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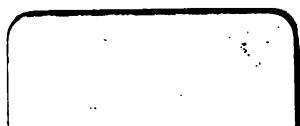
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**OVER THE  
BORDERS OF CHRISTENDOM AND ISLAMIAH.**




OVER THE BORDERS OF  
CHRISTENDOM AND ESLAMIAH.

A JOURNEY THROUGH  
Hungary, Slavonia, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia,  
and Montenegro, to the North of Albania,  
IN THE SUMMER OF 1875.

BY  
JAMES CREAGH,  
*Author of "A Scamper to Sebastopol and Jerusalem in 1867."*

—  
BOG POBJEZE IZ STAMBULA GRAD.  
—



IN TWO VOLUMES.

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OVER THE BORDERS  
OF  
CHRISTENDOM AND ESLAMIAH.

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CHAPTER I.

THE OLD WOMAN CARRIED OFF—APPALLING STRUGGLE—NATURAL SELECTION—A DEN OF PIRATES—THE OLD WOMAN'S WEDDING NIGHT—METAPHYSICS—THE OLD WOMAN'S MARRIED LIFE—OF A SON—PERTINENT ANECDOTE—SHAME AND LOVE—AN UNFORTUNATE EXPEDITION—COURAGE OF THE COOK.

“THE mainland was not more than three  
“miles distant ; gloomy rocks frowned  
“upon the blue sea ; a yellow strand  
“was occasionally varied with the The old woman carried off  
“movement of a sparkling wave ; but  
“no signs of life or habitations enlivened the  
“circumjacent solitudes. A book for the  
“guidance of navigators, to which we re-



“ferred, described these shores as populated  
“by peaceable and friendly tribes; and my  
“father actually meditated appealing to them  
“for assistance.

“In the middle of the night, some of our  
“‘peaceable and friendly’ neighbours took the  
“initiative, and our consultations were dis-  
“turbed by the approach of boats. In a  
“moment crowds of negroes and Moorish  
“mulattoes swarmed up the sides of the ship,  
“and crying ‘Matty chotty! Matty chotty!’  
“set upon our unprepared and defenceless  
“crew with the cruelty and ferocity of wild  
“beasts. My father was struck dead at my  
“feet.

“An enormous young negro, who was the  
“chief of the gang, beat out his brains with  
“a small hatchet, which he wielded with  
“surprising dexterity as well as violence;  
“and between each stroke he encouraged  
“his own men, and attempted to intimidate  
“his opponents, by crying in a voice of  
“thunder, ‘Matty chotty! Matty chotty!’

“My lover, after killing two of our black  
“assailants with a marlin-spike, attacked the

“young negro with the courage and  
“ferocity of the proud stag who flies <sup>Appalling</sup>struggle.  
“bravely to the protection of a timid doe;  
“and, dexterously parrying the blows aimed  
“at him by the negro with his dreadful pole-  
“axe, he seized that abominable creature by  
“the throat.

“Even then, I admired the vigour of my  
“lover, who gripped his enemy with a clutch  
“that distorted his hideous features; but the  
“awful struggle was soon finished by an old  
“black, who, gliding like a panther behind  
“the youth, plunged deeply, and over and  
“over again, a curved and murderous dagger  
“into his back and between his shoulders.

“Relaxing his hold of the negro’s throat,  
“and falling backwards, he turned his large  
“and lustrous eyes, glazed with the shadow  
“of death, towards me. His murderers seized  
“him in their arms, and with loud cries of  
“‘Matty Chotty! Matty Chotty!’ flung his  
“body into the sea. There was a heavy  
“splash, he was ravished from my eyes, and  
“the dark and heavy waters closed over him  
“for ever.

“ Have you ever seen a battle ? said the  
“ old woman.

“ I thought of several disputes and en-  
“ counters in which I had taken part, but  
“ still I told her that I had never seen a  
“ battle.

“ Even if you had, she continued, resum-  
“ ing the thread of her story ; even if you  
“ had seen a battle among Europeans, you  
“ could have but little idea of the fury of the  
“ combat in which I received my first intro-  
“ duction to bloodshed. Europeans fight like  
“ men ; but the blacks, if they fight at all,  
“ fight like animals, and till their blind  
“ passions are cooled by wounds or exhaus-  
“ tion, they are animated only by the senti-  
“ ment of indiscriminate slaughter.

“ A few of our sailors tried to defend them-  
“ selves with firelocks ; but they were soon  
“ overpowered by numbers, and in a short  
“ time our whole crew had been massacred,  
“ mangled, and exterminated. Blood ran down  
“ the scuppers of the ship, and several of the  
“ wretches beat out the brains of the corpses  
“ before they threw them into the sea.

“ The victory of the pirates was not without casualties; several of them had been shot dead, and a large number grinned or cursed in an agony of wounds. I narrowly escaped death from the hands of one of these wretches, who with that natural propensity to slaughter by which they are all distinguished, hurled a heavy club at me with the greatest fury; but as he missed his aim, the wounded miscreant crawled towards me, with an expression in his sickening face that betrayed the wickedness of his intentions.

“ The young negro, who was giving his directions with all the satisfaction and arrogance of a successful general, observing the movements of my assailant, quietly satisfied the ends of justice by dashing his brains out with the same axe that had already killed my father and my lover.

“ He performed this summary execution with an indifference that did not even disturb the thread of a conversation he was holding with one of his lieutenants. The frightened ladies

Natural  
selection.

“ were discovered crouching in the cabin.  
“ They dragged them into the presence of  
“ the young chief, who, tearing off their  
“ clothes, and seeing by the light of a lantern  
“ that they were no longer in their first youth,  
“ broke their skulls one after the other, and  
“ committed the bodies to the waves. The  
“ wretch then examined me, as if I had been  
“ a horse that he was about to purchase ; and  
“ forcing open my mouth with his vile and  
“ clammy hands, which were more like the  
“ paws of a monkey than parts of a  
“ human body, he thrust his finger into my  
“ mouth, felt my teeth, and after tearing  
“ the body of my dress, ordered me to be  
“ carried into one of his boats. They next  
“ set the ship on fire ; and as the bright  
“ flames were reflected over the sparkling  
“ waves, we rowed rapidly towards the shore.  
“ The boats were laden with such plunder  
“ as they considered worth taking away ; and  
“ I, more dead than alive,—I, hitherto only  
“ accustomed to flattery, obedience, and love,  
“ was flung unceremoniously into the stern  
“ sheets.

“ Savage songs and yells accompanied and  
“ encouraged the efforts of our stalwart rowers.  
“ I determined to make an effort which might  
“ deliver me from a destiny worse than  
“ death, and with this intention I tried to  
“ jump into the sea ; but the young negro,  
“ with a shout of horse-laughter, caught me  
“ in his arms, and, determined to prevent any  
“ future attempts at suicide, the unfeeling  
“ and cruel pirate forced me to sit upon his  
“ lap for the rest of the journey, where he  
“ restrained my fainting form with his left  
“ arm, while he testified his good humour by  
“ pulling my nose, and playing other monkey  
“ pranks which made the whole boat’s crew  
“ roar with delight.

“ Passing under a large rock, we turned  
“ into a small and smooth bay. The over-  
“ hanging precipices prevented the dim light  
“ from penetrating among their shadows ; but  
“ the reflection of torches dancing over the  
“ tranquil and black waters, and the sounds  
“ of voices which were answered from the  
“ throats of our crew, as well as from the  
“ clefts and chasms of the impending cliffs,

“warned me of a change of scene in the  
“frightful drama.

“The noise on the beach was like the  
“chattering of monkeys mingled with the  
A den of “screaming of birds. These were not  
pirates. “human sounds, and those from whom  
“they came were not human beings. When  
“the boats touched the shore, old men and  
“boys pressed into the water, and crowded  
“round the sides. They looked at me as  
“if I had been a wild animal; and so re-  
“lative are our ideas of beauty and elegance,  
“that many of the negroes laughed at my  
“appearance, instead of being struck with  
“wonder and admiration.

“The young negro, taking me by the  
“hand, lead me up some rugged flights of  
“stairs, and after passing through the gates  
“of a stone building that overlooked the  
“bay, I found myself in a small and filthy  
“courtyard, where I was soon surrounded  
“by all the relations, both male and female,  
“of my captor. They vied with each other  
“in curiosity. The women pulled my hair,  
“felt my arms, and seemed surprised at

“not ~~finding~~ more than the usual number  
“of fingers and toes at my extremities, be-  
“cause they counted those members over  
“and over again, and mentioned the results  
“of their calculations to the others.

“A most villainous old negro, with white  
“wool and one eye, examined me carefully  
“from head to foot; and as he was the  
“father of my captor, whose name was  
“Spliteho, he seemed to take the greatest  
“interest in me.

“By means of signs he explained that  
“Spliteho had asked his permission to marry  
“me, and that he had given his paternal  
“approval to our immediate union. I wept  
“again, and in an agony of tears that would  
“have moved an animal, I prayed the old  
“man to consider my unprotected, forlorn,  
“and miserable condition. No pity or ten-  
“der feelings moved their fiendish nature;  
“and a remark from the chief, in answer  
“to my complaints, excited prolonged and  
“boisterous hilarity.

“I was accordingly handed over to the  
“care of the women, some of whom were



The old woman's wedding night. “negresses and some Moors. They  
“stripped off all my clothes, took me  
“to a kind of bath-room, soused me  
“with long pitchers full of water, and dressed  
• “me in garments similar to those that they  
“wore themselves. Having finished the  
“nuptial ceremony of purification, they  
“offered me food and fruit; but my  
“want of appetite was only considered a  
“natural symptom in the modesty of a  
“bride.

“The girls danced and sang songs of love;  
“but when I shrank disconsolate and stunned  
“from the advances of Spliteho, they decked  
“my hair and bosom with flowers, in order  
“to charm his affections.

“Spliteho was a vile and disgusting negro.  
“His appearance, even passing in the street,  
“would have offended me; but, as a proof  
“that we owe everything to surrounding  
“objects, the position in which we are placed,  
“and the merest chance (because, in good  
“faith, and seriously, can anyone really be-  
“lieve that I was fated from all eternity, and  
“through no fault of mine, to this degrada-

“tion ?), I may tell you that the odious creature  
“actually thought that he was doing me a  
“very great honour. In fact, we had changed  
“places as it were; and I was really as much  
“beneath him as a few hours before I should  
“have considered him beneath me.

“The marriage ceremony differs all over  
“the world, according to the manners, or  
“according to the customs and religion of dif-  
“ferent people. A few songs and fantastical  
“rites constituted a wedding among the pirates  
“of Mayonkooty; and their divorce courts  
“were controlled by a still less cumbersome  
“machinery.

“Behold me, then, who yesterday leant  
“on the tenderest and most beautiful of  
“lovers, condemned to-day to a conjunction  
“which outrages every feeling, and forced  
“to an union which is not even homo-  
“geneous.

“At the last moment, and when the com-  
“pany was retiring, I again entreated the old  
“negro to put off the honeymoon; but he  
“gave me such a warm reception, and boxed  
“my ears with such violence and rapidity.

“that I was fain to seek the shelter of my  
“husband’s arms.

“ You may well wonder how I could support  
“such an accumulation of degradation and  
“sorrow; but grief depends more upon our  
“temperament than upon our surroundings,  
“and it very often happens that the most  
“miserable are those who have the least cause  
“for ill-humour.

“ Some dispositions are so badly constituted  
“that a disappointment, even of the most  
Metaphy- “trivial nature, throws them into a  
sica. “state of despair and despondency,  
“making their very lives a burden, and  
“which is really so poignant and heartfelt  
“that it is, under any circumstances what-  
“ever, insusceptible of augmentation.

“ Their grief at the death of a favourite  
“animal, or at the loss of a little money, con-  
“sideration, or credit, is often equal to the  
“sorrow with which the fondest mother mourns  
“for her child. That is, the despondency or  
“suffering of which the human mind is capa-  
“ble is reached in either case. The mental  
“pain, whether caused by great things or little

“ things, depends upon the occult faculties;  
“ and ladies envied by others are often as  
“ miserable and discontented in their palaces  
“ as I was in Spliteho’s hut.

“ Perhaps they are, I said ; and then ?

“ And then, repeated the old woman, going  
“ on with her story, we get accustomed to  
“ everything. Custom and education are  
“ powerful influences, which make the bear  
“ dance, and resign the wanderers of the forest  
“ to a few square feet enclosed with bars of  
“ iron.

“ Although I was the wife of the chief’s son,  
“ my dignities were not commensurate with a  
“ princely rank. I helped at the cooking, The old woman’s married life.  
“ washed my vigorous young husband’s  
“ feet, and fanned his slumbers when,  
“ fatigued with fishing or murder, he sought  
“ the repose of his private apartments. He  
“ was a powerful youth, and often gave me  
“ evidence of his strength. The slightest fault  
“ or misapprehension of his wishes roused him  
“ to a fury ; and his blows and kicks were often  
“ supplemented by a shaking which almost  
“ dislocated my bones.

“ I feared as much as I hated him ; and I  
“ obeyed and ministered to his wants with a  
“ servility and attention which might have  
“ formed a model for the conduct of the most  
“ obedient and thrifty wife. I made every  
“ effort to speak his language ; but no school-  
“ boy was ever punished with greater severity  
“ than I was for errors with my tongue.

“ He used to express great pleasure at my  
“ attempts to conciliate him with the repetition  
“ of sentences that I had learnt from the other  
“ women ; but, on these occasions, if I failed  
“ to understand his answers, changing sud-  
“ denly from good humour to fury, he thumped  
“ me and shook me till I was half dead.

“ Like all despots, his good and evil tem-  
“ pers were like those of a child, and could  
“ never be foretold by the ordinary affinities  
“ of cause and effect. His punishments dis-  
“ dained to examine the measure of guilt ; and  
“ his rewards were equally capricious as his  
“ punishments. I existed constantly in fear  
“ of death ; and, in the presence of my hus-  
“ band, cowered like a captive lioness at the  
“ approach of her tamer .

“Like a lioness I had been high-spirited  
“and proud ; but now I was as fawning and  
“subservient as a spaniel. If you think that  
“I was weak to submit to such tyranny, you  
“are a fool. Let the most austere and over-  
“bearing man, whose servants and family  
“tremble in his presence, be put in a den with  
“a few wild beasts, or become a captive among  
“savages, or be placed in the dock for some  
“vile offence, after being jeered at by a noisy  
“crowd,—he will appear meek and gentle, he  
“will cower like a frightened child ; but it is  
“his demeanour only, and not his disposition,  
“which is changed.”

“Nearly two years after my arrival at  
“Mayonkooty, there was great rejoicing. The  
“women danced and sang. The men  
“fired shots, screamed, and blew their <sup>Of a son.</sup>  
“horns. The people from the lower part of  
“the village, and those who lived on the  
“shore, came up to the citadel or acropolis in  
“which we lived, and gorged the greasy food  
“prepared by the splendid and munificent  
“hospitality of Spliteho.

“It was a general holiday in the little

“creek, and among the rocks ; and the festival  
“was in honour of the birth of my only son.  
“The women disputed the honour of kissing  
“him ; each one discovered some peculiar  
“elegance in his shape ; and a year after-  
“wards little Spliteho was the most charm-  
“ing, smooth-skinned, fine-woolled, plump  
“little mulatto that it is possible to imagine.  
“What gambols ! what tricks ! His beauty  
“was only exceeded by his affection and good  
“temper. As a pet or a curiosity, he was  
“worth a great price.

“To tell you the truth, in the first in-  
“stance I looked upon my poor little child  
“with indifference or contempt ; but by  
“degrees every fibre and tendon of my  
“broken heart wound round an only friend.”

“That is very natural,” said the lieu-  
tenant, interrupting the Turk. “When the  
“celebrated Count de Lauzun was  
Pertinent anecdote. “confined in the Bastile, he formed a  
“most violent attachment for a spider, and  
“that frivolous and hitherto heartless young  
“gentleman was agitated with the most pro-  
“found grief when the brutal jailor, with a

“refinement of cruelty, crushed in his presence the beloved insect. He was thus deprived of a distraction ; and his grief at the loss of the only object from which he could obtain amusement was as natural and profound as if it had been caused by the death of a human being. Had he known the spider under other circumstances, he might have killed it too ; but this only shows that our affections are greatly influenced by our surroundings.”

“Alas !” said the Turk, having piously invoked the name of God, “the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.”

“And that epigram,” remarked the lieutenant, “applies equally to the central and circulating organ of the ladies. <sup>Shame</sup> Had this woman been at Vienna <sup>and love.</sup> instead of at Mayonkooty, she might have regarded her little boy with very different feelings.”

“Shame,” suggested the Turk, “would have destroyed her tenderness.”

“Shame,” answered the lieutenant, “is



“the eldest daughter of vanity; and vanity,  
“one of the most subtle and violent passions  
“by which we are moved, is capable of stifling  
“the warmest affections of the heart. How-  
“ever, go on with your story, because we are  
“gliding into metaphysics.”

The Turk again took up his parable, and continued in the words of the old woman:—

“The inhabitants of Mayonkooty were  
“fishermen, traders, or pirates, according as  
An unfor- “opportunities offered for the exercise  
tunate ex- “of those different professions; but  
pedition, “they conducted their depredations with such  
“expedition and secrecy that their victims  
“were supposed to be drowned instead of  
“murdered. On one occasion a large coasting  
“vessel, bound for the port of Saffi, anchored  
“off the coast; and my Spliteho and the  
“merry men who followed that bloodthirsty  
“corsair, put off in their boats after sunset.

“With their usual war cry of ‘Matty  
“‘Chotty! Matty Chotty!’ they boarded  
“the vessel. After massacring every one  
“on whom they could lay hands, they threw  
“the dead bodies into the sea, and then

“ commenced to examine the booty. Find-  
“ ing that the cargo consisted of useful com-  
“ modities, they determined to remove the  
“ greater part of it to the citadel; and, con-  
“ trary to the general custom, did not destroy  
“ the evidence of their crimes by burning the  
“ ship.

“ In the intention of re-commencing  
“ these operations at an early hour in the  
“ morning, and long before sunrise, they  
“ brought two boats’ loads of the cargo  
“ into the bay; but when they returned  
“ after a night’s rest in order to finish their  
“ arrangements and set fire to the ship, she  
“ was gone.

“ The cook of this vessel was in the  
“ fore part when the action began, and  
“ not having a stomach for the fray, Courage  
of the  
cook.  
“ hid himself, more dead than alive,  
“ in one of his empty water-barrels, and saw  
“ or heard the battle in a kind of waking night-  
“ mare.

“ When Spliteho and his company left their  
“ prize, the cook recovered self-possession;  
“ and, inspired by his innate ideas of naviga-

“tion or self-preservation cut the hawser,  
“and giving the mainsail to the wind as  
“well as he could, continued the voyage  
“towards Saffi, where he arrived safely in due  
“time.

“His courage and determination were  
“greatly applauded by the owners of the  
“vessel; and the local authorities, as well as  
“the friends and relations of the murdered  
“crew, preached a crusade against Mayon-  
“kooty.

“Spliteho and his confederates expressed  
“vast astonishment at the disappearance of  
“the ship; and my surmises, which turned  
“out to be quite correct, so irritated my hus-  
“band that he beat me, and shook me with  
“more than usual violence. The non-appear-  
“ance of the prize was attributed to every  
“imaginable circumstance except the right  
“one; but a few days afterwards, the crimes  
“of the miscreants among whom I had fallen  
“were punished with a barbarity which quite  
“equalled, if it did not excel, the excesses of  
“the Mayonkooty brotherhood.

“If I deserved a military decoration for the

“first action in which I was present, my  
“assistance at the operations of which I am  
“about to give you an account merited at  
“least some other ornament.

## CHAPTER II.

A BLOODY REVENGE—REVOLTING CARNAGE AND DEATH OF THE OLD WOMAN'S CHILD—THE OLD WOMAN MUTILATED—CALM LEGISLATION—THE OLD WOMAN'S HUSBAND IMPALED—HIS DISGUSTING DEATH—MISERABLE WANDERINGS OF THE OLD WOMAN—ASTROLOGY—A CURE FOR LOVE—THE OLD WOMAN, NOT WISHING TO BE CURED, ESCAPES—A STATE OF NATURE—RELIGIOUS BELIEF—EXPERIENCES OF THE OLD WOMAN—THE FORCE OF LOVE—HAPPINESS IS A PHANTOM—DEATH OF THE OLD WOMAN—DOUBTS ABOUT THE TRUTH OF HER STORY—THE SAVE—TURKISH BROD AND GERMAN BROD.

“A narrow path, winding among the rocks  
 “which separated Mayonkooty from the inte-  
 “rior of the country, was the only  
 A bloody “means of approaching that little creek  
 revenge. “from the land side; and the few strangers  
 “who ever made their appearance among our  
 “fishermen (as they called themselves) came  
 “to the village by water.

“At about two hours before daybreak,  
 “several boats filled with armed men came  
 “from Saffi, with the intention of exterminat-

“ing everyone in the place. A strong party  
“was posted on the little path among the  
“rocks behind the town to prevent the escape  
“of anyone, and an evasion by water was  
“effectually guarded against by burning all  
“the boats, which were anchored close together  
“on the shore. Such was the commencement  
“of hostilities, and the men of Mayonkooty  
“were awoke by gleams of light, which varie-  
“gated with fantastic illuminations the rugged  
“outlines of the surrounding precipices.

“The huts close to the beach were set on  
“fire ; and the men, women, and children who  
“lived there either massacred as they fled  
“from the burning houses, or driven into the  
“flames, where they were roasted alive. The  
“remainder of the village was soon in com-  
“motion ; women and children ran wildly  
“about the streets, or up and down the flights  
“of stairs by which the houses were connected.  
“Several mulattoes and negroes, headed by  
“Spliteho and his father, endeavoured, with-  
“out bestowing a thought on their wives and  
“families, to make their escape ; but these  
“masterly tactics were frustrated by a violent

“attack from a party of the enemy, which  
“I have already told you anticipated this  
“manœuvre in the opening plan of the cam-  
“paign.

“These fortitudinous heroes, with glances  
“of real generals, at once perceived that they  
“were caught in a trap ; and rage and disap-  
“pointment filled them with the courage of  
“despair. Some of the stragglers, who had  
“escaped the flames and the swords of the  
“men of Saffi, rallied round their leaders ;  
“and although my father-in-law was cloven to  
“the chin, and my gallant husband received  
“a deep gash across the face, which by no  
“means added to his personal attractions, the  
“pirates warmed to the fight when they  
“found that there was no help for it.  
“Spliteho’s men were greatly outnumbered  
“by their opponents. The whole town was  
“filled with crusaders from Saffi, who set fire  
“to whatever would ignite, and cut and  
“slashed with their scimitars at every living  
“thing on which they could expend a little  
“of their fury, or rather delirium.

“Clasping my little boy in my arms, I ran

“ out of the house, without knowing on which  
“ side to direct my faltering steps ; but the  
“ mangled corpses of men, women, and chil-  
“ dren, and even of dogs and cats, lying about  
“ in every direction, as well as in every posi-  
“ tion that the anguish of last agonies could  
“ suggest, warning me that attempts at flight  
“ were useless, induced me to return.

“ With the hereditary ferocity of his race,  
“ my poor child crowed in answer to the ap-  
“ proaching war-whoops, and expressed his  
“ delight at the unusual aspect of mutilated  
“ bodies.

“ The women of our family crowded together  
“ like frightened sheep ; but our house, which  
“ had till now been overlooked, was  
“ invaded by a number of the enemy. Revolting  
carnage,  
and death  
of the old  
woman's  
child.  
“ Bursting among us like famished  
“ wolves, the grating of their scimitars  
“ through quivering flesh was hardly drowned  
“ by the terrific and piteous outcries of the  
“ victims. On one side a fat old negress  
“ collapsed clumsily in the agonies of death ;  
“ on the other a black and budding virgin was  
“ swept into eternity.



“In the vain hope of exciting humanity in  
“their cruel hearts, I held up my little boy  
“and claimed their pity for the helpless child ;  
“but, so far from appeasing their fury, my  
“supplications only caused a feat of swords-  
“manship which I should have hardly thought  
“possible. A man of Saffi, who had with a  
“single blow chopped off the head of  
“Spliteho’s mother, sliced my son in two as  
“though he were a candle.

“The second afterwards a flash of lightning  
“burst between my eyes, and I remembered  
“no more. When I came to myself  
The old woman mutilated “the day was far spent, and complete  
“silence had given place to strife and murder.  
“My eyes were dim, the flesh of my forehead,  
“the whole of my beautiful nose, and three  
“fingers of the left hand had been cut off. I  
“was covered with the headless body of a very  
“fat servant woman ; and, when I succeeded  
“in ridding myself of such an odious burden,  
“I perceived that her back was covered with  
“profound gashes, which must have been in-  
“flicted in sheer fury after the vital spark was  
“extinct. It was doubtless to the chance of

“ her fall that I owed my life, as fifteen corpses  
“ of women and girls lying on the floor were  
“ all disfigured by wounds, each one of which  
“ by itself would have been mortal.

“ Rolling my wounded hand in a piece of  
“ linen, and bathing my mutilated face in  
“ water, I used the oil, of which there <sup>Calm</sup>  
“ was a large supply on the shelf, as a <sup>legisla-</sup>tion.  
“ balm. Thinking what I should do next, I  
“ was alarmed at the sound of voices, and  
“ creeping cautiously to the window, I saw,  
“ through a small hole, that my husband and  
“ five other men were tied together in a corner  
“ of the courtyard. The men of Saffi crowded  
“ in, and you will doubtless smile when I tell  
“ you that, after their inhuman barbarities,  
“ several grave personages, who had supervised  
“ and encouraged this indiscriminate slaughter,  
“ began seriously to investigate the crimes for  
“ which they had put about two hundred  
“ people to death. The evidence of the cook  
“ was taken with all the solemnity and calm-  
“ ness of an impartial court of justice ; articles  
“ which had been stolen from the ship were  
“ triumphantly identified as a circumstantial

“corroboration of the statement of the witness;  
“and the chief or leading warrior of the party  
“sentenced his prisoners to be flogged first,  
“and impaled afterwards.

“The wrath of these men seemed to have  
“subsided, and they carried out the sentence  
“with great dignity and composure. My hus-  
“band and his confederates were stretched  
“out in the courtyard, and fastened with their  
“faces to the ground by means of stakes and  
“ropes. In this position they received re-  
“peated stripes with a leathern whip; and  
“their piteous cries and entreaties to be put  
“to death were only answered with smiles or  
“exhortations to patience.

“Pointed stakes were then employed; and  
“the care and anxiety with which these  
“operations were conducted formed a  
“strange contrast to the rage and fury  
“of the opening scenes of the cam-  
“paign. The operation of impaling requires  
“the art and talent of a skilful surgeon; and  
“in two cases the clumsiness or ignorance of  
“the executioner shortened the tortures of the  
“victims, and disappointed the expectations

The old  
woman's  
husband  
impaled.

“ of the audience. Four attempts proved successful; and my husband, with three of his friends, wriggled in excruciating tortures at the extremities of stakes on which they had been hoisted; while the men of Saffi smoked their pipes, and made very pointed and solemn jests on the absurdity of their appearance.

“ It was a hideous sight. I turned away my eyes; and still a horrible fascination impelled me to fix them again and again on the bleeding Spliteho and his companions. My husband and his followers were half naked; his marked features were exaggerated and distorted; the wound in his face and the torpidity of approaching death made him pitiful to look upon; and the dust and blood with which he was covered increased the terrors of the spectacle. His companions died before him; and at the fourth hour, the stricken chief, in a faint accent, begged for water or for death. The request for water obtained the favourable consideration of the men of Saffi, and after a short deliberation they

“ gave him some, in the barbarous intention  
“ of prolonging his sufferings.

“ With great eagerness the trembling and  
“ mangled wretch gloated over the liquid  
His disgusting death. “ placed between his parched and  
“ swollen lips, and his expiring pas-  
“ sions were centred upon it. He was only  
“ an animal; and brutal and sensual avidity  
“ transiently animated his last moments. I  
“ no longer feared him; I scarcely lamented  
“ the agony of that unfeeling murderer who  
“ had wrought my degradation and ruin; but  
“ in a few minutes after he had swallowed the  
“ water I was a widow.

“ The men of Saffi ransacked the houses,  
“ carried away everything that could be of  
“ any use to them, and burned the rest. It  
“ was dark when they again visited the room  
“ in which I was hiding, and I fortunately  
“ escaped their observation; but overhearing  
“ a great deal of their conversation, I learned  
“ by that means the principal events of the  
“ campaign. After piously returning thanks  
“ to God for the protection and assistance  
“ which they were quite convinced He had

“ vouchsafed to their operations, they took  
“ their departure, and left me the sole living  
“ creature in Mayonkooty.

“ The influences of civilization may have  
“ softened the manners of the inhabitants  
“ of these coasts ; but you must remember  
“ that the events of which I speak happened  
“ in the last century, when such scenes  
“ were of common occurrence. Wholesale  
“ massacres were then very often the punish-  
“ ment of slight offences ; and caprice, rather  
“ than fixed laws, regulated the administra-  
“ tion of justice.

“ Like a hunted animal, I wandered away  
“ from the ruins of the village ; and, bleeding,  
“ mangled, and exhausted, I lay down <sup>Miserable</sup>  
“ to die. I became delirious ; but <sup>wander-</sup>  
“ when I recovered my senses I was <sup>ings of</sup>  
“ <sup>the old</sup> woman.  
“ lying on some straw, and protected from  
“ the rays of the sun by a piece of canvas.  
“ Some benevolent shepherds had taken com-  
“ passion on my wretched plight. My misery  
“ and mutilation, perhaps the remains of my  
“ beauty, had touched their hearts, and they  
“ rescued me from impending death.

“ By degrees my wounds closed together  
“ and healed ; under a burning sun I assisted  
“ in the laborious occupations of my pro-  
“ tectors ; earned my share of their coarse  
“ and scanty food ; and worked as if I had  
“ been brought up as a goat driver. I thought  
“ but little of returning to my country, where,  
“ after my adventures and disfigurement, I  
“ should have been looked upon with con-  
“ tempt or curiosity. I knew that I could  
“ never be loved again ; my hopes were anni-  
“ hilated ; and every tender sentiment died  
“ with them. It is the despair of inspiring  
“ love, and not age, that cures a woman of  
“ her desire to please ; and every hag, you  
“ may be quite sure, would be as sentimental  
“ as a girl of fifteen if she was only en-  
“ couraged.

“ Feeling that the sun of my attractions  
“ had set, I was indifferent to everything ;  
“ and the detestable quality of extreme  
“ selfishness which is generally nourished by  
“ disappointment and misfortune, became my  
“ ruling passion. Exposure to the sun soon  
“ changed my smooth and tender skin ; my

“ arms became hard and sinewy ; my neck  
“ pendulous and discoloured ; and my little  
“ hand, once like satin, so bony and frickled,  
“ that I often contemplated it with wonder.

“ For ten years, and as the companion of  
“ goats, I laboured in the open air ; but at  
“ length, prompted by a wish to better my  
“ condition, which never abandoned me, I  
“ joined some wanderers who occasionally  
“ frequented our neighbourhood ; and in  
“ the capacity of their cook and doctor I  
“ accompanied them to the city of Tedla.

“ Here my extreme ugliness, and the mys-  
“ terious manners that I affected, invested  
“ me with some importance. Con-  
“ tinual meditation enabled me to <sup>Astrology.</sup>  
“ penetrate a few of those laws which govern  
“ the human mind ; and as I had often varied  
“ the order of my existence, I could compare  
“ and analyze the results of my experience.  
“ Frequent observation of the heavens gave  
“ me a taste for astrology ; and the natural  
“ credulity and vanity of men, which follows  
“ everywhere the prevailing fashion, enabled  
“ me to impose upon their simplicity.



“Predicting the future, consulting the  
“stars, and curing diseases with great suc-  
“cess, I was enabled to separate from my  
“companions, live alone, and enjoy some of  
“that respect and consideration which softens  
“every human trouble. I wandered from  
“house to house, selling medicines and  
“drugs ; and often carried love messages from  
“my female patients to the youths, who re-  
“warded me for my pains.

“For some days I had been attending a  
“girl of seventeen, named Meera ; and not-  
A cure for  
love. “withstanding her youth and beauty,  
“she was the wife of an old man  
“named Muley Figuig, who was seventy-five  
“years of age. I soon discovered that she  
“was love-sick, and that the cause of her  
“fashionable distemper was one Othman, a  
“young man of twenty, who often passed  
“under her latticed windows.

“Her good and credulous old husband, con-  
“sulting me about the girl’s indisposition, dis-  
“played the greatest anxiety concerning her  
“symptoms ; for which I knew very well that  
“there was only one cure.

“I had no difficulty in persuading old  
“Muley Figui that a certain course of treat-  
“ment (which could only be effected in my  
“own pharmacy) would be a sure remedy for  
“his wife’s ailments; and then, with a view  
“to disarming his suspicions, I pointed out  
“the difficulty and inconvenience of receiving  
“her into my residence.

“Carefully instructed by me, the artful  
“Meera raised several objections to leaving  
“her husband’s home; and at length the  
“anger of old Muley *appeared* necessary to  
“enforce obedience. As soon as we were  
“alone, after her sojourn at my house for a  
“few days had been arranged, she called me  
“the light of her eyes, saviour, tender and  
“beautiful mother, and, in a thousand ex-  
“pressions of extravagance and love, testi-  
“fied extreme pleasure and satisfaction. She  
“came to me alone; but Othman, with the  
“impatience of love, knocked gently at the  
“door at least two hours before the ap-  
“pointed time, and previously to the slum-  
“bers of the inhabitants.

“He tried to calm my fears by declaring

“that nobody had seen him come in; but he  
“was grievously mistaken, for a friend of old  
“Muley’s, who happened to cross one of the  
“lanes close by, had observed a stealthy  
“wanderer in the dark. As, notwithstanding  
“a mutual passion, the two lovers had never  
“spoken to each other, their first meeting was  
“distinguished by a little embarrassment.  
“According to the duties of a host, I was en-  
“deavouring to make them feel at home,  
“when heavy blows were showered on the  
“door, which soon gave way before the  
“violence of this assault. Old Muley led  
“the way, followed by a few retainers. His  
“eyes were starting out of his head, and  
“every hair on his beard stood on end like a  
“piece of wire. Rage had removed all anxiety  
“about his wife’s health; and, without  
“noticing me, both he and his followers, in  
“the blindness of their fury, began belabour-  
“ing the lovers with scimitars till the room  
“looked like a slaughterhouse. Slipping  
“quietly through a small hole or opening in  
“the wall, I concealed myself under some  
“rubbish in a corner; and, in consequence of

“ a declaration of one of the party that he  
“ had seen me vanish in a flash of lightning,  
“ nobody tried to find me. Believing that I  
“ was a witch, they all considered this mode  
“ of departure extremely natural.

“ Not having any wish to renew my ac-  
“ quaintance with those people, I concealed a  
“ few valuables in my dress, and, pro-  
“ vided with a bag of dates for nourish-  
“ ment, I commenced a journey, with-  
“ out thinking in what direction I  
“ should bend my steps so long as I got away  
“ from Tedla. Hiding myself when I deemed  
“ concealment prudent, I wandered for many  
“ days, till I approached the fastnesses of those  
“ off-shoots of the Atlas mountains to the  
“ south of Fez. The inhabitants of these high-  
“ lands are unequalled for cruelty and ferocity  
“ by any savage tribes on the face of the earth.  
“ They are, nevertheless, in the natural state  
“ of mankind—the weaker give way to the  
“ stronger; and, like wild animals of the same  
“ localities, they attack or fly away according  
“ to the interests of the moment. The  
“ merest caprice will cause them to

The old  
woman,  
not wish-  
ing to be  
cured,  
escapes.

A state of  
nature.

“commit barbarous murders or mutilations;  
“sentiments of pity or gratitude are quite  
“unknown; and were it not for a natural  
“selfishness, which teaches them the con-  
“venience of having others on the mountains,  
“I am quite convinced that in the course  
“of a few years not one of them would  
“be left.

“They are, however, very pious people,  
“according to their own notions of religion.

Religious  
belief. “It is true that this religion would be  
“considered superstition anywhere else,  
“—in the same manner as they would think  
“the belief of any other nation incompre-  
“hensible folly. What people call religion in  
“one country is superstition in another; and  
“things that are respected in some localities  
“are ridiculed elsewhere.

“They regard a lunatic with great fear;  
“and, taking advantage of this whim, I  
“managed, by affecting insanity, to spend  
“several years among them. It would be  
“tedious to give you an account of all the  
“sieges, battles, and skirmishes at which I  
“was present while I remained there; but

“no great general, covered with medals,  
“orders, and decorations, has seen so much  
“swordsmanship as I. In times of war, it  
“was the extermination of whole tribes, after  
“the manner of the ancient Hebrews; and in  
“times of peace, women’s heads were con-  
“stantly chopped off for a slight culinary  
“fault.

“Playing with their superstitions, I wandered  
“about freely among these tribes. I passed  
“many years of my life at Teza, where I  
“formed a platonic attachment for a super-  
“annuated negro, who had strayed to that  
“city from Egypt. He accompanied me to  
“Tlemcen, where I distinguished myself as a  
“fortune teller; but when my reputation began  
“to wane in consequence of several very  
“serious errors in my predictions, I went with  
“him to Oran, and afterwards to Algiers.

“If you think my story extraordinary, I  
“declare to you that I have met other people  
“who commenced life with better  
“prospects than mine, and who have  
“encountered the good and bad fortune  
“of the world. I have seen an old woman

Experi-  
ences of  
the old  
woman.

“selling dates who was the daughter of an  
“Italian marquis. She was stolen in Sicily  
“when she was thirteen years old, and after-  
“wards sold in Tunis for three ducats. She  
“passed through the hands of many owners,  
“and finally belonged to an old negro, who  
“won her, at a game of cards, from a  
“cobbler.

“She was nevertheless a contented and  
“worldly-minded person, and thought more  
“about swindling her customers and juggling  
“with her weights and measures than whining  
“about troubles or destiny.

“About thirty years ago I came to Alexan-  
“dria, where the negro by whom I had been  
“accompanied got ill and died. Although a  
“day never passed without disputes between  
“us, I lamented the poor old man’s death  
“even more than that of my only son.

“In both cases I lost a distraction; but the  
“murder of my little boy was followed by  
“so much physical suffering that my  
The force  
of love. “thoughts were naturally prevented  
“from dwelling on that bereavement. Few  
“people are so well constituted as to be en-

“tiredly independent of others ; and when the  
“old negro returned to dust, I had nothing on  
“which to vent my ill temper. As a comfort  
“for my declining years, I coaxed a little  
“Greek girl at Alexandria to run away with  
“me, and escaping with her to Damascus,  
“where I carried on my old trade as a  
“druggist, I spared no pains to act the part  
“of a fond mother to this felonious substitu-  
“tion of my own offspring.

“Every year brought her new graces, and  
“at the age of fifteen she was a little houri.  
“I adored the sweet child, and she repaid my  
“attachment with extreme tenderness. If we  
“were all the same sex, and if the human  
“species were generated by a process of vege-  
“tation, there would be less trouble in the  
“world.

“The most holy affections of which our  
“natures are capable, wither at the touch of a  
“sentiment which is the production of two  
“genders ; and it is not unreasonable to sup-  
“pose that it is the curse set upon humanity  
“by the sin of Eve.

“A young Turk became acquainted with



“my adopted child, and, during my absence,  
 “the wretch persuaded the girl to go away  
 “with him. For the honour of human nature,  
 “I can declare that my little daughter loved  
 “me; but, to my sorrow, I must confess that  
 “she loved the Turk still more.

“In the vain hope of seeing her again, I  
 “tried to trace the fugitives; but after wan-  
 “dering to Diarbekir, Charput, Erzeroum,  
 “Baibourt, Karahissar, and Amasia, I dis-  
 “covered that I had been following a wrong  
 “track, and was obliged to give up the pursuit  
 “as hopeless.

“From the coast of the Atlantic ocean I  
 “had wandered to the neighbourhood of  
 Happiness is a phan- “the Black Sea. Like every other  
 tom. “creature endowed with powers of  
 “locomotion, I exercised those faculties in  
 “the pursuit of pleasure; and, in the maturity  
 “of my experience, I confess that I have  
 “always been hunting a phantom.”

“It is said that man is by nature a hunter,  
 “and if so it is the chase alone which delights  
 “him. When the object is attained, the  
 “pleasure ceases; but, if it eludes his perse-

“verance, he is very apt to run after something else. We are blessed or cursed with the folly of ambition, and, without that influence, we should all stand still.

“Lonely, and longing for the solitude of a great city, I set sail in a Greek boat from Samsoun, and arriving at Constantinople, earned a precarious existence there for many years. My weird appearance, my knowledge of men and women, added to a skill in prophecy and in the arts of Egypt, caused me to be well received among a band of strolling fortune tellers and magicians.

“At these words,” concluded the Turk, the old woman ceased to speak ; the delivery of her story, which I have related <sup>Death of the old</sup> in her own words, overcame her ; <sup>a woman.</sup> a noise in her throat proclaimed that her dissolution approached, and a few hours afterwards I was informed that she was dead.”

The lieutenant, who was, I thought, fast asleep, opened his eyes, and declared that he could not believe such a story as that.

The Turk only stroked his beard, and, after informing us that God alone knew all things,

Doubts about the truth of her story. declared that such events as those retailed by the old woman were more common in the last century than they are now.

Not many years ago, the pirates of the Nicobar Islands were shown to be as terrible as those of Mayonkooty ; and an English lady, the sole survivor of a ship which, although believed to have foundered at sea, was in reality attacked and skuttled by these wretches while she lay at anchor, lived among them as a prisoner for many years. It is said that some of the captives taken by the Affghans from the unfortunate English expedition of 1842, still survive ; and in a work by Captain Ferrier, a French officer, the author declares that he had actually seen one of them.

As it was now broad daylight, I lay down to sleep ; but the horse-hair mattress was hard, and the damp heat from the fogs hanging over the surrounding marshes made the narrow cabin like a vapour bath.

The swollen and rapid stream flows incessantly among soft landscapes ; but so deep is the channel, that the steamer almost touches

the shelving bank as she turns suddenly in the sharp curves. Sometimes the Save <sup>The Save.</sup> is sluggish in a large pool, but, further on, it sweeps round the corner in a rising flood of circling eddies.

The thick haze disappearing by degrees before the rays of a morning sun, the sultry atmosphere becomes clear; and shepherds, watching flocks among trees at the river-side, play their lutes as we pass quite close to green slopes upon which goats are grazing.

The large monastery of Brod towers above the little houses by which it is surrounded; but it is far away among the woods at the right hand side of the river. A <sup>Turkish  
Brod and  
German  
Brod.</sup> long swerve brings us round again; and the town, seeming, like a ship at sea, to change its position, is soon opposite the bows of the steamer.

The banks of the river on either side are high and steep. On the right, as well as on the left, they are covered with houses; and the Austrian and Turkish flags fly over the stream at a very short distance from each other.

The town on the left bank is called German Brod, and that on the right Turkish Brod ; but they are close together, and although there is little intercourse between them, the latter appears a suburb of the former.

In Eslamiah the long and graceful minarets of Turkish mosques point upwards among the trees ; dignified Easterns, in flowing robes of many colours and voluminous turbans, move slowly along the path near the water ; while in Christendom, although it is only separated from this Oriental picture by the narrow channel of the Save, the church steeples of a little German country town overtop the roofs of the houses, and Austrian soldiers, in white tunics and light blue trowsers, lounge on the seats of an ornamental pleasure ground.

The steamer first stops at Turkish Brod, and most of the passengers go ashore along a beam placed against the bank ; and then, shoving off with long poles and crossing the river, it is moored to the modern landing-place at German Brod, from where, after a short delay, it goes on to Sissek.

## CHAPTER III.

FRONTIER HOTEL—DULCET VOICES—GERMAN BROD—PEASANTS  
—THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY—DANGERS OF THE ROAD—A  
RUNNING FIGHT—TERRIFIC DRIVING—EXTRAORDINARY ME-  
TAMORPHOSIS—A BOSNIAC LADY'S IDEA OF ENGLISH LIFE  
CONFIRMED AND APPROVED—DERBENT—THE BOSNIAC BEYS  
—THEIR LITTLE STRONGHOLDS—FINE VIEWS—A COCKNEY  
SPORTSMAN—A ROAD-SIDE SHELTER—A DELIGHTFUL STROLL  
—TIT FOR TAT—FEUDAL CASTLES—AN AUSTRIAN EXPEDITION  
—WAR THE SPORT OF KINGS.

THE hotel at German Brod is very comfortable; and the rickety verandahs, extending all round the house, lead into long corridors, or up crooked flights of <sup>Frontier</sup> hotel. stairs. The doors of the bedrooms are very low, the windows not more than a yard wide, and it seems as if a puff of wind would knock the whole house down. But the uncarpeted floors, the sheets, and the little white curtains are exquisitely clean; green shutters keep off the glare of the sun, and the double fittings, thick wainscoting, and large stove show that it is not an uncomfortable place in winter.

Warned by the waiter, at one o'clock, that it was dinner-time, I went to the public table, which was, as usual in these countries, laid out in an apartment that answered the purpose of smoking-room, tap-room, billiard-room, and general lounge or meeting place for all the inhabitants of the town whose circumstances were prosperous enough to enable them to pay for a glass of slivovitsa.

The company at dinner consisted for the most part of shopkeepers, who all talked at the same time, and with their mouths quite full of beef. They gesticulated with their knives and forks, and often elevated their voices to the pitch of a post-captain's, when, during a gale of wind, he addresses from the poop a person in the foretop. They ate with everything except their forks, which they used as tooth-picks; but, notwithstanding their noise and vulgarity, they were generally very handsome, manly, and fine-looking people, in the enjoyment of famous appetites, although the manner in which they exercised those pleasant inclinations took away mine.

A pleasure-ground, well shaded with hand-

some trees, separates the town from the Austrian fort which overlooks the <sup>German</sup> Save; and a dark avenue leads through <sup>Brod.</sup> a wood to its drawbridge. Two enormous cactuses, in large buckets, ornament the pillars of the gate; the figure of a saint is its only sentry, and a traveller is quite free to walk among the grass-plots and look at the pretty old barracks, which, with their green shutters and long red roofs, greatly resemble Indian bungalows.

As there is hardly a two-storied house in the whole of Brod, the old monastery appears a very imposing pile of building, and towers over its surroundings like a great castle. It is a Roman Catholic institution, inhabited by Franciscan monks; and I was told that from its little windows, in former times, frightened people have looked out at many battles between the Christians and the Turks, who, since the first appearance of the Mussulmans in Europe, have often struggled on the neighbouring plains.

The whole town was once enclosed with a strong rampart, but now the remains only of



those defensive works exist; and, except in some places, their former positions cannot be traced. The streets are, of course, unpaved; but large holes and ruts speak of dirty winter scenes, when rain or snow fall incessantly, and during a long season, on the well watered plains.

Every house is surrounded by a little garden. Wood is so plentiful, large slabs of that material are used instead of slates; and long boards, fastened together, take the place of walls round all the enclosures.

The ends of the houses, turned towards the street, give a lonely aspect to the village. The people never use carpets, but their rooms are solidly, with the better classes almost handsomely furnished; and even among the poorer people they are most scrupulously clean. The inhabitants are very good-natured, and I received many polite invitations, from whoever I addressed, to come into their houses and eat a little of their excellent fruit; to drink their beer or wine; above all things, to tell them what people in my country thought of Pan-slavism, and what was our reason for giving so much money to the Turks. With a never

failing pleasure, I freely accepted all these invitations, and spent the whole day, very agreeably, in a society that had the charm of novelty.

Most of the people seemed bent on commerce ; when I assured them I was neither an engineer nor a trader, and had no intention of making a railway or starting a factory, they were quite convinced I had come on a mission, or at all events that my steps were not directed by curiosity. Nobody asked me for my passport, however ; and I came to Brod, and went over the frontier into Turkey, as freely as I might cross the Thames from Middlesex into Surrey.

It was a calm evening. Austrian officers and nicely-dressed ladies and children walked about in the pleasure-grounds ; country gentlemen galloped out of the courtyard in their long carts ; the bell of the monastery called people to pray, that of the hotel to supper ; and there was nothing in the general appearance of Brod different from the aspect of any other picturesque little country town ; yet the voice of the Muezzin,<sup>1</sup> in long drawn-out notes,

<sup>1</sup> The Muezzin in all Mahommedan countries ascends the

floating clearly in the evening air, proclaimed the neighbourhood of the Turks. When I heard it first, I forgot that Eslamiah was so close, and the noise startled me.

It is said that the women of Brod are the most beautiful in Austria; and they told me that when the town belonged to the Turks, great Pashas, and even Sultans, used to send there for contributions, to be paid in kind instead of in money.

Some of the peasant girls, as well as the women, are extremely good-looking, and in every way worthy of their reputation.

*Peasants.*

The fine and clear complexions, for which they are so celebrated, give, even to women who are long past the bloom of youth, a certain stamp of good-breeding which is rarely found among members of the poorer classes; and I saw the wife of a common man, the mother of a large family, who was certainly remarkably handsome, and even distinguished in her appearance.

minaret at the hour of prayer, and calls, in a loud voice, "Come to prayer; come to prayer," etc. The Mussulman religion forbids the use of bells, and these cries are well known to any person who has been in the East.

At supper I heard all the young men glorifying, with the greatest rapture, a remarkable beauty who had just come from the country in order to fill a situation at <sup>The influence of</sup> beauty.  
a beerhouse.

In the "Lives of Celebrated Beauties,"<sup>1</sup> it is said the counter-woman in a *café* at Paris was so wonderfully handsome, and the crowds of admirers longing to gaze at her over a cup of coffee so great, that there was no accommodation for the multitudes requiring refreshments. Determined to see a girl represented as a model of human comeliness, people fought and pushed at the door, thronged the street, and made such disturbance, that the civil power was assisted by several cavalry charges before the commotion subsided.

At Brod there was fortunately room for all; and, after supper, I went to see the girl, who inspired such universal admiration that several very solemn Turks had come across the river to stare at her. The manners of the Slavs are very free and easy, and the poor girl, notwithstanding her modesty, was treated with very

<sup>1</sup> By J. and P. Wharton.

coarse familiarity by everyone who ordered a glass of liquor. She was certainly thrown away in such a place as a beerhouse in Brod ; and although a severe critic might have found fault with the pleasant irregularity of her features, nobody in the world could say anything against either her complexion or her figure, which last was not in any way assisted by the mimic art of a fashionable dressmaker.

As if to frighten people going to Turkey, the panels in the cabin of the steamer Dangers of the road. in which I came from Belgrade were ornamented with pictures representing Turks waiting behind rocks with cocked guns ; and solitary men, dressed like Europeans, walking in apparent ignorance towards their own destruction.

A Turk on board told me that, unless with the protection of several armed men, it was extremely dangerous to travel in Bosnia ; and as if to illustrate the accidents to which people were liable, he took off his coat, and showing a deep wound in his side, assured me that he had been stabbed in a wood only the day before, by people from whom he escaped

with great difficulty. A negro from Aléxandria, who was also on board the steamer, told me similar stories; and declared his intention of remaining at Brod till a large party, which would be a mutual protection to each other, collected for a journey into the interior.

An Englishman, some time previously, had been attacked in the middle of the day by a drunken Turk, and at no great distance from Brod. It was a most amusing <sup>A running fight.</sup> fight. The Mussulman was armed to the teeth, and the Briton had not even a stick. The Turk rushed at him when he was sitting in his cart, and, bespattering him with every foul name which presented itself at the moment to his imagination, lunged furiously with a yataghan.

The Englishman, jumping out, ran away; and, seizing a stake, endeavoured to pull it out of the hedge, in order to break the Turk's head with it. He pulled vigorously; but just as it was getting loose, and when he was about to take it out, the sparkling yataghan compelled him to let go his hold and run away again. This happened several times, but on

each occasion the Turk succeeded in catching him just before he could get a stick.

Doubling back, the Englishman at length seized one of the stakes that he had previously pulled at, and this time, before the Turk came up, succeeded in arming himself. The spectators looked on with great fear and astonishment; but the former, who was a powerful and determined man, in a very few minutes caused the Mussulman to experience sentiments altogether similar to those of the audience.

He broke his yataghan, knocked the fresh arms out of his hands as he attempted to draw them, rubbed his ears unmercifully with an oaken towel, and eventually succeeded in beating the fury of the fellow, because he cried for pardon and applauded the magnanimity that spared his life.

Early in the morning, a long four-wheeled country cart, drawn by two spirited little horses, was in the courtyard of the hotel according to an arrangement which I had made with a man in the street on the preceding evening; and after I took my seat on a bed of hay, the driver and owner of this

Terrific  
driving.

equipage, like the Dublin coachman in *Punch*, terrified me in the way he rolled me along.

Without getting out of the cart, we drove so furiously into a boat that I thought we should have gone through the bottom of it; and, after being ferried to the opposite side of the river, galloped out again. Encouraged by the yells of my coachman, the horses took fright, and, running away with us, very nearly jerked me out of the cart, which bounded over the ruts like a cannon ball, and that, too, within only a few feet, or even inches, of the edge of the river.

After being very nearly upset at the sharp turn which leads into the main street of Turkish Brod, my charioteer got his coursers in hand, and, moderating their ardour, coaxed them, before he had done any harm, into a steady trot.

'The traveller who goes from Southampton to Bombay round the Cape of Good Hope, sees, after a voyage of several months, a great difference in the appearance of those two ports, as well as in that of their inhabitants.

Extraor-  
dinary  
meta-  
morphosis.

The contrast between German Brod and



Turkish Brod is in no way less remarkable. The former, as its name imports, is a small Austrian town ; but in the latter, the windows are covered with lattices ; the shopkeepers deal in open stalls in front of their houses, and, sitting with their legs folded under them on Turkey carpets, smoke long pipes in true Eastern fashion ; women, completely covered in long white winding-sheets, glide stealthily from house to house ; Turkish officers, and soldiers in red fez caps, are changed for the white uniforms of the Austrians ; the faithful, believing that cleanliness is the key of prayer, wash their beards and hands at fountains in the courtyards of the mosques ; and portly men, with jewelled daggers, richly mounted arms, flowing silk robes of gaudy colours, and enormous turbans, walk, with dignified and measured paces, in the dark and narrow streets. A man with a hat is as much an object of curiosity as if he were in Bagdad ; and the immediate neighbourhood of Christendom has no effect on the habits, manners, customs, or religion of the Turks.

When the Save is crossed the traveller is

in Turkey ; and he might wander by land to the centre of Hindustan without seeing any great difference in a mode of life which is so much the same all through the East, that *Indian Fakirs* often come to Brod, and feel as much at home there as they do in Hyderabad.

One of the peculiarities of my coachman consisted in stopping at every house along the road to have a glass of spirits ; and in pulling up at every passenger, whether <sup>General con-</sup> viviality. on foot or not, in order to say something to him.

I once knew an old officer who used to drink such an unconscionable quantity of brandy that, by way of hiding his perpetual thirst from the company, he always told the waiter in a very loud tone to bring him a glass of something for himself and his friend ; and then whispered an order to put both measures in the same tumbler.

My driver was a person who would never pelt stones at a bottle of whiskey, as they say ; and at every liquor shop, after refreshing himself inside, he brought me out what he called a stirrup-cup, on a plate. Whenever I told him for the hundredth time that I did not want it,

he disposed of it himself as he was walking back, and in order to give it a freer passage down his throat, or else to prevent the least drop being left behind, elevated his chin to such a height that I could see his nose, although I was behind him. Liquor seemed to have no more effect on this toper than it has on a beer jug; he was the unconquered lord of every stimulant; but he smelt so like a rum cask that I was afraid he would blow up as often as he lit his pipe.

For many miles after leaving Brod the country is well cultivated; a good road runs among shady woods; but the flowing robes, pompous display of arms, and gaudy turbans of the passers-by, made me fancy that I was in the most eastern instead of the most western part of the Turkish empire. Whether Mussulmans or Christians, the dress is the same; and I was often surprised to hear from the mouth of a person who looked like a bearded true believer, that he was a Christian of the orthodox or catholic Church.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That Turkish law is corrupt and infamous I freely admit; but that it makes any difference (except for military

After a drive of about two hours, we stopped at a small house in which refreshments were served ; and as I sat on a cushion in its verandah, inhaling the soothing fumes of a long hookah, two women got out of a cart that had just pulled up at the door ; and, ordering pipes and coffee, folded their legs under them and appeared very comfortable on a Turkish rug which an attendant spread out for their convenience.

A Bosnia:  
lady's idea  
of English  
life con-  
firmed and  
approved.

The mistress was beautifully dressed. Her long light hair extended below her waist in two thick plaits gaily ornamented with streaming ribbons ; her sky-blue jacket was worked all over with the richest gold embroidery ; her almost transparent gauze chemise, covered by a kind of open waistcoat so very short that it only covered her breasts, was fastened round the waist

service) between the Mussulmans and Christians of Bosnia or Herzegovina is a statement only paralleled in absurdity and falsehood by those grotesque French publications representing Irish legislation of the last century as still pressing on the persecuted Catholics of that flourishing and generally contented country.

with a belt of solid gold; and her loose trowsers and yellow slippers completed a costume of Eastern magnificence.

Having shaken her attendant and abused her coachman, the lady's ill-humour was soothed by the calming influences of pipes and coffee; and she asked me, in an off-hand manner, who I was, where I came from, and where I was going to.

Among travellers in Turkey these are customary enquiries, which proceed as much from a desire to enliven the monotony of the solitary roads as to satisfy that curiosity which most people feel about those with whom they come in contact.

No sooner had I answered all her questions, than she wanted to know if it was true that there were no roads in England, that nobody used either carriages or horses, and that people went about at the rate of a hundred miles an hour in steam engines.

I informed her that all those things were quite true; that every man and woman in England kept, as she supposed, a private steam engine; and, if such an angel as herself only travelled

in my native country for half an hour, so many *male* trains would put on full steam that a dreadful accident would be the consequence.

“What a delightful country!” she cried out; “how much I should like to go there!”

Peter, as my coachman was called, interrupted any further conversation by an offer of spirits; which as usual he swallowed himself, and we started off again at full gallop. Our speed was at length interrupted by the impediment of a range of mountains, and, toiling slowly up a steep hill, we came in sight of the town and fort of Derbent.

The road passes close to this stronghold; but its streets are so narrow, and so full of rocks or little flights of stairs, that the place, except on foot, is quite impregnable. <sup>Derbent.</sup>

The houses are all in enclosed gardens; but slanting crookedly, and in opposite directions, they look like a fleet in a heavy sea. One hauls upon a wind, another luffs, some of the larger ones seem as if they had missed stays and would not pay off; and a clumsy boy with a box of bricks and toy houses could not dispose of them in a

manner more extraordinary than the architecture of Derbent ; which is commanded by a most drunken looking fort, made of loose stones ; but so broken, ruined, and overgrown with moss, that it might be ascribed, with every appearance of probability, to the Philistines.

It is surrounded by deep ditches one inside the other ; the entrances are so extremely low that they look like little bridges ; the towers and bastions have gone to decay ; the dungeons and magazines under the ramparts are almost choked with sand ; and a solitary Turk, who was praying in the lonely mosque, did not even seem to notice my intrusion.

The Bosniac Beys,<sup>1</sup> although calling themselves Turks, are descendants of the rene-  
The Bos-  
niac Beys.gade aristocracy of this province, which became Mussulman in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ; and, belonging to what people call the old Turkish party, these gentlemen have always fiercely resisted any improvement in the condition of the Sultan's Christian subjects. Although some of them

<sup>1</sup> See seventh chapter of this work, paragraphs "Bosnia" and "Penal laws against religion."

can speak Turkish, their own language is Slavish, and they are perhaps the most intolerant bigots in the world. Large numbers of Bosniacs served in the ranks of the Janizaries, and often rose to the highest dignities in the Turkish empire.

Djezzar, Pasha of Acre, known, from his cruelties, as the Butcher, was a Bosniac.<sup>1</sup> He co-operated with Sir Sydney Smith and Nelson against Napoleon; and the Emperor confessed that the determination of the old Slav changed the destiny of the French nation in the East. Through such men as these, but more particularly through the Janizaries, the Bosniac Turks exercised a powerful influence; which intimidated even the Pashas, who, although nominally governing the province, feared to interfere with an old feudal aristocracy that flaunted standards which had been handed down from father to son for many generations, and even fought among themselves like independent princes.

Their hill-forts, of which Derbent was one,

<sup>1</sup> There is a most amusing account of this man in Doctor Clarke's "Travels," vol. iii.



covered the country in every direction ; and, <sup>Their little strong-holds.</sup> deeming themselves quite safe in such places, they for a long time defied all authority, and acted altogether according to their own caprices. They even made incursions across the Save into Austria, and waged almost incessantly a border war.<sup>1</sup>

About a hundred and fifty years ago, Colonel Palant, an Austrian commander of great celebrity, surprised Derbent; and, taking possession of it after a desperate fight, put the Bey and all his retainers to death; but Mahommed Ghirai, the Khan of the Crimea, who was scouring the neighbourhood of the Save with a large body of horse, flew to the rescue; the Tartars swarmed across the ditch and over the walls, and took such a bloody revenge on the Germans that hardly any of them ever got back to Brod.

<sup>1</sup> The powers of these gentry were annihilated, and annihilated for ever, more than twenty years ago. Their influence has gone; and accounts of their tyranny over the Christians of Bosnia and Herzegovina, that I have recently seen printed in the English language, are in every way worthy of *Punch*, of a serious French history or party newspaper, or of what people call an Irish "*national*" journal,—which last exceeds all comic periodicals in practical jokes.

On leaving Derbent the road winds up the mountains; and after a very tedious ascent the little fort looks a long way down <sup>Fine views.</sup> below. A solitary house at the way-side occasionally furnished Peter with a glass for himself and his friend in a single tumbler, both of which he dealt with in the usual manner; but we passed only a few people, all of whom were armed to the teeth. The men seem to do nothing but smoke; and the indoor work is performed by females.

During the whole day I never saw a Christian church or a young girl; but Turkish mosques and old women constantly appeared. There is a fine view from the top of the first range of hills, which, over a succession of forest, embraces both the Croatian and Bosnian ranges; and a little valley on the summit is so sheltered by the surrounding heights, that, driving through its calm and peaceful fields, I forget the elevation in a change of scene.

The road stretching across this valley zig-zags up the mountain at the opposite side; and, as much to save myself from the dreadful

jolting of the cart as to ease the tired horses, I walked on in front while Peter followed.

A fine pig running across the path disappeared in the bushes; and, pistol cocked, I followed in hot pursuit over the rocks <sup>A cockney sportsman.</sup> and through the underwood. After a long hunt, losing all trace of him, I was about to look out for my charioteer, when I saw the porker standing near a tree with his ears up.

It was a long shot; although I did not hit him, the near neighbourhood of a bullet sent him squeaking down the hill; but the appearance of an armed swineherd at the head of a drove of pigs warned me that I was enjoying a very cockney pastime; and that instead of bagging a wild boar as I counted on, I ran the risk of a prosecution for pig stealing, which is a very common crime in Bosnia.

Peter told me that it was a foolish thing to shoot the pigs of a man who had not offended me; particularly as the Bosniacs were bad people, who would think very little of returning my fire in protection of those animals which are the principal source of their

livelihood. After this I determined not to fire at pigs for the future.

At the top of the pass the clouds hid the setting sun ; but its rays, pouring on the valley as if from a waterspout, spilt glittering patches of mellow light over the forest, and stained the distant prospect with gaudy and variegated hues.

The river Bosna at long intervals glistens among the dark green trees ; and picturesque groups of Bosniacs, with sullen looks and long guns, enjoy the coolness of the evening at the side of the road as it stretches across another valley. At the side of the lovely Bosna the little road is like a country lane in the prettiest parts of England ; and the lowing of cattle, or the purling of the rapid stream, are the only noises which here break the stillness of a summer's evening.

After a drive of about fourteen hours, we stopped at a solitary house on the side of the road. It was close to a stream crossed by a rustic wooden bridge ; and the neighbouring parks, ornamented with magnificent timber, would dispute the palm with the

A road-side shelter.

prettiest landscapes round an English country place.

The house, according to the prevailing custom in Bosnia, was built entirely of wood ; although the large slabs of that material with which it was roofed resembled slates at a little distance. The ground-floor is used as a stable for horses or cattle ; and a broad ladder, or straight stairs, leads to the upper story, where a few rooms are formed by means of partitions about eight feet high. There are no chimneys ; and the smoke from every fire in the house can only escape through a small opening operated at the top of the long roof, shaped like a bell tent.

The whole erection appeared very rickety. The greater part of the upper floor embraced a hall or landing-place, from which a large buttress, or bow window, quite open and without any glass, bulged out over the road ; and although this architecture is highly favourable to an enjoyment of the surrounding scenery, it greatly diminishes the size of the rooms.

My dinner was composed of black bread, fried eggs, rum, and coffee, which, as I had

eaten nothing since breakfast, I swallowed with great relish and voracity ; although I thought at the time that these light festivities would be vastly improved by dishes which a few days previously I had pronounced quite unfit for human food.

The owner of the house was a most impertinent fellow ; in his endeavours to cope with Peter in the consumption of liquor, he got very noisy, and coming into my room to see how I was enjoying myself, patted me on the back ; but became very angry when I patted him between the ribs with my elbow, and declared that, in exceeding the bounds of moderation, I had displaced one of his bones, and interfered with his respiration.

There were a great many bad-countenanced men about the house, the situation was very lonely, and it just began to strike me that it was a beautiful place for a <sup>A delight-  
ful stroll.</sup> murder, when I fell fast asleep. It was broad daylight when I awoke ; and while Peter prepared for the journey, I strolled, after my morning cup of coffee, along a little pathway close to a brook. Shaded by overhanging

boughs, nothing could be more delicious than the temperature of the morning air ; the sweetest fragrance mingled with the smoke of my cigarette ; long droves of cattle moved slowly across the fields in the direction of the Bosna ; a pleasant drive through a beautiful and little-known country was a happy anticipation ; and above all things there was no neighbouring post-office by means of which those dissatisfied persecutors who are never pleased continually mar the good humour of the most jovial. Mark Tapley would certainly have gone back in disgust, declaring that there was no credit in being jolly, as he called it, under such circumstances.

When I paid the man, he swore that what I had given him was not enough, and, supported by his wife, asked for a great  
Tit for tat. deal more ; but, on my declaration that they were trying to cheat me, the worthy pair, bolting the door, said I should not leave the house till I had satisfied their demands. The man made this assertion with an air so determined that I could not help shaking him ; on which both

he and his wife set up such frightful outcries that I was afraid they would raise the whole country; and Peter, with his face as white as a sheet, ran upstairs in extreme terror.

In order to stop this clamour, I gave him all he asked, and something more; but he had no sooner pocketed it, than he began to laugh, and declared that he was only joking. The town of Doboy is about ten miles from his house; and, without ever asking my leave, he coolly got into the cart and took his seat next to Peter on the box. In the middle of a wood I told him to get out; but putting on a determined look, and supported by my Bacchanalian coachman, he declared that he would not stir; when I got out of the cart, with the intention of ejecting him, he changed his mind; and notwithstanding his entreaties, I left him and his bundle in the middle of the road, remarking as we drove away that *I* was only joking.

All the towns in Bosnia are very much alike in the matter of arrangement; the little feudal castle of the Bey overlooks the irregular houses; and these coarsely-

Feudal  
castles.



built citadels used to protect or intimidate the peasants of the neighbourhood according to the interests of the proud chiefs who built them. They are now for the most part in ruins; but their remains, assisted by the light of history, give a very clear idea of the independent government of the Bosniac Beys, who, like the Barons, deemed themselves secure and invulnerable in their village strongholds.

The road runs straight through the town of Doboy; and its ruined and ivy-covered little fortress is almost hidden by the neighbouring houses. A few miles further on, the town and fort of Mogloy command the passage of the Bosna; and both these places are celebrated in the history of Prince Eugene, who, at the head of an Austrian army, advanced, like Peter and I, from the banks of the Save to the capital of the country: which is called Bosna-Serai by the Turks, Seraijevo by the Slavs,<sup>1</sup> and Seraglio by the Italians.

In the month of October, 1697. Prince

<sup>1</sup> The proper spelling is *Serajëvo*, but *Seraijevo* expresses its pronunciation in English.

Eugene resolved to invade Bosnia; communicating his intentions to the generals, they all expressed great delight at the prospect of such a pleasant expedition; and the Princes Vaudemont and Commercy, burning to distinguish themselves, obtained permission to serve under his orders.

An Austrian expedition.

"It is only necessary," says the historian,<sup>1</sup> "to throw one's eyes on the map in order "to judge what a march the troops had to "make in a mountainous country against the "enemy and across defiles; and that, too, "towards the middle of autumn. An enterprise which consisted in surprising the "enemy demanded a great deal of diligence; "but of what is not a hero like ours "capable?

"He conducted the body of troops that "he commanded, after infinite trouble and "fatigue, within sight of Seraglio, the capital "of Bosnia. This town, situated rather near

<sup>1</sup> "Military History of Prince Eugene of Savoy,"—an enormous work, extensively illustrated with large maps and plans of all his battles.

“the Bosna, is large, defended by a good castle, and considerable from its great commerce. There are more than six thousand houses, and a hundred and fifty mosques in it.

“The Prince, having surprised it, became master of it without much trouble; and as he wished to keep it, he forbade anyone to set it on fire under pain of death. This prohibition was useless. A house at the end of the town caught fire during the night, and it was impossible to extinguish it in the disorder caused by the flames. The soldiers pillaged on all sides; and, the town having been ruined, it was impossible to stop there for the purpose of taking the castle.

“For this reason, he resolved to retire; but he first sent parties in every direction to rob and pillage; and as he went back he demolished the forts of Doboy, Mogloy, and Vranduck.”

Other accounts say that he took Doboy and Mogloy four days after his entry into the country; and that, although he threw a

hundred shells into the little fort of Teschain, near Mogloy, the garrison refused to surrender, and he was obliged to abandon the siege. He only remained at Seraijevo one day, and arrived at Essek on the first of November.

It is difficult to see the use of such an expedition; but it was doubtless extremely pleasant to the soldiers and officers, as well as to the young princes. With <sup>War the sport of kings.</sup> similar examples, it is easy to understand that war is the sport of kings; but, like frogs in the fable, the Christians at Seraijevo might have said it was death to them.

Their co-religionists, professing great friendship for them, came to Seraijevo, burned and plundered the town, but then went away; and it is said that thousands of the Christians, whose property had been destroyed, and who dreaded the punishment which would be inflicted on them by the infuriated Turks for their suspected connivance in these pranks, asked to be allowed to follow the army and leave Bosnia.

## CHAPTER IV.

MOGLOY—INGENIOUS FERRY—TURKISH HAN—A CONSUMPTIVE  
LOBSTER—NATURAL BEAUTY—SCHEPTSCHÉ—A WEDDING  
PARTY—VRANDUCK—FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED—EVERY  
EUROPEAN A DOCTOR—DRESSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—  
IRANITZKA—AN EMIGRANT—BOOSOVATCHAH—THE FOUNTAIN  
OF LIFE—A GREEK'S IDEA OF A PLEASANT WATERING-PLACE  
—VICHY DOCTORS—A DIGNIFIED HOST—A STEALTHY VISIT  
TO HIS HAREM—FIRST VIEW OF SERAJEVO—THE HOTEL—  
JEWS AND GENTILES—A PEEP AT THE FOUNDATIONS OF  
CIVILITY—SERAJEVO.

AFTER crossing the Bosna by means of a wooden bridge, about two hundred yards long, and closely resembling in size and appearance those gangways which lead from a steamer to the pier, we arrive at the town of Mogloy; which, overlooking the furious course of the river through a dark gorge in the mountains, opens a view of the most striking beauty.

At a sharp turn in the Bosna, a dark rock, like a hog's back, juts over the stream from

among the wooded precipices ; and the moss-covered towers of the little castle seem loosely balanced on its summit. This stronghold is now used as barracks ; and, although some of the walls have crumbled away, its towers are sheltered with high umbrella roofs made of wooden plates.

On the water's edge a stately mosque reposes in the shadows of the mountain ; a high square tower, ornamented with a large clock, overtops the citadel ; and all round, the houses, perched in picturesque disorder, seem to hang over the river from the branches of trees. There are no streets ; and steps of stairs or rugged gullies, answering the purpose of paths or watercourses, according to the season, lead among the massive foundations upon which the houses are built.

Immediately underneath the little castle, a rock, in the centre of the Bosna, turns aside the foaming current ; and, with the assistance of this impediment, which by means of large stones is connected with the shore, a very solid breakwater has been formed.

The ferry-boat, starting two hundred yards

higher up, is rowed fiercely at right angles to the flood ; and, amid the most violent <sup>Ingenious</sup> yells and gesticulations, pulls into the <sup>ferry.</sup> centre of the river, while the force of the stream sweeps it away sideways. Reaching, by means of this primitive navigation, the eddies formed from the resistance of the breakwater, it is spun round, and carried into a slow whirlpool at the back, where the returning waters land it safely at the opposite bank. This manœuvre was conducted with the speed of an express train, and both men and animals crowded the boat in great numbers.

As Mogloy is half-way between Doboy and Vranduck, where we passed the following night, the horses were taken out of the cart, and I stopped for dinner at the principal hotel, or, as it is called in Turkish, the Han. Nothing could be more picturesque than the situation, but nothing could be more disgusting than the food.

Preferring the shade of a large tree to the shelter of a dirty loft over the stable, I spread my rug outside ; and dinner was <sup>Turkish</sup> served on a small table about five <sup>Han.</sup>

inches high, in front of which I sat, or rather squatted, on the ground. So close to the river, I might, at all events, have counted on good fish ; but in the masquerade of trout I was given a hard substance, more bitter than the bottom of the Atlantic, and a morsel of which put into a tub of fresh water would have answered the purpose of that valuable essence which is advertised as enabling people to avail themselves of the advantages of sea-water in the inland counties.

It is impossible to imagine anything more like the quintessence of rock salt, although, from its sharp action on the palate, and its violent stimulation of thirst, Peter pronounced it a very savoury dish. The fat and briny pork was equally greasy, uneatable, and odoriferous ; and even the eggs and rice, having been cooked in rancid butter, were infected with a very nauseous flavour. One must eat something in order to sustain life ; and like a child with a dose of castor oil, I eyed, with horrid qualms, the ingredients of a vile ordeal. By degrees, and with the help of a bottle of rum, I swallowed a good deal of the rice ; but the sensa-



tions that followed my determination were something similar to those of an old Quarter-Master, whose fish salad during his absence for a few minutes was flavoured with a whole A con- sumptive lobster. bottle of cough mixture, and which, to the great amusement of the audience, and without perceiving the trick, he gobbled up; although a very short time afterwards he swore positively that the lobster of which it was made had died from bronchitis.

Some fine old Turks, who were sitting in a cool kiosk supported on piles over the river, invited me to come in and solace my disappointed appetite with the fumes of a long hookah. Sitting on their soft carpets, I drank a cup of coffee, and remained with them till Peter was ready to start again.

From Mogloy the road follows the winding of the stream, except in those places where the gorge through which the Bosna rushes is too narrow and steep to leave room for a pathway at its side. Such a configuration causes the track to be carried over one of the circumjacent mountains, from which it again descends to the bed of the river.

Thick forests meet the eye in every direction ; but open spaces on these luxuriant heights look like the ornamental planting of well-kept parks. They are the results of chance ; for although the sites are suited to stately castles, there are no habitations in the neighbourhood. Green slopes, hanging over lofty precipices, beautify the wildness of the scene ; but it is difficult to believe that nature, unassisted by the art of a gardener, can soften so pleasantly the lovely views.

Hedgerows line the little road as it runs through a sequestered valley ; and sometimes the arms of enormous trees stretching over our heads and mingling among branches which come across to meet them, make long and dark tunnels with their rustling leaves.

Scheptsche is a large village in a lovely vale, and its principal street is ornamented with the ivy-covered and mossy ruins of a Bosniac castle, which was stormed by Prince Eugene during his advance on Seraijevo. The road runs through the town ; the open stalls of a Turkish bazaar display

Natural  
beauty.

Schept-  
sche.

slippers, tobacco, swords, and whips in great profusion ; everyone stared with marked curiosity ; and a crowd of handsome little boys gave us a royal salute of a hundred stones in order to testify their good humour as well as to try ours.

A few miles further on we met an old reprobate of about seventy returning with his bride, A wedding party. who was in the bloom of her earliest youth. Fifty Turks, all armed to the teeth, plunged along the road on spirited and finely caparisoned ponies ; gaudy Mussulman standards floated proudly in the air ; shots and loud cries resounded through the woods ; two fifers on horseback, and blowing with all their might, were followed by a negro beating a big drum ; the old bridegroom headed the array, and the women, in a cart covered with red cloth, were guarded by very truculent-looking personages with drawn swords. As it was a warlike and martial display, every member of the procession assumed an expression of great ferocity ; and the bridegroom, all his retainers, and even, notwithstanding their occupations, the fifers and the drummer

scowled at us, one after the other, as we passed them.

As we ascend among the higher ranges of mountains, the channel of the Bosna becomes profound and narrow; the torrent rushes in the bottom of the gorges with dazzling speed; trees torn up by their roots, and scattered among the rocks, tell of its fury when it swells; and the rugged track, scooped along the face of a precipice, is not guarded even by a rail from the brink of a steep cliff which hems a long line of roaring cataracts.

At Vranduck, a rock like a steeple blocks the end of a gorge, from which the Bosna shoots into the valley; the inevitable little castle, with its pretty mosque, is <sup>Vranduck.</sup> perched upon the summit of this pointed peak; and, after a tedious ascent, the road, by a deep cutting through the solid stone, winds up to the gate of a commanding citadel, whose back windows overlook the distant torrent along a perpendicular precipice of five hundred feet.

Notwithstanding the strength of its position, this castle was stormed by Prince Eugene,

who in all probability surprised it during the night; and in 1850, Omar Pasha sent to Bosnia to quell an insurrection of the insurgent Beys, handled his troops with such skill that he drove the rebels from the castle, and crossing over the Bosna, compelled them to retire on Derbent.

From the castle of Vranduck we wind by a zig-zag track into a wooded gorge, in which the river flows through a deep stone trough. Overhanging branches almost touch the water; the little road is dark and lonely; threatening precipices, on either side, rear up to the clouds; and the cutting through which we have just passed looks in the distance like a notch on the side of the projecting rock.

A solitary Turkish Han stands among the great trees which overlook the stream; and as it was getting dark, we determined to  
First come, first served. take up our quarters there for the night. The private rooms were unfortunately occupied by travellers who had arrived some time before; and I was obliged to content myself with such accommodation as could be furnished by a public one, crowded with the

poorer class of travellers, sitting on the floor and smoking their pipes. In this society I dined on sour black bread, which was the only eatable in which the master of the establishment dealt; but it was so nasty and doughy that, after attacking with great courage and determination, I was obliged to give up my attempts on it in despair.

It is difficult to appreciate scenery except after a good dinner;<sup>1</sup> nevertheless, smoking a hookah in the open bow-window of the little Han, from which a stone could be dropped into the Bosna, I was lost in admiration of the foaming cataract, the luxuriant forest, and the sublime solitude of the place.

Dirty, picturesque, and handsome-armed ruffians lay about the floor. Following their example, I stretched my wearied bones upon a rug in the corner, and, notwithstanding the attack of a swarm of fleas, who nestled in my hair, bit my hands, tickled my feet, and crawled all over my body, I fell fast asleep. I was awoke by a gentleman close by, who was suffering from asthma; and, looking for a box

<sup>1</sup> Goëthe.

of matches, I got hold of Peter's toe ; who, thinking that it was a rat, began to curse and kick with such violence that he roused up the whole party.

The poor Turk groaned and wheezed, begged me, as he was convinced that I was a doctor, to relieve him ; and complained so loudly of his affliction, that, if he could not sleep himself, he enjoyed the satisfaction of preventing anyone else from doing so.

The vilest lodging-house in St. Giles's could not be more abominable than this place ; nevertheless, except for the interruption of the sufferer, I never slept more comfortably ; and early in the morning awoke in that happy frame of mind which always follows a good rest.

This temper was sorely tried. Coming back from the river, where I had gone to bathe, I chose a quiet corner of the room, in which I might shave and change my clothes ; but these operations were viewed by all the people about the place with an interest so lively, that men who were fortunate enough to have secured a good position for watching and scrutinizing whatever I did,

Every  
European  
a doctor.

Dressing  
under  
difficulties

called to their friends to come up, and, offering to move a little, invited them to assist at what they looked upon as a most amusing entertainment.

No Turk is able to shave himself, and when I began to do so, they followed my operations with that blank astonishment which never fails to be called forth by anything which is quite new. As long as they kept at a distance and did not impede my work, I made no remonstrance; but at length, crowding round with great anxiety, a man in the front row got his face between me and my little looking-glass; in which suddenly remarking a pimple on the end of his nose, he pushed so far in front in order to examine it carefully, that he obscured my view with the back of his head. Obligated to finish my toilette walking about the verandah, I was always followed by the wondering crowd, which evidently considered that such a capital juggler might be persuaded to perform again.

After a cup of good coffee and the never failing hookah, I walked on in front, telling Peter, when he had finished drinking, to



follow with the cart. The road winds over a steep mountain, and from its summit the gorge of Vranduck, far down below, looks, from the appearance of its distant forests, as if it was lined with velvet.

The chirping of birds, the singing of girls, the voices of the shepherds, who haileach other across the valleys, and the music of a *Iranitzka* lute, float up on the fresh morning air. Little castles frown from the tops of distant precipices, graceful minarets rise among the trees of secluded villages, long rays of sunshine pour into the valleys, and the wild mountains all round enclose a rich expanse of forest.

The descent into the valley is so steep that the cart, notwithstanding a drag, ran upon the ponies; and for fear of an accident which would have ended several hundred feet below, we were obliged to walk.

*Iranitzka* is a large town in the valley from which the road branches off to *Travnik*. After stopping for a cup of coffee, as well as to rest the horses, we followed a track which, hardly broad enough for a single vehicle, is so covered

with loose stones that the excessive jolting obliged me to toil along the road for several miles.

A small wooden bridge took us across the Bosna, and we stopped for an hour at a very clean Han, surrounded by pear and apple trees, standing quite close to the stream, whose cool and refreshing water is a never failing source of delight to dusty or tired travellers.

A handsome old woman, wearing a turban and looking very like a well-shorn and ruddy-faced man, gave me some greasy boiled rice and raw onions, which extreme hunger caused me to gobble up with the voracity of a person who had never tasted a daintier dish in his life.

Walking in front of the cart for some distance, I met a German carpenter hard at work on the bank of the river; while his two sons, who were the most <sup>An emigrant.</sup> frightfully freckled children that it is possible to conceive, played together on the grass. This man told me that he travelled about the country making mills; but expressed the most profound astonishment at the idea of a per-

son coming into the interior of Bosnia for amusement.

"To see the country," I said.

"There is nothing to see," he retorted.

Pointing to an expanse of varied mountain scenery that would delight the heart of a landscape painter, I declared that I had never beheld finer views; but he remarked that similar sights can be looked on in Switzerland or in the Tyrol without any of the fatigue, trouble, hardship, or danger, which had to be encountered by whoever was foolish enough to cross the Save.

There might be fatigue and hardship, but there is very little trouble and certainly no danger; although the honest carpenter assured me that when the Bosniacs expected to get money they broke into the Hans; attacked travellers in lonely parts of the road; proved by the violence of their actions that the murderous characteristics in their surly faces were not altogether without meaning; and that, when a good opportunity offered, they gave free play to a ferocity which they had inherited from their savage ancestors.

Notwithstanding his dismal description of the country, my friend the carpenter occupied a small hut in a solitary locality, far away from any other habitations; but detached houses scattered at long distances from each other in the lower parts of the mountains, are very clear evidence of the general security of the province, which, although it is considered one of the most backward in the Turkish empire, can be travelled over in perfect safety.

The village of Boosovatchah was crowded with a surly population; and its little castle is now garrisoned by a large force of well-armed Turkish police, whose <sup>Booso-  
vatchah.</sup> mounted patrols riding about in every direction, parade the authority of law and order.<sup>1</sup> Little boys, however, made ugly faces and reviling gestures at the novelty of our appearance; and when the wrath of Peter was aroused by a large stone hitting one of

<sup>1</sup> When I said that I was an Englishman, the Turkish police invariably treated me with respect; and in that their conduct contrasts pleasantly with recent outrages committed on British subjects by the so-called peace officers of both France, Italy, and Belgium.

the horses, his expostulations were answered by another volley.

After leaving the village, a gravelled avenue leads through a soft landscape variegated and beautified with clumps of heavy trees; the snow-topped chain of mountains over which we had just passed stood up in bold relief against the blue sky; the river flows through an orchard; the smell of fruit and flowers hangs about the air; and, forgetting that I am at a distance from civilization, I begin to think that these are the grounds of a large landed proprietor, and that I shall soon come in sight of a fine house.

At sunset we arrived at the small village of Kissaylieu; and I was surprised to hear from the old Turk in whose establishment I lodged that a mineral spring in the immediate vicinity of his house was celebrated for its wonderful effects all over the world; but when I told him that I had never heard of it, his astonishment equalled mine.

Close to the Han, the river is crossed by a  
The fountain of life. wooden bridge that leads into a green field; where, exactly twelve yards

from the opposite bank, a wooden kiosk, surrounded by a low seat in a circular form, shelters the well; which bubbles in a copious flood from the top of a little ornamental stonework that contracts its mouth in imitation of a fountain.

The mineral water which it discharges greatly resembles in taste the Celestins at Vichy; but the invigorating and strengthening effects of the Bosniac, far exceed those of the French spring. Old men who drink this fountain of life for a month, leave Kissay-lieu with that thorough reparation of all their faculties which the faithful are taught only to expect in paradise. Diseases of the digestive organs, and the crotchety humours to which they give rise, are completely banished; the patient goes home a happier as well as a pleasanter man, and the ladies declare that the return of their lords is followed by the delight of a second honeymoon.

The extension of railways will cause Kissay-lieu to rival, perhaps to eclipse, the most celebrated watering-places of France and Germany; and a far-seeing and prophetic

Greek, in anticipation of those events, has built a vast Han with an establishment of baths, close by. This construction is the great sight of the place; but, as it never occurred to the spectator that a comfortable hotel, rather than a Turkish Han, would be much more suitable to the wants of those Western visitors from whose pockets he expects to reimburse his outlay, I thought of the text, "To the Greeks foolishness."

The Greek's speculation differs only in size from an ordinary Han. The whole of the ground floor is used as a stable; forty  
A Greek's idea of a pleasant watering-place. bedrooms are placed on each side of a long corridor, ornamented with coloured

lamps; the everlasting open buttress which bulges out in the centre of similar buildings, exercised the ingenuity of a decorator, who fitted it as a public smoking room or divan, from the open windows of which the patients can enjoy a prospect of the surrounding scenery; and it is thought by the simple natives that a person who would be dissatisfied with the accommodation and distractions of such a superb establishment,

could not be pleased under any circumstances.

The preparations for visitors I saw, but the marvellous efficacy of the spring I only heard about. The doctors of Vichy declare <sup>Vichy</sup> <sub>doctors.</sub> that the effect of their wells increases in the first instance the sufferings of people who come to be cured, although great benefits result from a cessation of the drinking process; and such a phenomenon is not the least to be wondered at, considering the delightful feeling of relief and ease which, necessarily following a sudden avoidance of the filthy water, is mistaken, quite naturally, for an improvement of health. Pleasant sensations of the same nature follow a fortnight's seasickness, or any other depressing ordeal; and perhaps it is the stoppage, and not the drinking, of the Kissaylieu water which makes the place so celebrated.

My host was a fine specimen of a dignified and well-mannered Turk. Having visited Mecca and Jerusalem, he possessed <sup>A digni-</sup> <sub>fied host.</sub> some knowledge of the nations and kingdoms of the world; and his handsome



figure and flowing white beard would certainly have ornamented a more exalted position than that in which his destiny had thrown him.

His house was what people here call clean ; as I was the only occupant besides his family, it was quiet ; and, excepting from the customary invasion of fleas, who, as soon as I had put the candle out, commenced their perigrinations, I might say that I was very comfortable.

At four o'clock in the morning I drank a glass of the mineral water with my cup of coffee ; and, famished with hunger, I did not disdain a platter or wooden bowl of cold, greasy, and dirty rice, which I disposed of with my fingers, according to the custom of the country and the necessity of my position.

In search of a light for my cigarette, I wandered by mistake into the harem of the old Turk ; where I was suddenly con-

A stealthy  
visit to his  
harem.

fronted by a very aged woman of a yellow colour. She had no teeth, her neck and face were a mass of wrinkles, her open dress disclosed naked breasts that looked

like spiders' webs, and her whole appearance resembled an Egyptian mummy.

The fire of rage sparkled in her black eye, and, exclaiming in awful tones "Oh! foul son of a burnt owl!" she seized a hatchet with which she had been chopping wood, and charged me, battle-axe in hand, like a Paladin. To use the favourite expression of a beaten general, my retreat was necessarily accompanied with a little disorder; and I devoured the paths of ignominious flight with a rapidity that astonished the old man, who, notwithstanding his expressions of regret at my unmerited misfortune, no doubt secretly applauded the rigid virtue of his chaste spouse.

To get my things, it was necessary to pass before the den of this lioness; but I was so afraid of her charging home, if she again caught sight of me, that I made a by-stander go upstairs for my bag, and did not feel quite easy in my mind till I was five miles off.

In the evening, our road, emerging by degrees from the highlands, suddenly turns into a great plain shut in on all sides by an irregular panorama of snow-

First view  
of Serai-  
jevo.

capped mountains ; and, at the opposite side of this highly-cultivated valley, the white houses and tapering minarets of Seraijevo can be seen at a distance of about ten miles. Local celebrities, followed by mounted retainers, gallop along the road ; and vehicles, driven by armed coachmen and guarded by footmen bristling with daggers and pistols, appear in greater numbers as we approach the town.

Beggars seated on Turkish rugs cry loudly to the passengers for charity ; black gipsies, covered with heavy golden ornaments, cool themselves in the shade ; Mussulman ladies, closely veiled with shrouds of white gauze, drive leisurely in gaudily-painted carriages ; and officers, on white Arab horses, preceded by running footmen, who call to the people to make way for their masters, canter easily about the plain.

A detached rock, almost surrounded by perpendicular precipices about four hundred feet high, stands at the entrance of a deep gorge in the mountains from which the river Migliaska runs into the valley ; and extensive ram-

parts, towers, and battlements overlook from its lofty crest the beautiful panorama of Seraijevo intersected by the roaring torrent.

The graceful minarets of a hundred mosques, as well as the spires of a Christian cathedral, glisten among large trees; the high red roof of the Pasha's palace overtops the neighbouring houses; rickety balconies which almost touch the flying river appear like little pigeon-houses hanging on the walls; and picturesque bridges, spanning the stream with single arches of extreme elevation, are ill-constructed miniatures of the Rialto at Venice.

The streets and bazaars are crowded with Orientals of different nations; and besides Greeks, Jews, Christians, and Turks, I saw several *Indian Mussulmans*, the history of whose adventurous lives would doubtless, if written, be extremely interesting.

The principal hotel at Seraijevo hardly differs from a Turkish Han, except that the ground-floor contains a billiard-room instead of horses; and here several men, wearing <sup>The hotel.</sup> the European costume and fez caps, smoked

and drank, or talked and laughed at the top of their voices.

A large concourse of people, inspired by the most ardent curiosity, formed a circle round me ; and, in breathless silence, listened, with charmed attention, to the replies which I gave to my numerous interlocutors. Peter had disappeared ; and, unable to persuade anyone to give me the least assistance, a Jew, like a good Samaritan, at length came forward and offered to guide me to a Turkish bath. The greatest commotion followed my movements in the street ; and when I arrived at my destination I was escorted by a crowd somewhat similar to those which in London attend the movements of a person who is being “run in,” as the police call it.

In order to show me the way, the Hebrew had left his commerce ; still, notwithstanding  
Jews and Gentiles. my thanks and a present, it was impossible to get rid of him ; and he not only watched me undressing, and examined my buttons and clothes with great curiosity, but he even followed me, like a shadow, into the hottest room.

‘ came out he was still at the gate ;

and dogging me into my bedroom, the door of which he shut in order that he might amuse himself with less interruption and greater leisure, began to ransack my bag with the assurance of a custom-house officer.

Notwithstanding my candid answers to every question, it struck me that I was regarded with a great deal of suspicion; and my arrival at Seraijevo was imputed to some dark or improper motive. One man informed me that there were cool and shady places in the most picturesque part of the fortress which I so much admired, where the Pasha provided wanderers and adventurers with food and lodging at the Sultan's expense; and, further, that His Excellency was so solicitous about the welfare of gentlemen who merited this attention, that he put them under the protection of a strong guard.

In the middle of these inuendoes, two police agents called upon me for my credentials, which they carried away with them; and a short time afterwards two Turkish officers, one of whom was Dervish Pasha's aide-de-camp, came into the room, and, after very

friendly salutations, said that His Excellency welcomed me to Seraijevo, and requested me to ask him for whatever I wanted.

From that moment the questions ceased; the landlord himself took the greatest interest in all my wants; my dusty clothes were brushed by obsequious attendants, and  
A peep at the foundations of civility. I was never addressed except as Your Excellency, and in the most humble tones. It is generally the power that we have of injuring men which makes them respect us; but everyone, and particularly a stranger, ought to be treated with civility. I assured, with all sincerity, an apologising Greek, that I had seen too much of the world to be the least annoyed; but, as an encouragement to his future good manners, I gave him, for a text, the second verse of the thirteenth chapter of the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews.

Seraijevo is a labyrinth of narrow and crooked streets; deep streams of very cold water irrigate and refresh the shady  
Seraijevo. gardens; Mussulman girls fill their long pitchers at splashing fountains; and little

graveyards, ornamented with large and heavy cypress trees, are scattered about the place in haughty defiance of conservancy.

Tobacco, slippers, shawls, turbans, fez caps, as well as arms and accoutrements of every description, for either men or horses, are piled in the stalls of open bazaars, where buyers and sellers, sitting on rugs, higgledy and smoke before they make a bargain. Wide umbrella roofs, almost touching overhead, darken the little passages between the houses, and occasional glimpses of the surrounding mountains, against the clear blue sky, look like pictures on the overhanging rafters.



## CHAPTER V.

BOSNA-SERAI—ITS HISTORY—THE BOSNIAC BEYS—THE JANIZARIES—PAINS AND PENALTIES—A MELANCHOLY WEDDING—BOSNIAC SONGS—BOSNIA—BAPTISM—"THE SICK MAN"—ANARCHY—SUPPRESSED—RETURN OF THE BEYS UNDER ANOTHER NAME—VEDJI—1848—OMAR PASHA—DIFFICULTY OF UNDERSTANDING SAVAGES—TURKS AND CHRISTIANS—PARTY PASSIONS—MY RECEPTION BY THE PASHA—HIS NOTIONS—RESPECT—HIS COURT FOOL—ENLIGHTENED TURKS—THE GREEK CHURCH—BOSNIAC MORALS—AN UNCARED-FOR GIRL—"HOW HAVE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!"—LIMITED POWERS OF THE PASHAS—HOME RULEES IN BOSNIA—STRONG CONSTITUTIONS—EXTRAORDINARY CURES—TURKISH BATHS—BEAUTIES FIGHTING—BOSNIAC MILITIA—A REAL FOOTMAN—A PLEASANT TRAVELLING COMPANION.

THE prospect from the castle on the great rock which commands the town is very extensive, and embraces the winding course of the Bosna-Serai. Migliaska through a sombre and profound chasm in the mountains; a richly-coloured panorama of domes, minarets, red roofs, gardens and groves spread out below; besides a bird's-eye view of picturesque bridges spanning, at intervals, the foaming and angry

stream. Some modern works strengthen the ancient fortifications ; and the rugged towers or walls, constructed without the assistance of mortar, enclose, in addition to the purely Turkish quarter of Seraijevo, a green field or plain of considerable extent.

The river is turned aside at the foot of the steep precipice on which the fort of Bosnia,<sup>1</sup> as they call it, is placed ; and here kiosks and *cafés*, standing in the stream on piles of wood, are crowded with gaily-dressed Christian, Mussulman, and Jewish girls, who come out in great numbers in order to enjoy the coolness of an evening breeze. They cluster together near the eddying pools, and, as the slanting banks are strewn over with carpets, the variegated colouring of their rich costumes impresses one with the notion of a fairy scene.

According to Luccari, in his "History of Ragusa," the castle on the cliff was built in 1270 by a Hungarian general named Cotroman ; but it fell into the hands of <sup>its</sup> <sub>history.</sub> the Turks, under Evrenos Bey, on their first

<sup>1</sup> Bosna-Serai is the Turkish name for the citadel as well as for the city of Seraijevo.

irruption into Europe, and a long time before the taking of Constantinople. It was, in its day, a redoubtable stronghold, which commanded the plain, and, at the same time, served as a safe retreat in times of danger. The rock is called Ikatina ; the old castle was known as Vrack-Bosna to the Hungarians ; but a town, or a village, existed on these heights from immemorial time.<sup>1</sup>

Seraijevo, at first a small collection of houses among the vineyards in the valley, grew by degrees into a large city, with a population of ninety thousand souls ; and Quiclet, who visited it more than two hundred years ago, and about forty before it was burned by the far-famed Prince Eugene, declares that it then contained a hundred mosques, one hundred and sixty-nine fountains, besides large Turkish baths and vast bazaars. A Latin bishop was nominated by the Emperor of Germany, as King of Hungary, coeval with the building of the fort by Cotroman ; but long before that

<sup>1</sup> Most of the modern fortifications on the rock were constructed in 1737 by Helkimzada Ali Pasha.—Hammer, vol. xiv.

time there was a diocese established in the town upon the rock.

When the Austrians attacked Seraijevo, it was the largest town, with the exception of Constantinople, in European Turkey, and a Turkish Moolah as well as a Greek archbishop resided there. Before the destruction of the Janizaries, it was the residence of the Aga, and even now it exercises such a powerful influence over the rest of the province that the movements of an invading army would always be directed against it. Pouqueville, whose works only exist in manuscript, and who travelled through Bosnia in 1547, says that a caravan journey from Bosna-Serai to the Dalmatian frontier occupied five days.<sup>1</sup>

When the town below was burned by Prince Eugene, the Turkish population took refuge behind the walls of the fort; and the large number of Janizaries living at Seraijevo, showed such a bold front, that the Austrians, who had no point of appui, and ran a great risk of being cut off by the pensioned Janizaries and Bosniac Beys,

<sup>1</sup> This manuscript is in the national library at Paris.

coming from the mountain castles to the rescue of the capital, retreated precipitately, without daring to attack the heights.<sup>1</sup>

Bosnia, known to the Greeks by the more general name of Croatia, was, in the time of the Emperors, ruled by a Roman Governor; at the end of the twelfth century it became a Hungarian province; and, two hundred years afterwards,—having, in the meantime, passed through many revolutions,—it enjoyed a kind of doubtful independence under a person who called himself king.

It is *said* that fear and hatred of the Hungarians caused the Bosniacs to form a secret alliance with the Turks; but it is *certain* that when the chiefs of the latter nation<sup>2</sup> became Mahommedans in a body, they embraced their new religion with the usual fervour of proselytes. According to Turkish law, every country conquered by the Sultan was divided among his military officers; who were thus rewarded for faithful services, and whose pre-

<sup>1</sup> "Bosnia considered in its connection with the Ottoman Empire," by Major Charles Pertusier.

<sup>2</sup> See chapter seventh of this work, paragraph "Bosnia."

sence at the head of armed retainers on their newly acquired properties, where they built strong castles, secured the obedience of the frightened Christians.

In embracing the creed of the Prophet, the Bosniac landed proprietors were suddenly assimilated with the Turks; from that moment they were united together by <sup>The Bos-</sup><sub>niac Beys.</sub> the double influence of interest and religion; and both the renegade Slavish aristocracy, with the Ottoman titles of Beys or Capitans, as well as the Janizary chiefs, to whom they were closely allied, oppressed the Christian peasants with equal cruelty; displayed the fiercest animosity against any amelioration in the condition of these serfs; and often openly defied the authority of the Sultan.

The title of Bey, as well as that of Capitan, was hereditary. These chiefs resisted, with arms in their hands, the Pasha who was sent from Constantinople to rule them; and the population of the country, very naturally, dreaded the permanent authority of a local tyrant, who was always near them, more than the transitory powers of an Imperial Governor,

ever liable to be removed. In manners and appearance there is no difference whatever between a Bosniac Mussulman and a Turk ; and a traveller suddenly arriving at Seraijevo, which, on account of the beauties of its situation, as well as from the fanaticism of its inhabitants, is called the Damascus of the North, might easily fancy that he was in the heart of Asia.

In former times the old castle was the residence of a Turkish Pasha, but his authority was precarious ; he lived in constant The Janizaries. terror of the Janizaries, who made Seraijevo into a kind of military republic ; and this turbulent oligarchy, disapproving the conduct or the neighbourhood of an Ottoman Governor, compelled him, although he was called the Wuzeer of Bosnia, to live at Travnik, from where, and as a great favour, he was occasionally allowed to visit the capital on condition of not staying in it more than a single night.

This form of government resembled in many respects that of republican towns in the Middle Ages, but it was much less exclusive ;

and any Mussulman who commanded either wealth or consideration, possessed the freedom of the city, which, once acquired, was transmitted regularly to his posterity.

Old men at Seraijevo tell stories of what they have themselves seen; and, from these accounts, it appears that a butcher or a baker, nailed by the ear to his shop door <sup>Pains and penalties.</sup> for cheating, was a very common sight; people were hung, impaled, or cut to pieces with perfect impunity; and the Christians, although very jealous of their women among themselves, were so cowed that they freely surrendered either their wives or their daughters to a Turk.

During the intolerant government of the ferocious Beys, a Christian girl, in gaudy clothes, stood at the altar with a handsome boy, who was in the act <sup>A melancholy</sup> wedding. of taking her for better for worse, when some Mussulmans, who saw the ceremony, waxing wroth at the gaiety of their clothes, the proud air of the bridegroom, and the applause of the spectators at what they thought were foolish and superstitious rites, fell upon the unhappy pair; and in the presence of the wedding



party, who dared not interfere, hacked them to pieces on the grass. It was an insult to the Mussulman religion, they said, for Christians to dress as handsomely as Turks.

In barbarous songs which they call *piesmas*, the Slavish Christians have preserved some traits of their domestic history; and Bosniac songs. these national ballads, like all party music, are naturally very offensive to the ears of their opponents. One of them relates how a Turk, sending to a person named Nicholas, ordered him to prepare thirty sheep and thirty virgins for the entertainment of his guards on their passage through a village of which the latter was chief; and also directed that his handsome young wife Helen should remain alone in her private apartments, as she was the woman above all others whom this Mussulman wished to honour.

Thirty young men, dressed as girls, waited for the Turks; and Nicholas, in his wife's clothes, received the commander. The amorous Mussulmans hung up their arms in order to act the part of tender lovers; when the Christians, drawing daggers which

had been concealed under their robes, murdered every one of their admirers.

The whole life of the Sultan Mahmoud was a struggle against the arrogance of the Janizary party, which, supported by the Bosniac Beys, ruled Bosnia with the unfeeling cruelty of taskmasters. Yelaludin Pasha came to this province in order to displace the authority of these tyrants by that of officers regularly appointed by the Sultan; and the delight of the Christian peasants at his mission was only equalled by the detestation in which he was held by their oppressors.

In 1822 there was no province, in the whole of Turkey, where the authority of the Sultan was more openly defied; and Yelaludin, defeated and heart-broken, at length poisoned himself in despair.

In 1827 the Sultan destroyed the Janizaries at Constantinople by means of other troops disciplined and drilled according to the European fashion; but his task was not finished till he broke the power of their partisans in the country.

In Slavish to cross and to baptize are ex-

pressed by the same word ; and the Janizaries, who resisted all attempts to assimilate <sup>Baptism.</sup> their uniform to that of Europeans, jeered at the cross-belts of the new troops ; declared that they were Christian accoutrements ; and that if they required baptism they might get it from the Russians or Austrians, as well as from the Sultan. Abdurahim Pasha, with the assistance of a few partisans of legitimate authority, marched on Seraijevo.

“ Mussulmans of Bosnia,” declared his first manifesto, “ I salute you in the faith, and “ in brotherly love. I will not recall your “ folly. I come to open your eyes to the “ light. I carry you the holy orders of our “ powerful Sultan, and I expect obedience “ from you. In this case I am authorized to “ forgive you all your errors. Choose ! It de- “ pends on yourselves to lose or to save your “ lives. Reflect with maturity, in order not to “ expose yourselves to a late repentance.”

The authority of the Sultan exercises a mighty and religious influence on the hearts of the faithful ; and the tone as well as the reputation of Abdurahim, frightened the boldest among the mutineers.

He executed several Beys ; and as Seraijevo, the residence of many of the great proprietors, exercised a vast influence on the country, he made his public entry into that town surrounded by every pompous formality which could impress the multitude with his power and importance. Scorning the exclusive rights to which the confederation that domineered in the town laid claim, he made the castle the seat of his government ; and he executed, the evening of his arrival, more than a hundred men.

Shortly afterwards a victorious Russian army crossed the Balkans ; the Sultan's fleet was annihilated at Navarino ; the Jani-<sup>“The sick man.”</sup>zaries had ceased to exist ; the country was bankrupt ; and, to quote a writer of fifty years ago, “*predictions which for a hundred years have been repeated without being accomplished,*” seemed likely to be at length fulfilled. The Emperor Nicholas said the sick man was very bad, and that it was time to think seriously about his inheritance.

The Bosniac chiefs, taking advantage of the weakness of the Government, revolted against

the authority of Abdurahim, who, after fiercely resisting them in the streets of Seraijevo, was obliged to take refuge in the citadel; from which, notwithstanding his stubborn and courageous defence at the head of a very small force, he was at length compelled to retire.

The departure of Abdurahim was followed by complete anarchy; each person became the redresser of his own wrongs; and crime, Anarchy. hatred, and ambition, chose their own means for the gratification of private passion.

When the Beys condescended to negotiate with the Sultan, they demanded three conditions:—

1. That no kind of reform should ever be introduced into the country.
2. That they should be governed by one of their own Beys instead of by a Turkish Pasha.
3. That one Hussein, a Capitan, should be raised to that dignity.

The Sultan then declared his intention of destroying for ever the power of the Beys; and with a view to crushing the rebellion of the old Turkish party at a single blow, Kara Mahmoud, recently appointed Pasha of Bosnia,

came to take possession of his government at the head of thirty thousand men, of which twelve thousand were regular soldiers, drilled, exercised, and clothed in accordance with modern ideas.

The Bosniac forces were commanded by Hussein Capitan; but jealousy of his authority, and the disunion of the Beys, caused him to be completely defeated in the valley of Seraijevo; from where, after displaying great courage, he ran away, and took refuge in Austrian territory.

The capture of Seraijevo by the new troops was not followed by any of those shocking scenes to which, on former occasions, <sup>Sup-</sup> the inhabitants had been accustomed; <sup>pressed.</sup> but the Beys, who considered themselves quite safe in their little castles, were, one after the other, compelled to surrender. In the hope of appearing innocent, many of these chiefs declared that they had not favoured the rebellion; but, sternly warned of their culpability in not having acted against it, they were offered a free pardon, on the condition that they should reside in any part of Turkey

except Bosnia ; and, notwithstanding the love which might be expected to animate these men for the soil on which they and their forefathers had exercised such despotic authority, they freely accepted the stipulations.

The Turkish Government garrisoned Serajjevo with ten thousand regular troops ; but the pensioned Janizaries, and all the old Turkish party, long blamed them for every misfortune that happened to the empire, not excluding epidemics, earthquakes, or famines.

Although the hereditary dignity of Bey had been abolished, many of those chiefs, in accepting appointments as officers of the Turkish Government, still enjoyed at least some of their privileges ; and a revolt of the Christian peasants in 1835 was easily suppressed.

Ascending the throne in 1839, Abdul Metjid followed the enlightened policy of his father, and by a proclamation, called the Hatti-Scherif of Gulhana, gave a Magna Charta to the Christians.

Foreseeing, in this measure, the complete ruin of their order, the Bosnian aristocracy

raised, in 1840, the standard of another rebellion; and marching with twenty thousand men on Travnik, compelled the Pasha to take refuge in the mountains. Although surprised he was not defeated, and the feudal mobs were driven back on Seraijevo by nine thousand regular Turkish soldiers.

Several Beys were executed, the Pasha hoisted the Sultan's standard on the castle at Seraijevo, and the remnant of these turbulent chiefs took refuge across the <sup>Vedji.</sup> Austrian frontier. Unable to effect their objects by force, they had recourse to intrigue; and from the reports which they spread, with great diligence, it was firmly believed that Vedji Pasha, who had suppressed their rebellion, meant to declare himself the independent king of Bosnia, in imitation of Mahommed Ali in Egypt.

Those reports, however unfounded, frightened the sensibilities of the Porte. Vedji was recalled, several Beys were appointed, as officers, to the same dignities which they had formerly filled by right of succession; and in a short time, though under a new name, the



tyranny of the old Turkish party was renewed. They were as hostile as formerly to the new system, and only waited for a favourable opportunity to change it by force.

Every revolution or trouble in the provinces of the Lower Danube finds an echo in Bosnia, and the Hungarian rebellion of 1848<sup>1</sup> 1848.

was followed by a revolt of the Bosniac and Herzegovinian Mussulmans. Omar Pasha, afterwards well known to Englishmen as the Turkish Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, was now sent into Bosnia with a large Ottoman army. He pursued the Beys with uncompromising diligence ; and dragging them, after many skirmishes, from the most inaccessible of their little castles in the mountains, sent them in chains to Constantinople. At the head of well-disciplined soldiers, he routed them both on the hills and in the plains ; and after slow but profoundly calculated operations, he broke for ever the power of these cruel chieftains.

A Slav by birth, and long an officer in the

<sup>1</sup> See paragraphs "Revolution of 1848," and following, in the twelfth chapter of this work.

Austrian army, Omar Pasha, from his knowledge of the language, as well as from the temperance and justice of his administration, was eminently qualified to govern Bosnia; for although he had adopted the Mussulman religion, and enjoyed the confidence of the Sultan, the Slavish Christians looked up to him with implicit confidence.

It is very difficult for a civilised man to force his mind into a chain of thoughts similar to those of ignorant and fervid Mussulmans; and it is only by means of intimate intercourse, accompanied with patient analogies, that he can ever hope to place himself mentally in their position.

Difficulty  
of under-  
standing  
savages.

Their simple piety is untroubled by the shadow of a doubt; their traditions and education, as well as their experience, force them to hate a Christian; and the policy of their superiors skilfully manipulates, for its own advantage, the passions and prejudices of such unreasoning bigots.

The fatigue of thought is unhappily a labour too arduous for the great majority of men; and they hate because they hate, and

believe because they believe, with no other foundation for their animosities or for their opinions than those thoughtless sympathies which reflect the judgments of a certain party.

Thousands of manly and honest Englishmen are convinced that an uninteresting and vulgar person<sup>1</sup> is the victim of a conspiracy of which everybody who smiles at the impostor, or who sighs at the credulity of his civilised countrymen, is an affiliated member ; and, in the same manner, equally manly and honest Turks are firmly persuaded that any liberties granted to the Christians are a plot against the religion of Mahommed, and that it is the duty of every pious Mussulman to oppose them.

The Turks<sup>2</sup> and the Christians in Bosnia, except for service in the army,<sup>3</sup> are on a footing of equality ; but the remembrance  
Turks and Christians. of ancient persecutions still inspires those deadly hatreds which, like the passions

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Orton.

<sup>2</sup> The Bosniac Mussulmans, although the majority of them are ignorant of the Turkish language, are always called Turks.

<sup>3</sup> It would be very imprudent to admit Christians into the Turkish armies.

of Ribandmen and Orangemen in the north of Ireland, are ever ready to break out with a violence all the more astonishing because the causes that might justify it have long been removed.

A feast, a procession, a word, or a song, may at any moment set the province in a blaze which would throw even the riots of Belfast into the shade; and foreign agents, by <sup>Party</sup> passions, fanning the flames, put serious impediments in the way of order. God knows the Turkish Government is not the most enlightened administration in Europe; but it has fearful difficulties to contend with, and its despotic and paternal rule certainly prevents the Bosniacs from tearing each other to pieces.

Every misfortune is attributed to the Turks, and we hear so often that they are tyrants and oppressors, that people generally believe they are so. The Home Rulers are not ashamed to declare that the English Government drove the ships out of the Shannon; and as there are people silly enough to accept that trumpery statement as a matter of fact, it is not surprising that less enlightened dreamers

should impute their own ignorance, incivility, and want of enterprise to any cause except to that of the levity and barbarism from which it all arises.

The day after arriving at Seraijevo I went by appointment to pay my respects to Dervish Pasha, who is the Wuzeer or Governor of Bosnia. His palace is a stately building; its long flights of stairs, as well as the entrance, are guarded by sentries, each one of whom cried "Salutation" in a loud voice, as, at the third motion of the present, he touched with the little finger of his left hand the projection above the lock-plate of his fire-lock; and crowds of officers and officials loitered outside the audience chamber.

After I had waited a short time in a very large room, the sides of which are completely surrounded by sofas, and the floors covered with handsome Turkey carpets, the Pasha appeared. He is a fine and soldierlike looking old man, with extremely pleasant and gracious manners. Welcoming me to Seraijevo, he made me sit down by his side; and, seeming greatly amused at my journey from Brod, the

account of which caused him to chuckle with infinite glee, he declared that Englishmen were most extraordinary fellows, and that the devil would not stop them doing whatever they took into their heads.

He asked me a great deal about India, and told me that once, being at Bagdad, he projected a journey to Bombay, but that unforeseen circumstances prevented an expedition on which he had long set his heart. He then amused me with several anecdotes about Hindustanee jugglers, whose performances he attributed to magic; and declared that their diabolical talents excelled those of any other sorcerers on the face of the earth.

He also gave me an account of the splendour of the Austrian Emperor, who, a short time previously, receiving him with extreme friendliness at Ragusa, invited him to a feast at which the plates were changed and the dishes handed round by captains and colonels dressed in superb uniforms. He mistook the waiters for officers of high rank; and, although laughing at his blunder, I re-

membered, a long time ago, at Vienna, thinking that a lady's footman was an admiral. Nevertheless, he would not allow me to correct him, and repeatedly declared, with extreme obstinacy, that they were certainly captains at the very least.

Several officers and others came to speak to Dervish while I was with him. When he addressed them, folding their hands together in front of their breasts, they bowed to the ground in attitudes of extreme humility; but no one sat down before him except his court fool, who, to the great delight of the Pasha, called for coffee and cigarettes, made himself very comfortable on the sofa, and told me, because of a similarity that he detected between my name and that of the Slavish term for magpie, *that I was a wood-pecker*.

This jest tickled the Pasha; but when the Donkey Aga, as he is called, told me with great gravity that although *the* fool, still he was *no* fool, old Dervish roared with laughter; and our merriment was vastly increased by the serious and important aspect of

the jester, who, notwithstanding the violence of our mirth, never changed a muscle of his solemn face.

There is of course no Christian society at Seraijevo, except that which is formed by the families of consuls; but as there are <sup>Enlight-</sup> none of those petty animosities that <sup>ened</sup> <sup>Turks.</sup> generally distract small companies which are constantly thrown together, men representing different political interests with great obstinacy and perseverance assemble in private intercourse without importing public quarrels. Frenchmen or Germans, Austrians, English, and Russians, associate together with great joviality and good humour; and I was not long at Seraijevo before I felt that I was not a stranger.

Old Dervish and his officers freely accept invitations to dine or to dance; and a ball in the large room at the palace is looked forward to by more than one pretty girl with vast anxiety. I began to feel so comfortable among a pleasant and hospitable family, each member of which deserves a medal from the Royal Humane Society for rescuing me from the vile



hotel, that I shuddered at the thought of another tedious journey in a cart ; and more particularly so as I spent both the days and the evenings very happily.

The pictures of a multitude of saints in a large gilt frame, which almost fills up one side of the Greek Cathedral, are a present to The Greek Church. the orthodox Christians from the Emperor of Russia ; but so parsimonious and mean is the congregation, that, notwithstanding the beauty and value of this handsome gift, whose carriage was franked as far as Brod, it actually wailed piteously at being asked to pay for the horses which brought these false gods to Seraijevo from the banks of the Save.

The Mussulmans opposed for many years the erection of a church at Seraijevo, and the greatest indignation was expressed at the handsome proportions of this Greek Cathedral, which, eclipsing the grandeur of the circumjacent mosques, was regarded by the faithful as an insult to the religion of Mahommed.

An organized rising of the Turks was intended to greet the ceremony of its consecration ; but Dervish Pasha was so well prepared,

disposed his troops so advantageously, and proclaimed his intention of treating the rioters with such terrible severity, that the festival passed off very quietly; and the amusements and devotions were so carefully guarded by Turkish soldiers, who quietly took possession of all those points in the town from where they could act promptly if necessary against their co-religionists, that the rejoicings were perfectly undisturbed.

Notwithstanding an apparent severity of manners, the morality of the population at Seraijevo is extremely lax; married women, although they conceal their faces with greater care than the females of Constantinople, are nevertheless allowed perfect liberty, and, unrecognizable in their white shrouds, go wherever they please, and stay away from home in the day time as long as they like.

Bosniac  
morals.

The young girls, on the contrary, only wear a shawl over their heads; and this exposure of a handsome face is often followed with unpleasant results. The intelligent Busbequius highly approves of women being closely

veiled, because he considers, perhaps judging others by himself, that a well-constituted young man invariably falls in love with a fine girl whenever he is thrown for a short time into her society, or even her presence. For fear of giving offence, however, he requests that his notions on this subject may be kept secret.

One day we had a delightful picnic at the sources of the Bosna river, which comes out of a mountain distant about ten miles from Seraijevo.

The neighbourhood of the place is like an ornamental park; and, instead of rising in a pond or a marsh, the water bursts in seven jets from the side of a green bank, and presents to the astonished spectator an appearance of artificial water-works very similar to the cascades in the park at Vincennes; but so great is the discharge, that, at a distance of a few yards, a deep and strong current rolls away under the trees. The learned Moreri, in his description of Bosnia, says that the Bosna rises in Servia, runs through Bosna-Serai, and waters the province; and these grotesque

errors are an evidence of great ignorance, even among geographers, concerning the Ottoman empire; for the configuration of the country forbids the possibility of such a watercourse, and the Bosna is several miles from Seraijevo, which is situated on the Migliaska.

A wild country girl, with thick black hair and beautiful swimming eyes shaded with long and rich eye-lashes, came to gaze at the novelty of our pleasant party. She ought to have been extremely handsome; but rough, dirty, and uncared-for, she presented more the appearance of an able-bodied boy than that of the fine young girl which she might have been made with a great deal of soap and water. Her intellect was as uncultivated as her person; notwithstanding a very pleasant face, she appeared perfectly stupid; and asked one of the young ladies of our party if she was not the mother of her sister, who was only a year younger.

On our way back to Seraijevo we met a Bosniac Bey going on a shooting expedition to the mountains. Although the head of a clan that was once very

"How  
have the  
mighty  
fallen!"

powerful, he is reduced to extreme poverty ; but the pride of this Highland chief is not humbled, for he sat pròudly on his well-bred pony, and looked haughtily at the passers-by, as if he thought that they were far beneath him. He often goes to look at the ruined little castle of his father, where he was born ; he keeps, as a sacred treasure which he hopes to unfold again, the old banner borne before his ancestors in many a desperate fight ; but his income is reduced to about five-and-twenty pounds a year.

He had the manners, if not the appearance, of a gentleman ; and, notwithstanding a bold and defiant aspect, he saluted us with great courtesy. The influence of these men has gone ; but there are still old Janizaries and Mussulmans in the country who weep bitterly over the fallen fortunes of the Beys.

Those sympathies keep alive the most deadly hatreds, which are all the more venomous because of their impotence ; and, however we may disapprove their principles, we must applaud that fidelity and generosity which clings to the misfortunes of degraded commanders.

Some years ago, the power of a Pasha was

uncontrolled; but since communication with Constantinople has been made easy by telegraphs extending all over Turkey, their authority is curtailed in a manner

Limited  
powers  
of the  
Pashas.

that causes it to be little feared. A military governor, in the case of actual revolution, puts down insurgents with a strong hand; and, proclaiming martial law, or threatening death to the disobedient, acts in strict conformity with what is called the custom of war in like cases. During the revolution in Spain, the revolt of the Commune in France, and the mutiny of the Indian Sepoys, military officers were much less merciful than Dervish Pasha last summer; but every grievance of a Christian subject of the Porte is made public and exaggerated by people who have an interest to throw discredit on the Sultan's administration.<sup>1</sup>

The Pashas, under ordinary circumstances, afraid of getting into trouble by causing a scandal, often slur over offences which, under

<sup>1</sup> The lies published about Dervish Pasha last July may be taken as a fair specimen of intelligence coming from Slavish sources.

a strong Government, would be visited with the severest punishment; and every rebel or malefactor endeavours and often succeeds in gaining political or religious sympathies for those vulgar offences which, in the rest of Europe, would receive the unqualified disapprobation of every honest man.

A constitutional form of government given to the provinces of European Turkey, would be as useless to them as a knee buckle Home Rulers in Bosnia. to a Highlander. For many years to come they must be governed despotically; but the officers of a despotism ought to have great powers, exercised under a wholesome inspection, in order to prevent their being disgraced by caprices of cruelty or corruption. Otherwise, the terror of summary and equal justice being unfelt, the ignorant peasants, constantly stirred up by unprincipled agitators, ascribe leniency, or even delay, which they think is hesitation, to fear; and object, like the misguided people of Herzegovina last summer, to pay the taxes.

The impotence of the Pasha, the delay necessarily caused by answering questions

from Constantinople, and the tenderness of the Central Government in dealing with these insolent insurgents, caused the revolt to gain an importance which prompt action, in the early stages of the trouble, would have entirely prevented.

It is thought that the expulsion of the Turks from Europe is only a matter of time ; and disrespect for rulers, on the eve of departure, is greatly increased by the assistance and sympathies of those professional agitators who possess the art of gulling their followers in a manner that keeps the unfortunate Eastern Question in a continual simmer. Owing to its large Mussulman population, Home Rule in Bosnia would be attended with insurmountable difficulties, compared to which a similar form of government in Ireland would be harmonious and edifying.

The peasant women in Bosnia are very strong, and do a great deal of laborious work, even when they are within a few days of giving birth to children. It often happens that, being alone with their flocks, they deliver themselves ; and, washing the

Strong  
constitu-  
tions.



babe in a neighbouring stream, continue to nurse it until another is born. It is not unusual to see a Bosniac mother suckling a child of six years old. In summer, the men generally sleep on the bare ground, and in the open air ; and, till they are fourteen or fifteen years of age, the boys only wear a single garment, which, leaving a free use of the limbs, makes them very active as well as hardy. The poor people have no furniture in their cabins ; and in winter, after eating their food round the warmth of burning logs, they sleep for the night with their feet turned towards the fire.

Their treatment of diseases, although astonishing to learned Doctors, is said to be very efficacious ; patients are killed or cured with astonishing rapidity ; and brandy, mixed with gunpowder and pepper, is considered an infallible remedy for colic or indigestion, as well as for every description of internal disorder.

Constipation is banished with a red-hot stone fastened on the stomach ; rheumatism is eased by the application of iron, in the same  
Extra-ordinary cures. awful condition, to the afflicted limb ;

and lumbago is said to disappear before a rubbing which takes the skin off a person's back.

The people in the Turkish bath, where I used to spend an hour every day, were cut, gashed, or marked all over their bodies; and an old fellow, inspecting me with great interest for some time, remarked that I must have always been a very healthy man, because I had never been fired, or stoned, or rubbed.

Turkish baths in the West are more luxurious and cleaner than they are in Turkey; but the temperature of the former is altogether different; for the bather <sup>Turkish baths.</sup> comes out roasted instead of boiled. The effect of these operations in London and in Constantinople is entirely dissimilar; and I much prefer the Turkish system. Every day when I left the hottest room, and, rolled up in white cloths, besides wearing a turban of the same colour, sat on a carpet inhaling a large hookah, the old Turk to whom the establishment belonged used to participate in my contentment, and frequently declared, with smiles of approval, that I was a regular Bosniac.

The Turks take such delight in this artificial heat, that, after stopping in the hottest room for several hours, they come out <sup>Beauties fighting.</sup> completely prostrated ; and, lying down outside, sigh and groan as if they were on the rack. Women spend the whole day in the bath, where friends meet together by invitation in order to gossip and amuse each other ; but their affectionate aspirations are often marred by the ill-temper of some of the party ; and I have been assured, by a lady who had often attended such assemblies, that they occasionally finished in a pitched battle, in which hair, ears, and noses were so severely handled, that some of the most perfect forms, perhaps, in the world, often returned to their masters with many a discolouring bruise on rounded charms, whose adaptation to love made them especially unsuitable to war.

During my stay at Seraijevo, the Bosniac militia was out for training ; and twice every day the discordant notes of braying <sup>Bosniac militia.</sup> horns accompanied by clattering drums brought a thousand heads out of the windows in the main street. The soldiers were all

Mussulmans; and a more able-bodied and a sturdier material I have hardly ever seen under arms. With the scantiest fare, they are capable of marching forty or fifty miles in a day; and there was not among them a single man who could be called a weed.

The great weight of these strong peasants would bear down the soldiers of most continental nations, if they met them with cold steel; but the extraordinary stupidity of their leaders would, in real war, most likely club them in some position where they would not be capable of putting out their strength. Properly handled, *anything* could be done with such men; but as there is little chance of their getting fair play from the dolts who lead them, it is probable that, when the occasion arises, *nothing* will be done with them.

All throughout the East, unless in the case of a very poor man, even a pedestrian is invariably accompanied by a follower; <sup>A real</sup> and Orientals are apt to treat a person <sup>footman.</sup> who goes about by himself with great contempt. A Turk arms all his servants when he undertakes a journey; and, followed by

such a crowd of dependents, he is looked upon as a powerful and imposing person. Every European of respectability, whether male or female, going on foot through the streets of Seraijevo, is always preceded by a footman ; who, affecting the superb air of a drum-major at the head of a regiment, moves down the centre of the street with very dignified and measured paces, and taps with a long wand people staring at, or getting in the way of, the lady or gentleman whom he is protecting. As these men are always armed with swords and pistols, and, from a constant habit of scowling, have worked their features into an habitual expression of ferocity, their slightest admonitions are generally obeyed with great alacrity. Travellers in the country are always accompanied by one or two armed men of this class ; not from any apprehension of danger, but in order to impress the people in villages as well as those along the road, that the person, thus accompanied, is a great fellow, whom it is advisable to conciliate.

Dervish Pasha wanted to send at least one of these functionaries with me when I left

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Seraijevo; but I found a much more suitable companion in a Turk, whose sword and pistols promised a powerful auxiliary in case of attack, and whose agreement to pay for half of the cart made me appreciate his society much more than that of a subsidised ally.

## CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE FROM SERAJEVO—SENSATION—MORNING HYMNS—  
 ALPINE SCENERY—BAD ROADS—PARABLE—SPLENDID VIEWS  
 —COENITZA—CURIOSITY—THE TURKISH HAN—DEPARTURE  
 BY MOONLIGHT—THE PASS OF YABLONITZA—ITS WONDER-  
 FULL ENTRANCE—ITS EXTREME BEAUTY—DANGEROUS ACCI-  
 DENT—THE SULTAN'S PATH—THE TARTAR POST—HARD  
 RIDING—JOLTING CARTS—TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MOSTAR  
 —THE PERSIAN HOST—GENTLEMEN.

At five o'clock in the morning, and accom-  
 panied by my Turk, I left Seraijevo in a cart  
 made very comfortable with a bed of  
 Departure  
 from  
 Seraijevo. hay, and driven by a most amusing  
 savage, who, although a Mussulman,  
 never delayed our progress for the repetition  
 of any of those five daily prayers prescribed  
 by the ordinances of his holy religion.

The morning air had an exhilarating  
 effect upon his spirits, as well as upon those  
 of the horses; and as we galloped over  
 the rough road at the rate of about twelve  
 les an hour, he roared boisterously and at

the full power of his voice. His notes never varied, but they were so pleasing to the musical faculties of our horses, that whenever their master sung, they turned back their ears in order to hear more distinctly, if such a thing were possible, his appalling yells.

From the blank astonishment of passers-by, I can imagine the expression of Jehu's face when he produced some of his best executed morsels; but I could only <sup>Sensation.</sup> marvel at the distorted appearance of the back of his neck, the veins in which were so swollen and so unpleasantly distended that they looked like black puddings. People of a little distinction always merited his particular attention; resting for a few minutes in order to get fully charged, he let out with such fury as we came alongside that he generally succeeded in frightening their horses as much as he pleased his own, and our wild career was followed by dreadful curses or pious prayers for our destruction.

Sometimes a cart full of frightened people ran up a steep bank; and sometimes a pony, leaving his load at the side of the road and



galloping round the neighbouring fields, expressed great astonishment, or high spirits, with his heels and tail.

Several Jewesses, who were out for an airing in a large vehicle, sung in chorus one of those plaintive songs of Zion whose Morning hymns. soft and monotonous tones were drowned with a few grotesque yells in imitation of their morning hymn; and this unlooked-for assistance to their harmony was followed by a commotion which not only interfered with the music, but very nearly ended in a serious carriage accident. The horses of the Hebrews took fright, and greatly encouraged by the clamour of the ladies, left the road altogether, and were only stopped by the impediment of a row of bushes.

The coachman was a most irrepressible as well as a most impertinent rascal; and he coolly informed me, in answer to objections about the great noise, that if I interfered with his manner of encouraging the horses, he could not undertake to carry me to Mostar in that space of time which he had already specified.

The distance from Seraijevo to Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, is more than eighty miles. The drive, in consequence of the nature of the roads as well as of the country, generally occupies three days ; but my singing coachman agreed to take me there in two, on the condition that I should never interfere with his manœuvres, and that I should get in and out of the cart according to his injunctions, and not according to my own caprice.

Three hours after leaving Seraijevo, the road winds through very grand scenery. Woods, looking in the distance like drooping ostrich feathers, covered on all sides the lofty precipices, and occasional openings in the heavy foliage disclosed the milky-white channels of foaming cataracts tumbling furiously into the vales.

Long streaks of snow, following the winding course of deep gullies in the mountain sides, vary and beautify the rich colours of the forest far above our heads ; and, as we mount among the superior ranges of the Dinaric Alps, the road is only a narrow ledge along the face of a blue marble precipice,

Alpine  
scenery.

whose unprotected edge hangs perpendicularly, and at an appalling altitude, over a swollen stream.

We preferred to walk over these frightful passes; but descending into cultivated and solitary valleys, we are protected from the fierce rays of the sun in many a refreshing glade, and the road is often covered with a bower of fruit trees or of lilac.

Snow-capped peaks glisten over timber that would be an ornament to Richmond Park, and open green spaces, like variegated pleasure grounds, beautify at intervals the surrounding forest.

Bare-legged and handsome Christian girls stare at us as we rattle by; and Mussulman women, completely covered with white winding-sheets, ride cross-legged on the narrow and rugged paths which form the only means of communication between secluded hamlets half hidden among the sinuosities of the mountains.

Between Seraijevo and Mostar I never met a single cart, carriage, or wheeled vehicle  
Bad roads. of any description; and had I known the

frightful state of the roads, or rather of the paths, I should have made the journey on horseback. All merchandise or goods is carried by small ponies with heavily laden pack-saddles, and the men who attend them are provided with swords, pistols, and very long guns. The solitary tombstones of murdered men in the loneliest part of the passes are an encouragement to go well armed; and my friend the Turk paraded an old sword that would not cut, and a blunderbuss that would not go off, in order to warn people that he might be dangerous if provoked. His manner with strangers was very surly; and he accounted for his severity by the parable of a dog.

A cur who trots through a village with lofty paces, tail erect, ferocious growl, and teeth displayed, is usually unmolested; but if, on the contrary, he runs past with his tail between his legs, timid side glances, and tongue out, he is attacked by every vile animal who would never dare to touch him if he asserted himself with, at all events, that appearance of confidence which passes off as real

*Parable.*

courage. It is the same with men, who, like dogs, set a high value on brave manners and a haughty deportment; although an individual displaying with great magnificence these respectable qualities may be in reality the most cowardly and contemptible wretch.

Feeding the horses on the bank of a stream, we spread our rugs under the shady trees, and surrounded by magnificent Highland scenery, I eat a very comfortable luncheon. It was a real picnic; and after a short sleep on the soft grass, we bathed our heads and faces in the icy water, and again proceeded on our way.

In the evening we arrived at the top of the pass which crosses the lower ranges of the Dinaric Alps; and from this point all <sup>splendid</sup> views. the watercourses hurry in many a raging cataract towards the Gulf of Venice, instead of towards the Danube. Boiling falls roar over rocks into dark gulfs immediately below the horses' feet, and turns of the winding path make us quail as we circle so close to their unguarded brinks.

Notwithstanding two drags, the cart ran upon the little horses, and the end of the pole,

on which I always kept my eye, seemed, sometimes, floating into infinite space, when a sharp swerve swung us round a corner. An old traveller in Bosnia declares that in these mountains people trust their lives and souls to the little horses, who are so extremely sure-footed that they never make a false step ; but, thinking that it mattered little whether we were killed outright or frightened to death, we all got out and walked for several miles.

We stopped for the night at a little village named Coenitza, situated on the river Narenta, and ornamented with a very old bridge of six arches, whose curve is so great <sup>Coenitza.</sup> that it has the appearance of a bent bow. Most of the houses are built on massive stone foundations, rising out of the water ; and flower-covered balconies, hanging over the broad and rapid current of the deep stream, are used as smoking divans, in which handsomely-dressed and solemn-looking Turks inhale the fragrant fumes of their scented pipes, and enjoy the balmy coldness of a summer's evening.

Girls in gaudy petticoats, yellow boots, and veiled faces fill their long pitchers with the clear and icy water; tired travellers bathe their heated horses in the river, where they allow them to drink their fill; and long lines of active goats follow their shepherds down winding flights of steps which lead into the village from the mountain sides.

Walking to the top of a steep green mound or hill which overlooks the town, I admired the prospect of a setting sun, bathing the snow-covered peaks, the blue marble rocks, and the dark green trees, with violet shades of such delicacy and tenderness that I can only compare them to a coloured lime light playing on the edges of a rainbow.

Going to bathe in the Narenta, my movements were followed by a great many idlers from the village, who being little accus-  
*Curiosity.* tomed to the sight of an European, were delighted at the prospect of enjoying that uninterrupted view of one which promised to be disclosed by the usual sacrifice of covering made when a man is about to swim.

There was fortunately a force of four Turk-

ish soldiers (who I am sorry to say have since been murdered) encamped near the first arch of the bridge; and appealing to their commander for assistance, he at once turned out his men, and upbraiding the most forward of my followers for their vulgarity and impertinence, posted his forces with such judgment on both flanks, and in the rear, that I was enabled to go into the river without being either molested or overlooked.

It would be very easy to rail at the insolence and brutality of Bosniac mountaineers, but my rising anger was calmed when I remembered seeing, during the visit of the Shah to Paris, three of his followers on the Boulevard des Italiens mobbed in a manner much more offensive, and certainly much more unjustifiable, than I have ever been in any part of Turkey. The remarks that were made on the Persians by a crowd of well-dressed people in Paris were probably not understood, but it seemed to me that they were greatly displeased at being laughed at to their faces.

It is commonly supposed that the French are exceedingly polite, and that the Turks



never wonder at anything. These characteristics distinguish the higher classes in both countries ; but common people are much the same everywhere.

The Han at Coenitza was a wretched place ; and the room in which the Turk and I ate  
The  
Turkish  
Han. our dinner and slept, was so low that we could not even stand up in it ; but this inconvenience did not trouble me. I opened a basket which had been packed with delicacies by one of my friends at Seraijevo ; and no lord mayor, after a torrent of impassioned rhetoric, ever drank a toast with greater satisfaction than I did when I *wished* the lady's health after an excellent dinner that enabled me to appreciate the beauties of a moonlight scene.

The voice of a Muezzin, from the top of a tapering minaret, seemed to come from the sky ; the droning chants from several little mosques in the village echoed among the rocks ; but when the last light disappeared from the latticed windows, everything was quite still ; and the great silence of the place  
ly broken by the purling of the Narenta,

an occasional toll from jingling bells on the horses' heads, and the sweet notes of nightingales answering each other from among the branches.

At about two o'clock in the morning a loud knocking at the door, accompanied by the dulcet notes of my coachman's voice, warned me that it was time to get up, and that if I wished to arrive at Mostar before night, we should begin our journey without a moment's delay. Nothing could awake the Turk, whom he repeatedly kicked in the head and stomach; and it was only by the application of what schoolboys call a cold pig, or in other words a quantity of water poured on his head, that we eventually succeeded in getting him to stir.

Going down in the dark was like wandering through an old ruin; the stairs were all broken, and the expression "missing a step" is hardly applicable to a rapid descent caused by its complete absence. The lantern hanging to a pole in the stable had gone out; and, feeling the horses' tails, we made the best of our way to the door.

A bright moon glittered on the dancing bosom of the Narenta; and the silvery leaves, the tapering minarets, and the white-topped mountains overhead, disclosed a view of extraordinary beauty.

The range of mountains we had crossed the previous afternoon separated us from Bosnia. The village where we slept is in Herzegovina, which is nothing more than a district or riding of Bosnia; and the loftiest ranges of the Dinarics lay between us and Mostar, the capital of the province, towards which the road and the river run side by side all through the passes.

As we rattled over the steep bridge, and through the long and narrow street of

Coenitza, the coachman commenced to  
The pass  
of Yablo-  
nitza. sing with the greatest vigour; and a

chorus of barking dogs, from every point of the compass, awoke the echoes of the surrounding solitudes.

By a path which led along the bottom of a watercourse, the Turk and I toiled wearily up the side of a wooded mountain, and a sudden opening of the trees on its summit un-

folded an expanse of grand scenery to which no part of Switzerland can be compared.

The Alps are higher, their views are on a grander scale, but their severity are never contrasted with the soft scenery of a gigantic forest. On the top of the pass, above Coenitza, the eye rests on a vast amphitheatre of cliffs, topped with snowy peaks, enclosing valleys heavily and beautifully wooded, which, from their undulating hills and dales, appear like a stormy sea ; and dark green groves, stretching far up into chasms among the gloomy rocks, increase the resemblance to huge waves springing wildly in the sinuosities of an iron-bound coast.

The narrow road into the little valley below is appalling ; and when my elbow, placed a little beyond the side of the cart, projected over the edge of a precipice six hundred feet deep, I shuddered at what might be the consequence of a litchpin lost, a rope broken, or a horse jibbing.

In the afternoon we rested for half an hour in a most enchanting spot. The Narenta heaves and splashes in a narrow trough, fifty

feet deep, scooped out of solid rock ; and the sweetest green fields, shaded with heavy branches, or ornamented with apple, pear, and plum trees, sloping towards the stream, contrast beautifully with the stern features of wild and fantastic precipices overhead.

At the other side of the little valley, a jagged rent in the dark cliff looks like the opening in a great wall that had been struck by lightning; and through this spectral breach the little road and the river penetrate the bowels of the mountains. It is called the Pass of Yablontza; and resembles in many respects the Via Mala of the Splugen.

Impatient to explore the sombre recesses of this wonderful gap, I walked on in front. The entrance is like the gateway of a great castle. Two pillars of marble reach from the seething water to the sky; and yet they are so close together, that, standing on the right bank of the river, I struck the precipice at the opposite side of the water with a stone.

*Its wonderful entrance.*

The great volume of the Narenta, pressed into this narrow channel, runs riot in its

fury; the force of its awful current has rubbed and polished the marble banks into an appearance of plate-glass; fantastic rocks, on either side, assume the forms of real architecture; the bottom, of huge oaks, torn from their roots, look like porpoises playing in the wild waters; every turn in the pass discloses a fresh scene of beauty; the snow glitters above a waste of luxuriant forest overhead; foaming cascades, spouting out of caverns in the side of the cliff, dance wildly into the river in which, without leaving a mark, they are swallowed in a moment; noble trees hang on green ledges where the foot of man has never trod; and eagles, soaring over the enchanting scene, gaze upon a prospect of ravishing and transcendent beauty.

Through this maze of rocks, forests, and cataracts, the track generally follows the windings of a narrow ledge; but its turnings round the projecting precipices which change the direction of the Narenta, are often only supported by wood and loose stones. Circling round one of these impediments, the little horses, whose palpitating

Its extreme beauty.

flanks were higher than our heads as we leant forward in the hay, suddenly stopped ; and the weight of the car dragged them slowly towards the brink of the raging river.

Like rats from a sinking ship, we all tumbled heels over head on to the road ; and the blankest terror was painted in the faces of my companions, whose alarm was at least justified by the frightful nature of the scene. Two yards further back, and horses, cart, and men would have been swallowed up in the Narenta ; and only a short distance above, a cataract about thirty feet high. A very similar accident happened to me seven years ago in the Carpathians, between Hermanstadt and Bucharest ; and in both cases the equipages were saved by flinging large stones behind the wheels.

The number of people in these mountains afflicted with goitre is very remarkable ; and on one occasion I saw no less than four men walking together, each one of whom carried a large fleshy excrescence, about the size and shape of an ordinary melon, hanging from the front of his neck.

More than four hundred years ago, a great force of Janizaries, under the Sultan Bayazid, marched through the Pass of Yablon-<sup>The</sup> itza ; a small path (to this day called <sup>Sultan's</sup> Path. the Sultan's) is shown, by means of which it is said the Padishah passed along the highest mountains ; and, lost in admiration at the wildness and beauty of the scene, expressed wonder at the inscrutability of the ways of God.

As I was cooling my heated hands and head with the icy water that rolled out of an ivy and moss-covered cavern in the side of <sup>The</sup> a cliff, loud shouts and yells echoed <sup>Tartar</sup> post. among the mountains, and a body of Tartars, carrying the Turkish post-bags, looked in the distance like a flock of goats running over the beetling rocks. They were a picturesque crowd ; and, in case of accidents happening to any of their animals, were accompanied by loose horses, who followed them like dogs. Dismounting for half an hour, the men all fell asleep in the shade ; and, after that refreshment, continued their journey at a jog-trot.

These people, riding twenty hours in the



twenty-four, repose only for short intervals on the roadside during a journey of several <sup>Hard riding.</sup> days. The traveller who accompanies them for six or seven hundred miles, almost dies of fatigue in the first instance; but, becoming by degrees accustomed to such short rests, sleeps soundly; and the third or fourth day feels astonished at his own endurance, and the freshness with which he jumps into the saddle after an hour's nap. A Belgian engineer, who had *never previously even mounted a horse*, rode the whole way from Bagdad to Batoum on the Black Sea, with the Turkish posts; and declared that he was not the least fatigued after his long ride.

Keeping company with the Tartar cavalcade, we left the pass as suddenly as we had entered it, and debouched into a black and melancholy plain bounded by ugly mountains of rock. The change of scene is extraordinary; and the beauties of Yablunitza seem to have only existed in a dream.

The jolting of the cart loosened all the joints of my bones, and repeated shocks

caused sensations like galvanism to run down my spine from the crown of my head. Some people suffer so severely from these journeys, that the excessive shaking generates a disease called road sickness; against which the patient is protected by being placed in the cart completely bound up in bandages, so tight and voluminous that his arms are confined, and, like a bale of soft goods labelled "Glass, with care, and this side up," he is laid carefully on the hay.

A short distance outside Mostar, we stopped near a well; and the Tartars, opening their little bags, pulled out large silk turbans, and adorned their persons in a manner becoming a public entry into a capital town. With delicate attention, my cart was allowed a place in the procession; and at a signal from the chief, or leading horseman, we set off towards Mostar at a furious pace.

Eight Tartars, in gaudy clothes, sitting proudly on their horses, displaying their arms, and, according to their usual custom, roaring and yelling at the top of their voices, galloped at the sides as well as in front and rear, as

a body-guard ; a flock of sheep, notwithstanding the cries and gesticulations of their owners, turned back and led the way like a pack of hounds ; the inhabitants of the houses in the main street rushed to their doors and windows when we charged past ; veiled women ran behind gate-posts for shelter ; ducks and hens, fluttering off the road, helped to swell the din ; yelping curs gave tongue in hot pursuit ; every idler followed amid clouds of dust, and, high above this great commotion, the voice of my coachman sounded like the braying of several donkeys, as he sung for (thank God) the last time, one of his most intimidating war songs.

A large crowd followed me into the courtyard of the Han ; and the curiosity of some people was so great, that I only succeeded after a great deal of persuasion, accompanied by the employment of what a policeman would call no greater force than was necessary, in inducing them to leave my bedroom.

The landlord, who was a Persian, saluted me with a thousand compliments ; and, as we had been acquainted with each other

The Persian host.

several years ago, and under very different circumstances, our unlooked-for meeting, as might be supposed, was accompanied with many exclamations of wonder and delight.

Expecting to hear extraordinary adventures from the mouth of a man who, leaving his native country at a very early age, had wandered all over Europe and Asia in search of a livelihood, I got him to tell me the history of his life; but was greatly disappointed at its want of interest, which I attributed, nevertheless, to his suppression of facts.

He was what they call a rolling stone, or a man who prefers any hardships to the depressing monotony of being confined to the same spot of ground like a horse in a thrashing machine, or a bird in a cage; and, whatever prejudices there may be against such people, I have always taken a great delight and interest in their society, without the least troubling myself about their position in the world. Although not yet a year at Mostar, he was already tired of it; and so great was his anxiety for change of scene, that he longed to sell his establishment on any

reasonable terms to whoever would buy it.

His Han, or hotel, resembled those establishments so amusingly described in "Don Quixote." The rooms were occupied by <sup>Gentle-</sup><sub>men.</sub> men, for the most part of really noble presence, with fine manners in every way befitting true gentlemen. The greatest wealth will never ennoble a low-born, or, to speak more correctly, a low-bred person; who, unaccustomed in his impressionable days to that respective treatment which forms his outward demeanour, never learns the "sense of his own importance" which "teaches him to accost his equals without levity and his superiors without awe." My fellow lodgers were Beys, or members of the old Turkish party; they are generally poor, but their wants are few. Their horses, and perhaps not more than a single follower, sleep together in the stable, while the travelling Bey sits on a sofa, made with his saddle bags and a rug; and, after eating some rice or sour bread, sleeps soundly in the vicinity of his arms. My neighbour was an accomplished person, and entertained

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me with several nasal songs, which he accompanied on a small guitar. The traveller in these countries gets accustomed to insects, and I paid no attention to the little animals who, even before I went to bed, managed to get into my boots.

## CHAPTER VII.

MY INTERVIEW WITH MUSTAPHA PASHA—TURKS AND INDIANS—  
 MOSTAR—PRETTY SPOT—A BIGAMOUS HOST—HIS INTERIOR  
 ECONOMY—HIS POLITENESS—THE HERZEGOVINIAN MILITIA  
 AND YEOMANRY—CHEAP LADIES' SCHOOL—DEPARTURE—ALI  
 PASHA'S COUNTRY HOUSE—MID-DAY REST—NATURE OF THE  
 COUNTRY—THE NARENTA—FORTS—THE DOGE OF VENICE IN  
 THE NARENTA—CHRISTENDOM—METCOVITCH—THE INHABI-  
 TANTS' VIEW OF EUROPEAN POLITICS—CHEATS—SOLITARY  
 ROADS—A STRIP OF TURKEY—ANXIETY TO GET RID OF THE  
 TURKS—THE ADRIATIC—RAGUSAN TERRITORY—TWO TREES  
 —CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SHORTLY after my arrival, the dragoman of  
 Mustapha Pasha, the Governor of Herzegovina,  
 informed me that His Excellency wel-  
 comed me to Mostar; and, according  
 to his invitation, I paid him a visit the  
 next day at ten o'clock.

Mustapha is a very handsome man, about  
 forty-five years old; and, having travelled a good  
 deal in the west of Europe, has naturally more  
 enlarged ideas than if he had never left the  
 Turkish empire. He was the Pasha of Crete

during the Greek insurrection, and belongs to a very old and well-known Albanian family. I remained with him for a long time; and nothing could exceed his politeness and attention while I stayed at Mostar. He offered to send a mounted guard with me wherever I went, and gave me a great deal of interesting and amusing information about the passions and prejudices of these half-savage provinces.

Like all educated Mussulmans, he is a perfectly tolerant man; and I have met French politicians of some renown who were very far from possessing the knowledge of English institutions displayed by this Turkish Pasha. He expressed the most unqualified admiration for the wisdom of our rule in India, and I firmly believe that there is nothing which he hates so much as religious bigotry.

Many Turkish Pashas, like Mustapha, are inferior to no gentlemen in Europe either in soldierlike bearing, high sense of honour, or courtesy and elegance of manner; and there is a very large party in their country which has a sincere respect and admiration for England.



A short time ago, a Turk, addressing a large concourse of Mussulmans at Calcutta, vehemently enjoined his co-religionists to be loyal to the British crown; and the Indian Mahommedans are always greatly delighted at cordial relations between the Queen and the Sultan; to which last the Moslem rulers of Hindustan have always looked up. In 1653, Shah Jehan, the Great Mogul, sent an ambassador to Constantinople; and "the ancient relations," says Hammer, "which had existed between the Ottoman Sultans and Indian Emperors had been renewed by different circumstances: in the reign of Solyman, the Prince of Delhi sought refuge at the Sublime Porte; and the Prince of Goojerat had solicited its assistance through an ambassador."

Sultan Selim, according to the despatches of Lord Elgin, sent an ambassador to Tippoo Sultan; and, by that means, declared his friendship for the English, who, whatever may be urged to the contrary, have a great interest in supporting the integrity of the Ottoman empire.

The white and flat-roofed houses, the crooked passages, and the hot dust in its streets, give Mostar greatly the appearance of a Syrian town. The literal translation <sup>Mostar.</sup> of the word Mostar is "Bridgetown;" and it is so called from an old Roman bridge, whose single arch, at a height of fifty feet, here spans the Narenta. The two towers, so often mentioned by Roman historians, still stand at the bridge head; and although the picturesque, rickety, and narrow arch is the work of Turkish architects, there is no doubt about the builders of its massive foundations.

The town is placed at each side of a steep ravine through which the river flows; and ivy-covered caves, mossy rocks, and dilapidated old lines of fortifications, are jumbled among high walls of loose stones, which, surrounding all the houses, give Mostar the appearance of an assemblage of little forts.

It is not uncommon to see a garden standing at the opposite side of a street to the house to which it belongs; and, as both one and the other are protected by very high walls made of loose stones, the aspect of the narrow pas-

sages is most dismal. Many of these constructions are in ruins, and a learned antiquary would be puzzled at the alterations and displacement of ancient materials. The town was taken by the Venetians about two hundred years ago ; but a round watch tower, on the side of a bare hill which overlooks it, is the only Italian vestige that now remains.

That part of the town situated on the right bank of the river is entirely different from its

Pretty spot. old quarter at the opposite side ; and, after crossing the bridge, picturesque paths lead into a little hollow in the hill, where several white waterfalls tumble among old arches, ivy-covered walls, gardens, mills, houses, and rocks, which look exactly as if they were put there for ornament.

We sat here for a long time, enjoying the coolness and the shade ; but when I expressed my astonishment that some of the rich inhabitants did not build their houses in the midst of such a beautiful panorama of waterworks and fruit trees, I was assured that occasional floods deluged the constructions which I so much admired, and that nothing

could resist the fury of these periodical inundations. During a hot day, the inhabitants come here to enjoy the shade of large branches, the sweet smell of fruit trees, and the cool temperature produced by so much falling water, whose loud murmurs intermingle with the singing of birds, the music of guitars, and the monotonous harmony of Turkish airs. This cool retreat is too small to be called a valley, and can only be compared to a grotto, or amphitheatre; but the difference of temperature between it and the hot and dusty streets, so very close, is most remarkable.

An old Turk, who had a house and large garden on this side of the river, invited us to pay him a visit; and when we were served with refreshments on a large carpet under the pleasant shade of a spreading oak, an awkward attendant spilt a whole tray load of coffee on the lap of a Croat lady's lilac-coloured silk dress.

The old man was greatly annoyed at this mishap, and asking the lady to go into the apartments of one of his wives, assured her, as people always do on such occa-

A bigamous host.

sions, that the marks could very easily be removed. Our host is one of the richest as well as one of the most bigoted men in Herzegovina; and, in consequence of the close proximity of a recently-built Catholic church to his pleasure grounds, he wants to sell his property, so that he may not be sullied by the shadows of what he regards as a very idolatrous fane.

The interior economy of his establishment, the lady assured me when she came back after ~~his in-~~ having her dress washed, is conducted <sup>terrier</sup> ~~economy~~ on the principle of a lodging-house; and his three wives, hardly on visiting terms, live quite separately, take their meals or entertain their friends according to their own pleasure, and without interfering with each other. Blue Beard had rooms downstairs where he received his friends; and he *just dropped in to tea* whenever he felt inclined for ladies' society; but divided his attentions in such a manner that nobody had any cause for complaint.

The eldest wife was enormously fat, and walked and breathed with equal difficulty; although the lord of so many charms

was nearly sixty years of age, his youngest spouse was, according to my informant, "*a darling girl of nineteen, full of fun and ravishing beauty.*"

Notwithstanding his bigotry, the old Turk was extremely polite, asked me a great many questions about England and <sup>His</sup> Her Majesty's Mussulman subjects, <sup>politeness.</sup> and when we were going away, expressed his pleasure at our visit, and shook hands very cordially with us all. Some Mahommedans consider themselves defiled if they touch a Christian. A Pasha, who was formerly Governor General of Herzegovina, always kept a pair of gloves at his side, and, whenever a consul paid him a visit, he at once put them on for fear of soiling his pure hands with the touch of the ungodly. These prejudices are more common in the Asiatic than in the European provinces of Turkey; and as a general rule I have remarked that the Christians and Mussulmans of both Bosnia and Herzegovina, notwithstanding their animosities, freely drink from the same cup and smoke from the same pipe.

The Herzegovinian Yeomanry Cavalry, as well as the Militia, were out for training when

I was at Mostar; and both one and the other was composed of very fine and soldier-like young Mussulmans, whose passage through the streets, preceded by a noisy band, caused all the girls to peep out of the windows and over the garden walls. About twelve young Turkish ladies, unaware of my presence at a small window which overlooked their house, ran out in order to peep through the chinks at the soldiers. They were tall, and very well made; but their faces were daubed over with red paint, and I was assured by a lady who knew them all very well, that the long plaits hanging down their backs were false.

We paid a visit to a girls' school, under the direction of Slavish Roman Catholic ladies from Agram. It is beautifully clean, but although board, lodging, and education only cost fourteen shillings a month, there were not more than about thirty scholars.

The directress told me that she made no

distinctions, and received Mussulmans or Greeks as freely as Roman Catholics. The fancy-work and embroidery done by the girls is very pretty; although, with the exception of two or three maidens of marriageable ages, the great majority of the sewing classes is composed of little children.

The heat and glare of the bare rocks brings to maturity a very handsome breed of scorpions,—a fine specimen of which I killed in my bed just before I lay down. They are said to be unusually venomous, and a bite from one causes intense pain. The Herzegovinian wine is full flavoured and very strong; but, in consequence of its preparation, turns sour in a journey of a few days.

Mostar is probably the cheapest town in Europe. Excellent fruit, fish, meat, and vegetables, can be bought in large quantities for a few halfpence; but it is more from the scarcity of the latter, than the plenty of the former, that trade is so favourable to the purchaser. At five o'clock in the morning my friend the Persian gave me a cup of tea; and of all the nasty things which I have been



obliged to swallow, I never tasted any liquid resembling so little the fragrant cup of an old English grandmother.

“I made it on purpose for Your Excellency,” said the Persian, with a deep sigh; “and  
Departure. “my liver is turned into water because  
“it has not found favour in your . . . .  
“stomach.”

As I jolted over the rocks of a dismal plain, the sun beat upon my head and back with a violence altogether tropical, and my  
Ali Pasha's country house. coachman covered his mouth and nose with a large handkerchief, in order to protect those features against the intense heat. Not a tree varied the severity of the surrounding solitudes, and ugly villages, scattered on the plains, looked in the distance like heaps of stones. The country house of old Ali Pasha, on the bank of a winding stream which runs into the Narenta, is an oasis in the dismal scene; and a turn round the next hill gave me a last view of Mostar, baking and glaring among its burning rocks. Ruins hung on the ledges of rocky precipices, and both banks of the blue Narenta, as it emerges from a

narrow gorge, are covered with ancient castles, towers, and ramparts.

We reposed for an hour in the afternoon under the shade of a grove of trees, which appeared to be the half-way resting-  
place; for people of all ranks and con-  
ditions lounged under its shady branches. Mid-day  
rest.  
Black children, almost stark naked, eagerly watched the cooking operations; and wild-looking men, laying their store of long guns, pistols, knives, and daggers on the grass, smoked their pipes; while the ponies, with loosened girths, browsed among the bushes. Notwithstanding the intense heat, the snow-capped mountains round the Pass of Yablontza glisten above the dreary plains; but, with the exception of the trees under which we rested, there was no shade.

The nature of the surrounding country renders it particularly favourable to defensive warfare; and the old works  
which guard every mountain pass, Nature  
of the  
country.  
were made by the prudence of the Roman governors of Illyria; whosefore thought and cunning in everything that related to the ad-

ministration of those countries or provinces of which they took possession, serve as useful lessons to a soldier or a magistrate. The ruins of Pocitegl once enclosed a great Roman factory; to which, according to the ancient geographer Scylax, large triremes used to sail by means of easy navigation on the Narenta.

The valleys among these rocky highlands are in some places so full of water, that lagoons, or salt marshes, connected with the sea, appear in the distance like little mountain lakes; roughly-constructed bridges, with single arches, span the deep and turgid streams over which the road passes; and solitary towers generally command them from the top of the neighbouring rocks.

According to Mr. Daru, in his "History of Venice," the river Narenta swarmed with Slavish pirates, who, ravaging the whole coast of Dalmatia, established themselves in the old castles and strongholds built by the Romans when they ruled these countries. All the forts on the Narenta belonged to these freebooters, who, like the brave *Buccaneers*, governed their little republics

with great order and regularity. Men of all nations fought under their standards ; but they were so powerful in the Adriatic that the Venetians condescended to pay them a large tribute. Their fortress, opposite Metcovitch,<sup>Forts.</sup> still enclosing a village, was a place of enormous strength ; and they utilized the ancient towers and ramparts of the Romans to make that stronghold almost impregnable. A great citadel commands the river from the top of a hill, and massive fortifications reach down to the water's edge.<sup>1</sup>

The Doge of Venice, with a large fleet, at length sailed up the valley of the Narenta, and after several desperate battles, drove the Narentines, as these corsairs <sup>The Doge of Venice in the</sup> were called, from the different strong-<sup>Narenta.</sup> holds which they occupied on the banks of the river. From that time all these places became Venetian factories, where the Italians, like the English or Portuguese in India, traded with the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

Close to a ruined outwork commanding a

<sup>1</sup> Gabella.

very narrow, solid, and ancient bridge, we pass a solitary house, in front of which the Turkish flag is flying ; but a few yards further on, and after going through a gate, the black hats of men and the uncovered faces of women tell us that we are back in Christendom.

The change is wonderful ; and without anything to remind me of the East except my Christen- turbaned coachman, we are driving dom. through the streets of what looks very like an English village. People smoke and drink outside the little public-house, and Italian sailors unload the cargo of a schooner just arrived from Trieste.

The name of this village is Metcovitch ; and there are still elderly people living in it who Met- recollect its being garrisoned by French covitch. soldiers. One old man, only recently dead, enlisted in a French regiment, and after serving in many battles, as well as all through the retreat from Moscow, returned in safety to his native place, and charmed every evening, as might be supposed, an audience in the little ale-house.

He was never tired of describing his conver-

sations with Napoleon Buonaparte, as well as his own exploits in the different countries that they had invaded together ; and, as a matter of course, all these adventures were listened to with great delight by every idler in the street. His awful curses and violent gesticulations, added, I was told, a great weight and authority to whatever he said ; and when he died, several aged men, no longer amused and delighted with histories that grew more and more interesting every time they heard them, became very melancholy and expired of sheer grief.

The valley in which Metcovitch is situated contains green fields and fruit trees ; the sails of small merchantmen creep up the river near a little wood ; and, although there is no change in the ugly character of the surrounding mountains, the neighbourhood of this Dalmatian town is rather pretty.

Many of the people talk Italian, but the whole population of Metcovitch are Slavs, who hate the Mussulmans with extreme violence ; and the politicians in the public-house being Panslavists, looked forward with impatience

to the immediate expulsion of the Turks from Europe.

"The Emperor of Austria," said one of them to me, "spoke the word!"

People generally, when they are excited, attribute to certain expressions a meaning very distant from the intention of the speaker; and the oracles of Metcovitch all declared that Francis Joseph, avowing himself the champion of Panslavism, said that his dearest wish was to be a Slavish king. "You want a king, my friends I will be your leader."

As I had not heard this before, I asked one of the party to inform me where and on what occasion His Imperial Majesty had made such a remarkable exposition of his policy.

"Everywhere," he answered. "He came here to Metcovitch and said so, and he also said so to every mayor and official to whom he spoke in Dalmatia. He was delighted with his enthusiastic reception all through the province; particularly as his courtiers at Vienna had told him that we were all savages. When he came here he saw the difference,

“and declared that he would always look  
“upon the Slavs as his most faithful subjects.  
“What does that mean, eh?”

“Its meaning seems plain enough,” I  
answered.

“No,” said my man, solemnly, “it is not  
“plain enough; but we understand it. It  
“means that we are not to look to the Prince  
“of Montenegro, or of Servia, but to Francis  
“Joseph himself. It means that he will be  
“our king, and that he will drive the Turks  
“out of Europe, and realize all our hopes.”

“And Russia?”

“We don’t want to have anything to do  
“with Russia. We hate the Russians; but  
“as they want the Danubian Principalities,  
“they may take them and welcome.”

“I don’t think Russia would like to see  
“Constantinople change hands under those  
“circumstances.”

“Constantinople is to be made a free town,  
“and from that moment we shall hear no  
“more of what you call the Eastern Ques-  
“tion.”

“Better and better. You have a natural



“talent for politics ;—and, let me see ; I may  
“be wrong, but I think I have heard that the  
“German party in Austria are against your  
“Panslavism.”

“Certainly they are ; but they are not loyal to  
“the Austrian crown, like its Slavish subjects.  
“They are Germans, and as such their aspira-  
“tions lead them to amalgamation with Ger-  
“many ; and however the Emperor Francis  
“Joseph was formerly opposed to such a  
“policy, ever since his journey through Dal-  
“matia he is as anxious to get rid of them as  
“we are. Everything, I tell you, has changed  
“since the French were disposed of at the  
“meeting of the three Emperors.”

“I have not heard about that.”

“I see you don’t read the papers. How-  
“ever, I shall tell you, because I have studied  
“these questions. The French have domi-  
“neered in Europe so long that people were  
“afraid of them. There is an end of that  
“now. It has been decided not to stand the  
“folly of a Republic in Europe.”

“Who decided this ?”

“The three Emperors, I tell you.”

“ Well, go on.”

“ The French and Spaniards have shown themselves incapable of self-government. Nobody cares about Spain, but France is to be divided between England and Germany ; and then we shall have, besides Italy, four great powers in Europe, and there will be no more war.”

“ How soon may we look forward to the fulfilment of this peace on earth and good-will towards men ? ”

“ Sooner than you think,” he concluded, with the look of a person who would not tell all he knew.

Assuring him that he was one of the most entertaining men I had ever met, I wished him good night ; and fell asleep in a bed, at a low public-house, which appeared luxurious after the filthiness of Turkish Hans.

In my intercourse with Turks I have invariably found them truthful and honest ; but my first experience of a Christian host caused me to execrate his rapacity. The meat was so tough, notwithstanding its nice smell and pleasant look, that I could not eat

*Cheats.*

it; and having dined and breakfasted on excellent bread and wine, I started for a two days' drive along a road made from Metcovitch to Ragusa by the French army in the beginning of this century, whose smooth surface caused the rolling of the cart to feel as if it was fitted with well-tempered springs.

After leaving Metcovitch we drove through the same barren scenery and along the edge of a great lake or marsh, in which droves of cattle were roaming up to their knees in water. Snakes swam about in every direction, and walking by the side of the cart, I amused myself firing at them with my pistols. The surrounding hills are composed of large boulders of stone, and a more dreary wilderness does not exist in the world. The sky and the water are intensely blue, and the stony islands, surrounded with rims of white sand, bring out the high colouring with greater power, and make me think that I am walking near the Dead Sea.

During the whole day we never passed a single vehicle. The road is often overgrown

with grass, and the inhabitants generally wear large turbans and carry arms.<sup>Solitary roads.</sup>

Two long strips of Turkish ground, called respectively Klek and Sutorina, protected at both ends the territory of Ragusa; and even after that republic became an <sup>A strip of</sup> Turkey.

Austrian possession, no alteration was made in this curious disposition of the Ottoman frontier which bounds it on every side except the sea. A landmark, like a milestone, informs us that we are again in Eslamiah; but, a little farther on, and after we have crossed this diplomatic ground, we are back in Christendom.

I rested for half an hour at a kind of guard-house full of armed men wearing large turbans, who showed me with great pride a bench on which, at the time of his journey to Metcovitch, the Emperor of <sup>Anxiety to get rid of the</sup> Turks.

Austria sat. Nothing could exceed the impatience of these warriors to drive the Turks out of Europe; and when I ventured to point out that I did not see the slightest possibility of their hopes being realized, the oracle of the party, a fat old man, shut one eye, and

asking me how much money I had invested in Turkish bonds, screwed up the side of his mouth and cheek while he waited for an answer.

I assured him that I had not a single penny in that speculative investment; but my statement was evidently received under reserve; because it was beyond their comprehension how anyone, uninfluenced by pecuniary considerations, could look calmly upon a Turk in Europe.

Further on, a ruined castle, joined with massive walls to a citadel overhead, appears to stand on the edge of a large and <sup>The</sup> Adriatic. mountain-locked lake; but it is one of the many picturesque bays which indent the Dalmatian shores of the Gulf of Venice. The road winds among huge boulders of stone and up and down the sides of bare mountains, baking in the heat of an almost tropical sun. The top of a high hill gives us a sudden view of the Adriatic; and thousands of islands and rocks of every shape and size, stretching parallel with the beach, make the channel which they enclose look like a fine river

running sideways into the sea. As we descend towards the village of Maicovo, in the territory which belonged to the Republic of Ragusa, the road, although well made, runs in many steep declines close to the edge of the cliff.

The ravines, stretching to the sea shore, are full of houses and olive trees. As it was Sunday afternoon, young men and girls wearing the gaudy Ragusan costume <sup>Ragusan territory.</sup> danced at the road-sides; and we drove on among an expanse of little gardens reaching, like steps of stairs, from the heights to the sea shore. The tremendous noise of my cart-wheels echoed among the rocks, and my wild Turkish coachman, foaming horses, and dirty appearance caused us to be treated with more merriment than respect.

As we get further into this narrow strip of cultivated country, running between the overhanging cliffs and the beach, the appearance of people becomes more civilized; and men and women, dressed as Europeans, stroll on narrow paths among olive trees and vineyards.

A small stream purling down to the sea from among rocks at the back, is shaded by two trees of such enormous proportions, that I gazed at them with a wonder that was only equalled by the intense curiosity of a large crowd of people, who, leaving a neighbouring bowling green where they were amusing themselves, assembled in great numbers round my horses and cart, and asked me, as usual, who I was, what was my business, where I came from, and where I was going to.

"Mind your own affairs," said my coachman, who had not previously volunteered a remark since we left Mostar.

These trees are considered, and deservedly so, the greatest natural curiosity on the Dalmatian coast. They are said to be three hundred years old, and were brought from Asiatic Turkey by the captain of a ship in the service of the Ragusan Republic. I have heard that they are the finest trees in the world, and they certainly appeared much larger than any banyans I had seen in India; while their solid trunks and immense mass of over-

hanging foliage looked from underneath like a gigantic tent.

The people of the village were profuse in their offers of lodgings and refreshment ; but although my horses were nearly ex-<sup>Cruelty to animals.</sup>hausted, I determined to sleep at Ragusa that night. At first my coachman objected ; but as there is no Cruelty to Animals Act, threats and promises caused him to invoke the name of Allah, and take the reins. The people did all they could to dissuade us from continuing the journey, which they pronounced impracticable after night-fall ; and were evidently greatly dissatisfied at a foreigner looking at their trees without paying for it. Their curiosity was also baulked ; as, not succeeding in getting any change out of us, as it is called, they were perfectly ignorant of my nationality, business, or destination.

“Come along,” said the coachman, with the air of a man who was about to perform a great action ; and when, in an exuberance of good humour at having persuaded him to proceed, I vaulted into the cart, the judgments of



the inhabitants seemed suddenly enlightened, and crying out with one voice, "An Englishman! an Englishman!" I rattled away, followed by friendly cheers.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

FERRY-BOAT—RAGUSA—ITS ARCHITECTURE—ITS PATRICIANS—ITS ANTIQUITY—ITS HISTORY—ANCIENT CEREMONY—ITS GOVERNMENT—CUSTOMS—A FRENCH CONSUL'S OPINION—ITS FALL—THE RUSSIANS AND MONTENEGRINS—PANSLAVISM—ISLAND OF CROMA—CHEAP LIVING.

Crossing over the hills, a vast panorama of barren little islands, covered with ruins, churches, or villages, float on the blue sea far down below; the white sails of small boats creep about among the rocks, and, above a grove of cypress trees, one of the Ragusan forts appears in the distance.

Crossing, by means of a large ferry-boat worked with ropes, a deep creek running into a black gorge, we continue our gallop on the very edge of the water, and at the bottom of a steep cliff. Ships at anchor float in a smooth bay; sailors' public-houses bound the edge of the road; a little further on, Austrian officers and handsomely-dressed

ladies stroll on the fashionable promenade between the harbour of Gravosa and the town ; and, to the great discomfiture of the fashionable world, and the half-world, who come out here during cool summer nights, we charged them at full gallop.

The deafening noise of my cart wheels, accompanied by the frightful yells of my coachman, who forgot that he was not at Mostar, were as displaced and created as great a movement as they would have done in the Ladies' Mile ; and I could not be surprised that my arrival at the hotel at Ragusa was attended by a crowd of people, who looked at me and my equipage with profound astonishment.

Two small bays are formed on the shore by three projecting rocks or headlands close to an island ornamented with a green wood. The first of these promontories is covered by Ragusa, and the second by a strong fort that protects it. The rocky mountains at the back support an Austrian out-work, which, from its elevated position overhead, commands the town ; and the bases of the circumjacent

heights are decorated with differently sized platforms, on which country houses, in the midst of flowers, gardens, fountains, and fruit-trees, look down upon the sea. Narrow passages and flights of stairs between high stone walls intersect these extraordinary suburbs in every direction, and the views from their windows and terraces are very extensive.

A walk through Ragusa would make even the most ignorant person feel that it had a history; and although it contains only one street, about four hundred yards <sup>Its archi-  
tecture.</sup> long, on which a carriage could drive, many of the houses on the Piazzas are extremely handsome. Its architecture reminds one of Venice, Benares, or Valetta; and, to use the words of an old writer, it is protected by a brave castle, walls, and great ditches.

The narrow streets are composed, very often, of flights of stairs; and in the back parts of the town, which approach the ramparts, these sombre by-ways are so broken and uncared-for, that they resemble the entrances of neglected wells. The palaces of the Doge and of the

Podesta are near the old cathedral ; no sounds of wheels disturb the silence of the place, but in the evening an Austrian band resounds all over the town.

The heat is intense ; not a breath of air agitates the heavy atmosphere inside the walls ; and hotels are placed, for the sake of the temperature, beyond the gates.

Members of those old families which formed the hereditary aristocracy of Ragusa are still called Patricians ; and, notwithstanding their poverty and reduced circumstances, they are held in great respect and veneration by the inhabitants. It is probable that no society in Europe is more highly educated ; many of the men have served as officers in the Austrian army ; there are none among them who, besides the native Slavish, do not understand German, Italian, and French ; and I met several who spoke English remarkably well. Their company, as can be supposed, is extremely agreeable ; and I was astonished at the intimate knowledge, not only of our English history, but of our literature, possessed by young ladies ; whose manners, nevertheless,

did not savour in the most remote degree of what people call blue-stockings.

Their houses, although nowadays let for only £60 a year, resemble the smaller palaces on the canals at Venice. A fountain under a marble staircase generally <sup>Its anti-</sup>cools the lofty halls; but delicate architecture and handsome old rooms are an evidence of the wealth and elegance of their constructors. Ancient marbles prove that the ancestors of these aristocratic republicans were placed under the protection of Rome more than two hundred years previous to Jesus Christ; and native authors declare that Ragusa was founded long before Venice. According to Dolci, the fortifications of the town were built in the seventh century. It is said that St. Jerome was the inventor of the Slavish alphabet; but without entering into a disquisition on that thorny subject, I have good reasons for differing with the authorities who give their literature such a holy origin.

“The Emperor Diocletian,” says Constantine Porphyrogenitus, “was very fond <sup>Its</sup> of Dalmatia, and for this reason he <sup>history.</sup>”

“ brought Roman colonies there. These people were called Romans, because they came from Rome, and they are still called by the same name. They attempted once to pass the Danube, to which their limits extended. They found Slavs, who are also called Avars; people without arms, who inhabit the country now occupied by the Turks” (that is to say, Hungary). “ Every year the Romans took arms at Salona, and went to guard the banks of the river. Those whom they sent to the bank fell into an ambuscade of the Slavs, who, after having killed them, took possession of their arms, passed the river, beat the Romans who were guarding it, invaded Salona, and rendered themselves masters of the elevated places where the Romans had taken refuge.

“ Those who had escaped their fury retired to the coasts of the Adriatic, where they built new Ragusa, Aspalatam, etc., of which the inhabitants to this day bear the name of Romans.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “ Constantine Porphyrogenitus,” chs. xxix., xxx. This celebrated and royal author wrote nine hundred years ago.

The same author adds that "the ancient Ragusans inhabited the town of Epidaurus, but that this place having been taken by the Slavs, the citizens who escaped from the barbarity of these conquerors sought for security in rocky places, where they established and founded the new Ragusa in the year four hundred and forty-nine. The number of the inhabitants of this town was considerably augmented by the transmission of those from Servia."

"In the Middle Ages several Slavish families," says a Ragusan author,<sup>1</sup> "having come to live at Ragusa, they commenced in this territory to lose the Roman language that the ancients had retained from the time of the commencement of the town, teaching it from father to son; and so the Slavish language introduced itself little by little."

The eleventh century is marked, in the annals of Ragusa, by the privileges accorded to the Republic by William, King of Sicily, and Ladislaus, King of Hungary. The chief of the state was called the Prior; and Ragu-

<sup>1</sup> James Luccari, "Annals of Ragusa."



san factories were established at Seraijevo, Novi Bazaar, Belgrade, Widdin, and Bucharest.

They were allied to the knights of the Great Crusade, as well as to the Duke of Herzegovina; and they are celebrated as the first Christian power which formed an alliance with the Turks.<sup>1</sup> The Sultan Orchan, pleased at the homage of the Ragusans, recommended them to his Lieutenant, Evrenos Bey, the conqueror of Bosnia and Herzegovina; and the privileges which the latter accorded to them were confirmed by the former in 1373.

So great was their influence with the Ottomans, that an ambassador from Charles the Sixth of France besought their good offices in favour of the French prisoners taken by Bayazid at the battle of Nicopolis.<sup>2</sup>

When the Krals of Servia took refuge inside their walls, the Senate, notwithstanding the presence of a large body of Janizaries on the frontier of the little territory, bravely

<sup>1</sup> See chapter seventh of this work, paragraph "Ragusa."

<sup>2</sup> See chapter seventh of this work, paragraph "Crusades against the Turks."

refused the Sultan's order to surrender a man who had claimed its hospitality; and the Padishah, looking over Ragusa from a neighbouring height, admired this fidelity; and withdrawing his soldiers, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Such men merit not annihilation; a state which thus respects the laws of hospitality shall not perish."

After the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, the noblest and most distinguished Grecian families were honourably treated at Ragusa; and no less favourable to men of letters, they entertained with every mark of respect and sympathy such celebrated authors as Lascaris and Chalcocondylas, besides many others of less note.

Every three years, the Venetian Admiral, called the Captain General of the Adriatic, came to Ragusa and received a large gold cup, as a present from the Republic<sup>Ancient ceremony.</sup> to the Doge of Venice. The whole territory of this interesting state is about seventy-five miles long; but its breadth, as it is only a strip of land between the mountains in the background and the sea, is rarely more than three miles.

The celebrated Malmsey wine was a production of Ragusan vines; and the neighbouring island of Melita, which belonged to the Republic, is mentioned in the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The Government of Ragusa was composed of a Senate, elected every year by means of a lottery, in which every patrician over Its Govern-  
ment. twenty years of age took part. By this arrangement, the most capable men were often excluded from a share in public affairs, but it placed the aristocracy on a footing of equality; and as the Republic lasted for more than a thousand years, it suited, most probably, the temper of the people.

The patricians wore judges' robes; the chief seats at entertainments were reserved for them; and their wives and daughters, under the name of Ragusan gentlewomen, had crests upon their Sedan chairs, and sat at the theatre in the first rank.

Whenever the Doge went to mass, he marched there at the head of the senators; and the patricians had pews set apart Customs. for them in the old Cathedral. He

assumed the title of Serenity; and old Ragusan almanacs note opposite all the feast-days in the calendar, "*His Serenity goes to the Cathedral to-day.*"

His palace, with an inscription showing that it was built in 1435, is a massive old building, with fine marble pillars, and a large courtyard; but it is ornamented by two sculptured figures, which are the most indecent group that I have ever seen.

After the patricians, and ranking between them and the peasants, all persons possessing £800 were registered as citizens; and this dignity, like that of their betters, once acquired became hereditary. They also occupied reserved seats at public amusements; but were forced to pay visits to the nobility, who generally honoured them with a stool, although, strictly speaking, these burghers were obliged to stand up in their presence.

Whenever the wife of a patrician was confined, the female citizens were bound to pay her a visit; and there were several other occasions when similar ceremonies were controlled by public law.

The peasants, whose great superiority, in intelligence, respectability, and comfort, to their neighbours of the same class beyond the territory is most remarkable, used to be on exactly the same footing as the serfs in Russia; and when a property was sold, Ragusan cultivators were valued at £16 a head. When a servant completed her tenth year of service in a patrician household, there was a great feast given in her honour; each member of the family presented her with a valuable gift; and if she wished to get married, her mistress gave her a dowry and an outfit.

The patricians, considering trade beneath the dignity of nobles, drew their rents in the form of heavy taxes and contributions from the mercantile adventures of the citizens.

A hundred and twenty-five years ago, the French consul at Ragusa reports, "The Re-

public, that is to say those who govern  
A French Consul's opinion. "it, cannot endure foreigners of any  
"distinction, such as consuls, or mer-  
"chants; because they are obliged to treat  
"them with a respect and consideration that  
"they have not for any of their own sub-

jects. The pride of the nobles, which makes everything bend under their authority, is hurt at being obliged to observe certain conventionalities towards people who do not belong to their caste, which might humble them in the eyes of their slaves. Commerce in the hands of foreigners seems an usurpation of their speculations when they go out of their sphere; because they are afraid of all united action, even eventual. In their exclusive system, they prefer to be absolute masters of little, than to share any benefit with foreigners. They have also an idea that the French, more intelligent than other people, see what is defective in their government, arbitrary in their administration, and absurd in their pretensions. They blush at them notwithstanding their vanity, and wish to escape criticism by isolation. That is their sensible side. It is in vain to be circumspect; they are too intelligent not to know their faults; too much obstinacy and pride to wish to correct them, or to suffer other witnesses except those who are forced to applaud. It can be said that

“Ragusa is less a state than a private house,  
“of which the masters and the valets would  
“like to shut the door against strangers,  
“having nothing better to expect than not  
“to be known.”

At this time the Republic was declining towards its fall; some years afterwards, the war of 1769, between Russia and Turkey, threatened its existence; and Orloff, who had prepared an insurrection in Greece, ordered the Ragusans, in the name of the Empress Catherine, to renounce their alliance with the Sultan; to surrender their fleet; to lend money to Russia on its own conditions; and to allow a Greek orthodox church to be built in the town.

In this extremity, a Ragusan ambassador was sent to the court of Louis the Fifteenth at Versailles to ask for French assistance; but in the meantime Orloff having threatened to bombard the town, they coaxed his departure by complying with his demands.

The treaty of Campo Formio in 1797, gave Austria—as a compensation for her losses in its fall. Italy—Venice, Istria, and the whole

Dalmatian coast ; but the peace of Presbourg in 1805 deprived her of all those places.

In the following year, Marshal Marmont came to Ragusa with an army ; declared the Republic abolished ; and, without any resistance, took possession of it in the name of France. For this service he was created Duke of Ragusa, and for nine years the town was occupied by a French garrison.

The Russians, ever active in the affairs of the Slavs, landed a large force under General Siniavine ; who, supported by <sup>The</sup> a body of Montenegrins, which turned <sup>Russian</sup> <sup>and Mon-</sup> <sup>tenegrins.</sup> the smiling suburbs into a wilderness, closely blockaded the French in Ragusa. General Molitor, with only about two thousand men, attacking the combined forces of Russians and Montenegrins, compelled them to raise the siege ; the former sailed away, and the latter, after committing unheard-of atrocities, took refuge in the mountains.

“The treaties of 1815,” says Chopin, “in reducing France to its ancient limits, gave Illyria to Austria. It is thus that diplomacy, in balancing one by the other the



“action of the Cabinets of Vienna and of  
“St. Petersbourg upon the Danubian Pro-  
“vinces, has saved Turkey from impending  
“ruin.”

Since that time Ragusa has remained an  
Austrian garrison town ; the relations between  
Pan-  
slavism. the people of all classes and the mili-  
tary are extremely cordial ; every sailor  
in the imperial fleet is a Slav ; but the  
patricians, not despairing of recovering what  
they regard as their ancient rights, do not  
consider the scheme of Panslavism so ex-  
tremely absurd as it appears to less interested  
spectators.

The island of Croma is about four hundred  
yards from the sea walls of Ragusa ; and it  
Island of  
Croma. must always be interesting to English-  
men, because the lion-hearted Richard,  
on his return from Palestine, landed there.  
Going across in a boat with a very pleasant  
party of Ragusan patricians, we spent the  
day in wandering about the grounds. The  
ruins of an ivy-covered abbey, in which the  
monks received King Richard, is surrounded  
by the beautifully laid out gardens of

the unfortunate Maximilian's palace. The English king no sooner landed on this spot, than he vowed to build a church there; but absolved from his oath by the Pope, erected his votive offering of thanksgiving in the town; and the Cathedral of Ragusa is due to the piety of a Plantagenet.

In a hollow in the centre of this island, the palace of Maximilian, shaded with a grove of cypress trees, appears like a peaceful country place far away from the sea. A long esplanade, communicating by means of flights of steps with the garden, is sheltered behind the abbey walls; and inside the house every room is in exactly the same state as when the Austrian Emperor of Mexico lived there.

The galleries are covered with prints and pictures; and his library, consisting chiefly of English scientific works, shows the serious character of the man, who loved to spend his leisure hours there. Many prints, cut from *The Illustrated London News*, and placed in frames, ornamented the walls; and several likenesses of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, as well as at least one

of every member of our royal family, were scattered in every direction in his apartments. His inkstand, his pen, even his blotting-paper, are there as he left them; and the small sleeping-room and camp-bed reminded me of the barrack-room of a simple officer.

The grounds at the back are very extensive, well shaded with cypress or olive trees; and we were more than half an hour making the circuit of its sheltered and cultured shrubberies.

The palace, the furniture, the garden, the abbey, together with the absolute freehold of the island, were recently sold for £2,000; <sup>Cheap living.</sup> and every relic of Maximilian became the property of the purchaser. Things are cheap in Dalmatia, and it is calculated that keeping up the palace and grounds in the same way as they were maintained by His Imperial Highness, including servants, living, a boat, as well as all the expenses necessary to such an establishment, would only cost £400 a year; which, among the patricians of Ragusa, is considered a very ample fortune for a whole family.

## CHAPTER IX.

DEPARTURE FROM RAGUSA—RAGUSA VECCHIA—CANALI—CIVILITY OF THE PEOPLE—GROTTO OF ESCALAPIUS—ANOTHER COMPANION—COSMOPOLITANS—THE PEDLAR'S STORY—WAR—FALLS IN LOVE—ACCEPTED—SPECULATION—ADMIRATION—SIMPLICITY—DEPARTURE—FRIGHTFUL SHIPWRECK—EVERYONE DROWNED BUT THE PEDLAR—THE PEDLAR SAVED—HIS RECEPTION AFTER HIS MISFORTUNES—HIS GAINS—OVER THE BORDERS—CASTEL NUOVO—VICTOR HUGO—RELIGION AND FASHION—THE BOCHE OF CATARO—CATARO—A MONTENEGRIN'S WIFE HIS MULE.

I LEFT Ragusa early in the morning, and crossing high mountains overhanging a valley, the precipitous descent towards which <sup>Departure from</sup> was beautified by streams of water and Ragusa. woods of little olive trees, came to Ragusa Vecchia at about ten o'clock. The heat, reflected from the bare rocks all round, struck upon my back and head with great violence; and a wretched pony, climbing over tracks which were no more than rugged goat walks, often seemed to put my life in jeopardy. I let the reins hang loosely on his neck, and according

to instructions received before starting, left him entirely to his own devices. It appeared to me that he frequently came down upon his nose, but he always recovered himself with the activity of a dog.

Ragusa Vecchia, situated on the site of the ancient Epidaurus, although now only a wretched village with about two thousand inhabitants, contains many interesting remains of the little Republic which removed from here to Dubrovnik, as Ragusa is called in the Slav language.

Leaving Ragusa Vecchia, we passed through a large valley, sheltered on all sides by bare mountains, and filled with fields of corn, villages, and olive trees. This province of the Ragusan Republic is called Canali; it was acquired in the year 1427 from a Prince of Servia, who sold it to the Senate; and being the richest and best cultivated property it possessed, that body always looked upon it with great pride and affection, favoured the inhabitants above its other subjects, and granted immunities which added greatly to their prosperity.

Several patrician families have country houses here, and they spend a few weeks in the hot summer among their tenants. The inhabitants look like people of a different race; the girls are celebrated for beauty, but their manners are so easy that young men and maidens may be seen romping and playing together among the olives in all the freedom, simplicity, and health of a pastoral state.

The women's dress is very becoming. They wear little red caps embroidered with gold lace; and the rest of their charming costume consists of an open waist-<sup>Canali.</sup> coat of the same colour, ornamented like the head-dress; a gauze chemise with wide sleeves, and a snowy white petticoat fastened tightly round their slim waists with broad red sashes.

Everybody, whether male or female, old or young, wished me what is vulgarly called "*the time of the day*" as I rode past <sup>Civility of the people.</sup> them; and a very pretty girl, who told me that she was only just eighteen, and whom I met riding cross-legged on an old white mule, enlivened my dreary journey for about eight miles.

“ Good morning,” she said to me before I spoke to her. “ Where are you going to ? ”

There was an easy and unaffected grace in her simple manners which heightened her beauty ; and if I had been formally introduced to her, and above all things had I thought she was a patrician, I should have considered her a very ladylike girl.

Situated on the heights above Canali, the famous grotto of Escalapius is said to have Grotto of Escalapius. been a temple of the Philistines or Phœnicians, in which the science of medicine was taught by heathen priests, who were afterwards converted to Christianity by one of the disciples of St. Paul, named Donnius, a native of Antioch. Although the simple country people are ignorant of their meaning, many of the feasts and ceremonies of the peasants bear clear traces of a pagan origin, which justifies a belief that the Christian sects, in their difference of faith and worship, reproduced, only under another form, their local prejudices.

I had no sooner said “ Good-bye ” to my pretty companion, who rode up a flight of

stairs into a little village at the side of the principal pathway, than I met a <sup>Another com-</sup>panion. happy pedlar, singing lustily notwithstanding his load, and enjoying to all appearance the perfect contentment of a person satisfied with himself and everybody else.

“Salutation, Mr. Pedlar!” I called out; “from the tones of your voice, and the expression of your face, I have no doubt that your commerce prospers, and that your speculations give a good percentage to your capital.”

“Alas! Your Excellency,” answered the pedlar, shifting his load from the right to the left shoulder, “there does not exist on the face of the earth a more miserable and unhappy man than myself. Whenever I make a little money it always slips through my fingers; and the rest and repose to which I have so long looked forward is like a will-o’-the-wisp, which although often appearing within my grasp, continually eludes my clutches just as I am about to catch it.”

This disappointed man, although an Italian by birth, was an excellent specimen of a cos-



Cosmopolitan. There was no country  
litans. which he had not visited, and there  
was no language which he could not speak.  
Such wanderers exist in great numbers throughout the Levant; and they roam from place to place, selling their simple wares, and making and losing fortunes with a rapidity which is seldom paralleled in the West.

The biographies of such people would possess an absorbing interest, and the histories of their lives might exceed the sensations of the wildest romance. There are no men who could give sounder information concerning the countries through which they travel; and their talents are so well appreciated, that they often act as spies and secret messengers.

On board ship, or along a dreary road, nothing is so pleasant as a good story; and as the pedlar was a communicative person, I listened to some of his adventures with an attention that caused me to ride along by his side with my mouth wide open.

"Two-and-twenty years ago," said he, "and when I was a good-looking young man, somewhat more vain and careful of my

“personal appearance than I am now, The pedlar's story.  
“affairs of commerce directed my wand-  
“dering steps to Bucharest, when wars and  
“rumours of wars became a general topic of  
“conversation among the princes as well as  
“among the peasants.

“The sympathies of all classes were on the  
“side of the Emperor Nicholas; and the ap-  
“proach of a Russian force, under General  
“Dannenberg, was hailed with great delight.  
“Some people predicted that a great struggle  
“was imminent; and the fears of the poli-  
“ticians, in the Hans where I stopped, believed  
“that the battle of Armageddon would shortly  
“take place on the Pruth or on the Danube.

“With that natural pride inherent in nations  
“as well as in men, the Wallacks believed,  
“when their sword was thrown into the scale,  
“that Antichrist would be defeated, and that  
“the millennium would follow.

“The near approach of such a millennium  
“filled me with terror, and I left Bucharest  
“as if it was a sinking ship. My notions  
“concerning the eventualities of the approach-  
“ing war were as vague as those of people

“who spoke of them with all the certainty  
“and solemnity of inspired prophets; but feel-  
“ing, nevertheless, secret terrors at an impend-  
“ing calamity, I longed to get out of its way.

“A Saxon from Transylvania, who had,  
“some years previously, attached himself to  
“the Russian army in the quality of  
War.

“a sutler, assured me, that there was  
“nothing like war for causing money to  
“change hands, and that he looked forward to  
“the commencement of hostilities with the  
“greatest delight.

“The interest that I took in a project which  
“I hoped to turn to my own advantage caused  
“me to listen attentively to the experiences  
“of the Transylvanian; who, assuring me  
“that camp followers could always keep out  
“of danger, succeeded to a certain extent in  
“calming my fears.

“Making the best of my way out of the  
“Principalities, I crossed the Danube at  
“Oltenitza; and, in company with some Jews  
“and Turks, with whom I travelled to the  
“shores of the Black Sea, arrived safely at  
“Constantinople.

“Here people were in the greatest consternation; and it was believed that the Russians, having crossed the Balkans, were marching on the city of the Sultan. Everyone declared the probability of his own wishes being speedily accomplished; and, at one time, I was about taking a hasty departure, in consequence of some stories which I heard from a Greek. The mission of Menchikof filled people with greater alarm, and the latest news from the Danube and the Black Sea caused the Turks to wonder what Allah was about.

“‘Peradventure he sleepeth,’ whispered the Greeks, in the joy of their hearts; but the appearance of English sailors in the streets of Pera gave another aspect to the Eastern Question. Opening a small drinking shop, which, in compliment to the English fleet, was called the ‘British Lion,’ I made enormous profits out of naval thirst; but a short time afterwards, puffed up with prosperity and wealth, I, rejoiced at the sufferings of the allies on the dismal plains before Sebastopol, formed the benevolent design

“of relieving all their wants, and firmly believed that my enterprise would double, many and many times over, the little fortune which I had drawn out of the ‘British Lion.’

“By means of truckling, bartering, and drawing large profits from nearly every transaction in which I engaged, I  
Falls in love. “had already an account with a banker, who used to receive me with every demonstration of respect in his private room; and whenever I paid him a visit, the clerks vied with each other in those obsequious attentions which attend the prosperity of a rising man. I became acquainted with a very handsome woman, who was the widow of a German Jew; and my admiration for her voluptuous charms ripened into love. She had a good house at Pera; and, from the encouragement which she gave me, I had every reason to hope that my honourable intentions would be crowned with success.

“Her name was Judith; and the beauties of her person, as well as the amiability and gentleness of her manners, inspired me in a short time with most tender sentiments.

“At first I was afraid to declare my love; but  
“the partiality which she showed for me  
“putting me on my mettle, I threw myself  
“at her feet. She was well acquainted with  
“the affairs of the commercial world, and  
“displayed such an intimate knowledge of  
“my fortune and prospects, that I felt  
“deeply the interest she took in my affairs.  
“I admired her good sense as well as her  
“beauty and virtue; but even had she been  
“poor, it would have made no alteration in  
“my tenderness.

“She accepted my proposals of marriage;  
“and the banker on hearing the news con-  
“gratulated me cordially, and with  
“every appearance of warmth and <sup>Accepted.</sup>  
“sincerity. ‘My dear Mr. Detti,’ said he,  
“taking me by both hands, and kissing me  
“with great affection, while he looked on me  
“with the fondness of a father,—‘My dear  
“‘Mr. Detti,—let me call you Detti, or  
“‘rather my dear Francesco,—this gives me  
“‘more joy than if I were instructed with the  
“‘management of a Government loan. I now  
“‘look forward to your really becoming one of

“ ‘us. Madame Judith is one of the dearest  
“ ‘friends of my wife ; and the satisfaction  
“ ‘with which she has heard of your good  
“ ‘fortune is almost equal to mine.’

“ Judith was ‘anxious for my sake more  
“ ‘than for her own ; but when I spoke of  
“ ‘going to church, and getting a blessing said  
“ ‘over our happiness, she suggested that time  
“ ‘was money, and that now I had an opportu-  
“ ‘nity for making a fortune. A journey to the  
“ ‘Crimea, she declared, would only be an excur-  
“ ‘sion of pleasure ; and the profits upon which  
“ ‘I could count in consequence of the re-  
“ ‘quirements of the army would necessarily  
“ ‘be enormous. ‘Invest all your capital,’ she  
“ ‘said, ‘in the adventure ; and on your return,  
“ ‘and with our united fortunes, we can live  
“ ‘happily for ever.’

“ I admired the excellence of this advice,  
“ all the more sincerely because it was warmly  
Specula- “ applauded by the banker, with whom  
tion. “ I was now united by the bonds of a  
“ most sincere friendship. Long boots, warm  
“ clothes, cooking utensils, preserved meats,  
“ and every description of wine and spirits

“were fetching fabulous prices at the camp  
“before Sebastopol. Small dealers had gained  
“large sums of money; and a general mer-  
“chant, doing business on an extensive scale,  
“might count, with positive certainty, on  
“making a fortune.

“To arrive before my profits could be diluted  
“with competition would be a master-stroke  
“in the undertaking; and, in order to give  
“the lovely Judith a high idea of my enter-  
“prise and determination, I chartered at once  
“a large Greek boat; in which I shipped a  
“cargo of every obtainable commodity; and  
“the banker assisted in the accumulation of  
“these stores.

“I expended every penny on which I could  
“lay hands; but the speculation was so safe,  
“that, had I more money, I should have laden  
“a whole fleet instead of a single ship.

“I spent the evening before my departure  
“with Judith. What a neck! what eyes!  
“The hope of great riches hardly re-  
“conciled me to leaving, even for a <sup>Admira-</sup>  
“short time, that incomparable creature. ‘Out  
“‘of sight, out of mind,’ I whispered; but she



“silenced my fears with vows of eternal love ;  
“and when I pressed her to my bleeding heart,  
“our mutual sorrow found vent in sighs and  
“tears.

“Assuring me that the expedition would  
“be for our own happiness and welfare, and  
“that hereafter I would not fail to appreciate  
“her self-denial in having encouraged my  
“speedy departure, she embraced me for the  
“last time ; and as I held her in my arms I  
“longed for the day of our marriage.

“On receiving a statement of my accounts  
“from the banker, I found, notwithstanding  
“the enormous profits which I had drawn  
“from the ‘British Lion’ and other specula-  
“tions of an equally remunerative nature,  
“that I had embarked something more than  
“my entire fortune in this adventure ; but my  
“affectionate friend, as we walked together  
“towards the ship, assured me that such a  
“small sum as I owed him was unworthy of  
“being mentioned between us.

“He was a simple and generous man, whose  
“friendship was none the less sincere be-  
Simplicity. “cause the warmth of an ardent nature

“displayed the sensations of his soul ; and he  
“was deeply affected when the Padrone told  
“us that it was time to weigh anchor.  
“Promising to send him money as soon as  
“possible, I spoke seriously of repeating the  
“risk after my marriage, if such a proceed-  
“ing should appear advisable ; but in any  
“case it was agreed, that while I conducted  
“the business at Balaklava, he should act as  
“my correspondent at Pera.

“As we passed the seven towers, I looked  
“back at the gorgeous spectacle of Con-  
“stantinople sparkling majestically  
“upon its seven hills. The beauties <sup>Departure</sup>  
“of its cypresses, its minarets, and its domes  
“must cause the admiration of every beholder ;  
“but when we turned the point, and the  
“superb prospect was hidden from my eyes,  
“a pang of desolation and sorrow shot through  
“my heart. All that I held dear had vanished  
“from my sight, and I even longed to turn  
“back the ship, in order that for a few minutes  
“longer I might linger on the view. We  
“confound a locality with the happiness that  
“we have experienced there ; and I loved the

“shores of the Bosphorus as though they had  
“been my birthplace.

“A fresh breeze laying the boat over on one  
“side, caused us to buffet the rollers of the  
Frightful “Euxine ; and towards evening the  
shipwreck. “blue mountains began to fade away  
“in the distance. Nothing could be more  
“prosperous than our voyage ; and at the  
“end of the fourth day we made out the  
“bold outline of the vast Aiboroum, which is  
“the principal landmark for navigators off  
“these coasts.

“During the night black clouds collected  
“on the horizon, and the Padrone took in his  
“canvas and shook his head. The reason  
“why the Euxine is called the Black Sea  
“no longer appeared doubtful ; the sky, as  
“well as the waters, were of a leadeny hue ;  
“and the waves, following each other in  
“rapid succession, roared ominously. Flashes  
“of white foam sparkled on their crests, and  
“my anxiety conjured the tumbling billows  
“into savage monsters who were showing me  
“their teeth. The wind, whistling through  
“the ropes, caused moaning sounds to come

“out of the ship; each note of the dismal  
“symphony was louder than that by which it  
“had been preceded; and the trembling of  
“our little craft inclined me to the superstition of the sailors, who declared that she  
“shuddered in an agony of terror and trouble.

“Mountains of black and rugged water  
“sweeping past, opened dismal gulfs far down  
“below; vast cataracts tumbled wildly; and  
“dark and angry billows seemed about to overwhelm us. The sails were torn to ribands;  
“and throughout the livelong night we expected instant destruction. Breaking day  
“showed that we were close to the harbour  
“of Balaklava; and its adjacent precipices  
“frowned grimly upon the raging sea. Heaving waves, rushing at the shore, leaped  
“furiously up the sides of the cliffs; volumes  
“of spray, like great trees, sprang suddenly  
“into existence, only to fade away; and the  
“savage headlands of that ironbound coast  
“were changed successively into white and  
“heavy waterfalls.

“The ancient Genoese towers were often  
“hidden from our sight as we sunk in the trough

“ of the enormous seas ; but, at regular inter-  
“ vals, their walls and battlements immediately  
“ above the roaring waters appeared in bold  
“ relief along the shelving rocks. The tum-  
“ bling and furious billows dashed to a great  
“ height up the sides of the lonely Aiboroum,  
“ but their long drawn-out reaction laid bare  
“ the very foundations of that fearful solitude.  
“ It is called by the Tartars the promontory  
“ of storms; and the fury of the elements,  
“ which raged all round, showed that it was  
“ still worthy of its time-honoured name.

“ Amid this tremendous scene, and about to  
“ be engulfed at every instant, I thought but  
“ little of making my fortune. My only hope,  
“ and that hope was small, was to save my  
“ life. The Padrone and his men prayed ; but  
“ it was not a time for praying. The poor  
“ man told me that there was no chance of  
“ our getting into the harbour of Balaklava ;  
“ and then, speaking of his wife and chil-  
“ dren, crossed himself again. ‘ There will  
“ ‘ be nobody to feed them now,’ he said ; and  
“ his thoughts, abstracting him for a short  
“ time from the surrounding storms, carried

“ him in imagination to his little cabin near  
“ Scutari.

“ In despair, the vessel was directed towards  
“ the rocks at a spot where the precipices did  
“ not fall abruptly into the sea. It lay <sup>Everyone</sup> <sup>drowned</sup>  
“ to the right of Balaklava, and only <sup>but the</sup> <sup>pedlar.</sup>  
“ about two miles off. Every moment brought  
“ us nearer and nearer to the shore ; and as  
“ we were slowly lifted to a great height above  
“ the broken rocks, a stream of water swept  
“ me from the deck. Turned over and over  
“ again, I was stunned and almost suffocated  
“ from the violence of the shock ; but not being  
“ able to see anything, I imagined that I was  
“ at the bottom of the sea.

“ Suddenly my feet touched the ground ; I  
“ was drawn back with the reflux, and again  
“ dashed forward by a side wave. I crawled  
“ to a neighbouring rock, at which the water  
“ again came almost up to my neck. Another  
“ effort, and I was higher up among the shelv-  
“ ing sinuosities of the coast ; a few more, and  
“ I was saved.

“ I looked at the rock close to which I had  
“ been cast, and, trying to collect my scattered

The  
pedlar  
saved.

“senses, observed that it was some-  
“times submerged, and sometimes ap-  
“peared as though it were out of reach of the  
“waves. Having been thrown there by an  
“ebb, I was saved by a miracle. The coast  
“was strewn with the remains of ships; float-  
“ing objects appeared dimly among the waves;  
“but there was no sign of life; and my ship,  
“its cargo, and the crew, existed no more.  
“Cold, bruised, and stunned, more disap-  
“pointed and vexed at the loss of my property  
“than thankful for my extraordinary escape, I  
“clambered slowly up the rocks, and not very  
“far from the beach discovered a small path-  
“way winding among evergreens and trees  
“which nestled along the sides of a steep hill.

“After following this path for about a mile,  
“I stopped to rest myself; and as I looked  
“towards the sea, my mind was filled with  
“the most sublime impressions. Huge cliffs  
“stretched all round, and sheer precipices,  
“falling at intimidating altitudes from the  
“clouds to the waves, formed a grim and solid  
“barrier to the fury and confusion of the  
“elements.

“As far as the eye could reach, there was a  
“waste of raging waters; and an uneven outline  
“touching the horizon displayed in full relief  
“the tumbling of the distant billows. The  
“salt spray flew into my face to a distance of  
“several hundred feet up the side of the  
“mountain; and the fury of the hurricane  
“roared, in fearful gusts, among ravines and  
“hollows.

“Crawling towards the English outpost, I  
“was brought into the presence of an officer,  
“who sent me to a General, and both one  
“and the other informed me that I was a  
“lucky man. Everyone here was a philo-  
“sopher; and their science taught them, as  
“philosophy always does, to bear the mis-  
“fortunes of others with great composure.  
“Luckily I had nearly twenty Louis in my  
“belt; and after wandering about Balaklava  
“for two days, and getting ample evidence of  
“the immense fortune I might have made if I  
“had not been shipwrecked, I obtained a  
“passage on board a steamer bound for Con-  
“stantinople. Arriving early in the morning,  
“I proceeded at once to my friend the banker.



“It is during sorrow or degradation that we  
“require comfort, and I longed to pour a full  
“account of my misfortunes into a sympathetic  
“ear.

“My beloved friend was in his office. ‘Ah,  
“‘my dear Francesco!’ he exclaimed, after  
His reception after his misfortunes. “embracing me with great tenderness;  
“‘what happy train of circumstances  
“‘causes me the pleasure of this unex-  
“pected meeting?’

“‘I have had a great catastrophe, my faith-  
“ful friend,’ I answered.

“‘Has the cargo been damaged, Detti?’ he  
“asked, in great anxiety.

“I told him the whole story; and having  
“finished the account of my misadventures,  
“covered my face with my hands.

“‘Really, Mr. Detti,’ said the banker, ‘all  
“‘this is very disagreeable; but you must ex-  
“cuse me at present, for I have an appoint-  
“ment with a merchant who does a large  
“business with me.’

“Expressing some anxiety for the liquidation  
“of a small debt that stood against my name  
“in his books, he bowed me out of his office  
“with a cynicism that cut me to the heart.

“Does the world estimate us according to  
“the credit that we have at the banker’s?  
“Some people say that it does; but my  
“fortunes were not so desperate as they  
“appeared. Judith was rich, and the certain  
“success of a fresh speculation would not fail  
“to retrieve the loss which I had sustained.

“After I had been shaved, and bought  
“some respectable clothes, I went to that  
“lady’s house, and found her sitting alone  
“with a villainous-looking Jew.

“‘Judith!’ I cried, as soon as I was in her  
“presence.

“‘Madam, if you please,’ she answered,  
“with imperturbable assurance; and then  
“looking affectionately towards the Hebrew,  
“coolly said, ‘This gentleman requires an  
“assistant in a liquor shop at Scutari, and as  
“I have been given to understand that you  
“formerly distinguished yourself in that trade,  
“I think it possible that you might suit him.’

“‘Is it possible,’ I cried, ‘that my shipwreck  
“and misfortunes——’

“‘I have heard of your shipwreck; and as  
“to your misfortunes, people cannot expect

“‘large profits without great risks. Good  
“‘morning, sir. Maria! show that man  
“‘downstairs.’

“I was unable to utter a word. Every-  
“where I met cruelty and contempt. Shame,  
“rage, and sorrow struggled together in my  
“breast. I had often given money to  
“Judith’s maid, Maria; and as I accompanied  
“her to the door, I cursed equally my own  
“hard fate and the hypocrisy of her mis-  
“tress.

“Maria burst out laughing, and slammed  
“the door in my face.

“I next went to an hotel where I had  
“lived before my expedition to the Crimea.  
“The landlord, to whom I was a good cus-  
“tomer, always treated me with marked  
“respect and consideration, and the last  
“occasion on which I saw him, vowed that  
“I might command his services for ever  
“afterwards.

“I told him the story of my troubles and  
“disappointments; but suddenly turning  
“away, he declared that he was busily  
“engaged.

“I had lost my fortune, it is true; but  
“during that day I gained a knowledge of  
“human nature which was not alto-  
“gether useless. Many people go <sup>His gains.</sup>  
“through life with a wife like Judith, or  
“a large circle of sympathetic friends like  
“the banker; and never have an opportunity  
“of testing their real sentiments. It is more  
“than probable, had it not been for the wreck  
“of my property, that I might have mar-  
“ried the lady; and lived for the rest of my  
“days on terms of a very affectionate nature  
“with the usurer and others of the same tem-  
“perament, without ever getting an insight  
“into their true characters. ‘Friend, friend,’  
“is in everybody’s mouth. Those who are the  
“least capable of friendship, are the loudest in  
“their expressions of it; and the majority of  
“so-called friends love our circumstances and  
“not ourselves. Believe me, that unfortunate  
“pedlars and unfortunate princes have the  
“same opinion about men; who can be  
“studied with equal profit in public-houses  
“or palaces.”

As our paths separated at this stage of his

story, he wished me a pleasant journey, and singing merrily as he climbed up the rocks, made the best of his way towards a village, in which he hoped to turn some of those human weaknesses he so much deprecated to his own advantage.

A turn of the path leads across a long strip of Turkish territory, called the Sutorina; Over the borders. which, bounding the frontier of Ragusa, connects the province of Herzegovina with the sea. A solitary watch-tower on the top of a high cliff in Eslamiah overlooks this political enclosure; an Austrian gunboat, at anchor, watches the point where it touches the Adriatic; and a short ride across it brings me again into Christendom, the approach to which is enlivened by a solitary guard-house, where a Hungarian sentry saunters dreamily on the lonely hill-side.

At first looking like a small pond at the bottom of a steep valley, but growing larger and larger as we approach, a magnificent prospect of the Bocche of Cataro is opened out.

The road running through a little wood, is

shaded like a bower with a covering of green branches. Ivy-covered ruins are scattered among the surrounding gardens ; the smell of sweet flowers refreshes the coolness of the evening air ; little watercourses in stone troughs purl down the sides of the mountain ; picturesque paths or passages, in deep stone cuttings, wind among olives and vineyards ; and large houses stand on platforms, terraced one above another, in the neighbourhood of Castel Nuovo, whose ancient and modern constructions, mixed together in ornamental confusion, overlook from a great height the blue water.

Castel Nuovo, situated among a heap of rugged rocks overhanging the sea, is so intermingled with the seminities of its steep places, that it is difficult to distinguish between the works of nature and those of man. Old pillars, high towers, and castellated battlements, are surrounded, and sometimes even covered, with flowers, vines, or creepers ; and modern houses, crooked and narrow little streets, ancient ruins, massive flights of steps, watercourses, fountains, and lofty archways, make it an ex-

cellent specimen of one of those interesting Dalmatian towns in which almost every nation has left a mark. The lion of Venice, in such places, still surmounts an edifice that was erected by the Romans, and people go to church in temples that were built and used for the worship of Jupiter.

The view from the convent, approached by a path leading under ancient walls, ornamented and shaded with fine old trees, embraces a prospect of such extent and beauty that the Emperor of Austria during his recent visit to Dalmatia pronounced it equal to the most gorgeous sights on the far-famed Bosphorus of Thrace.

If Victor Hugo described Castel Nuovo, he would say that it was small, yet great ;  
Victor ancient, yet modern ; mean, yet grand ;  
Hugo. sublime, yet common ; old, yet young ;  
or, like France, that it was possible, yet impossible ; and perhaps after all succeed in conveying as good an idea of the town to his readers as do his other rhapsodies about the centre of civilization.

Like all towns of the Dalmatian coast, Castel

Nuovo has been taken and retaken several times. It was sacked and many of its inhabitants carried into slavery by the celebrated adventurer Horuc Barbarossa; who, although the son of a potter, became king of Algiers and Tunis, as well as the successful opponent of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Don John of Austria wrested it from the Venetians, to whom it was restored after the battle of Lepanto; and, like an open air museum, it bears traces of the Romans, Italians, and Spaniards, as well as those of every other nation that has troubled the tranquility of these picturesque shores.

During the whole day I never attempted to interfere with the movements of my half-starved pony, who followed with loosened reins the bent of his inclinations, and ate grass, drank water, rested himself, admired the views for a few moments, and went on again, according to the vagaries of his own free will or predestination. At length he stopped close to a large tree near the gate of Castel Nuovo; and, after yawning several times, manifested evident symptoms of im-



patience, shook himself with great violence, and looking into my face, threatened, as he was perfectly sick of the whole thing, to lie down if I did not dismount

As usual, a crowd of about fifty or sixty people collected round me ; and as they were looking forward with great anxiety to the arrival of the English fleet, asked me several questions about the movements and intentions of the Admiral.

The hotel is kept by a Tyrolese woman from Innspruck ; and after having disposed of my numerous interlocutors, I ate my dinner and went to bed in a small and very clean room, that looked over the sea along an expanse of flower gardens, whose pleasant fragrance wafted through the open window, assisted the gentle murmurs of trickling water-courses in lulling me into a sound sleep.

I was awoke in the morning by the noise of a religious procession which passed singing through the streets. The soldiers of the Religion and fashion. garrison, in their smart white tunics and shakoes, decorated with bunches of green leaves ; the crews and officers from gun-boats

at anchor in the Bocche ; and the commanding officer of the place at the head of his staff; marched down in martial array; and notwithstanding a heat enough to give sunstroke to a tortoise, ladies in black silk dresses assisted at the performance till past midday. Considering the meanness to which people stoop in order to be thought fashionable, I was not astonished at the voluntary tortures undergone by the women, when I heard that a foremost place among the worshippers was thought a great distinction ; because any ordeal of bodily pain is compensated by the mental pleasure of feeling important, which is an excellent substitute for real enjoyment.

Instead of riding along the banks, I was persuaded to go up the Bocche of Cataro in a boat, so that I might command from a <sup>The</sup> more favourable point of view the sur- <sup>Bocche of</sup> <sup>Cataro.</sup> rounding prospects. Its long and winding course is shut in on all sides by towering precipices or lofty mountains; and a vast blue cliff, rising straight from the water's edge, is only separated from snow-capped

peaks behind by a line of dark pine trees, looking down from a great height upon a sharp curve in this extraordinary gulf.

Turning to the right at the bottom of the cliff, we sail in the direction of Cataro; and a monastery and a church, whose foundations are constructed upon submerged rocks, seem to float, like two ships at anchor, upon the blue and tranquil water. The memory dwells no longer upon the sea, and the imagination pictures a placid lake, whose stern features resemble the country round Riva, at the upper end of the Lago di Garda.

The small town of Cataro stands on the edge of the water, and a vast rock, detached  
Cataro. from the surrounding cliffs, is covered on all sides with great walls, towers, and castles, which completely overhang the streets and houses in the neighbourhood of the beach.

A shaded *café* and a few kiosks, peeping from among a bower of heavy trees, ornament a public promenade underneath the ivy-covered ramparts; the old palace of a Venetian governor, standing alone in the large and solitary piazza, is watched by a guard of Austrian

soldiers ; and surly-looking Montenegrins mix freely among the civilised inhabitants. The little streets are seldom more than three or four feet wide, and flights of massive stone steps wind up the steep sides of the rock among very old and solidly-built houses.

The famous Barbarossa attempted to storm Cataro ; but he was repulsed by the address and courage of Matthew Bembo. In the fourteenth century it belonged to a person who styled himself "The Despot of Servia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Albania, Wallachia, and several other countries ; by the grace of the very high God Jesus Christ, in the year of the world 6756." The Montenegrins, as heirs of this man, declare that Cataro is theirs by right ; and the Russians can see no absurdity in a claim which, if granted, would give the Muscovite navy a footing in the Adriatic. Napoleon's invasion of Dalmatia put it, with the rest of the coast, into the possession of the French ; but an English post-captain drove them out of it in 1813, and handed it over to the Montenegrins, who made it their capital. The latter were deprived of it

by the Congress of Vienna, and since that time it has remained Austrian.

Outside the back gate of Cataro, a path (or rather shattered and irregular stairs) leads to

A Montenegrin's wife his mule. Tstinie, the capital of Montenegro; and, as it winds among the cliffs and

precipices which overtop the great rock behind Cataro, its zigzag turns, supported on buttresses of loose stones, appear, from the bottom, like an interminable line of little forts piled one over the other, and reaching up to the clouds. Except in a balloon, there is no other way of going to the chief town of Montenegro; and wild Montenegrins, carrying long guns, and wearing knives and clumsy pistols, drive their heavily-laden wives up and down, as if they were pack-mules.

## CHAPTER X.

A MONTENEGRIN GIRL—A GOOD WIFE FOR A LIVERPOOL ROUGH  
—UP THE MOUNTAINS—OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY—  
SUCH A GETTING UP STAIRS—ANECDOTE—THE BLACK MOUNTAIN—  
TSTINIE—A FRENCHMAN'S IDEA OF MONTENEGRO—THE CAPITAL AND THE COURT—THE PALACES—A VISITOR—READY!  
—POLITENESS—COURTLY MANNERS—THE REFORMERS' TREE  
—THE PEOPLE—THEIR DRESS AND APPEARANCE.

HEARING that I was about to start for Tstinie, a black-eyed Montenegrin girl, of stalwart make and wild aspect, paid me a visit; and, offering to carry a heavy <sup>A Montenegrin girl.</sup> travelling-bag up the heights, laughed at my simplicity when, pointing out its great weight, I declared that nobody, much less a woman, could perform such an extraordinary feat of strength and endurance. Turning it round several times with a movement of her wrist, and swinging it backwards and forwards in a playful manner, she told me that the girls in these mountains were very different from the

spoiled and pretty maidens of the West ; she was quite strong enough to carry m as well as my bag ; she added, contemptuo that although I was mounted she would Tstinie first, and then, scrambling like a goat up the rocks, disappeared.

General indignation has been excited ag the brutality of a class of men called " rou who disgrace England by the ma  
 A good wife for a Liverpool rough. in which they assault their wo  
 Letters in the newspapers, as we public opinion, suggest the enactmen special laws for their punishment ; but excesses could be best stopped by the ir diate formation of a company, whose or in providing a supply of Montenegrin b for the offenders, would be amply repaid b cessation of wife-beating. No ruffian v dare to lay his hand on these brave, able-bo and ferocious girls ; the " cat " woul longer be talked of as the only means c straining the warmth of conjugal love, the men of Liverpool would use the according to its proper destination. The and arms of these hardy virgins are devel

like those of professional wrestlers, and their strength, courage, and power of endurance qualify them as worthy opponents for the most ferocious members of our dangerous classes.

Accompanied by a pale and consumptive boy, and mounted on a broken-winded pony, I commenced my journey, toiling up<sup>Up the</sup> the face of a cliff or precipice at the<sup>mountains</sup> back of Cataro, and along a path, or track, whose ascent among the beetling rocks is often assisted by slippery flights of steps. Everyone in these fastnesses is armed with a long gun, besides knives, daggers, and pistols; but the perspiring and panting women, who take the place of beasts of burden, often faint under loads which, if put upon the back of a donkey in England, would excite a storm of anger, and turn the well-meant and amusing attentions of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, away from bearing reins.

The path, in many a sharp and dangerous turn, winds up higher and higher among the mountains, which seem to threaten the fortress



of Cataro with destruction; and continuing our tiresome ascent, we were soon on a level with the most elevated part of its lofty citadel, but divided from it by a deep and sombre gulf, in the shape of a long fishing net with a broken rim.

Immediately opposite, and in line with that part of the path from which we looked across, Austrian soldiers, sitting on the exterior slope of the rampart, although separated from us by the surface of this great abyss, were within hailing distance; and, like workmen on the sides of neighbouring steeples, we could have spoken to each other through the air.

As we mount still higher, extensive prospects grow out on every side; and the fortress, the Bocche, and the little town of Cataro, lying far down below, become smaller and smaller on our climbing further away among the wild rocks.

Over the hills and far away.  
Such a getting up stairs.

“ Oh ! Montenegro, stern and wild !  
Fit nurse for a ferocious child ! ”

Shutting my eyes, I often held the mane of the wheezing pony, and took my feet out of

the rusty stirrup irons as he scrambled up steps coarsely fashioned in long boulders of polished stone, or clattered and slid among pointed and slippery marble. Four Montenegrin girls, carrying heavy bales, preceded me on the way; and yet, so sharp and eccentric are the windings of the path, they often toiled along a ledge immediately above me.

A violent gust of wind, the precursor of a heavy thunderstorm, blew up the long white garment of one of these sturdy maidens; and when, in order not to hurt her modesty, and to prevent her blushes, I turned away my face with a delicacy which ought to animate all men in their relations with the sex, my propriety was encouraged by the recollection of a story.

Some years ago, two Montenegrins, attended by their wives carrying heavy loads, journeyed down the mountains towards Cataro.

At a turn in the path, one of these <sup>Anecdote.</sup> women, missing her footing, fell forward into a small hole; and, standing for a moment on her head, appeared in the position of a tumbling acrobat balancing another on the soles of his feet.

One of the men, making the rocks echo with noisy peals of horse-merriment, told the husband of the inverted woman that he had seen his wife in an attitude, which, as long as he lived, he should never think of without laughing; on which the latter, furious at such an insult to the delicacy of his chaste spouse, congratulated him on his capacity for enjoyment; but, expressing a ferocious regret at the shortness of its duration, shot him dead on the spot; and thus prevented any coarse descriptions of his wife's mishap.

The road winds into a dark and stony valley, sheltered on all sides by overhanging cliffs; and a few spots of cultivation, enclosed <sup>The Black Mountain</sup> in low and loose stone walls, faintly cheer the arid and dismal wilderness. The summer residence and birthplace of His Ferocity the Prince and High Priest of the Black Mountain,<sup>1</sup> situated in this howling fastness, is only a mean cottage; whose walls, in order to distinguish it from a few neighbouring cabins, are flanked

<sup>1</sup> Montenegro, or, as it is called in Slavish, Tchernagora, means Black Mountain; and till very lately the Prince or Chief was also the High Priest.

with small towers like stoves. As we mount into the superior ranges of these savage highlands, the evening air becomes sharp and cold ; and the track, more like a ladder than a road, is so vague and broken, that, leaving the pony to his own devices, I was obliged to dismount and climb for several miles.

After five hours' severe and diligent gymnastics, the summit of the mountains opens a view of considerable beauty ; in every direction, fantastic precipices with <sup>Tstinie.</sup> white and pointed tops tower upwards towards the sky ; a small and green plain, fenced all round with these natural barriers, contains the hamlet of Tstinie, spoken of as the capital of Montenegro ; and at its opposite side, though very far down below, and separated from it by a range of rocks, there is a bird's-eye view of the great lake of Scutari nestling among the hollows of the Albanian Hills.

The consumptive boy, carrying a long stick, limped onwards from stone to stone ; but, accustomed to the mountains, he showed no symptoms of fatigue, and notwithstanding the emaciation of his limbs <sup>A Frenchman's idea of Montenegro.</sup>

and a hectic flush on his hollow cheek, I kept near him only with the greatest pain. A French naval officer, who had visited Montenegro, and from whom I sought information concerning that over-celebrated country, told me that everything which came under his personal observation, during a short residence in those highlands, was so entirely different to all his pre-conceived notions about them, as well as to all he had ever heard and to all he had ever read, that he carefully avoided giving his opinion ; but he assured me at the same time, that unless I was a poet or a bigot, I could not fail to be astonished, beyond measure, at the flora, as well as at the fauna, of the district.

My first impulse on arriving in the main street of Tstinie was to burst out laughing.

The capital and the court. It is the meanest capital in the whole civilized or uncivilized world ; and the village of the most petty Rajah, or chief, in India, is in every way superior to this small collection of Montenegrin cabins, resembling the dirty out-houses of an English farmyard, or what are called the go-

downs of an Indian bungalow. The thatched huts are altogether out of proportion to the big men who inhabit them; and an armed peasant, who in his natural state might be considered a very respectable person, is made extremely ridiculous when called the Minister of War, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Archbishop, the Minister of the Interior; or by some other title which, borrowed from civilized countries, is here lampooned in a manner that becomes infinitely more diverting because the holders of such exalted dignities, unconscious of their drollery, and inflated with an idea of their own importance, are firmly persuaded of their equality with any other high officers of state in Europe.

The Prince's palace is the handsomest house in Tstinie; the royal arms of His Ferocity are emblazoned on a little balcony over the door; and, were it not for a sentry carrying a long gun, and covered with a blanket, it is so well built and comfortable that it might be taken for one of those small flour stores which generally stand in the neighbourhood of country water mills. The size and shape of its windows,

The  
palaces.

as well as the taste of its architect, heighten the resemblance to such river-side magazines ; and, as if to present an imitation still more exact, it is ornamented with a few of those stunted willow trees which generally flourish in the neighbourhood or on the banks of a brook.

The old palace, situated within a few yards of the modern edifice, is surrounded by uncemented stone walls ; and, standing in an enclosure bearing a close resemblance to the cattle pound of an Irish village, is decorated, or guarded, or disfigured, on each corner by little round towers ; whose red roofs, equal in circumference to the funnel of a steamer, are about the size, but not so waterproof, as gig umbrellas.

Here travellers visiting Montenegro are most hospitably entertained at the rate of five francs a head ; and, in consideration of that disbursement, I was liberally provided with maccaroni and grease in the morning, and maccaroni and water in the evening, together with a liquid which they said was wine, but never having tasted anything like it before, I

am unable to say whether it was an indigenous or an imported commodity.

The efforts of eating a wretched dinner caused intense fatigue to my jaws, which, added to the lassitude of my other members, made me fall into a deep <sup>A visitor.</sup> sleep on a kind of stretcher, or sofa, with which my apartment in the palace was furnished; and the solitary tallow candle, with a wick like a palm tree, gave a very ghastly and uncertain light, when I was suddenly aroused by an individual, accoutred in a manner calculated to cause sensations of alarm. With the exception of a travelling cutler, I had not before seen a person walking about with such a display of weapons; and he spoke to me across a sparkling fence of pistols, revolvers, knives, daggers, and spikes.

My palace was separated from the other cottages; and the windows of my bedroom looked upon a lonely place, approached by a small path leading from the rocks <sup>Ready!</sup> through an open gate. The room was almost dark. Thinking suddenly of stories which I had heard about the daring and ferocity of



these lawless Highlanders, I quietly, and without removing it from my pocket, cocked my pistol ; and aiming at my visitor as well as I could, prepared to shoot him through the lining of my coat-tail in the event of his giving any evidence of hostility. Quite ignorant of these unnecessary, though perhaps natural, precautions, he expressed vast delight at seeing me ; and addressing me in very friendly tones,

Politeness. and sitting down by my side, asked with what object I had come to Tstinie, and why I had undertaken such a tiresome journey. Cross-examining me with great severity, and not believing a word that I said in answer to his inquiries, I could see from his vascillating, furtive, and suspicious glances, that he did not like me ; but suddenly taking his departure with the same expedition and stealthiness which heralded his arrival, and declaring that I was very tired, he left me to make myself as comfortable as I could on the hard bed.

The stout girl, who had arrived at Tstinie with my bag a long time previously, Courtly manners. next made her appearance ; and after

kissing my hand, and declaring that she would follow me with my baggage on her head wherever I liked, began a movement resembling so closely the first steps of a waltz, that, thinking she had received a few elementary dancing lessons, and in the joy of her heart meant to parade them for my edification, I was about to express pleasure at her performance, when it became evident that her awkward demonstrations were intended for a bow; in the execution of which she nearly knocked down the door-post with her elbow, as she backed out of the room in a courtly manner only suitable in the halls of a palace.

The great officers of state live in cabins close to the two palaces, near which is a small green, very like a dirty little market-  
 place; and here the aristocracy and The Reformers' Tree. senators sit on the ground in the shade of a tree; which, from the lofty aspirations and extravagant ambition of the people who are shaded by its branches, ought to be called the Reformers'.

The men of Tstinie, as well as the majority of the Montenegrins, are strongly built and

The well formed ; their shoulders are broad ;  
people. their heads well set on ; their move-  
ments easy and martial ; and, what is very  
unusual for people of their lofty stature, their  
legs are models of symmetry and strength.

Hard labour deprives the women at an early  
age of every appearance of softness ; and  
although I saw some young girls who might  
be thought rather pretty, most of the females  
have a severe and worn appearance, which is  
perhaps the result of their unnatural occupa-  
tions.

Except in the richness of their costumes, or  
their arms, a stranger discovers no difference  
in the appearance of separate classes.  
Their dress and appearance. The former and the latter are equally  
coarse : that dignified and proper de-  
portment so often found among people not  
altogether civilized, is rarely seen in Mon-  
tenegro ; and their evil countenances, or low  
and cunning aspects, made me little anxious  
for their society.

On a clean man, the gay and handsome  
costume of Montenegro would be extremely  
becoming ; but as the highest officers of state

are generally, and according to the custom of the country, unshorn and unwashed, their gaudy trowsers, long boots, heavily gilt vests, and white cloth coats secured round the waist with sparkling girdles bristling with knives, pistols, and daggers, instead of ornamenting or setting them off, bring out in more unpleasant colours their filth and dirt, which were they less splendidly accoutred, might not appear so striking.

## CHAPTER XI.

PRINCE NIKITA—SONGS—AN ARMED ARCHBISHOP—SENATORS—  
 PASTIMES—PARTIES—THE PODGORITZA AFFAIR—MOBS—POLITICAL AGENTS—JACKS OF ALL TRADES—SOCIALISTS, ATHEISTS, AND PHILOSOPHERS—AUSTRIA—THE POOR TURKS—THE GREAT POWERS—PANSLAVISM—THE VILLAGE GREEN—THE VILLAGE LAWYER—THE EASTERN QUESTION—THE DIVINITY—BAPTISM OF A FIRE-EATER—MONTENEGRIN LITERATURE—ORIGIN OF THE MONTENEGRINS—THEIR HISTORIES—THE LICENCE OF POETRY.

PRINCE NIKITA of Montenegro is taught to believe that a great future awaits him and his dynasty; and, in order to lose no time in appearing before Europe as the head of a civilized state, he is educating the inhabitants of Tstinie with a rapidity that could only be effected by hopes of future advancement in that great Slav empire which every Montenegrin believes on the very eve of formation. As there is no time to be lost by those who wish to qualify themselves for high positions in Panslavonia, stalwart men, armed with

knives and pistols, may be seen walking about the yard in the old palace, muttering in gruff tones over a primer; and displaying all the anxiety of good children who hope to gain a prize at the next competitive examination.

The Montenegrins are to take the lead in Panslavonia; and those among them who, in learning to read, have complied with the admonitions of their leaders, will be greatly irritated unless they are rewarded with some well-paid post for their pains.

The wild peasants have been formed into a regular army, in which all the males of the country are obliged to serve. These men, as well as the civilians, are taught many <sup>Songs.</sup> accomplishments, of which music is the most formidable; and the singing class being instructed in the old palace, I was driven from that building by the melancholy and fearful sounds of Montenegrin bass voices, than which, except perhaps the tenors, nothing can be more amazing.

Close to the palace is the Monastery, so called because its roof covers three <sup>An armed Arch-bishop.</sup> monks; and an old peasant, dignified

with the name of Archbishop, sees nothing unsacerdotal in the appendage of a murderous knife, which he always carries. In the neighbourhood of the episcopal palace, the monastery, and some other consecrated huts, there is a small tower, in which till very recently a supply of Turks' heads was kept for the use of gentlemen who wished to amuse themselves with those horrid trophies in the recreation of bowls; and during my visit to Tstinie a Montenegrin was undergoing a short term of imprisonment for decapitating a dead Mussulman at Podgoritza.

The morning after my arrival at Tstinie, I saw Prince Nikita, followed by his senators, or high officers of state, making a Senators. tour of inspection round the village. His Ferocity walked in front, the dignitaries of Montenegro, all rolled up in blankets as a protection against a shower of rain, followed him at a respectful distance; and only approached him when they were spoken to. These senators, all appointed by the Prince, only reflect the sentiments of the mouth from whose word they are called into existence;

and they in no way represent the wishes of the people, which, with great art and gentleness, they occasionally succeed in coaxing.

The Prince may be said to exercise a mild and timid despotism,—something analogous to that of a regimental colonel ; but he rules his subjects with great justice <sup>Pastimes.</sup> and moderation. He is the handsomest as well as cleanest man in Montenegro ; and although well educated and civilized, delights in the sports or pastimes of his countrymen. On Christmas night he entertains all men with profuse hospitality ; and after dividing a roasted lamb into two equal parts with his scimitar, eats it.

A large party of Montenegrins, who dislike being civilized, still love the old manner of making war and of mutilating and despoiling the dead.

With these men the Prince is not popular ; his well-meant efforts at civilizing his subjects, or connecting his capital with the coast by means of a road, are viewed <sup>Parties.</sup> with alarm ; and as he once accepted an invitation from a Turkish Pasha, and was



forced by the consuls to show some slight symptoms of reconciliation with the Ottomans after the last disturbances, he is considered unfit to rule the destinies of savage tribes which have drunk hatred of the Mussulmans with their mothers' milk, and which have inherited blood feuds against them as sacred heir-looms.

A popular ruler must represent the national will; but from the moment he endeavours to oppose the passions or prejudices of his people, his star begins to wane.

The assassination of some Montenegrins in a street brawl at Podgoritza caused a popular  
The Pod-  
goritza  
affair. cry for revenge throughout the whole country; the Prince's opposition to that frenzy was the commencement of his unpopularity; and his impotence to control his subjects has been shown lately, when large bodies of Montenegrins, under the direction of their chiefs, marched boldly across the frontier, and treating the vehement expostulations of His Ferocity with supreme contempt, and even ridicule, are now openly taking part with the insurgents of Herzegovina.

If such a gross outrage on the rights of nations were reversed; if a body of armed Turks, in defiance of the Sultan's express commands, invaded a neighbouring country for the purpose of waging war and assisting a rebellion against constituted authority, loud abuse of His Sublime Majesty's Government would resound throughout the whole of Europe.

The ill-compacted and absurd machinery of Servian and Montenegrin Administration only seems to act when the rulers of those lawless and barbarous tribes <sup>Mobs.</sup> allow themselves to be pushed by popular and unreasoning passions; as ignorant of their own weakness as they are of the strength of their enemies. Like the leaders of mobs, when they hesitate they fall; and loyal subjects of yesterday devour them to-morrow.

The old palace of Tstinie is filled with adventurers from Prague or Agram, who, like the agents of Fenianism in Ireland, <sup>Political agents.</sup> stir up the ignorant peasants, or, when they have no more active employment, and can get the ear of the Prince on some frivo-

lous pretext, fill his head with the most truly absurd ideas of the great destiny that is in store for him.

From hearing it so constantly, the poor man is beginning to think that there may be some truth in it ; but, as he is vacillating, and entirely under the influence of the Russian Consul General at Ragusa,<sup>1</sup> who testifies his great affection for the Highlands by kissing and hugging, with political ardour, all the dirty Montenegrins, whenever and wherever he meets one of them, His Ferocity is induced to wait for a more favourable opportunity in order to enforce those rights on the Christian subjects of Turkey which he is persuaded are his lawful inheritance.

Slavs from Austria, Servia, or some of the neighbouring Turkish provinces, come to Tstanie for the purpose of making a <sup>Jacks of all trades.</sup> road, a railway, a bridge, a canal, a jail, a gallows, or some other ornamental work ; in order to write a history of the country, to

<sup>1</sup> When this gentleman was required to assist in making peace lately, he became desperately ill, and could not go with the other consuls, in the first instance.

start a newspaper, to improve the code of laws, or else to turn their hands to such occupation as may get them a little money or credit. If they get nothing else, they are at least decorated; putting a small riband in their button-holes, their visiting cards are emblazoned with the words, "Knight of the Montenegrin Order of Daniel the First;" and from that day forth they have an official position in Panslavonia, which (as the Fenians used to say of the Irish Republic) is "now virtually established."

These men are, for the most part, republicans and atheists, whose only wish is to get rid of the Turks; after which they propose to enlighten the Slavs, and re-model them according to notions of their own. According to these philosophers, "the treaties of 1815 were founded on injustice, and supported by ignorance, intrigue, or selfishness." They declare "that, before long, Europe will marvel at the part played in history by His Ferocity and the Montenegrins. It is the interest of England and Austria to support the Turks; the former in

“order to prevent Constantinople from falling  
“into the hands of the Slavs, and thereby  
“ruining her monopoly of trade ; and the lat-  
“ter, from a political blindness, which, instead  
“of ruling through that Slavish population  
“that saved her existence in 1848, preferred  
“to remain a disjointed confederacy of rival  
“states constantly threatening dissolution,  
“and whose only chance of cohesion lies in  
“supporting the present tyranny of the Turks  
“over the Christians of Europe. Austria  
“might have led the Slavs, but she refused ;  
“and her days as a great power, like those  
“of Turkey, are numbered.”

The position of Austria is one of great difficulty in the actual crisis. Her policy is essentially conservative ; and she  
Austria. wishes to support the Turks without offending her own Slavish subjects, who are deadly enemies of the Ottomans. If Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed to Austria, the difficulties of ruling her discordant and polyglot subjects would be increased ; whereas, if they were joined to Serbia and Montenegro as an independent state, the philosophers of

Prague and Agram would chafe, and long to drag their Austrian countryman into a confederation which would open such a fine field for the exercise of their own wisdom and talents.

The poor Turks, whose great and really noble qualities are all the more to be lamented in consequence of the cold and blighting influences which keep them in check, are governed by the same caprice and peevishness celebrated by an amusing writer more than a hundred years ago; who, in describing a scene on the Bosphorus, declares that it was constantly enlivened by boat-loads of Effendis, Pashas, and Cadis going into exile; other boat-loads of Effendis, Pashas, and Cadis coming back from exile, in order to take the places from which the first had been expelled; and again, more boat-loads full of more Effendis, Pashas, and Cadis who had recently been appointed or dismissed.

The same system is still carried on in full vigour;—the position of the ablest officers, the administration of justice, the imposition or abatement of taxes, and, consequently, the tranquility or revolution of large provinces,

whose good or bad government affects equally the stability of the Ottoman empire as well as the peace of Europe, are all controlled by the influence of some worthless woman ; who, to please a favourite or obtain a diamond, troubles the repose of the civilized world. The Turks, nevertheless, are quite capable, if left to themselves, of keeping their Christian population in check ; but the intrigues of Russia are ever ready to encourage and make the most of grievances, which although, in consequence of the animosities of centuries, they cannot be eradicated, may be at least softened.

The jealousy of the great powers is the surest guarantee of the Ottoman empire. Of all countries in Europe, Austria has <sup>The great powers.</sup> the deepest interest in supporting the Turks ; and the deep offence which she has given to her own Slavish population in allowing Turkish soldiers a passage through neutral ground at Klek, is a clear proof that she is sincere in her determination to assist the Sultan in repressing the Herzegovinian rebels.

The removal of the Turks to the other side

of the Balkans would be followed by an independent Slavish kingdom called Pan-slavonia, or else by the annexation of the Turkish Slavish provinces to Austria, already overloaded with those disorderly elements. In the former case, the Austrian Slavish provinces would endeavour to separate from Vienna ; and, in the latter case, the discordant nationalities composing what people call Austria, would become so evenly balanced that their unnatural conglomeration would be in continual jeopardy, the balance of power would be a matter of history, and its ruin a serious lesson learnt when it was too late.

At this moment Russia is busily engaged in placing the whole of her European cavalry on a war footing ; and an immense force of artillery is being rapidly organized. In the face of these preparations the Russian press breathes only peace and concord ; and although the Herzegovinian revolution may be settled temporarily, the most thoughtful men are more animated by fear than hope.

In the evening the great men and the aristocracy of Montenegro, collecting together on



The village green. the little green or in the street, walk up and down, talk loudly of the great destiny in store for their country, and the approaching departure of the Turks from Europe.

A gentleman, bristling with arms and wearing a light green body coat, told me that The village lawyer. he was a barrister; and I have no doubt that his arguments were greatly assisted by these emblems of summary justice. Expressing wonder at my having escaped without any accidents during so long a journey in Turkey, he began to apostrophize the Turks in gracefully rounded periods, delivered in impassioned gestures of forensic eloquence. With flashing eyes he called them dogs, pigs, foxes, snakes, and serpents; and declared that they were as brutal, uncivilized, and degraded, as the Christians of the same provinces were cultivated, polished, and advanced. When I told him that I had the misfortune to differ with him altogether in his estimate of the characters of those rival populations, he vowed that he had never heard such an opinion in the whole course of his life, and that it was

the duty of all Christians to hate the Mussulmans.

Calling a Turk bad names is what the Montenegrins consider talking politics, and no other subject of conversation gives <sup>The</sup> them greater delight. “We shall <sup>Eastern</sup> Question. “never be satisfied,” said one of them to me, “while one of our brothers is a slave of “those —— Turks.” Which means, in other words, that, in defiance of the rights of nations, these poverty-stricken ragamuffins will continue, as they have always done, to aid and abet every revolution of the Christian subjects of the Porte, till they eventually succeed in clearing the political horizon with some terrible war merging the Eastern Question into enquiries at every point of the compass.

All nations worship the Divinity with titles expressive of human greatness. The name of God is not enough; they use other <sup>The</sup> terms for the designation of that <sup>Divinity.</sup> Supreme Providence whose immutable attributes they adore; and although the words thus employed are only faint expressions of

deeply felt perceptions, they indicate an analogy between the Eternal Cause of the universe, and what is most honourable, noble, and reverent on earth.

We pray to the Lord, to the Lord of lords, to the King of kings, to the only Ruler of princes ; and the Montenegrins, with equal fervour and devotion, call Almighty God "*the Old Murderer*."

When a child is born, filling his cradle full of knives and pistols, they give him what is called the Sacrament of War, and address the following prayers on his behalf to the "*Old Murderer*" :—

"That he may inherit wisdom. That he may shine like the evening star. That his soul may have the serenity of a fine night, and his body the strength of an oak. That he may fight like his father. That he may be the constant enemy of the Turks. That liberty may always be dear to him. That he may never die in his bed."

According to Venetian accounts, the entire population did not consist of more than twenty thousand souls ; and very little was known

about it till this century, during which a great number of works, Montenegrin literature. each one copying from its predecessor, have been published on the subject of Montenegro. The only valuable one which I have read, and I have read many, came, several years ago, from the pen of Sir Gardner Wilkinson. Colonel de Sommières, who was political agent to the Prince during the reign of the first Napoleon, published a book called, "*A political and historical journey in Montenegro; the origin of the Montenegrins, an aboriginal and little known people*"; and the value of his "political and historical information" is fully displayed when he mistakes "this aboriginal and little known people" for Greeks.

After the battle of Kossova,<sup>1</sup> some wanderers or shepherds, who had Origin of the Montenegrins. previously been established on a small island in the lake of Scutari, fled from the Turks into the mountains, where, under the guidance or supervision of a man called the Felon, they threw stones at the Janizaries,

<sup>1</sup> See chapter seventh of this work, paragraph "Battle and murder."

and celebrated that exercise under the name of the battle of Keinovska. This man made some laws, which, in their severity, resemble those of the Spartans ; and he caused cowards to be dressed in the clothes of women. The superstitious Montenegrins believe that he will return again to the Black Mountain; and, in the form of a Messiah, annihilate the Turks. While on earth, he built, at Tstinie, a little fort, closely resembling, in size and shape, a lime-kiln ; which, with the same imaginative colouring that enlarged all his other actions, was called a " white castle."

One of the many historians of this province has discovered an account of the Montenegrins in Diodorus of Sicily ; and, although it Their histories. is true the second chapter of the sixteenth book of that ancient author describes the defeat of the Illyrians by Philip of Macedon, it is absurd to suppose the inhabitants of the Black Mountain more closely related to the opponents of the ancient Greeks than any other Slavish populations whose ancestors lived in Illyria.

Their history, if it can be seriously dignified

with such a respectable name, consists in native songs, or poems, which they call *Piesmas*. The first of these tells how Ivan, the Prince of Montenegro, went to Venice, where, after a residence of three years, he obtained the consent of the Doge for the marriage of his dearly beloved daughter with the heir to the Montenegrin crown.

When on the point of leaving Venice, in order to bring the latter from the mountain, he told the young Venetian girl that her betrothed husband was the handsomest youth in the whole world; but, during his absence, an attack of smallpox had so altered the features of his son that, to use the expressions attributed to the disappointed father in the song, "if anything distinguished him it "was his extreme ugliness."

He was afraid to return to Venice with such a repulsive-looking bridegroom; and in order to get out of the dilemma, because he did not like to lose the girl's dowry, he arranged that a very handsome youth, named Milosh, should represent his son Maxim; and that the trick should not be divulged till the girl was safe in Montenegro.

On condition that he might keep whatever presents were given to him in Venice, Milosh agreed to represent Maxim; and with these stipulations and solemn oaths of secrecy, a large party of Montenegrins, among whom was the real husband, presented themselves before the Doge.

After being received with great honour, and loaded with presents, the mountaineers returned with the bride; who, on her arrival in Montenegro, and when she discovered the deceit, refused to advance another step till Milosh returned to her real husband everything which had been given to him by mistake; and this proposition to violate the treaty caused such a desperate fight that nearly everyone was killed.

This poem, as long as the "Lady of the Lake," is full of the grossest absurdities.

The  
licence of  
poetry. It represents the Montenegrins *riding about the streets of Venice* with the Doge and his sons. Notwithstanding a descriptive style, there is no notice taken of the peculiar construction of that remarkable city; and the last words of a Montenegrin are not

the most improbable part of the story. "My wounds," says the dying man, "cannot be cured. I have three or four fractures in the left leg. My right arm is torn out of the socket. My entrails are hanging out, and a bit of iron is stuck into my heart."

On the evidence of such a foolish and vulgar ballad, which does not even mention the name of the Doge, the Montenegrins try to connect their history with that of the most powerful and proudest of European rulers; whose annals only mention these coarse mountaineers in the same casual manner as English history notices some Kaffir tribe.



## CHAPTER XII.

PIESMAS—TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL POWERS—CHARLES THE  
 TWELFTH—PULTOWA—PETER THE GREAT AND THE MONTENE-  
 GRINS—THE PRUTH—A MAID OF ALL WORK—AMENITIES—  
 DIGNITY—MONTENEGRIN WARFARE—MONTENEGRIN VENGE-  
 ANCE—A HERZEGOVINIAN PLUM-EATER—THE MONTENEGRIN  
 TICHBORNE CASE—THE EASTERN QUESTION—CLOSE REASON-  
 ING—"AN UNHAPPY NOBLEMAN LANGUISHING IN PRISON"—  
 THE FALL OF VENICE—INHERITANCE—THE PRICE OF BLOOD  
 —AN AUSTRIAN CAMPAIGN IN MONTENEGRO—THE GRENA-  
 DIERS—LIEUTENANT ROSBACH—ROUT—PEACE—WAR.

THE many songs of the Montenegrins differ considerably in their accounts of the same events ; but it is said that in the  
 Piesmas. sixteenth century one of the princes, abandoning the government of the country to a priest, went to Venice and became a monk.

These ballads may be founded on facts ; and some of them, after the usual abuse of the Turks, and after many expressions of hatred, such as " the perfidious Mussulmans," " the " bloody Pasha," admit that Tstinie was completely destroyed, and all its " white palaces " and castles " razed to the ground by a body

of Janizaries under the command of Solyman Pasha of Scutari.<sup>1</sup>

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, *a large number of Montenegrins were Mussulmans*; and therefore it is probable that they were punished by the Turks for felony or cattle lifting, instead of, as they say, for fidelity to the religion of their ancestors.

The leader of the Montenegrins was, at the same time, a priest and a prince; in the full enjoyment of temporal as well as spiri-<sup>Temporal</sup>tual power. In consequence of orders<sup>and spiritual</sup> which he issued to the Christians, and<sup>powers.</sup> which he said that he had received from the "*Old Murderer*," every Mussulman Montenegrin in the province was massacred by his fellow countrymen of the orthodox faith; and, as if to please the Almighty still more, Christmas night was chosen for the enactment of such barbarities.

These events took place in the beginning of the seventeenth century; and from that time, peace

<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding this fact—which nobody can deny—I read every day in English and foreign papers that Montenegro has never been conquered.

between the Highlanders of Montenegro and the Lowlanders of the neighbouring plains, can only be considered an armed truce ; which has been suspended on every suitable occasion ever since.

“ It was on the ninth of July, one thousand  
“ seven hundred and nine,” says Voltaire,  
Charles “ that took place that decisive battle  
the  
Twelfth. “ of Pultowa, between the two most  
“ singular monarchs who were then in the  
“ world—Charles the Twelfth, illustrious by  
“ nine years of victory ; Peter Alexiowits, by  
“ nine years of troubles, taken in order to form  
“ troops equal to the Swedish troops ; the one  
“ glorious for having given states, the other  
“ for having civilized his ; Charles loving  
“ dangers, and fighting only for glory ; Alexi-  
“ owits not flying from peril, and making war  
“ only for his interests ; the Swedish monarch  
“ liberal by grandeur of soul, the Moscovite  
“ never giving except with some object ; the  
“ former of a sobriety and of a continence  
“ without example, of a magnanimous nature,  
“ and who had only once been barbarous ; the  
“ latter, not having got rid of the rudeness of  
“ his education and of his country, as terrible

"to his subjects as admirable to strangers,  
 "and too much given to excesses which even  
 "shortened his days. Charles had the title  
 "of Invincible, that a moment could take  
 "away from him; the nations had already  
 "given to Peter Alexiowits the name of Great,  
 "which a defeat could not cause him to lose,  
 "because he did not owe it to victories."

"On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
 "How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;  
 "A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 "No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;  
 "O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,  
 "Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;  
 "No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
 "War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.  
 "Behold surrounding kings their power combine,  
 "And one capitulate, and one resign.  
 "Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:  
 "'Think nothing gained,' he cried, 'till naught remain,  
 "'On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
 "'And all be mine beneath the Polar sky.'  
 "The march begins in military state,  
 "And nations on his eye suspended wait.  
 "Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
 "And winter barricades the realm of frost:  
 "He comes—not want and cold his course delay——  
 "Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Johnson.

The undaunted spirit of the brave and active Charles was equally displayed during misfortune as it had been in his prosperity.

Pultowa.

Badly wounded, and consumed with fever, the hero, placing himself at the head of a remnant of his brave Swedes, fled from Pultowa across the lonely and inhospitable deserts of the Ukraine, and took refuge on Turkish soil, where he conceived the design of encouraging the Sultan to fight against his mortal enemy, Peter the Great of Russia.

Peter, in his distress, turned towards the Montenegrins. "Now the Turk attacks me

Peter the Great and the Montenegrins. "with all his forces," he says, in a letter that was publicly read at Tstinie, "in order to be revenged upon me for "Charles the Twelfth, and to please the potentates of Europe; but I trust in the all-powerful God and the Slavish nation, above all, the Montenegrins, who will certainly aid me to deliver the Christian world, to raise the orthodox temples, and to illustrate the name of the Slavs. Warriors of the Black Mountain! you are of the same blood as the Russians, of the same faith, and of the same language."

The intrigues of Charles in Turkey were at first successful ; but his apparent good fortune was, in a great measure, due to the Sultan's mother ; who, although she had never seen him, held that extraordinary man in great admiration, called him her " lion," and vowed that she would make him *eat the Czar*.

Happier days now appeared in store for him, after his long captivity in Turkey. The Russian army on the Pruth was <sup>The Pruth.</sup> surrounded by one hundred and ninety thousand Turks, Tartars, and Janizaries, under Devlett Ghirai, the Khan of the Crimea, and Baltadgi Pasha ; the Swedish king, with a few of his officers, were in the Ottoman camp ; and the defeat of Pultowa seemed on the point of being revenged.

Peter lay alone in his tent ; the torments of his imagination produced an attack of violent convulsions ; the Russian soldiers, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, expected death ; and the women, of whom there were a great number accompanying the army, added to the horrors of the situation with loud cries and lamentations.

All seemed lost, when the courage and serenity of a woman changed everything.

The father of Catherine was unknown even to her mother; and the future

Empress of Russia, reared by charity, became the single servant maid of a poor clergyman named Gluck. Carried away by Russian soldiers when she was very young, blows and ill-treatment were not the least part of the degradation which became her lot.

After being the mistress of Prince Mentchikof, who had been himself a pastrycook, she became the faithful companion and afterwards the wife of the Emperor of Russia.

Peter often declared that a woman who could manage a large establishment could govern an empire. The estimation in which he held his wife was well merited. Catherine, although an excellent cook, was also an excellent ambassador; and, desperate as was the position of the Czar, she, by skilfully manipulating the vanity, the fears, and the avarice of Baltadgi Pasha, of the Reis Effendi, and of the Janizary Aga, concluded, notwithstanding

the violent opposition of the Khan of the Crimea, the celebrated Peace of the Pruth.

The Russian army escaped, and, headed by Peter and Catherine, marched away with flying colours and beating drums. The rage of Devlett Ghirai at this sight knew no bounds, and he is said to have cried with fury at losing so unexpectedly such rich booty.

Charles, who did everything differently from other people, swam his horse across the Pruth, and galloping to the tent of Baltadgi, appeared, without being announced, <sup>Amenities.</sup> and all covered with mud, in the presence of that Minister.

In violent terms, he reproached him for making a treaty with the Czar, and told him to his face that he was a traitor to his country and to his sovereign.

"I make peace or war as I please," answered Baltadgi.

"The Russians were in your power," roared the king.

Baltadgi, stroking his beard, calmly replied, "Mahommed ordered us to give peace "to our enemies when they asked for mercy."



“Did Mahommed order you to make a bad treaty?” shouted Charles. “You might have dragged Peter a prisoner to Constantinople.”

At these words, the Pasha became a little vexed; and alluding, with sly irony, to the asylum of Charles in Turkey, where he had then been residing for more than three years, answered dryly, “If I made the Czar a prisoner, who would govern Russia in his absence? and besides, it is not right that all the kings should be away from home.”

At this repartee Charles glared fiercely at the Turk, who appeared quite indifferent to his rage. Such calmness only increased Dignity. his anger; and forgetting what was due to the dignity of that powerful Dignitary, the King of Sweden, sticking his spur into the long robes of Baltadgi, tore them in several places.

Although the hero was completely in his power, Baltadgi, with true Turkish magnificence, paid no attention to this outrage; and allowed Charles to leave his tent, mount his horse, and ride back to Bender unmolested.

The courage of the Montenegrins was greatly inspired by the before-mentioned letter of Peter the Great. By way of co-operating with <sup>Montene-</sup> Russia, they pelted stones at the Mus-<sup>grin war-</sup>fare. sulmans on several occasions ; and their songs, or, as they call them, their " history," declare that "*the rocks flew like thunderbolts.*" In order to encourage his credulous followers, the archbishop swore that the Ottomans were all lame; and, making a raid into the neighbouring province of Herzegovina, he, after massacring several Turks, forcibly baptized all the old women and children on whom he could lay hands.

In order to take a bloody revenge on the Montenegrins for these hostilities, a large force of Janizaries and Tartars, under the command of Ahmed Pasha, marched on Montenegro; the horsemen of Ghirai were incapable of acting among the wild barriers of rocks and precipices protecting the country; the army ran short of provisions; and the mountaineers enjoyed a temporary repose.

In 1714, Kronpreli Pasha forced the moun-

tains on all sides ; burned Tstinie to the ground ; treacherously hung thirty-seven Montenegrin chiefs ; and after a general massacre, carried away several thousand people as slaves.

Four years afterwards the mountaineers assisted the Venetians, who were besieged by the Turks in the neighbouring Albanian town Montene- of Antirari. In 1739 Montenegro was, grin ven- in its turn, closely blockaded by the geance. Ottomans ; and the songs of that period dwell with great ecstasy on the gradual roasting in a stable of seventy-two unhappy Mussulmans, who enlivened with their cries the dismal solitudes of the Black Mountain.

The Turks exacted a tribute from the Montenegrins ; it was generally paid in money as well as in kind ; but when the Pasha A Herze- of Bosnia asked for fifteen girls, govinian between the ages of twelve and fifteen plum years, he was replied to in the following eater. terms :—

“ How canst thou, convert and eater of  
 “ Herzegovinian plums, ask for children of  
 “ the free mountain ? The tribute that we

“shall send thee will be a stone of our soil,  
“and instead of a dozen virgins, thou shalt  
“have a dozen pigs’ tails with which thou  
“canst ornament thy turban, so as to cause  
“thee to remember that in Montenegro young  
“girls do not grow up for either Turks or con-  
“verts ; and rather than give you a single one  
“we should prefer to die impotent, blind, and  
“without hands.”

After this message there was, according to the song, a battle which lasted continually for *forty* days.

The Empress Catherine of Russia succeeded to the throne of that country on the death of Peter the Third ; and some years later, a Dalmatian stranger, The Montenegrin Tichborne case. taking up his residence in Montenegro, was treated by the man who employed him as a servant with great respect. Little by little this impertinent labourer let out a secret which he declared it had been his intention never to divulge. “I am Peter the Czar of Russia,” he said ; “and in order to avoid my persecutors, I have taken refuge among my brave kinsmen of the Black Mountain.”

The success of Arthur Orton was not more rapid or stupendous ; and, as there were no people in the country who had studied the "Commentaries of Blackstone," or "Coke upon Lyttleton," who could weigh evidence by its ordinary laws, or who could even exercise that gift of common sense with which, people say, God has endowed all men, the Montenegrins believed that the impostor was really the person he represented himself to be.

The refusal of the Prince to acknowledge the false Peter was attributed to instructions which he had received from the Court of Russia. To punish him for his obstinacy in not thinking like the great majority of his countrymen, they deposed him ; and the "claimant" was placed upon the throne of Montenegro in his stead.

The excitement caused by this circumstance is a very clear example of that dread of

The Eastern Question. Russian intervention which has always electrified European politics. Venice, like Austria at the present moment, feared a general rising of the whole of her Slavish subjects on the western coast of the Adriatic ; the Turks were troubled, as

they are now, by the same apprehensions with regard to Servia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina; and Russia, for reasons which govern her movements to-day, and because then as now she intrigued among the Christian subjects of the Porte, had no wish to precipitate a movement that she intended to lead herself.

The Empress Catherine viewed the matter in so serious a light that she sent the celebrated Prince Dolgorouki to Tstinie, in order to confound the impostor and open the eyes of the Montenegrins to their credulity and folly. This, however, was not such an easy matter.

The false Peter, having been arrested by the Russian ambassador, was placed, for better security, and under a guard, over the room in which Dolgorouki himself <sup>close reasoning.</sup> lodged; and with a keen estimation of the intelligence of his supporters, the "claimant," putting his head out of the window, cried with a loud voice, "Am I not the Czar then? *Would he place me over his head if "I was not?"*

This reasoning does not appear very logical, but all men's minds are not similarly consti-

tuted, and the words of the gentleman at the window carried immovable convictions into the heads of the Montenegrins.

In a moment the population of Tstinie resembled a Tichborne demonstration in

Hyde Park ; no one dared say that the  
 "An unhappy nobleman languishing in prison." rogue was not "an unhappy nobleman languishing in prison"; Prince Dol-

gorouki hardly escaped from Montenegro with his life ; and, had he not been injured by the explosion of a mine, and afterwards murdered by his servant, the impostor of the Black Mountain might be pronounced happier than the butcher of Wapping.

In 1769 the Turks took several villages in the neighbourhood of the lake of Scutari, and the Venetians blockaded Montenegro by sea. The Ottomans experienced great difficulties in operating against the mountaineers, who, like the Affghans and Affredis in the Khyber Pass during the entanglement of English soldiers in that horrid defile, murdered the Janizaries from behind safe and natural fortifications of earth and stone. "Souls of rats," cried the Mussulmans in their agony, and according to

the Montenegrin songs, "rise up that we may  
"see you in the open."

Among the mountain poetry composed at the end of the last century is a piece called "The Fall of Venice," in which it is said that Napoleon Buonaparte wrote <sup>"The Fall of Venice."</sup> to the Emperor of Austria in these words, "I will go with my Frenchmen, burn  
"thy villages, take thy castles, and thy white  
"capital. I will go on horseback into thy  
"very divan, and change thy palace into an  
"hospital." After the accomplishment of these threats Napoleon, it is said, "took his royal repose in Venice."

The French seized Ragusa and Cataro; and the Montenegrins having appealed to the Russian admiral Seniavine for protection, a combined force of Muscovites and mountaineers were, as already stated, defeated in the neighbourhood of the former town.

For the excellent reason that Cataro was a Slavish possession in the year 1343, they laid claim to it in 1813, and, with the <sup>Inheritance.</sup> assistance of an English post-captain, forced General Gautier and a French garrison



to surrender. The sailors expostulated with the Montenegrins for playing bowls with Frenchmen's heads; and although, in deference to the wishes of Colonel Robertson, the Prince ordered that sickening pastime to be discontinued, he nevertheless ornamented his own sitting-room at Tstinie with the head of the French General Delgorgues, and that of the Pasha of Scutari.

The Congress of Vienna deprived the Montenegrins of the maritime town of Cataro; but, refusing to leave it, they were driven out by an Austrian force under General Miloutinovitch.

Tstinie has not been sacked by the Turks for ninety years; and, since the peace of 1814, the Montenegrins have enjoyed The price of blood. uninterrupted possession of their barren mountain. Their greatest wealth consists in subsidies received from Russia; and being, for sinister purposes, specially protected by that state, they are a constant source of anxiety to the Turks, whose most ardent wish is to have nothing whatever to do with them. The anomalies of their political existence place

them above the law ; and every misdemeanour they commit on Turkish ground is not only unpunished but applauded.

In consequence of their anxiety—which, for good reasons, is greatly encouraged by Russia—to get possession of a seaport town in the neighbourhood of the Adriatic, they commenced a war against Austria in 1838.

They began hostilities by attacking the Austrian land-surveyors, who were measuring a new frontier line ; and, after putting them to flight, proceeded to make war on an Austrian detachment at Gomila, under the command of Captain An Austrian campaign in Montenegro. Spanner. Fighting hand to hand in a fair field is an action much more dangerous than rolling stones from off a cliff, or than firing from behind barriers and banks of earth at people who are incapable of retaliation.

Several thousand Montenegrins were unable to make any impression upon the steady Imperial Grenadiers ; and, after a succession of disorderly charges, the former ran howling into the mountains.

During the rebellion of 1798 in Ireland, an

Irishman, whose head was blown off a minute afterwards, stuck his hat into the muzzle of a twenty-four pounder, and, calling out to companions that he had "stopped her mouth," encouraged them with an assurance that there was no danger.

A stratagem employed by the Montenegrins was less amusing. Thinking to shelter themselves against the fire of the soldiers, they placed a woman in front, and, advancing behind her, meant to rush in on the Grenadiers, who were fighting for their lives against hosts of assailants. The woman, as might be supposed, was shot dead; and her followers took to flight.

Another detachment, consisting of only twenty-seven Austrians, kept thousands of Montenegrins at bay; but a small relieving force which attempted its rescue, was hindered from reinforcing the little garrison. At length a few hundred Grenadiers came to its assistance; and the well-dressed and rapid advance of a serried line of sparkling bayonets pressed down and annihilated the tumultuous array of Montenegrin chivalry.

From the hills above, the old men, the women, and the children, according to their innate ideas of artillery, harassed the Imperialists with rocks and stones, which, falling from great altitudes, bounded through their ranks with a force and velocity that equalled, perhaps exceeded, the action and rapidity of cannon balls.

Again and again old Lieutenant Rosbach, who had lost an eye thirty years before at the battle of Aspern, charged at the head of his men; and, sword in hand, struck Lieutenant Rosbach. terror into his wild enemies. The Austrians proved themselves worthy of their ancient renown, struggled manfully against overwhelming multitudes, and the battle only ceased at the approach of night. Preparing for a general action, uniting their shattered forces, and assisted by some Dalmatian peasants, the Imperialists renewed the combat on the following morning; but, foolishly allowing themselves to be coaxed into the fastnesses of the mountain, or among paths of whose directions they were ignorant, every rock and ledge resounded with the tumult of unseen enemies;

stones rolled upon the bewildered soldiers, detached blocks, followed by clattering storms of rapidly descending earth and splinters, killed, maimed, or threw them into disorder; and their broken retreat was followed by a general advance of the Montenegrins.

Swarming out of their hiding-places, with the pride of conquerors and with hideous yells, they commenced a hot but irregularly-conducted pursuit of the discomfited Imperialists; who, no sooner in the plain, and formed upon the supports which had been left behind, than they again rushed shoulder to shoulder among the warriors of the Black Mountain.

The defeat of the latter was complete; and although the loss of the Austrians was  
Rout. slight, that of their opponents was excessive.

The Montenegrins took to flight in every direction; their fiery and ferocious ardour gave place to sorrow and discouragement; and with comparatively insignificant casualties to the Imperialists, the mountaineers were driven into their highlands, leaving the plain covered with the wounded, the dying, and the dead.

The Prince, alarmed and displeased at the result of his endeavours to get a footing on Austrian soil, quickly made peace, and threatened to excommunicate any of <sup>Peace.</sup> his people who fired another shot. Their songs celebrate the courage of Lieutenant Rosbach and his Grenadiers, who, under the names of the "great blind chief, with his "unconquerable wolves," are allowed to be worthy of disputing the palm with Montenegrins ; but a few German heads, nevertheless, ornamented the tower at Tstinie.

The reigning Prince succeeded his uncle Daniel, who was murdered by one of his subjects at Cataro in 1860 ; and both these dignitaries were educated at St. Petersburg.

During the reign of Nikita, there has only been one regular war against the Turks. Dervish Pasha, who commanded on that occasion, and repeatedly defeated <sup>War.</sup> the Montenegrins on the Herzegovinian frontier, was ably assisted by a retired English officer ; but the influence of Russia, or the jealousy of the great powers, caused the quarrel to be patched up as usual.

## CHAPTER XIII.

DEPARTURE—RIEKA—BOATING—SCENERY—THE ONLY FORTIFIED LAKE IN THE WORLD—THE POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF THE MONTENEGRIN NAVY—BEFORE THE WIND—CATCHING A CRAB—THE LAKE—DINNER PARTY—LOOTING—RECONNOITRING—COUNTING THE ODDS—A COMPARISON—SPORT—NIGHT—DEMIRBASH!—RUNNING THE BLOCKADE—PLEASANT PRISON—THE CAPTAIN'S GIG—A DISABUSED NATIONALIST—SECURITY IN TURKEY—THE PODGORITZA AFFAIR—EXECUTION—DEATH—ALBANIA—SCUTARI—WOMEN—FANATICS AND THE FRENCH CONSUL—ALBANIAN ROADS—ARTS AND SCIENCES—HISTORY—VENETIAN SCUTARI—MAHOMMED AND THE JANIZARIES—A LEGEND—A CONDITION—AN OATH—A SACRIFICE—A MIRACLE—A PROOF.

THE path, leading from Tstinie in the direction of the Albanian frontier, and mounting out of the valley in which the capital  
Departure. of Montenegro is situated, winds for several miles along a track resembling the ruined or broken staircases of an ancient castle. The natural sinuosities of the ground are assisted by the art of rustic engineers; and wandering up and down watercourses,

or stepping from rock to rock, a few mountaineers and pack animals toil wearily among the hills.

At break of day, mounted on a wretched pony, and followed by my courtly Montenegrin girl, with the bag placed jauntily on her head, I left Tstinie. At the top of the pass there is an extensive prospect of the lake of Scutari; a vast panorama of mountains, overtopping, in snow-capped and irregular peaks, its sheet of blue water; as well as a bird's-eye view of the capital in its black and elevated valley. Dismounting from my pony,—who, with his tail in the air and his nose on the ground, walked down the cliffs like a lizard on a wall,—I tumbled, with many expressions of impatience, in the direction of Rieka; and hungry, thirsty, hot, and tired, passed along the bank of a deep river, flowing through a dark and shady gorge, at the end of which the village is situated. The bazaar was crowded with armed men of all nations; and while I amused myself (and at the same time afforded amusement to others) staring at Jews, Montenegrins, Turks, Albanians, Greeks, and Dal-



matians, I breakfasted on a loaf of dry bread with some excellent water.

Seeing an old Turk, with an immense white moustache, one eye, and only three fingers on

his left hand, sitting on a boat, whose  
*Rieka.* construction suggested navigation in

its most primitive state; I told him that I wanted to go to Scutari immediately. His single orb, which had been gleaming at me with great unfriendliness, assumed suddenly a pleasanter expression, and he declared his willingness to take me there at once. A very gentlemanlike and handsome

Albanian asked me if I would allow  
*Boating.* him to accompany me; and after an affectionate greeting from several men who had only known me for half an hour, we pushed out into the deep. Long guns pointed out of the bows and stern of the canoe; and rowed by three men, while the Albanian and I helped each other in baling out the large quantities of water which dashed about in the bottom, we toiled tediously through a stagnant channel, covered so thickly with leaves and water lilies that our course was greatly impeded by their obstruction.

The little doors of the huts in a Montenegrin village open from among the rubbish near the mouth of the river ; and, propelled by the strenuous exertions of our hardy crew, apparently insensible to fatigue, we emerged slowly into the great lake of Scutari, which is one of the largest, as well as one of the most beautiful, sheets of fresh water in the whole of Europe.

Its entrance is watched by a picturesque Turkish fort with castellated walls, irregular bastions, and little Moorish towers, which almost hide the low and shelving <sup>Scenery.</sup> base upon which it is constructed. Soldiers, lolling lazily on the ramparts, stood up to look as we passed by ; and the course of our canoe enlivened a short interval in their lonely and monotonous existence. Fearful precipices, intersected at regular intervals with parallel lines of black ravines, overtop the blue and tranquil water ; and green and purple mountains, tossed in whimsical heaps, frown upon a long row of wooded and rocky islands near the shore. The Montenegrin and Albanian ranges touch the clouds at either end ; and a

line of little Turkish forts, extending all round the lake, and placed within a few feet of its banks, protects the water which belongs to them.

I have seen fortified houses, towns, villages, rocks, towers, promontories, harbours, and even carriages, but I had never pre-

The only fortified lake in the world. viously even heard of a fortified lake ; and, as far as I know, that of Scutari

is the only one which exists on the face of the earth. The circumjacent land is not fortified, but the water itself is. That element belongs to the Turks ; but some of the neighbouring territory is Montenegrin. Fortifications in other countries have often been erected to prevent people coming on shore ; but here, and standing in the water, are block-houses to force men to stay on dry land. Every point from which a boat could be pushed off is fenced against Montenegrin navigation by a small tower, about ten feet square, standing on piles or stones ; and these laughable constructions, loop-holed for musqueteers, are approached by very little doors facing the opposite shore. The Turks at

Scutari live in constant terror of a Montenegrin raid; and a very large gun-boat, named the *Surat*, is permanently stationed on the lake. The Prince of Montenegro has a small steamer, which was given to him by the Emperor of Russia; and this celebrated plaything occasionally makes a voyage to or from *Rieka*, where she is generally anchored in the river.

Even the launch of this boat was attended with political difficulties; and then, as on every occasion when the Turks and Montenegrins are brought into contact, the foreign consuls at Scutari were busily engaged in trying to calm the passion of both parties. No objection whatever was made to Prince Nikita amusing himself or his friends in a private yacht upon the lake, and he was permitted to fly his Montenegrin flag there; but the Pasha very properly refused to allow that standard to be carried triumphantly through the country which separates Scutari from the Adriatic; because such a display among a quarrelsome population, which regards the mountaineers as its mortal and natural enemies, would have

The political influence of the Montenegrin navy.

caused one of those riots so constantly agitating the Eastern Question.

The Montenegrins declined to pull down their flag; the Pasha refused to permit a political procession, which would have ended in a faction fight; and it was only after a threat to employ force that the former reluctantly consented not to hoist the huge ensign till after their barque was on the sea. Crowds of Montenegrins greeted her arrival at Rieka with every demonstration of frantic joy; and although she is not thirty feet long, those enthusiastic and simple mountaineers believe, on account of the enormous size of her standard, that she will yet take an active part in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe.

A slight breeze caused us to attempt a sail; and by means of a dirty rag fastened between two oars, the Albanian's umbrella, a Before the wind. few unfolded turbans, as well as my hat and coat, we went before the wind under a crowd of canvas which resembled the exterior of a second-hand clothes shop. There was not another boat to be seen; and as far as the eye could reach, a blue expanse of

placid water reflected the shadows of the stern cliffs.

The wind died away; not a ripple agitated the polished surface of the lake; and forcing the Albanian, notwithstanding his vehement protestations, to assist in working <sup>Catching a crab.</sup> the ship, we all laboured like galley-slaves at the oars. The aged Turk, in spite of the three and seventy winters weighing upon his head, bent his back and groaned with a determination and even a kind of ferocity that appeared as though he was rowing for his life; but the grim and maniacal expression of the old Satyr relaxed into pleasant smiles when the Albanian, nearly driving the back of his head through the bottom of the boat in consequence of a miscalculation called "catching a crab," remained in a recumbent attitude, and warned us of his approaching dissolution.

Often resting in order to execrate the heat, to change our places, or to smoke cigarettes, we continued our tardy navigation throughout the whole day; but the <sup>The lake.</sup> boat was so dirty, and so full of water, that

occasionally landing on one of the small islands, we eased our wearied limbs in the luxury of unhampered attitudes. Picturesque and ivy-covered ruins generally ornament these places; and the remains of a church, some habitations, or a buttress, were reflected, as in a looking-glass, from the depths of the lake.

In the evening we pulled into a narrow cleft, shaded and sheltered with four overhanging trees; and here a deep spring  
Dinner party. of icy water, quite close to the shore, soothed our weariness with its refreshing stream. Silent, lonely, and still, the circumjacent prospects disclose the boldest sources of the sublime; and inviting my people to dinner, we sat under the shadows of an ancient oak.

The bill of fare consisted of three loaves of black bread which I had bought at Rieka, a morsel of soap, that was sold as cheese, and a pail of water from the neighbouring spring; but these delicacies were appreciated by the pangs of extreme hunger, and such rustic hospitality touched the susceptibilities of my armed guests. A Turkish block-house, stand-

ing upon piles placed in the water within twenty feet of the shore, threw its long shadow upon Montenegrin soil ; but the massive little door hung upon its hinges, and the single room was neglected, and quite empty. Reminding me of a scene in "Robin-son Crusoe," two boats, a shed containing a few coarse tools, and a pot of tar, showed that men occasionally came there ; but the quiet spot was unapproached by either a path or a track, and there were neither sounds nor indications of neighbouring habitations.

A short time after we had shoved off I discovered that the old Turk had been what soldiers and sailors call *looting* ; and the tools and the tar were carefully stowed <sup>Looting.</sup> away in the fore part of the boat. The venerable patriarch answered my rebukes with an expression of impatience ; bluffly told me that he had *found* them ; and that such proceedings, with regard to a neighbour's goods, were "*the custom*."

Two men, carrying long guns, and walking in a direction parallel to the course of our boat, appeared among the rocks on <sup>Reconnoi-  
tring.</sup>



the shore; and, suspecting that they might be the owners of the stolen property, my people stopped rowing; and taking hold of their arms, looked at them with the air of men who determined to sell their tar as dearly as possible.

Fortunately for me, the strangers had no intention of molesting us; but my pirates Counting the odds. were quite prepared to fight, with a valour worthy of a better cause, in defence of what they regarded as their lawful property; and, *without considering that I had no interest in the battle*, their bravery was stimulated by a reflection that we were five against two. Trumpery circumstances of a similar nature frequently light up wars and faction fights among these untamed savages; and although such disturbances would be considered unworthy of attention elsewhere, they are swelled to a great importance in these provinces by that diplomatic microscope which discloses the possibility of every mole-hill attaining suddenly the magnitude and dimensions of a great mountain.



As long as men confine their hostility to people of their own nation, battle and murder

are comparatively unnoticed ; but if, on the contrary, the parts in such sanguinary scenes are played by Turks and Christians, a simple brawl becomes a war of parties, and public order is often preserved with extreme difficulty.

The determined looks of the Turk, and the valour with which, judging from appearances, he would have defended his tar, is com-  
parable to the tenacity of an Irishman A comparison.  
in "Joe Miller." Hearing that a person carrying a considerable quantity of money was to pass along Bagshot Heath at a certain hour, four highwaymen laid in wait for him. Mistaking an Irishman (who was walking to Portsmouth) for the individual in question, they summoned him to stop and surrender his bag ; but on his refusal to do so, they attacked him with a ferocity and barbarity that was greatly stimulated by the expected booty. The Irishman struggled desperately, wielded a thick stick with surprising dexterity, and, after stretching two of his assailants senseless on the road, continued to fight manfully with the re-

mainder of the gang till he was killed by a blow on the temple. The footpads, furious at a resistance that had maimed them all, were nevertheless delighted at its result ; and anxious to seize the treasures for which they had so freely shed their blood, commenced to turn the pockets of the murdered man inside out, and to ransack the lining of his garments. All their examinations only resulted in the discovery of a bent fourpenny-bit, and the leader of the party, contemplating it with a sigh, declared that if the rowdy Irishman had been possessed of sixpence, he would have continued to fight for ever.

Intense heat added to the painfulness of our journey down the lake ; but its monotony was enlivened by occasionally firing <sup>Sport.</sup> bullets among passing flocks of water-fowl, which are so extremely plentiful that a brace of wild ducks can be bought at Scutari for a penny. Swarms of snakes swim about in every direction ; and, after a vast expenditure of ammunition, I succeeded, to the great delight of my attendants, in hitting one of those odious reptiles on the head.



By degrees the colouring of a gorgeous summer's evening faded into night; and twinkling stars, creeping from behind the jagged outline of the mountains, shone faintly <sup>Night.</sup> on the tranquil bosom of the deep lake. Except the irregular dip of our oars, everything was quite still; and the light of a match gleaming for an instant on the arms, the turbans, and the wild countenances of my crew, made a suitable background in the midnight scene.

In the middle of the night we stopped at a small village, in which our landing was opposed by fierce dogs, through whom we had great difficulty in fighting our way. Climbing up some steps, we aroused the good man of a house overlooking the lake; and, as port regulations prohibit anyone landing at Scutari after dark, asked him for hospitality and shelter. Having kindled his fire, and provided us with some excellent coffee, he proposed that we should all go to sleep on the earthen floor of a room about ten feet square; and although this problem would have been easily solved by the drowsiness of

my men, I insisted, after half an hour's repose, on the continuation of our navigation.

My crew, assuring me that I would not be allowed to land, broke out in open mutiny, and refused to embark. After expending all my threats and entreaties, I wished them "good night;" took my bag in my hand; declared that I should persuade the Pasha to hang the old Turk for stealing the tar pot; and getting into the boat, prepared to go away without them.

"Ah! Demirbash!" cried the old man, whose ill-humour was greatly exaggerated by baulked sleepiness, "let us go then, even if we  
 Demir-  
 bash. "are shot for it."

Once in the boat, the hardy men pulled with the same vigour with which they had handled the oars throughout the whole day;  
 Running  
 the block-  
 ade. and at about two o'clock in the morning the soft illuminations of a rising moon revealed the fortress of Scutari, frowning on the lake from the top of a lowering rock.

Creeping past the gunboat, at anchor near the shore, we were beginning to think that we had weathered her, when a chorus of angry

voices told us that, unless we wanted a round shot among our cargo, we had better use every possible expedition in coming alongside.

"An Englishman," hailed the Albanian.

"An ironhead," growled the old Turk.

"I told you," said the whole crew in chorus.

"Come alongside," bellowed the Ottoman watch on board His Sublime Majesty's ship *Surat*.

When I went on board I found that all hands were ready for action; but the captain, an educated man, with very taking manners, no sooner saw me than he began <sup>Pleasant prison.</sup> to laugh, and brought me into his cabin. No English naval officer could be more friendly and gentlemanlike; and regretting that he was obliged to detain me for the night, in consequence of the absolute prohibition of the entry of boats into the creek at Scutari after nightfall, begged me to consider "the ship "my hotel, and himself my servant."

After some refreshments, that I was very much in need of, he gave me a comfortable bed with the luxury of clean sheets; and <sup>The captain's</sup> when I awoke in the morning, I found <sup>gig.</sup>

he had sent away my boat, in order that I might make a more fitting and respectable disembarkation from his own gig; which, decorated with a large flag, and manned by a coxswain and six stalwart rowers, landed me safely on the Albanian shores.

The upper class of Turks are perfectly civilized people; a Turkish gentleman is second to no man in propriety of conduct and dignity of behaviour; and if their Government was purged of the corruption, injustice, and imbecility which seriously threaten to make it impossible in Europe, there might still be a great future in store for the Ottoman empire.

I got a bedroom over a dram shop kept by an old Greek, who conducted with greater profit a similar establishment at Corfu when it was garrisoned by English soldiers. He told me that in the maturity of his experience he altogether disbelieved in the possibility of founding native Christian Governments on the ruins of the Turkish empire; and he laughed heartily at the great officers of state in Montenegro,

A dis-  
abused  
nation-  
alist.

who are a source of general amusement, as well as of annoyance, to their neighbours.

According to his account, as in Montenegro so in Greece ; everyone in either of those countries who takes the trouble of learning to read and write, considers himself a valuable adjunct to the civilization of his country ; and expecting in some fat sinecure a reward for his pains, becomes a radical and a socialist unless he gets it.

We hear a great deal just now of the tyranny of Turkish government ; but we have also heard of the vast development that would be given to Greek independence ; which last ought to be regarded as a fair specimen of Christian administration in the East. The Ottoman rule is bad, but the Greek is infinitely worse ; no sooner was the latter country separated from Turkey than it fulfilled the pleasant expectations of political philosophers by relapsing into a state of anarchy ; and it is now not only without either credit or morality, but its laws are insufficient to defend foreigners living under their, so called, protection.

The Montenegrins boast of their civiliza-



tion because a traveller can go from Cataro to Tstinie without having his throat cut, or live in the latter town without the least fear of being murdered.

I should travel without alarm from the Danube to Thessalonica; but warned by the appalling outrages perpetrated on Englishmen in Greece, Italy, and Spain, I should be sorry to trust myself to the mercy of their inhabitants. I never met a man of Western Europe really well acquainted with the Turks who did not like and respect them; and English officers who have commanded Turkish soldiers speak highly of their excellent military qualities and courage.<sup>1</sup>

The Mussulmans, and with very good reason, hate the Christians with a hatred as mortal and undying as that with which the Christians of the Greek and Catholic Churches hate each other. These burning animosities, incomprehensible to mere philosophers or enlightened and civilized men, who can see no connection between religion and politics, make constitutional government impossible;

<sup>1</sup> I am aware of the opinion of Mr. Palgrave.

and leave the unhappy people a choice between despotism or anarchy.

A street brawl in a village on the banks of the Lake of Scutari, and which is well known to diplomatists under the name of the <sup>The Podgoritza</sup> "Podgoritza affair," is an evidence of <sup>affair.</sup> these party passions.

A Montenegrin slew a Turk; and, according to the custom of war in like cases, his countrymen proceeding to inflict what Lord Bacon calls "wild justice," slaughtered all the mountaineers on whom they could lay hands.

The Turkish Government behaved very properly; and condemned to death those who were convicted of murder. If, in the <sup>Execution.</sup> first instance, a Montenegrin killed one of his own countrymen; or were some Turks, in the second, sentenced to capital punishment for assassinating a fellow true-believer, there would be neither excitement nor trouble; but no sooner was it known that the rioters of Podgoritza were to be hung, than the Pasha had to take precautions against a rising. Great sympathy has been

shown for felons in Ireland, and we cannot wonder at similar displays in Albania.

The Pasha of Scutari, although one of the old school, is a shrewd, sensible, and very quiet gentleman; in order to prevent a disturbance, which, if necessary, he would have put down with a strong hand, he executed the offenders of Podgoritza at the first dawn of day; and when the people got up, they were hanging on the trees.

One of these men was very rich; and his fate excited general sympathy, in consequence of the high position of his family and connections. As they walked together towards the gallows, a companion in misfortune was nervous; and, at the appearance of the ropes, he became dreadfully affected. "Hang him at once," said the former, "because the sight of my struggles will only make him worse;" and then, after watching the strangulation with great composure, he met his death with dignity and fortitude.

Scutari is the capital of northern Albania, which, separated from Macedon and Thrace by a range of mountains stretching

from the Grecian Archipelago to the Black Sea, is one of the most important provinces of European Turkey.

The town, lying at the end of the lake, is completely surrounded by lofty <sup>Scutari.</sup> mountains ; and its immediate neighbourhood to extensive marshes, which are saturated at all seasons of the year with copious and long-continued rainfalls, makes it particularly unhealthy. Surrounded by walls more than twenty feet high, and generally placed in the centre of pretty flower gardens, the houses can hardly be seen ; streams of water purl gently in the centre of the lanes or streets ; and single-arched bridges, without any battlements or stone pillars, about a yard high, enable foot-passengers to go across. The sweetest fragrance wanders through the air ; and bunches of variegated flowers, as well as the branches of trees, peer over the great walls. When the gates of these pleasant residences are shut, Scutari appears like a labyrinth of stone ; and the lanes, the running and limpid streams, the quaint bridges, and the fords, present such uniformity of appearance

that it is difficult for a stranger to find his way.

The women, whether Christian or Mussulman, scrupulously conceal their faces ; but, as they wear very handsome red cloaks, Women. embroidered with gold, the crowds in the bazaars insinuate the notion of a richly coloured picture. The form or manner of putting on these garments has an allegorical meaning ; and the initiated can tell whether the wearer is a virgin, a wife, or a widow ; or whether she wishes to try the experiment of matrimony or not. They guard the former with extraordinary precaution ; and for fear of their losing that feature of innocence on which bridegrooms set so high a value, they are never allowed outside the garden walls till after marriage. The bazaars are completely covered over in many places ; and the fine Turks and sumptuously - dressed Albanians, smoking lazily in the deep recesses of their open shops, give those shady market-places the appearance of long corridors or galleries.

Every nation is represented by a consul ; but as they mix but little among themselves, there

is not much society ; and, except for a sportsman, who has ample scope for his proclivities in the slaughter of either large or small game, life in the town is dreary and monotonous. Some years ago the population was so fanatical that no European dared walk the streets in his native dress ; and the French consul, who happened to be the first political agent sent there, was threatened with death unless he wore the fez. His courage overawed the turbulent multitude ; to the leaders of which he calmly declared that, as another man equally determined to wear a hat would be sent in his place, their violence towards himself would be altogether useless. This feeling of hostility to Europeans has entirely died away in every part of the town ; and I was invariably treated with extreme politeness. It is difficult to repress fanaticism, and in 1863 no European dared show his face in Hyderabad ; although a large English garrison had been stationed for more than sixty years within five miles of that Indian city.

There are no roads of any kind in the neighbourhood of Scutari ; and, notwithstanding its

Albanian large trade, it is often, from the  
roads. mountainous nature of the surrounding  
country, entirely cut off from the rest of the  
world. Although situated in a plain, the  
town is commanded by a great, detached rock,  
which, covered on every side with extensive  
works, is crowned by a large castle, containing  
the Turkish arsenal, barracks, and principal  
magazine.

The Turks call Albania, Arnaud; and the  
inhabitants, according to Prince Cantimir,  
Arts and excel "in making aqueducts and canals,  
sciences. "as well as in curing ruptures. They  
"made the aqueducts at Constantinople. Al-  
"banians, absolutely ignorant of mathematics,  
"without masters or instruments measure  
"the distance of places, take the heights of  
"mountains, and conduct their canal more  
"exactly than a consummate geometrician.  
"They cure the ruptures of all people, no  
"matter of what age."

In 1405, Scutari was purchased by the  
Venetians from the King of Hungary; but the  
History. population, regretting their ancient  
masters, revolted; and it was retaken

by the Madjiars in 1420. Peter Loredan, whose palace on the Grand Canal at Venice is now turned into an hotel, surprised it shortly afterwards, during the night and from that time both Scutari and the neighbouring Republic of Cataro became Venetian.

According to Barletius, Scutari extended on each side of the river Lodrino, which has since changed its course on the flat <sup>Venetian</sup> plains. It was repeatedly sacked by <sup>Scutari.</sup> the Turks; and the inhabitants, in constant terror of such incursions, either took refuge on the high rock, or else abandoned the town altogether; so that what had once been a large and flourishing city, gradually contracted within the limits of its former citadel.

Solyman Pasha, at the head of sixty thousand men, seized the town in 1474; but Captain Anthony Loredan, notwithstanding the vast numerical superiority of the Turks to the Venetians, defended the heights with great valour and determination. When the walls had been battered down, he supplied their deficiency with earthworks; and, after heavy losses on both sides, the Ottomans withdrew.



The besiegers, as well as the besieged, suffered severely from the unhealthy climate; and several of the garrison, whose supply of water had run short, drank so greedily in the river that many of them died upon the bank.

A few years afterwards, Mahommed the Second came in person, and with an army of eighty thousand men laid siege to the fortress. After bombarding it furiously for several days, the Janizaries swarmed up the precipices in repeated attacks; artificial fire, stones, grenades, and every missile that was known to the artillery men of that age swept down the rocky sides, and still fresh troops attempted to scale the heights. After a loss of twenty-five thousand men the Turks retired; Loredan received the thanks of the Senate; and the standard of Scutari hung, for many years, in the well-known old Cathedral of St. Mark at Venice.

At the peace of 1476 it was surrendered to the Ottomans; most of the inhabitants emigrated to Venice; four or five hundred of them, who

chose to remain, were granted pensions of £15 a year by the generosity of the Senate; and to this day many words in the language of Albania bear a near resemblance to Latin or Italian.

A Slavish legend ascribes a miraculous origin to the fortress. Three brothers named Vukaschin, Uglescha and Goiko, commenced the foundations on the top of <sup>A legend.</sup> the rock; but notwithstanding the labours of three hundred workmen, the walls did not increase, and all the stones which had been piled up during the day were removed at night by a fairy; who declared that Scutari could not be built till two brothers, named Stoi and Stoitana, were bricked up in the bottom of it.

During three years, one Decimir searched vainly and all over the world for the two brothers; but at length the fairy said <sup>A condition.</sup> to Vukaschin, "Each one of you has  
"in his house a devoted wife; let the one  
"who first comes in the morning with break-  
"fast be bricked up, and then your fort can  
"be finished."

Vukaschin calling his brothers, told them the conditions of the fairy ; and, in order that the frightful lot might be left to chance, An oath. they all swore, with many imprecations, to keep the secret from the ladies ; but Goiko alone remaining faithful to his oath, his young wife, ignorant of her approaching doom, ran towards her husband with his breakfast.

The lamentations of poor Goiko are very affecting. "Who will wash my little Ivan ?" he cried ; "ah ! who will give him the breast ?"

His handsome young wife, thinking that they were in jest, laughed merrily at Vukaschin, Uglierscha, and Goiko ; but at A sacrifice. length realizing her cruel fate, she besought the mason to leave a small hole through which she could suckle her Ivan, as well as a crevice to enable her to gaze on the little orphan when they brought him to her, and when they were taking him away.

Each day the gentle mother spoke to the child in fainter tones. At the end of A miracle. a week her voice was no longer heard ;

but the source of life lasting for a whole year, Ivan was nourished ; and when the milk of women does not flow they are cured by a visit to the wall at Scutari.

Having visited the place of this A proof. miracle, I can, of course, vouch for its truth.

*August, 1875.*

THE END.



OCTOBER, 1875.

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