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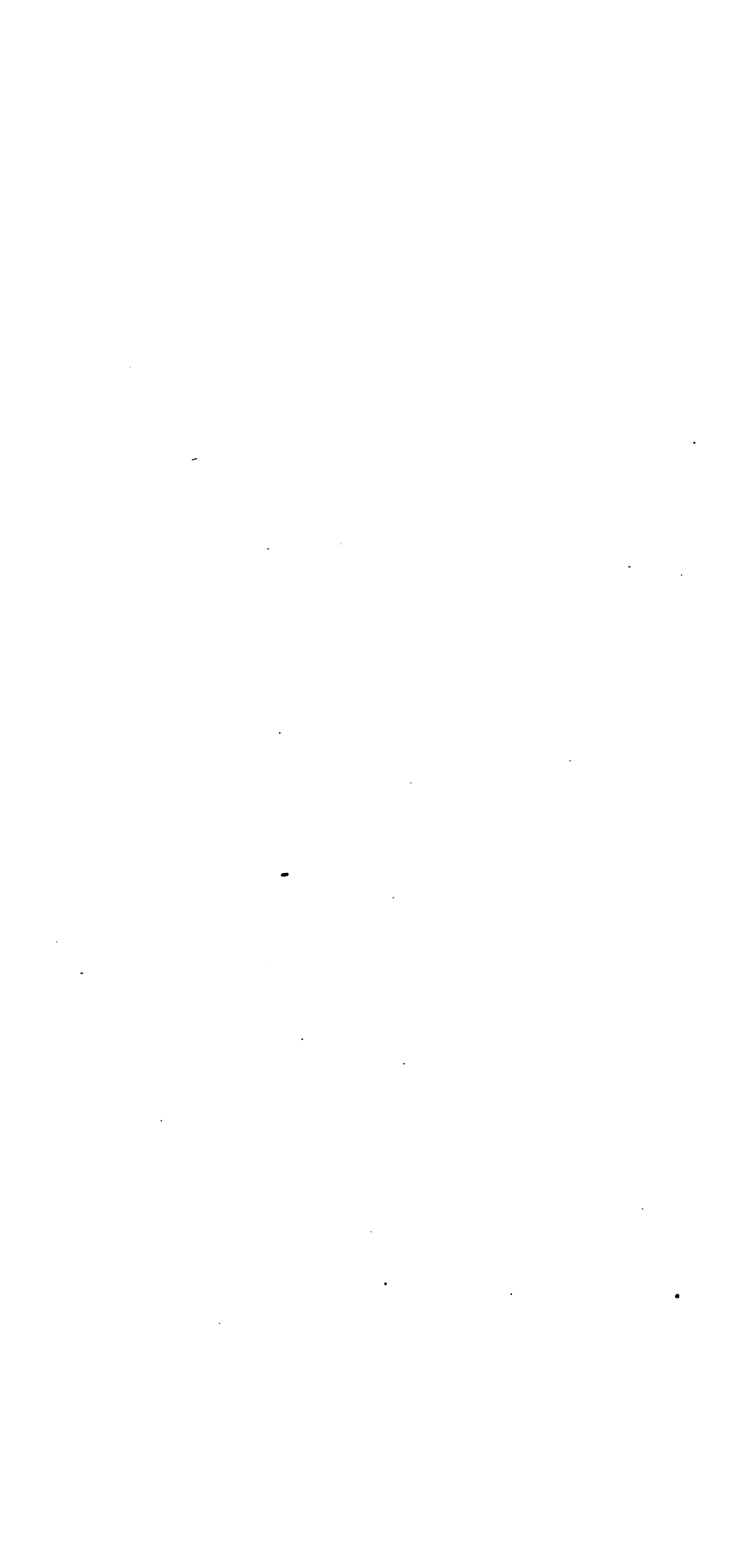




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JOURNAL
OF A
RESIDENCE IN NORTHERN PERSIA
AND THE ADJACENT
PROVINCES OF TURKEY.

BY
LIEUT.-COLONEL STUART,
13TH LIGHT INFANTRY.



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P R E F A C E.

IT is at the recommendation of the late James Morier, the gifted author of "Hajji Baba," who perused my Journal and advised its publication, that I now present it to the public.

Circumstances prevented me at that time from following his advice, but public attention being now so much directed to the East, it is probable that notes on Persia and the adjoining provinces of Turkey may be found acceptable.

GIBRALTAR,

13 *May*, 1854.



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JOURNAL

OF A

RESIDENCE IN NORTHERN PERSIA,

etc.

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SLAVES—THE DARDANELLES—GALLIPOLI—SHORES OF THE PROPONTIS
—VIEW OF THE BOSPHORUS AND THE GOLDEN HORN.

In the year 1835, my relation, the Right Hon. Henry Ellis (now Sir Henry Ellis, K.C.B.), having been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Persia, was kind enough to make me his private

B

secretary. Circumstances having occurred to delay, for a short time, his Excellency's departure from England, I obtained his permission to proceed by land to Constantinople, there to await the arrival of the embassy.

Steamers from Trieste there were none in those days, and I was glad to avail myself of a "trabaccolo," for the voyage down the Adriatic to Corfù. Venice looked brilliant and beautiful when I embarked opposite the Ducal Palace, on a hot July day, and I had a good opportunity of admiring its appearance from the sea, for we were becalmed nearly twenty-four hours off the Lido. I had no companion but the captain; no promenade but the tops of empty oil-casks; the bread got mouldy, and the water before long tasted strongly of the cask; so that the voyage became rather tedious, and, on the seventh day, I was right glad to hear the captain announce his intention of putting into Lesina for provisions. The scenery of the Dalmatian islands is picturesque and wild; and further south we passed under the grand old mountains of Albania. At length, on the twelfth day, a fresh breeze took us through the narrow channel which divides Corfù from the mainland, and we had before us a scene of matchless beauty. I have since seen Naples, Palermo, Granada, Constantinople, Athens, the Tagus, and the west coast of Scotland; but none of these far-famed spots are equal to Corfù. A year's subsequent residence on that most lovely island only confirms the impression created by

the first view I had of the old citadel and the Acropolis of Corcyra from the top of the oil-casks of "L'Amico Confoto."

The Ionian Islands were, at that time, admirably governed by Sir Howard Douglas, who well understood the people and their interests, and was unwearied in his endeavours to promote the material prosperity and moral improvement of the republic. The vagaries of his immediate predecessor, Lord Nugent, had considerably increased the difficulty of his task. I remained at Corfù for ten delightful days, and on the morning of the 6th of July left by the Ionian steamer for Ithaca.

July 26.—The sky was perfectly clear, and it was long before the singular and picturesque rocks, upon which the citadel of Corfù is placed, backed by the high mountain of St. Salvador, faded in the distance. Paxo, a small island south of Corfù, inhabited by an industrious and contented little population, is covered with olives and cypress-trees, and contains many lovely spots, but is not a pretty object from the sea. The uninhabited Isle of Anti-Paxo is still less picturesque. There was a good deal of sea off Cape Bianco, the south point of Corfù; the Greeks on board were as sick as dogs, and by no means partial to the deck. We reached Sta. Maura at four o'clock. This island, the ancient Leucadia, is close to the mainland of Greece, from which it was separated by the Corinthians, who cut through the isthmus. Small vessels only can pass

through the channel, the scenery of which, I am told, is beautiful. Amaxithi, the chief town of the island, is situated on a little plain, at the foot of a dark mountain; a strip of low land extends about a mile towards the east, at the extremity of which there is a fort, which the British troops under Sir John Oswald took, not without loss, from the French in 1809. Before we entered the harbour, we could distinguish the entrance to the Gulf of Actium, within which Trevesa is situated. Extensive ruins still mark the site of Nicopolis, a city built by Augustus in honour of his victory, on a height which overlooks the shallow bay. Many relics of this celebrated battle have been fished up; among others, the bronze prow of a Roman galley, in excellent preservation, which now belongs to Sir Howard Douglas. Many porous water vases have also been found in the Gulf of Arta, precisely similar to those which the boatmen of Egypt at this day fix in the stern of their Canges.

I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Major and Mrs. Eden on board the steamer; they good-naturedly introduced me to Captain Dawson, who commands two companies of the 73d at Sta. Maura, and who very kindly asked me and my companions to dine with him. There are two fine palm-trees in the fort, one of which overshadows the verandah of the officers' barrack. The view from the ramparts of the Albanian mountains,

“Dark Suli's rock, and Pindus' inland peak,”

is superb. We went into a boat to look at Amaxithi. The town and the fort are equally unhealthy.* The Venetians joined them by a long arched causeway, the ruins of which are picturesque. Amaxithi has suffered severely from earthquakes; and the upper stories of all the houses are consequently built of wood. It is a poor, dirty place. The Greeks, lounging about the narrow, irregular streets, were more uncivilized in their costume and countenances than those at Corfù. Many were listening with great apparent delight to the screeching notes of a bagpipe, played by a wild-looking savage, clad in sheepskins. Sta. Maura having been finally conquered by the Venetians only in 1684, is naturally more Turkish than its sister islands. We looked into a club library, on the shelves of which I remarked copies of Machiavelli and of several other good Italian authors, but very few Greek books. At the end of the town, under the shade of gigantic olive-trees, are Cyclopean walls, which we had not time to visit. We left Sta. Maura at ten o'clock, in a rough rolling sea. We passed during the night the far-famed "Lóver's leap."

27th.—This morning I found myself within the gulf of Ithaca, a harbour so completely landlocked, that it appeared to be a small lake surrounded by

* When Sir H. Douglas inspected the garrison in 1836, upwards of 60 men were in hospital out of a detachment of 150; and 18 deaths had taken place within a week.

high barren mountains. The passage up the long and narrow channel is practicable for frigates, but they do not often attempt it. The little white town of Vathi is at the upper end of the harbour, the lower part of the hill behind is cultivated and *riant*. A fragment of a Cyclopean wall on the brow of a hill overlooking Samos, in the neighbouring island of Cefalonia, is called the "Castle of Ulysses," and the fountain of Arothusa is still one of the lions of his little kingdom. We landed at seven A.M. and breakfasted in a cabaret; Major Eden (the new resident appointed to Ithaca by the Lord High Commissioner,) was most kind in assisting us to hire a large row-boat with a crew of twelve men, in which we embarked at ten o'clock, accompanied by a *guardiano* from the *sunità*, whose duty it is to see that our sailors do not communicate with the inhabitants of terra firma, against whom a quarantine is rigidly enforced in the Ionian Islands. The breeze blew fair and strong, and we were not long in reaching Greece. At the mouth of the gulf of Patras we had a fine view of the lofty "black mountain" of Cefalonia, and of Zante, "*fior di Levante*." I could just make out the low walls of Messalonghi behind the Lagoons which intervene between the Achelous and the Evenus. The glorious battle of Lepanto* was fought in these waters. A

* So pronounced in modern Greek and in Italian. The second syllable of "Oto*nto" is also pronounced short.



few miles beyond Patras the shores of the Morea and of Roumeli almost touch; the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto is defended on each side by low forts. Here we enjoyed a lovely sunset; and a spare dinner of eggs, bread, and marmalade.

28th.—A few feet of hard plank to sleep upon. Mr. B. kept me awake half the night by abusing the boatmen, who would not pull. He thrashed two of them towards morning, which has done some good; but one of our Greek servants says, that the whole crew were so enraged, that they deliberated seriously as to the expediency of throwing us overboard. The mountainous scenery of the Morea, close to which we keep, is very picturesque. Vostizza looks pretty and clean at a distance. We landed to bathe in the morning, and again at mid-day, to rest and feed. I thoroughly enjoyed some Turkish kabobs dressed on a stick by Demitri; we dined under the shade of olive-trees, enlivened by the music of crickets and tree-frogs, in a perfect bower of myrtles and oleanders now in full bloom. I strolled afterwards on the rocks among some low Italian pines. The view of Parnassus and other mountains of Phocis, on the north side of the gulf, is beautiful. A bridle path, as yet the only land communication between Patras and the capital, is carried along the shore. All this was very pleasant, but it is tedious in the extreme to sit in a cramped position for hours together toiling past each successive headland.

29th.—The shore is covered with low aromatic shrubs; beyond these are extensive plantations of the “Uva Passa,”* now nearly ripe. This fruit, closely resembling the grape, but much smaller, is dried in the sun, and almost entirely exported to England, where it is so good (under the name of currant) in plum puddings, &c. The plains of Achaia, Sicyon, and Corinth contain the most valuable land in the Morea, that of Argos perhaps excepted. The mountains which bound them are broken into a thousand picturesque shapes, and frequently divided by dark green ravines. The population appears to be scanty; some of the natives, rugged-looking men, all dressed in dirty white kilts (the Albanian fustanello), and dirtier stockings, came down to stare at us. We passed very few villages; those we saw consisted of not more than a dozen houses, the largest of which (they had apparently been used as fortalices), were invariably unroofed. We walked all morning, but after passing the last headland, got into our boat: Corinth was in sight, backed by its lofty Acropolis; Helicon and Cithæron were likewise visible. The gulf is separated near its head by a mountainous chain,

* The Uva Passa is also the chief production and article of export of Cefalonia and Zante. I am not aware how the article has been affected by recent tariffs; but in 1838 a duty of 91 per cent. was levied in England upon Ionian currants, which also paid an export duty of 19½ per cent. The Morea currants were every year becoming more formidable rivals in the English market. The currants, after being carefully dried, are stamped down into barrels. I remember that a club-footed man at Cefalonia was considered invaluable as a stamper!

romantic and irregularly precipitous into the bays of Livadostro and Corinth, the latter terminated by the low isthmus which bears its name. A faint breeze carried us slowly along; the heat was intense, I felt quite overpowered by the sun; but luckily, after doing my best to fix my attention upon a dull volume of Grecian history, I threw it down in despair, and took up "Peter Simple," in the delights of which, Greece Corfû, Corinth, poetry, "the present scene, *my* future lot," heat, boat, boxes, &c. were soon forgotten. I was heartily glad, notwithstanding, to land opposite some ruined houses on the site of the ancient Lesbaion, at six o'clock.

Camels came down to the beach and knelt to receive their burdens—a foretaste of the East. Our time is precious, and mindful of the proverb—

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum,"

I hurried over the stubble and thistles which clothe the gentle slope on which the famous city stood. Half an hour's walk brought me to a labyrinth of ruined hovels, among which an inhabited tenement was rarely to be seen. The distant view of ancient columns encouraged me to proceed, and I at length emerged on an open street, in the frequented part of the town, just in time to see the sun set beyond the gulf, and behind his own mountainous region. The columns are of the Doric order, fluted, seven in number, forming one right angle. The greater part

of the architecture remains ; one of the capitals is deficient ; they are the largest in diameter (5 feet 10) of any in Greece, and very stumpy. All are more or less sunk in the earth. These

“and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass overgrown,”

are I believe the only classical remains of ancient Corinth, the once powerful and luxurious mother of Corcyra, Syracuse, and Ambracia.

I regretted much that I had not time to ascend the Acro-Corinthus, which is crowned by a turreted wall. The isolated and uncommanded position of this fortress, and the fountain of Peirene at the top of the rock, should render it impregnable. The choruses in the “Assedio di Corinto,” rang in my ears as I gazed upon the rocky height, and the shadows of Alp and Francesca seemed to haunt the lonely columns ! A sort of inn is kept by a Cefalonian of sinister appearance, who speaks English : we enjoyed an excellent omelette in one of his filthy rooms. Ten horses were at length collected, and we got fairly off from the beach at ten P.M. I was mounted on a sorry hack, with a high demipique saddle, and could scarcely keep myself awake. The road, or rather path, was execrable. For the last two miles before reaching the Egean Sea, we rode through a defile cut by the Venetians when they attempted to make a ship canal. Its banks are covered with brushwood, and



would be a famous lurking-place for Greek "klephts," who are said to be numerous in some parts of the country.

30th.—We reached Ralimachi, a small village on the Gulf of Athens, a little to the north of the ancient Cenchrea, at half-past one, and whilst our baggage was being embarked, saw a specimen of the interior of a Grecian cottage. All the inhabitants were sleeping higgledy piggledy on the floor, but there was a high shelf in one corner, on which a traveller might spread his bed: one is safer both from vermin and malaria when off the ground.

We embarked at two in a small boat with a large lateen sail. On awakening I found that we were close to Salamis, and before long the Acropolis of Athens and the mountains which surround it were visible. I observed several frigates lying at anchor close to Psyttalia, a little island between Salamis and the coast of Attica, where Xerxes landed troops to cut off *expected* fugitives from the Grecian fleet!

We anchored in the harbour of Piræus at eleven o'clock. It contained a good deal of shipping, and numerous houses were springing up around it. We have established ourselves in a tolerable "locanda," kept by a Maltese. At four o'clock we started from Athens on foot, in a fit of John-Bullism, no carriage being at the moment procurable, and the owners of hacks insisting on previous payments. There is apparently a good deal of traffic on the straight dusty road

between Piræus and the capital. I was rather disappointed with the distant appearance of the Acropolis, which seems out-topped by Anchesmus and the Musæum, though the latter, a nearer object, is not in reality so high, but my feelings were completely changed when I began to distinguish the venerable columns of the Parthenon. Hymettus, Pentelicus, Parnes and Ægaleus, the mountain barrier of the plain of Athens, are bare and brown; Pentelicus alone is picturesque in shape.

The olive wood, which not many years ago extended nearly to the shore, is now sadly diminished, and bears marks of the devastation of war. Instead of entering the modern capital, almost concealed by the Acropolis, we took a short cut to the right, in order to have time to examine that far-famed fastness before sunset. Unconsciously we scrambled up the Hill of Mars; there paused to admire the Temple of Theseus below, and descended by a flight of narrow steps cut in the rock, to the ravine which separates the Areopagus from the Acropolis. On reaching the upper gate of the citadel, we were refused admittance without an order. Bribes I am ashamed to say were offered, but in vain, to the old soldiers in charge. They allowed us, however, to remain until sunset on the outer wall. I never saw so lovely an evening; no painter could do justice to the blueness of the mountains, the purple of the sky, or the beauty of the scene. The glorious view is described as literally as it is poetically, in the

opening of the third canto of the *Corsair*—only the people here will pronounce *Egīna*, “*Egīna*,” which disturbs me.

When the sun had disappeared, we descended from the Acropolis, and passing along its southern side, round the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, we came to the Arch of Hadrian, which does not appear to advantage so near the pure and simple majesty of Grecian ruins. Close by are sixteen gigantic fluted Corinthian columns, all of the whitest marble, though time and sun have partially gilded them with a yellow crust which adds to their beauty. They belonged to the Temple of Jupiter designed by Pisistratus, and finished by Hadrian.

“Who that beheld that sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens, could thine evening face forget?”

Who that has been at Athens can ever forget the Acropolis from this spot, and the glowing red of a Grecian sky seen at twilight, between the columns of the Parthenon?

Our eyes being now of little use to us, the next object was to satisfy our craving stomachs; we therefore entered the labyrinth of stinking lanes and hovels, misnamed a town, and sought the house of Sir E. Lyons, whither we had sent our servants with passports. Alas! the Athenian women did not rush to their thresholds to say, “*Bien venus, seigneurs étrangers à Athènes*,” as they did when Lamartine arrived! Whether this change of manners is to be attributed

to the march of intellect, or to the frightful fever which now rages in this city, I cannot say. After walking two miles through and round the town, under the guidance of a self-constituted Cicerone, who spoke a few words of French, we at length reached Sir E. Lyons' Villa in the Ceramicus. *En chemin* we passed the temporary Palace, a shabby, shapeless, country house, in the same direction. Sir E. Lyons is laid up with the fever, and the secretary, Mr. Waller, is also in his bed. We at last found an hotel kept by a Frenchman: every room was engaged; Mr. Dawkins the Ex-minister had removed thither from the embassy in the morning. Poor M. Rouget,* the landlord, was pale and emaciated from fever and suffering; one child was a corpse in the house, another crawled about looking more dead than alive. Mr. Dawkins, who came into the room where we supped, suddenly complained of illness and left us: sickness seemed to be universal. We could not procure horses to carry us back to the Piræus without sending for gens d'armes, who soon settled the matter. I greatly enjoyed the moonlight gallop.

31st.—I was recommended to shut my windows for fear of malaria. We mounted at six, and cantered up to Athens. The distance is about four miles. We visited the temple of Theseus before breakfast. This, the best preserved monument of Grecian antiquity, is

* This poor man and all his family died a few days after we left Athens.

placed on rising ground in the midst of a valley. Beautiful as it is, one regrets that it should be so very small. Not one of its columns is missing, though some of the tambours are shaken from their places. They are defaced by the euphonious names of many a Mr. Johnson and Smith. The pediments are much injured, but time and Lord Elgin have left this temple some fine fragments of sculpture. From the eastern portico there is a good view of the town, a heap of filth and ruins, diversified by two or three palm-trees, a few mosques and cypresses; here and there some new-painted house stares impudently amidst the dark chaos of rubbish. The best houses are built outside the town, which is on every account judicious.

The Acropolis is an oblong hill, of considerable extent, about the height of Stirling Castle, scarped on all sides except the western, and surmounted by a turreted wall, built by Themistocles, Morosini, and many intermediate heroes. A high square tower, called Venetian, but really Catalan, at the western end of the rock, is a very conspicuous feature of the Acropolis. The Parthenon exceeds in grandeur and beauty anything I could have conceived; such a combination of grace and majesty can surely never have been equalled. The columns at each extremity are in perfect preservation; the western pediment has chiefly suffered from the depredations of Lord Elgin,* but

* I suppose the first impulse of strangers at Athens, is to hate Lord Elgin; but it is my deliberate opinion that he acted most wisely and

the eastern has been otherwise much damaged. Some of the metopes and a beautiful portion of the frieze remain to show what the Parthenon once was. A Turkish mosque, placed diagonally in the interior, is an eyesore.* The ground is strewed with fragments of cornices and carvings; but travellers (admitted only by order) are placed under the surveillance of an old soldier, and very properly prevented from carrying away one single stone with them.

To the north of the Parthenon, close to the edge of the precipice, is the Erechtheium, with its graceful Ionic columns and beautiful Caryatides supporting the small portico which bears their name. My attention was diverted from antiquities by strains of martial music, and the sight of Bavarian troops moving

“in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders,”

over the plain below. They are encamped outside the town; and being much addicted to water-melons, have suffered dreadfully from the fever. M. Pittakys is busily employed in clearing the Propylea from the batteries and rubbish with which they are encum-

beneficially to art in removing the beautiful sculptures of the Acropolis to a place of safety. How many lovely antiquities had already perished in Greece and Asia Minor, through the casualties of war, and the carelessness and the barbarism of the Turks! Who, at the commencement of this century, could have foretold that, in less than thirty years, Athens would be a Christian capital, under European protection?

* And yet some years hence it will be interesting as a relic of one of the dominations to which Athens has been compelled to submit.



bered. He flatters himself that he has discovered a small temple on their southern flank.*

We descended with reluctance, and could only spare a few admiring moments to the octagon tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, commonly called the Temple of the Winds; the gate of the Agora, with the adjoining inscription; and the unfluted Corinthian columns and massive walls of the Stoa of Hadrian. From the summit of the Parthenon I had looked down upon the monument of Philopappus, the Syrian, which crowns the Museum, and the broad flight of steps cut in the rock on the adjoining Pnyx, which mark the site of the "Bēma."

After an excellent breakfast, we were rattled down to the Piræus in an old German calèche, amidst clouds of dust, swept along the vale of the Cephissus by a strong north-easter. Cristoforo (my little Corfiote quiz of a servant) muttered, "Dio, che vento!" with a trembling voice, as he packed my saddlebags; and, to own the truth, I thought our little boat, with its unmanageable sail, by no means suited to the appearance of the weather.

We embarked at once, and rapidly cleared the harbour. No sooner had we rounded the promontory of Munychia than a gust of wind from the land threatened to upset us. We were wet through and through by the waves; and although I began to think myself

* The temple of ΝΙΚΗ ΑΙΓΓΕΡΟΣ, or Victory without Wings, since restored.

a great goose for being where I was, I could not help laughing to see little Cristoforo hiding his head, like an ostrich, in the provision basket, determined at any rate not to see the danger. Our "Capitan," an excellent sailor, had one of the finest countenances I ever saw; a deep gash in his head was inflicted by a Turkish sabre, in Lord Cochrane's too celebrated land engagement near the Piræus. His boy, in the bow, grinned merrily as each succeeding wave ducked him from head to foot. An Austrian frigate passed, under close-reefed topsails; and at length we thought it prudent to anchor for a short time in a little sunny bay, near the barren rocks mistaken for Grecian ships by the Persians flying at night from Salamis.

The features of the eastern coast of the gulf are not very striking; but the outline of Egina, Paros, the peninsula of Dara, and the mountains of the Morea, are beautifully varied, both in shape and colouring. It was near ten o'clock at night when we anchored under Cape Sunium, in a snug cove celebrated formerly as the haunt of pirates. Having eaten a cold supper, we loaded all our arms, and watched by turns until daylight.

August 1st.—At daybreak, we lost no time in scrambling up Cape Sunium,

"where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave."

Perfume arose at every step from the dry aromatic

shrubs on which we trampled. A glowing yellow light illuminated the Ægean and the "clustering Cyclades," during the few minutes which preceded the rising of the sun. The ruins of the Temple of the Minerva consist of twelve columns of the purest white marble;* nine of these, on the south-west side, support an architrave. We lingered on this lovely spot until the god of day had arisen in glory, and then re-embarked. I was rather disappointed with the height of Cape Colonna, as seen from the sea; nor are the ruins so striking in their appearance from that point of view.

We glided rapidly through the water during the first two hours of our sail, leaving terra firma behind. The high land of Negropont was on our larboard bow, Andros before us, Zea on our right. The enjoyment soon ceased when the wind began to blow strong from the north; the sea rolled tremendously, and the waves again washed over us. My companions were sick and sleepy; I, well enough to eat their share of bread and marmalade, as well as my own. After a vain and tedious attempt to make the Doro passage (between Andros and Negropont), we were obliged at last to run for the nearest smooth water. The desert island of Ghioura afforded us the shelter which it has too often given to pirates; we landed, dried our

* Moore remarks this extreme whiteness, as contrasting with the yellow crust which gives so mellow a tone to the ruins of the Parthenon; and attributes it, not only to the nature of the marble, but the action of the spray.

clothes, and dined on the rocks. The northerly breeze continuing, we now decided upon putting into Syra. In the evening we were becalmed in a rolling sea, the most vexatious of small nautical miseries.

Sunday, 2d.—I awoke at five o'clock, and was glad to find myself safe in the harbour of Syra filled with shipping. We had anchored early in the morning close under an unfinished custom-house, which will be a handsome building. The modern town, built, since the war of independence, by refugees from Scio, Ipsara, Haivali, and other places destroyed by the Turks, encircles the inner part of a little bay, nearly surrounded by naked hills; the houses have flat roofs, and are dazzling from their whiteness. The old town is clustered round a conical hill, aptly compared by Anastasius to a "dervish's cap, with the church at the top by way of a tuft." It is separated by a ravine from the new one; its inhabitants are mostly Roman Catholics, who took no part in the late contest. Syra, in consequence of this neutrality, and of its central situation, so well adapted for an *entrepôt* between Europe and the Levant, is one of the most flourishing places in King Otho's dominions. It is now a free port.

No bedrooms were to be hired in the inn where we breakfasted, but we managed to engage a lodging. We called on Mr. W——, the English Consul, who received us civilly, but did not introduce his beautiful daughters. We attended Divine Service in the house

of Mr. Roberts, an American Missionary. The gusts of wind, which seemed to threaten the overthrow of his house, made me feel doubly grateful for my escape from the sea.

The lower streets of Syra are narrow and full of shops, but magnificent when compared with those of Athens. There are some good dwelling-houses in the upper part of the town. I have seen a great many women this afternoon sitting in front of their doors; some of them very pretty. They would not walk, bless their modesty! on account of the high wind. The evening lounge of the "fashionables" of Syra is a height where, ten years ago, the "pirate fathers" used to look out and despatch their progeny after any unfortunate merchant sail that hove in sight. From this promenade there is a good view of Tinos, with its white villages, Mycene, Paros, Delos (the ancient Rhene, not the sacred and smaller island, which it conceals), and Naxos. The latter has some high bold hills, but the others, as well as Zea, Thermia and Serpho, which we saw yesterday, are interesting neither in outline nor vegetation. Lord Byron might well sing

"all, except their sun, is set."

Nothing could be more beautiful than the purple colour of the sky for at least an hour after it had disappeared behind the hill to-night.

4th.—There is but little appearance of cultivation in this island, but excellent figs, grapes, and melons

are brought to us for breakfast. I observe a sequestered little green valley at the further extremity of the bay, which seems quite an oasis in the rocky desert. We have twice bathed out of a boat near the wretched Lazaretto where poor Captain Lyons lately died. Yesterday morning we called on Mr. Roberts the Missionary, who had very kindly asked us to drink tea with him on Sunday evening. We found his church converted into a well-stocked library. His endeavour is to improve the Greeks by education. He thinks better of them than travellers are apt to do, who, if Philhellenes, expect at once to find perfection; and if the contrary, are too apt to regret the "good old days" when the fear of Milordo's Janizary rendered the poor Greeks more crouching, and may be less openly extortionate than they are now said to be. I individually have as yet had no reason to complain either of dishonesty or impertinence: that they indulge in a good deal of harmless swagger is very evident; but their struggle was a noble one, and great allowance is to be made for them. Mr. Roberts seems a person to be much liked and respected. We drank tea with him in the evening.

This morning our boatmen showed us an old brig, commanded in the war by brave old Miaules. Alongside of her lay a cutter lately taken with a crew of Cefalonian pirates. The inhabitants of Syra seem to be civil and busy people; there is a constant stir in the neighbourhood of the harbour. Having taken

our passage to Smyrna in the *Isabella*, a fine English schooner, we embarked at six o'clock P.M., and sailed soon after ten.

5th.—A fair wind. We cleared the channel between Tino and Mycone before nine this morning. The coast of Scio then became visible: Nicaria, another Asiatic island (where Icarus was buried after his fall), appeared on our right, and in the afternoon the high mountain of Samos, really a fine object, reared its head above the waters. Early in the evening we entered the channel between Scio and the main. The island scenery is rich and pretty; the opposite peninsula, which shuts in the Gulf of Smyrna, high and bold.

We have several Bavarians on board, gentlemanlike companionable men. One of them, Comte Bercheim, has been in the civil service of Greece, and seems to be much *lié* with the Armansperg family;—(he raves about the beauty of the count's daughters.) His young cousin is an officer in the Lancer Regiment, whose horses we saw so terribly out of condition at Athens—a fine, lively, enthusiastic boy. They are accompanied by a thorough original, who wears an eagle's feather in a steeple-crowned straw hat, and plays the guitar all day. He is as simple as a child, and as ignorant of the world. I should think him much too merry and careless for the education of youth, which seems to be his professional occupation. He sings a very pretty Greek ballad about the death

of Marco Bozzaris. The Bavarians abominate the Greeks, who return the compliment with interest.

6th.—The wind being against us, we were obliged to beat up the Gulf of Smyrna. The scenery is beautiful; we could distinguish the city at a considerable distance, situated at the foot of a mountain. Vourla, where our fleet was so long stationed, is considerably to the west of Smyrna, not far from the site of Clazomenæ. As ill luck would have it, soon after dark we ran aground opposite a low fort, about seven miles from the harbour: we passengers passed half an hour on the bowsprit, trying to get the schooner off the bank: the Constantinople steamer, *Levant*, was then descried and stopped, after a good deal of bawling: she endeavoured for nearly two hours to tow the *Isabella* into deep water, but in vain, so at last we transferred ourselves on board of her, with the Bavarians. I am much disappointed that I have not seen Smyrna, but time is precious, and I could not have ventured to remain there until the departure of the next steamer.

A clean cabin, and good cup of tea with milk, were welcome luxuries after the rough living of the last ten days. Some *real Turks* were lying about the deck; one of them with great *naïveté* desired me to be silent because he wanted to go to sleep: it was a shame to laugh at so reasonable a request.

7th.—I saw but little of the beautiful island of Mitylene, and lost the view of the town, through my

laziness.* Close to Cape Baba, I admired for the first time a Turkish village, with its mosque and white minaret shooting up into the blue sky. The high land of Imbros is fine—Tenedos more like the brown and barren Cyclades. Mount Ida, its summit enveloped in clouds, was pointed out in the distance. The coast of Asia is picturesque and richly covered with the dwarf evergreen oak, which produces Valonia. We were now close to the locale of the Iliad, but unfortunately no one on board knew much about classical topography, and I could not make the Captain, though an intelligent man, who had once landed on the heroic shore, understand that Alexander Troas, whose ruins he described, is not Homer's Troy. I suppose imagination helped a good deal, but certainly I fancied something peculiarly striking in the appearance of the little plain and adjoining hills where so many immortal deeds were (or *were not*) performed. The tumuli, containing the ashes of Achilles, Ajax, and Patroclus, might be common "hummocks," as Mr. B—— elegantly terms them; but Captain Ford assures me that one of them, at the opening of which he assisted, was evidently a tomb.

We doubled Cape Janizary (the ancient Sigæum) and entered the Dardanelles between the "new" Castles of Europe and Asia (built by Mahomed IV. in 1659) soon after mid-day. At that hour, most of

* I had been very ill the previous day.

the Turks on board went through their devotions, turning towards Mecca, with many kneelings, bowings, and knocking of their heads upon the deck.

Mahometans and Greeks, as well as Papists, carry rosaries, and tell their beads; indeed, many of the former seem always to have these incitements to devotion in their hands. Four hideous negro women, on their way to the slave-market at Constantinople, were huddled together on the deck, a dirty garment of white linen, their only covering, was wrapped round their heads and bodies: they chattered, laughed, or quarrelled incessantly, and certainly did not *seem* to feel the wretchedness of their condition. One of these ladies was soon engaged in a flirtation with the ship's cook, to the great amusement of all on board.

There are now two steamers between Constantinople and Smyrna; one of them, the *Maria Dorothea*, a fine boat, belongs to the Austrian government, and the English commander, Captain Ford, has rank in the Imperial marine. His brother commands the *Levant*, an inferior vessel belonging to an English company. They are chiefly paid by the native deck passengers.

Near the mouth of the Dardanelles, we passed the *Volage* frigate, which generally lies awaiting Lord Ponsonby's orders at Therapia. Here, also, a great number of merchant ships, chiefly English, were anchored, waiting for a fair wind to stem the current of the Dardanelles, which runs between four and five

knots an hour. The "old" Castles of Europe and Asia are both commanded by the hills behind them, and do not seem to have many defences towards the land; the latter is the largest and the least overlooked. They each, in their batteries *à fleur d'eau*, mount a large number of guns of immense size, which cannot be traversed. A well-grown man might easily crawl into their mouths. The stone-shot used in them are piled against the wall. The castellated part of these forts is picturesque; they, as well as the "new" castles, were built by Mohammed IV.

The plague rages in the town, close to the Castle of Asia, and the troops are consequently encamped in light green tents along the shore. Another fort occupies the site of Abydos, of which I could not discern a vestige. Sestos has likewise disappeared.* The heights on each side of the Dardanelles are bare and brown; there are trees and verdure, however, in some of the small valleys which open on the sea. We reached Gallipoli, a large town on the sea of Marmora, at ten o'clock, and there took in three boat loads of Turks, among whom were some officers, certainly not gentleman-like in their appearance. The new costume is the most unbecoming that could have been invented for a narrow-chested, round-shouldered nation.

8th.—The northern shore of the Propontis is as

* Since I visited the Dardanelles, the old forts have been put into thorough repair by Prussian engineers, and new batteries thrown up in the most commanding positions. Ships would now not only be exposed to a cross-fire, but raked from stem to stern.

ugly as the coast of Sussex, but the mountains of Asia are blue and bold, and the Prince's Islands—anciently called "Demonessi," or "isles of the Genii," are pretty objects. After turning a little promontory, the red houses, cypresses, white mosques and tall minarets of Constantinople, the barrack of Scutari, and the dark cypress forest of the great cemetery at once appeared. The dome of St. Sophia, the Seraskier's tower, that of Galata and others, far-famed objects, were successively pointed out. We passed the Seven Towers, recently repaired and white-washed, and admired the old Byzantine wall embosomed in verdure. We glided rapidly for two miles in front of red wooden houses with tiled roofs, and at length reached the garden of the Seraglio. This palace occupies the point of the promontory between the sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, and presents a beautiful confusion of white walls, luxuriant foliage, cupolas, terraces and kiosques, thrown together in "*most admired disorder!*" The hareem, with its grated windows, is close to the sea, a convenient situation for the punishment of faithless Adaliskes! Here the views of the Bosphorus and of the Golden Horn open, and it is here that poetical travellers are overcome by their ecstasies. I owe to the exaggerations of Lamartine my first momentary feelings of disappointment with this glorious scene. Picturesque villages, and gay palaces of fantastical form and colour, line the shores of the Bosphorus, backed on each side

by green and wooded hills. A noble fleet lies at anchor just above Tophana. The towns of Constantinople on one side of the Golden Horn, and of Pera and Galata on the other, cover the sides and summits of several distinct hills of moderate elevation. The dark masses of red houses are broken by domes of mosques, by graceful minarets and by green tapering cypress-trees.

CHAPTER II.

LANDING AT GALATA—PERA—MADAME GIUSEPPINI—NATIVE COSTUMES
 —BURIAL-GROUND AT PERA—THE BOSPHORUS—TURKISH FLEET—
 CASTLES OF AMURATH II. AND MAHOMET II.—THERAPIA—TOPHANA—
 MUCHAVER PACHA—MORIER'S "MUSTAFA"—RUINS OF BLACHERNÆ—
 ROMAN REMAINS—BAZAARS—SLAVE MARKET—COMMERCE OF CON-
 STANTINOPLE—THE ARSENAL—THE CAPITAN PASHA—DANCING
 DERVISHES—VISIT TO LORD PONSONBY—PORTE OF THE SERAGLIO—
 AT-MEIDAN—MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMET—THE "BURNT PILLAR"—
 THE SULTAN'S TROOPS—CARAVANSERAI—VISIT TO SCUTARI—DEVO-
 TIONS OF THE SULTAN—SULTAN MAHMOUD—MONDANIA—BROUSSA—
 THE CASTLE—HUMMAUM—PASSAGE TO CONSTANTINOPLE—THE PLAGUE
 —DIFFICULTY OF ENTERING THE MOSQUES—JEWS—BUYUKDERÈ—
 UNKIAR-SKELESSI—NEW PALACE—VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS
 ENVIRONS—VISIT TO THE SULTAN—BELGRADE.

WE took a caique, and landed at Galata, without falling into the water, no easy achievement, as the least movement upsets these crank canoes. I carefully avoided all contact with the inhabitants of the dirty lanes of Galata, for the plague has lately carried off some hundreds in this quarter. There are many shops and substantial looking counting-houses in the main street, on the slope of the hill: some of these were built by the Genoese, who also erected a strong

wall now partially ruined, round the suburb, which was long under their exclusive dominion. The high tower of Galata, with its conical roof, just without the wall, has, like the Seven Towers, been defaced by white-washing. Pera, *par excellence* the Frank quarters, consists of a long narrow street, on a high ridge, parallel to the Bosphorus, and of several closes and steep lanes, branching off on each side. Its painted houses of all colours and projecting stories have a singular and picturesque effect.

J—— and I have taken rooms in the boarding-house of Madame Giuseppini, at the extremity of one of the closes. She is an enormous and rather good-looking woman, with a vast head-dress, a sort of turban, round which her plaited hair is coiled in a single twist. I am delighted with the variety of costume which I see in the streets. The frightful dress invented by Sultan Mahmoud, as if on purpose to break the spirit of his people, is by no means generally adopted. Few head-dresses are more becoming to a man than a turban, particularly to the venerable brow of an old grey-bearded Turk. I have already seen many patriarchal figures in the ancient garb. The Turkish and Armenian women, when in public, wear brown or dark green cloaks, a white veil covers their heads, and the nose and eyes are alone visible; the former wear yellow, the latter red, boots and slippers.

Half the men in Pera appear to be Armenians, a solid, grave people, fond of money, but averse to wild

speculations, whose physiognomies can rarely be mistaken. They wear high calpacs (black caps shaped like balloons,) and dark-coloured gowns. The Synd, or descendant of Mahommed, has alone the privilege of wearing a green turban. The progeny of the false prophet is numerous, and does not enjoy a very excellent reputation.

We dined at five. Madame Giuseppini sits at the head of her table, which is a bore. I have made friends with Messrs. K. and M. two jolly Paddies, fresh from Persia, where one of them nearly died. We hired hacks in the evening, and got into the open country after threading the narrow ill-paved streets of Pera for at least a mile. Here the great burial-ground begins; it is closely planted with cypress-trees, and strewed with monuments. A turban is carved on the head stone of every male Osmanli. Beyond the cemetery the country is bare and open. A large red barrack, with some *pretensions* to symmetry, overlooks the Bosphorus. We rode down to the shore, where the Sultan has a favourite palace, very fantastical in its architecture; he is now at Begler-Beg, another palace on the Asiatic side. He has not inhabited the Seraglio for several years.

9th.—I embarked for Therapia with Mrs. B—— in a four-sculled caique, pulled by two fine-looking Greeks. They wear white shirts of silk and cotton mixed, loose drawers of the same material, and small red caps on the tops of their shaved heads. The

average breadth of the Bosphorus is about a mile, the current is still stronger than that of the Dardanelles ; in some places boats are always towed against it. The channel is so deep throughout, that large ships are anchored quite close to the shore, and not long since the captain of the *Shah* was bastinadoed for startling the nerves, and damaging the palace of Haleel Pasha, the Sultan's son-in-law, into whose windows he ran his bowsprit.

The Turkish fleet is a splendid sight to a landsman's eyes. Four three-deckers, some frigates, and a beautiful corvette, lately purchased from America, are moored opposite to the new palace of the Sultan. The blood-red flag, with the crescent and the star, waves proudly from the mainmast of the *Mahmoudiè*, which mounts 140 guns. Naval men consider this ship to be faultless in her proportions, though built entirely by Turks.

Having limited their Ryots to the use of dark colours, the Osmanlis are too apt to abuse the privilege reserved to themselves, and to mistake gaudiness for beauty. Nor is their architecture much to my taste ; it is fantastical rather than light. But these are the only eyesore on the Bosphorus. The low hills on either shore are crowned with villas, with kiosques, or with woods of the broad topped Italian pine ; their sides are clothed with gardens or vineyards. Every dell has its gay village, its quaint Turkish fountain or country-house, overshadowed by

the graceful foliage of the chenar, or "oriental plane." Every description of verdure abounds, from the gloom of the cypress to the tender green of the vine.

The castles built by Amurath II. on the Asiatic, and by his son, the too famous Mahomet II., on the European side of the blue ocean stream, give historical interest to the scene. The latter, called Asomaton by the Byzantine Greeks, was constructed immediately before the siege of Constantinople: it consists of four round towers, connected by a turreted wall. Here, close to the water's edge, is an old neglected cemetery, in a consecrated grove of dark cypresses, which look strangely out of character in this *riant* spot. The Turk, however, sees nothing gloomy in this memento of mortality; and a cemetery, *when* he *does* take the trouble of walking, is his favourite haunt. The "Sweet Waters" of Asia run through a valley of luxuriant richness, which, on Friday (the Mahomedan Sabbath), is a fashionable resort. Soon after we had passed it, the "Giant's Mountain," where, thanks to our Government, the Russian army was encamped three years ago, came into view.

The village of Therapia is placed in an elbow of the Bosphorus, about seven miles from Galata. I left my name and letter at Lord Ponsonby's villa, or *palace*, as it is by courtesy called. The French Ambassador, Admiral Roussin, is his neighbour. The rest of the corps diplomatique reside at Buyukderè, on the oppo-

site side of the bay, a charming village, which takes its name from a broad valley hard by. We crossed over to it for half an hour. Numbers of Franks, a superior set apparently to those at Pera, were walking on the broad road between the houses and the sea. We dined at Therapia with Mr. B——'s friend, Mr. H——, a Turkey merchant. He is a gentlemanlike man, married to a charming little person, who makes her house very agreeable. At night groups of Greek women (Therapia is a Christian village) were drinking their coffee *al fresco* near the landing-place. We wished to return to Pera, but could not, as the Captain Pasha has ordered boats from the men-of-war to row guard in the Bosphorus, and prevent people from passing downwards after ten o'clock. We slept comfortably on divans in Mr. H——'s house.

10th.—There were a few drops of rain this morning, but the sun soon shone out as brightly as before. The current carried us down rapidly, and we landed at Tophana, a quarter of the city adjoining Galata, but higher up the stream. It takes its name, *Tope-Khaneh*—"house of guns"—from the arsenal, which is close to the landing-place. The present Sultan has built a handsome mosque with gilded minarets here. A large square fountain likewise ornaments the "échelle" of Tophana: it has a low, projecting, scalloped roof, and would be very handsome if the stone of which it is built had not been painted all manner of colours. Every stranger ought first to

land here. The mosque, the artillery-barrack and park, the costume of the boatmen, and graceful form of the light *caïques*, the numerous horses for hire with their high saddles, and the quantity and variety of fruit exposed for sale under shady trees, give a truly oriental character to the spot.

Pera is full of guard-houses; the troops on duty are mere boys; their general appearance is lamentable. They wear very short, blue jackets, generally buttoned awry, no stocks, dirty trowsers (which *have been* white), rarely reaching down to their unblackened, slip-shod shoes: their soiled red caps are drawn over their ears, and almost touch their high, round shoulders. These slovenly habits show the dislike felt for the new costume, for a Turk, even of the lower class, has a natural turn for dandyism. Few of the "Nizam" appear to be above sixteen years of age; therefore I hope that they may improve in height and carriage as they grow older. I must do them the justice to say that their arms are usually in excellent order.

I dined with Mr. Cartwright, the Consul-General, whose hospitality, talents, and knowledge of Turkish affairs are known and respected throughout the Mediterranean, as well as by every traveller who has visited the Levant. I met Mr. Slade,* the author of an amusing and deservedly popular work on Turkey and the Black Sea. He belongs to the fleet, but has been staying here for some time, having many Turkish

* Now an admiral in the Turkish navy, Muchaver Pasha by name.

friends, from whom perhaps he derives useful information. The Sultan has refused to allow a French brig-of-war to navigate the Black Sea; and it is supposed that the *Barham*, which brings out Lord Durham *on his way* to St. Petersburg, may meet with a similar denial.

We strolled after dinner to the great burial-ground, Mr. Cartwright's constant afternoon promenade; J— went with Slade to see the *Mahmoudiè*, and I remained with the Consul to decypher the inscriptions on the tombs in the Protestant cemetery. We afterwards walked round the extensive garden belonging to the British Embassy at Pera; the palace, which seems really to have had some pretensions to the name, perished in the great fire a few years ago.

11th.—The identical Mustafa whom Morier quizzes so unmercifully in Ayesha, and who has long been in Mr. Cartwright's service, came at eight o'clock to escort us round the walls of Constantinople. We crossed the barren downs to the north of Pera, and descended into the valley of the Barbyses, which flows into the Golden Horn, and is well known by the name of the Sweet Waters (*eaux douces*) of Europe. Here the Sultan has a park and a country palace. The trees are fine, particularly the ash; but, on the whole, I think the valley below its reputation. In spring it is doubtless greener and prettier. On Sunday this is a great resort of the fair sex and their admirers. We crossed the suburb of Eyoub at the

head of the Golden Horn. This Eyoub, or Job, was a Saracen hero, who fell at the first siege of Constantinople, in the reign of the Caliph Moawiyah. We passed his mosque, where every Sultan, at his accession, is girt with the sword of Mahommed.

We came upon the old walls of the city at their eastern extremity, not far from the spot where the palace of Blachernæ once stood. They extend from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora, and appear to have formed a double *enceinte*. The inner wall is high, and flanked by towers at twenty yards' interval; the outer rampart is surrounded by a deep ditch, which, as well as the intervals between the walls, is filled with large fig-trees and shrubs of various descriptions. So extensive and picturesque a ruin, in such good preservation, probably does not elsewhere exist. The surrounding country is flat, and diversified by gardens and burial-grounds, planted as usual with cypress-trees. In one of the latter, opposite to a gate of the town, are the monuments of Ali Pasha and his sons, Veli and Mouchtar, whose heads were exposed at Constantinople after their decapitation. Mustafa endeavoured to point out the breach through which Mahomet II. stormed Constantinople; I could not distinguish it, but saw many in other parts of the wall.

We entered the city by a gate close to the Seven Towers. The castle of which they form part cannot be seen without a firman, but I am told that it contains nothing of interest. After threading many ill-paved

streets, we came upon an open space, where the rations of the Janizaries were formerly served out to them, and which consequently is called "At-meidan," or the field of meat. The houses of the Janizaries in this quarter were burnt when the corps was destroyed. The upper part of Constantinople resembles an immense irregular village. The houses are built of wood, painted red; each has a projecting window or upper story, which protects one from the sun, and, combined with a variety of foliage, gives a picturesque appearance to the narrow streets. Here and there some private cemeteries are enclosed; the turbans on the tombs are frequently painted, and inscriptions in gold letters are cut in some of the stones: trees are invariably planted around them.

An aqueduct, by which water is supplied from Belgrade, near the Black Sea, is one of the finest antiquities in the city; it was constructed by Valens, and repaired and embellished by Justinian. The column of Marcian stands alone among some ruined hovels: it is of the Corinthian order, and supports a block of marble, at each corner of which a Roman eagle is carved.

The hills above the Golden Horn, and the slopes descending to it, are the only well inhabited part of Constantinople. Here are the great mosques, the Seraskier's Palace and Tower, the Seraglio and its Sublime Porte, the Hans and the Bazaars. The latter consist of a vast range of covered arcades, on each

side of which merchandise is exposed to view; each article of trade has its separate street. We passed through those where leather, paper, arms, clothes, and spices are sold—the latter is particularly well worth seeing. The vendors—Turks, Jews, Greeks, and Armenians—sit cross-legged on their counters, raised a few feet above the ground, and (the Turks excepted) are vociferous in their endeavours to obtain custom. Most of the bazaars are so crowded that it is impossible to avoid the risk of plague by contact with the motley throng.

The slave market is a square open space, surrounded by shops of human flesh. Few of these were occupied; the supply of white women has been nearly stopped since the Russians have become masters of Georgia and the ports of the Caucasus. I attempted to look at one girl who apparently was for sale, but the door of her cage was hastily slammed in my face. A Giaour is not permitted openly to purchase a white woman. Groups of female negroes, scantily clothed, were huddled together here and there in the open court; they seemed to regard their fate with great indifference. Among them were our fellow-passengers, who set up a loud giggle when they recognised us. Such a scene naturally excites disgust; though, by all accounts, the Turks are usually humane masters.

To judge by the number of ships now in harbour, the commerce of Constantinople has been greatly exaggerated. Lamartine speaks of the Golden Horn as

of the Thames at London! Count B—— and his singing friend dined with us. His nephew, the young Lancer, was thrown into such a state of excitement by the first view of Constantinople that it brought on a fever, which confines him to his bed.

12~~th~~.—Mustafa was again in attendance, and took us to the arsenal, which is near Galata, just beyond the small “*champ des morts*.” I observed that those who are too poor to plant a cypress-tree by the graves of their relations, scratch on the tombstones a sort of imitation of the foliage of that tree. It was curious to see ships on the stocks under the shade of cypresses and chenars. A frigate, carrying seventy-four guns, has just been launched; it was built by Mr. Rhodes, an American in the Sultan’s service, whom we afterwards met. He seems a remarkably intelligent person, and has shown his sense by refusing proffered titles and dignities, which might have excited the envy and ill-will of the Turks.

We could not be allowed to see the interior of the arsenal without an order from Tahir, the Capitan Pasha, and were returning through the dockyard when an officer, accompanied by two “*chaoushes*,” with large pistols in their belts, informed Mustafa that his Excellency desired our attendance. A recent instance of his rudeness to some Englishmen having just been related to us, I would as soon have dispensed with the visit. We were allowed to retain our boots, and, after passing through several corridors and anterooms,

we entered a large apartment, at the further end of which the great man sat cross-legged on his divan, smoking a long chibouque at a large window overlooking the harbour: he speaks a little Italian, and I was the mouthpiece of our party. After we were seated he asked the names of my companions, who we were, and why K—— and M—— wore Persian caps? a question not easily answered! Tahir is accused of having run away with a ship when in Mahomet Ali's service, and of having sold it at Leghorn: whether this is true or not, he gained high renown by his gallant conduct at Navarino, and is considered a true Turk, *de la vieille roche*. He is a fine-looking man, with a stern, commanding countenance; his black beard is slightly grizzled. Coffee, in diminutive cups, with silver filagree cases, was brought to us, and, after a few more questions from his Excellency, he said "Addio," and we were dismissed.

We went afterwards to see the dancing dervishes in their convent at Pera. We were obliged to leave our shoes at the door. The interior of the building, an octagon with a dome, is gay and light; a number of lamps hang from the ceiling. The spectators, who on this occasion were numerous, were placed under a gallery in a passage surrounding the arena, from which it is railed off. Eight dervishes in green or brown cloaks, with high round caps of drab-coloured felt, had placed themselves against this partition. The seat of their chief, a venerable looking man with a white beard,

was slightly elevated above the floor. They all occasionally bent their heads to the ground, and seemed absorbed in meditation or prayer. Sounds of monotonous music, a drum and pipe, I believe, came from a part of the gallery which I could not see. Suddenly it became lively, and the dervishes, whose number had now increased, started up, flung off their cloaks, and, preceded by their chief, who retained his, walked slowly three times round the arena, bowing profoundly to each side of his vacant seat as they passed it. Then the leading dervish began to turn, followed by his brethren in succession, till at last all were in motion except the chief and one other dervish, who, looking like Mephistophiles, walked in the most mysterious manner untouched amongst the whirling crowd. The movement was at first slow, the elbows bent, and the hands touching the shoulders; but as the exercise advanced, their twirl became more rapid, their heads were thrown back on one side, their arms were extended and their eyes shut. I cannot understand how they managed to avoid each other, or Mephistophiles to avoid them. Occasionally they resumed their solemn promenade. Anything more absurd than the appearance of these devotees, when in full swing, it is impossible to imagine, but somehow I felt no inclination to sneer or laugh. One of them was quite a child, several of them scarcely grown up. I soon grew tired of the exhibition, and did not stay it out. The members of this sect of dervishes are

generally exemplary men, who pass a great portion of their time in prayer, but do not neglect the ordinary avocations of life.

Mr. B—— and I embarked at 5 for Therapia; the wind was high and contrary, so that three boatmen were upwards of two and a half hours pulling us up to the English palace. I had heard so much of Lord Ponsonby's late hours, that I was only afraid of being too early; however he happened to be very punctual to-day, so that we felt ourselves rather in a scrape. He is one of the finest looking men I ever saw. The palace is a shabby ill-furnished villa, and must be wretchedly cold in winter. The merchants complain of its distance from Pera.

13th.—I found Mustafa at Giuseppini's, and took him with me to Constantinople. I am astonished to find how seldom residents at Pera cross the harbour, even when the city is free from plague. I purchased some "baboushes" in the bazaar, and then ascended the hill towards the Seraglio. I looked through iron bars into the mausoleum of the present Sultan's family. The turbans at the heads of the coffins are real shawls ornamented with jewels. The Grand Vizir's palace surrounds a large court; its gate has a projecting scalloped roof, which seems to be one of the most striking peculiarities in Turkish architecture. Opposite is the "Porte" of the Seraglio, which, as all the world knows, gives its name to the Ottoman government. An Oriental king used, in olden times, to sit

at his *gate* to administer justice, as may be learned from many passages in the Bible, as well as from profane writers; our term of "court" is probably derived from a somewhat similar custom. I could not induce the timid Mustafa to introduce me into the sacred precincts of the Seraglio. They are of considerable extent, covering the site of the old free Greek Byzantium.

No part of Constantinople is more celebrated, in the degrading history of the Lower Empire than the Hippodrome; the birthplace of the Blue and Green factions, and the scene of many of their sanguinary contests. It now bears the corresponding name of At-meidan, and until lately was used as an exercise ground for the game of the jerreed, and other equestrian amusements. The principal massacre of the Janizaries took place here. Mustafa was a Janizary, but fortunately absent on one of his Tâtar rides, during the period of proscription, and would not have returned to the capital had his married daughter not been there. He is, I believe, by birth a Suabian. The centre of the At-meidan, now an oblong enclosure, is ornamented with a stone obelisk tottering to its fall, with the twisted trunks of three bronze serpents,* which once supported the golden tripod consecrated by the Greeks in the temple of Delphi, after the defeat of the Persians, (according to Gibbon one

* Mahomed II. is *said* to have cut off their heads with his sabre at a single blow.

of the best authenticated relics of antiquity,) and with an Egyptian obelisk of granite, covered with hieroglyphics, which was placed in the Hippodrome by Theodosius. The pedestal on which it stands is ornamented with tasteless bas-reliefs, bearing evident marks of the decadence of art. On one side is a Greek inscription, on another a Latin one, in honour of Theodosius, "subolique perenni."

The holy and beautiful mosque of Sultan Achmet occupies the south-east side of the At-meidan, with its six graceful minarets of stone; other mosques have only two. We entered the outer enclosure shaded by lofty trees, and looked into an inner court, surrounded by a light arcade, with a fountain in the centre. The great gate is a beautiful specimen of Turkish architecture. This mosque pleased me more than any building I have seen in Constantinople.

The "Burnt Pillar" is as badly placed as that of Marcian, and was much injured by fire fifty years ago; it is now bound in two places by iron hoops. Gibbon asserts that it is a fragment of the lofty column erected by Constantine in the centre of his forum, which supported a bronze colossal statue of Apollo. It is of porphyry, and decorated by garlands of the same material.

I descended a flight of wooden steps into an artificial *souterrain* of octagon form, filled with hundreds of columns, in rows, now used as a rope-walk. Mustafa states that, according to tradition, this vault

was used as a cistern previously to the construction of the aqueduct.

There are many open spaces in Constantinople adjoining to the great mosques, where horses stand like hackney-coaches for hire; and where fruit, pastry, *caimak*,* and *mohalibe*,† are sold. Close to that of Bayazeed is a large enclosure, containing the palace of the Seraskier Pasha, (Commander-in-Chief of the land forces,) a barrack, and a lofty round tower, at the top of which a watch is always stationed to give the alarm in case of fire—no sinecure office in Istamboul! The ascent is steep, but would repay any amount of fatigue, for the panorama view from the summit is perfectly enchanting. Every object about Constantinople appears to most advantage when looked down upon; grandeur is the only thing deficient in the surrounding scenery, and from the Seraskier's tower every part of the four towns, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, Chalcedon, "the city of the blind," the Prince's Islands, and even Mount Olympus, capped with snow, appear to be at one's feet.

Some wretched ragged recruits were at drill in the court of the palace. Lord Ponsonby told me yesterday that the *élite* of the Turkish army is in Albania and Asia Minor, and that the Sultan enlists boys, because some leaven of the old Janizary spirit exists among all grown men. Mr. Slade, on the contrary,

* A dish chiefly composed of curdled milk.

† A description of sweetmeat.

who does not think quite so favourably of modern Turkey as the ambassador, says that the troops in the capital are the best in the Empire; they are the imperial guard.

On my way to the harbour, I looked into a Han, or caravanserai, where foreign Asiatic merchants lodge, and residents frequently send their goods for security against fire. The building I visited this morning is oblong; two galleries are carried round the interior, from which small but clean apartments open. The storehouses are below. The whole is built of stone, and the massive gates are invariably closed at night. The Persian Han is the largest in Constantinople, containing 2,000 rooms. The form is irregular; a chapel is placed in the centre of the court, probably for the worship of the Sheeah sect. I looked with great curiosity at the "Trânees," as the Persians call themselves; they are easily distinguished by their long black beards and flowing garments from the Osmanlis, but are afraid, or ashamed, of wearing the national cap of black lambskin at Constantinople.

I crossed to Scutari with some "T. G.'s," intending to witness the devotions of the howling dervishes, but we were too late. Finding it impossible to procure horses, we hired two "arabas" to convey us to the summit of Boulgourlou. These vehicles are small waggons without springs, often painted and richly ornamented, in which Turkish ladies visit the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia, and other places of

fashionable resort. We passed through a corner of the forest of cypresses, which covers the great burial-ground. Many Osmanlis have in all ages had their parents' bones brought over from Constantinople, and interred here in Asiatic ground, with a presentiment of the loss of their European dominions. One of the Sultan Mahmouds has buried a favourite horse in this grove. The paved road into Asia Minor is in many places destroyed. The hill of Boulgourlou commands one of the finest views of Constantinople and its environs. The sea is always a most lovely blue; the sky neither so deep nor so clear as that of Greece or Italy. On the other side we could see far into Asia Minor—not a very attractive prospect. We descended again to the Bosphorus by a beautiful wooded valley: these shores can boast trees as high and graceful as those of an English forest. Scutari contains a broad street; a fountain of the usual form, near the water's edge, and a large red barrack occupied by a portion of the imperial guard. In the channel, between Scutari and Galata, is a small fortified rock, called Leander's Tower by Franks, and Kis-Kalessi, the Tower of the Maiden, by the Turks. I dined again with the hospitable Mr. Cartwright.

14th—Crossed the Bosphorus again, to see the Sultan go to a small mosque near Scutari. He performs this ceremony weekly, but it is never known until Friday morning which mosque he intends to honour with his devotions. A strong guard formed three

sides of a square, in the centre of which were a band and some great men decorated with epaulettes and diamond stars. Beautiful chargers superbly caparisoned were being led about; the mane and tail of one of them (a light chestnut) were painted red! The ships of the fleet lying opposite were decked out with flags, and fired a salute, when his Highness embarked at his palace of Begler-Beg. He was in a large and beautiful caique pulled by fourteen rowers, with the rapidity of the wind. We saw this boat in the arsenal before it was launched; an ocean-bird of silver, with outstretched wings, adorns the prow. Other caiques followed with the suite. The troops presented arms with tolerable steadiness, when the Sultan landed; the band played a lively march, and the sight would have been really fine, had the old Turkish costume been retained. Mahmoud wore over his surtout a green cloak held up by the Capitan Pasha, and by Bahil Pasha, his (the Sultan's) son-in-law, who seemed to support him. A magnificent aigrette of diamonds sparkled on his plain Fez cap; which was drawn down over the imperial ears. Mahmoud has a black beard, a red nose, and appears to be about forty-five years of age. A double row of myrmidons, who preceded him, halted and fronted at the gate of the mosque, and made an obeisance as he passed. We did not wait to see him return.

I embarked in the afternoon at Galata with my Irish friends: though we had supplied ourselves with



“teskerès,” we were bandied backwards and forwards across the harbour to offices where “backsheesh” was to be given, and we did not clear the Seraglio Point until after five. The evening was delicious, the wind fair, and we soon left Constantinople far behind. Our boat was too narrow for three to lie comfortably abreast, and did not appear calculated to stand a rough sea. The wind freshened at night, the waves rolled high, and occasionally washed over us, whilst we were too closely packed to be able to shift our position.

15th.—Early in the morning, having anchored during some hours in the night, we reached Mondania (the ancient Apamea, or near its site), a village on the southern side of the gulf which bears its name: we dressed and breakfasted at a Turkish café, in a sort of verandah open to the sea. A number of grave Osmanlis were seated cross-legged on mats in the front room, smoking their chibouques and narguilés. There are, by the way, innumerable coffee houses in Constantinople and the adjoining towns: smoking and drinking coffee are the only public amusements of their motley population, and poor must be the wretch who cannot occasionally indulge in these almost universal luxuries.

Braving the midday sun, we started at ten o'clock on poneys. Turkish saddles are very uncomfortable: long before I had reached Broussa my knees were numbed by the irremediable shortness of the stirrup-

leathers. The stirrups are broad iron plates, whose sharp corners fully answer the purpose of spurs. Our baggage was placed on a spare horse led by the "surijee," or postilion. The first hills which we crossed are beautifully cultivated. Olives, walnuts, vines and mulberry-trees grow in profusion; the blue sea, and the mountains which divide the gulfs of Mondania and Nicomedia are occasionally visible through the foliage. As we advanced inland, we found the country more open and less cultivated. The western part of the plain of Broussa is bare and brown, but towards the east it is green, with the most luxuriant vegetation. The first view of the city is very striking. It is placed at the foot of the snowy Olympus, which appears to rise perpendicularly above white mosques and minarets and the romantic walls of the old castle.

Hannibal fled to Prusa from his enemies, and it was here, I believe, that he took poison when Prusias was about to betray him to the Romans. The city was taken from the Greeks by Orchan, the son of Othman, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, and was the first capital of the Ottomans. From a beautiful fountain surrounded by trees, to the gate of the town, a distance of two miles, we rode through a scene of richness such as Lombardy can scarcely equal. Broussa being celebrated for its silk, the mulberry is the staple produce of the plain. Its leaves are of the lightest green, and the tree is

seldom allowed to grow above the height of five feet from the ground. The path is shaded by gigantic walnut-trees and by figs, whose broad leaves perfume the air.

We toiled through the narrow dirty streets of the town for an hour, before we reached our journey's end. It is divided by a deep hollow, on each side of which red cottages are huddled together in picturesque confusion: we paused to admire a green valley terminated by Mount Olympus and an ancient bridge of a single arch, thrown across the ravine. Some shapeless houses have unfortunately been built upon it. At last we reached M. Zohrab's house, who is a Roman Catholic Armenian. He kindly apologised for not being able to take us in, and conducted us to a deserted dwelling which he had hired for us. This house belongs to an Armenian family, and literally contains nothing. We have established ourselves in a verandah looking upon a small court full of sun-flowers. M. Zohrab sent us some food, and K.'s French servant contrived to buy a large flask of Broussa wine from a Christian friend.

We strolled at night to the nearest coffee-house, which is outside the town. We found an assemblage of Turks squatted on the turf under a large plane-tree, and looking at a puppet show, a beastly exhibition, from which we immediately retired in disgust. The Sultan has, greatly to his credit, forbidden all such shows in Constantinople.

16th.—We rode up to the old castle, the walls of which, evidently Roman, are extensive enough to have surrounded a town. They now contain several houses, a mosque, and a prison for outrageously disreputable women. The view from the castle of the town and plain is superb. We next visited the mineral baths, which are placed upon a hill above the Mondania road, about a mile from Broussa. A cold spring rises in the outer room of the principal "hummaum," where bathers unrobe and dress. We penetrated through the centre apartment, which is oppressively hot, into the third room, where the hot spring rises into a large stone basin, in which some twenty Turks were swimming; but we soon rushed out half suffocated with vapour.

Returning by an upper road, at the foot of the hills, we passed under a chenar, the finest tree I think I ever saw. The verdure of this country in the month of August is astonishing. Snow from Olympus is sold at the corner of every street in Broussa.

K—— and M—— went to see the looms belonging to the Frenchman who sold us the welcome wine yesterday. He says that the silk manufacture has not been long established at Broussa. There are a large number of Armenian families established in the town. Some of their women, whose faces I have been fortunate enough to see, are exceedingly handsome. The old Turkish costume seems to be universally worn by the Osmanlis of Broussa. We started

at half-past six, and so many difficulties were made at the post-house, in a dirty lane, about our horses, that it was nearly dark before we had cleared the town. It is always advisable to travel with a firman in Turkey. I forgot to say that Broussa is still suffering severely from the plague. My stirrups were if anything shorter than yesterday. I suffered from indigestion, felt feverish, and was right glad to see the Gulf of Mondania, above which a pale moon was rising from the last hill. We arrived at the coffee-house at half-past twelve, and I slept in the verandah. I owe much to Mr. R——, the Commissary at Corfù, for recommending me to buy a thick quilt: it has been my bed for many nights.

17th.—We embarked at eight A.M. I never suffered so much from heat; we were cramped and crowded all the morning in the boat, without any protection against the scorching sun. It was impossible to face the north wind at the mouth of the gulf, so we landed and passed the day under the scanty shade of a solitary plane near the promontory of Posidium. Passengers from several other boats were landed at the same spot, and sat in circles to eat their frugal repasts. Among them were some Arabs of Damascus, dressed in gay and varied colours. Two grey-bearded old gentlemen were very socially inclined towards us: a large bottle, whose contents looked very like wine, was seldom from their lips, and they drank some of our brandy with evident satisfac-

tion. In the presence of so many Mussulmans this violation of the precept of their prophet seems rather astonishing.

The sun went down with great splendour behind the peninsula of Cyzica and little island of Marmora. Soon afterwards we laid down to sleep in our narrow boat, and sailed at midnight.

13th.—On awaking, Constantinople appeared before us, at no great distance. We made the Seven Towers, then rowed along the walls of the city, and across the harbour to Tophana.

21st.—The plague increased in violence during our absence at Broussa ; the Jews, everywhere an unclean race, and here particularly ill-used and filthy, are the chief sufferers. I have not been able to resist the pleasure of another visit to Constantinople, though there is much fear of infection in the crowded bazaars. It is curious to see the pains which every one takes to avoid touching those whom he meets : people seem to be making way for each other with the most polite *empressement*. I met one corpse in Galata, hurried along in a covered bier ; some Franks who were near stuffed their fingers up their noses, to avoid inhaling infection. As far as I can learn, however, plague is only communicated by the touch. I ruined myself in the bazaar buying slippers and embroidery, which will probably be tarnished long before they reach England. In the court of Sultan Achmet's mosque many devout Mussulmans were performing their

ablutions at little fountains, or rather water-cocks inserted for that purpose into the walls of the building. We ventured to peep through a window into the sacred precincts of the Temple. All looked grand and solemn. The pavement was thronged with kneeling worshippers; but before we had time to distinguish objects clearly, a Turk rushed out furiously to drive us away. It is more difficult for a Giaour to enter Sultan Achmet's than any other mosque, except perhaps St. Sophia. Formerly, admittance to the latter was comparatively easy; but it is said that Greeks and Armenians began to pray there, which alarmed the superstition and aroused the anger of the Mussulmans. A firman to see all the mosques is usually given by the Sultan to any foreigner of distinction who chooses to pay for it, and this admits as many Franks as may wish to follow in his train.

I saw many Jews in the course of my walk; one of them annoyed me greatly by persisting in following us: they had vile countenances. A black hat, round which a black and white shawl, of a peculiar wavy pattern, is twisted in the place of a brim, is the distinctive head-dress of the race.

This morning we again saw the Sultan coming out of a mosque, in a barrack, which forms a conspicuous object at the head of the lowest reach in the Bosphorus. It was pleasant to listen to the murmurs of a fountain, and to see the escort of His Highness, with their horses picketed under the shade of some magni-

ificent chenars close to the shore. The Sultan conversed for some minutes before he got into his caique with Khoosroo, the all-powerful Seraskier Pasha, a cunning-looking little old man, with a white beard. They say he is a monster of iniquity. Urquhart has accused him in a pamphlet of selling Reschid Pasha's army to Ibrahim for Russian gold! The Sultan saw us standing uncovered, and condescended to send an officer to ask who we were, and whence we came. I observed the guard marching back to Begler-Beg. Their ranks were soon broken, nor did they attempt to keep step, though the band was playing at their head. We dined with Mr. Cartwright.

22*d.*—I rode with M—— to the Sweet Waters, and entered Constantinople by the second gate from the suburb of Eyoub. A long straight street, both broad and clean, leads thence into the heart of the town. It is melancholy to see how large a space is unoccupied, and how much ground is covered with ruined houses. Turning to the left we reached the ancient wall of the harbour, as old apparently, but by no means so strong, as the land defences of the city. It was upon that tower, perhaps, that "blind Old Dandolo," with the banner of St. Mark unfurled, was the first to set his foot, followed by the Venetian Crusaders; and there perhaps the bold Bishops of Troyes and Soissons led the van in the second storm!

23*d.*—I was awakened by the intelligence of the

Pluto's arrival, and immediately hurried on board. Mr. McNeil, the Secretary of Legation, has not accompanied Mr. Ellis. Capt. Ruddell, of the Bengal army, is acting in his place; Capt. Stoddart* and Dr. Bell form part of the embassy; Sir F. Hopkins and Capt. Drinkwater, R. N., have come out as amateurs. I went up to Therapia in the *Pluto*, and Mr. Cartwright carried me back in his Wallachian waggon, which jolted me almost to pieces before we arrived at the Consulate.

From a wooded eminence covered with fern, immediately above Therapia, there is a glorious view of the entrance into the Black Sea. On the Asiatic shore three promontories, each terminated by a white fort and minaret, project into the blue waves of the Bosphorus. A corresponding cape is visible on the opposite European coast. Below, in a lovely bay, lies the village of Buyukderè, with its large painted houses, backed by gardens, vineyards, woods, and hills; to the left is a broad green valley, closed at its upper extremity by the pointed arches of a stone aqueduct. A number of merchant vessels of all nations are anchored opposite Therapia, near the Sultan's Valley; above them, on the Asiatic shore,

* The melancholy fate of this most zealous officer and excellent man is well known. The Queen and country had not a more faithful and devoted servant than poor Stoddart. His abilities were good, his mind indefatigable. Not only was he a good soldier, but a sincere and humble-minded Christian, who at last, with the admirable Conolly, endured a painful martyrdom rather than deny his Lord. One of the last letters he ever wrote from Bokhara, was to me.

are the Giant's Mountain and the far-famed Unkiar-Skelessi. This is a scene which really makes one's heart dance with delight! Some isolated pillars connected with the aqueduct are the only objects which arrest the eye on the brown hills between Therapia and Pera, until the sea of Marmora and Constantinople become visible. The troops were at drill when we passed the camp, some in squads with firelocks, some working the guns on foot. I dined *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Cartwright, whose conversation was extremely interesting and instructive. There was some idea at one time, I have understood, of displacing him, but the Duke of Wellington left a memorandum at the Foreign Office, recommending that he should be kept at Constantinople.

26th.—I dawdled on horseback yesterday evening down to the new palace which the Sultan is building opposite Begler-Beg. Thence I strolled through a richly cultivated valley among vineyards, gardens, and narrow green lanes. On the height immediately above the Bosphorus I found an oblong enclosure of level ground, shaded by spreading pines of the tenderest green; two stone tablets, on which inscriptions in the Turkish character are engraved, are placed diagonally within its precincts. It is from an adjoining but more elevated spot that, if a lovely evening and an unusually transparent atmosphere did not deceive me, Constantinople and its environs would be most advantageously painted. Hence the eye wanders

over the lower reach of the Bosphorus, Begler-Beg, the fleet, Scutari, its barracks, mosques and cypresses; and beyond Chalcedon a low wooded cape projecting into the Propontis; far to the south-east the view is closed by the blue mountains of Asia Minor, amongst which Olympus is distinguished by its eternal snow; the still blue waters of the sea of Marmora are bounded only by the western horizon; the nearer beauties of the Seraglio Point, the Dome of St. Sophia, the minarets of Sultan Achmet and other great mosques, the shipping in the Golden Horn, Leander's Tower, and the suburb of Pera, complete a view

“So wondrous *fair*, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.”

I rode to Therapia with Bell this morning, and have now taken up my quarters in the *Pluto*, to the discomfort of which even my small room at Giuseppini's was a comparative paradise. The vicinity of the engine renders the principal cabin fearfully hot, and at night I am shut up in a narrow cell, partitioned off from the pandemonium occupied by a ruffianly set of travelling servants, and cannot avoid hearing every syllable of their conversation, which is seldom complimentary to their masters.

29th.—I have been hard at work copying despatches both yesterday and to-day. Lord Ponsonby invited us all to a great diplomatic dinner. I sat next to

the French ambassador, Admiral Roussin, a blunt, silent sailor. Boutanieff the Russian ambassador, Sturmer the Internuncio, and their suites were of the party.

29th.—On Thursday we steamed down to Galata to take in coals, &c., and our whole party ate a merry dinner with Mr. Cartwright, the “King of Trumps.” We were to have started for Therapia at three o’clock yesterday afternoon, but unluckily our anchor was entangled with that of another ship, and we did not get away till seven, thereby losing our dinner with Admiral Roussin.

Mr. Ellis having asked for an audience of the Sultan, this day was fixed on for the ceremony. He left the English palace early, in Lord Ponsonby’s state caique, accompanied by Stoddart, Hopkins, old Pisani the chief Dragoman, and myself. We passed Milosch, Prince of Servia, but his audience preceded ours, which caused considerable delay. We landed at the steps of the Palace of Istavros, or Begler-Beg, one of the numerous edifices which Sultan Mahmoud has run up since the destruction of the Janizaries. It is said that His Highness’s passion for wood and paint is occasioned by a tradition that his life will last so long only as he continues to build—a ruinous prophecy for his subjects! I wish he would choose less flaunting colours for his palaces, which are all of the style that *we* call “gingerbread.”

We were received by Fethi-Achmet Pasha, who commands the guards, ("unworthily" as he modestly, but I have no doubt truly, said.) He conducted us to a pavilion outside the palace, where coffee, sweet-meats, and chibouques were brought to us. The Sultan has lately forbidden his pashas to offer pipes to *ordinary* visitors. A handsome chibouque with its amber mouth-piece is a very expensive article, and a large establishment of them requires the attendance of a proportionate number of servants. Fethi-Achmet Pasha was a shoemaker, and when inspecting the barracks of the Imperial Guard, frequently instructs an unskilful recruit whom he sees bungling in the exercise of his old profession. Indeed he is even said to have given a specimen of his skill in cobbling at St. Petersburg on some grand occasion, to the great edification of the tight-laced Muscovites. He conversed with Mr. Ellis by means of old Pisani, with good sense and politeness, and seems to have some share of general information. He at length conducted us towards the abode of royalty.

The troops under arms wore clean white belts, and were altogether the best looking soldiers I have seen in Turkey. The worst defect under which this army labours, is that of officers. There is no aristocratic class in the Ottoman empire, the members of which might by hereditary right command the respect of the soldiery; and in a new army officers cannot at once be chosen by seniority, nor yet by merit, of

which they have had no opportunity of giving proof. If the Sultan would organize a Model Regiment, composed of active, respectable, and intelligent young men, have them thoroughly drilled and educated by Europeans of character, and then distribute them as officers in a small army, he might lay a solid foundation for a disciplined military force. A system in some degree similar has been adopted with success by Mehemet Ali. All officers of the army are now nominally chosen by the Seraskier, and of the navy, by the Capitan Pasha; but the old plan of raising men at once from nothing to high situations in those professions still continues,—I have observed negro officers even in the Imperial Guard. A captain receives rations and the monthly stipend of 150 piastres, (about *1l. 9s. 6d.*) a private 20 piastres, with his clothes and rations; the latter is usually obliged to pay for boots, with which he is badly supplied by government.

On entering the outer enclosure of the palace, we uncovered, and as our feet crossed the threshold, a military band struck up “God save the King.” Trophies are sculptured above the two large gateways which open upon the Bosphorus; the parquets of the palace are beautiful both in form and pattern; the staircases of dark-coloured wood are likewise very handsome. The ceilings and galleries are ornamented with paintings of roses, by no means ill-executed. We crossed a large room, which would be admired

anywhere; the decorations and furniture are completely European. Achmet Pasha told Mr. Ellis that everything he saw was made by Turks; but Count Boutanieff took care to let him know that Begler-Beg is full of his Emperor's gifts: among these, I admired some superb vases of malachite. We descended by a staircase and hall, the fac-simile of those by which we had entered, crossed a court into another division of the palace, traversed a long corridor, ascended a grand staircase crowded with attendants and courtiers in their frightful Nizam costume, and finally were ushered into the boudoir of the Sultan.

There are windows on three sides of this room; Mahmoud was seated in the centre of a short couch at the upper end of it, with his back to the sea; a row of dirty looking courtiers stood at his left hand. His appearance is dignified, and but for his red nose he would be rather handsome. Ill-natured people say that His Highness, the Vicegerent of the Prophet and head of the Soonies, is much addicted to champagne, a liquor which, according to some Mussulman casuists with easy consciences, is not wine. The Sultan did not move a muscle until Mr. Ellis's speech, (remarkably well pronounced,) had been translated to him by Pisani, who, like Achmet and the Turks, touched the earth, his mouth, and his head, each time he spoke to the Sultan or was addressed by him. Mr. Ellis's speech was of course full of compliments; he spoke of his good fortune in seeing a prince who has

done so much for his country, on whom the eyes of all Europe are fixed, &c. His Highness, in reply, expressed his satisfaction with the manner in which Namick Pasha * and the naval officers sent to England for instruction had been received.

Mahmoud graciously inquired whether the firmans for our suite had been made out, and then desired that the palace should be shown to us. We were accordingly conducted through several apartments. I remarked a telescope and a drawing of a steamboat in his private sitting-room which looked comfortable and business-like. There is a large garden behind the palace, consisting of a parterre full of flowers at the foot of a hill, on the side of which four principal terraces and several smaller ones have been cut; the bare light green walls behind them are conspicuous objects from the opposite shore.

Achmet Pasha and Pisani congratulated the Elchee upon his auspicious interview and the peculiarly flattering manner in which he had been received. We then re-embarked, and returned to Therapia.

A large party of us hired horses at Buyukderè in the afternoon, and rode to Belgrade. Some Turkish

* Namick Pasha is at present under the immediate command of Tahir, who, being of the old school, perhaps thinks Namick too European in his tastes and opinions. The latter, therefore, to prove his true Osmanli zeal and prejudices, himself administered summary punishment upon the person of a Hydriote captain who refused to rise when the Capitan Pasha, accompanied by his satellites, passed along the streets of the capital a few days ago!

picnic parties were sitting under a group of magnificent plane-trees luxuriant in decay, which grow in a large meadow, the lower part of the Valley of Buyukderè. Oxen, unharnessed from the gay Arabas which had brought these visitors, were browsing beside them. We passed the aqueduct, and turning to the right rode for some miles in the direction of the Black Sea, through a forest of beeches, oaks, stone-pines, and many other trees. No turquoise can equal in brightness and freshness the blue of the Bosphorus, a corner of which appeared from the head of a wooded glen, like a little lake, encircled by the hills of Europe and Asia. The village of Belgrade is very small, a wooden cottage (now the property of Mr. Black, one of the first British merchants in Turkey) was pointed out to us as the abode of my great-great grandmother, Lady Mary W. Montagu, whence so many of her letters are dated. On our way back we went to look at two of the "Bunds," strong and handsome stone works, built across defiles to retain the water with which Constantinople is supplied.

30th.—Ruddell and I accompanied Mr. Ellis to a great diplomatic dinner, given by Count Boutanieff. His Excellency is a smooth smiling man, with a pale complexion, and a countenance formed to conceal rather than express the workings of the mind. He received us with a hundred bows, and presented us to Madame de Boutanieff. He and our ambassador had a long *tête-à-tête* afterwards, whilst Lord Pon-

sonby and the Internuncio were engaged in close conference at a window. The house seems to be excellent, and has a beautiful garden full of fine trees behind; it is provoking to know that it might have been bought by our government for 500*l.* a few years ago! At last we got away, the Ambassador shook Mr. Ellis's hand nearly off, and was profuse in his bows and civil speeches to Ruddell and myself.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLAGUE ON THE INCREASE—GREEK SHIP BOARDED BY TURKS—NEWS FROM SCUTARI—TAXES—DECAY OF FANATICISM—TREATY OF UNKIAR-SKELESSI—FORTIFICATIONS ROUND THERAPIA—INTERESTING RUIN—THE SYMPLEGADES—COLOUR OF THE BLACK SEA—SINOPE—CAPE JASOUN—KERESOUN—CAPE OROS—VIEW FROM THE DECK—TREBIZOND—RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE—CAMP OF THE TEN THOUSAND—FIRST VIEW OF CAUCASUS—CLOSE CULTIVATION—MIRZA ABBAS—JEVIZLIK—INTOXICATING HONEY—PASS OF KARA-KAPAN—MAADAN—MINES—THE LAZI—ARMENIAN BURIAL-GROUND—BALLAHORE—BAIBOORT—MASSAHT—KUSHAPONAR—THE FRAT, OR NORTHERN EU-PHRATES—ERZERROOM—ARMENIANS.

31st.—THE Plague increases. One cannot enter any house at Buyukderè or Therapia without being first put into a sort of sentry-box, and smoked until one is almost suffocated.

Yesterday some Turks boarded a Greek ship in the harbour, tore down the flag and beat the crew, an event which has caused a conference between the English, Turkish, and Russian ambassadors. The news from Albania, where the Pasha of Scutari has been forced by his subjects to rebel against the Sultan, is said to be very alarming. There the

principal grievance is the Nizam dress, which Mahmoud, in his rage for reform, is trying to force upon the natives, instead of their wild antique costume. It is the opinion of many well-informed Franks here that Turkey would fall of herself if there were no Russia to intrigue against her. Taxes are much higher now than they were under the old regime, whilst the pashas grind just as they used to do: above all the spirit and bigotry of Mahomedanism, the common link which united men of different origin and character, is rapidly decaying.

Mr. Urquhart is right in stating that many of the laws and institutions of the Ottoman empire are excellent; but he has forgotten to add that mal-administration has rendered them in a great measure useless, and that the energies and industry of a Christian population, three times more numerous in European Turkey than the Osmanlis, are depressed and fettered by a tyrannical government. By the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, Russia has not only acquired the right denied to other friendly powers, of navigating the Bosphorus and Dardanelles with ships of war, but is bound always to maintain a corps d'armée in the Crimea, ready to embark for Constantinople at a moment's notice, should the Sultan require their services! We cannot complain of this treaty. Turkey, before she addressed herself to Russia, applied to England for help, which was refused by Lord Palmerston. The smallest demon-

stration on the part of our fleet would have stopped Ibrahim Pasha at the Issus, and given us real and lasting claims upon the gratitude of the Sultan. Lord Ponsonby remained at Naples, it is to be presumed by order, long after he had been appointed to Constantinople, where he did not arrive until Orloff's army was encamped on the Giant's mountain.

The *Pluto* left Therapia at three o'clock. She carries an admiralty yacht flag (invented, I believe, for the occasion), lest the British ensign should be refused admittance into the "Russian Lake." The guns were removed before the *Pluto* left England, except two swivels for saluting. There are ten castles, with most formidable batteries of guns pointed in every direction, but all commanded by the hills behind them, along the shore, between the Black Sea and the reach of Buyukderè. Other batteries to the left of Therapia are placed so as to enfilade the Channel. Many of these forts mount iron guns, though the Turkish ordnance is in general brass. Above a castle on the Asiatic side there is a fine old ruin, with a turreted wall descending from the summit of the hill to the water's edge; some say, which is most probable, that it was built by the Genoese; others assert that it was a Byzantine fortress, built in the ancient days of Grecian freedom. At the entrance of the channel, some small and rugged rocks rise out of the sea, just beyond the outermost cape on the European shore; these are the

Symplegades, or Cyanean Islands, which, according to the old fable, floated about and destroyed all ships that attempted to enter the stormy Euxine until Minerva fixed them, and guided the *Argo* safely through the Bosphorus. We were tossed about a good deal at dinner time. I persevered in eating and drinking, and obtained a signal victory over my unruly stomach, notwithstanding a vile smell of bilge-water.

Sept. 1st.—Stormy again to-day. The Black Sea is actually darker in colour than any other which I have navigated. We have kept near the coast of Asia Minor all day. The hills are high, and wooded towards the top; their sides are beautifully green.

2d.—We passed Sinope in the middle of the day, the birthplace of Diogenes. The modern town is built on a narrow neck of land which joins a high and rocky peninsula with the continent. Upon this peninsula the ancient city, founded by the Argonauts, colonised by the Milesians, for many years the capital of Pontus, and finally taken by Lucullus, was built. It is oblong, and terminated towards the sea by an abrupt precipice. Sinope is now one of the principal dockyards of the Turkish empire, and a great deal of wood for ship-building is carried thence to Constantinople; the coast towards the east produces oak, and towards the west fir-trees. The peninsula affords shelter from the north-west winds, which are the most violent and the most prevalent in the Black

Sea. The harbour is on the east side, and defended by an old Genoese castle, half ruined, and by a turreted wall, flanked by towers, along the beach. An impregnable fortress might be constructed on the promontory, as the nearest hill is several miles distant; but the only work upon it is a small battery towards the east, which does not command the harbour.

4th.—The sea was smooth yesterday. The land was at a considerable distance; but we made out Cape Jasoun, which reminded me of the “good ship *Argo*,” Medea (consequently Pasta), &c., and Keresoun, whence cherries were first introduced into Europe by Lucullus. Towards evening we neared the coast. Cape Oros looked high and grand by moonlight. I was heartily rejoiced after I had retired to rest to hear our arrival in the roadstead of Trebizond announced by the fire of one of our swivels. The *Pluto* is a most uncomfortable, unsafe, crank, rolling steamer; but her commander, Duffill, is so good a fellow, that one has not been inclined to complain of anything.

I was delighted with the view of Trebizond and the surrounding scenery when I went on deck this morning. A rocky headland, covered with old walls, concealed the more populous part of the city. These ruins were left unfinished by a pasha, whose enemies wrote word to Constantinople that he presumed to erect a palace in imitation of the Seraglio; he was

immediately requested to strangle himself, which he did! The Christian suburb is scattered amongst vineyards and olive-trees, behind this rock. Higher up, groups of the largest cypresses I ever saw adorn the cemetery. A bold hill rises abruptly in rear of the town. The wooded mountains beyond are cleft by a beautiful defile, at the entrance to which a high-arched Turkish bridge has been thrown across a stream. Far off in the east, the mountainous shores of Laziston are visible. The roadstead of Trebizond is open; ships anchor between the promontory and the slight projection of the coast a little to the east. Mr. Brant, the vice-consul, is absent in the interior; but we are comfortably lodged in his house, where Mr. Sutor does the honours. After breakfast, the Austro-Russian consul, M. Gherzi, a gentlemanlike Genoese, and M. Outré, the consul-general of France, called on Mr. Ellis.

10th.—Trebizond, the ancient Trapezus, was founded by a colony from Sinope; it is honourably mentioned by Xenophon in the Anabasis. Hadrian constructed an artificial harbour, some vestiges of which remain, and a double fortification, which did not save the city from the fury of the Goths, who surprised and plundered it A. D. 259. When the Greek empire was conquered by the Crusaders, one of the Comneni, who was governor of Trebizond, maintained his independence, and his descendants were emperors of the country between Sinope and the

entrance of the Phasis, until after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks.

The plague carries off about twelve daily out of a population of 20,000. The Turks seldom include females in their bills of mortality; but I believe that this calculation was made by an European. The servants are consequently shut up in the house, and our own movements are restricted, which I regret, as there must be a good deal that is interesting to see in the town. Mr. Brant rode into the consulate unexpectedly from Erzeroom, on the morning after our arrival. He is a prepossessing person, sanguine, shrewd and enterprising. It was delightful to see the joy with which he was welcomed by his whole household.

It has rained during the greater part of every day. On Sunday I took advantage of a few clear hours to climb the steep hill which overhangs the town. It must have been here that the "Ten Thousand" encamped, sacrificed, and held their gymnastic games and races, as described by Xenophon. There are remains of very strongly constructed buildings, and of a long wall on this hill. Returning we crossed the Maidan, where some of the horses and mules, sorry jades hired for our journey, were already picketed: their drivers were squatted in circles around small fires. The heavy baggage was started yesterday, and the light baggage, as it is by courtesy called, was sent off this morning at an early hour.

Our departure was delayed by a breakfast given by M. Gherzi.

M. Tchevkine, the newly appointed Russian consul at Erzeroom, left Trebizond with us ; and with Messrs. Brant, Gherzi, Sutor, Johnstone, and Mr. B——, we formed a large cavalcade. A stout drunken-looking chaoush of the Pasha's, with red eyes and white moustachios, led the way. He was superbly dressed in a red embroidered jacket and trowsers, green sleeves, and a dark-coloured shawl round his waist, in which a yatagan, a dagger, and two long pistols were stuck. Mahomed Aga, at Tâtar attached to the consulate at Constantinople, and son-in-law to old Mustafa, likewise escorted us. Ascending the steep hill between the town, we for the first time saw part of the Caucasus covered with snow, rising perpendicularly far beyond the horizon, at the eastern extremity of the Black Sea. It was a glorious sight ; I remember nothing equal to it, except views of the Alps from Novara and Turin. The day was perfect.

After crossing the hill by a horrible road, seldom wide enough in the passable places to admit two horses abreast, and covered with loose stones or mud, we descended into the valley which I saw from the *Pluto*. It is watered by a rapid stream called *Dermenderè*, from the number of mills on its banks. During the day's ride I was frequently reminded of the *riant* features of Swiss scenery. Every accessible slope has been cultivated : where too steep to be

dug or ploughed, the hills are clothed with trees, or descend in scarped precipices to the valley.*

On a lofty wooded eminence, above the junction of a lateral defile, a feudal chief, called Derè-Beg, or "Lord of the Valley," has fixed his abode. It is a modern building, with a projecting upper story and a low tiled roof. Fountains with arabesque cornices are placed by the road-side, but they are now most of them dry, and the troughs of many are broken. At one spot the stream bursts through a narrow chasm, between a precipitous rock and a sloping bank covered with grass, and "creeping shrubs of thousand dyes."

The scenery became more wild as we advanced, and the summits of the bold rocky mountains are frequently covered with ancient towers. Mr. Ellis is well-mounted, horses having been lent to him, and Osman Pasha, of Trebizond, having given him a very good pony in return for a gold watch. We are all on wretched hacks hired for the journey. Our dresses are not a little amusing from their variety, and must indeed "astonish the natives." S—— wears a new undress coat of the staff corps, with gold-laced trowsers, a sash, and a splendid sword-knot; H—— a high glazed schako with a tight embroidered jacket and trowsers. The remainder of the party have adopted every variety of great-coat, surtout, and

* The industrious cultivators of this valley are Greek Christians.—
AINSWORTH.

shooting-jacket ; the servants, like ourselves, are armed with swords and pistols. Mirza Abbas, a one-eyed Persian servant, is one of the most useful members of the caravan. He is dressed in a black lambskin cap, a black caftan, orange under-garment, voluminous light green trowsers and red boots drawn over them, all marvellously the worse for wear, and carries a German gun slung behind his back, which he intends to sell at an enormous profit at Tabreez. The Pasha has furnished us with a guard of sixteen peasants ; they are short but sinewy men, armed with small old-fashioned Turkish firelocks ; they wear embroidered brown jackets, and loose breeches of the same colour.

We reached Jevizlik, a small village, our halting-place for the night, at half-past four ; it is a beautiful spot ; the baggage horses are picketed in a green meadow beside the stream. Ellis is quartered in the post-house, where he has given corners to Ruddell and myself. It consists of one large room, three sides of which are raised and boarded. The other four occupy a mud-floored hovel over the way. Ellis carries a portable table and chairs, and two hours after our arrival, his German cook Antonio, a friend of Mustafa's, produced an excellent dinner. A stream flowing from the West here joins the Dermenderè, another Derè-Beg has a castle on the hill above, which commands both valleys. The high pointed bridge over the Dermenderè is a very picturesque object.

11th.—We started at a quarter before seven, after a rough breakfast eaten standing at the door of the post-house. We crossed the bridge and followed the Gumish-Khaneh path up the valley for about a quarter of a mile, and then began to ascend the high ridge, one of the *contre-forts* of the range of mountains which we saw from the Black Sea. For several miles we rode through fields of hemp, Indian corn and maize, which is the common food of the inhabitants of Lazistan. The hedges beside our path abounded in creepers, and vines hung in festoons from every bough. Advancing, we entered a forest of tall and straight beech-trees and gigantic firs. The “Pontica Pinus, sylvæ filia nobilis,” well maintains its ancient reputation. The ground beneath is covered with a thick underwood of fern, of rhododendron and of the Azalea Pontica. The latter shrub is found on all the mountains towards the east of the Euxine; the bees which feed on its flowers still produce the same intoxicating and noxious honey as that which caused so much sickness in the Grecian army. Our road, a mixture of deep mud and broken pavement, kept the upper part of a deep ridge, on either side of which are deep and narrow valleys, watered by brawling brooks, which, as seen at a depth below, look like threads of silver. These glens seem to be populous; cottages roofed with wood are scattered singly or clustered into villages on the mountain sides, in the midst of cultivation and verdure. Higher up the pass

sycamore-trees, already brown with autumnal tints, succeed the firs.

There is a post-house in a still more elevated position, just above the region of wood. We halted there for two hours, and greatly enjoyed some bread full of sand and tolerable butter, an article which I had not met with in an eatable shape since I left the Tyrol. From this point there is a beautiful view of the Black Sea, which remained in sight for many miles of our subsequent journey, and was at last only concealed by a thick haze which rendered it impossible to distinguish its waters from the sky. We passed close to several thick patches of snow,—the tops of the mountains are covered with it,—and we hear that there has been a very heavy fall within the last few days.

From the highest point of the pass of Kara-kapàn, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, a labyrinth of mountains as far as the eye could reach opened into view. They resemble the Apennines, but on a gigantic scale. My horse was so knocked up, that I was obliged to walk the greatest part of the way. An eagle hovered near us for some time; we lost the track for a short distance, but at last, at about six o'clock, discovered the smoke of a few hovels at the bottom of a dreary valley, among brown barren hills. This was Maadan, our *gîte* for the night. The muleteers call the day's journey ten fursukhs, or thirty miles; but I do not think the distance was so great. The chaoush sent for the head man of the village, and desired him

to clear out a certain number of houses immediately; the inhabitants were themselves obliged to sweep their mud floors. The hovels which we occupy, of course the best in the village, are built of stone cemented with mud instead of mortar, roofed with turf and built against or into the hill side in such a manner that one might ride over them without discovering that they were habitations, unless he fell down the chimney, or into the window, which are alike mere holes in the flat roof.

I never felt so sudden a change of climate as our elevation produced; we shivered over a wood fire which smoked enough to put one's eyes out until nine o'clock, when dinner was at length announced. Stoddart and Bell employed their time more usefully in going to see a copper-mine, which they say is worked in the most wasteful manner. We are informed that there are forty-six mines of silver and lead in the district of Gumish-khaneh (the house of silver), a town on the post-road not many miles distant. This is the country of the Chalybes, once famous as workers in iron and steel, who derived their name from the productions of their soil.

M. Tchevkine told us this morning, when we overtook him at the post-house, that our chaoush recovered only two days ago from the plague, and that the men admitted into the consulate to sew up our heavy baggage in coverings of felt, were the people employed to wash the bodies of those who had died of the

disease. I believe both these stories to be fabrications, invented to prove that the Russian has the means of obtaining more correct information and readier assistance from the Pasha than the British Consulate.

12th.—Mr. Ellis entrusted money to recompense our ejected landlords to the head man of the village, a fat quiz, in a red caftan and broad white turban: I hope he will not cheat the poor wretches. It is bitterly cold this morning: we did not start till half-past eight. The journey was about eighteen miles in length, very mountainous, but generally on a descent after the first hour. The road is narrow and rocky, and very steep. The rocks are chiefly of a reddish colour, spotted a good deal with green. We met two caravans of donkeys laden with copper in bars from the mines. The lower ridges of the mountain towards the south are covered with dwarf pines and juniper bushes. I was much struck with the view from one of them down into the depths beneath us, and of the high range stretching from the neighbourhood of Erzeroom, round to the south-west. We are now at Wassernee, a scattered village in a pretty cultivated valley. The honey at this place is delicious. Bell has been doctoring the wife and child of the Russian Tergiman at Erzeroom, who suffered severely from cold in crossing Kara-kapàn, a few days ago. The Tergiman gives a most pathetic account of a snow-storm in which he and his family (he says) were nearly lost.

Women conceal their faces much more in this part of Asia Minor than they do at Constantinople. At Trebizond they wore black veils, which covered their faces completely. In the villages they throw a shawl over their heads whenever they see us; and to-day four women dropped from the causeway into a field, and hid themselves until we had passed. We took a long walk up the valley by the side of a clear rapid stream. Every edge and every crevice in the rocks produce barley. The Lazi, who inhabit the mountains to the north-east, cultivate such perpendicular spots, that it is said they are obliged to tie their bodies to the trees above them when they dig.

13th.—The country through which we rode to-day is uninteresting, but the road good—that is, practicable for the arabas employed in carrying the harvest. A good deal of wheat is grown in the valleys; the higher ground is covered with patches of gum-tragacanth, a medicinal plant of a pale grey colour. We have only ridden sixteen miles to-day. At the entrance to Ballahore, a considerable village where we are quartered, we passed an Armenian burial-ground; the tomb-stones are, or have been, upright: a peculiarly shaped cross is engraved upon each of them.

We are ill lodged to-day; three of us occupy the single room of a hovel; fumes of charcoal, used in baking pottery, are emitted from a hole in the mud floor. Ellis fares no better; the chaoush came in after dinner to entreat his pardon for putting him

into such a den. The great lump of a man actually pretended to shed tears, and protested that he would fly to Greece or Italy, (I wonder where he could have learned so much geography?) when Ellis threatened to send him back to Trebizond. Ballahore boasts a mosque and a minaret. It is an agricultural village, situated in the corner of a small well-cultivated plain watered by a rivulet. A great many oxen are employed in treading out corn; they are yoked to a thick board, on which a man stands and drives them slowly round and round a threshing-floor of hardened earth. The sheep in this country herd with the goats: another reminiscence of Scripture.

14th.—We started at half-past eight. The road continued to be practicable for carriages, and two high bridges have lately been thrown across a stream. Two Turks rode out from Baiboort to meet us, with the chaoush, who had been sent forward. The castle is built on an oblong mass of marble rock, about 400 feet in height, scarpred on every side, but sloping gradually downwards at its eastern extremity, until it is terminated by a precipice; this declivity lays the lower part of the fortress open to a stony hill which commands it. The ancient Acampsis, now the Tchourouk, a rapid stream, about thirty feet wide and four deep, flows round the foot of the rock, through a gorge just wide enough to admit a narrow path. The Russians took Baiboort towards the close of the last war, but with considerable loss. A relation of Prince

Paskiewitsch was killed in the first attack, which was unsuccessful. The post is one of importance, as it commands the roads to Trebizond, Batoum, and Erzeroum.

The town of Baiboort is extensive; it is built on both sides of the river, and contains about 10,000 inhabitants. Before the Russian invasion, the population was much greater; but they persuaded a great many families to emigrate with their army. The houses assigned to us have each a story above the ground-floor accessible by a ladder staircase. We visited the castle whilst the baggage was coming up; the Russians destroyed great part of it after its surrender. The outer *enceinte* is in a *délabré* condition; the inner wall of sandstone is still entire, and consists of an irregular line, flanked by small angles, semicircles, and here and there a bastion of diminutive proportions. Of the interior defences, three square towers, one in the centre, and one at each extremity of the fort, remain standing amidst a heap of ruined buildings. There is an arabesque cornice on one part of the outer wall, and a lion and tiger are rudely carved on the portals. Gardens, neatly cultivated, and orchards, enliven the banks of the Tchourouk. This river empties itself into the Black Sea near Batoum. I looked into the town in the afternoon; great part of it is in ruins, but some stone houses have an air of neatness and finish. Their flat roofs, slightly projecting, are supported by wooden cornices.

The excellent Antonio being ill, he was allowed to repose, and we ate a regular Turkish dinner of pillaus and stews. The cookery disappointed us.

15th.—A crowd collected to see the Feringhees start: the women, full of curiosity, huddled themselves together on the tops of the adjoining houses. Some of the chimney-tops at Baiboort are made of wood, and are immense in proportion to the size of the houses. We ascended the valley of the Tchourouk. The hills on each side are of a reddish colour, and sprinkled with juniper and dwarf cypress-trees. A good deal of corn is grown in the valley and on the lower slopes; the country might, I think, be made more of, but the population is very scanty. The semi-nakedness of the children is the only apparent symptom of poverty. The banks of the stream are thickly covered with bushes, whose leaves are of a light colour. They produce a yellow berry (not, I believe, *the* yellow berry), useful in dyeing. A few birch-trees likewise grow near the water; I observed also some huts for making charcoal.

We left the road and ascended a steep hill on the right bank of the Tchourouk to the village of Massaht, passing through natural plantations of dwarf oak, with apple and wild pear-trees. This is quite a rural hamlet; large herds of buffaloes are wandering about the adjoining fields, they are invariably used in ploughing, and seem to be harmless, docile creatures; but their appearance is frightful, and their incessant bellowing

unearthly. Our quarter is a small raised space in a cow-house, divided off by a low, open rail ; and such is the abode of the wealthiest peasant in this country. The buffaloes and their owners have been ejected in our favour ; and, with fine weather, one's own brass bedstead, chairs, and a table for one's meals, such a lodging is far more luxurious than many European inns in which I have slept. We invariably feed well. Bread is the only article of food which is not excellent. At Baiboort we could procure nothing better than half-baked flaps. Mr. Ellis's bed having been wetted in fording the river to-day, Bahram, the head muleteer, sent in some of his own hard bread as a peace-offering.

16th.—We descended again to the valley of the Tchourouk ; it reminded me of some Scottish glens, but surpasses many of them in vegetation ; the stream winds round low promontories, or sweeps under steep scaurs. After a few hours' ride we left the river and the pretty country behind us, and entered among barren hills. We halted for half an hour under a projecting ledge, ("the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,") large enough to afford protection against the burning sun to most of our party and their horses. Soon afterwards we met two Turcomans of a wandering tribe, armed with long spears, riding in front of their families and cattle : they dwell in black tents, which were pitched close by. A steep ascent of half an hour brought us to the top of the range, which

divides the tributaries of the Euphrates from the rivers which flow into the Black Sea. Here we obtained a view of a distant plain bounded by mountains, at the south-east extremity of which Mohammed Aga pointed out Erzeroom. I could distinguish nothing but some white marks on the hill side. The surrounding scenery was bold and wild.

We arrived at Kushaponar a little before three; it is the same sort of upland village as Massaht, but larger and not so prettily situated. The inhabitants seem to be rich in buffaloes, sheep, and goats. I admired a beautiful little girl drawing water from a fountain: her auburn hair was tied in four plaits; though barely eight years old she was already quite a coquette. Cakes of cow-dung, rather a good sort of fuel, without any smell, are piled up pyramidically in the open spaces of the village. This manufacture is entrusted to females—delicate fancy-work for their fair hands! The good people of Kushaponar, Mussulmans renowned for incivility, formed an “idle club” at my door, and wrangled there all the afternoon.

17th.—Ellis rode on to Erzeroom at half past four. We did not get off until eight o'clock, owing to the idleness and obstinacy of the muleteers. Mahommed Aga laid about one of them lustily with a rope, the only way to manage the rascals! * It is astonishing how coolly they take chastisement, and what a good effect it has! Some one or other tastes the rope's

* At least so I thought, at the age of twenty-five!

end every morning, though Mahommed (he wears turquoise and diamond rings!) is the best natured fellow breathing. Even the mild Mirza Abbas smote the head of the village at Wasenee on the mouth, because he dared to snigger when Ellis asked for horses.

We crossed a hill covered with bushes and wild flowers, and then descended into the great plain of Erzeroom, about twelve miles in breadth and thirty-five miles long from east to west. Before entering upon it we forded the Kara-Sou ("black water"), one of the principal branches of the Frat, or northern Euphrates: it issues from a gloomy defile a little above the ford, and flowing through a valley, with low scarped banks, about 700 yards wide, unites farther to the west with the other streams which water the plain. Having done with hills, and this being our hacks' last day, we cantered merrily along, followed by the servants. Several villages near the road are in ruins, and a large portion of the plain is uncultivated, probably for want of hands. In many places the corn is still green, such is the severity of the climate in this elevated basin: to-day, however, the sun was overpowering.

We entered the Constantinople road (through Amasia, Tokat, &c.) at Uleejah, the Roman Elegia, situated on another branch of the Frat. It is famous for baths and mineral springs, which taste strongly of sulphur; their temperature is 85°. A Russian divi-

sion, quartered in the village in 1829, burnt down half the houses, which have not been rebuilt.

Erzerroom is thirty miles from Kushaponar. We arrived at half-past two, and had some difficulty in finding M. Zohrab's house, where we are hospitably lodged. He is a Catholic Armenian merchant and brother to our Broussa friend. Mr. Abbot, an agent of Mr. Brant, lives with him.

After drinking coffee, Ellis, Hopkins and I mounted horses of M. Zohrab's, and rode to the public bath in the fortified part of the town. We undressed in a room furnished with sofas placed foot to foot; napkins were wrapped round our loins and shoulders, our feet were placed in high pattens to preserve them from the heated stone floor, and we were conducted into the steaming room, a circular apartment with a high dome; there we were seated on a low, round platform of stone: each had his rubber, who began to operate gently, first with the hand and then with a rough glove of camel's hair, until the perspiration ran in torrents down every part of our bodies. Next we were ducked with hot water, then soaped, then ducked again. Our joints were slightly pulled, but not cracked, probably because we are Franks. Our heads and shoulders were then covered, and we returned to our sofas in the outer room, where we reclined, carefully wrapped up, until perspiration had ceased; strong thick coffee and chibouques being brought meanwhile to amuse us. The air at first felt very cold, and I

should think that an accidental draught would endanger the life of the bather. The operation is by no means pleasant, but one feels delightfully light and fresh when it is over. I had no idea that human creatures could be so dirty as I appeared to be when scraped; but I am told that the effect would be the same even were I to be scrubbed again to-morrow. On our way home, thinking only of my curvetting horse, I was all but knocked off by a projecting beam, from which my left eye had a providential escape. My cheek is severely cut, while my nose is completely peeled, and my under lip (notwithstanding incipient mustachios) black and blistered from the joint effect of sun and wind. I may fairly say that the latter has "blown the skin off my face"!

1977.—Gibbon places Erzeroom thirty-five miles to the west of Theodosiopolis, whilst Mr. Smith, in his "Researches in Armenia," says that it occupies the site of that town. Previously to the Russian invasion its population greatly exceeded 25,000, at which it is at present estimated; the conquerors appealing to the hopes and fears of the Armenians, persuaded thousands of them to accompany their retreat across the frontiers. By some accounts not less than 90,000 families left the Pashalik of Erzeroom with the Russian army. The then archbishop of Erzeroom has been accused of embezzling the church plate, and finding it necessary to decamp, of preaching emigration to his flock, but perhaps this is a Romish libel.

It is also said that the Armenians, feeling certain that the Russians would never evacuate the country, swaggered greatly under their protection, and baptized Mahommedan converts, so that fears of Turkish vengeance contributed to occasion their flight. Amidst conflicting statements it would be now difficult to ascertain whether the Russians used force or persuasion, but it is certain that many emigrants repented in time and returned to their homes ; and that every day Armenian mechanics contrive to escape, being unable to find occupation in Georgia or in the frontier ceded in 1829 to Russia, where all those of a trade are settled, *bon gré mal gré*, in the same village. The Russians did not take a large extent of territory in this direction from Turkey, but they gained a most valuable line of positions and passes, and have since the war acquired some additional territory by bullying and trickery, as well as a good many Mahommedan subjects. The Armenians pay a Kharaj, or capitation tax, to the Sultan, for the *privilege of living*, divided on the following scale. The rich pay sixty piastres (about twelve shillings) per annum, the middle classes thirty, and the poor fifteen. On extraordinary occasions an impost called "Salian," is likewise levied upon them and assessed in the same proportions.

The plague, as well as emigration, has thinned the population of Erzeroom. It has always been famous for its copper manufacture, but now the clank of the

workman's hammer is less frequently heard in the streets. Many of the smaller houses are in ruins, particularly towards the outskirts of the town. The avowed object of Tchevkine's residence here is to investigate some claims on Russian subjects made by natives of this place.

We devoted this afternoon to lionizing. The fortified *enceinte* of Erzerroom is about three miles in circumference; it consists of two turreted walls, and a shallow defenceless ditch. The inner and higher wall is flanked by bastions, and the outer by square towers. Both are of stone, and could I think be easily breached. It seems that the Russians had only one gun when the place surrendered! Our first visit was to the Chifteh-Menareh, a building which has puzzled all travellers. Two minarets of red and blue glazed bricks tower above a handsome stone portal, similar to the entrance of the principal mosques at Constantinople, which is ornamented with Arabesque carving. These are evidently of Mahomedan architecture, but the Armenian eagle is carved on a block of stone in the wall close to the portal. Through it we entered an unroofed stone edifice, constructed in the form of a Greek cross, with a double range of arches on each side. From the upper arcade low doors open upon small dark apartments: facing the entrance there is a lofty arch, and beyond it two dead walls stand closer together than the arcade part of the edifice. The whole is terminated by a circular tower with a conical

roof, on the walls of which an outline of arches is sculptured. At first sight I thought this building must have been a church, but there are features which tend to prove the contrary; the altar, if one existed, must have been at the south end, nearly in the direction of Mecca, and all the arches are ornamented with beautiful Arabesque carving and inscriptions. It is possible, however, that these decorations, as well as the Oriental capitals of some of the columns, the two minarets, the portal, and the circular tower, may have been added since the erection of the original edifice. The Mahomedans attribute it to a Persian king, and the glazed tiles of the minarets are very Persian; the Armenians maintain that it was a Christian Church.* Some old shields, head-pieces, bows and arrows, are still lying about the gallery, but the Russians carried away the best of these antiquities.

Being accompanied by a chaoush of the Pasha's, we were admitted without difficulty into an adjacent mosque, and were even allowed to retain our boots, a strong proof of the fears, or the toleration of the Turks of Erzeroom, who were formerly noted for their bigotry: an Imaum remarked that Stoddart, who took off his cap (not usually reckoned a mark of respect in the East), was the most devout of the party.

* Some of the ruins at Ani, an undoubted Armenian capital, are said closely to resemble this building. Ainsworth speaks of Chaldean or Syriac inscriptions upon it, and remarks that "its history appears in reality to be almost that of the dominant nations of Erzeroom."

This mosque is a square, dark, gloomy building; seven rows of arches from east to west intersect six others from north to south. The walls are white-washed, and the floor is covered with a shabby carpet. In the centre of the southern wall there is a painted niche with several Arabic inscriptions about it, which points out the "Kebleh." Near it a small pulpit is placed, with a narrow straight staircase, closed at the bottom by a door. Opposite there is an isolated gallery, and a sort of pew is partitioned off for the Pasha in a corner.

The citadel of Erzeroom is well placed on rising ground, immediately above the eastern walls of the town, and is a commanding object from a distance. A respectable battery, enfilading the road to Russia, has recently been constructed. The citadel mounts a good many antiquated long brass guns. There is an extensive view from one of its three bastions. The plain of Erzeroom, 5,400 feet above the level of the sea, is bounded at the north and south by high and picturesque mountains; it extends as far as the eye can reach towards the west; eastward a ridge, not far from Erzeroom, separates it from the plain of Hassan-kaleh, and the waters of the Persian Gulf from those of the Caspian. The outer town may be about eight miles in circumference,—it appears to have been surrounded by a mound and ditch. The houses are built of dark grey stone; they consist of one or two stories, and the windows open upon the streets,

as they do in Christendom. The most busy and crowded spot is the glacis which surrounds the inner city. There all sorts of queer figures and outlandish costumes are to be seen. The Turks wear their old dignified costume. A great many smart Persians are mixed with them, and would be recognised at once by their black eyes, tall figures, garrulity and liveliness of manner, even if their pointed caps of black lamb-skin, and the dark locks of hair which they cherish behind each ear, did not distinguish them from the Osmanlis. The Christians wear black turbans.

There is a dreary dearth of trees in the neighbourhood of Erzeroom; I could only discover two or three "shilpit" poplars. At the south-west corner of the citadel there is a high brick tower instead of a bastion. We afterwards went to see a minaret curiously sculptured, and an arched gateway beautifully ornamented with arabesque carving. The women do not take such pains here to hide their faces as they did at Trebizond and in the villages, but I have seen nothing good looking.

20th.—M. Serpos, Zohrab's man, took Stoddart and me to the Armenian church: being, like his employer a Roman Catholic, he calls his countrymen of the real national faith, "Arméniens schismatiques." Some Jesuit and Dominican missionaries, sent many years ago to this country, converted many Armenians to the Church of Rome; the schism has been much embittered since 1828, when the Armenians at Con-

stantinople took the opportunity of the impending war between Turkey and Russia, to excite a persecution against their Popish countrymen. The Greeks and Armenian patriarchs, and likewise the chief rabbi of the Jews, are held responsible for the conduct of their flocks. The Sultan, therefore, on the above-mentioned occasion, reminded the Armenian patriarch of his obligation. He replied that there were many of his countrymen who had abandoned their national faith, and over whom therefore he had no control. The names of the Roman Catholics were taken down; and they were banished, the laity from the capital, and the clergy in many instances from the empire.

The Armenians were converted by their St. Gregory, the "wonder-worker," in the fourth century. Tiridates, called in Armenian "Durtad," was the first Christian king, and the greatest hero of his country. The history of his restoration by Diocletian is well known. The Armenians had no written characters until A.D. 406, when an alphabet was invented by the monk Mesrob. They say that their language was the original one used by Adam when he christened the beasts, and by Noah when he called them into the ark: their progenitor Haik, a great-grandson of Japhet, was one of the builders of the Tower of Babel, but some of the inhabitants of the country remained at home, and thus escaped the confusion of tongues. The Armenian Church separated from the Catholic within a century from the Council of Chalcedon,

whose authority it does not acknowledge. Its proper head is the "Catholicos" of Etchmiazin, a great convent near Erivân, now belonging to Russia; but an independent Catholicos resides at Sis, and there are patriarchs at Jerusalem and Constantinople. The latter is chosen by the primates, some of whom are laymen, but his election must be confirmed by the Sultan. One of his predecessors was brought from Broussa by Mahommed II. and established in his new capital as the head of all the Armenians within his dominions. The Armenian and Greek Churches have two great advantages over the Roman—they do not believe any mortal to be infallible, and the secular clergy are allowed to marry once; indeed Armenian priests are not permitted to hear confessions unless they are married.

The cathedral of Erzeroom, like the mosque, is square and gloomy; it is lighted from the top, and supported by wooden pillars. The altar projects nearly to the centre of the nave; the choir is merely a semicircular seat; the choristers have no music in their voices, whatever they may have in their hearts. Bells not being permitted by the Turks, a sort of rattle is substituted, and the sound is made by striking a piece of metal. Some ostrich eggs were suspended from the ceiling, a style of ornament taken from the mosques.

The Archbishop performed mass, assisted by several priests; he civilly invited us to approach; a curtain

was three times drawn in front of the altar, whilst he partook of the sacred elements. The Armenians believe in transubstantiation; the laity are allowed to communicate in both kinds to a certain degree, the bread being dipped in wine, but they are not permitted to drink. The service was chaunted in the ancient Armenian language, which is now scarcely understood. The women were hid from sight in a latticed gallery facing the altar; the richer portion of the male congregation knelt on carpets on the right side of the church. We saw part of the baptismal ceremony performed on two luckless infants, who ran considerable risk of being burnt by the tapers held by the men who carried them, but we were too late to see the immersion, which I am told was complete.

The smell of my good Armenian neighbours was by no means agreeable. Imagination has caused me to scratch all day, and I greatly enjoyed the freshness of the cold morning air in the cemetery adjoining the church. Many of the older monuments are carved in the shape of a ram; and it is an Armenian superstition to pass children who cannot speak under the bellies of these images, an operation said to be seldom required in the case of young ladies! The more common form of monument is a square stone, with a semicircular top. Some emblem, denoting the occupation of the deceased, is often rudely cut on the tombs; a pair of scissors, or a piece of embroidery, for instance, adorns those of the fair sex.

A short Presbyterian service was given by Mr. Perkins, an American missionary, who very liberally offered to read the Church of England prayers instead. Like Mr. Roberts at Syra, he prayed for our king before his own president; he also prayed for our nation and for all our families and friends. He is a very quiet unassuming man, and with true Christian kindness has come from Tabreez, where he left his wife, to meet some missionary countrymen who lately arrived at Trebizond.

CHAPTER IV.

REVIEW—MAHOMMED-HOOSAIN-KHAN—HASSAN KALA—THE ARAXES—
 KOURMAZOU — KOSEH-DAGH — DAHAR — MOULLAH-SOOLIMANIA —
 KARA-KELESEH—HORSES—MONASTERY—JELLAULLES —BAYAZED
 —THE PALACE—FORTIFICATIONS—MOUNT ARARAT.

21st.—I COULD not find the drill ground, and consequently did not get there until a review, given I believe chiefly to please Stoddart, was nearly over. He says that the Spahis, a regiment of irregular cavalry, 800 strong, manœuvred beautifully. I met them marching home, formed four deep, with tolerable regularity. Their horses seemed to me to be hardy little animals, in good condition. There is no uniformity in the dress of the riders, or in the length of their stirrups. Their arms are long lances, with green or red pennons, sabres and pistols, carried by some troopers in holsters, and by others in their waist belts.

I saw more of the infantry; a regiment was manœuvring in three separate battalions, the first of which was formed in eight companies, and the others in four grand divisions. The men were placed three deep; the companies were not equalized, but

averaged forty-two rank and file. Stoddart counted ninety in one of the grand divisions. Several manœuvres were executed with very tolerable rapidity and precision. The 1st battalion, which I watched most closely, changed front by *échelon* on a flank company, moved a short distance in line, advanced by divisions from the centre, formed a square three deep, and moved in square with the band playing. The troops here* are older and stouter than those at Constantinople, but worse clothed; they are totally deficient in military carriage, and to-day no attempt was made to size them, though the men differ very much in height. They handle their arms well, and seem to take a pride in them; their file-firing was well kept up, the rear rank loading for those in front; they took a slow steady aim, generally at us. I should have liked to see these battalions manœuvre in brigade. The best drilled troops can be of little use unless taught and accustomed to combine their movements, a truth too much lost sight of in England, because reviews cost money! The Kaim-Makaum, or second in command of the infantry, speaks a few words of Italian, and was very civil to us, as indeed all the Turkish officers whom I have met appear to wish to be.

The great Mussulman cemetery is near the drill ground; it is unshaded by cypress-trees, which could

* The *élite* of the army is near Diarbekir with Reschid Pasha, who is carrying on an irregular warfare against some Kûrdish tribes.

not exist in so rigorous a climate, but the open arched cupolas that cover the tombs of holy men are rather picturesque. The tops of all the houses in Erzeroum are flat and overgrown with thin grass. The Muezzins from their minarets can most conveniently spy all that is passing below them. The sound of the call to prayers has in general disappointed me; at midday it is scarcely to be distinguished from other noises; sometimes, however, at daybreak, or on a still evening, when the Muezzin has a rich sonorous voice, his cry is very impressive. Issad Pasha sent his Divan Effendi to call on Ellis yesterday, and this morning the latter visited the Pasha, but merely as an English traveller. We are to be detained here another day for want of horses; very few are brought to us for sale, and those very indifferent.

23d.—M. Tchevkine insisted on giving us an interminable breakfast yesterday; we began with brandy, by way of a whet, and ended with Frontignac. The company, in addition to our embassy, consisted of the Russian Tergiman (a native of Astrachan), a Genoese quack doctor of the Pasha, who assured me that the safest precaution against the plague is to continue drunk as long as it lasts;* another Genoese who has travelled as a merchant all over the world, from the Illinois to Moscow; and an Italian refugee, who has been at Corfù, and abused Lord Nugent. After

* He had, he said, practised this principle in Syria with success.

breakfast, two natives seated themselves in the corner, and sang vile tunes to the music of barbarous instruments, shaped like small mandolines.

The Persian Resident, Mahommed-Hoosein-Khan, a portly gentleman with a long black beard, called at dinner time, and sat down to our table without much pressing. He considered himself forbidden by his religion to drink the sour Trebizond wine, but did not scruple to indulge in as much champagne and ale as he could honestly come by.

That rascal Bahram, who supplies mules for the baggage, and the villanous Persian who was engaged to furnish us with horses, caused so many delays, that we did not leave Mr. Zohrab's house until half-past twelve to-day. Tchevkine and our friends of yesterday met us outside the town, and rode a mile with us. He was mounted on a very well-shaped chestnut horse, which the Pasha gave him yesterday in return for presents from the emperor.

The Persian residents, and the numerous suite, joined us after we had parted from the *aimable* Tchevkine; they were beautifully dressed, and nothing could be more picturesque than their light blue, green, white and red upper garments, seen at a little distance, when they galloped up the hill before us. The "Kaleonchee" carried a panful of hot coals, dangling from one side of his saddle, and a leather bottle of water from the other; his movements did not seem to be at all impeded by these encumbrances. They

belong to the Kaleoon, or water-pipe, for no Persian of any rank will travel without the means of enjoying this luxury at any moment he pleases. A long snake is fastened to the pipe, which is carried by the Kaleoonchee, and the master smokes whilst his horse walks on. The Kaleoon and its appurtenances are fastened in front of the saddle, in two ornamental boxes, which look like small kettle-drums.

After crossing some chalky hills, we entered the plain of Hassan Kala; it is traversed in every direction by streams which join the Arras, and cultivated much in the same proportion as that of Erzeroom; the weeds are as abundant as the corn amongst which they grow. Hassan Kala, our first stage, is visible at a considerable distance. The castle, built on a projecting rock which overhangs the town, is like most of the Turkish fortresses which I have seen, commanded by a hill behind. The rock is defiladed by nature, but insufficiently. Kinneir places Hassan Kala on the site of Theodosiopolis, and I am inclined to think him right. The architecture of the castle appears to be Roman. The summit of the rock is defended by a turreted wall of stone; another wall surrounds it about half way down, and in some places a third descends to the base; both these last unite with the double *enceinte* of the town. The corps of Janizaries was formed in this part of Asia Minor, and Hassan Kala was their first garrison.

We arrived a few minutes before six. We found Hoosein Khan, like a Pharisee of old, performing his devotions on a little carpet spread by his attendants who surrounded him, beside a stream near the entrance to the town, the most conspicuous spot that could have been selected. He rose from his knees and joined us.

We passed by picturesque old gateways through two walls nearly in ruins, and alighted at the door of the only respectable house in Hassan Kala, which, I believe, is the property of our Persian friend. Here he gave us a "sumptuous entertainment." The ceiling of the principal apartment in which we dined is prettily painted, and it is furnished with rich carpets and cushions, but the walls are bare wood and plaster, and several of the numerous windows are shut-terless. Fruit, placed on three small stools, was offered and declined, but we were compelled to swallow two large cups of tea before dinner. This tea, having been brought overland from Russia, is highly flavoured, and was almost palatable without milk. A large tray was then placed on one of the stools, and we seated ourselves round it on cushions. Round flakes of bread were spread on the tablecloth, in lieu of plates, before each guest, but we were allowed the European luxury of knives and forks. The dinner consisted of soup, chickens, a lamb roasted whole, excellent pastry in a variety of forms, sour curds, and a vast savoury pilau. Nothing was wanted except a

little of the champagne in which our Amphitryon so much delights, instead of the mawkish sherbet, little better than *eau-sucrée*, which was sparingly doled out, with a transparent wooden spoon, of workmanship worthy of Benvenuto Cellini. At last we got rid of the Khan, and solaced ourselves with a glass of brandy and water to keep off cold and indigestion.

24th.—We breakfasted with the Khan much as we dined, substituting honey and caimak for roast lamb, and tea and coffee for sherbet. We got off at half-past eight: the town of Hassan Kala is half in ruins, and the walls of the castle, which looked so well at a distance, are in a very dilapidated condition. We crossed the Moorts, a tributary of the Arras, just outside the gate: hot springs impregnated with sulphur (temperature 104°) bubble up on each side of the stream; a bath, with a dome, has been erected over one of those on the right bank. I think the sky becomes a deeper blue as we travel eastward; the day was intensely hot, though the water was frozen this morning. We halted twenty minutes near the village of Köpry Koy, at an old caravanserai said to have been built (which is out of all probability) by Shah Abbas the Great. It is a solid stone building, supported by massive buttresses. The interior consists of three aisles, divided by low arches: the roof is in a great measure destroyed, but traces of a dome in the centre, for the admission of light, can still be distinguished.

A little further on we crossed the Arras, or Araxes,* at its junction with the Moorts, by a bridge of seven irregular arches, somewhat out of repair. It is called "Choban Köpny," or "the Shepherd's bridge." The rich shepherd who built it is buried at the top of a precipice, above the stream, on the spot where he passed his life as a Dervish, after he had expended a treasure unexpectedly discovered in so praiseworthy and public-spirited a manner. A small grove of pines on the hill side surrounds his tomb.

We reached our "munzil," (or resting-place,) the village of Kourmazou, at half-past two: the houses are more than half under ground. The surrounding country, a well-watered plain, sloping gently down towards the Arras, which flows through the northern part of it, is rich and tolerably cultivated. I observe that the corn is mowed, not reaped.

25th.—The muleteers and Chaoush stated that a tribe of 2,000 Kûrds is "out" in the neighbourhood of Deli-Baba, and that it would be dangerous to proceed without a guard. However, we ventured to start unprotected, keeping in rear of the baggage, until after crawling up and down hill for three hours, we found an escort which had been ordered for us by the Pasha, posted in the *most commanded* situation that they could have chosen, in the bottom of a ravine. It consisted of thirty-two picturesque horsemen,

* The road through Kars to Erivan keeps on the left hand of the Arras.

tolerably mounted; two of them were armed with long lances; all had pistols and some swords. They received us drawn up in line, and by Stoddart's order (given in Turkish), small advanced and rear-guards were detached: the remaining troopers filing to the right and left of the baggage, they did not long continue in this military array! We halted for three hours in the middle of the day by the side of a stream, where no shade was to be obtained, except a strip, two feet wide, under a plank. I fortunately had my old cotton umbrella, protected by which I managed to read and sleep.

The soil of this country is excellent; the rich black mould sticks to the horse's hoofs; every valley is watered, but the low hills are uncultivated, which seems to be caused by idleness more than by a want of inhabitants, for we rode through several large villages in the earlier part of this day's journey. The road is excellent (for Asia); and wooden bridges, covered with earth, are thrown across all the streamlets. Half-an-hour further on, we left Deli-Baba, a considerable village to the east, and, turning southwards, entered the "Boghaz," or Defile of Kara-derbend, ("the black pass,") a deep and narrow gorge, on each side of which red rocks, jagged and broken into a hundred pinnacles, rise perpendicularly, and in some places overhang the path. A few miles beyond this defile, we came to the "Boghaz" of Dahar, a narrower, but less imposing pass. Abbas Mirza

advanced thus far in 1821, after defeating the Turks in the plain below Topra Kala. His army was afterwards disorganized by the cholera, and returned to Tabreez a mere rabble.

We are now immediately below the conical peak of Koseh-Dagh, which is visible all the way from Hassan-Kala to Diadin. It is the highest point in the chain of Ala-dagh, the northern boundary of Kurdistan, which extends from Ararat nearly to the junction of the two branches of the Euphrates.

A steep ascent, and a few miles of upland valley, where the corn is still green, brought us to the village of Dahar. We had been led to expect that we should find this munzil uninhabited, and therefore are rather pleased with our wretched cow-houses. The inhabitants are boorish, and unreasonable enough to dislike being turned out of their dwellings: they come in and stare at us—as well they may! I was nearly knocked down by a young buffalo, whom I met at the door of his stable, which has been cleared out for me. The Daharians make cheese, and seem rich in flocks and herds. Buffalo butter is nearly white, and by no means ill-flavoured. We have always abundance of milk, which is a great luxury.

26th.—Two particular quizzes have been added to our train since we arrived at Erzeroom. They are both Persians; one of them, a decayed gentleman, on a lean black horse, clad in a sheep-skin with the wool turned inwards, and two conceited curls dangling

behind his ears, acts as "Jelladar," or head groom to his Excellency;—the other, Bell's servant, is a lad of seventy, whose beard was dyed so long ago that the upper part of it is quite grey, while the lower extremity is a lively orange. He is constantly asleep on horse-back; or, as he chooses to say, "meditating on what has been, and what will be." I believe that, in truth, poor old Ishmael the Isfahanee "has had losses."

We started at half-past seven, and in two hours gained the highest part of the ascent, whence the snowy top of Ararat is visible, a little to the south of east. The feelings awakened at the sight of this venerable mountain were soon damped by our alarm for poor Bell. He was seized with a violent fit of vomiting, and turned blue and yellow. We contrived to rig out a sort of screen, to protect him from the sun, and halted for three hours on the hill side, until he was able to sit on his horse, when we descended into the large plain, watered by the Mourad, or eastern branch of the Euphrates. In the villages scattered over it, the houses are so completely underground, that, at a short distance, their situation can be only distinguished by the pyramids of cow-dung piled up for fuel. The earth is parched, and opens in large crevices.

We arrived at Moollah-Soolimania soon after four. It is a large village, situated at the foot of Kosehdagh. The inhabitants are chiefly Armenian papists;

one of their priests, in a blue garment and black silk turban, just now walked in to stare at me. There is a small, well-built church in ruins. After dinner, two ~~have~~ looking fish seated themselves on the floor, and began to sing, accompanied by a stringed instrument. I think they excelled their tuneful brethren at Erzeroum. This opera was succeeded by a disgusting ballet. A youth with a smooth face and long hair, in woman's clothes, began to dance: we immediately ejected the brute.

27th.—We still have a guard, though it is much diminished in number. Some of them wear white, others striped black-and-white cloaks. These last I greatly admire, particularly when the stripes are broad. The common Kûrdish head-dress is a turban fastened with a handkerchief round a skull-cap of drab-coloured felt. In one of the villages through which we rode to-day, the children were running about completely naked. They are in general wretchedly clothed; yet the peasantry seem to be rich in horned cattle, goats, and sheep. The women delight in crimson trowsers, and do not particularly dislike showing their faces.

We left Topra-Kala to the north. The fort is placed on a rock, separated by a ravine from a spur of the Ala-dagh range, which apparently commands it. The rock, however, is defiladed. A brother of Issud Pasha, who shut himself up for some time in Topa-Kala, from fear of the Kûrds, pursued his journey

yesterday. It seems that there has been a quarrel between a Kûrdish chief and his uncle, Hoosein Aga, which is the origin of the report that frightened Bahram and "Pekki," the chaoush.

To-day's road twisted about in the most tantalizing manner, to avoid marshy spots. The plain is well watered, but sadly overgrown with green bushes and tall, rank weeds. It is only cultivated in the vicinity of some half dozen villages. The corn has not yet been carried; some of it is even uncut, and almost green. We arrived at Kara-Keleeseh (the "black churches,") just in time to escape a thunder-storm. I was startled by meeting a good-looking girl with a ring through one nostril, at the door of my cow-house. I suppose this is a Kûrdish style of ornament. My abode is about twenty feet long, and has mangers on each side. It smells strongly of its legitimate inhabitants. Buffalos and poultry are disputing themselves within. The hens keep up an incessant cackling, which some children at the door are endeavouring in vain to emulate.

This is a large village, inhabited partly by Armenians, and partly, say Messrs. Smith and Dwight, by Sheeah Mahommedans from Erivân. It is impossible not to remark that great improvement has taken place in this country since the journey of those gentlemen in 1831, a short time after the Armenian emigration. I was prevented this afternoon from walking far into the country, being told that I might be taken for a

Russian, and that parties of that nation frequently make incursions, and carry off the natives, which renders their name detested. If this story is at all true, the people seized are probably Armenian emigrants, who have endeavoured to return to their own country.

Kara-keleeseh is encircled by a belt of green herbs called "Shadami," which produce a sort of pulse. There are remains of a building in the outskirts of the village, which, from its shape and the crosses carved on some of the stones, I should imagine to have been the church from which the name of the place is derived.

A great many horses are bred in the neighbourhood; they herd with the cows and buffalos during the day, and are driven with them into the village at sunset. Hopkins bought a beautiful white galloway this afternoon for less than 10*l.*, and was fortunate enough to secure a strong grey horse at Moollah-Soolimania for the same price this morning. He shot a bustard yesterday, which we have found delicious,—it weighed nearly 10 lbs.—the flesh is brown, and is something like grouse in flavour. We saw a large flock of them at a little distance. These birds are so cunning and difficult to approach, that sportsmen are often obliged to change clothes with men labouring in the fields, and to pretend to drive donkeys in the direction of a flock, in order to get near them.

28*th.*—It rained hard during the night. We rode along the banks of the Mourad during the greater

part of the day ; it is more of a river than the Frat, and has changed its course so much in one spot, that a ruined bridge is left with its piers on dry shingle. I think that Xenophon must have crossed the Euphrates somewhere between the two Keleesehs.

Hundreds of black Kûrdish tents are pitched on both sides of the river. The grass on the hills has been burnt to improve the pasture ; at a distance the black patches look like woods of fir. We forded the Mourad a little below Uch-Keleeseh, close to a two-arched bridge. It is clear and rapid, about twenty feet wide, and three deep.

A monastery, called in the Armenian language Soorp Garabed, (" the holy forerunner,") is dedicated to St. John the Baptist : the Vartabeds (or monks) ascribe the erection of the church to St. Gregory, who baptized King Durtad and his court on the spot where it is built. It is a solid and rather handsome structure of stone, in the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by an octagonal cupola, with a conical roof. The aisles are very narrow ; the arches full and round. The baptism of Tiridates, St. George and the Dragon, and other traditional subjects, are daubed in fresco on the walls of the chancel. The church and convent are defended by an old wall, with several round towers. The holy Vartabeds live in a lawless neighbourhood ; they are eight in number, all dull, heavy-looking men : one of them asked to look at a copy of Pope which I was reading, and greatly admired the frontispiece,

representing Eloisa in her monastic dress. The Vartabeds wear blue robes, and high pointed black hoods reaching to their shoulders ; three of them came to stare at us while we were at dinner.

29th.—Their reverences were by no means satisfied with 200 piastres, which Ellis gave them this morning, though I believe they had not provided us with anything except empty rooms and stables. It was bitterly cold when we started at half-past six. The left bank of the Mourad is covered with Hoosein Aga's tents. Those on the right bank, to which we recrossed, belong to the Jellaullee Kûrds, who are now in rebellion against the Pasha of Kars, he having attempted to exact 4,000 purses from them, instead of 400, which was their proper share of the compensation ordered to be paid to some Persians for the plunder of their caravan. They were "out" on a foray yesterday, and carried off some cattle from the neighbourhood of Kars.

Our guard belonged to a hostile and less powerful tribe, so that, as we approached the encampment of the Jellaullees, they tailed off one by one, (though unpaid!) and left us to our own resources. It is rarely, however, that these wild people attack European travellers, and we rode up to examine their tents, without any apprehension of danger. The upper covers, invariably black, are made of goat's or camel's hair, and seem to be exceedingly thick and strong ; the walls are formed by painted canes, fastened on felt or

carpets. All the tents were open towards the south. The women came out to stare at us, without covering their ugly sun-burnt faces. The men wear handsome embroidered jackets of cloth or velvet, hanging loose over their shoulders, and carry two small pouches, ornamented with silver, behind their waists. I have remarked a few, particularly among the elders, with long red bags, such as the French Hussars wear hanging from behind their turbans.

The upper part of the Mourad seems to be entirely pasture ground. I have scarcely seen a cottage or a patch of corn between Kara-Keleeseh and Bayazeed, except under the walls of the convent. The Kûrds encamp during the summer, and in winter retire to villages far away among the hills. The whole frontier, from Ararat to the mountains of Louristan (in the latitude of Bagdad), is inhabited by different tribes of this race, some of which are descended from the ancient Carduchi. They transfer their allegiance, as interest or caprice may suggest, from the Shah to the Sultan, or *vice versa*, and are in reality all but independent of both. The Meer of Rewandooz, who is master of the impenetrable fastnesses about the sources of the great and little Zab, is now at open war with both Turkey and Persia; and further south, the Kûrdish Pashalick of Suleimanieh is a bone of contention between those powers. Some tribes are established within the Russian territory, and claim the Emperor's protection. Their quarrels with their

neighbours may at any time serve his majesty as a pretext for war with his.

Ararat was enveloped in clouds during the greater part of the day, but his summit was occasionally visible. The nearer mountains are strikingly varied in their shape and colour, and bear evident traces of volcanic origin. The perpendicular crags into which the fortress of Bayazeed is built are red, purple, blue, grey, brown, and light green.

The town, placed on a narrow sloping ridge, which projects from a deep recess in these rocky precipices, is crowned by the Pasha's palace, a beautiful edifice of stone, with two domes and a minaret; a strange contrast to the gloomy hovels below. The entrance to the ravine is defended by a low fort without a ditch, and further up some ruined redoubts have been erected at intervals near the path. We passed a very large Armenian burial-ground.

The streets of Bayazeed are almost deserted; I only saw a few wild savages, smoking and quarrelling in an ill-stocked bazaar. A Chaoush met us on the hill, which seemed interminable, and ushered us into the palace. I expected to find princely apartments and a superb dinner; but small filthy rooms, once whitewashed, with ill-papered windows, have been allotted to us, in a wing of the caravanserai appropriated to strangers. The palace, however, is really handsome, and the best specimen of oriental architecture that I have seen. It is an oblong, divided

into an outer court, a caravanserai, and the apartments of the Pasha, which include a mosque. The outer walls are high and strong; the spacious courts are paved with stone; and the doors and windows are ornamented with beautiful arabesque carving.

I have been to look at the fortifications, which are for the most part excavated in the perpendicular rocks, east of the palace. They consist of batteries, covered passages, and round towers built on projecting ledges, and extend far up the precipice; all are deserted and half ruined. There is a spring of water in the rock, but the fortress must have been always untenable against artillery; for an opposite hill, quite within cannon-shot, looks down into the greater part of the works. It was from this point that they were battered by Abbas Meerza.

30th.—This palace was built by the father of Ballool, the late Pasha, in whose family, which is Kúrdish, the office seems to have been for several generations hereditary. Ballool was lately dispossessed by the Sultan, and Timour, a Turk, has been appointed in his place. The governor of a hostile Kúrdish province cannot occupy a bed of roses! The Pasha of Bayazeed, like him of Kars, is subordinate to the “three-tailed Bashaw” of Erzeroom, who bears the title of Seraskier. I believe that it was the builder of the palace who confined poor M. Jaubert so long in a well. The appearance of the outer court

this morning was greatly orientalized by a string of camels, some standing and chewing the cud, others lying down with their knees doubled under them.

The Pasha is absent somewhere with his troops, and his harem is untenanted, so we were allowed to see his apartments. Few of them are worth looking at, but a large and lofty hall of stone, ornamented with arabesque scrolls, &c., is really beautiful; the little mosque, with its high circular dome and arches, is likewise very graceful; but the minaret is spoilt by a mixture of brick in alternate layers with stone. Our Cicerone evidently considered a room at the top of the house, painted and japanned all over, to be his best lion. The windows are of coloured glass; the towns supposed to be represented in compartments on the wall, are real curiosities.

Here Ararat is visible in all its majesty, from the small plain at its foot to the snow-covered peak, round which a light mist-wreath floated, like a chaplet of lilies on a hoary brow. This mountain is worthy of having been the resting-place of the ark, and imagination readily pictures to itself the "world's grey fathers" assembled at its base, to watch the sacred sign "that first spoke peace to man."

It is believed that there is a fragment of the ark at the summit of the mountain, and the superstitious Armenians deny that any one has ever reached the very top; though a German, M. Parrot, has published

a long account of his ascent, and a Russian, M. Astronomow, likewise asserts that he has performed the exploit.

I cannot omit remarking that the mountains of Ararat are mentioned in the plural number in the sacred description of the flood, and the name is well known to have been frequently given in Scripture to the whole land of Armenia, as well as to its central province. The Turks call the mountain "Aghurdagh," and the Armenians "Mâsis." Mussulmans commonly suppose that the ark rested on Mount Joody, near Jezeareh, further to the south, in Kûrdistan. Ararat is 16,000 feet above the level of the sea; but no glacier appears in its crevices, and many spots near the summit are bare of snow. Little Ararat, likewise conical, from some points of view rather injures the effect of the majestic mountain with which it is connected.

The town of Bayazeed suffered severely from the Persians in 1821, and the Russians completed its ruin by persuading the Armenian inhabitants to emigrate.

CHAPTER V.

ENTER PERSIA—KELESEH—HYDER ALI—COSTUME—ALY SHEKH—PLAINS OF KHOI—PEREH—KHOI—HAJEE SYUD—LAKE AND CITY OF OOROOMIA—VISIT TO FERIDOOK MEERZA—HAKAKCHEE BASHHE—THE WALLEE AHUD—TABREEZ—GERMAN MISSIONARIES—MUJTAHEDS—BIVOUAC IN THE FIELDS—DEFILE OF SHIBLEH—MECCA “KÂFILA”—MEEANA—AGKUND—MR. FARRANT’S LANCERS.

WE entered Persia by a short cut over the hills, under the guidance of two Kûrds: we were frequently without a path, and compelled to ride down some tremendous descents. We are now at Keleeseh, a wretched village, which was formerly peopled by Armenians, but they have now crossed the Russian frontier, and their place has been partially supplied by Persian emigrants from Erivân. The stone walls of the church are still in tolerable repair. We are not in stables to-night, but the room in which we live has neither door nor window. The ceiling consists of some reeds loosely fastened together, and covered with a little hay and mud. Every dog and fowl that walks over the house shakes down showers

of dirt upon my bed. I forgot to mention the size and fierceness of the dogs in Armenian and Kûrdish villages.

Oct. 1st.—We crossed the “Chummun” (or pasture plain) of Kazligool, covered with flocks and herds, a favourite encamping ground of Persian kings and governors of the province of Aderbijan. Ararat was visible during the first two hours of our ride; we then traversed a dreary defile hemmed in by volcanic rocks, crossed a hill, and descended into another large plain, called the Chummun of Chalderân. Here are several villages above ground, surrounded by poplars and willows. We were met by Aga Bey, a stout black-bearded Persian, accompanied by two good-looking striplings, (he had been sent to Uch-keleseh to meet us,) and afterwards by twenty of the Hyderanloo Kûrds, under their chief, Hyder Ali, to whom great part of Chalderân belongs. They are all dark men, with aquiline noses; two or three of them were remarkably handsome. The young men skirmished about the country in front of us, at a gallop, firing off their pistols, or threatening each other with their spears, which they use as darts. Most of the party were well mounted; Hyder Ali himself rode a fine grey mare; his crimson “jubba” was laced with gold, as was also the long bag hanging from his turban.

On reaching Kara-Aineh, the Chief, and four of his followers, who also wore bags, sat for a few minutes

on their heels at the Elchee's right hand, on the floor of his hovel, and then took their leave. We are quite as ill lodged in this village as we were in Armenia, and had quite as much trouble in making good our quarters, for which Aga Bey has been given dirt to eat. The cottages have flat roofs, and are built of wood; one of them, larger than the rest, seems intended for defence.

The population, both male and female, appear to be worse clothed than their neighbours in Armenia. The men are tall and upright; they have black beards, and differ much from the Turks and Kûrds in feature. The costume worn by the lower class is a black lamb-skin cap, and a gown, generally light blue, reaching to the heels, and tightened round the waist by a handkerchief or shawl. The people of Aderbijân are of Turkish origin; and the Turkish language, differing widely from the Constantinople dialect, is universally spoken in the province.

2*d.*—Each village has a headman, called the “Ket Khoda.” This functionary received a present of 100 piastres this morning, which he was very near losing, for an outrageous attempt to cheat in the charge for provisions. I enjoyed a last view of Ararat from the brow of a steep hill which bounds the plain of Kara Aineh. We rode through defiles during the greater part of the day. We were met and escorted by the Chief of the Khorasanloo tribe of Eelyaut*

* The roving clans of Persia are all called “Eelyauts.”

Türks, and a detachment of his followers, all in Persian tribes. They galloped about, and enacted mock attacks and pursuits like our Kûrdish friends yesterday, whenever they came to a piece of level ground. Their pistols, worn at the waist, are fastened by a cord, and thrown over the shoulder when discharged. In galloping, the Persians keep the body upright from the knee, throwing their left shoulder forward, and drawing back their right arms; the lower part of the leg is a good deal bent. The bridle is held high and short round the horse's neck. The saddles are so high that they, and not the horses, are pressed by the rider's thighs. I am told that a similar "istikbâl," or procession of honour, will come out from every town to greet the embassy, a custom which, I suspect, will be tiresome to us before long; for even the novel sight of these complimentary tomfooleries scarcely compensates for the dust kicked up, and the efforts necessary to keep one's place in the crowd, (an all-important object in Persia,) near the Elchee's fast-walking horse. Ruddell got a fall in the course of the day, which, I fear, has hurt him a good deal.

We are now at Aly Sheikh, a prettily situated village, close to a rapid stream, which bursts through precipitous rocks, and then flows through corn-fields between a fringe of green bushes. Stoddart, who had been sent on to Khoi, from Keleeseh, joined us in the afternoon, accompanied by Meerza Baba, the Persian

Secretary, and Dr. Riach, the surgeon attached to Sir J. Campbell's mission. I had heard a good deal about the latter from K——, whose life he saved when laid up with fever at Abhâr, and refused to accept any remuneration, although he had ridden Tâtar from Tehran, about 130 miles, and taken up his quarters for some time in a miserable unhealthy village, to attend him. He brings word that the cholera rages at Tabreez, and that plague still exists there. Pleasant hearing! He is by no means partial to Persia, or its inhabitants, but thinks highly of the young Shah. Hajee Beejun Beg, the "Mehmandan," (literally, one who takes charge of guests,) has likewise arrived.

3d.—He rode to-day by Ellis's side, who was much pleased with his information and intelligence. His countenance is prepossessing, and his manners are very pleasing.

It rained for an hour this morning. We descended through a narrow valley into the rich plain of Khoi,* which is well wooded in some places, and bounded by a finely broken range of hills. Here we were met by a son of Hajee Hateem Khan, the governor of the city, and his attendants. His nephew came as far as Aly Sheikh to accompany us, quite a Persian dandy,

* It was in the plain of Khoi that Sultan Selim defeated the Persians under Shah Ismael, the founder of the Suffavean dynasty. It was in vain that the brave Shah, with a blow of his sabre, severed a chain with which the Turkish guns were fastened together, to resist the shock of the Persian cavalry. It is said that he never smiled after this defeat!

“neat, trimly dressed,” with a beard dyed a beautiful black, and gracefully pointed. The son is a lubberly lad of seventeen, or thereabouts; his waist is broader than his shoulders, a most marvellous circumstance in Persia; and the wrinkles in his bright scarlet jacket must, I am sure, offend the critical eye of his smart cousin. When joined by his train, our party amounted to upwards of fifty horsemen, armed with guns, swords, and pistols. The Mehmandan made the *οἱ πολλοὶ* keep their distance, and not before it was time, for they were anything but mannerly to us little people, whom I believe they take for the Elchee’s servants.

This part of the plain is covered with melon-grounds; many of the Ryots rushed to Ellis’s stirrup with offerings of fruit, but he has most properly resolved to refuse all these interested donations: the givers expect at least a tenfold return.

We arrived at two o’clock at the pretty village of Pehh, at the western extremity of the plain of Khoi. Its houses, built of mud, or of unburnt brick, are divided by orchards and embosomed in trees, chiefly walnuts. Ellis’s quarter has a broad verandah in front, and three windows with wooden lattices—much too summery an abode for the time of year. I am nearly starved in a cottage within the same enclosure; it has doors or windows which cannot be closed on every side, besides several holes in the roof, which

admitted this afternoon much more than was agreeable of a thunder storm.

4th.—Our grand *entrée* into Khoi, about six miles from Pereh. The fertility of the plain, chiefly produced by artificial irrigation, is most refreshing to the eye after passing through the “deserts idle” of Kûrdistan. It is covered with corn-fields, orchards, melon-grounds, and gardens interspersed with villages and groves of lofty chenars. I observed a mulberry-tree by the roadside as large as a good-sized English oak.

A large escort left Pereh with us, and parties which joined us on the road augmented the procession to at least 200. The Governor, Hajee Hateem Khan, met us half way, preceded by ferashes, (carpet spreaders, tent pitchers, petty executioners, &c.) carrying long peeled sticks, which are anything but idle badges of office in their hands, and accompanied by another nobleman. There was a grand scene of galloping about the plain, and a waste of powder, such as I have before described.

The fat red boy was mounted on a fine grey mare, and rides well. He frequently threw his jereed (or a straight black stick which answers the purpose), as a governor's son should do, at his father's attendants, which was skilfully avoided and obsequiously picked up by those whom he honoured with his aim.

A deputation of citizens on foot met us outside the gates of the town. Khoi is surrounded by a double

enceinte of mud fortifications, both in a sad state of decay. The outer *enceinte* consists of a line of curtains, redans, and bastions, with a glacis, ditch, and covered way, which were traced, I believe, not many years since, by Colonel Monteith, of the Madras army: the inner is a high wall with flanking towers: the space between is occupied by gardens and hovels; streams of water run through the principal streets of the town, and rows of willow-trees are planted beside them. Most of the inhabited houses are built of mud, but I remarked some unfinished brick buildings in ruin. Our appearance astonished the Khoites: the gentlemen with white staves were quite necessary to keep off the crowd. We are lodged in a suite of apartments with large windows of painted glass, opening upon an enclosed garden (without flowers). This is the "anderoon"* (harem) of a palace which once belonged to Jehangueer Meerza, one of Abbas Meerza's younger sons. This prince rebelled when Mohammed Meerza, the present king, was made heir apparent, and is now a prisoner at Andebil, without eyes. The fat boy hastened with filial anxiety to assist Hateem Khan to dismount at the outer gate of the palace, and stood outside the window of the principal room, where his father and the Mehmandar smoked and drank coffee with Ellis. Such is the respect exacted from sons, and I believe willingly paid by them, in Persia, that they never sit uninvited in their parents'

* The word literally means "within."

presence: even an elder brother is often treated with similar deference.

We found the floor of this apartment covered with piles of beautiful fruits, melons, grapes, pears, &c. and every variety of execrable sweetmeats—a present from the governor. Another Mehmandar, Yahya Khan, of higher rank than Hajee Beejum Beg, has been sent from Tehran to supersede him. He is a jolly looking fellow, by no means so high-bred in appearance or manners as his predecessor. He shook hands with us all round when he was introduced to Ellis after dinner to-day. I see that the English custom (as far as strangers are concerned, “more honoured in the breach than in the observance”) has been adopted by several Persians who know the world. The luxury of having a clean room to oneself is not to be described.

6th.—We halted all yesterday. Khoi is said to contain between 4,000 and 7,000 families, of whom 100, inhabiting a distinct suburb, are Armenians. Dr. R—— tells me that the bazaars are the finest in Persia, except those in Sheeraz. They are substantially built of brick, and are lofty and capacious. The ceiling is a succession of arched domes, lighted by square holes at the top. The principal alley is occupied by cap-makers; another, by sellers of cloths and linen; worsted sock makers and copper-smiths have likewise extensive quarters. Khoi is celebrated for the two latter articles,—the worsted socks are striped

and variegated with many colours. The principal merchants have small rooms and shops in the caravanserais: one of these, to the right of the cap-makers' street, is an octagon, very neatly built and cleanly kept, with a fountain in the centre. It was pleasant to see some old fellows seated on their heels at the doors of their shops, "with spectacles on nose," poring over large quartos which they held on their knees. M. Garibaldi, a Geonese merchant, now a tenant of one of the pigeon holes in the caravanserai, dined with us yesterday. Despatches from Sir John Campbell arrived in the afternoon. The Shah has paid Ellis the unusual compliment of sending a horse to meet him here, and has desired all the princes and governors on the road to the capital *to give him sweetmeats*, and to pay him the most marked attentions.

We left Khoi by a road about twenty feet broad and two miles in length, shaded by a double row of willows: it would be excellent but for the water-courses which intersect it. Hateem Khan hurried on horseback to catch the Elchee, who, officially affronted at his not having called yesterday, gave the old gentleman a mild rebuke, which frightened him almost out of his wits, and caused him to send his fat son after us, with orders not to depart without a written pardon!

We forded the Otoor, a stream which runs into the Arras, near Nakhchevan, a little above a well-built

bridge, to which small arches in each pier give an air of lightness: it seemed much in want of repair. We here began to ascend from the plain. Ellis got into an antique and stately coach, which Feridoon Meerza, the "Asylum's" brother and governor of Aderbijan, sent to meet him. It is drawn by four horses, driven by two postilions who wear red jackets and loose blue trowsers—the royal livery. Poor Meerza Baba, the Persian Secretary, who from etiquette sat with his back to the horses, was soon *overcome* and obliged to get out.

The village of Hajee Syud, near which we are encamped, is close to the frontiers of the ancient kingdom of Armenia. Our camp is placed in a stubble field, surrounded by small trees on the left of the road. The large tent in which we dine is really grand, but the others, even His Excellency's, are, I think, less comfortable than our Armenian cow-houses. Our establishment, including ferashes, does not consist of less than fifty men. Copied despatches until half-past twelve.

7th.—We started at half-past seven, ascending a wild rocky defile, from the summit of which we descried, almost at our feet, the lake, or rather inland sea of Ooroomia, an immense sheet of salt water, 300 miles in circumference. Several rocky islands, picturesquely shaped and broken, rise from its surface. The mountain of Sahund is visible far off to the south. The city of Ooroomia, west of the lake, was the birth-

place of Zoroaster : Maragha, near its eastern shore, was the capital of Hoolakoo, the semi-civilized grandson of Genghis Khan. The site of the observatory of his celebrated astronomer, Nazir-oo-Deen, can still be distinguished on a neighbouring eminence. A plain extends along the eastern side of the lake to the foot of Sahund ; it is bounded by a chain of mountains, dark red above, and light green below.

The descent was the roughest and most precipitous with which we have yet met. The plain, across which we rode for fourteen miles, is little above the level of the lake : its productions are corn, cotton, and castor-oil. Several streamlets descend from the barren mountains, at the foot of which villages surrounded by verdure are nestled. We are now encamped outside Tasouj, a considerable village, the capital of the district of Gunieh : it is embosomed in gardens, and shaded by trees, some of which are respectable in size. I cannot sufficiently admire the contrast between the blue waters of the lake and the lively green of the orchards.

We found the great tent filled with fruit, a present to the Elchee from Feridoon Meerza, who has taken refuge at Tasouj from the cholera which infests his capital. We had the bore of paying him a visit of ceremony in the afternoon. His Royal Highness was seated in one of our own chairs (which he had civilly sent for, to put us at our ease), at an open window looking into a small garden court. We bowed

profoundly as soon as we saw him : he then desired us to approach. We took off our shoes at the door of his room, and walked into his presence without uncovering. He talked a good deal to Ellis, who thinks him intelligent. He is rather good looking ; his eyes, hair, beard, and moustachios are jet black ; his complexion olive. I did not much like the downcast expression of his eyes. Ellis rode the horse which the Shah had sent to meet him. It is a bright bay, of a good Turkoman breed, standing about sixteen hands. His coat is remarkably fine, but he is out of condition with the journey, and I do not much admire the fashion of burning off the manes of these Turkoman horses. The "Jelladar," or head groom, values him at 500 tomauns, about 250*l.*, but he probably exaggerates. The height of a horse is a good deal thought of in the Persian court ; therefore an Arab is seldom seen in the northern provinces of the kingdom. A Turkoman horse has generally a large head and ewe neck, and is more famous for endurance than either for speed or beauty.

Russia now possesses Karabagh, the country which formerly produced the best breed of Persian horses.

8*th.*—Melons grown in semicircular beds, and cotton mixed with castor oil, are the principal produce of the fields. Irrigation is carefully attended to, for without it, agriculture would be at an end. The fields and gardens are laid out in small divisions, separated by low ridges of earth. When one plot is sufficiently

soaked, the ridge is trenched, and the waters allowed to run into the next division.

We skirted the lake of Ooroomia, at the distance of two or three miles. It is bounded towards the west by high mountains, whose rocky promontories frequently assume the appearance of gothic castles and white towns, such as adorn the shores of the Lago di Como. The beauty of the view was greatly increased by the villages, trees and gardens which occasionally intervened between our road and the lake. We took a path to the left, about ten miles from Tasouj, and crossing the dry bed of a deep-sunk torrent, entered the extensive orchards which surround the village of "Deeran." Purple barberries grow in great profusion; the *sinjeed*, or sweet willow, is also very common. This tree has a pale green leaf, and bears fruit resembling the date in appearance, but by no means agreeable to the taste. Our *détour* to this village was made to visit the Walee Ahud, or Heir Apparent, whose title literally signifies the "Friend of Agreement."* We breakfasted in the house of the Nasakchee Bashee (Earl Marshal and High Executioner), who has charge of the young prince, and was sent to Tasouj to conduct us to his presence. He is, I am told, the identical personage, so humorously described in Hajji Baba, who makes him say, "O Allah! Allah! if there was no dying in the case, how the Persians would fight!" and who speared his cook to

* The reigning King of Persia, I believe.

show his valour when flying from the enemy. He is a chattering off-hand swaggerer, at no pains to conceal a predilection for his old enemies the Russians. Stoddart took one of his children on his horse, and called him an Englishman; upon which the Nasakchee exclaimed, "No! no! Ouroos, Ouroos!" Like Nadeer Shah, he is an Afshâr, one of the seven Kiz-zebâsh tribes, which placed the Soofies* on the throne of Persia. The breakfast consisted of an excellent pilau and boiled chickens, which we ate with our fingers, taking care not to use our left hands.

The Walee Ahud was, like his uncle, seated at an open window. I never saw so beautiful a child; the expression of his countenance is mournful, and the poor thing was evidently shy. We were given sherbet, sugar-candy and tea, presented by servants who knelt. The ablutions of the Walee Ahud were carefully performed after he had drunk his tea. He wiped his little chin, where, "Inshallah," his beard will be, with most dignified gravity.

Ellis gave him a handsome opera-glass, which, however useless to His Royal Highness, will be a charming toy for his mother and grandmamma, who are staying with him. It is said that the Shah cares little for the former, who is a lady of his own tribe, and adores a Kûrdish wife.

* Sefis, or Suffaveans. Shakspeare, a contemporary of Shah Abbas, the most renowned monarch of the dynasty, speaks of a man as having been "fencer to the Sophy," (Twelfth Night.)

We rejoined the direct road near an immense salt-marsh, which extends far into the lake. The "oldest inhabitants" state that they remember to have seen the lake almost dry for an entire day. An "Istikbol" rode out from Shebestor to meet us. An unarmed infantry guard received His Excellency at the entrance to the town, and half the male population turned out to stare at the "Feringhees." The profound obeisances made by men both on foot and on horseback, amuse me: when the head bows, the right hand is slid down the thigh; but all Persians, even of the lower classes, appear to be naturally polished in their manners. Captain Sheil came in the evening from Ooroomia, where he is endeavouring to raise and discipline a regiment. He is suffering severely from rheumatism; and Dr. Riach has an intermittent fever caught in the plain of Khoi. We are all quartered in a good house belonging to a Hajee. Shebestor has lately increased in size and population,—a rare phenomenon in Persia.

9th.—We started early enough to enjoy the sight of a beautiful sunrise, through the trees of an orchard. The Mehmandar gave us a breakfast in a large garden overgrown with bushes, crossed at right angles by avenues of chenars, tall and leafless, except at the top, like the hedge elms in Buckinghamshire. We crossed a large plain, for the most part uncultivated, extending from the mountains beyond Tabreez to the Lake of Ooroomia. It was not until we were within a few miles of the town, that we saw the high brick

walls of the Ark, or citadel, rising above mud houses, and a vast extent of garden ground. The Mehmandar, in order, I suppose, to gain time, for the sortie of the Istikbol, lengthened our journey by many unnecessary windings, until at length he allowed us to approach the city from the northern side, close to the long bridge over the Ajy, which leads to Russia. We were first met by Mr. Nisbet, the commissary of the detachment, Messrs. Bonham and Burgess, jun., British merchants, and Mr. Strange, a Madras civil servant, who has adopted the Persian costume; and soon afterwards by the Istikbol, headed by the Begler-Beg, or Governor of Tabreez. He was accompanied by a sinister-looking Syud merchant, distinguished by his dark green turban and superb mule, and by the head officer of police, who carried a small round shield. Not long since this worthy being in want of money, sent out some of his myrmidons, who seized an unfortunate Hajee in the streets, accused him of drunkenness, and stuffed some bottles of wine into his trowsers, which they produced before their master in evidence of the crime. The poor pilgrim was obliged to pay a round sum in ducats to procure his release. The governor, himself a notorious drunkard, tells this story as a capital joke!

The extensive suburbs of Tabreez, mud walls intermingled with verdure, are separated from the city by a wide space chiefly occupied by burial-grounds. The double ramparts of Tabreez, long curtains, flanked

with small round towers, and protected by a dry ditch, are rather picturesque and oriental, though built of unburnt bricks, and in a defenceless condition. The sight of the union jack waving over the residency did one's heart good. The sitting-rooms are numerous and comfortably furnished. The bedrooms are wretched enough, but have the luxury of tables and chairs. Since leaving Trebizond my journal and letters have been written on my knee on my bed. As far as I have been able to calculate, the distance from that port to Tabreez is 490 miles; it is usually called 600.

12th.—The origin of Tabreez goes back to the days of the Medes. There is a tradition that it derived its ancient name of Gandzàka, or Gaza, from the treasures of Crœsus, which Cyrus brought from Sardis, and deposited within its walls. The province of Atropatene, answering nearly to the modern Aderbijan, was wrested by Galerius from Persia, and given to Tiridates as compensation for some districts formerly taken from Armenia by the Parthians, and then ceded by treaty to the Roman empire.

Tabreez, or Tauris,* the capital of the province, was beautified by Tiridates. Long afterwards it became the favourite residence of Zobeide, the wife of Haroun Al Raschid; and at a still later period was the capital of some of the descendants of Genghiz Khan, more particularly of Keh-khatoo, who was murdered there,

* As the French, and their apes, the Russians, call it.

after having caused great discontent by attempting to establish a paper currency in imitation of his kinsman the Mogul Emperor of China! Chardin estimated the population of the city at 550,000;* previously to the plague and cholera, which have lately devastated the city, it was supposed to amount to 60,000. Now the streets are almost deserted, half the inhabitants having taken refuge in the neighbouring hills. Many of the shops in the bazaars are closed. The houses, usually of one story only, are built round courts, into which all the windows look. The city therefore, that part occupied by bazaars and shops excepted, offers the appearance of a labyrinth of unpaved lanes, full of holes, usually intersected by gutters, with mud walls on each side, varied only by narrow doors, and the arched brick gateways of larger mansions. Large rams, with enormous horns, are chained in front of many of the inferior shops. The combats of these animals are a favourite "tomasha," or sport, of the Tabreezes. The women are very closely veiled; even their eyes are invisible. They see through a sort of lattice-work in the white sheet which covers their faces. They invariably wear shapeless blue mantles, and blue trowsers tied round their ancles. The beards of the men are often bright orange: that colour is the first preparation of the fine black dye adopted by those who can afford the expense. Many

* I think he must have included the suburbs, which are very extensive.

of the elders wear their beards half grey and half orange, like poor old Ishmael.

I walked round the outside of the town yesterday, and took a more minute survey of the walls. They are about five miles in circumference, full of breaches; the outer wall has regular bastions at long intervals; the curtains of both walls are turreted and loop-holed. On each side of the gates there are circular pillars, covered with green and yellow glazed tiles, in a chequered pattern: many of the towers are ornamented in a similar manner. A mosque built by Shah-Jehan, stands in a state of ruin in a suburb on the right of the Teheran road; it is beautifully adorned with arabesque designs, and must have been a very fine building when perfect. An earthquake shook it to its foundation some years ago.

The citadel is separated from the town by a wall, and is rather more regularly fortified, towards the country. It contains a very high brick building, constructed by Ali Shah. One side, which is immensely thick, and projects in a semicircle towards the west, alone remains entire. There is an extensive view from the summit; the peninsula in the Lake of Ooroomia is visible; the town and its gardens, with the extraordinarily shaped and coloured mountains, by which they are almost encircled, form a striking *coup d'œil*. Not long since a woman supposed to be guilty of adultery was thrown from this building; being little hurt by the fall, the people cried, "*Au*

miracle!” and would not allow the mollahs to try the effect of another *cast*.

The military stores are kept in the arsenal under Nisbet's superintendence. The greater part have now been furnished to the army, and all well-wishers to Persia must hope that what remains may speedily be moved to a greater distance from the frontier. The troops are chiefly supplied with English firelocks, stamped with “John Company's” lion; but some are armed with Russian muskets, which are longer, and smaller in the bore, than ours. These arms, together with twelve brass 18-pounders, were given to the Shah by the Emperor Nicholas in 1829, on the occasion of Khoosroo Meerza's embassy of apology for the murder of Grebiadoff.

Syud Khan, a clever Armenian, once Ellis's nazir, or steward, and, more recently, the self-constituted envoy of Abbas Meerza in England, has the farm of the copper mines throughout the country, and has lately cast two 6-pounders with metal brought from the neighbouring district, Kara-dagh. A boring-machine was speedily constructed by native artisans, under the superintendence of Mr. Armstrong, after the evacuation of Tabreez by the Russians, who had destroyed the machine formerly in use. There are powder magazines in the neighbourhood of this place; materials for making it abound in Persia; what I saw in the arsenal is coarse. Lead is plentiful and cheap, iron very dear. Flints are brought from Europe.

13th.—I have bought two horses, one a powerful and handsome dappled grey, the other a “Yaboo” (hack of the meanest description), which was sold for twelve tomauns,* because he has a white off fore-foot, which is considered an unlucky mark. I hope that the charm tied to his tail will counteract the evils of destiny. A white mark on the right shoulder also betokens bad fortune, especially to married men. The grey cost me forty-four tomauns (22*l.*), which is rather a low price at present. Sir H. Bethune has left a large stud to be sold here; three beautiful Arabs (acquired in his late successful campaign against the Shiraz provinces) are valued at 500*l.* each, and will not, I think, find purchasers.

I went with Ellis to call on some German Missionaries, who have lately settled here, having been driven from Shoosha, in the south of Russia, by the jealousy of the Armenian clergy, supported by the Imperial government. They were *liberally* offered permission to remain in Georgia, if they would apply themselves to some useful agricultural labour, or mechanical trade! Here they devote their attention to the Armenians, who are numerous in Aderbijan, and I think wisely. When the Persians see that their Christian neighbours, instead of being sunk in ignorance, idolatry and vice, as they are at present, act in conformity with the real precepts of their religion, they will of themselves begin to inquire into and appreciate the

* A tomaun is worth ten shillings.

nature and advantages of Christianity. Every Armenian who becomes a Protestant is virtually an adherent snatched from Russia, and on this, as well as on higher grounds, Mr. Ellis has resolved to give the Missionaries his countenance and support, provided they do not attempt to interfere with the Mahometans.

I rode afterwards to see a villa belonging to Feridoon Meerza: some dauber has attempted to paint Grecian heroes and other European figures on the walls of the principal apartment.

16th.—We called last Wednesday on the Georgian wife of a British officer; she has a very pretty face, and smoked her kaleeoon with infinite grace; her figure was invisible. The “Khanum” is a lady of such spirit, that, some time ago, an European adventurer having hazarded a disrespectful remark about her husband, during his absence, she challenged him to fight with pistols!

Two Mujtâheds called on Ellis yesterday, which is an honour rarely conferred on a Christian. These, the highest dignitaries in the Mussulman religion, are chosen by the people for their reputation of sanctity. In Sir John Malcolm’s time, there were only four Mujtâheds in Persia, but I believe their number is now increased; their title signifies “the giver of evidence.” No specific duties belong to the office, but the holder of it exercises great undefined powers over the courts of Sherrâh or ecclesiastical law, as well as great influence over public opinion.

Even the sovereign cannot safely refuse to listen to a Mujtâhed, and invariably pays him the greatest deference and respect. One of Ellis's visitors was also Shaikhool Islam, "chief of the faith," who presides over the court of Sherrah at Tabreez. This office is conferred and paid by the Shah.

We started at half-past twelve this morning, and were accompanied for several miles by all the English at Tabreez, the German Missionaries, and Mr. Perkins. Beyond the gardens the country is dreary and uninteresting. We reached our camping ground, a marshy meadow near Syudabad, at half-past five. The rascally muleteers, who set out with our heavy baggage yesterday, halted at a village three fursukhs from Tabreez: part of our light baggage is also absent.

17th.—I was consequently obliged to sleep on the ground, rolled up in a carpet. The bitter cold, and the sharp point of a blacking-case sticking out of my bag, which I used as a pillow, kept me awake all night. I occupied a single tent, which afforded but little protection either against heat or cold; in the middle of the day the sun is scorching. Soon after starting we ascended the defile of Shibleh, a dangerous and difficult pass, where many beasts of burden perish every winter. There is a caravanserai, with a door and a roof (!) at its foot. We passed another in a ruined state during the day. The anarchy of Persia during great part of the last century, has caused the destruction or damage of many of these useful build-

ings, erected by the Suffavean kings; and the late Shah was far too avaricious to lay out money in repairs. We crossed several grassy and moist plains during the day. One of these is the "Chummun" of Oujân, a favourite camping ground of old Futteh Ali, and of Abbas Meerza. A desolate looking country palace, built by the latter, was pointed out to us. Barren rocky mountains bound the open country to the north. They are part of the Elbûrz chain, which commences near the mouth of the Araxes, and joins the Indian Caucasus in Affghanistan.

Our tents are pitched this afternoon in a valley below Tikhmadash, a large and populous village.

19th.—We met a "kâfila," or caravan, on its road to Mecca *viâ* Erzeroom, yesterday; two women accompanied it. We arrived at Turcomanshahee, a considerable village, in the afternoon, and have halted there all to-day. Here the peace between Russia and Persia, so ruinous to the latter, was signed in 1827. If Futteh Ali Shah had persevered in hostilities a little longer, the Russian army might have been checked at the passage of the Kafilan-koh, which is a very strong military position; and would have suffered severely from want of provisions if it had penetrated into Irâk.

Persia seems to have been the immediate aggressor in the contest which terminated so fatally; General Yermaloff, the governor of Georgia, occupied some "debateable land" on the frontier, which was claimed by the Persians, who would not listen to the repre-

sentations made to them on the subject by the governments of Teheran and Tabreez. The Russian envoy at the capital entreated the Shah to pause, until reference to St. Petersburg could be made; but, urged on by the selfish ambition of Abbas Meerza, and the bigoted Mahometan feeling then particularly prevalent at the capital, he declared war against Russia, without appealing to the mediation of Great Britain, on whom the expense of hostilities, if justly undertaken, and if her endeavours to maintain peace had failed, would have in a great measure fallen. Georgia being, at the moment of invasion, feebly garrisoned, Abbas Meerza was at first successful. His subsequent reverses and disgraceful flight are well known; but the world is perhaps not so generally aware of the fact, that when besieging Sheesha, His Royal Highness pocketed a certain sum daily for allowing the garrison, which must otherwise have surrendered, to come out unmolested and supply themselves with water! Subsequently to the war, which cost Persia the possession of Erivân, Talish, and many crores of tomauns, and gave her reason to think Russia the most powerful and irresistible country on the face of the earth, Abbas Meerza became extremely subservient to the Emperor, on whose assistance he relied in the event of a disputed succession to the throne.

20th.—We have travelled to-day through a country finely diversified with hill, dale, and mountain: it

would be beautiful if wooded. We breakfasted with Yahya Khan, under a perpendicular rock, the first natural shade I have enjoyed for many days. Suleiman Khan, chief of the Sheg-âghee tribe (a very loose set), out of which he is obliged to furnish three battalions when required, joined us on the road with a numerous retinue. He has given me a notched stick, such as Persian noblemen usually ride with, and which is only to be procured in the wooded province of Ghilan.

I was much amused to-day by seeing a boy riding stark naked, with a large Persian cap on his head. A few days ago I remarked an urchin likewise on "yaboo" back, with no clothing but a pair of socks!

At the entrance to Meeana we were met by five Pehlivans (wrestlers), very powerful men. They were bareheaded and stripped to the waist. Each of them carried a heavy club, which they twisted over their heads with a regular motion, and sang barbarously as they preceded us into the town.

Meeana is a dirty place, in a low unwholesome situation on the Kurakoo, one of three mountain streams, whose junction forms the Kizil Ouzen, a river which runs into the Caspian Sea near Resht. It is celebrated for a peculiar breed of bugs, whose bite is severe enough to produce fever, and sometimes death. Yahya Khan came into our tent after dinner to show his jewels, consisting of a ruby of very light colour, as

large as a half-crown, and of some enormous emeralds, full of flaws : one of them was set in a ring, and ten others ornamented a sword-belt.

23*d.*—Bell could not procure any poisonous bugs at Meeana, though he offered a premium upon them. The low ground on the banks of the Kurakoo is covered with cotton and rice fields. We crossed the river by a long bridge of twenty-one arches, which, wonderful to relate, is undergoing repairs ; and then commenced the ascent of the Kafilan Kooch mountain, which divides the great provinces of Aderbijan and Irak. The pass is steep, rather picturesque and wild, and might easily be defended by a handful of men. The remains of a stone causeway are here and there visible. At the eastern foot of the mountain another confluent of the Kizil Ouzen, flows through a narrow gorge, in a north-easterly direction. It is crossed by a really handsome brick bridge, of three large and very high arches (besides small ones within each pier), attributed, as usual, to Shah Abbas.

We rode over a hilly country, partially cultivated, between the river and Agkund, our present manzil : towards the south and south-west, it is broken into parallel ranges of craggy hills, like petrified breakers. Most of the villages which we have seen within these few days are protected by a decayed fortalice, which usually consists of four loop-holed walls of mud, with round towers at each corner. The principal inhabitants always assemble in a line to receive the Elchee,

bow profoundly, and run by his horse's side as long as he will allow them. The people are better clothed here than those near the frontier. The burial-grounds in Persia are very naked and shabby, compared to those in Turkey. At Tabreez the tombs are covered with brickwork, but in the villages they are merely bordered with stones.

Agkund is situated high, and the wind blew in gusts under and through our wretched sleeping tent. The only object of interest between that village and Armaghaneh, where we arrived yesterday, is the high mountain of Savanloo, towards the W.N.W. Here there are two small fortalices close together, built by brothers, who were too much afraid of each other to live unprotected. We have halted on account of the illness of Meerza Baba, the Persian secretary.

24th.—We were obliged to leave him this morning under Riach's care. Bell was sent for yesterday to attend Mr. Farrant, an officer of the Company's service, who has been attacked with small-pox, at a village near Sultanieh, so that we are now doctorless.

The country about Armaghaneh is well cultivated, considering the stony nature of the soil. It is intersected by deep hollows, watered by clear streams. I have always forgotten to mention Yahya Khan's hawk, which is a very gentlemanlike and chivalrous part of his establishment, but unfortunately it will not fly! He was only appointed as Mr. Ellis's Mehmandar in the province of Aderbijan, but he continues to

accompany us although superseded by Mahommed Khan Doom. Belli, who is to conduct the embassy to the footstool of royalty. He met us to-day under the walls of Zunjaun, with a numerous Istikbol. My heart was warmed by the sight of twenty regular lancers drawn up in a line, and commanded (in English words) by a sergeant of our 4th Light Dragoons. They form part of a body of a hundred men raised in this district, drilled and disciplined within the last four months by Mr. Farrant. They wear red jackets, loose blue trowsers, and Persian caps. They are armed with swords, holster-pistols, and lances, with red and blue pennons. Their horses are strong, though small, and in very fair condition.

CHAPTER VI.

ZUNJAUN—VALLEY OF SULTANIEH—SUBTERRANEAN AQUEDUCTS—FAT-TOOLEH-MEERZA—DINNER WITH THE PRINCE—TOWN OF SULTANIEH—TOMB OF KHODABUNDH—KHORUMDERE—ABHÂR—CASTLE OF ALA-MOOT—SEADABUND—KASVEEN—SULTAN MEERZA—ANCIENT TUMULI—KARGOOSABAD—CAMELS—SULIMANIEH—DEMAWEND—KUND—DISPUTE ABOUT CEREMONIAL—LETTER OF MEERZA MASSOOD—RECEPTION AT TEHERAN.

ZUNJAUN, with its thick mud walls and flanking towers, is rather an imposing place; the mosques and imaum-zadehs within make a good show at a distance. We merely skirted the city, where the plague now rages, and have encamped on a low chummun about three miles beyond.

25th.—It rained hard in the afternoon, and nothing could be more wretched than our tent. Yahya Khan dined with us, and drank two glasses of port under the name of *quinine*. I do not think Mahommed could have had the heart to forbid wine in such weather, but Firokh Khan, Yahya's son, was too conscientious to touch it. My shirt was quite damp when I put it on to-day. We rode all morning through the broad valley of Sultanieh, whose eastern extremity

extends far beyond the horizon. The banks of a winding streamlet, flowing between low ridges, which form an inner valley, are particularly well cultivated. Tradition says that the whole of this vast tract, now pasture land, was covered with cornfields and gardens five hundred years ago. The remains of "kannauts," or subterranean aqueducts, by which it was irrigated, are frequently visible, and tend to confirm the statement. I am told that throughout the kingdom hundreds of these channels, a monument of the magnificence of its ancient rulers, and the industry of the inhabitants, were choked up or destroyed in the period of anarchy which preceded the accession of the Kajar dynasty, who have done little or nothing to repair an evil which desolates their country.

The tops of the Elburz mountains are covered with fresh snow, and a cold wind blew over them from the Caspian: this did not prevent our eating a second breakfast on a hill-side with our Mehmandars and a dozen other Khans. I wish European friends could have seen us, tearing kabobs with our fingers and endeavouring to shovel chilaus and pilaus squeezed into balls, down our throats. Two hundred wild-looking horsemen were grouped around in various picturesque attitudes. Thirty more of Farrant's lancers met us, as well mounted and appointed as those we saw yesterday.

The green dome of Sultan Khoda Bundh's tomb at Sultanieh was visible at a great distance,—long before

we arrived at the shapeless, half-ruined chateau where I now write. The late Shah passed many summers in this cool, elevated position, with all the nobles of his court, and their followers, encamped in feudal array on the surrounding plain. Those days of oriental splendour have been ended by the establishment of a regular army.

We are the guests of Fattooleh Meerza, prince governor of the district, who has taken refuge in "these shades" from the plague at Zunjaun. This Shahzada has eight wives, three of whom he was compelled by old Futteh-Ali to marry. They had been destined for the royal couch; but not pleasing the eye of the virtuous parent, they were bestowed upon his son. We were received by a guard of honour of ill-dressed troops, and some drums and fifes, in red jackets, who played an English tune. His late Majesty is painted on horseback over the chimney-piece of our principal apartment,—

"A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,"

with a spear in his hand, and a black beard almost equally long. Some male figures, probably a few of his progeny, stand singly in separate compartments round the room, and are rather well painted.

We had the honour of dining with the prince. A long ascent up an arched passage conducted us to an open platform, on one side of which his apartments are situated. We found His Royal Highness sitting

on a chair in the corner of a cold, bare, whitewashed room: another chair was placed for the Elchee beside him. We were at first obliged to squat on the floor; but the Shahzada took compassion on our awkwardness, and sent for our own chairs for us. There was no table in the apartment. A number of wax candles, in candlesticks of various dimensions, with glass cases around them, were placed in line on the centre of the carpet.

Fattooleh appears to be about thirty, and has a remarkably soft voice and graceful manners. His conversation was chiefly about his own complaints, which Mr. Ellis was obliged to interpret to Bell; he likewise touched on astronomy. In process of time the candles were removed, and a vast number of dishes and sherbet-bowls were placed on a fresh carpet. Their arrangement took nearly half an hour, the eating not much longer. We were obliged to kneel or squat on the floor, as we best could, to feed. The dinner differed but little, except in quantity, from one of Yahya Khan's breakfasts. That worthy, and old Doom. Belli, have been affronted by the Prince, and call him an "ass," (with great emphasis;) for this morning the former was not invited to sit during Mr. Ellis's visit, and cast-off dishes from the Shahzada's table were sent to the latter, who, as he says, has received wine from the royal hand of the "Centre of the Universe" himself!

Mr. Ellis was honoured by a smoke out of the

Prince's kaleeroon. We were given poisonous coffee, and over-sugared tea without milk. The bore of sitting after dinner was intolerable; but we consoled ourselves afterwards in our own rooms with some mulled port. Poor Fattooleh's revenue is only 1,500*l.* per annum, a small salary for the governor of a province who is uncle to a king.

26*th.*—The town of Sultanieh is about a mile and a half from last night's *gite*. It was built by Khodabundh, a descendant of the Mogul conquerors of Persia, and was the capital of some of his successors. An earthquake deprived the inhabitants of water some centuries ago, and the town was consequently abandoned. Now there are streams close to Sultanieh, and it is partially occupied by a scanty and squalid population.

We halted to visit the tomb of Khodabundh, which is really a noble edifice. The area is 100 feet in diameter; the dome, 120 feet high from the ground, is nearly pointed at the top, and covered with green lacquered tiles, with which it has also been lined, but the interior is now plastered over. The body of the building is of octagon form. A cornice is carried round the interior, about twelve feet from the ground, on which an Arabic inscription in large letters is carved, and has apparently been gilt. There is a sort of chapel attached to the tomb on the side nearest Mecca, and the same, by the way, is the case with the ruined mosque, in the suburb of Tabreez.

The material of the edifice is brick ; a minaret seems to have been placed on each of its angles : of these only one remains entire. There is another object of interest on the north side of the town—a fragment of wall about forty feet high, and four-and-a-half thick, supported by buttresses and faced with square slabs of greenish stone very neatly cut. The top seems to have been machicolated.*

We were overtaken by a Gholam from Armaghaneh, who brought the intelligence of poor Meerza Baba's death, which took place suddenly yesterday morning. He was an old and valued servant of the British mission, highly respected, and deeply regretted by all who knew him.

We did not meet with a single habitation until we approached Khorumdere, twenty-six miles from Sul-tanieh, but we passed many deserted and ruined villages. Large holes in the earth enabled me to examine the vestiges of some Kannauts, which commencing at abundant springs, carried water from one well or reservoir to another, all now dried up: they are so ancient that their invention is attributed to Houshong, second king of the fabulous Paishdadian dynasty. Our road to-day, still through the broad grassy valley, was excellent. At length we left it, and descended to our right through streams of water,

* Suliman the Magnificent advanced as far as Suleimanieh after overcoming Aderbijan (in 1532), and was there stopped by the severity of the weather.

muddy ditches, and irrigated fields. The vale of Abhâr is watered by a fine stream, and is therefore thickly filled with villages, gardens and orchards. The green dome of a mosque, on which a stork has placed her nest, surrounded by trees, and backed by purple mountains, embellishes the village of Abhâr.

We did not arrive until half-past three, having ridden at least two miles out of our way; the ignorance of Mehmandars, Gholams, and servants about a road which they must have travelled frequently, astonishes me. We are in a good quarter—two rooms with a deep verandah, or rather alcove, between them, at one end of a garden court surrounded by high walls. The windows are of painted glass, in tolerable repair. This place is said to be very unhealthy; it nearly proved K——'s grave, but I believe he brought fever with him from Teheran.

. 28th.—Near Seadahund, a large village where we halted last night, the valley opens into the plain of Kasveen. The mountains to the north are high, and covered with snow. The Castle of Alamoot, once the chief stronghold of the Assassins, and the residence of their Shaikh, stands on a rock deep in their recesses. The view to the east is unbounded. Again yesterday we passed many ruined villages. I was driven out of my room at Seadabund by smoke, and obliged to write my journal on the roof. The tops of several neighbouring houses were occupied by female forms, but they were too distant for me to distinguish a

Zeenab or an Ayesha amongst them! The whole town is built of mud; the roofs of most of the smaller houses are shaped like domes. A mail coach might be driven along the road across the plain from Seadabund to Kasveen. Towards the east the ground was covered by a thin mist, looking exactly like a lake, on the surface of which distant objects appeared as islands. I had never seen a mirage before.

This city (Kasveen) is surrounded by vineyards which extend for several miles. The vines are planted in deep parallel trenches, and grow (unsupported by sticks) against the sunny slopes of the intermediate banks. The grapes are good, and I have tasted tolerable wine made from them, at Tabreez. A large Istikbol came out to meet us; ferashes with long sticks preceded the procession, and rushed fiercely at every beggar by the road side, and at every peasant who presumed to gaze, though at a whole field's distance, driving them away with blows, abuse, and clods of earth. At the gate of the town, sugar-candy was offered to Mr. Ellis on a silver plate covered with crimson velvet. I thought at first that the keys, or the "freedom of the City," had been presented to him! The watchmen with their clubs and round shields here joined us. There are a great many excavations filled with houses within the walls. I admired the glazed dome of a mosque, and two high towers equally blue and shining. The Ferashes halloed loudly, as we threaded our way, two and two, through a

labyrinth of narrow lanes, and struck at a few harmless women who were peeping over the walls of their hovels. On turning a corner I was agreeably surprised to find myself in a broad street, lined with shady (though clipped) elms. At the end of this avenue the palace is situated.

Several companies of unarmed troops were drawn up at the gate, and saluted us in a soldierlike manner as we passed. A long vaulted passage conducted us from the outer court, or maidan, to a second enclosure beautified by ponds, grass-plots, and two rows of thin chenars. Another dark dive brought us into a large garden, well stocked with trees and shrubs; in the centre of which a high pavilion of brick, our present abode, is placed. This building is called "Koolla Feringhee," or "the Frank hat," a name which seems to be universally applied in Persia to an isolated octagonal edifice. The principal apartment, occupying nearly the whole of the first story, is spacious and handsome. The floor is covered with superb carpets and "nummuds;"* unfortunately many of the painted glass windows are broken. Several figures are represented on the wall, two of them, a gentleman in a red frock-coat, and a very doubtful looking low-gowned lady, are meant for Europeans. We sleep in corners cut off from this saloon, or in pigeon-holes above. The staircase is dark,

* A carpet or drugget of thick felt, usually of a drab ground, partially ornamented with a gay pattern, is so called in Persia.

narrow, and steep; a fragile balcony of brick without a parapet, supported by ancient wooden rafters surrounds the palace, which would be an excellent residence for any poor gentleman with more children than he can conveniently maintain. It was evacuated only two days ago by Sultan Meerza, brother-in-law and cousin to the Shah, who has succeeded his father Aly-Nuckee Meerza in the government of the city. The latter rashly sided with Imaum Wurdee Meerza, one of the competitors for the crown at Futteh Ali's decease, and is now immured in Ardebil.

The old Shah's custom of quartering his numberless children as governors all over Persia, has been one of the greatest curses inflicted on the country: not only every province or city, but every petty district, was ruled by its Shahzada. All these princes had their courts, and vied with each other in extravagance, ostentation and profligacy; they lived surrounded by toadies, who day and night assured them that they had the best claim to the throne, and the greatest ability for governing the kingdom: it is only wonderful that forty, instead of four, pretenders did not assume the sceptre when the old fellow died.

Futteh Ali notoriously made money by his sons' quarrels, and was perfectly indifferent how much they preyed upon the commonwealth as long as they were dutiful enough to pay him a share of the spoil. Sultan Meerza has been kind enough to send us a dinner, instead of making us dine with him.

His son, a sickly looking child of five years old, was brought to see the Elchee and be doctored by Bell, who, poor fellow, has incessant work and botheration, but no fees. Want of children is a constant complaint both with gentlemen and ladies, particularly when the former have taken unto themselves the full allowance of wives.

30th.—We visited His Royal Highness yesterday morning. His room was better furnished than any that I have yet seen in Persia. A pair of Russian epaulettes were suspended with some coins as an ornament over his china and miniatures. The little boy too wore a Russian forage cap.

I went with Stoddart to look at the Surbâz, who were drawn up, unarmed, in line on one side of the Maidan. The Lieut.-Colonel (Serhang) walked down the ranks with us, as if marching past, with pointed toes and elbows close to his sides. He told us that several of the men had served in the last Russian war. Some among them are tall, soldier-like figures, but they have no pretension to uniformity of dress. Sultan Meerza's Court swarms with fat, beardless eunuchs.

Kasveen is said to have been founded by Sapor (Shahpoor) II., after the death of Julian the Apostate and the retreat of Jovian. It was beautified by Haroon al Rasheed, Shah Tamasp, and Nadir Shah.

We passed through vineyards interspersed with round-topped trees, on this, as on the other side of the city, for the space of nearly two miles. I remarked

a chain of low, artificial mounds, on the right of the road, at apparently equal intervals, and am told that they extend as far as Teheran. There are various theories respecting them: some say that they were heaped up to mark distances, in the reign of the Toork monarchs; others, that signal fires, serving as a telegraph between the capital and the provinces, were kindled upon them; and again, it has been supposed that they are the tumuli on which the fire-worshippers of old exposed their dead. The latter hypothesis seems to me to be the most plausible, as it is supported by the fact that bones have been found on some of them. There is a line of mud forts, or walled villages, nearly parallel to these mounds.

We did not reach Kargoosabad, a village off the road, plagued with smoky chimneys and execrable water, until five P.M. Our party is most agreeably augmented by Sir John Campbell, the East India Company's envoy in Persia, and Lieut. Todd,* of the Bengal Horse Artillery, who have come from Teheran to meet the embassy. They give a wretched account of the capital.

31st.—We breakfasted on the road under a group of fine though decayed chenars, whose foliage is allowed to grow in natural luxuriance, instead of being as usual confined to the topmost boughs. The long,

* Poor Todd, a young man of great ability, one of the most promising officers of a corps especially distinguished for talent—the Bengal Artillery—met with an untimely, but glorious death, on the hard-fought field of Feroze-shah.

dreary ride was enlivened by Sir John Campbell's account of the difficulties and exertions which he underwent in helping to place Mahommed Shah on his throne.

The plain, of which we can see no termination, seems to be in a great measure uncultivated, though the land is evidently good. Some snug villages, with a little verdure around them, are nestled under the foot of the hills to the north. We passed an extensive caravanserai, apparently in good preservation, on the brow of a slight eminence, and an Imâm-zadeh (shrine of a saint) nearly opposite. In this province camels are more frequently used than mules for the conveyance of merchandise. Their average burden is about 500 pounds, but they can carry 600 pounds. When not over-worked, their powers of endurance are immense, but they are so easily ruptured that they are almost useless on mountains, in deep snow, or sticky mud. Neither can they, I am told, bear the heat of the sun, and consequently march chiefly by night, which is quite a new doctrine to me. Their pace scarcely exceeds two miles per hour.

It was nearly evening before we reached Sulimanieh, a country palace much frequented by the late Shah. Like all the Persian palaces and houses that I have seen, it is divided into several courts, connected by dark, narrow passages. We occupy the Anderoon, a quadrangle, containing a formal, neglected garden, and two oblong dirty ponds. Yahya Khan sent me

to look at a fine room close to his own quarter, richly ornamented with painted glass, which has, at one end, a picture of Aga Mohammed Shah and his Court, and at the other the "lively effigies" of Futteh Ali and a few of his sons. Perspective is set at nought in these paintings, but the colouring is brilliant. The palace likewise contains a very handsome bath. The "Dustoor-ool-Usul," or programme of the Teheran Istikbol and reception of the embassy, is by no means satisfactory; so we are to halt here to-morrow, whilst Sir John Campbell returns to Teheran to battle for our due honours.

Monday, Nov. 2d.—Yahya Khan came in after dinner for the express purpose of getting drink. Some punch was made to please him, and he has christened me "Shaitân," because he caught me putting additional brandy into his glass whilst he was looking another way. He made some amusing comments on my apparent demureness, and has christened Ruddell "Elburz," because he seems steady and firm as those mountains. The village of Sulimanieh, prettily situated among trees, and adorned with a mosque, has long since been ruined. A few yards from the palace we forded a clear mountain stream, the water of which is so excellent that Futteh Ali Shah used to send from Teheran for a few buckets every morning.

After turning a promontory of a mountain, which is visible as far off as Kasveen, the conical peak of Dema-

wend came into view, towering high above the snowy ridge of Elburg. It is like Monte Viso, and though scarcely so pointed is still more remarkable, because it has no rival among the adjoining mountains. We were met by an Indian Nawab, son of the Jaffier Khan who is mentioned in Malcolm's Sketches of Persia. He was superbly dressed and mounted; everything about himself and his attendants in perfect taste. We are now at Kund, a really lovely village, surrounded by gardens and vineyards; it takes its name, signifying sugar, from a rivulet, which, issuing from a romantic glen, irrigates the gardens and flows through the principal street. The houses are half buried in the foliage of walnut-trees, mulberries, and weeping willows.

There is now a knotty point to be decided, viz. whether an ambassador is more honoured by the proper people coming out of the capital four miles to meet him, or by a very great man coming out eight miles and the proper people only one? The former reception was given to Sir Gore Ouseley, the latter is offered to Mr. Ellis. However trifling such an affair of ceremony appears to Europeans when at home, a great deal really depends on the first impression made upon the Persian authorities by an ambassador's firmness in matters of etiquette; and in a barbarous country, where the eyes must be spoken to, England will be considered powerful by the ignorant multitude

very much in proportion to the outward marks of respect bestowed by the Shah upon the representative of her king.

3*d.*—Futteh-Ali-Khan-Reshtee, one of the greatest men of the Court, and son of Hedayut-Khan, who was hereditary chief of Ghilan, came out to meet Mr. Ellis, with a horse sent by the Shah richly caparisoned; but our Elchee would not move a step until he received positive notice of the intentions of Meerza Massood, minister for foreign affairs. We small people have quite given up all hopes of moving to-day, and were sitting shivering over a smoky fire, lamenting our hard fate, when we received the welcome summons to get ready. The consequence of Ellis's firmness has been, that the foreign minister and the acting master of the ceremonies (cousin to the Shah) consented to come out four miles to meet him; so that we have the advantage over Sir Gore's embassy of Futteh-Ali-Khan-Reshtee and a caparisoned horse! The condescension, however, went sorely against Massood's grain: he had the impudence to write to Sir John Campbell, "Si le bon Dieu veuill (this is an exact copy of the Meerza's orthography) "que je continue d'avoir cette fonction, dans peu de temps après je devais aller amenée les ambassadeurs de leur propres capitaux." He wanted to make his coming out conditional on Mr. Ellis's engaging that our foreign secretary should go out to meet any Persian ambassador, who might hereafter be sent to London. It would be amusing to see Lord

Palmerston waiting at the "Bricklayers' Arms" to escort some Meerza or Khan to Grillon's Hotel!

At length we set out. Mr. Ellis was mounted on a royal horse of little value, but covered with a superb saddle-cloth, embroidered with gold and jewels. Futteh-Ali-Khan, the Nawab, and some other personages rode by his side; a cloud of irregular horsemen followed. At the stipulated four-mile station we found the royal tent. It was of divers colours, and reminded me of the pictures in story-books of Alexander the Great's camp after the battle of Arbela! Here the Elchee was received by Massood and the master of the ceremonies. All the officers of the garrison, in scarlet frock-coats, were drawn up on three sides of a square. As the hour was late, we were spared the refreshments which had been prepared in the tent. Soon afterwards the Russian mission, (its lame chief excepted,) met us in their green coats and white forage caps. Feroshes walked in front, using their long sticks with great vigour, and making as much noise as they could. It was difficult to keep our places behind his Excellency's Schako, amongst the confused crowd of horsemen, all struggling for precedence. I must procure a kicking, biting horse. The greater part of our escort, the foreign minister included, took leave at the gate of the town.

The lanes of Teheran seem to be even worse than those of Tabreez and Kasveen. They were lined near

the British palace by guards of honour, from two regiments, red and green. I had heard so much to the disadvantage of this our future habitation, that I was agreeably surprised, after passing a neat garden full of cypresses and shrubs, to see a fine European-built house with a Doric portico, and a broad flight of steps between two projecting wings. We seated ourselves in the front room, which is ornamented with a handsome lustre, and a good portrait of Futteh-Ali-Shah. A profusion of sweetmeats sent by his Majesty were laid out on the floor. The honours of reception were performed by Hajee-Alee-Askar, an "excellent and energetic eunuch," as R—— terms him.

Amongst the Persians assembled to meet us was Meerza Baba, the Hakeem Bashee, or chief physician, a gentlemanlike man, who was educated in London, and speaks English perfectly. He is exceedingly angry with Mr. Morier for taking liberties with his name, and with the national character in Hajee Baba. We sat down to a late dinner given to us by the "Shah-i-Shah," whose health we drank with all the honours, and afterwards that of our king. The Persians present dared not drink wine for fear of the energetic eunuch, a sober and strict Mussulman.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT OF COUNT SIMONICH—GUEBERS—AUDIENCE OF THE SHAH—ANECDOTE OF FUTTEH ALI SHAH—TEHERAN—INTERVIEW WITH MEERZA MASSOUD—KALEEOONS—PROFLIGACY OF THE PERSIANS—DEPARTURE OF MR. RUDELL AND MR. HOPKINS FOR INDIA—RUINS OF RHÈ—VIEW FROM THE IMAMZADEH—PERSIAN MARRIAGE—DEPARTURE OF SIR JOHN CAMPBELL.

November 4th.—MR. ELLIS was visited this morning by Count Simonich, and all his suite. He is a coarse looking stout man, by birth a Dalmatian. Having been taken prisoner in the Moscow campaign, when serving with the French army, he entered the Russian service at the peace, and is now a major-general. He was lamed by a Persian bullet at the battle of Ganja, (a circumstance which made Futteh Ali Shah chuckle, when the Count insisted on his right of sitting in his presence), where he distinguished himself greatly. I am sorry to hear that his Georgian wife, still beautiful, though the mother of an immense family, is now at Tiflis. Baron Bode, secretary of embassy, is a son of the gentleman who has brought

forward such heavy and apparently just claims against our government. He speaks English perfectly, and is very gentlemanly and pleasing.

I have been copying despatches all day, and shall probably be occupied in a similar manner for a week at least. I refreshed myself before dinner by a walk in the large garden, which is separated from the residency by a street. Two double rows of cypresses form a cross; between them there is a flower-garden much in want of a lady's care. The rest of the space is devoted to fruit and vegetables. Pomegranates are very numerous; I should like to see the Nashterân rose-trees in summer. They grow to the height of eight or ten feet, their branches drooping from the top towards the ground. The snowy mountains seen above and between the dark cypresses have a beautiful effect. An infant daughter of Sir Gore Ouseley's is buried in a corner of the garden.* The gardeners, a wild looking ragged set, are Guebers, and keep a small bull which they hold in high esteem on the premises. A very small remnant of this race exists in Persia, chiefly at Yezd, in Khorasân. Being persecuted and annoyed by the Mahommedans, most of their countrymen have emigrated to India, where, especially at Bombay, they flourish under the name of Parsees.

When a Gueber dies he is carried by his brethren into the open country, and exposed for "daws to peck

* Mr. Ellis caused this tomb to be repaired, and had a low wall built round it.

at." The happiness or misery of his soul is judged of by survivors according as the right or the left eye is first devoured. (Very curious, if true!)

5th.—After much discussion and many diplomatic notes, this auspicious afternoon was fixed on for the audience, and our faces have now been whitened by admission to the presence of the *centre of the Universe*, and "Kebleh-aulem," or *point of the world's adoration*. At half-past two an officer of the Court arrived with led horses, (sad screws) richly caparisoned, for the embassy, and we set out upon them accompanied by a crowd of royal feroshes, and "shatirs," or running footmen, in their harlequin caps. After winding through several shabby streets and dark bazaars, where my old bearskin cap excited more staring and "Mashallahs" than anything else in the procession, we reached the deep ditch and mud walls of the ark or citadel, in which the palace is placed. We entered by a drawbridge; turned to the left along a covered passage, and emerged upon the Maidân, a great square, on one side of which the artillery stood by their guns, and on the other the Shegaugee light infantry, dressed in green, were drawn up in line. The great gate of the palace is on the north side of the Maidân; here again a dark passage was to be threaded; we remained drinking tea and smoking kalecoons in the room of the Salar, one of the high officers of the Court, until his Majesty sent to announce that he was ready to receive us.

I am every day more struck with the tall upright figures and fine features of the Persians, and the Salar is one of the handsomest men I ever saw. His manners are haughty but thoroughly *distinguées*. He is a son of the Ausoof-oo-Dowlet, the chief of a branch of the Kajar (which is the Royal) tribe, and first cousin to Mahommed Shah. The Court dress, consisting of a shawl robe, and a shawl wound round the cap, is very becoming.

From the Salar's room and the dark passage I have mentioned, we entered a large court, ornamented with stiff rows of chenars and oblong tanks. A shabby pavilion of brick is built across this garden. It is here that the Shah gives audience to his subjects. The centre part, open, and lined with mirrors, contains a throne of white marble, supported by fantastic pillars; on each side are twisted columns of greenish marble, brought by Kerreem-Khan-Zend from Shiraz. The exterior is faced with slabs of transparent Maragha marble for a few feet on each side of the alcove—a piece of magnificence which contrasts strangely with the coarse brick-work, in which the holes for scaffolding have not been filled. This court was lined with the regiment of Russian deserters dressed like European troops, and with the “Ghoolams,”—a species of irregular *gardes du corps*,—who stood leaning upon their long guns. A third dark, dirty passage, full of turns, brought us into another court, or garden, which is separated into two divisions.

In the middle of the first there is a "Koollah Ferin-gee," smaller than our quarters at Kasveen. The second contains the usual ornament of a tank, is paved with bricks, and has a pavilion at each end. Meerza Massoud led us round to the greatest possible distance from the south pavilion, called the Gulistân, which is open in front, and so fitted with mirrors and lustres, that my eyes were at first too much dazzled to perceive the Shah, who was squatted on his throne in the upper story.

We saluted immediately, advanced a few paces, took off our shoes, saluted again, and then, at the command of his Majesty, crossed the red bricks in our red cloth stockings, (which it is the etiquette of every one to wear in the presence of the royal family,) and ascended to his presence by a very steep, narrow, and ill-lighted staircase. We took our places in the corner of the room furthest from the Shah: a chair was placed for Mr. Ellis a little in front of us. The "peacock throne," on which the Shah was seated, was brought by Nadir from Delhi. It is shaped something like a bed, and covered with jewels. I was not near enough to see anything distinctly of the royal dress and person; but he seemed to me to be stout, and clumsily made. Three little princes,—two of them holding jewelled swords, and the other a jewelled gun,—stood at his left hand; and six uncles were ranged on each side of the apartment.

The rest of the Persians admitted placed themselves

in a line with us. Mr. Ellis delivered his speech in a loud voice, and without hesitation. The Shah appeared to pay marked attention. He was perhaps rather surprised to hear sound sense, instead of the flummery which his ministers tried to put into the Elchee's mouth. He returned a gracious answer in a hurried, squeaking voice. Mr. Ellis then sat down, but rose when his Majesty again addressed him. The Shah spoke very highly of Sir John Campbell, and of the services which he has rendered to him—as well he may. The suite were then presented, and after some further conversation, we were allowed to retire. I have altogether been much disappointed with the *spectacle*; nothing was brilliant except the jewels and the mirrors, with which the reception-room was lined; and these last are, after all, a poor description of ornament; for none were larger than common-sized looking-glasses. There was, by all accounts, some real splendour about old Futteh Ali's Court; but the present Shah has no taste for display.

We were conducted, after the audience, to a "painted chamber," where kaleeoons were smoked and tea drunk, with the "Ameer-i-Nizam," or Commander-in-Chief of the regular army—a nobleman of high rank in Aderbijân. He has remarkably polished manners, and is always obliging to Englishmen; but I fear that he imbibed rather too high an opinion of Russian greatness, during his mission to Petersburg with Khoosroo-Meerza—a journey which is said to

have been fatal to the loyalty of more than one servant of the Shah. The Ameer, however, though generally admitted to be weak and vacillating, is not accused of corruption. He came to the capital, fully expecting to be made Prime Minister, but seems likely to be disappointed: endless contradictory reports are afloat on this subject. The vacancy, still unfilled, was caused by the execution of the Kaim-makâm, who succeeded his father, the celebrated Meerza-Boozoorg, as Abbas Meerza's vizier, and obtained still greater favour in the Court of the present Shah. He seems to have been a man of considerable abilities, and a fair share of patriotism, quite untainted by Russian predilections. He was, however, most insolent in his conduct towards his master whom he treated as a child; whilst his indolence and inaccessibility rendered him obnoxious to all parties. The Aderbijânees were particularly anxious for the Kaim-makâm's death, thinking that he was the only obstacle to their enjoyment of the Shah's confidence and of unlimited power. Thus much is tolerably certain: but it is further said in the bazaars that his Majesty was grievously affronted by the minister when a boy, and that he vowed he would kill him whenever it was in his power. The Kaim-makâm, who knew both the fact and his pupil's disposition, feared to accompany him to Teheran; but the Shah felt that, on first coming to the throne, he could not do without so able a servant, and swore that *he* would

not shed his blood. Neither did he;—he *caused him* to be strangled in prison. There is a better authenticated anecdote of Futteh Ali's adherence to his word:—He built a man up, whom he had promised not to put to death!

7th.—Mr. Ellis went directly after breakfast to return Meerza Massoud's visit. It is the custom in Persia, amongst great people, to send notice before calling. The streets of Teheran are narrower and more full of holes than those of Tabreez, which they otherwise resemble. The bazaars are not to be compared with those at Khoi. In some places I observed flights of brick steps, leading down to subterranean water-courses. Our palace is very badly supplied with the latter article: a former envoy, "with all the town before him where to choose," having selected the most unhealthy quarter, far from any fresh spring; and we are obliged to send a "sucker," or water-carrier, daily, to a considerable distance, for drinkable water.

The streets are here and there enlivened by good-sized trees. We were frequently impeded in our progress by strings of camels. Meerza Massoud occupies a mud house in a large garden close to the Ark. We found chairs in his room: usually a carpet is the only furniture in a Persian saloon. He has received instruction in the French language, from one of the many adventurers whom the ups and downs of Europe have driven to the East, and does not express

himself amiss. He has, at the same time, acquired a few notions of the habits of civilized life, and received his diplomatic education under Khoosroo Meerza, at St. Petersburg. Whether he receives a pension from the Emperor, or not, there is no doubt that he is heart and soul a Russian. His manners are prepossessing; but, though rather a handsome man, his countenance is extremely unpleasant; and I observed that he seldom looked the person he was addressing in the face. After the first complimentary observations, conversation was carried on in French, and became rather entertaining. Mr. Ellis remarked, that he hoped to find a good friend in the Meerza; who replied, that he feared the Elchee might have some doubts on the subject. A regular explanation then took place, in which the word "franchise" was frequently misapplied. Meerza Massoud said, "that the events of the last forty years rendered it impossible for him to forget the benefits conferred by England on Persia; that Mr. Ellis should have proofs of his good-will," and such like flummery. In short, the minister "*ate humble-pie,*" while, of course, the Elchee declared himself highly delighted and satisfied.

We afterwards visited Count Simonich, who is encamped in a garden north of the town.

16th.—I get on pretty well here, writing the greater part of the day, and walking in the garden for an hour or so afterwards, calculating the probable period of Mr. McNeil's arrival to relieve us, and

looking forward to our journey home through Georgia and the Caucasus. I am glad that my writing relieves me from the bore of accompanying Mr. Ellis in his visits of ceremony, not having yet acquired a taste for the three cups of milkless tea, which it is always *de rigueur* to accept and drink. The longer the period allowed to elapse between the introduction of each round of refreshments, the greater the honour conferred upon the guest. Kaleeoons, which I really enjoy, help to fill up the intervals. It is a fine sight every day after dinner to see eight or nine servants in flowing garments enter the dining-room and present their masters with kaleeoons; and most soothing is the sound of the bubbling water, through which in solemn silence the smoke is inhaled. I like to see an experienced Persian emit from his mouth and nostrils volumes of *cloud* which curl gracefully around his black beard and moustachios. It is not the fashion for any one to take more than four or five whiffs at a time; in fact, smoking a kaleeoon draws largely upon the lungs. The pipes of the embassy are beautifully enamelled, and old Zein-ool-abadeen, the head Peshkidmet, who has been long in the British service, is a distinguished adept in the art of filling and lighting a kaleeoon.

I am told by all the Englishmen who have been long in the country, that the profligacy of the Persians, especially of the upper classes, is beyond everything abominable. One is brought into frequent contact

with men with whom one would not walk on the same side of the street in England; and well-authenticated anecdotes which have been related to me of divers Shahzadas and nobles can in no way be repeated on paper. It is but justice to say that the present Shah is free from the worst vices of his countrymen, and so I believe was that sad old *roué*, Futteh Ali. Meerza Massoud is now about to marry the Zea Sultana, a daughter of his deceased Majesty, whose name is made very free with in the bazaars. It is rumoured that Her Royal Highness has fixed her affections (for the moment) upon a poor Syud, and will none of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, unless compelled by the Shah to take him.

18th.—Ruddell* and Hopkins left us this morning for India, *viâ* Isfahân and Bushire. I rode out of the town with them some way into the boundless plain south of the city, and bid them adieu with regret and envy. Bell and I turned to the left, and rode across the country to visit the ruins of Rhè, the capital of some of the Arab conquerors of Persia, and subsequently of Shah Rokh, the grandson of Timur. It has been much disputed whether or not Rhè occupies

* Poor Ruddell died at Shiraz soon afterwards, deeply regretted by all who knew him. A more amiable, kind-hearted and agreeable man I never met. He had not one particle of selfishness in his composition. We passed every night, during the journey to Teheran, in the same hovel, and under the same tent, which gives one a tolerable insight into a man's character. He was for many years Secretary to the College at Calcutta, and, I believe, one of the most distinguished Oriental scholars in India.

the site of the Rhages of the Apocrypha, and of Arrian, which afterwards became the capital of the Arsacidæ. I am inclined to think that it does. A vast extent of thick mounds, by which the position of ancient walls of unburnt brick can be traced, and some curious circular towers, are all that remain. One of these is regularly indented like a saw, from the ground to within three feet of the top, where an inscription in large Cufic characters is sculptured round the tower. Another tower, built of stone, nearer the foot of the hill, is ornamented with a similar inscription. The citadel appears to have been placed on a spur of the rocky mountain, projecting S.W. into the plain, and to have been the apex of a triangle formed by the walls. I was not able to get near enough to obtain a close inspection of a figure on horseback, rudely cut on the face of a scarpèd rock, which represents one of the Sassanian monarchs killing some wild animal. This carving is high up the valley, which divides the mountain from the citadel: lower down, Futteh Ali Shah and some of his Court have been in like manner represented. Close to Rhè is the tomb of Shah Abdul Azeem, a holy Mussulman, whose shrine is much frequented by the pious Teheranees.

The view of Teheran, backed by the snowy Elburz, is very striking from the "Imamzadeh." The town is situated in the lowest spot that could have been chosen, and was built, in a great measure, with

material carried off from the ruins of Rhè. Aga Mohammed Shah made Teheran his capital, that he might be near his powerful tribe (the Kajars were one of the seven Kuzzilbash clans), which was resident in the neighbourhood of Asterabad. Its shape is an irregular oblong: a few domes and a great deal of verdure are visible above the walls. Large round towers are placed about fifty yards in front of four of the gates; their walls are immensely thick, and strengthened by ditches and mounds of earth. The gates are still further protected by a species of out-work. The walls of the city, flanked by small towers, are in a ruinous condition: they are of course built of mud, their summits are jagged, and they are furnished with a banquette. The counterscarp of the ditch is so much the worse for wear, that a Persian horse could scramble up or down in some places. The earthen mound which intervenes between the scarp and the foot of the wall is the only solid part of the defences. The population of Teheran is now estimated by Europeans at 40,000, but one cannot rightly learn the number of inhabitants in any city of a country where a census is forbidden by religion.

Mahommed Ali Hindee, the Nazir (steward), was married to an heiress this evening, and as he lives close by, I am distracted with the sound of barbarous noises which the Persians call music.

22d.—Sir John Campbell left us to-day on his return home, much regretted by every respectable

Englishman in the country.* All his countrymen accompanied him half way to Kund, but not one of the many Persian nobles, whom he has obliged, came out, except Hubeeb Oollah Khan, the commander of the artillery.

* He was so generous and high-minded, that on more than one occasion he has bought up bad bills given by stray English *tigers*, in order that our national honour might not suffer.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRAND REVIEW—PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE SHAH—PERSIAN TROOPS
 —DISCIPLINE AND PAY—CLANNISH SPIRIT—DINNER WITH COUNT
 SIMONICH—M. KHODZKO—CLIMATE—KUSE-I-KAJAR—THE ARK—MA-
 DAME M. — SOOFIE SECT—MAHOMMED ALI MEERZA—AVARICE OF
 FUTTEH ALI—NUMBER OF HIS WIVES AND CHILDREN—SCHEMES OF
 CONQUEST—ARRIVAL OF MR. FARRANT AND HIS LANCERS—INSPECTION
 BY THE SHAH—M. BOROWSKI—PERSIAN PLAY—DIPLOMATIC BANQUET
 —INROAD OF KURDS—NEGHERISTAN.

23d.—THERE was a grand review this afternoon. My heart was warmed by the sound of the "Highland Laddie," which was played by the drums and fifes of some of the regiments on their way to the ground. We found the troops drawn up in line, facing the city, about a mile from the Shah Abdool Azeem gate.

We met the Shah near the walls; he graciously beckoned to Ellis to approach him, and as we rode close behind, I had a good opportunity of observing his Majesty. He is short and fat; apparently about twenty-eight years of age; his face is pale, his nose aquiline, and his countenance agreeable, though

scarcely to be called handsome. He is passionately fond of soldiering, of which he has seen something practical, both in the last Russian war and in Kho-rasan, and is never in such good humour as when with his troops. To-day he wore the usual riding costume of a Persian gentleman. It consists of a black lambskin cap, pinched into a conical shape, which is worn alike by prince and peasant. The material is brought from the country about the Oxus, and varies much in quality and value. An open shawl surcoat, lined with fur, reaches about half way down the thigh, the sleeves are cut off a little below the elbow. These surcoats seldom cost less than 25%, often much more. Under this a light gown is worn, reaching nearly to the ankle, and open on the sides for about a foot from the bottom. These gowns, likewise an universal dress, have slits left open under the arms and inside the elbows. A shawl is tied round the waist, and supports a long dagger with a handle of ivory or bone, sometimes ornamented with jewels. In cities, the surcoat is usually laid aside, and in winter a cloak of cloth is substituted. On horseback a pair of roomy Hessian boots, of black or red leather, are drawn over the voluminous "shalwars" or "Cossack" trowsers.

The Shah was mounted on a large cross-made chestnut horse, with a green plume between his ears, and some jewels on the halter. The Ameer-i-Nizam, the Ausoof-oo-Dowlet, a Syud, who is Moojtehid of

Khorasan, and some "Yaghee" (or rebellious) chiefs, brought as hostages from that province, rode near the royal stirrup; the remaining princes and nobles kept at a respectful distance. The Ausoof is a remarkably fine looking, stately man, with a long undyed beard. It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless I am assured quite true, that this grandee, one of the highest subjects in the land, and, in the Kajar tribe, scarcely inferior to the king himself, should, after losing the battle of Gauja, have been, by order of Futteh Ali Shah, tied up to Nadir Shah's great gun, in the maidân of Teheran, and then bastinadoed! Abbas Meerza, the heir apparent, and the Ausoof's own brother-in-law, being obliged to inflict the first blow!

His Majesty was received by the troops with a general salute and a flourish of discordant instruments. The line consisted of about 4,500 infantry and artillery. The Shah placed himself opposite the centre; a body of Gholams were ranged irregularly behind him. Among them was a little prince, one of Futteh Ali's youngest sons, mounted on a huge Turkoman horse, with mane and belly stained orange colour, which he seemed to manage with ease. The troops marched past in slow time,—a very long and tedious operation. First came the artillery, without their guns, preceded by trumpeters, playing execrably out of tune, lifting their left legs high in the air, and coming down with a whack on their heels. This style of marching, more or less exaggerated, seems to

be the regulation of the Persian army. Next came the Russian deserters.* Why the Emperor should allow his ally to maintain a force of this description, is an enigma not difficult to solve. On more than one occasion, privates of this corps have appealed to the protection of Count Simonich, and have been by him sent back to Georgia: what becomes of them there I know not. The deserters did good service in Khorasan, and the Shah places great dependence on them in cases of internal rebellion or religious tumult; they are consequently better and more regularly paid than the native troops. They wear heavy schakos, with high green plumes, red coutees with wings of blue cloth, and white lace; loose white trowsers, and high boots. They are short men, but look soldier-like, and marched past tolerably well. Samson, their colonel, a grim veteran, was serjeant-major of a regiment when he deserted. He has married the daughter of the Ex-Waly of Georgia, (lineally descended from Heraclius,) who, though a Christian, resides in Persia. When the late Shah died, and the services of the "Bahâderan" (as the deserters are called) were peculiarly requisite, Samson could not, or would not, march from Tabreez, until 7,000 tomauns of the arrears due to his men had been placed in his hands. By dint of great exertion on the part of Sir John Campbell, the sum was raised.

The Khossars, or guards, followed. This regiment was under the immediate command of the late Major

* Many men in this corps are sons of deserters, born in Persia.

Hart, who is said to have brought it into a state of drill and discipline which have long since vanished. The present Surteep or Colonel of the Khossars, Hajee Cossim Khan, has been a good officer, but is now old and idle. Abbas Meerza was indebted to his firm and judicious disobedience of orders, for his victory of Topra Kaleh. Two skeleton battalions of the Asshar tribe, just returned from Khorasan, were dressed in patched coats of all colours, but they marched well, and looked like soldiers. The Shah particularly pointed them out to Ellis. "See, see," said his Majesty, "are they not fine fellows? they have not been paid these three years!" The Shegâghees marched past very loosely; they are *called* light infantry, and some of their companies had no bayonets. The remainder of the troops were mere *canaille*; but all men of thews and sinews. The regulars are poetically termed "Surbâz," or "players with heads." They were dirty, half accoutred, many of them unarmed, and had no idea of stepping together. The rear was brought up by some squads of recruits from Kasveen, stout lads, but neither armed nor clothed, and officered by men with sticks. By dint of a good deal of halting and hurrying, half the troops were got into line after marching past, without leaving many intervals of consequence. The rest of the army was prudently kept out of sight. The fire of artillery then commenced. The infantry fired by platoons, by battalions, and then independently; the noise was well

kept up by the Russians, but very feebly by the Persian regiments. The guards advanced by alternate companies; the Russians and Shegâghees in line. The latter were partially covered by light infantry, who made a terrible row with their bugling, whistling, and talking. Some men fired lying on their backs and bellies close to us, much to the Shah's delight. No further *manœuvring* took place, and the review was terminated by another royal salute.

We followed his Majesty off the ground. In spite of the sticks of the Ferashes and Shatirs, he was beset by beggars and petitions. Among the latter were several Surbâz. To one of them he replied, "Have you not got a colonel to go to?" which would have been an excellent answer if a Persian soldier was at all likely to obtain pay or justice from his colonel. Some of the petitions were received, and some of the beggars relieved. The Shah at his accession gave the Surbâz a liberty of access, which he now finds inconvenient. The Persian army is formed in two ranks, and the composition of the Cadres and the system of drill, *supposed* to be enforced, are copied from that of our own infantry in 1812. Since the death of Major Hart, and the retirement of other British officers, the drill and discipline of the Aderbijan army, which alone was regular, have fallen into complete decay. In the war of 1826-7, some regiments behaved with firmness, others with the most ridiculous cowardice; but, as far as I can learn, all were totally deficient in

the manœuvring qualities of regular troops. However, Abbas Meerza, who fled so disgracefully from the Russians, conducted operations with vigour and ability against the rebellious chiefs of Khorasan and the plundering tribes of Turkomans; and, in the eyes of those savages, artillery, lines, and columns, however deficient in pliability, present a most formidable appearance. He had with him also a few Europeans tolerably proficient in military engineering, with whose assistance he possessed himself of Shurukhs, Amee-rabad, and other strongholds. Unfortunately these successes were obtained without the co-operation of British officers; the natural conceit of the Persians consequently rose beyond measure. They learned to consider the advice and assistance of their former instructors as totally unnecessary, a belief which it was the interest of European adventurers to encourage; and when a detachment of East India Company officers and sergeants of all arms arrived in the country two years ago, they neither found much inclination to employ them, on the part of the Persian Government, nor willingness to be instructed, among the higher officers of the army.

The ordinary nominal pay of a Surbâz is seven tomauns per annum. The guards have ten, and the artillery twelve: out of this sum, *when paid*, there is a deduction of ten per cent. for the regimental Meerza, who acts as paymaster, or rather as clerk, to the colonel. The troops are likewise nominally allowed three

pounds of bread daily, but they do not in reality receive above one-third of their rations, the colonel pocketing the price of the remainder; while the meerza is entitled to one day's rations out of thirty from each soldier! Pay is usually given in "berauts," or orders upon villages or individuals, from whom it can seldom be obtained without bribery or force. The Persian army amounts *on paper* to 40,000 men, who, if embodied, clothed, armed and paid, would cost the Government annually about 336,000*l.* (8*l.* 8*s.* each man),—rather a severe pull upon a revenue of 1,250,000*l.* But the Shah is all for glory; he talks of taking Herat in the spring, and "burning the fathers" of the Turkomans and Afghans. About 20,000 men were embodied last year, of whom those only from Aderbijan were armed or clothed with any pretension to regularity. The remainder of the army was raised in Mazanderan and Irak. A contingent of troops from the latter province is now being drilled by Colonel Pasmore at Sheerinorr. They abhor the Aderbijanees, who return the compliment.

When new regiments are raised, the whole body of officers is usually composed of men who have never before been in the army; boys are frequently given the command, or made majors and captains, by bribery or connexion. Captains ("Sultauns") and subalterns are held very cheap, and seldom allowed to sit in presence of their commanding officer. At Sir H. Bethune's battle of Kusri-chum last year, Dr. Griffith saw two

captains riding the same "yaboo" in search of plunder almost before the firing had ceased. The privates are usually impressed into the service, without any sort of fair conscription, from the district belonging to their colonel, or the tribe of which he is chief. Sometimes men are induced to enlist voluntarily by the promises made to them : not long since, a bounty of two tomauns was offered for recruits at Ooroomiah, but that sum was afterwards deducted from their pay ! Service is for life, but sometimes colonels and captains sell discharges to their men. Some regiments are composed entirely of Eeliauts, or clansmen ; others of Ryots, who are agricultural peasants, or citizens ; the best corps are those where Eeliauts and Ryots are pretty evenly mixed. The clan spirit often causes men to disobey orders given by the commander of another regiment when troops are brigaded. Whole regiments are occasionally allowed to return home for months, for the sake of saving their pay, and are thus virtually disbanded. They take their arms with them, which by that means always become unserviceable, if they were not so before. Leave of absence is frequently granted by colonels, that they may pocket the rations of absentees ; another source of emolument arises from lending money to the privates who are very long in arrear, at 100 per cent. interest, and repaying themselves when the pay is in their hands. Clothing is irregularly supplied, and usually of a very inferior material ; the colonel pocketing a large portion of the

money issued for the purchase of cloth and caps. The colonel likewise punishes men entirely at his own discretion.

The Persian soldier is worthy of better treatment; he is hardy, strong, intelligent, patient, and good-tempered: that he should pillage when he cannot otherwise supply himself with food and warmth, or run from an enemy when his officers set him the example, is not greatly to be wondered at. Many instances, however, are related of the courage of individuals, and some few even of that of regiments. The irregularities committed on a march would be ludicrous were they not so terrible to the unfortunate villagers. Every man rides who can procure or steal* a jackass or a "yaboo," which he feeds on plunder. Three hundred asses are moreover allowed for the conveyance of the baggage of a regiment, knapsacks being unknown in the service; and three hundred men are employed in taking care of them! Every soldier quarters himself where he pleases, and consequently can never be found when wanted. He has no idea of taking care of his arms, which the Turkish soldiery seem to pride themselves upon doing. I have heard of firelocks being used as leaping-poles when a stream is to be crossed.

The *Surbâts* sometimes, when the rascality and tyranny of government and their colonels drive them quite beyond all patience, take "bust" or sanctuary

* "*Convey*, the wise it call!"

at some mosque or shrine, or in the house or stable of some great person. There they remain unmolested until coaxing or bribery induce them to return to their colours. Sometimes they forcibly expel their colonel, or lay down their arms until he is dismissed. The above information is derived from the officers of the British detachment, who are naturally much disgusted with the present state of things. Commanding officers attend to their suggestions or not, very much as they think proper: they hate their interference, especially when it prevents them from amassing money illegally; and latterly they have shown considerable repugnance at the idea of being dictated to by captains and lieutenants.*

24th.—We dined with Count Simonich. He has not long been at Teheran: the massacre of Grebyadoff showed that the capital was no safe residence in troubled times for a Russian mission, and now the Count lives in the Ark, where he can be protected in case of need. The room in which we found His Excellency and suite was small and hot. Brandy, anchovies, and cheese were handed about immediately after our arrival. We were obliged to cross an open court to reach the dining-room, a regular Persian apartment, fantastically painted, and very cold on the window side, where I had the misfortune to

* Soon after we left Persia, and, if I remember rightly, at Mr. Ellis's suggestion, all the British officers employed in Persia were given the local rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, or Major, by our Government.

sit. We were obliged to swallow an unmerciful quantity of liqueurs after dinner; and when we returned to the drawing-room, cherry brandy was brought to us in tea-cups. The Count's handsome little boys, the youngest of whom is only seven years old, drank like fishes, or like Georgians, which, according to their father, would be the more appropriate simile.

I was introduced to M. Khodzko, a very important member of the mission, who has lately returned from Resht. He is a Pole, and at no pains to disguise his anti-Russian feelings; but he works hard for his imperial master, entering into every Persian intrigue at the Durkhaneh,* and opposes the interests of England by every means in his power. He is good-looking and well-mannered. No other member of the mission speaks Persian; but I believe that they understand Turkish, which language, now that the Court is filled with Aderbijanees, is equally useful at Teheran. A music-master is attached to the Count's establishment, and played for M. Tornauw, who sings well. It was rather fine to see old Count Simonich's recollections of French glory awakened by "Soldat, t'en souviens-tu?" he looked half mad with enthusiasm. We were challenged on our way home by a wild-looking patrol, who escorted us across the Maidân with lighted torches.

25th.—This climate is now delicious. The mornings and evenings are rather cold, but the temperature

* Place where the business of the State is transacted; a term corresponding, I believe, to the Ottoman "Porte."

is otherwise as mild as at the commencement of an English October. We have had a few dull looking days and occasional showers of rain since our arrival, but the sky is usually of the purest blue. Bell and I rode to see the Kusr-i-Kajar (or *Castle Cadger*, as the sergeants of the detachment call it), a favourite villa of Futteh Ali Shah, placed on a height, near the foot of the hills, about three miles north of Teheran. It is a square brick building, enclosing a quadrangle, with its usual ornaments of tanks and chenar-trees. On the summit of the side nearest Teheran there is a kiosque containing paintings. I admired a Feringee lady, with bare bosom, long, tapering waist, and sleeves like Charles II.'s beauties, holding a bumper of red wine in her hand. There is a gentleman to match, chiefly remarkable for the size of his cuffs. Persian heroes and beauties are represented on the walls of other apartments, curiously mixed with Feringees. Thus, Mr. Stracey, who was attached to Sir John Malcolm's mission in 1800, is placed between Zal and Afrasiab. Brick terraces and flights of steps conduct from the palace to a large, neglected garden, which is spread out in the plain below. There is a "Koolah Feringee" in the centre. It is an open arched octagon, with an inner set of arches resting on twisted columns of green stones. Green vistas open in every direction from this spot.

There is a true Persian view from the upper terrace of the Kusr-i-Kajar. The atmosphere was wonderfully

clear, and the far mountains, which break the plain towards the south, seemed but a few miles distant from Teheran. There was no life or animation in the scene, the only moving objects visible being a few solitary horsemen and a string of camels, winding their way with slow and solemn step towards one of the passes on the road to Khorasan. Looking northwards, the prospect is more riant ; there are many pretty villages and green defiles at the foot of the mountains.

The Deserter Regiment is still encamped outside the Dowlat gate ; they must suffer severely from the cold at night. We rode home through the Ark ; a khan and his attendants, on their return from a hawking expedition, entered the city with us. The porches in front of the great men's houses, in which stone seats are always placed, were crowded with servants. Feudal customs and the habits of our ancestors are perpetually recalled to the memory in Persia. The glazed tiles ornamenting one of the gates of the Ark are very pretty. We passed the octagonal tower in the Anderoon, where poor Zeenab was put to death. Every day I find some occasion to see what an admirable picture is given in Hajji Baba of Persian character and habits.

An old Madame M. dined with us, who once belonged to the Court of Caroline Murat. Poor thing ! she wandered through Russia to this country, where she earns a miserable pittance by giving French lessons to some of the royal family. She would be horrified

if she knew how completely her skimp petticoat, and crimson velvet spencer with tight sleeves and *epaulettes*, differ from the present fashions of Paris. We ought to make much of her, for she is our only lady! She visits a good deal in Anderoons, and is just now very indignant at having been asked to dance and sing (she must be upwards of sixty) for the amusement of some Persian ladies! The bigotry of the women is by her account excessive; they will not smoke a kaleecoon, or drink tea out of a cup which has been used by a Christian, without having it thoroughly cleansed. The Sheeah sect seem to have much more rigorous ideas of ceremonial purity than that of the Soanis; for instance, they would not suffer a Christian to be admitted into a mosque, or allow him to bathe in one of their Hummaums; but they do not object to an argument respecting the truth of their religion, though far too conceited to be convinced by anything short of a miracle. I am told that the heavenly minded and indefatigable Henry Martin was much respected at Sheeraz, as well he might be, but it seems that he did not make a single convert in the country.

28th.—No prime minister is named yet; but the influence of Hajee Meerza Aghassée, the Shah's tutor, is supposed to be all powerful. His Majesty is a Soofie novice, and the Hajee is a leading character in that mystical sect, therefore it is perfectly natural that he should have great weight with his pupil. The

Soofies have much increased in Persia during the last few years. It is difficult to ascertain what their real opinions are; it seems that they differ extremely among themselves, some supposing that by a life of prayer, fasting, and contemplation they become absorbed in the essence of the Deity, who is never absent from their thoughts; whilst others are inclined to disbelieve altogether the existence of a Supreme Being. Many Soofies, however, and of these the Shah is one, hold the orthodox belief that "there is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet," but still they are looked on with an evil eye by the Moollahs. I have a great curiosity to see Hajee Meerza Aghassee, who, to judge by his sayings, must be the most eccentric piece of conceit that ever directed the affairs of a nation.

Our friend Meerza Massoud is also a Soofie, but of *the loose sort*. It is said that he is unhappy in his recent marriage. The Zea Sultana tells him that she only married him, because if she had refused, the Shah might have given her to a Surbâz. This is probably untrue, but it is a curious thing and marks the country, that such a speech should be made for a princess of the blood, and circulated through the bazaars.—A brother of His Royal Highness, who is a great *extremetteur* in marriages, got into a row the other night between some soldiers and ferashes, and was well thrashed by both parties. This also is pitiable treatment for the son of a king!

The Russians dined with us. Bode is a very

gentlemanly, entertaining companion. He told me that there is a Russian colony in Peking, composed of the descendants of families carried off from the frontier in Peter the Great's time: priests reside with them, whom the Chinese government permits to be periodically changed. The Russian colony in North America is governed by a mercantile company, whose charter is renewed every five years.

A purser of the Indian navy arrived here to-day, who has been three times robbed and once severely wounded, within the last four months, between Teheran and Bushire.

30th.—When the advice of the European Ministers, powerfully seconded by the Ausoof-oo-Dowlet, had induced Futteh Ali Shah to name Mahommed Meerza heir apparent, the old man never disclosed his intentions until his grandson, whom he had sent for from Khorasan, was within a few marches of the capital. He then assembled his Court and told them Aga Mahommed had appeared to him in a dream, and desired him to appoint Mahommed Meerza his successor! It was then too late for the parties of the "Zil-i-Sultaun," and the "Ferman Ferma," who afterwards disputed the throne, to intrigue against their nephew: he was received with the greatest honours; all the young Shahzadas were sent out to meet him, and the Shah himself dismounted to inspect the Russian regiment, with his grandson. Had Mahommed Ali Meerza lived, the case would probably have been

different. He was Futteh Ali's eldest son, but by a Georgian slave, and consequently Abbas Meerza, whose mother was of the royal tribe, was considered "Porphyrogenitus," and sent to govern Aderbijan, whilst his elder brother ruled over the less important district of Kermanshah. By all accounts Mahommed Ali Meerza was by far the most able and energetic of his family; he rather affected to abide by old bigoted Persian ideas and systems, in opposition to his semi-civilized brother, but was by no means deficient in general information.

The old Shah understood his people thoroughly, and knew all that was going on in Persia, even to the prices of provisions in the bazaars. Avarice was his greatest political vice. When the "Siph-i-Dowlet," son of his favourite queen, the Taj-i-Dowlet, married, a short time before Futteh Ali's death, he was obliged to *hire his Majesty's mules and camels*, at an enormous price, to carry the presents which it was requisite should be presented at the royal footstool on the occasion! The Taj-i-Dowlet was the daughter of a seller of kabobs (roast meat) in Ispahan, of which city her son was made governor. She was brought up in the royal harem, and taught dancing and other courtly graces. It is said that to the last she retained a strong hold upon the Shah's affections, but used her influence with discretion. She is now comparatively poor and neglected; her son has lost his government; and is a

mere hanger-on at the Court. Futteh Ali had 105 children; the number of his wives (for every woman admitted to the royal couch is considered as a wife) exceeded a thousand!

Among his other qualifications *the* Hajee is a great warrior, and inquires whose dog Napoleon was, that he should be compared to him? All the Shah wants, he says, from his allies is 60,000 muskets, for which he is well able to pay; he will then march to Khiva and forcibly release the Persian captives; set Beloochistan to rights, and, before the end of next year, reestablish the Persian empire in Afghanistan. Unfortunately these large speeches are really indicative of an attack upon Herat, a city which Abbas Meerza was besieging at the time of his death. The Emperor of Russia has acquired by the treaty of Turcomanchai a right to place consuls in every town belonging to Persia, so that if the Shah's eastern projects are successful, we may look to seeing our rival's agents on the banks of the Indus: indeed if the "Keblah Aulem" intends to reconquer all that ever belonged to any of his predecessors, what is to secure Agra and Delhi from his attacks?

Mr. Ellis has urged upon both his Majesty and the Indian Government the necessity of establishing an interest in Afghanistan, and takes every opportunity of discouraging the schemes of the Shah; which, though they may be sufficiently successful to

inconvenience us, are sure to be detrimental to Persia, and, in case of reverses, might occasion the overthrow of the Kajar dynasty.

Tuesday, December 1st.—Farrant arrived last week with his Khumsa Lancers. Although he made frequent applications to the authorities here, his men and horses were allowed to remain without food, quarters or stables, except what he himself provided, during four entire days. The Shah inspected them in the Maidân to-day. We waited some time for his Majesty in the first court of the palace. There is a fresco painting above the gate, of Rustam's victory over the "Deeve Suffeed" (or White Devil), an ingeniously imagined monster. A man was employed in jerking water dexterously from a skin over the brick pavement, and I observed that he took great delight in ducking the Nasakchis (marshalsmen or executioners), smart gentlemen in red gowns, with handsome shawl turbans. An alarm was suddenly given, and they arranged themselves in time to receive the King.

The cortège was opened by ferashes bearing strong and lissom sticks, followed by the "felick," and a spare bundle of rods. A crowd of attendants preceded the Shah, who walked alone with a slouching, shambling gait. He was very plainly dressed; his trousers were short, showing below a great deal of thick ankle and white cotton stockings thrust into old black slippers. He beckoned to Ellis, and to the

Ameer, to approach, and said to the former, as they passed under the gateway, "Be assured that I am perfectly satisfied with you; I know that you are a true friend." The Russian Mission met us in the Maidân; Ellis had stolen a march on the General, and his knowledge of Persian gave him an immense advantage, for Count Simonich could only address the Shah through "Meerza Alexander," as M. Khodzko is called by his Persian friends.

The Lancers were in excellent order, notwithstanding their ill usage. They moved remarkably well; their wheels in close column were admirable, and even called forth the praise of Count Simonich. The Shah was in ecstasies, and is going immediately to form his 800 Gholams into a regular cavalry regiment, dressed in the same manner. Farrant has had the sole command of this squadron, and has drilled them in an incredibly short time, which shows what can be done with Persians.

A curious character dined with us to-day—M. Borowski, a Pole, and, by his own account, a natural son of Prince Radzivil. He has served in South America and Egypt, and was on his way from India to Lahore, when he was persuaded to try his hand in Persia.* His assistance was useful to Abbas Meerza in Khorasan; and I believe he has done the Shah good service in that province. During the late Polish

* Poor Borowski, with all his faults, was a gallant soldier; he was killed, in the Shah's service, at the siege of Herat.

revolution, he urged the Persian Government to seize the opportunity of revenging Georgia; and a clever, but hot-headed and enthusiastic British officer of some rank, at that time travelling in Persia, is said to have joined in advocating this mad project, although Sir J. Macdonald, an Envoy from the East India Company, was resident at Tehran. Borowski speaks almost every language, and is full of strange anecdotes, which he tells with considerable humour. He continues to profess antipathy to Russia, but lives a good deal with Count Simonich, and is hand-and-glove with his countryman Khodzko.

A Persian play was acted under our portico after dinner: a bazaar scene was represented, and I believe that there was a great deal of coarse wit in the piece. The performers evidently acted well. Borowski and *the Manager* were obliged to check them frequently, lest anything disgusting should be represented, as is usually, I believe, the case. The Moollahs came in for a large share of ridicule. One of the first musicians of the capital played on a guitar made of silver, with a sort of fiddlestick. The music was tiresome and monotonous, but the execution good. Some of the actors accompanied him by singing Persian poetry.

8th.—The weather has been wet. I am getting thoroughly bored with the place and my occupations.

The Ameer-i-Nizam gave a "grand diplomatic

banquet" to ourselves and the Russians. He received us in a large room with a deep recess, into which we were conducted by His Excellency, and there found the Russians, the Colonel of the Khossa regiment, Meerza Massoud, and old Meerza Abool Hassan Khan (*alias* Pharnabazes), the *ci-devant* Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was Ambassador in London some years ago. After smoking the proper number of kalceoons, and drinking tea in proportion, dinner was announced, and we were jostled up and down steep stairs, and through labyrinths of dark passages and wet courts, by all the *ferashes* and *peshkidmets* of the establishment, on our way to the banqueting-room. Here the Europeans were placed in a recess, with the Ameer and Massoud. Ellis and Simonich occupied the end of the table; the latter was next to the Ameer. We began with an European dinner, which was very creditable to the Ameer's *artiste*, (educated at "Peter,") and finished with many equally good Persian dishes. The greater part of the company sat at a long table in the larger part of the room. Though the Shah has lately issued a severe proclamation against the use of wine, abundance of champagne was handed round to the *Giaours*; and it was edifying to see the delight and alacrity with which Mahommed Khan, an *élève** of Joe Manton, uncorked the bottles and replenished our glasses.

* He was sent to England to learn gun-making, and married an Englishwoman.

Stoddart, who dined in the outer room, says that Hoosim Khan, the Adjutant-General,* a stiff, tall man, in a red frock-coat and gold epaulettes, who wears three large stars on his breast, superintended the dinner arrangements at an humble distance, and did not presume to sit or eat!

The Persian guests were almost all of them of the Russian faction; and the leaning of our *Amphitryon* was not long disguised. Ellis proposed the Shah's health; and the Ameer was ass enough to give that of the Emperor Nicholas before that of our King, instead of joining the august personages, or leaving the matter alone, which would have been still better. Ellis contented himself at the moment with saying markedly to the Ameer, "That he wished he had seen London as well as St. Petersburg; and that it must be very delightful for him and Massoud to talk over the pleasures of the Russian capital with their friends." The band of the Deserter regiment thumped away during the whole entertainment. We separated at ten o'clock, amidst protestations of affection on all sides.

9th.—Mr. Ellis wrote remonstrances to the Ameer and Massoud, who have apologised; and I hope that the "untoward event" will prevent the recurrence of these grand feasts. Ellis also sent Count Simonich a

* Afterwards sent to England as Envoy (in 1840, I think), but not received.

very civil letter, in which he told him what he had felt it his duty to do. The reply was formal, and did not acknowledge the equality of Kings and Emperors; but the Count assured Ellis that the *faute* committed by the Ameer had annoyed him much, though he felt certain that no offence was intended.

11th.—The Kurdish chief of Rewandooz has made an inroad in the direction of Ooroomiah with some thousands of excellent irregular horse and infantry. Sheil, who is employed in raising a corps there, was sent out to defend the town with a few hundred recruits, without bayonets or flints. After a great deal of remonstrance, a bad flint per man was issued. Fortunately, the Meer of Rewandooz, after collecting as much plunder as he could carry away, retired.

The Shah is going to marry his beautiful and “spirituelle” cousin, the daughter of Imam Wurdée Meerza, by the advice of his mother, who does not think it reputable for a king to confine himself to two wives. The little Kurdish wife arrived from Tabreez a few days ago, and, in obedience to the astrologers, remained in a house outside the walls until a fortunate moment for her entrance should occur. His Majesty rode out “pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa femme,” but unluckily had a fall from his horse whilst showing off his airs and graces. He has lately committed a shocking breach of faith in seizing his uncle, the Zil-i-Sultaun, whom he had

solemnly pardoned for disputing the Crown with him, and sending him to Ardebil. No act of indiscretion, even, is laid to the poor Zil's charge.

I rode with Farrant and Bell this afternoon, to see the Negheristan, or place of pictures, a royal villa, a few hundred yards north of the town. It is surrounded by an extensive garden, which must be pretty in summer, but is now a wilderness of ghastly chenars, poplars, and shrubs. Among the latter I observed some large specimens of the Nashterân rose-tree. Figurantes, dancing before his Majesty, are painted on coloured tiles outside the first pavilion, which contains a bath. As usual, there is a Koolah Feringee in the centre of the garden. Here, also, we found a bath with a spring of water rising in the centre. The famous painted room is at the upper end of the garden. Futteh Ali Shah is seated on the "peacock throne," blazing with jewels, among which, those in his bracelets seem to be the most remarkable. His beard reaches below the shawl encompassing his wasp-like waist. His sons are ranged, with their arms modestly folded, on each side of the throne. The sides of the room are adorned with full-length portraits of a host of ministers, grandees, and ambassadors, in every variety of oriental costume, but all wearing red stockings, and all turning their feet towards the centre of the universe. The European Elchees and their suites, in three-cornered cocked hats, laced coats, and tight breeches, cut very sorry

figures. The colouring is admirable, and the variety of expression in the countenances remarkable, but the painter was wholly ignorant of perspective.

We descended a steep sloping passage, to a beautiful little bath filled by a spring of the clearest water. This pet seraglio of Futteh Ali is underground, lighted by a dome at the top, arcaded and lined with tiles, on which roses and other flowers are exquisitely painted. A narrow staircase conducted us from the bath to the "Taj-i-Dowlet's" apartments, where we were shown a small kiosque, which Futteh Ali Shah caused to be built in one night, that she, his favourite wife, might witness a review unseen. The holes in the green-tile lattice-work are so small, that the fair Taj must have been effectually screened from vulgar admiration.

CHAPTER IX.

INVASION OF SEISTAN—DINNER IN HONOUR OF THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY—VISITS TO THE SHAH AND HAJEE MEERZA AGHASSEE—RAMAZAN—PUTTEH ALI AND THE POET LAUREATE—DECREASE OF THE IRREGULAR CAVALRY—POSITION OF PERSIA AT THE CLOSE OF 1835—RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES—DEATH OF MR. RUDDELL—FILIAL IMPITY—THE FIRMAN FIRMA—CLOSE OF RAMAZAN—ENCOURAGEMENT OF NATIONAL MANUFACTURES—COMMERCE—A KHAN BASTINADOED—DISPUTE WITH THE KHAN OF KHIVA AND KAMRAM—DOST MAHOMMED—HIS DISTRUST OF ENGLAND—RUMOURED ALLIANCE WITH THE SHAH—FEUDS BETWEEN TEHERAN AND ISFAHAN—DRILLING A REGIMENT—OUTBREAK OF THE RUSSIAN REGIMENT—INSECURE POSITION OF THE SHAH—FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN PERSIA—ENVOY FROM CANDAHAR—INSOLENCE OF THE HAJEE—FESTIVAL OF THE NOUROZE—MEERZA FATTOOLLAH—EED-I-KURBAN—VISIT TO A MEDRESSEH.

Dec. 15th.—BAD weather the last few days, and heavy snow to-day. Hamran Meerza, the Chief of Herat, has invaded Seistan, and carried Persian subjects into captivity. This is unfortunate, as his aggression gives the Shah a fair excuse for carrying into effect his favourite project of invading Afghanistan; and in whatever direction Persia advances, Russian influence will extend.

18th.—We dined with Count Simonich, to honour

“l’anniversaire du jour de nom de S. M. l’Empereur.” The streets and courts of the house were in a blaze of light, produced by torches and pots of burning naphtha; and the drums and fifes of one of the regiments played four tunes over and over again, during the whole of dinner. The fireworks really did credit to their Persian manufacturers. The Count, who was covered with decorations, lost no time in giving our King’s health, uncovering his head as he drank it—(most Europeans in Persia have adopted the native custom of wearing a black lamb-skin cap, even at their meals). Ellis immediately proposed that of the Emperor, with three cheers. Tornauw was called upon to sing the Russian “God save the King,” the music of which is the same as our “National Anthem.” I thought the chorus very faintly joined in; but Simonich dashed his glass upon the table in the fervour of his enthusiasm, and insisted on our all doing the same. I smashed mine against my champagne glass; it was but right to break two glasses for two Majesties! A Swedish officer, Mr. K——, lately arrived from Russia, was among the guests, and wore his horse-artillery uniform. He abuses the Imperial Government and the Russian nation, *à toute outrance*, although he was lodged in Bode’s house at Tabreez, and lives with Count Simonich here. He gives a tolerable account of the state of Georgia.

21st.—There has been a thaw, and the streets are

now a mass of mud, reaching often to one's horse's knees. Farrant's Khumsa horses, after having been nearly starved to death, were sent back to their homes on Saturday, because their *keep* would cost four pounds daily. The idea of paying them was never contemplated: it would have made the rest of the army jealous! Poor Farrant is indignant and despairing—the Shah wishes him to drill and discipline 100 Gholams; but all sorts of difficulties are thrown in his way, and the Ameer, in spite of his professions, gives him no support.

This day being the anniversary of Mahommed Shah's arrival at Teheran, we went in a body to congratulate his Majesty on that auspicious event. Our visit was totally unexpected by the Shah, who received us in a small room adjoining the pavilion, opposite to the Gulistan. He was seated on the floor in a corner; three pistols were laid before him. His Majesty is a dead shot, and often amuses himself with picking off little birds in the garden. He at first thought that Ellis's visit was occasioned by some festival of our own (a belief in which Massoud, who introduced us, attempted to confirm him), but was evidently pleased with the compliment, when he understood the meaning of it. He talked of the services rendered to him by England, mentioned Riach, Farrant, and Todd by name, and related how Colonel Pasmore, with tears, begged for "the leading of the vaward" on the advance to the capital—which he was refused.

From the Shah we proceeded to his Prime Minister—as, I suppose, Hajee Meerza Aghassee may now be called. He is a quizzical old gentleman, with a long nose; and his countenance, though not stupid, betokens the oddity and self-sufficiency of his character. He says he is a lion in battle! We then payed our respects to the Ameer, and afterwards, to the Russian Minister. Ellis gravely said to his Excellency, “that, after having made his salaam to the Shah, he considered it his duty to call on and congratulate one who had taken so leading a part in the elevation of his Majesty to the throne.” The poor Count was quite taken aback, and had scarcely a word to say in return. Directly we had left him, he and his suite donned their uniforms, and hurried off to the “*der-khaneli*.” Ellis gave a grand dinner, to commemorate the day, to the Russians, Kennedy, Meerza Baba, and all the English in Teheran.

24th.—Though there is invariably a hard frost at night, and the snow is not yet off the ground, the middle of the day is delightfully warm. I almost fancy that we are in spring. The Ramazan began on Tuesday. For a whole moon the Mahommedans fast all day “from everything but sin.” They are fortunate when the Ramazan happens in winter; for to fast from sunrise to sunset, without as much even as a whiff out of a kaleecoon, must in June be a severe tax upon the stomach. In what manner the fast is to be endured in the Polar regions, where the sun

remains visible for months together, Mahommed forgot to determine.

27th.—Not long after the death of Futteh Ali Shah, the poet laureate was given some of his Majesty's verses to read, and asked what he thought of them. He honestly answered: "May I be your sacrifice, they are *bosh*"—things of nought. "He is an ass," exclaimed the Shah, "take him to the stable." The order was instantly and literally obeyed. After a short time the Centre of the Universe, who missed the Bard's society, relented, and to give him an opportunity of regaining his favour, sent for him and read some more verses which he had composed meanwhile. After hearing them the poet walked off without uttering a syllable. "Where are you going?" exclaimed the Shah. "Just back again to the stable," was the intrepid answer of the laureate! Old Futteh Ali, who always appreciated humour, called him back, and ordered the courtiers to stuff his mouth with sugar-candy, a high mark of favour!

Borowski has been saying some foolish things lately, and came to breakfast this morning, to redeem his character with us, by saying some equally foolish things concerning his hatred of the Russians. He described how he would, in the event of a war, cut off the supplies of the Emperor's army, and wear it down by constant night attacks with irregular cavalry, as he had himself been defeated near Herat. This was the mode of warfare successfully practised by Aga

Mahommed Shah against the Russians; and I have heard that General Yermoloff, formerly Commander-in-chief in Georgia, could not conceal his joy, when he was told that Abbas Meerza had begun to form a regular army, saying that he should now be able to get at the Persians, which he never could do before.* Chiefs of tribes now find it a much more profitable speculation to get the command of a regiment of Surbâz, whom they can fleece and cheat at pleasure, than to live at home and encourage the spirit of horsemanship and patriotism among their clansmen. A moss-trooper, for such was the Eeliaut of the last century, and indeed as late as the war of 1812, "*nascitur non fit*;" and if the Shah was now anxious to raise a body of irregular cavalry, I doubt whether he could collect ten thousand horsemen in many months, instead of the 100,000, who used annually to take the field with his grandfather. The breed of horses is likewise nearly extinct. The Nizam, however, has undoubtedly been very useful in putting Mahommed on his throne, and will always be so, if given fair play, in repressing internal insurrection and repelling the attacks of Kurds, Turkomans, or Beloochees. By his own account, Borowski lost a great many men in his late campaigns in Khorasan; and a portion of the Aderbijan troops, particularly the Asshar and Khoi regiments, showed great courage. *He* procured

* I heard this opinion fully confirmed by Count Woronzow, from his own experience of the campaigns of 1801-2.

medals (he says) for the Khois, and promotion for some of their officers : the Asshars were sent to their homes unnoticed.

31st.—This year closes badly for Persia. Contempt and detestation of the Shah are openly avowed ; 250,000 tomauns only have been paid into his treasury ; the Turkomans are again making forays into Khorasan ; the Mahommed Sennees are “ out ” in the south ; the Eeliaut Khan in Fars has been arrested and bastinadoed for alleged conspiracy with that tribe, and the Bukhtearies and Chaab Arabs seem to be on the eve of rebellion. Yet the Shah and his minister not only intend to attack Herat, for which Kamran Meerza, by the nonfulfilment of his treaty with Abbas Meerza,* and the invasion of Seistan, has given strong provocation, but they talk of conquering Afghanistan as far as Candahar and Ghizni.

There is a hard frost, and the west wind cuts one in two. Yet the Guebres in our garden lie down, or lounge lazily about in their tattered cloaks, as if insensible to cold. No act of Feringhee eccentricity strikes the Persians as so very strange, as our walking up and down the garden, seemingly without an object : † when they see me run they think me quite demented.

January 8th, 1836.—I have lost my beautiful white

* By which he engaged to raze the fort of Ghorian, and pay 10,000 tomauns annually to the Shah.

† Some asked if it was a religious ceremony !

pony. He has never been well since his charm dropped off between Zunjaun and Sultanieh. The "mehter" brought a Moollah on Monday to break an egg over the poor beast's head, but all in vain.

Mr. Ellis explained officially to the Hajee and Mas-soud this morning, that his Government would strongly disapprove of the Shah's invasion of Afghanistan: he admitted that Kamran Meerza's conduct was indefensible, but stated that it would be much more agreeable to England that negotiation should be resorted to, rather than arms; and that if they took the same view of the case, he would send an English gentleman to Herat to point out to the Prince the folly and turpitude of his conduct. The Persian Minister agreed to all he said, and consented to repeat to the Shah the substance of the conversation. Simonich had previously advised a speedy commencement of hostilities, lest the English Government, "from their known desire to restore the monarchy of Afghanistan," should interfere and prevent it.

It is to be regretted that the kingdom of Afghanistan should not be restored, with Dost Mahommed at its head. By all accounts that nation is brave and honest, and would be powerful enough to form an invincible barrier against Persia and her protector, if her chiefs were united. The country, too, is difficult to penetrate. Ellis some time since recommended both the Foreign Office and the Indian Government to take some measures for establishing British influence

at Cabul, before that field is preoccupied by the Russians. It is to be hoped that whenever Herat is attacked, Dost Mahommed and his brother will from religious feeling support Kamran Meerza, for all the Afghans are Soonies, though the Barukzye family have great reason to hate that prince, who put their brother Futteh Khan, his father's vizier, to a cruel death. Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk, the pensioner of the East India Company, and brother to Mahmoud, who, with the assistance of Futteh Khan Barukzye, dethroned him, is, by all accounts, a very poor creature.

11th.—The anniversary of the murder of Ali. This long fast of Ramazan creates a great deal of religious ferment among Mussulmans, and makes them ill-tempered and dangerous. The Soofies are frightened. At the commencement of the fast some soldiers were sent into the principal mosque to make a row, and prevent the Anti-Soofie doctrines of the Imam Jooma from being listened to. The Imam, by nature a weak and submissive man, was indignant, but prudently desired the orthodox to remain quiet. Subsequently, however, he armed them with clubs, and the next time the soldiers attempted to enter the mosque, they were well thrashed. A few days ago the Imam Jooma, in Hajee Meerza Aghassee's presence, denounced the Soofies from his pulpit, called them "sons of burnt fathers" and "defiled mothers," recommended their immediate extermination, and

devoted them to future damnation. The Hajee foolishly sent a message to the Imam, asking whom he alluded to, when he particularly censured some who did not believe in the Koran. The chief priest answered, that it was not then the time to tell him, but that he would write and explain. The "lion-pilgrim" was so frightened, that he has abandoned his own house, and sleeps in the Ark, under the wing of his royal pupil, whose real or reputed Soofieism renders him also obnoxious to his people. Meerza Massoud prudently remains at home, on account of an alleged illness of Madame Borowski, who dined here to-day. He asked Ellis seriously, whether it would not be advisable to take some of the Russian regiment with him into the mosque, and knock the Imam Jooma on the head?

13th.—This is the Russian New Year's day, and after calling in a body on each individual of the Mission, we visited Samson, the Surteep of the Deserter regiment. He lives in a large house in the Ark, to the right of the Maidân, where Zohrab was confined and exposed to the fascinations of Zulma. The tower of Amina is close to the outer court.

14th.—A letter has been received from H——, announcing the death of poor Ruddell, caused by a fever caught on the journey. He expired at Sheeraz on the 16th of last month. His death was hastened by his obstinate rejection of physic until too late, and by his refusal to stop on the road, unwilling, I have

no doubt, to inconvenience H—— by delay. We are all much shocked, for a more generous, kind-hearted creature never breathed. He was buried in the Armenian church with military honours; the Moatimud-oo-Dowlet, and all the Persians of rank, attended.

20th.—Stoddart, Bell, and I dined with Count Simonich on Monday. The Catholic Bishop of Isfahan,* a venerable man with a long grey beard, sat almost unnoticed between the painter and the music-master at the bottom of the table. I hear that he has come to complain of some of his brethren of the Armenian church. I was much amused with old Bertoni, a medical adventurer, born at Lima, and educated at Sienna. The Russian government was ungrateful enough to turn him out of Georgia, on account of his radical politics, though he had been at the trouble of giving a great deal of good advice to Baron Rosen, the governor of that country. His authority is therefore rather suspicious; he gives a shocking account of the state of the Trans-Caucasian provinces, of the yearly losses through sickness of the army, and of the sufferings of the Armenian emigrants from Turkey, which are chiefly attributable to the mismanagement and neglect of the local functionaries. The Court showed us a very amusing set of French

* He states that there are now only 300 Armenian families at Julfa, all of whom are poor, whilst twenty years ago there were several thousands.

caricatures, taking evident delight in pointing out any in which the English are ridiculed. An *old* French soldier, and a *new* Russian diplomatist, is of all men the most likely to hate our nation.

Aly Nuckee Meerza, the Shah's uncle, wrote a short time ago from his prison at Ardebil to his son, Sultan Meerza (our Kasveen friend), begging him to send some assistance, as he was almost starved, and covered with vermin. The unnatural brute wrote back to his father, that he was a traitor, and deserved no better fate! Aly Nuckee Meerza sent his own letter, with the answer, to the Ausoof-oo-Dowlet, who, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Alas, that such a correspondence should take place between two Kajar princes!" He immediately sent Aly Nuckee a considerable sum of money and several suits of clothes. He has, moreover, obtained from the Moollahs a paper denouncing Sultan Meerza as an unnatural son, and declares that he will not rest until he has brought him into as destitute a condition as his father. I believe that filial impiety is a crime of rare occurrence in Persia, and held in proportionate detestation, particularly among the poorer classes.

Another charming anecdote of these virtuous Kajars! Colonel Stannus, formerly resident at Bushire, gave a very curious and beautiful snuff-box to the late Viceroy of Fars, commonly called the Firman Firma, whose army ran away from Sir H. Bethune last year at Kusr-i-chum. His Highness used to press his

friends to come and see this snuff-box, and then charge them a tomaun a head for the view! On another occasion he gave out that one of his sons was sick, and that the Hakeem had declared that he must be constantly kept in a state of pleasing excitement: all therefore who valued his favour, must call daily, and make the child a handsome offering in money!

The month, and fast, of Ramazan finished yesterday, and this day is kept as an Eed, or solemn festival, when the Shah receives the homage and felicitations of his subjects. The Maidân was filled with Zambureks, or small swivel-guns, which are carried on the backs of camels. The court of the palace was filled with troops; the pavilion was open to the rear, so that the snowy Elburz and the blue sky appeared in the back ground. Several princes of the blood, of all ages, were ranged on a raised step to the right of the throne; Ellis, who stood rather before them, was the only other person allowed to occupy this post of honour. Count Simonich, who hates appearing in public with a superior in diplomatic rank, had already been received by the Shah in his private apartments, on the plea of his wound, which renders standing painful to him. The nobility (a scanty attendance) were placed immediately below; colonels, British officers, executioners, &c., stood on the right and left of the long tank. The Nasakchi Bashee's deputy, with his mace in hand, and an aigrette and tuft of feathers on his head, was the most

picturesque personage present. A fortunate moment having at length arrived, the swivel-guns in the Maidán were fired off, and the fat king hurried with a graceless rolling gait from his Anderoon, and ascended the throne. He was dressed in a robe of rich gold brocade, once worn by his grandfather, and blazed with jewels to the very top of his Persian cap. His Peshkidmet-bashee then brought the magnificent kaleoon of state, which his Majesty pretended to smoke. He addressed a few words to Ellis, and then made a speech in Turkish to the Ausoof-oo-Dowlet, who stood forward, looking every inch a prince, as the representative of the Persian nation. The Shah spoke of the tranquillity of the country (!), the peaceful aspect of foreign politics, and particularized his amity with England. The Ausoof roared out, "Belli, Belli," (Yes, yes,) at every word, and when the royal harangue was ended, he replied at considerable length, also in the Turkish language. Two poets afterwards recited odes composed for the occasion, in a nasal chanting tone of voice. The audience bowed slightly when the prophet was mentioned, more profoundly to the name of Ali, and lower still to that of Mahommed Shah. His Majesty then withdrew: people who have eyes say that he looked as black as thunder throughout the ceremony.

We afterwards paid a visit of compliment to the Hajee, whose antechamber was crowded. Most of the "opposition" have called on him by Ellis's advice;

even the Ameer has been twice to see him. Meerza Baba, the Hakeem Bashi, alone holds aloof, and him the Hajee does not think worth molesting. He offends all the nobility by the grossness of his abuse, and by his eccentricities, but evidently he is not a bad-hearted man, or many heads and shoulders would ere this have been separated. The cessation of the fast seems to have inspired the population with additional liveliness, the mountebank actors beside the ditch of the Ark had twice their usual audience to-day.

21st.—The Shah in his rage for the encouragement of national manufactures has forbidden his Court and family to buy any of Mr. Burgess's goods, although duty has been regularly paid for their admittance into the country. His Majesty has declared that he would publicly call any man a "Khorumsang" (a term of abuse not fit to be translated), who should venture to purchase these prohibited articles. This is a particularly hard case, as Mr. Burgess, a follower of Abbas Meerza, was encouraged by him to speculate in trade. Such is the rage for English goods, that three princes went by night not long ago, to make purchases at Mr. Burgess's warehouse. He was presented to the Shah to-day, and made a peishkush or offering; but, by Ellis's advice, did not touch on the subject of his grievance. The Shah was very gracious, and declared that he would do more for him than his father had done; and I understand that his Majesty has since sent some of his own people to set the example of buying the

goods, of which he had himself so lately forbidden the purchase! It is not surprising that he should wish to encourage national manufactures, and be rather uneasy at the large amount of gold taken yearly out of the country; but the injustice of Mr. Burgess's case was, that the Shah should treat a British subject in a way which he cannot and dare not treat a Russian, and that he should prohibit the sale of goods brought to this country on the faith of their finding an open market, and for which duty had already been received. Had England formed a commercial treaty with Persia, such an act of arbitrary injustice could not have taken place.

The exports of Persia are chiefly silks and dyes; of the former the Russians (by way of Resht) export nearly two-thirds more than the English. Our merchants, however, though unprotected by a treaty, daily acquire a superiority in the market. Their yearly exports from England by Trebizond, the greater part of which are destined for Persia, amount to 900,000*l.*, being about seven-eighths of the whole amount of goods brought into the country. They consist of woollen, cotton and silk stuffs, long cloths, sugar, hardware, and a variety of fancy articles. The fine cloth used in Persia is chiefly German, brought from Trieste and Galacz to Trebizond. A considerable number of shawls and silk stuffs are manufactured in Persia, of which the Kermann shawls and Tirmalmaun silks are really to be admired.

The Ameer i Nizam went off to Aderbijan to-day, having been appointed to the command of an expedition against the Meer of Rewandooz, who will probably defeat him. The Russians paid him a long visit yesterday in the village where he took up his abode for a week, previously to his departure. This suburban preparation for a journey is a curious custom, generally adopted by Persians of rank.

25th.—Meerza Saleh, Meerza Baba, and his brother, who has been educated as a miner in Russia, dined with us. The latter carries his respect for his elder brother so far, that he can scarcely be prevailed on to sit down in his presence, nor does the good Hakeem Bashee seem to be very anxious to break him of his humility. A great man was bastinadoed at Court to-day, an event which has not occurred before since Mahommed Shah's accession. His friends assert that he was thus punished, because his servants struck some petty Mazanderanee chiefs, who were insolent to him; but others say that he himself caused those people to be beaten, because they had complained of him at the Durkhaneh. The Shah showed ferocity on the occasion; he walked up and down the court, whilst the punishment was going on; twisting his mustachios and desiring the ferashes to lay on. The poor man, according to the most moderate account, received nearly 1,000 blows. The event has caused much sensation; and our two Meerzas, uneasy perhaps about

their own feet, did not scruple to express their opinion of the deed.

31st.—The apartment of the bastinadoed Khan continues to be daily crowded with visitors of distinction, to whom he talks of the kindness of the Shah, and the honour conferred upon him ; none but great people being ever bastinadoed in so distinguished a manner.

The Ausoof has at last started for his government in Khorasan, but like the Ameer, halts in a garden outside the gate, where he receives his farewell visitors. The Hajee must be enchanted to have got rid of both his rivals, and I believe the Shah will be much relieved by the departure of his ambitious uncle, much as he is indebted to him for his throne.

24th.—The Persian ministers have withdrawn their assent to the promise that a British officer should be sent with a letter from Mr. Ellis to Kamran Meerza, and he has now entrusted to them a despatch for that prince, urging him to give satisfaction to the Shah. His Majesty has certainly a full right to chastise both the Khans of Khiva and Kamran, for their depredations and *man lifting*. It seems that the latter is in vain endeavouring to obtain the support of the Barukzye chiefs, by asserting that his quarrel with the Shah is caused by religious differences, and that “the (Soonie) Church is in danger !” Hajee Hoosein Ali Khan, an Afghan, who has been resident here some time, and is a Sheeah, called yesterday on Ellis, and declared that

he was authorized by Dost Mahommed to negotiate an offensive and defensive alliance with the Shah, promising to join in attacking Kamran Meerza on condition that the territories of Herat, beyond the Furrah rivers, shall be his share of the spoil, and asking for assistance against Runjeet Singh. The Khan says that the Shah is disposed to listen to his proposal ; he does not, however, much like the business himself, and is anxious to get out of the scrape by persuading Ellis to make advances towards Dost Mahommed, a course which the latter is not authorized to pursue.

Dost Mahommed naturally enough supposes that the Indian government gave Shooja-ool-Moolk, the exiled King of Caubool, some underhand assistance in his late attempt to regain his throne, as he was allowed to concert his plans at Lodeeana. He sees moreover that his enemy Runjeet Singh is treated as a dear friend and ally by the British ; and unless he is reassured by the arrival of an envoy, or some friendly communication from the Governor-General, he cannot be blamed for turning elsewhere for the protection which he needs ; and Russian influence will predominate in Afghanistan, as it already does in Persia.* Ellis asked the Hajee and Massoud this afternoon, whether a report which had reached him respecting

* Hajee Hoosein Ali Khan left Teheran soon after Ellis, by whom he was furnished with letters of introduction to British authorities, and, I believe, with pecuniary assistance. He made a pilgrimage to Kerbelah the pretext for his departure, and intended to visit India on his way to Caubool,

the proposed alliance was true. They answered that it was not; that Dost Mahommed was the Shah's subject, and had sent to ask for a dress of honour, when Abbas Meerza was in Khorasan, that such an alliance would therefore be beneath the dignity of their master, and that Hajee Hoosein Ali Khan had only announced to his Majesty the receipt of letters from the Caubool chief, probably to give himself importance.

Some time ago Borowski gave a great dinner to most of the Englishmen here, at which M^m. Khodzko and Tornauw were present. A good deal was drunk; Polish enthusiasm broke out into a song abusive of the Emperor, I believe, and Mr. Tornauw left the room. I had previously been seduced into singing, "Johnnie Cope," and "Scots wha hae," and was lately not a little astonished to learn in a roundabout manner that *I* had been accused by little Tornauw to old Count Simonich of singing Jacobin English songs, in which the sacred person of the Autocrat was very roughly handled!

March.—The inhabitants of Teheran and Ispahan hate each other cordially. Yesterday, a jackass belonging to a Teheranee made violent love to a female ass, the property of an Ispahan merchant, in one of the caravanserais, much to the disgust of the latter, who applied to the Sudr ool Moomâlik, or *Minister of Ecclesiastical Pensions*, who happened to be on the spot, for justice. That dignitary, who had no more business in the matter than the Archbishop of Canter-

bury, sent for the owner of the uncivil ass, who immediately took "bust" (or sanctuary). The Teheranees, indignant at the supposed partiality of the Sudr, attempted to revenge themselves on the Ispahanees, and a battle royal ensued between the respectable long-bearded merchants of the rival cities. The Sudr ool Moomâlik rashly sent for a "felick," which was forthwith demolished by the combatants; the ferashes who brought it were exceedingly well beaten, and the minister was fortunate in escaping with a volley of abuse.

This day, was one of the loveliest I ever saw, the weather is quite as warm as in April at home, but vegetation is not nearly so far advanced as in England at this time of year, though we have had a very fair quantity of rain.

Riding through the Maidân, I saw a green regiment lately raised at Tabreez, standing in a *semicircular* open *column*; six paces on an average intervened between each company when they wheeled into line! It was great fun to see the swagger of Sooltan Mourad Meerza, a little prince twelve years old, when he came on parade in his red frock coat and gold epaulettes, surrounded by attendants, *to drill* this unfortunate battalion.

3d.—An affair happened yesterday which makes a good deal of noise. A Surbâz of the Aphar tribe, belonging to the Russian regiment, yesterday killed a man in the bazaar, and wounded two others dan-

gerously. By the Mahomedan law, the relations of the deceased may, if they please, take blood-money, instead of the life of the murderer. In this case several colonels immediately subscribed to make up the sum requisite; but the Shah, before whom the soldier was taken, desired that he should be put to death. He was accordingly led out to the Maidâni for execution. Seeing several of his comrades near, he called upon them to rescue him, which they did, and he took "bust" under the great gun. From this sanctuary he suffered himself to be enticed by the executioners, but when they attempted to seize him, he got hold of one of their daggers. A scuffle took place, and a number of Surbâz again came to the rescue, saying loudly that if the Shah put this man to death he had better look to himself; they knocked down the ferash bashee, who fled without his cap to the royal presence, and carried off the culprit to the house of the Russian minister.

According to M. Khodzko, two hundred and fifty of them demanded protection for their comrade, which after a short parley was granted (indeed, under the circumstances it would have been very unsafe, if not impossible, to refuse): the Surbâz then retired full of gratitude, and the ferashes were thrashed by the Russians for not having shut the outer gates against them! To get the affair settled, Count Simonich sent M. Khodzko to the Hajee with a sum of money to compensate the relations

of the murdered man, but the Hajee declined receiving it, saying that the Persian government would arrange the affair, if expedient. The Shah is furious at the outrage which his authority has sustained, and I presume not particularly pleased at the part which Count Simonich has played on the occasion. By the treaty of Turcomanchai, Russia and Persia are mutually bound to deliver up fugitives; therefore, notwithstanding the sanctity of an ambassador's house or stables, the Court may find it difficult to justify the protection afforded. I do not understand why the Shah is now unpopular among the Surbâz, as he has lately paid them a large portion of their arrears; but if he cannot rely upon them, his position is a most dangerous one, for the Mollahs are universally against him, and he has neither the love nor the respect of any class among his subjects.

The Imam Jooma attacked the Soofies again from his pulpit this morning, adding, "The Shah, though young, is good; but if he does what is wrong, I shall say what I think about him!"

5th.—Nothing is talked of but the murder. The people all over the town are abusing the Shah for not demanding the surrender of the Surbâz, and for suffering his comrades to set at nought his authority with impunity. They say, "It is a pretty thing to see the Russian minister king in Teheran!" The murderer's own account of his escape is a curious one. He states that when in "bust," under the great gun,

he smoked two kaleeoons given him by the dervish* who has established himself there, with great satisfaction : he then snatched the dervish's wooden spear from him, and rushing forward dared the executioners to take him. Hajee Khan, colonel of the Shegâhgee regiment, said to him, " You will not stab me, I suppose ?" He answered, " No, you have been kind to me," and surrendered. This colonel immediately went to the relations of the deceased and offered them the blood-money, which two of them were willing to take, but a third drew his dagger to kill the murderer. Then Hajee Khan, furious at having been instrumental in delivering the man up to his enemies, threw down his cap, tore his beard, and beckoned the surrounding Surbâz, who were not slow in taking the hint, to rescue the prisoner. Though the Russians were clearly forced to give the murderer protection, and were even for a moment fearful that the tragedy of Grebiadoff was about to be repeated, they *now* consider themselves very fortunate to have had such an opportunity of securing the good-will

* The character of the wandering dervishes, and their rascality, are fully represented in Anastasius and Hajji Baba. They are in general filthy figures, with long matted hair, very different both in appearance and conduct from our waltzing friends at Pera. When stationary for a time, they frequently build a sort of a hut, like the tub of Diogenes, with a neatly kept miniature garden before it, at the gates of towns, where they bask in the sun, clamouring for charity. Massoud is a great protector of these blackguards. Jonas seems to have established himself as a " dervish" at the east side of the city of Nineveh, when the gourd came up over him.

of the soldiery, and of asserting at the same time what they call the dignity of their flag. Some say that the Surbâz told Simonich that they were without a chief, and begged him to be their general. The murderer will of course find an opportunity of slipping out of the town some night, and taking refuge in Aderbijan.

The freedom of speech allowed in Persia is extraordinary: it seems to be a safety valve for the discontent of the people, and seldom leads to harm. As long as the brave Irânees *do* nothing, they may *say* what they please. I allude chiefly to the lower classes, but I believe that the nobility also are careless in giving their opinions, though I should suppose that they are more frequently called to account for their impertinences. A poet of considerable ability has composed a satirical song on the Shah, his Turkish court, and army; which is in every one's mouth in the bazaars.

8th.—Stoddart and I now ride before breakfast every morning; there is a haze over the mountains which thickens daily, and the weather has become really hot. Some incipient verdure appears in the stony plain outside the Kasveen gate; the rose-bushes in the garden are beginning to shoot, and innumerable violets grow beside my daily walk. The best view of Teheran and Demawend is from the Hamadan road, about three miles from the city. Riding home this morning, we met a corpse on its way to the

hallowed resting-place of Kerbelah: the coffin was placed across a horse, and accompanied by several well-dressed cavaliers.

Stoddart was presented to the Shah to-day, and installed in his new situation of instructor of cadets. His Majesty gave him many sweet words, and *a great deal of sugar* (literally) on the occasion. Twelve Begzadehs (sons of noblemen), with Sooltan Mourad Meerza at their head, have been selected by the Shah to be instructed in military science. He is just now very eager on the subject, and may perhaps continue to be so until the Nouroze. The plan, if followed up, cannot fail to produce lasting benefit to the country; and Stoddart's zeal, acquirements, and good nature, qualify him eminently for this unpaid and extra official task. About a month ago, the education of a corps of cadets, and the compilation of a regular list of the army were recommended by Ellis. The Shah and his ministers then received the suggestion coldly, and declined acting upon it; now both these plans have been adopted as if their own.

An envoy from the chiefs of Candahar, sent to acknowledge their dependence upon the Shah in all their foreign relations, and to offer assistance against Kamran Meerza, came to see Ellis this evening. The Shah is however expressly precluded by the Candaharees from interfering in their domestic affairs. Terror at the progress of the Sikhs, whom the Afghans abhor as idolaters, is the chief cause of this

unfortunate mission ; it may also be attributed to the resentment felt against Kamran by all the Barukzye family.

16th.—The Hajee is daily becoming more grossly abusive. The province of Khumsa not having paid its revenues, he publicly desired the royal Gholam, sent for the purpose of collecting them, to take Fattooleh Meerza (the Shah's uncle) by the beard, and call him dirty names, unless the money is immediately forthcoming, "and tell him that I told you to do so." In spite of these bold words, the Hajee is a timorous man. For fear of the multitude, he lately ordered a guard of Surbâz into his house, and at length wished to introduce them into the sacred precincts of the Anderoon. This was too much for his high-spirited wife, a daughter of Futteh Alee Shah. When she heard they were coming, she shut the doors, and with the assistance of her women, turned up her lord and master, prime minister of Persia, oracle of the Soofies, "a lion in battle," &c. &c., and administered severe discipline. He has been again chastised by the same fair hand for abusing princesses, and those who marry them. Farrant's Gholams have made wonderful progress. I saw them this morning go through their carbine exercise, which they only began to learn a week ago, in a very respectable manner. Their "Yooz Bashee" (head of a hundred), a good-looking boy, is the son of Cossim Khan, one of the Shah's oldest and most faithful

servants, and a real friend to the English. The Gholams, who are to be regular cavalry, are dressed in black frock coats (there is no blue cloth to be had), blue shalwars, and black leather belts; they are to be supplied with red boots at the Nouroze. Poor fellows, they complain to Farrant every morning, and with some reason, for that villain Nusr Oollah Khan, a relation of the royal family, has hitherto deprived them of their pay, and frequently of their food. They have at last been taken from under him; but though the Shah has been informed of the system of peculation carried on by his cousin, he has not caused him to be disgraced.

17th.—Colonel Pasmore, the commander of the British detachment, arrived on leave of absence from Sheerinow, this morning. We all accompanied Ellis to meet him. A good many officers attended the Istikbol; but though the Hajee had ordered out all the Nizam, not a single colonel made his appearance, which shows the sort of feeling existing in the upper ranks of the army towards British officers. Colonel Pasmore gives a pretty good account of the corps which he is employed in forming; but, like all other officers, is indignant at the manner with which they are neglected by the Government authorities.

20th.—The shops in the bazaar are ornamented with gilding and flowers, in preparation for the Nouroze; and the principal streets have undergone some degree of cleansing. Though that feast is

observed on the 21st of March, it properly begins this afternoon, as the sun enters Aries between one and two o'clock P.M. It was instituted by Jemsheed, the last of the Paishdadian dynasty, long before the reign of Kai Khoosroo (the Persian name of the great Cyrus). Jemsheed was the reputed founder of Persepolis, and some of the sculpture still admired among the ruins of that far-famed city is supposed to represent the processions and offerings made to the great kings by their tributaries at the festival of the Nouroze. Ellis sent the Shah a handsome lustre this morning as his "peishkush" or offering, and in the afternoon his Majesty's Jewish Pesh Kidmet came to the Residency, with his attendants, bearing shawls as presents to the Elchee and his embassy. We received them ourselves, and raised them to our heads. Mine, for which I am much indebted to the generosity of Riach, is rather handsome; the ground is white, it has a deep border, and is worked all over.

21st.—Ellis arranged yesterday with Massoud that either the British Embassy should have the earliest audience, or that the two Elchees should be received together. Count Simonich, however, was so determined to have precedence, and his friend Massoud so anxious to oblige him, that he went to the Hajee's at daybreak, and hurried off to the Shah's presence as soon as he was visible. We found his Majesty in the Gulistan, which looked very light and pretty. The wind playing with the jewelled drops which hung

from the throne produced a pleasing harmony. The Shah was dressed in a red garment ornamented with gold, and looked remarkably sulky. The show and ceremonial were very similar to those of the last Eed, but the salaam was even less numerously attended. The Shahzadas and some of the Khans glittered in their new brocade dresses of honour. Sweetmeats were distributed, and some embracing took place among the courtiers. Two elephants, annually brought from Hamadân to grace the Nouroze, were introduced; their trunks and faces had been gilded and painted all the colours of the rainbow; their backs were covered with red "jules" or cloths. The mahowts forced the poor beasts, by dint of hard knocks with their maces, to kneel three times as they approached the Centre of the Universe! Money was then given to the mahowts; the elephants amused themselves with drinking dirty water out of the long tank, and trying to spit it over the courtiers, after which they retired. Pasmore and the officers went to the room where the Shah distributes handfuls of small gold and silver coins (coined on purpose, like our king's silver pence, on Maundy Thursday) to his servants, and were graciously received. Farrant's hand got entangled in a man's beard in the scramble, and he had great difficulty in extricating it.

23*d.*—A formal note came from Massoud yesterday, inviting Ellis and the Embassy to the abode of royalty, "for the purpose of witnessing festivities, or

those who are first in producing mirth." The Maidân was crowded with troops. The Ramadan Regiment, very ill-dressed in blue, with black belts, was new to me. This corps on one occasion during the last war ran away at the sound of their own signal gun. Their arms, which have probably been lately issued, were in good order, and furnished with the useful adjuncts of flints and bayonets. We went to meet the Shah in the outer court. He was better dressed than usual, and wore a handsome diamond aigrette in his cap. Nothing could exceed his graciousness to Ellis. A *box* was assigned to us on the right of His Majesty, who sat over the palace gate. The Russians were on his left. The ferashes laid into the crowd without mercy, to drive them behind the troops, who, after a great deal of time and trouble, were ranged regularly round the Maidân and on the roof of the Bazaar opposite to us. Half-an-hour at least elapsed before the colonel of the green Shegaughees could get his regiment into a line four deep. The regular and irregular Gholams formed an avenue on each side of the palace gate, the latter squatted on their heels, leaning on their ancient quaint-looking muskets until the Shah arrived. The "Gazma," or district police of the city, with small round shields on their arms, were placed at right angles to the Gholams, headed by their Ket Khoda. Some of the princes, the Kajar Khans, and the Beyzadehs stood within this inclosure.

Carpets were spread, on which a dozen unfortunate children, and disgusting youths of riper years, dressed in pink jackets and yellow petticoats, danced and tumbled to the unceasing sound of barbarous music. The wrestling caused considerable interest. The Pehlivans were most of them fine muscular men, dressed in tight breeches, their only garments. A wrestler is not beaten until thrown on his back, and many couples struggled on the ground for a length of time before their contest was terminated by this result. The victors ran to receive their reward, two or three ducats, thrown from the Shah's pavilion. The vanquished, who endeavoured to claim the royal bounty, were driven back with blows by the Ferash Bashee. The Champion of Aderbijan, one of the largest men I ever saw, but apparently too fat for work, supported his reputation well, and was on the whole the most successful of the Pehlivans. Several very loose plays were acted for the edification of the Court; the grossness of the performers was by no means confined to words; our old friend Punch also behaved himself sadly! The other amusements consisted of climbing a pole, dancing on the slack-rope, juggling, bullying a poor little bear, tossing a boy in a carpet, &c. At the conclusion of this series of refined entertainments, a number of Surbâz broke their ranks, at the invitation of the Shah, and wrestled in his presence, a proceeding which would have been

as extravagant as it was irregular, had any of the uniforms been good enough to be spoilt, or any trowsers clean enough to be dirtied.

25th.—Our old Mehmander, Mahommed Khan Doombelli, breakfasted here this morning, and brought Meerza Fattooleh, a great historian, with him. This gentleman, when offered meat by one of the servants, put on a face of great disgust, and said, “No, take it away; they (meaning us Giaours) have touched it!” *Un peu fort*, in a Christian Elchee’s house!

We called yesterday upon old Hajee Meerza Abul Hassan Khan, who, since the *mistake* he made at the Shah’s accession, has lived in great retirement. We passed through a neatly kept garden, full of flowers, and by some dark turnings entered a fine high room furnished with numerous divans, cushions, and sofas, and ornamented with looking-glasses, European prints, and pictures of the late Shah, Abbas Meerza, &c. A picture of his excellent self, painted in London, is very like.* Though fat, he is a fine-looking man, and has very good manners. His establishment is by far the most civilized I have seen in the country. He chuckled a good deal over the scrape into which Massoud got himself last Monday. That gentleman

* This worthy, when ambassador in England, was made an immense fuss with by many fine ladies. He begged them to gratify his sentiment by inscribing their names in a sort of album which he kept, taking care to keep blank spaces above the signatures, in which he afterwards inserted, in Persian, whatever he thought proper, and what the ladies might perchance think exceedingly improper. To a lady, who refused him her autograph, he said, “Ah, you very cunning, Ma’am!”

called upon Ellis to-day, was profuse in his expressions of civility, and said that the Shah had bound himself to sign a commercial treaty with England, by which very little was asked, and that his Majesty might as well settle the matter at once. This, after all the aversion shown by the Shah and his foreign minister to concluding the said treaty, and all their shuffling on the subject, is most strange conduct, and can only be solved (as far as Massoud is concerned) by the old proverb, "a spaniel, a *Persian*, a walnut-tree, &c."

28th.—This is the Eed i Kurban, one of the great Mussulman festivals, instituted to commemorate the sacrifice of Isaac, or, as they have it, of Ishmael. Abraham, and some other Patriarchs, are always distinguished by the title of "Huzrat," or "his worship." I did not see the ceremony, which consisted of the slaughter of a camel by the young Prince Ardisheer Meerza; each part of the animal is given to a different tribe, and fought for by the individual members of the same. The Shah killed a sheep in his Anderoon, and I believe that the head of every household does the same in his own family. His Majesty, schooled by the events of the Nouroze, to-day received the two Elchees together before the Salaam.

Poor Borowski has been kicked in the stomach by a horse, and is, I fear, unlikely to live. We are strange creatures: before the accident happened most of us looked on the poor man with feelings of sus-

pcion and dislike, or at least of indifference; now we are all as anxious about him, as if he was a dear friend. Riach gave me a message from him with tears in his eyes. Stoddart, Macdonald, Farrant, and Todd have been with him, and the latter returned to his house at night. Bell is most unwearied in his attention. In England we are certainly much more heartless. He bears up under his misfortune with great firmness, and has shown far more amiability and good feeling than we supposed him to possess.

29th.—When I went to see him this morning before breakfast, he was given up by the doctors, and moaning with pain. He spoke with pleasure, however, of the Shah having given alms to the poor to propitiate the Almighty in his favour. I went again at midday to see him, and was very glad to find him better. Bell begins to have some hope. He evidently himself expects to live, though he talked of being sent with a despatch to the other world, and said, “Oh, my dear Captain Stuart, it is a sad thing to die from the kick of a horse!”

31st.—Borowski is a great deal better, and I hope that Bell will be able to start with Todd and me for Mazanderan in a few days.

Hajee Ibrahim, one of the Mujtehids of Isfahan, arrived here a week ago, and was visited by the Shah to-day. A quarrel which has arisen between the holy man and the Imaum Ivoma (who is, I believe, the principal ecclesiastical personage here) must be rather

pleasing to His Majesty. When the Imaum called on the Hajee, soon after his arrival, the Isfahan Moollahs, anxious to make mischief, kept their chief in ignorance of the Imaum's attendance, and told the latter that he was at breakfast. The Imaum went away in a huff, and when the Hajee sent to signify his intention of returning the visit, said, "He may come, but I shall keep him in his turn an hour waiting." "*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*" The other Mujtehid of Isfahan, Hajee Syud Baukir, is renowned for his sanctity from Kerbelah to the Ganges, and considered the most shining luminary of the Shecah faith.

A few days ago Bell and Todd went to see a Medressa or college: the Moollahs received them with great apparent courtesy, and seated them at the upper end of the room, but the principal person among them immediately made the lower end the place of honour by sitting there himself. The Moollahs, like the Turks (when they mean to be particularly civil), are very apt to get up before a Christian enters their apartment, that they may not appear to rise to receive him. One of those in the Medressa attempted to draw Todd into a religious argument, but was silenced by his brethren, which I regret, for Todd is clever, and both able and willing to explain and defend our faith.

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM TEHERAN—JÂGEROOD RIVER—RUINOUS CARAVANSERAI
 —STORM OF HAIL AND SNOW—DEMAWEND—AB-I-SERD—AINEH WER-
 ZOON—SERBENDAN—BAGH-I-SHAH—DOLICHAÏ RIVER—THE ARJUMEND
 —FIROZEKOH—PASS OF GADUK—CASTLE OF KALEEP—TURKHROBAT—
 PADDY FIELDS—CAUSEWAY OF SHAH ABBAS—ZEERAB CATTLE—LUXU-
 RIAÏT NATURAL SCENERY—SHEERGAH—PLAIN OF MAZANDERAN—
 ABBAS KOULI MEERZA—WRETCHED ROADS—MAZANDERANEES—SARI—
 FISHERIES—MAHOMMED KHAN—FUZLALEE KHAN—THE SELM-I-TOOR
 —DINNER WITH THE VIZIER — GENERAL INFORMATION OF THE
 COMPANY.

April 4th.—AFTER delays innumerable, Todd, Bell, and I started from Teheran at two o'clock, P.M., determined to see as much of Mazanderan as we could in three weeks. We form a very respectable party, for, besides many servants, we are accompanied by a Gholam of the Embassy and an artillery orderly.

We soon left the plain of Teheran and ascended the bed of a dried up stream in a north-east direction. It became very cold after dark; we descended rapidly from the head of the pass till we reached the Jâgerood river, the roar of which was audible at some distance. We found the stream very rapid, but not deep at the

ford. Our only light was the planet Venus, which shone brilliantly, and we had some difficulty in finding a large caravanserai beyond the river, which was almost destroyed by an earthquake a year ago. Our room is the only one which retains its roof; it is small and dirty; doors and windows are of course out of the question, and of the two doorways one is completely open and the other built up with bricks so loosely that it is well qualified to play the part of *Wall* in Pyramus and Thisbe. There was just room for our mattresses on the mud floor, and, after eating a cold chicken pie, we were very glad to lie down upon them cheek by jowl, well satisfied to have escaped from Teheran.

5th.—Bell awoke with his head upon a dung heap, which he had not perceived last night. We started at half-past six, and rode the earlier part of the day among volcanic hills of all shapes and colours. Further on the country opened a little, and we passed several large villages surrounded by corn-fields. The land is well watered by streams and intersected by narrow ravines, in one of which we breakfasted *al fresco*, and very cold it was. A violent hail storm was succeeded by snow. The tomb of a saint is placed at the summit of the last pass in to-day's journey; on emerging from a wild rocky defile we discovered Demawend, our present *gîte*. It is a large village, embosomed in trees, situated in a rich plain, about three miles long, surrounded by mountains. Not a

symptom of foliage is yet to be seen ; vegetation is considerably behind that about Teheran. The Gholam whom we had sent on to procure quarters returned, saying that Ali Akbar Beg, a Gholam of the Taj-i-Dowlet's, would be *au desespoir* if we did not honour him with our company ; "he was our servant, his house was ours," and so forth. He has put us into a clean, cold room, which seems from its furniture to have lately had female inhabitants.

Demawend is about thirty-eight miles from the capital. During the late Shah's reign it paid annually to the treasury 497 tomauns and 118 khalwars, 27 maunds of wheat. Our host states that the village contains 500 houses, but their number appears to me to be considerably greater. Most of them are built of unburnt brick, placed upon layers of unhewn stone. Three fine old spreading chenars grow at the bottom of a deep ravine, and ornament the court of a rustic mosque, which is merely an ill-built, oblong room, open on one side, and overlooking a clear, rapid stream. This stream we were obliged to cross upon a circular and narrow branch of a tree. The attempt was hazardous, but half the boys in Demawend had gathered, hooting, to see the Feringees tumble into the water, so we would not turn back. Mounting the opposite hill to a brick tower, the age and use of which we could not ascertain, we obtained a good view of the village and valley. Rather a fine mosque has been nearly ruined by an earthquake. Two Imamzadehs, one of them

covered by green glazed tiles, are in a more perfect state.

6th.—Cats making love in our room and dogs quarrelling at the door spoilt our night's rest. Ali Akbar was civil, unobtrusive, and content with one ducat. He remembers Mr. Morier, who made Demawend his "yeilak" one summer, when minister in Persia.* From the top of a pass, east-north-east of the village, we descended upon an extensive plain backed by a long range of snowy mountains, stretching from west-north-west to east-south-east. The village of Abi-iserd (cold water) is placed at the opening of a beautiful little green valley; no other cultivated spot is visible for miles, though the plain, which slopes gently towards the south, might easily be irrigated.

We halted to breakfast near Aineh Werzoon, a small village with a decayed Imamzadeh. A stream of clear water falls in a cascade fifty feet high from the hills behind. Opposite Serbendan, another shabby village, there is a square inclosure, planted with poplars and stiff chenars, called the Bagh-i-Shah (or Shah's garden), which looks very forlorn and naked in its wintry state. The plain, about eighteen miles in length, is terminated a little beyond Serbendan by a peaked mountain.

* I think it was during his residence here that old Mustapha rode from Constantinople to Demawend (with the news of Boney's escape from Elba), a distance of 1,700 miles, in seventeen days; a feat almost incredible, for horses are not to be had immediately, or without trouble, at all the stations.

We are lodged to-night in a small caravanserai, called "Aroo," or *the peach*. It contains a single room, one end of which is occupied by ourselves, the other by our servants. The flat roof is made of unbarked logs of wood, covered over with a thin layer of earth; the stone walls are very loosely put together, and the only window, which is in the roof, has just been boarded up on account of the snow.

8th.—We ascended a valley three miles in length, on whose sides a few junipers were scattered, yesterday morning, and then plunged into a deep and picturesque ravine. The narrow path sometimes kept on the level of a rapid stream, and sometimes rose to the height of a hundred feet above it. Junipers increased in size and became more numerous, and shattered masses of volcanic rocks were tumbled about in every direction. We forded a larger stream, called the "Dolichai," or mad river, and, after several ascents and descents through scenery of a similar character, we reached level ground. Here we met a number of wild-looking people, who are Sheeahs from the neighbourhood of Cabul, come to pass the Mohurrem at Teheran.

The horizon to our right was bounded by a long unbroken ridge of rocky hills, running from west to east until they reach a high peak, from which point they sweep round to the north and north-west. This amphitheatre is filled with low undulating hills and ravines, very singular in their appearance. After fording the Arjumend, which flows through a grassy

valley hemmed in by red rocks, we were delighted to see the mountain of Demawend bearing west-north-west : it is a finer object than when seen from Teheran, as there are fewer intervening heights.

We entered Firozekoh soon after three by a narrow pass, only broad enough for a small stream and bad road, between a perpendicular limestone rock, 250 feet high, crowned by an old castle and a round hill, which has also been fortified. We were all tired when we threw ourselves on our carpets in the best room of a large, new house, with an excellent stable, at the entrance to the town. The day's journey was not more than twenty-five miles, but the sun was powerful, and I had walked a good deal. The character of the road varied extremely ; in some places the Shah might have driven his phaeton (as he calls it) conveniently, in others it was but a bad bridle path, quite impassable for wheel carriages. After a cup of tea and an hour's rest, Bell and I climbed the round hill to admire the surrounding country and the cone of Demawend lit up by the setting sun. I never saw so wild and strange a scene.

On our return, we found a certain Meerza Khodadad, with three shabby-looking friends squatted in a row beside him, paying Todd a visit. He was profuse in his offers, and when "sursaut" was declined, because, as Todd said, the Ryots would be the sufferers, he answered, "What does that signify, they are *your Ryots*, the village and everything here is yours."

We ascended to the castle before breakfast this morning, by a steep path on the eastern side of the rock, which is the last of a range of rocky hills stretching from north-west to south-east. Tradition says that the castle was built by a Gholam of a king of Persia, who had taken no one knows how many fastnesses, and boasted that he would like to see the fort which could resist him for an entire year. The Gholam, considering that water only was wanting to render Firozekoh impregnable, dug a well at the foot of the precipice, and built a passage down to it, so closely resembling the rock in colour as not to be discernible, and the king besieged in vain. Some fragments of brickwork still remain to attest the truth of the story. We observed an Arabic inscription engraved on the face of the precipice, which is dated A.H. 871, and states that Firozekoh is exempt from taxation, a privilege of which the inhabitants have never ventured to avail themselves.*

The rock is commanded by an opposite height on the east, and by a hill, from which it is divided by a deep cleft, scarcely an arrow shot distant on the south. A meandering stream flows around its base, and turns to the south through a gorge leading to Verameen. Very little of the castle remains. The valley is fertilized by another stream coming from the

* When the Shah was encamped at Firozekoh in the summer of 1836, the people, being obliged to find "sursaut," &c., at length cut the inscription out of the rock, and took it to his Majesty. I have not heard the result of their bold step.

opposite quarter ; the little fields are divided with neatness, and carefully cultivated for about half a mile on each side of the banks. Firozekoh seems to me to contain about 300 houses, treble the number stated by Meerza Khodadad. Many of the inhabitants live in caves cut in the hill behind the village. It is very cold at night ; the thermometer is 20° lower than at Teheran, from which we are distant about eighty miles.

9th.—We started at half-past six, ascending the valley by a good level road to the foot of the pass of Gaduk, eight miles from Firozekoh. Here we found deep snow, through which a pathway was trodden : dwarf oaks are scattered on the mountain side. The Caravanserai of Gaduk, close to the top of the pass, and the limit of the provinces of Irak and Mazanderan, is a large substantial stone building, sadly out of repair. Descending, the pass narrows, and the road becomes very difficult. Bell's ferash got a roll with his horse in the snow. Meerza Khodadad told us that the wind is sometimes so strong in this defile, that horses and their riders are blown over. We were favoured by a delicious breeze from the Caspian. It was delightful to ride once more through round and well wooded hills, after so long an experience of the sharp naked crags of Irak. Teheran is supplied with wood from Mazanderan and Firozekoh, very probably from this pass, for many trees have lately been cut down, and boughs lopped off. Wild flowers, the only symp-

tom of spring, decked our path, which followed the course of a winding stream, frequently crossing it by little wooden bridges covered with earth and stones. A beautiful cascade, some sixty feet high, falling in numerous white streams, like an old man's beard, augments its waters. Bold and picturesque rocks of limestone rise on every side, and could the oaks be changed into chestnut-trees, and a snowy peak or two, and a thousand historical associations have been added, I might have fancied myself descending by the Splugen, or the St. Gothard, to the lovely plains of incomparable Italy. These mountains, however, are not without their legendary lore. The combats of Rustom and the Deeves have rendered them celebrated to every reader of Persian poetry.

The ruins of the castle of Kaleep, a bandit chief of the reign of Shah Abbas the Great, are romantically placed upon a rocky precipice, which seems to close the pass of Gaduk, and divides it from another gorge opening to the south-east. A wider valley, partially cultivated, succeeds. The mountains in front are clothed to their summits with trees. Another castle, which, according to an old man at this village, belonged to the Deeve Suffeed, or White Devil, (Rustom's most formidable foe), commands the junction of a lateral valley and its stream. A second gorge, as narrow, but not so romantic as the first, was in former times closed by a solid wall, five feet thick, consider-

able remains of which are visible. A mist, which had looked very beautiful when rising beneath our feet, now became chill and disagreeable. The higher mountains were shut out by lines of low barren hills, the stream was overhung by alders, and both air and scene reminded me of a Scottish lowland valley. We are evidently, however, in a warmer climate than that of Irak. The fruit trees are in blossom, and the corn is more forward than any I have seen. We passed two turf-covered hovels dignified with the name of Abbasabad, and had unloaded our mules at the wretched hamlet of Ooree, when Ameer Beg, the Gholam, who had gone on to Surkhrobat, returned, saying that he had found there an excellent caravan-serai once honoured by the presence of Futteh Ali Shah himself. We at once proceeded another half-mile to the spot, and found a cluster of ill-constructed huts surrounded by a low enclosure, two of which have mud, and the rest wooden walls. All are roofed with planks loosely put together and steadied with stones. We "burnt the Gholam's father" (being very cold) and then made ourselves as comfortable as we could. The water is so turbid from the melting of snow, that our grog, though increased to half and half, (the stock of liquor will soon be exhausted at this rate), tasted more of mud than rum this evening. The skin of a leopard, shot last night on the hill close by, was brought for us to look at. There is an old

round tower by the side of the stream at this place, which the natives call a Guebre temple : it might have been anything.

10th.—A misty morn. Though unblest by sun the birds sing more merrily in Mazanderan than they do in Irak. Every mile of this day's journey has brought us to a more advanced state of vegetation. Rice is cultivated in terraced fields, half flooded on each side of the stream. Circular thatched sheds, placed on wooden piles five feet high, are built to preserve the people employed in watching the crops from the damp soil. I saw several poor fellows working completely bare-legged in the paddy fields, and do not wonder at their sickly appearance. In summer the inhabitants of these unhealthy valleys take refuge in the mountains. Beautiful trees, in great variety, clothe the hills on each side, vines twist themselves round their trunks. I remarked some, which having climbed to the top of alder-trees upwards of fifty feet high, fell thence in perpendicular shoots to the ground. The scenery in some places reminded me of the banks of the Clyde above Hamilton ; in others, of the hanging woods of Clifden. The road was in many spots execrable, and caused us to tremble for our baggage animals. It is a branch of Shah Abbas's famous causeway, about sixteen feet broad, and paved with small stones, and it appears to have *once* been a work worthy of his fame : now it is broken up, and near every spring of water almost impassable.

We crossed to the right bank of the Talâr river by a pretty bridge of two arches, in good repair; it is called the Pûl-i-Suffeed, or white bridge: some adjoining hovels where we breakfasted bear the same name. We were afterwards obliged to ford the river, which is very rapid, six times. Green turf, with fine isolated trees, succeeded to the rice grounds which occupy the valley for two miles below the bridge.

Rain began to fall heavily before we reached our munzil, and it was vexatious to be twice delayed at impassable spots on the road. We waited half an hour at one place, until wood was cut and laid down to form a causeway for us; at another place the whole party fairly stuck in the mud. We were tantalized by the view of a snug cottage, with whitewashed walls and a tiled roof, surrounded by a group of ancient trees; but, alas! in this country the dead are far better lodged than the living, and the cottage, so promising in appearance, proved to be an Imamzadeh instead of a caravanserai. We reached Zeerab at three o'clock, having been eight hours riding eighteen miles! The *houses* here, and in the villages through which we have passed to-day, are long sheds thatched with branches, leaves, and rice straw, by no means weather-tight. One end, which is appropriated to the bipeds of the family, (whose absence we have purchased), is built of logs cemented with mud. The roof and walls are nearly a foot asunder, the former being supported by rafters placed across the walls, and projecting

beyond them. In such a place, about ten feet square, we are now squatted: of course the door does not shut, and the wind blows through innumerable chinks where the mud has fallen out. Our mattresses are jammed together as close as possible; and to make room for them, the hole in the floor commonly used as a fireplace has been filled up, and we are obliged to be satisfied with a little charcoal placed in that corner of the room which is walled off as a corn-bin. Meanwhile the rain is pouring in torrents. Under all these misfortunes we have one solid consolation. Rustam, Todd's Armenian cook, is an excellent *artiste*, devoted to his profession, and never fails under any circumstances to feed us well. On arrival at the *munzil*, he, without speaking, immediately scoops out a little earth, places two stones besides the hole, lays three bars of iron, which he carries in his pocket, across them, and in a very short space of time an undeniably good dinner is produced.

The cattle in Mazanderan are very small, and have lumps like the Indian buffalo: the sheep are likewise very small, and have not fat tails like those of Irak.*

11th.—If our abode had not been quite so wretched, I think we should not have had courage to face this dreary rainy day. Hoping for drier weather we did not leave Zeerab until eight o'clock. The road, still

* These fat-tailed sheep seem peculiar to the table-land of Asia. I have not met with them on the shores either of the Black Sea or the Caspian.

Shah Abbas's causeway, was for the first nine miles completely broken up. The continued passage of cattle has in many steep places ploughed it into slippery furrows, heart-breaking for the horses, who sank up to their fetlocks in the mud at every other step. When we sought a fresh track, higher up the hill, we got into worse difficulties: a narrow ledge along which we rode suddenly terminated in a precipice, and I, the leading file, could only extricate myself from the scrape by pushing my horse, a tall and powerful Karabâghee, up a perpendicular bank. The rain meanwhile beat in our faces, and my Persian cap, the worst protection ever invented for the head, was soon saturated with wet. Thus situated, we could scarcely appreciate the great beauty of the scenery. I never saw nature in such undisturbed and wanton luxuriance. We rode for hours through dark woods of spreading beeches, sycamores, and other trees, whose stems are green with moss and ivy. The ground is covered with a thick underwood of box, interspersed with laurel, and just now adorned with a profusion of primroses and white violets. Our progress was extremely difficult; we sometimes kept on the level of the stream, and sometimes were obliged to ascend five or six hundred feet above it. I can only wonder, however, that in Persia, where nothing is ever repaired, even so much of the road should remain good, in a damp climate, after a lapse of two centuries. We crossed several torrents by bridges which are perfect

and very well constructed. Of a large bridge, thrown across the chasm through which the Talâr flows, two arches only, overgrown with verdure, remain. About twelve miles from Zeerab we came upon level ground. The hills here recede, and slope gradually downwards towards the plain. An open glade sprinkled with trees, with a good road passing through it, looked exactly like a park in England. A pheasant or two, common enough in the province, would have completed the illusion.

The Talâr here loses its beauty, and expands into a broad river with shingly islands in its bed. We crossed one of its tributaries, coming from the south-east, by a flat bridge of one arch. An Imamzadeh, similar to yesterday's, did not again lure us with false hopes, and we were glad to arrive, wet and tired, at Sheergah, a munzil only better because rather larger than Zeerab. We have floundered about sixteen miles in the course of the day. The district of Sabatkeh extends from Gaduk to this village, which is the largest in the valley. The inhabitants speak well of their former ruler, Meerza Mahommed Ali Khan, but dislike his son, Mahommed Raheem Khan, the present governor. During the last few days' journey we have met and passed several caravans of yaboos and mules, carrying salt, tobacco, and apricots into Mazanderan, and bringing rice and wood from it.

12th.—We are at length blessed with a blue sky, which has dried our clothes, quite dank when we put

them on this morning. From a small eminence, at a short distance from Sheergah, I descried the great plain of Mazanderan, stretching as far as the eye can reach. That part of it which is nearest to the hills, is like them covered with a jungle of box-wood; but as we advanced we found many spots cleared for rice fields, and our poor horses' feet were frequently indulged by close firm turf enamelled with blue and red wild flowers. The roads to Balfroosh and Sari separate at the Bazaar of Aliabad, a village with tiled houses. A number of women hurried out of the Hummaum to see the Feringees pass. We retain our Frank costume, which can scarcely have been seen before in Mazanderan. We breakfasted on the common, near a picturesque Imamzadeh, shaded by two graceful cypresses. The careless manner in which cattle are allowed to stray about in the jungle, shows that there cannot be much danger from tigers in the plain.

We met a good many people travelling from Sari to Balfroosh, among others Abbas Kouli Meerza, as he is by courtesy called, because his mother was a daughter of the late Shah. This youth once took it into his head to set up for king, and collecting an *army* in Kerman, marched towards the capital. Futteh Ali would allow no preparations for defence to be made, and the result showed his wisdom; for the rebels, surprised at meeting with no opposition, were seized with a panic, and dispersed. Abbas Kouli

remained in "bust," until the Shah sent him word that he had better go home, and not make an ass of himself again.

Three miles beyond Aliabad, Shah Abbas's causeway disappeared, and we wallowed up to our horses' knees in mud, or rode down a stream for the sake of the surer bottom it afforded, until we got hold of a lad, who guided us by intricate paths in the forest to a village at some distance to the right of the road. It was a lovely spot; the houses are dotted about the wood, and surrounded by partially cleared fields, divided by neat wattled fences. "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" under the shade of magnificent trees, which have the leaf of the elm, but not its bark. Sycamores and beeches predominate in the forest; but I have remarked some very fine oaks, not yet in full leaf. Our guide refused at first to take money for his services, saying, "Why should I be paid for showing you the way?" His father offered us his rustic wooden kaleeoon to smoke, an incident worthy of remark, as Persians in general dislike to smoke after a Christian, and the Mazanderanses have been accused of excessive bigotry. We on the contrary have found them very civil; almost every man whom we have met, has said, "Salaam aleikoom."

A merry chattering traveller from Balfroosh now joined our party; he gave us a very favourable account of the trade and population of that place. Under his guidance, we emerged upon a turf-covered glade,

about a mile and a half in length, bounded on the right by low wooded hills, and we then struck across the country, through wet rice fields, until we at length regained the causeway. The peak of Demawend was visible from a caravanserai where we halted a few minutes, so high above the clouds that it scarcely seemed to belong to this earth.

The houses and walls of Sari are so overtopped by trees, that, though placed on rising ground, we did not perceive the town until we were close to its gate. The Gholam had chosen a garden half a mile south of the town for our abode. We were enchanted with its outward appearance. A white edifice with a low tiled roof, backed by dark green cypresses, and placed at the entrance of a valley inclosed by gently sloping and richly wooded hills, looked more like an Italian, than a Persian villa. But within all was splendid misery; only one large room surrounded by glassless windows, and accommodation neither for horses nor servants. We rejected the quarter, and sent for the Ferash Bashee of the Governor to whom we had a letter, who when he came made all sorts of fine speeches, and conducted us to the town, where he ushered us into an octagon room at the top of the palace, with four large windows, and an ill-closed door, where, if not blown away in the night, we may by-and-by be tolerably comfortable. Most of the coloured glass is broken, and the painting is partially effaced from the walls, but enough remains to show

that the "Bala Khaneh," or lofty abode, as our room is called, has been very highly ornamented. The Begler Beg sent us dinner, a welcome present, as our loads did not arrive until night. We have already had a tedious visitor, charged no doubt to discover what sort of dogs we are. Bell has gone to bed sick, and dined on tartar emetic. I have had a bad tooth-ache all day, and my left cheek is as big as two.

13th.—Sari is the Zadracarta of the ancients, and was visited by Alexander, who halted fifteen days, and celebrated games here, before he commenced his expedition into Parthia. Mazanderan derives its name from "maz," signifying *mountains* in the Pehlivi language, and "anderan," *within*. The classical appellation of the province was Hyrcania. It was inhabited by the Mardi and the Tapuri, from whom the name of Taberistan, still given to one district, is derived. It appears by Arrian's account, that when Alexander invaded the country, he himself, with the *élite* of his army, crossed the Sanduk mountain, (so well described in Zohrab), while he sent Craterus against the Tapuri by the pass of Gaduk, and Erigyus with the foreign troops and "*impedimenta*," by the more level road leading upon Asterabad. Mazanderan, with other provinces, was given by the Caliph Muatezzud to Ismael Samanee, as a reward for the defeat and capture of Amer-ben-Leis. The Dilemites, a dynasty cotemporary with the Samanee, derived their

name from a portion of this province. It was given by the unfortunate Shah Tamasp to Nadir after the expulsion of the Afghans from Persia. In the period of anarchy which followed the death of that conqueror, Mazanderan fell under the rule of the Kajars. Shaikh Vais, son of Ali Moorad Khan Zend, invaded the country, took Sari, and after defeating Aga Mahommed Khan, forced him to fly to Asterabad, but was surprised in the defiles leading to that place, and lost his army and his life.

Sari was long the residence of Aga Mahommed, who built the palace in which we are lodged. It is, as usual, a mixture of dark passages, courts containing tanks, and a few fine rooms.* The state apartment is adorned with representations of the victories of Shah Ismail and Nadir Shah, not very badly painted. Three female European figures, on separate pannels, are evidently the work of a Frank, from the decency and correctness of their costume, which is that of the 17th century, and the attention paid to perspective.

An Armenian, named Khajeh Toor, has rented the fisheries at the mouths of the Mazanderan rivers during the last eighteen years, and his lease has lately been renewed for twelve. We invited Andri his brother to *come and be pumped*; an operation performed pretty thoroughly by Todd. I am sure he took us for Russians, for towards the end of the interview, he asked us if we had brought him any message

* Great part of it was lately destroyed by fire.

from Baron Bode. He stated that his brother rents, for the annual sum of 250 tomauns and bribes to a large amount, the mouths of ten rivers between Molla Kala and Kulwat. The fisheries extend about a verst inland. He employs ninety-five Russians upon them. The fish, principally sturgeon, are carried to Astrachan in ships of from 3,000 to 15,000 poods burthen, (there are about thirty-six pounds in a pood), which, on their return, carry broadcloth and other Russian manufactures to Balfroosh. The voyage occupies from six to thirty days. April and May are the months for fishing. Meer Saduk, a Persian, rents the fisheries about Astrabad, and likewise employs Russians.

The Vizier Mahommed Khan, and four of his satellites, called on us before we were up this morning. In the afternoon we went to pay our respects to Fuzl Ali Khan, the Begler Beg, who is a native of Karabagh, a province beyond the Arras, which now belongs to Russia. We found him in a spacious white-washed room, with large windows of painted glass, placed between two gardens. He is a handsome man, with a sallow complexion, and long black beard. He wore a dress of honour sent by the Shah, which he had been out in state to meet this morning. We were given the post of honour, at the upper end of the room, between him and his brother. Several visitors, among them a sour-looking Moollah, were seated against the wall; others stood with folded arms near

the door, whilst a number of servants and idlers looked in at the window. Several papers were lying before the Begler Beg, which he communicated occasionally, in the midst of his conversation, to his left hand neighbour. Such is a Persian visit, and such the mode of doing business in a provincial capital. Hajee Meerza Aghassee has sent for certain sets of artillery harness, alleged to be here. Fuzl Alee Khan declares that no such articles have ever existed in Mazanderan, and I suspect that his great politeness to us is partly caused by anxiety to obtain a good word from Todd on the subject. He has sent us fish and game, and insists on furnishing us with a guide, who is not to return without a document stating that he has seen us safe into Irak. On rising to go away, I could scarcely limp out of the room, so numbed were my legs from being doubled under me for half an hour. We had been offered chairs, but thought it more civil to decline them.

A guide was given at our request to show us the Selm-i-Toor, which Hanway calls a Guebre temple, and Fraser the tomb of a minister of one of the Dilemite kings. We found—a hole in the ground between two dung-hills! After having been deserted by the holy dervish, who lived in it for two years, the Selm-i-Toor* was destroyed by an earthquake,

* From the descriptions I have read of this Selm-i-Toor, I imagine that it must have resembled those equally puzzling edifices, the round towers of Ireland.

and the late governor (the Moolk Ara) made use of the ruins to build a house.

The streets of Sari are tolerably paved with stone, a former Begler Beg having made every householder pave the portion immediately in front of his own dwelling. The houses are covered with green glazed tiles, mixed with red, and a great deal of burnt brick is used in their walls, so that Sari does not look at all like a Persian town. Oranges, and other trees, are planted in some of the streets, and we were taken to see an extensive orangery, containing some hundreds of trees nearly as large as those in Portugal. With all its merits, Sari is a sad unhealthy place after the month of May, and is evidently in a decaying, as well as decayed, state. A mound of earth, which has been thrown up to strengthen the brick wall that surrounds the town, is accessible by several paths; the ditch is narrow and unscarped, so that in spite of pentangular towers, which have lately been constructed, and one small bastion beside the southern gate, the fortifications could offer no resistance even against a horde of Turkomans. Thousands of tortoises crawl about the ditch, where it is partially wet, on the east side of the town. The bazaars of Sari are very indifferent.

We dined with the Vizier at eight o'clock: "*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:*" it was a greater bore even than I had expected. After smoking, drinking tea,

and considerable delay, a coloured table-cloth was laid on the carpet, our hands were washed, and dinner was brought in on five or six trays. Our host said "Bismillah," and we fell to, tearing away with our fingers at pilaus, chilaus, fowls, pheasants, and other viands dripping with grease. No beverage was produced, but poor and acid sherbet. Our party was *thirteen*, but *fortunately*, three Moollahs and a hungry looking Synd, who were present, chewing the cud of discontent with the jaws of voraciousness, would not pollute themselves by eating with us.

Poor Todd, our spokesman and interpreter, was obliged to answer all sorts of absurd questions. Whether the English and French were the same people? if London was in India? if Bell slept in his spectacles? &c. One of the *convives* asked, how it was that the Russians had conquered all Feringstan? "They conquer it!" replied his neighbour; "they have lately been obliged to pay fifteen crores to England." Another guest was good enough to say, "These people are clean, they understand civilized customs, not like the Russians, who are altogether filthy." (The same would probably have been said of the English, had Russians been the guests). Many visitors dropped in after dinner, while inferior people came to the window, and made their complaints and petitions to the Vizier. Todd could scarcely understand the Mazanderan patois, used by

the whole party, except when addressing him. We were treated with great show of distinction and respect; but the Persians, with all their exterior polish—and no people have more of it—are so innately arrogant, that they know not how to be really civil. Hence the personal remarks in which they are so apt to indulge.

CHAPTER XI.

ALIABAD—JACKALS—GURAKHAIR—RURAL MOSQUES—FOREST SCENERY
 —CROWS—BAHROOL IREM—AGHA HOOSEIN—BALFROOSH—DEMAND FOR
 ENGLISH GOODS—MESHEDI SIR—THE CASPIAN—AMOL—MAUSOLEUM OF
 SEYUD QUWAM OO DEEN—PURRUS—BRIDGES—CAVES—PRECIPITOUS
 ROADS—WANEH—MINERAL SPRINGS—LARIJAN—THUNDER-STORM—AH
 —BLACK BEETLES—RETURN TO TEHRAN.

14th.—A GREY close morning. We left Sari at a quarter before eight, returning to Aliabad partly by the same, and partly by a drier road, through the jungle. The Begler Beg's promise of a Gholam, and of an escort to shoot game for us, dwindled into his sending an ignorant guide *after us*, whom we dismissed before we reached this place. His servants were contented with a present of four tomauns, an extraordinary instance of moderation, as we had received corn for all our horses, food, and great civility at his hands. There is no caravanserai at Aliabad, and we, the masters, are lodged in a very small room, probably that in which the dead are laid out previously to interment, under the gate of the burial-ground,

which surrounds the Imamzadeh, whilst our Mussulman servants occupy the sacred edifice itself! A number of peasants have come in and laid offerings of fruit at our feet, but I hope that we have already checked this troublesome and expensive mark of respect, by gradually diminishing the expected reward. Jackals came howling about the burial-ground after dark; their yells have been well described as,

“A mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound.”

15th.—We hired a guide at Aliabad, who conducted us by a devious path through jungle and rice-fields to the banks of the Talâr. We descended the dry part of the bed of that river, which is about 300 yards broad, until we came to a ford, where the water was up to our horses' bellies, and flowed rapidly. The rain, which had fallen heavily all morning, now ceased; we plunged again into the jungle, threading our way among beeches, sycamores, dwarf elms, ashes, and hawthorns in full bloom: the low boughs which overhang the narrow and intricate path, endangered our eyes at every step, and knocked off my cap much oftener than was agreeable, but we were comparatively little inconvenienced by mud.

We breakfasted under a spreading sycamore, in the cemetery of the little village of Gurakhair. A clearing has been made in the jungle for the cottages and adjacent fields. The mosques of these forest-hamlets

are oblong thatched sheds, with a raised floor occasionally carpeted, and a wall on one side. A square shed of wood raised on brick piles, is usually placed close to the mosque, and serves as a receptacle for the dead during part of the funeral ceremony. Green turf and luxuriant foliage surround Balfroosh. The snowy mountains on our left were concealed by clouds during the greater part of the day, and but for the vines which twine around the trees and spread in graceful festoons to the neighbouring branches, the forest scenery would have been thoroughly English. The ground was covered with blue bells, dandelions, forget-me-nots, butter cups, and other familiar flowers. I remark that most of the crows in this country have grey breasts and backs, but black wings. We left the town to our right, and crossing a marshy lake by a bridge of planks loosely put together upon piles of brick, took up our quarters in an island, about three acres in extent.

This "Bahrool Irem," or "sea of paradise," was formed by Shah Abbas; but the Koolla Feringee, of which we inhabit a corner, was built by the Moolk Ara, on the site of a summer chateau of "the Great King." It contains some handsome rooms, most of which have been used as stables by preceding travellers, and we have followed their example. The Anderoon, a quadrangle with high walls, is a hundred yards distant. The island bears several orange and other trees. The lake, or rather pond, abounds with

wild ducks, weeds, and frogs which distract me with their incessant croaking.

Agha Hoosein, the Mustohfiz, or head man of Balfroosh, to whom we had sent to announce our arrival, called upon us as soon (he said) as he had finished his prayers. He is an unassuming fat man, extremely civil to us. We have been obliged to yield to his wishes, and allow him to supply us with food during our stay. He insisted on accompanying us into the town; and it was pleasing to see the good humour with which he returned the salaams of his fellow-citizens, who rose with alacrity as he approached and addressed him with respectful familiarity.

The houses of this extraordinary place are scattered among trees, fields and gardens, over so great an extent of ground, that it would be impossible to see it in one afternoon. Fraser estimates the population at 200,000; but Agha Hoosein says that the terrible plague in 1831 materially diminished the number of inhabitants, and the quantity of empty and ruined stalls in the bazaars confirm his statement. Fraser's description of Balfroosh is very accurate, as far as I have been able to hear and see. There are no Armenians in the town, but fortunately we have found some Jews who have sold us arrack to renew an exhausted supply of spirits.

The only public building worthy of remark which we saw, was a mosque erected by the late Minister, Meerza Sheffee, a native of Mazanderan. We walked

half a mile through a straight line of bazaars covered with boughs and thatch : they seemed to extend much further, and others branch off at right angles. We sat for some time with Agha Hoosein, on a counter, making divers inquiries, and bargaining for "Sheeropuneer" and "Aleejeh," mixtures of silk and cotton, which are fabricated at Balfroosh and some of the adjoining villages. A good many people, attracted by the novel sight of European dress, came to stare at us, but without impertinence : they are a puny ill-made sallow race.

All the English goods sold here are brought *viâ* Tabreez and Teheran ; none from the east or south : though twice as costly as Russian manufactures, there is a far greater demand for them. They consist chiefly of muslins, woollens and chintzes, and are sold in sixty different shops. The price asked for a piece of chintz brought to us was 4*s.* per yard ; in England the same quantity would have cost about 1*s.* 2*d.* I observed Russian iron, cutlery, and looking-glasses in the bazaar ; the knives were very inferior articles.

16*th.*—Again last night the cry of a jackal prowling close to our unfastenable doors and shutters, was far from agreeable. The horses sent by Agha Hoosein to carry us to the shores of the Caspian, were such wretched "yaboos," that we preferred tiring our own. We rode for some distance through scattered houses belonging to the town of Balfroosh, and about a fursukh from our munzil, reached the right bank of the

Bhawul, a full and sluggish stream, about fifty yards broad; in short a *real*, not a Persian river. Many beautiful trees grow on the plain, but no extent of jungle remains. Some fields inclosed by new wattled fences seem to have been lately cleaned. There are many villages between Balfroosh and the Caspian, but apparently very little traffic exists on the road.

Meshedi Sir, one of the principal harbours in Mazanderan, is a straggling village on both sides of the Bhawul; there is a custom-house close to the mouth of the river. Our first view of the Caspian, which is a good deal concealed by low sand-hills, was from a burial-ground about two miles from the shore. A schooner from Astrachan, with a cargo of corn, and three cutters laden with naphtha from Baku, were at anchor outside the bar. Ten large boats were moored half a mile up the river. The baker merchant complained to us that Meerza Aghassee, the Custom-master, has refused to allow him to land his naphtha, wishing to purchase it himself at a price much below its value. Meerza Aghassee is absent at Sari; the naphtha is evaporating; and the merchant begged us to state his case to Count Simonich. Were we to comply, this affair would be treasured up with a hundred other petty grievances, and brought forward by the Russian government the first time that the Shah should hesitate to comply with one of its grasping demands.

The Caspian is said to be more salt than other seas:

at the mouth of a fresh-water river, which discolours the waves for a considerable distance, it was of course impossible to verify this statement. I walked for some distance along the hard sand, which was moist to a distance of six yards from the beach, and picked up a few common shells as a memento of this, the "ultima Thule," of my wanderings! The people of Meshedi Sir, talk of a periodical swell in the Caspian; but as far as I can learn, it has no tides. Enzellee, the port of Resht, near the mouth of the Kizil Ouzen, is now the great inlet for the maritime commerce of Russia. It is thence that the silk of Ghilan is exported, and I fear that the prosperity of Balfroosh has already begun to decline.

We could get nothing for our horses at Meshedi Sir, and the poor beasts were almost knocked up when we got back to the "Bahrool-Irem, which is about sixteen miles from the Caspian. The peasantry in this part of the province generally wear a sort of jerkin of a dark brown colour, instead of the "Kabba;" the women wrap their cloaks round their faces instead of concealing them by the "chedar."

17th.—We crossed the Bhawul above Balfroosh by a handsome bridge of eight arches, very slightly elevated in the centre. It was erected by Mahommed Hoosein Khan Kajar (the father of Agha Mahommed Shah) to whom Mazanderan is indebted for several useful edifices, and is in excellent repair. The road to-day was for the most part good and straight, the country

dull and open, much inclosed, but little cultivated. A great deal of land is covered by clumps of tall reeds. The plain is intersected by numerous water-courses; some natural, others cut for irrigation. The Heraz, a small body of water flowing rapidly through a wide shingly bed, divides a muddy suburb of Amol from the town. It is crossed by a large brick bridge of many arches, rebuilt, according to Fraser, by Meerza Sheffee on the foundation of an old one.

Amol is twenty-two miles from Balfroosh. We are quartered in a comfortable new house, belonging to Pasha Khan, the governor, who fortunately for us is absent at Sari.

18th.—It would have been better to have halted at Amol to rest our horses to-day, but the "Cherwadar," (in whom we have found that miracle, a Persian of veracity,) says that it is impossible to get back to Teheran in less than five days, so we have been forced to proceed.

Amol boasts the Mausoleum of Seyud Quwam oo Deen, a saintly monarch of Mazanderan, who in the fourteenth century raised himself to the throne by his virtues and abilities. He was descended from Zein ool Abadeen, the grandson of Ali. The Mausoleum, which was erected by Shah Abbas, a descendant in the female line of the Seyud, is a square brick building placed in the centre of a small green, to the south of the town. There is a lofty gateway on the southern face of the building, and three blind arches on each of

the other sides, which are about twenty yards in length. An octagon picturesquely broken, and overgrown with verdure, is placed upon the square, and a circular tower, with a low dome, rises above all. The whole edifice seems to have been formerly cased with glazed tiles, red, green, blue, yellow and purple, arranged in various fantastical patterns: some beautiful specimens remain, particularly about the gateway. That part of the interior containing the shrine of the saint, is handsome and imposing; his tomb is guarded by two railings of wrought-iron; the inner rail is partially gilded. A number of men and boys surrounded Todd and Bell, whilst they were sketching the tomb, and grumbled at the hardships of being driven by the "Topechee" orderly from their own Maidân.

Amol is not far from the mountains: many spots in the neighbourhood are famous in the history of Rustam. We ascended the course of the Heraz, picking our way over its bed, or struggling through the thick jungle on the left bank. At the extremity of the plain the scenery is most beautiful, but the rain came down heavily and spoiled our enjoyment. Near the first defile, where the Heraz bursts its way through romantic rocks, the narrow path is carried by steep ill-cut steps, through deep mud, several hundred feet above the valley. Though this "bund"* was

* Pathways cut at the hill-side, above rivers, where the defile is too narrow to admit a road, are called "Bunds;" but the usual meaning of the word is a dam.

made as recently as last year, by Hajee Saleh, a merchant of Amol, it is already more difficult to pass than any part of the Gaduk road. Another path, said to be still worse, winds above the right bank of the river. Trees gradually disappeared, and three miles from hills covered with rich and varied foliage we found ourselves in a valley whose nakedness is truly Persian.

We reached Purrus, a tenantless and half ruined building, sixteen miles from Amol, at half-past five, and, hoping to secure a better munzil, pushed on another mile; but finding nothing but a cave, already occupied by muleteers, we were obliged to return. Fuel was speedily procured by pulling some beams from a scaffolding raised (for what purpose I cannot guess) above the house. Some spare carpets and tarpaulins partially shelter us from the wind, which blows through the few holes in the walls called doors and windows; but we can invent no preservative against the rain pouring in several places through the flat roof. The arrack we bought from the Balfroosh Jews is our only comfort.

19th.—A very fine deer, from which Rustam made most exquisite cutlets, was brought to us this morning. An hour's ride brought us to a *chiusa*, where we crossed the Heraz. The bridges in this valley are made of trees placed lengthways upon stone abutments, and covered transversely with loose planks which shake as we cross them. I observed the ruins of a stone bridge not far from Purrus. Turning

to the south-west, we entered a pass resembling Glen Cwe, and the wildest parts of the Reussthal, in desolate grandeur; not a particle of vegetation enlivens the black and fantastic crags on each side of the stream. I was obliged to lead my horse over a succession of bunds, where the rocks above would not admit the passage of a mounted horseman, and along ledges just broad enough for a horse's feet. Todd and Bell, who lingered behind to take the bearings of the path, narrowly escaped being crushed by an *éboulement* of the cliff a few yards in front of them, which covered the road to the height of ten feet. At length we reached some green fields, near which, in one of a row of caves, we have established ourselves for the night. Since entering the valley of the Heraz we have passed hundreds of these caves scooped out of the breccia rocks, which in many places rise like a wall to the height of thirty or forty feet above the river. They are used as caravanserais by muleteers, and occasionally by travellers who do not choose to make long stages.

There is a good deal of traffic on this road, far more than on that through the Gaduk pass. The villages are at a distance among the hills; the natives were at first reluctant to allow that they had chickens, eggs, or even to sell them, lest, *more Persico*, we should take, instead of buying them.

20th.—One of the adjoining caves fell in yesterday, and another was cracked at the top, which so much

alarmed the servants that they persisted in sleeping outside, though the nights are by no means warm in these mountains. The scenery for the first ten miles of this day's journey was as wild, and far more magnificent, than that of yesterday. The path in many places was so narrow that it was difficult to avoid jamming one leg against the rock, whilst the other dangled over the abyss. The gorge, a quarter of a mile in length, is sublime beyond anything I could have imagined. Perpendicular precipices, scarcely twenty yards asunder, rise to the height of a hundred feet on each side of the foaming Heraz. The path, about three feet broad, is a passage, just high enough to be practicable for a loaded mule, scooped out of the face of the rock, two hundred and fifty feet above the torrent. The ladies of Larijan do not deign to dismount from their ponies, when traversing this defile, but no man thinks of riding through it. The parapet is only six inches high, and the chasm below does indeed look most awful. Ruins of stone bridges appear at each end of the pass; they were destroyed ten years ago by an earthquake which buried many men and animals under rocks torn from the mountains.

We breakfasted under a tall tree close to the picturesque Imamzadeh of Waneh, a pretty village situated in a green cultivated valley. Higher up, on the right bank of the Heraz, are several considerable valleys surrounded by orchards white with blossom,

and vines neatly trained on trelliswork. Above one of them, called Chungal Deh, a torrent precipitates itself down the side of a conical red rock crowned with the ruins of an old castle, ascribed to Jemsheed; and some miles further on, I observed a square tower of considerable antiquity. We bought some excellent small trout from men who were fishing with casting nets in the Heraz, here called the Sarajan river.

Half a mile from Ask, the side of one of the hills is as white as snow. On reaching the spot we found the earth covered with sulphur and carbonate of lime overflowing from mineral springs which bubble up in the midst of two clear, deep, circular pools, about ten feet in diameter. Their temperature (at five P.M.) was 84°, whilst the thermometer in the shade was 54°. The view of Ask from this spot is very fine. It is a village of about nine hundred houses, built on the summit and brow of a hill which overhangs the Heraz. Demawend, whose peak was concealed by clouds, rises immediately behind. The chasm through which the river winds forms an excellent natural ditch on the south-eastern side of the village. We were greeted by a volley of abuse from a tent pitched in front of an open mosque, for the celebration of the Mohurrem fooleries: the blackguards had been cursing Omar and the Soonies, and thought it a good deed to finish the day by devoting the wandering Giaours to Jehanum. We are comfortably quartered in the house of Abbas

Kooli Khan, the chief of Larijan, who at the death of Futteh Ali Shah, retreated to these fastnesses, either intending to rebel, or to wait quietly until he saw which competitor for the crown proved successful. The Shah, when encamped last summer on the hills north of Teheran, was daily alarmed by rumours of incursions from Larijan. The chief however quietly submitted two months ago, and did homage at the footstool of royalty.

21st.—We were visited at daybreak by two squires of Larijan; and two servants of the house chose also to sit uninvited in the room. The real object of the call was to consult Bell for themselves or their friends. One man with a dingy complexion begged to be given pink and white cheeks; another required a cure for a mad friend; the third had grown hoarse with haranguing true believers at a Mohurrem ceremony; and the fourth was anxious to supply the place of a deceased child! These gentlemen informed us that there is a spring of fresh water at three miles' distance from Ask, hot enough to boil an egg in an hour. There is coal on the surface of the mountains, used by blacksmiths in their furnaces, but not as ordinary house fuel. Our informants began to talk of sulphur, but suddenly stopped and turned the conversation. If the Shah knew of this mineral's existence, the Larijanees would probably be compelled to work at the mines and supply him yearly with a large quantity.

The district of Larijan,

“A fortress form'd to freedom's hand,”

commences at Purrus, and extends to a distance of two persukhs south of Ask, which is its capital: a more impenetrable valley could not easily be found. It is said to contain seventy-two villages, and furnishes 500 toffungchees (irregular marksmen) and 500 Surbâz to Government. Tamas Kouli Khan, the elder brother and predecessor of the present chiefs seems to have been very popular in the district, which is indebted to him for the road and for the stone bridges, the ruins of which we have seen. Our visitors of this morning expressed their gratitude to the Shah for receiving Abbas Kouli Khan with favour, instead of killing or blinding him!

We commenced our journey by a long and difficult ascent over a shoulder of Demawend. The soil is richly impregnated with iron, which discolours a neighbouring stream. An hour's labour, chiefly on foot, brought us to the summit, where snow still lies thick: the view of the river flowing through a ravine at an immense distance below, was very fine. The descent was extremely steep and toilsome; we picked our way for several miles among rocks and stones, where the path could only be traced by the hoof marks of the animals which had preceded us. At the frontier of Irak the Heraz receives a tributary stream flowing from the north-west; we continued to ascend its course, and forded it thirty times within two miles.

The stream, still considerable, roared and foamed as if determined to carry our horses off their legs.

After passing a small stone caravanserai, built (*mirabile dictu*) by the late Shah, our difficulties increased: it was necessary to lead our horses up the steep rocky course of a torrent, covered in many places with frozen snow. My horse fell once, and it was with great difficulty that I could keep my own footing. At length we reached a white Imamzadeh at the head of the pass, and our eyes were refreshed by the sight of the village and green vale of Demawend, Ab-i-serd far off in the plain beyond, and the opening in the mountains towards Verameen. The poor mules were very anxious to take the road to Demawend, where they were bred, and the muleteers, natives of that place, begged to be allowed to return to Teheran by "the abode of poverty," as they poetically termed their homes. Unluckily we were too much pressed for time, and after a short rest, descended into a well cultivated valley, where we were caught in a tremendous thunder-storm,—the hail driving horizontally from the west, was so severe that our horses would not face it. Another bad piece of road, when we thought our troubles were ended, was extremely vexatious. At length we reached the village of Ah, having been employed nine hours in riding and walking twenty miles!

22d.—Ah is a flourishing place,—the verdure of the surrounding vegetation has given the name of

“Tak i Zumoorood,” or the “Emerald Palace,” to a ruined chateau of Futteh Ali Shah, close by. The contrast between the villages off and on the high roads in Persia is very great: the latter suffer continually from the exactions and violence of the Princes, Khans, and Serbâz who pass through them. Unfortunately a move, easily effected where cottages are built of mud, offers no permanent relief to the wretched inhabitants; for the line of *road* is in this country altered with even greater facility, and invariably follows the villages.

We joined the Demawend road about five miles from Ah: it was covered with black beetles, and I was greatly amused at watching the industry and perseverance with which they made and rolled *behind* them balls of horse dung twice as large as themselves. The Jâgerood has swollen a good deal since we crossed it nineteen days ago, and it was deemed more prudent to try a ford half a mile higher up, where it is divided into several small streams. We overtook a Royal Gholam, carrying a skin full of the muddy water of this river to Teheran, for the Shah's especial use. To judge by its appearance the Jâgerood must be like—

“Choaspes' amber stream,
The drink of *none but* kings.”

The afternoon was intensely hot, and our horses were nearly exhausted when they reached the Doolaub gate of the Capital. Our tour has been, as far as we

can reckon, about three hundred and fifty miles in length.

Teheran is now scarcely to be recognised. The arid plain has been converted in less than three weeks into a sheet of green; our garden is a mass of verdure; innumerable roses are in bud; and the nightingales are singing most sweetly. A great deal of rain has fallen since our departure. Mr. M'Neil has been gazetted as Minister Plenipotentiary, and Captain Sheil as Secretary of Legation. All agree that the latter appointment is an excellent one. Mr. Ellis intends to set out on Monday week and meet the new minister at Tabreez.

CHAPTER XII.

KUHMAN MEERZA—FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES—THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION; THE MARTYRDOM OF HOOSEIN—TURKOMAN INROAD—SUCCESS OF CAPTAIN SHEE—BAUKIR KHAN TAKEN PRISONER—SURRENDER OF MAHOMMED TUCKEE KHAN—FAREWELL AUDIENCE—SUCCESS OF MR. ELLIS'S NEGOTIATIONS—LETTER FROM THE PERSIAN MINISTER TO LORD PALMERSTON—REVIEW OF KURDISH AND PERSIAN TROOPS—MUTINY—ORDER OF THE LION AND SUN—COUNCIL OF TWELVE—SUPERSTITION OF THE MEHMANDAR—PARTING WITH FRIENDS—MIGRATION OF THE SHAHZEWUND TRIBE—DEPREDACTIONS OF THE SOLDIERY—Kerdân—Kishlâk—VALE OF SULTANIEH—KHORUMDERE—ISMAEL KHAN—ZUNJAUN—AGKUND PLUNDERED BY THE TROOPS—LETTERS FROM ENGLAND—SOOMA—USUAD EFFENDI—VIOLENT STORM—PROSPEROUS STATE OF ADERBLJAN—RETURN TO TABREEZ.

23*d.*—A good night's rest and a vapour bath have quite set me up. Kuhrman Meerza, the Shah's own brother, had arrived during our absence, and was received with the highest honours. He has been removed from Khorasan, to succeed Feridoon Meerza in the Government of Aderbijan; the latter has been appointed Governor of Fars, from which province no revenue has been received this year. Munoocher

Khan, Moatimud-oo-Dowlet, (a Georgian eunuch,)* has been recalled in disgrace. Mr. Ellis happened to call on Kuhrman Meerza at the same time as Count Simonich. The Prince was foolish enough to ask the latter whether he intended to accompany the Shah to Afghanistan. The Count replied that he should do whatever His Majesty desired; and Massoud remarking that it was the Shah's wish that he should go to Herat, he proceeded to say, that as long as his strength lasted, and as far as the roads were practicable for his carriage, he should follow the Count. Most probably he will command the army.

Mr. Ellis has advised the Shah to employ this year in marching with a small force to Isfahan and Sheeraz, to detect and punish those who have defrauded him of his revenue. His Majesty listened attentively to the suggestion, but the chance of its having any real weight with him is slight.

Mr. Ellis has rendered a real service to the Shah, which has called forth profuse expressions of gratitude from himself and his ministers. The financial difficulties of the country are so great,† that payment of the crore of tomauns, now due to Russia, is impossible; and the Emperor may, whenever it suits

* The Governor of * * * is likewise a Georgian eunuch; and, not long since, when speaking to a British officer on religious subjects, he said, "I believe in God," holding up three fingers to show himself to be a Trinitarian!

† By the Shah's own confession, the outer treasury is empty, and the inner treasury only contains 750,000 tomauns.

him, take Khoi as a security for the liquidation of his claims. Mr. Ellis, with a great deal of trouble, prevailed on the ministers to allow him to speak officially to Simonich, in their presence, on the subject. The Count was angry, and complained of the want of confidence placed in his master; but at length entered into a written engagement permitting the Persian Government to pay the crore by instalments of 125,000 tomauns, at six months' interval; and the first of these instalments was actually paid on the 16th.*

25th.—A number of low fellows belonging to this "Mohulleem," or ward, of the town, came yesterday to the front of the house, dancing to the sound of their own sweet voices, and knocking together pieces of wood which they held in each hand. Their leader carried a flag, surmounted by a hand, the standard of Ali. Rude theatres covered with awnings called "tazeers," are erected in all the open parts of the city, for the representation of the martyrdom of Hoosein.

I went with Ellis in the afternoon, attended by a Moollah, to see the show, in a tazeer close to the Embassy. One end of the *salle de spectacle* was open,

* Mr. Ellis, in another interview with Count Simonich, gave him distinctly to understand that England would look with jealousy upon the interference of any other European country in Afghan affairs, and asked him whether it was true that his Government had offered to assist the Shah in attacking Herat? The Count, after some attempt to escape from the question, stated positively that the projected expedition had never been discussed between him and the Persian ministers.

at the other a recess, of the same size and form as the royal box in foreign theatres, was filled with spectators. We were placed among some Persians of rank in a side gallery; the more respectable women were opposite, and below them, in *loges grillées*, sat ladies of high degree. A crowd of men occupied the right, and of women the left side of the floor below. We found a young Moollah in the pulpit, relating the history of Hoosein with perfect *sang froid*; he was soon followed by a Seyud, who continued the subject with great vehemence: women began to wail, and the men in the pit to beat their breasts, whilst the Seyud, ever and anon, urged them to remember the sufferings of the holy Imaum, and strike harder.

Three orators then entered, bearing a standard and accompanied by the *professional beaters* of the Imaum Jooma Mosque, with their breasts bared. They mounted the platform at the upper end of the tazeer, and chanted a narrative of the events attending the death of the saint; the beaters kept time with their blows and vociferous choruses, first of "Mahommed Rassoul," then of "Alée," and lastly of "Shah Hoosein." The orators occasionally paused to smoke their *kaleoons*, an occupation freely indulged in by the mournful crowd. A pigeon, with pink feet and wings, was introduced, who, by the mouth of one of the performers, told the sister of Hoosein, that he had flown from Kerbelah to Mecca, sprinkled with

the blood of the martyr, to bring her the direful news of his death: she answered this amiable and active pigeon through the same channel. The lamentations of the ladies now increased, and our friend, the Moollah, thought it decent to put his handkerchief to his eyes. The beaters were sixty in number, many of their breasts were discoloured and bleeding from self-inflicted blows; but I detected several shirkers, who tapped themselves with extreme discretion. When they had retired, the great show commenced.

Hoosein first appeared alone. A flourish of Surbâz drums and trumpets ushered in his enemies dressed in chain armour. After abusing and threatening the Imaum, they retired, and he then had an affecting interview with his sister. When she left him, he laid himself down to sleep on one of the platforms, whilst little cherubs with black crape veils sang and capered around him. On awaking, he repeatedly embraced his sister, wife, niece, sister-in-law, and children; and snatching up two little nephews, whose father had just been killed, he knelt with them in his arms and implored for them the protection of the Father of the orphan. This part of the performance was most touchingly acted; deep sobs were audible on every side; I could have scarcely restrained my own tears, had I not turned and seen the wry faces made by old Meerza Aly Nuckee, the "Maimoon," who sat blubbering behind me. Our Gholâms and servants, men with long black beards, wept like children.

Hoosain's sister hung a winding-sheet (a very ragged napkin) round his neck; his relations fell at his feet exhausted by their grief, and he threw a black covering over the afflicted circle. After a pause they rose and withdrew; his enemies reappeared,—he refused to receive any favour at their hands, and forced them to retire, following them with his drawn sword. He soon returned staggering, faint, and bristling like a porcupine with the arrows by which he had been struck, and threw himself on the body of his sick son. His sister and relations came and wept over him, after which he rose and prayed. The murderer then entered, and drawing a long knife, whetted it on his thigh, walked round and round the Imaum, whom he held by the head, and occasionally amused himself by making false thrusts at his throat. Hoosain's youngest child, whose part was particularly well acted, threw himself with a Korân into his father's arms, and interposed to save him. After a great deal of pantomime, the boy was killed: I could not obtain a satisfactory explanation of what followed, but it appeared that the murderer was touched with remorse, and at the termination of this day's proceedings, his dagger was in the Imaum's hand. To-morrow the death scene will be acted.

According to the Sheeah tradition, a Feringee Ambassador expostulated with the murderers of Hoosain, and fell a victim to their rage, but not until he had embraced the faith of Islam. Dresses are borrowed

from Europeans to rig out this "Elchee" of the seventh century: cocked hats are in particular request, and at one "tazeer" His Excellency is this year to appear in the uniform of His Majesty's 4th Light Dragoons. These representations must be costly, for the theatres are decorated with cloth, glasses, and pictures; and the dresses are valuable. The female parts are of course acted by boys, which is a sad drawback; and the performers hold in their hands long rolls of paper, from which they frequently read their parts. Every year some Persians are severely injured from the laceration which they inflict on themselves—death even in some cases ensues; while bloody fights constantly take place during the Mohurrem between the youths of different districts, to assert the superiority of their respective tazeers.

The Shah has endeavoured to turn to account the excited and bigoted feelings against the Soanis, which this season always awakens. This morning the officers of the garrison were desired to accompany Kuhurman Meerza to the principal mosque, where Hajee Ibrahim preached a religious war against the hostile sect: the number of Sheeahs enslaved by the Afghâns and Turkomans was mentioned, and all true Persians were exhorted to march, without pay, but certain of eternal reward, against the enemies of their religion and country. "Never," said the Hajee, "has Persia had such an army or such a king, since the days of the Sefis"—and I believe he is right! A

book has been opened to inscribe the names of volunteers.

27th.—Information arrived last night that the Turkomans have made a “chuppon” (foray) into Khorasan, and carried off cattle and Persians from the gates of Nishapour and Meshed, just by way of getting their horses into order for their spring grass ! His Majesty left a grand ceremony which was being enacted before him on the Maidân, much discomposed.

28th.—Good news has been received this morning, as an offset against yesterday’s intelligence. Captain Shee has taken the hill forts of Gûl, Gulaub, and Der Merdan, near Bebahan, in the province of Fars ; and Baukir Khan, son of Walee Khan, the celebrated chief of the Mahommed Sennee tribe, is a prisoner at Sheeraz. He was taken in flight, and the Moarimud-oo-Dowlet will therefore not admit the fact of his having been brought before him with a sword and Korân hung round his neck, a ceremony performed when a prisoner voluntarily delivers himself up, as a plea for pardon.* Mr. Laughton (of the East India Company’s Engineers) is very anxious that Baukir Khan shall be spared, feeling that he owes his life to his interference when taken prisoner by the

* Some of the vile authorities at Sheeraz wished to have him ridiculously dressed, mounted on a donkey, and carried, escorted by Looties (low *gamins*), through the principal towns on the road to Teheran ; but Captain Shee remonstrated successfully against this brutal exhibition.

Mahommed Sennees last year. Captain Shee states, that when the Surbâz were about to storm the fort of Gûl, two hundred women precipitated themselves from a rock, three hundred feet high, to avoid dishonour; and, stranger still, that only twenty-one out of that number were killed or seriously wounded. Mr. Rawlinson* has advanced with Bahman Meerza, the Prince-Governor of Kermanshab, to Shuster, after having obtained the surrender of Mahommed Tuckee Khan, chief of the Bukhteearies,† and a strong fort which he occupied. The fortress of Bumm in Kerman, having been breached in a fortunate hour, was successfully stormed at day-break on the first day of the Mohurrem. I fear that these successes will only stimulate the Shah's passion for war.

May 5th.—The weather is most lovely,—nothing can exceed the varied beauty of the yellow, scarlet, and orange-coloured roses in our garden; but the smell of the latter is positively disagreeable. We have had our farewell audience of the Shah, who was most gracious to Ellis, and have eaten our farewell dinner with Count Simonich. Ellis's labours have been rewarded by the issue of a firman granting the

* Now Lieut.-Colonel Rawlinson, the celebrated Orientalist.

† Not many years since, an English traveller was taken by some of this wild brigand tribe, became domesticated and married among them. In process of time, having grown tired of savage life and his Bukhteeari bride, he sold her for a jackass, which he rode to Trebizond, where he embarked for his native country, having turned a few shillings on the speculation.

same privileges to English as to Russian merchants, and admitting their goods on the payment of the same dues. The merchants are highly pleased, and say that the firman will be of as much practical use as a commercial treaty. The Elchee has likewise received an official promise of the Shah's picture, an honour which has never before been conferred on any one except princes of the blood, and which Meerza Massoud and the *friendly* Baba lately declared that it would be impossible for him to obtain. The foreign minister has written an amusingly pompous letter to Lord Palmerston, opening with a wish "that so long as the present system of the universe continues, he may remain in office." Massoud must have some knowledge of English politics and the character and antecedents of our ministers.

7th.—On returning from a ride this morning, we found the Shah seated on a chair in the Maidân, inspecting some newly-arrived troops. Among them were a hundred Kûrds, sent by the Walee of Senna. Lances, swords, and pistols are their offensive weapons: most of them carry small circular shields, slung on the left side of their saddles. The ten leading horsemen wore shirts of chain armour under their shawl surcoats; their steel head-pieces, pointed at the top, and adorned with peacock's feathers, were half concealed by shawls wound round them, with the ends falling gracefully over their necks. They passed in single file before the Shah, to whom they bowed

till their heads touched their horses' manes ; but their bold, dare-devil countenances were expressive of the strongest contempt for the whole *attirail* of Court and regular troops. These Kúrds were in general poorly mounted ; but far better than two "tepes" of Persian horsemen, who also were reviewed. I saw the Shegaughee regiment face outwards by wings, and file in slow time into positions at right angles to their former one. The whole battalion lost the step before they had completed ten paces of this scientific manœuvre ; but no fault was found.

A fortnight ago these gallant Shegaughees all went into "*bust*" around the great gun, at the persuasion of their major, because their colonel does not belong to the clan ! The Shah sent to ask what was the cause of complaint. The men answered that they had none, but that they had taken sanctuary because the major had told them that they ought to do so ! His Majesty very properly informed the major, that if he did not immediately call upon his colonel, he would put him to death. The major obeyed, and so ended the mutiny.

The British officers are never informed now when a review is to take place. Contrary to Todd's advice and to former practice, the artillery horses were this year sent out to grass under a Mirakhor, without the superintendence of a sergeant. The consequence is, that the forage has been *eaten* by the "mirakhor" and his "mechters," instead of by the horses, which were

brought back a few days since very much out of condition. The offending parties were made to run the gauntlet last Monday, in the Shah's presence, who, it seems, is bound to preside at punishments of this description. One of the mehters was almost flogged to death; and the mirakhor, who presumed to begin a defence, was deprived of both his ears.

Todd had an audience of the Shah a few days after our return, and was most graciously received. His Majesty was enraptured at the account he heard of the flourishing state of Mazanderan, and the loyalty of its inhabitants. He is going to write immediately to Fuzl Alee Khan, and to Agha Hoosein, praising them for their attention to us; and a mint of money is to be employed in repairing roads and building caravanserais. As for the Hajee, when Todd went to him with Ellis, he exclaimed, "He is my son!"

9th.—The Shah has been graciously pleased to confer the second class of the Order of the Lion and Sun upon Stoddart, Bell, and myself. Being anxious to learn the nature and amount of the services which I have performed to merit this high distinction, I have obtained a translation of my firman.* His Majesty likewise gave us the decoration of the Order,

* I have, unfortunately, mislaid the translation of the firman, which was rather amusing. Not long after the first institution of this distinguished order (styled by some scoffers "the liar and son"), a former ambassador to Persia was presented by Sir James Mackintosh to Madame de Stael as "Chevalier de l'ordre du lion et du soleil; ordre crée pour lui, par lui, et dont il est le seul chevalier!"

set in diamonds and rubies, "to be hung round our loyal necks." In the centre a pale sun is represented rising, or setting, behind a very seedy looking lion.

Yesterday the Shah convoked a Council of Twelve, containing a strange mixture of *grandees* and *parvenus*, to deliberate on the expediency of attacking Herat this year. As breakfasts and *kalecoons* are admitted into the council-chamber, the wiseacres are not likely to come to a speedy conclusion. It is said that the military councillors are all for blood and glory; whilst the *grandees* and *Meerzas* recommend a postponement of the expedition; but, as the old saw says, "Councils of war never fight;" and I sincerely hope that the peaceful party will carry the day.

10th.—At length we have quitted Teheran, and are now established for the night in our old *munzil* at Kund. Ismael Khan Nouree is our *Mehmandar*—a clever young man, but superstitious. Having been warned by an astrologer that a star of evil aspect would this day cast its baneful influence upon the gate leading directly to Kasveen, he suggested to the Shah that Ellis had never seen the *Kusri Kajar*, and that he ought to have that honour before his departure. We were consequently obliged to leave the city by the *Dowlat* gate, and to make a detour of five or six miles. Count Simonich and the Russian Mission accompanied us as far as the *Negharistan*; and our English friends did not leave us until we were half way to this village. I was truly sorry to

part with the companions of many annoying moments and agreeable hours, for whom I shall ever feel the warmest regard. They are men of ability and principle, whose conduct in the different circumstances in which they have been placed, deserves the highest praise. Bell, I am happy to say, accompanies us to Tabreez.

13th.—Near Sulimanieh, we passed a great number of camels laden with the women, children, and chattels of the Shahzewund tribe, now journeying from their winter quarters near Teheran, to their "yeilaks," in the neighbourhood of Ardebil. Many of the ladies were on foot, driving the camels and their new-born offspring before them. They were unveiled, and are very brown, but by no means ill-looking. On the same day we met part of the Tabreez regiment, on its way to the capital. The men are stout fellows, but half clothed. Some were mounted on donkeys, some on yaboos. They all straggled along the road without any attempt at order or discipline. The Aderbijan regiments have, as usual, committed great depredations on their way up: they killed four men here (Kasveen) in a row, and have destroyed five villages between this place and Kishlák. The villages on the high road are consequently abandoned; and even on the upper road, which we chose for the sake of accommodation, the Mehmandar was obliged to send on to ask whether

such and such a place was inhabited.* Farrant's Lancers are likewise on their way to the capital; their horses are in tolerable order, and they have not altogether lost their military appearance. They rode together in squads of eight or ten; and it sounded strange to hear the word, "Carry lance!" given by a Persian, and smartly obeyed by Persians, in this distant region. Kerdân, celebrated for the excellency of its water, was our munzil on Wednesday. Last night we halted at Kishlâk, a walled, but half-deserted village. Every place, however small, in this plain, is rudely fortified,—a proof of the insecurity of property in former times. The Ryots are now tolerably safe from a Shegaughee chuppow, but, "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"—who shall protect them from the regular troops? A few miles from this city we met Bahman Meerza, the Shah's next brother, who is on his way from Ardebil to Teheran. He rode alone, considerably in front of his attendants, and protected his complexion with a red silk umbrella.

The air of Kasveen and Seadahund was hot and oppressive: here, in the broad vale of Sultanieh, we are quite in a different atmosphere. Spring is the season in which Persia ought to be seen. The hills, so brown and barren last October, are now smiling and verdant, though still in some spots sprinkled with

* In this instance the Surbâz were perfectly inexcusable, as they had recently received considerable arrears of pay.

snow. We reached Khorumdere at half-past two. It is a large village situated in the midst of trees, and watered by a clear and rapid stream. Being Crown property it is safe against Surbâz, and consequently in a flourishing condition, though scarcely a hundred yards from the high road. Many of the inhabitants have made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and some possess as much as 10,000 tomauns. Landholders in this valley of Abhâr pay twenty per cent. to the Shah, which I believe is the usual amount of *regular* taxation throughout the country. Ismael Khan dined with us: he is an agreeable person, and uniformly gentlemanlike and well-behaved. He showed us a very pretty letter of which he is the bearer, from the Shah to his little son and heir apparent, accompanying a copy of Sadi's Gulistan, quaintly compared by His Majesty to "a garden of real roses."

All the princes seem to be on the move. Yesterday, near Sultanieh, we met Feridoon Meerza, accompanied by his uncle Fattoolleh. Both the Shahzadas looked dissipated, and after parting with Ellis, to whom they talked for ten minutes, Feridoon called Bell, and squatted on the ground to have his pulse felt. We have met upwards of 400 mules laden with the Prince's baggage, but have seen nothing of his wives.

The wind was so piercing during the earlier part of the day, that I was obliged to get off my horse and walk. Plague and cholera are said to have carried off 6,000 victims within a year from the town of

Zunjan, where we arrived to-day. We are lodged in a shabby neglected part of the palace, which occupies one side of the maidân. A Koolah Feringee, in the garden behind, contains some curious paintings, representing the late governor Abdoolleh Meerza, his chase, and his dancing girls. Fattoolleh Meerza sent for Ellis, whilst he and I were pacing up and down a retired walk. Both his Royal Highness and the ladies of his anderoon supplied us with dinner and *wax candles*.

22*d.*—We found Agkund completely deserted. The Karabagh regiment plundered it as they marched through, and murdered one of the inhabitants who have now sought safer abodes at a distance from the high road. We quartered ourselves in a respectable mansion, “all tenantless, save to the crannying wind.” The cats alone have not yet abandoned the luckless village. A packet from England was opened and read under an arch of Shah Abbas’s bridge, at the foot of the Kafilan Kooh. Mr. M’Neill will probably remain in England until after the Easter holidays! I dare not express my disappointment and vexation. We have halted all this day in the hot and unwholesome town of Meeana.

23*d.*—Instead of taking the direct road by Turco-manchai, which has been, as usual, *gutted* by the Surbâz, we proceeded to Sooma, a village near the foot of the Eastern hills, to meet Usuad Effendi, the Turkish ambassador. Poor old fellow, he is in very

bad health, and has been *six months* on his way from Constantinople! We found him and his wretched establishment in a garden, where he lives *under canvass*,—I cannot say *in tents*. He received us with great politeness, and conducted us to a carpet spread in a corner of the garden. The softness of the voices and accent of His Excellency and the Osmanloos who accompanied him, struck me particularly: it is so very different from the harsh accents and dialect of the Aderbijânees. The contrast between their quiet, *posés* manners, and the officiousness and grimace of our Persian friends, is equally great. Relays of peasants are pressed to carry the Turkish Elchee's "tekhterivan," or litter: and in the royal order for "sursaut," the villagers are enjoined to provide him with luxuries, of which they can never have heard "in their dreams."

24th.—I was awoke this morning by thunder, lightning, and hard knocks in the face, proceeding from hailstones, *really* as large as marbles, which came in through the window and other holes in the roof. I thought with pity of the poor half-sheltered Turks. We have this day crossed a succession of cultivated hills and valleys. Large and populous villages are frequent; and it was a pleasure to see the rich red earth turned up by numerous ploughs, each drawn by four buffalos. The administration of Aderbijan has long been better than that of any other part of Persia. The increase of the revenue during the

last thirty years has been enormous. Meerza Buzoorg, Abbas Meerza's minister, was a man of integrity and great ability, nor is the Ameer by any means a bad governor, though unfortunately a good deal managed by two of his subordinates. Troops are collected and equipped in this province with much greater facility than in any other. We are at Tikhmadash, eight fursukhs from Sooma.

6th.—We breakfasted yesterday at Futteh Ali Shah's country palace, in the plain of Oujan. It must have been rather handsome, but is now falling into decay. I can never forget the excellence of the pilau and the cabobs, or the subsequent heartburn which I experienced. The gardens and orchards which surround Tabreez are in great beauty. A large Istikbol came out two miles to meet us. I anticipate a long stay here; but the sight of the library which Sir John Campbell has left consoles me. Captain Shiel, who is living in the Residency, is a very agreeable addition to our society.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT TO THE WALEE AHUD—PERSIAN PICTURES—CULTIVATION AROUND TABREEZ—FREEDOM OF THE PERSIAN WOMEN FROM RESTRAINT—DINNER TO THE EMBASSY—ARRIVAL OF SIR HENRY BETHUNE—RUSSIAN POLICY TOWARDS PERSIA—KUHMAN MEERZA—RECEPTION OF THE NEW GOVERNOR—RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE—EXTENSIVE GARDENS—BASMEECH RIVER—ARRIVAL OF BRITISH OFFICERS—MALEK COSSIM MEERZA—SHOOTING PRACTICE—DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM TEHERAN—SULEIMAN KHAN—SPECIMENS OF PERSIAN MANNERS—DEPARTURE OF MR. BAKER—THE SHAH MARCHES FROM TEHERAN—COL. PASMORE'S IRAK DIVISION—RUMOURED INTENTION TO INVADE KHIVA—RUSSIAN INFLUENCE INCREASING—NESTORIAN CHRISTIANS IN KURDISTAN—PERSECUTION OF JEWS AT OROOMIAH—MATTER OF COMPLAINT AGAINST ENGLAND—EXCESSIVE HEAT—WRETCHED STATE OF THE SHAH'S CAMP—THE CHOLERA AT MESHEH.

30th.—MR. ELLIS visited the "Walee Ahud" this morning. The Ameer i Nizam, by a little intrigue, managed to get the Elchee first into his own room in the palace. It was amusing to watch Ismael Khan's awe of this grand Seigneur, and the sly girlish smirk which he put on when honoured by permission to sit. A lieutenant-colonel stood *outside* the Ameer's ground-floor window during our visit. The officer and the fugleman of the guard of honour at the Walee

Ahud's gate presented arms in due form : not another man moved ! The little prince is grown since we last saw him. He has a beautiful but mournful cast of countenance,—terribly bored, most likely, poor child ! One end of the reception room is adorned with a painting of Abbas Meerza's battle of Topra-Kaleh, the other with the presentation of Turkish heads to the victorious general ! In both pictures his Royal Highness is represented as large as life, whilst the conquering Surbâz and their flying foes are scarcely six inches high.*

I took a long ride in the afternoon among the orchards of peach-trees, almonds, and nectarines, one sheet of the tenderest verdure, which extend for miles on the northern side of Tabreez. The ground is carefully irrigated, and corn, interspersed with neat patches of herbs, grows abundantly beneath the trees, while the singular red hills east of the city are frequently visible between their branches. The sky was of the deepest azure, and the light of a declining sun cast a soft halo upon the blue and distant mountains beyond the lake of Ooroomiah. I met several parties riding out with their servants, for the purpose of eating onions and getting intoxicated with rum in these beautiful gardens, a custom followed much by noble and wealthy Persians !

* In the representations of Egyptian victories sculptured on the walls of Medinet-Abou, Karnac, the figures of the Pharaohs bear a nearly similar proportion to those of their subjects.

There is an air of life and gaiety in this city and its neighbourhood, not to be met with at Teheran or Kasveen. Women are numerous, for many of the Court have left their spare wives behind them. They are as closely veiled as in Irak, but look about them in a free manner, and show their painted faces without scruple when unobserved by their own countrymen. Few women, I imagine, have so much liberty as those of Persia: they go where they please, effectually disguised, whilst the bath, the mosque, or a visit to a friend forms a ready excuse for roving. Of their morals, the less that is said the better.

June 1st.—The Ameer i Nizam gave a dinner to the British Embassy and Russian Consulate: the Begler Beg, Ismael Khan, and two other Persians of rank were also invited. The Ameer is treated with a degree of respect and ceremony scarcely shown to the royal family. It was amusing to see the governor of the second city of Persia, son of Futteh Ali Khan Reshtee, and grandson of Hedayut Khan, independent prince of Ghilan, whose pride was proverbial, running in and out of the room to see whether dinner was ready. This worthy, one of the most corrupt and profligate men in Persia, is a good friend to Europeans, whom he has occasionally defended at some personal risk. One of the servants brought him a bottle of wine by stealth, which Ismael Khan and he soon finished. I saw them filling their glasses under the table, and emptying them down their throats, when the Ameer

was looking another way. The example was followed without a blush by their countrymen opposite. The Ameer's furniture and dinner service are entirely Russian: miniatures of the Emperor and Empress were placed in a conspicuous situation; and a good copy of a picture by a Russian *artiste* was likewise shown to us.

8th.—The air in every direction is perfumed with the fragrance of the sinjed flower—almost too sweet an odour. There is delightful clearness in the atmosphere, which, with the deep cloudless sky, gives an indescribable charm to the surrounding scenery. The mountains which bound the plain, in broken ranges, from north-west to south, present an endless variety of shape and colour: one round and reddish mass behind the city is especially remarkable.

Sir Henry Bethune arrived to-day. He has been given the local rank of Major-General in Asia, and a salary of 2,200*l.* a-year whilst serving in this country. He is empowered to expend 2,800*l.* for two years, in the establishment of a foundry, and to lay out 400*l.* in the purchase of *musical instruments!* Our Government has likewise ordered 2,000 rifles, with accoutrements complete, and 500,000 flints, as a present for the Shah. These arms will arrive in good time to be used in the attack of our friends the Afghans, or perhaps in a border warfare against our ally the Sultan; for his Persian majesty is longing to share the Pashalick of Bagdad with Mehemet Ali. Guns destined

for these expeditions will be cast in the Tabreez foundry, and will be the first spoil seized by Russia, when, tired of *mouthing*, she begins to *swallow up* Persia! “Smacks it not something of the policy?”

11th.—Yesterday the Walee Ahud went out to meet the “dress of honour” brought him by Kuhrman Meerza, and was accompanied by Ellis, who is always anxious to do him honour. His good uncle is accused of intriguing to obtain the succession to the throne: the Shah’s mother, a clever intriguing woman, favours the scheme, and Kuhrman’s dear friend, Meerza Massoud, will no doubt endeavour to induce the Russian government to support him. The little prince sat on horseback, in front of one of his attendants, who carried an umbrella over his head. His uncle Suleiman Khan Kajar has charge of him, and quarrelled with Feridoon Meerza some time ago for sitting down with his back turned towards the heir-apparent. The Shah did not find fault with the strong language made use of on the occasion by his brother-in-law, but told him, as a friendly warning, that Kuhrman Meerza would soon arrive at Tabreez, and that he had better beware of playing tricks with *the lion’s tail*.

We alighted at a summer-house in the midst of a marshy wood, near a rapid stream. Kuhrman Meerza’s tents were already pitched irregularly among the trees; laden camels and mules were constantly coming in, and picketed horses were feeding upon

the rich grass of the chummun.. The Walee had scarcely finished his unwholesome breakfast of cherries and salad, when Kuhrman arrived. He is very like the Shah in face, but taller and better looking.

This morning Ellis sent us out with Sheil to honour the new Governor's Istikbâl. The procession was opened by a blackguard looking set of men, mounted on six camels in gaudy trappings, who made a barbaric noise with their horrid instruments. Some horsemen followed, and after an interval came the Shahzada, preceded by eight ferashes, armed as usual with long sticks which they took every opportunity of using. His Royal Highness spoke a few words to Sheil; he appears to be a reserved man,—there is something savage in the expression of his countenance. The noisy Nasakchee Bashee, who superintended the arrangements, was to be seen and heard in every direction. The only battalion now at Tabreez, about 700 strong, was drawn up in a *wavy* line on one side of the road. All the men were armed, but only one company was accoutred! They moved before us in single file, on each side of the road; their band, and drums and fifes, which marched in the rear of the battalion, played the Highland Laddie, and English tunes.

The males of Tabreez were drawn up by Mohullems or wards; each man leant on his long gun, to which many of them had rests, like hay forks, affixed; these rests, if made of steel, would not for irregular

troops be a bad substitute for the bayonet. At the head of each Mohullem, a calf, or sheep, was decapitated in honour of the Shahzada, at his horse's feet; an ancient but barbarous and disgusting custom. I was startled at the sight of a banner on which the Virgin Mary and her heavenly child were represented. It was carried by one of the Armenian clergy who not daring to be absent, came out in a body, chaunting prayers and hymns, to welcome their new governor. Bells being prohibited, a tinkling noise was made by one of the acolytes, who knocked two pieces of metal together. The Bishop in his robes and mitre, looked like St. Ambrose in the Rubens of our National Gallery. The Ameer rode up and spoke to him, the Prince scarcely vouchsafed a look of acknowledgment. I was reminded of the early and suffering days of Christianity, and filled with indignation at the scornful bearing of the proud follower of the false prophet; though, in truth, the Armenians generally do little honour to the name they bear.

A rope-dancer exhibited feats of agility in front of Shah Jehan's ruined mosque, every part of which was crowded with spectators. Kuhrman was joined by the Walee's ill-favoured tutor, and by an astrologer, who rode close behind the Prince with a watch in his hand, and occasionally entreated him to check his horse, lest he should enter the gate of the city before the fortunate moment had arrived!

17th.—I went to see the ruins of an old castle at

the foot of the barren hills north-east of the town, which appears to have been a structure of considerable extent. One round buttress, revêted with large hewn stones, placed with their long sides inwards, is tolerably perfect. The natives ascribe the erection of this castle to the Zobeide of the Arabian Nights. One might, I believe, with equal probability give it a much more ancient origin, and assert that it was part of the ancient Gandzaca, the receptacle of the treasures of Croesus. From this spot the great extent of the gardens which surround Tabreez is best seen; they are a rich and refreshing sight. We returned along the banks of the Basmeech river, by which the town is supplied with water, but great part of the stream is intercepted for purposes of irrigation: late in the summer its water is so scarce that it is only allowed to flow through the town once during the week.

Lieutenant Wilbraham,* of the Rifle Brigade, has arrived, accompanied by eight sergeants of his regiment, who are to instruct the Persian troops in the use of the promised arms. They left England on the 1st of April. Lord Palmerston could not have chosen a more appropriate day for sending them on such an expedition. Mr. Baker,† of the 73d, has likewise

* Now Lieut.-Colonel Wilbraham, Major of the 7th Royal Fusileers, one of the most excellent men and accomplished officers in the British army.

† Poor Baker, a most promising officer, loved and respected by all who knew him, was waylaid and massacred by a party of Caffres in 1847, just after he had become Major of the 73d.

come from Corfù, as a traveller. These arrivals from Europe give one a *maladie du pays*, and unsettle one's mind sadly.

18th.—I went with Ellis and Sir H. Bethune to call on that half civilized barbarian, Malek Cossim Meerza. His Highness is a handsome but vulgar looking man; the only one of the royal family, I am told, who at all resembles Abbas Meerza. Having been a pupil of Madame La Mariniere, he speaks and writes French with tolerable fluency; and, to be thoroughly European, he was dressed this morning in a new blue surtout, with a pair of English lieutenant's epaulettes, and tight trowsers; I need not say that he looked the very beau ideal of a continental tiger. Malek Cossim's mother was an Afshâr of high rank, and he is a pretender to the chieftainship of that powerful tribe.

20th.—We moved to-day to a villa, about half-a-mile west of Tabreez, built by an Italian carpenter, from Parma. The flower-beds, stone vases, and balcony give the house and garden a look of the "land which still is Paradise;" but I wish that the ingenious Pietro had not tried his hand upon some statues of naked Turks, (such as those chained at the feet of the well-known statue, on the quay at Leghorn) which deform his parterre. It is delightful to walk at night upon the flat roof.

24th.—Sheil, Bell, and I, when riding near the Bâghi Shummal, came unwittingly to a spot where

Kuhrman Meerza and his myrmidons were practising ball firing. A message was sent to warn us out of harm's way, but the Prince afterwards despatched another horseman to beg that we would remain, and see the "tomâsha." A common black cap was placed on the ground. The marksmen with their long guns galloped past it at full speed, and turning round in their saddles, fired at the distance of about twelve paces. Most of the bullets went over the mark. Malek Cossim Meerza shot well, but a handsome half brother of the Shah, only twelve years old, was decidedly the captain of the popinjay. Kuhrman Meerza ended the sport by knocking over the cap with the pistol given by our King to the Shah. Letters were received this morning from Teheran, giving a ludicrous account of the departure of the advanced guard of the "Grande Armée," under Feridoon Meerza, amounting, it is said, to 5,000 men, with twenty-four guns.

The Shah started these troops unexpectedly on the morning of the 11th, by sending a Khan, with a large number of royal ferashes, into the camp. He announced that His Majesty had ordered an immediate advance to Doolaub, and the ferashes began forthwith to belabour with their long sticks every Surbâz they came across, whether employed in striking their tents, or hesitating to obey. This indiscriminate scourging had its effect; some warriors packed their baggage on donkeys, others rushed into

the city, where they seized all the yaboos, jack-asses, shoes, and fruit, they could find; finally, they shouldered their tents,* and marched off. Nine hours after the appearance of the ferashes in camp, four regiments, with twelve guns, were actually *en route*. No means having been taken for the supply of these heroes with provisions at Doolaub, they very naturally helped themselves; the Shah was enraged beyond measure on hearing this, and desired his brother to bastinado all the colonels. Feridoon, knowing that they had no authority, and their men no food, sent many excuses and promises of better behaviour, and contented himself with tying up a certain number of subalterns and privates, "fellows who *always* deserved flogging!"

The "Asylum" talks of marching himself on the 15th, but it seems impossible that he should do so; his household are unpaid, and can make no preparations for a campaign until they have received their arrears. He insists upon his army taking Russian ducats (value 9*s.*) for tomauns (value 10*s.*). *They* are too happy to receive *any* pay, but the alteration in the currency has caused much discontent among the merchants.

The British officers have received positive orders from Ellis not to accompany the Shah if he attacks

* A Persian tent is carried on a pole, supported on the shoulders of two men.

Herat, but they will be allowed to serve against the Turkomans.*

29th.—The thermometer is now at 86° in the shade during the greater part of the day; a violent west wind, which usually rises about noon, is very hot and disagreeable.

July 5th.—Malek Cossim Meerza invited himself to breakfast with Ellis on Saturday, and brought Suleiman Khan Kajar and his brother with him. The Prince, in a blue checked shirt, white neckcloth, and a waistcoat fastened by one button, was even a greater quiz than before; his beard is clipped, and his head half shaved. Suleiman Khan, full of Persian airs and graces, is a disgusting beast; he talked gibberish (literally) to Malek Cossim, that he might not be understood by the company, but this show of intimacy, accompanied by many squeezes of the hand, is all humbug. He afterwards whispered to an Englishman, pointing to the Prince, "I know that son of a burnt father is my enemy." These guests partook of the wine freely, and finished a breakfast, which lasted three hours, by eating six raw cucumbers a piece. Then they played at billiards, till sleep and drink overcame them, when they adjourned up stairs, and dozed over another bottle.

One more specimen of Persian manners, and I have done with them. The Ameer, his Adjutant

* When Abbas Meerza attacked Herat, the British detachment was recalled from his army.

General Hooseim Khan, the Nasakchee Bushi, and the Begler Beg, have just been dining here. The last three dared not drink wine before the Ameer, and scarcely opened their mouths, except to eat and eructate. The Begler Beg foreseeing that his dinner would be a dry one, discussed a bottle of arrack beforehand, and brought a quantity of wine with him, which he is now enjoying with some *choice spirits* in a corner of the garden! The Ameer would not even touch the bottles on the table, but tapped his neighbour on the shoulder, and begged him to pass them.

I am sorry to say that Baker has left us to return to Corfù, *viâ* the Caucasus and Odessa. He is a very great loss; I have seldom met a more gentlemanly and agreeable companion. Colonel M^cIntosh is now staying at Tabreez; he has visited the ruins of Ani, which he describes as well worth seeing, and has discovered some sculptures on a rock near Salmas.

9th.—Another “chupper” has arrived from Teheran. The Shah left the capital with the remainder of his army on the 3d. The troops were knocked out of their quarters, like Feridoon Meerza’s division, by the blows of ferashes and “shatirs.” A major was bastinadoed, and a colonel, who entered the camp late, was struck over the head by one of the boy Princes. An old and faithful servant of the Shah told a British officer, with tears in his eyes, that he had never witnessed so disgusting a scene. These poor men belong to Colonel Pasmore’s Irâk

division, and are for the most part unarmed, and only half clothed; many of them have not received their arrears of pay even for last year. It is greatly to their credit, and to that of Colonel Pasmore, who raised, drilled, and commanded them, until they reached the capital, that they marched up from Soottanabad, in perfect order, without plundering a single peasant.

Many of Feridoon Meerza's troops have deserted; others have taken "bust;" those who remain have plundered all the villages on their road.* How different all this from the grand feudal array, of numerous and willing retainers, horsemen by birth and education, with which former sovereigns of Persia were wont to enter upon a campaign!

The invasion of Khiva is now talked of, and there is a report that Russia is to assist the Shah, by sending a force from Orenburg, in the subjugation of that country.† Numbers of Russians have been taken as slaves by the Khan of Khiva, and the commerce of Russia with Bokhara has been molested by that chief; the Emperor therefore has every right to retaliate. Doubtless the policy of Russia is aggressive; her projects are probably hostile and dangerous to us; but it would be unfair and ridiculous to complain of

* A fight has likewise taken place between the Irâk and Aderbijam soldiers. It is said that Feridoon has put out a colonel's eyes, and flogged several khans,—severities of which the Shah disapproves.

† Count Simonich has undoubtedly stated in the presence of Riach, to the Shah, that his Majesty will confer a great benefit upon Russia, as well as Persia, by chastising the Turkomans, Uzbeks, and Afghans; and, as far as the first two are concerned, he had every right to say so.

her affording protection to her subjects, or of her establishing commercial relations with the states of Central Asia. Let England also trade as much as possible with Cabul and Bokhara, and though British Foreign Secretaries and diplomatists may be outwitted by the superior abilities of Counts Nesselrode and Boutanieff, there will be little reason to fear the success of British merchants.

The poor Shah meanwhile seems more smitten than ever with his Northern ally. When an officer from India was presented to him a few days ago, his Majesty could talk of nothing but the power and greatness of the Emperor, and of the immense extent of his dominions, which he imagines to be much larger than those of our King,* “though I know,” he added, “that King William has part of Yengidonia” (the New World), “Hind, New Holland, and Nemsah” (Germany). “Yes,” said Massoud, who stood by, “his kingdom in Nemsah is one of those so small that a royal sneeze can be heard from one court to another.” As for the Hajee, he is madder than ever, and swears on a piece of the sacred clay of Kebelah, which lies before him, that he is perfectly convinced of the good intentions of Russia; and he declares that nothing will satisfy him but the blood of all the Herâtees, and the total destruction of their city.

* It so happens that the British empire, even some years since, exceeded the Russian by an extent of 959,180 square miles, and a population of 86,220,700 souls. (Arrowsmith.) The excess now must be much greater (1854).

Yahya Khan, not long since, presumed to intercede with the Hajee for the life of a robber whom he had captured at some personal risk. The premier abused him in the grossest language for his request; Yahya Khan replied, and made the Hajee so angry, that he struck him repeatedly on the head. Yahya Khan was Abbas Meerza's Master of the Horse!

12th.—Great part of Kurdistan, between the lake of Ooroomiah and the Upper Tigris, is inhabited by Nestorians, Christians of purer faith and practice than their Armenian neighbours. The Patriarch resides at El Roosh, near Mosul. Another religious dignitary of the same sect resides at Kochannes, near Joolamerik, in the Hakary country, a fastness inaccessible to Turk and Persian, whose inhabitants are therefore called "Ashiret," people who do not pay tribute.* A Nestorian, who lives near Ooroomiah, has complained to the Ameer that the Ket Khoda of a neighbouring village forcibly carried off his daughter, when working in a field, some days ago, (unveiled and ornamented with gold crosses and amulets, as, I am told, Nestorian girls are wont to be,) and refuses to give her up. His statement is corroborated by a Mussulman evidence; but the abductor and his friends assert that the girl consented to go with him. It is certain that she is now his wife, and has become so

* This information was derived at the time from the Rev. Eli Smith's excellent "Missionary Tour in Armenia," &c. Now the works of Dr. Grant and Mr. Layard have rendered most English readers familiar with the Nestorians and their wild country.

zealous an apostate, that when an interview was permitted between her and her relations, she answered her father's entreaties and exhortations by exclaiming, "I will not speak to infidels!" The Ameer has desired Ismael Khan to investigate the case, with Messrs. Nisbet and Burgess. The old Nestorian Bishop said boldly before all the dogs of Mahmoud, "There is a God above us, who will revenge himself upon the workers of iniquity!"

It is not long since another girl was carried off by some Persians; and Mr. Haas informs me, that if by chance a Nestorian child, or servant, is overheard to say in a moment of fear or rage, "I will become a Mussulman," he is taken before a Moollah immediately, and forced to make the profession of faith.

Ellis has officially advocated the cause of these Christians, as co-religionists, and has represented the extreme impolicy of injuring a people who may at any moment claim and obtain Russian protection,—he can only speak as an individual, and in the name of humanity, in behalf of the persecuted Jews. Last month a Persian child was found dead in front of the house of a Jew at Ooroomiah; it had evidently died a natural death, but popular prejudice accused the Jew of murder, and the mob wished to massacre every member of that nation settled at Ooroomiah. The Ameer was applied to for permission to perpetrate this crime; he forbade the sanguinary bigots to touch a single Jew, but, impatient of delay, they had mur-

dered, and afterwards burnt, the accused individual, before the return of the messenger! The remainder escaped death, but were forced to pay a considerable fine. I have not heard of any punishment being inflicted on the assassins. It is among this brutal and persecuting race that the American Missionaries have with noble courage established themselves, that they may enlighten the minds of the ignorant Nestorians; as yet they have been unmolested, and trust that they have grounds for anticipating success.

Sir H. Bethune, the most active man of his inches, started "chupper" on the 10th, for the Royal Camp. We have also to regret the loss of Wilbraham's society, who followed yesterday with seven of his sergeants. It quite mortified me to see such fine-looking fellows thrown away upon such a country, and such a service. Colonel M^cIntosh, too, has left us for Teheran.

13th.—The Shah has a very decent grievance against our Government, of which he has not failed to avail himself. By a clause in the treaty of Teheran, England and Persia are reciprocally bound to seize and deliver up political refugees. Now the three sons of the late Viceroy of Fars, the Shah's rival for the throne, who after their defeat by Sir H. Bethune fled to Kerbelah, have unfortunately taken into their heads to visit England, with the hope of obtaining the King's intercession in their favour with the Shah. They embarked at Alexandria as passengers on board

our government steamer, were received with honours at Malta and Gibraltar, and landed at Falmouth under a salute. All this was natural enough, for neither the commander of the steamer, His Majesty's governors in the Mediterranean, nor the officer commanding at Falmouth, were likely to know much of Persian politics; but it seems that the Shahzadas have been made a great fuss with in London; they have dined with Lords Palmerston and Glenelg; Sir Gore Ouseley, the framer of the Treaty of Teheran, is (if Galignani is to be credited) constantly with them, and Mr. Baillie Fraser, who can scarcely be ignorant of its contents, has been constituted their Mehmandar! Count Simonich has shown a Petersburg gazette, containing an account of all these doings, to Meerza Massoud, with great parade of publicity, and the latter has now written officially to Ellis, by the Shah's desire, claiming the execution of the treaty.

This *bevue* of our Ministers would of course be reckoned a mere matter of moonshine at home, but no one thing could have happened more calculated to awaken the jealousy of the Shah. He knows that British influence is strong, and his own weak, in the south of Persia, and probably suspects that we mean to set up one of the refugee princes—who have still many adherents in Fars and Kerman, if not in Irâk—against him. It is useless to lament the past; but surely it would have been more politic a few years

ago, even at the expense of a civil war in Persia, to assist in placing a Sheeraz prince on the throne, than to join with Russia in securing the succession to a son of Abbas Meerza, born and educated in Aderbijan.

25th.—Suleiman Khan Kajar gave us a dinner the other day, to meet Malek Cossim Meerza and his brother Munsoor. These princes drank a good deal of Ooroomia wine (it has a twang, but is honest enough), without scruple, and threw off their caps, which is a sure sign that the liquor is mounting to the head. An old man, the son of a brother of the famous Agha Mahommed Shah, who fled from his tyranny to Russia, and died a pensioner of the Emperor, sat near Malek Cossim, who treated him like a favourite old dog, giving him a mouthful occasionally with his own hand. The chief of the Kara Papakh tribe, a first-rate horseman, stood behind our chairs, and occasionally joined in conversation. One of the party taxed him with the loose character of his clan. "Yes," he replied, "my men are thieves, but not like other common Persian thieves." I sat next to Suleiman Khan, who produced some French books during dinner, and began to mispronounce the verb "être," for my special edification.

We have now lost Sheil, whom Ellis has sent on a mission to Reschid Pasha, who commands an expedition against Rewandroz, and is encamped somewhere to the south of the lake of Van. It is of great importance that he should not clash with Kuhrman

Meerza, who is moving towards the Turkish frontier with a similar intention of crushing the Meer, whose allegiance is claimed by both the Shah and Sultan. The disputed right to the Pashalik of Sulimanieh, is another awkward point of difference between their Majesties. I should have been too glad to accompany Sheil, whom I like particularly; but it appears that Mr. McNeill has had his audience of leave, and we may therefore expect him early next month. At every bark of Madame Pietro's dogs, I hope to hear an arrival from Constantinople announced.

I am beginning to suffer from the heat, and have scarcely any appetite. The east wind wafts intolerable odours either from the slaughter-houses, or the burial-grounds of Tabreez. My only pleasure consists in taking long rides among the rugged hills which overlook the village of Lala, and the plain of the Ajy. The sunsets are now glorious: a yellow light beams around the mountain, which conceals the orb's last rays; a brilliant red succeeds; higher up a tender lilac gradually blends with the dark purple of the sky.

When Ellis went to pay his respects to Kührman Meerza, previously to his departure, we found him encamped in a garden. Canvas walls, called "Serpardehs," on which fierce-looking Surbâz are painted, closed in the walks leading to his tent, and excluded the vulgar gaze. He has not as yet more than 2,000 men with him.

30th.—Sir R. Bethune has reached the royal camp

at Firozekoh, and been most graciously received by the Shah, who sent him a gold kaleecoon, and has promised him high commands. Whether this promise will be kept, or whether it will not in some way be multiplied, remains to be proved. By all accounts, the camp is in a wretched state, no sort of regularity is observed, the stench is poisonous, and provisions are twice as dear as at Teheran and Veramein. Todd writes to me of the tents,—“If the stars were to tumble down, they would probably arrange themselves in similar order.”

The Shah has between 12,000 and 13,000 men, civil and military, with him; and Feridoon Meerza about 8,000. There are thirty-six guns with the two divisions, enough in all conscience, if well appointed, but it seems that the gunners are undrilled, and the horses half famished. The cholera is certainly at Meshed; a proof, says the famous Soofie, Hajee Zein-ool-Abadeen, that God himself is opposed to the expedition. The Ausoof has written to the Shah that Khorasan is ruined, and totally unable to support an army; that if His Majesty is determined to persevere, he will meet him at Khoosh Yeilak, seize his bridle to turn him back, and not leave his hold, till his hand is hacked off! For all this, the Shah says he will go, “even if the troops march up to their knees in snow.” It is certain, however, that he cannot reach Herât this year.

CHAPTER XIV.

FINAL DEPARTURE FROM TABREEZ—BRIDGE OVER THE AJY—EN ROUTE FOR EUROPE—FALSE DAWN—RIDE TO PEREH—GOODS CARAVANS—PARTING WITH MR. BELL—KURDISH ESCORT—MR. McNEILL—DIADIN—BANKS OF THE MOURAD—DELI-BABA—SNOW IN HARVEST—LESGHIS—MAADEN—TURKISH RECRUITS—AN IDIOT—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—TREBIZOND—MME. OUTRÉ AND HER DAUGHTERS—RUINOUS CASTLE—CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA—HARBOUR OF HADRIAN—THE PLAGUE INCREASING—SINOPE—SLAVE TRADE—ENTRANCE OF THE BOSPHORUS.

15th.—ALWAR. Ellis last week received a letter from Mr. McNeill, dated Trebizond, and determined to set out to meet him on the frontier. So we are now really clear of Tabreez and that detestable Baghi Nemsah. Nevertheless, it is impossible to leave any space where one has been living for three months without some feelings of regret. Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, who lived under us in Pietro's house, are kind and excellent people; M. Codemitz, the Russian Consul, has been uniformly obliging, gentlemanly, and agreeable; and Bonham and Edward Burgess

were great acquisitions to our little society. M. Phander, one of the German missionaries, who returned to Tabreez only a few days ago, is a man of superior abilities, and a remarkably good Oriental scholar. He and his worthy fellow-labourers, Messrs. Haas and Kairs, have my best wishes for their success.

Most of these gentlemen accompanied us this afternoon as far as the long bridge over the Ajy. This structure consists of sixteen arches, of all sizes and ages, and appears to be in a state of decadence—like everything else in the Shah's dominions. The river is now dried up. Here, the roads to Constantinople, Petersburg, and Karadagh separate. We followed the former, which soon dwindled into a bridle-path, and reached this miserable hamlet at half-past seven. The snow on the mountains of Sahund is rosy, from the reflection of the setting sun, and the rocky island in the lake of Ooroomiah glistens like a sapphire in the waters. "Curious wreaths" of mist curl upwards from the stagnant pools which surround our munzil. I scarcely ever felt more hot and more uncomfortable, but—we are on our way to Europe!

16th.—No appetite, and scarcely any sleep! Up at half-past three. At that early hour there was a bright light in the east, which cast a glaring hue, like a distant conflagration, upon horsemen, muleteers, and all surrounding objects. This false dawn gradually faded away, and the sun rose in a globe of fire between four and five o'clock—an hour after we had

been *en route*. We are now in our old quarters at Shebester.

19th.—On reaching the summit of the rocky pass which separates the lake of Ooroomiah from the district of Khoi, my eyes were gladdened with the sight of the round and snowy top of Ararat, rising above the chain of mountains which form the north-western boundary of the plain. We slept, or rather halted, last night in the village of Hajee Syud, close to which we encamped last year. The corn has just been cleared from the field where our tents were pitched; the harvest seems to have been abundant. The rich vale of Khoi looks like another garden of Eden; and I was much struck with the superiority of that city over the other Persian towns which I have seen. We halted a few hours in the house of Meerza Ibrahim, the Vizier, and paid our respects to Mahommed Raheem Meerza, the Shah's half brother. In the afternoon we rode across the plain to Perek: the heat of the sun was almost insupportable. Bell and I are lodged in a deep verandah, or rather, a room with only three walls. It is in front of a house, the inhabitants of which, male and female, children and cats, are constantly passing and repassing close to our beds.

23^d.—The day after we left Perek, we got into the hills of Kurdistan, and I at once recovered strength, sleep, and appetite—a glorious sensation! Much of the corn is still uncut on the “chummun”

of Chalderân. A great deal of hay is made there, an article which I never saw elsewhere in Persia. Herds of buffaloes, goats and sheep were grazing in different parts of the plain : the last two are seldom separated. We have met twelve caravans laden with goods since leaving Tabreez, each averaging about sixty mules or yaboos.

The pleasure of crossing the frontier this morning was lessened considerably by my sorrow at parting with Bell, whom we left at Keleesch. I have rarely met with so right-minded, even-tempered, and kind-hearted a friend.

The Pasha of Bayazeed sent an officer and several Kûrds across the boundary to protect us, for the road is said to be unsafe, some of the Jellaulee tribe being encamped on the mountain. The escort were fine, active young fellows, armed with bamboo lances ten feet long (brought from Bagdad), swords, pistols, and carbines. The Kûrds do not, in general, wear beards. The view of Bayazeed from the mountain is even more striking than that from the plain.

Hearing that Mr. M^cNeill was living in tents at the foot of the hill, we descended to a wretched village, built round a square Turkish fort, close to his encampment. Ballool, the Kûrd, has been reinstated in the Pashalik of Bayazeed ; and Timour, a tyrant who could do nothing with his wild subjects, has been sent to prison. Mr. M^cNeill came to Ellis immediately, and has been good enough to put us up

in his tents. He is accompanied by one or two officers and other gentlemen. I hope, for his sake and that of the country, that he is the bearer of real instructions, and is authorized to hold firm language on all the knotty points which he will have to manage.

24th.—Our Cherwadar chose to take us round by Diadin, instead of straight to Uch Keleeseh, because the good Vartabeds of that monastery sell their corn at a high price. This town is on the direct road to the Persian frontier, which does not pass through Bayazeed. Having neither Mehmandar, Ferash Bashee, or Tâtar, we were detained in the sun for some time, whilst our munzils were being prepared. These Turkish Kûrds are noisy, quarrelsome fellows, and their loud voices are intolerable.

Diadin occupies the site of the Armenian city of Zarchavan, and, according to St. Martin, contained, in the fourth century, 8,000 Jewish families. It was a considerable place until the late emigration of the Armenians into Russia. The Mutsellim lives in a fort of some extent, but in a tottering condition, placed on the right bank of the Mourad, or Eastern Euphrates, which runs through a ravine whose rocky sides are as straight and perpendicular as if they had been built by man.

28th.—Scarcely a blade of corn is to be seen on the banks of the Mourad, except near the village of Koulasour, which is inhabited by Persians from

Erivan; and I must do their countrymen the justice to believe, that if they possessed a country so plentifully watered, it would present a very different appearance. We left Moollah Soolimania at five this morning, and ascended the mountain immediately behind the village, instead of taking the road by Dahar, which is more to the west. We passed through some rather picturesque scenery, and, from the highest part of the pass, the mountains north of the Arras were visible. We are now at Deli-Baba, a large and thriving village, situated in a small cultivated vale. The Armenian inhabitants pointed out to us their wooden church, which reminded me of Noah's Ark in miniature; and the Mussulmans showed the shrine of a favourite saint. There is a profusion of wood about the roof of our abode, which is better than the ordinary description of cow-house. The owner has just come in to make my acquaintance: he crossed himself, and said "Christos."

31st.—We slept on the 29th at Ballakoy, a good "munzil," and breakfasted yesterday under the walls of Hassan Kala. The minarets and castle of Erzeroom looked quite brilliant at a distance; and when we found ourselves once more among stone houses, whose windows look into the streets, I almost fancied myself in Europe. We are again Mr. Abbott's guests.

Sept. 2d.—We dined yesterday at Erzeroom, with M. Tchevkine, the Russian Consul. Having been so

long debarred from female society, I could not withdraw my eyes from the pretty face of the Tergiman's wife, an Armenian, from Tiflis. She has very good manners, a very soft voice, and, though married six years ago, at the age of thirteen, still retains a well-formed figure, which is a charm rarely to be met with in an Oriental *so advanced in years*. The Tergiman's unfortunate and only daughter was brought from her bed after dinner, to be shown to the ambassador!

It snowed incessantly until one o'clock to-day; but the afternoon was fair, though bitterly cold, and we left Erzeroom at half-past three. It is strange to see harvest going on whilst the ground is covered with snow. A good deal of barley is still green.* We are now at Uleejah, shivering over a large fire: the thermometer is at 36°.

5th.—Wind and sleet beat in our faces as we ascended the chalky mountains which bound the plain of Erzeroom, last Saturday. The pools at the summit were frozen. In the valley of the Tchourouk we met several Lesghis and their families, who are about to settle in this province. They wore the close round caps bound with fur, and yellow surtouts girt tight round the waist, with cartouch-cases on the breast, (which are peculiar to the Caucasian tribes,) and were armed with their national weapon—the deadly kuma. One of the men had a ferocious coun-

* Arrowsmith states that Erzeroom is 5,700 feet above the level of the sea; Mr. Brant (quoted by him), 5,500.

tenance and singular features, like the Huns as described by Gibbon.

Yesterday, leaving the valley, a steep ascent of two miles brought us to a village which derives its name of Maaden from a copper mine on the spot. We were lodged in a whitewashed house, with an upper story and chimneys, belonging to the Director, but not near so comfortably as in the cow-houses which we usually inhabit. The villagers are Greeks, brought hither to work the mine, probably a long time ago, as Cristoforo tells me that their language is unintelligible from the quantity of Turkish mixed with it. Charcoal is the fuel used. It is made in huts by the river side. In my evening walks I met numbers of women and children toiling up from the valley with loads of it upon their backs.

At Baiboort, this morning, I saw a large squad of recruits formed in three ranks, and marking time with a precision delightful to the eye of an old Adjutant. These fellows are not, like the Persians, taught to run before they can walk! Our guide took us to breakfast in a fine house: we were shown into a carpeted room furnished with a divan; but this luxury was dearly bought. A number of Turks, "aussi ennuyeux," as the Prince de Ligne says, "que ceux de l'opéra," stood staring at us, and, by-and-by, when the Mutsellim himself came in, we found that we were in his audience-chamber! All sorts of apologies were made, and the great man was kind

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their own meat (turning the animals' heads, if Mussulmans, towards Mecca ; if Armenians, to the East), and depend upon itinerant carpenters for the manufacture of houses, arabas, and implements of agriculture.

From the top of the hill immediately above Maaden our eyes were at length gladdened by the sight of the sea. It could scarcely have been hailed with greater rapture by Xenophon and his ten thousand, who perhaps descried it from the self-same spot. To Greeks, as to Englishmen, the ocean always spoke of home. The forest which clothes the north side of Kava Kapàn, and the views into the deep valleys below, seemed even more beautiful than when we first saw them last year. We found the village of Jevizlik deserted on account of the plague, which raged there with violence about a month ago.

About half-way thence to Trebizond we were met by Mr. Suter, and soon afterwards by the Russian and French Consuls, and some horses of the Pasha's splendidly caparisoned, so that we made our *entrée* into the city with a regular Istikbol. I wish I was able adequately to describe the loveliness of the long and varied line of the wooded coast, the tranquil waters of the sea, the delicate verdure of the hanging vines, the more sober colour of the olives and fig-trees, the dark hue of the gigantic cypresses, the old castle, ruinous walls, and picturesque houses of Trebizond. We dismounted at the gate of the Consulate just 364 days since we left it.

Mr. Brant is now in England: he has been appointed consul at Erzeroom, and I hope that our kind host, Mr. Suter, may succeed him here. We have gone through an autumn and a winter since leaving the plain of Khoi; now we are again in the full enjoyment of a summer's sun.

10th.—I have visited the bazaars, which appear to be extensive and well supplied. The interior of the Bezenstein, where cotton is sold, was destroyed by fire a few years ago, but the high stone walls, built by the Genoese,* which surround the edifice, resisted the flames. Trebizond contains about 20,000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Turks, the remainder Greeks and Armenians, principally the former. I am sorry to hear that some of the Christians, both in the town and neighbourhood, call themselves Mussulmans for filthy lucre's sake.

The houses are thinly scattered among trees and gardens. The chaoush pointed out to me a Greek inscription, sculptured on the interior of the western wall of the city, too high to be easily read. The view from "the Executioner's Meadow," which stretches along the beach towards Platana, is very beautiful;

* Their settlements were by no means confined to the coast. Serra says: "Non aveva in quel tempo piazza più considerabile di Kars, per la fortezza del luogo, il comodo dell' acqua, e la distanza pari da Erzeroom ed Erivan, due grandi città confinanti a due grandi imperii. Tanti Genovesi vi tenevan negozio, e da tempi sì antichi, che avendo le colonie ottenuto due posti nel maggior consiglio di Genova, l'anno 1257, uno di quelli fu dato a un mercatante di Kars."—*Storia di Genova*, vol. iv. p. 39.

the smooth turf is divided from the sea by a hedge of figs and olives, interlaced with vines. A cemetery close by, shaded with magnificent cypresses, contains an octagon mausoleum of stone, under which the exiled sister of a Sultan is interred. Crossing a verdant ravine of great beauty, we re-entered the city through a gate, over which I observed a frieze of classical workmanship. A recess in a wall near the principal mosque, which contains the tomb of a dervish, is supported by two ancient pillars. The town is enclosed by high turreted walls of stone, with square flanking towers; a deep ravine on each side strengthens the defences with a natural ditch. There is a splendid sea view from the castle, which is placed on a lofty rock; at the southern angle of the city two brass and one iron gun are mounted, without platforms or carriages, on the highest part of the battlements.

Twenty thousand packages (ten thousand mules' load), the average value of each being 60*l.*, have been forwarded from Trebizond to Persia since the 1st of January. Last year nineteen thousand passed through this port.

11*th.*.—I was sent with Mr. Suter and Mr. Masson, the Dragoman of the Consulate, to deliver a letter of thanks to the Kaimakan, Osman Pasha's brother. The palace is a modern whitewashed building, with a projecting upper story, a low-tiled roof, and a gable over each window. Treble galleries of wood surround

three sides of the interior of the court, which is shabby and shapeless. The Kaimakam is a stupid fat man, so notorious a slattern that the Pasha locked up all his good rooms when he went away, and we were received in a dirty little apartment. Handsome chibouques, eight feet long, were brought to us, and after drinking coffee and lemonade we took our departure. Osman Pasha is said to be a man of talent and energy; he has completely quelled the lawless Lazi, who rebelled a few years ago, and disarmed the Dere Begs, feudal chiefs who until lately "maintained their armed halls" in all the valleys of the Pashalick, at the cost of the peasant and the traveller. A murder having been committed in Trebizond last year, Osman prohibited every inhabitant from carrying arms, except his own and the Consular chaoushes, and a hundred topchees who garrison the city. This strong but wise measure was peaceably obeyed.

We dined with the good-natured Consul-General of France. Madame Outré has been at Bagdad and Palmyra, and when describing the grandeur of the latter to an acquaintance of mine, said that the ruins are so superb, "qu'elles ont vraiment l'air d'avoir été faites à Paris." She is sister to M. Jaubert, who was so cruelly maltreated at Bayazeed. The charms of her daughters are famed from the Dardanelles to the Caspian; they seem to be very amiable, well-mannered ladies, but I was disappointed with their beauty.

The Consul's garden is laid out in terraces with great taste, and the view from it extremely pretty.

12th.—Revisiting the castle I remarked the Roman eagle carved on a white stone in the highest part of the wall. It seems generally believed here by Europeans that the existing fortifications were erected by the Genoese with the fragments of more ancient structures, but I cannot find in history that Trebizond ever belonged to them; it is, however, very probable that the Genoese may have been allowed to build the the Bezenstim for the protection of their merchandise, at a time when they had establishments in all parts of the Euxine coast. There is a stone quarry immediately below the castle, which I take to be the fortress built by Justinian, "whose ditches," says Gibbon, "are hewn in the solid rock." This noble ruin completely overlooks and flanks the walls of the city, which slope gradually downwards from the foot of the rock to the sea. The ravines which encircle them are overgrown with fig, walnut, and ash-trees.

The ancient church of Saint Sophia is situated close to the sea, at the western extremity of the Executioner's Meadow. The exterior is ornamented with some rather well executed friezes, and there are rude sculptures in basso-relievo, representing the Creation, on the face of the south transept. The custode being absent, we could not see the interior of the building, now converted into a mosque, which is said to contain

some frescoes in good preservation. The dome* is a polygon of ten sides, surmounted by a conical-tiled roof. At the north-west angle of the church there is a detached belfry, fifty feet high. We returned by the sea-side ; the sand is of a remarkably dark colour, but the waves are now as blue and sparkling as those of the Mediterranean.

The sea-wall of the city is in a very ruinous state ; one tower leans outwards so much that its existence is almost a miracle. The harbour of Hadrian can be traced by two parallel piers of stone, about five hundred yards apart, and for the most part level with the water, which in some places covers them. Their extremities are so completely submerged that it is impossible to form any idea of their length.

The plague is increasing ; ten fresh cases occurred yesterday. Dined with M. Gherzi, where we met Messrs. Johnson and Jackson, American missionaries, with whom I had a good deal of conversation. They say that the Armenian clergy are less bigoted than the Greek, but the latter people more intelligent and open to conviction. The missionaries at Smyrna, and at some other ports in the Levant, have lately undergone much opposition and annoyance from the Greek priests.

18th.—We embarked last Wednesday evening (14th) in the *Essex*, an English steamer, which had

* There are several small churches with similar domes in the town of Trebizond.

lost a mast, and disabled a paddle, in a violent gale between Constantinople and Trebizond. We have consequently performed the voyage with one wheel, which said wheel was broken some twenty times in the course of our passage. Providentially the weather was fair, or we should have been in a bad way. The captain, too, had lost the use of a leg and an arm, and was seriously ill on Friday. I mixed his physic for him, and was not a little startled to hear him say seriously, shaking his head, "Ah, I have never felt well since I helped that poor fellow on deck who died of the plague last month!"

To save time, we did not touch at Samsoun, a large town which has a good deal of communication with the interior. At Sinope we took in among other passengers two female Abazian slaves, accompanied by their owner, an old Turk, and a wild looking lad in the Caucasian costume. The Russians in vain endeavour to suppress this disgraceful traffic. In spite of their blockade and quarantine, the mouths of the streams of Mingrelia and Abazia are filled with Turkish vessels, small enough to be drawn over the bars, which carry off young ladies in exchange for ammunition. An intelligent European merchant, on board the *Essex*, who has visited the southern part of the Caucasus, informed me that the Russians possess nothing in that country except isolated forts and harbours on the coast. The troops dare not leave the walls of their garrisons, and are supplied with wood and provisions

from Odessa and the Crimea. The Rioum (ancient Phasis) might easily be made navigable at its mouth; inland it is a deep stream, practicable for boats as high as Cotalis. Mud is the great obstacle to land intercourse between Redout Kala and Tiflis. There were twelve ships in the harbour of Sinope.

It is very difficult to discover the entrance to the Bosphorus, and shipwrecks are frequently the consequence of mistaking a break in the coast for the real passage. We reached the outer castles, to our infinite joy, at two o'clock. The day was bright and cloudless, and the Bosphorus seemed a thousand times more beautiful than when I first saw it. One of the boats of the *Volage* came alongside the steamer at Therapia, and landed Mr. Ellis at Lord Ponsonby's. I went on to the Golden Horn, and leaving my lumber at the custom-house, proceeded at once to Mr. Cartwright, who has kindly insisted upon my remaining with him during Ellis's stay at Therapia. The narrow, ill-paved street of Pera, with its painted wooden houses, astonished me by its magnificence, and I almost felt *shocked* at the sight of the bonneted Frank ladies promenading with *bare faces in the cemetery behind the consulate!*

CHAPTER XV.

MR. CHURCHILL—DINNER WITH LORD PONSONBY—MOSQUE OF SOLYMAN—MAUSOLEUM OF SOLYMAN AND ROXALANA—MAD-HOUSES—VISIT TO THE FANAR—MASSACRE OF 1821—SERAGLIO—CISTERN OF THE THOUSAND AND ONE COLUMNS—SUPERIORITY OF TURKISH TO PERSIAN TROOPS—HEAVY GALE—LEAVE CONSTANTINOPLE—ARRIVAL AT ODESSA—THE SPURGATORIO—M. AND MME. DE CREPTOWICH—PLEASANT LAZARETTO—VISIT FROM MR. BAKER—ADMIRAL LAZAROFF—CORRUPTION IN THE RUSSIAN ARSENALS AND DOCKYARDS—COUNT WORONZOW—QUARANTINE REGULATIONS.

19th. — THE beating and imprisonment of Mr. Churchill, and the reparation demanded by Lord Ponsonby, form the great subject of interest and conversation at Constantinople. He has obtained the dismissal of the Reis Effendi, but the Sultan will not accede to that of Achmet Pasha, a personal favourite, who does not seem to have been much implicated in the Churchill affair. Colonel M'Intosh having been found in the streets of Pera, after dark, without a lantern, not long since, was taken to a common prison, and several outrages as gross as that undergone by Mr. Churchill have been practised, during the last two

years, upon Ionian and Maltese subjects* of Great Britain. Lord Ponsonby in his natural anxiety to keep well with the Porte, and his confidence in the enlightened justice of the Turks, is accused of having passed these insults lightly over; and the recent atrocity is attributed to his forbearance.

The Sultan lately ordered his guards to pay military honour to his picture; a striking instance of his vanity and foolish imprudence, for the Soonie sect, of which he is the head, consider it unlawful even to represent the human form. It is said that some of the Ulema, who ventured to remonstrate, were put to death by this would-be Peter the Great!

I dined with Lord Ponsonby, who was kind enough to invite me to transfer my quarters to Therapia. Mr. Urquhart is absent at Broussa; I am sorry to have lost the opportunity of seeing this celebrated personage; it is rumoured that Lord Ponsonby finds the Secretary rather above his work: the language held in his pamphlets respecting some great people, both Turkish and foreign, considered, his appointment was certainly a *very strong* case.

21st.—I got hold of old Mustafa, and crossed over to Constantinople, to see the mosque of Solyman, the finest in the city, and the most accessible to Christians. On the north-east side of the outer enclosure, a broad terrace commands a fine view of the Golden

* The most lawless and troublesome people (both of them) in the Levant. A thorough "*bad lot*."

Horn, and the suburbs of Pera and Galata. The second court is ornamented with lofty minarets, whose galleries are of fretted stone-work, and surrounded on three sides by a graceful portico resting on marble columns of various colours. In the centre there is a beautiful fountain. The principal entrance to the mosque is on the south-east side of this court. We took off our shoes and walked in without difficulty, accompanied by a sacerdotal friend of Mustafa. I was much struck with the interior of this vast and imposing edifice. The form of the mosque is square; the dome, larger in diameter than any other in Constantinople, is supported by four enormous masses. The immense pointed arches, on each side of these piers, are subdivided towards the north-east and south-west into smaller ones, resting upon four beautiful columns of red granite, each of one stone, sixty feet in height, which belonged to the famous church of St. Euphemia at Chalcedon. Facing the entrance, a high ornamented niche directs the prayers of the faithful to Mecca; a gigantic wax candle is placed on each side. To the right is a pulpit, with a straight staircase; to the left an isolated gallery for the Sultan. Opposite the pulpit there is another gallery of marble, in which singers are occasionally stationed. The windows of painted glass behind were brought from Ispahan. An immense number of ostrich eggs and small lamps are suspended from the ceiling; the pavement is neatly matted. The walls and dome are

rather disfigured with black and white stripes, but, on the whole, I must confess that the simple grandeur of this Turkish temple appears more solemn and religious than the pomp and gorgeousness of a Romish cathedral. Though the hour of worship had passed, several Mussulmans were praying or reading the Koran with sonorous voices, in the recesses of the building.

The mausoleums of Solyman the Magnificent, and his wife, the infamous Roxalana, are placed in a small burial-ground, shaded by trees, within the outer *enceinte* of the mosque. They are small octagonal edifices, with domes surrounded by porticos. A railing of wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, encircles the coffins, which are covered with shawls and ornamented with plumes of black feathers. Large brilliants of all colours are suspended from the ceiling. Several of the Sultan's children lie beside him. This sepulchre likewise contains a curious plan of Mecca. A range of mad-houses occupies the declivity on the other side of the mosque. The cells are open, so that the wretched maniacs are exposed to view, like wild beasts in a cage—a sad and shameful spectacle.

I afterwards visited the Greek quarter, called the Fanar, where dwelt the Cantacuzenes, the Souzzos, the Ypsilantis, and other noble families, from whose members the Porte was supplied with Dragomans, and among whom the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia were for many years chosen. This great-

ness has now fallen to the ground ; but the Greeks are still the most flourishing native merchants of Constantinople, though the business of the Sultan and the Pashas is in the hands of Armenian bankers. The foreign Greeks have lately been ordered to wear their national cockade, to distinguish them from the Rayahs ; some of the smart youths who wish to be thought very civilized, have adopted French shirts and waistcoats, which do not harmonize at all with Fez caps and voluminous blue breeches. The beauty of Fanariote ladies is a good deal talked of, but I have not been fortunate enough to see any face worth remembering.

A new church is being built on the site of the cathedral, which was burnt a few months ago ; close by is the Patriarchal palace, a plain edifice, over the gate of which the Patriarch Gregory was hung on Easter Sunday, 1821. Never since the days of St. Bartholomew, has Europe witnessed so cowardly and ferocious a massacre. And yet the bigoted assassins of twenty thousand Greeks, who spared neither age nor sex, are constantly talked of by *Protestant Christians* as dear allies, good old fellows, and honest Turks ! *

* There is a wide distinction, however, to be made between the rabble of Stamboul, and the Turkish peasantry and " Spahis " of Roumelia and Anatolia. Though no believer in the power of the Osmanlis to hold their own much longer in Europe, I rejoice most heartily that England and France are at length determined to defend Turkey against the dangerous and unprincipled aggressions of Russia, and only wish that

We took boat at an adjoining landing-place, and were rowed to the water-gate of the Seraglio. I was surprised on entering to find myself in a small but beautiful park shaded by magnificent trees, through the foliage of which glimpses of the Golden Horn and the mosques appear. Here and there patches of ground are enclosed for vegetable gardens. Two red deer, with spreading antlers, reposed in conscious security beside the path. The palace of the Seraglio was built by Mahommed II. ; it is an irregular series of walls, cupolas, and courts ; the Divan is an isolated structure within the outer enceinte ; the sides of this building are of shabby brick, but the front is adorned with a portico raised about ten feet from the ground ; the central arch, which is wide and deep, is decorated with paintings in the Persian style. The business of the State has not been transacted in the Divan since the Reform of 1826. The second enclosure, surrounded by offices, whose names and uses I could not ascertain, contains the Imperial mint. The head of the establishment,—instituted, it would appear, as much for the depreciation as the coining of the currency,—must of necessity be a Turk, but all the subordinates are Armenians.

There is an old plane-tree close to the mint, of immense girth. The third court is the most characteristic portion of the Serai, which I was permitted

both countries had shown more vigour and alacrity in the despatch of their land forces to the seat of war. (April, 1854.)

to see. I particularly remarked the painting of the entrance-gate, its scalloped and projecting roof, and the clear spring of water beneath. Demands for "backsheesh" were made by the slovenly soldiers on duty. In olden times the Janizaries were assembled in this court to scramble for their pay, a ceremony at which the Corps Diplomatique were invited to assist. The room in which ambassadors were publicly received is at the upper extremity of this enclosure, and one of the sides is occupied by an extensive range of kitchens. Further I was not allowed to proceed.

Returning to the garden, we followed the outer wall of the palace till we reached a small court near the extreme point of the promontory, called by the ancients Cape Bosphorus, and by the Greeks of the Lower Empire, Cape St. Dimitri. Here, half concealed by trees, is a Corinthian column, on the base of which is the inscription, "Fortunæ reduci, ob devictos Gothos." I could myself only decipher the two latter words.

St. Sophia cannot be seen without a firman, but I looked into the outer court, and examined the exterior as carefully as I could. Its dome, the model of all those in Constantinople, exceeds them greatly in lightness and grace; it "is formed," says Gibbon, "with so small a curve, that the depth is equal only to a sixth of the diameter." Below this curve there are twenty-four small windows; and amidst a confused

medley of buttresses, "half domes and shelving roofs," it is only just possible to make out that the form of St. Sophia is that of a Greek cross. The present edifice, of which Anthemius of Tralles and Isidorus of Miletus were the architects, was built by order of Justinian, on the site of a church dedicated by Constantine to the same saint. A number of young soldiers, who had been performing their devotions, were drawn up, by companies, in the court of the mosque. Behind an adjoining house, belonging to a carpenter, is the immense cistern, called "Bindik," or the 1,001 Columns. It is a cold and dark place. I could only distinguish a few of the columns; some have Corinthian, others barbaric capitals. Descending to obtain a better view, I walked unwittingly into the water, which in winter sometimes rises to the top of the columns. The extent of the cistern is said to be unknown. It is strange that not a vestige should remain of the palace built by Constantine, and enlarged by his successors, who inhabited it for eleven centuries; we only know that its site was between St. Sophia and the Hippodrome, now the At-meidan.

22^d.—Colonel Considine, and some other British officers now waiting for employment, dined with Mr. Cartwright to-day. It seems the Seraskier has admitted that Nouri Effendi had the sanction of the Sultan in asking for British officers to assist in disciplining the Turkish army, a point on which I should

otherwise have been sceptical. However, for some reason or another, they have hitherto remained *en disposition*; and the existing difference between Lord Ponsonby and the Porte, of course renders it impossible for him to make any representations respecting their employment. I do not think that Christian officers will ever be fairly given the command of Turkish troops; though they may be allowed to act as drill-masters, without the power of promoting or punishing, if they will condescend to do so. Lord Palmerston, meanwhile, expresses himself confident that Colonel Considine has done great things, and authorizes him to apply to Malta and Corfû for officers. Prussian engineers have lately been employed in inspecting and repairing the forts in the Dardanelles. The batteries in the Bosphorus are likewise amazingly brushed up.

I am much struck with the superiority of the Turkish over the Persian Nizam in drill, discipline, cleanliness, equipments—everything, in short, except personal strength and size. The former are fed, paid, and clothed with tolerable regularity, which quite accounts for the difference.

25th.—Left my kind and hospitable friend Mr. Cartwright with great regret. With all his faults and peculiarities, I believe there are few shrewder men, and few as honest and efficient public servants, in the civil employment of the Crown. I went on board the Odessa steamer at eleven o'clock. A gale of wind from

the north was blowing, and the sea in the harbour so rough, that crossing in a caïque was rather a formidable operation. At four o'clock in the afternoon the captain was obliged to give up all thoughts of starting. Yesterday the gale continued. It was a pretty sight to see hundreds of boats, each with one large sail, coming over from Scutari, crowded with peasants. My fellow-passengers are of all nations, English, Russians, Greeks, Germans, Armenians, a Fin, and several Jews. The latter are disgusting to behold; they wear long dirty ringlets, their clothes are filthy, and their complexions cadaverous. I must except one old Galician Jew, lately returned from Jerusalem, with a venerable countenance and snow-white beard, who might sit for a portrait of the patriarch Abraham. We left the harbour at mid-day, and went up as far as Buyukderè, where we took Mr. Ellis on board. Rain and clouds obscured the beautiful banks of the Bosphorus. Count Boutanieff kindly sent one of his secretaries to ask Ellis and myself to dinner. I thought it would be a bore to unpack and dress, so lazily sent an excuse. The captain of the *Galacz* steamer, (like ours, an Englishman,) which had followed us up the channel, weighed his anchor again in the evening. At nine we got Count and Countess Creptowich on board, (he is Madame de Boutanieff's brother); and at eleven we were outside the Castles in a rolling sea, which made sad havoc among the inexperienced. I can now laugh at such evils. An inferior member of

the Russian embassy, Jani by name, Roman by origin, and a *soi-disant* descendant of Janus, to my surprise and horror saluted me on the cheek, when he left us at Buyukderè! I have made friends with M. Muhlens, an agreeable talkative German. The old Fin, with his broad-rimmed leather hat, and sandy locks floating in the breeze, is a thorough original: he tells us gravely that it is his intention to go to Syria, and marry "Ladi Stanhope" next year.

26th.—The weather cleared yesterday, and the sea is now calm. In the morning we met a Greek ship, which had lost her rudder, and fired guns as a signal of distress. Our captain offered to take her crew on board, but they would not abandon their ship, and to tow her might have brought us into considerable difficulties. It seemed cruel, however, to leave her at the mercy of the winds, without even a compass on board. This steamer was built at Nicolaiew, where all the ships of war in the Black Sea are constructed. At sunset, "Serpent's Island," a long low rock, opposite the principal mouth of the Danube, was visible on our left. We are on the very sea traversed by poor Ovid in his voyage of exile. A Russian gentleman seems to be stating this, or some equally interesting fact, to a pretty little person, with whom he has long been leaning over the vessel's side, gazing

"On Dian's wave-reflected sphere."

27th.—We anchored during the night in the

quarantine harbour of Odessa, which is enclosed by two piers, and filled with shipping. A large brig from Yarmouth lay close alongside of the steamer. I could easily have fancied myself in an English port.

The town is built on a high white cliff; opposite, at some miles distance, two low tongues of land project into the sea; on one of these the fort of Kinbourne is placed. A select party to which we belonged was allowed to land before the rest of the passengers. We were preceded and followed by two old soldiers carrying little red flags. A number of porters, clothed in garments of wax cloth, as a preservative against plague, formed part of our procession. The upper part of the quarantine ground is clean, spacious and airy. A parterre laid out in walks, shaded by acacia-trees, is surrounded by small houses, each having a separate court. As soon as our baggage had been brought up to the "Spurgatorio," the tiresome operation of the spurgo commenced. Everything belonging to us, even to the letters and patent pens in our writing-desks, were opened and exposed for fumigation with chloride of lime. A surgeon then accompanied us to our quarters, where one after the other we were privately stripped to the buff, and trotted into another room, where lazaretto clothes were prepared for us. This spurgo is certainly very vexatious; but it must be remembered that travellers are let off

with a fortnight's quarantine at Odessa, only two days' steam from Constantinople, where the plague is now raging; whereas at Malta, Marseilles, and other ports far distant from the East, ships with clean bills of health are subjected to a much longer period of "contumacia."*

Mr. Yeames, the consul, called on Ellis, directly after he had landed, and has been kind enough to lend us books to enliven our captivity. The clothes which now cover us consist of coarse shirts and drawers, trowsers which reach half down my leg, two dressing-gowns apiece, one of chintz, and the other of coarse cloth, (all damp,) a pair of slippers, and a white cotton nightcap! In this guise we had the effrontery to sit down and dine with Madame de Creptowich. She and her husband had wisely sent on clothes by a former steamer to be ready for them. He has been a good deal in England, and speaks English perfectly; indeed his appearance is more English than foreign. He is handsome, very gentlemanlike, and seems clever and well informed. The Countess is a daughter of Count Nesselrode, extremely *prevenante* and agreeable. M. F——, a secretary of the Russian embassy at Constantinople, and M. Muhlen, complete our party. We inhabit a comfortable house;

* All this is happily now ended in civilized countries, or, at all events, much mitigated. I do not know whether the "spurgatorio" system is still kept up at Odessa.

the paper and furniture of some of the rooms are really smart. I only wish that fireplaces were substituted for the high dull stoves which fill a corner of each apartment.

30th.—It is all a mistake to think that a lazaretto must be an unpleasant place, or that time must hang heavy on one's hands therein. The only drawback is, that one cannot stir a step without being accompanied by the old soldier who acts as guardian. The weather is lovely, and there is plenty of space to walk about,—a great point gained, for a good deal of exercise is requisite to digest the excellent *déjeuners à la fourchette* and dinners with which we are supplied by a restaurateur in the town, who has put a cooking establishment into quarantine for us. There is a seat in our little territory which commands a very pretty view of the harbour and coast. A handsome terrace of stone houses crowns the summit of the cliff, and is terminated by Count Woronzow's palace; a portico in his garden overlooking the sea, appears at this distance to be a triumphal arch. The inner harbour is about a quarter of a mile to the north of the lazaretto.

I was agreeably surprised yesterday by a visit from Baker, who arrived a few days ago from the Crimea, where he was laid up for some weeks with a severe fever. He has been received everywhere with the greatest kindness and attention; but his maps, which

were taken from him at Nakhchiwan, have not yet been returned, and he was a good deal cross-questioned at Tiflis, where he was obliged to remain fifteen days. The regiments in Georgia are, he says, composed of fine men, and extremely well equipped. The Georgian women well deserve their reputation for beauty. At Sebastopol, General Rosen invited Baker to visit the fortifications and ships of war. The whole Black Sea fleet, those vessels employed in blockading Circassia excepted, are now in harbour at Sebastopol. Admiral Lazaroff, *who was educated in our Navy*, commands : he has a spring and an autumn fleet under him, but only one set of sailors for both. In winter these amphibious animals are landed and drilled. Several new ships, one of which is to mount 140 guns, are now on the stocks at Nicolaiew.

It is pretty generally stated that half the Black Sea fleet, having been built of unseasoned timber, is decaying from dry rot. Frightful tales of corruption among all classes of employés in the arsenals and dockyards are related. These gentlemen receive such niggardly pay, that they cannot live honestly with any degree of comfort. The Emperor is well aware of these abuses, but cannot afford to place his servants above the reach of bribery, and has not the power to check their peculations. For the truth of these statements I cannot vouch; and it is but fair to say, that a British naval officer of great reputation expressed, in

my hearing, at Therapia, a high opinion of the efficiency of the Russian navy.

October 2d.—The duty here is performed by a battalion of 650 veterans, selected from the army for quarantine service. They wear conical leather schakos, green clothing, and black belts. There is a wild melancholy sound in their nightly challenge, which is repeated every quarter of an hour, from nine o'clock till day-break. The officers are stout comfortable looking gentry, held cheap, I am told, by the regular army. I find that this Lazaretto is surrounded by regular fortifications.

F—— was in the artillery before he took to diplomacy, and was present with the guns which cannonaded the mutinous regiments of the guard at St. Petersburg, in 1825. He says that they seemed irresolute and disunited. The leading companies of their columns fired, and at one moment seemed inclined to charge the guns, which they might easily have taken. It is impossible not to feel some respect for those regiments, who, together with the whole army, had sworn allegiance to Constantine, before it was known that he had given up his birthright, and suffered themselves to be *mitraillés* rather than violate their oath, although every effort was made by the Emperor Nicholas to explain the state of the case, and to induce them to lay down their arms. They shot General Miloradovitch, who was sent to harangue them.

4th.—Count Woronzow, who arrived last night from the village where the Emperor has been confined since his accident,* called on Ellis this afternoon. He is a fine looking man, very gentlemanly and simple in his manners, and speaks English perfectly. His memory astonished me. He related several particulars which occurred in the campaigns of 1802-3, against Persia, and mentioned the names of Surteeps in the Shah's army. At that time there were no Surbâz, but the irregular horse were so active and intelligent that the Russians were constantly harassed at all points. They could not stir from their camp; and one morning whilst beleaguering Erivan they suddenly found themselves surrounded by Futteh Ali Shah and all his forces. The only wish then felt by the Russian officers was, that the Persians would endeavour (as they since have, under our auspices) to organize a "Nizam," *become tangible*, and abandon their Parthian tactics!

Count Woronzow thinks the Turks, against whom he has served a great deal, superior to the Persians in courage and obstinacy; but they lose every advantage by their extreme laziness: they sleep unguarded in their camps and fortresses, unless when actually engaged with the enemy. It is said that Count Woronzow has

* Whilst travelling with his friend, General Benkendorff, at a furious rate, between Moscow and Kiew, his carriage was overturned, and both were seriously hurt.

returned from the Caucasus, strongly impressed with the expediency of adopting conciliatory measures towards the insurgent tribes, and I hope that he has instilled similar views into the mind of his Imperial master; on the other hand, a strong, and perhaps interested party, to which General Wilheminoff, who commands the force now in the field, belongs, advocates a war of extermination. The Imperial Government, at the recommendation, it is said, of Count Cancrin, the Finance Minister, has at length decided that the strictly prohibitory system is to be maintained in Georgia,—an excellent arrangement for Trebizond. This illiberal measure is probably caused by the fear of awakening jealousy in the Empire at large, by granting a commercial privilege to a particular province.

8th.—Muh lens, who lives in the same room with F——, complained of feeling rather unwell this morning. His insidious *commensal*, without stating his intention, informed the inspector. The doctors arrived, Muh lens was stripped, cross-questioned, and bored to death. He afterwards ascertained the cause of his misfortunes, and complained to F—— that he had played a trick which rendered the *guardiano* liable to receive eighty blows, as a punishment for not reporting the illness of his charge. F—— gravely replied, that he considered it his duty to act as he had done, according to quarantine regulations. I mention this,

as a specimen of the slavish dread of authority caused by education under the rule of a debasing despotism. I dare say that the excellent F—— thought he was doing nothing but his duty, and that in a proper and gentlemanly manner.

CHAPTER XVI.

INSPECTION OF THE LAZARETTO—TOWN OF ODESSA—THEATRE—NEW EXCHANGE — STATUE OF RICHELIEU — MIXED POPULATION — COMMERCE—CLIMATE—GREAT NUMBER OF JEWS—COUNT WORONZOW'S HOUSE—BREED OF HORSES—DROSKIES—CHURCHES—OPERA—RIVAL PRIMA DONNAS—MILITARY COLONIES—COUNT DE WITT—PARADE—ADMIRAL LAZAROFF—CIRCASSIAN WAR—LEAVE ODESSA—CROSSING THE STEPPES—ANANIEW—BALTA—NEMEROFF—GREAT NUMBER OF JEWS—THE PAYSAGE—ENTER VOLHYNIA—STARO-CONSTANTINOW—ZASKOF—BIELOTISNA—OSTROG—LOUTSK—KOVEL—BRZESC LITEWSKI—DOUANIERS—PASS THE FRONTIER INTO POLAND—BIALA.

10th.—M. LEVCHINE, the Civil Governor of Odessa, who has paid Ellis several visits, came this morning to make his half-yearly inspection of the Lazaretto, when (as he took great care to inform us) the soldiers on duty have an opportunity of stating their complaints. Redress depends much, I should imagine, upon the interest and wealth of the *aggrieving* party. Almost everything is well organized in Russia, but corruption prevents the arrangements from being properly executed.

11th.—Before leaving the quarantine, Ellis and I signed a declaration that we had infringed no

regulation of the establishment, and concealed nothing from the Spurgo. Every one else was obliged to take an oath before a priest to the same effect.

We proceeded to the town in Mr. Yeames's carriage immediately after breakfast, crossing a small piece of "steppe" which is still uncultivated. Several of the streets through which we drove are very broad; some are paved with flag-stones brought from Trieste, and with rows of stunted trees. The houses are built, with great *pretension* to architectural symmetry and taste, of the soft stone found on the spot, which hardens in the sun. As the colour of this stone is very dark, most of the buildings have been stuccoed and painted. I am lost in admiration at the magnificence of an European town, with its bustle, its crowd, its carriages, and its *unveiled* women. The churches are surmounted by high domes of copper, painted green. The theatre stands by itself; it has a handsome portico, but long and frightful side walls: The new exchange is placed obliquely at the east end of the principal "place;" a double row of Corinthian columns, surmounted by a frieze, on which bales, boxes, anchors, cranes, and other symbols of commerce are sculptured, connects the wings of the edifice; the high naked wall behind, with a little narrow door in the centre, has a very *mesquin* effect. Near this building is the sea-terrace, which contains the best houses in Odessa; an unfinished palace belonging to Countess Narishkin is in the Vicenza

style, and will be really fine. A bronze statue of Richelieu is placed at the extremity of a broad street which terminates at the centre of the terrace; he points to the harbour below, which was his own creation. The position of the duke's figure is awkward,—he leans forward so much that the least push, apparently, would pitch him over the cliff!

Odessa was founded in 1792 by Admiral Ribas, on the site of the Turkish village of Hajee Bey. The emplacement of the Greek colony of Odessus, from which the classical name of the modern city is derived, was at some distance. Odessa would probably have shared the untimely fate of many of Catherine's creations, had not the Duc de Richelieu been appointed Governor in 1803. At that time, the town consisted of about 400 houses, containing from 7,000 to 8,000 inhabitants, whilst the revenue derived from the port, and duty on brandy, amounted only to 58,000 roubles. In 1814, when the Duke resigned the government, the number of houses had increased to 2,600, many of which were handsome buildings, whilst the revenue was estimated at 470,000 and the commerce of the Black Sea at 45,000,000 of roubles. Richelieu invited exiles of all countries to inhabit Odessa, so that it contains a motley population of Germans, Jews, Italians and Greeks, with many rich Russians and Poles, who like to be as far as possible from their master. The number of inhabitants is now estimated at 50,000.

Odessa was made a free port for five years in 1808; in 1814 and 1816 the privilege was twice extended for two years, and finally in 1817, for thirty years, but with many restrictions, caused by the jealousy of other commercial Russian cities. "La franchise d'Odessa," says Count Gambu, "d'abord suspendue, ensuite restreinte, a été changée en un entrepôt réel, assujéti à diverses formalités. Cet événement a arrêté tout d'un coup l'élan donné au commerce d'Odessa; il a eu le grave inconvénient d'inspirer à l'étranger une sorte de défiance, et depuis, on a vu se ralentir ce mouvement d'attraction qui amenait vers les provinces de la Russie méridionale une population active, industriense, et de nombreux capitaux." Goods entering the port now pay one-fifth of the duty imposed on each article in other parts of Russia. This excise, amounting to 2,800,000 roubles, belongs to the town.

England sends the greatest number of ships to Odessa, and takes away the most valuable cargoes. The Austrians and Sardinians come next to us; the trade of the latter is increasing, that of the former declining, but likely to revive. Corn is the principal article of export. Tallow, wood, hemp and linseed oil are also exported. The climate is not very healthy; wood and water are scarce, the dust is ankle deep in the unpaved streets, and the gardens are occasionally invaded by swarms of locusts. The bare side walls of isolated buildings, and unfilled holes for scaffolding

in many of the houses, give a forlorn and shabby aspect to some parts of the town.

The principal streets swarm with Jews, who, instead of creeping, as elsewhere, humbly and diligently in their several pursuits, carry canes, and lounge with a certain air. They wear long beards, broad-brimmed hats, and great coats of a peculiar form, which reach to the ankle, and are fastened by a band round the waist. The Caraites Jews, of whom there are several colonies in the Crimea, assert that their forefathers emigrated from Judea before the Christian era.

After calling on M. Levchine, we met the Creptowiches, and went with them to see Count Woronzow's house. It is in excellent taste, and contains many pretty things. We were shown all his orders and swords; among the latter there is a diamond-hilted weapon, given by the Emperor after the taking of Varna. An English taste pervades everything about the establishment, and is more especially perceptible in the stable. The Count has English grooms, English horses, English bull-dogs; and in the Crimea were English jockeys! I greatly regret that he left Odessa before our emancipation from quarantine. There is but one opinion in Europe as to his merits and abilities, but I hear different statements respecting the degree of favour he enjoys! It would seem, however, by the statements most worthy of credit, that Count Woronzow stands high in the opinion of the Emperor, but not equally so in the good-will of some members

of the government, who dislike his liberal views, and are jealous of his power and influence. New Russia, the Crimea and Bessarabia, form an enormous vice-royalty, and it is hoped that the management of them will long remain in such able and honest hands.

Count Woronzow's immense private fortune likewise gives him the means of doing much good, and the Crimea in particular, where he has large property, upon which he usually resides, has profited extensively by his munificence. That peninsula seems, from its climate, its soil, and the beauty of its scenery, to be quite a terrestrial paradise.

The continent of New Russia is said to be admirably adapted for the nurture and education of horses. The best breed is that between English stallions and Russian mares. The cross between Russian horses and Dutch or Flemish mares is likewise good. Fine horses are to be seen here even in the carts, and in the hack droskies, which stand at the corner of every street. These droskies are drawn by one horse, which trots at a great pace between the shafts, whilst his useless companion gallops with his head down on the near side. The shaft-horse has a high hoop over his neck, fastened to the collar. The coachmen wear beards, and hats with large crowns. We looked into one of the principal churches, built in the form of a Greek cross. Everything within was gilded and tawdry; the chancel screened off from the rest of the church.

Count Woronzow has been kind enough to place his box at Ellis's disposal; and, after an agreeable dinner with Mr. Yeames, we adjourned to the opera, where we found the Creptowiches and Count de Witt, Inspector General of the colonised cavalry. It was painful to hear the Somnambula's part sung by a lady with a screaming, reedy voice. Madame Tasistro is unpardonably ugly into the bargain. She has a rival whom I hope to hear to-morrow, and parties are much divided as to their respective merits. The noblesse are such violent Tasistrists, that they turn their backs and talk whenever the Patera sings. On a late occasion, when the prima donnas were *en scene* together, enthusiasm or rancour reached such a point, that not garlands only, but ducats were showered upon Tasistro from an aristocratic box; one lady even tore off her ferrière and bracelets, and threw them to her favourite! The bourgeois, determined not to be out-done, rushed to the *bijouterie* shops, forced the jewellers to sell them everything pretty they had, and returned in triumph to lay the spoil at the Patera's feet.

12th.—Creptowich called on me at eleven o'clock and took me to Count de Witt. He is the founder as well as the sole manager of the cavalry colonies, which seem at present to be in a flourishing condition; but some consider the establishment of an *imperium in imperio*, a well organized military force, well educated, and conscious of its own strength, to be rather

a hazardous experiment.* The infantry colonies, which were formed at an earlier period, under the superintendence of Count Arakchaieff, failed completely. The idea of instituting military colonies was derived from the frontier regiments of Austria, but the position and duties of those corps are so peculiar that they could scarcely have served as a model.

We passed through an ante-room filled with staff officers in a variety of handsome uniforms, and found Count de Witt in his *cabinet de travail*. His breast was literally covered with orders. We accompanied him to the small parade-ground behind the theatre, where the men for duty, about 200, were formed. They belong to the reserve battalion of a regiment doing duty on the Turkish frontier, and are mostly from Little Russia; four battalions of reserve, each 400 strong, from the garrison of Odessa. Count de Witt at one moment did his utmost to disparage the troops before us; at the next called them "*des troupes superbes*," and added that Russia had 400,000 like them, not including the Guards. In fact, the men

* The officers of the colonized regiments are said to be discontented with their situations. Count de Witt denies this, stating that they are better off than officers of the rest of the army; and further says that the men are now, by their superior education, so convinced of the advantages of their position, that they would kill any officers who attempted to cause a mutiny among them. Ellis, meaning to say something civil to De Witt, remarked that the locality of the colonies is a very good one. "Yes," he replied. "they are very near the Austrian frontier."

we saw were of all ages and not particularly well sized, which is natural enough in a *dépôt* battalion; their average height was rather under that of our troops of the line, and I should say that their drill was much upon a par with that of a good English regiment, perhaps superior in some minor points: their stamp would impose upon a civilian.* The Count talked greatly of the neatness and comfort of the clothing, which certainly is simple, and beautifully made; but the coat and trowsers appeared extremely tight about the waist and fork; and the schako, which is high, and ornamented by a large *plaque* of brass, must be very heavy.

The uniform is green, with red collars, cuffs, and skirts; the sling of the firelock is of the latter colour. The white belts, which are very broad, have the shining smoothness of patent leather; the pouch is squarer than ours. The Grenadiers wear green feathers, the Fusilier companies round green and white tufts. Men on duty carry their great coats in a roll just above their pouches, but I saw a few men in marching order who had theirs rolled on the top of the knapsack in a neat black valise. The Russian soldier wears his great coat on a march, and puts his uniform into

* I have since seen the Russian Guards in the great manœuvres at Koasuve Selo. Taking battalions individually, our troops are better, because quicker, and more intelligent, and equally steady; but we must not conceal from ourselves that the habit which they have of acting together in large bodies, commanded by active generals in the prime of life, gives them immense advantages.

the valise. The knapsack is made of calf-skin; the mess tin is fastened on the outer side.

The duties began by going through the platoon exercise with remarkable precision; they brought the firelock very slowly up to the present, and recovered arms immediately after firing. A few manoeuvres were then executed: it struck me that words of command were given by too many different people. The duties marched past twice; the second time the files were at extended order, at arm's length from each other, a circumstance to which Count de Witt called my attention. It must certainly be difficult for men to move any time in this order without losing their distances, and the carriage and marching of each individual can thus be accurately observed. The left elbows of the men were at all times more stuck out than we think graceful, and their right hands were tucked in a constrained manner behind their thighs.

Before we left the parade, four orderly hussars walked, trotted, cantered, and galloped their horses round Count de Witt. Each regiment is mounted upon horses of uniform colour; two of the hussars rode black, and two (who wore brown pelisses and yellow caps) chestnut horses. They were strong and beautiful chargers, with very powerful shoulders, but rather heavy, as one of the staff remarked, for light cavalry. Russian soldiers front and doff their forage caps when they meet an officer. I am told that they are also obliged to salute an officer's quarters; and there

is *a story* of a soldier's having fronted opposite his colonel's house and waited cap in hand until *it* should pass by!

We dined with M. Levchine at four o'clock, and met a large party. Madame de Creptowich was the only lady. I sat between Mr. Yeames and a gentleman with earrings. Afterwards, again to the opera, Donizetti's 'Furioso,' the music of which is very light and pretty. Marini, the basso, is an admirable singer and actor. Admiral Lazaroff, who commands the Black Sea fleet, came into the box; he speaks English perfectly, having served as a midy in our fleet,* and is an exact miniature likeness of Lord Amelius Beauclerk. The Creptowiches took me to a small party at Count de Witt's; he has a very pretty house, and was very civil. His troops are his favourite subject of conversation. He told me that in the Polish war he had *with him* I forget how many squadrons of *his own* cavalry; the horses were for several months without corn and fetlock-deep in mud (the only adversary except a few partizans, who kept the division moving), yet did not in the least suffer from the campaign. A small military band, likewise the *Count's own*, played in one room, and the softest of clarionets in another.

13th.—We got off by half-past three. Mr. Yeames, who has been extremely kind and obliging, remained with us till the moment of departure. We admired the

* "Fas est hostem docere," has too long been the British motto.

vast extent of Odessa and the increasing number of houses, as we drove out of the town. In half an hour we reached the chain of *douanes* which bounds the free port. Count Woronzow himself cannot pass this line without having his carriage searched; he could only *recommend* the Inspector of Customs, who is under the immediate control of the Finance minister, to give Ellis a *laissez passer* for his baggage.

Whilst I think of it, I must say that, in one way or another, I have heard a good deal lately about the Circassian war. There can be no doubt that Russia is engaged in a most difficult struggle with the tribes of the Caucasus, which cannot be terminated for years if she persists in her present hostile, uncompromising system, and does not succeed in dividing the tribes. The Circassians may, for all I know, have the right completely on their side; but let us imagine the existence of a similar race in India, completely separating the Bengal from the Madras presidency, and by their constant brigandage obliging Government to furnish an escort of guns and a battalion of infantry with every mail which crosses their territory,—should we not endeavour, by any means in our power, to subdue or extirpate so dangerous and so troublesome a people? It may be very good policy to support the Circassians against Russia, but I would rather they were not encouraged to resist by “portfolios” and agents promising support, which probably will never be given. Such conduct will eventually lower the British character

even in the eyes of the Circassians themselves, and besides furnish Russia with a fair excuse for her Indian intrigues.*

On leaving the barrier, we entered upon a vast undulating steppe covered with long grass. The sun sank majestically below the horizon, as if at sea, gilding with its rays the tumulus of some Scythian chief. The soil of the steppe appears to be black mould.

14th.—Several accidents happened after dark to the carriage, a purchase from M. Levchine. Soon after leaving the second post-house, we were driven off the road, or rather track, for made road across the steppes there is none. We are drawn at a great pace by six horses; four, harnessed abreast, are driven from the box, and a postilion rides one of the two leaders. A great deal of time is lost in changing and in accidents to the rope harness, though we are preceded by a government postilion in one of the light springless carts of the country. I never anywhere, even in Persia, saw the stars shine so brilliantly as they did last night. In the grey of the morning we passed several caravans of carts laden with corn and wool; some had halted, others were on the move.

* I hold to this opinion still; but *now* that we are embarked in a just and necessary war, I hope we shall encourage and assist to the utmost of our power those gallant and independent tribes, whom Turkey had no right to surrender to Russia by the treaty of Adrianople, for they never were her subjects. I hope to see every Russian driven over the Caucasus, and the Kuban and Terek fixed as the southern boundary of the empire. The south-west should be the Dniester. Bessarabia with the principalities should be an independent federation.

Their drivers are uncouth-looking fellows, clad in sheepskin coats and caps.

We breakfasted at Ananiew, a large, straggling village. The houses are all whitewashed, and each has a little porch in front ; a new church is being built ; in short, everything appears to be in a very flourishing state. The country became more hilly as we left the steppes, and a few copses are here and there visible. Another accident to the carriage delayed us some time at Balta, a town half in Podolia and half in the government of Kherson (New Russia). It boasts two smart churches, with green domes, surmounted by balls and crosses of shining copper, and a considerable number of shops. Fire-engines were neatly arranged under a government shed. The street was crowded with hussars, whose features and complexions were decidedly German ; some wore their uniform jackets, light blue with yellow lace ; others, brown holland frock-coats. The few horses I could see were sorry jades. At Balta we came upon a regular road of great breadth, on each side of which young trees are planted : the weather having been dry for some time past the road is light enough, but as no stone is used in its composition (there is none to be found, I imagine, nearer than Galicia), it must be in a fearful state after rain. The versts are marked by high poles, on which the distance from each adjoining station is inscribed. These posts, like every railing, sentry-box, &c., are painted the government colour, black and white, with a red streak

round the black. We halted an hour in the evening at Olgiopol to drink tea; I ventured upon the wing of a fowl, the first meat I have tasted since Levchine's dinner. There is nothing like starvation to carry one through a long night and day journey. There is a large white chateau at Olgiopol.

15th.—We passed through Tulczyn in the night, which was formerly the head quarters of a *corps d'armée*, and is celebrated for the immense palace of Count Wenceslas Potocki. Towards daybreak we crossed the Bug at Braclaw; the river is about fifty yards broad. We breakfasted at Nemeroff, a neat little town, with two handsome churches. The Jews were going to synagogue, clad in white cloaks edged with black stripes, which seem to be a sort of ceremonial garment. Most of them wear large, shapeless fur caps, from beneath which dirty ringlets hang over their sallow cheeks. Half the population of the towns and larger villages consists of Jews; they swarm round the carriage, offering to supply provisions, at every post-house; and indeed everything which one wants is furnished by them. German appears to be their native language. The women wear a semi-coronet on their foreheads, ornamented with pearls; their complexions are generally good; many have light hair, nor do I remark among them the features usually supposed to be characteristic of the race.

The rottenness of the carriage delayed us at Nemeroff, and again at Binicza, a considerable town, with a large

parade ground. It is garrisoned by a light infantry battalion, distinguished from troops of the line by black belts and the absence of facings.

Since leaving Balta, the scenery is really pretty. The *paysage* is a happy mixture of woodland and cornfields, dotted with villages, whose wooden churches are ornamented with three domes shining in the sun. Here and there are scattered large ponds, which in an English park would be called lakes. The peasants seem to be well housed and tolerably clothed; their cottages are built of mud or wood, but universally whitewashed. The fields are usually divided by wattled fences; these, and the beautiful woods of beech and oak through which we drove this afternoon, reminded me of England; but in some parts of the province the country is open and unenclosed, like Picardy or Champagne. I have only seen one chateau, a handsome modern building, with a portico and wings. We drank tea at Letichef.

16th.—A wheel in danger of catching fire detained us five hours at Staro Constantinow, the first town in Volhynia. I took the opportunity of getting myself shaved by a bearded Jew, who flavoured most foully of garlic. His countrymen swagger about with ebony sticks, tipped with silver, in their hands. It was market day, and the large square was filled with carts, peasants, and cattle. The men wear a sort of pelisse, reaching to the knee, of coarse grey cloth, ornamented with pink braiding; a flat round hood

hangs behind, and a red sash is tied very tightly round the waist. The cap, of black or grey wool, has four sharp corners, and is doubtless the original of the Lancer-cap. The Stucz, a sluggish stream, almost surrounds the town. After passing through some pretty country, and fine woods of oak, we reached Zaskof, on the left bank of the Goryn. A number of smart-looking people were walking and driving about, as if they fancied themselves in some civilized part of Europe! Pine forests and deep sand succeeded: for two stages we were dragged along at a foot's pace. Again at Bielotisna, a small village, it was discovered that the wheel must be looked to. Our wrath knew no bounds, but the delay gave us some rest.

17th.—We passed through Ostrog during the night, and breakfasted at Dubna, a large garrison town, with two-storied houses. At Loutsk, which we only skirted, I remarked a large convent, and the ruins of an old brick castle, with two towers, finely placed on scouped ground above the Styr river. We were again obliged to toil all the afternoon through deep sand; the country, where not covered with pine forests, was but little cultivated. We drank tea in a wretched post-house at Kovel. At every previous station we had found a clean room, hung round with papers and regulations in Russian, and furnished with a table, chairs, and at least one sofa. Bread and fowls have been everywhere procurable, a fact worth

mentioning, because the discomforts of the road were much exaggerated at Odessa.

18th.—The same dreary country, and the same sandy road, until we reached Brzesc Litewski, in Lithuania, on the frontier of Poland, at eleven o'clock P.M. It was delightful to hear the carriage rattle over the pavement of that well-lighted little town, and to arrive at an inn. It is kept by a very talkative and rather good-looking Jewish landlady, civilized enough to possess a *Livre des Voyageurs*, in which she pointed out Lord Castlereagh's name.

19th.—Prince Dolgorouki, who commands at Brzesc Litewski, sent to say that he would call on Ellis; but his visit was declined, as we were just about to start. Crossing the Boug, we entered the kingdom of Poland. Some intention to examine the carriage was manifested at the frontier, but by *the advice of a douanier*, who spoke English, a few copeks were given to his subaltern, and no search was attempted. We now came upon an excellent macadamized road, equal to any I ever saw, which, the Russians say, extends from Moscow to the frontier of Prussia. That part within the kingdom of Poland was made by *order* of the emperor Alexander, between the years 1823 and 1826; several men were employed keeping it in order, and stones were laid at intervals on each side. The surrounding country is sandy, but carefully cultivated. At Biala, the only town of con-

sequence through which we have passed, pretty ladies in pink bonnets were taking an airing in handsome britzskas. Since crossing the frontier we have travelled with four horses only (in the sands of Lithuania and Volhynia we were sometimes obliged to have ten) driven by a postilion in a neat green uniform, who wears and blows a horn.

CHAPTER XVII.

WARSAW—THE OLD PALACE—LOTTERY OFFICE—PALAIS DE SAXE—
CATHEDRAL—MARSHAL PASKEWITSCH—DINNER AT THE PRINCE'S—
RELIGIOUS TOLERATION—MODERATION OF THE VICEROY—BELVEDERE
PALACE—BOTANICAL GARDEN—LAJENSKI PALACE—THE NEW CITADEL
—THE LATE INSURRECTION—OLD TOWN—GREAT NUMBER OF JEWS—
REACH BERLIN—TWO DINNERS IN ONE DAY—EXCITEMENT CAUSED BY
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—HAMBURGH—EMBARK FOR LONDON.

20th.—A RAW rainy morning. We reached some neglected field works in front of Praga at eight o'clock. The suburb was destroyed in the last war, but a few new houses are rising among the rubbish. The city of Warsaw, which extends along a high scarp ridge, on the left bank of the Vistula, has an imposing appearance from the long bridge of boats. The river is shallow in many places, but I observed some large boats, with masts, below the bridge. Crossing great part of the town we reached the Hotel de Wilna at nine o'clock. I have passed the whole day in walking about. The modern part of Warsaw is rather French

in its appearance; the streets are broad and well paved, with flagged trottoirs on each side. The theatre which is handsome, and situated in a fine large place, and most of the public buildings, were erected during the reign of Alexander. The private houses are built of brick, and generally painted yellow, or light green. Innumerable officers, and a few ladies, were driving about; but in general the town has a lifeless appearance. I am disappointed with the much vaunted beauty of the Polish bourgeoisie. There are a great many jewellers' shops in the principal streets, and the town swarms with lottery offices.

The old palace of the kings of Poland, now the Viceregal residence, is a square building with a high roof; a tower with a steeple and clock decorates the west front. In the opening, before the gate, there is a Corinthian column supporting a figure of Sigismund the Third, with a cross in one hand and a drawn sword in the other. From this column an ancient and narrow street leads into the broad and handsome "Fauxbourg de Cracovie," which extends for a considerable distance towards the south, where it is terminated by the Great Lottery Office, and a fine seated statue of Copernicus, by Thorwaldsen. This street contains several handsome edifices, both public and private, and at the extremity of a square, on the western side of the Palais de Saxe, is placed a neglected building in the style of the Tuileries.

There is a garden behind, with clipped trees, statues, and broad walks, as deserted as the Luxemburg. The cathedral, quite in an opposite direction, is rather old, but contains nothing interesting except a modern monument to Malachowski, the aged Marshal of the Polish Diet, who in 1763 so boldly resisted the intimidations of Russia, and of the Czartorinskis, then warm partizans of Catherine the Second.

It is curious to see troops brought from the Araxes and the Caucasus, doing duty here on the banks of the Vistula. There is a squadron of Karabaghee horse in this garrison; their dress is rather Georgian than Persian, and their black lambskin "koollahs" are a good deal the worse for wear. Hundreds of men in the Circassian costume are walking or riding about, armed with kumas, and guardless swords. I am told, on good authority, that they are real Tcherkesses; but the "Cossacks of the line" * wear exactly the same dress. I have seen a few of the regular Cossacks; they are shabby looking men mounted on ragged galloways; their high leather caps are particularly unbecoming. The fourth *corps d'armée*, which now occupies Poland, is 45,000 strong; the garrison of Warsaw amounts to about 11,000 men. The infantry soldiers are very short, and when off duty slouch about in slovenly great-coats of a brick-coloured grey. All wear grenades on

* *I.e.* the *line* of the Kuban, which separates the Kabardahs and other Circassian districts from the subjugated province of the Caucasus.

their pouches. I saw a guard of light infantry marching to its post to-day in a manner which we should think disgraceful.

Mr. Barnet, the British Consul, (an old friend of Ellis, and a *ci-devant* guardsman,) having intimated to Marshal Paskewitsch, Ellis's desire of calling upon him, His Highness was civil enough to send a secretary to make excuses on account of his occupation in council, and to invite us both to dinner. The "Maréchal Prince de Varsovie" lives in great state; we found three double sentries of grenadiers on the staircase, a Circassian and a Cossack officer in the first ante-room, and an aide-de-camp in waiting in the second. He is a man apparently about fifty years of age, with a pleasing though weather-beaten countenance; his manners are gentlemanly and quiet. Madame la Princesse is a plain forlorn lady. The large hall in which we were received, and in which we also dined, was hung with Persian and Turkish arras and armour. The campaigns in Aderbijan and Armenia are a favourite hobby of the "Erivan-ski." He talked a good deal about Persia to Ellis, who has formed a high opinion of his general abilities, good sense, and knowledge of Asiatic affairs. He certainly acquired a good reputation in that country by his conciliatory manners, and the maintenance of strict discipline among the troops. He says that he had never more than 15,000 men in his army. At Ganjer, the Surbâz behaved at first with

great gallantry; the Marshal thought it right for the sake of *morale*, to leave a good position, and attack the Persians in the plain; the latter advanced to within fifty paces of the Russians, halted, and commenced a sharp fire by platoons. Paskewitsch charged their line in front and flank, a mode of attack which puzzled them, and they were soon completely broken; but he confesses that the fate of Georgia was for a moment doubtful. Count Simonich, of whom he has the highest opinion, was the only officer with whom he consulted on the occasion. The Marshal says that it is by his advice the *soothing system* has been adopted,—he saw that Yermoloff gained nothing by bullying.

I sat between General Krasinski, a Pole, and General Golownin, the Minister of the Interior. Both of them pumped me a good deal about the roads and country between Trebizond and Tabreez. General Golownin told me that the finest men of the line were picked out for the Guards and corps of Grenadiers. He seems to be no admirer of Count de Witt. The mischievous Rosniecki, who was head of the secret police previously to the insurrection, likewise dined at the palace; he is an elderly man, with a very white head and very red nose. The Warsaw *season* has not yet commenced; but at all times the best society is limited to about a hundred people, chiefly Poles.

21st.—In the course of my morning's walk I

admired the War Office and the Krasinski Palace, both built in the last reign ; the Bourse, too, is a handsome edifice. I afterwards called on the Viceroy with Ellis. He touched upon the causes which led to the fall of Poland, and attributed the intestine quarrels of this unfortunate country very much to the bigotry of the Roman Catholic party. He said that until lately the members of the Greek Church were not allowed in Poland to use bells at their places of worship ; whilst, at St. Petersburg, Catholic and Greek Churches enjoy equal privileges. So false is the newspaper report that the Catholic faith is persecuted in this country, that an Archbishop from Rome is daily expected to reside at Warsaw. I have heard in another quarter that a church in this city has lately been taken from the Catholics, and given up to Greek priests, and that the same has in numerous instances been done in Lithuania, where the Catholic church ornaments have been sold for the profit of Government. It is generally allowed, however, that the Prince Marshal exercises his great powers as temperately, and even kindly, as his orders will permit.

We hired a carriage, and, leaving the town by the Cracow gate, drove along an avenue planted with several rows of trees, to the little Belvedere Palace, which was the favourite residence of the Grand Duke Constantine. The rooms are small, but prettily furnished ; I remarked several pictures and busts of the Emperor Alexander. Close by, there is a Botanical

garden, and, a little to the east, the Lajenski Palace, a beautiful Italian villa, built by Stanislas Poniatowski, where Alexander used to reside when at Warsaw. It contains a very pretty ball-room, lined with light-coloured marble. There is an open theatre in the garden, decorated with statues. Returning, we drove round the Military Hospital, which is placed on high ground, and capable of defence; there are large barracks and extensive parade grounds between the Belvedere and the town.

The new citadel is on the north side of the city; we were allowed to drive in unquestioned. It is close to the Vistula, and appears to me to have five regular faces towards the country. The rampart is low, unrevetted, and slopes down into the ditch at an angle of 45° . A brick wall is built at its foot, in which loop-holes for musketry are pierced, at the curtains, and at the faces of the bastions; there are embrasures at their flanks. A cunette is being excavated in the ditch. There is a fortified gate at the gorge of the demi-lane by which we entered the citadel, but no tenaille. On the river side, the defences consist of a loop-holed brick wall, flanked by casemated batteries, mounting double tiers of guns. A tête de pont has been commenced on the right bank. A road between the wall and the Vistula is abruptly terminated at the south-east angle of the citadel, where the works are close upon the water's edge. The barracks, when completed, will afford accommodation for 10,000

men. The principal *corps de logis* forms three sides of a square, open to the north; a handsome obelisk has been erected to the memory of Alexander in the centre. Works of still greater extent are in progress at Modlin, where the Narew joins the Vistula.

It would seem that, had the Grand Duke Constantine been a man of resolution, the late insurrection might, *for the moment*, have been easily crushed. It commenced by the assemblage and hooting of some fifty *polissons* under the palace. Constantine would not permit their dispersion; their numbers were gradually augmented by disaffected people, and at length they were joined by a company of the guard. The Polish generals in vain entreated to be allowed to charge the rioters; Constantine would accept nothing but a guard of two divisions to escort him to the Russian camp. He sent these Polish troops back to the city, (!) telling the generals that his final determination should be made known in a few days. During that interval one regiment after another joined the insurgents, and a petty riot became the revolt of a kingdom.

A whole people does not take up arms and fight nobly for two years against an overwhelming power without real grievances; but it must be admitted, that if Nicholas contemplated the systematic oppression of Poland, he acted strangely in allowing a national army, one of the bravest and best appointed in Europe, to remain concentrated in their own country, when

the Persian and Turkish war would have furnished plausible pretexts for their dissemination.

In the old town, through which we passed on our way home, the streets are narrow and houses high ; there are windows in the roofs, but very few gable ends are to be seen. One old square is handsome. Jews swarm in Warsaw. German appears to be generally understood in the shops, French very little. We dined with Mr. Barnet.

The next day we set off for Berlin, *viâ* Posen : the road was good, the country uninteresting, and we reached the Prussian capital without adventure of any kind. Some royal fêtes were going forward, to which we were invited ; and I remember being obliged to perpetrate the enormity of dining, on the same day, at one o'clock with Prince William, (a party of some seventy convives,) at six with the Duke of Cumberland, and of supping at midnight at a ball given by Princess Albert.

Great excitement was just then caused at Berlin by the evidence which the Duke of Wellington had recently given before a Parliamentary Committee on military punishments, in which he spoke very unfavourably of the discipline of the Prussian army in France, in 1815. Prussian newspapers revenged themselves by running down our army to the utmost extent of their small powers ; and some Prussian generals talked of manœuvring any English army into the sea in a few weeks ! Nevertheless, I met with

friendly kindness from Prussian officers of rank, and at Prince William's table, happening to say apropos of some war question, "J'espère que nous serons toujours ensemble," the Crown Prince's Aide-de-camp, Count von Gröben, crossed the room to shake hands with me. The Crown Prince himself (now, that odd man, the King) is reported to have said, "It is all very right to be patriotic and indignant, but you know that what the Duke of Wellington says is perfectly true."

I had before visited Berlin and seen all its lions, and it is not a place to linger in a second time with any pleasure, especially in winter. I was therefore right glad to leave it at ten o'clock on a snowy night, after another dinner with the Duke of Cumberland. About forty hours' unpleasant travelling brought us to Hamburg, and the next day we embarked for London.

THE END.

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