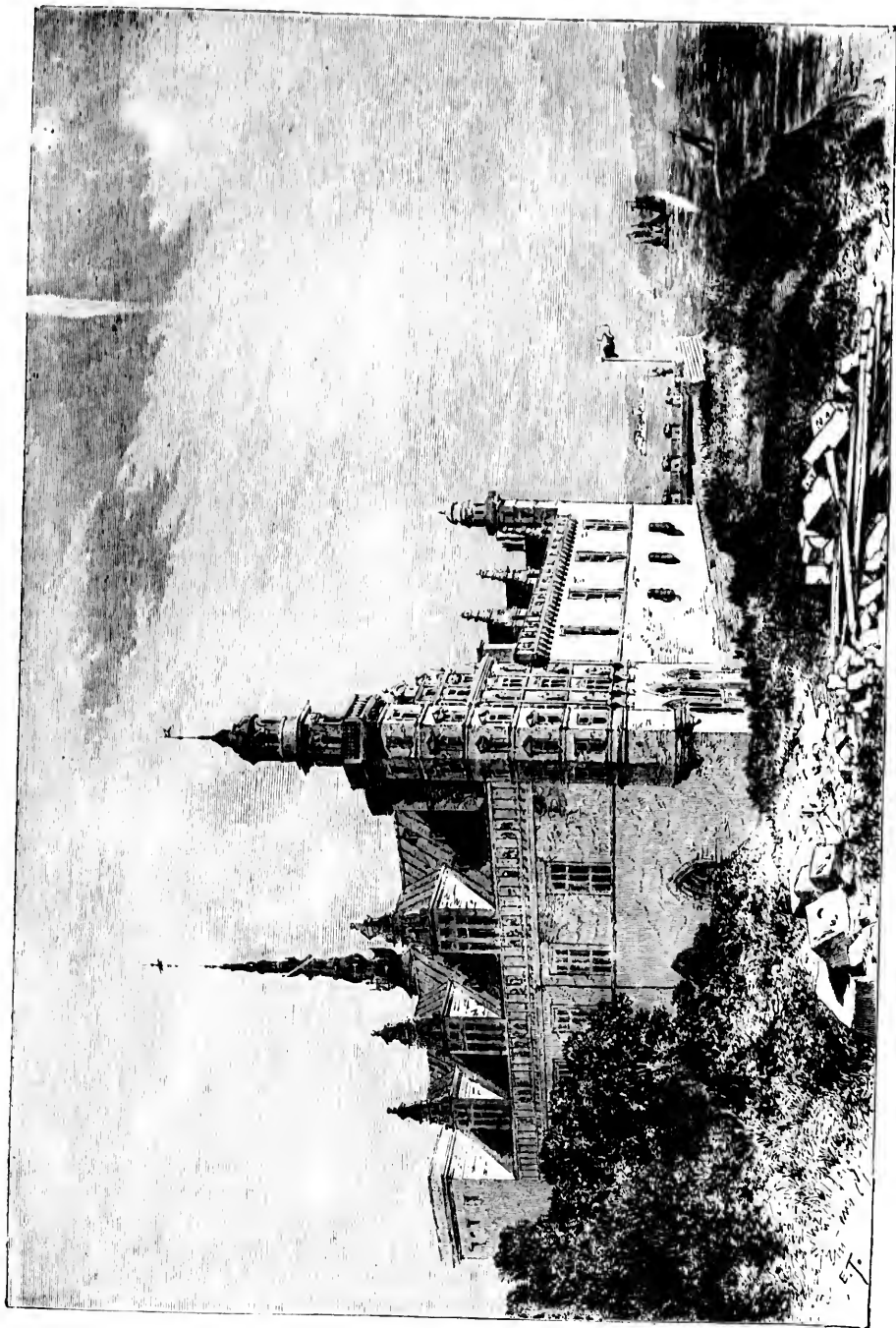
In another room is the portrait of another hero—Niels (Nicholas) Juel. He was the Ruyter of Denmark under Christian V., grandson to Christian IV. It was to him that the Island of Thorsung was given for his bravery and victories; and ever since the palace of Waldemar has been their residence, and the church of Bregninge their family mausoleum. The palace is full of reminiscences of this hero. The great sculptured sea-chest in which he put his clothes and linen when on board ship, even his little medical chest, are preserved as almost sacred relics. A fine painting is also devoted to one of his naval victories, the decisive battle of Kievegeligt. It was on that day, that his vessel, the *Christian V.*, being about to sink: "Gentlemen," said Niels Juel to his officers, "the *Christian V.* has been a noble target, bringing up the *Frederick III.*, we shall be well anywhere under the Danish flag," and changing his vessel, without losing his courage, the intrepid Niels Juel remained master of the field, or rather of the sea. There are several portraits of this Danish Nelson. In one he is in court-dress, with the blue sash of the Elephant, but he looks best in his leather jerkin, with his pistols in his waist and great sword by his side. A gold chain is then his only ornament. He has a coloured face, a manly expression, a quick bold look. His attitude is commanding, his body robust. The island which he conquered for his descendants, surrounded as it is on all sides almost within the range of the eye by the sea, seems like some huge vessel at anchor. It was a most appropriate gift for a naval hero.

When Marryat was at Svenborg, the place was full of bathers, the hotel noisy, and he seems to have been as little impressed with its beauties as he was with Odense, but still he admits that the town itself, perched on a hill-side, must tell better from the Island of Thorsung, on the opposite side of the fiord; but nothing more soft, more pretty, can be well described than the wood-clothed banks, extending towards Christiansminde. Our first stroll did not however run that way; we betook ourselves in the opposite direction, seduced by the tower of a milk-white church rising from the woods which embower it: St. Jorgens it is called. Here the wicked Danes declare that St. George fought the dragon. Our English St. George! a great fib! as all men know the combat took place somewhere near Tripoli. Dragon or no dragon, it is a lovely spot the village of St. Jorgens. There has been in former times an hospital attached to the church, and the view from the cemetery is charming. We stopped to gaze at the old square court of the prestegard, the entrance-door shaded by two limes of glorious growth; and were in full admiration of its picturesque appearance, hay-loaded cart and all, when the son of the pastor came out, and begged us to walk in the garden and see the new house his father had lately completed. The old gard was to come down. It was an excellent modern house—of greater appearance, and not ugly; no house

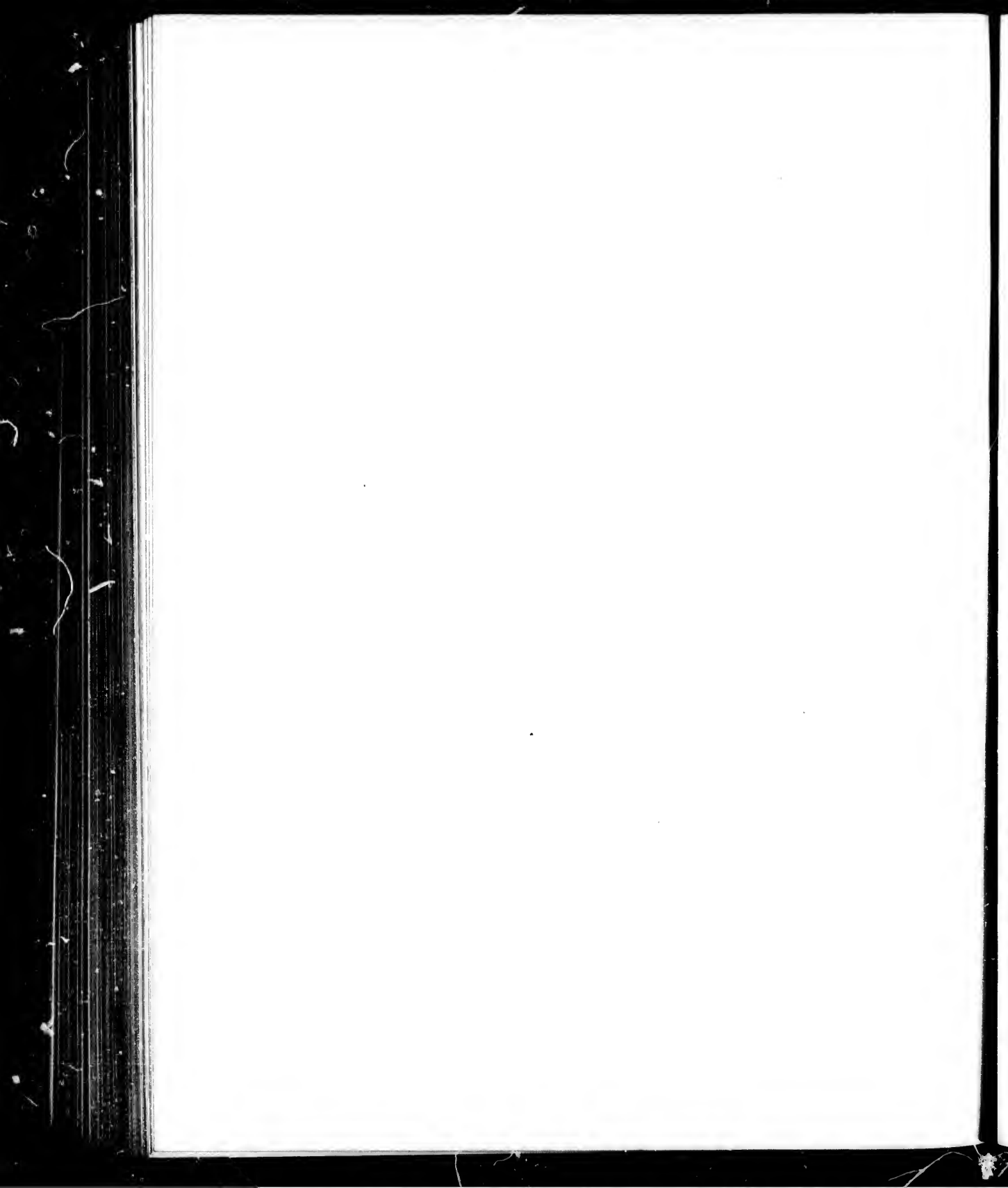
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CASTLE OF KRONBORG ON THE SOUND.



in Denmark is ever ugly—with its high-pitched roofs and gables, but a sad exchange for the old times, the square court, and the parlour-windows on the other side, with the open balcony commanding the blue waters. "Chacun a son goût, et tous les goûts sont respectables;" so say the French.

These villages of Funen, with their abundant fruit-gardens and orchards, remind me of Calvados, and sometimes of our own more primitive hamlets of Devonshire, by the coast-side: it is rare elsewhere to meet rich cultivation and sea combined. The peasant-women, too, wear an eccentric cap—not like the Canchois, but much frilled behind—and such a bonnet; like a japanned coal-scuttle, formed of glazed and painted carton, bent; you may purchase them flat in the shops.

This is a splendid place for bathing, and the establishments—floating baths, with cradles for non-swimming females—well arranged and airy. Jelly-fish the only drawback; beautiful to gaze upon, but most disagreeable to the touch; added to which they sting—not anything dire, but a prickly, disagreeable sensation.

Svendborg rather piques itself on its grandfather King Svend, though in old documents of the Middle Ages it is more frequently written Sviin, or "Pig Castle." Orthography, we all know, was very faulty until the present century; and the same name, be it town or family, you frequently find written in ten or fifteen different manners. Still the inhabitants appear to have been so touchy on the subject, and somebody, to clench the matter, composed some doggerel, which he caused to be hung up in the church, that I almost believe there to have been some truth in the assertion.

A town planted on a hill is always picturesque. It is something pleasant to overlook your neighbour's chimneys; and when the buildings are of ancient date, queer and rambling, with storks' nests and fruit-gardens, it adds to the charm. As you pass down the street you may read—if Danish be, like the French of Paris to Chancer's Abbess, "to you unknown"—in the Latin tongue many a wise saw, many a good old proverb, inscribed above the doorways, coeval with the buildings themselves. Old saws, proverbs, and such like, are now esteemed vulgar; but many a good principle, many a domestic virtue has soaked into the mind of man as well as womankind, solely from the fact of its being placed for ever before their eyes. Svendborg was a loyal town to the house of Oldenburg, and Christian III. evinced his gratitude for her fidelity in 1535; "What can I do," he asked of her head magistrate, a priest, one Hans Gees, "to reward your faithful services?" "How," answered the magistrate, humbly, "can a poor goose (Gees) like me have done service to so great a sovereign?" Nothing like humility in this world, the Geese became ennobled, and Hans, Archbishop of Tronhem.

We pass through the post-guard garden, luxuriant in trees laden with unripe apples, to the detriment of the stomachs, I should imagine, of the tribe of babbling children who dwell within—seductive too with skittles and swings; turn into the road through a gate, and by a sharp descent gain the little jetty where the ferry-boats already await the passengers for Thorseng. A ten minutes' sail brings us to shore. The sun is high in the heavens, and we have a long walk before us. Svendborg looks better from the other side. Then too you have St. George's church and wood, and Christiansminde as well; but our first excursion leads us to the church tower of Bregninge,

the highest point in the island, from whose summit you gain a panoramic view of all the Danish archipelago—Lolland, Langeland, Funen, Æro, and half a dozen other Os, small fry, unknown to the world in general—all very flat, very green, very blue, and satisfactory to those who care for bird's-eye views, without a background beyond the gray horizon.

This Isle of Thorseng, flat though it be, is fair and fruitful, the possession of the noble house of Juel, descendants of the gallant Admiral Niels Juel, whose tomb we visited in the Holm church of Copenhagen. A pleasant walk along the water-side leads to the residence of the lord and master—smiling villages, with gardens, woods, hops, and orchards—a prosperity to make the heart joyful. Valdemar Slot, it is called—a huge pile, with gate-houses spacious enough to furnish a residence to any moderate-minded man, built by the fourth Christian, who gave it, with the rich broad lands surrounding to his eldest son Prince Valdemar (by Christina Munk), that good-looking fellow who hangs in the Royal Gallery of Copenhagen, painted by Carl van Mander. He appears to have been a spoiled boy, as most handsome children are, and later in life ran wild, causing his father some trouble. Christian writes word to his son-in-law Corfitz Ulfeld, in a letter dated 14th September, 1643: "Count Valdemar Christian leaves this to-morrow on a journey through Denmark. God grant him a happy journey. He has cost me much money. Pray Heaven this may be the last. If you don't make him careful, he will soon spend all the money I have given him before he comes to Copenhagen, notwithstanding he has got here all that he wanted; besides which he owes the tailor 20,000 specie." An extravagant dog was Count Valdemar. He endeavoured to persuade Corfitz to go security for him, and "back his bills." So, to keep him out of scrapes, his father sends him off on an embassy to Moscow, and negotiations are entered into for marrying our scape grace to the Russian Princess Irene; when all was arranged, Valdemar refused to be baptised according to the Greek Church after the Muscovite manner. On his first introduction into the Czar's presence, by way of seeking favour with his future father-in-law, he kissed the sceptre. The Russians declared that from henceforth he became the vassal of the emperor. When Valdemar discovered this, he determined to leave secretly; accompanied by three of his attendants, he tried to escape through Poland. On arriving at the gate of the city after dark, he was recognised and stopped; and, after a pitched battle between his servants and the Muscovites, was taken prisoner, and kept secure until the death of the Emperor Michael, when he was set at liberty. On his way home he carried off a young lady from Warsaw, deserted her, and she drowned herself in the Sound at Elsinore. After Ulfeld's rebellion, disgusted at the coldness with which he was treated by his half-brother Frederic III., he joined the party of his brother-in-law in Sweden, and died in Poland, an officer in the Swedish service.

Valdemar Slot is an ugly pile of brickwork externally, much degraded, and now, alas! in Chancery, a lawsuit between two brothers. It is, however, worthy of a visit, with its gallery of portraits, one of the most interesting in Denmark, but fearfully neglected, being unappreciated by the possessors. In one of the great saloons are hung those of the early sovereigns of the house of Oldenburg, from Frederick II. down-

wards, all on horseback, each horse, however, follows that of his predecessor, giving the whole the appearance of a royal carousal or merry-go-round.

It was Frederic III. who, as *cabot du sang*, commenced life as Archbishop of Bremen—a world of trouble his father had to get him appointed. There he is; most ecclesiastical too he looks—as like a bishop as the Duke of York did of Osnaburg—a *cheval*, armed *cap-à-pie*, distinguished alone from his brethren by the starched plaited ruff of the Lutheran clergy. His duties cannot have been onerous, though to me the wearing of the frill would have been worse than all the penances and fastings of the Romish Church. We mount the staircase; on the landing-place hang all the family of the fourth Christian—heavy, drunken Prince Christian, who made way for his brother the bishop and his wife Madalena of Saxony, she with leather-fan in hand and lapdog by her side; Prince Valdemar, the possessor, though he never resided there, a fine boy—a child to be proud of, as indeed all Christians were. And those fair ladies with golden powdered hair, high ruffs, and somewhat uncovered, looking-glasses and pearls. Who be they? “Those,” replied the conductress, “are the twelve frills of King Christian.” Powers above! twelve! Lump together all the demi-monde of that immoral court—all the Kirstens, Karens, Vilekes—you can never number twelve; but they are very pretty women, much superior to the portraits of Rosenborg. I must take the liberty of vindicating three from this sweeping verdict: those three exquisite creatures who hang below belong to another period, somewhat later, and are, if I mistake not, authentic copies of some of our English beauties of Hampton Court. One I imagine to be the Princess of Orange, Mary Stuart, daughter of Charles I.—she was good at any rate; a second, highly roused, not unlike the haughty and imperious Castlemaine, whom I have already met with in Rosenborg; the third, a lady of King Charles’s court, surpassingly lovely. Not to linger, we have, among many others of interest, Queen Louisa of England in all her youth and beauty. What majesty! what a presence! Her portrait is not rare in Funen. Then there is Niels Juel, first as a boy—hoffunker to Duke Frederic—in red jacket and silver buttons, something like that worn at a Spanish bull-fight; again repeated, surrounded by his victories, as Admiral, Knight of the Elephant, &c., a table with the names of his vessels, his captains, lieutenants, and officers, down to the lowest grade. But of all the portraits of the Juel house, there is one most charming, a lady of the last century, missal in hand, coming out of church, the light of a setting sun falling on her dress through the mullions of a Gothic window, one of those effects of light so much loved by some of the Dutch painters; the master unknown.

My opinion is that to see these islands in their fullest beauty we should have visited them in the month of May, in the new-born luxuriance of early spring-time, before the harvest is gathered in and the green fields become stubble. In these northern climes the summer is bright, but short. The months of May and June, though the days are prolonged till midnight, and twilight is only a cloud passing over the fair face of nature, yet are but of thirty days, and soon fly by. Could we extend the year to fifteen months, one more summer quarter, it would be a great convenience.

IV.

HOW THE GODDESS GEFION PLOUGHED THE GREAT AND LITTLE BELTS—SLAGELSE—SORO AND ITS ACADEMY—SAXO GRAMMATICUS—STORY OF HAMLET—LEGEND OF THE TWO CHURCH TOWERS—ABSALON, THE WARRIOR, ARCHBISHOP AND STATESMAN—ROYAL TOMBS AT SORO.

We had to cross the Great Belt again to pass from Funen to Zealand, and that by the usual ferry, too, from Nyborg to Korsor. It is as on the coast of Norway, where a relay of boats succeeds to a relay of horses quite as a matter of course along a so-called postal line of communication. There is no getting on in Denmark without taking to the water every now and then. The great learned antiquarian, Rask, whose native cottage was pointed out to us near Svenborg, and who has published the best editions of the two Eddas, explains how it is that Denmark is indebted for its Greater and Lesser Belts. It is all owing to a little arrangement between the great persons of the Scandinavian mythology. Odin, carried away by his affection for the goddess Gefion, promised her one fine day all the land that she could encompass with a furrow in the course of twenty-four hours. The beauty of this cosmogonic poem, who must have partaken as much of the Hercules as of Venus, forthwith harnessed four wild bulls to her plough, and she never ceased to ply its share till she had effectually cut off Funen and Zealand from the mainland. “That is how,” said Rask, smiling, “we have these straits and these islands, which once constituted part of the continent of Sweden on the one side, and of Jutland and Slesvig on the other. The world,” he added, “has forgotten the goddess Gefion, but the world is ungrateful.”

The first town on the way to Copenhagen from Korsor, and the first station on the railway is Slagelse, a lively little town with 3,200 inhabitants, and a fine church of the eleventh century. In the forest of Antvorskov, immediately beyond the town, was formerly situated the abbey of Antvorskov, founded by Valdemar I., in 1177. Of one of the monks of this monastery, Holy Anders, the patron saint of Slagelse, the most marvellous traditions are still extant. To him, it is said, the town was indebted for the extensive lands annexed to it, for Valdemar having promised the town as much land as Holy Anders could ride round on a new-born foal, the pious monk is said to have made such speed, notwithstanding his strange course, that the courtiers kept running to the king, who was in his bath, to implore him to stop the progress of the holy man, or he would soon ride round the whole island.

Holy Anders further enjoyed the privilege of hanging his hat and his gloves on the sunbeams, while performing his devotions in the open air, a circumstance which brought him into great repute. An eminence in the neighbourhood of Slagelse, where Anders is said once to have fallen asleep and to have had a vision, is still denominated the resting-place (Hvilehoien).

Two miles from Slagelse the road passes the lovely Lake of Soro, on the borders of which rises, in noble and elegant simplicity, the Academy of Soro. Seven hundred years ago, when the town of Soro was but a little hamlet, Asser Ry, the father of Denmark’s greatest statesman, Bishop Absalon, erected on this spot a Bernardine convent, which, by the munificence of Absalon, and of his brother, Esbern Snare, soon became one of the richest and most distinguished abbeys in Denmark. Here it was that Saxo Gram-

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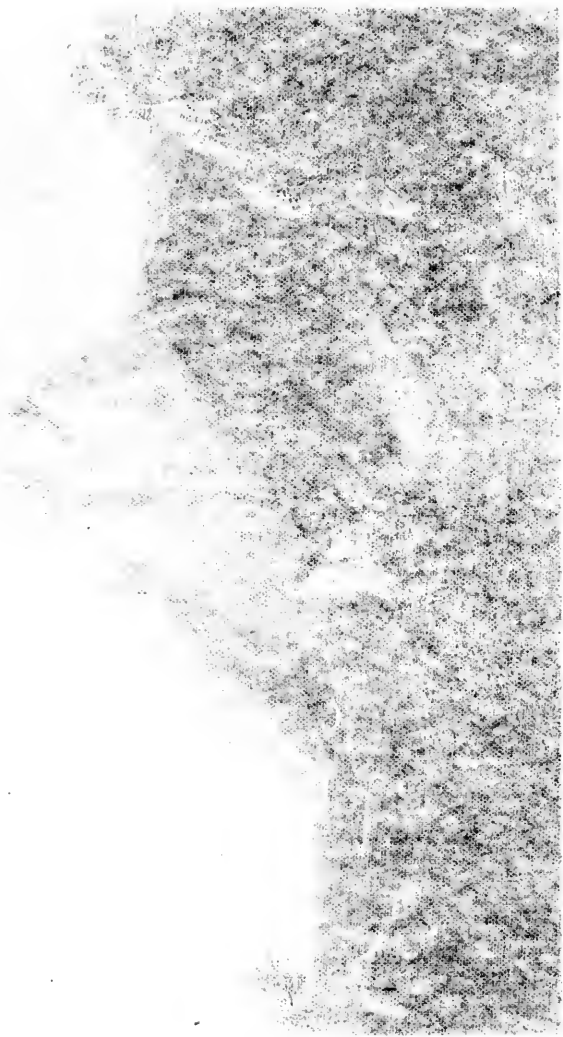
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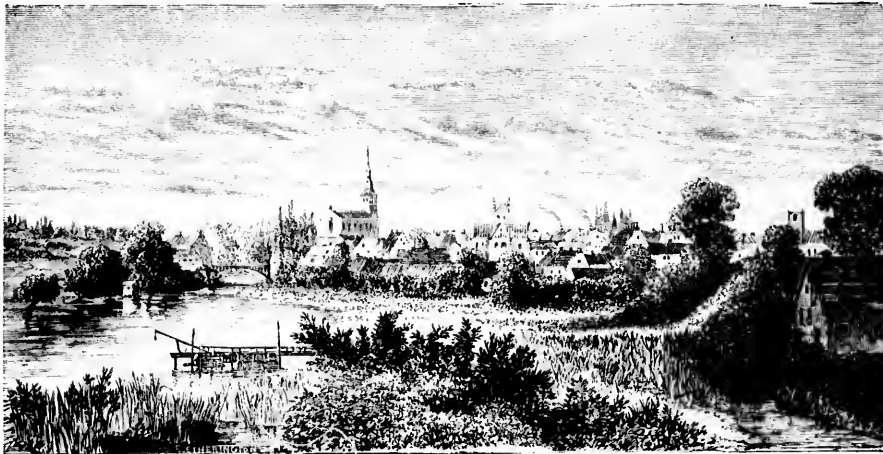


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nations wrote his Danish Chronicles. After the introduction of the reformed religion, Frederick II. (1856) transformed the abbey into a foundation school, and in 1623, Christian IV., anxious to prevent the Danish nobles from leaving their own country to prosecute their studies at foreign universities, as was then very much the fashion, founded, richly endowed, and connected with this school an academy for young noblemen, and appointed many foreign professors to instruct them in different sciences and languages. The school founded by Frederick II. being not exclusively designed for noblemen's children, it was considered necessary to lay down as a rule, that "the children of nobles, who may frequent the school, shall hereafter, for several reasons, at meals, in the hours of instruction and of recreation, as well as in their bed rooms, be separated from the other children who are not noble." This is one of the many instances of the profound contempt in which the nobles held the other classes, and

the utter unconcern with which they gave utterance to their feelings, circumstances which in less than half a century afterwards led to the complete overthrow of their power, and to the establishment of the absolute power of the monarchs. In 1754, Soro Academy was further endowed by Baron Ludvig Holberg, the Danish historian and dramatic writer, who at his death bequeathed to it the whole of his property. The spirit of the academy has, of course, in later times, undergone a change, and the nobles have here, as elsewhere, lost their exclusive rights. Among the present professors are Ingermann and Estrup, whose names rank among the first in Danish literature. A lovely little cottage on the banks of the lake, and immediately adjoining the academy, is allotted to each of the professors, and the whole character of the place is peculiarly suited to the calm pursuits of science. The old academy was burnt down in 1813, and was replaced by the present building, but the church of the Bernardines, a very



DENMARK. CAPITAL OF FUNEN.

fine Gothic building, is still extant, and contains within its walls the ashes of Absalon, of Holberg, and of King Valdemar IV.

The Academy of Soro boasted a year or two ago of 183 students, of whom 64 were warders. This is something better than the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. The wooden gates of the old monastery are still visible. The church is of charming proportions. It contains several monuments of antiquity, and has two wooden crucifixes, one of the twelfth, the other of the sixteenth century. The most remarkable tombs are those of Valdemar Atterdag, of Bishop Absalon, and of his grandfather Hvide. There is also a curious carved chair of 1650, rather difficult to move.

Saxo Grammaticus, above alluded to, was descended from an illustrious Danish family, was born about the middle of the twelfth century, and, on account of his uncommon learning, distinguished by the name of Grammaticus. Some authors have erroneously conjectured, from his name Saxo, that he was born in Saxony. He

was provost of the cathedral church of Roskild, the Westminster of Denmark, and his tomb is still shown there by the side of that of the Danish princes; but Mallett argues from Sperling, a writer of great erudition, that the provost of Roskild was another person, and that Saxo was secretary to Absalon, the celebrated Archbishop of London. It seems certain that he was much patronised by the learned and warlike founder of the Academy of Soro, and it was at his instigation that he wrote his history of Denmark. This history, consisting of sixteen books, begins from the earliest era of the Danish annals, and concludes with the year 1186. It has long ago been shown by Holberg (to whose memory an annual funeral oration is made at Soro), that the first part of this history, which relates to the origin of the Danes and the reigns of the ancient kings, is full of fable; but the eight last books, and particularly those which regard the events of his own times, deserve the utmost credit. He wrote in Latin, and the style, if we consider the barbarous age in which he flourished,

is in general extremely elegant, but rather too poetical for history. His epitaph, a dry panegyric in bad Latin verses, gives no account of the date of his death, which happened, according to Stephens, in 1204.

Saxo Grammaticus possesses more real interest, however, in the eyes of Englishmen, from the circumstance of his being the original narrator of those events upon which our immortal bard founded his great work—Hamlet.

His account is extracted, and much altered, by Belleforest, a French author; an English translation of whose romance was published under the title of the *History of Hamlet*, and from this translation Shakspeare formed the groundwork of his play, though with many alterations and additions.

According to the Danish annals, long before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, Horwendillus, prefect, or King of Jutland, was married to Geruthra, or Gertrude, daughter of Ruric, King of Denmark, by whom he had a son, called Amlettus, or Hamlet. Fengo murders his brother Horwendillus, marries Gertrude, and ascends the throne. Hamlet, to avoid his uncle's jealousy, counterfeits folly; and is represented as such an abhorrer of falsehood, that, though he constantly frames the most evasive and even absurd answers, yet artfully contrives never to deviate from truth. Fengo, suspecting the reality of his madness, endeavours, by various methods,¹ to discover the real state of his mind: amongst others, he departs from Elsinore, conceals a meeting between Hamlet and Gertrude, concluding that he would not withhold his sentiments from his own mother, and orders a courtier to conceal himself, unknown to both, for the purpose of overhearing their conversation.

The courtier repairs to the queen's apartment, and hides himself under a heap of straw. Hamlet, on entering the cabinet, suspecting the presence of some spy, imitates, after his usual affectation of folly, the crowing of a cock, and, slaking his arms like wings, jumps upon the heap of straw, till feeling the courtier, he draws his sword, kills him, cuts the body to pieces, boils it, and gives it to the hogs. He then avows to his mother, that he only personated a fool; reproaches her for her incestuous marriage with the murderer of her husband, and concludes his remonstrances by saying: "Instead, therefore, of condoling my insanity, deplore your own infamy, and learn to lament the deformity of your own mind."

The queen is silent, but is recalled to virtue by these

¹ Among other attempts, Fengo ordered his companions to leave him in a retired spot, and a young woman was placed in his way, with a view to extort from him a confession that his folly was counterfeited. Hamlet would have fallen into the snare, if a friend had not secretly conveyed to him intelligence of this treachery: he carried the woman to a more secret place, and obtained her promise not to betray him, which she readily gave, as she had been brought up with him from her infancy. Being asked, on his return home, if he had indulged his passion, he answered in the affirmative; but rendered himself not believed by the most artful subtleties, which, though true, seemed evidently to mark a disordered understanding, and by the positive denial of the woman. "Upon this woman," as Capell observes, "is grounded Shakspeare's Ophelia; and his deliverance from this snare by a friend suggested his Horatio;"—"The rule outlines," as Mr. Malone remarks, "of these characters."—"But in this piece there are no traits of the character of Polonius; there is, indeed, a counsellor, and he places himself in the Queen's chamber behind the arras; but this is the whole. The Ghost of the old Hamlet is likewise the offspring of our author's creative imagination."

admonitions. Fengo returns to Elsinore, sends Hamlet to England under the care of two courtiers, and requests the king, by a letter, to put him to death. Hamlet discovers and alters the letter; and on their arrival in England, the king orders the two courtiers to immediate execution, and betroths his daughter to Hamlet, who gives many astonishing proofs of a transcendent understanding.

At the end of the year he returns to Denmark, and alarms the court by his unexpected appearance; as a report of his death had been spread, and preparations were making for his funeral.

Having reassumed his affected insanity, he purposely wounds his finger in drawing his sword, which the bystanders immediately fasten to the scabbard. He afterwards invites the principal nobles to an entertainment, makes them intoxicated, and in that state covers them with a large curtain, which he fastens to the ground with wooden pegs; he then sets fire to the palace, and the nobles, enveloped in the curtain, perish in the flames. During this transaction he repairs to Fengo's apartment, and taking the sword which lay by the side of his bed, puts his own in its place; he instantly awakens and informs him, that Hamlet is come to revenge the murder of his father. Fengo starts from his bed, seizes the sword, but unable to draw it, falls by the hand of Hamlet. The next morning, when the populace were assembled to view the ruins of the palace, Hamlet summons the remaining nobles and, in a masterly speech, lays open the motives of his own conduct; proves his uncle the assassin of his father and concludes in the following words.

"Tread upon the ashes of the monster who, polluting the wife of his murdered brother, joined incest to parricide, and ruled over you with the most oppressive tyranny. Receive me as the minister of a just revenge, as one who felt for the sufferings of his father and his people. Consider me as the person who has purged the disgrace of his country, extinguished the infamy of his mother, freed you from the despotism of a monster, whose crimes, if he had lived, would have daily increased, and terminated in your destruction. Acknowledge my services, and, if I have deserved it, present me with the crown; behold in me the author of these advantages, no degenerate person, no parricide, but the rightful successor to the throne, and the pious avenger of a father's murder. I have rescued you from slavery, restored you to liberty, and re-established your glory; I have destroyed a tyrant, and triumphed over an assassin. The recompense is in your hands; you can estimate the value of my services, and in your virtue I rest my hopes of reward." This speech had the desired effect; the greater part of the assembly shed tears, and all who are present unanimously proclaim him king amid repeated acclamations.

Hamlet, soon after his elevation, sails to England, and orders a shield to be made, on which the principal actions of his life are represented. The king receives him with feigned demonstrations of joy; falsely assures him that his daughter is dead, and recommends him to repair to Scotland as his ambassador, and pay his addresses to Queen Hermione. He gives this insidious advice with the hope that Hamlet may perish in the attempt; as the queen, who was remarkable for her chastity and cruelty, had such an aversion to all proposals of marriage, that not one of her suitors had escaped falling a sacrifice to her vengeance. Hamlet, in opposition to all difficulties, performs the embassy

and, by the assistance of his shield, which inspires the lady with a favourable opinion of his wisdom and courage, obtains her in marriage, and returns with her to England. Informed by the princess to whom he is betrothed, that her father meditates his assassination, Hamlet avoids his fate by wearing armour under his robe, puts to death the king of England, and sails to Denmark with his two wives, where he is soon afterwards killed in a combat with Vigletus, son of Ruric. Hamlet, adds the historian, was a prince, who, if his good fortune had been equal to his deserts, would have rivalled the gods in splendour; and in his actions would have exceeded even the labours of Hercules.

Marrynt, when at Feggeklit—sacred, he says, in the eyes of all Englishmen as the birthplace of our Shakspeare's Hamlet (Amleth, as he is called in Denmark)—relates the story in a slightly different way. It was at Feggeklit, in the Island of Mors, in the very early ages, dwelt two brothers—Hnardevendel, father of Hamlet, and his brother Fengo. For many years they lived in amity, resting alternately, each for the space of three years, while the other went on a pirate expedition. When Fengo witnessed his brother return laden with spoils, and the joy of his wife Geruthe, Fengo's heart burned with jealousy; he determined to remain at home, and get possession not only of his brother's wealth, but also of his wife. Pretending that Geruthe is ill treated by her husband, Fengo slays his brother. After their marriage, Amleth, fearing for his life, feigns madness. He rolls about in the mud, and replies in a ridiculous manner to the questions put to him. The king, suspicious, endeavours, by means of a woman's art, to draw the truth from him. Amleth, on his guard, that day indulges in unheeded vagaries. He rides out in the forest with his face towards the horse's tail, pretends to mistake a wolf for a horse, and wishes Fengo had many such chargers. Now comes the story of Polonius. Fengo absents himself, and gives orders to a confidant to watch Amleth, and conceal himself in the room when he is alone with his mother. Amleth, who has his wits about him, before entering into conversation with his mother, runs, as was his habit, round the room, flapping his arms and crowing like a cock. Jumping on a heap of straw (in her majesty's bed-room!) he feels something underneath, runs his sword through, and withdraws the dead body of the spy. He cuts it into pieces, boils it, and gives it to the pigs. Then, turning to his mother, who was weeping over his madness, he addresses her the most violent reproaches: "If you will grieve, weep not over my madness, but over your own shame and dishonour." Fengo, after the disappearance of his counsellor, feels more anxious than ever to make an end of his stepson. He then sends him to England; and here Shakspeare has followed the true story. Amleth adds to the instructions for the death of his companions, that the king of England is to give his daughter in marriage. Amleth is still very queer; he refuses to eat or drink at the English king's table. On inquiring, he replies he will not touch food, because "the bread savours of blood, the beer of iron, and the lard of dead men's carrion;" he adds also (very ill bred) that the king has eyes like a bondsman, and that the queen, in three things, behaved herself like a servant maid; but after a sharp observation the king discovers Amleth was right in his supposition as regards the food; for the corn came from a field where a battle had taken place; the pigs had eaten a dead man's carrion; and in

the fountain of the brewer were discovered several rusty swords. The English king now becomes uneasy, and, taking his mother to task, forces her to own that a bondsman was his father. Later, Amleth declares that (shocking bad manners) the queen is not of higher origin herself; for, first, she hides her head in her cloak; secondly, in walking she lifts up her kirtle under the girdle; and, thirdly, after eating she picks her teeth with a fish-bone—all decided proofs of low birth; "but perhaps," he added by way of a sop, "her mother was a prisoner of war, which fully accounts for her low habits." The king (a most ungrateful son) praises his wisdom, and gives him his daughter in marriage. Amleth now demands recompense for the death of his companions, and receives a considerable sum of gold, which he melts down into two hollow sticks; and, after a year's absence, begs to return to Jutland on "important family affairs." On his arrival he is asked after his two companions: "Here they are," he replied, exhibiting his two sticks. His answer is received with shouts of derision, and they look on him as mad as ever.

On his arrival at the palace of King Fengo, situated on the lake hard by, he found the family in full carouse, a wake subsequent to the celebration of his own funeral. Disguised, he joins the party, drags the liquor of the carousers, and, when they are all intoxicated, first setting fire to the house, rushes to the room where Fengo lay asleep, awakened him with these words: "Fengo, your good men are burning to ashes; and here is Amleth, who will revenge the death of his father!" He then slays him. One hundred and fifty years since Fengo's grave was opened and an iron sword taken from it; what became of it none can tell.

The legend of the monastery, now the Academy of Sorø, is related by the same traveller as given in the ballad of "The Two Church Towers." Sir Asker Ryg, son of Skialm Hvide, was a knight of large possessions, and dwelt near the village of Fienesleville. One day, when about to start for the wars, he first went into "the little church to pray," and greatly scandalised was he to find the doorway so low he was compelled to bow his head on entering therein; the roof, too, was of black straw, and the damp and green mould hung to the crumbling walls. Greatly shocked was Sir Asker Ryg; perhaps, had he been more regular in his attendance, he would have already discovered the dilapidated state of the building; so, previous to his starting, he gave directions to his wife, the fair Lady Inge, at that time in an interesting condition, to rebuild the church during his absence, and if she were brought to bed of a boy, to erect a lofty church tower; if only a girl, a spire. The Lady Inge promised obedience to the wishes of her lord, and off he goes, followed by a numerous train of squires, to fight the battles of his country, and perform prodigies of valour. When the war is at an end he bends his way homeward, and on approaching Fienesleville his impatience is so great he outstrips all his train, and arrives first alone on the brow of the hill which overhangs the village: he strains his eyes and sees not one tower but two,—the Lady Inge has given birth to twin boys during his absence,—and on arriving at his castle half mad with joy (education cost nothing in these days) he embraced his wife, exclaiming, "Oh, thou noble Lady Inge; thrice honoured be thou; thou art a Dannewif!" (a woman who first bears twin sons to her husband is termed a Dannewif). And these twins

grew up to be the most celebrated characters of their century—Absalon, the warrior Archbishop of Lund, friend and adviser of Valdemar the Great, and Esbern Snare.

It was Archbishop Absalon who, in conjunction with his brother Esbern Snare, rebuilt and enlarged the convent of Soro, which greatly flourished during the Valdemarian dynasty, but later fell into decadence, as the epitaph of the last abbot is supposed to express, though I really see no reason why it should more allude to the state of the monastery than to the general transitory events of this world. It runs—

"Quicquid es humanis noli considerare rebus,
Jam mihi est magnum quoniam quod esse nihil."

In 1580, the convent was wholly suppressed, and added to the fiefs of the crown, and a school founded for thirty sons of the nobility. Among the many personages of note who have been here educated may be enumerated Frederic III. himself, at that time not heir presumptive to the crown; Prince Valdemar, eldest son of Christian IV., by Christina Munk; and many others.

Charles Gustavus of Sweden, too, here received his early instruction; and when, in 1659 he had reduced nearly the whole of Zealand under his yoke, with a proper feeling of gratitude towards the "alma mater" of his childhood, he exempted Soro from military contribution, and extended to it his royal protection against all outrage.

You enter the university by the Gothic gateway of brickwork, now whitewashed, belonging to the ancient convent. An avenue of trees leads to the church, surrounded by a small cemetery, and in front stands the college; on the other side a handsome building of the present century. The original edifice was consumed by fire in the year 1813. As we entered the court some very small boys were indulging in the recreation of shooting stones and horse-chesnuts from a sling, the traditional amusement of boys of all ages and countries, from the time of David to the present generation.

We mount the steps and enter by a long corridor, hung with square portraits of the kings of Denmark from the earliest ages, like those we see on the tables of our kings of England. They are, I fancy, copies taken from a series of engravings I have since seen in the Müller collection at the Royal Library at Copenhagen.

A glass window in the door of each school-room allowed us to peep at the boys engaged in their studies. We then mounted upstairs, and were introduced to their dormitories—large airy rooms with numberless small beds arranged in rows, the windows opening wide and overlooking the lake below. On the first floor were a well-filled museum of natural history, a debating and lecture room. In this room stands the chair of Holberg the historian and also the Sheridan of the Danish drama, by whom the academy was richly endowed. Several full-length portraits of the kings of Denmark hang on the walls; Christian IV. and V., and Frederic V. and VI., arrayed in their robes of state. Frederic V. is the beau ideal of dandyism of the last century, a handsome young man with fine large dark eyes. He married first a daughter of our King George II., the Princess Louisa, a name still loved and remembered throughout the country; and to her, I am sorry to say, he made a very bad husband.

As we left the building the boys were assembled in the court yard, busily engaged in the purchase of buns

from the old woman who, I suppose, enjoys this monopoly. They appeared a gentlemanlike set of youths, and saluted us as we passed, taking their caps off—more than the Eton or Harrow boys would have done. We rested in the pretty garden of the academy, still a blaze of autumn flowers; a splendid weeping Crataegus quite dazzled the eye, loaded with its scarlet berries. The trees and flowers seed more abundantly in the north than in the more southern latitudes.

Among the royal personages interred within the abbey church of Soro is Valdemar Atterdag, who died in 1376, father of Queen Margaret; the full-length figure of white marble, placed there by the piety of his daughter, whom he hated, has long since disappeared.

But the first object of interest is the sepulchral stone of Olaf, King of Norway and Denmark. On a shield is inscribed the lion of Norway, bearing the hutchet of St. Olaf in his paw, surmounted by a skull. King Olaf died early, and was succeeded by his mother, the great Margaret. This youthful Olaf was the first of the Danish rulers who assumed the title of King of the Wends and Goths, and caused the custom of praying for the king and queen in churches to be established; a very wise precaution on his part, for his successors were sadly in want of the prayers of all good men here below. Some time after his death there arose a false Olaf, who declared himself to be the son of the queen; he was in reality the son of King Olaf's nurse, and divulged many secrets which alone the queen would know, by way of proving his identity. But Margaret declared him to be an impostor; because, as she said, "My son died in Falsterbo palace and was buried in Soro abbey church, and I myself sent his entrails to be interred in the choir of Lund cathedral"—a very good argument on her part; "but," added she, "let him be examined; if he be my son, you will find a mole between his shoulders." The mole was not there, and the false Olaf was burnt to cinders the day before Michaelmas, near Falsterbo, in Sweden.

The most beautiful among these monuments is that of Christopher II. and his Queen Euphemia, daughter of Bogislans, Duke of Pomerania. The recumbent figures of these sovereigns, lying side by side, are of great beauty and exquisite workmanship. That of Christopher reminds me forcibly of Edward II.'s, in Gloucester cathedral. He, as well as his queen, is arrayed in his robes of state, his hair flowing long, his beard pointed after the fashion of our early Plantagenets; his head is encircled by the royal crown, his sword by his side; his features are regular and expressive. The queen boasts of little beauty; her nose, *en éventail*, betrays her Pomeranian origin; her long wavy hair falls on her shoulders from beneath the regal circlet; her surcoat is rich in jewellery; and her corsage ornamented with octagonal bosses, alternately bearing the lion of Norway and the winged griffin of the Wends. Between these two recumbent figures lies that of a little child, coroneted like its parents, Erik, their son and heir, who preceded them to the tomb. Behind the head of Christopher stands the lion of Denmark on his four legs, as unlike a lion as may be, from whose back rises a sort of Gothic pinnacle, tapering to a point, made hollow so as to hold a wax-taper of large dimensions, to be burnt at the tomb of departed royalty on certain vigils of the Church of Rome; while behind the queen stands a similar structure, rising from the shoulder of the griffin of Pomerania.

Let us now turn to Archbishop Absalon, who lies

interred under a sepulchral slab near the high altar; the original tomb, of white alabaster, no longer exists; the present slab was placed here by Bishop Urne in the sixteenth century. Not many years since in the old Chamber of Art at Copenhagen existed a skull and tibia reported to have belonged to Absalon. When these relics were shown to King Frederick VI, one day, he was greatly scandalised, and exclaimed, "Absalon deserved better of his country than to be made the gaze of fools," and straightway gave orders that the head should be replaced in his coffin at Sorø. So the great and the learned went down to Sorø, and with much ceremony the sarcophagus of the departed prelate was raised from the vault and the lid unclosed, when, to the amazement of all present, there lay Archbishop Absalon with his head well fastened on his shoulders; the skull which had so long passed current as that of the warrior prelate was no more than some *memento mori* of a Cistercian monk of the convent; and as for the tibia, they proved, on examination, to belong both to the right leg. The searchers, however, removed from his finger the pontifical ring of gold, enriched with the sapphire, as well as a chalice of silver-gilt which was placed upon his breast. These authenticated relics are preserved in the sacristy of the church of Sorø. Though Archbishop Absalon does sleep sound, he appears to be insensible even in death. This, the following story, related by Hans Jansen, Bishop of Ribe, once rector of the Academy, will show, at the same time that it gives some idea of the superstition of the clergy. The rector was accustomed to pace after sunset the Allée des Philosophes—as the lime-tree walk is termed—solacing himself with the music of his flageolet. One evening, accidentally finding the doors of the church open, he entered, and, standing before the tomb of the bishop, after playing him a favourite air, exclaimed—"Well, Absalon, what do you think of that?" Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when out of his grave bounced the infuriated prelate, in full pontificals, crozier in hand. The rector took to his heels, pursued by the ghost, and gained the church-door just in time, banging it behind him, for Absalon struck it such a violent blow with his crozier, the very walls trembled. When the coffin of Absalon was opened, one hundred and twenty years afterwards, the crozier was found snapped in twain.

V.

RINGSTED, THE WESTMINSTER OF THE VALDEMERIANS—SEPTULCHRAL BRASS OF ERIC AND INGEBORG—TOMBS OF QUEENS DAGMAR AND BERENGAUA—ROESKILDE (THE WELL)—STORY OF BISHOP WILLIAM AND KING SVEND—TOMAS OF QUEEN MARGARET AND HER SUCCESSORS—DOROTHEA, WIFE OF TWO KINGS—QUEEN JULIANA OF BRUNSWICK—PILGRIMAGE OF JAMES THE FIRST TO LOESKILDE—CHRISTIAN THE V.'S SWORD.

ABOUT half-a-mile from Sorø, is the village-church of Fenneslov, the same to which the story of Sir Asser Ryg's twin towers attaches itself to, and beyond this we crossed a green field before arriving at the deserted city of Ringsted, founded, so says tradition, by a certain King Ring,¹ in the darker period of Scandinavian

¹ King Ring, when wounded severely in battle, determined to die; so he ordered the dead bodies of his warriors to be placed in a ship, together with that of his queen, Alpol, and seated himself at the stern. The ship was loaded with pitch and sulphur and set on fire, and so he sailed out to sea. Then he plunged his sword into his body, and perished. A hot was raised in his honour.

history. A grass-grown miserable place it is, with a barrack-like hotel; but we have several hours to wait, so must make the best of it. To the left stands the convent church—the Westminster of the Valdemerian dynasty; so we enter and look around us; but there is little to see and admire; for about twenty kings, queens, and princes here sleep in peace, they all died, unfortunately, before monuments came into vogue, were bricked up somewhere in the vaults below, and except for the flat stone slabs which record their memory, might just as well be anywhere else. Let me except, however, the splendid sepulchral brass of King Erik Menved and his queen Ingeborg, the sole remaining specimen of the engraver's art now extant in Denmark, and this is supposed to be of Flemish workmanship. By a whimsical fancy, the faces of the monarch and his queen are, or rather were—for that of the king is wanting—formed of white marble, overlaid with plates of silver; on the whole, these brasses are in good condition, minus some pieces broken off, as curiosities, by the English soldiers during their occupation of the abbey. This Erik Menved, as he was called from his constant reply of "Certainly"—like the "*Est-il possible!*" of our Prince George, his descendant—was an unlucky sovereign, though not a bad one as times went. His wife was a Princess of Sweden; and great was the joy at their marriage, bearing peace, as the people imagined, to the tormented country—

"They blessed God—both queens and men,
Many times—that Ingeborg had come to this land!"

The relics of St. Erik were carried from Slesvig to Ringsted, and the English soldiers destroyed his coffin and scattered the bones; but it was not of much consequence, for, on examination, two which remained proved to be those of an ox. The monks of Slesvig were too wily to part with relics of so great a value.

For a place of such historic interest, I know no duller one than Ringsted. When tired of the brasses, I was reduced to admire the bier of elaborately-carved oak which has borne the deceased inhabitants to their last resting-place for some centuries.

By whom the convent of Ringsted was founded would be a matter of small import to us, had it not been by a party of English Benedictine friars brought over by our Canute the Great.

It was in the year 1131 that Duke Knud Lavard was murdered, in the forest of Haraldsted hard by, by his cousin Magnus, son of King Niels. Now, this duke enjoyed so great a popularity, that, to avenge his death, his murderer was straightway banished from the kingdom, and never ascended the throne. The people had decreed that the body of Knud should be interred in the cathedral of Roeskilde; but King Niels, fearing a mutiny, refused. He was therefore buried without pomp in the adjoining church of Ringsted. Before long, stories grew rife—how a spring of pure water had sprung forth from the place where the duke was murdered, as well as where his body had rested but one moment on its way to the church. Here was founded a chapel; and King Erik Emun gave later large estates to the convent in honour of his murdered brother.

Passing over the puzzling and troublesome times of the disputed succession, we find King Valdemar I, son of the as yet uncanonised saint, causing his father's body to be exposed, by way of exciting the people in his favour; and, in the year 1169, Stephen, Bishop of Upsala, being at Rome, procured his canonisation from Pope Alexander III., at the request of Valdemar, who, with all

opened, placed his father's body in a shrine of great magnificence, and, when times became more tranquil, the ceremony of his canonisation took place. King Valdemar appeared surrounded by all that was greatest in the land; and, the enshrinement once over, the history of his sanctification was read aloud, after which the people sang with great joy, "Praise to the Lord, who has ordained St. Knud to be the patron of Zealand!" and the king, by way of killing two birds with one stone, caused his son Knud, a child six years old, having first arrayed him in purple robes, to be at the same time elected his successor.

The convent assumed the title of the abbey church of St. Knud of Ringsted; and from this period became the favourite burial-place of the Valdemerian dynasty. So great was the success of the sainted shrine, that Bishop Absalon, jealous of the increasing prosperity of the convent church, by way of making a diversion, caused an old cousin of his own—who had been assassinated by her husband, nothing more—to be routed out from her grave, and canonised (not at Rome) by the name of St. Margaret, and placed in a shrine in the chapel of Our Lady at Roskilde.

Some few years since, at the restoration of the church, the tombs of the early sovereigns were opened in the presence of his present majesty, and a long account has been published by Professor Worsnæ of the discoveries made; the skeletons were measured from head to foot, and—the fingers, the skulls—nothing escaped the observation of the learned antiquaries.

When the tomb of Valdemar the Great was first uncovered he was still perfect, but immediately crumbled to dust—so I was since told by an eye-witness: the measure of the body answered well to the description given by the chroniclers of his time, when the Germans cried, "He is a real king, worthy to possess an empire, but our emperor is a princeling and a mannikin." They were splendid men these Valdemerians, and it was not until the marriage of the second of his name with Berengaria, Princess of Portugal, that the race began to degenerate.

In earlier days the bodies of the departed great were enveloped in leather shrouds, as we constantly find mentioned in the ancient ballads. Indeed, sometimes the ghosts make their appearance fresh from the churchyard, bearing their collins on their backs by way of a covering, because they had no "skin." In later days silk was adopted as preferable. No description of Skanderborg would be complete without the history of Queen Dagmar—Joy of the Danes—as she was termed, for her real name was Margaret. She was a Princess of Bohemia, daughter of King Ottocar. You recollect the old ballad,

"In Ringsted reposes Queen Dagmar."

We left King Valdemar riding off post haste to Ribe; he arrives in time before she died, and is met at the palace-gate by little Kirsten, "sister of Sir Charles of Ribe."

"Now hear you, gracious lord and king;
You must neither grieve nor lament;
For to you this day a son is born,
Cut from Dagmar's side."

Dagmar is made to prophesy all sorts of evils, which later occurred to the realm after the king's second marriage with Berengaria; but as the ballad was composed for her, we may believe as much as we please on the subject.

Christian humility was not the fashion of the day;

for when the dying queen saw her attendants shedding tears around her couch, she consoles them with the following words:—

"Let no man dare have fear for me;
I have no bad things done,
Save that I my small silken sleeves
Have laced upon a Sunday."

A lucky woman was Queen Dagmar, who could say so much for herself. A saying of this queen to a messenger who brought tidings of the cessation of a bloody war is still remembered:—"How beautiful are thy feet which announce the glad tidings of peace!" The memory of Berengaria, on the other hand, is as much execrated as that of her predecessor is revered. They sleep side by side, and so great was the hatred of the people, that, after death, they severed Berengaria's head from her body, and, when her coffin was opened, a large round stone was found in its place on her shoulders. She, too, was the first of the whole party whose body was found enveloped in silk. But if Berengaria, or Bengjerl, as she was called—the term is now synonymous for a bad woman, as we ourselves derive an opprobrious epithet from the name of the Conqueror's mother—if Berengaria was detested in her lifetime, the beauty of her skeleton, the exquisite smallness of her hands and feet, sent the whole of anatomical Denmark into a frenzy of delight. Strange it is how in this traditional land old customs are handed down, and, like a machine, the peasant does what his father has done before him, without even asking the reason why. Hvitfeld relates how in his time the people still sang a song the refrain of which ran—

"Shame be to Bengjerl, and honour to the king."

And in much more modern days my old friend Professor Thomsen told me, that, when a young man, while lingering in the abbey church of Ringsted, he observed a peasant, on entering the sacred building, to drop on one knee and murmur a prayer at the tomb of Dagmar, and then, rising with a "God bless you, good queen!" he turned sharply round to the other side, and spat on the sepulchral stone under which Berengaria slumbers. He could give no explanation, he said: he followed the custom of his forefathers.

The real Westminster and St. Denis of Denmark is, however, Roskilde, a charming site a little further on towards Copenhagen, where King Roe, of fabulous memory, attracted by the gushing fountains of pure crystal water, which rise, limped and plentiful, on all sides from their natural sources, founded the ancient capital of Denmark, the time-honoured city of Roskilde, which once boasted of its thirty churches and thirty convents, but of all the past glory of which the cathedral alone remains.

William, an Englishman by birth, bishop of Roskilde in the days of King Harald, brother of Canute the Great, first constructed here a small wooden church, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and in the time of Sweyn—Svend Estridson, as the Danes call him—one of stone was erected in honour of St. Luce, or St. Lucius, pope and martyr, whose skull is still preserved in the Scandinavian museum of Copenhagen. How the church became dedicated to St. Luce instead of the Holy Trinity I will now explain. In those early times there dwelt in the fiord of Roskilde a horrible sea monster, who ravaged the country, feeding on mariners and young maidens. In vain the holy brethren of the Trinity implored him to depart, only to go just

a little higher up some other fiord; a change of air might be of service to him. He resisted all entreaties, all conjurations of bell, book, and candle, declared he would remain there in *secula seculorum*, and gobble them up into the bargain, unless he were straightway gratified with the head of St. Luce the martyr, for which he felt himself seized with a most uncommon "longing." The monks, not relishing the idea of being devoured, at once despatched an embassy to Rome to implore the loan or gift of the holy relic, to deliver them from their pain and terror. Their request was granted, and permission given to retain it. The monks, not too much at their ease, in grave procession bore the skull to the banks of the fiord, and placing it on board a boat, left it to the sea-monster, and then, taking to their heels, scampered off to their convent as fast as their legs could carry them. The precious relic had the desired effect; the monster was never heard of more; but strange to say, he went off on his travels, leaving the head behind him. So you now see why St. Luce became the patron of the cathedral church of Roeskilde.

Within the walls of this stone church was interred the body of King Svend, and Bishop William himself slept near his friend and master. In process of time the church was enlarged by a succeeding bishop; and when the new building was well nigh finished, the tomb of Bishop William was removed to make room for the columns of the choir. Now the prelate waxed wroth in his creeloth at this indignity put upon him, the founder of the sacred edifice; but he remained quiet until night, when he appeared arrayed in his robes before the sacristan, who slept within the building. "The bishop might well have contented himself with the honour of building the choir," exclaimed he, "without disturbing my bones, and removing me from the neighbourhood of my beloved friend and companion King Svend. On account of his piety I refrain to avenge myself on him, but the church shall feel the effect of my wrath." So saying, he struck the walls with his crozier, and down they fell about the ears of the alarmed sacristan, who escaped, by a miracle no doubt, scatheless from among the ruins. Sceptical people pretended the walls were badly constructed, while others laid the blame on the impiety of the architect, who had neglected to bury a living lamb beneath the altar-stone, without which, as all men in Zealand well knew, the building was sure to sink.

But whether it was the fault of the bishop or the lamb, the choir had to be built up again. All Bishop William required was to be left alone, and ill came on those who interfered with him. When, in the sixteenth century, Bishop Urne, a most meddling prelate, caused his bones to be disinterred and placed in a pewter coffin in a hole of a pillar of the choir, over which his portrait was painted in fresco (you can see them there now through the grating), the workmen deposited his remains profanely in a corner. Then, suddenly, there exuded from the relics a smell—not of old bones, but a perfume so divine all men declared it was too delicious. They snuffed at his skull, they smelt his cross-bones—it was a fascination too powerful. Strange to say, wash, scrub, do what they would, the perfume clung to their hands—impossible to free themselves from it; and now commenced the punishment of their audacity. One of the offenders became dumb, and died at the end of three days in exquisite torment, of a malady which commenced by his nose;

another in vain did penance, and publicly confessed his fault; none of the offenders escaped; the last died after three months' unceasing suffering. So you see Bishop William, friend of the good King Svend, was not a person to be trifled with.

We have all read the story of the sacrilege committed by the above-mentioned monarch—how, enraged at the harmless jest of his courtiers at a banquet, he caused them to be slain next morning before the altar during the performance of matinsong; how Bishop William, horror-struck at this iniquity, publicly excommunicated the King at the church door as he was about to enter; how the officers of the king would have slain the bishop, but Svend, seized with remorse, forbade the deed, and, retiring home to his palace, clad himself in rags, and returned next day to the church, humbly demanding permission to enter therein, kissing the very steps of the holy edifice; how Bishop William wept at his pitiable state, and went out to meet him, and, after a public confession and the payment of a large sum of money, absolved him from his sin, and from that time a great friendship was struck up between the two, and the bishop vowed he would never survive the death of his friend and sovereign; and when the news of King Svend's death reached his ears, and the body was on its road from Jutland, he went forth to meet it, and when he came nigh he left the carriage and gave up the ghost on the wayside. No wonder, after such a proof of affection, Bishop William did not like being removed from the neighbourhood of his ancient companion.

Roeskilde, after a period, succeeded the abbey of Ringsted as the royal place of sepulture, and has so continued ever since. The reason given for this change is simple. After the time of the second Valdemar, alabaster monuments came into vogue, instead of the brick sepulchres of the earlier ages, and the church of St. Knud was found too small to contain them; added to which the Abbot of Ringsted, in the time of Christopher II., took part with the rival, Duke Valdemar, in consequence of which he and his queen were buried at Sorø, where Olaf lies also; Queen Margaret herself was, by order of her successor, removed to Roeskilde. Still there was for some time a feeling in favour of St. Knud on the part of the monarchs, and Valdemar himself bequeathed a sum of ten marks in white metal to say a daily mass and to keep his annual festival, on which day the monks of the cloister were to be regaled with a tun of German (Rostock) beer and three "strong flesh repasts."

The whole length of the building is uninterrupted, except by the altar which stands under the centre of the further transept, which adds much to the general effect; carved stalls of great originality and quaintness, put up by Queen Margaret, on each side of the choir, displaying the proportions of the cathedral to the greatest advantage.

Passing behind the altar of rich Dutch workmanship, we come to a marble sarcophagus, on which lies extended the effigy of the great Queen Margaret, who first united under one sceptre the three Scandinavian kingdoms: the most interesting monument of the royal series, erected to her memory by her nephew and successor, Erik. Over the tomb of Queen Margaret hangs the hook from which was suspended the stone sent by Albert King of Sweden to that Queen to sharpen her scissors. This was removed by the Swedes in 1659. Margaret lies extended on her back, her

hands meekly folded across her bosom. At her feet are placed a skull and cross-bones. Her features are regular and of great beauty; the compressed lip expressive of determination of character. She is small in stature, somewhat below the middle height. On her head she wears the regal circlet; a rouleau of hair, twisted with gold, binds her brow; two short bandeaux, brought down on each side of her face; a long veil hangs pendant from the circlet; massive gold bracelets adorn her wrists, and she wears a girdle of the same precious metal, with five pendant chains, from each of which is suspended a ball, or pomander-box, to contain perfumes and other matters. The broken alabaster figure of her brother, Duke Christopher of Lolland, only son of Valdemar, lies unrepai red in one of the adjoining chapels. He is said to have died from the effects of a wound in the head from a Lombard in a naval engagement in 1359; but it is certain he lived some years later, half-witted: his brain never recovered from the effects of the injury.

The sword of King Christian I. still hangs in the chapel of the Elephant. He lies interred by the side of his predecessor, King Christopher the Bavarian, whose widow Dorothea he had espoused "to make matters right," thereby saving a jointure to the crown lands of Denmark. Some years later his coffin was opened: folks were not quite certain as to his whereabouts or whether it really was him, when a learned historian, who was present, exclaimed, "Are three of the front teeth wanting?" On examination of the skull such was found to be the case. "That will be the mark!" exclaimed the *savant*; "King Christian the First lost three of his front teeth in the battle of Brunkeberg."

The splendid monumental tombs of Christian III. and Frederick II., father of Queen Anne, wife of James I., by Floris of Antwerp, resemble much those of Francis I. and Louis XII. at St. Denis, but are finer still; and that of Frederic IV. and his queen is by a sculptor named Gerken. This monument well as



ROSKILDE.

that of Christian V., are florid specimens of the allegoric taste of the last century—obscure as a whole, but as a composition ludicrous. Our own Queen Louisa has a monument executed by Stanley; and, from that time the coffins stand ranged in the chapels, covered with mouldering black velvet, powdered over with the crowns of Scandinavia. A statue by Thorvaldsen, cast in bronze, has lately been erected to Christian IV. It is a fine work of that illustrious sculptor's chisel, but ill adapted for a church. While the great Margaret lies with closed eyes and meekly clasped hands, awaiting the day of judgment, Christian stands looking thunderbolts around, with one leg stuck out, as if about to stamp from sheer impatience. It is characteristic of the man, but better suited for a public place or bridge. Many are the Northmen who lie here interred—Saxo Grammaticus among the number, old monk of Sorø, chronicler of the Valdemars. When I visited Roskilde, I found Professor Worsaae and a knot of *servants* busily engaged in grubbing for his

tomb, but without success; the coffin of the humble monk had, in earlier days, given place to some later comer.

Before leaving the cathedral, the guide will lead you down the steps into a vault below, and display to your view the six coffins of the infant children of King Frederic VI., and some bystander will look mysterious, and declare how they all met an untimely end through the intrigues of Juliana of Brunswick, the widowed queen of King Frederic V., she who caused the disgrace and fall of Caroline Matilda. They will tell you—some, that the children were changed; others that they were put an end to; how the ambitious queen, desirous to secure the succession for the offspring of her own son, having already failed in her endeavours to destroy King Frederic himself in his childhood, gained the lady of honour of the Crown Princess and other, and so attained her object. They will relate to you that the Frue von Münster—this same lady—lately committed suicide (which is true) by hanging

herself in the corridor by the chapel of Frederiksborg; that the midwife and the physician also both came to an untimely end by their own hands; and then tell you a story of a pretender who arose and proclaimed himself King Frederic's son, changed at nurse. They

will relate to you all this and a great deal more, as they have already to me, and I, for my part, believe not one word of the story. The youngest son of King Frederic VI., who lies in the little coffin here before you, was born one year after the decease of the Dowager



DIVECKE'S HOUSE, MARKET-PLACE OF AMAL.

Q. ven herself. Children, if not well cared for, did— even in the earlier part of this present century, as we all know, before calomel was invented—drop off like flies; and if you look at the genealogy of the house of Oldenburg, you will find that the three eldest offspring

of Juliana's own son, the Arve Prinds, died when infants also.

No; Juliana has enough to answer for without adding the crime of child-murder to the list. Still you will find many people who yet credit the assertion,

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and will relate it as a fact; myself, after having studied the question pretty deeply, dismias it as unworthy of belief.

When James I. of England visited Copenhagen, he made a special pilgrimage to Roeskilde, in order to converse on matters of theological doctrine with Nicholas Hemming, a celebrated theologian, who, on account of his Calvinistic tendencies, had been removed from his office of Professor of the University of Copenhagen. The Bishop Paul Matthias preached before him a learned discourse in Latin, with which, as well as with the assemblage of priests of the diocese, who came to do him honour, King James expressed himself much gratified.

The bishopric or stift of Roeskilde was suppressed at the Reformation, and later a Bishop of Zealand appointed. This city—in old books written Rothschild—furnishes a patronymic to the Rothschild family, who, in the last century, emigrated from Denmark. A Jew, on going to another land, where Solomons and Levis were plentiful as strawberries in June, was called, to distinguish himself, Solomon of Bamberg, Levi of Frankfort, and so on, till he ended by assuming as a surname the birthplace of his ancestors.

Ferguson in his *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, p. 930, says of the original church, completed in the year 1076, under Svend Estrilsen, whose predecessor, Canute the Great, had richly endowed it, to atone for the murder of his brother-in-law, Ulf Jarl, who had taken sanctuary there, and was slain in the choir in 1027. "It was apparently circular, and of the same dimensions with the east end of the present edifice. This latter was commenced after the middle of the twelfth century, and probably not completed as we now see it, till towards the end of the thirteenth. The east end is probably one half of the old round church rebuilt, the required enlargement of space having been obtained by a considerable extension of width towards the west."

A Danish writer, speaking of the warlike emblem that decorates the coffin of Christian IV., says, "That sword with which he so valiantly secured the peace of Denmark; a far more honourable ornament to the hero's grave than the costly mausoleum of many an unworthy prince, where the sculptor has placed the genius of his country weeping, not for his death, but for the misfortunes which his folly or vices brought upon his native land." However, Denmark has thought its well-beloved king worthy of a more pompous monument; and shortly before his death, Thorwaldsen completed a fine statue of this monarch, which, cast in bronze, is now placed in one of the chapels of the cathedral, bearing the name of Christian IV., and in which are at present deposited the remains of Christian VII. and of Frederick VI., the two last deceased kings of Denmark, and of several other members of the royal family. The simple, velvet-covered coffins in this chapel form a striking contrast to the costly marble mausoleums and sarcophagi in Christian I. and Frederick V.'s chapels, and tell a tale of the declining finances of the country.

The incident which is at once so illustrative of the edifice, and of the mingled piety and ferocity of the Danes of old, as narrated by Marryat, is given in a simpler form in Dunham's *History of Denmark* (vol. ii., p. 180).

In 1070 a scene occurred in this cathedral, strongly resembling that which took place at Milan in the

fourth century, between St. Ambrose and the Emperor Theodosius. King Sweyn II. (son of Ulf Jarl, who was murdered in the choir), upon some remarks being reported to him which had been made upon his conduct the night before, by some of his guests when heated with wine, in the irritation of the moment, ordered them to be slain, though they were then at mass in the cathedral. An Anglo-Saxon, named William, and who had been secretary to Canute the Great, was then Bishop of Roeskilde. On the following this dreadful tragedy, the king proceeded to the cathedral. He was met by the bishop, who, elevating his crosier, commanded him to retire, and not to pollute with his presence the house of God—that house which he had desecrated with blood. The king's attendants drew their swords, but he forbade them to exercise any violence towards a man who, in the discharge of his duty, defied even kings. Retiring mournfully to his palace, he assumed the garb of penitence, wept, and prayed, and lamented his crime during three days. He then presented himself, in the same mean apparel, before the gates of the cathedral. The bishop was in the midst of the service; the "Kyrie Eleison" had been chanted, and the "Gloria" about to commence, when he was informed that the royal penitent was outside the gates. Leaving the altar he repaired to the spot, raised the suppliant monarch, and greeted him with the kiss of peace. Then, bringing him into the church, he heard his confession, removed the excommunication, and allowed him to join in the service. Soon afterwards, in this cathedral, the king made a public confession of his crime, asked pardon alike of God and man, was allowed to resume his royal apparel, and solemnly absolved.

VI.

COPENHAGEN—SLAGBÆCK, THE BARRER ARCHBISHOP—SIGSRIT, THE MÄITRESSÈ MARK—EDUCATION OF CHRISTIAN II.—YULE PIO, OR MONEY-BOX—FOUNDATION OF COPENHAGEN—MARRIAGE OF QUEEN MARGARET—HER GOVERNANCE AND CASTIGATRIX—QUEEN PHILIPPA OF ENGLAND—HER GALANT DEFENCE OF THE CITY—PALACE OF CHRISTIANSBORG—THE EXCHANGE.

We left the Westminster of the Danes by sunset, and we hailed Copenhagen by sunrise. There are certain cities marked, as it were, with the finger of God, on the spot which they shall occupy for many centuries. Such, in olden times, were Babylon, Nineveh, Memphis, Thebes, Jerusalem, Athens, and Alexandria; such, in modern times, are Constantinople, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Lisbon, Paris, London, Naples, Venice, Genoa, and many others; some, as it were, fresh risen in the New World, and already, like their ancestors, torn by the convulsive passions of mankind; others constituting, like Constantinople and Rome, a common ground where the past has passed into the present. Of all cities, Constantinople is the most fortunately placed in regard to Europe, Asia, and Africa. Copenhagen is a city just as privileged by its position in the north; and of this, a future Scandinavia, it will as assuredly be its capital, as Pesth will be of a future Slavonia. (*See* p. 757.)

If you be desirous to explore the town of Copenhagen, you cannot do better than start direct from the railway station, and proceeding towards the gates of the city, pass through a double avenue of elms by the obelisk erected to commemorate the abolition of feudal servitude by King Christian VII.

On either side of the way stand the Tivolis, Alhambras, and various places of amusement in which the Danes so dearly delight in the summer season, and which abound in the suburbs of Copenhagen.

We now traverse the Vesterbro, cross the moat which surrounds the ramparts, and enter the city, passing under a swing bridge which connects the fortifications.

But before continuing our walk, to prevent disappointment, let me put you on your guard not to expect too much, nor be guided by your first impression of Copenhagen. Few houses of ancient date remain, and it was not until I grew acquainted with the city in detail that I discovered how really picturesque it was, with its misshapen Places (Pladser), its spires, and its canals alive with shipping running up into its very heart. We pass down the Frederiksberg-street—a bad approach; but Copenhagen, like all fortified towns, boasts of no handsome entry. The pavement, you will have already found out, is atrocious, and such an apology for a *trottoir*—a narrow strip of flag inserted among the rougher stones. A *droit du pavé* exists here as in other places; I never could understand it myself; the whole etiquette appeared to consist in shoving me into the adjoining gutter. We now pass through the old market (Gammeltorv), where once stood the small but quaint Raadhuis destroyed in one of the numerous conflagrations from which the town has suffered. In the centre stands a fountain in metal, which now no longer plays, and though allegorical—I forget the subject—is neither imposing nor beautiful.

It was on this Gammeltorv that took place the execution of the well-known Dietrick Slagheck, Archbishop of Lund, Christian II.'s most unworthy minister. Strangers in all ages have risen to the highest posts in Denmark, and Dietrick, a barber's boy, by backstairs influence—for he was cousin to Sigbrit—soon, like Olivier le Dain, rose to power. A dangerous councillor he proved; but he suffered for it later, and was made the scapegoat of his master. When on his way to the place of execution, he met on the Hoibro bridge Master Jasper Bruchman, one of the council, to whom he exclaimed, in the Latin tongue, "Farewell, Master Jasper! such are the rewards of our labours." "No, no," replied the chamberlain, horrified at the idea of being associated with the condemned archbishop, "No, no! the punishment of your sins—the punishment of your sins." If he began like a barber, he died like a prelate, clad in robes of velvet and scarlet hose. On mounting the scaffold he was fastened to a ladder, and then turned off into the flames. King Christian, not quite at his ease as regards the justice of the sentence, drove out of town for a day's change of air, and Sigbrit herself never opened her window during the whole day, which made folks remark, "It was queer she, who had been brought up to fried herrings, salt fish, and such like, should be squeamish concerning the smell of a roasted archbishop."

On we continue down a street gay and more frequented than the last, till we arrive at the Hoiruplads, commonly called Anagertov, where the vegetable market is held, and the Amak and Zealand peasants may be seen in their pretty costumes—some at their stalls, others mounted on their rustic carts.

The shops are in no way remarkable; but you will admire the poulterers' cellars, hung with a grand display of stag, chevreuil, black game, and capercaillie.

The lofty embattled tower of St. Nicholas overlooks this square. On it the watchmen keep nightly guard, and give the alarm in case of fire; nor is this service a sinecure, for scarce three days elapse without a conflagration breaking out in some quarter of the town or other, and oft in the dead of night the slumberers are awakened by a loud shrill whistle, and the repeated cry of "Brand! brand! brand!" along the street. Then each window opens in succession, and people inquire "Where?" and if in the neighbourhood, they turn out of bed and place a tub of water before their doors: if the answer be Vesterbro, or Nørrebro, or some place far away, they close their casements and quietly resume their sleep, unless curiosity lead them to visit the scene of the conflagration. These watchmen were first established by King Frederic II., and the song they chant the night long was composed by Bishop Kingo.

The Anagertov is picturesque as a whole, and you must not fail to remark a gabled renaissance dwelling-house, with the date 1616, built by a burgomaster of Copenhagen, called by the common people the House of Dyvecke; or rather that of her mother Sigbrit, Christian II.'s prime minister. (See p. 781.) Curious rise that of a huckster (*lagerske*), as she is termed by the historians of Amsterdam, in which city she first sold apples and vegetable roots. And queerer still it must have been to have seen the nobles of the realm standing bareheaded in the snow, outside her house, on this very Plads, waiting their turn to gain an audience. A clever woman was Madame Sigbrit, as the Danes call her, suppressing her Dutch patronymic of Willums; for she not only reigned supreme over the king, but was also much thought of by his consort Queen Elizabeth, who appreciated her devotion to the royal family. Then, too, she was a Dutchwoman, a nation for which the queen always showed a great preference. To her care they confided the education of their eldest son Prince John. But if she was liked by the royal family and lauded by the officers of state, she was detested by the people, who, after the manner of the day, looked upon her as a witch. They declared how one day her young charge Prince John, out of curiosity, took a bottle which stood on the window, in order to examine its contents, when it fell out of his hand and broke; the devil flew out of it, and a storm of thunder burst over the whole city. Her great unpopularity was caused by the "rumpe" tax, placed by her advice on the head of every living person (a somewhat Irish proceeding); added to which she cleared the town of Copenhagen of the "poor scholars"—a set of mendicants who attended the schools. They wore a coat or cloak open at one side, and bore so bad a reputation the proverb went, "So many coats, so many thieves." The King, by her advice, issued an ordinance by which no boy was allowed to attend school who could not pay his own expenses, and had all the others driven out of the town.

When in the year 1522 the Lubeckers appeared before Copenhagen, Sigbrit, in the absence of the king, went out with her maid to see the fleet; but when by the water-side she met two drunken countrymen, who fell upon her, beat her black and blue, and reproaching her for having misled the king, got her out to sea and ducked her well. Luckily, the king passed by on his return from Solberg and saved her; but on entering the gates of the city several men of Roeskilde, who lay in wait, fired at her; however, she escaped without damage, and the drunken peasants were beheaded.

When the king went to Norway he carried off everything, even to the copper ornaments on the spire of the palace. Sigbrit, to avoid being torn to pieces by the people, was conveyed on board ship in a wooden chest. Christian appearing out of spirits at the ugly state of his affairs, she consoled him, saying, "If you can no longer be King of Denmark, I will make you burgo-master of Amsterdam"—a fine promotion, remarks Hvitfeldt in his chronicle.

What became of her none can say—she disappears entirely from the face of history; but when Frederic I. besieged the city of Mahna, he excepted Sigbrit from the general pardon conferred on the inhabitants, in case she should be still there. He might have saved himself the trouble, for she had long since escaped, and no one could tell of her whereabouts.

To the left runs the Ostergade—the Bond-street of Copenhagen; but we will leave it to its fluners and continue our course, first starting with astonishment at a well-known sound whispered in our ears, very like "Old els," "Gammel kløder!" it is shortened and compressed, till it resembles the well-known cry of our London dealers in discarded vestments.

It was in this Høibroplads that Christi in II. received his early education, and an odd one it was and curious, as displaying the simplicity of the times.

At an early age a canon of Copenhagen, John Hynlze, was appointed his tutor, and the prince himself was sent to lodge in the house of Hans the bookbinder, whose wife, Bridget, a worthy old soul, looked after his health and personal comforts, and here he was visited by the canon daily.

"A strange education for a king's son," observes Hvitfeldt, "and very different from that of our day, when nothing can be found good enough for the offspring of royal parents."

It appears the young prince played about with the other boys of his age in the streets; so to keep him out of mischief the canon made him accompany him to matins and evensong, and there he stood in the choir, he the heir to three mighty kingdoms, along with the poor children. When it came to King John's ears that his son stood and sang in the choir with others as a "fattig Pølling," he waxed wroth, and a short time later the prince is handed over to a new tutor, furnished by his brother-in-law, Joachim of Brandenburg, who terms him "a beautiful learned man." The boy would climb up to the roofs of the houses and over the highest walls. In vain his tutor bade him "take care; he who climbs the highest will fall the lowest." He replied, "Low places only suit low people, but high places are for the high." When he was eighteen years of age the prince declared himself quite sick of learning, and we find him "bribing the palace guard" to leave open doors at night, whilst, like our own Prince Hal, he went knocking about in the burghers' houses, wherever he could find "the best wine and the prettiest girls to talk to." When this came to his father's ears, he summoned the young scapegrace before him, and administered him such a dose of good advice, followed up by a severe flogging with whips, that the prince fell down "paa bare knæ," and, imploring pardon for his offences, declared himself reformed for ever.

But we approach the Slotsholm or "He du Château." On either side of the bridge the fishwives hold their court, and gossip and squabble, much like their sisterhood of other lands. The Louts crowd up to the very bridge, some laden with sand, some with salmon fresh

from the coast of Sweden, the former an untidy commodity to sell so near a royal residence; others again with pottery, common pottery for household use, from the Island of Bornholm, the darker kind the produce of Jutland. Two little children, satchel on back, descend the steps of the quay, enter the boat, and timidly announce their wants to the owner of the wares. The man points to a basket in the corner of the vessel; they investigate its contents, and, after much hesitation, return, each triumphantly bearing a "junt sviin" (yule pig), as it is called, with a slit down the middle of his back; this unclean beast serves as a money-box, but the money once deposited therein cannot be recovered without its destruction.

Before us rises the palace of Christianborg (Christianborg Slot), a vast, heavy, unsightly pile of buildings, flanked on one side by the Thorvaldsen Museum; to the left of the palace stands the Chancellerie, and beyond the Exchange, with its quaint spire of twisted dragons, the pride of the capital (*See p. 788*). But we are going too fast, and before proceeding further it is as well you should learn something of the early history of the town you are now visiting. We stand on classic ground; and if you do not mind resting on the banks of the quay, I will endeavour, while you repose, to give you some slight information as to the origin and foundation of the capital of Denmark.

On the island where we now stand, in the year 1168, our old friend Archbishop Absalon constructed a fortress, which bore the name of Axelhuus in compliment to its founder. It was later changed to that of Steileborg, or Wheel Castle, from the fact of the strand before its gates being selected as the place of execution—breaking on the wheel, or some such pleasant operation—of the pirates from Rugen and elsewhere, who infested the northern seas and laid waste the Danish Archipelago. One of the towers of the original building existed in the earlier part of the last century, and served as the royal kitchen previous to the destruction of the palace by King Christian VI. and his Queen Sophia Madalena. By degrees a flourishing village arose round the fortress, which, in the year 1254, received extensive privileges from Christopher I., and was erected into a city; but Roeskilde continued the capital of the Island of Zealand until the reign of Christopher the Bavarian. This sovereign exchanged certain lands with the bishop of that diocese, and, considering the locality admirably adapted for the interests of shipping and commerce, he established himself there with his court, made it his capital, and from that period it has been called Kjobenhavn, or the Merchant's Haven. Her ancient rival gradually declined, the whirlwind of the Reformation giving a *coup de grâce* to her existence.

Among the earlier events of interest which took place at Copenhagen, I find mentioned how, in 1363, there was a "right goodly royal party of prinsen, kings and illustrious princes, as well as nobles from all parts, assembled to witness the nuptials of the Princess Margaret, daughter of King Valdemar Atterlag, with Hakon, King of Norway." Swedish historians declare Margaret to have been of a dark complexion, by no means well-looking. After her marriage she went, accompanied by her husband, to Norway, where on account of her tender years, a governess was placed over her, the Lady Martha, daughter of St. Bridget; very strict, too, she was, and often made Margaret, a married queen, smart under the rod. In after life a

steady affection continued to exist between the queen and her early castigatrix.

Of the endless and innumerable sieges this devoted city has undergone, I will merely call to mind that which took place in the days of Philippa of England, worthy sister of the hero of Agincourt. Philippa was second daughter of our English sovereign, Henry of Lancaster, and was married to Erik the Pomeranian, a match which Queen Margaret gave herself much trouble to bring about.

Copenhagen was attacked by the Hanseatic League, and the town would have fallen had it not been for the courage of Philippa. "Queen Philippa," says the chronicles, "held Princes' Day at Copenhagen, and invited to the castle the soldiers and young men of the city, who had fought against the Wends and Hanseaticers, and, after counselling them to render good service to the lord their king, dismissed them to enjoy something which we cannot find in the dictionary, but imagine to be a "regular good blow-out." Her conduct inspired the citizens with such enthusiasm, the enemy were compelled to retire. Joyful at her success (Erik was then absent in Sweden, or, as Swedish historians assert, lying concealed in the convent of Sorø), Philippa invested Stralsund with a fleet of seventy-five ships; fortune declared against her; after a hard-fought battle she returned to Copenhagen, her squadron destroyed; and now it is related how Erik, unmindful of her former success, in his rage struck the queen, at that time advanced in pregnancy. Indignant at this treatment, she retired to the convent of Vadstena, where she died some few months after, and was buried in the chapel of St. Anne, which she herself had founded, and where her sepulchral slab may still be seen.

Erik caused a Donkirke to be built at Vadstena in her honour, and gave one thousand one hundred nobles towards the expenses of its erection, with particular directions for masses to be said and sung for her "soul's weal," to say nothing of psalms selected by himself, about *Regina cali*. The way of the world, nothing more. The worse a man treats his wife in this life, the finer the monument set up to her memory after death.

Some historians affect to deny this story, or urge in Erik's defence the Jutland law, by virtue of which a man was authorised to flog his wife and children with his hands but not with weapons. As Philippa left no heirs, King Christian I., after a lapse of nearly twenty years, inherited the remains of the "rose noble," long since converted into small change.

Notwithstanding the ill treatment of Queen Philippa, the English Government appears to have continued on comfortable terms with Erik. In 1431, Henry VI. sent an embassy to Denmark—Master William Spreen, doctor of both laws; Sir John Grimsby, Knight: the plenipotentiary powers are dated Westminster, November 27th, ninth year of the reign, and signed by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, England's "custos." There was some little grievances to settle, but I don't see the King of England got much advantage by it; for though he is very civil and talks about the relationship through the high-born Philippa, consort of his "good friend" King Erik, and a lot more besides, he is met by a storm of complaints against the English ship-owners, who, for the last twenty years, have sailed and fished in unlawful seas, and trafficked with the islands—Iceland, Faroe, Shetland, Orkney, Greenland, &c.—

—Denmark forbidding us to sail and trade to the

Orkneys, or anywhere!—the complaint ended in a *summariun* of the damage caused during the said twenty years, which amounts to 2,329 "lester fisk"—pounds of fish—each pound being equal to sixteen of the present day; add to this a few more "damages," and the *summa summariun* of the bill presented is 217,348 rose nobles. Strange to relate, the English Government declined to liquidate the debt. Some two years later, however, Henry VI. forms a treaty of alliance with "his dearest uncle, the King of Denmark;" no end of matters promised on both sides, to which, in all probability, neither paid the slightest attention.

But to return to the Slot. Molesworth, in speaking of Copenhagen, says, with the exception of the buildings of Christian IV.'s time, they are all mean and of "cage work," half timber, half plaster. The palace he describes as the worst in the world, inferior to those of the nobility; it was a fine old feudal schloss, adapted to the troublous times in which it was constructed, as you may still see by the old engravings, though certainly not in the style of Sir Christopher Wren, then the architect par excellence. In the year 1720, the old edifice was demolished by Frederic IV., and while yet scarcely raised from its ruins, was again laid low to satisfy the craving for magnificence and luxury, the besetting sin of Queen Sophia Madalena. That this fair princess lavished the public money with a reckless hand no one can deny, but it should be borne in mind that she was not only the wife of an absolute sovereign, but also the wife of one of the most consummate bores that ever existed. The queen from very weariness launched out into extravagance; palaces of unprecedented grandeur rose at her beck and nod; she did too much, but all she did was well done and in good taste, and, in this particular, it is to be regretted that later monarchs have not followed her example.

The palace of Madalena was completed and taken possession of by the court in 1740, amidst the greatest possible rejoicings of the people (so at least asserts the Danish Vitruvius), and medals were struck in honour of the event. This palace also was consumed by fire in the year 1794, and for some time remained a heap of ashes. It has often caused much astonishment how Frederic VI., considering the dilapidated state of his finances, should have rebuilt this edifice in so costly a style, too large for the necessities of his court and kingdom. He had much better have reconstructed it after the earlier design of his fair predecessor; it would have then still remained an ornament to the city and a credit to the architect; it is now neither one nor the other. But Frederic VI., it appears, had received a promise from the Emperor Napoleon, that in reward for his so-called neutrality he should receive the kingdom of Sweden, and be crowned king of all Scandinavia. "King of Scandinavia!" exclaimed his Majesty, "and no palace to live in! send for the court architect at once." His orders were obeyed; they planned and planned, and the present unsightly Palace of Christiansborg is the result of their consultations. Lucky had it been for King Frederic if Mrs. Glass's well-known recipe had been then published, or at least translated into Danish; he would have saved a mint of money to the country, and the pangs of disappointed ambition to himself. The crown of Scandinavia was never fated to rest on his royal brow. The elected house of Bernadotte reign supreme in Sweden; and

Norway, after an union of more than 400 years, was wrested from the Danish crown and handed over to the possession of her rival. But I must not be unjust to the memory of Frederic: to him the peasants of Denmark owe their emancipation from feudal servitude. Like many others he was ambitious in early life, and suffered from it: he lived much among his people, and retained their affection to the last. From what I have heard related, he resembled much his maternal uncle, George III. of England, in character, amiable and kind in disposition, with a certain touch of his Britannic Majesty's obstinacy.

Do not, however, imagine the Palace of Christiansborg to be a building useless as it is ugly. Besides the state apartments, not often occupied by the royal family, it harbours within its walls the two Chambers of Parliament, the Gallery of Pictures, and, in a building apart, the Royal Library. As we are here, you may as well pass through the great court of the palace, heavy, cumbersome, and ungraceful. The outer court, circular in form, is the remains of the earlier edifice of Madalena. You can visit the royal stables and inspect the white horses, true albinos, with roseate eyes and ears, used by the king on state occasions. When these cream-coloured horses came into fashion I cannot say; Christian V. drove light iron-grays, with black heads, tails, and manes. To the right lies the splendid riding-school. This court is muddy in winter and dusty in summer, always untidy; it is used, I believe, for exercising the royal stud. The Danes do not understand the adaptation of unoccupied space to the ornamentation of their capital. A fountain, however, has lately been erected in the centre, and out lines have been planted round the edge, which, after a time, will take away from the deserted look of this dreary waste, and give even the palace a more habitable appearance.

A bridge across the Frederiksholm canal connects the *Hø du Chateau* with the town; and, turning to the right, we arrive at the *Prindsens Palais*, a handsome edifice, now the receptacle of the numerous museums—ethnographic among the rest, the finest in Europe; the dresses, &c., of the Greenland and northern tribes are especially worth visiting—under the direction of Professor Thomsen, who, with other learned men, has apartments allotted to him within its walls. This palace was erected for Christian VI. when Crown Prince, and it was here that Queen Madalena must have planned and dreamed the future magnificence which she so well understood to put into execution. In the adjoining *Storm Gade* is situated the British church, hired or borrowed from the Moravian brothers: and opposite to it, in the old hotel of the Counts of Holstein Ledreborg, is preserved the Museum of Natural History, now about to be joined with that of the University. The collection of Northern birds, of the various species of the grouse tribe, in their summer and winter plumage, as well as the ducks from the islands, are interesting to the sportsman or one learned in ornithology.

Let us now return to the Bourse. Stop first and admire its graceful twisted spire, unique in Europe. (See p. 788). Tradition relates how Christian brought over—some say the four dragons, others the stone ornamental copings of the building, from Calmar; but tradition is apt to embellish, and I am always sceptical as regards Danish legends about Swedish affairs, and *vice versa*. The building, however, is a glorious me-

mento of the era of Christian IV. Well did that monarch understand the style of architecture adapted to the climate of his country; he built for posterity, and his works have lasted, and will last for ages to come, when those of more modern architects have long since passed away.

But before we enter, notice how well the spire of St. Saviour's, with its twining external staircase, stands out in the background of Christianshavn. (See p. 789) The Exchange was purchased in 1858 from the Government by the merchants of Copenhagen, with the express condition that they should place it in a thorough state of repair, and never unke any alteration which should detract from the character of the edifice, and well they have redeemed their pledge. The great hall has been admirably restored in the style of the period; over the fireplace stands a bronze statue of King Christian himself, similar to that in the cathedral church of Roeskilde; here it is well placed, and in keeping with the building. The panels of the walls are being gradually filled with well-executed frescoes, two of which were completed when I last visited the interior of the building—one an allegory, Justice, scales, &c.; the second, a mining scene, with workmen, imps, and trolles, all labouring hard at work together—"Archi-Scandinavian."

VII.

MONUMENTS OF JUEL AND TORDENSKIÖLD—DEATH OF FREDERIC VI.—SHRETT OF COFFINS—BARREL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH—THE ROUND TOWER—THE FREE KITCHEN—UNIVERSITY—BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN—CARNIVAL IN THE ISLAND OF AMAR—CITY RAMPARTS—LEGEND OF THE BURIED CHILD—GOLDEN HOUSE OF THE KING'S ALCHEMIST—THE GROLANDGÅRD.

A FINE autumnal day and a bright sun—we cannot do better than continue our promenade of yesterday; its such a comfort to have done the town, and to feel at liberty to bend our steps with a free conscience, wherever inclination leads us. Turning down the Gammel Strand, we pause for a moment near the bridge again to admire the Bourse, peeping out from among the rigging of the various cutters anchored in the canal. How picturesque it appears—what a study for an artist! You will not care to walk through the Butcher's Market, unless you be an agriculturist, and fatten your own beasts. We must turn to the right, where stands the Holme Kirke, a work of Christian IV., but sadly mangled since his time. The doorway alone gives any token of the Renaissance period; but the monarch's cipher still adorns the building, and his favourite legend R. F. P., which the people, with that spirit of contradiction so universal in all countries, translated, since the days when Madalena scattered the public money with so lavish a hand, as "Riget fattes Penge" ("The kingdom misses the money"). In the mortuary chapel attached to this church are monuments to the two celebrated admirals—Juel and Tordenskiöld. Admiral Juel stands within a grille; on each side are bas-reliefs of white marble representing the naval actions in which he figured with long complimentary verses by Bishop Kingo.

Smaller, and far less imposing, is the medallion, on a painted wooden framework, erected by Frederic VI. to the memory of Tordenskiöld, the engravings of whose admirable portrait by Denner you may see exposed for sale in the printshops of Copenhagen. He is the *bona ideal* of northern beauty, with long flowing

hair, unpowdered, carelessly gathered together by a ribbon behind, a splendid specimen of the Scandinavian race. The history of Tordenskiold is too romantic to be passed over, and just such a story as all Englishmen delight in.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century there lived at Tronøyen a burgomaster, John Wessel by name, with a flourishing family of eighteen children, and straitened means. Twelve were sons, of whom Peter, the tenth in number, and hero of our story, was born in 1691. Hard were the struggles of poor John Wessel and his wife to maintain their numerous olive-branches, and I am afraid young Peter proved himself an ungrateful pickle. His parents apprenticed him to a tailor, but at the end of a few weeks he was dismissed as incorrigible. When our hero had attained the age of thirteen, Frederick IV. paid a visit to Norway. Peter, whose time lay heavy on his hands, made acquaintance with the servants of the king's household; and when the royal *cortège* departed, he suddenly disappeared to reappear shortly a vagabond and friendless in Copenhagen. The tale of the Norwegian boy who had concealed himself in the hold of a ship came to the ears of the royal confessor, who, taking compassion on him, employed him as a servant about his person; but Peter had inwardly determined to enter the navy. Nothing daunted, he wrote to the king, and was soon inscribed as an apprentice at the royal wharf.

After several voyages he was so highly praised by his captains, he became midshipman, but still in the merchant service. He is described as a very "Mother Carey's chicken;" his spirits rose with the tempest itself, and, when fear and terror agitated all minds, he alone appeared to derive gratification from the turmoil of the elements. When the war broke out between Denmark and Sweden, as it invariably did some fifty times in the course of each century, Peter demanded permission to enter the royal navy, and was at once appointed to the command of a vessel called the *Worm*, bearing four guns. Endless are the anecdotes related of his daring; on one occasion he met with an English privateer: "If that frigate were Swedish," he exclaimed, "I should take it; but the English have too much practice and fight too well for me to hope for an easy conquest." The vessels engaged, and a hard-fought battle ensued, such as always took place, and will take place, when Danes and English meet in naval warfare. "I have no more powder," cries Tordenskiold; so he sends a flag of truce on board requesting the English captain to lend him some that he might continue the battle, or, if he would not, begging him to come on board and receive the respect due to so gallant an enemy. The Englishman declined, so they drank to each other from their respective vessels, and cheers rose from the Danes as the captains raised their glasses, vociferously returned by the delighted British sailors.

In 1716, Peter exchanged, by a patent of nobility, the plebeian patronymic of Wessel for the higher-sounding appellation of Tordenskiold (or Thunder-shield), and was later named Admiral.

After the peace of Frederiksberg he visited Germany; and having called to account a certain Colonel Stahl, a sharper, who had fleeced one of his countrymen at cards, by inflicting on him a sound thrashing; he was afterwards induced to give him satisfaction. The morning of the duel Tordenskiold rose cool and careless as ever; in vain his servant implored him to

take a sword of greater length than the small rapier he wore by his side; he refused. The duel took place, and, unaccustomed to the *finesse* of a fencer, he fell, pierced by the rapier of his adversary, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was the Danish Bayard of his country — *sans peur*, and I believe also *sans reproche*.

"For Denmark thunders Tordenskiold,
Let each to heaven commend his soul and die!"

Far be it from me to treat with disrespect the memory of his brother Admiral, illustrious Juel; but Juel was a man of noble parentage, and suffered in early life none of those difficulties our hero so bravely overcame; added to which, he it Dick Whittington or King Bernadotte, I always do delight in him who, from no beginning, raises himself in this world, and dies at the top of the tree, be it royal oak or humble bean-stalk.

We follow the course of the dull, boatless Hohn canal, on the opposite side of which rise long, low, high-pitched roofed, yellow buildings, with mysterious black shutters, ever closed—something to do with dock-yards and naval stores—the Royal Opera House. Here the canal turns off at right angles, and disappears among the "back slums" of the old wharf. The Opera House is a shapeless building, half-rebuilt, half-pulled down, to be cased with stone or stuccoed some day. I believe Denmark to be the only country where the stage is perfectly respectable; to play or dance at the Royal Opera House, a woman, like Caesar's wife, must not even be suspected. We now stand at the entrance of the Kongens Nytorv, or King's New Market (formerly called Hallands Aas), though no market at all is ever held there. It is shapeless, but the general effect is imposing, and must have been more so in earlier days, before the destruction of the double avenue of cut lines which formerly surrounded the garden, in the centre of which stands the equestrian statue of Christian V., erected in 1688. This statue is allegorical and requires a key. The horse is trampling on a monster, which was once called Sweden; but as Danes no longer trample on their neighbours, but live in peace and amity, the monster is now styled Vice, or something else. At the bombardment of 1807 a cannon-ball struck the right arm of the statue, since which time the king holds his sceptre downwards.

Passing by the ugly Military High School, about to be removed, we arrived at the Charlottenborg Slot, a building of no great beauty, but interesting, in an historical point of view, to us English; for here resided our Princess Louisa, with her husband, then Crown Prince; and here was born her eldest daughter, Sophia, the beautiful Queen of Sweden. Charlottenborg was founded by Ulrik Frederic Gyldenlove, the Field-Marshal, half-brother of Christian V., who conferred upon him the castle of Kalo (which we passed on our way from Aarhus), where he only slept, however, one night—disgusted at being surrounded by an inundation, he hurried off as fast as he could; and carrying his castle, or rather the materials, with him, constructed the present palace, which he later sold to the widowed queen of Christian V., from whom it derives its appellation.

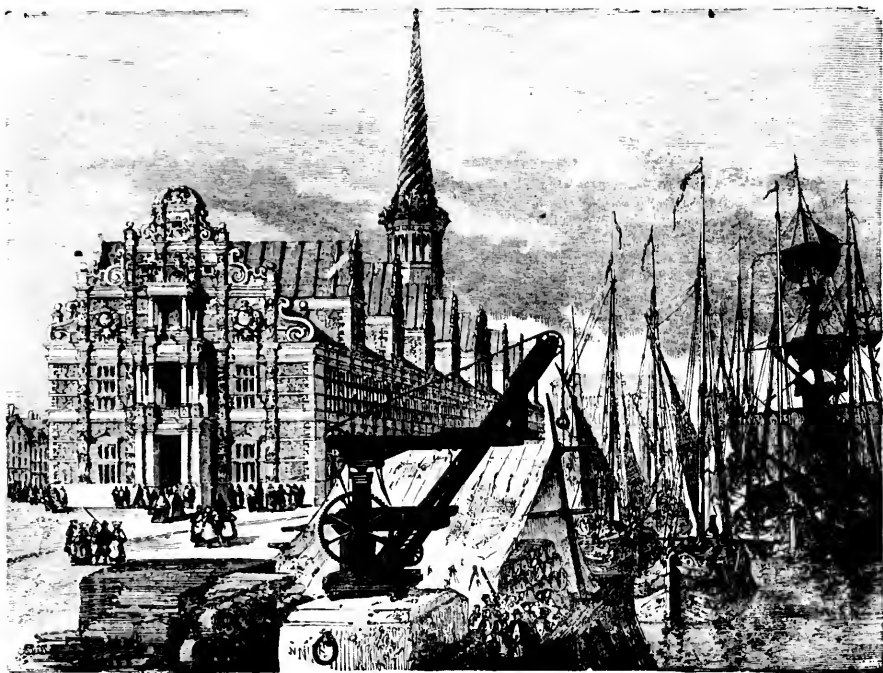
The Newhaven (Nyhavn) canal, crowded with shipping, runs up to the very entrance of the palace. Passing by the Thott Palace, now the hotel of the Russian minister, a building of some architectural pretensions, within whose walls are contained the small but valuable cabinet of pictures, chiefly of the Dutch school, the property of the Moltke family, we reach the St. Anna

Plads, a promenade lately planted with trees, at the end of which is a wooden jetty, from which the steamers embark and disembark passengers for Lubeck, Kiel, and fifty other localities. Copenhagen, like her sister London, is sadly in want of quays. You arrive anyhow, nohow; but great improvements are contemplated.

Observe that tower in the dockyard opposite, surmounted by a crane. There, after the bombardment of 1807, stood the English admiral, while he superintended the destruction of the Danish vessels still uncompleted and in the stocks. A splendid eighty-four was destroyed among the rest, and from its remains found floating about the water the Danes constructed

a small brig, christened by the appropriate name, the *Phœnix*.

Proceeding down the Amaliegade, in which we are now located, and which boasts three stripes of flagstones inserted in its *trottoir*, we arrived at the Amalienborg Plads, which might be made one of the prettiest squares of its size in Europe. The original Amalienborg Slot underwent the usual fate of all edifices, royal and plebeian, in Denmark — it was destroyed by fire in 1689, during the performance of an Italian opera. A large concourse of people had assembled to witness the representation, as well as the court and all the royal family; a lamp was accidentally overturned, the fire caught the wood work, and in



EXCHANGE AT COPENHAGEN.

one moment the whole building was in a blaze. In the confusion and crush of the exit nearly three hundred persons perished; and when Molesworth visited Copenhagen, he declares there was scarcely a family of consequence in the capital that was not in mourning for one of its members. The four pretty palaces which replaced the earlier building were built by the families of Schack, Moltke, Brockdorff, and Levetzau, who again sold them, after the conflagration of Christiansborg, 1794, to the royal family, who found themselves without a roof to cover them. One of them is now occupied by her majesty the queen dowager, the amiable and virtuous widow of Christian VIII; a second by the Landgrave of Hesse, husband of the Princess

Charlotte, and brother to the Duchess of Cambridge; the third was offered to the Prince of Denmark, who does not at present occupy it; while the fourth does duty as the Foreign Office.

On the whole it is a charming little place; and were not the pavement the most atrocious in all Copenhagen, and the space around the statue of Frederic V., erected to his honour by the merchants of the capital, too confined, I know few of its size equal to it.

In the year 1839 a silent and saddened multitude stood breathless and anxious before the windows of the palace where Frederic VI lay on his bed of agony. He was much beloved, and a general feeling of sorrow pervaded the whole population, who awaited with

anxiety the termination of his sufferings. Suddenly the window is unclosed, the grand marshal appears on the balcony, and, breaking asunder his rod of office, exclaims, "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi." Alas for the feebleness of human sentiments! The Prince Hereditary, now Christian VIII., inhabited the palace which stands on the opposite side of the octagon; *volte face* turned the assembled crowd, and huzzas and cries

of joy and enthusiasm greeted the accession of the new monarch to the throne.

And now on to the Langa Linea, passing by the splendid hospital of Frederic V., the gate surmounted by the royal crown and cipher, on which the sparrows hold their court in largo numbers, squabbling and fighting for place and precedence like their betters. One part of this hospital is set aside for the higher



ST. SAVIDUR'S CHURCH, ISLAND OF AMAK.

classes, who can there obtain rooms for a reasonable sum, and are admirably attended, without deranging their own establishments, or, in case of infectious disorders, spreading death and disease among their families and domestics. Leaving the villanous pavement and crossing the quincunx of trees, we arrive at the Langa Linea, one of the prettiest promenades possessed by any capital of Europe: so fresh is the air, so bright

and exhilarating the scene along the banks of the Sound, on some days teeming with ships from all ports and climes. To the left rises the citadel, with its moats and fortifications; you can visit it if you will; it affords a charming walk. Forewarned is forearmed, saith the proverb: and before trusting yourself to the seduction of its ramparts, call in mind that it is circular in form, and wander not round and round (as I did on

my first visit) like a horse drawing water in a well, or a bewildered cockney in the maze of Hampton Court.

At a distance from the land may be discerned the far-famed battery of the Three Crowns (Trekroner), the construction of which was scarcely commenced in 1801; it rose only *à fleur d'eau*. Guns, however, were planted on it, and did good execution against the fleet of the enemy.

We return again by the Toldboden into the Bredgade, near the centre of which stand to the right, in a vast deserted place, now used as a stonemason's yard, the ruins of the marble Frederiks Kirke—remaining, and for ever I imagine likely to remain, uncompleted. This church was commenced in the reign of Frederic V., after the splendid designs of Jardin, a French architect. The state could ill afford the erection of so expensive a building, and Struensee stopped the works, actuated, doubtless, by praiseworthy motives of economy; as it was, he only disgusted the public by the dismissal of some hundred workmen, gained the ill will of the clergy, and the sums of money economised by him were wantonly lavished by Count Brøndt in illuminations and court *fêtes* of unwonted splendour and extravagance. The architect, too, was dismissed, unpaid and ungratified, in a manner which caused universal indignation. Struensee was, there is no doubt, beyond his age. He did a great many good things, but in a most disagreeable way, was careless of wounding the prejudices of others, and in all his actions showed a violence and want of tact which soon rendered him most unpopular throughout the country. On either side of the street leading into the Amalienborg stand two palaces—one the property of Prince Frederic of Hesse, the other of the Prince Hereditary; and higher up, adjoining the British Legation, stands the handsome hotel of Count Schimmelmann. A Saxon by birth, he commenced life as a boatman on the Elbe, plying his trade between Dresden and Hamburg, and rose to be minister to Christian VII., and count of the empire. We pass down the Dronninge Tvergade, by the side of the Moltke Palace, once the residence of Queen Juliana, on our way to the Rosenborg Gardens—but we must stop half-way.

If Pompeii can boast her Street of Tombs, Copenhagen can vaunt her Street of Coffins—Adlergade by name. Turn the eye where you will, black funeral cellarets meet the eye; advertisements of "Smukke ligkister" (pretty coffins) to be sold, all ready, or made to measure. Glazed frames expose to view shrouds and grave-clothes, pinked out ready, and stamped in holes, like the broderie Anglaise in a workshop window; from the short petticoat of the little child, to the cravat with flowing bow of the male adult. Let us fly from this scene, and breathe fresh air among the limes and lilacs in the Rosenborg Gardens—not the old garden it once was, with cropp'd yew, and gay plat bandes, fountains, and orange-trees, but a wilderness of trees, affording grateful shade in the summer season.

We have still much to see. I will lead you to the Place of the Gray Brothers (Graabroderstorv) where once a monastery stood, long since swept away, and within whose church reposed the infant children of King Christian II., Maximilian and Philip. Queen Elizabeth bore three sons in one year, John the eldest, and these twins, Sigbrit, who was present at the "Barseel" of the queen, and not over particular in her

speech, lost her temper at the sight of them, and remarked loudly in the hearing of everybody present, "If the queen goes on in this way, the country will be neither rich nor large enough to support so many Heerkens," which, I believe, in old Dutch, signifies "little gentlemen."

Later on this Place rose the stately palace of the minister Corfitz Ulfeld, son-in-law of Christian IV., razed to the ground at the period of his disgrace, and on the spot a small obelisk was raised, the inscription on which proclaimed "shame and ignominy to the traitor Ulfeld." This monument was again removed (it now lies hid somewhere in the cellars of the Scandinavian Museum), and gave place to a butcher's market. What a matter-of-fact age we live in! We next proceed towards the University, by the street in which the post-office is situated. Mark well that corner house—a wine-shop from time immemorial. Here was bred and born the boy Schumacher, son of the proprietor, a wine-ventur, later known throughout Europe as Count Griffenfeld, the minister and adviser of Christian V.

Tacked on to the church of the Trinity, erected by Christian IV. for the University students, the Round Tower stands before us (See p. 796), built by the engineer Steenwinkel of Emden, itself intended for an observatory, though now no longer used as such; and here, previous to the fire of 1728, was preserved the celebrated globe of Tycho Brahe, together with his mathematical instruments, brought over from Germany by Prince Ulrik. You gain the summit by a broad spiral staircase, like that of the castle of Amboise—no steps, an inclined plane, along the sides of which are ranged numerous Runic stones, recklessly removed from their original localities. Without inscriptions to tell whence they came, or what they signify, they stand dirty, useless, and neglected, but are to be removed to the new gardens of the University Library when completed. Opposite to these Runic stones is the sepulchral slab of Dyveke. Up this spiral staircase Czar Peter is said to have driven four in hand; how he turned at the top is a mystery to me, but so tradition declares. In the roof of the church is contained the library of the University, rich in Icelandic Sagas and treasures of inestimable value. At the bombardment of 1807, a cannon-ball struck and passed through the roof of the library, knocking to shivers an ancient treatise of Hugo Grotius—*De Pace et Bello*. Adjoining stands the Regenz, the residence of some hundred Danish students. In the centre of the quadrangle rises a splendid lime tree, and from its court you gain a better view of the round tower, and Christian's celebrated "rebus" inscribed thereon, carved on stone, the joint clumsy work of that monarch and sundry learned professors of his favoured University:—"Doctrinam et (written in long letters without a stop), Justitiam (represented in Hebrew characters); Dirige—Jehovah (in Hebrew characters); a heart; Christian IV." In plain English—"May God direct justice and learning in the heart of Christian IV."

Continuing our course we arrive at the University; a hideous, monstrous building, whose ugliness is only surpassed by that of the adjoining church of Our Lady (the Frue Kirke), a building unworthy to contain those exquisite productions of Thorvaldsen, his Christ, the Apostles, and the Kneeling Angel—*chefs d'œuvre* I will not insult, by describing within their prison. To this merited abuse the Danes will reply, "Why did you bombard the old church?" I admit there is some

logic in this; but the kindest act we could now perform to their capital would be to return and knock over the new one and the University into the bargain. It is incredible how so much ugliness came to be concentrated in so small a space.

The earlier church of Our Lady was founded—or, at any rate, completed—in the reign of Christian II. A short time before the lofty steeple was finished, a quarrel took place between the master carpenter and his journeyman, who declared himself to be as good a workman as his master. When the ornament was to be placed on the extreme end of the spire, the master carpenter ordered a board to be made fast and laid across. He then went to the end and did what was necessary, leaving his axe behind him. He returned, and ordered his journeyman, if he considered himself equal to him, to go and fetch the axe. The man complied, lost his balance, came down headlong, and was killed. In consequence of this accident the ornaments of the spire were badly fixed, and fell the following year—an omen which, in the superstitious feeling of the age, was regarded to have reference to the future fall of the monarch himself. The Frue Kirke, with the exception of the choir, was destroyed in the fire of 1728, which consumed the University, five churches, the Hôtel de Ville, and 1650 houses. Within its walls took place the coronation of the earlier sovereigns of the House of Oldenburg, as well as the installation of the bishops, which ceremony was conducted with great pomp in the presence of the Court. In 1716 the Czar Peter of Russia assisted at, to his great satisfaction. This church contained many fine monuments. The tower was an admirable specimen of the Renaissance, surmounted by one pointed *flèche*, spitted with crowns and fantastic ornaments, like truffles on an *aguillette*.

Once, when the steeple of Our Lady was out of repair and likely to fall, Christian IV. ascended to the top, to see with his own eyes how the matter stood (no one else would), and later gave directions to the workmen how it should be fastened together and sustained with iron crampings. But now for the sad untimely fate of Our Lady's church. In 1807 three bombs from the hostile battery struck her graceful spire; the whole instantaneously fell with a crash, and the first knowledge of the mischief perpetrated was conveyed to the inhabitants by the shouts and hurrahs which rose—drowning even the roar of the cannon—from those remarkably mischievous specimens of humanity our British sailors.

There is wind enough in Copenhagen, Heaven knows! but at the corner of the Place by the Frue Kirke more than anywhere, and I will tell you why. The Devil and the Wind went out one day together, and when they came to the corner of this Place, said the Devil to the Wind, "Wait a little for me, for I have an errand in the Bishop's palace." He went in, but found himself so much at home he forgot to come out again; so the Wind is there still waiting for him.

The first idea of establishing the University of Copenhagen is to be attributed to King Erik the Pomeranian, perhaps at the suggestion of his Queen Philippa. Before this period the Danes studied at Paris, where they had especial colleges for their use. The required sanction was obtained from Pope Martin V., and the Archbishop of Lund, metropolitan, was desired to select a fitting site for its construction. Neither Erik nor his successor, King Christopher,

found time or leisure to follow up the idea, and its first inauguration took place in the reign of Christian I., on his return from a visit to Rome in 1474. The Pope then reigning at the Vatican, Sixtus, fourth of that name, renewed the permission. The papal city appears to have been much edified by the humility of the Danish monarch, as well as delighted by the rarity of his gifts, which consisted of dried herrings and codfish, both most valuable for Friday's consumption and the season of Lent, and of a quantity of ermine-skins, at that time most rare productions; indeed, two-thirds of the Holy Conclave were obliged to content themselves with *peau de chat*. The gifts were considered well chosen and acceptable, and Christian returned not only provided with leave to establish a University, but endowed with a "golden rose," a present from the Pontiff himself, to say nothing of numberless relics of inestimable value.

The inauguration of the University took place, with great pomp, in the Frue Kirke; the statutes were framed by the Archbishop of Lund; and crowds from Iceland, Norway, and North Germany, as well as Danes without number—bishops, professors, gentlemen, and even ladies, together with the king and queen—in the enthusiasm of the moment inscribed their names as students on the books of the new foundation. The University received protection from King John, as well as from King Christian II., who issued ordinances forbidding the nobles to educate their sons in foreign parts. At the time of the Reformation it fell into decay, and in the year 1538 was almost closed. Christian III., however, supported it, and aided by the counsels of Luther and Melancthon, reformed its statutes, and summoned to the country many celebrated professors, assigning sundry church-lands for their support; he also decided that for the future the Grand Chancellor of the kingdom should be styled "Protector" of the University.

The University enjoyed the favour of Christian IV., and to him the students owe, besides the lodgings of the Regenz, many pecuniary advantages. James I. of England, on his visit to the University, presented it with a silver cup, the melted remains of which, consumed by the before-mentioned fire of 1728, may still be seen in the Scandinavian Museum.

Without approaching too near—for the building itself is of brick, mutilated, tumbled down, degraded—let us gaze for one minute on the imposing tower of the church of St. Peter, completed in 1666, in the architecture, not very pure, of the existing period. It has, however, a merit of its own, and rises majestic with its cupola-shaped spire resting on massive golden balls. This church was sadly damaged during the bombardment of 1807, and many years elapsed before it was restored so far as to be available for use.

Having "lionised the interior of the city conscientiously," before we take our evening stroll along the ramparts let us indulge in a few calm, unprejudiced observations on the before-mentioned and often much-blamed "bombardment of the city of Copenhagen."

I have, of course, read the English account, and since my residence in Denmark have carefully studied the numerous pamphlets published at Copenhagen shortly after the event, as well as several of more recent date. I have no national prejudices on the subject: on the contrary, residing in the city itself, with *pleine et entière jouissance* of a cannon-ball—*triste souvenir*—inserted in the very masonry of the

house we inhabit, I almost feel as though bombarded myself.

Under the then existing circumstances, I cannot see how the English government could have acted otherwise. It was a painful necessity. They had received from the most reliable sources certain information that the Emperor Napoleon, about to occupy Holstein with his army, would, if once master of Zealand, seize the Danish fleet and employ it against our country for the invasion of Great Britain and Ireland. The demand made for the deposit of the Danish Fleet under our care until the conclusion of the war was peremptorily refused to Lords Gumbier and Cathcart: perhaps the terms in which it was made were somewhat galling to the spirit of Danish independence. They were, however, not only refused, but followed up at once by a proclamation on the part of Count Brockdorff, declaring the confiscation of British property, the annulment of debts due to British subjects, and forbidding, as illegal, all correspondence with them. This was not likely to mend matters.

Frederic, the Crown Prince—unlike his heroic ancestor King Frederic III., who, when advised to quit the besieged capital in 1659, replied, "I will remain and die in my nest"—demanded his passport and rejoined the royal family located at Kiel. Of the *corps diplomatique*, the French legation alone remained.

For my own part, I shall always believe that the Crown Prince, then Regent, sacrificed his capital to his own hopes of personal aggrandisement in the formation of a kingdom of Scandinavia. Strange to say, the inhabitants themselves, though threatened for three weeks, could never bring themselves to believe that the bombardment would take place. The first rocket thrown in the town killed a little girl, sitting working at her bedroom window; the second killed her mother, nursing her child at the street-door. These missiles seemed to have a particular spite against the female sex. Fires broke out in every direction; the conduct of the pompiers and fire-brigade was admirable, though few, very few, survived to tell the tale. On the second day the inhabitants fled to Christianshavn in the Island of Amak, 100 persons lodging in the same house; 305 houses were consumed by the flames, the cathedral was totally destroyed. Of the number of women, children, and the aged who fell victims to the power of our guns, without counting those who died in defending the city, I decline giving any account: the statistics vary, and are, we may hope, exaggerated. On the fourth day, at eleven o'clock, the capitulation of the city was signed by General Peymann, who was afterwards disgraced, deprived of his decorations, and dismissed the Danish service by the petulant Crown Prince, as a reward for his continued brave defence of the capital, and his humanity in preventing further loss of life, and its entire reduction to ashes by the cannon of the enemy—a capital, too, which the prince himself had deserted and left to undergo its fate, unsupported in its calamity by the presence of its actual sovereign, for Christian had long before sunk into a state of lunacy and mental aberration. Whatever may have been the conduct of the English Government, that of the Crown Prince tells—and will for ever tell—badly in the pages of modern history.

Permission must be obtained before visiting the Dockyard and Arsenal. The former is somewhat spacious for the size of the present navy, but there are

signs of improvement going on; a new dock of stone has been lately completed, capable of containing a man-of-war of the first magnitude, and now honoured by the occupation of a disabled Russian frigate. In comparison with the dockyards of England and France, there is, of course, little to be seen, but what there is is well arranged, and the work well executed. The Arsenal contains a large collection of guns, swords, cutlasses, ball-bats, &c., from the earliest ages, arranged in chronological order. The similarity of terms used in the two services cannot fail to interest the Englishman: the *jolle baad*—jolly-boat; *aare*—oar; *at ro*—to row; *om bord*—overboard; *mast*, &c.

High in the roof of a mysterious-looking edifice is preserved a collection of models of frigates, &c., from the earliest times downwards. Among them are two, hung with small faded gauds, constructed by the royal hands of King Christian IV. himself. Like the Czar Peter, he entered thoroughly into the mysteries of shipbuilding, and his navy profited by his knowledge of its technicalities.

We leave the Dockyard by the gate which leads to the separate town of Christianshavn, founded by Christian IV., on the Island of Amak. Christianshavn has a sad, deserted appearance—an air of having seen better days. Many of its houses have in their time been inhabited by people well to do in the world. The palace of the long since extinct Oriental company looks degraded and forlorn. It is built of red brick and white stone, and has some architectural pretensions. Christian IV. sent an expedition to the East Indies, under Ove Gjedde, a nobleman of ancient family. Gjedde negotiated with the King of Tanjore the cession of Tranquebar, where he built a citadel, and formed the only Danish settlement in the East. He returned, after three years' absence, with the treaty engraved upon plates of silver. The church of St. Saviour, designed by Christian IV., was completed during the reign of Christian V. It took three kings to build it. With its external spiral staircase, in the distance it looks well, but, once approached it, an uglier brick edifice, the tower excepted, can scarcely be conceived. The interior is vast and lofty; it contains a splendid organ, richly carved, supported by two elephants. The balustrade which surmounts the gilt-capped marble font is quaint in conception, supported by the white marble figures of small children, crying, laughing, praying—doing, indeed, almost everything that little children can do—and, unlike those of Thorwaldsen, most discreetly dressed. (*See* p. 789.)

The Island of Amak (Amager), on which we now stand, was, as you have, I dare say, heard, colonised in 1516 by Christian II., who established here a party of Dutch, hoping, by their example, to encourage the art of horticulture among his subjects. It has been styled with justice the *jardin pater* of Copenhagen; the inhabitants still retain the ancient costume as worn by their Friesland forefathers.

On Shrove Tuesday, up to the days of King Christian V., and may be later, the Court were accustomed to hold a carnival in the Island of Amak, disguising themselves in the habits of North Holland boors, with great trunk hose, short jackets, and large blue capes; the ladies in blue petticoats and odd head-dresses. Thus accoutred, they got up into common country waggons, in each a man before and a woman behind, and drove off to a farm-house in the island, and there danced to the sound of bagpipes and fiddles,

having first partaken of a country dinner off earthen platters and with wooden spoons, all etiquette being laid aside, and little regard paid to majesty or quality. At night they drove home by torchlight, and were entertained at the Comedy, and partook of a grand supper, spending the evening in the same habits, which they never put off till the next day.

Two bridges connect this island with the town of Copenhagen: one leads into the street before the Bourse. You should observe the arms of Christianshavn over the archway: a blue tower, three crowns, the cipher of King Christian, its founder, supported by two lions. The view from the canal on this side of the bridge is novel to the eye; you take the city from a different point, backwards. But we will cross over the second bridge, and so gain the ramparts, by which the whole city, including Christianshavn, is surrounded.

It is a pleasant stroll on a fine bright morning along the ramparts of the city, laid out with avenues, and commanding the adjacent country. If the weather is hot, you bend your course under the shade of the thick-planted trees; in colder weather, the sun is always there on the highest embankment, and the wind too, sometimes. Should you wish to prolong your walk by one third, take in each bastion within the compass of your promenade; you can measure your exercise by rule, and all without absenting yourself from the neighbourhood of the city. On each bastion stands a gigantic windmill, ever hard at work; for wind is not to be classed among the wants of Copenhagen: a broad ditch lies below, affording admirable skating in frosty weather, and drowning, too, when the ice is rotten. The country, though flat, is not ugly; the foreground is composed of water and wood, with the tall houses of the newly built suburbs in the distance, together with Norrebro church: all these objects combined remind you of an old Flemish landscape; and more so in the winter season, when the snow lies thick upon the ground and the ditch is frozen.

Concerning the construction of these ramparts there is told a story so horrible I can hardly give credit to its truth, but the Danes themselves relate it. It appears that the earth crumbled down, giving way as fast as the workmen built it up; the engineers themselves were at fault, so they determined to consult a wise woman, who declared the mounds would always continue sinking unless a living child was buried underneath. So they prepared a recess of brickwork under the ramparts, and decorated it gaily with evergreens and flowers, and placed therein a little table and chairs, with toys, and dolls, and sweetmeats, and a tree lighted with many little tapers; and having enticed a little girl of five years old, they clothed her in new garments, and brought her to the bower accompanied by a band of music; and whilst the child in her delight played with the dolls and toys, the masons quickly closed up the aperture with solid brickwork, and shovelled the earth over it: from that time the ramparts sunk no more.

In the engravings of Copenhagen, of the year 1587, the walls, machicolated and embellished with numberless round extinguisher-capped white towers, still existed. They now extend from the entrance to the harbour at Christianshavn opposite the Langa-linea, until they join the citadel on the other side of the town.

Within that heavy looking old red brick house, with massive stone window-cappings, reminding you of the Dutch architecture of William's day, once resided

Tyoto Brahe, the northern luminary of his century. This almost sole remaining house of historic interest in Copenhagen the Danes have shown the good taste not to destroy. It is converted into an almshouse for aged men and women. The building is now under repair, and is being considerably enlarged, in a style of architecture similar to the original construction. I did not visit the interior.

As we continue our ramble, the houses in the street below appear all windows. I defy the occupiers to wash and dress unseen, they are so overlooked from the heights above, and possess no retreat. Now comes the Rosenborg Slot, with its three weathercocks, which always point in different directions; sometimes, though rarely, a reconciliation is effected between two of them, but it is of short duration. Down the street to the right, at the corner of which stands the splendid barracks of the foot-guards, is a small low-built house, called "The Golden House," where in the days of King Frederic III., dwelt the king's alchemist, Burrlhi by name, as necessary an appendage to northern royalty of those days, as dwarf, court fool, or negro page.

We now approach the end of our stroll. Look on that little quartier, consisting of twelve streets of toy-box houses, ranged in symmetrical regularity, the domicile and *pépinière* of Denmark's navy, founded by Christian IV., who loved and protected his sailors. Since the reign of that monarch there they dwell, live, and flourish, as the crowds of small boys, fighting, wrestling, and playing in the Groulaudgade, to which we now descend, will fully testify.

VIII.

CASTLE OF ROSENBERG—THE HORN OF OLDENBORG—MARRIAGE CEREMONIALS OF CHRISTIAN II.—BANDS OF THE ARMED HAND AND GAUTER—TRIAL OF CHRISTINA MUNK—FUNERAL OF VIBEK—RISE AND FALL OF GRIFFENFELD—QUEEN LOUISA OF ENGLAND—JULIANA MARIA—FATE OF CAROLINE MATHILDA—HER PORTRAITS—TAPISTRY OF THE RIDDESSAAL—REGALIA—THE SILVER LIONS OF DENMARK.

THE Castle of Rosenborg (See p. 805), built by Christian IV., is of red brick and stone, in the style of Italian Renaissance, grafted on the ancient Gothic of Northern Europe. It is a fine specimen of the period, and is unspoiled by modern improvements either within or without. An idea generally prevails among the English that it was constructed after the designs of Inigo Jones, but of this there is no proof either by plan or record. It is certain that Inigo was attached to the person of Christian IV., who took him over to England on his celebrated visit to his brother-in-law, James I., and then introduced him to the notice of the English sovereign; but whether Inigo furnished the plan for Rosenborg is a point upon which the chroniclers of the time do not enlighten us. At the period of its construction the palace stood in the centre of spacious gardens, at a distance from the city. On the extension of the fortifications it became inclosed within the bastions, and is now, unfortunately, on the rampart side, obscured by ugly modern edifices, while a frightful guard-house, tacked on to the original gateway, disfigures the entrance. The jewels, miniatures, and portraits have been rearranged in chronological order, under the direction of Professor Worsaae, lately appointed warden of the castle. Rosenborg is now a deserted palace, a *folie commissum* and museum of the house of Oldenburg. In the last century it formed the first halting-place of the

king, who inhabited it for a fortnight in the early spring, previous to continuing the Royal progress to Frederiksborg and other residences.

You enter the palace by a long corridor, with richly wrought ceiling adorned with pendants, such as one sometimes meets with in the old country houses in England of the same or of a previous date.

Passing through the audience-chamber, empannelled with pictures by Dutch artists, you come to the room in which Christian IV. died—a room whose Cypherian decorations scandalised Wraxall when he visited the palace. In this and an adjoining cabinet are preserved the valuables of the sovereigns of anterior date, as well as those of the founder himself.

First on our list comes the celebrated horn of Oldenburg, the work of a German artist, Daniel Aretæus by name, a native of Corvey, in Westphalia, executed about the year 1455, by command of Christian I. whose intention it was, had he succeeded in his office of mediator between the Chapter of Cologne and the archbishop, to have presented it as a votive offering to the shrine of the Magi in that city. The negotiation failed, and the horn remained an heirloom to the house of Oldenburg, in the capital of which duchy it was preserved until its final removal to Copenhagen. It is an exquisite specimen of the goldsmith's art, of silver gilt, enriched with ornamentations in green and violet enamel, representing scenes illustrative of feudal domestic life in the fifteenth century. An ancient gold ring, enriched with a rough sapphire, once served as the nuptial ring of Elizabeth, daughter of Philip le Bel of Austria, wife of King Christian II., who certainly, independent of her unlucky lot, underwent as disagreeable an espousal as ever bride was fated to endure; for, on her arrival, Bishop Urne treated the assembly to so long a discourse, that the rain falling heavily—it lasted the greater part of the day—king, queen, and court got wet through, and all their fine clothes and feathers were spoiled. At the time of her coronation, too, Elizabeth was sick of a tertian ague, so she was crowned at home in the ante-chamber, where an impromptu altar was made with two chairs placed before and two behind. The ceremony, notwithstanding, appears to have been grand enough, and the banquet by which it was succeeded lasted four hours. As regards the *menus*, there were thirty-three dishes on table, five of which, however, were only made for show, not to be eaten.

Curious and rich are the specimens of the jewellery of Christian IV.'s period, especially two bracelets of gold, one enamelled, and set with rubies, at each joint engraved with the cipher of the monarch, surmounted by a crown; the other of equally beautiful workmanship, intermixed with plaited hair, once the property of Anne Catherine of Brandenburg, his queen. But it would be tedious to catalogue the jewelled mirrors, sacramental plate, toys and toilets in gold enamel, glyptic of rock crystal and other precious stones, the properties of these sovereigns. Among them you will observe some badges of the "Armed Hand," a mailed arm, in green enamel, enriched with diamonds—a decoration of great beauty, and one which Christian IV. gave only to his especial favourites. It is very rarely seen suspended round the neck even of the numerous worthies, or rather notabilities, for which his long reign was so remarkable. Here, too, are preserved the collar and linen, stained with blood, worn by King

Christian in the naval battle of Femern, in which he received twenty-three wounds, and lost his right eye; also the badges of the Garter of the various Danish sovereigns who have been invested with the order—the earliest, from its workmanship, I imagine to be that of King John, who received it from Henry VII.; likewise the robes of the order sent by Queen Elizabeth to Frederick II.—robes which he positively declined to put on, to the great scandal of her ambassador, Lord Willoughby.

In company with numerous likenesses of Christian IV. and his first queen is an interesting miniature of Kirstine or Christian Munk, to whom he wasmorganatically married in 1615, and by whom he had a numerous offspring; and in a small allegorical portrait of Christian, painted on wood by Van der Venne, you may see the whole family group complete, amongst whom appear Ulfeld and his wife Eleanor.

It was in the garden of Rosenborg that Christian first assembled his council, as well as his family, his mother-in-law, old Ellen Narsvîn, and the children of Christina herself, and made known to them the nineteen points on which he thought fit to accense Christina, Hannibal Sehested, his son-in-law, and Corfitz Ulfeld, who afterwards married his daughter Eleanor, the two best speakers of the day, were deputed as advocates, the latter for the defence, the former for King Christian. They grew so excited, that, ere long, both were engaged in a pitch battle before the Court-house. As for the proceedings and the accusation made before Christina's mother and her children, no historian has ever been able to make head or tail of it. Everybody spoke at the same time, and the continued exclamations of "Grandmamma," "Your Majesty," "Lady Ellen," interrupting each other, renders the whole affair a confusion; but, when the trial was over, Christina was found "Not guilty."

This acquittal did not, however, serve her much, for she was deprived of her rank of Countess of Slesvig-Holstein, no longer prayed for in the churches, and banished to an old manor-house in Jutland, where she was kept in a sort of imprisonment—iron bars to her windows—with orders for the future to style herself Mrs. Christina, of Boller.

One of the arguments brought up against King Christian at the trial by Corfitz Ulfeld was his connection with Vibeke Kruse, once tire-woman to Christina. From this period Christian lived entirely with Vibeke, who, though far from beautiful, won his sincere affection by her gentle qualities. No sooner, however, was the king dead, than the Munkites drove her out of the castle, and demanded that she should be charged with "calumny" against their mother; but we hear no more of her until, on the following 6th of May, appears an entry in the journal of Dr. Laurits Jacobsen, the king's confessor:—"This day was the Lady Vibeke's coffin interred in the church outside the north gate of the city." No grand funeral for her; though, in Dr. Matthisen's *Tegnebog*, I find good proof that no one plied this celebrated *Lüg prædixner* with better things than poor Vibeke. "Roe and red deer, carp and salmon, tens of apples, hams, large pike, pots of Rhine wine, wild geese, even to a 'stained ox,'" all which presents were gratefully received, but she died too late, and got no funeral sermon.

Among the effects of Frederic III.'s time—whose enamelled cipher brooches, with pendant pearls, are

well worthy of notice—are many miniatures of high interest, by an artist named Prieur, a painter of great merit. That of the sovereign himself, 1663, is of great beauty, as well as one of Charles II. of England and the Duchess of Cleveland. Further on, somewhat in the back ground—as she deserves to be—in a corner, sneaks Mrs. Sophia Moth, mistress of Christian V., the only portrait of her, I believe, extant—a fair-haired, insipid beauty, and one whose fame is not free from reproach, for her share in the fall of Griffenfeld. She received, so declare the scandal-mongers of the day, sundry sacks of gold as bribes to use her influence with her sovereign in compassing the overthrow of a minister to whom Denmark owed much. Daughter of the royal physician, she was created Countess of Samsø, and was mother of two Gyldenloves, of whom all historians speak well. Molesworth says “The young gentlemen are handsome and hopeful, and looked upon as necessary ornaments to the crown.” On these children Christian V. conferred certain privileges, giving to them and their descendants the title of Excellency, as well as precedence over the rest of the nobility, with an extra fleuron on their coronets, and permission to wear the scarlet liveries, which put the nobles in a passion if it did nothing else.

In an adjoining room is the portrait of Christian V., embroidered in silk by Eleanor Ulfeld during her rigorous captivity at Copenhagen in the Blatarn, or Blue Tower; around the portrait is worked the following inscription in Danish verse:—“Behold here a king of angelic mind, who governs his people and his country in virtue and piety; behold a great monarch, whose head is worthy to wear for a thousand years all the crowns of the universe.” A sly flattery! but, like the starling, she “could not get out.”

A miniature of Queen Anne of England and her husband Prince George deserves notice. The portrait of Anne, a gem of beauty, fat fair and pretty, with pouting lips and lazy eye, in all the freshness of early youth, gives promise of an indolent disposition easily led. She could be peevish, too, at times. Prince George, admirably wigged, a thorough gentleman; I believe few people have an idea how very handsome Prince George was in his youth—handsome as an animal, with no expression or intellect depicted in his countenance.

Lastly, the enamelled portrait of Griffenfeld, the celebrated minister, by whose advice Christian V. created the titled nobility, to console the old families for the loss of their feudal rights—a very wise *comp d'etat* on his part, for fearfully were the earlier sovereigns trammelled by the arrogance of their nobles; but, like all reformers, Griffenfeld became unpopular, and his ruin was soon compassed.

His rise, as always occurred in those ages of necromancy, was foretold by an old woman when he was a child in his nurse's arms:—“You hold a golden apple in your hand, my son; take good care not to let it fall.” After the death of his father he was taken into the house of Bishop Brochmand, who presented him to King Frederic IV., by whom he was given a pension of 360 dollars to travel. He visited England, and became so esteemed by the learned, that his portrait was placed in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where he pursued his studies—“not an uncommon event in those days,” says Molesworth. On his return, he became secretary to Vice-Chancellor Wind. One day, having a letter to deliver to the king's page, he

desired to speak with the king himself, and, having succeeded, told Christian his history, and from that day his fortune was made. By his talents he rose to the highest offices in the state, and possessed the entire confidence of the king.

Louis XIV., in speaking of Griffenfeld to the Danish ambassador, is reported to have said,—“I cannot refrain from testifying the great esteem in which I hold the great Chancellor of the Danish kingdom, whom I look upon as one of the greatest ministers of Europe.” Griffenfeld made the ancient nobles feel his power, and they formed a plot against him, at the head of which was Sophia Moth. The weak king was gained by the conspirators, and Griffenfeld was arrested on unfounded charges. One of the accusations brought against him was that of having endeavoured to get created an English peer. His defence was admirable, but his doom was already sealed; he was condemned to first lose his hand, be decapitated, and broken on the wheel.

The sentence was ordered to be carried into execution on the 11th of June. Griffenfeld lost none of his courage, but received the sacrament. Everything was done to make him feel uncomfortable; in the evening his grave-clothes were brought to the prison, and the following morning his coffin, the outside of which was covered with pitch, and the inside with cotton. When he had tied up his hair (or rather taken off his wig) his escutcheon was broken to pieces by the executioner, who exclaimed, “This is not without cause, but for your bad deeds;” whereupon he replied without hesitation, “What the king has given me he has now taken away.” When he had finished praying and given a sign to the executioner to cut off his head, the general adjutant cried out, “Stop! his Majesty, in his mercy, spares his life;” to which Griffenfeld replied, “The mercy is more cruel than the punishment: I have not escaped death, except for a more cruel fate;” and he begged later, through the medium of Count Schack, to enlist as a common soldier. He died at Tronyum, where he had been removed from the castle of Munkholm on account of his serious illness, after a rigorous imprisonment of twenty-one years. His and Cry representations, by Hunsmann, of the execution of the “once Count Griffenfeld, now Peter Schunneher,” were not wanting, and I have seen several preserved among the Müller collection of engravings in the Royal Library. The ex-minister is certainly not represented to advantage—kneeling without his wig before the block, in presence of his executioner, Lutheran priest, and coffin: a look of pleasure is depicted on the face of the bystanders. Above the vignette stands a medallion portrait of the criminal, with the doggerel,—

“With him his Fortune played as with a ball,
She first tossed him up, and now she lets him fall.”

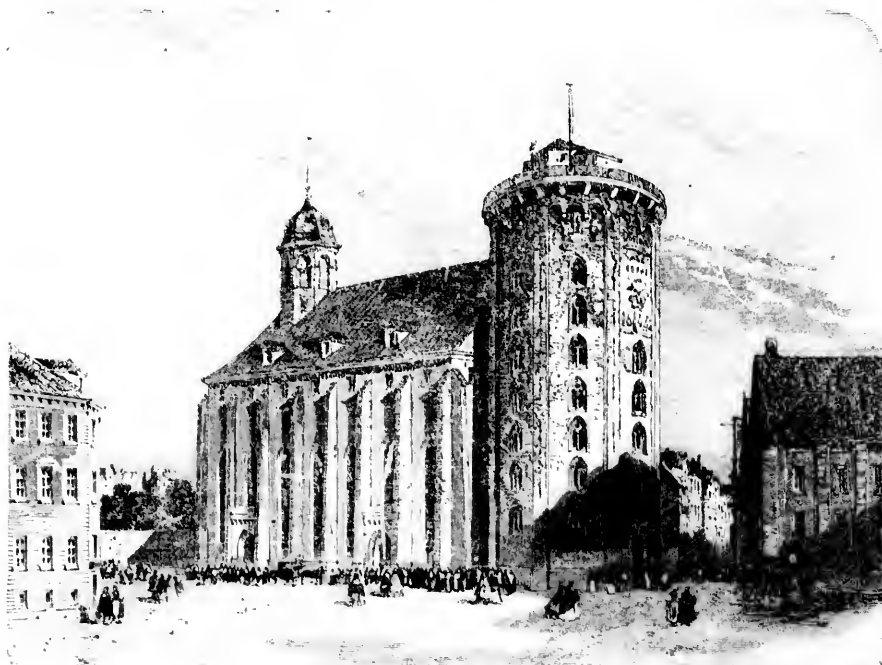
The king missed his talented minister, and one day said at a cabinet council, “Griffenfeld alone knew better what served to the wants of the state than my whole cabinet.”

The objects of the time of Frederick IV., though beautiful, are chiefly of local interest: compliments from sovereign to elector, from emperor to monarch; pistols from Louis XIV., swords from Charles XII. of Sweden; added to which is the celebrated collection of Murano glass presented to Frederic by the republic of Venice, and brought by him from Italy. There are also fine specimens of the engraved German glass.

The golden mounted ruby beakers are of exquisite beauty. In a small picture commemorative of the coronation of this monarch is represented a negro boy holding by a chain a huge mastiff, the king's favourite dog. It is related that the page had orders to hold the animal during the ceremony; but, dazzled by the splendour of the scene, he stared around forgetful of his charge: suddenly, at the moment when the primate was about to place the crown upon the brow of the king, the dog, fancying some mischief was intended to his master, sprang from his keeper, and to the consternation of those present rushed to the throne, and, placing his fore paws on the knees of the sovereign, growled defiance to all the court, displaying his sharp white

teeth ready to devour the bishop at the first movement made to continue the ceremony; it required the authority of the king himself to pacify the mastiff, and to induce the officials to proceed with the coronation.

And now with Frederic V. commences an era of peculiar interest to England and the English visitors. The portrait of this monarch we have already commented upon in the halls of the Academy of Soro; but here side by side he hangs with his first queen, Louisa, daughter of George II. of England. Of a noble presence, *nez en l'air*, her head thrown back, her portrait is the *ne plus ultra* of regal dignity; conscious of her birth, as a daughter of England should be, conscious of her beauty as a woman, and perhaps of the admiration



ROUND TOWER, COPENHAGEN.

she could never fail to command, she stands, beautiful, beneficent in expression, void of all Russian *hauteur* and German *morose*. I returned twice to gaze upon this portrait, and felt proud to see a princess of our royal stock stand out as a constellation among the coarser specimens of German royalty. "She was as good as she was beautiful," observed the custodian: "even now, and she died in 1757, the peasants will still relate to you anecdotes of her goodness. She gave ten thousand crowns annually out of her pin-money in pensions alone. And to think by what a bad woman she was replaced! It was a sad day for Denmark when she died." There are in my souvenirs of Queen Louisa, besides two snuff-boxes with her miniature painted on a purple ground. She devoted much of her leisure hours to the occu-

pation of turning and carving in ivory, of which are here preserved many specimens.

We now turn to the successor of our English princess, Juliana Maria of Brunswick, married to Frederic V. the year after the death of his former queen. In countenance somewhat handsome (and I have seen other portraits far more flattering than that of Rosenberg), an expression villanous, of a bad beauty, fine bust, and well rounded arm, a want of shade about her face, she appears a woman capable of fascinating any man around whom she spreads her toils—for heart she had none—and driving him to perdition in this world and the next; dangerous she looks, and dangerous she proved herself to be. Juliana held no place in her husband's affections.

The story of the intrigues by which she compassed the ruin of our English princess Queen Caroline Matilda, and organised the plot which terminated in the death of Struensee, are too well known to require repetition. But I will quote the account given by Wrexall in his memoirs, 1775, in which year he visited Copenhagen:—

"One night, at a grand ball at the palace, the queen, after dancing as usual one country-dance with the king, gave her hand to Struensee for the remainder of the evening; at two o'clock in the morning she retired, followed by him and Count Brandt. The queen dowager, and her son Prince Frederic, hastened to the king's private chamber, where he was already in bed: they knelt down beside him and implored him to save himself and Denmark from impending destruction, by ordering the arrest of those they termed the authors of it. The half-imbecile king at first was most unwilling. Count Rantzau came to the door of her Majesty and knocked; a woman of the bed-chamber was ordered to awake the queen and inform her she was arrested. Caroline, seizing the infant Princess Louise in her arms, endeavoured to gain the king's apartment, but without success; she was then hurried into a carriage half undressed, and confined like a state prisoner in the castle of Kronborg, from which she was released by the argument of a strong fleet sent from England."

From this period all good feeling between the courts of England and Denmark ended, the bombardment of Copenhagen in later days tending little to restore the cordiality between the two countries, who for so many centuries had been bound together by the strongest ties of family alliance.

I find, d. 7. July, 1771, a memorial from Peter Als to Struensee, concerning a portrait to be painted of Queen Caroline Matilda, with the Prince Royal on her knees, for the Duke of Gloucester. Als begs to know in what the first designs displeased, and suggests to paint her either as a goddess or Amazon, or else in the style of Vandyke, or in the gala costume of the day. The last was adopted, and the picture, a small full-length, is in the Royal Collection at Copenhagen. The Duke of Gloucester, on his visit, gave the queen unpalatable advice, and the portrait was never sent. Als also mentions having painted a picture of the queen the same year, which she gave as a present to Count Rantzau, who subsequently arrested her.

At the conflagration of the palace of Christiansborg in 1795, eight different portraits of Caroline Matilda, by Angelica Kauffman and other artists, were consumed. At the period of her disgrace they were removed from the state apartments of the palace to a lumber chamber in the upper story, and there perished in the flames.

But we must visit the Riddersaal, with its richly decorated ceiling and its ancient tapestry, the work of the brothers Van der Eiken. This tapestry, which was made at Kiege, five miles Danish distant from Copenhagen, about the year 1690, represents the victories of Christian V.: it is of admirable execution,¹

¹ Relative to the tapestry manufacture of Denmark, we give the following extract from Fuller:—"The making of tapestry was either unknown or unused in England till about the end of the reign of King James, when he gave two thousand pounds to Sir Francis Crane to build therewith an house at Moreclark for that purpose. Here they only imitated old patterns, until they had procured one Francis Klein, a German to be their designer.

In front of the throne stand the coronation chairs of the king and queen, placed under a chas; that of the king is formed of the ivory of the narwal. It was constructed by order of Christian IV., and was first used at the coronation of Prince Christian (called V.), elected to the throne during the lifetime of his father, who survived him.

Within this castle of Rosenborg is contained the regalia of the country, among which appear brilliant and dazzling the jewels of Queen Matilda; she bequeathed them to the country with whose money they had been purchased.

The crown of Christian IV., by Thomas Finren of Odense, of gold enamel and jewels, is perhaps the finest specimen of the goldsmith's art in the seventeenth century now extant. It is no longer used, being that of an elected sovereign, open. The crown of Christian V., first hereditary monarch, very inferior as a work of art, is closed. His queen, not being of the Lutheran persuasion, could not by law be crowned Queen of Denmark: the queen's crown is of Maddena's time. The sceptre is of exquisite workmanship.

Arranged around, stand, or rather crawl, the three colossal silver lions of Denmark. These royal quadrupeds, like our own beo-beaters, form part and parcel of all regal ceremonies, joyous or lugubrious. They emigrate to the cathedral church of Roskilde and accompany the deceased sovereign to his last resting-place, and again appear at Frederiksberg at the coronation of his successor.

IX.

ENVIRONS OF COPENHAGEN—BATHS OF MARIENLYST—RECRUITING FOREIGN FAHS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—ELSBORG—THE SO-CALLED HAMLET'S TOMB—THE HAMMER-MILLS—GRAVE OF A SCANDINAVIAN DOG.

A URGENT sun and a frosty morning in January induced us to visit the Palace of Frederiksberg, two miles distant from Copenhagen. January is not the month usually selected for roaming through uninhabited houses; but I was anxious to see a portrait of Sophia Madalena, Queen of Sweden, of which Her Majesty the Queen Dowager had spoken to me. How bright the country looks on a fine frosty morning! how bracing the air! It is quite refreshing to quit the city. We passed by

This Francis Klein was born at Rostock, but bred in the Court of the King of Denmark at Copenhagen. To improve his skill he travelled into Italy, and lived at Venice, and became first known to Sir Henry Wootton, who was the English Lieger there. Indeed there is a stiff contest between the Dutch and Italians which should exceed in this mystery; and therefore Klein endeavoured to unite their perfections. After his return to Denmark he was invited thence into England by Prince Charles, a virtuoso, judicious in all liberal mechanical arts which proceeded in due proportion. And though Klein chanced to come over in his absence (being then in Spain), yet King James gave order for his entertainment, allowing him liberal accommodations; and sent him back to the King of Denmark with a letter which, for the form thereof, I conceive not unworthy to be inserted, transcribing it with my own hand as followeth, out of a copy compared with the original! We spare the reader his Majesty's Latin epistle. "I perceive that princes when writing to princes subscribe their names, and generally superscribe them to subjects. But the King of Denmark detained him all that summer (none willingly part with a jewel) to perfect a piece which he had begun for him before. This ended, then over he comes, and settled with his family in London, where he received a gratuity of one hundred pounds per annum, well paid him until the beginning of our civil wars. And now fervet opus of tapestry at Moreclark, his designing being the soul, as the working is the body of that mystery."—Fuller's *Worthies* p. 353.

the square reservoirs of the water company, now firmly frozen over, where myriads of small boys in sabots, with satchels on back, were diverting themselves with the pastime of sliding (I trust not on their way to school). We then zigzagged off into a cross road, turned off by a butcher's shop—slagter-mester in Danish. He lives next door to the carrier, who announces to the public how daily he conveys "parcellan" of all sorts to and from the town. Near the gate of the palace gardens stands an admirably-executed statue of Frederic VI., the most popular and most beloved monarch that ever sat on the Danish throne. It is said to be an excellent likeness, in the frock-coat, semi-military, in which he walked and talked daily in that very locality—a residence he much loved. The palace is well placed, and commands a splendid view of Copenhagen and its environs. Frederiksberg contains little to repay you for the trouble of wandering through dismantled rooms, beyond a portrait of the late Queen Dowager by Juel, and the full-length of the Queen of Sweden, by I know not whom. Whatever be the fate of Frederiksberg, be it inhabited again by some future sovereign, or converted into a public museum, the government are wrong to allow it to fall into decay. I was shocked to see the fine stucco ceilings, gems of their kind, falling down from sheer neglect. They can never be replaced, and are fine specimens of the handiwork of an earlier century. The woods around the palace are charming, even at this season. The woodcutters were hard at work, thinning and carting away the trees, near the little Norwegian hut and bridge. There was life and freshness in the scene. Frederiksberg was built by Frederic IV., when Prince Royal. The pheasantry and *fanconnerie*, for which the king received yearly supplies of birds from England, from his uncle, Prince George of Denmark, has long since disappeared.

The environs of Copenhagen are beautiful; and the drives to the Deer-park, where in summer-time a fair is held, and the so-called Hermitage of Madalena, well repay the trouble. Frederiksdal on the lake, and Lyngby, with its palace of Sorgenfri, the residence of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager; the forest of Jægersborg; Charlottenlund, where the fireworks blaze of a summer's eve; the bathing-place of Klampenborg, on the Sound—all form agreeable promenades on an idle day; but there is nothing more to say about them. Blue fresh or blue salt water (as the case may be), beech-trees, deer, a villa residence—when you have described one, you have said all that is or can be said about them. But the neighbourhood of Lyngby is a Vale of Tempe, and in early May the market-women come into town bearing baskets loaded with the lilac-flowers of the *primula farinosa*, mounted into little nosegays. The steamer to Elsinore will leave you at Bellevue, from which you may visit in a carriage the prettiest sites in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen.

Flytte-dag has at length arrived, and to-day we leave our apartments in the Amaliegade, according to law, clean swept and garnished. It's an awful affair quitting Copenhagen. For the last three days cartloads of furniture have been carried off in succession, gradually reducing us to the strict *nécessaire* of chairs and bedstead (I myself retired at once in dignity to my old quarters at the "Royal"). We are, however, at last under way, and embark on board the fast steamboat *Horatio*, which in two hours' time lands us at our destination.

We are now completely established at Marienlyst;

if the truth be told, but where to go at this season of the year becomes a puzzler. Too early to travel, heartily tired of Copenhagen, we were glad of a change, and spring is sure to come some time or other. I must now give you some description of our present abode, which is situated at a half-hour's distance from the town of Elsinore. The house is of considerable architectural pretensions, built what the French call *à mi-côte*, or, in plain, intelligible English, half-way up the hill, overhung and surrounded by luxuriant woods. The garden in front, with its avenue of clipped limes, forms the public promenade of the natives. Beyond, from our window, we gaze on the dark blue waters of the Sound, ever gay with its numberless shipping, frigates, steamers, and merchantmen. Old Kronborg stands isolated, with her picturesque irregular towers, and the coasts of Sweden appear scarcely at a stone's throw; the Kullen hills in the distance; the rival town of Helsingborg, with her massive square watch tower, looks poor and mean, quite cut out by the frowning turrets of her Danish sister.

Marienlyst boasts of a certain historic interest, particularly to us English, for here was founded, early in the fifteenth century, a Carmelite cloister by our English princess Queen Philippa, of whom the Danes think so much, and of whom we, her countrymen, know so little. Then came the Reformation; monks and nuns were swept away, and the convent and its possessions fell to the Crown of Denmark. The site was charming, and later Frederic IV. here constructed an Italian villa, where he resided in the summer season. From him it passed into the possession of the Counts Moltke, and again became royal property and a dower appanage of Queen Juliana Maria, from whose second name it derives its present appellation.

Yes, from these very windows Juliana, in her joy and bitterness, may have gazed on the prison of her victim Queen Caroline Matilda, and triumphed at the success of her intrigue.

Well, Juliana died; Marienlyst still continued royal property, but was deserted. Apartments were granted therein to various dowagers, directors of the Sound dues, &c., until the year 1850, when the present king determined to convert it into a sort of Chelsea Hospital for soldiers mutilated during the war. This idea was, however, never carried out; the invalids preferred residing in their own houses, and the property, with its adjoining woods, was then purchased by the town of Elsinore, who have relet it on a lease of ninety-nine years to its present proprietor, Mr. Nathansen. The establishment opens on the 1st of June, so we are sure of a month's quiet at any rate. The bathing here is excellent, and I have no doubt, when more known (for it is now in its infancy), Marienlyst will become one of the most favourite watering-places of Northern Europe.

We inhabit the *premier*. The *bel étage*—not according to rule, but on account of the view—is on our second; a suite of apartments richly painted and decorated in the style of the last century; medallions of Frederic and Juliana surmount the mirrors—he in all the pride *d'une beauté insolente*, she so handsome you could almost pardon her wickedness in her later days. Here are the dining, reading-rooms, and restaurant. Views of Venice, not quite Canaletti, adorn the walls—pleasant to look upon as old acquaintances, not as works of art. The view from the windows is glorious,

and (the palace being built *à mi-côte*) you walk out from thence across a wooden bridge straight into the woods above. On our staircase stand two large white glazed Fayence busts of Christian VI. and his son Frederic V., in all the glory of elephants and periwigs—good-natured faces, with the *front fuyant* so remarkable among all monarchs from the commencement of the eighteenth century. Look at the Bourbons, the Austrians, George III., and now the house of Oldenborg—all alike. The forehead recedes, giving an *air montonnier* to their majesties. How is this to be accounted for? Christian IV. and his son have intellectual faces; Louis XIII. and XIV. are not wanting. The Stuarts have foreheads straight and broad enough to contain the well-known hereditary obstinacy of their race. Unless the nurses of that century indulged in some peculiar bandaging or manipulation of the infant head, like that which exists among certain tribes of the Red Indians, this formation can only be attributed to the weight of the pigtails attached to the wigs by which their youthful heads were disfigured. Be this the reason or not, when pigtails went out foreheads came in again, as we may see by their descendants the monarchs of the present century.

We mount *au second*. A door leads you direct into the woods, now carpeted with the flowers of the gull fugs milk (yellow bird's milk), and terraces by which the palace is dominated; charming retreats in summer season, where you may enjoy those two luxuries so seldom found combined—shade, and the fresh, bracing sea air. You turn to the right, and before passing through the open gate which leads into the forest find yourself in front of a raised mound, once surmounted by a cross (partly fallen), the so-called "Hamlet's Tomb;" no more his place of sepulture than that of Jupiter. Indeed, its origin dates from within the last thirty years. Hans Andersen assured me that, when he was a scholar at Elsinore, it existed not. In the good old times, when the Sound duties still were, and myriads of ships of all nations stopped at Elsinore to pay their dues and be plundered by the inhabitants, each fresh English sailor, on his first arrival, demanded to be conducted to the tomb of Hamlet. Now, on the outside of the town, by the Strand Vei, in the garden of a resident merchant, stood and still stands a hoar or barrow, one of the twenty thousand which are scattered so plentifully over the Danish dominions. This barrow, to the great annoyance of its possessor, was settled upon as a fit resting-place for Shakspeare's hero. Worried and tormented by the numerous visitors, who allowed him no peace, he, at his own expense, erected this monument in the public garden of the Marienlyst, caused it to be surmounted by a cross and a half-erased inscription, fixing the date of Hamlet's death the 32nd of October, old style, the year a blank. Admirably, too, it succeeded. The British public were content, and the worthy merchant allowed to smoke his pipe in peace under the grateful shade of his charmille.

It is, however, most singularly disagreeable to have now, at the eleventh hour, one's feelings wounded, one's illusions upset, and to be told suddenly how Hamlet, instead of being a "beautiful Danish prince," in "black velvet and bugles," and dying at Elsinore, was nothing but a Jutland pirate, son of a ruffishing "smaa konge" of the Isle of Mors, in the Linnfiorde. It is all of a piece with Hamibal not melting the Alps with vinegar—an historical fact pooh-poohed by those learned in chemistry of the present century. But I

hope to tell you more of Hamlet hereafter, when we again visit Jutland.

The monks of the convent of Marienlyst distinguished themselves greatly at the period of the Reformation, especially one Paul Eliassen, commonly called "Turu-coat." He was nobody then, but later was made Protestant Professor of Theology in Copenhagen. Another monk, Franz Wormorsen, became the first Protestant preacher in Scania—Skaane the Danes write it—much to the credit of Marienlyst, for she was but a poor convent.

Afterwards, within the domain of the monastery hard by was founded a hospital for foreign seamen, and in the days of Christian IV. our garden was known by the appellation of "Kronborg's Lundehave," and here the king possessed a "lyst" house, where he loved to pass his leisure hours and drink his wine in company with Mrs. Karen Andersdatter, whose son, Hans Ulrik, one of the Gyldenloves—a distinguished man—became later governor of the castle. As for poor Karen, she grew bleary-eyed, had to wear spectacles; so the king married her off to a parson. You will see her portrait at Rosenborg—not the lady with pearls in her hair; she is another, Kirsten Madsdatter, who died suddenly while sitting at a looking-glass, braiding those very ornaments among her golden tresses. An awful warning to bad Qvindfolk and others.

Christian IV., in his journal of May 5th, 1629, notes down: "J Christian IV. went from Frederiksberg to Kronborg. A little boy opened the door by the chimney of the kitchen, out in the garden-house (Kronborg Lundehave); and when I sent to see who was there, there was nobody." Not very alarming, but he was always seeing visions. Here, too, he made his "cure," and took his powder for "epileptic fits." Not that he suffered from them more than you or I. He got drunk, tumbled down like his neighbours, and on his recovery declared it was "epilepsy." No one contradicted His Majesty: it was not etiquette: so he believed it and betook himself to powders,—powders composed of "scrunched malefactors' skulls," mingled with some bygone nostrum: the greater the villain, he he hanged or decapitated, the more efficacious the remedy.

Capital punishment still exists in Denmark: none of your new-fangled philanthropic guillotines, but decapitation, as in days of yore, by sword and block; and now, even in the present century, when an execution takes place either in the Island of Amak or Moen, the epileptic stand around the scaffold in crowds, cup in hand, ready to quaff the red blood as it flows from the still quivering body of the malefactor.

Along the coast extends for miles a beechen forest with walks cut out for the delectation of the visitors: no underwood—a shady canopy overhead, under which the exhilarating sea-air circulates. The beech are now leafless, but the ground is carpeted with green mosses, through which pierce the delicate flowers of the snowy wood-sorrel with its trefoil-leaf, and the wood anemone, its petals varying from rose to white; in the marshy parts below we find the golden heste-hov (horse's-hoof), lumba blom, frasers serk (our lady's smock), and the flak-tjerne; the pale green leaves of the lily of the valley and the convul have already protruded themselves, but shiver and tremble in the blast as though they had acted unwisely; the cowslips (koedriver, cow-driver, as they here call them) and the oxlips—shame on them for their effeminacy!—tuck their blossoms sturdily under their stalks within their

coronal of leaves, determined to bide their time and not be caught committing any imprudence.

"Visit the Hammer-mills," said Hans Andersen; "it is a charming walk." And who is a better judge of what is picturesque than Hans Andersen? one of nature's poets; none of your taught admirers of the beautiful, blessed or rather cursed with an artistic eye; a bore to everybody. We were not destined to arrive there on our first attempt: we passed the glass manufactory on the sea-shore—very black it looked, with its smoke curling languidly in the clear atmosphere—and then turned off to gain the road. The beech-masts had sown themselves, and were springing up in thousands; and here we met two unlucky pigs, tethered in the forest, left to cater for themselves, as though in October: poor wretches! they ran up, evidently very hungry, as soon as they saw us, grunting their complaints most energetically. In this wood you will find a little dog's cemetery—small mounds of earth and heaps of stone, such as a Scandinavian dog should lie under. Danish ladies are apt to be sentimental, but in a *ménagère* fashion, as the following anecdote will show. One day, observing a small tombstone in the Botanical Garden—erected to the memory of a lapdog by a lady of rank, said the gardener—I knelt down and deciphered the inscription, which ran thus:—

"Here lies Giordano, a faithful friend,
Born at Rome in the 7th year of Pius VI.'s pontificate,
Died at Copenhagen in that remarkable winter when
sugar was sold at 45 sk. the pound.

Requiescat in pace."

We were attracted by a pine wood to the left; it was not the direct road, but womankind was sure we could get round somehow; and so we did, and lost our way, and after some two hours' walking found ourselves near where we had set out, so gave up the Hammer-mills: but it was very beautiful—the forest diversified by mysterious dark blue lakes, full of fish they say; somehow I should not like to bathe in their waters; they have a tarn-ish look, as though occupied by gigantic efts, and all sorts of abominations, such as one sees in Italian apothecaries' shops and necromancers' houses in the theatre. We come across no deer, no game. Before the year '50 these forests abounded with stags, chevrouil, hares, &c.; now there are only foxes. These they shoot. Each year his Majesty gives a grand battue, and invites the foreign ministers accredited at his Court to assist at the execution. Last autumn the English Minister carried away the palm before all competitors—shot more foxes than anybody. "*C'est évident.*" said the Danes, "*il est tellement habitué chez lui.*"

Our walk to the Hammer-mills and the village of Hellebæk did, however, come off two days later, and well it repaid our trouble. Suddenly among the rich woodland scenery you come on a little village, with turning water-mills, gardens, and homesteads of almost Dutch neatness. This is the German colony—the congregation of St. Mary's—established by the celebrated Count Schimmelmann, in the last century, for the manufacture of arms.

The village of Hellebæk extends along the sea-shore. A miraculous draught of fishes had been taken two nights before in the nets, every garden, every piece of waste ground, was hung with cod and flounders, split up, drying in the sun. In each cottage window blossom splendid tree carnations; the *rose de la Hollande* and the *Ardoisée*, one mass of flowers. We re-

turned by the sea-shore, and found the fluffy blue anemone—the "spring cow-bell," as it is here called—growing in the sea sand.

As we strolled through the woods, the voice of the cuckoo rang shrilly through the air, entirely, too, devoid of Danish accent. Many naturalists declare that the notes of the singing-birds differ according to the climate, in which they dwell. Perhaps I am Lard of hearing, for I have never yet found it out.

X.

THE TOWN OF ELSINORE—TOMB OF DYVEKE—HOLGER DANER'S SPECTACLES—THE CASTLE OF KRONBORG—THE GREEN BONE—ANECDOTE OF A STORK.

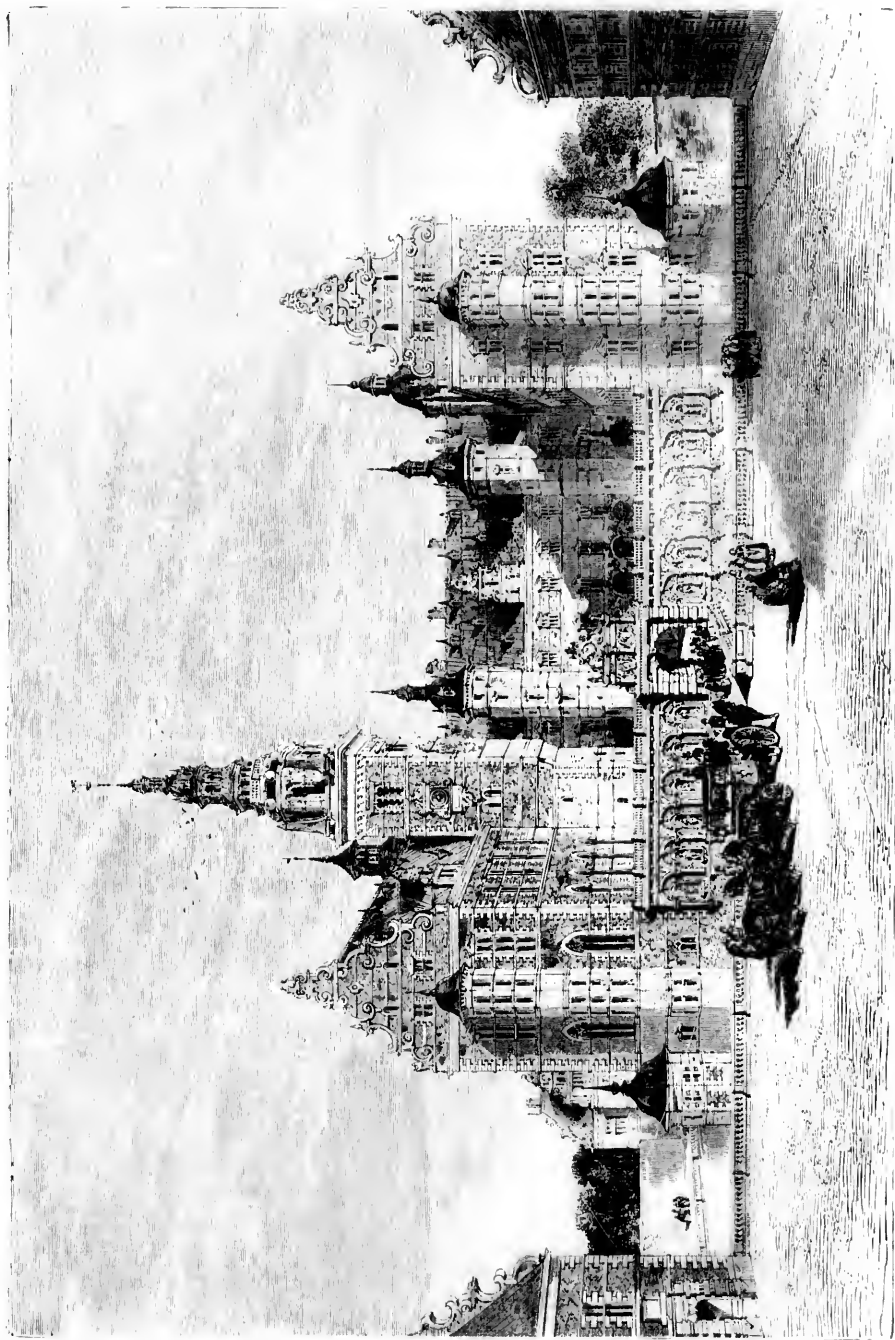
We have this morning lionised the town of Elsinore. It boasts of nothing remarkable; its streets are narrow; the long, low, many-windowed houses are of respectable appearance; many spacious, boasting an air of better days. On the whole, it reminds one of some old rotten borough, once a stronghold of corruption, now deprived of its iniquitous corporation, fallen from its high estate. The lately built Rådhus is a building of considerable pretension, modelled on the red brick Gothic peculiar to these northern climes—a most creditable edifice, but (there is always a but) badly placed in the centre of a long street, half concealed by the adjoining houses. Its construction was a regular job; one side of the neighbouring square was offered to the authorities for a trifling sum; the proposition was, however, negatived by the chief magistrate of the place,—"It would be too far removed from his own dwelling; he had become fat and unwieldy, and could not bear moving."

Elsinore possesses two churches, both of great antiquity, of red brick, well proportioned, but externally fearfully degraded. That of St. Olaf once piqued itself on its spire, which was blown down, in 1737, during a hurricane, which seems to have sent half the church-steeple in Denmark toppling over like ninepins; either the hurricane was very violent, or the spires badly built.

The interior is rich in carved and gilded altarpiece and ornaments of papistic times. Then there is the epitaphium of somebody who saved Denmark from the Swedes—so said the custode; but when I heard who it was from, I no longer troubled myself about it. Denmark was always being saved from the Swedes—quite an every-day occurrence. In the adjoining cloister-church of St. Mary lies, or rather once lay, interred Dyveke, the celebrated favourite of King Christian II.

Some historians relate that Dyveke died at Elsinore, otherwise it seems a strange place to have selected for her sepulture, when we consider the way in which her mother, Sigbrit, had treated the inhabitants of this city. Dyveke, from all accounts, was much too simple-minded a girl to think of bequeathing her body to be buried anywhere.

The walks in the neighbourhood of Elsinore are charming, particularly that along the Strandvej, by the shore of the Sound—a succession of country houses and fishing villages, and well-kept gardens bright with flowers: they have a well-to-do prosperous air, as everything has in Denmark. An hour's walk brings you to a maisonette called Dahlsborg, beyond which you turn to enter the forest of Egelbæksvang, a favourite summer drive of the Elsinorians.



CASTLE OF FREDERIKSBORG.

4

A ten minutes' walk, avoiding all dusty roads, across the common or waste land which runs down to the sea-shore—in England it would have been the paradise of geese, cricketers, and donkeys, but here it is deserted, except by the sharpshooters, who kept up a cross-fire, practising at their targets from eight o'clock till six of an evening—brings us to the castle of Kronborg. (See p. 769.) The road lies between two dirty stagnant ponds, dignified by the appellation of Holger Danske's Spectacles: if they fitted his face, he must have had one eye considerably larger than the other.

We pass the drawbridge and enter the second gate of the castle. Verses in the Danish tongue by the Scotchman, Bishop Kingo, and the more illustrious pen of Tycho Brahe, adorn the portals and celebrate the erection of the buildings. There is one thing sure in the world—monarchs never allowed their good works to be hid in secret: on every side you see inscriptions, in letters of gold, announcing how Christian V. restored this, and Frederic IV. whitewashed that. But I must give you some account of the history of the castle.

There is no doubt but, from the earliest period of history, a castle of some kind, built for the protection of the Sound, existed on the site or near where Kronborg now stands. In the year 1238 the preceding fortress of Flynderberg—situated at the other end of the town, near the Strandvei, named after the founders, of which quantities are taken in front of the batteries—was in a state of excellent repair. This fortress being found unsuited to the exigencies of the times, King Frederic II. determined to rebuild it on a scale of unprecedented grandeur: the whole of the expenses were to be discharged from his privy purse, and the building was to cost his subjects "not one penny." This was more easy of execution to Frederic, first crowned Protestant sovereign of Denmark, than it would have proved to later monarchs. He had made a good haul of suppressed monasteries, church lands, plate and treasure—was flush of money, and did not mind spending it. The existing castle was then commenced in the year 1577, and completed in the course of nine years. Bishop Kingo and Tycho Brahe both sung its praises, and the talents of Rubens were called into play—somewhat later, I imagine—for the decoration of the chapel. The castle is strongly fortified with double-bastion, moat, and rampart, after the manner of preceding ages.

Kronborg possesses one great advantage over the other Danish buildings of the sixteenth century; it is built of fine sandstone, the only specimen in the kingdom. Though quadrangular and four-towered, it is relieved from all appearance of formality by the quaint onion pagoda-like minarets by which its towers are surmounted. The lofty clock turret, too, rising from its centre, higher than those which flank the corners, adds to the dignity of the building. Few castles in the space of three hundred years have suffered so little from modern additions and improvement; one tower has, unfortunately, been destroyed. In an old engraving from Puffendorf, of 1688, I see the original had already been altered: it was an eyesore, but in accordance with the style of the remainder, capped and ornamented. It, however, fell into decay during the reign of Frederic VI., at that unfortunate epoch when taste was bad taste, and art atrocious: it was repaired—square and hideous—a fearful monument of the age. Formerly it served as a telegraph, now as a powder magazine; and unless it be

blown up, or the powder becomes damp, will, I fear, remain untouched. You enter the interior court through a richly ornamented gateway, guarded by statues and overhung by a beautiful oriel window, enriched with the arms and ciphers of its founders. Opposite to you stands the chapel (the works of Rubens have long since disappeared); the fittings of the time of Christian IV. have been lately restored, not too carefully. It is curious to trace, as you can by the turret to the right of the clock, the gradual transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance. The whole of the ornaments are of the latter period; but there is still occasionally a sort of feeling as if the architect was not quite decided in his views: whether he was or not, Kronborg is one of the most perfect specimens of its era—unspoiled, untouched, and un-repaired—to be met with in Europe. It has long ceased to be occupied as a royal residence. One side is alone retained for the use of his majesty; the rest is occupied by the General Commandant, the officers, and the garrison. Above the entrance of the clock-tower, surmounting the ornaments, appears the head of a huge mastiff, holding in his fore paws a heart-like shield, with the cipher of Frederic II., and below the favourite device of the king, "T. I. W. B. Trou ist Wiltbratt." The same Wiltbratt, whose portrait is above, was the favourite of King Frederic, and bit everybody save his royal master. Over the other door appears the device of his queen—good Queen Sophia of Mecklenburgh—"Meino Hoffnung zu Gott allein" (My hope is in God alone). Within the dungeon of the corner tower, that of the restoration, adjoining the wine-cellar of Christian IV., where a jolly fat tun, carved in stone above the entrance, leaves no doubt of its identity, was situated the torture-chamber in days gone-by: none of your papistical virgins, who enticed you to their arms, and larded like a friandaise, then stuck you brimful of penknives, but good wholesome Protestant thumbscrews, boots, and wooden horses, and scavengers' daughters, such as Queen Bess, of glorious memory, and our earlier Tudor sovereigns, to say nothing of later Stuarts, loved to employ on their rebellious subjects who refused to convict their masters, rightfully or wrongfully, and bring them to the block—and very persuasive implements they were, I doubt not. In the centre of the court once stood a fountain, tossing the water high in the air; judging from the old engravings, it must have been very ornamental. Some thirty or forty iron hooks, fastened into the wall, remain, once the ladder of King Frederic, hung, when game abounded, with deer, hare, and capercaillie, a pretty scene, only too near the torture-chamber. After the peace of 1659, when Skaane was lost to Denmark for ever, the windows of Kronborg Castle, which commanded a view of the Swedish coast, were walled up, to exclude a sight which caused so many heartburnings.

The ramparts of Kronborg form our favourite walk of an evening. You require a "tegu" or card to visit them—your compliments to the general, and a dollar to the soldier who brings it. This is one of the few complaints I have to make against the Danish government; they are much too exclusive, and close to the public many of the most enjoyable walks. Those who by their position are entitled to the possession of these cards seldom or never use them, while others to whom the admission would be a boon are deprived of the enjoyment. But, as I said before, the ramparts of Kronborg are charming: before them the fishers ever-

insurgently ply their trade—flounders, and a fish called "green-bone," a horn-fish, are their prey. Had Shakespeare searched the world round he never could have selected so fitting a locality for the ghost-scene. I can see the ghost myself—pale moon, clouds flitting o'er her, frowning castle, and the space necessary to follow him; but the romance of Kronborg is over; her bastions are redolent with deep-purple violets, and the roseate birds of a staitice—Krigskarl, or the Warrior, they here call it—which looks as if it should be something better, but will, I dare say, turn out common thrift after all. When the fishing-boats return at sunset, a little girl runs down to the shore side, and waits; as they pass by, a small flounder is thrown to her from each boat; she gathers them up in her apron, and then returns to the castle. I wonder if this be a relic of hereditary black-mail, exacted in former days from the fishermen who cast their nets under the shadow of the fortress.

Old May-day. The storks arrived this morning, so we may really expect summer; for storks, unlike mortals, are never wrong in their calculations—odd birds they are. It must be a curious sight to witness one of their gatherings previous to departure at the approach of winter. A friend of mine came across an assembly of four hundred perched on the eaves of a farm-house in Zealand, and watched their proceedings. Before starting they in review the whole flock, and singled out and separated the aged and weakly from the rest, and then, with one accord, pounced upon them, pecking them literally to pieces; this ceremony over, they started for Egypt. How they got their reputation for filial piety I cannot imagine. I heard a curious anecdote about them a few days since: an English manufacturer settled somewhere in Zealand, amused himself by changing the eggs laid by a stork, who annually built her nest on his house, for those of an owl. In due course of time the eggs were hatched, and he was startled one morning by a tremendous row going on in the nest of the parent storks. The male, in a violent state of excitement, flew round and round his nest; the female chattered away, protecting her nestlings under her wings; it was quite evident that the stork was not satisfied with the produce of his helpmate; there was something doubtful about the whole affair; he would not recognise the offspring. After a violent dispute the male flew away, and shortly returned, accompanied by two other storks—birds of consequence and dignity. They sat themselves down on the roof, and listened to the pros and cons of the matter. Mrs. Stork was compelled to rise and exhibit her children. "Can they be mine?" exclaimed the stork. "Happen what may I will never recognise them." On her side Mrs. Stork protested and fluttered, and avowed it was all witchcraft—never had stork possessed so faithful a wife before. Alas! alas! how seldom the gentle sex meets with justice in this world when judged by man or, in this case, by stork kind. The judges looked wondrous wise, consulted, and then of a sudden, without pronouncing sentence, regardless of her shrieks for mercy, fell on the injured Mrs. Stork, and pecked her to death with their long sharp beaks. As for the young owls, they would not defile their bills by touching them; so they kicked them out of the nest, and they were killed in the tumble. The father stork, broken-hearted, quitted his abode, and never again returned to his former building-place. Six years have elapsed and the nest still remains empty—so stated my informant.

XI.

CHRISTIAN ROSTGAARD AND THE SWEDISH OFFICERS—FREDENSBORG, OR THE CASTLE OF PEACE—FREDERIC THE HUNCHBACK, THE ARKPRINDS—DEATH OF QUEEN JULIANA—NORWEGIAN AMPHITHEATRE—THE HELL-HOUSE—ERHOM, ITS CONVENT AND LAKE.

THE weather is bright. It would be imprudent to defer any longer excursions within the limits of our neighbourhood, so this morning we started for Fredensborg. We drove past Gurre (the carriage-hire of last week might have been spared). Our road then lay through the Mariannalund Forest; the foliage golden green—uniform, unartistic, if you will—and most unpaintable. How happens it that what is most fair in Nature seldom succeeds in art or meets with the approbation of a painter?

But the carriage stops by the wood-side. We are at Rostgaard So. At the foot of the hill, fringed with the feathery flowers of the bakblad (bog-bean), lies a small blue tarn, of that peculiar blue unproducible by Prussian, cobalt, or ultramarine, by Irish eyes, or the reflex on a raven's wing; a blue of its own; I must term it "mose blue,"—a tint produced by the reflection of the sun over the waters of a dark morass. The labourers are engaged cutting deep into the swamp; they carry off the black mud in their carts and spread it in thin layers to dry, to be used as fuel for winter consumption. These morasses become dry as touchwood in summer season. A few days since, some boys engaged in searching for plovers' eggs, desirous to frighten the parent birds from their nests, set fire to the barren turf; the conflagration extended wide, and caused great anxiety before it was effectually extinguished.

We stand by a circle of stones, the centre of which, of large dimensions, is inscribed with the cipher H. R. and the date 1659, denoting the scene of some forgotten story. The initials are those of Rostgaard. He never saved Denmark, yet the story of his fair wife (the Danish Penelope) must not be passed over.

When in the year 1659 Kronborg was in possession of the Swedes, Hans Rostgaard, together with Parson Gerner, student Tikjob, Steenwinkel the Danish engineer, and the English Colonel Hutchinson—who had been bribed by the Danes for the sum of 1000 ducats to desert from the Swedes—formed a plan to retake the castle. Student Tikjob endeavoured to gain Copenhagen in a boat, charged with letters and despatches relating to the proposed attack. He was, however, boarded by a Swedish vessel, when, to save the letters intrusted to his care, he fastened them to a stone and cast them into the Sound. As ill luck would have it, the string slipped, the stone sank, and the papers floating on the water were picked up, read, and the plot discovered. Hutchinson immediately took refuge on board an English vessel. Steenwinkel was taken and met with the just punishment of his double treachery. Rostgaard took horse, but, finding himself pursued, when he reached the spot where this circle of stones now stands he killed his charger, slipped out of his clothes, cast his plumed hat and his sword into the lake—thereby deceiving his enemies, who, imagining he had been killed, ceased in their pursuit—and he in disguise gained Copenhagen.

His fair and youthful wife inhabited her manor of Rostgaard, at a short distance from Elsinore, one of the most beautiful residences in the neighbourhood. A widow (for such she was supposed to be), young

rich, and pretty, was too great a prize in the matrimonial market to escape the notice of the Swedish officers. A company was now quartered at the manor-house, and the whole corps, from the colonel down to the beardless ensign, commenced paying their addresses to her. Kirstine Rostgaard was a *femme d'esprit*, and well she played her cards. Reveal her husband's existence she dare not: the soldiers would have no longer treated her house and gardens with the con-

sideration they now showed, each hoping, in course of time, it might become his own possession.

When pressed by the most ardent of her adorers, she begged for time—she was so late a widow, and, though she had her troubles with Rostgaard, still she owed it to her own self to wait till the year of mourning was expired; and then she coquetted so cleverly that each individual of the whole band imagined himself to be the favoured one. "How," she asked,



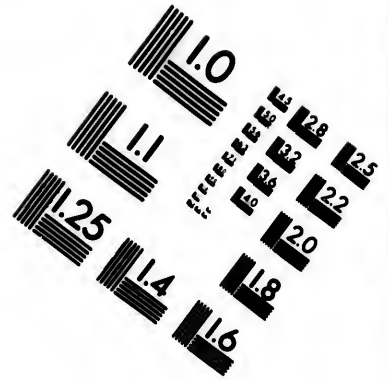
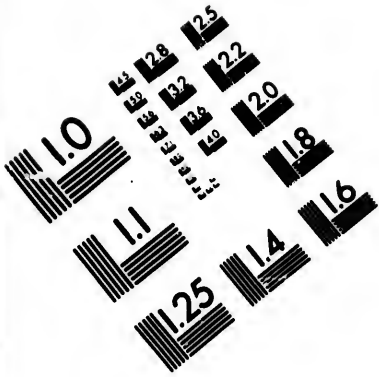
CHATEAU OF ROSENBERG.

reproachfully, to the colonel, "can you imagine I could look for one moment on that beardless lieutenant, with blue eyes and pink cheeks, like a girl in uniform, when you, a proper man, are present? But be prudent: think of my good name." To the younger officers she termed the colonel "*vieille perruque*," and so on, till the year elapsed and the peace was signed; she then made them a profound reverence, thanked them for the consideration they had shown to her goods and

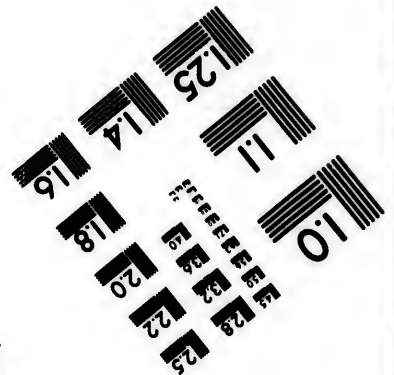
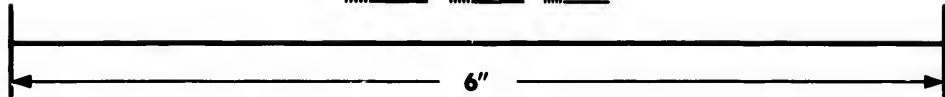
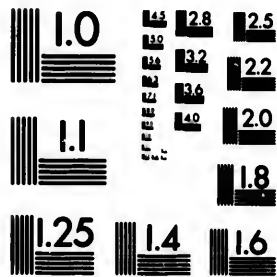
chattels, introduced to them her resuscitated husband, Hans Rostgaard, and showed them the door most politely. Such is the history of Rostgaard. Kirstine died soon after and he married a second time. He is represented in his epitaphium with his two wives, a rose and a skull.

The Esrom lake appears in sight; we arrive at the village of Fredensborg, halt at the inn, order dinner, and then proceed to visit the palace and its far-famed





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gardens, planted at the termination of the village, for the Danes have no conception of the grandeur of isolation in their country residences; provided one side looks on a wood, a lake, or a garden, the entrance-court may be "cheek by jowl" with the humblest cottage. A dozen clipped lime trees form their idea of an approach, with a pavement like the "pitching" of our Saxon forefathers. At Fredensborg the entrance-court is paved; the stones run up to the very lime avenue, to the pedestal of the statue of Peace, by Wiedewelt, now all blackened and lichen-grown, which cost—I am afraid to say how many thousand thalers to His Majesty King Frederic IV., founder of the palace. Stone—stone—stone! not an ell of verdant turf to refresh the eye. Then, too, the palace, of brick and stone copings, never boasting of any architectural beauty in its most palmy days, has been most ignominiously and glaringly whitewashed.

"Don't visit the interior," said the Elsinorians; "not worth seeing." I didn't dispute the point, but followed my own devices. There are rich old cabinets and mirrors, finely-carved sofas and consoles; a bureau of marquetrie, much used by our friend Juliana, an exquisite piece of furniture, falling to decay among the rest. The hall where the celebrated treaty was signed (though this has now become a disputed point) is grand and imposing. I was sorry to see the roof defective and the water streaming in over the pictures painted to celebrate the event. The palace is a most habitable abode; the bedrooms have all separate exits into the gallery which surrounds the great hall—an uncommon luxury. The pictures are the refuse of the royal collections; among them I observed one good portrait of the founder Frederic IV., and a charming full-length likeness of the Arveprinds, son of Juliana and father to Christian VIII., a beautiful boy.—Frederic the Hunchback he was popularly termed. At the age of eleven he fell down the staircase at Amalienborg, injured his spine, and never recovered from the effects of the accident. There is also a portrait of the brother of Queen Juliana, the celebrated Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Jena.

Of all extraordinary puzzle-brained inventions is a frame arranged like a Venetian blind, with portraits of sovereigns of the house of Austria, painted on triangular pieces of wood. First the Emperor Joseph; pass your hand, turning the wood, Maria Theresa comes out; turn again, and the Emperor Francis makes his appearance. We were pointed out the "growth" of King Frederic VI., pencilled on the door-posts, and, courtier-like, were profoundly astonished how his Majesty had increased in stature from the year '78 to that of '83.

We next visited the Royal Chapel, fitted, in accordance with the date of the building, with closets and pews—no questions of sittings here—the royal household all arranged and marshalled according to rank and precedence, their offices registered on the doors; women on one side, men on the other; ladies of rank, maids, &c., down to the wives of the very stablemen. Then on the male division, hof-marshals and kammerjunker, physicians, cooks, "the livery" of his Majesty, "livery of her Majesty"; the whole concluding with the stable-folk. The royal closet is situated on the floor at the end of the chapel, beyond the seat allotted to the grooms—a disagreeable vicinity; but years since—thanks to snuff-taking—noses were less sensitive than they are in the present generation.

Here, at Fredensborg, in her latter days, Queen Juliana held her court right royally, and, whatever may have been her faults, was kind and liberal to the poor and to those around her. She was by nature a queen, and loved the pomp and state from which sovereigns in the present age withdraw themselves as much as their position allows them. On the 4th of September, 1796, the queen celebrated her sixty-seventh birthday. Juliana was strong and robust, and, as far as human foresight could foretell, might live for years. Congratulations, offerings, arrived from all quarters; visitors from the court, from Copenhagen; all was gratifying; and when the banquet prepared in honour of the event was announced, never had she walked into the dining-room with firmer step or in higher spirits.

The toast of the day, "The Queen's Health!" was proposed, and drunk by the guests with enthusiasm; all appeared *couleur de rose*; but at that very banquet Juliana had signed her own death warrant. Each year, on the anniversary of her natal day, the queen caused to be served to her a national dish composed of apples, thick and glutinous, immersed in fresh warm sheep's milk—a dish she much affected. Of this she ate somewhat too freely. An indigestion ensued, from which she could never be relieved. The room in which Juliana breathed her last is situated on the first floor of the left wing, as you approach the third and fourth windows from the *corps de bâtiment*, looking upon the court.

The palace has a melancholy, deserted air, and some of the rooms are lent out to poorer members of the nobility. Its gardens are renowned, laid out in the old French style. "How like Versailles," we exclaimed; "with its statues and avenues of fragrant limes." In the so-called Marble Gardens are many small statues, of no particular excellence, by Stanley, an English artist, the same who executed the monument of Queen Louisa in the cathedral of Roeskilde.

Then there is the lion of the palace, the Norwegian amphitheatre, in three tiers, round which are ranged a series of stone statues in Norwegian costumes. The appearance of this assembly is so strange I could not help laughing, but to a Norwegian they are most interesting. It is now one hundred and twenty years since they were placed there, and the peasant remains dressed as though it were yesterday—the drummer, the priest, the fisherman, and mountaineer from Tronøyen, Bergen, and elsewhere; the bride—a crowned bride too—all the wedding party. I should like to watch them by the pale moonlight; they must surely become animated from time to time, and hold dance and revel together. How Hans Andersen can ever have let such a subject slip through his fingers, to me is a mystery.

The French garden amalgamates itself into the native woods, which run down to the lake's side. Here is situated the skipperhuus, where you may hire boats, sail or row, fishing-rod and hooks, with bait according to your fancy. Esrom lake is renowned for its perch.

We dined at the little inn in the open air *unter den Linden*; a good little dinner, served on old china—three mares, coffee included.

At seven o'clock we started on our journey home, taking Esrom and Solyat on the way, through the woods by the bank of the lake. The foliage is somewhat relieved this evening by an admixture of larch and birch. Our road ran by a picturesque village, proud of its healing spring. In olden times there was

a strange custom in Zealand, and may be elsewhere, of interring a living horse in every churchyard before any human being could be buried there. This horse reappears, and is known under the name of the "Hell-horse." It has but three legs; but ill luck to the man who sees it, for it foretells his own death. Hence it is said of one who has recovered from a dangerous illness, "He has given a bushel of oats to the Hell-horse." Further on stands the rustic fishing-house of His Majesty, with a rude stone kitchen range outside, sufficient to fry your perch—or boil them, if you like it better. Solyst is a small house on the lake side, where strangers breakfast or drink their coffee on the terraces.

And now we approach Eerom. There stands the old black jail, and the antique farmhouse, whitewashed, once her kloster. Our horses stop to water; so we walk down to the farmyard gates, and enter the court. Eerom was mother church to Sorø and also to others in the Island of Rugen. Few and slight are the remains of her former glory. A convent of Cistercians of Clairvaux, founded by Archbishop Eskild in the twelfth century, stood high in rank among the klosters of Zealand. Here Queen Hedvig found her last resting-place, and two of the ill-fated offspring (Magnus and Erik) of Erik Menved and Queen Ingeborg.

After the Reformation the lands fell to the crown; the materials of the church were used by that ruthless destroyer King Frederic for the construction of Frederiksberg. I observed a stone inserted in the wall bearing his cipher, "F.," encircled by the serpentine "S" (Frederic and Sophia), surmounted by a crown, the date 1569, a sort of Protestant seal he placed upon all ecclesiastical buildings which came into his possession. Another, later, of Christian V., 1697; he repaired the outhouses, and wished the world to be aware of the fact. Some ancient iron cramps in the wall, *fleur-de-lis* in honour of Mary, were all that remained of Roman Catholic times; the curved chairs of its abbots are preserved in the museum at Copenhagen. We saw the underground crypt, vaulted and supported on columns, which undermines the whole building and keeps it dry in this watery neighbourhood, and the worthy fathers from rheumatic pains and ague.

XII.

THE PALACE OF FREDERIKSBORG—THE MERMAID, ISBRAND, FORTTELLS THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIAN IV.—HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY OF CHRISTIAN IV.—PUNISHMENT OF HIS PECULATING MINT-MASTER—ROYAL BATTLES—THE RIDDESSAAL—DESTRUCTION OF THE PALACE OF FREDERIKSBORG BY FIRE.

It was high time to leave Marienlyst: the season had commenced—an army of waiters arrived from Hamburg. The restaurant was now open; visitors poured in by the steamers—called for bottled-beer and beefsteaks, and, what was more, smoked on the staircase; to add to our annoyance, a brass band commenced to play from six to eight every morning.

All this movement and bustle would have been well enough had we not looked on Marienlyst as our own property for the last six weeks; so, though I was sorry to leave the glorious bathings in the Sound, we packed up and started for Fredensborg, where we passed one night, and the following evening made for Frederiksberg, a drive of three quarters of an hour.

No palace existed on this spot previous to the reign

of King Frederic II., who exchanged the lands of the suppressed convent of Skov Kloster with the celebrated Admiral Herluf Trolle for the manor of Hillerød, on which he caused the earlier castle of Frederiksberg to be constructed. Of this building little now remains; its site is occupied by the royal stables and outhouses; stout stumpy towers, one at each corner of the moat, it has, wreathed round with iron cramps bearing the date 1562, and the motto in German of the pious Queen Sophia.

Frederic II. was, when we consider the age he lived in, a right-minded, honourable man. In early life he was much attached to a young and beautiful girl, Dagmar Hardenberg by name, who, though of noble birth, belonged to no princely house; make her his queen he could not, and he was too high principled to take advantage of her youth, so he remained a bachelor until he was thirty-eight years of age, when, yielding to the entreaties of his advisers, he, much against his will, contracted an alliance with the Princess Sophia of Mecklenburg. Tradition relates how Dagmar was present at the coronation of the queen, which took place in the Frue Kirke of Copenhagen, but, overcome by her feelings, fainted away, was carried out of the church, and died shortly after broken-hearted. Two daughters were the produce of Frederic's marriage, and, in despair at the non-arrival of an heir to the crown, he began to regret he had yielded to the desire of his toadies.

During the celebration of the Whitsuntide festivities, in the spring of the year 1576, there appeared at court an aged peasant from the Island of Samsø, who informed the king that, when ploughing his field by the sea-shore, he was accosted by a mermaid, who ordered him to go direct to court, and announce to the king that the queen should bear him a son within the succeeding year, adding, "Tell his Majesty my name is Isbrand, and I am granddaughter of the mermaid who protected the birth of his ancestress, Queen Margaret." When the king and queen heard this good news they were greatly rejoiced, and all the court with them, and the aged peasant returned to his home laden with presents. And now time rolled on, the hopes of the nation were verified, and great was the joy thereof.

It was the 12th of April, 1577, that Queen Sophia, when walking with her ladies of honour somewhere on the Roeskilde road, was suddenly taken ill, and before aid and assistance could be procured, the youthful Pagan, later Christian, heir to the crown of Denmark, made his appearance, not under the blue canopy of heaven, but under a hawthorn-tree, which of course happened to come into full flower just one month before its usual period of blooming—a very graceful compliment on the part of Dame Nature to the newborn princeling.

Well, great was the joy of the whole nation at the birth of the wished-for heir, but the hilarity of the court was somewhat disturbed by a second visit from the aged peasant of Samsø, with a message from the mermaid to the king, telling him that, if he did not at once cease from his habits of inebriety, he would never live to see his son a grown man; at which Frederic became exceeding wroth, and dismissed the messenger this time with no presents, but with threats and menaces.

The prophecy of the mermaid came to pass after all, for Frederic quitted this world a victim to his inebriety

before the youthful Christian had attained his eleventh year. On the whole he was one of the best and wisest sovereigns Denmark ever possessed—a little arbitrary in his ordinances. He is said, during the course of his life, to have read the Bible through twice "from Genesis to Revelations," which, considering what a deal he had to do, and that reading was somewhat of an effort in those days, was very much to his credit.

The earlier castle of Frederic II. was of small dimensions, and his son Christian IV. determined to erect on the same site a building of unprecedented splendour. When the plans were submitted to his council, they all exclaimed at the extravagance of the design, and prophesied that the king would never be able to put into execution so expensive an undertaking; but Christian laughed at their fears, and not only completed his palace, but, with a sort of bravado, erected a summer-house in the adjoining forest, which he termed his spare penge, the produce of his economies. There can be no doubt he did things at a cheaper rate than most sovereigns, for he was a practical man—saw to everything, even to the most minute details: he employed no master of the works; he every Saturday night paid his workmen their wages himself, seated on a stone in the wood hard by, which is still pointed out to the visitor. This energetic sovereign did not disdain to enter into the smallest details of household economy, turning everything to the best account; though, on the other hand, whenever he did anything, he did it well, and the monuments of his reign remain still untouched by the ravages of time, while those of his successors have long since passed away.

Who was the real architect of the existing palace none can say. It may be inferred that Christian employed many different artists to design plans, and adopted them according to his pleasure. In the church of the adjoining village of Slangerup hangs the epitaphium of John of Fribourg, which declares him to have been the architect of Frederiksberg, followed up with a modest remark, that, when the palace no longer exists, his name would be remembered. In all probability John of Fribourg, Steenwinkel, David Balfour, Inigo Jones, all in the yearly service of the Danish king, shared alike in its construction.

We arrived by the long avenue to the gate house, passing to the left the old-fashioned garden which runs down to the edge of the lake, from which the palace rises imposing with its lofty towers. These towers of Christian IV.'s days are unique in Europe, with their lofty caps, half spire, half cupola, spitted with crowns, and surmounted by turning vanes. (See p. 809.)

The gate-house under which we now pass is of stone and connected with the castle by a corridor supported on six arches, which traverses the moat, in the style of Chenonceaux: this is the only portion of the building constructed in stone-work. In a room close to the gate-house was situated the mint of Christian IV., for he coined his money under his own eyes, and, when struck off, the gold was brought in sacks to his own apartment, whence he saw it poured down a shaft, which still exists, into the treasure-room below. Monstrous sharp was King Christian, as his mint-master, John Engelbrecht by name, of peculating mind, found to his cost; for, convicted of cheating his royal master, Christian made no trial, no fuss, but ordered out the culprit into the courtyard of the castle, and there on an improvised block of stone (which the custode will point out) chopped off his head with his own royal hands.

Passing along the moat-side, we arrived at another gateway into the outer court, built of red brick, stone mullions and copings, much in the style of Hampton Court Palace. To the right, in face of the castle, stands the lofty clock-tower, and then, turning to the bridge, you arrive at the splendid Renaissance gateway, richly ornamented and decorated with the shields and armorial bearings of Christian himself, and those of his Queen Anne of Brandenburg. A screen-work of brick, enriched with twelve niches, each containing a stone statue, separates the *cour d'honneur* from the moat. Very grand is the inner court; to the right stands the chapel, above which is placed the Riddersaal; in front an ornamented marble loggia, filled with statues of the same material, and richly ornamented with copper. This gallery is known to have been erected from the designs of Steenwinkel. In former days the mullions of the windows were gilded; two or three have been restored some years since—a barbarous taste, imitated in later days by the Russian Empress at her palace of Tzanko Celso.

Turning to the right, we now enter the chapel through its highly-wrought doorway. The sacred edifice is long and narrow, too narrow perhaps for the beauty of its proportions, and is surrounded by a gallery: it is gorgeous in Renaissance fret-work, gorgeous in its gilding and colour, all of which tone down together, one with another, into a harmony which commands your admiration. The royal closets below are of exquisite marqueterie; the high altar a *chef-d'œuvre* of ebony, mother-o'-pearl, and goldsmith's work; the pulpit a gem of richness.

Above, adjoining the organ, richly carved, painted, and gilded—all in character with the building—is the royal closet, lined with ebony, marqueterie, and empanelled pictures by Dutch artists of merit, chiefly sacred subjects, with the exception of one by Reinhold Timm, a drawing master of Soro, in which Christian is represented clad in his shroud, praying before Our Saviour, who appears in the clouds above. In this closet stands a table of Florentine mosaic, in which you will observe a round hole pierced on one side, the work of Czar Peter. He could not believe it was inland; so, practical and disagreeable, he bored a hole with his dagger, just as a child pulls to pieces the works of his watch, or some toy set in motion by simple mechanism. On the window you will see engraved, by the hands of King Christian IV. himself, the words—"Make haste and save your soul." Here in this royal chapel is solemnised the coronation of each Danish sovereign. The silver lions from Rosenborg come down for the occasion, as well as the chairs of silver and the horn of the narwal. Along the gallery up stairs are suspended the shields of the knights of the "most noble order of the Elephant," one of the most ancient orders of chivalry existing, and of which all crowned heads, highnesses royal and serene, together with the leading diplomatists of Europe, are members; and further down those of the Grand Cross of the Dannebrog. After the deaths of the knights the shields are removed to the Riddersaal below, a fine oblong room of Christian IV.'s period, vaulted and supported down the centre with columns of marble, and hung with black and gold stamped leather: this once formed the banquetting hall, where after the great hunting parties King Christian dined, together with his brother huntamen.

Mounting a winding staircase, you now enter the

Riddersaal—like all rooms of this date, long and somewhat low; the ceiling a most elaborate work and one of exquisite beauty—gilded and painted after the manner of the day. Twenty men were occupied during seven years before this work was brought to a termination. The Swedes are accused of carrying off the silver capitals and bas-reliefs of the lofty black marble chimney-piece, as well as of destroying the "Minstrels' Gallery," during the war of 1659, but

those who ought to be well informed declare they were melted down by the Danes themselves when in want of money. The tapestries have been removed, waiting until they can be repaired, but the room is hung round with full-length portraits of various potentates of Europe, perhaps the least interesting series of the collection.

One of the most beautiful apartments in the palace is that termed the council-chamber, gorgeously deco-



TOWER, CASTLE OF FREDERIKSBORG.

rated in the taste of the last century, and hung with the portraits of the house of Oldenburg down to Christian V., by Daguerre. It is in this and an adjoining room that his present Majesty keeps his private collection of Scandinavian antiquities—a collection of great interest—the greater part being the produce of his own researches.

Externally the castle of Frederiksborg has suffered

but little, and the good taste of the late King has caused to disappear the additions and alterations of succeeding monarchs. But the interior has fearfully suffered at the hands of the fair Madalena, who tore up the marble floors and removed the chimney-pieces to adorn her phantom palace of Hirschholm. The fine pendant ceilings have mostly been covered over or destroyed, and beyond the Riddersaal and the chapel—both gems

of art—Frederiksberg can boast of little which calls to mind the artistic taste of its founder.

But you may pass a pleasant time enough, lodged at the small hotel, wandering through the neighbourhood of the castle. Mount to the extreme end of the fine old but somewhat neglected garden, and you will gain a glorious view of the palace and the lake: then there is the bath-house of King Christian, and the "rocking stone" which lies half imbedded in the earth by the forest side; and further removed still, a site cleared out in the forest, with massive stones ranged round, where according to tradition some peace was signed, which I do not call to mind.

It was not a little singular that Marryat, to whom we are so largely indebted for one of the most lively and graphic descriptions of Copenhagen and its environs that has been yet published, should have been at Elsinore at the very time when the splendid palace of Frederiksberg was destroyed by fire, December 17th, 1859. On that day, too, he penned the last page almost in his journal.

I little thought to resume my pen to record so sad an event—a national misfortune to Denmark. I was sitting in my room at the Oresund, in Elsinore, busily and happily immersed in my books, when the chambermaid announced, "Slot brauder in Frederiksberg!" (The castle's on fire!) On crossing over to the police-office the telegraphic despatch left no doubt that the story was too true. Engines and the members of the fire-brigade were hurrying off to lend their aid. In three-quarters of an hour's time I was myself *en route*, fast as Danish post-horses could carry me.

The day was cold, foggy; the snow lay thick upon the ground. As we descended the hill, from behind the woods to the left, which obscure the palace from view, rose volumes of black cloudy smoke, curling and dispersing itself in the misty atmosphere. Those glorious minaret-like spires capping the castle turrets were not. The gate-house stood before us intact, and then in one moment the whole building lay discovered before us, roofless, blackened, still burning, a ruin. It was a sad sight. There was the council-chamber, which spanned the waters—now a red Bridge of Sighs—gutted; those glorious towers, triumphs of the northern Renaissance, were there no longer, the last had fallen at eleven o'clock, shaking the very earth as it fell; of Caroline Matilda's window, too, not one vestige remaining; the fire still rising from time to time, licking away the woodwork around the stone-mullioned windows, as though it were grease: never was devastation more complete. Then, as we passed the gateway, there stood the chapel half consumed—the riddersaal, that gem of art, all fallen in—and, turning into the outer court beyond the moat, oh! what a sight it was! that splendid palace—unique in its style in Europe—a tottering, blackened ruin, and all around frozen. The court was heaped with furniture, pictures, and hundreds of objects besides, snatched from the fury of the devouring element; and what rubbish had been saved! what pots and pans, commodes and chairs, shields of the Elephant, shields of the Dannebrog. My first inquiry was after the fate of the gallery: all gave a different answer. The pictures from the riddersaal had been saved: strange fate those portraits—they alone escaped the confagra-

tion of Christianborg in 1796. But the billiard-room—All lost. Queen Sophia!—Gone. I bowed my head. That triumph of portrait-painting—that chef-d'œuvre of Jacob von Dort. I asked no more questions: time would show the extent of the evil.

In a country like Denmark—fallen from its high estate among the powers of Europe—this calamity will be deeply felt; for they live in the past, in the memory of their own glorious history. Still I fear many of the Danes really do not know the extent of the loss they have sustained—not in the castle of Frederiksberg itself—that was their pride, their glory—but in the splendid historic gallery, of which so few pictures will be again seen.

The fire had burst out early in the morning in the room lately reared by the king for his own private collection—a room on the upper story adjoining the tower, towards the riddersaal. The workmen were occupied in repairs. Whether it was a flue—whether a misplaced stove—in which the evil originated, matters little: the result is the same. The lake was frozen over—this had added to the difficulties; the pipes of the engines, themselves far too short, were frozen, and could not at first be worked; and the fire, which at five o'clock was scarcely looked upon as dangerous, in the space of a few hours had reduced this beautiful monument of Christian IV.'s taste to its present sad condition.

Towards three o'clock the royal carriages were ordered round to convey the court to Copenhagen. The king had retired to one of the buildings of the outer court when all was over, having remained at his post till the very last, superintending the removal of the valuables. As His Majesty descended the steps on his way to the carriage he stayed for one moment to greet me, and, as I expressed to him my sympathy at the terrible misfortune which had overwhelmed him, he kindly pressed my hand. He could only utter the words "Quel malheur irréparable!—quel malheur irréparable!" And it was so indeed, for Frederiksberg can never be again what it once was: it was his pride, his hobby, and he had done, by judicious reparation, much to restore it to its pristine condition.

Before leaving I again sought out my good friend Gyllick—he who, during the last twenty years, had, as castellan, done more towards the restoration of Frederiksberg than any human being alive. "I wish you good bye for ever, Gyllick; I shall never return. I have passed too many happy days in that dear old gallery, studying the history of Denmark in the portraits of her rulers, ever to bear the sight of its desolation. I have visited Frederiksberg in its glory—I have seen it under the excitement of its flames—I can never again look on it as a ruin." "But," he replied, "do not say that: come again in the spring-time; we may again build up the church, and perhaps some of your old friends may still be spared to us."

The palace is still, however, a place of fairy-like beauty. The façade as represented at page 801 remains entire, and the interior of the chapel is still full of the coats of arms of the Knights of the Elephant. But Frederick VII. laments his palace, as do also all true Danes and all lovers of art and history throughout the wide world. Frederiksberg was not merely a royal palace, it was also a national palace.

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