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BEQUEATHED BY

MRS. ANNA LOUISA MÖRING,
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RESEARCHES

ON THE

DANUBE AND THE ADRIATIC.

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RESEARCHES

ON THE

DANUBE AND THE ADRIATIC;

OR,

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MODERN HISTORY

OF

HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA, DALMATIA AND
CROATIA, SERVIA AND BULGARIA.

BY
Andrew Archibald
A. A. PATON,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

AUTHOR OF

"MELUSINA. A NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT."

VOLUME I.



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F. A. BROCKHAUS.

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Meeting notes

I - II

P R E F A C E .

This work is an abridged recast, of several English books of travel, through the regions of the Danube, and the Adriatic, for the countries being contiguous, a desire has been more than once expressed to the author, to see them fused into one continuous narrative. Since the last of these works appeared, important events have occurred; a revolution in Servia, a war in Italy, and an agitation in Hungary, but the career of the author as an active political writer having terminated, he leaves to subsequent travellers and historians all the events that have occurred since the Crimean war. At the same time he does not think, that the work in its present state, will prove of less value, as there is an interest, attaching to those regions of the Danube and the Adriatic, not likely to pass away, for some generations at least. And every thing relating to general history, ethnology, topography, manners and customs, the economical conditions that spring from national character, and the archaeology, that

alternately illumines, and is explained by the landmarks of history, has been carefully revised, so as to render the present as much a work of reference, as the form of a book of travels allows.

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BOOK I.
S E R V I A.

CHAPTER I.

SYRIA TO BELGRADE.

It was after several years' residence in Egypt and Syria, that I embarked for Turkey in Europe, in one of those comfortable, but not showy Austrian steamers, that ply along the eastern coasts of the Mediterranean.

Our first station was at Rhodes, where I felt as if an enchanter had waved his wand; in reading of the wondrous world of the ancients, one feels a desire to get a peep at Rome before its destruction by barbarian hordes. A leap backwards of half this period is what one seems to make at Rhodes, a perfectly preserved city and fortress of the middle ages. Here has been none of the Vandalism of Vauban, Cohorn, and those mechanical-pated fellows, who, with their Dutch dyke-looking parapets, made such havoc of donjons and picturesque turrets in Europe. Here is every variety of mediæval battlement; so perfect is the illusion, that one wonders the warder's horn should be mute, and the walls devoid of bowman, knight, and squire.

Two more delightful days of steaming among the Greek Islands now followed. The heat was moderate, the motion

gentle, the sea was liquid lapis lazuli, and the hundred-tinted islets around us, wrought their accustomed spell. Surely there is something in climate which creates permanent abodes of art! The Mediterranean, with its hydrographical configuration, excluding from its great peninsulas the extremes of heat and cold, seems destined to nourish the most exquisite sentiment of the Beautiful. Those brilliant or softly graduated tints invite the palette, and the graces of the mind, shining through lineaments thorough-bred from generation to generation, invites the sculptor to transfer to marble grace of contour and elevation of expression. But let us not envy the balmy South. The Germanic or northern element, if less susceptible of the beautiful, is more masculine, better balanced, less in extremes. It was this race that struck down the Roman empire, that peoples America and Australia, and rules India; and more than any other on the face of the globe, superadds Patient Effort and Invincible Perseverance, to whatever genius the Almighty has given it, in Art, Science and Literature.

The most remarkable of our fellow passengers was an American Presbyterian clergyman, with furibond dilated nostril and a terrific frown.

"You must lose Canada," said he to me one day, abruptly, "ay, and Bermuda into the bargain."

"I think you had better round off your acquisitions with a few odd West India Islands."

"We have stomach enough for that too."

"I hear you have been to Jerusalem."

"Yes; I went to recover my voice, which I lost; for I have one of the largest congregations in Boston."

"But, my good friend, you breathe nothing but war and conquest."

"The fact is, war is as unavoidable as thunder and lightning; the atmosphere must be cleared from time to time."

"Were you ever a soldier?"

"No; I was in the American navy. Many a day I was after John Bull on the shores of Newfoundland."

"After John Bull?"

"Yes, Sir, *sweating* after him: I delight in energy; give me the man who will shoulder a millstone, if need be."

"The capture of Canada, Bermuda, and a few odd West India Islands, would certainly give scope for your energy. This would be taking the bull by the horns."

"Swinging him by the tail, say I."

The burlesque vigour of his illustrations sometimes ran to anti-climax. One day, he talked of something (if I recollect right, the electric telegraph), moving with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, with a pair of spurs clapped into it.

. In spite of all this ultra-national bluster, we found him to be a very good sort of man, having nothing of the bear but the skin, and in the test of the quarantine arrangements, the least selfish of the party.

One day he passed from politics to religion. "I am fond of fun," said he, "I think it is the sign of a clear conscience. My life has been spent among sailors. I have begun with many a blue jacket hail-fellow-well-met in my own rough way, and have ended in weaning him from wicked courses. None of your gloomy religion for me. When I see a man whose religion makes him melancholy, and averse from gaiety, I tell him his god must be my devil."

The originality of this gentleman's intellect and manners, led me subsequently to make further inquiry; and I find one of his sermons reported by a recent traveller, who, after stating that his oratory made a deep impression on the congregation of the Sailors' chapel in Boston, who sat with their eyes, ears, and mouths open, as if spellbound in listening to him, thus continues: "He describes a ship at sea, bound for the port of Heaven, when the man at the head sung out, 'Rocks ahead!' 'Port the helm,' cried the mate. 'Ay, ay, sir,' was the answer; the ship obeyed, and stood upon a tack. But in two minutes more, the lead indicated a shoal. The man on the out-look sung out, 'Sandbreaks and breakers

ahead!' The captain was now called, and the mate gave his opinion; but sail where they could, the lead and the eye showed nothing but dangers all around,—sand-banks, coral reefs, sunken rocks, and dangerous coasts. The chart showed them clearly enough where the port of Heaven lay; there was no doubt about its latitude and longitude: but they all sung out, that it was impossible to reach it; there was no fair way to get to it. My friends, it was the devil who blew up that sand-bank, and sunk those rocks, and set the coral insects to work; his object was to prevent that ship from ever getting to Heaven, to wreck it on its way, and to make prize of the whole crew for slaves for ever. But just as every soul was seized with consternation, and almost in despair, a tight little schooner hove in sight; she was cruising about, with one Jesus, a pilot, on board. The captain hailed him, and he answered that he knew a fair way to the port in question. He pointed out to them an opening in the rocks, which the largest ship might beat through, with a channel so deep, that the lead could never reach to the bottom, and the passage was land-locked the whole way, so that the wind might veer round to every point in the compass, and blow hurricanes from them all, and yet it could never raise a dangerous sea in that channel. What did the crew of that distressed ship do, when Jesus showed them his chart, and gave them all the bearings? They laughed at him, and threw his chart back in his face. He find a channel where they could not! Impossible; and on they sailed in their own course, and every one of them perished."

As for Constantinople, I refer all readers to the industry and accuracy of Mr. White, who might justly have terminated his volumes with the Oriental epistolary phrase, "What more can I write?" Mr. White is not a mere sentence balancer, but belongs to the guild of *bonâ fide* Oriental travellers.

In summer, all Pera is on the Bosphorus: so I jumped into a caique, and rowed up to Buyukdéré. On the

threshold of the villa of the British embassy, I met A —, the prince of attachés, who led me to a beautiful little kiosk, on the extremity of a garden, and there installed me in his fairy abode of four small rooms, which embraced a view like that of Isola Bella on Lake Maggiore; here books, the piano, the narghilé, and the parterre of flowers, relieved the drudgery of his Eastern diplomacy. Lord N —, Mr. H —, and Mr. T —, the other attachés, lived in a house at the other end of the garden.

I here spent a week of delightful repose. The mornings were occupied *ad libitum*, the gentlemen of the embassy being overwhelmed with business. At four o'clock dinner was usually served in the airy vestibule of the embassy villa, and with the occasional accession of other members of the diplomatic corps we usually formed a large party. A couple of hours before sunset a caique, which from its size might have been the galley of a doge, was in waiting, and Lady C — sometimes took us to a favourite wooded hill or bower-grown creek in the Paradise-like environs, while a small musical party in the evening terminated each day.

From the Bosphorus I proceeded to Varna in Bulgaria, but how different are the features of Slavic Turkey, from those of the Arabic provinces in which I so long resided. The flat roofs, the measured pace of the camel, the half-naked negro, the uncouth Bedouin, the cloudless heavens, the tawny earth, and the meagre apology for turf, are exchanged for ricketty wooden houses with coarse tiling, laid in such a way as to eschew the monotony of straight lines; strings of primitive waggons drawn by buffaloes, and driven by Bulgarians with black woolly caps, real genuine grass growing on the downs outside the walls, and a rattling blast from the Black Sea, more welcome than all the balmy spices of Arabia, for it reminded me that I was once more in Europe, and must befit my costume to her ruder airs. This was indeed the north of the Balkan, and I must needs pull out my pea-jacket. How I relished those winds, waves, clouds, and grey

skies! They reminded me of English nature and Dutch art. The Nore, the Downs, the Frith of Forth, and sundry dormant Backhuysens, re-awoke to my fancy.

The moral interest too was different. In Egypt or Syria, where whole cycles of civilization lie entombed, we interrogate the past; here in Bulgaria the past is nothing, and we vainly interrogate the future.

Having subsequently seen Varna, Shumla, Rustschuk and Widdin, under circumstances of more stirring interest, I shall say nothing of them at the present time. At the last mentioned town, I was introduced to a historical character. Hussein Pasha, the celebrated destroyer of the Janissaries, whose bloody feat forms one of the great landmarks of the modern history of the Ottoman Empire. He appeared to be verging on eighty, and, afflicted with gout, was sitting in the corner of the divan at his ease, in the old Turkish ample costume. The white beard, the dress of the Pasha, the rich, but faded carpet which covered the floor, the roof of elaborate, but dingy wooden arabesque, were all in perfect keeping, and the dubious light of two thick wax-candles, rising two or three feet from the floor, but seemed to bring out the picture, which carried me back, a generation at least, to the Pasha of the old school. Hussein smoked a narghilé of dark red Bohemian cut crystal, while my introducer Mr. Petronievitch and myself were supplied with pipes, profusely mounted with diamonds.

It is clearly the perfection of the art, and instruments of war, arising from the general advance of civilization, that lies at the root of the extinction of the Feudal Principle and the crushing of the Military Factions and Aristocracies of modern times. A more perfect instrument of power being in the hands of the Sovereign, local Oligarchies have no longer the same chance in the conflict. But while a large part of Asia still remains Feudal, the Ottoman Empire, from its vicinity to Europe, has in this century been fully drawn within the centralizing vortex. The trouble Mahomed Ali gave the Porte, arose

from his having earlier and more promptly than Mahmoud, carried out the unfeudalizing process against Mamelukes, Druses and all and sundry below him, while he himself remained the one great and dangerous Feudatory of the Empire.

The destruction of the Janissaries by Hussein may be called the first of the great steps taken by the government of Constantinople to walk in the road of the other long since centralized Monarchies of Europe, and Mahmoud, if I may be pardoned the bull, untied the Gordian Knot in old eastern fashion by cutting it. The period of rebellious Pashas successfully defying the Porte, such as Pasvan, Oglou, whose capital was this very Widdin, and Daoud Pasha of Bagdad seems to have passed away as well as that of the hereditary Feudal Chiefs scattered all over the Empire—the Dereh Beys of Asia-Minor, the Nobles of Bosnia, the Chiefs of Albania and Kurdistan, and the Emirs and hereditary Sheikhs of Syria have all been made to feel that the centralization and unfeudalization of the European Monarchies is in course of transfer to the Ottoman Empire.

Those vast alternate surges of scattered Townships and Principalities, disfigured by Anarchy, but compatible with much individual and national liberty—and large centralized Monarchies, characterized by overgrown Capitals, standing armies, an advanced material civilization, and a diminution of political freedom, seem to be as inevitable as the cycles observable in the external Universe. No law seems to be absolute in the political government of the human race, for not only are laws relative to national temperament (for instance, the above remarks would only apply partially to the Saxon Races), but they are also relative to vast cycles, in which the transformation seems as remarkable as that of caterpillar or silk-worm. Aristotle described the multitude of scattered communities which the legions of Rome subsequently fused into one vast Empire. Tacitus wrote during the completest period of centralized tyranny, but as M. Guizot says, Rome began

with towns, and returned to towns again. The towns are again become Monarchies, and the Ottoman Empire has been the last to exchange the feudal for the centralized form.

The Saxon races we leave out of the question.

Pursuing my journey I approached the Iron Gates.

New Orsova, one of the few remaining retreats of the Turks in Serbia, is built on an island, and with its frail houses of yawning rafters looks very *old*. *Old Orsova*, opposite which we now arrived, looked quite *new*, and bore the true German type of formal white-washed houses, and high sharp ridged roofs, which called up forthwith the image of a dining-hall, where, punctually as the village-clock strikes the hour of twelve, a fairhaired, fat, red-faced landlord, serves up the soup, the *rindfleisch*, the *zuspaise*, and the other dishes of the holy Roman empire to the Platzmajor, the Hauptzollamtdirector, the Kanzleidirector, the Conceptist, the Protocollist, and *hoc genus omne*.

After a night passed in the quarantine, I removed to the inn, and punctually as the clock struck half past twelve, the very party my imagination conjured up assembled to discuss the *mehlspeise* in the stencilled parlour of the Hirsch.

Favoured by the most beautiful weather, I started in a sort of calèche for Dreucova. The excellent new macadamized road was as smooth as a bowling-green, and only a lively companion was wanting to complete the exhilaration of my spirits.

My fair fellow-traveller was an enormously stout Wallachian matron, on her way to Vienna, to see her daughter, who was then receiving her education at a boarding-school. I spoke no Wallachian, she spoke nothing but Wallachian; so our conversation was carried on by my attempting to make myself understood alternately by the Italian, and the Spanish forms of Latin.

"*Una bella campagna*," said I, as we drove out Orsova.

"*Bella, bella?*" said the lady, evidently puzzled.

So I said, "*Hermosa.*"

"*Ah! formosa; formosa prate,*" repeated the lady evidently understanding that I meant a fine country.

"*Deunde venut?*" Whence have you come?

"Constantinopolis;" and so on we went, supposing that we understood each other, she supplying me with new forms of bastard Latin words, and adding with a smile, *Romani*, or Wallachian, as the language and people of Wallachia are called by themselves. It is worthy of remark, that the Wallachians and a small people in Switzerland, are the only descendants of the Romans, that still designate their language as that of the ancient mistress of the world.

As I rolled along, the fascinations of nature got the better of my gallantry; the discourse flagged, and then dropped, for I found myself in the midst of the noblest river scenery I had ever beheld, certainly far surpassing that of the Rhine, and Upper Danube. To the gloom and grandeur of natural portals, formed of lofty precipitous rocks, succeeds the open smiling valley, the verdant meadows, and the distant wooded hills, with all the soft and varied hues of autumn. Here we appear to be driving up the avenues of an English park; yonder, where the mountain sinks sheer into the river, the road must find its way along an open gallery, with a roof weighing millions of tons, projecting from the mountain above.

After sunset we arrived at Dreucova, and next morning went on board the steamer, which conveyed me up the Danube to Semlin. The lower town of Semlin is, from the exhalations on the banks of the river, frightfully insalubrious, but the cemetery enjoys a high and airy situation. The people in the town die off with great rapidity; but, to compensate for this, the dead are said to be in a highly satisfactory state of preservation.

CHAPTER II.

BELGRADE.

Few travellers arriving from central Europe, fail to record the striking impression made upon them, by the descent of the Danube, on their first visit to Belgrade, quiet sombre bureaucratic Ofen with the noisy, bustling movement-loving new city, which has sprung up, as it were by enchantment on the opposite side of the water and the long and graceful quay, form, as it were, a fine peristrepthic panorama, as the vessel wheels round, and, prow downwards, commences her voyage for the vast and curious East, while the Danubian tourist bids a dizzy farewell to this last snug little centre of European civilization. We hurry downwards towards the frontiers of Turkey, but nature smiles not.—We have on our left the dreary steppe of central Hungary, and on our right the low distant hills of Baranya. This is not the Danube of Passau, and Lintz, and MÖlk, and Theben. But now the Drave pours her broad waters into the great artery. The right shore soon becomes somewhat bolder, and agreeably wooded hills enliven the prospect. This little mountain chain is the celebrated Frusca Gora, the stronghold of the Servian language, literature, and nationality on the Austrian side of the Save. This region determinates, and sinks into a low point of land, at the confluence of the Danube with this, one of the largest of all its tributaries, where the waters remain for a space distinct, the Danube faithfully retaining its brown muddy character, while the Save, in juxta position, shows itself dark yet somewhat limpid.

The rock of Belgrade crowned by battlements, and flanked by some crumbling Minarets, becomes more distinct as we approach. Large embrasures, slightly elevated above the water's edge, indicate the intention to command all water approaches to the town, and above grass-grown and moss-covered fortifications, crowned by red-tiled, rickety Turkish houses, look most unlike the magni-

ficient towers to which one has been accustomed in the last scene of the siege of Belgrade.

But when the traveller arrives from Turkey itself, the impression is considerably different, and the numerous traces which I have seen of the desolation of this fine Empire, were effaced from my recollection, at Belgrade. Here all was life and activity. It was at the period of my first visit, in 1839, quite an oriental town; but now the haughty parvenu spire of the cathedral throws into shade the minarets of the mosques, graceful even in decay. Many of the bazaar-shops have been fronted and glazed. The oriental dress has become much rarer; and houses several stories high, in the German fashion, are springing up everywhere.

Ascending the spire of the cathedral, we have a panoramic view of the town and environs. The fortress of Belgrade, jutting out exactly at the point of confluence of the rivers, has the town behind it. The Servian, or principal quarter slopes down to the Save; the Turkish quarter to the Danube. I might compare Belgrade to a sea-turtle, the head of which is represented by the fortress, the back of the neck by the esplanade or Kalai Meidan, the right flank by the Turkish quarter, the left by the Servian, and the ridge of the back by the street running from the esplanade to the gate of Constantinople. In the town itself, you see distinctly divided from each other, the military force of the sovereign power, within the Citadel, the decadent remainder of the civil moslem population, in a crumbling quarter, and the ascendancy of the Christian Servian element, represented by wide spreading streets, all of the German type. The open square in the centre of the town, forms the line of demarcation between the crescent and the cross. On the one side several large and good houses have been constructed by the wealthiest senators, in the German manner, with flaring new white walls and bright green shutter-blinds. On the other side is a mosque, and dead old garden walls, with walnut trees and Levantine roofs peeping up behind them. Look on

this picture, and you have a type of all domestic architecture, lying between you and the snow-fenced huts of Lapland; cast your eyes over the way, and imagination wings lightly to the sweet south with its myrtles, citrons, marbled steps and fragrance-bearing gales.

The environs contain the materials of a good panorama. Looking westward, we see the Save, winding its way from the woods of Topshider; the Servian shore is abrupt, the Austrian flat, and subject to inundation; the prospect on the north-west being closed in by the dim dark line of the Frusca Gora, or "Wooded Mountain," which forms the backbone of Slavonia, and is the high wooded region between the Save and the Drave. Northwards are the spires of Semlin, rising up from the Danube, which here resumes its easterly course; while south and east stretch the Turkish quarter, which I have been describing. The greater part of the town is under the government of the Servian Prefect of Belgrade, but the castle and the Turkish town is under the Pasha. One day I accompanied the British Consul General on a visit to the Pasha in the citadel, which we reached by crossing the glacis or neck of land that connects the castle with the town. This place forms the pleasantest evening lounge in the vicinity of Belgrade; for on the one side is an extensive view of the Turkish town, and the Danube wending its way down to Semendria; on the other is the Save, its steep bank piled with street upon street, and the hills beyond them sloping away to the Bosniac frontier.

The ramparts are in good condition; and the first object that strikes a stranger on entering are six iron spikes, on which, in the time of the first revolution, the heads of Servians used to be stuck. Milosh once saved his own head from this elevation by his characteristic astuteness. During his alliance with the Turks in 1814, (or 1815,) he had large pecuniary transactions with the Pasha, for he was the medium through whom the people paid their tribute. Five heads grinned from five spikes

as he entered the castle, and he comprehended that the sixth was reserved for him; the last head set up being that of Glavash, a leader, who, like himself, was then supporting the government: so he immediately took care to make the Pasha understand that he was about to set out on a tour in the country, to raise some money for the vizierial strong-box. "Pek eiu," said Soliman Pasha, thinking to catch him next time, and get the money at the same time; so Milosh was allowed to depart; but knowing that if he returned spike the sixth would not wait long for its head, he at once raised the district of Rudnick, and ended the terrible war which had been begun, under much less favourable auspices, by the more valiant but less astute Kara Georg.

We passed a second draw-bridge, and found ourselves in the interior of the fortress. A large square was formed by ruinous buildings. Extensive barracks were windowless and tenantless, but the mosque and the Pasha's Konak were in good order. We were ushered into an audience-room of great extent, with a low carved roof and some old-fashioned furniture, the divan being in the corner, and the windows looking over the precipice to the Danube below. Hafiz Pasha, the same who commanded at the battle of Nezib, was about fifty-five, and a gentleman in air and manner, with a grey beard. In course of conversation he told me that he was a Circassian. He asked me about my travels: and with reference to Syria said, "Land operations through Kurdistan against Mehemet Ali were absurd. I suggested an attack by sea, while a land force should make a diversion by Antioch, but I was opposed." After the usual pipes and coffee we took our leave.

Hafiz Pasha's political relations were necessarily of a very restricted character, as he rules only the few Turks remaining in Servia; that is to say, a few thousands in Belgrade and Ushitza, a few hundreds in Shabatza Sokol and the island of Orsova. He represents the suzerainty of the Porte over the Christian population, without having

any thing to do with the details of administration. His income, like that of other mushirs or pashas of three tails, is 8000*l.* per annum. Hafiz Pasha, if not a successful general, was at all events a brave and honourable man, and his character for justice made him highly respected. One of his predecessors, who was at Belgrade on my first visit there in 1839, was a man of another stamp,—the notorious Youssof Pasha, who sold Varna during the Russian war. The re-employment of such an individual is a characteristic illustration of Eastern manners.

I now entered the region of gardens and villas, which, previous to the revolution of Kara Georg, was occupied principally by Turks. Passing down a shady lane, my attention was arrested by a rotten moss-grown garden door, at the sight of which memory leaped backwards for four or five years. Here I had spent a happy forenoon with Colonel H—, and the physician of the former Pasha, an old Hanoverian, who, as surgeon to a British regiment had gone through all the fatigues of the Peninsular war. I pushed open the door, and there, completely secluded from the bustle of the town, and the view of the stranger, grew the vegetation as luxuriant as ever, relieving with its dark green frame the clear white of the numerous domes and minarets of the Turkish quarter, and the broad-bosomed Danube which filled up the centre of the picture; but the house and stable, which had resounded with the good-humoured laugh of the master, and the neighing of the well-fed little stud (for horse-flesh was the weak side of our Esculapius), were tenantless, ruinous, and silent. The doctor had died in the interval at Widdin, in the service of Hussein Pasha.

If we examine the population in detail, we find it perfectly to correspond with those salient architectural characteristics, to which we have alluded. No sooner do you set foot on the quay, than you see, that the Turks, are here a disinherited race. The *Caput mortuum*, instead of the human face divine. There are the turbans and the minarets, but you feel that Stamboul is far off, and that

the representative of the Padishah is cabined, cribbed and confined, within the precincts of an old Austrian fortress. The Turkish population of the town, has sunk into extreme poverty, and they have become literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water", the better class, keeping up their position by making good sales of houses and shops, in consequence of the enhanced value of building ground, in short, on the high road to ruin, by consuming their capital; and as to those that remain, one sees, that they are composed of rafters, knocked carelessly together, and looking, as if the first strong gust of wind would send them smack over the water into Hungary, without the formality of a quarantine. Not so a singular looking street, composed of the ruins of ornamented houses in the imposing, but too elaborate style of architecture, which was in vogue in Vienna, during the life of Charles the Sixth, and which was a corruption of the style de Louis Quatorze. These buildings were half way up concealed from view by common old bazaar shops. This was the "Lange Gasse," or main street of the German town during the Austrian occupation of twenty-two years, from 1717 to 1739. Most of these houses were built with great solidity, and many still have the stucco ornaments that distinguish this style. The walls of the palace of Prince Eugene are still standing complete, but the court-yard is filled up with rubbish, at least six feet high, and what were formerly the rooms of the ground-floor have become almost cellars. The edifice is called to this day, "*Princeps Konak.*" This mixture of the coarse, but picturesque features of oriental life, with the dilapidated stateliness of architectural remains of the first part of the eighteenth century, of the style, and during the period, when Vanbrugh, with flowing full-bottomed wig, created similar edifices in our own island, has something in it so quaint and unexpected, as vividly to arrest the attention of the archæologic loungee to whom every transformation of ornament calls up a phase of by-gone history—the battle won, which seats a new, or unseats an old dynasty, or the wider cycle of hostilities, which ends

the life of a nation; a new race, budding forth, and growing in power out of the prostration and corruption of a predecessor that lives only in history. The Empire of the East fell before the middle aged Kingdom of Serbia. This in its turn was absorbed in the Ottoman Empire, Serbia again, seemed added permanently by Eugene, to the dominions of the House of Habsburg. But the German element, which has taken firm and seemingly ineradicable root, in the Banat and Transsylvania, was not destined to similar endurance in Serbia, and after a brief Turkish domination, of three quarters of a century, the native Servian element comes again to the surface.

CHAPTER III.

A SKETCH OF SERVIAN HISTORY.

The Servians, known in Europe from the seventh century, at which period they migrated from the Carpathians to the Danube, were in the twelfth century divided into petty states.

"Le premier Roi fut un soldat heureux."

Neman the First, who lived near the present Novibazar, first cemented these scattered principalities into a united monarchy. He assumed the double eagle as the insignium of his dignity, and considered the archangel Michael as the patron saint of his family. He was brave in battle, cunning in politics, and the convent of Studenitza is a splendid monument of his love of the arts. Here he died, and was buried in 1195.

Servia and Bosnia were, at this remote period, the debatable territory between the churches of Rome and Constantinople, so divided was opinion at that time even in Servia Proper, where now a Roman Catholic community is not to be found, that two out of the three sons of this prince were inclined to the Latin ritual.

Stephan, the son of Neman, ultimately held by the Greek Church, and was crowned by his brother Sava, Greek Archbishop of Servia. The Chronicles of Daniel tell that "he was led to the altar, anointed with oil, clad in purple, and the archbishop, placing the crown on his head, cried aloud three times, 'Long live Stephan the first crowned King and Autocrat of Servia,' on which all the assembled magnates and people cried, '*nogo lieto!*' (many years!)"

The Servian kingdom was gradually extended under his successors, and attained its climax under Stephan Dushan, surnamed the Powerful, who was, according to all contemporary accounts, of tall stature and a commanding kingly presence. He began his reign in the year 1336, and in the course of the four following years, overran nearly the whole of what is now called Turkey in Europe; and having besieged the Emperor Andronicus in Thessalonica, compelled him to cede Albania and Macedonia. Prisrend, in the former province, was selected as the capital; the pompous honorary charges and frivolous ceremonial of the Greek emperors were introduced at his court, and the short-lived national order of the Knights of St. Stephan was instituted by him in 1346.

He then turned his arms northwards, and defeated Louis of Hungary in several engagements. He was preparing to invade Thrace, and attempt the conquest of Constantinople, in 1356, with eighty thousand men, but death cut him off in the midst of his career.

The brilliant victories of Stephan Dushan were a misfortune to Christendom. They shattered the Greek empire, the last feeble bulwark of Europe, and paved the way for those ultimate successes of the Asiatic conquerors, which a timely union of strength might have prevented. Stephan Dushan conquered, but did not consolidate: and his scourging wars were insufficiently balanced by the advantage of the code of laws to which he gave his name.

His son Urosh, being a weak and incapable prince, was murdered by one of the generals of the army, and

thus ended the Neman dynasty, after having subsisted 212 years, and produced eight kings and two emperors. The crown now devolved on Knes, or Prince Lasar, a connexion of the house of Neman, who was crowned Czar, but is more generally called Knes Lasar. Of all the ancient rulers of the country, his memory is held the dearest by the Servians of the present day. He appears to have been a pious and generous prince, and at the same time to have been a brave but unsuccessful general.

Amurath, the Ottoman Sultan, who had already taken all Roumelia, south of the Balkan, now resolved to pass these mountains, and invade Serbia Proper; but, to make sure of success, secretly offered the crown to Wuk Brankovich, a Servian chief, as a reward for his treachery to Lasar.

Wuk caught at the bait, and when the armies were in sight of each other, accused Milosh Kobilich, the son-in-law of Lasar, of being a traitor. On the night before the battle, Lasar assembled all knights and nobles to decide the matter between Wuk and Milosh. Lasar then took a silver cup of wine, handed it over to Milosh, and said, "Take this cup of wine from my hand and drink it." Milosh drank it, in token of his fidelity, and said, "Now there is no time for disputing. To-morrow I will prove that my accuser is a calumniator, and that I am a faithful subject of my prince and father-in-law."

Milosh then embraced the plan of assassinating Amurath in his tent, and taking with him two stout youths, secretly left the Servian camp, and presented himself at the Turkish lines, with his lance reversed, as a sign of desertion. Arrived at the tent of Amurath, he knelt down, and, pretending to kiss the hand of the Sultan, drew forth his dagger, and stabbed him in the body, from which wound Amurath died. Hence the usage of the Ottomans not to permit strangers to approach the Sultan, otherwise than with their arms held by attendants.

The celebrated battle of Kossovo then took place. The wing commanded by Wuk gave way, he being the first

to retreat. The division commanded by Lasar held fast for some time, and, at length, yielded to the superior force of the Turks. Lasar himself lost his life in the battle, and thus ended the Servian monarchy on the 15th of June, 1389.

The state of Servia, previous to its subjugation by the Turks, appears to have been strikingly analogous to that of the other feudal monarchies of Europe; the revenue being derived mostly from crown lands, the military service of the nobles being considered an equivalent for the tenure of their possessions. Society consisted of ecclesiastics, nobles, knights, gentlemen, and peasants. A citizen class seldom or never figures on the scene. Its merchants were foreigners, Byzantines, Venetians, or Ragusans, and history speaks of no Bruges or Augsburg in Servia, Bosnia, or Albania.

The religion of the state was that of the oriental church; the secular head of which was not the patriarch of Constantinople; but, as is now the case in Russia, the emperor himself, assisted by a synod, at the head of which was the patriarch of Servia and its dependencies.

The first article of the code of Stephan Dushan runs thus: "Care must be taken of the Christian religion, the holy churches, the convents, and the ecclesiastics." And elsewhere, with reference to the Latin heresy, as it was called, "the Orthodox Czar" was bound to use the most vigorous means for its extirpation; those who resisted were to be put to death.

At the death of a noble, his arms belonged by right to the Czar; but his dresses, gold and silver plate, precious stones, and gilt girdles fell to his male children, whom failing, to the daughters. If a noble insulted another noble, he paid a fine; if a gentleman insulted a noble, he was flogged.

The laity were called "dressers in white:" hence one must conclude that light coloured dresses were used by the people, and black by the clergy. Beards were worn and held sacred: plucking the beard of a noble was punished by the loss of the right hand.

Rape was punished with cutting off the nose of the man; the girl received at the same time a third of the man's fortune, as a compensation. Seduction, if not followed by marriage, was expiated by a pound of gold, if the party were rich; half a pound of gold, if the party were in mediocre circumstances; and cutting off the nose if the party were poor.

If a woman's husband were absent at the wars, she must wait ten years for his return, or for news of him. If she got sure news of his death, she must wait a year before marrying again. Otherwise a second marriage was considered adultery.

Great protection was afforded to friendly merchants, who were mostly Venetians. All lords of manors were enjoined to give them hospitality, and were responsible for losses sustained by robbery within their jurisdiction. The lessees of the gold and silver mines of Servia, as well as the workmen of the state mint, were also Venetians; and on looking through Professor Shafarik's collection, I found all the coins closely resembling in die those of Venice. Saint Stephan is seen giving to the king of the day the banner of Servia, in the same way as Saint Mark gives the banner of the republic of Venice to the Doge, as seen on the old coins of that state.

The process of embalming was carried to high perfection, for the mummy of the canonized Knes Lasar is to be seen to this day. I made a pilgrimage some years ago to Vrdnik, a retired monastery in the Frusca Gora, where his mummy is preserved with the most religious care, in the church, exposed to the atmosphere. It is, of course, shrunk, shrivelled, and of a dark brown colour, bedecked with an antique embroidered mantle, said to be the same worn at the battle of Kossovo. The fingers were covered with the most costly rings, no doubt since added.

It appears that the Roman practice of burning the dead, (probably preserved by the Tsinsars, the descendants of the colonists in Macedonia,) was not uncommon, for any village in which such an act took place was subject to fine.

If there be Moslems in secret to this day in Andalusia, and if there were worshippers of Odin and Thor till lately on the shores of the Baltic, may not some secret votaries of Jupiter and Mars have lingered among the recesses of the Balkan, for centuries after Christianity had shed its light over Europe?

The Servian monarchy having terminated more than half a century before the invention of printing, and most of the manuscripts of the period having been destroyed, or dispersed during the long Turkish occupation, very little is known of the literature of this period except the annals of Servia, by Archbishop Daniel, the original manuscript of which is now in the Hiliendar monastery of Mount Athos. The language used was the old Slaavic, now a dead language, but used to this day as the vehicle of divine service in all Greco-Slaavic communities from the Adriatic to the utmost confines of Russia, and the parent of all the modern varieties of the Southern and Eastern Slaavic languages

The Turkish conquest was followed by the gradual dispersion or disappearance of the native nobility of Servia, the last of whom, the Brankovitch, lived as *despots* in the castle of Semendria, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century; so that at this moment scarcely a single representative of the old stock is to be found¹.

The nobility of Bosnia, occupying the middle region between the sphere of the Eastern and Western churches, were in a state of religious indifference, although nominally Catholic; and in order to preserve their lands and influence, accepted Islamism *en masse*; they and the Albanians being the only instances, in all the wars of the Moslems, of a European nobility embracing the Mohamedan faith in a body. Chance might have given the Bosniacs a leader of energy and military talents. In that case, these men,

¹ The last of the Brankovitch line wrote a history of Servia; but the most valuable portion of the matter is to be found in Raich, a subsequent historical writer.

instead of now wearing turbans in their grim feudal castles, might, frizzed and perfumed, be waltzing in pumps; and Shakespeare and Mozart might now be delighting the citizens assembled in the Theatre Royal Sersaievo!

The period preceding the second siege of Vienna was the spring-tide of Islam conquest. After this event, in 1684, began the ebb. Hungary was lost to the Porte, and six years afterwards thirty-seven thousand Servian families emigrated into that kingdom; this first led the way to contact with the civilization of Germany: and in the attendance on the Austrian schools by the youth of the Servian nation during the eighteenth century, were sown the seeds of the now budding civilization of the principality.

Servia Proper, for a short time wrested from the Porte by the victories of Prince Eugene, again became a part of the dominions of the Sultan. But a turbulent militia overawed the government and tyrannized over the Rayahs. Pasvan Oglou and his bands at Widdin were, at the end of the last century, in open revolt against the Porte. Other chiefs had followed his example; and for the first time the Divan thought of associating Christian Rayahs with the spahis, to put down these rebels, who had organized a system which savoured more of brigandage than of government. They frequently used the holiday dresses of the peasants as horse-cloths, interrupted the divine service of the Christian Rayahs, and gratified their licentious appetites unrestrained.

The Dahis, as these brigand-chiefs were called, resolved to anticipate the approaching struggle by a massacre of the most influential Christians. This atrocious massacre was carried out with indescribable horrors. In the dead of the night a party of Dahis Cavasses would surround a house, drive open gates and doors with sledge-hammers; the awakened and affrighted inmates would rush to the windows, and seeing the court-yard filled with armed men with dark lanterns, the shrieks of women and children were added to the confusion; and the unhappy father was often murdered with the half-naked females of his family

clinging to his neck, but unable to save him. The rest of the population looked on with silent stupefaction: but Kara Georg, a peasant, born at Topola about the year 1767, getting timely information that his name was in the list of the doomed, fled into the woods, and gradually organized a formidable armed force.

His efforts were every where successful. In the name of the Porte he combated the Dahis, who had usurped local authority, in defiance of the Pasha of Belgrade. The Divan, little anticipating the ultimate issue of the struggle in Servia, was at first delighted at the success of Kara Georg; but soon saw with consternation that the rising of the Servian peasants grew into a formidable rebellion, and ordered the Pashas of Bosnia and Scodra to assemble all their disposable forces, and invade Servia. Between forty and fifty thousand Bosniacs burst into Servia on the west, in the spring of 1806, cutting to pieces all who refused to receive Turkish authority.

Kara Georg undauntedly met the storm; with amazing rapidity he marched into the west of Servia, cut up in detail several detached bodies of Turks, being here much favoured by the broken ground, and put to death several village-elders who had submitted to them. The Turks then retired to Shabatz; and Kara Georg at the head of only seven thousand foot and two thousand horse, in all nine thousand men, took up a position at an hour's distance, and threw up trenches. The following is the account which Wuk Stephanovitch gives of this engagement.

"The Turks demanded the delivery of the Servia arms. The Servians answered, 'Come and take them.' On two successive mornings the Turks came out of Shabatz and stormed the breast-work which the Servians had thrown up, but without effect. They then sent this message to the Servians: 'You have held good for two days; but we will try it again with all our force, and then see whether we give up the country to the Drina, or whether we drive you to Semendria.'

"In the night before the decisive battle (August, 1806,)

Kara Georg sent his cavalry round into a wood, with orders that they should not fire until the Turks were so close that every shot might tell. By break of day the Seraskier with his whole army poured out of his camp at Shabatz, the bravest Beys of Bosnia bearing their banners in the van. The Servians waited patiently until they came close, and then opening fire did deadly execution. The standard-bearers fell, confusion ensued, and the Servian cavalry issuing from the wood at the same time that Kara Georg passed the breastworks at the head of the infantry, the defence was changed into an attack; and the rout of the Turks was complete. The Seraskier Kullin was killed, as well as Sinan Pasha, and several other chiefs. The rest of the Turkish army was cut up in the woods, and all the country as far as the Drina evacuated by them.

“To the infantry within the breastworks he gave orders that they should not fire until the Turks were so close that every shot might tell. By break of day the Seraskier with his whole army poured out of his camp at Shabatz, the bravest Beys of Bosnia bearing their banners in the van. The Servians waited patiently until they came close, and then opening fire did deadly execution. The standard-bearers fell, confusion ensued, and the Servian cavalry issuing from the wood at the same time that Kara Georg passed the breastworks at the head of the infantry, the defence was changed into an attack; and the rout of the Turks was complete. The Seraskier Kullin was killed, as well as Sinan Pasha, and several other chiefs. The rest of the Turkish army was cut up in the woods, and all the country as far as the Drina evacuated by them.”

The Porte saw with astonishment the total failure of its schemes for the re-conquest of Serbia, resolved to temporize, and agreed to allow them a local and national government with a reduction of tribute; but previous to the ratification of the agreement withdrew its consent to the fortresses going into the hands of Christian Rayahs; on which Kara Georg resolved to seize Belgrade by stratagem.

Before daybreak on the 12th of December, 1806, a Greek Albanian named Konda, who had been in the Turkish service, and knew Belgrade well, but now fought in the Christian ranks, accompanied by six Servians, passed the ditch and palisades that surrounded the city of Belgrade, at a point between two posts so as not to be seen, and proceeding to one of the gates, fell upon the guard, which defended itself well. Four of the Servians were killed; but the Turks being at length overpowered, Konda and the two remaining Servians broke open the gate with an axe, on which a corps of Servians rushed in. The Turks being attracted to this point, Kara Georg passed

the ditch at another place with a large force. After a sanguinary engagement in the streets, and the conflagration of many houses, the windows of which served as embrasures to the Turks, victory declared for the Christians, and the Turks took refuge in the citadel.

The Servians, now in possession of the town, resolved to starve the Turks out of the fortress; and having occupied a flat island at the confluence of the Save and the Danube, were enabled to intercept their provisions; on which the Pasha capitulated and embarked for Widdin.

The succeeding years were passed in the vicissitudes of a guerilla warfare, neither party obtaining any marked success; and an auxiliary corps of Russians assisted in preventing the Turks from making the re-conquest of Servia.

Baron, subsequently Marshal Diebitch, on a confidential mission from the Russian government in Servia during the years 1810, 1811, writes as follows¹:

“George Petrovitch, to whom the Turks have given the surname of Kara or Black, is an important character. His countenance shows a greatness of mind, which is not to be mistaken; and when we take into consideration the times, circumstances, and the impossibility of his having received an education, we must admit that he has a mind of a masculine and commanding order. The imputation of cruelty and bloodthirstiness appears to be unjust. When the country was without the shadow of a constitution, and when he commanded an unorganized and uncultivated nation, he was compelled to be severe; he dared not vacillate or relax his discipline: but now that there are courts of law, and legal forms, he hands every case over to the regular tribunals.

“He has very little to say for himself, and is rude in his manners; but his judgments in civil affairs are promptly

¹ The original is now in the possession of the Servian government, and I was permitted to peruse it; but although interesting, it is too long for insertion.

and soundly formed, and to great address he joins unwearied industry. As a soldier, there is but one opinion of his talents, bravery, and enduring firmness."

Kara Georg was now a Russian lieutenant-general, and exercised an almost unlimited power in Serbia; the revolution, after a struggle of eight years, appeared to be successful, but the momentous events then passing in Europe, completely altered the aspect of affairs. Russia in 1812, on the approach of the countless legions of Napoleon, precipitately concluded the treaty of Bucharest, the eighth article of which formally assured a separate administration to the Servians.

Next year, however, was fatal to Kara Georg. In 1813, the vigour of the Ottoman empire, undivided by exertions for the prosecution of the Russian war, was now concentrated on the resubjugation of Serbia. A general panic seemed to seize the nation; and Kara Georg and his companions in arms sought a retreat on the Austrian territory, and thence passed into Wallachia. In 1814, three hundred Christians were impaled at Belgrade by the Pasha, and every valley in Serbia presented the spectacle of infuriated Turkish spahis, avenging on the Servians the blood, exile, and confiscation of the ten preceding years.

At this period Milosh Obrenovitch appears prominently on the political tapis. He spent his youth in herding the famed swine of Serbia; and during the revolution was employed by Kara Georg to watch the passes of the Balkan, lest the Servians should be taken aback by troops from Albania and Bosnia. He now saw that a favourable conjuncture had come for his advancement from the position of chieftain to that of chief; he therefore lost no time in making terms with the Turks, offering to collect the tribute, to serve them faithfully, and to aid them in the re-subjugation of the people: he was, therefore, loaded with caresses by the Turks as a faithful subject of the Porte. His offers were at once accepted; and he now displayed singular activity in the extirpation of all the other popular chiefs, who still held out in the woods and fastnesses, and

sent their heads to the Pasha; but the decapitation of Glavash, who was, like himself, supporting the government, showed that when he had accomplished the ends of Soliman Pasha his own turn would come; he therefore employed the ruse described in page 12, made his escape, and, convinced that it was impossible ever to come to terms with Soliman Pasha, raised the standard of open revolt. The people, grown desperate through the ill-treatment of the spahis, who had returned, responded to his call, and rose in a body. The scenes of 1804-5-6, were about to be renewed; but the Porte quickly made up its mind to treat with Milosh, who behaved, during this campaign, with great bravery, and was generally successful. Milosh consequently came to Belgrade, made his submission, in the name of the nation, to Marashly Ali Pasha, the governor of Belgrade, and was reinstated as tribute-collector for the Porte; and the war of mutual extermination was ended by the Turks retaining all the castles, as stipulated in the eighth article of the treaty of Bucharest.

Many of the chiefs, impatient at the speedy submission of Milosh, wished to fight the matter out, and Kara Georg, in order to give effect to their plans, landed in Servia. Milosh pretended to be friendly to his designs, but secretly betrayed his place of concealment to the governor, whose men broke into the cottage where he slept, and put him to death. Thus ended the brave and unfortunate Kara Georg, who was, no doubt, a rebel against his sovereign, the Sultan, and, according to Turkish law, deserving of death; but this base act of treachery, on the part of Milosh, who was not the less a rebel, is justly considered as a stain on his character.

M. Boué, who made the acquaintance of Milosh in 1836, gives a short account of him.

“Milosh rose early to the sound of military music, and then went to his open gallery, where he smoked a pipe, and entered on the business of the day. Although able neither to read, write, nor sign his name, he could dictate and correct despatches; and in the evening he caused the

articles in the *Journal des Débats*, the *Constitutionnel* and the *Augsburg Gazette*, to be translated to him.

The Belgrade chief of police ¹ having offended Milosh by the boldness of his language, and having joined the detractors of the prince at a critical moment, although he owed everything to him, Milosh ordered his head to be struck off. Fortunately his brother Prince Ievren met the people charged with the bloody commission; he blamed them, and wished to hinder the deed: and knowing that the police director was already on his way to Belgrade from Posharevatz, where he had been staying, he asked the momkes to return another way, saying they had missed him. The police director thus arrived at Belgrade, was overwhelmed with reproaches by Milosh, and pardoned.

A young man having refused to marry one of his cast-off mistresses, he was enlisted in the army, but after some months submitted to his fate.

He used to raise to places, in the Turkish fashion, men who were unprepared by their studies for them. One of his cooks became a colonel. Another colonel had been a merry-andrew. Having once received a good medical advice from his butler, he told him that nature intended him for a doctor, and sent him to study medicine under Dr. Cunibert.

When Milosh sent his meat to market, all other sales were stopped, until he had sold off his own at a higher price than that current, on the ground of the meat being better.

The prince considered all land in Servia to belong to him, and perpetually wished to appropriate any property that seemed better than his own, fixing his own price, which was sometimes below the value, which the proprietor dared not refuse to take, whatever labour had been bestowed on it. At Kragujevatz, he prevented the completion

¹ M. Boué, in giving this anecdote, calls him "Newspaper Editor" this is a mistake.

of the house of M. Raditchevitch, because some statues of wood, and ornaments, which were not to be found in his own palace, were in the plan. An almanack having been printed, with a portrait of his niece Auka, he caused all the copies to be given back by the subscribers, and the portraits cut out."

There can be no doubt, that, after the miserable end of Kara Georg, and the violent revolutionary wars, an unlimited dictatorship was the best regimen for the restoration of order. Milosh was, therefore, many years at the head of affairs of Servia before symptoms of opposition appeared. Allowances are certainly to be made for him; he had seen no government but the old Turkish régime, and had no notion of any other way of governing but by decapitation and confiscation. But this system, which was all very well for a prince of the fifteenth century, exhausted the patience of the new generation, many of whom were bred at the Austrian universities. Without seeking for democratic institutions, for which Servia is totally unfit, they loudly demanded written laws, which should remove life and property from the domain of individual caprice, and which, without affecting the suzerainty of the Porte, should bring Servia within the sphere of European institutions. They murmured at Milosh making a colossal fortune out of the administration of the principality, while he rendered no account of his intrusions, either to the Sultan or to the people, and seized lands and houses merely because he took a fancy to them¹. Hence arose the *national party* in Servia, which included nearly all the opulent and educated classes; which is not surprising,

¹ It is very true that the present Prince of Servia does not possess anything like the power which Milosh wielded; he cannot hang a man up at the first pear-tree; but it is a mistake on the part of the liberals of France and England, to suppose that the revolutions which expelled Milosh and Michael were democratic. There has been no turning upside down of the social pyramid; and in the absence of a hereditary aristocracy, the wealthiest and most influential persons in Servia, such as Ressavatz, Simitch, Garashanin, &c. supported the election of Alexander Kara Georgevitch.

since his rule was so stringent that he would allow no carriage but his own to be seen in the streets of Belgrade; and, on his fall, so many orders were sent to the coach-makers of Pesth, that trade was brisk for all the summer.

The details of the debates of the period would exhaust the reader's patience. I shall, therefore, at once proceed to the summing up.

1st. In the nine years' revolt of Kara Georg nearly the whole sedentary Turkish population disappeared from Serbia, and the Ottoman power became, according to their own expression, *assassiz* (foundationless).

2nd. The eighth article of the treaty of Bucharest, concluded by Russia with the Porte, which remained a dead letter, was followed by the fifth article in the treaty of Akerman, formally securing the Servians a separate administration.

3rd. The consummate skill with which Milosh played his fast and loose game with the Porte, had the same consequences as the above, and ultimately led to

4th. The formal act of the Sultan constituting Serbia a tributary principality to the Porte, in a *Hatti Sherif*, of the 22nd November, 1830.

5th. From this period, up to the end of 1838, was the hard struggle between Milosh, seeking for absolute power, supported by the peasantry of Rudnik, his native district, and the "Primates," as the heads of the national party are called, seeking for a habeas-corpus act and a legislative assembly.

Milosh was in 1838 forcibly expelled from Serbia; and his son Michael having been likewise set aside in 1842, and the son of Kara Georg selected by the sublime Porte and the people of Serbia, against the views of Russia, the long-debated "Servian Question" arose, which received a satisfactory solution by the return of Wucics and Petrovitch, the exiled supports of Kara Georgevitch, through the mediation of the Earl of Aberdeen.

Kara Georgevitch does not possess the political and military talents of his father, but he has been unswerving

in his attachment to his legitimate Sovereign, the Sultan. The recent revolution, through which he fell, and was replaced by Milosh, is not within the scope of the present work, which, designedly avoids the topics of the day, in order to treat more fully the general history and permanent Geography of these Danubian and Adriatic regions.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AND LETTERS IN BELGRADE.

There were no formal levees or receptions at the palace of Prince Alexander, except on his own fête day. Once or twice a year he entertained at dinner the Pasha, the ministers, and the foreign consuls-general. In the winter, the prince gave one or two balls.

One of the former species of entertainments took place during my stay, and I received the prince's invitation. At the appointed day, I found the avenue to the residence thronged with people who were listening to the band that played in the court-yard; and on arriving at the top of the stairs, was led by an officer in a blue uniform, who seemed to direct the ceremonies of the day, into the saloon, in which I had, on my arrival in Belgrade, paid my respects to the prince, which might be pronounced the facsimile of the drawing-room of a Hungarian nobleman; the parquet was inlaid and polished, the chairs and sofas covered with crimson and white satin damask, which is an unusual luxury in these regions, the roof admirably painted in subdued colours, in the best Vienna style. High white porcelain urn-like stoves heated the suite of rooms.

The company had that picturesque variety of character and costume which every traveller delights in. The prince, a muscular middle-sized dark-complexioned man, of about

thirty-five, with a serious composed air, wore a plain blue military uniform. The princess wore the graceful native Servian costume. The Pasha wore the Nizam dress, and the Nishan Ifthar; the foreign agents wore their embroidered uniforms. The archbishop's head was covered with his black velvet cap, a large enamelled cross hung by a massive gold chain from his neck, and the six feet four inches high Garashanin, minister of the interior, conversed with Stojan Simitich, the president of the senate, one of the few Servians in high office, who retains his old Turkish costume, and has a frame that reminds one of the Farnese Hercules. Then what a medley of languages; Servian, German, Russian, Turkish, and French, all in full buzz!

We proceeded to the dining-room, where the *cuisine* was in every respect in the German manner. When the dessert appeared, the prince rose with a creaming glass of champagne in his hand, and proposed the health of the Sultan, which was acknowledged by the Pasha. The Pasha and the Princess were toasted in turn. The entertainment, which commenced at one o'clock, was prolonged to an advanced period of the afternoon, and closed with coffee, liqueurs, and chibouques in the drawing-room; the princess and the ladies having previously withdrawn to the private apartments.

Kara Georgevitch means son of Kara Georg, his father's name having been Georg Petrovitch, or son of Peter; this manner of naming being common to all the southern Slaaves, except the Croats and Dalmatians. This is the opposite of the Arabic custom, which confers on a father the title of parent of his eldest son, as Abou-Selim, Abou-Hassan, &c. while his own name is dropped by his friends and family.

The Prince's household appointments were about £20,000 sterling, and, making allowance for the difference of provisions, servants' wages, horse keep, &c. was equal to about £35,000 sterling in England, which was not a large sum for a principality of the size of Servia.

The senate consisted of twenty-one individuals, four of whom were ministers. The senators were not elected by the people, but were named by the prince, and formed an oligarchy composed of the wealthiest and most influential persons. They held their offices for life; they must be at least thirty-five years, and possess landed property.

M. Petronievitch, the minister for foreign affairs, and director of the private chancery of the Prince, was unquestionably the most remarkable public character in Servia previous to the recent revolutions. He passed some time in a commercial house at Trieste, which gave him a knowledge of Italian; and the bustle of a sea-port first enlarged his views. Nine years of his life were passed at Constantinople as a hostage for the Servian nation, guaranteeing the non-renewal of the revolt; no slight act of devotion, when one considers that the obligations of the contracting parties reposed rather on expediency than on moral principles. Here he made the acquaintance of all the leading personages at the Ottoman Porte, and learned colloquial Turkish in perfection. Petronievitch was astute by education and position, but he had a good heart and a capacious intellect, and his defects belonged not to the man, but to education and circumstances. Most travellers traced in his countenance a resemblance to the busts and portraits of Fox.

In the course of a very tortuous political career, he has kept the advancement and civilization of Servia steadily in view, and has always shown himself regardless of sordid gain. He was one of the very few public men in Servia, in whom public spirit triumphed over the Oriental allegiance to *self*, and this disinterestedness was, in spite of his defects, the secret of his popularity.

The commander of the military force was M. Wucics, who was also minister of the interior, a man of great personal courage; and although unacquainted with the tactics of European warfare, said to possess high capacity for the command of an irregular force. He possessed great energy of character, and was free from the taint of

venality; but he was at the same time somewhat proud and vindictive. His predecessor in the ministry of the interior was M. Iliá Garashanin, the rising man in Servia. Sound practical sense, and unimpeachable integrity, without a shade of intrigue, distinguish this senator.

The standing army is a mere skeleton. The reason of this is obvious. Servia forms part of one great empire, and adjoins two others; therefore, the largest disciplined force that she might bring into the field, in the event of hostilities, could make no impression for offensive objects; while for defensive purposes, the countless riflemen, taking advantage of the difficult nature of the country, are amply sufficient.

Let the Servians thank their stars that their army is a skeleton. May the pen rapidly supersede the sword, and a council-board be established, to which strong and weak are equally amenable. May this diplomacy ultimately compass the ends of the earth, and every war be reckoned a civil war, an arch-high-treason against confederate hemispheres!

The portfolios of justice and finance are usually in the hands of men of business-habits, who mix little in politics.

The courts of law have something of the promptitude of oriental justice, without its flagrant venality. The salaries of the judges are small. M. Hadschitch, who framed the code of laws, had £700 sterling per annum.

The criminal code is founded on that of Austria. The civil code is a localized modification of the *Code Napoléon*. The first translation of the latter code was almost literal, and made without reference to the manners and historical antecedents of Servia: some of the blunders in it were laughable:—*Hypothèque* was translated as if it had been *Apotheke*, and made out to be a *depôt of drugs!*

The people prefer short *vivâ voce* procedure, and dislike documents. It is remarked, that when a man is supposed to be in the right, he wishes to carry on his own suit; when he has a bad case, he resorts to a lawyer.

The ecclesiastical affairs of this department occupy a considerable portion of the minister's attention.

In consequence of the wars which Stephan Dushan, the Servian emperor, carried on against the Greeks in the fourteenth century, he made the archbishop of Servia independent of the patriarch of Constantinople, who, in turn, excommunicated Stephan and his nominee. This independence continued up to the year 1765, at which period, in consequence of the repeated encouragement given by the patriarchs of Servia to revolts against the Turkish authority, the nation was again subjected to the immediate spiritual jurisdiction of Constantinople. Wuk Stephanovitch gives the following anecdote, illustrative of the abuses which existed in the selection of the superior clergy from this time, and up to the Servian revolution, all the charges being sold to the highest bidder, or given to courtiers, destitute of religion, and often of common morality.

In 1797, a Greek priest came to Orsova, complaining that he had not funds sufficient to enable him to arrive at his destination. A collection was made for him; but instead of going to the place he pretended to be bound for, he passed over to the island of New Orsova, and entered, in a military capacity, the service of the local governor, and became a petty chief of irregular Turkish troops. He then became a salt inspector; and the commandant wishing to get rid of him, asked what he could do for him; on which he begged to be made Archbishop of Belgrade! This modest request not being complied with, the Turkish commandant sent him to Sofia, with a recommendation to the Grand Vizier to appoint him to that see; but the vacancy had already been filled up by a priest of Nissa, who had been interpreter to the Vizier, and who no sooner seated himself, than he commenced a system of the most odious exactions."

In the time of Kara Georg, the Patriarchate of Constantinople was not recognized, and the Archbishop of Carlovitz in Hungary was looked up to as the spiritual

head of the nation; but after the treaty of Adrianople, the Servian government, on paying a peppercorn tribute to the Patriarch of Constantinople, was admitted to have the exclusive direction of its ecclesiastical affairs. The Archbishop's salary is 800*l.* per annum, and that of his three Bishops about half as much.

The finances of Servia were in good condition. The greater part of the revenue being produced by the *porosa*, which is paid by all heads of families, from the time of their marriage to their sixtieth year, and, in fact, includes nearly all the adult population; for, as is the case in most eastern countries, nearly every man marries early. The bachelors pay a separate tax. Some of the other items in the budget are curious: under the head of "Interest of a hundred thousand ducats lent by the government to the people at six per cent." we find a sum of fourteen thousand four hundred dollars. Not only has Servia no public debt, but she lends money. Interest is high in Servia; not because there is a want of capital, but because there are no means of investment. The consequence is that the immense savings of the peasantry are hoarded in the earth. A father of a family dies, or *in extremis* is speechless, and unable to reveal the spot; thus large sums are annually lost to Servia. The favourite speculation in the capital is the building of houses.

The largest gipsy colonies are to be found on this part of the Danube, in Servia, in Wallachia, and in the Banat. The tax on the gipsies in Servia amounts to more than six thousand dollars. They are under a separate jurisdiction, but have the choice of remaining nomade, or settling; in the latter case they are fiscally classed with the Servians. Some settled gipsies are peasants, but for the most part smiths. Both settled and nomade gipsies, are alike remarkable for their musical talents. Having fought with great bravery during the war of emancipation, they are not so despised in Servia as in some other countries.

For produce of the state forests, appears a very

insignificant sum. The interior of Servia being so thickly wooded, every Servian is allowed to cut as much timber as he likes. The last item in the budget sounds singularly enough: the produce of sales of stray cattle, which are first delivered up to the captain of the district, who makes the seizure publicly, and then hands them over to the judge for sale, if there be no claimant within a given time.

On passing to the town the politician views with interest the transitional state of society: but the student of manners finds nothing salient, picturesque, or remarkable; every thing is verging to German routine. If you meet a young man in any department, and ask what he does; he tells you that he is a Conceptor or Protocollist.

In the public offices, the paper is atrociously coarse, being something like that with which parcels are wrapped up in England; and sand is used instead of blotting paper. They commence business early in the morning, at eight o'clock, and go on till twelve, at which hour every body goes to the mid-day meal. They commence again at four o'clock, and terminate at seven, which is the hour of supper. The reason of this is, that almost every body takes a siesta.

The public offices throughout the interior of Servia are plain houses, with white-washed walls, deal desks, shelves, and presses, but having been recently built, have generally a respectable appearance. The Chancery of State and Sepate house are also quite new constructions, close to the palace; but in the country, a Natchalnik transacts a great deal of business in his own house.

Servia contains within itself the forms of the East and the West, as separately and distinctly as possible. See a Natchalnik in the back woods squatted on his divan, with his enormous trowsers, smoking his pipe, and listening to the contents of a paper, which his secretary, crouching and kneeling on the carpet, reads to him, and you have the Bey, the Kaimacam, or the Mutsellim before you. See M. Petronievitch scribbling in his cabinet, and you have

the *Fürstlicher Haus-Hof-Staats- und Conferenz-Minister* of the meridian of Saxe or Hesse.

Servia being an agricultural country, and not possessing a sea-port, there does not exist an influential, mercantile, or capitalist class *per se*. Greeks, Jews, and Tsinsars form a considerable proportion of those engaged in the foreign trade.

In Belgrade, the best tradesmen are Germans, or Servians, who have learned their business at Pesth, or Temeswar; but nearly all the retailers are Servians.

The Turks in Belgrade are nearly all of a very poor class, and follow the humblest occupations. The river navigation causes many hands to be employed in boating; and it always seemed to me that the proportion of the turbans on the river exceeded that of the Christian short fez. Most of the porters on the quay of Belgrade are Turks in their turbans, which gives the landing-place, on arrival from Semlin, a more Oriental look than the Moslem population of the town warrants. From the circumstance of trucks being nearly unknown in this country, these Turkish porters carry weights that would astonish an Englishman, and show great address in balancing and dividing heavy weights among them.

Most of the barbers in Belgrade are Turks, and have that superior dexterity which distinguishes their craft in the east. There are also Christian barbers; but the Moslems are in greater force. I never saw any Servian shave himself; nearly all resort to the barber. Even the Christian barbers, in imitation of the Oriental fashion, shave the straggling edges of the eye-brows, and with pincers tug out the small hairs of the nostrils.

Moslem boatmen, porters, barbers, &c. serve Christians and all and sundry. But in addition to these there is a sort of bazaar in the Turkish quarter, occupied by tradespeople, who subsist almost exclusively by the wants of their co-religionists living in the quarter, as well as of the Turkish garrison in the fortress. The only one of this class who frequented me, was the public writer, who

had several assistants; he was not a native of Belgrade, but a Bulgarian Turk from Ternovo. He drew up petitions to the Pasha in due form, and, moreover, engraved seals very neatly. His assistants, when not engaged in either of these occupations, copied Korans for sale. His own handwriting was excellent, and he knew all the styles, Arab, Deewanee, Persian, Reka, &c. What keeps him mostly in my mind, was the delight with which he entered into, and illustrated, the proverbs at the end of M. Joubert's grammar, which the secretary of the Russian Consul general had lent him. Some of the proverbs are so applicable to Oriental manners, that I hope the reader will excuse the digression.

"Kiss the hand thou hast not been able to cut."

"Hide thy friend's name from thine enemy."

"Eat and drink with thy friend; never buy and sell with him."

"This is a fast day, said the cat, seeing the liver she could not get at."

"Of three things one—Power, gold, or quit the town."

"The candle does not light its base."

"The orphan cuts his own navel-string," &c.

In the whole range of the Slaavic family there is no nation possessing so extensive a collection of excellent popular poetry. The romantic beauty of the region which they inhabit, the relics of a wild mythology, which, in its general features, has some resemblance to that of Greece and Scandinavia,—the adventurous character of the population, the vicissitudes of guerilla warfare, and a hundred picturesque incidents which are lost to the muses when war is carried on on a large scale by standing armies, are all given in a dialect, which, for musical sweetness, is to other Slavonic tongues what the Italian is to the languages of Western Europe. And those who take an interest in this subject, I have great pleasure in recommending a perusal of "Servian popular Poetry," by the accomplished and intelligent Dr., now Sir John, Bowring.

The poet of the last generation was Milutinovitch,

who has been sometimes called, "the Ossian of the Balkan", a most modest and intelligent man, with whom I had a great deal of intercourse. He was born in the last years of the eighteenth century, and having been in great poverty, he was enabled to print his poems out of a sum which a young surgeon had destined for his own support at a University in order to obtain his degree. This sacrifice, for such it may truly have been called, was compared by Milutinovitch to the subject of one of the wildest and strangest legends of Bulgaria, although by no means in accordance with nature and good taste, and which runs as follows:

"The day departed, and the stranger came, as the moon rose on the silver snow. 'Welcome,' said the poor Lasar to the stranger; 'Luibitza, light the faggot, and prepare the supper.'

"Luibitza answered: 'The forest is wide, and the lighted faggot burns bright, but where is the supper? Have we not fasted since yesterday?'

"Shame and confusion smote the heart of poor Lasar.

"'Art thou a Bulgarian,' said the stranger, 'and settest not food before thy guest?'

"Poor Lasar looked in the cupboard, and looked in the garret, nor crumb, nor onion, were found in either. Shame and confusion smote the heart of poor Lasar.

"'Here is fat and fair flesh,' said the stranger, pointing to Janko, the curly-haired boy. Luibitza shrieked and fell. 'Never,' said Lasar, 'shall it be said that a Bulgarian was wanting to his guest.' He seized a hatchet, and Janko was slaughtered as a lamb. Ah, who can describe the supper of the stranger!

"Lasar fell into a deep sleep, and at midnight he heard the stranger cry aloud, 'Arise, Lasar, for I am the Lord thy God; the hospitality of Bulgaria is untarnished. Thy son Janko is restored to life, and thy stores are filled.'

"Long lived the rich Lasar, the fair Luibitza, and the curly-haired Janko."

In imitation of more populous cities, Belgrade has also a "Literary Society," for the formation of a complete dictionary of the language, and the encouragement of popular literature. I could not help smiling at the thirteenth statute of the society, which determines that the seal should represent an uncultivated field, with the rising sun shining on a monument, on which the arms of Servia are carved.

The fine arts are necessarily at a very low ebb in Servia. The useful being so imperfect, the ornamental scarcely exists at all. The pictures in the churches are mostly in the Byzantine manner, in which deep browns and dark reds are relieved with gilding, while the subjects are characterized by such extravagancies as one sees in the pictures of the early German painters, a school which undoubtedly took its rise from the importations of Byzantine pictures at Venice, and their expedition thence across the Alps. At present everything artistic in Servia bears a coarse German impress, such as for instance the pictures in the cathedral of Belgrade.

Thus has civilization performed one of her great evolutions. The light that set on the Thracian Bosphorus rose in the opposite direction from the land of the once barbarous Germans, and now feebly re-illuminates the modern Servia.

The history, antiquities and geology of Servia have now begun to be studied by the younger generation, for Belgrade now possesses a college for higher education, with a geological and antiquarian Museum, including a Byzantine and Servian numismatic collection, and an interesting national relic—the first banner of Kara Georg, which is in red silk, and bears the emblem of the Cross, with the inscription, "Jesus Christ conquers."

CHAPTER V.

SHABATZ AND THE BANKS OF THE SAVE.

I now began a journey through the interior of Servia: some persons recommended my hiring a Turkish Araba; but as this is practicable only on the regularly constructed roads, I should have lost the sight of the most picturesque regions, or been compelled to take my chance of getting horses, and leaving my baggage behind. To avoid this inconvenience, I resolved to perform the whole journey on horseback.

The government showed me every attention, and orders were sent by the minister of the interior to all governors, vice-governors, and employés, enjoining them to furnish me with every assistance, and communicate whatever information I might desire; to which, as the reader will see in the sequel, the fullest effect was given by those individuals.

The immediate object of my first journey was Shabatz, the second town in Servia, which is situated further up the Save than Belgrade, and is thus close upon the frontier of Bosnia. We consequently had the river on our right hand all the way. After five hours' travelling, the mountains, which hung back as long as we were in the vicinity of Belgrade, now approached, and draped in forest green, looked down on the winding Save and the pinguid flats of the Slavonian frontier. Just before the sun set, we wound by a circuitous road to an eminence which projected promontory-like into the river's course. Three rude crosses were planted on a steep, not unworthy the columnar harmony of Grecian marble.

When it was quite dark, we arrived at the Colubara, and passed the ferry which, during the long Servian revolution, was always considered a post of importance, as commanding a communication between Shabatz and the capital. An old man accompanied us, who was returning to his native place on the frontiers of Bosnia, having gone

to welcome Wucics and Petronievitch. He amused me by asking me "if the king of my country lived in a strong castle?" I answered, "No, we have a queen, whose strength is in the love of all her subjects." Indeed, it is impossible to travel in the interior of Turkey without having the mind perpetually carried back to the middle ages by a thousand quaint remarks and circumstances, inseparable from the moral and political constitution of a half civilized empire.

From Palesh we started with fine weather for Skela, through a beautifully wooded park, some fields being here and there inclosed with wattling. Skela is a new ferry on the Save, to facilitate the communication with Austria. Near here are redoubts, where Kara Georg, the father of the reigning prince, held out during the disasters of 1813, until all the women and children were transferred in safety to the Austrian territory. Here we met a very pretty girl, who, in answer to the salute of my fellow-travellers, bent herself almost to the earth. On asking the reason, I was told that she was a bride, whom custom compels, for a stated period, to make this humble reverence.

We then came to the Skela, and seeing a large house within an enclosure, I asked what it was, and was told that it was the reconciliation-house, (*primiritelnj sud*), a court of first instance, in which cases are decided by the village elders, without expense to the litigants, and beyond which suits are seldom carried to the higher courts. There is throughout all the interior of Serbia a stout opposition to the nascent lawyer class in Belgrade. As it began to rain we entered a tavern, and ordered a fowl to be roasted. A booby, with idiocy marked on his countenance, was lounging about the door, and when our mid-day meal was done I ordered the man to give him a glass of *slivovitsa*, as plum brandy is called. He then came forward, trembling, as if about to receive sentence of death, and taking off his greasy fez, said, "I drink to our prince Kara Georgovich, and to the progress and

enlightenment of the nation." I looked with astonishment at the torn, wretched habiliments of this idiot swineherd. He was too stupid to entertain these sentiments himself; but this trifling circumstance was the feather which indicated how the wind blew. The Servians are by no means a nation of talkers; they are a serious people; and if the determination to rise were not in the minds of the people, it would not be on the lips of the baboon-visaged oaf of an insignificant hamlet.

The rain now began to pour in torrents, so to make the most of it, we ordered another magnum of strong red wine, and procured from the neighbourhood a blind fiddler, who had acquired a local reputation. His instrument, the favourite one of Servia, is styled a *goosely*, being a testudo-formed viol; no doubt a relic of the antique, for the Servian monarchy derived all its arts from the Greeks of the Lower Empire. But the musical entertainment, in spite of the magnum of wine, and the jovial challenges of our fellow traveller from the Drina, threw me into a species of melancholy. The voice of the minstrel, and the tone of the instrument, were soft and melodious, but so profoundly plaintive as to be painful. The song described the struggle of Osman Bairactar with Michael, a Servian chief, and, as it was explained to me, called up successive images of a war of extermination, with its pyramids of ghastly trunkless heads, and fields of charcoal, to mark the site of some peaceful village, amid the blaze of which its inhabitants had wandered to an eternal home in the snows and trackless woods of the Balkan. I again ordered the horses, although it still rained, and set forth, the road being close to the river, at one part of which a fleet of decked boats were moored. I perceived that they were all navigated by Bosniac Moslems, one of whom, smoking his pipe under cover, wore the green turban of a Shereef; they were all loaded with raw produce, intended for sale at Belgrade or Semlin.

The rain increasing, we took shelter in a wretched khan, with a mud floor, and a fire of logs blazing in the

centre, the smoke escaping as it best could by the front and back doors. Gipsies and Servian peasants sat round it in a large circle; the former being at once recognizable, not only from their darker skins, but from their traits being finer than those of the Servian peasantry. The gipsies fought bravely against the Turks under Kara Georg, and are now for the most part settled, although politically separated from the rest of the community, and living under their own responsible head; but, as in other countries, they prefer horse dealing and smith's work to other trades. As there was no chance of the storm abating, I resolved to pass the night here on discovering that there was a separate room, which our host said he occasionally unlocked, for the better order of travellers.

Next morning, on waking, the sweet chirp of a bird, gently echoed in the adjoining woods, announced that the storm had ceased, and nature resumed her wonted calm. On arising, I went to the door, and the unclouded effulgence of dawn bursting through the dripping boughs and rain-bespangled leaves, seemed to realize the golden tree of the garden of the Abbassides. The road from this point to Shabat兹 was one continuous avenue of stately oaks—nature's noblest order of sylvan architecture; at some places, gently rising to views of the winding Save, with sun, sky, and freshening breeze to quicken the sensations, or falling into the dell, where the stream, darkly pellucid, murmured under the sombre foliage.

The road, as we approached Shabat兹, proved to be macadamized in a certain fashion: a deep trench was dug on each side; stakes about a foot and a half high, interlaced with wicker-work, were stuck into the ground within the trench, and the road was then filled up with gravel.

I entered Shabat兹 by a wide street, paved in some places with wood. The bazaars are all open, and Shabat兹 looks like a good town in Bulgaria. I saw very few shops with glazed fronts and counters in the European manner.

I alighted at the principal khan, which had attached to it just such a café and billiard table as one sees in country towns in Hungary. How odd! to see the Servians, who here all wear the old Turkish costume, except the turban—immersed in the tactics of *carambolage*, skipping most un-orientally around the table, balancing themselves on one leg, enveloped in enormous inexpressibles, and bending low, to catch the choicest hits.

Surrendering our horses to the care of the khan keeper, I proceeded to the konak, or government house, to present my letters. This proved to be a large building, in the style of Constantinople, which, with its line of bow windows, and kiosk-fashioned rooms, surmounted with projecting roofs, might have passed muster on the Bosphorus.

On entering, I was ushered into the office of the collector, to await his arrival, and, at a first glance, might have supposed myself in a formal Austrian kanzley.

There were the flat desks, the strong boxes, and the shelves of coarse foolscap; but a pile of long chibouques, and a young man, with a slight Northumbrian burr, and Servian dress, showed that I was on the right bank of the Save.

The collector now made his appearance, a roundly-built, serious, burgomaster-looking personage, who appeared as if one of Vander Helst's portraits had stepped out of the canvass, so closely does the present Servian dress resemble that of Holland in the seventeenth century, in all but the hat.

Having read the letter, he cleared his throat with a loud hem, and then said with great deliberation, "Gospody Ilija Garashanin informs me that having seen many countries, you also wish to see Servia, and that I am to show you whatever you desire to see, and obey whatever you choose to command; and now you are my guest while you remain here. Go you, Simo, to the khan," continued the collector, addressing a tall monk or pandour, who, armed to the teeth, stood with his hands crossed at the door, "and get

the gentleman's baggage taken to my house.—I hope," added he, "you will be pleased with Shabatz; but you must not be critical, for we are still a rude people."

AUTHOR. "Childhood must precede manhood; that is the order of nature."

COLLECTOR. "Ay, ay, our birth was slow, and painful; Servia, as you say, is yet a child."

AUTHOR. "Yes, but a stout, chubby, healthy child."

A gleam of satisfaction produced a thaw of the collector's ice-bound visage, and, descending to the street, I accompanied him until we arrived at a house two stories high, which we entered by a wide new wooden gate, and then mounting a staircase, scrupulously clean, were shown into his principal room, which was surrounded by a divan *à la Turque*; but it had no carpet, so we went straight in with our boots on. A German chest of drawers was in one corner; the walls were plain white-washed, and so was a stove about six feet high; the only ornament of the room was a small snake moulding in the centre of the roof.

"We are still somewhat rude and un-European in Shabatz," said Gospody Ninitch, for such was the name in which the collector rejoiced.

"Indeed," said I, sitting at my ease on the divan, there is no room for criticism. The Turks now-a-days take some things from Europe; but Europe might do worse than adopt the divan more extensively; for, believe me, to an arriving traveller it is the greatest of all luxuries."

Here the servants entered with chibouques. "I certainly think," said he, "that no one would smoke a cigar who could smoke a chibouque."

"And no man would sit on an oak chair who could sit on a divan:" so the Gospody smiled and transferred his ample person to the still ampler divan.

The barber now entered; for in the hurry of departure I had forgotten part of my toilette apparatus: but it was evident that I was the first Frank who had ever been

under his razor; for when his operations were finished, he seized my comb, and began to comb my whiskers backwards, as if they had formed part of a Mussulman's beard. When I thought I was done with him, I resumed the conversation, but was speedily interrupted by something like a loud box on the ear, and, turning round my head, perceived that the cause of this sensation was the barber having, in his finishing touch, stuck an ivory ear-pick against my tympanum; but, calling for a wash-hand basin, I begged to be relieved from all further ministrations; so putting half a zwanziger on the face of the round pocket mirror which he proffered to me, he departed with a "*S' Bogom*," or, "God be with you."

The collector now accompanied me on a walk through the Servian town, and emerging on a wide space, we discovered the fortress of Shabatz, which is the quarter in which the remaining Turks live, presenting a line of irregular trenches, of battered appearance, scarcely raised above the level of the surrounding country. The space between the town and the fortress is called the Shabatko Polje, and in the time of the civil war was the scene of fierce combats. When the Save overflows in spring, it is generally under water.

Crossing a ruinous wooden bridge over a wet ditch, we saw a rusty unserviceable brass cannon, which assumed the prerogative of commanding the entrance. To the left, a citadel of four bastions, connected by a curtain, was all but a ruin.

As we entered, a café, with bare walls and a few shabby Turks smoking in it, completed, along with the dirty street, a picture characteristic of the fallen fortunes of Islam in Servia.

"There comes the *cadi*," said the collector, and I looked out for an individual with turban of fine texture, decent robes, and venerable appearance; but a man of gigantic stature, and rude aspect, wearing a grey peasant's turban, welcomed us with cordiality. We followed him down the street, and sometimes crossing the mud on pieces of

wood, sometimes "putting one's foot in it," we reached a savage-looking timber kiosk, and, mounting a ladder, seated ourselves on the window ledge.

There flowed the Save in all its peaceful smoothness; looking out of the window, I perceived that the high rampart, on which the kiosk was constructed, was built at a distance of thirty or forty yards from the water, and that the intervening space was covered with boats, hauled up high and dry, and animated with the process of building and repairing the barges employed in the river trade. The kiosk, in which we were sitting, was a species of café, and it being Ramadan time, we were presented with sherbet by a kahwagi, who, to judge by his look, was a eunuch. I was afterwards told that the Turks remaining in the fortified town are so poor, that they had not a decent room to show me into.

A Turk, about fifty years of age, now entered. His habiliments were somewhere between decent and shabby genteel, and his voice and manners had that distinguished gentleness which wins—because it feels—its way. This was the Disdar Aga, the last relic of the wealthy Turks of the place: for before the Servian revolution Shabat兹 had its twenty thousand Osmanlis; and a tract of gardens on the other side of the *Polje*, was pointed out as having been covered with the villas of the wealthy, which were subsequently burnt down.

Our conversation was restricted to a few general observations, as other persons were present, but the Disdar Aga promised to call on me on the following day. I was asked if I had been in Seraievo¹. I answered in the negative, but added, "I have heard so much of Seraievo; that I desire ardently to see it. But I am afraid of the Haiducks."²

¹ The capital of Bosnia, a large and beautiful city, which is often called the Damascus of the North.

² In this part of Turkey in Europe robbers, as well as rebels, are called Haiducks: like the caterans of the Highlands of Scotland, they were merely held to be persons at war with the authority: and in the

CADI. "And not without reason; for Seraievo, with its delicious gardens, must be seen in summer. In winter the roads are free from haiducks, because they cannot hold out in the snow: but then Seraievo, having lost the verdure and foliage of its environs, ceases to be attractive, except in its bazaars, for they are without an equal."

AUTHOR. "I always thought that the finest bazaar of Turkey in Europe, was that of Adrianople."

CADI. "Ay, but not equal to Seraievo; when you see the Bosniacs, in their cleanly apparel and splendid arms walking down the bazaar, you might think yourself in the serai of a sultan; then all the esnafs are in their divisions like regiments of Nizam."

The Disdar Aga now accompanied me to the gate, and bidding me farewell, with graceful urbanity, re-entered the bastioned miniature citadel in which he lived almost alone. The history of this individual is singular: his family was cut to pieces in the dreadful scenes of 1806; and, when a mere boy, he found himself a prisoner in the Servian camp. Being thus without protectors, he was adopted by Luka Lasarevitch, the valiant lieutenant of Kara Georg, and baptized as a Christian with the name of John, but having been reclaimed by the Turks on the re-conquest of Servia in 1813, he returned to the faith of his fathers.

We now returned into the town, and there sat the same Luka Lasarevitch, now a merchant and town councillor, at the door of his warehouse, an octogenarian, with thirteen wounds on his body.

Going home, I asked the collector if the Aga and Luka were still friends. "To this very day," said he, "notwithstanding the difference of religion, the Aga looks upon Luka as his father, and Luka looks upon the Aga as his son." To those who have lived in other parts of Turkey this account must appear very curious. I found that

Servian revolution, patriots, rebels, and robbers, were confounded in the common term of Haiducks.

the Aga was as highly respected by the Christians as by the Turks, for his strictly honourable character.

We now paid a visit to the Arch-priest, Iowan Paulovitch, a self-taught ecclesiastic: the room in which he received us was filled with books, mostly Servian; but I perceived among them German translations. On asking him if he had heard any thing of English literature, he showed me translations into German of Shakspeare, Young's Night Thoughts, and a novel of Bulwer. The Greek secular clergy marry; and in the course of conversation it came out that his son was one of the young Servians sent by the government to study mining-engineering, at Schemnitz, in Hungary. The Church of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, in which he officiates, was built in 1828. I remarked that it had only a wooden bell tower, which had been afterwards erected in the church yard; no belfry existing in the building itself. The reason of this is, that, up to the period mentioned, the Servians were unaccustomed to have bells sounded.

Our host provided most ample fare for supper, preceded by a glass of slivovitsa. We began with soup, rendered slightly acid with lemon juice, then came fowl, stewed with turnips and sugar. This was followed by pudding of almonds, raisins, and pancake. Roast capon brought up the rear. A white wine of the country was served during supper, but along with dessert we had a good red wine of Negotin, served in Bohemian coloured glasses. I have been thus minute on the subject of food, for the dinners I ate at Belgrade I do not count as Servian, having been all in the German fashion.

The wife of the collector sat at dinner, but at the foot of the table; a position characteristic of that of women in Servia—midway between the graceful precedence of Europe and the contemptuous exclusion of the East.

After hand-washing, we returned to the divan, and while pipes and coffee were handed round, a noise in the court yard denoted a visiter, and a middle-aged man, with embroidered clothes, and silver-mounted pistols in

his girdle, entered. This was the Natchalnik, or local governor, who had come from his own village, two hours off, to pay his visit; he was accompanied by the two captains under his command, one of whom was a military dandy. His ample girdle was richly embroidered, out of which projected silver-mounted old fashioned pistols. His crimson shaksheers were also richly embroidered, and the corner of a gilt flowered cambric pocket handkerchief showed itself at his breast. His companion wore a different aspect, with large features, dusky in tint as those of a gipsy, and dressed in plain coarse blue clothes. He was presented to me as a man who had grown from boyhood to manhood to the tune of the whistling bullets of Kara Georg and his Turkish opponents. After the usual salutations, the Natchalnik began—

“We have heard that Gospody Wellington has received from the English nation an estate for his distinguished services.”

AUTHOR. “That is true; but the presentation took place a great many years ago.”

NATCH. “What is the age of Gospody Wellington?”

AUTHOR. “About seventy-five. He was born in 1769, the year in which Napoleon and Mohammed Ali first saw the light.”

NATCH. “That was a moment when nature had her sleeves tucked up. I think our Kara Georg must also have been born about that time.” Well, God grant that Gospody Wellington’s sons, and his sons’ sons, may render as great services to the nation.”

Our conversation was prolonged to a late hour in the evening, in which a variety of anecdotes were related of the ingenious methods employed by Milosh to fill his coffers as rapidly as possible.

Mine host, taking a candle, then led me to my bedroom, a small carpeted apartment, with a German bed; the coverlet was of green satin, quilted, and the sheets were clean and fragrant; and I observed, that they were striped with an alternate fine and coarse woof.

The fatigues of travelling procured me a sound sleep. I rose refreshed, and proceeded into the divan. The hostess then came forward, and before I could perceive, or prevent her object, she kissed my hand. "Kako se spavali; Dobro?"—"How have you slept? I hope you are refreshed," and other kindly inquiries followed on, while she took from the hand of an attendant a silver salver, on which was a glass of slivovitsa, a plate of rose marmalade, and a large Bohemian cut crystal globular goblet of water, the contents of which, along with a chibouque, were the prelude to breakfast, which consisted of coffee and toast, and instead of milk we had rich boiled kaimak, as Turkish clotted cream is called.

I have always been surprised to find that this undoubted luxury, which is to be found in every town in Turkey, should be unknown throughout the greater part of Europe. After comfortably smoking another chibouque, and chatting about Shabatz and the Shabatziens, the collector informed me that the time was come for returning the visit of the Natchalnik, and paying that of the Bishop.

The Natchalnik received us in the Konak of Gospody Iefrem, the brother of Milosh, and our interview was in no respect different from a usual Turkish visit. We then descended to the street; the sun an hour before its meridian shone brightly, but the centre of the broad street was very muddy, from the late rain; so we picked our steps with some care, until we arrived in the vicinity of the bridge, when I perceived the eunuch-looking coffee-keeper navigating the slough, accompanied by a Mussulman in a red checked shawl turban.—"Here is a man that wishes to make your acquaintance," said Eunuch-face.—"I heard you were paying visits yesterday in the Turkish quarter," said the strange figure, saluting me. I returned the salute, and addressed him in Arabic; he answered in a strong Egyptian accent. However, as the depth of the surrounding mud, and the glare of the sun, rendered a further colloquy somewhat inconvenient, we postponed

our meeting until the evening. On our way to the Bishop, I asked the collector what that man was doing there.

COLLECTOR. "His history is a singular one. You yesterday saw a Turk, who was baptized, and then returned to Islamism. This is a Servian, who turned Turk thirty years ago, and now wishes to be a Christian again. He has passed most of that time in the distant parts of Turkey, and has children grown up and settled there. He has come to me secretly, and declares his desire to be a Christian again; but he is afraid the Turks will kill him."

AUTHOR. "Has he been long here?"

COLLECTOR. "Two months. He went first into the Turkish town; and having incurred their suspicions, he left them, and has now taken up his quarters in the khan, with a couple of horses and a servant."

AUTHOR. "What does he do?"

COLLECTOR. "He pretends to be a doctor, and cures the people; but he generally exacts a considerable sum before prescribing, and he has had disputes with people who say that they are not healed so quickly as they expect."

AUTHOR. "Do you think he is sincere in wishing to be a Christian again?"

COLLECTOR. "God knows. What can one think of a man who has changed his religion, but that no dependence can be placed on him? The Turks are shy of him."

On our way homewards we called at a house which contained portraits of Kara Georg, Milosh, Michael, Alexander, and other personages who have figured in Servian history. I was much amused with that of Milosh, which was painted in oil, altogether without *chiaro scuro*; but his decorations, button holes, and even a large mole on his cheek, were done with the most painful minuteness. In his left hand he held a scroll, on which was inscribed *Ustav*, or Constitution, his right hand was partly doubled à la finger post; it pointed significantly to the said

scroll, the fore-finger being adorned with a large diamond ring.

On arriving at the collector's house, I found the Aga awaiting me. This man inspired me with great interest. I looked upon him, residing in his lone tower, the last of a once wealthy and powerful race now steeped in poverty, as a sort of master of Ravenswood in a Wolf's crag. At first he was ceremonious; but on learning that I had lived long in the interior of society in Damascus and Aleppo, and finding that the interest with which he inspired me was real and not assumed, he became expansive without lapsing into familiarity, and told me his tale.

When I spoke of the renegade, he pretended not to know whom I meant; but I saw, by a slight unconscious wink of his eye, that knowing him too well, he wished to see and hear no more of him. As he was rising to take leave, a step was heard creaking on the stairs, and on turning in the direction of the door, I saw the red and white checked turban of the renegade emerging from the banister; but no sooner did he perceive the Aga, than, turning round again, down went the red checked turban out of sight.

When the Aga was gone, the collector gave me a significant look, and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe into a plate on the floor, said, "Changed times, changed times, poor fellow; his salary is only 250 piastres a month, and his relations used to be little kings in Shabatz; but the other fellows in the Turkish quarter, although so wretchedly poor that they have scarcely bread to eat, are as proud and insolent as ever."

AUTHOR. "What is the reason of that?"

COLLECTOR. "Because they are so near the Bosniac frontier, where there is a large Moslem population. The Moslems of Shabatz pay no taxes, either to the Servian government or the sultan, for they are accounted *Redif*, or Militia, for which they receive a ducat a year from the sultan, as a returning fee. The Christian peasants here are very rich; some of them have ten and twenty

thousand ducats buried under the earth; but these impoverished Bosniacs in the fortress are as proud and insolent as ever."

AUTHOR. "You say Bosniacs! Are they not Turks?"

COLLECTOR. "No, the only Turks here are the Aga and the Cadi; all the rest are Bosniacs, the descendants of men of our own race and language, who on the Turkish invasion accepted Islamism, but retained the language, and many Christian customs, such as saints' days, Christian names, and in most cases monogamy."

AUTHOR. "That is very curious; then, perhaps, as they are not full Moslems, they may be more tolerant of Christians."

COLLECTOR. "The very reverse. The Bosniac Christians are not half so well off as the Bulgarians, who have to deal with the real Turks. The arch-priest will be here to dinner, and he will be able to give you some account of the Bosniac Christians. But Bosnia is a beautiful country; how do you intend to proceed from here?"

AUTHOR. "I intend to go to Vallievo and Ushitza."

COLLECTOR. "He that leaves Serbia without seeing Sokol, has seen nothing."

AUTHOR. "What is to be seen at Sokol?"

COLLECTOR. "The most wonderful place in the world, a perfect eagle's eyrie. A whole town and castle built on the capital of a column of rock."

AUTHOR. "But I did not contemplate going there; so I must change my route: I took no letters for that quarter."

COLLECTOR. "Leave all that to me; you will first go to Losnitza, on the banks of the Drina, and I will despatch a messenger to-night, apprising the authorities of your approach. When you have seen Sokol, you will admit that it was worth the journey."

The renegade having seen the Aga clear off, now came to pay his visit, and the normal good-nature of the collector procured him a tolerant welcome. When we were left alone, the renegade began by abusing the

Moslems in the fortress as a set of scoundrels. "I could not live an hour longer among such rascals," said he, "and I am now in the khan with my servant and a couple of horses, where you must come and see me. I will give you as good a pipe of Djebel tobacco as ever you smoked."

AUTHOR. "You must excuse me, I must set out on my travels to-morrow. You were in Egypt, I believe."

RENEGADE. "I was long there; my two sons, and a married daughter, are in Cairo to this day."

AUTHOR. "What do they do?"

RENEGADE. "My daughter is married, and I taught my sons all I know of medicine, and they practise it in the old way."

AUTHOR. "Where did you study?"

RENEGADE (tossing his head and smiling). "Here, and there, and everywhere. I am no Hekim Bashi; but I have an ointment that heals all bruises and sores in an incredibly short space of time."

He gave a most unsatisfactory account of his return to Turkey in Europe; first to Bosnia, or Herzegovina, where he was, or pretended to be, physician to Husreff Mehmed Pasha, and then to Seraievo. When we spoke of Hafiz Pasha, of Belgrade, he said, "I know him well, but he does not know me; I recollect him at Carpout and Diarbegr before the battle of Nisib, when he had thirty or forty pashas under him. He could shoot at a mark, or ride, with the youngest man in the army."

The collector now re-entered with the Natchalnik and his captains, and the renegade took his leave, I regretting that I had not seen more of him; for a true recital of his adventures must have made an amusing chapter.

"Here is the captain, who is to escort you to Ushitza," said the Natchalnik, pointing to a muscular man at his left. "He will take you safe and sound."

AUTHOR. "I see he is a stout fellow. I would rather have him for a friend than meet him as an enemy. He has the face of an honest man, too."

NATCHALNIK. "I warrant you as safe in his custody, as if you were in that of Gospody Wellington."

AUTHOR. "You may rest assured that if I were in the custody of the Duke of Wellington, I should not reckon myself very safe. One of his offices is to take care of a tower, in which the Queen locks up traitorous subjects. Did you never hear of the Tower of London?"

NATCHALNIK. "No; all we know of London is the wonderful bridge that goes under the water, where an army can pass from one side to the other, while the fleet lies anchored over their heads."

The Natchalnik now bid me farewell, and I gave my rendezvous to the captain for next morning. During the discussion of dinner, the arch-priest gave us an illustration of Bosniac fanaticism: A few months ago a church at Belina was about to be opened, which had been a full year in course of building, by virtue of a Firman of the Sultan; the Moslems murmuring, but doing nothing. When finished, the Bishop went to consecrate it; but two hours after sunset, an immense mob of Moslems, armed with pickaxes and shovels, rased it to the ground, having first taken the Cross and Gospels and thrown them into a latrina. The Bishop complained to the Mutsellim, who imprisoned one or two of them, exacted a fine, which he put in his own pocket, and let them out next day; the ruins of the Church remain *in statu quo*.

Next morning, on awaking, all the house was in a bustle: the sun shone brightly on the green satin coverlet of my bed, and a tap at the door announced the collector, who entered in his dressing gown with the apparatus of brandy and sweetmeats, and joined his favourable augury to mine for the day's journey.

"You will have a rare journey," said the collector; "the country is a garden, the weather is clear, and neither hot nor cold. The nearer you get to Bosnia, the more beautiful is the landscape."

We each drank a thimbleful of slivovitsa, he to my prosperous journey, while I proposed health and long life

to him; but, as the sequel showed, "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*" After breakfast, I bade Madame Ninitch adieu, and descended to the court-yard, where two carriages of the collector awaited us, our horses being attached behind.

Little did the collector suppose, that within a month from this he would be in the other world. The Obrenovich party, anxious to reinstate themselves in power, secretly furnished themselves with thirty-four or thirty-five hussar uniforms at Pesth, bought horses, and having bribed the Austrian frontier guard, passed the Save with a trumpeter about a month after this period, and entering Shabatz, stated that a revolution had broken out at Belgrade, that prince Kara Georgevitch was murdered, and Michael proclaimed, with the support of the cabinets of Europe! The inhabitants knew not what to believe, and allowed the detachment to ride through the town. Arrived at the government-house, the collector issued from the porch, to ask what they wanted, and received for answer a pistol-shot, which stretched him dead on the spot. The soi-disant Austrian hussars subsequently attempted to raise the country, but, failing in this, were nearly all taken and executed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALE OF THE DRINA.

Through the richest land, forming part of the ancient banat of Matchva, which was in the earlier periods of Servian and Hungarian history so often a source of conflict and contention, we approached distant grey hills, which gradually rose from the horizon, and, losing their indistinctness, revealed a chain most charmingly accidented. Thick turf covered the pasture lands; the old oak and

the tender sapling diversified the plain. Some clouds hung on the horizon, whose delicate lilac and fawn tints, forming a harmonizing contrast with the deep deep blue of the heavens, showed the transparency of the atmosphere, and brought healthful elevation of spirits. Even the brutes bespoke the harmony of creation; for, singular to say, we saw several crows perched on the backs of swine!

Towards evening, we entered a region of cottages among gardens inclosed by bushes, trees, and verdant fences, with the rural quiet and cleanliness of an English village in the last century, lighted up by an Italian sunset. Having crossed the little bridge, a pandour, who was sitting under the willows, rose, came forward, and, touching his hat, presented the Natchalnik's compliments, and said that he was instructed to conduct me to his house. Losnitza is situated on the last undulation of the Gutchevo range, as the mountains we had all day kept in view were called. So leaving the town on our left, we struck into a secluded path, which wound up the hill, and in ten minutes we dismounted at a house having the air of a Turkish villa, which overlooked the surrounding country, and was entered by an enclosed court-yard with high walls.

The Natchalnik of Losnitza was a grey-headed tall gaunt figure, who spoke very little; but as the Bosniac frontier is subject to troubles, he had been selected for his great personal courage, for he had served under Kara Georg from 1804.¹

NATCHALNIK. "It is not an easy matter to keep things straight; the population on this side is all organized, so as to concentrate eight thousand men in a few hours. The Bosniacs are all armed; and as the two populations

¹ Serbia is divided into seventeen provinces, each governed by a Natchalnik, whose duty it is to keep order and report to the minister of war and interior. He has of course no control over the legal courts of law attached to each provincial government; he has a Cashier and a Secretary, and each province is divided into Cantons (Bres), over each of which a captain rules. The average population of a province is 50,000 souls, and there are generally three Cantons in a province, which are governed by captains.

detest each other cordially, and are separated only by the Drina, the public tranquillity often incurs great danger: but whenever a crisis is at hand I mount my horse and go to Mahmoud Pasha at Zwornik; and the affair is generally quietly settled with a cup of coffee."

AUTHOR. "As the Arabs say, the burning of a little tobacco saves the burning of a great deal of powder. What is the population of Zwornik?"

NATCHALNIK. "About twelve or fifteen thousand; the place has fallen off; it had formerly between thirty and forty thousand souls."

AUTHOR. "Have you had any disputes lately?"

NATCHALNIK. "Why, yes; Great Zwornik is on the Bosniac side of the Drina; but Little Zwornik on the Servian side is also held by Moslems. Not long ago the men of Little Zwornik wished to extend their domain; but I planted six hundred men in a wood, and then rode down alone and warned them off. They treated me contemptuously; but as soon as they saw the six hundred men issuing from the wood they gave up the point: and Mahmoud Pasha admitted I was right; but he had been afraid to risk his popularity by preventive measures."

The selamlik of the Natchalnik was comfortably carpeted and fitted up, but no trace of European furniture was to be seen. The rooms of the collector at Shabatz still smacked of the vicinity to Austria; but here we were with the natives. Dinner was preceded by cheese, onions, and slivovitsa as a *rinfrresco*, and our beds were improvised in the Turkish manner by mattresses, sheets, and coverlets, laid on the divans.

Next morning, on waking, I went into the kiosk to enjoy the cool fresh air, the incipient sunshine, and the noble prospect; the banat of Matchva which we had yesterday traversed, stretched away to the westward, an ocean of verdure and ripe yellow fruits.

"Where is the Drina?" said I to our host.

"Look downwards," said he; "you see that line of poplars and willows; there flows the Drina, hid from view:

the steep gardens and wooded hills that abruptly rise from the other bank are in Bosnia."

The town doctor now entered, a middle-aged man, who had been partly educated in Dalmatia, and consequently spoke Italian; he told us that his salary was £40 a year; and that in consequence of the extreme cheapness of provisions he managed to live as well in this place as he could on the Adriatic for treble the sum.

Other persons, mostly employés, now came to see us, and we descended to the town. The bazaar was open and paved with stone; but except its extreme cleanliness, it was not in the least different from those one sees in Bulgaria and other parts of Turkey in Europe. Up to 1835 many Turks lived in Losnitza; but at that time they all removed to Bosnia; the mosque still remains, and is used as a grain magazine. A mud fort crowns the eminence, having been thrown up during the wars of Kara Georg, and might still be serviceable in case of hostile operations.

Before going to Sokol the Natchalnik persuaded me to take a Highland ramble into the Gutchevo range, and first visit Tronosha, a large convent three hours off in the woods, which was to be on the following day the rendezvous of all the surrounding peasantry, in their holiday dresses, in order to celebrate the festival of consecration.

At the appointed hour our host appeared, having donned his best clothes, which were covered with gold embroidery. His sabre and pistols were no less rich and curious, and he mounted a horse worth at least sixty or seventy pounds sterling. Several other notables of Losnitza, similarly broidered and accoutred, and mounted on caracoling horses, accompanied us.

Ascending rapidly, we were soon lost in the woods, catching only now and then a view of the golden plain through the dark green oaks and pines. For full three hours our little party dashed up hill and down dale, through the most majestic forests, delightful to the gaze, but unrelieved by a patch of cultivation, till we came to

a height covered with loose rocks and pasture. "There is Tronosha," said the Natchalnik, pulling up, and pointing to a tapering white spire and slender column of blue smoke that rose from a *cul-de-sac* formed by the opposite hills, which, like the woods we had traversed, wore such a shaggy and umbrageous drapery, that with a slight transposition, I could exclaim, "Si lupus essem, nollem alibi quam in *Servid* lupus esse!" A steep descent brought us to some meadows on which cows were grazing by the side of a rapid stream, and I felt the open space a relief after the gloom of the endless forest.

Crossing the stream, we struck into the sylvan *cul-de-sac*, and arrived in a few minutes at an edifice with strong walls, towers, and posterns, that looked more like a secluded and fortified manor-house in the seventeenth century than a convent; for in more troubled times, such establishments, though tolerated by the old Turkish government, were often subject to the unwelcome visits of minor marauders.

A fine old monk, with a powerful voice, welcomed the Natchalnik at the gate, and putting his hand on his left breast, said to me, "*Dobro doche Gospody!*" (Welcome, master!)

We then, according to the custom of the country, went into the chapel, and, kneeling down, said our thanksgiving for safe arrival. I remarked, on taking a turn through the chapel and examining it minutely, that the pictures were all in the old Byzantine style—crimson-faced saints looking up to golden skies.

Crossing the court, I looked about me, and perceived that the cloister was a gallery, with wooden beams supporting the roof, running round three sides of the building, the basement being built in stone, at one part of which a hollowed tree shoved in an aperture formed a spout for a stream of clear cool water. The Igoumen, or superior, received us at the foot of the wooden staircase which ascended to the gallery. He was a sleek middle-aged man, with a new silk gown, and seemed delighted at

my arrival in this secluded spot, and taking me by the hand, led me to a sort of seat placed in a prominent part of the gallery, which seemed to correspond with the *makaá* of Saracenic architecture.

No sooner had the Igoumen gone to superintend the arrangements of the evening, than a shabbily dressed filthy priest, of such sinister aspect, that, to use a common phrase, "his looks would have hanged him," now came up, and in a fulsome eulogy welcomed me to the convent. He related how he had been born in Syrmium, and had been thirteen years in Bosnia; but I suspected that some screw was loose, and on making inquiry found that he had been sent to this retired convent in consequence of incorrigible drunkenness. The Igoumen now returned, and gave the clerical Lumpacivagabundus such a look that he skulked off on the instant.

After coffee, sweetmeats, &c., we passed through the yard, and piercing the postern gate, unexpectedly came upon a most animated scene. A green glade that ran up to the foot of the hill was covered with the preparations for the approaching festivities—wood was splitting, fires lighting, fifty or sixty sheep were spitted, pyramids of bread, dishes of all sorts and sizes, and jars of wine in wicker baskets were mingled with throat-cut fowls, lying on the banks of the stream side by side with pigs at their last squeak.

Dinner was served in the refectory to about twenty individuals, including the monks and our party. The Igoumen drank to the health of the prince, and then of Wucics and Petronievitch, declaring that thanks were due to God and those European powers who had brought about their return. The shabby priest, with the gallows look, then sang a song of his own composition, on their return. Not being able to understand it, I asked my neighbour what he thought of the song. "Why," said he, "the lay is worthy of the minstrel—doggerel and dissonance." Some old national songs were sung, and I again asked my neighbour for a criticism on the poetry. "That

last song," said he, "is like a river that flows easily and naturally from one beautiful valley to another."

In the evening we went out, and the countless fires lighting up the lofty oaks had a most pleasing effect. The sheep were by this time cut up, and lying in fragments, around which the supper parties were seated cross-legged. Other peasants danced slowly, in a circle, to the drone of the somniferous Servian bagpipe.

When I went to bed, the assembled peasantry were in the full tide of merriment, but without excess. The only person somewhat the worse of the bottle was the threadbare priest with the gallows look.

I fell asleep with a low confused murmur of droning bagpipes, jingling drinking cups, occasional laughter, and other noises. A solemn swelling chorus of countless voices gently interrupted my slumbers—the room was filled with light, and the sun on high was beginning to begild an irregular parallelogram in the wainscot, when I started up, and drew on my clothes. Going out to the *makaá*, I perceived yesterday's assembly of merry-making peasants quadrupled in number, and all dressed in their holyday costume, thickset on their knees down the avenue to the church, and following a noble old hymn. I went out of the postern, and, helping myself with the grasp of trunks of trees, and bared roots and bushes, clambered up one of the sides of the hollow, and attaining a clear space, looked down on the singular scene. The whole pit of this theatre of verdure appeared covered with a carpet of white and crimson, for such were the prevailing colours of the rustic costumes. When I thought of the trackless solitude of the sylvan ridges round me, I seemed to witness one of the early communions of Christianity, in those ages when incense ascended to the Olympic deities in gorgeous temples, while praise to the true God rose from the haunts of the wolf, the lonely cavern, or the subterranean vault.

When church service was over I examined the dresses more minutely. The upper tunic of the women was a species of surtout of undyed cloth, bordered with a design

of red cloth of a finer description. The stockings in colour and texture resembled those of Persia, but were generally embroidered at the ankle with gold and silver thread. After the mid-day meal we descended, accompanied by the monks. The lately crowded court-yard was silent and empty. "What," said I, "all dispersed already?" The superior smiled, and said nothing. On going out of the gate, I paused in a state of slight emotion. The whole assembled peasantry were marshalled in two rows, and standing uncovered in solemn silence, so as to make a living avenue to the bridge.

The Igoumen then publicly expressed the pleasure my visit had given to the people, and in their name thanked me, and wished me a prosperous journey, repeating a phrase I had heard before: "God be praised that Servia has at length seen the day that strangers come from afar to see and know the people!"

I took off my fez, and said, "Do you know, Father Igoumen, what has given me the most pleasure in the course of my visit?"

IGOUMEN. "I can scarcely guess."

AUTHOR. "I have seen a large assembly of peasantry, and not a trace of poverty, vice, or misery; the best proof that both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities do their duty."

The Igoumen, smiling with satisfaction, made a short speech to the people. I mounted my horse; the convent bells began to toll as I waved my hand to the assembly, and "Sretnj poot!" (a prosperous journey!) burst from a thousand tongues. The scene was so moving that I could scarcely refrain a tear. Clapping spurs to my horse I cantered over the bridge and gave him his will of the bride till the steepness of the ascent compelled a slower pace.

Words fail me to describe the beauty of the road from Tronosha to Krupena. The heights and distances, without being alpine in reality, were sufficiently so to an eye unpractised in measuring scenery of the highest class; but in all the softer enchantments nature had revelled in pro-

digality. The gloom of the oak forest was relieved and broken by a hundred plantations of every variety of tree that the climate would bear, and every hue, from the sombre evergreen to the early suspicions of the yellow leaf of autumn. Even the tops of the mountains were free from sterility, for they were capped with green as bright, with trees as lofty, and with pasture as rich, as that of the valleys below.

The people, too, were very different from the inhabitants of Belgrade, where political intrigue, and want of the confidence which sincerity inspires, paralyze social intercourse. But the men of the back-woods, neither poor nor barbarous, delighted me by the patriarchal simplicity of their manners, and the poetic originality of their language. Even in gayer moments I seemed to witness the sweet comedy of nature, in which man is ludicrous from his peculiarities, but "is not yet ridiculous from the affectations and assumptions of artificial life."

Half-way to Krupena we reposed at a brook, where the carpets were laid out and we smoked a pipe. A curious illustration occurred here of the abundance of wood in Servia. A boy, after leading a horse into the brook, tugged the halter and led the unwilling horse out of the stream again. "Let him drink, let him drink his fill," said a woman; "if every thing else must be paid with gold, at least wood and water cost nothing."

Mounting our horses again, we were met by six troopers bearing the compliments of the captain of Krupena, who was awaiting us with twenty-two or three irregular cavalry on an eminence. We both dismounted and went through the ceremony of public complimenting, both evidently enjoying the scene; he the visit of an illustrious stranger, and I the formality of a military reception. I took him by the hand, made a turn across the grass, cast a nonchalant look on his troop, and condescended to express my approbation of their martial bearing; they were men of rude and energetic aspect, very fairly mounted. After a little further chat and compliment we remounted; and

I perceived Krupena at the distance of about a mile, in the middle of a little plain surrounded by gardens; but the neighbouring hills were here and there bare of vegetation.

Some of the troopers in front sang a sort of chorus, and now and then a fellow to show off his horse, would ride *à la djereed*, and instead of flinging a dart, would fire his pistols. Others joined us, and our party was swelled to a considerable cavalcade as we entered the village, where the peasants were drawn up in a row to receive me.

Their captain then led the way up the stairs of his house to a chardak, or wooden balcony, on which was a table laid out with flowers. The elders of the village now came separately, and had some conversation: the priest on entering laid a melon on the table, a usual method of showing civility in this part of the country. One of the attendant crowd was a man from Montenegro, who said he was a house-painter. He related that he was employed by Mahmoud Pasha, of Zwornik, to paint one of the rooms in his house; when he had half accomplished his task, the dispute about the domain of Little Zwornik arose, on which he and his companion, a German, were thrown into prison, being accused of being a Servian captain in disguise. They were subsequently liberated, but shot at; the ball going through the leg of the narrator. This is another instance of the intense hatred the Servians and the Bosniac Moslems bear to each other. It must be remarked, that the Christians, in relating a tale, usually make the most of it.

The last dish of our dinner was a roast lamb, served on a large circular wooden board, the head being split in twain, and laid on the top of the pyramid of dismembered parts. We had another jovial evening, in which the wine-cup was plied freely, but not to an extravagant excess, and the usual toasts and speeches were drunk and made. Even in returning to rest, I had not yet done with the pleasing testimonies of welcome. On entering the bed-chamber, I found many fresh and fragrant flowers inserted in the chinks of the wainscot.

Krupena was originally exclusively a Moslem town, and a part of the old bazaar remains. The original inhabitants, who escaped the sword, went either to Sokol or into Bosnia. The hodgia, or Moslem schoolmaster, being on some business at Krupena, came in the morning to see us. His dress was nearly all in white, and his legs bare from the knee. He told me that the Vayvode of Soko had a curious mental malady. Having lately lost a son, a daughter, and a grandson, he could no longer smoke, for when his servant entered with a pipe, he imagined he saw his children burning in the tobacco.

During the whole day we toiled upwards, through woods and wilds of a character more rocky than that of the previous day, and on attaining the ridge of the Gutchevo range, I looked down with astonishment on Soko, which, though lying at our feet, was yet perched on a lone fantastic crag, which exactly suited the description of the collector of Shabat,—"a city and castle built on the capital of a column of rock." Beyond it was a range of mountains further in Bosnia; further on, another outline, and then another, and another. I at once felt that, as a tourist, I had broken fresh ground, that I was seeing scenes of grandeur unknown to the English public. It was long since I had sketched. I instinctively seized my book, but threw it away in despair, and, yielding to the rapture of the moment, allowed my eyes to mount step after step of this Alpine ladder.

We now, by a narrow, steep, and winding path cut on the face of a precipice, descended to Soko, and passing through a rotting wooden bazaar, entered a wretched khan, and ascending a sort of staircase, were shown into a room with dusty mustabahs; a greasy old cushion, with the flock protruding through its cover, was laid down for me, but I, with polite excuses, preferred the bare board to this odious flea-hive. The more I declined the cushion, the more pressing became the khan-keeper that I should carry away with me some reminiscence of Soko. Finding that his upholstery was not appreciated, the khan-keeper went to the other

end of the apartment, and began to make a fire for coffee; for this being Ramadan time, all the fires were out, and most of the people were asleep. Meanwhile the captain sent for the Disdar Aga. I offered to go into the citadel, and pay him a visit, but the captain said, "You have no idea how suspicious these people are: even now they are forming all sorts of conjectures as to the object of your visit; we must, therefore, take them quietly in their own way, and do nothing to alarm them. In a few minutes the Disdar Aga will be here; you can then judge, by the temper he is in, of the length of your stay, and the extent to which you wish to carry your curiosity."

I admitted that the captain was speaking sense, and waited patiently till the Aga made his appearance.

Footsteps were heard on the staircase, and the Mut-sellim entered,—a Turk, about forty-five years of age, who looked cross, as most men are when called from a sound sleep. His fez was round as a wool-bag, and looked as if he had stuffed a shawl into it before putting it on, and his face and eyes had something of the old Ugrian or Tartar look. He was accompanied by a Bosniac, who was very proud and insolent in his demeanour. After the usual compliments, I said, "I have seen some countries and cities, but no place so curious as Soko. I left Belgrade on a tour through the interior, not knowing of its existence. Otherwise I would have asked letters of Hafiz Pasha to you: for, intending to go to Nish, he gave me a letter to the Pasha there. But the people of this country having advised me not to miss the wonder of Servia, I have come, seduced by the account of its beauty, not doubting of your good reception of strangers:" on which I took out the letter of Hafiz Pasha, the direction of which he read, and then he said, in a husky voice which became his cross look, —

"I do not understand your speech; if you have seen Belgrade, you must find Soko contemptible. As for your seeing the citadel, it is impossible; for the key is with

the Disdar Aga, and he is asleep, and even if you were to get in, there is nothing to be seen."

After some further conversation, in the course of which I saw that it would be better not to attempt "to catch the Tartar," I restricted myself to taking a survey of the town. Continuing our walk in the same direction as that by which we entered, we completed the threading of the bazaar, which was truly abominable, and arrived at the gate of the citadel, which was open; so that the story of the key and the slumbers of the Disdar Aga was all fudge. I looked in, but did not enter. There are no new works, and it is a castle such as those one sees on the Rhine; but its extraordinary position renders it impregnable in a country impracticable for artillery. Although blockaded in the time of the Revolution, and the Moslem garrison reduced to only seven men, it never was taken by the Servians; although Belgrade, Ushitzza, and all the other castles, had fallen into their hands. Close to the castle is a mosque in wood, with a minaret of wood, although the finest stone imaginable is in abundance all around. The Mutsellim opened the door, and showed me the interior, with blank walls and a faded carpet, opposite the Moharrem. He would not allow me to go up the minaret, evidently afraid I would peep over into the castle.

Retracing our steps I perceived a needle-shaped rock that overlooked the abyss under the fortress, so taking off my boots, I scrambled up and attained the pinnacle; but the view was so fearful, that, afraid of getting dizzy, I turned to descend, but found it a much more dangerous affair than the ascent; at length by the assistance of Paul I got down to the Mutsellim, who was sitting impatiently on a piece of rock, wondering at the unaccountable Englishman. I asked him what he supposed to be the height of the rock on which the citadel was built, above the level of the valley below.

"What do I know of engineering?" said he, taking me out of hearing: "I confess I do not understand your object.

I hear that on the road you have been making inquiries as to the state of Bosnia: what interest can England have in raising disturbances in that country?"

"The same interest that she has in producing political disorder in one of the provinces of the moon. In Aleppo, too, I recollect standing at the Bâb-el-Nasr, attempting to spell out an inscription recording its erection, and I was grossly insulted and called a Mehendis (engineer); but you seem a man of more sense and discernment."

"Well, you are evidently not a *chapkun*. There is nothing more to be seen in Soko. Had it not been Ramadan we should have treated you better, be your intentions good or bad. I wish you a pleasant journey; and if you wish to arrive at Liubovia before night-fall the sooner you set out the better, for the roads are not safe after dark."

We now descended by paths like staircases cut in the rocks to the valley below. Paul dismounted in a fright from his horse and led her down; but long practice of riding in the Druse country had given me an easy indifference to roads that would have appalled me before my residence there. When we got a little way along the valley, I looked back, and the view from below was, in a different style, as remarkable as that from above. Soko looked like a little castle of Edinburgh placed in the clouds, and a precipice on the other side of the valley presented a perpendicular stature of not less than five hundred feet.

A few hours' travelling through the narrow valley of the Bogatschitza brought us to the bank of the Drina, where, leaving the up-heaved monuments of a chaotic world, we bade adieu to the Tremendous, and again saluted the Beautiful.

The Save is the largest tributary of the Danube, and the Drina is the largest tributary of the Save, but it is not navigable; no river scenery, however, can possibly be prettier than that of the Drina; as in the case of the Upper Danube from Linz to Vienna, the river winds between precipitous banks tufted with wood, but it was tame

after the thrilling enchantments of Soko. At one place a Roman causeway ran along the river, and we were told that a Roman bridge crossed a tributary of the Drina in this neighbourhood, which to this day bears the name of Latinski Tiupria, or Latin bridge.

At Liubovia the hills receded, and the valley was about half a mile wide, consisting of fine meadow land with thinly scattered oaks, athwart which the evening sun poured its golden floods, suggesting pleasing images of abundance without effort. This part of Servia is a wilderness, if you will, so scant is it of inhabitants, so free from any thing like inclosures, or fields, farms, labourers, gardens or gardeners; and yet it is, and looks a garden in one place, a trim English lawn and park in another: you almost say to yourself, "The man or house cannot be far off: what lovely and extensive grounds, where can the hall or castle be hid?"

Liubovia is the quarantine station on the high road from Belgrade to Seraievo. A line of buildings, parlatorio, magazines, and lodging-houses, faced the river. The director would fain have me pass the night, but the captain of Derlatcha had received notice of our advent, and we were obliged to push on, and rested only for coffee and pipes. The director was a Servian from the Austrian side of the Danube, and spoke German. He told me that three thousand individuals per annum performed quarantine, passing from Bosnia to Soko and Belgrade, and that the principal imports were hides, chesnuts, zinc, and iron manufactures from the town of Seraievo. On the opposite bank of the river was a wooden Bosniac guard-house.

Remounting our horses after sunset, we continued along the Drina, now dubiously illuminated by the chill pallor of the rising moon, while hill and dale resounded with the songs of our men. No sooner had one finished an old metrical legend of the days of Stephan and Lasar, than another began a lay of Kara Georg, the "William Tell" of these mountains. Sometimes when we came to a good echo the pistols were fired off; at one place the noise had aroused a peasant, who came running across

the grass to the road crying out, "the night is advancing: go no further, but tarry with me: the stranger will have a plain supper and a hard couch, but a hearty welcome." We thanked him for his proffer, but held on.

At about ten o'clock we entered a thick dark wood, and after an ascent of a quarter of an hour emerged upon a fine open lawn in front of a large house with lights gleaming in the windows. The ripple of the Drina was no longer audible, but we saw it at some distance below us, like a cuirass of polished steel. As we entered the inclosure we found the house in a bustle. The captain, a tall strong corpulent man of about forty years of age, came forward and welcomed me.

"I almost despaired of your coming to-night," said he; "for on this ticklish frontier it is always safer to terminate one's journey by sunset. The rogues pass so easily from one side of the water to the other, that it is difficult to clear the country of them."

He then led me into the house, and going through a passage, entered a square room of larger dimensions than is usual in the rural parts of Serbia. A good Turkey carpet covered the upper part of the room, which was fenced round by cushions placed against the wall, but not raised above the level of the floor. The wall of the lower end of the room had a row of strong wooden pegs, on which were hung the hereditary and holyday clothes of the family, for males and females. Furs, velvets, gold embroidery, and silver mounted Bosniac pistols, guns, and carbines elaborately ornamented.

The captain now presented me to his wife, who came from the Austrian side of the Save, and spoke German. She seemed a trim methodical housewife, as the order of her domestic arrangements clearly showed. Another female was about four and twenty, when the lines of thinking begin to mingle with those of early youth. Her features too were by no means classical or regular, and yet she had some of that superhuman charm which Raphael sometimes infused into his female figures, as in the St. Ce-

ilia, so as to remind me of the highest characteristic of expression — “a spirit scarcely disguised enough in the flesh.”

Next day, the father of the captain made his appearance. The same old man, whom I had met at Palesh, and who had asked me, “if the king of my country lived in a strong castle?” We dined at mid-day by fine weather, the windows of the principal apartments being thrown open, so as to have the view of the valley, which was here nearly as wide as at Liubovia, but with broken ground. For the first time since leaving Belgrade we dined, not at an European table, but squatted round a *sofra*, a foot high, in the Eastern manner, although we ate with knives and forks, but long habit had accustomed me to the posture.

Our host, the captain, never having seen Ushitza, offered to accompany me thither; so we started early in the afternoon, having the Drina still on our right, and Bosniac villages, from time to time visible, and pretty to look at, but I should hope somewhat cleaner than Soko. On arrival at Bashevitzza the elders of the village stood in a row to receive us close to the house of conciliation. I perceived a mosque near this place, and asked if it was employed for any purpose. “No,” said the captain, “it is empty. The Turks prayed in it, after their own fashion, to that God who is their’s and ours; and the house of God should not be made a grain magazine, as in many other Turkish villages scattered throughout Servia.” At this place a number of wild ducks were visible, perched on rocks in the Drina, but were very shy; only once did one of our men get within shot, which missed; his gun being an old Turkish one, like most of the arms in this country, which are sometimes as dangerous to the marksman as to the mark.

Leaving the basin of the Drina, we descended to that of the Morava by a steep road, until we came to beautifully rich meadows, which are called the Ushitkza Luka, or meadows, which are to this day a debatable ground

for the Moslem inhabitants of Ushitza, and the Servian villages in the neighbourhood. From here to Ushitza the road is paved, but by whom we could not learn. The stones were not large enough to warrant the belief of its being a Roman causeway, and it is probably a relic of the Servian empire. ¹

CHAPTER VII.

THE UPPER MORAVA.

Before entering Ushitza we had a fair prospect of it from a gentle eminence. A castle, in the style of the middle ages, mosque minarets, and a church spire, rose above other objects; each memorializing the three distinct periods of Servian history: the old feudal monarchy, the Turkish occupation, and the new principality. We entered the bazaars, which were rotting and ruinous, the air infected with the loathsome vapours of dunghills and their putrescent carcasses, tanpits with green hides, horns, and offal: here and there a hideous old rat showed its head at some crevice in the boards, to complete the picture of impurity and desolation.

Strange to say, after this ordeal we put up at an excellent khan, the best we had seen in Servia, being a mixture of the German Wirthshaus, and the Italian osteria, kept by a Dalmatian, who had lived twelve years at Scutari in Albania. His upper room was very neatly furnished and new carpeted.

In the afternoon we went to pay a visit to the Vay-

¹ After seeing Ushitza, the captain, who accompanied me, returned to his family, at Deriatcha, and, I lament to say, that at this place he was attacked by the robbers, who, in summer, lurk in the thick woods on the two frontiers. The captain galloped off, but his two servants were killed on the spot.

vode, who lived among gardens in the upper town, out of the stench of the bazaars. Arrived at the house, we mounted a few ruined steps, and passing through a little garden fenced with wooden paling, were shown into a little carpeted kiosk, where coffee and pipes were presented, but not partaken of by the Turks present, it being still Ramadan. The Vayvode was an elderly man, with a white turban and a green benish, having weak eyes, and a slight hesitation in his speech; but civil and good-natured, without any of the absurd suspicions of the Mutsellim of Soko. He at once granted me permission to see the castle, with the remark, "Your seeing it can do us no good and no harm. Belgrade castle is like a bazaar, any one can go out and in that likes." In the course of conversation he told us that Ushitza is the principal remaining settlement of the Moslems in Servia; their number here amounting to three thousand five hundred, while there are only six hundred Servians, making altogether a population of somewhat more than four thousand souls. The Vayvode himself spoke Turkish on this occasion; but the usual language at Soko is Bosniac (the same as Servian).

We now took our leave of the Vayvode, and continued ascending the same street, composed of low one-storied houses, covered with irregular tiles, and inclosed with high wooden palings to secure as much privacy as possible for the harems. The palings and gardens ceased; and on a terrace built on an open space stood a mosque, surrounded by a few trees; not cypresses, for the climate scarce allows of them, but those of the forests we had passed. The portico was shattered to fragments, and remained as it was at the close of the revolution. Close by is a Turbieh or saint's tomb, but nobody could tell me to whom or at what period it was erected.

Within a little inclosed garden I espied a strangely dressed figure, a dark-coloured Dervish, with long glossy black hair. He proved to be a Persian, who had travelled all over the East. Without the conical hat of his order,

the Dervish would have made a fine study for a Neapolitan brigand; but his manners were easy, and his conversation plausible, like those of his countrymen, which form as wide a contrast to the silent hauteur of the Turk, and the rude fanaticism of the Bosniac, as can well be imagined. His servant, a withered baboon-looking little fellow, in the same dress, now made his appearance and presented coffee. and the Dervish cut some flowers, and presented each of us with one.

The Muezzin now looked at his watch, and gave me a wink, expressive of the approach of the time for evening prayer; so I followed him into the church, which had bare white-washed walls with nothing to remark; and then taking my hand, he led me up the dark and dismal spiral staircase to the top of the minaret; on emerging on the balcony of which, we had a general view of the town and environs.

Ushitza lies in a narrow valley surrounded by mountains. The Dietina, a tributary of the Morava, traverses the town, and is crossed by two elegantly proportioned, but somewhat ruinous, bridges. The principal object in the landscape is the castle, built on a picturesque jagged eminence, separated from the precipitous mountains to the south only by a deep gully, through which the Dietina struggles into the valley. The stagnation of the art of war in Turkey has preserved it nearly as it must have been some centuries ago. In Europe, feudal castles are complete ruins; in a country such as this, where contests are of a guerilla character, they are neglected, but neither destroyed nor totally abandoned. The centre space in the valley is occupied by the town itself, which shows great gaps; whole streets which stood here before the Servian revolution, have been turned into orchards. The general view is pleasing enough; for the castle, although not so picturesque as that of Sokol, affords fine materials for a picture; but the white-washed Servian church, the fac simile of every one in Hungary, rather detracts from the external interest of the view.

In the evening the Vayvode sent a message by his pandour, to say that he would pay me a visit along with the Agas of the town, who, six in number, shortly afterwards came. It being now evening, they had no objection to smoke; and as they sat round the room they related wondrous things of Ushitza towards the close of the last century, which being the entrepôt between Servia and Bosnia, had a great trade, and contained then twelve thousand houses, or about sixty thousand inhabitants; so I easily accounted for the gaps in the middle of the town. The Vayvode complained bitterly of the inconveniencies to which the quarantine subjected them in restricting the free communication with the neighbouring province; but he admitted that the late substitution of a quarantine of twenty-four hours, for one of ten days as formerly, was a great alleviation; "but even this," added the Vayvode, "is a hindrance: when there was no quarantine, Ushitza was every Monday frequented by thousands of Bosniacs, whom even twenty-four hours' quarantine detar."

I asked him if the people understood Turkish or Arabic, and if preaching was held. He answered, that only he and a few of the Agas understood Turkish,—that the Mollah was a deeply-read man, who said the prayers in the mosque in Arabic, as is customary every where; but that there was no preaching, since the people only knew their prayers in Arabic, but could not understand a sermon, and spoke nothing but Bosniac. I think that somebody told me that Vaaz, or preaching, is held in the Bosniac language at Seraievo. But my memory fails me in certainty on this point.

After a pleasant chat of about an hour they went away. Our beds were, as Mr. Pepys says, "good, but lousy."

Next day the Vayvode arrived with a large company of Moslems, and we proceeded on foot to see the castle, our road being mostly through those gardens, on which the old town stood, and following the side of the river, to the spot where the high banks almost close in, so as to form a gorge. We ascended a winding path, and

entered the gate, which formed the outlet of a long, gloomy, and solidly built passage.

A group of armed militiamen received us as we entered, and on regaining the daylight within the walls, we saw nothing but the usual spectacle of crumbling crenelated towers, abandoned houses, rotten planks, and un-serviceable dismantled brass guns. The donjon, or keep, was built on a detached rock, connected by an old wooden bridge. The gate was strengthened with heavy nails, and closed by a couple of enormous old fashioned padlocks. The Vayvode gave us a hint not to ask a sight of the interior, by stating that it was only opened at the period of inspection of the Imperial Commissioner. The bridge which overlooked the romantic gorge,—the rocks here rising precipitately from both sides of the Dietina,—seemed the favourite lounge of the garrison, for a little kiosk of rude planks had been knocked up; carpets were laid out; the Vayvode invited us to repose a little after our steep ascent; pipes and coffee were produced.

I remarked that the castle must have suffered severely in the revolution.

"This very place," said the Vayvode, "was the scene of the severest conflict. The Turks had twenty-one guns, and the Servians seven. So many were killed, that that bank was filled up with dead bodies."

"I remember it well," said a toothless, lispng old Turk, with bare brown legs, and large feet stuck in a pair of new red shining slippers: "that oval tower has not been opened for a long time. If any one were to go in, his head would be cut off by an invisible hangiar." I smiled, but was immediately assured by several by-standers that it was a positive fact! Our party, swelled by fresh additions, all well armed, that made us look like a large body of Haiducks going on a marauding expedition, now issued by a gate in the castle, opposite to that by which I entered, and began to toil up the hill that overlooks Ushitza, in order to have a bird's-eye view of the whole town and valley. On our way up, the Natchalnik

told me, that although long resident here, he had never seen the interior of the castle, and that I was the first Christian to whom its gates had been opened since the revolution.

On leaving Ushitza, the Natchalnik accompanied me with a cavalcade of twenty or thirty Christians, a few miles out of the town. The afternoon was beautiful; the road lay through hilly ground, and after two hours' riding, we saw Poshega in the middle of a wide level plain; after descending to which, we crossed the Scrapesh by an elegant bridge of sixteen arches, and entering the village, put up at a miserable khan, although Poshega is the embryo of a town symmetrically and geometrically laid out. Twelve years ago a Turk wounded a Servian in the streets of Ushitza, in a quarrel about some trifling matter. The Servian pulled out a pistol, and shot the Turk dead on the spot. Both nations seized their arms, and rushing out of the houses, a bloody affray took place, several being left dead on the spot. The Servians, feeling their numerical inferiority, now transplanted themselves to the little hamlet of Poshega, which is in a finer plain than that of Ushitza; but the colony does not appear to prosper, for most of the Servians have since returned to Ushitza.

Continuing our way down the rich valley of the Morava, which is here several miles wide, and might contain ten times the present population, we arrived at Csatsak, which proved to be as symmetrically laid out as Poshega. Csatsak is old and new, but the old Turkish town has disappeared, and the new Servian Csatsak is still a fœtus. The plan on which all these new places are constructed is simple, and consists of a circular or square market place, with bazaar shops in the Turkish manner, and straight streets diverging from them. I put up at the khan, and then went to the Natchalnik's house to deliver my letter. Going through green lanes, we at length stopped at a high wooden paling, overtopped with rose and other bushes. Entering, we found ourselves on a smooth carpet of turf, and opposite a pretty rural cottage, somewhat in the style

of a citizen's villa in the environs of London. The Natchalnik was not at home, but was gracefully represented by his young wife, a fair specimen of the beauty of Csatsak; and presently the Deputy and the Judge came to see us. A dark-complexioned, good-natured looking man, between thirty and forty, now entered, with an European air, German trowsers and waistcoat, but a Turkish riding cloak. "There comes the doctor," said the lady, and the figure with the Turkish riding cloak thus announced himself:—

DOCTOR. "I' bin a' Wiener."

AUTHOR. "Gratulire: dass iss a' lustige Stadt."

DOCTOR. "Glaub'ns mir, lust'ger als Csatsak."

AUTHOR. "I' glaub's."

The Judge, a sedate, elderly, and slightly corpulent man, asked me what route I had pursued, and intended to pursue. I informed him of the particulars of my journey, and added that I intended to follow the valley of the Morava to its confluence with the Danube. "The good folks of Belgrade do not travel for their pleasure, and could give me little information; therefore, I have chalked out my route from the study of the map."

"You have gone out of your way to see Soko," said he; "you may as well extend your tour to Novibazaar, and the Kopaunik. You are fond of maps: go to the peak of the Kopaunik, and you will see all Servia rolled out before you from Bosnia to Bulgaria, and from the Balkan to the Danube; not a map, or a copy, but the original."

"The temptation is irresistible.—My mind is made up to follow your advice."

We now went in a body, and paid our visit to the Bishop of Csatsak, who lives in the finest house in the place; a large well-built villa, on a slight eminence within a grassy inclosure. The Bishop received us in an open kiosk, on the first floor, fitted all round with cushions, and commanding a fine view of the hills which inclose the plain of the Morava. The thick woods and the precipitous rocks, which impart rugged beauty to the valley

of the Drina, are here unknown; the eye wanders over a rich yellow champaign, to hills which were too distant to present distinct details, but vaguely grey and beautiful in the transparent atmosphere of a Servian early autumn.

The Bishop was a fine specimen of the Church militant,—a stout fiery man of sixty, in full-furred robes, and a black velvet cap. His energetic denunciations of the appropriations of Milosh, had for many years procured him the enmity of that remarkable individual; but he was now in the full tide of popularity.

His questions referred principally to the state of parties in England, and I could not help thinking that his philosophy must have been something like that of the American parson in the quarantine at Smyrna, who thought that fierce combats and contests were as necessary to clear the moral atmosphere, as thunder and lightning to purify the visible heavens. We now took leave of the Bishop, and went homewards, for there had been several candidates for entertaining me; but I decided for the jovial doctor, who lived in the house that was formerly occupied by Jovan Obrenovitch, the youngest and favourite brother of Milosh.

Next morning, as early as six o'clock, I was aroused by the announcement that the Natchalnik had returned from the country, and was waiting to see me. On rising, I found him to be a plain, simple Servian of the old school; he informed me that this being a saint's day, the Bishop would not commence mass until I was arrived. "What?" thought I to myself, "does the Bishop think that these obstreperous Britons are all of the Greek religion." The doctor thought that I should not go; "for," said he, "whoever wishes to exercise the virtue of patience may do so in a Greek mass or a Hungarian law-suit!" But the Natchalnik decided for going; and I, always ready to conform to the custom of the country, accompanied him.

The cathedral church was a most ancient edifice of Byzantine architecture, which had been first a church, and then a mosque, and then a church again. The honey-combs and stalactite ornaments in the corners, as well as a marble

stone in the floor, adorned with geometrical arabesques, showed its services to Islamism. But the pictures of the Crucifixion, and the figures of the priests, reminded me that I was in a Christian temple.

The Bishop, in pontificalibus, was dressed in a crimson velvet and white satin dress, embroidered in gold, and as he sat in his chair, with mitre on head, and crosier in hand, looked, with his white bushy beard, an imposing representative of spiritual authority.

A priest was consecrated on the occasion; but the service was so long, (full two hours and a half,) that I was fatigued with the endless bowings and motions, and thought more than once of the benevolent wish of the doctor, to see me preserved from a Greek mass and a Hungarian lawsuit; but the singing was good, simple, massive, and antique in colouring. At the close of the service, thin wax tapers were presented to the congregation, which each of them lighted. After which they advanced and kissed the Cross and Gospels, which were covered with most minute silver and gold filagree work.

We now went to take farewell of the Bishop, whom we found, as yesterday, in the kiosk, with a fresh set of far robes, and looking as superb as ever, with a large and splendid ring on his forefinger.

"If you had not come during a fast," growled he, with as good-humoured a smile as could be expected from so formidable a personage, "I would have given you a dinner. The English, I know, fight well at sea; but I do not know if they like salt fish."

A story is related of this Bishop, that on the occasion of some former traveller rising to depart, he asked, "Are your pistols in good order?" On the traveller answering in the affirmative, the Bishop rejoined, "Well, now you may depart with my blessing!"

Csatsak, although the seat of a Bishop and a Natchalnik, is only a village, and is insignificant when one thinks of the magnificent plain in which it stands. At every step I made in this country I thought of the noble field

which it offers for a system of colonization congenial to the feelings, and subservient to the interests of the present occupants.

We now journeyed to Karanovatz, where we arrived after sunset, and proceeded in the dark up a paved street, till we saw on our left a *café*, with lights gleaming through the windows, and a crowd of people, some inside, some outside, sipping their coffee. An individual, who announced himself as the captain of Karanovatz, stepped forward, accompanied by others, and conducted me to his house. Scarcely had I sat down on his divan when two handmaidens entered, one of them bearing a large basin in her hand.

"My guest," said the captain, "you must be fatigued with your ride. This house is your's. Suppose yourself at home in the country beyond the sea."

"What," said I, looking to the handmaidens, "supper already! You have divined my arrival to a minute."

"Oh, no; we must put you at your ease before supper time; it is warm water."

So the handmaidens advanced, and while one pulled off my socks, I lolling luxuriously on the divan, and smoking my pipe, the other washed my feet with water, tepid to a degree, and then dried them. With these agreeable sensations still soothing me, coffee was brought by the lady of the house, on a very pretty service; and I could not help admitting that there was less roughing in Servian travel than I expected.

After supper, the parish priest came in, a middle-aged man.

AUTHOR. "Do you remember the Turkish period at Karanovatz?"

PRIEST. "No; I came here only lately. My native place is Wuchitern, on the borders of a large lake in the High Balkan; but, in common with many of the Christian inhabitants, I was obliged to emigrate last year."

AUTHOR. "For what reason?"

PRIEST. "A horde of Albanians, from fifteen to twenty

thousand in number, burst from the Pashalic of Scodra upon the peaceful inhabitants of the Pashalic of Vrania, committing the greatest horrors, burning down villages, and putting the inhabitants to the torture, in order to get money, and dishonouring all the handsomest women. The Porte sent a large force, disarmed the rascals, and sent the leaders to the galleys; but I and my people find ourselves so well here that we feel little temptation to return."

The grand exploit in the life of our host was a caravan journey to Saloniki, where he had the satisfaction of seeing the sea, a circumstance which distinguished him, not only from the good folks of Karanovatz, but from most of his countrymen in general.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOSNIAC BORDERS.

We again started after mid-day, with the captain and his momkes, and, proceeding through meadows, arrived at Zhitchka Jicha. This is an ancient Servian convent, of Byzantine architecture, where seven kings of Servia were crowned, a door being broken into the wall for the entrance of each sovereign, and built up again on his departure. It is situated on a rising ground, just where the river Ybar enters the plain of Karanovatz. The environs are beautiful. The hills are of moderate height, covered with verdure and foliage; only campaniles were wanting to the illusion of my being in Italy, somewhere about Verona or Vicenza, where the last picturesque undulations of the Alps meet the bountiful alluvia of the Po. Quitting the valley of the Morava, we struck southwards into the highlands. Here the scene changed; the valley of the Ybar became narrow, the vegetation scanty;

and at evening, we arrived at a tent made of thick matted branches of trees, which had been strewn for us with fresh hay. The elders of Magletch, a hamlet an hour off, came with an offer of their services, in case they were wanted.

The sun set; and a bright crackling fire of withered branches of pine, mingling its light with the rays of the moon in the clear chill of a September evening, threw a wild and unworldly pallor over the sterile scene of our bivouac, and the uncouth figures of the elders. They offered me a supper; but contenting myself with a roasted head of Indian corn, and rolling my cloak and pea jacket about me, I fell asleep: but felt so cold that, at two o'clock, I roused the encampment, sounded to horse, and, in a few minutes, was again mounting the steep paths that lead to Studenitza.

Day gradually dawned, and the scene became wilder and wilder; not a chalet was to be seen, for the ruined castle of Magletch on its lone crag betokened nothing of humanity. Tall cedars replaced the oak and the beech, the scanty herbage was covered with hoar-frost. The clear brooks murmured chillingly down the unshaded gullies, and a grand line of sterile peaks to the South showed me that I was approaching the back-bone of the Balkan. All on a sudden I found the path overlooking a valley, with a few cocks of hay on a narrow meadow; and another turn of the road showed me the lines of a Byzantine edifice with a graceful dome, sheltered in a wood from the chilling winter blasts of this highland region. Descending, and crossing the stream, we now proceeded up to the eminence on which the convent was placed, and I perceived thick walls and stout turrets, which bade a sturdy defiance to all hostile intentions, except such as might be supported by artillery.

On dismounting and entering the wicket, I found myself in an extensive court, one side of which was formed by a newly built crescent-shaped cloister; the other by a line of irregular out-houses with wooden stairs, *chardacks* and

other picturesque but fragile appendages of Turkish domestic architecture.

Between these pigeon-holes and the new, substantial, but mean-looking cloister, on the other side, rose the church of polished white marble, a splendid specimen of pure Byzantine architecture, if I dare apply such an adjective to that fantastic middle manner, which succeeded to the style of the fourth century, and was subsequently re-cast by Christians and Moslems into what are called the Gothic and Saracenic.

A fat, feeble-voiced, lymphatic-faced Superior, leaning on a long staff, received us; but the conversation was all on one side, for "*Blagodarim*," (I thank you,) was all that I could get out of him. After reposing a little in the parlour, I came out to view the church again, and expressed my pleasure at seeing so fair an edifice in the midst of such a wilderness.

The Superior slowly raised his eyebrows, looked first at the church, then at me, and relapsed into a frowning interrogative stupor; at last, suddenly rekindling as if he had comprehended my meaning, added "*Blagodarim*" (I thank you). A shrewd young man, from a village a few miles off, now came forward just as the Superior's courage pricked him on to ask if there were any convents in my country; "Very few," said I.

"But there are," said the young pert Servian, "a great many schools and colleges where useful sciences are taught to the young, and hospitals, where active physicians cure diseases."

This was meant as a cut to the reverend Farniente. He looked blank, but evidently wanted the boldness and ingenuity to frame an answer to this redoubtable innovator. At last he gaped at me to help him out of the dilemma.

"I should be sorry," said I, "if any thing were to happen to this convent. It is a most interesting and beautiful monument of the ancient kingdom of Servia; I hope it will be preserved and honourably kept up to a late period."

"*Blagodarim,*" (I am obliged to you,) said the Superior, pleased at the Gordian knot being loosed, and then relapsed into his atrophy, without moving a muscle of his countenance.

I now examined the church; the details of the architecture showed that it had suffered severely from the Turks. The curiously twisted pillars of the outer door were sadly chipped, while noseless angels, and fearfully mutilated lions guarded the inner portal. Passing through a vestibule, we saw the remains of the font, which must have been magnificent; and, covered with a cupola, the stamps of the white marble columns which support it are still visible; high on the wall is a piece of sculpture, supposed to represent St. George.

Entering the church, I saw on the right the tomb of St. Simeon, the sainted king of Servia; beside it hung his banner with the half-moon on it, the insignium of the South Slavonic nation from the dawn of heraldry. Near the altar was the body of his son, St. Stephen, the patron saint of Servia. Those who accompanied us paid little attention to the architecture of the church, but burst into raptures at the sight of the carved wood of the screen, which had been most minutely and elaborately cut by *Teinsars* (as the Macedonian Latins are called to this day).

Close to the church is a chapel with the following inscription:

"I, Stephen Urosh, servant of God, great grandson of Saint Simeon and son of the great king Urosh, king of all the Servian lands and coasts, built this temple in honour of the holy and just Joachim and Anna, 1314. Whoever destroys this temple of Christ be accursed of God and of me a sinner."

Thirty-five churches in this district, mostly in ruins, attest the piety of the Neman dynasty. The convent of Studenitza was built towards the end of the twelfth century, by the first of the dynasty. The old cloister of the convent was burnt down by the Turks. The new

cloister was built in 1839. In fact it is a wonder that so fine a monument as the church should have been preserved at all.

There is a total want of arable land in this part of Servia, and the pasture is neither good nor abundant; but the Ybar is the most celebrated of all the streams of Servia for large quantities of trout.

Next day we continued our route direct South, through scenery of the same rugged and sterile description as that we had passed on the way hither. How different from the velvet verdure and woodland music of the Gutchevo and the Drina! At one place on the bank of the Ybar there was room for only a led horse, by a passage cut in the rock. This place bears the name of Demir Kapu, or Iron Gate. In the evening we arrived at the frontier quarantine, called Raska, which is situated at two hours' distance from Novibazar.

In the midst of an amphitheatre of hills destitute of vegetation, which appeared low from the valley, although they must have been high enough above the level of the sea, was such a busy scene as one may find in the back settlements of Eastern Russia. Within an extensive inclosure of high palings was a heterogeneous mass of new buildings, some unfinished, and resounding with the saw, the plane, and the hatchet; others in possession of the employés in their uniforms; others again devoted to the safe keeping of the well-armed caravans, which bring their cordovans, oils, and cottons, from Saloniki, through Macedonia, and over the Balkan, to the gates of Belgrade.

On dismounting, the Director, a thin elderly man, with a modest and pleasing manner, told me in German that he was a native of the Austrian side of the Save, and had been attached to the quarantine at Semlin; that he had joined the quarantine service, with the permission of his government, and after having directed various other establishments, was now occupied in organizing this new point.

The *traiteur* of the quarantine gave us for dinner a very fair pillaff, as well as roast and boiled fowl; and going outside to our bench, in front of the finished buildings, I began to smoke. A slightly built and rather genteel-looking man, with a braided surtout, and a piece of ribbon at his button-hole, was sitting on the step of the next door, and wished me good evening in German. I asked him who he was, and he told me that he was a Pole, and had been a major in the Russian service, but was compelled to quit it in consequence of a duel.

I asked him if he was content with his present condition, and he answered, "Indeed, I am not; I am perfectly miserable, and sometimes think of returning to Russia, *coûte qui coûte*.—My salary is £20 sterling a year, and every thing is dear here; for there is no village, but an artificial settlement; and I have neither books nor European society. I can hold out pretty well now, for the weather is fine; but I assure you that in winter, when the snow is on the ground, it exhausts my patience." We now took a turn down the inclosure to his house, which was the ground-floor of the guard-house. Here was a bed on wooden boards, a single chair and table, without any other furniture.

The Director, obliging me, made up a bed for me in his own house, since the only resource at the *traiteur's* would have been my own carpet and pillow.

Next day we were all afoot at an early hour, in order to pay a visit to Novibazar. In order to obviate the performance of quarantine on our return, I took an officer of the establishment, and a couple of men, with me, who in the Levant are called *Guardiani*; but here the German word *Ueber-reiter*, or over-rider, was adopted.

We continued along the river Raska for about an hour, and then descried a line of wooden palings going up hill and down dale, at right angles with the course we were holding. This was the frontier of the principality of Servia, and here began the direct rule of the Sultan and the Pashalic of Bosnia. At the guard-house half a

dozen Momkes, with old fashioned Albanian guns, presented arms.

After half an hour's riding, the valley became wider, and we passed through meadow lands, cultivated by Moslem Bosniacs in their white turbans; and two hours further, entered a fertile circular plain, about a mile and a half in diameter, surrounded by low hills, which had a chalky look, in the midst of which rose the minarets and bastions of the town and castle of Novibazar. Numerous gipsy tents covered the plain, and at one of them, a withered old gipsy woman, with white dishevelled hair hanging down on each side of her burnt umber face, cried out in a rage, "See how the Royal Servian people now-a-days have the audacity to enter Novibazar on horseback," alluding to the ancient custom of Christians not being permitted to ride on horseback in a town.¹

On entering, I perceived the houses to be of a most forbidding aspect, being built of mud, with only a base of bricks, extending about three feet from the ground. None of the windows were glazed; this being the first town of this part of Turkey in Europe that I had seen in such a plight. The over-rider stopped at a large stable-looking building, which was the khan of the place. Near the door were some bare wooden benches, on which some Moslems, including the khan-keeper, were reposing. The horses were foddered at the other extremity, and a fire burned in the middle of the floor, the smoke escaping by the doors. We now sent our letter to Youssouf Bey, the governor, but word was brought back that he was in the harem.

We now sallied forth to view the town. The castle, which occupies the centre, is on a slight eminence, and flanked with eight bastions; it contains no regular troops, but merely some *redif*, or militia. Besides one small well-built stone mosque, there is nothing else to remark in the place. Some of the bazaar shops seemed tolerably

¹ Most of the gipsies here profess Islamism.

well furnished; but the place is, on the whole, miserable and filthy in the extreme. The total number of mosques is seventeen.

The afternoon being now advanced, I went to call upon the Mutsellim. His konak was situated in a solitary street, close to the fields. Going through an archway, we found ourselves in the court of a house of two stories. The ground-floor was the prison, with small windows and grated wooden bars. Above was an open corridor, on which the apartments of the Bey opened. Two rusty, old fashioned cannons were in the middle of the court. Two wretched-looking men, and a woman, detained for theft, occupied one of the cells. They asked us if we knew where somebody, with an unpronounceable name, had gone. But not having had the honour of knowing any body of the light-fingered profession, we could give no satisfactory information on the subject.

The Momke, whom we had asked after the governor, now re-descended the rickety steps, and announced that the Bey was still asleep; so I walked out, but in the course of our ramble learned that he was afraid to see us, on account of the fanatics in the town: for, from the immediate vicinity of this place to Servia, the inhabitants entertain a stronger hatred of Christians than is usual in the other parts of Turkey, where commerce, and the presence of Frank influences, cause appearances to be respected. But the people here recollected only of one party of Franks ever visiting the town.¹

We now sauntered into the fields; and seeing the cemetery, which promised from its elevation to afford a good general view of the town, we ascended, and were sorry to see so really pleasing a situation abused by filth, indolence, and barbarism.

The castle was on the elevated centre of the town; and the towns loping on all sides down to the gardens, was as nearly as possible in the centre of the plain. When

¹ I presume Messrs. Boué and party.

we had sufficiently examined the carved stone kaouks and turbans on the tomb stones, we re-descended towards the town. A savage-looking Bosniac now started up from behind a low out-house, and trembling with rage and fanaticism began to abuse us: "Giaours, kafirs, spies! I know what you have come for. Do you expect to see your cross planted some day on the castle?"

The old story, thought I to myself; the fellow takes me for a military engineer, exhausting the resources of my art in a plan for the reduction of the redoubtable fortress and city of Novibazar.

"Take care how you insult an honourable gentleman," said the over-rider; "we will complain to the Bey."

"What do we care for the Bey?" said the fellow, laughing in the exuberance of his impudence. I now stopped, looked him full in the face, and asked him coolly what he wanted.

"I will show you that when you get into the bazaar," and then he suddenly bolted down a lane out of sight.

A Christian, who had been hanging on at a short distance, came up and said—

"I advise you to take yourself out of the dust as quickly as possible. The whole town is in a state of alarm; and unless you are prepared for resistance, something serious may happen: for the fellows here are all wild Arnauts, and do not understand travelling Franks."

"Your advice is a good one; I am obliged to you for the hint, and I will attend to it."

Had there been a Pasha or consul in the place, I would have got the fellow punished for his insolence: but knowing that our small party was no match for armed fanatics, and that there was nothing more to be seen in the place, we avoided the bazaar, and went round by a side street, paid our khan bill¹, and, mounting our horses, trotted rapidly out of the town, for fear of a stray shot;

¹ The Austrian zwanziger goes here for only three piastres; in Servia it goes for five.

but the over-rider on getting clear of the suburbs instead of relaxing got into a gallop.

"Halt," cried I, "we are clear of the rascals, and fairly out of town;" and coming up to the eminence crowned with the Giurgeve Stupovi, on which was a church, said to have been built by Stephen Dushan the Powerful, I resolved to ascend, and got the over-rider to go so far; but some Bosniacs in a field warned us off with menacing gestures. The over-rider said, "For God's sake let us go straight home. If I go back to Novibazar my life may be taken."

Not wishing to bring the poor fellow into trouble, I gave up the project, and returned to the quarantine.

Novibazar, which is about ten hours distant from the territory of Montenegro, and thrice that distance from Scutari, is, politically speaking, in the Pashalic of Bosnia. The Servian or Bosniac language here ceases to be the preponderating language, and the Albanian begins and stretches southward to Epirus. But through all the Pashalic of Scutari, Servian is much spoken.

Colonel Hodges, her Britannic Majesty's first consul-general in Servia, a gentleman of great activity and intelligence, from the laudable desire to procure the establishment of an entrepôt for British manufactures in the interior, got a certain chieftain of a clan Vassoevitch, named British vice-consul at Novibazar. From this man's influence, there can be no doubt that had he stuck to trade he might have proved useful; but, inflated with vanity, he irritated the fanaticism of the Bosniacs, by setting himself up as a little Christian potentate. As a necessary consequence, he was obliged to fly for his life, and his house was burned to the ground. The Vassoevitch clan have from time immemorial occupied certain mountains near Novibazar, and pretend, or pretended, to complete independence of the Porte, like the Montenegrines.

A middle-aged, showily dressed man, presented himself as the captain who was to conduct me to the top of the Kopaunik. His clerk was a fat, knock-kneed, fellow, with

a red face, a short neck, a low forehead, and bushy eyebrows and mustachios, as fair as those of a Norwegian; to add to his droll appearance, one of his eyes was bandaged up.

We now crossed the Ybar, and ascending for hours through open pasture lands, arrived at some rocks interspersed with stunted ilex.

A gentle wind skimmed the white straggling clouds from the blue sky. Warmer and warmer grew the sunlit valleys; wider and wider grew the prospect as we ascended. Balkan after Balkan rose on the distant horizon. Ever and anon I paused and looked round with delight; but before reaching the summit I tantalized myself with a few hundred yards of ascent, to treasure the glories in store for the pause, the turn, and the view. When, at length, I stood on the highest peak; the prospect was literally gorgeous. Serbia lay rolled out at my feet. There was the field of Kossovo, where Amurath defeated Lasar and entombed the ancient empire of Serbia. I mused an instant on this great landmark of European history, and following the finger of an old peasant, who accompanied us, I looked eastwards, and saw Deligrad—the scene of one of the bloodiest fights that preceded the resurrection of Serbia as a principality. The Morava glistened in its wide valley like a silver thread in a carpet of green, beyond which the dark mountains of Rudnik rose to the north, while the frontiers of Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, and Bulgaria walled in the prospect.

“This is the whole world,” said the peasant, who stood by me.

I myself thought, that if an artist wished for a landscape as the scene of Satan taking up our Saviour into a high mountain, he could find none more appropriate than this. The Kopaunik is not lofty; not much above six thousand English feet above the level of the sea. But it is so placed in the Servian basin, that the eye embraces the whole breadth from Bosnia to Bulgaria, and very nearly the whole length from Macedonia to Hungary.

I now thanked the captain for his trouble, bade him adieu, and, with a guide, descended the north eastern slope of the mountain. The declivity was rapid, but thick turf assured us a safe footing. Towards night-fall we entered a region interspersed with trees, and came to a miserable hamlet of shepherds, where we were fain to put up in a hut. This was the humblest habitation we had entered in Servia. It was built of logs of wood and wattling. A fire burned in the middle of the floor, the smoke of which, finding no vent but the door, tried our eyes severely, and had covered the roof with a brilliant jet.

Hay being laid in a corner, my carpet and pillow were spread out on it; but sleep was impossible from the fleas. At length, the sheer fatigue of combating them threw me towards morning into a slumber; and, on awaking, I looked up, and saw a couple of armed men crouching over the glowing embers of the fire. These were the Bolouk Bashi and Pandour, sent by the Natchalnik of Krushevatz to conduct us to that town.

We now descended the Grashevatzka river to Bruss, with low hills on each side, covered with grass, and partly wooded. Bruss is prettily situated on a rising ground, at the confluence of two tributaries of the Morava. It has a little bazaar opening on a lawn, where the captain of Zhupa had come to meet me. After coffee, we again mounted, and proceeded to Zhupa. Here the aspect of the country changed; the verdant hills became chalky, and covered with vineyards, which, before the fall of the empire, were celebrated. To this day tradition points out a cedar and some vines, planted by Militza, the consort of Lasar.

The vine-dressers all stood in a row to receive us. A carpet had been placed under an oak, by the side of the river, and a round low table in the middle of it was soon covered with soup, sheeps' kidneys, and a fat capon, roasted to a minute, preceded by onions and cheese, as a rinfresco, and followed by choice grapes and clotted cream, as a dessert.

"I think," said I to the entertainer, as I shook the crumbs out of my napkin, and took the first whiff of my chibouque, "that if Stephan Dushan's chief cook were to rise from the grave, he could not give us better fare."

CAPTAIN. "God sends us good provender, good pasture, good flocks and herds, good corn and fruits, and wood and water. The land is rich, the climate is excellent; but we are often in political troubles."

AUTHOR. "These recent affairs are trifles, and you are too young to recollect the revolution of Kara Georg."

CAPTAIN. "Yes, I am; but do you see that Bolouk Bashi who accompanied you hither; his history is a droll illustration of past times. Simo Slivovats is a brave soldier, but, although a Servian, has two wives."

AUTHOR. "Is he a Moslem?"

CAPTAIN. "Not at all. In the time of Kara Georg he was an active guerilla fighter, and took prisoner a Turk called Sidi Mengia, whose life he spared. In the year 1813, when Servia was temporarily re-conquered by the Turks, the same Sidi Mengia returned to Zhupa, and said, 'Where is the brave Servian who saved my life?' The Bolouk Bashi being found, he said to him, 'My friend, you deserve another wife for your generosity.' 'I cannot marry two wives,' said Simo; 'my religion forbids it.' But the handsomest woman in the country being sought out, Sidi Mengia sent a message to the priest of the place, ordering him to marry Simo to the young woman. The priest refused; but Sidi Mengia sent a second threatening message; so the priest married the couple. The two wives live together to this day in the house of Simo at Zhupa. The archbishop, since the departure of the Turks, has repeatedly called on Simo to repudiate his second wife; but the principal obstacle is the first wife, who looks upon the second as a sort of sister: under these anomalous circumstances, Simo was under a sort of excommunication, until he made a fashion of repudiating the second wife, by the first adopting her as a sister."

The captain, who was an intelligent modest man, would fain have kept me till next day; but I felt anxious to get to Alexinatz; and on arrival at a hill called Vrbnitzkobrdó, the vale of the Morava again opened upon us in all its beauty and fertility, in the midst of which lay Krushevatz, which was the last metropolis of the Servian empire; and even now scarce can fancy picture to itself a nobler site for an internal capital. Situated half-way between the source and the mouth of the Morava, the plain has breadth enough for swelling zones of suburbs, suburban villas, gardens, fields, and villages.

A shattered gate-way and ruined walls, are all that now remain of the once extensive palace of Knes Lasar Czar Serbski; but the chapel is as perfect as it was when it occupied the centre of the imperial quadrangle. It is a curious monument of the period, in a Byzantine sort of style; but not for a moment to be compared in beauty to the church of Studenitzá. Above one of the doors is carved the double eagle, the insignium of empire. The great solidity of this edifice recommended it to the Turks as an arsenal; hence its careful preservation. The late Servian governor had the Vandalism to whitewash the exterior, so that at a distance it looks like a vulgar parish church. Within is a great deal of gilding and bad painting; pity that the late governor did not whitewash the inside instead of the out. The Natchalnik told me, that under the whitewash fine bricks were disposed in diamond figures between the stones. This antique principle of tessellation, applied by the Byzantines to perpendicular walls, and occasionally adopted and varied *ad infinitum* by the Saracens, is magnificently illustrated in the upper exterior of the ducal palace of Venice.

CHAPTER IX.

EASTERN SERVIA.

The Natchalnik was the Nimrod of his district, and had made arrangements to treat me to a grand hunt of bears and boars on the Jastrabatz, with a couple of hundred peasants to beat the woods; but the rain poured, the wind blew, my sport was spoiled, and I missed materials for a chapter. Thankful was I, however, that the elements had spared me during the journey in the hills, and that we were in snug quarters during the bad weather. A day later I should have been caught in the peasant's chimneyless-hut at the foot of the Balkan, and then should have roughed it in earnest.

When the weather settled, I was again in motion, ascending that branch of the Morava which comes from Nissa. There was nothing to remark in this part of Serbia, which proved to be the least interesting part of our route, being wanting as well in boldness of outline as in luxuriant vegetation.

On approaching a khan, at a short distance from Alexinatz, I perceived an individual whom I guessed to be the captain of the place, along with a Britannic-looking figure in a Polish frock. This was Captain W——, a queen's messenger of the new school.

While we were drinking a cup of coffee, a Turkish Bin Bashi came upon his way to Belgrade from the army of Roumelia at Kalkendel; he told us that the Pasha of Nish had gone with all his force to Procupli to disarm the Arnacouts. I very naturally took out the map to learn where Procupli was; on which the Bin Bashi asked me if I was a military engineer! "That boy will be the death of me!"—so nobody but military engineers are permitted to look at maps.

For a month I had seen or heard nothing of Europe and Europeans except the doctor at Csatsak, and his sage maxims about Greek masses and Hungarian law-suits. I

therefore made prize of the captain, who was an intelligent man, with an abundance of fresh political chit-chat. Formerly Foreign-Office messengers were the cast-off butlers and valets of secretaries of state. For some time back they have been taken from the half-pay list and the educated classes. One or two can boast of very fair literary attainments; and a man who once a year spends a few weeks in all the principal capitals of Europe, from Madrid to St. Petersburg and Constantinople, necessarily picks up a great knowledge of the world.

On arriving at Alexinatz, a good English dinner awaited us at the konak of the queen's messenger. There was, moreover, a small library, with which the temporary occupants of the konak killed the month's interval between arrival and departure.

Next day I visited the quarantine buildings with the inspector; they are all new, and erected in the Austrian manner. The number of those who purge their quarantine is about fourteen thousand individuals per annum, being mostly Bulgarians who wander into Servia at harvest time, and place at the disposal of the haughty, warlike, and somewhat indolent Servians their more humble and laborious services. A village of three hundred houses, a church, and a national school, have sprung up within the last few years at this point. The imports from Roumelia and Bulgaria are mostly Cordovan leather; the exports, Austrian manufactures, which pass through Servia.

When the new macadamized road from Belgrade to this point is finished, there can be no doubt that the trade will increase. The possible effect of which is, that the British manufactures, which are sold at the fairs of Transbalkan Bulgaria, may be subject to greater competition. After spending a few days at Alexinatz, I started with post horses for Tiupria, as the horse I had ridden had been so severely galled, that I was obliged to send him to Belgrade.

The Natchalnik Tiupria having got up a party, we proceeded in light cars of the country to Ravanitza, a con-

vent two or three hours off in the mountains to the eastward. The country was gently undulating, cultivated, and mostly inclosed, the roads not bad, and the *ensemble* such as English landscapes were represented to be half a century ago. When we approached Ravanitza we were again lost in the forest. Ascending by the side of a mountain-rill, the woods opened, and the convent rose in an amphitheatre at the foot of an abrupt rocky mountain; a pleasing spot, but wanting the grandeur and beauty of the sites on the Bosniac frontier.

The superior was a tall, polite, middle-aged man. "I expected you long ago," said he; "the Archbishop advised me of your arrival: but we thought something might have happened, or that you had missed us."

"I prolonged my tour," said I, "beyond the limits of my original project. The circumstance of this convent having been the burial-place of Knes Lasar, was a sufficient motive for my on no account missing a sight of it."

The superior now led us into the refectory, where a long table had been laid out for dinner, for with the number of Tiuprians, as well as the monks of this convent, and some from the neighbouring convent of Manasia, we mustered a very numerous and very gay party. The wine was excellent; and I could not help thinking with the jovial Abbot of Quimper:

"Quand nos joyeux verres
Se font dès le matin,
Tout le jour, mes frères,
Devient un festin."

So after the usual toasts due to the powers that be, the superior proposed my health in a very long harangue. Before I had time to reply, the party broke into a beautiful hymn for longevity. I assured them that I was unworthy of such an honour, but could not help remarking that this hymn "for many years" immediately after the drinking of a health, was one of the most striking and beautiful customs I had noticed in Servia.

In the afternoon we made a survey of the convent

and church, which were built by Knes Lasar, and surrounded by a wall and seven towers.

The church, like all the other edifices of this description, is Byzantine; but being built of stone, wants the refinement which shone in the sculptures and marbles of Studenitza. I remarked, however, that the cupolas were admirably proportioned and most harmoniously disposed. Before entering I looked above the door, and perceived that the double eagles carved there are reversed. Instead of having body to body, and wings and beaks pointed outwards, as in the arms of Austria and Russia, the bodies are separated, and beak looks inward to beak.

On entering we were shown the different vessels, one of which is a splendid cup, presented by Peter the Great, and several of the same description from the empress Catharine, some in gold, silver, and steel; others in gold, silver, and bronze.

The body of Knes Lasar, after having been for some time hid, was buried here in 1394, remained till 1684, at which period it was taken over to Virdnik in Syrmium, where it remains to this day.

In the cool of the evening the superior took me to a spring of clear delicious water, gushing from rocks environed with trees. A boy with a large crystal goblet, dashed it into the clear lymph, and presented it to me. The superior fell into eulogy of his favourite Valclusa, and I drank not only this but several glasses, with circumstantial criticisms on its excellence; so that the superior seemed delighted at my having rendered such ample justice to the water he so loudly praised. *Entre nous*, —the excellence of his wine, and the toasts that we had drunk to the health of innumerable loyal and virtuous individuals, rendered me a greater amateur of water-bibbing than usual.

After some time we returned, and saw a lamb roasting for supper in the open air; a hole being dug in the earth, chopped vine-twigs are burnt below it, the crimson glow of which soon roasts the lamb, and imparts a par-

ticular fragrance to the flesh. After supper we went out in the mild dark evening to a mount, where a bonfire blazed and glared on the high square tower of the convent, and cushions were laid for chibouques and coffee. The not unpleasing drone of bagpipes resounded through the woods, and a number of Bulgarians executed their national dance in a circle, taking hold of each other's girdle, and keeping time with the greatest exactness.

Next day, accompanied by the doctor, and a portion of the party of yesterday, we proceeded to the convent of Manasia, five hours off; our journey being mostly through forests, with the most wretched roads. Sometimes we had to cross streams of considerable depth; at other places the oaks, arching over head, almost excluded the light: at length, on doubling a precipitous promontory of rock, a wide open valley burst upon us, at the extremity of which we saw the donjons and crenellated towers of a perfect feudal castle surrounding and fencing in the domes of an antique church. Again I say, that those who wish to see the castellated monuments of the middle ages just as they were left by the builders, must come to this country. With us in old Europe, they are either modernized or in ruins, and in many of them every tower and gate reflects the taste of a separate period; some edifices showing a grotesque progress from Gothic to Italian, and from Italian to Roman *à la Louis Quinze*: a succession which corresponds with the portraits within doors, which begin with coats of mail, or padded velvet, and end with bag-wigs and shoebuckles. But here, at Manasia,

"The battle towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep.
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone;"

and we were carried back to the year of our Lord 1400; for this castle and church were built by Stephan, Despot of Servia, the son of Knes Lasar. Stephan, instead of being "the Czar of all the Servian lands and coasts,"

became a mere hospodar, who must do as he was bid by his masters, the Turks.

Manasia being entirely secluded from the world, the monastic establishment was of a humbler and simpler nature than that of Ravanitza, and the monks, good honest men, but mere peasants in cowls.

After dinner, a strong broad-faced monk, whom I recognized as having been of the company at Ravanitza, called for a bumper, and began in a solemn matter-of-fact way, the following speech: "You are a great traveller in our eyes; for none of us ever went further than Syrmium. The greatest traveller of your country that we know of was that wonderful navigator, Robinson Crusoe, of York, who, poor man, met with many and great difficulties, but at length, by the blessing of God, was restored to his native country, his family, and his friends. We trust that the Almighty will guard over you, and that you will never, in the course of your voyages and travels, be thrown like him on a desert island; and now we drink your health, and long life to you." When the toast was drunk, I thanked the company, but added that from the revolutions in locomotion, I ran a far greater chance now-a-days of being blown out of a steam-boat, or smashed to pieces on a railway.

From the rocks above Manasia is one of the most remarkable echoes I ever heard; at the distance of sixty or seventy yards from one of the towers the slightest whisper is rendered with the most amusing exactness.

From Manasia we went to Miliva, where the peasantry were standing in a row, by the side of a rustic tent, made of branches of trees. Grapes, roast fowl, &c. were laid out for us; but thanking them for their proffered hospitality, we passed on. From this place the road to Svilainitza is level, the country fertile, and more populous than we had seen any where else in Servia. At some places the villagers had prepared bouquets; at another place a school, of fifty or sixty children, was drawn up in the street, and sang a hymn of welcome.

At Svilainitza the people would not allow me to go any further; and we were conducted to the château of M. Ressayatz, the wealthiest man in Servia. This villa is the *fac simile* of the new ones in the banat of Temesvar, having the rooms papered, a luxury in Servia, where the most of the rooms, even in good houses, are merely size-coloured.

Svilainitza is remarkable, as the only place in Servia where silk is cultivated to any extent, the Ressayatz family having paid especial attention to it. In fact, Svilainitza means the place of silk.

From Svilainitza, we next morning started for Posharevatz, or Passarovitz, by an excellent macadamized road, through a country richly cultivated and interspersed with lofty oaks. I arrived at mid-day, and was taken to the house of M. Tutsakovitch, the president of the court of appeal, who had expected us on the preceding evening. He was quite a man of the world, having studied jurisprudence in the Austrian Universities. The outer chamber, or hall of his house, was ranged with shining pewter plates in the olden manner, and his best room was furnished in the best German style.

In a few minutes M. Ressayatz, the Natchalnik, came, a serious but friendly man, with an eye that bespoke an expansive intellect.

"This part of Servia," said I, "is *Ressayatz quâ, Ressayatz là*. We last night slept at your brother's house, at Svilainitza, which is the only château I have seen in Servia; and to-day the rapid and agreeable journey I made hither was due to the macadamized road, which, I am told, you were the means of constructing."

The Natchalnik bowed, and the president said, "This road originated entirely with M. Ressayatz, who went through a world of trouble before he could get the peasantry of the intervening villages to lend their assistance. Great was the first opposition to the novelty; but now the people are all delighted at being able to drive in winter without sinking up to their horses' knees in mud."

We now proceeded to view the government buildings, which are all new and in good order, being somewhat more extensive than those elsewhere; for Posharevatz, besides having ninety thousand inhabitants in its own *nahie*,¹ or government, is a sort of judicial capital for Eastern Servia. The principal edifice is a barrack, but the regular troops were at this time all at Shabatatz. The president showed me through the court of appeal. Most of the apartments were occupied with clerks, and fitted up with shelves for registers. The court of justice was an apartment larger than the rest, without a raised bench, having merely a long table, covered with a green cloth, at one end of which was a crucifix and Gospels, for the taking of oaths, and the seats for the president and assessors.

We then went to the billiard-room with the Natchalnik, and played a couple of games, both of which I lost, although the Natchalnik, from sheer politeness, played badly; and at sunset we returned to the president's house, where a large party was assembled to dinner. We then adjourned to the comfortable inner apartment, where, as the chill of autumn was beginning to creep over us, we found a blazing fire; and the president having made some punch, the best amateurs of Posharevatz sang their best songs, which pleased me somewhat, for my ears had gradually been broken into the habits of the Servian muse. Being pressed myself to sing an English national song, I gratified their curiosity with "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia"!

The soil at Posharevatz is remarkably rich, the greasy humus being from fifteen to twenty-five feet thick, and consequently able to nourish the noblest forest trees. In the Banat, which is the granary of the Austrian empire, trees grow well for fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years,

¹ *Nahie* is a Turkish word, and meant "district." The original word means "direction," and is applied to winds, and the point of the compass."

and then die away. The cause of this is, that the earth, although rich, is only from three to six feet thick, with sand or cold clay below; thus as soon as the roots descend to the substrata, in which they find no nourishment, rottenness appears on the top branches, and gradually descends.

At Krushevitza, not very far from Pasharevatz, is a cave, which is, I am told, entered with difficulty, into the basin of which water gradually flows at intervals, and then disappears, as the doctor of the place (a Saxon) told me, with an extraordinary noise resembling the molar rumble of railway travelling. This spring is called Potaitza, or the mysterious waters.

Posharevatz, miscalled Passarowitz, is historically remarkable, as the place where Prince Eugene, in 1718, after his brilliant victories of the previous year, including the capture of Belgrade, signed, with the Turks, the treaty which gave back to the house of Austria not only the whole of Hungary, but added great part of Servia and Little Wallachia, as far as the Aluta. With this period began the Austrian rule in Servia, and at this time the French fashioned Lange Gasse of Belgrade rose amid the swelling domes and pointed minarets of the white eagle's nest.¹ Several quaint incidents had recalled this period during my tour. For instance, at Manasia, I saw rudely engraven on the church wall,—

Wolfgang Zastoff,
Kaiserlicher Forst-Meister im Maidan.
Den 1. Aug. 1721.

Semendria is three hours' ride from Posharevatz; the road crosses the Morava, and every where the country is fertile, populous, and well cultivated. Innumerable massive turrets, mellowed by the sun of a clear autumn, and rising from wide rolling waters, announced my approach to the shores of the Danube. I seemed entering one of those fabled strongholds, with which the early Italian artists

¹ In Servian, Belgrade is called Beograd, "white city;"—poetically, "white eagle's nest."

adorned their landscapes. If Semendria be not the most picturesque of the Servian castles of the elder period, it is certainly by far the most extensive of them. Nay, it is colossal. The rampart next the Danube has been shorn of its fair proportions, so as to make it suit the modern art of war. Looking at Semendria from one of the three land sides, you have a castle of Ercole di Ferrara; looking at it from the water, you have the boulevard of a Van der Meulen.

The Natchalnik accompanied me in a visit to the fortress, protected from accident by a couple of soldiers; for the castle of Semendria is still, like that of Shabatz, in the hands of a few Turkish spahis and their families. We found several armed Moslems at the gate; but they did not allow the Servians to pass, with the exception of the Natchalnik and another man. "This is new," said he; "I never knew them to be so wary and suspicious before." We now found ourselves within the walls of the fortress. A shabby wooden *café* was opposite to us; a mosque of the same material rose with its worm-eaten carpentry to our right.

Mean huts, with patches of garden ground, filled up the space inclosed by the gorgeous ramparts and massive towers of Semendria. The further we walked the nobler appeared the last relic of the dotage of old feudal Servia. In one of the towers next the Danube is a sculptured Roman tombstone. One graceful figure points to a sarcophagus, close to which a female sits in tears; in a word, a remnant of the antique—of that harmony which dies not away, but swells on the finer organs of perception.

"*Eski, Eski.* Very old," said the Disdar Aga, who accompanied me.

"It is Roman," said I.

"*Roungi?*" said he, thinking I meant *Greek*.

"No, *Latinski,*" said a third, which is the name usually given to *Roman* remains.

As at Soko and Ushitza, I was not permitted to enter the inner citadel; so, returning to the gate, where we

were rejoined by the soldiers, we went to the fourth tower, on the left of the Stamboul Kapu, and looking up, we saw inserted and forming part of the wall, a large stone, on which was cut, in *basso rilievo*, a figure of Europa reposing on a bull. A few simple lines bespoke the careless hardihood of antique art.

The castle of Semendria was built in 1432, by the Brankovitch, who succeeded the family of Knes Lasar as *despots*, or native rulers of Servia, under the Turks; and the construction of this enormous pile was permitted by their masters, under the pretext of the strengthening of Servia against the Hungarians. The last of these *despots* of Servia was George Brankovitch, the historian, who passed over to Austria, was raised to the dignity of a count; and after being kept many years as a state prisoner, suspected of secret correspondence with the Turks, died at Eger, in Bohemia, in 1711. The legitimate Brankovitch line is now extinct.¹

Leaving the fortress, we returned to the Natchalnik's house. I was struck with the size, beauty, and flavour of the grapes here; I have no where tasted such delicious fruit of this description. "Groja Smederevsko" are celebrated through all Servia, and ought to make excellent wine.

The road from Semendria to Belgrade skirts the Danube, across which one sees the plains of the Banat and military frontier. The only place of any consequence on that side of the river is Pancsova, the sight of which reminded me of a conversation I had there some years ago.

The major of the town, after swallowing countless boxes of Morrison's pills, died in the belief that he had not begun to take them soon enough. The consumption of these drugs at that time almost surpassed belief. There was scarcely a sickly or hypochondriac person, from the Hill of Presburg to the Iron Gates, who had not taken

¹ One of the representatives of the ancient imperial family is the Earl of Devon, for Urosh the Great married Helen of Courtenay.

large quantities of them. Being curious to know the cause of this extensive consumption, I asked for an explanation.

The Anglo-mania is no where stronger than in this part of the world. Whatever comes from England, be it Congreve rockets, or vegetable pills, must needs be perfect. Dr. Morrison is indebted to his high office for the enormous consumption of his drugs. It is clear that the president of the British College must be a man in the enjoyment of the esteem of the government and the faculty of medicine; and his title is a passport to his pills in foreign countries."

I laughed heartily, and explained that the British College of Health, and the College of Physicians, were not identical.

The road from this point to Belgrade presents no particular interest. Half an hour from the city I crossed the celebrated trenches of Marshal Laudohn; and rumbling through a long cavernous gateway, called the Stamboul Kapousi, or gate of Constantinople, again found myself in Belgrade, thankful for the past, and congratulating myself on the circumstances of my trip. I had seen a state of patriarchal manners, the prominent features of which will be at no distant time rolled flat and smooth, by the pressure of old Europe, and the salient angles of which will soon disappear.

CHAPTER X.

THE POPULATION OF SERVIA.

The Servians are a remarkably tall and robust race of men; in form and feature they bespeak strength of body and energy of mind: but one seldom sees that thorough-bred look, which, so frequently found in the poorest peasants of Italy and Greece, shows that the de-

scendants of the most polite of the ancients, although disinherited of dominion, have not lost the corporeal attributes of nobility. But the women of *Servia* I think very pretty. In body they are not so well shaped as the Greek women; but their complexions are fine, the hair generally black and glossy, and their head-dress particularly graceful. Not being addicted to the bath, like other eastern women, they prolong their beauty beyond the average climacteric; and their houses, with rooms opening on a court-yard and small garden, are favourable to health and beauty. They are not exposed to the elements as the men; nor are they cooped up within four walls, like many eastern women, without a sufficient circulation of air.

Through all the interior of *Servia*, the female is reckoned an inferior being, and fit only to be the plaything of youth and the nurse of old age. This peculiarity of manners has not sprung from the four centuries of Turkish occupation, but appears to have been inherent in old *Slaavic* manners, and such as we read of in *Russia*, a very few generations ago; but as the European standard is now rapidly adopted at *Belgrade*, there can be little doubt that it will thence, in the course of time, spread over all *Servia*.

The character of the *Servian* closely resembles that of the *Scottish Highlander*. He is brave in battle, highly hospitable; delights in simple and plaintive music and poetry, his favourite instruments being the bagpipe and fiddle: but unlike the Greek he shows little aptitude for trade; and unlike the *Bulgarian*, he is very lazy in agricultural operations. All this corresponds with the *Scottish Celtic* character; and without absolute dishonesty, a certain low cunning in the prosecution of his material interests completes the parallel.

The old customs of *Servia* are rapidly disappearing under the pressure of laws and European institutions. Many of these could not have existed except in a society in which might made right. One of these was the vow

of eternal brotherhood and friendship between two individuals; a treaty offensive, to assist each other in the difficult passages of life. This bond is considered sacred and indissoluble. Frequently remarkable instances of it are found in the wars of Kara Georg. But now that regular guarantees for the security of life and property exist, the custom appears to have fallen into desuetude. These confederacies in the dual state, as in Servia, or multiple, as in the clan system of Scotland and Albania, are always strongest in turbulent times and regions ¹.

Another of the old customs of Servia was sufficiently characteristic of its lawless state. Abduction of females was common. Sometimes a young man would collect a party of his companions, break into a village, and carry off a maiden. To prevent re-capture they generally went into the woods, where the nuptial knot was tied by a priest *nolens volens*. Then commenced the negotiation for a reconciliation with the parents, which was generally successful; as in many instances the female had been the secret lover of the young man, and the other villagers used to add their persuasion, in order to bring about a pacific solution. But if the relations of the girl made a legal affair of it, the young woman was asked if it was by her own will that she was taken away; and if she made the admission then a reconciliation took place: if not, those concerned in the abduction were fined. Kara Georg put a stop to this by proclamation, punishing the author of an abduction with death, the priest with dismissal, and the assistants with the bastinado.

The Haiducks, or outlawed robbers, who during the first quarter of the present century infested the woods of Servia, resembled the Caterans of the Highlands of Scotland, being as much rebels as robbers, and imagined that in setting authority at defiance they were not acting dishonourably, but combating for a principle of independence.

¹ The most perfect confederacy of this description is that of the Druses, which has stood the test of eight centuries, and in its secret organization is complete beyond any thing attained by freemasonry.

They robbed only the rich Moslems, and were often generous to the poor. Thus robbery and rebellion being confounded, the term Haiduck is not considered opprobrious; and several old Servians have confessed to me that they had been Haiducks in their youth. I am sure that the adventures of a Servian Rob Roy might form the materials of a stirring Romance. There are many Haiducks still in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and on the western Balkan; but the race in Serbia is extinct, and plunder is the only object of the few robbers who now infest the woods in the west of Serbia.

Such are the customs that have just disappeared; but many national peculiarities still remain. At Christmas, for instance, every peasant goes to the woods, and cuts down a young oak; as soon as he returns home, which is in the twilight, he says to the assembled family, "A happy Christmas eve to the house;" on which a male of the family scatters a little grain on the ground and answers, "God be gracious to you, our happy and honoured father." The housewife then lays the young oak on the fire, to which are thrown a few nuts and a little straw, and the evening ends in merriment.

Next day, after divine service, the family assemble around the dinner table, each bearing a lighted candle; and they say aloud, "Christ is born: let us honour Christ and his birth." The usual Christmas drink is hot wine mixed with honey. They have also the custom of First Foot. This personage is selected beforehand, under the idea that he will bring luck with him for the ensuing year. On entering the First Foot says, "Christ is born!" and receives for answer, "Yes, he is born!" while the First Foot scatters a few grains of corn on the floor. He then advances and stirs up the wood on the fire, so that it crackles and emits sparks; on which the First Foot says, "As many sparks so many cattle, so many horses, so many goats, so many sheep, so many boars, so many bee hives, and so much luck and prosperity." He then throws a little money into the ashes, or hangs some hemp

on the door; and Christmas ends with presents and festivities.

At Easter, they amuse themselves with the game of breaking hard-boiled eggs, having first examined those of an opponent to see that they are not filled with wax. From this time until Ascension day the common formula of greeting is "Christ has arisen!" to which answer is made, "Yes; he has truly arisen or ascended!" And on the second Monday after Easter the graves of dead relations are visited.

One of the superstitious customs of Servia is that of the *Dodola*. When a long drought has taken place, a handsome young woman is stripped, and so dressed up with grass, flowers, cabbage and other leaves, that her face is scarcely visible; she then, in company with several girls of twelve or fifteen years of age, goes from house to house singing a song, the burden of which is a wish for rain. It is then the custom of the mistress of the house at which the *Dodola* is stopped to throw a little water on her. This custom used also to be kept up in the Servian districts of Hungary, but has been forbidden by the priests.

Upon the whole, it must be admitted, that the peasantry of Servia have drawn a high prize in the lottery of existence. Abject want and pauperism is nearly unknown. In fact, from the great abundance of excellent land, every man with ordinary industry can support his wife and family, and have a large surplus. The peasant has no landlord but the Sultan, who receives a fixed tribute from the Servian government, and does not interfere with the internal administration. The father of a family, after having contributed a *maximum* tax of six dollars per annum, is sole master of the surplus; so that in fact the taxes are almost nominal, and the rent a mere peppercorn; the whole amounting on an average to about four shillings and sixpence per caput per annum.

A very small proportion of the whole soil of Servia is cultivated. Some say only one sixth, others only one

eighth; and even the present mode of cultivation scarcely differs from that which prevails in other parts of Turkey. The reason is obvious: if the present production of Servia became insufficient for the subsistence of the population, they have only to take in waste lands; and improved processes of agriculture will remain unheeded, until the population begins to press on the limits of the means of subsistence; a consummation not likely to be brought about for many generations to come.

Although situated to the south of Hungary, the climate and productions are altogether northern. I never saw an olive-tree in Servia, although plentiful in the corresponding latitudes of France and Italy (43° — 44° $50'$); but both sorts of melons are abundant, although from want of cultivation not nearly so good as those of Hungary. The same may be said of all other fruits except the grapes of Semendria, which I believe are equal to any in the world. The Servians seem to have in general very little taste for gardening, much less in fact than the Turks, in consequence perhaps of the unsurpassed beauty and luxuriance of nature. The fruit-tree which seems to be the most common in Servia is the plum, from which the ordinary brandy of the country is made. Almost every village has a plantation of this tree in its vicinity. Vegetables are tolerably abundant in some parts of the interior of Servia, but Belgrade is very badly supplied. There seems to be no kitchen gardens in the environs; at least I saw none. Most of the vegetables as well as milk come from Semlin.

The harvest in August is the period of merriment. All Servian peasants assist each other in getting in the grain as soon as it is ready, without fee or reward; the cultivator providing entertainment for his laborious guests. In the vale of the Lower Morava, where there is less pasture and more corn, this is not sufficient and hired Bulgarians assist.

The innumerable swine which are reared in the vast forests of the interior, at no expense to the inhabitants, are the great staple of Servian product and export. In

districts where acorns abound, they fatten to an inconceivable size. They are first pushed swimming across the Save, as a substitute for quarantine, and then driven to Pesth and Vienna by easy stages; latterly large quantities have been sent up the Danube in boats towed by steam.

Another extensive trade in this part of the world is in leeches. Turkey in Europe, being for the most part uncultivated, is covered with ponds and marshes, where leeches are found in abundance. In consequence of the extensive use now made of these reptiles, in preference to the old practice of the lancet, the price has risen; and the European source being exhausted, Turkey swarms with Frenchmen engaged in this traffic. Semlin and Belgrade are the entrepôts of this trade. They have a singular phraseology; and it is amusing to hear them talk of their "marchandises mortes." One company had established a series of relays and reservoirs, into which the leeches were deposited, refreshed, and again put in motion; as the journey for a great distance, without such refreshment, usually proves fatal.

The steam navigation on the Danube has been of incalculable benefit to Servia; it renders the principality accessible to the rest of Europe, and Europe easily accessible to Servia. The steam navigation of the Save has likewise given a degree of animation to these lower regions, which was little dreamt of a few years ago. The Save is the greatest of all the tributaries of the Danube, and is uninterruptedly navigable for steamers a distance of two hundred miles. This river is the natural canal for the connexion of Servia and the Banat with the Adriatic.

BOOK II.

HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF
THE ADRIATIC.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST VIEW OF CROATIA.

A precise definition of the territories inhabited by the Illyrian nations is not easy; an approximative delimitation, for perspicuity's sake, is, therefore, all that I venture on. If the reader cast his eyes to the eastern frontiers of Tyrol, the river Drave is seen to enter Illyria; passing eastwards, to separate Croatia and Slavonia from Hungary Proper; and then to fall into the Danube, which continues its course onwards to the Black Sea. A few degrees farther south of this water-way is seen the Balkan chain, which stretches from Montenegro, on the Adriatic, to a point in the Black Sea between Varna and the Bay of Bourgas. The space between these water-ways in the north and the mountain-range in the south is the principal seat of the Illyrian nation; that is to say, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Illyria, Croatia, and Slavonia. To these distinctly defined settlements may be added a considerable Illyrian or Bulgarian population to the south of the Balkan, extending through

the greater part of Macedonia; and to the north of the Danube and the Drave, three Hungarian counties, Bacs, Torontal, and Baranya, have, taken together, a majority of Illyrian population.

Having concluded what I had to say on Servia,—which although emancipated from direct civil Ottoman rule is still a fief of the Ottoman sceptre, still in military occupation of the Sultan, and therefore still an integral part of the Ottoman Empire,—I now proceed to give some account of several of the most westerly portions of the Illyrian territory;—Croatia, which during so many centuries was associated with Hungary;—Dalmatia, which so long belonged to the Republic of Venice, and Montenegro, a mountain Republic, the supremacy over which has been so long claimed by Turkey.

To begin with Croatia, we may remark, that, while the Save has its source in the Carinthian Alps, close to the Kingdom of Venice, and has Slavonia and Bosnia for its lower basin, just before its confluence with the Danube at Belgrade,—the central part of the valley, with Agram for its capital, is called Croatia, a country more undulated than Hungary in general, but less serried with precipitous mountains than the Alpine region to the west.

This part of our work is therefore a familiar description of the countries to the north and east of the Adriatic. The work was undertaken at the suggestion of the late truly estimable Sir Robert Gordon, her Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, in his private and unofficial capacity, as a promoter of all those departments of literature which familiarise the reader with a knowledge of the trade and resources of foreign parts; and this in a manner so obliging and advantageous, as no student of political and commercial geography, anxious to add to the range of his previous experiences, would willingly neglect or decline. It was his wish that I should give a general view of the material resources of the Austrian empire; I therefore began with a visit to the Austrian ports on the shores of the Adriatic; but the ab-

normal state of trade, and the revolutions that have occurred, rendering it doubtful how far I should make my work a commercial one, and the progress of events in Croatia (involving considerations of the most momentous importance), having created a demand for information on that country, the desire to fill up this vacuum afforded me a convenient and fitting opportunity for laying before the public the results of studies on the interests of Great Britain in the Austrian and Ottoman empires commenced many years anterior to my tour on the Adriatic.

When I first began these studies in 1838, Great Britain had just concluded a commercial treaty with Austria, and was on the very worst terms with Russia relative to the affairs of the East; and, after a visit to Hungary in the following year, I came to the conclusion that the only counterpoise to Russia was a united and powerful Austria; that a house divided against itself must fall; and that Austria and Hungary at loggerheads left Russia uncontrolled mistress of the destinies of the lower Danube. I considered the cultivation of the Magyar language and literature by the Magyar nation to be a legal and laudable movement, but the attempt of the Ultra-Magyar faction to substitute universally that nationality for the ancient and numerically stronger Slaavic nationalities, by their extirpation in the nineteenth century, to be a gross and revolting abuse of power, which must sooner or later recoil on themselves. Magyarism I considered a solid and valid element of Hungarian prosperity; Ultra-Magyarism a windbag, which must necessarily collapse.

I passed through Agram at a most interesting period, that of the fermentation of the Croat question immediately before the revolution of 1848, and was so struck with the importance of the crisis then in embryo, that although bound for the Adriatic coast, I suspended my journey in order to complete my information on the nationalities of Hungary, which during several years had been the subject which I had studied with a most eager and persevering curiosity.

In order to understand the origin of the question, we must remind the reader that the Magyars, an Asiatic tribe, who in 883 burst into Pannonia from the eastward, could not subjugate the Croats, who had a race of valiant kings of their own; but in 1102, some years after the death of the last king of the house of Croatia, the act of union took place in a pacific manner; and in the thirteenth century, when the Magyars were completely vanquished by the Tartars, it was the bravery of the Croat provinces that alone opposed a barrier to these savage hordes. By the Turkish victory of 1526, at Mohacs, both nations were involved in a common ruin. The Magyars conducted themselves with unavailing courage and bravery, but they stood not a whit more successfully than the Servian Empire had done; and the reconquest of Hungary, in 1684, was a result of the failure of the siege of Vienna and the victory of the arms of Sobieski; while, in the succeeding century, the further progress was due to the splendid victories of Prince Eugene of Savoy, backed by the whole resources of the Emperor of Germany.

As regards the interior of Hungary, the eighteenth century was, for the most part, pacific, and a gradual infiltration of German civilisation took place; the Latin language being used as that of the Diet and public business, while German was the language of society. A rich national literature of the previous century kept the Illyrian language in full bloom; but the Magyar had fallen into such voluntary desuetude, that, without a literature, it necessarily ceased to be the language of the nobility, and, up to the year 1825, its cultivation was a matter of mere antiquarian curiosity. At length, forth starts Count Secheniy to arouse the Hungarians from their slumbers. No one doubts his excellent intentions: steam on the Danube, roads, and bridges, are all the noblest monuments of his patriotism; but his idea of making Magyars of all the nations of Hungary, *nearly a thousand years after they settled on the Danube*, was the most unhappy project that ever entered into the brain of a statesman.

Agram was one of the chief centres of resistance of the non Magyar-nations. I shall therefore in this chapter describe its external aspect, reserving a fuller treatment of this great historical question until my tour through Hungary immediately after the close of the great revolutionary war, as described in the third division of my Danubian and Adriatic researches under the title of "The Goth and the Hun."

The locality of Agram is in that pleasant region where the mountains and the plains meet, being situated on the last wooded slopes of the hilly district of Zagoria, before it is lost in the level and fertile plain of the Save. The town itself is divided into three parts, quite distinct from each other. The upper town crowns a hill, or abrupt table-land, called *Medved*, or "the Bear," the streets of which are well built, and inhabited by the aristocracy of Croatia, and it is therefore the fashionable quarter. Terraces, high over all the roofs of the lower town, with palisaded walks planted with poplars, form an agreeable promenade round this upper town; commanding on one side a view of the whole breadth of the valley of the Save, with the river, a couple of miles off, glistening at intervals, or winding unseen through the rich plain of fertile fields and villages, diversified with parks and rural residences, and the hills of the Turkish frontier visible in the distance. On the promenade on the other side of the upper town, the eye is attracted upwards to a bold line of hills, their ridges fringed with expanding oak or tapering pine, the intervals of their slopes seamed with deep gullies, and the solitary hut of the goatherd or the woodsman replacing the towns and the villages of the plain.

The most important edifice in the upper town is the Government House, where the Diets are held, entitled "*Comitia Regnorum Croatiae et Slavoniae*," and which are opened by a speech of the Ban, who exercises in the *socia regna* the functions of viceroy; but the rank of Ban is technically that of doge or duke (*dux*); and in

the kingdom of Hungary he yields precedence to the Palatine and *Judex curiæ*, being therefore the third personage in the realm. The proceedings of all affairs were in a sort of legal dog-latin; but the Diet of 1848 wisely adopted the national language. On entering the police-office to present my passport, I saw the door marked "Conclave Politii;" and the commissary, opening my passport, said to the clerk, as he examined my *signalement* and the various *visas*, "Anglus—Græciâ—Alexandria—Mehercle, totam terram peregrinavit!" continued he, looking at me as if I had come from the antipodes.

"Wo gehen Sie hin?"

"Nach Zara."

"Perfecte Germanice loquitur," &c.

Much handsomer as an edifice than the Government House, is the so-called "Narodne Domo," the national casino, or club-house, founded for the same objects as the Casino of Pesth—the general advancement of the nation. It is a very elegant new structure, in the Palladian style of architecture; the front facing the interior of the upper town, and the back windows overlooking one of the promenades with a wide prospect. The lower rooms are divided into a museum and the committee-rooms of the Agricultural Society; the former includes specimens of the flora and mineralogy of Croatia, the innumerable ponderous folios having been the life-long occupation of a botanical Dean of Agram. The numismatic collection is also extensive, including many Roman-Illyrian coins, with the star and crescent, emblematic of the worship of Leliva, the goddess of night in the ancient Illyrian mythology. These emblems were long supposed not to remount higher than the seventh century; but Gaj and others, in the profundity of their erudition or height of their enthusiasm, trace their existence to the pre-Roman period.

The rooms of the Agricultural Society present nothing worthy of being remarked by the eye; but I cannot help wishing every prosperity to attend their efforts. In Pesth, the favourite scheme of the Magyars was to create an

industry by resolutions to purchase only native manufactures. This was no doubt patriotically enough intended, but the Croats have wisely avoided any imitation of such chimeras, feeling that the only method of elevating Croatia was to follow the course chalked out for her by the Almighty in his disposition of the elements of labour. With an iron-bound coast, and scantily endowed inland with coal and iron, the development of Croat nationality would receive little help from such schemes; and, possessing the rich plains of the Save, which in some places yield wheat scarcely inferior to that of the Banat, it is more particularly to the improvement of agriculture that their attention is directed by model implements, essays on the most approved processes, and a model-farm set a-going by the Bishop, who is president of the agricultural section of the Narodne Domo,—all tending to a change much needed; for a few years ago the implements were of the rudest description; agricultural chemistry was unknown; and, instead of a rotation of crops, the land lay fallow for years, and being sown, was then so imperfectly turned over again by the plough, that the birds ate half the seed.

The upper floor is for the club-rooms, where eleven Slaavic and the same number of German newspapers are taken in, the principal one of which is the *Ilirska Narodna Novine*, or Illyrian National News, then edited by Mr. Ludovich Gaj, who has since paid the debt of nature. It was printed in Roman instead of Cyrillian letters, and was well conducted, Mr. Gaj being a man of great talent and erudition, and of charming conversation and manners.

Passing from politics to literature, we find the principal organ in Croatia to be a well-conducted quarterly review, called *Kolo*, or, translated, "The Cycle; a Review of Literature, Art, and national Life;" and, as my readers may be curious to know its contents, I subjoin a list of its articles:

Review of the History of Styria, A. D. 800—1122.

A Poem on the Fall or Conquest of Bosnia by the Turks.

An Account of the Vindolin Code of Laws (the second Slaavic code known, being that of an Istrian republic, A.D. 1280.)

Recent Publications in the Bohemian language.

Do.	do.	Russian	do.
Do.	do.	Polish	do.
Do.	do.	Illyrian	do.

Publications on Slaavic subjects in non-Slaavic languages.

An Essay on the Elements of Criticism.

The lower town has a totally different aspect from the upper ; many of the houses are old and shabby, and the public streets and the squares are not well paved; or, at all events, while walking is a cleanly process in the upper town, the mud dries much more slowly below. In the promenades of the upper town you meet only the last fashions from Vienna; but in the lower regions on a market-day, you walk from slough to slough, while the cattle is lowing about your ears, and the peasantry vociferating. But all has a strong local colour about it, well worth the shoe-blackening expended. The country people wear broad-brimmed hats and long boots, the cocked hat (*ad tres angulos*) having gone out of the fashion. The dresses are of undyed woollen cloth, of a light grey or dark brown colour; the upper tunic, kept on not by buttons but frogs, generally of a crimson colour.

The horses and cattle were for the most part poor, as a necessary consequence of bad rotations of crops, and want of sufficient hay and clover. Sometimes horses are left to shift for themselves all winter out of doors, and they pick up a wonderful knack of scenting out herbage even when snow is on the ground. But the swine, poultry, and game, are excellent, being less dependent on the ingenuity of man than on the bounty of God. One might almost include swine under the head of game, for they live in the woods; and swine-poaching lower down the Save is an irregular trade, practised by men who would be ashamed of civic theft. The poacher has Indian corn-grains on his hat-brims, and passes by a herd of swine shaking his head. A sow may in this way be seduced from a herd, until it is at a secure distant and convenient place deep in the woods, when a blow with

an axe renders unnecessary all further shaking of the peasant's head.

The principal inn or hotel of Agram, the Kaiser von Oesterreich, is in the lower town, in a new street at the entrance from the Vienna road. It is one of the best inns in Hungary, though inferior to the good hotels in Pesth; nevertheless, good taste might have spared a printed decalogue suspended from the wall of the dining-room, which ran somewhat thus:

"1. Thou shalt have no other landlord but the landlord of this hotel, &c. &c. &c.

"10. Thou shalt not covet his household, nor whisper nonsense in the ears of the chambermaid," &c.

Adjoining the lower town, which is called *Harmicsa*, from the Custom-house, is the Abbey town, called *Opotovina*, in which is situated the cathedral and episcopal palace; the former a gem that at once transports us to middle age. It is of a mixed character, the front being Byzantine of the eleventh century, with its crowd of small columns of a red-coloured marble-like stone, while the body of the cathedral is of lofty and capacious dimensions, but in the Gothic style; but many of the tombs and altar-pieces of the beginning of the seventeenth century are *renaissantissime*, as our neighbours across the Channel say.

Several fine old carved choirs have disappeared, for the defunct Bishop was a sad white-washing Vandal, who ought to have been an inspector of barracks or poor-houses; but the present incumbent has pursued restoration in the right spirit. The great eastern window has been recently renewed with painted glass—a magnificent specimen of the reviving Munich school; and a charming glimpse of middle-age life seemed offered to me as I gazed on those kneeling kings, with cuisses of mail and mantles of purple, on whom the light of heaven appeared to stream through cerulean skies and topaz halos.

The Bishop of Agram is a high and puissant prince, his income being very little short of 30,000*l.*; that is to

say, the second episcopate in Hungary quoad emolument; but he made a most charitable use of his fortune, having given a sum of 15,000 *l.* to found an institution for sisters of charity. This edifice, lately built, occupies a prominent position in the lower town, and includes within its walls a hospital for poor women, and school for poor female children, as well as the dormitories and church of the consisterhood. I visited the establishment, and found it to be a model of roomy airiness and cleanly propriety; the rooms of the sisters being more comfortable than those of a convent, but without mundane ornament or superfluity. On seeing the hospital of the sick sisters, I could not help remembering the *naïveté* of the Indian neophyte, who says to the Jesuit, "You have told me all about St. Bonaventure, and I know his history quite well; but you have forgotten to enlighten me on the nature and life of Christ." The Catholicism of Croatia is actively benevolent, and the prevention of poverty and crime is the object of the constant and praiseworthy solicitude of the clergy; but the Bible is unknown to the mass of the people. What, then, are we to say to such modern lithographic prints as I saw on the walls of this hospital? "*The dead restored to life through the prayers of St. Vincent de Paul.*" And surely the bilocation of Liguori is not more wonderful than another—"During Mass said by St. Vincent de Paul, one soul meets another in the form of two red balls."

The episcopal palace still has the castellated round towers of middle age; but a flower-garden replaces the moat, the curtain has been pierced with modern windows, and the principal apartment of the palace is the ball-room, fitted up in the style of Louis Quinze, in which, during the carnival, the Bishop frequently assembles the *beau monde* of Agram to the inspiriting sounds of Strauss and Lanner. The Bishop, although forbidden by his cloth to enter the temple of Hymen himself, is peculiarly benignant to the votaries of that pleasant deity; and it

is remarked that more matches are made up at the Bishop's balls than under any other circumstances.

There is a German and Illyrian theatre in winter; but no theatrical performance took place during my stay. They have also one opera in the Illyrian language, which was got up by amateurs, with a chorus of fifty persons, and performed several times. My visit being in the earlier part of autumn, most of the amateurs were scattered; but, in a small musical party, I had an opportunity of hearing a selection from it which pleased me. In the vocal parts, an unconscious reminiscence of modern Italian favourites was scarcely to be avoided; but the overture shewed a certain *maestria* highly creditable to Croatia.

In the way of summer amusement, the great resource is the Bishop's English park, half an hour's drive distant from Agram. Here a wide-spread forest of oaks, extending several miles in all directions, has been pierced with excellent drives, always terminating in some architectural fancy.

In the environs of Agram I met a travelling journeyman watchmaker, a middle-sized, middle-aged man, with piercing intelligent eyes; and notwithstanding his condition, his German was in the highest degree fluent and eloquent. He noticed that I was a stranger; and asking me what countryman I was, declared, on learning the soil of which I was a native, that the great object of his desire was to see London, the world-city, or city of the world (*Weltstadt*).

"London," said he, with inconceivable volubility, "is the Rome and Athens of the watchmaker, where he can study and learn. Your Swiss watchmaker has a good taste. Your Vienna watchmaker works cheap; but the English watchmaker is a true artist. The Swiss makes only a small part of a watch in the factory style, to be afterwards put together; the Englishman makes a watch from the beginning to the end: the object of the Swiss is, to get the greatest quantity through his hands; the object of the Englishman is, not quantity but quality: he

loves the watch, for it is all his own work; he has a tenderness for it, because he has the responsibility of its going well or ill. Then the buyer and wearer loves and gets attached to a well-going watch, as he does to a good picture or a faithful servant,—he appreciates it as a work of art, he hourly feels its advantage, and thus creates an attachment for an English watch which he can never feel for the most light, elegant, and showy Geneva watch: it is just the difference between a faithless mistress and a faithful wife. The celebrated school of Denmark is an offshoot of the high school of London, and the world-renowned Györgenson of Copenhagen studied in London; he is an honour to the profession; and if a watch be given him to repair, he insists on taking out all the doubtful works, at no matter what expense, or returning it to the owner untouched.”

On hearing such grandiloquence, what less could I say, than express a hope that if a Royal Academy of watch-making were instituted, he might speak the inaugural address?

Previous to the March revolution, the Magyars, possessing a vast majority in the Diet, occupied constitutional ground of such strength, that, whatever equity and humanity might say for several of the subject races of Hungary, *law* was clearly with the Magyars; and the Croats were the only race having *pacta conventa* to shew for their pretensions. But no sooner did the March revolution take place in Vienna, than the republican party in the Diet of Pesth, headed by Ludvig Kossuth, not only got the upper hand of the conservatives, but threw Count Secheniy and the monarchical reformers fairly overboard; from one step to another, erected themselves into a French Convention; and, by passing the most important laws without either the signature of the Monarch or the valid concurrence of the Upper Chamber, or Table of Magnates, created a *de facto* republic, and voluntarily abandoned that strong constitutional ground, from which, although they could not

treat the Croats as a conquered nation, yet could defy national development on the part of the Servian; Wallachian, and Slavack nations of Hungary.

The proceedings of the *Comitia Regnorum* at Agram afforded a complete contrast to the progress of affairs at Pesth. The more Kossuth resiled from the Constitution and consolidated his conventional dictatorship, the more Jellachich and the *Comitia Regnorum* adhered to the Pragmatic Sanction of last century, which irrevocably united Croatia with the possessor of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola.

The principle for which the Croats contended gradually became better understood beyond the limits of Hungary, and is, I am persuaded, the only one compatible with the interests of such a diversity of nations as now form the component parts of the Austrian Empire. This principle was, that each race should enjoy constitutional liberty, and a national administration within its own ethnographical circle; but that there ought to be one, and only one, responsible Ministry in Vienna, to make peace and to make war, to direct armies, and to receive ambassadors. On no other basis are we to hope for either the security of the throne, or the contentment of these diversified populations. By no other process can Austria be at once various and united—like the stellar universe, each body revolving in its own orbit, and all synallagmatic, all according in a harmonious whole. Justice will thus be rendered to the Slaavic and Roman races, and no injustice to either German or Magyar; while political morality and political expediency remain, as they always are, perfectly identical.

Carlstadt is situated in a perfectly level and richly cultivated plain, uncommanded by any heights; so that at a distance it looks like a Flemish town, with its church-spire overlooking its bastions, curtains, and alleys of trees. During the hostilities between Austria and Turkey, it used to be the bulwark of Croatia against that angle of the Ottoman empire which is called the Trockene

Grenze, or dry frontier. For, commanding the passage of the Culpá, the whole line from Carlstadt to Semlin is a distinctly defined line of defence.

Baron Paumgarten, the commandant, having had the obliging courtesy to be my cicerone, I passed an interesting forenoon in looking through the place when on my way to Dalmatia. The baron was a fine hearty veteran, who had slashed through the war of liberation with credit and honour, and being still, although a septuagenarian, in the possession of health, strength, and intellectual vigour, had to see that the key of Croatia caught no rust from desuetude; for considerably more than half a century has elapsed since Sultan and Emperor have exchanged hostile visits to each other's territory.

At the end of the High-street, which was mostly built in the last century in the German manner, we came upon the gate of the town next the river Culpá, which, seen from the inside, has, with its little round towers, a baronial-castle look, strongly contrasting with the modern angles and parapets of the fortifications; and the worthy commandant informed me that it was a relic of the old walls built in 1575. Just before we turned aside to ascend the rampart, a soldier's servant passed, and the commandant stopped him and asked him how his master was. "*A bisserl besser*: a trifle better, your honour," answered the man, touching his hat, and on he passed. "There is no hope for that man's master, poor fellow," said he to me as we climbed the parapet. "Morrison's vegetable pills have cured him of a slight indigestion, leaving a chronic cramp in the stomach in its place. Your English Malthusian theory of population is a very false one, my good friend: so soon as there is any danger of over-population, a great man starts up to set the balance right again—Attila, Ghenghis Khan, Napoleon, but last and greatest of all, Morrison."

We now found ourselves on the ramparts, and enjoyed a pleasing view over a wide champaign country. As we continued our round I perceived a large suburb to be

built entirely of wood; and on asking if there were not a danger of fire, was answered that the proprietors of these houses had built them on the condition that if an enemy appeared they were to be burnt or torn down at a moment's notice, so as to have a clear defensive glacis. It seems that, on account of the active trade and navigation of the place, the wants of the town have outgrown the ramparts; so that houses that were to be bought during the French war for 300*l.* now sell for 1000*l.*

Passing angle after angle of the works, we arrived at the gate of Fiume, (which, unlike his fellow at the other end of the town, was in the modern style, protected by an outwork,) and descending from the banquette to the terre pleine, and passing outwards, found ourselves in a turf plain, covered with horses and oxen, and peasantry engaged in the business of the market. A gipsy, with broad-brimmed hat, frieze jacket, and sandals, was shewing a poor miserable grey horse to a group of Croat peasants. The gipsy lent the motion of his body towards a fair start, and with a sharp dig of the spur into the flank, unseen by the peasants, would fain have got a decent canter out of the poor animal; but although the tail shewed spice, the motion of the horse was very far from corresponding with the elasticity of the rider, and like an unsuccessful mesmerist, he began to assign reasons, and the peasantry to laugh and to joke.

We then re-entered the town, and turning to the left came upon the banks of the Culpa, which was covered with the long narrow boats which bring the corn of the Banat to Carlstadt, whence it is conveyed to Fiume by the celebrated Maria Louisa road, which was completed in 1812. The beating of a drum being heard from amidst a group of bystanders a short distance off, I went forward, and found this to be an auction. A seller pays a florin to the magistrate, the town-drummer proceeds to the spot, and at the third rub-a-dub the article is sold.

We then went to the public square, one side of which was recognisable as *ærarial* or fiscal by the regularity of its construction, and its sentries and sentry-boxes of black and brown alternate stripes. The edifice in question was the barracks and armoury from which all the western frontier is supplied. Here we saw the *waffensaal*, or armoury, with thirty thousand stand of arms. There was a lofty altar with columns and connecting festoons of barrels, locks, bayonets, and ramrods, all of the most ingenious architecture. Along with these modern arms was a collection of armour taken from time to time from Bosniac knights—halberts, battle-axes, and shields; such fearful lances as glistened in the galleys of a Tintoretto, and such blunderbusses as one sees clouding, with life-like smoke, the battle-pieces of a Bourignon, in that picturesque middle period when chivalry had scarce ended, and modern discipline had scarce begun.

“You talk of history,” said the commandant: “there is an arm that has a historical association; the old equipment of Trenck’s pandours.” I examined the piece, taken from a pile of the same sort, and found it to be somewhat between a modern musket and a carbine. It was with these weapons that his fearless pandours, recruited in Croatia and Slavonia, mostly in the environs of his own estates at Pakratz, carried the renown of their bravery to the banks of the Rhine and the Moldau, but more particularly in Alsace, where, imagining that all over the Rhine was as fair plunder as over the Save among the Bosniac Turks, they terrified the peasantry by their excesses, until the severe examples made by Trenck infused a better spirit into them. As the Alsations complained that Maria Theresa should make war with such wild people, Trenck answered, “that they were indeed rather rough subjects, and that he had brought them to France to teach them polished manners;” which, with the frequent assistance of the provost-marshal, he certainly did; the Alsations wondering to see the condemned pandours coolly smoking their pipes

even while the hangman was putting the rope about their necks.

The estates of Pakratz, Pleternicza, Bristowacs, and several others, producing, in the middle of last century, 6000*l.* sterling per annum, were given to the Trenck family by the Emperor after the siege of Vienna and liberation of Hungary, in 1683-4; and on the death of the pandour colonel fell to the renowned Baron Frederick Trenck, who, in his memoirs, relates how he was ruined with Hungarian law-suits after escaping from the chains and dungeons of Frederick the Great. These memoirs, published in Paris some years before the first Revolution, made, according to pleasantly prattling Grimm, even in his days, "une sensation prodigieuse;" and even now are not yet banished from the circulating library, which dispenses me from the task of repeating the well-known adventures of either Francis and his Croat pandours, or Frederick and his law-suits. Liberated, honoured, and pensioned, he thus writes in his old age: "Safe am I arrived in heaven, a weather-beaten but experienced shipman, enabled to indicate the hidden rocks and quicksands of this life's perturbed shores; often have I struck, often been wrecked, but never foundered. Possible, though little probable, are future storms."

Alas, poor Trenck, a greater whirlpool than ever man saw was brewing its huge vortex to sink thee with many a prouder craft! The career of Trenck had been a dramatic one; but the *dénouement* was never dreamt of by either the autobiographer himself, or any of the philosophic men of quality who supped and epigrammatised on the eve of the great convulsion; and Trenck, who played a conspicuous part in the age of Frederick and Maria Theresa, became an unseen supernumerary in the catastrophe of the Revolution.

On the 7th Thermidor of the year 2 of the Republic, a man of gigantic stature, six feet and a half high at least, appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, charged with being a secret agent of the King of Prussia. This

was Trenck, then verging on his seventieth year. "You are accused," said President Hermann, "of being implicated in the conspiracy of the despots of Europe against the freedom of the French nation. A letter has been intercepted in which you express yourself in the most equivocal terms on the recent events."

"It is false," said Trenck. "There," continued he, holding up his wrists, "are the scars of my fetters: I have for some time had no dealings with the great who treated me so shamefully. I dare you to repeat the accusation."

This made some impression on the President; so after a pause he said: "But you were in correspondence with the Emperor Joseph."

"I was," said Trenck; "but that was long ago. Allow me to explain—"

"It is nearly twelve," said Fouquier Tinville, "and before four o'clock fourteen cases must be decided. There is no time to lose."

"No time to lose!" said Trenck, scornfully; "do you call hearing the defence of an innocent man 'losing time?' I was for more than ten years loaded with chains, when a fortunate chance relieved me; and feeling my restored liberty to be an unspeakable blessing, I resolved to be a useful member of society. I married the daughter of the burgomaster of Aix-la-Chapelle; and devoted myself to trade, military science, and literature. During the years 1774, 5, 6, and 7, I travelled in France and England, and gained the friendship of the great Franklin, the man of Spartan virtue; but the death of the great Maria Theresa—"

"Take care," said Fouquier Tinville, "how you pronounce the eulogy of crowned heads in the sanctuary of justice."

"After the death of the great Maria Theresa," said Trenck, with emphasis, "I returned to the Danube, and built my farm-house. Yes, the man whom you accuse of being an aristocrat was the friend of Franklin, and followed the plough in the plain of Zwerbach. Since 1791 I have

lived in Paris, and devoted myself to the publication of works of utility. If I have frequented the clubs, it is because, as a foreigner, I could have had no influence."

Fouquier Tinville then declared him to be not only an aristocrat, but to have taken part in the mutiny of the prison of St. Lazare. To which Trenck vainly answered, that for an innocent prisoner to deliver himself from durance vile was in strict accordance with the principle of revolution. His hour had come; the guillotine gaped for his neck, and on the same evening Trenck met his doom.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST VIEW OF DALMATIA.

The Alps and the Apennines of Italy, as well as the Parnassus of Greece, are all parts of one and the same range of mountains. The chain begins in Calabria, and for a space keeps nearer to the Adriatic than to the Neapolitan waters; but at San Marino crosses over to the Gulf of Genoa, and sweeping round Piedmont, assumes the name of the Alps; then, running eastwards, passes down the other side of the Adriatic, and so onwards through Albania and Greece, till it terminates in the Ægean at the marbled steep of Cape Sunium.

The modern and Slaavic name of these Illyrian Alps, that run down the east of the Adriatic—sometimes approaching and sometimes receding from the sea-shore—is the *Vellebitch*. These mountains form the western limit of Croatia and Bosnia.

The narrow stripe of territory, three hundred miles in length, intervening between the Vellebitch and the Adriatic, is Dalmatia, the country of which we propose to treat in

the first instance. We may therefore pronounce it to be Cisalpine, its climate and productions resembling those of Italy. The Switzerland of Croatia, which forms the second division of our subject, is Transalpine; and although inhabited by the same Slaavic race as Dalmatia, its climate and productions are northern, and the physical geography of the two countries has nothing in common.

It was at Carlstadt in Hungary, that I took my place in the weekly diligence that runs from Vienna to Zara, the capital of Dalmatia. As we approached the Adriatic, even the most unobservant traveller must have perceived that we were in the vicinity of a southern region. The peasants wore the classic sandal. In the midst of the faces of Slaavic form, those with the regular features, which are the rule in Italy and the exception to the north of the Alps, grew more frequent. Fresh Zara fruits were presented at a hedge beer-house; and so strong grew this feeling before crossing the last mountain-ridge, that I even fancied that all the birds flew to the southwards.

At length, just before dawn, on the third morning after leaving Carlstadt, I woke up in the diligence, which had stopped to change horses at the post-house on the top of the Vellebitch; my limbs were benumbed with cold, in spite of greatcoat and lined cloak, and a keen wind saluted me as I stepped out of the carriage in deep snow. The chill, clear, starry heavens enabled me to see that I had gained the summit of a pass bordered with pines and surmounted with pinnacles of rock; and a square block of stone on my left attracting my attention, I held the lantern to it, and read on one side, "Croatia," and on the reverse, "Dalmatia." I felt myself on the threshold of a new and interesting field of study; and the foretaste of novel scenes and strange manners renewed the illusions of youthful travel. Seeing a dull red charcoal-fire gleaming through the window of a hut on my right, in which sat a watch of frontier guards, I entered and warmed myself, the conductor preferring to make the descent by daylight.

As I re-entered the coach, the blue diamond-studded night had disappeared; and as the dawn approached, the silver icicles glistened on the dark-green branches of the mountain-pines. As we traversed the summit of the ridge, one snowy peak after another was lighted up with the break of day; and a turn of the road at length bringing us to that side of the Vellebitch which fronted the Adriatic, Dalmatia, in all her peculiarity, lay stretched before me. Here was no descent of long narrow valleys, as in Italy. To the eye, the transition from the world of the North to the world of the South was immediate. Like the traveller who, after the painful gyrations of a high tower, emerges from darkness to the bird's-eye view of a new and curious city, I had the whole space, from the hill-tops to the distant islands, before me at a single glance. A long, deep gash in the land, parallel with the mountain, was the Canal of the Morlacks, a gulf of the sea, like a wide river flowing between its banks. Zara, Bencovatz, Nona,—plain and mountain, city and sea,—were all before me. The sun rose apace; the mist cleared away from the distant island capes; the snow died a lingering death as we sunk to the temperature of the genial Adriatic; and the wind, combated as a bitter enemy an hour ago, was invited as a friend. Yesterday morning, on awaking, the carriage-wheels were rattling over a road crisped with hard frost; and the pointed spire of a Croatian church rose, clear and distinct, out of the grey and crimson distance. Obrovazzo, a small town, to which we now descended, had the campanile of the south of the Alps; and in the domestic architecture of the town I at once recognised the Venetian character: here the charm was not that of mere novelty, but recognition of the features of an old friend, recalling days of enjoyment mingled with instruction.

But the greatest curiosity was the road by which I had effected my descent. The Vellebitch, instead of sloping down to the coast, breaks off with an abruptness that borders on the precipitous, and must have tasked

the energies of the most scientific road-maker. With the experience of the Simplon, the St. Gotha, and the others leading over the Alps, the Vellebitch is the most perfect of all, and, viewed from below the road, appears like a gigantic staircase cut in the face of a rock. One great blank in the landscape to which we descended was a scantiness of vegetation: the air was warm, the colours clear, brilliant, and southern; but the scattered figs and olives, the red earth mingled with rock, and the starved shrubbery, formed a counterpoise that told me not to forget my native verdure-clad north.

Obrovazzo is situated on the lips of a yawning land-crack, through which a Rhine or Danube would have space enough to flow; but the intense green of the motionless waters shews that there is more of salt sea than of fresh water to float those barques that lay along the quay.

Nothing in Christian Europe is so picturesque as the Dalmatian peasant's dress; for he wears not the trousers or pantaloons and round hat of Austria or Hungary, but a dress analogous to that of the old Turk. Tall, muscular, and vigorous, with red fez on his head, and huge pistols in his belt, we recognise the Slaav of the Adriatic,—the brother of the Servian in blood, in language, and also, to a considerable extent, in religion; but while the varnish of civilisation in Servia is German and new, here it is much older, and has come from Venice. The graceful dialect which Goldoni has immortalised is as indigenous in the Roman races of Dalmatia as in Venice; and the High Street of Obrovazzo looks like a dry alley in one of the islands of the Lagoon, or of some of those neighbouring villages of terra firma with which the pencil of Canaletti has so charmingly familiarised us.

But, before we proceed further, let us pause to trace the antecedents of this curious social marriage that carries the mind alternately from the heights of the Balkan to the mouths of the Brenta.

A dark mist hangs over the nationality of Dalmatia previous to the Roman conquest by Augustus; but it is

probable that the language was Thracian,—that is to say, the parent of that dialect which formerly covered a greater part of the countries between the Black and the Adriatic seas; a dialect which, related to the Greek, Roman, and Slaavic languages, had something of them all.

The pre-Roman period appears to have been one of free republics; and from the mountainous nature of the territory and the unruly spirit of the people, it was long before Dalmatia was completely subjugated to the Roman power. It was in the sixth year of the Christian era, on the occasion of the levying of recruits to the legions destined for Germany, that the whole coast rose to shake off the yoke of Imperial Rome. "The Roman dominion," said Bato, the leader of the revolt, "is insupportable to the people of Illyria. To the loss of our fortunes and liberties we must add that of the blood of our children, dearer to our hearts than either. Up, then, Illyrians! and, remembering our ancient freedom, let us prefer an honourable death to the servitude of Rome."

The contest was maintained with vigour for many years; at length Germanicus and Tiberius successfully suppressed the revolt, and a large Roman colonisation gave a new character to the east of the Adriatic.

The introduction of Christianity forms the next great event in the history of Dalmatia; and the advent of Paul, who had been preceded by Titus, is thus recorded by himself: "Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God; so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ."¹ There can be no doubt that Dalmatia was one of the first countries that embraced Christianity; and in the time of Diocletian a majority were Christians. In no province of the Roman dominions were the persecutions of that Emperor more severe than in his own; and in 303 all the Christian Bishops of Dalmatia were executed.

¹ Rom. xv. 19.

To the vicissitudes of the reigns of Constantine and Julian succeeded the permanent establishment of Christianity; and in the year 400 we find St. Jerome, an Illyrian by birth, organising the hierarchy over all the highlands and islands of Dalmatia; and so on to his death in 420. But the political fabric of the empire was tottering to its fall. Dalmatia lying out of the way of the main armies of Attila and the invaders, was at first less exposed than Italy; but several irruptions of the Slaavs from the Carpathians took place in the fifth and sixth centuries; and in the beginning of the seventh century, the Avars, an Asiatic race, pouring in a mass over Dalmatia, joined the ruthless lust of destruction to the cupidity of wealth. But the Avars were in their turn subdued by the Croats, who have proved permanent settlers; and with the final destruction of Epidaurus and Salona, the principal Roman cities, and the subjugation of the whole coast, commences the modern history of Dalmatia, and the final adoption of the Croat language and nationality, although the Latin language, in a vulgar form, lingered in Ragusa and Zara to the eleventh century.

A patriarchal Slaavic state was now constituted, governed by Bans and Zhupans. The nominal sovereignty of Constantinople was acknowledged; but in matters of faith Dalmatia remained true to the authority of the West, and received from Rome, and not from Constantinople, her spiritual conductors. At length, in 970, Duke Dircislaav first received the ensigns of royalty from the Emperor Basil, and Croatia and Dalmatia henceforth became a kingdom.

On the death of Zwonomir, the last native king, in 1190, the Croats and Dalmatians, unable to agree among themselves on the choice of a successor, and fearing the rising ambition of Venice, turned for protection rather to the vigorous kingdom of Hungary than to Constantinople—that lean and slippered pantaloon of the great Roman empire, once so robust in arms and august in magistracy; and thence Hungary and Croatia became *socia regna*.

But the Hungarian Government was of an entirely Asiatic character; they encamped, but did not colonise; the tribute was collected, and the country governed; but except a few remains of feudal castles, and a few charters generously endowing the Church, there is little in Dalmatia to record their existence.

Quite different was the impress of Venice on Dalmatia. Long and bloody were her contests with Hungary for its possession. It was on the walls of Zara, in 1346, that Marino Faliero earned his laurels by the most daring assault in the annals of the kingdom, and opened for himself the avenue to that exercise of the highest powers of the state, and experience of the last vengeance of the law, which leaves a blank in the portrait gallery of the Ducal Palace of Venice, but has furnished an immortal picture to the pencil of a Byron. Every where the arts of Venice followed in the trace of her arms. In the public monuments, as well as in the domestic architecture, and even in the strongholds of the coast, constructed by Sammicheli, we admire the taste and genius of the artist combined with the skill of the engineer.

Dalmatia remained Venetian to the expiry of that republic in 1797, and, after various vicissitudes, is now an integral part of the Austrian Empire. But as the bird's-eye prospect from the summits of the Vellebitch is incompatible with the examination of minute objects, so the review of so wide an expanse of history has excluded individual detail; but as we advance on our journey our historical sketches must expand in proportion to our nearer acquaintance with the scenes we describe.

CHAPTER III.

SEBENICO.

The first place of any importance, proceeding southwards, is Sebenico; and after making the necessary arrangements, and getting the requisite information, I hired a carriage conjointly with another person proceeding thither. An excellent Macadamised road carries the traveller to Scardona; but, how dreary the landscape! For many a long mile the footstep of some later Attila seemed to have left its withering impress on these plains. Some districts were stony; others, like the Campagna of Rome, were a desert less by nature than the ruin or neglect of man. The villages are few and far between. Here and there the shell of a vast feudal castle, or the broken arches of the great Roman aqueduct, fifty miles in length, that conveyed the waters of the distant Kerka to the ancient Zara (Jadera), shed a melancholy splendour on the desolate scene. Across these plains the Avars spread like locusts, on the too mature fruits of Roman culture. In times nearer our own, when the mountains and the interior were held by the Turks, and the coasts by Venice, these plains became the debateable land, which, once depopulated, have never since known the hum of industry. Giambattista Giustiniano, visiting this very tract in 1552, tells us that the territory formerly furnished oil in quantity sufficient not only for Zara, but all Dalmatia; but the olive-trees being cut down in the Turkish war, and the earth dried up, even the necessary oil was imported from Apulia, and the inhabited villages reduced in number from 280 to 85, some of which had no more than five or six houses.

As we approach Scardona, the road descends, and the landscape begins to smile. A brook brawls at our side; detached huts are annexed to enclosed patches of ground; olives, at first scarce and scanty, thicken apace, and are

succeeded by a noble grove of lofty umbrageous mulberries. A green meadow, and red ploughed land, at length become mingled with gardens, and then the village itself opens to our view; and, strange paradox! although about to embark on an inlet of the sea, we feel like mariners arriving in port after a monotonous voyage.

A stout boat, with four rowers, conveyed me to Sebenico, the lofty Cathedral, towering above the other houses, being visible long before we landed at the quay, whence my baggage was carried up steep and narrow streets to the *Albergo dei Pellegrini*, or Inn of the Pilgrims, said to be the best in Sebenico. Having been at Jerusalem, I felt myself qualified to enter; but a certificate of having visited the holy places was not demanded—even the pilgrim's staff is dispensed with. The mere scrip, containing a few florins, is the only appendage which the hospitable landlord expects his pilgrims not to leave behind them. The street in which the inn is situated is about fifteen feet wide, paved with small causeway stones, somewhat smooth and slippery. The houses, like those of the rest of the town, were tall, so as to be comprised within the old Venetian wall, the present population of the place being 5000. My bedroom, on the first floor, was high and airy, and the floor was paved with large square red bricks. A broad bed, unlike those coffins which pass by that name in Germany, was covered by a clean white flowered counterpane, but the chest of drawers and chairs seemed to have been imported from the Seven Dials of London. The eating-room was a long low dark apartment on the ground floor, with a covered table in the middle. The dinner-hour was one o'clock; and after sunset, the waiter no sooner lighted the lamps, than he wished me good evening. The hour of supper (eight or nine o'clock) brought several townspeople, who used the inn as a restaurant; and the bill of fare had its own native hue, abounding in fish. Tunny, sturgeon, palameda, and many others considered as delicacies in the north, are here abundant.

My carriage companion was of the company; a man of tall stature, boldly chiselled features, sunburnt complexion, independent bearing, and a Venetian accent—a true Dalmatian—a Servian bagpipe attuned to an Italian aria. He had experienced vicissitudes in trade, shipping, and farming, and I found him intelligent and communicative.

“Dalmatia, my good sir,” said he, “and England are antipodes. In England, thirteen men make one pin; here, one man must do thirteen different things. My trade is a bad encyclopedia—a little of every thing, and nothing good. Dalmatia, sir, has the best air and water in the world, but is rather deficient in corn and vegetables. As for politics, we enjoy complete security for our property; but there is one thing wanting to our happiness, and that is the possession of something worth securing. We will never prosper till we get those countries behind there;” holding his thumb in the direction of Bosnia. “Dalmatia, sir, is a mere stripe of sea-coast, a face without a head.”

“But,” said I, “surely you must admit that Austria could never get Bosnia without disturbing all Europe—without breaking in upon the Ottoman Empire, and giving others a bad example.”

“Ah! there you come with your balance of power, and think nothing of our Christian brethren in that country. Austria has only to give the word, and every Dalmatian is ready to shoulder his musket, and strike down the barriers that separate us.”

I mention this, because it is so current a sentiment among the mass of the people in Dalmatia, that I have heard almost the same words from twenty others. Another of the company had made several journeys into Bosnia some years ago, when travelling was less secure than now, and one of his anecdotes reminded me of a well-known adventure in *Gil Blas*.

One of the polite robbers, to avoid unnecessary strife, laid his cloak in the middle of the road on the approach of a traveller, and, according to the custom of the country,

awaited a donation, well armed as a stimulus to liberality; but our Dalmatian was not to be caught so easily. Pulling up his horse, he laid his hand on a pistol in his holster, and thus addressed him: "Unhappy mendicant, I pity your condition; you are able to work and be rich, and yet prefer idleness and the prospect of being impaled. Charity is a duty incumbent on Turk and Christian, and I am most happy to give you what you deserve." So, instead of taking a ducat out of his purse, he took a leaden bullet from his pouch, and dropping it on the cloak, remarked, that if applied by the rogue to himself, it would save him being hanged. The robber was astonished; and the Dalmatian, executing a caracol, lest he should pay him back in the coin he had given, cantered on out of sight.

Next day was devoted to seeing the town; and following the street to the piazza, I found myself at the gate of the Cathedral, whose dome had formed so prominent an object during my passage in the boat. Commenced in 1443, and completed in 1536, the discrepancy of the style of the basement and superstructure—of the close of the middle age and the beginning of the cinque cento—afford room for criticism; but altogether it is one of the most extraordinary structures I ever saw in any country. The peculiar style of Lombardy predominates. The lower part is overlaid with ornament; and two detestable statues of Adam and Eve, standing on each side of the great entrance, look like caricatures of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medicis.

But the interior is truly grand, not so much in mere dimension as in effect. The boldest of arches, springing from the lightest and airiest of Gotho-Saracenic columns, attract by their harmony and surprise by their hardihood; and the cupola rising high in the air, and enthroned on the keystones of the lofty arch of the transept, has an awful simplicity, congenial to the purposes of a sacred structure. The roof of the nave is a masterpiece of technical ingenuity, being a semi-cylinder composed of

flat flagstones, some of them twelve feet in length, the edges fitting into each other with knees and angles, the whole forming an unadorned vault, but so unusual in effect that the spectator, on a superficial view, fears that if one gave way the whole might fall in; but the architect charged with the repairs of the Cathedral, having shewn me the sections of the edifice, assured me that, aerial as the roof might seem, it had a chance of lasting as long as any part of the Cathedral. On referring to the ground plan, I found that, like many of the mosques of Cairo, it was not a parallelogram; so that the architects must have been, like the early painters of Italy, more skilled than schooled, and knew more of the practice of a workshop than the theories of an academy. Spalatino was the name of the principal architect, and the building cost, from first to last, 80,000 gold ducats.

The port of Sebenico is so excellent that a frigate of considerable tonnage can lie almost close to the quay, the entrance to the gulf being by a narrow slit, the command of which appeared so important to the Venetians that Sammiccheli, their great military architect, constructed at the narrowest part the Fort of San Nicolo, which is considered his masterpiece in fortification. Close to the Cathedral is the office of the Prætor or Chief Magistrate of the place, whither I proceeded to get an order to see the fort. A curious case was going on on my arrival; the Prætor was giving strict orders to a subordinate to embark for some place on the coast, and examine the bottom of a Greek barque which had been stranded. When he was gone, we had some talk about the trade of the place, and the Prætor informed us that the Trieste underwriters have lost so much money by Greek barratry, that every case of wreck is now subject to a most rigorous examination. "Only last year," added the Prætor, "a Greek captain, to make sure of the secrecy of his crew, caused each to take a turn at the auger which was to sink the ship; but the underwriters having found out that, before leaving Constantinople, the greater part of the cargo had

been sold at half price in the bazaars of that capital, an inquisition took place, the crew were apprehended, and the affair ended in their condemnation."

I now embarked in a boat, and was rowed for about half an hour in smooth water to the mouth of the gulf of which the Fort of San Nicolo is a sort of padlock. As we approached, I recognised the architecture of the gate to resemble that of Sant' Andrea at the entrance of the Lagoon, and is surmounted by a huge lion, with the inscription: "*Pax tibi Marce Evangelista meus.*" Within the gate is the rilievo of a Doric colonnade, and in the intercolumniations the arms of Venice, Dalmatia, and Sebenico—Dalmatia having three crowned lions' heads (on an azure field), and Sebenico three bunches of grapes, surmounted by three doves. The date of the construction of the fort was marked 1546, or twenty-five years after the invasion of Dalmatia by Soliman the Magnificent. Mere description can give no idea of the strength of the bomb-proof galleries and casemates with embrasures à *fleur d'eau*. The vaults are of brick, and so high that a fresh current of air can be maintained in the hottest cannonade; and the officer in command informed me that there are to this day no galleries in the Austrian Empire of the same magnificence and solidity.

When almost every inch of the main land of Dalmatia was in the power of the Turks, Sebenico, with its secure port and impregnable fortress, had a military importance of which the single company of artillery which now forms its garrison can give no idea. In the earlier part of the 16th century, the terror and renown of the Turkish power was at its grand climacteric. To use a European image, Selim had added the tiara of the Caliphate to the laurels of the victor. In the reign of Soliman, the tide of victory rolled onward; Dalmatia was invaded; Hungary annihilated; and melancholy would have been the appearance of the Grand Turk in the Italy of Titian and Michael Angelo, then in all the effulgence of the cinque cento. But the maritime genius of Venice, and the military power of

Germany, proved the effectual bulwarks of Europe. From 1521 to the middle of the 17th century, Venice could boast of no secure possession in Dalmatia out of the islands and the walls of Zara, and some other towns of the coast. In August 1647, a century after the construction of Fort San Nicolo, the Pasha of Bosnia, pouring an army of 30,000 men into the lowlands, attempted the capture of Sebenico and its forts; but it was so well defended by the 6000 Venetians and German mercenaries of the garrison, that after twenty-six days' cannonade the Pasha was obliged to retire, supplies having been easily thrown in by sea, owing to the power of the Queen of the Adriatic in her own domain; and with this repulse began the gradual deliverance of Dalmatia from Turkish rule.

If the skill and science of a Sammicheli strengthened and adorned Dalmatia, Venice derived no slight advantage from the hardy mariners with which these coasts supplied her, and with which her galleys were manned in Lepanto, and in her other triumphs. The "Riva dei Schiavoni," or "Bankside of the Slaavs," marks to this day the quay that was frequented by the barques of Dalmatia and Quarnero. When Henry the Third of France was on his way from Poland to Paris, on the death of Charles the Ninth, the chronicles of the day tell us that, in the pageants given in his honour at Venice, he was rowed by "*Schiavoni*." Nor was it the mere thews and sinews of strong men that the coast produced. Andrea Schiavoni, a native of Sebenico, stands very near the highest rank in the Venetian school, and to this day Sebenico is proud of having given him birth. He was bred a house-painter, but caught the inspiration of the golden age of Venice; and if he had not the tumultuous movement and astounding dramatic force of Tintoretto, or the vast genius of Paul Veronese, which was strongest and clearest in operations of the utmost magnitude and complication, yet he had much of the classic propriety of Titian, and in the soothing gradations of ruddy flesh and crimson robes, his touch shews that mixture of sharpness and smoothness

which our own Sir Joshua, speaking of a widely different genius, calls the perfection of handling. Barbarigo, Mocenigo, Gradenigo, and many other illustrious Venetian families, are of Slaavic extraction—the *igo* corresponding with the Slaavic *ich*; and even the name of Venice itself is Slaavic, being the City of the Veneti or Wends, the latter the Gothic name for all the Slaavic nations.

In our own times, Sebenico has given birth to Tommaseo, a philosopher and philologist of a high reputation; but his career belongs rather to Italy than to Dalmatia. He has latterly begun to turn more of his attention to his native country. His usual residence is Venice, where he has taken a prominent part in the political revolutions of the year 1848.

The course of the river Kerka—of which the inlet of the sea at Sebenico may be called the estuary—is short but sublime. Rising in the chain of the Vellebitch, close to the three frontiers of Croatia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia, it is less a river than a series of lakes, connected with each other by a succession of the most graceful cascades, as if it were the giant staircase of a mountain-piling Titan. The last and most beautiful, though not the loftiest, of those cataracts is only two hours from Sebenico, and, with the lake above it, formed a most interesting day's excursion. The landscape through which the road passes is of the most singular description. After ascending a hill, I found myself on a wide-spreading table-land of barren rock, with every where deep cracks in the soil, and reminding me of the descriptions of the surface of the moon. The valleys and beds of the rivers were so far below the level of the tableland as to be generally invisible. In ninety-nine landscapes out of a hundred, the accidents of the soil are mountains rising out of plains, like alto or basso rilievo; here you have intaglio of a level surface on the grandest scale.

The widest and most irregular furrow was that of the lake above the fall of the Kerka, to which I first proceeded, and, dismissing my horse as unsafe in so pre-

cipitous a descent, I scrambled down as well as I could by a narrow gully without a blade of grass, down which a streamlet huddled between white chalk-rocks, until the blue lake gradually opened out before us; and on a cape and cornice of a campanile shewing itself above the mountain-side on our right, the gentleman who obligingly accompanied me drew my attention to it as the convent and island of Vissovatz, or "the place of hanging." Leaping down as agilely as the ground would allow, we reached the point where the brook entered the lake; but here a little wood masked our view; and passing under the trees, we came out upon a rude jetty of stones projecting into the lake. From a huge rock, split asunder, and forming a sort of gateway, the Kerka entered the lake, in the midst of which rose the little island of Vissovatz, its church and convent, based with verdant turf and surrounded with fullgrown trees, with the high slender campanile crowning the whole group of objects that formed the centre of the picture.

My companion then applied his two hands trumpet-wise to his mouth, and shouting aloud, the signal was answered by the peal of a bell from the convent-tower, and a boat was seen to put off from a little creek under a wide-spreading tree. On its arriving at our jetty, we embarked, were pulled across to the dark shady creek in the island, and ascending the bank of turf, we came to a terrace in front of the church, the door of which bore the date 1690.

The Superior, a good-humoured, round-faced man, past middle age, shewed us the place. A church, with bad copies of the Venetian school, and a garden surrounded by the blue waters of the lake, were soon seen through. The Roman name of this bower-grown isle, in its lake of sterile cliffs, was Petralba, or the White Rock; but, in the lapse of centuries, the deposits of alluvial floods had given the island, in common with the margin of the lake, a thick layer of soil; and, in the troublous times that preceded the expulsion of the Turks from Dalmatia, its isolation promised an illusive security

to the inmates of the convent that from time immemorial had resided there; but an incident that occurred in the seventeenth century changed its name to the Illyrian one of Vissovatz, or the Place of Hanging; and thereby, as the reader may well suppose, hangs a tale. In the hostilities that followed the war of 1644 between the Turks and Venetians, this island was in the midst of the operations; and a wide-spreading tree was pointed out as the relic of modern martyrology, which caused its change of name. In 1646 the Turks landed here; and of seven monks then resident, six were hanged, the seventh having escaped by hiding himself in the chimney. Hence Petralba became Vissovatz, or the Place of Hanging; and the succeeding war of 1684 having freed Lower Dalmatia of the Turks, the greater part of the modern buildings were constructed towards the close of the seventeenth century.

There is very little ground besides what the convent covers; and as we stood under the trees, while the sun sparkled on the waters, a monk, with a pale, anxious, and melancholy expression, looked so pensively on the ground, and smiled from time to time to himself so innocently, that I could not help thinking of him:

“When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,—
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.”

BUSTON.

We fell into discourse of the hanging of the priests; and the monk, leaving off his quaint alternations of allegro and penseroso, broke forth into ardent and vehement ejaculations on the sufferings of the Catholic Church, and asked me how many Christians were in England. I answered, twenty-seven millions—two thirds Protestants, and one third Catholics. On which he gave a sigh, and said: “That is the doing of Henry the Apostate—a traitor to the Church—dreadful!—a whole nation fell from grace for

his fleshly lusts! This service was rendered to the devil for a woman!—And what good news from thence?" said he; "we hear that the heretics incline to return to the right road." Feeling no disposition to enter into a conversation, I gave a vague answer; when, my companion giving him a hint that I was a Protestant, he dropped the conversation.

We now entered the convent-boat, which took us, by a romantic passage of about an hour's rowing, to the end of the lake, just above where the Kerka rushes over the precipice. The vicinity of the fall, the column of spray rising in the rays of the afternoon sun, and the roar of the river dashing and resounding, made me rather nervous lest the boat should approach too near; but long practice had enabled the boatmen to know precisely the point at which they must stop and disembark. We now walked along a ledge of the mountain; and just above the column of spray the lake ceased, and became a number of rivulets, flowing between green banks and trees, uniting, for the most part, just before the brow of the precipice, and then, with tremendous roar, bursting over the rocks, not in one unbroken sheet over a sheer precipice, but dashing from shelf to shelf down forty or fifty feet. Many mills are built immediately below the falls, but few were working. The unusual mass of water had caused apprehensions to be entertained during the previous night that the whole of the buildings might be swept away; the rains of some days before having been followed by some late heat, which had melted much of the snows of the Vellebitch.

Below the falls the water is sufficiently deep for large coast-boats from Zara, which were loading with flour at the mills. Here we were hailed by the men of a boat we had hired to meet us, and embarking in it, we followed the course of the river down a lane of high rocks, in which a road was attempted to be cut at the base of the cliffs, but stopped short of Scardona half way, the rocks in some places overhanging the Kerka. After about a

mile the avenue opened, and we found ourselves once more in the wide inlet or estuary on which Scardona and Sebenico are situated.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DALMATIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

The Dalmatian archipelago forms an interesting and important part of the study of the tourist; and extending all the way from Arbe, near Istria, to Ragusa, intervenes almost every where between the mainland and the open Adriatic. From the insecure navigation and the numerous land-locked anchorages, from the productive fisheries and the milder climate, and, lastly, from the reciprocal wants of the Highlander and Islander, has arisen that turn for maritime employment and maritime enterprise which makes the Dalmatian perhaps the best sailor in the Mediterranean, uniting the practical seamanship of the Greek with the science of Italy and the north.

At six o'clock on a rainy morning I descended the narrow steep street of Sebenico to the quay where the steamer was about to start. A crowd of common people, in their wide trousers and red caps, looked on, mingled with citizens in the European costume; for the visits of the steamer are the grand landmarks of existence on these secluded shores. As the bell rang, we quitted the basin of Sebenico; and passing under the embrasures of Fort San Nicolo, saw around us a small cluster of islands, close to which is a coral fishery, which produces fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds a year, the necklaces made of which are annually sold at the fair of Sinigaglia. Our course lay southwards, and I once more found myself in the open Adriatic. Clouds drifting from the south, and

occasional rain, darkened the prospect; the current being also against us, and the steamer not a very powerful one, we advanced slowly to the Punto della Planea, a headland between Sebenico and Spalato.

The operation of the currents and winds of the Adriatic is so uniform as to admit of description in a few words. The currents usually set in from the eastern mouth of the sea, and running from Corfu along the coast of Albania and Dalmatia, sweep round from Trieste to Venice, and then run down past Ancona and Manfredonia to the Mediterranean again. It is this tendency which has encumbered the port of Venice with the large alluvial deposits of the rivers of Friuli, and has rendered that of Ravenna high and dry inland. A curious instance of the waywardness of the Adriatic occurred some years ago. A dyer, from Chioggia, near Venice, named Girolamo Fontanella, having settled at Zara, died of an indigestion of fish, and was buried in the cemetery there, which overhangs the sea. In the year 1827, a great storm having arisen, a part of the cemetery was swept away; and, strange to say, the coffin of Girolamo was carried round to Chioggia, picked up by the Chioggians, and the earth that gave him birth gave him final burial.

In summer the prevalent wind on the coast of Dalmatia is the mistral, or north-west wind, which moderates the excessive heat of that season; and the Roman constructing his marine villa was not more anxious to catch the zephyr than the Dalmatian to obtain a good exposure to the north-west breezes of the Adriatic:

"O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west."

In winter the mistral gives place to a cycle, which begins with a few days of scirocco, bringing warmth, clouds, and rain, succeeded by three days of bora, or north wind, marked by clear sunshine, and accompanied by chilly, bracing air, from the peaks of Vellebitch. When this bora, or north wind, has blown itself out, it is suc-

ceeded by some days of calm, delightful weather, like an English September, to be again succeeded by the clouds and rain of the south. The enervating African scirocco is also occasionally felt in spring, but, of course, not to near the same extent as in Sicily and Greece.

We anchored during the night at Spalato, where I passed some pleasant months before leaving Dalmatia; and next day, at noon, we arrived at Lesina, a narrow island, forty miles long, which derived its importance from having been the principal station of the Venetian fleet during the palmy days of the Republic. Pleasing and prepossessing is the name of Lesina to the ear, and not less pleasing is her aspect to the eye. The town, with 2000 inhabitants, is at the bottom of a little bay, entirely surrounded with mountains, which rise so abruptly as only to leave a narrow space for the town and quay. As the steamer dropped anchor, I felt myself once more in the south. A few days ago, on the passes of the Vellebitch, a great-coat was welcome; here the air was mild, the steep hills all around were covered with aloes, and the boats that swarmed up the ship-side carried men who sold white purses made of the fine cordage of the aloe-fibre. The slender palm-branches hung over the garden-walls that skirted the bay, and the carob-trees rising among the rocks carried my mind to the nobler slopes of Lebanon.

Nor were the sensations raised by art on landing in Lesina less novel and agreeable than those of external nature. A citizen of the soil of factories and railways, where utility is too often divorced from elegance, I was delighted to find in a mere arsenal and depôt of marine stores a public piazza, such as would do honour to an European capital. In a nook of the hills is this square, composed of Venetian Gothic houses; and as dreams mingle distant times and places, the sight of Lesina called up to my fancy some captain of a galley asleep on the wide waters, whose memory, enfranchised from the control of his judgment, might mingle in one picture the rocky isles

of the Levant with the home of his fathers in the Lagoon of Venice.

Prominent among all the edifices of Lesina, and facing the sea, is the Loggia, or place of municipal council, by Sammicheli; worthy of the age of Palladio and Sansovino. These loggie are simple porticos of extended front, with columns intervening between the openings, so as to look, on a smaller scale, like a concatenation of triumphal arches. Being without doors and windows, the inmates were protected from the summer's sun, but not from the winter's cold. In this loggia of Dalmatia a peasant may see the permanent causes of the organic inferiority of the north to the south in architecture. Comfort is unattainable without subdivision, and subdivision is the bane of noble architecture: the lightness and elegance of this master-performance was obtained at a sacrifice of comfort to the municipal assembly of Lesina during several months of the year.

The sight of a remarkable public building necessarily suggests inquiry into the objects for which it was constructed; and as the stately majesty of Roman architecture, after its declension into the grotesque irregularities of the Lower Empire, was revived by the great Venetian architects, the recomposition, on pre-existing principles, of the social edifice, after the prostration of the empire of the West, is a topic of the highest interest to the student of Dalmatia. While the highlands, after the great irruptions of the fifth and seventh centuries, became Slaavic, the coast-towns and the islands—retaining a corruption of the Latin language up to the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century—rose, like the Italian republics, from the mean vices of polished slavery to the bloody turbulence of rude liberty. The factions of a Florence, a Ferrara, a Padua, a Verona, and a Mantua, in contradistinction to the cumbrous feudal "empire of the Romans," as it was called, were reflected in the municipalities of a Lesina, as compared with the semibarbarous sovereignty over the main land by the kings of Croatia.

Trau and Sebenico were the favourite residences of those Terpinirs and Crescimirs to whom the modern Croats look back as their national sovereigns. Their military force was formidable; and, according to the Byzantine writers, amounted to 60,000 horse, 100,000 infantry, and 4700 marine troops, embarked in 180 galleys. A nominal tribute of 200 gold Byzants per annum was annually paid to the Greek emperor; but in the eleventh century a crown, sceptre, cup, and sword, were received from the renowned Gregory VII. The Pope was acknowledged as the dispenser of kingdoms, and the sum hitherto paid to Constantinople was henceforward remitted to the Court of Rome. The royal household corresponded in barbaric magnificence to the military resources, and was headed by the Postelnik, or great chamberlain; the Volar, or master of the cow-stall, being the only dignity not found in modern European households. The greater provinces were governed by Bans—a title that survives to this day in the Ban of Croatia, the Lieutenant of the Emperor of Austria, as king of the *socia regna* of Hungary and Croatia; and the smaller districts by Zhupans, a title which remained to distinguish the heads of certain confraternities of *terra firma* down to the government of Dalmatia by Napoleon.

The forms of the tribunals were simple; the procedure being verbal, and right of appeal allowed—which was claimed by the discontented litigant throwing his hat down on the ground—the Curia of the King and Dukes forming the last instance; but the general framework of society was feudal and monarchical.

In the islands, not only the language but the forms of the municipal government of the Romans are recognisable, although on paper they were held in fief by various Croat nobles. While in Gaul, and in other parts of the *quondam* empire, between the fifth and the twelfth centuries the Curial institutions become fainter and fainter, and succumb to feudal neighbours, in the islands of Dalmatia they remain in full vigour; and in perusing the

municipality of Lesina (collected by a Russian lawyer, whom, as he states in his preface, pulmonary disease had drawn to Venice), I am reminded of the words of Guizot: "Thus at the fall of the Roman empire we find again the same fact that was observable at its commencement, the predominance of the feudal form and spirit. The Roman world returned to its first condition; towns had formed it; it was dissolved, but the towns remained."

When the Venetians extended themselves in the Adriatic, and subjugated the *quasi* independent municipalities of the coast, they found institutions analogous to their own, both legitimate descendants of the Roman system; and the local immunities, privileges, and peculiarities, remained for the most part intact. A Venetian senator, with the title of Conte, assisted by a Captain, Camerlengo, and Chancellor, took the place of the elective Rector; but the loggia still resounded with the deliberations of the patrician members of the so-called community.

Cattalinich informs us that this general council of the nobles included all the order arrived at the age of sixteen; but a marriage with a plebeian deprived the offspring of vote and deliberation, unless the wealth of the party, or some other consideration, procured a new inscription in their ranks, which was in the power of the nobles by a plurality of votes. Up to the fall of the Republic, these patricians claimed a voice in the decision of civil and criminal cases; but political liberty, at first a reality, became in progress of time the shadow of a shade.

In mere externals, gravity and decorum marked their public assemblies; the Conte, or Count, appeared in state robes, and the nobles in their habits of ceremony, of which the sword was an essential part; and in festivals, imagination can scarce conceive a nobler subject for a picture of the Venetian school, which preferred splendid still-life to the commotions of passion,¹ than the loggia of Lesina; its free open porticos basking in the noon-day

¹ I speak generally. Into how many unpretending pieces has Giorgione poured the elixir of an almost Raffaellesque expression!

sun; pale senators, with scar-furrowed brows, bronzed on a Cyprus or a Candia shore; the sumptuous robes and bright cuirasses all gleaming in the limpid shadows of its further recesses.

Casting our eyes to the south, we see a little island, which, during the last war, was the scene of many important transactions of the navy of Great Britain. When the Republic of Venice fell in 1797, Dalmatia, detesting the religious and political principles of France, opened all her gates to Austria; but after the battle of Austerlitz, being ceded to Napoleon by the stipulations of the treaty of Presburg, Lissa, the island in question, with a fine harbour, became one of the principal stations of the cruisers of England—a depôt of manufactures, which, in spite of the Berlin and Milan decrees, forced their way through Bosnia to the heart of Germany—an entrenched camp which galled the sight of the legions victorious on land. The population of Lissa rose between the years 1808 and 1811 from four to twelve thousand, and a miserable island of Dalmatia was rapidly adopting the dress, the language, and the convivial manners of an English port. The islanders, previously poor fishermen, were now rolling in sudden wealth; and a swarm of boats brought provisions from the innumerable sounds and creeks of the main land, and carried back the cloths of Manchester and Leeds, and the metals of Sheffield and Birmingham. To capture such a seat of hostile enterprise became, therefore, a favourite project of the naval authorities of Venice and Ancona, now integral parts of the French Empire. An expedition was fitted out in the latter port, and the time being chosen when no English force was in Lissa, Commodore Dubourdieu suddenly left Ancona with the Italian squadron, and on the 22d October, 1810, presented himself with five frigates and two corvettes off Lissa, all hoisting English colours, and having a battalion of infantry on board. Owing to this deception, the port was entered peaceably, and the troops landed. No resistance was offered by the privateers, or attempt made at escape by the merchant-

ships. In six or seven hours, sixty-four vessels were burned, most of them being loaded; several valuable ships with cargoes were made prize of; and the same night all the troops re-embarked, and Commodore Dubourdieu was in full sail for Ancona again. And what had caused his haste? On that very afternoon a boat with three fishermen had entered the harbour, bringing him the intelligence that Captain Hoste, the British commander, was looking out for him, and might be immediately expected.

But Lissa was too important a point not to be worthy of permanent possession to France; and in the spring a new expedition was prepared to annihilate the British squadron and effectually occupy Lissa. This French force consisted of four frigates of 44 guns, two corvettes of 32 guns, and three sloops, with 700 infantry on board. That of Captain Hoste, off Lesina, consisted of the *Amphion*, 32; the *Active*, 38; the *Cerberus*, 32; and *Volage*, of 22; or 880 Britons to 2600 French and Italians. What's in a name? Wonders. With such appalling odds against him, the gallant Hoste felt that something was necessary to produce a moral effect in so critical a moment; and the telegraphic word, "Remember Nelson!" thrilled through every heart, while prolonged cheers echoed from deck to deck of the little squadron:

Close to the eastern shore of Lissa, the *Amphion*, Captain Hoste, with the *Active*, *Volage*, and *Cerberus* in close order, awaited the enemy, who bore down from the north-east. Dubourdieu, in the *Favorite*, led the van; and marking the *Amphion*, which lay next the shore, for his own, he prepared to board her, while his other frigates and small craft might make easy work of the *Active*, the *Volage*, and the *Cerberus*. A crowd of seamen and marines thronged the forecastle of the French vessel (*Favorite*). Dubourdieu himself stood forward to direct and encourage his men; and so close was the *Favorite* to the *Amphion*, that eager expectation could be read on the countenances of the men. The grappling tackle was ready, the cutlass was drawn, and the pike was prepared; but just when a

few yards separated the two ships, off went a five-and-a-half-inch howitzer with 750 musket-balls from the quarter-deck of the *Amphion*; and as if Death in his own person had swept his scythe from gunwale to gunwale, Dubourdieu and his boarders were prostrate in an instant. Foiled in the attempt, the Captain of the French frigate, who now took the command, attempted to pass round between the *Amphion* and the shore, and thus place *Hoste* between two fires; but so nicely and narrowly had the *Amphion* chosen her position, that the *Favorite* got ashore in the attempt, and was thus in a great measure *hors de combat*. This important incident gave such a turn to the struggle as the French never recovered; but the odds being still against the English, the contest was prolonged for several hours. The British squadron now stood on the larboard tack; when the *Cerberus*, in wearing, got her rudder choked by a shot, which caused a delay; but the action continued. Captain *Hoste*, in the *Amphion*, being now galled by the fire of the *Flore*, 44, and the *Bellona*, 32, closed with the former, and in a few minutes the *Flore* struck; but having received by mistake some shots of the *Bellona*, which were intended for and went past the *Amphion* after she had struck, an officer took her ensign, and, holding it over the taffrel, threw it into the sea. *Hoste* now crossed to the *Bellona*, and compelled her also to strike at noon, just three hours after the action began; but no sooner was this accomplished, than the *Flore*, belying her surrender, was seen crowding sail to escape, pursuit by the *Amphion* being by this time impossible, her foremast threatening to fall, and her sails and rigging rendered unserviceable from the cross-fires she had sustained. The rest of the Gallo-Venetian squadron, upon this, attempted to escape; but the British *Active*, pursuing the Venetian *Corona*, compelled her also to strike, in a running fight, at half-past two in the afternoon; thus terminating one of the most gallant actions on record. Three 44-gun frigates, including the escaped *Flore*, and a 32-gun corvette having struck to the British squadron.

Lissa thenceforth became to the end of the war an English possession. Colonel Robertson was civil and military governor. Twelve natives formed a legislative and judicial council. A small fort was constructed, and the towers to this day bear the names of Wellington, Bentinck, and Robertson.

Five hours from Lesina is Curzola, the most beautiful of all the islands of Dalmatia; approached by a natural canal formed by the island on one side and the peninsula of Sabioncello on the other, a sort of Bosphorus on a grander and ruder scale, with steep mountains on both sides, every creek and headland covered with waving woods and verdant shrubbery. As we approach the town of Curzola, each zone is marked by its appropriate colour: the warm brown of cultivation basks at the water's edge; the wooded region rises above; and a waving line of grey bare rocks crests the whole.

Turning the last headland, we saw the town of Curzola before us in the form of a triangle or pyramid, edged by some of those huge old round towers which the modern art of war has rendered obsolete, the campanile of the ex-cathedral forming the appropriate apex. At the landing-place, and just outside the walls, is the loggia, an edifice very inferior to that of Lesina as seen from without; but the prospect seen through its columns by those within, gave the Curzolans a council-chamber painted by Nature herself in her happiest mood. The massive towers and walls were built in 1420; but the gate was, as the inscription tells us, erected in 1643 by a scion of the house of Grimani, he being then Provéditeur-general at Zara.

Grimani! thought I to myself, as I recollected the palace of that name from the Grand Canal, and I again stepped back to look at it; but the profuse ornaments of the *sei cento* with which it was covered, shewed that the age of Balthasar Longhena had followed that of Sammicheli—and had extended its influence into the following century.

The town of Curzola is regularly built; a street runs up to the Piazza, and down on the other side, all the other streets being at right angles. On one side of the Piazza, in the elevated centre of the town, is the Palace of the Venetian Governors; and on the other is the ex-Cathedral, with mediocre pictures, and a Turkish cannonball embedded in the wall since an attack on the town in 1571. Curzola was formerly the seat of a Bishop; but Dalmatia, which, under the Venetians, had thirteen episcopal sees, has now only six.

Close by is the palace of a certain Signor Arnieri, the principal landed proprietor of Curzola, to which I was taken by a gentleman of the town to whom I was recommended. The palace itself, of Venetian Gothic, is sadly dilapidated; but such an edifice as a Contarini or a Gradenigo might have dwelt in. A superb bronze knocker, representing a Hercules swinging two lions by their tails, adorned the door; and entering the courtyard, the marble draw-well, on which was cut three pears, the arms of the family, and the minutely fretted windows of the crumbling halls, reminded me that Curzola had for years supplied the timber for the wooden walls of Venice, and had been another favourite station of her fleets. Signor Arnieri, a polite gentleman, with white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat, did the honours with the courtesy of the old school.

"These three pears you see on the wall," said he, "are the arms of my family. Perussich was our name, when, in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, my ancestors built this palace; so that, you see, I am a Dalmatian. All the family, fathers, sons, and brothers, used to serve in the fleets of the Republic; but the hero of our race was Arniero Perussich, whose statue you see there, who fought, bled, and died at the siege of Candia, whose memory was honoured by the Republic, and whose surviving family was liberally pensioned; so his name became the name of our race. We became Arnieri, and ceased to be Perussich."

I spoke of the knocker, as remarkable for its size as for its beauty; and observed, that it would be rather hazardous to put so tempting a piece of *virtù* on a London door; so, going to the door again, he, with a smile of enjoyment, lifted the head of one of the lions, and letting it whack against the door, so as to make the court ring again, he resumed: "I have been offered its weight in silver; but we have no fears of thieves in Curzola: if I lock it up in my cabinet, I cease to enjoy the use of it. If you are curious on such matters," added he, "come here;" and, leading me through a dark passage to his library, he shewed me an antique inkstand and sand-box, in the form of hounds scratching their ears, and various other articles said to be real antiques.

Thanking the old gentleman for his attentions, we retraced our steps, and saw in the wall of the house opposite a relic of middle-age manners—a large iron ring, which, being grasped by a criminal, gave him immunity from arrest.

The sobborgo, or suburb of Curzola without the walls, is kept alive by ship-building; and being situated on the neck of land that connects the town with the island, it has wharfs to both bays. The boats of Curzola are still renowned on the Adriatic; and all those of the Company of the Austrian Lloyds are built here. Timber and labour are both cheap, and vegetation is rapid; for no sooner is a wood thinned than it grows again with great rapidity.

Here I saw some of the Amazons of the opposite peninsula of Sabioncello selling produce,—tall, strong women, with masculine features, and a high head-dress of straw, with a brown flounce.

All the husbands are absent at sea, and the women do most of the rustic work—plough, harrow, and thrash; and their villages are composed almost solely of women, old men, and boys. The women have consequently most robust bodies, and a resolute virile temperament: so that Dr. Menis, the learned *proto-medicus* of Zara, believes that the fable of the Amazons must have arisen from a

community living under similar conditions; defence of their goods and chattels being occasionally necessary during the absence of their husbands.

This maritime turn is of no new date; for Curzola was a Phœnician colony, and objects have been repeatedly found with the strange claw-character of this wonderful people. The rest of the history of the island is also maritime. In the tenth century it belonged to the famous pirates' nest of the neighbouring Narenta, and in 997 came under Venetian protection; and its Veneto-municipal statute is said to be the oldest in Dalmatia. In this neighbourhood, Genoa, in 1268, measured her strength successfully with Venice, and taught her great rival such a lesson of humiliation as she never received either before or since; but the victory of Chioggia again made Venice the mistress of the Mediterranean. In the Turkish wars the Curzolans bore their part gallantly. When the town was besieged in 1571 by Uluch Ali, viceroy of Algiers, even women and children took part in the defence; and having compelled him to retire, the word *fedelissima*, or most faithful, was, by decree of the Senate, applied to Curzola in all documents.

Passing the suburb, I found myself in the country; and never did I see such luxuriant and variegated shrubbery. The fragrant myrtle perfumed the air; and the contrast in the colours of the vegetation, the beauty of the flowers, and the novelty of the fruits, made Curzola look like one great conservatory, with its blossoms uncovered to perpetual spring. The improbabilities of romance were realised; and I seemed to tread one of those isles unseen by human eye, where some fair benignant spirit dwelt in a secluded world of bloom and verdure. Half-an-hour off, on a high conical eminence, is the ruined convent of Saint Anthony, approached by a straight flight of steps the best part of a quarter of a mile in steep ascent, bordered on each side by a lofty avenue of cypresses: planted one hundred and eighty years ago, they are now in their full growth and majesty. I stood entranced at the foot of the steps, and

enjoyed, at the extreme top of the thick verdure-fenced vista, a ruined arch, pictaressquely delineated against the blue sky. When I completed the ascent, and looked backwards, my admiration increased on seeing the azure creek, the yellow bulwarks of Curzola, and the towering ridges of the opposite mountains, enframed by this noble avenue, every tree of which rose to the height of the highest ship-masts. Higher up, on a point of rock, no longer in the line of avenue, but commanding a general view, the whole region of indented creeks and rugged coasts, town and suburbs, with swelling dome and tower-knit battlements, and the unruffled waters, asleep amidst the slopes of the canal,—formed a prospect so lovely, that Curzola might be called the Emerald Isle of the Adriatic.

Next day I took a ramble into the country, and found the population of the island exhibit, in their dresses, houses, and demeanour, a great superiority to what I had seen between Zara and Sebenico. I compared the character of the Servian to that of the Scottish Highlander; but the comparison, however striking as regards the mainland, becomes a contrast when we treat of the insular population. Unlike the Hebrides of Great Britain, which, by their remoteness from the metropolis, are the last to receive the lights of civilisation, the islands of Dalmatia owe much of their culture to the nearer vicinity of Venice, and the more extensive use of the Italian language, with its humanising results on all classes of the population; but above all, to their sea-girt security, which retained the coasts and islands as an integral part of the European family, when most of the terra firma was in possession of the Turks.

If we pursue the results of these diverging political fortunes to the actual condition of the two great divisions of Dalmatia, we find that, of the 400,000 inhabitants of the kingdom, 80,000, or one-fifth, live on the islands; but while the population of the terra firma is 104 per square mile, that of the islands is 123. The difference of the climate also causes a great contrast in the productions. On the terra firma, 13 per cent of the whole soil is culti-

vated with grain; and of the islands, only 3 per cent. But in the case of vines and olives, the advantage is on the side of the milder climate; and while only 5 per cent of the terra firma is subject to this culture, the vines and olives cover 18 per cent of the area of the islands. The total uncultivated land of the terra firma is 82 per cent; that of the islands, 79. With a generally poorer soil, the advantage in favour of the islands is incontrovertible: the cultivation of the terra firma being capable of both extension and improvement; that of the islands, of improvement, but not of extension.

CHAPTER V.

CATTARO.

It was on a bright sunlit afternoon, in the first days of December, that the steamer entered the Bocca, every inch of the deck being covered with riflemen. At the sight of this gulf, so celebrated for its natural beauty, the wish of many a long revolving year was fulfilled. Casotti, in his own quiet way, on arrival at Cattaro, breaks out with enthusiasm: "How imposing a spectacle is the cascade of the Kerka! how sublime an edifice is the temple of Sebenico!" and then, after a long list, he adds, "but most delicious of all is the canal of Cattaro!" And well might he give it the preference over every other scene of natural beauty in this province. The Bocca di Cattaro has all the appearance of an Italian lake embosomed in Alps, with the difference that the lake is composed of salt water instead of fresh, and is on a level and communicating with the sea, so as to form not only a secure harbour of an extent to contain all the navies of Europe, and a depth to admit of three-deckers lying close to its shores, but possessing a beauty worthy to be compared to that of

Lebanon rising from the waters of Djouni, or Naples herself, with all her enchantments. From Castel Nuovo at the entrance, to Cattaro at the extremity, the whole of the gulf is lined with villages and isolated villas arising out of the water's edge. Rich vine, citron, and olive-grounds slope rapidly upwards to a considerable distance; and above the line of vegetation, tremendous bare rocks tower suddenly and precipitously up to an Alpine height, till they are crowned on the landward side by the peaks of Montenegro.

In a climate that looks across the Adriatic to the temperate coasts of Apulia, the fall of the year had laid her impress lightly on the brows of the surrounding mountains: a yellow tone on the hanging woods began to mingle with the deep-green olives; the Bocca was no longer in the heyday of verdure, but, like a well-preserved beauty, in all the pleasantness of early autumn, while the crimson of an unclouded sunset invested her barest summits with its subdued splendour. Half way to Cattaro (for the passage is long and winding) the lake grows narrow, to little more than the space between the iron gates on the Danube; and we cleave the rended precipices again to enter another wide inland basin. As the steamer swiftly advanced up the smooth, land-girt waters, every soul was on deck to catch a new turn in the magic panorama. Ever and anon a shot, fired from a point of land or fishing-hamlet, signalised a party of sharpshooters on piquet; and some sad air of Bellini, played by the band, floated across the waters in sweet responses to the distant challenge.

It was night when we dropt anchor off Cattaro, the forms of the mountains being faintly visible, but enough to shew me that I was at the bottom of a kettle or caldron. Lights twinkled in the windows of the town, and the glare of torches at the quay was reflected in the water by long streaks of trembling yellow; a hubbub of boats was at our harbord; and the deck crowded, with boats disembarking, made a scene of rather dismal novelty. On landing, the customs' officers searched my

baggage minutely, as I had come from the islands; the facility which their coasts afford to the smuggler being a pretext for an unavailing rigour at the ports of the mainland, a topic to which we will recur in the course of our survey of the mistaken policy which presides at the financial legislation of Dalmatia.

Conducted to the only hotel of the town, I found it to be miserable; for Cattaro is the *ultima Thule* of the Austrian empire. The few travellers that ascend to Montenegro are insufficient to maintain a comfortable inn, and I was fortunate in getting a room, for the crowding of troops had made quarters very scarce. Next morning after breakfast, a man of jobs and commissions presented himself in the last stage of shabby genteel, and making me a profound bow, asked me if I was an Englishman, and I admitted that I was.

"This town," said he, bowing again profoundly, "is a place of very great taste for the arts, sir; of first-rate taste; and if you want a large room, sir, I think I can get you one."

"A large room!" said I, somewhat surprised; "if you suppose I am either a singer or a picture-dealer, you are under a mistake."

"A singer or a picture-dealer," continued he, plausibly; "that is horridly low; I see there is some mistake, for I was informed that you were a fire-eater."

The hallucination seemed so whimsical, that I could not avoid humouring it. "What would you say," said I, "to an advertisement of this sort: The British Wizard and Fire-Eater, desirous of having the honour of appearing before the public of Cattaro, has abandoned his engagements at Paris and London, &c. &c.?"

"Magnifico!" said he; "and if you need a check-taker, I am your most obedient humble servant."

"Now tell me," said I, "who told you I was a fire-eater?"

"I knew it at once, sir," said he, with a knowing wink, "when that servant informed me that you could drink boiling water, and make water boil without fire."

In a state of mystification, which the reader can more easily suppose than I can describe, the servant of the hotel being called in, I asked her what water I had boiled without a fire; and she immediately pointed out a bottle of Seidlitz powders which stood on the chest of drawers, on which I repeated the wonderful experiment of adding cold water to a little powder. As it fizzed up in the glass, the servant called out, delighted beyond measure, in a hodge-podge of Illyrian and Italian, "*Gospodine Pomaloj, bolle senza fuoco!*" "Oh Lord, it boils without fire! it boils without fire!" But the commissioner, studying for a moment, brightened up with the ardour of discovery, and pronouncing it to be "*una medicina,*" looked at the poor waitress so that she went out of the room.

Finding that the only necromancy I contemplated was a trip to Montenegro, the commissioner, begging my pardon, and not to be foiled of a job, at once promoted me from plain Mister to Excellency, and then ran on with all the volubility of his tribe: "Ah, sir, you belong to the first nation of the world; a free nation, sir. You must see Albania, too; just like England, for all the world. A man does what he chooses—nothing like freedom. And if a man gives you any insolence, just whistle a bullet through his gizzard; nobody says anything—just like England.

A wonderful nation! Now, when a Dalmatian has no money, he stays at home; when an Englishman wants to save money, he goes abroad. I know your Excellency is not one of that sort; but economy is not a bad thing; and let me advise you to be on your guard against all those plausible impostors and cheats that are on the out-look for travellers, and prey upon their credulity. You will pay double for every thing in Montenegro, if you have not some honest man who knows the country. Now I, for instance, know Montenegro well, and to serve an Englishman would do any thing for him from sunrise to sunset, and from sunset to sunrise again."

"I will see," said I.

"Well, notwithstanding my good wishes, your Excellency is impatient. I am sure the loan of a florin or two would not inconvenience you? You doubt again; well, then, a zwanziger, to make my market."

When the zwanziger was given, there came a supplementary request for *due gotti*, two drops of rosolio to wet his whistle. A quarter of an hour scarcely had elapsed before he came back, smelling of the liquor, and announcing, with irradiate countenance, that he had explained to the police my intention to proceed to Montenegro, and spontaneously asked for permission, &c., which called forth on my part a specimen of that national freedom of speech which he admired rather in the abstract than in the application, and which kept his officiousness within bounds during the rest of my stay.

"What sort of a place is Cattaro?" was a question which I had one day addressed to the captain of the steamer after dinner. "There is Cattaro," said he to me, pointing to the grounds at the bottom of his coffee-cup. "The sun sets behind the mountains at mid-day," continued he, with facetious exaggeration; "and the mountain above threatens to fall over and cover the town." I had left the hotel but a very short way, when I found the place to be almost what the captain had told me. At the extremity of the basin of Cattaro is situated the town, regularly fortified. A quay fronts the basin, and a plantation of poplars, rising with the masts of the vessels, under which the Bocchese, in their almost Turkish costume, prosecuted their business, produced a novelty of effect which one seldom sees on the beaten tracks of the tourist; and looking down the basin which I had traversed yesterday evening, a cluster of villas with their red roofs are seen shining among the thickly planted gardens that cover the promontory stretching into the water. If we pass from the front to the back of the town, the rocks rise up perpendicularly behind the last street; so that the traveller, standing in the piazza in front of the church,

is obliged to strain his neck in looking up to the battlements of the fort that surmounts the place.

In the interior of the town I was agreeably disappointed in finding it to be a very different place from what I had anticipated. So close to Montenegro, where a row of Turkish skulls, on spikes, formed until lately a conspicuous ornament of the capital of the most insubordinate population of the Ottoman empire, I had a notion of its being a miserable place; but here was still in every street and edifice the same Italian stamp: a solid, well-built Cathedral, of hewn stone, better than ninety-nine out of a hundred churches in England; several public piazzas; and a fine picturesque old tower as a guard-house, with the usual Venetian lion, which will last a thousand years, unless some earthquake should shake down that uneasy-looking lump of mountain, and bray the town, lion and all, to infinitesimal atoms.

The dress of the coast-towns of Dalmatia is entirely European; that of Cattaro, as I have already stated, has more of the Oriental than of the European, black Hessian boots being added to a Turkish costume, with a very small fez.

In summer, the high mountains, excluding the north-west breeze, render Cattaro a place of stifling heat; and in winter, the clouds, breaking against the mountains, make it very rainy. The days preceding my departure for Montenegro were marked by a perfect storm of rain; for not only did the water pour from above, but in various places streams of clear water gushed up from below through the crevices of the pavement—a symptom of the overhanging rocks being pervious to springs. The Bocchese, instead of carrying umbrellas, go about with black woollen-hooded cloaks, which are as thick as a blanket, and hard and heavy like felt. I ventured out with an umbrella; and, wrapt up in a cloak, proceeded out at the gate, in order to see a stream gushing from the mountain. A rare spectacle was it to see the spring come out from the

earth at the foot of a precipice, a ready formed river, twenty feet wide, and filtered as clear as crystal. The last geological revolution of Dalmatia has left the Vellebitch a very loose and incoherent mass of limestone, for in several other places we have the same phenomenon. The river that waters the plain of Licca, in Croatia, loses itself in an immense hollow, and mingles its waters with the Adriatic, after traversing a mountain chain 4000 feet high. Nothing could be more dismal than the rocks all around, the peak of every mountain enveloped in mist; and along with the damp we had a close, warm atmosphere, with the thermometer ranging between 60° and 80°, and thus for several days: but with a north wind came complete clearness and perspicuity of the atmosphere; and the sunshine on a Gothic balcony and fretted balustrade, with an orange-tree on the opposite side of the street, its golden fruit protruding over the wall, made as charming a piece of colour as a painter of local nature could desire.

Cattaro, called Dekatera by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, was successively under the protection of the Greek emperors and Servian and Hungarian monarchies, but became Venetian in 1420, preserving its municipal privileges and being governed by a Venetian, with the title of *Estraordinario*, under the *Proveditor-general* of Zara. From this time up to the fall of the Republic, it was under the banner of St. Mark. Austrian from 1797 to 1806, the decisive victory of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presburg, handed it over to the French empire. But Russia could view with no complacency the port of Montenegro, in which she exercised so large an influence, and which was so important a space in the chess-board of European Turkey, occupied by France, then the ally of the Porte. The fleets of Russia, aided by a fierce undisciplined band of Montenegrines, offered a vigorous but ineffectual resistance to the French occupation. They advanced as far as Ragusa, and burned its suburbs; but Marshal Marmont,

at the head of 9000 well-disciplined troops, gave battle to the combined force of the Montenegrines and a small body of Russians; and having gained a decided victory on the 1st of October, 1806, at the Sutorina, on the Bocca di Cattaro, the submission of the rest of the province quickly followed, and Russia, at the treaty of Tilsit, recognised the French possession of this part of the Adriatic.

Cattaro and its district has been since the last Austrian occupation one of the four circles of Dalmatia, the smallest in extent and population, but the most difficult to manage of all the four, from the neighbourhood of Montenegro. The population of the town is 4000, and there is a great deal of capital in the place; for the Bocchese are excellent sailors, and although there is nothing behind Cattaro but the rocks of Montenegro, this hardy and industrious people possess upwards of one hundred and fifty vessels of long course. The products and profits of the Antilles and Brazils have built these neat villas, and laid out those gardens, that make the Bocca look like an Italian lake; and it was the well-filled plate-chests and the strong boxes that tempted the hunger and rapine of the nightly bands; for the Bocchese, like the Turk, must see his property in the solid—a ship, a house, or the clinking cash—and would not trust the paper of the Bank of England.

There was a great deal of unpleasant agitation in Cattaro during my stay, in consequence of the nightly incursions of these desperados. Twice during the three or four days of my stay at Cattaro they attempted to rob houses on the Bocca; but the alarm being suddenly given to the detachments of Rifles, they drew off, though not without an exchange of shots. These marauders were not Montenegrines, but a mixed band of Herzegovinians from Grahovo, who shared their plunder with the Aga there; for on these three frontiers order is kept with difficulty, passage from one to the other being easy, and the authority of the Porte in Herzegovina quite nominal. The

Government of Montenegro, in the absence of the Vladika, co-operated with the Austrian Government of Cattaro to repress the depredations; but when hunger has a share in stimulating outrage, Governments can do very little in a wild mountainous country like this.

Cattaro, being strongly fortified, could resist any force the Montenegrines could bring against it, if hostilities should ever unfortunately break out between these mountaineers and the Austrian Government; but the situation of the garrison being at the foot of the mountain would become very unpleasant, and confine them to the town and Castle. This did occur in 1809 during the French occupation. Some Montenegrines were drinking in the town, and two Italian soldiers, probably also in liquor, entering the wine-shop, one of them, either in sarcasm or familiarity, took hold of one of the Montenegrines by the moustache, which they regard as almost sacrilege. The Montenegrine drew his pistol, and discharged it in the face of the soldier; but the ball missing him, and other comrades coming to the assistance of the soldier, they wounded the Montenegrines with sabres. But the quarrel did not end there. On the succeeding days the heights above Cattaro were covered with Montenegrines, all armed, who infested the approaches, and broke up the roads the French had formed; so that the people of Cattaro, knowing the exciteable race they had to deal with, scarce dared to venture out of the town; but the officers continued to dine at a sort of rustic casino a short way from the gate, the front door of which opened on the road, and the back door on a small garden. The Montenegrines, determined to glut their vengeance, made up a party of nine or ten men, the half of whom presented themselves at the road, while the other half, escalading the garden-wall, entered by the back door; and, as the officers sat at dinner, fired their muskets at them, and fled. Five officers and a surgeon fell on the occasion; and this produced such an effect on the French Comman-

dant, that he immediately sought a conference with the Archbishop, and the affair ended in a convention, greatly to the satisfaction of the citizens of Cattaro, who, during all the affair, durst not stir beyond the gates of the town.¹

CHAPTER VI.

MONTENEGRO.

Learning that a Dalmatian Dugald Dalgetty, in the employ of the Vladika, was in Cattaro, I was advised to take advantage of his return to Cetigne, as I should not only gain in security, but have the advantage of referring for information as I went along to a person well acquainted with the localities. In ordinary times there is not a shadow of danger between Cattaro and Cetigne, and the Montenegrine is as harmless as a wolf in midsummer; but pinch him sorely with hunger, and any thing is welcome to his fangs; so that I thought it on all accounts safer to go in company.

My rendezvouts was at the hour of eight, at the Montenegrine Bazaar, outside the gate of Cattaro. Here a rude roof, supported on pilasters of rubble-work, and an avenue of trees, just at the foot of one of those tremendous precipices around Cattaro, was the place where the Montenegrines gave their eels from the Lake of Scutari, their skins, and their other products, for the salt, the oil, and the few coarse manufactures and colonials which they need. The shaggy brown mare of the trooper was caparisoned in the Turkish way, with a high cantled cloth saddle, and a silver chain forming part of the bridle. Instead of the long Oriental robes of yesterday, in which I was introduced to him, he wore a short crimson jacket,

¹ Vialla de Sommières.

lined with sable, a silver-hilted sword being hung from his shoulder; while our attendants carried long Albanian rifles, their small butts covered with mother-o'-pearl, and the men with coarse frieze dresses, tattered sandals, weatherbeaten faces, and long uncombed locks falling over their necks.

We now began the ascent of the celebrated ladder of Cattaro, to which the ladder of Tyre is a joke, being the most remarkable road I ever ascended. The Vellebitch is a curious road for carriages; but to ascend a face of rock 4000 feet high, and very little out of the perpendicular, was certainly a trial to the nerves. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after another, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures on the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specs that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this road. When standing on the quay of Cattaro, how high and gloom-engendering seem those mountains on the other side of the gulf, as seen from below. I now look down upon their crests, and dilate sight and sense by casting my eyes beyond them upon the wide blue sheet of the Adriatic, the height of the line where sky meets sea shewing how loftily I am placed.

My hired nag was none of the best, and I complained of not being able to keep up with the officer; but the dirty savage with the long locks who walked by my side told me, in a brutal sarcastic sort of way, that "as I had paid the zwanzigers, I had only to hew them out of the horse again;" and suiting the action to the word, with an inharmonious wheezing laugh, he gave the nag such a jog with his rifle, that I cast a nervous glance over the

parapet to the roofs of Cattaro. Happily there was not so much mettle in the butt of my horse as metal in the barrel of the rifle; so I resolved to be on good terms with the poor hack, and not to hew my zwanzigers out of him again.

Arrived safely at the top of the ladder, I was no longer in Austria, but in Montenegro; and, crossing a short plateau destitute of a blade of grass and surmounting another ridge, found myself looking down on a sort of punch-bowl, the bottom of which was a perfectly level circular plain of rich carefully cultivated land, an oasis in this wilderness of rocks. A rude khan is in the middle of the plain, and a keg of newly moulded and shining bullets was the only symptom visible of entertainment for man and horse; but on alighting, the landlord produced some bread, cheese, and wine, and we passed on to Niegush. Here the dogs came out upon us in such force, and with such a ferocious demeanor, that, forgetting my resolution not to hew the zwanzigers out of my horse, I laid on the lash; but Rosinante knowing no doubt from experience that their bark was worse than their bite, took a sounder and more judicious view of the subject, and treated my whip with the same imperturbability as he had done the jog of the Montenegrine gun.

Niegush is called the only town in Montenegro; but in the worst parts of Turkey I never saw any thing to equal the poverty and misery of both habitations and inhabitants. It is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than between a Servian and Montenegrine village. Here all the inhabitants had clothes of frieze, resembling closely those of Bulgaria, but instead of the woolly caps, many of them wore black skull-caps, and wide trousers and tights from the knee to the ankle; those who lounged about having a *strookah*, which is like the Turkish cloak, but of a dirty white colour, and the pile inwards so long, coarse, and shaggy, as to be like the fleece of a sheep. The necks and breasts of the men were bare, and all wore miserable sandals. Each male wore arms, the waist-belt,

like that of an Albanian, shewing a bundle of pistols and dirks, which brought to mind the old heraldic motto, "Aye ready:" so predominant, indeed, is the idea of the soldier over that of the citizen, that even when a child is baptised, pistols are put to the infant's mouth to kiss, and then laid in the cradle beside him; and one of the favourite toasts drunk on the occasion is, "May he never die in his bed." The dress of the women was of dirty white cloth; and in cut, its family likeness to the old costume of Servia is recognisable; but the details are coarser, and shew a poorer and more barbarous people.

While the officer transacted some business, I made an exploratory tour through the village, which is the seat of the clan Petrovich, from which the Vladika descends, and the family mansion of whom is a house built in the European style, only to form a greater contrast to the miserable Montenegrine cabins around it. The village is not in the centre of the plain, but built on the slope of the hill, so that not an inch of cultivable soil is covered. Like the Druse villages, it is easily defensible, one roof rising above the other, and the bare rock is the best part of the pavement.

A man with the front part of his head shaved, and wearing a small black skull-cap, came out of one of the houses and invited me to enter. Chimneys not being in fashion in Montenegro, the door proved a cheap and nasty substitute; and notwithstanding my curiosity to see a Montenegrine hut, the smoke and darkness visible, and the fleas contingent, made me pause a moment; but in I went. A puff of smoke rolling out at that moment fastened on my eyelids, and I advanced groping, winking, and coughing, to the great laughter of the urchins inside, which was no sooner heard by a cow on the other side of the wattle that divided the bipeds from the quadrupeds, than she began to low. A dog, very like a little bear, now awoke from the hearthstone, and began to bark in a way that savoured very little of the honest joy of hospitality. At length I perceived a little square stone,

on which I sat down; my enthusiasm for the patriarchal manners of the Montenegrines being as much damped as the handkerchief which I from time to time applied to my eyes.

At length, when a cold blast of air drove the smoke out of the door at which the cattle entered, I looked about me, and saw that the cottage was large, and divided into three distinct compartments; one for my own species, the next for cattle, and one for sheep beyond it; the separation being formed of a rude crate or basket-work, with square apertures, so that a bucket or any thing else might be handed from the one to the other. Like the Noah's Ark or Nativity of the older Flemish painters, a sunbeam darted through a hole on smoked rafters and an old chest, and the cattle were seen in the dim depths of the recess.

We now remounted, and began the ascent of the last crest of the chain; every scrap of earth preserved in the hill-side being carefully cleared of stones and fenced round. Higher up was a wood, having, like the inhabitants, all the signs of the niggardly penury of nature; soon every trace of vegetation ceased, the road was a faint track in the rocks, and an eagle, screaming from cliff to cliff, was the only object that invaded the monotony of our way; but on gaining the spot where the waters parted, the prospect that spread out before us seemed boundless. The lake of Scutari, the farther extremity of which was forty miles distant, was easy of observation from so commanding an elevation; the rich lands on its nearer borders, with their microscopic divisions, were like the tissues of tartan as given by a Daguerreotype; and immediately at my feet was Cetigne, its little verdant plain surrounded with a rampart of rocks; —the whole mountain a cloud-capped tower of Nature's sturdiest building.

My strength and spirits seemed to rise with the purity of the air, which was very sensible after breathing the atmosphere of Cattaro, which is close in consequence of

its confined situation. M. Vialla de Sommières, who lived six years as French Resident in this neighbourhood, in a memoir on Montenegro, makes a statement so extraordinary concerning the effects of the climate on the longevity of the inhabitants, as to throw somewhat of discredit on his account. He mentions that at Schieclich he met with a man who had lived to see the sixth generation of his family: the old man himself being 117 years of age; his son, 100; his grandson, nearly 82; his great grandson had attained his 60th year: the son of the latter was 43; his son, 21; and his grandchild, 2 years of age. Very wonderful, if true!

At sunset we arrived at Cetigne, the capital, which is not a town, but merely a fortified convent, on the slope of a hill, surrounded by scattered houses; and under which, in the plain, is the large new Government-house, which is styled in Cattaro the Palazzo del Vladika, or Archiepiscopal Palace. The inn is newly built, and better than I expected; for up-stairs I found a clean room, furnished in the European manner, with a good bed for the convenience of travellers coming from Cattaro; the lower floor being a sort of khan for the people of the country.

While dinner was getting ready, I entered into conversation with the people down-stairs, consisting of a Christian merchant from Scutari, and several powder-manufacturers emigrated from Albania, and carrying on their trade here. The merchant of Scutari was a very sedate, respectable-looking man; and the company, including the landlord, were joking him on his supposed wealth, the merchant protesting, like Isaac of York, that it was quite untrue, and a most calumnious imputation on him. He appealed to me as to whether he looked like a man of wealth; and I declared that his aspect was so respectable, that if I was a haydook (robber), I would assassinate him instantly. The merchant gaped at me with astonishment; and, raising his eyelids, looked at me from head to foot, as if I might be a haydook disguised as an Englishman.

The keen mountain air and the sharp exercise enabled me to sleep soundly; and next morning the officer in whose company I had come, shewed me the lions of Cetigne, regretting that the greatest one, the Vladika himself, was not visible in his den, being then in Vienna. We went first to the old Convent, which resembles a castle of the seventeenth century, surmounted by a round antique-looking watchtower, with a number of poles, on which, until very lately, the trunkless heads of Turks used to stand in grim array; but the civilising tendencies of the present Vladika have suggested the cessation of so useless an act of barbarism.

We now entered the convent; and on the second floor found the Archimandrite in his room. He is the second of the Vladika in spiritual matters, but his dress had few symptoms of the ecclesiastic; and I repeatedly met priests in Montenegro whom I could not have recognised if their condition had not been made known to me, as they wore the usual dress and arms of civilians. They reminded me of Friar Tuck, who wore his canonicals at service, and sported a long bow and short doublet when out a-field. The Archimandrite, a man of pleasing modest manners, opening a chest, displayed to us the surplices and pontificalia of satin embroidered with gold, which are invariably received from Russia as a coronation-present after the accession of each Emperor.

Nothing could be plainer or humbler than the furniture of the room, the principal object of which was a small library. The dialect of Montenegro differs slightly from that of Servia, and has a small sprinkling of Italian words, in some respect analogous to that which juxtaposition has introduced of German into the dialects of the Save, the Drave, and the Danube; but the written language of Belgrade, and the profane books printed by the prince's typographer, are considered as the standards by the few who can read. The books of Divine service are all of old Slaavic, printed in and imported from Russia. On the same floor is the schoolroom, with thirty-

two urchins in drab clothes and close-clipped heads, who are taught reading, writing, ciphering, geography, and history, by a native of the Illyrian part of Hungary.

The Archimandrite then conducted us to the church, which has a mummy, in a gaudy dress, with crimson velvet shoes, laid out on a bier, and forming the mortal remains of the Vladika Peter, the predecessor and uncle of the present Archbishop, the veneration for whose memory greatly contributed to the power of the present incumbent. For fifty-three years, that is to say, from 1777 to 1830, he ruled by the mild sway of pious precept and virtuous example; and dying in the last-mentioned year, his nephew, the present Vladika, when only eighteen years of age, became spiritual head of the mountain. Seven years after death his body was found incorrupt; and a canon of the synod of Moscow declared him to be a saint.

All the other parts of the establishment are of the most primitive kind; a circular space for thrashing corn, of the exact circumference of the great bell of Moscow; beehives of hollowed trunks of trees, and every thing betokening such a state of manners as might have existed in our own country in feudal times. An old wooden door on the ground-floor met our view, being the stable of the Vladika, containing a milk-white Arab, presented to him by the Pasha of Bosnia; a new iron door beside it was that of the powder-magazine, an imprudent position, for if the convent took fire from above, an explosion, such as would level the whole edifice, would be the infallible result.

A hundred yards off is the new Government House, built by the present Vladika; and going thither, we found a billiard-room, to combine pleasure and business, in which the Senate was then sitting. The brother of the Vladika was seated at the upper end of the room on a black leather easy chair, smoking a pipe. A large portrait of Peter the Great, in oil; a smaller one of Kara George; and prints of Byron and Napoleon, hung from the walls. There was no bar, as in the Houses of Lords and Com-

mons; but a billiard-table, on which the Vladika is said to be a first-rate performer, separated the upper from the lower end of the apartment. A Senate, of course, ought not to be without the ushers of the black and white rod; I accordingly saw, in a corner, a bundle of these *insignia*, but on observing their ends marked with chalk, I concluded that they belonged to the billiard establishment. An appeal case was going on, and a gigantic broad-shouldered man, with his belt full of pistols, was pleading his cause with great animation. It appeared that he was a priest; that his parishioners owed him each ten okas of grain per annum, but this year could not pay him; and the President decided that he should remit as much as possible on the score of the bad times, but that he should keep an account, and be repaid at a more prosperous season. The senators sat all round the room, each man being armed, and the discussions often extremely vociferous. There are no written laws in Montenegro, and there is no venality as in the Turkish courts of justice; but they lean somewhat to the side of the most warlike litigant, so that it may be said that club-law has not yet ceased.

When the case was decided, I was shewn the bedroom of the Vladika, the furniture of which consisted of an Italian bed, a black leather sofa, a toilette-table, an enormous iron strong box; and above was its necessary concomitant, a long row of pegs for sabres and loaded pistols, one of which, with a crimson velvet scabbard, having been that of Kara George. Suspended from a ribbon near the bed was the medal which the Vladika gives to those who distinguish themselves in their conflicts with the Turks, on which are stamped the ancient arms of Montenegro, a double Eagle and Lion, with the inscription, "*Viera znoboda za hrabrost*"—Civil and religious liberty (is the reward) of valour. On our return to the billiard-room, tea was served in the Russian manner, with rum instead of milk, along with pipes of Turkish tobacco; after which we took our leave.

A heavy fall of snow during the night having put a stop to all prospect of farther travel in Montenegro, the succeeding days were devoted to conversation on the state and prospects of the territory, and a reperusal of some historical notices I had collected on the mountain.¹

CHAPTER VII.

MONTENEGRINE HISTORY.

Identified with Servia in blood, language, and religion, Montenegro was an important fief of that ill-fated empire, the feudal constitution of which I have already described, and the rude magnificence of which reflected neither the refinement nor the corruption of the Lower empire. To this day the heroes of Servia are those of Montenegro. Speak to them of the valour of Dushan the Powerful, and their breasts glow with national pride and martial ardour; speak to them feelingly of the woes and virtues of *Lasar*, the last of their kings, and their sympathies are at once awakened.

Balsa, Prince of Montenegro, was the son-in-law of *Lasar*, who, by the loss of the battle of *Kosovo* in 1385, and his own life at the same time, enabled the Turks to become the masters of Servia. His grandson Stephen was the friend and ally of *Scanderbeg*; but on the death of this hero the debased nobles of Albania, in order to preserve their lands, acknowledged Turkish supremacy, and embraced Islamism. Bosnia presented the same spectacle; Montenegro alone, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, rose, like *Ararat*, amid the overwhelming floods of *Is-*

¹ The best account of Montenegro is that of *Wuk Stephanowitch*, who furnished Professor *Ranke* with the materials for his *History of the Servian Revolution*. The works of *Ami Boué* and *Cyprien Robert* must also be mentioned with praise.

laamism. Ivan Czernojevich, the great grandson of Balsa, leaving the environs of the Lake of Scutari, where his paternal castle was situated, fixed himself in those inaccessible fastnesses. Surrounding himself with his faithful followers, every man swore on the Testament to die rather than yield, and dishonour, worse than a thousand deaths, was the reward of the man who retreated: dressed in a female garb, he was thrust, with ignominy, from the ranks of his own sex.

But this hero's character was not without its blots; and the charge which critics might bring against the author of *Marmion* for making his hero guilty of forgery, is shewn, on closer acquaintance with history, to be quite consistent with the chivalry of the middle ages, however uncongenial to the morals or manners of a modern gentleman. One of the most beautiful metrical legends of Montenegro describes his conduct in the marriage of his son with a fair Venetian thus:

"The Dark John writes to the Doge of the great Venice: 'Lord of the waters, thou hast the sweetest of roses, and I the fairest of lilies. Let the rose and the lily be joined in the garland of Hymen.' The renown of the Dark John has filled the great Venice, and the Doge exults at the prospect of the alliance of his daughter with the house of Montenegro. John brings the rich gifts to the City of the Sea; he sits in the seat of honour, and says, 'If there be any of all the invited guests a fairer youth than my son, let the affianced be sundered.' The Doge gives him a golden apple,¹ and the Dark John departs rejoicing.

"But a few months revolve, and the hideous small-pox covers the fair face of Stephen; his youthful beauty flies, like the flowers of spring in a storm of hail: when the guests assemble to depart for the marriage in Venice, all are fairer than the unhappy Stephen. The mother reproaches the Dark John with his ambition of an alliance

¹ In old Slaavic manners the symbol and accompaniment of betrothal.

with the Latins, and the marriage-project is abandoned by him in his anger.

"The seasons went and came; Stephen thinks no more of his bride; when lo! a ship crosses the waters, and thus writes the Doge to the Dark John: 'When a meadow is enclosed it is scythed, or surrendered to others, that its herbage become not the prey of the summer's heat or the winter's snow. The affianced bride must be married or abandoned.'

"The Dark John assembles the flower of his youth, each clad in the richest garments; and he exclaims, in the pride of his nation, 'The Latins work wonders in metals, and weave fine stuffs, but they have not the haughty brow and martial gait of the free men of the Black Mountain.' He then makes known his straits to the assembly; and the fair Obrenovo Djuro, Prince of Antivari, is chosen to counterfeit Stephen, who, resisting at first, at length consents, on condition of receiving and keeping the marriage-gifts; so they all depart amid the salvos of the two great cannon, Kervio and Selenko, that have not the like of them in Turkey, or in the seven kingdoms of the Franks.

"The dance is heard for a week in the palace of the Doge. The Prince of Antivari receives from him the kiss and the golden apple of marriage; but fairest of all the gifts was a shirt of tissue of gold, as fine as the silk of the Indies, with a serpent embroidered on it, whose eye was a diamond of such brightness as to illumine with its light the darkness of the nuptial chamber; the three years' working of which had dried up the eyes of the embroiderers.

"Who shall paint the horror of the fair Venetian on arriving at the Black Mountain, and finding herself the victim of a fraud? 'Thy face,' said she to her spouse, 'will be as black in the day of judgment as it is now red with shame and confusion.' But the Prince of Antivari having refused to surrender the golden shirt, a bloody combat ensued, in which he yielded his last breath, and

Stephen carried his bride to his home on the Lake of Scutari."

In the legends the bridegroom is, according to some, entitled Stephen; in others, George; and in others, Maximus; but the various versions agree in the main facts, therefore we must conclude that the story is true. One is apt to smile at the heroics about superiority to the Latins, and to think that, in the record of a piece of imposture worthy of Lazarillo de Tormez or Ali Misry el Zeibuck, instead of 'haughty brow' we ought to read bronze-visaged effrontery; but as these worthy people lived to be contemporaries of the age which recognised Pope Alexander VI. as Vicegerent of God upon earth, we must conclude that Greeks and Latins had neither of them much superiority to boast.

Montenegro stood firm for a while; but the dynasty of Czernojevich ultimately succumbed. The two grandsons, pressed on the one side by Venetian, on the other by Turkish, influences, exchanged the manly independence of their grandfather for the ambiguities of expediency. One brother, embracing Islamism, served in the armies of the Sultan to the shores of the Tigris; and the other, professing Christianity, governed Montenegro; and, tired of resistance to so overwhelming a power as that of Turkey, spent his last days at Venice, in tranquil retirement, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; and from that time spiritual and temporal power were united in the Archbishop.

When Soliman the Magnificent girt on the sword of empire all Europe quaked again. In 1523 Cetigne was burned, and all the strongholds stormed by the Turks, under the Pasha of Scutari. The events of the reign of Soliman are remarkable; but if we look to the resolute character of the Montenegrine, and the almost inaccessible nature of these rocky fastnesses, there is, perhaps, no circumstance in the reign of this wonderful man that is more indicative of the pitch of military power to which his nation had arrived in the sixteenth century, than the

conquest of the small, but far from insignificant, Archbishopric of Montenegro.

A period of dark doubt and despair now followed in the mountain; and as Islamism consolidated itself in the neighbouring kingdoms of Bosnia and Albania, numbers were converted in the Mountain itself. I have often wondered how a nobility that pretended to chivalry could so easily turn Turk; but the marriage of the son of Black John shews that these chevaliers had not much honour to lose. In the fifteenth century both the Latin and Greek uniforms of Christianity were evidently worn out; and the very same rottenness that made Slaavic Bosnia embrace Islamism without much murmuring, caused John Huss and Jerome of Prague (both Slaavs) to begin the complete religious refitting and reforming of Europe—one half accepting Protestantism, the other half retaining the old Roman uniform. Now as the consolidation of the Turkish power in Europe arose from the possession of Bosnia, that great bastion of mountains which juts so close on Germany, we may say that, altogether, the Slaavs, as destroyers of Rome (under Genseric), reformers of Rome, and renegades of Rome, have played a most conspicuous part in the history of the world.

In the seventeenth century the conquest of Dalmatia by Venice, of Hungary by the Imperialists, and the train of events which preceded the treaty of Carlowitz, in 1696, gave general courage to the Christians: in that year Daniel Petrovich, of Niegush, became Archbishop; and from that time the spiritual power was hereditary in his family, with an adequate political influence little short of temporal supremacy. Going under a guarantee of the Pasha of Scutari to consecrate a church, the Vladika was seized, in violation of his plighted word, and only redeemed from prison by a large sum, painfully collected by the faithful people of Montenegro.

He appears to have been of a character not only energetic and ambitious, but astute, and regardless of blood; and resolving to make a clean sweep of Islamism,

he selected a long dark Christmas night, the snow lying on the ground, when, by his orders and arrangements, a general massacre of the Moslems of Montenegro took place, and immediate baptism became the only means of escape. The Turks have since repeatedly penetrated to Montenegro, but have never maintained their ground; for here, as the French remarked in Spain, a small army is beaten, a large one dies of hunger.

Before the Turkish conquest of Montenegro, the vicinity of the Italian municipalities of the Adriatic, the communication with the sea, then open by way of Antivari, but above all, the contact with Venice, appeared to have kept Montenegro within the European family; but when all these countries were overrun by the Turks, their condition underwent an organic change, and, circumscribed to their rocks, a ruder barbarism was unavoidable in a people hourly menaced with extermination. Always strangers to commerce, they had retrograded from agriculture and feudalism to the more primitive state of the warrior-shepherd and the republican member of a savage horde; and if we must condemn that fatal Christmas night, in which death or baptism was offered to the Moslems of Montenegro, let us at least admire that constant love of independence, and that firm adherence to their own faith, which form so noble a contrast to the ignominious renegation of Christianity by the degenerate nobles of Bosnia and Albania.

Europe in the eighteenth century seemed not to know that such a spot as Montenegro existed; and Montenegro was equally ignorant of the world beyond the Lake of Scutari and the hills of Herzegovina. The reader may recollect a story in Gibbon's *Decline* of a priest who presented himself in Flanders as the Emperor Baldwin escaped from Constantinople, and, for some time, found his tale generally believed. The history of Montenegro in the last century presents a curious parallel to this circumstance. About the year 1760, a young soldier, of the name of Stephen Mali, belonging to the Banal Grenze,

a portion of the Austrian military frontier, began to excite the attention of his officers by his laziness, his low cunning, and his inclination for falsehood. The severe military duty of watching the cordon was very painful, and he was suspected of being both a spy and a smuggler; and being likely to come in for some punishment, he took advantage of a dark night, and deserted. Whether he went through Bosnia or through Dalmatia, then in the power of Venice, I have not been able to learn; but some years afterwards we find him in the district of the Pastrovich, between Cattaro and Antivari, as a servant to a man who was a sort of doctor. From him he learned something of the methods of curing by simples, and did a little in that way for himself; but his practice was to administer bread-pills, with nothing in them. The plausibility of Stephen infused into his master a high idea of him; and Stephen being a remarkably quick reader of character, saw his master's simplicity and credulity, and, tired of being in the humble and subordinate character of a servant, was resolved to make one spring from the bottom to the top of the social ladder; so he told his master that he was no more Stephen Mali than the man in the moon, and no less a personage than Peter III. of Russia, travelling in disguise; that he wished to see the world a little longer, and then, having profited by the experience of strange cities and countries, and varieties of customs, he would return to his own dominions, and leaving behind him the chaff, and carrying with him the corn, the seed might spring up in time to come to the strengthening of the state, and the honour of his own name.

The romantic history of Peter the Great living at Saardam as a shipwright being not more wonderful than true, was a constant theme of admiration among those simple people, and they thought that for a sovereign to travel in strict incognito was not only proper but customary; so his master went down upon his knees, kissed his hand, and begged his pardon for having a few days before

been furiously out of temper with him and cursed him. Stephen, with the most natural air of clemency in the world, told him to think no more of the matter, for he had too many faults of that sort hanging heavy on his own conscience, having once given his own Grand Chamberlain a cuff on the ear for a cobweb which he discovered in his bedroom.

Not long afterwards a marriage took place in the Mountain, and Stephen and his master were of the party, at which there was a great deal of eating, drinking, and merriment, and, according to the custom of the country, none of that distance between master and man which exists in the west of Europe; and in the midst of the feast, when Stephen was about to raise a cup to his lips and drink, his master rose, and, with the greatest respect, took off his cap: this caused great surprise among the guests; and when the thing came to be explained, some believed, and some disbelieved; but the report spread all round the country that Peter III. was travelling incognito.

The Archbishop Sabas being then (1767) very old and infirm, and his coadjutor and successor, who managed the affairs, being absent on a journey, Peter now fixed himself in Montenegro, and was looked up to as the Czar, and his authority in civil affairs became more than paramount to that of the Vladika. The Turkish authorities, on certain intelligence from Constantinople, pronounced him to be an impostor; but this very circumstance, and the hatred they bore the Turks, riveted the belief that he must be the man himself. But that which more than all the rest consolidated his power, was, that the Montenegrines, seeing the ferment in the minds of the Christian Rayahs in Herzegovina and Albania, thought that some great event was to happen, which should liberate them from the Turkish yoke. The Venetian Count or Estraordinario in Cattaro was equally astonished at the extent to which the story got credence; and every thing said against the pretended emperor was set down to political hatred and jealousy. At last the court of Russia, to un-

deceive the people, sent Prince Dolgorouki to Montenegro, properly accredited to the Archbishop, who assembled all the people, and declared him to be an impostor. Stephen was therefore placed under arrest, and taken to the upper floor of the convent. The door being left open, he sat in a corner, while his old admirers still thronged in and conversed with him; the Archbishop and Dolgorouki, on the ground-floor, thinking the whole business about to be concluded. But Stephen's resources were not at an end. Calling one of the most influential men, to speak a few words with him in private, he said, "There is the key of my box; go to the convent of Sermnitza, open it, and take the money in it. Leave Montenegro immediately, and go to Russia; and after telling my faithful people how I have been betrayed by my own subject, bring back the principal men of the empire to deliver me from Dolgorouki, who you see, traitor though he be, lodges me over his head, and does not dare to put me below him." This man, to give his wife a reason for his absence, told her the story, enjoining the utmost secrecy; but she told the matter, in confidence, to some female friend. It was believed more firmly than ever; Dolgorouki left the Mountain branded as an impostor, and Stephen, once more a great man, assured every body that the Paschalics of Scutari and Ipek were the righteous appendages of Montenegro.

The Turks now seriously amazed at the attitude of Montenegro, and at the illusions of their own *Rayahs*, the whole forces of the Pashas of Scutari, Bosnia, and Roumelia were put in motion to coerce Montenegro; but in the autumn, just as the Turks were about to penetrate to Cetigne, in consequence of the ammunition of the Montenegrines having failed them, a flash of lightning blew all the Turkish powder-reserves into the air, and, the bad weather of autumn coming on, the campaign ended without effect. But Stephen always fought shy, and in the wars shewed more cunning than physical courage, which gradually undermined his influences; and

his Greek servant being bribed by the Pasha of Scutari, took advantage of his being confined to his room from having accidentally burned his eyes with gunpowder, and cut his throat, probably whilst he slept. The Greek then, saying to the people outside that they were not to disturb him till called, as he had put something to his eyes that would require his being let alone, made the best of his way in the direction of the lake of Scutari; but some time elapsing without Stephen being seen, suspicion was excited among the suite, and, opening the door, they found him weltering in his own blood.

The rule of Stephen lasted between three and four years, and ought to find a place in every book of popular delusions and impostures. It is evident that, with good education, a good position, and above all, with common honesty, Stephen would have been a historical character. His knowledge of human nature in its strength and weakness must have been prodigious; and, like Hakem, the mad caliph of Cairo, he kept so strict an observance of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, that a sum of money placed on the public road would remain there untouched and unstolen.

The blessings of civilisation are still strange to Montenegro; but a great diminution of the previous barbarism is due to the exertions of the Vladika Peter, who entered on his functions in 1777, and died in 1830. He was of a thin habit of body, with intellectual features, and great natural sagacity. His political and religious influence was, during that period, almost unbounded; but he lived in times when very little could be done for the improvement of the people. The barbarism of the exterminating wars which were perpetually carried on with the Turks,—and which even shewed itself in the most painful manner by the useless conflagration of the suburbs of Ragusa when that republic, opening its gates to the troops of Napoleon, was invaded by the joint forces of Russia and Montenegro,—was a great obstacle to his designs, and the abolition comprised the improvement of agriculture, and the abolition

of hereditary feuds (called Kerverina) between native Montenegrines. He had himself a great taste for agriculture and gardening, and made many experiments at Cetigne; but from the barren nature of the soil of Montenegro generally, it is much to be doubted if any advantage has resulted from them. In the extirpation of that hereditary revenge which desolated the Mountain he was much more successful; and the partial abolition of this barbarous custom laid the foundation of the greater order which now exists in Montenegro. To be able duly to appreciate the value of this reform, we must cast our eyes to the state in which things existed during the earlier part of his Vladikaship.

The laws of Stephan Dushan, the Servian emperor (the Justinian of the southern Slaavs), being founded on the Old rather than the New Testament, it is not surprising that in a country such as Montenegro the doctrine of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, should have resisted the efforts of previous Vladikas to extirpate it. Like the feuds of the Highlands of Scotland, such enmities have been known to last for generations between one family and another, one village and another, and even between branches of the same family. The law of Montenegro was literally the *lex talionis*, the law of retaliation; the bloody vestments of the murdered father have been shewn to the children arrived at puberty, by the mother herself, to inspirit them to revenge; and as every vice propagates itself, other revenges follow. If the first culprit were punished, the evil would be less; but all the other members of his family or tribe are equally obnoxious to the aggrieved party. In many cases, the circumstance of being an innocent member of such an obnoxious family has cost a man his life; and in Albania feuds of whole villages, with the burning of crops, and the massacre of tens or hundreds, have arisen from a single murder.

To remedy the evil, courts of compensation were called, and the blood redeemed with money; but this was

a very solemn affair, and a hundred and thirty-two ducats, four Austrian zwanzigers, and a Turkish parah, or about sixty pounds sterling, was the ransom for a death, and about half that sum for an eye and a limb. The ceremonies of reconciliation were very curious. The judge was always a stranger, generally a priest, and the expenses of the court being settled beforehand, the judge took all the arms from the parties, and never returned them until all claims were settled. In the case of feuds of families, the murderer presented himself on his knees, with the pistol or other arm hung round his neck, and begged pardon in the name of God and St. John. If the avenging party raised him and embraced him, he was pardoned; and sometimes the avenging relations stood godfather for the child of the offender. At each treaty of peace the Turkish parah was cut in two, and tied to the written treaty; and an entertainment, at the expense of the offender, closed the feud. Even in the Austrian territory amusing arrears of insult or injury were brought up for settlement; and, in spite of Austrian laws, these courts of reconciliation were held, until lately, in the circle of Cattaro, quite independently of Austrian local authority. In the territory of the Pastrovich, a savage tribe in Austrian Albania, one village demanded of another fifty ducats for an insult that one of their women had received from some Venetian soldiers, in the time of that Republic, through the supineness or pusillanimity of the village in question, and an old man of seventy being referred to, related that he had heard the matter stated in his youth; but how the dispute was settled does not appear.

The Vladika Peter died in October 1830, having assembled all the chiefs round his deathbed, and adjured them to live in harmony with each other, which they promised in the most solemn manner; and his nephew, then a youth of eighteen years of age, succeeded to his functions and authority, having, with a rapidity exceeding that of the days of the Medici, passed through the grades between layman and archbishop in the course of a few

months: so that nepotism in the family of Petrovich has now received the sanction of use and wont for a full century and a half. An influential lay family in the Mountain, a principal member of which claimed the title of civil governor, as an equipoise to the influence of the Petrovich family, was compelled to depose its pretensions.

The young Vladika was of gigantic stature, probably six feet three or four inches high; for although I did not see him in Montenegro, I had an opportunity of a short conversation with him subsequently at Spalato, when on his return to Montenegro from Vienna. He spoke, besides his own language, French, Italian, and German; had a great thirst for knowledge, and a great taste for literature; and, although thrown into political affairs at a very early age, yet acquitted himself with great energy and ability. In 1831, soon after his accession, he created a senate, which was thenceforth not only a council of deliberation, but a court of justice; and organised a small revenue, which, with nine thousand ducats annually received from Russia, not only covers the annual expense, but enables him, it is said, to save a considerable sum against a rainy day. During the distress of 1846 he sent several ship-loads of grain, and each family received such a supply as, in many instances, preserved them from starvation.

In no respect were the humane exertions of the Vladika more laudable than in his persevering exertions to follow out the views of his uncle relative to the Kerverina, or the vengeance for bloodshed; and he seized every remarkable occasion for enforcing upon the people his dying wishes. When the body of the deceased prelate was found intact (no doubt after having been embalmed), he issued to them the following pastoral address:

“PIOUS POPULATION.

“On the 18th of this month, being St. Luke’s day, we have opened the tomb of your and our late Archbishop, and have found his body in a blessed sleep, and in a state of incorrupt preservation. We therefore announce

to you this auspicious event, that you may return thanks to Almighty God for it. When alive, he was our defender, and ready to lay down his life for us. Let us hope that, after death, this saint and servant of God will intercede for us his children. Pious Christians, do you remember his last words, recommending you to live in concord and harmony? These holy words made a deep impression on you before his sanctification was made manifest; but now that you see with your own eyes that he is holy and intact, rest assured that the enemy of concord and harmony will find St. Peter (Petrovich) a formidable foe both in this world and the next; but if any one feel a secret disquietude, in consequence of vindictive feelings, let him seek a reconciliation with the object of his hatred, and he will thus render himself pleasing to God and St. Peter.¹

“Desiring you all good, I remain,

THE BISHOP OF MONTENEGRO AND BRDO.

“*St. Luke's Day, in Cetigne, 1834.*”

But the most singular of all the productions of this Vladika was a tragedy called *The Serpent of the Mountain*, which he has written on the subject of the massacre and expulsion of the Turks by the first Vladika Daniel, at the close of the seventeenth century, of which I give a short soliloquy literally translated.

“Archbishop Daniel speaks with himself.

“Satan and seven furies! there goes the Turk, with torches in each hand, and serpents for his hair; the Koran inspires him, and the accursed race devastates the whole earth. But for the Franks, he would have possessed all the shores of the Arab Sea. A dream of hell crowned the Ottoman. O Europe, these are sad guests! Byzantium is no more. She was the inheritance of the young

¹ The opinions which every Protestant must entertain on the subject of certain matters in this address are so obvious, as to render comment on my part quite unnecessary.

Theodora. The star of black vengeance was on the ascendant; Paleologus called in the Turk to bury Greece and Servia in one tomb; Gertuco and Brankovich share his guilt. As a flock of birds eat grains, Amurath swallowed Servia, Bajazet Bosnia, Mohammed the Greek Empire, and the two Solomans (*sic*) Africa and Cyprus; each took his grains: the great globe itself would be too small for those that are insatiable."¹

A literal translation such as this, like a coat worn inside out, may raise a smile; but I was told by those who have perused the original manuscript, that it abounds in robust language, and in abundance of metaphor, that sometimes rises to genius; though occasionally disfigured with such conceits as were in vogue among our own Elkanah Settles in the seventeenth century.

At a very early age the Vladika shewed the readiness of his wit in practical affairs. In 1832 the lineal descendant and representative of the house of Czernojevich, the Christian princes of Montenegro, was Boushatli Mustapa, hereditary Pasha of Scutari, then in rebellion against the Porte. When he was subdued by the forces of the Sultan, and sent to Constantinople a prisoner, the grand vizier Mehemet Reshid Pasha summoned the Vladika to submission, offering to give him, in due form, the Berat, or diploma of the Sultan. The Vladika, then a youth of twenty, answered laconically, "That so long as Montenegro was independent, a Berat constituting him ruler was useless; and that if Montenegro were conquered and subdued, the Berat was a mockery." Eight thousand men, partly regulars, and partly Albanians, were sent to make the Vladika eat in his words; but the victorious troops that had wrested the pashalic of Scutari from the Moslem descendant of Ivan Czernojevich found the subjugation of the fief of his ancestors a hopeless task, and, being easily beaten, abandoned the project.

¹ For a selection of translations I am indebted to the Abbate Francheschi of Zara, one of the best Slaavists in Dalmatia.

But a petty warfare is almost constantly going on on the borders of the Lake of Scutari, and the forays of the mountaineers resemble those of a Rob Roy. Forty or fifty of them surprise cattle, sheep, and fowls; and Moslem Albanians defending themselves, the Montenegrine often pays the forfeit of his life. It never strikes the Montenegrine that this is immoral, the taking of the blood of a Moslem being in his eyes not only lawful but laudable; and a mother will often reproach her laggard son, by contrasting his remaining at home with their father, who killed such and such a number of Turks. The result of this is, that all the debateable land is cultivated by men armed to the teeth; and, by tacit consent, these savages, who in general spare neither life nor possession, seldom burn standing crops, and respect female chastity. But robberies or theft within the Montenegrine territory are rare. When an execution does take place, it has all the singularity of the rest of their manners. Representatives of all the forty tribes assemble with loaded guns, and the criminal, with his hands bound behind him, has a short space to run, when all fire upon him, and he is generally despatched; but instances have been known of his getting off with a wound.

The great obstacle to order is the vicinity of several frontiers. The Albanian Christian can take refuge in Montenegro, the Albanian Moslem can take refuge in Herzegovina, which is only nominally under the Porte. The Dalmatian flies into Herzegovina or Montenegro; and even the Montenegrine, in consequence of the vicinity of Herzegovina and Albania, knows that the government dare not be very severe with him. A curious conjuncture happened during my stay in those parts. The districts of Piperi and Kooch, which are the most easterly and farthest from the Adriatic, had, in consequence of the failure of the harvest, sent their elders to the Pasha of Scutari, and professed their acknowledgment of the superiority of the Porte. On arrival at Scutari, the deputies were invested with red cloaks, and last, not least,

received a donative; but when I talked of the matter with these Cetignotes, they laughed, and said, "Wait till the first good harvest, and you will see that we have not lost, and the Porte has not gained, a single goat's browsing."

With regard to the southern side of the Mountain, which slopes down to Austrian Albania, the Montenegrines desire a port on the Adriatic above all things, as it is so very near; but it is not so easy to intersect a narrow stripe of Austrian territory as to defend the Mountain. Contrary to the better judgment of the Vladika (who was a politic man with all his energy, and knew that he could not simultaneously bid defiance to Austria and the Porte), the mountaineers on the western side attacked the Austrian posts in 1839; and, after several smart skirmishes, the idea of a Montenegrine port on the Adriatic was at once negated by an act of delimitation under the mediation of Russia.

In conclusion, Montenegro has the elements of a rude independence, but not of prosperity, or rapidly progressive civilisation; with a population of little more than one hundred and ten thousand souls, her part must ever remain a subordinate one in the history of the Adriatic. The undisciplined courage, adequate to the defence of their rocks, is incapable of withstanding any regular force beyond the limits of the Mountain; and the deeds sung by their bards are mere episodes in a barbarous warfare. Without either fertile plains or access to the sea, the humanising influences of commerce and agriculture must remain dormant and inoperative; but it is not to be denied that in the event of any general rising in Turkey in Europe against the power of the Porte, the Montenegrines are capable of making a powerful diversion, and of offering to the rebels a secure asylum for a time in their mountain fortress.

CHAPTER VIII.

RAGUSA.

Ragusa is situated on the southern side of a small isthmus, but the port is only for the galleys of the middle ages. Half a mile off, on the northern side of the isthmus, is the Gulf of Gravosa, which is the port of the vessels of long course. Like Cattaro, it is a land-locked anchorage, where a fleet of three-deckers are safe from the accidents of the sea. Cattaro is sublime, but Gravosa is beautiful. No towering mountains in the distance, but a steep accidented shore; along which is scattered a profusion of Italian villas, and that peculiar tone of landscape and vegetation which is seen in Gaeta and Castelamare, but which no minuteness of description can convey to the fireside traveller. The sun had not yet risen above the mountains, but every object was, from the sharpness of the air, delineated with a most unusual clearness. A keen, cold bora blew from the land, which, from time to time, made a shudder to creep through my frame despite my cloak. The dark blue crystal waters, the red-tiled villas all round, the green cypresses and olives shaking and bending with the breeze, and the bare embrowned hills above all, seemed to exhale that rarified atmosphere which one sees above the expiring ashes of charcoal.

I landed, and getting porters to convey my luggage, for no carriage was to be seen, followed them up the narrow valley at the end of the bay by an excellent road, until I arrived at the top of the hill, from which the walls of the venerable Ragusa were clearly visible—but what lofty and solid masonry, having in some places sixty and seventy feet of sheer upright construction!—and the angle next the land, and overlooked by the hill above, fortified by an enormous round tower, a most picturesque relic of the interval between the rude middle ages and the modern art of fortification. After entering a ponderous gate, I found myself in the high street of Ragusa,

called by themselves Stradone, the like of which is not to be seen in all Dalmatia for width and excellence of its construction. Not far from the gate is the hotel Alla Corona, where I got a good room, and was treated with great civility; but in all other respects it was deficient in the comforts and conveniences of even a tolerable hotel. Being the only one in the town, I removed to private lodgings in the house of a respectable widow lady, whose father had, some forty years before, been consul of the Republic of Ragusa at Smyrna.

After a day devoted to delivering letters and paying visits, I began to look about me. Ragusa is situated upon a narrow space that intervenes between a high chain of hills and the sea; and standing on the outer side of the city, next the sea, its domes and campaniles, seen against the mountain side, have a most picturesque effect; but this position causes it to be intolerably hot in midsummer. The space on which the city is built being so small, the houses are lofty, and the streets in general narrow, but clean and well paved; and in no city of so small a size have I seen so many elegant edifices congregated together; so that I felt myself in a charming Italian capital of the second class. Even the Illyrian language, of which, I confess, I know comparatively little, is so soft and musical that the illusion is kept up; and the only word I quarrel with is the name of the town itself, Dubrovnik, which even the glory cast round it by the native muses cannot reconcile to my ears. All the houses are of solid stone, and of the shops in the streets the only one that struck me was that of an apothecary in the Stradone, which was ranged all around with a splendid set of Faenza gallipots of the *Cinque Cento*, painted in a curious manner, and formerly belonging to the laboratory of the Rector of the Republic. The sight of these flowers of art blushing unseen in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world would, if known, set all Wardour Street by the ears.

The appearance of the population is a complete contrast to that of Cattaro. Several erect old aristocratic-

looking figures moving about shew that this city has been long a seat of culture; and the toilets of the fair part of the creation, with a complete absence of finery, shewed a taste and elegance that was unmistakeable,—albeit understood, using the modes of Europe. But in the market-place, at the foot of a high flight of stairs leading up to a Jesuits' church, was a crowd of the peasantry in the neighbourhood. A tall ruddy-faced man, from Brenno, with red bonnet, loose brown jacket, and wide breeches, with game hung over his shoulder, talks to a dame who holds in her hand a large green cabbage,—a subject for a modern *Mieries*: he is full of natural ease and politeness, and is a complete contrast to the rude Morlack boor whom we saw at Obrovazzo, on our first entrance into Dalmatia.

In most other towns one gets readily to the open quay; not so in the wall-girt Ragusa. A single archway opens to the port, where I found only a few vessels of moderate tonnage, in consequence of its diminutive size. A fine large trabacolo had just landed a cargo of Newfoundland cod and stock-fish from Trieste for the approaching Greek fasts, and was about to take back the famed oil of Ragusa and the delicious anchovies of the coast for the gourmands of the north. At the entrance of the port, in a niche of the rampart, is the statue of St. Blasius, or San Biagio, as he is called in Italian, the patron saint of Ragusa. Tradition says, that, on several occasions, he caught balls sent against the town in the palms of his hands, and sent them back to the enemy. Tempests too have been repelled by the same legerdemain. After such feats it will not surprise the reader that Appendini, the chronicler of Ragusa, says, "Nothing can be more reasonable and just than the devotion of the Ragusans to this saint, for his patronage has proved most prompt and efficacious in a thousand private and public calamities."

The Piazza behind the port is, beyond all comparison, the most attractive part of the town. Ragusa is the

place where the union of Slaavic and Italian has been consummated. The language, the nationality, and the manners of the mass of the people, are Illyrian, but Illyrian conjugated with Italy's happiest moods and tenses of embellishment. Servia and her woods call up little of the past, and the Servian awaits a great futurity. Ragusa, in the seventeenth century, from her taste, her learning, her science, her wealth, her commerce, and the long roll of illustrious men she produced in every walk of life, earned the title of the Slaavic Athens. Wealth, commerce, science, and population, have melted away, but the outward city still remains to nourish the patriotism of the Ragusan.

As the Venetian, standing on the Piazzetta of his capital, reads the history of the great Republic in the monuments around him, so the concentration of edifices of various styles forming the Piazza of Ragusa records, on an humbler scale of architecture, the glorious antecedents of this meritorious Republic. The Dogana, or Custom-house, an extensive pile of Gothic architecture without, and like an Oriental Khan within, carries the mind to the period when the factories of the Republic of Ragusa, with separate and independent jurisdictions, were spread over all Turkey in Europe; when Constantinople was as yet unconquered by Mohammed II.; when Ragusa, the weak but determined opponent of Venice, was in high favour at the court of Adrianople, and boasted those capitulations with the Porte, which were the germs of modern consular jurisdiction.

There too is the palace of the Rector of the ex-republic, one of those fine edifices on the eve of the *Cinque Cento*; those massive Roman arches, those curious middle-aged sculptures, that spirit of Gothic detail haunting the revival of the forms of antiquity, render it a most picturesque and original edifice; and denote the transition of taste, when the beauties of antique art were perceived and admired, but approached without confidence or experience.¹

¹ This edifice was founded ~~after~~ the conflagration of the old Senate-house in 1435, and completed ~~about~~ the year 1452.

Here sat the Rector in grave council, or animated debate, received ambassadors, represented the state, and devised those wise measures which preserved this little commonwealth unscathed by the misfortunes of the surrounding provinces, from the dark ages up to the first years of the present century.

Under the colonnade of the palace is the great gate of cast bronze, its rivets and knockers the *ne plus ultra* of florid elaboration; and beyond the deep shadows of the vaulted entrance is seen the courtyard, with a flood of light falling on a green bronze bust of a figure with a peaked Charles I. beard, in the dress of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, with the pedestal inscribed:

MICHAELI PRAZZATTO,
BENE MERITO CIVI,
1638.

He was one of the merchant princes of Ragusa, who left 200,000 gold zechins for charitable uses invested in the bank of San Giorgio in Genoa; but on looking closer we perceived the skull slightly concave, and another face of the pedestal containing the inscription:

CONLAPSA MAXIMO TERRAEMOTU
1667.

—a forcible memento of the fierce earthquake of that year, which buried all but the strongest edifices, and consigned nearly half of the population of the city to destruction.

Beside the palace is one of those architectural incidents which abound in Italy, but are rarely seen in the imitative countries of the north of Europe, where the greater efforts of southern art are alone copied. The guard-house presents a lofty portal, flanked with columns, and in the centre of the pediment is the colossal head of Orlando, in casque and plume, frowning over all the Piazza. Above is the Torre del Orologio, or belfry, crowned with an open cupola; and by a mechanical device two bronze

figures, the size of life, armed *cap à pie*, strike the bell with maces at the evolution of each hour. Such coignes of fancy shew that art in Ragusa came from within, as well as from without.

Inferior in architectural interest is the cathedral built after the earthquake, in what the northerners call the style of Louis Quatorze. But the history of the original foundation of the edifice had to me an unexpected interest in its connexion with the fate and fortunes of the lion-hearted Richard of England. On the island of Chroma, opposite the town, Richard was shipwrecked on his return from the Holy Land. A church was begun from the funds which he endowed, out of gratitude for his deliverance, which, augmented in time, withstood the elements for five centuries, but succumbed in that dread hour when mountains were shaken to their foundations.

General Reiche, then commanding in Ragusa, having had the kindness to ask his Platz Lieutenant to shew me round the walls and military establishments, I went next morning to his office.

Accompanied by a sergeant carrying a great bunch of keys, we now began our journey in cold clear sunshine, and about a hundred yards off, the man opening a door in the wall, we entered and went up a high flight of steps, and then another flight, and then another, and at length stood on the parapet. The walls of Ragusa have no resemblance to a modern fortification, with bastions and fosses making a mathematical figure; but are those of a rock-built city, being of enormous height, thickness, and solidity, rising irregularly, from the irregularities of the locality, interspersed with great towers, and looking just like one of those cities one sees in the prints of old Bibles. Looking over the rampart, I saw the sea playing against the base of the rock; looking outwards, I saw the clear expanse of the Adriatic in the intensest of blue, the bare bold promontories of the coast to the south and the north jutting into the sea, and the intervening recesses filled with vegetation. If I turned from the sea to the town at my

feet, I saw an irregular surface of reddish-tiled and yellow-walled houses, with green Venetian blinds, from out of which rose a couple of blue lead cupolas, and the edifices of the Piazza.

We now continued the tour of the walls, the sea far below us on our left, and the streets of the town also far below us on our right; but soon we came to a large building on an elevation within the walls, no longer below us, but on the same level: this was the barracks, containing 1200 Hungarians, the garrison of the town; so we entered to see the establishment. A thin cake of ice was on a little pool in the courtyard, which, from the high building, the sun could not reach, and the sergeant said that it was the first that had been seen for twelve years, which speaks for the mildness of the climate. Ascending a wide whitewashed staircase, we came to the barrack-room, a long gallery, furnished on each side with beds, above each of which was a shelf containing the knapsack, the hat, and the odds and ends of the soldier, and in the middle was a long black board for teaching reading and writing. It was the dinner-hour, and I had, just before entering, seen across the roofs of the houses the two mechanical figures in bronze strike their hammers twelve times on the bell of the Torre del Orologio, announcing the hour of mid-day. Each man had a basin of soup, a plate of boiled beef and vegetables, and his loaf of bread; and on tasting the soup, I pronounced it sufficiently strong and nourishing.

When we went down stairs we found ourselves on the rampart again, and, ascending an outside flight of steps, I saw some red jackets hanging out to be aired on the wall, and some uncouth dark-looking men in undress standing about. The uniform of the Hungarian regiment being white, with sky-blue light trousers, I asked what these red ones could be, and was informed that they belonged to the men I saw, who were the gypsy musicians of the regiment; so I entered into conversation with the sergeant about them, and he told me in answer to a

question, that if they had any religion of their own, they must keep it a secret, for they are entered as Catholics, and attend Mass with the other soldiers. Their talent and aptitude for music is unquestionable; and before I left Ragusa I spent a most agreeable hour at the lodgings of the officer who takes charge of the music here,—for the regular band of the regiment, consisting of forty performers, was at Zara, and this was only a subordinate division,—but although they played several opera airs, it was evident that their favourite style was the waltz.

Continuing our walk, we now went down, inside a long flight of steps, to the level of the town, and entered the canteen, in which were two soldiers drinking beer. A tall Moll Flagon looking woman was standing at the counter, with bottles, glasses, keys, and stores of pipe-clay, which shewed that that article came out of the twopence a day. The woman looked alarmed at seeing an officer and a stranger enter with the two sergeants with keys (for the other one carried the keys of the prison), and the two poor men drinking their beer were equally flurried, and rising up, stood mechanically in a row, as if about to be marched off handcuffed; but it was soon seen that our motive was curiosity. From the canteen we went to the barrack-prison, which was a dark apartment, and as we entered found the prisoners plucking sparrows for dinner, with all the feathers scattered on the floor. They were fourteen in number, and stood up in a row, some fettered, and some not; as the garrison was altogether 1400 strong, the prisoners formed one per cent; the usual offences being petty thefts from their comrades, and insolence to their superiors. The rest of our promenade offered no circumstance worthy of a notice.

The society of Ragusa is very agreeable to a stranger, who does not enter into the petty jealousies of old nobility or parvenu. Some of the best families, in spite of their long pedigrees, are not in a more prosperous condition than the Hidalgo of Gil Blas; but several, having preserved their entailed estates from dispersion during

the French occupation, are in easy circumstances. One of the more fortunate of these families is distinguished by a refined literary taste; and their old Italian library, with *Aldine* and other editions, Latin as well as vulgar, was not more interesting than their assiduous attentions were agreeable.

We found ourselves in the grounds of a fine old-fashioned Italian villa, laid out by the Counts of Gozze, the descendants of the founders of the aristocracy in the tenth century, the representative of which, to whom Mr. B. presented me, did the honours. Quite close to the sea was the villa, an ancient edifice; and between it and the village above were the gardens of thick high laurel alleys, cut into straight lines, still in their full foliage, through which the setting sun occasionally succeeded in shooting a golden dart that trembled with the breeze on the inner thickets: suddenly the rushing of water was heard, and an open space shewed an extensive Italian fountain, to which the water was conveyed on arches, and where a colossal statue of Neptune, with moss-crowned head, and tended by moss-clad nymphs, recorded the taste and opulence of the by-gone Ragusa. "It was after a voyage to Rome that these gardens were laid out, in 1525," said the Count, "and that stout oak was planted." "And this garden-monger," thought I to myself, "may have stood at the easel of Raffaele himself, and seen with his own eyes the genius of Angelo crowning with vaulted dome the substruction of a Bramante." Leaving the moss-grown statues, and the dripping aqueduct, we re-entered the villa. In a large hall, on the first floor of which was a tessellated pavement as a floor, and around the walls antique mirrors, were the full-length portraits of the successors of the garden-fancier, most potent, grave, and reverend signors, in Mechlin frills and black satin. The Count presented me to his mother, in whom, to my great pleasure, I found an Englishwoman long absent from the land of her birth, and speaking Illyrian and Italian almost as her mother-tongue, but still preserving the unembar-

passed dignity of her native race. Mutual seemed the pleasure of meeting in this strange, sequestered, antiquated spot. A fair exchange is no robbery, and the accounts of her terrors of Ragusan earthquakes were not more painfully interesting to me, than my accounts of modern London seemed to unsettle all the landmarks of her unmarried days.

A complete contrast to the antique air of the villa of the founders of the patriciate of Ragusa, is that of my worthy friend, Count Giorgi. There is always something about these Ragusan houses that bears reference to some period of European history. In the drawing-rooms of the Palazzo Giorgi, I no longer recognised the Ragusa of the cinque cento, with its marble floors and its faded ceilings, with copies of the Venetian school of painting; nor yet the Ragusa of last century, with every ornament or table-leg carved, and bulged *à la Louis Quinze*; here the straight lines, the yellow satin walls, and the frigid Greek mythological ornaments, proclaim the upholstery of the French empire. Rector Giorgi, the last president of the Ragusan Republic, became a Count of the French empire, and, residing at Paris, acquired French tastes; and his son, a septuagenarian, has still the thoroughly French manner, and felicity of expression of that sprightly nation, when conversing of the strange historic scenes and accidents of his youth. The Giorgi family was one of the most illustrious of Ragusa; and the Count shewed me the red cross of Genoa in their arms, which commemorates a curious circumstance. Matteo Giorgi commanded the Ragusan galleys which accompanied the Genoese in their expedition against Venice, in 1378; and the loss of the battle of Chioggia was attributed to Doria refusing the advice of Giorgi as to the dispositions to be taken. In token of this, the Republic allowed the family to have the cross of Genoa in their arms.

Of those salient angles of domestic economy which are to be remarked in Servia, and which are essential accessories of a knowledge of physical and political

geography, my note-book contains few traces. The dinner-parties at the palace of the civil Governor, and the mansion of the General in command of the district, were in no respect different from those of well-ordered hospitable mansions in European capitals. At a dinner given by the Bishop there was a brilliant improvisation between each brindisi of champagne, by the rising poet of Ragusa, Dan Marco Kalugera, the professor of philosophy in the Lyceum of the city. All the grand themes of the day, not forgetting Britannia, were brought in with a felicity and a mastery of versification that reminded me of the happiest moments of Pistrucci.

With still more local colour was a dinner preceding a marriage at the house of Signor R., one of the most kind-hearted men whom I had known during my tour, and who was one of a party with which I had made a moonlight visit to the ruins of the suburbs. We were received on the first stage in a drawing-room, the floor of which was paved with slabs of black and white marble, about a foot square, which appears cold to an Englishman, but custom makes the Ragusans feel no regret for the absence of the snug carpet and the cheerful fire; in other respects the furniture was Italian. Italian was also the language spoken, as I am too weak in Illyrian to sustain a regular conversation. Each of the ladies dandled a varnished earthen-ware pot of charcoal on the knee, with which they warmed themselves, and which they carried about even in rising, and never quitted. Ragusa is as remarkable as Venice for the beauty of the fair sex: they have all dark complexions, and the mixture of Roman with Illyrian blood is evidently so considerable, that the contour of the Ragusan in general is scarcely to be distinguished from that of the Italian.

Instead of going down stairs to dinner, we went to an upper chamber, not very luminous, as the bright red plaster and green Venetian blinds of the opposite side of the street were not many yards off. The narrow streets of the Christian south and Moslem east are well suited to a

hot climate, and a legacy of the contracted species of construction common among the ancients; the greater wideness of the northern style being probably a result of the formation of towns out of the straggling isolation of old German villages. Our dinner was as a dinner on the eve of a marriage should be, more gay and good-humoured than formal. The Pilaff, the famous Bottarga of the neighbouring Albania, and a variety of other dishes, were all indicative of the geographical position of Ragusa; and, according to local custom, the health of the bride and bridegroom were drunk in Malmsey.

Several of the old customs of Ragusa have fallen into desuetude since the French and Austrian occupations. In marriage, for instance, the parents invariably decided on the husband that a young lady was to have. From twelve years of age she was secluded from all intercourse with the world; when the papa had found a suitable match, he said, "My dear, you ought to marry such and such a one; to-day let us go and sign the contract;" and without more ado the cameriera produced her bonnet and veil, and the old gentleman offering his arm, the young lady, with emotions of apprehension or curiosity to see her partner for life, went to get the preliminaries of the nuptial knot adjusted: but if Signora Rosina had a Lindoro, then a series of domestic persecutions commenced, and a convent was the alternative of a marriage of convenience.

The old society of Ragusa was not without some other local peculiarities which are worthy of notice.

With the ease, elegance, and opulence of the eighteenth century was mingled a frivolity of manners which did not escape the satiric pen of the ruder and homelier Dalmatian, and a few pages have furnished me with a sketch, wherein a slight deduction must be made for the jealousy of Ragusa, from which the neighbouring Dalmatian is not to this very day altogether free. ¹

¹ This is a picture of a *class* existing in the last century, and alludes to no individual.

"The Countess sat in her drawing-room on her birthday awaiting visitors; what intoxication in her patches and high-heeled shoes! She has the very last fashions from Venice and Naples; and a universal coquetry consoles her for the marriage of convenience which she made with the old Count. That plausible disciple of Loyola, who is her confessor, is said to have a powerful quiet influence over her; and as she receives, with undisguised pleasure, the flatteries of that elegant young man who has just entered, there is a latent hostility between them. What a bow the dandy makes her and all the company around! you would swear that he had learned his manners at Versailles, except that he betrays too unskilfully the furtive glances which he, from time to time, casts at the large mirror to admire his own attitudinising, and the graceful disposition of his dangling sword.

"The mob of Ragusan fashionables now crowds up stairs; and among them two plebeians enter the room; Solomon the Jew broker (whose name stands between the wind and the Count's nobility¹ as owner of the ships in which he has the chief share) enters, and placing a bouquet on the table, salutes the lady, and retires forthwith. The other is a rustic priest, brother of the footman Giacomo, and in his younger days began by household offices, but was subsequently brought up to kill two dogs with one bone—to be the parish priest and chaplain, and at the same time steward of the Count's estate.

"The mingling of voices as a sedan chair is set down tells of another visitor, and Monsignore the Archbishop of Ragusa is announced. This lofty personage is much less formidable on a nearer view; nothing can exceed the courtesy of his address, or the pliability of his manners. He must be a foreigner, according to the laws of the Republic, and his salary is only a hundred zecchins a year; but for all that, he lives in good archiepiscopal style; for he has to beg from time to time dona-

¹ In a sketch like this, only a free translation would be understood.

tions from the senate; and the political powers that be are thus guaranteed against spiritual ambition. What a kind salutation the Archbishop gives the Jesuit, because the senate rules the Archbishop, the Count rules the senate by his influence, the Countess rules the Count, and the Jesuit rules the Countess. As for the poor fribble, he counts for nothing."

Occasional balls and the opera for a couple of months are the entertainments of winter. A few literary friends used to assemble nightly at the house of Count Z., who is a *fanatico* for English literature; and at the town-house of my fair fellow-countrywoman, Countess Gozze, I had an opportunity of seeing a Ragusan ball. Our orchestra was the dingy gypsies of the Hungarian regiment; but better dancing music I never would desire; the accentuation of the waltz phrases was so marked that the dullest ear must have caught the emphasis and danced in time. The charm of the waltz is surely in part owing to its contrast with the absurd modern method of dancing a quadrille; nay, not dancing, but monotonous marching, as if the effect of music and beauty was to set a man half asleep. The dances of Spain and the Monferino of Italy enable the dancer to correspond to the transport of good music, without going to the opposite extreme of stage gesture; but now custom compels the natural impulse of music to be painfully subdued.

The honours were done with exquisite grace by the fair hostess, but nothing was worthy of remark as peculiar or national.

The theatre gave me little satisfaction, being small, and badly lighted. The three principal singers were passable, considering the place, but the scenery was below par. *Chi dura vince*, "He that endures conquers,"—a sound moral,—but set to music by Ricci, had not much to be boasted of, either in the way of sound or sense; the baked meats of defunct predecessors having coldly furnished forth his marriage of music with verse. I confess that except *Chiara di Rosenberg*, I have never

been able to sit out an opera of this composer, for half-a-dozen pleasing movements cannot float a whole evening of commonplaces.

While the moon was shining with unwonted brightness, three Ragusans entered my room,—Don Marco K., Signor R., and Signor B.

“We have our renowned Ragusan moonlight,” said the first of these gentlemen, “which you will find neither in Venice, in Rome, nor in Milan; and we propose to take you a turn up the hill to show you the town under a new aspect.” These worthy gentlemen having heard so much of the fogs of England, thought to procure me a moonlight view such as I never had seen before, so I thankfully accepted; but, in good truth, I believe there is nothing in the world comparable to the mosque of Moyçed in Cairo, when seen by the light of the full moon.

As we went out at the northern gate we found ourselves in the alley of trees, gently ascending to a rising ground that juts out from the line of mountains behind the town, and, after a short way, we turned to the right, up a narrow lane, enclosed by high garden-walls, and then, ascending some broken steps, found ourselves on the brow of the mount, from which we overlooked the town and environs,—a strange picturesque confusion of towers, cupolas, and housetops, rising in their pale green high lights and impenetrable shadows. A wall had partly concealed the view in the other direction, and, to my surprise, on proceeding a little farther along the pathway, I saw before me such a noble villa as one might behold in the environs of Rome. Above the basement were the large Palladian windows of the Gran Piano, and a great alcove was paved with slabs of marble; but the interior was a complete ruin: hemlock and nightshade grew where nobles and senators had feasted, the spacious tessellated terraces overlooked a garden choked with weeds, around which pillars of a Byzantine style of architecture supported the rotten trellis of a shady walk; confusion and desolation were

all around. Farther on, another villa told the same tale of taste and elegance that had passed away: arbours, terraces, kiosks, marble pavements, sculptures, all wreck and ruin. At first I thought I was in the midst of the havoc of the great earthquake; but as every wall was standing, and every cornice without even a gutta wanting, I found that this was the Pille, the town of ruins, —the mountain slope, on which every great family of Ragusa had a summer villa, — which was destroyed by the Montenegrines in 1806, and shewed, on a small scale, in what way the great Roman empire must have fared at the hands of Hun, Goth, and Vandal.

While these gentlemen conversed of various landmarks in the history of Ragusa previous to this catastrophe, I listened with silent interest to every word that fell;—the solemn hour, and the desolate scene, the silver beams of the moon, and the charming current of discourse, suffused a pleasing melancholy over the mind never to be forgotten; and, more than all that I had seen, stimulated me to inquire into the past history of this interesting Republic. The following rough sketch is the result of an eager perusal of the native historians.

CHAPTER IX.

HISTORY OF RAGUSA.

The exact year of the foundation of Ragusa is obscure, but it is probably between the years 639 and 656, the first of these being marked by a partial destruction of the neighbouring Epidaurus by the Avars, and the second by the total ruin of this city by the Croats. Thus we begin with an analogy to Venice. Roman fugitives seek refuge in a rock separated from the mainland by a narrow

passage.¹ The men of Padua fly from the Tartar Attila; and the men of Epidaurus, two hundred years later, fly from the Avars and the Croats. Croat, a dialect of the Slaavic language, became the language of the new colony in the course of time; but as no man in Britain can tell in what proportion his blood belongs to the races that have successively conquered or been conquered, so no man in Ragusa can remount to a Roman or a Carpathian origin.²

The Croats, conquering the Romans, are in turn subdued by Christianity, and these barbarians occupying all the interior of the country, the animosity between them and the Romans abated after their pacific settlement, and Ragusa became one of innumerable municipalities into which the shattered fragments of the empire reconstituted themselves on the coast; while freedom, and the security of an insular rock, create commerce. So far the parallel holds with Venice; but while a large part of the *leve terra firma* of Roman Italy was in time subjugated to the men of the Lagoon, the precipitous steeps and fierce bravery of the inhabitants circumscribed the territory of Ragusa to a few leagues of the coast.

The chosen protectors of the city were Saints Sergius and Bacchus; but a curious incident in the fortunes of the city caused them to change it to Saint Blasius, or San Biagio.

The Venetians, in 791, frequented these seas for the purpose of rooting out the pirates of the neighbouring Narenta, who infested the Adriatic, and coveting the security and convenience of the position of Ragusa, sought

¹ In Ragusa the space between the island and the mainland must have been a very narrow one, for it was entirely filled up, and is now built upon.

² Sarmatian, Syrmian, Serbian, Servian, are all different forms of the same word, of which the root seems to be Serb or Serp. Croat, or Chrobat, is derived from Crapat, the name of the mountainous region between the present Hungary and Poland, which still bears the name of Carpathian in the western dialects of Europe.

to subjugate it to their authority; but its strength being beyond their force, they attempted its possession by stratagem. A numerous fleet of galleys was seen from the towers of Ragusa coming from the north, the alarm passed from battlement to battlement, and the town was in a state of readiness: but while a part of the fleet anchored in Gravosa, to the north of the island on which Ragusa was built, the other drew up under the island of La Chroma to the south; and the Venetian commander, landing with his officers in a pacific manner, gave out that he was bound for the seas of the Levant, and only wanted water and provisions. Suspicion was allayed, the Venetians went and came between the north gate leading to Gravosa, and the south gate opening on the small port; but a priest named Stoico, having by some means overheard, or got intelligence of, the design of the Venetians to assault the town in the dead of the following night, gave information to the Government; and no sooner were the gates closed at sunset, than every Ragusan was at his post, and the attack awaited with breathless expectation. The first hour of the night passed without alarm; but after midnight the warder on the tower above the Postierna perceived the galleys at the island getting under weigh, and suddenly bearing up to the southern port. Scarcely was the alarm passed, and preparation made to receive them, when a large body of the men of the other fleet in Gravosa suddenly landed, and silently ascending the steep hill to the north of Ragusa, expected to scale the walls and enter the city; but what was their surprise, on reaching the brow of the hill, to find themselves vigorously assaulted by a large body of Ragusans, and driven down the hill to the boats with great slaughter. The diversion to the north having completely failed, the Ragusans re-entered the city, and found that the Venetians, dismayed at seeing all the southern wall lined with armed men, who poured a torrent of stones and heavy beams on the assailants, had, struck with a panic, retired to their galleys. Indescribable was the joy of the Ragusans, as dawn

crimsoned the peaks of Vellebitch, to see the discomfited galleys bearing out to the Adriatic.

The priest, to draw the veil of mystery over the dubious means by which he had got intelligence of the design, declared that it had been revealed to him by St. Blasius; and, warm emotions of gratitude mingling with the superstition of the age, Blasius was declared the protector and advocate of the city.

Ragusa still nominally belonged to the Greek empire; for although the court of Constantinople was too feeble to rule them directly, yet the great anxiety to escape from the domination of Venice kept up amicable relations with Constantinople. In the year 1001 we find a treaty of peace and friendship made between Venice and Ragusa, by which the Venetians were annually to give the Ragusans fourteen yards of scarlet cloth, and an armed galley, in token of perpetual amity, and the Ragusans to return the compliment with two white horses, three barrels of Ribola wine, and an armed galley.

From this treaty the prosperity of Ragusa may be dated; and while Venice rose to the commerce of the Eastern world, Ragusa became the emporium of the Slaavic countries to the north and the south of the Balkan. A citizen of the name of Gozze now founded the Patrician order of the city as at present constituted. Talent and popularity distinguished his youth; authority exercised his manhood; jealousy, the ingratitude of those whom he fostered, and exclusion from power, embittered his age; hence the laconic and affecting heraldic motto which is seen on the arms of his descendants to this very day, *Constituit, rexit, luget*; "he founded, he ruled, and he grieves." The territory of Ragusa had been hitherto confined to their rock; but Stephen, king of Dalmatia in 1050, going to the church of St. Stephen's within the town, to fulfil a vow made during a grievous sickness, was received with great honour, and made a donation to the Ragusans of twenty-two miles of coast, including the delicious valleys of Breno and Ombla.

But those idyllic landscapes conferred no military or political power; and we find in the subsequent part of the history of Ragusa that it was by a skilful diplomacy and politic alliances that they sought to redress the balance of territorial disadvantage, and avert the domination of Venice, which, without military occupation, persisted in asserting a right of sovereignty,—a claim preferred by the Venetian, and repelled by the Ragusan historians for the last three centuries. So early as 1370 we find the Ragusans seeking the alliance of the Turks, now advanced from the slopes of the Altai to the Sea of Marmora. Their ambassadors were graciously received at Broussa; for five hundred zechins a year Orchan promised them every commercial privilege and protection; and this early recurrence to the Grand Turk laid the foundation of those relations which subsequently preserved Ragusa from the fate of Servia and Albania, and equally assured her against dependence on Venice, when fire, sword, and the Koran, were carried over all the lands of Illyria.

But she had many moments of dark doubt and uncertainty. Mohammed II., after the conquest of Constantinople, the kingdom of Bosnia, and the neighbouring provinces, turned towards the Adriatic, and, unmindful of the ancient treaties between his ancestors and Ragusa, demanded possession of all the territory except the mere city. Terror and apprehension spread through all ranks; but the Council prudently got out of the dilemma, by stating that they were resolved to place the territory at his disposition, and at the same time to consign the city to the King of Hungary. An answer sagaciously calculated to the point of possibility, diverted the conqueror of Constantinople from his design; and the fear of a Hungarian thorn in the side of his newly acquired kingdom, relieved Ragusa, which henceforth became the asylum of all the disinherited nobles and princes of the surrounding provinces who refused to embrace Islamism. But with the multitude it was not the dexterity of the Council, or the politic moderation of Mohammed II., that had saved the city, but

the quiet interposition of St. Blasius, who, standing before the horse of the Turk, caused it three times to stumble, and, warned by the omen, the conqueror desisted from his invasion.

The wars which the Venetians in the next two centuries carried on with the Turks greatly increased the trade of the neutral Ragusa; and in the middle of the seventeenth century she had reached the apex of her wealth and splendour: her ships swarmed in the Mediterranean, and innumerable charitable institutions, and magnificent endowments to the Church, the nobles, and the plebeian confraternities of St. Lazarus, attest her great wealth; and while Venice devoted herself to the arts of painting and architecture, her humbler neighbour shone in the realms of literature with a splendour which the lapse of two centuries has little abated.

But in the midst of honour without, and content and prosperity within, a tremendous catastrophe covered with destruction this devoted city. At half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the sixth of April, 1667, a violent shock of earthquake threw down all but the most solid houses, and in an instant six thousand persons, or one-fifth of the whole population of the town, was buried in the ruins. The sea was so violently agitated that vessels anchored in deep water knocked their keels against the ground, and several of the lofty cliffs around Ragusa were split up from top to bottom. The Rector, or President of the Republic, Simon Ghetaldi, and several other senators, were waiting, and just about to commence the sittings of the Council, when they were engulfed, as was also an unhappy Dutch ambassador, with a suite of thirty persons, on his way to the court of Constantinople, whither he was accredited. A whole seminary of children was enveloped in the ruins, and one of the persons extricated in a wounded condition describes their heart-rending cries for water; complaints unheard, and unrelieved, by those above ground. The Archbishop being on the first floor of his house, with great presence of mind leapt out of the window, and got

off with a sprained foot, and limping to Gravosa, found the road all covered with masses of rock thrown down from the mountain above. Even in my own walks to the south of Ragusa, a thick solid mass of wall, which held together in its prostrate state, and hung just over a steep declivity, made such an impression on me, after reading the detailed accounts of this calamity, that my mind at once reverted to the sublime image of Mohammed, "And what shall make thee understand how terrible the striking will be: on that day men shall be like moths scattered abroad, and the mountains shall become like carded wool of various colours driven by the wind."

Fire and rapine added to the disorder; for as the earthquake took place in the morning, many fires were lighted to prepare the mid-day meal, and while many were extinguished in the crash of superincumbent walls, others by ventilation, and contact with timbers, caused an extensive conflagration, and the exertions to prevent the fire from approaching the three powder-magazines, delayed the excavation of human beings. To add to the distress of the unhappy city, the Morlacks of the surrounding country, unappalled by the calamity, commenced an indiscriminate plunder of all valuables; but through the determined energy of two men, Nicola Bona and Marino Caboga, order was restored, and the peasants terrified; and even on the third day some human beings were extricated alive from the ruins.

The life of Marino Caboga is one of the most romantic that can well be imagined. Born in 1630, he was educated in Ragusa, but spent his youth in thoughtless dissipation; till, discovering the malversation of his funds by a relation in whom he had too readily confided, a law-suit which followed was pleaded before the Senate, in which the law-suits of the nobles were decided. His relation, to make up his cause, reproached Caboga with his disorderly life, and threw doubts on his honour. In the youthful fire of five-and-twenty Caboga drew his sword and stabbed his aspersion dead on the spot, and a hasty

flight to the asylum of the Franciscan church saved his life, but not his liberty. Confined for life in the prison of the state, his only companion was a Latin Bible; and verses written by his own hand, expressive of the most profound penitence, were seen for years afterwards on the walls. In the earthquake the solidity of his prison was his preservation, but the door was completely blocked up, and with great presence of mind he stripped off his shirt, and putting it on the point of a stick, inserted it through the bars as a signal, and was liberated. In the confusion of the scene he might have escaped, but he devoted himself to extricate the living and dying, and displayed such an energy in restraining the plundering Morlacks, and driving them by force out of the city, that on the third day he presented himself to the remnant of the Council in their deliberations, with feelings alternating between doubt and hope. No sooner had he, with a penitent look, presented himself at the Raveline, when a senator pronouncing him dishonoured and incapable of sitting, he was about to retrace his steps; but the common calamity had softened all hearts, and approbation of his services was declared by a majority of those present, who re-admitted him to his rank and honours.

The severe school of adversity formed Caboga, and in the solitude of prison he had stored up the temperament which leads to great things—that diffidence of prosperity which makes a man ask his inmost self when the wheel will turn, and that indifference to difficulty and opposition, which has caused some to call patience the highest effort of courage. For ten years he laboured unremittingly in the reconstruction of the city, and the repair of the tattered elements of social order. All Europe expressed sympathy with the Ragusans for their losses; but on the rapid restoration of the city through the exertions of Caboga, the Grand Vizier of the Ottoman empire, Cara Mustapha, a deadly hater of all Christians, expressed the utmost jealousy and displeasure, and setting aside the capitulations of Ragusa

with the Porte, sent a claim for 35,000 dollars of customs revenue, on the pretence of Ragusa having been an integral part of the immediate dominions of the Porte, as a pretext for the annexation of the city to the empire.

On the 8th of August, 1677, Caboga arrived at Constantinople, to attempt the aversion of the storm that was menacing his native land. The Grand Vizier, struck with the capacity he shewed in the arts of persuasion, and acquainted with his resources in active life, resolved to deprive his country of so able a head and hand, and on the 13th of December following he was thrown into prison, where he remained several years, having languished out the latter part of the time in the dungeons of Baba Giafar, lying on the humid ground. When asked if he consented to make a transfer of Ragusa to the Porte, he boldly answered that "he was sent to serve, and not to betray his country;" and through the means of a Jew he secretly wrote to the Senate, animating them to hold out to the last, and, regardless of his own fate, expressing his only anxiety that his young children should receive a sound religious education. Cara Mustapha meanwhile, in 1683, went to thunder at the gates of Vienna with 300,000 men; but while Caboga sat in the dungeons of Constantinople, Stahrenberg in Vienna saw, from the high tower of St. Stephen's, the legions of Poland led by the gallant Sobieski, approaching to relieve the city. Germany was saved, Cara Mustapha, the enemy of Ragusa, defeated, and soon after beheaded; and Caboga, being liberated, returned to Ragusa. As he approached the city, every knoll, villa, and house-top, was covered with an admiring, almost adoring people; every bell in Ragusa rang a merry peal, and the Rector and Senate, in full robes, went out of the city to give a cordial welcome to the wonderful Marino Caboga. His lineal descendant and representative, Count Bernard Caboga, is, while I write, a distinguished officer, and high in the Austrian army, having attained the rank of Feld-marechal Lieutenant; and to this very day, the letters of Marino Caboga, the spontaneous effusions of a

warm heart, have a value in the eyes of his family which surpasses that of all treasures of art or wealth.

When the earthquake took place, and the Rector, with many of the Senators, were swallowed up in the ruins, necessity obliged the exclusive nobility of Ragusa to make room for a certain number of persons in possession of simple citizenship in the ranks of the Senate; but so extravagant was the aristocratic spirit, that up to the period of the fall of the Republic in our own century, the distinction between the nobility whose patents dated before and after 1667, was always kept up by exclusive marriages, the parties taking their names from the pretensions of the universities of Spain and France, the old nobility calling themselves Salamanchese, and denominating the new senatorial families Sorbonnese.

The first Council of the Republic was called the *Gran Consiglio*, or *Consiglio Maggiore*, consisting of all the nobles that had completed their eighteenth year; their characters being registered in a book called *Specchio*, or the *Mirror*. The sovereignty resided in them, the President of the Republic bearing the name of Rector, but holding his office only a month at a time, from the fear of hereditary or dictatorial power; nevertheless in practice it often happened that an individual, from his talents and influence, while never omitting the formality of election, virtually exercised the supreme power the greater part of his life.

The legislative body was the second Council or Senate, of forty-five members, composed principally of the superior magistrates and officers of the government, who had also some of the functions of an executive body, such as the nomination of ambassadors and consuls by election.

The third Council was the *Consiglio Minore*, composed of seven senators and the Rector, and was the really working committee for the despatch of business; thus, the features of the Ragusan constitution were a sovereign constituent assembly, a legislative senate, and a minor council executive of the orders of the senate. The Rector

lived during the month in the palace with princely pomp; his habitual dress was of red silk, with a black stole over the left shoulder; and the nobles up to the end of the eighteenth century wore black gowns and wigs. They possessed nearly all the land, the most lucrative offices, and the control of large funds which had been bequeathed by patriotic and charitable individuals for useful or charitable purposes; and as the 'misera contribuens plebs' had no voice in state affairs, each patrician had, like those of Rome, a long suite of clients and dependents, whom they protected for pecuniary considerations.

The first years of the French war were in recent times the most prosperous for Ragusa. The flag of San Biagio being neutral, the Republic became one of the chief carriers of the Mediterranean. The Continental blockade was the life of Ragusa; and before the rise of Lissa the manufactures of England, excluded from the ports of France, Italy, Holland, and Germany, found their way to the centre of Europe through Saloniki and Ragusa. But this state, which had managed the Turks so skilfully, which had survived the Greek and Servian empires as well as the Republic of Venice, was unable to stand upright in the terrible contest which included the extremities of Europe in its sphere. The philanthropic republicans of France offered to fraternise with all other republics; and we shall see that Napoleon, with the Imperial Crown on his head, did not despise the small Republic of Ragusa.

The battle of Austerlitz, and the consequent treaty of Presburg, having compelled Austria to hand over Dalmatia to France, Ragusa was put in a novel dilemma. Cattaro held by the Venetians against the Turks, was always accessible to Venice, which was a naval power. But while France held the land, England and Russia held the sea; and while France was marching her troops from Austerlitz to Dalmatia, eleven Russian sail of the line entered the Bocca di Cattaro, and landed 6000 men. As 5000 Frenchmen under Marshal Molitor marched southwards, and took pacific possession, one after another, of

the fortresses of Dalmatia, the Russians pressed the senators of Ragusa to allow them to occupy their city, as it was an important fortress,—thus anticipating France might block the further progress to Cattaro, as the reader will see by an examination of the map that there is no way from Dalmatia to Cattaro but through Ragusa. Marshal Molitor was equally abundant in friendly professions, pressing instances, and solemn pledges, to respect the integrity of the Republic, in his passage to Cattaro. Ragusa felt herself without the power of causing her neutrality to be respected, and long and anxious were the debates that ensued.

“Dear as this land is to me,” said Count John Caboga, “consecrated as it is to our affections by its venerable institutions, its wise laws, and the memory of illustrious ancestors, it will henceforth cease to deserve the name of *patria*, if its independence be subverted. With our large fleet of merchantmen, let us embark our wives and our children, our state treasures and our laws, and ask of the Sultan an island in the Archipelago, which may become a new Epidaurus, and the sanctuary of our time-honoured institutions.”

Serious as the dilemma was, the senators were unprepared for so desperate a remedy. A large majority were for opening the gates to Russia; but the echoes of Austerlitz had scarce died away, and such an act would have at once exposed them to the vengeance of Napoleon, then in the zenith of his lawless ambition and military power. So the occupation of the city was assigned to the French under General Lauriston. No sooner did this take place than the Russian force moved to the siege of the city, and unhappily for Ragusa a barbarous and undisciplined horde of Montenegrines accompanied the regular Russian troops; and such a scene of horror had not been seen since the Huns and the Avars swept round Aquileia. The environs were studded thickly with villas, the results of a long prosperity; and the inhuman scenes of rapine with which the wars of the Montenegrines with the Turks

were accompanied were transferred to these abodes of ease and luxury. Accustomed to the poverty of their own mountains, these invaders could scarce believe their own eyes when, passing Ragusa Vecchia, the smiling villas and well-filled store-houses of Breno Ombla and Pille were presented to their cupidity, and the siege of Ragusa commenced by the burning and plundering of the villas, involving the irretrievable loss of above half a million sterling.

The city was in the utmost straits; General Molitor, who had advanced within a few days' march of Ragusa, made an appeal to the Dalmatians to rise and expel the Russians and Montenegrines, which met with a feeble response, for only three hundred men joined his standard; but a stratagem made up for his deficiency of numbers. A letter, seemingly confidential, was despatched to General Lauriston in Ragusa, announcing his proximate arrival to raise the siege with such a force of Dalmatians as must overwhelm Russians and Montenegrines; which letter was, as intended by Molitor, intercepted and believed by the besieging Russians. With his force thinly scattered, to make up a show, Molitor now advanced towards Ragusa, and turning the Montenegrine position in the valley behind, threatened to surround the Russians who occupied the summit of the hill between him and the city; but seeing the risk of this, the Russians retreated back towards the Bocca di Cattaro, and the city was relieved.

The French, reinforced by 4000 or 5000 men, were now commanded in chief by General Marmont, the newly appointed civil and military Governor of Dalmatia, who, with 9000 sabres and bayonets, boldly advanced to the gulf of Cattaro, and, defeating the Russians and Montenegrines again at the Sutorina with great loss, and the battle of Friedland taking place in 1807, followed by the treaty of Tilsit, France was left in undisputed possession of the coast, as we have already stated under the head of Cattaro.

Freed from Russians and Montenegrines, Napoleon

soon forgot the pledges of neutrality given by his lieutenants; and in January, 1808, as the senators met, an adjutant of General Marmont announced to them that the independence of Ragusa had ceased to exist, and that all administrative functions had devolved on the French commander. Thus ended the Republic of Ragusa: after a municipal existence that filled up the whole period from the fall of the empire of the West to the nineteenth century; and a virtual independence that, in spite of conflicting claims for nominal superiority by the Byzantine Cæsars and the Venetian Republic, had been preserved in the same political forms for eight centuries.

CHAPTER X.

RAGUSAN SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

As Bohemia, forming an ethnographical peninsula in Germany, is and was, the most advanced of all the Slaavic nations of central Europe, so Ragusa evidently owes her civilisation to her position on the shores of the Adriatic, opposite, and of easy access to, the Italian peninsula. The Slaavic Athens was the name which Ragusa acquired in the seventeenth century, but surely the Ferrara of a hundred years previous comes within the limits of a juster parallel. As the rudest blast of winter and the coolest breeze of summer come from the west, so the elastic vigour of Ariosto, and the smoothness, the elegance, and completeness of Tasso, seem to mingle their alternate inspirations in the genius of Gondola.

Marino Ghetaldi, surnamed the Demon of Mathematics, had a high European reputation in the seventeenth

century, and the memorials of him are brought home to the traveller, both in town and country.

It was on one of the finest days of the *faithful* month of January, so called from the number of calm days in it which follow the blasts of late autumn, and precede the still ruder ones of February and March, that Don Marco and myself entered a boat at the quay near San Biagio, and were rowed across the bay to a lofty cavern southwards of Ragusa. Not a breath of air was in motion, and an English September seemed to usher in the new year of Ragusa; the Adriatic ebbed and flowed among the fragments of rocks in the gentlest of whispers; a veil of golden gauze trembling on the dark roof of the cavern, and reflecting the sunlight playing on the sea, was the only ocular evidence of its motion; while the depths of the cavern gave back each stroke of the great bell of the city tolling solemnly across the tranquil waters.

It was in the first years of the seventeenth century, when Bacon and Shakespeare were completing the Cyclopean foundations of English science and literature, that a man in middle age, with sharp visage, and those penetrating eyes which make the stranger curious to know their owner's fate and fortunes, surmounted by the broad-brimmed peaked hat of the period, might be seen in this cave. Strange instruments surround him; they shew that the age of alchemy is gone, and that of sound experiment commenced. Marino Ghetaldi, the individual in question (1566-1627), was one of the first astronomers and natural philosophers in Europe; his *Promotus Archimedes* shewed a dim perception of the coming discoveries of Newton; and it certainly was Ghetaldi, and not Des Cartes, who first applied algebra to geometry. He spent six years in travels through Europe; at Venice, Paolo Sarpi called him "Angelo di costumi, e demonio in matematica—an angel in manners, and a demon in mathematics," in allusion to his attainments and that modesty which is generally inseparable from true greatness; and he confesses in his *Promotus*, "Malim scire quam

nosci, discere quam docere." So high was his reputation, that the magistrates of Louvain in Flanders pressed him to be professor of mathematics in their university, when it was to Antwerp as the Padua of that northern Venice. But Ghetaldi had studied and travelled for Ragusa: 'Patria non quia magna sed sua' was the small but powerful magnet which re-attracted him to the shores of the Adriatic. Here, in cool grot, undisturbed by the hum of the city commerce, he pursued his experiments. Strange and improbable traditions still exist of his having been addicted to magic, and more than one Ragusan captain attributed tempestuous weather to the incantations of the cavern; even the fishermen, for ages after his death, never passed without an appeal to San Biagio against the machinations of the mysterious cavern.

At one side of the cave a dark recess, about three feet deep, with which the sea-water communicates, was the bath of Ghetaldi, and all around on the rocks is the beautiful *Adiantum*, (*Capillus Veneris*), with jet black stem and fine small green leaf. At one side of the cave, next the sea, is a staircase cut in the rock, and Don Marco (as the professor was usually called) informed me that it was in communication with the villa above. A door, almost rotten with sea-air and water, barred the passage; but Don Marco, applying his hands to his mouth, shouted aloud, so that the rock-vault echoed again, and in a minute a servant-girl was seen descending the stairs to the door, which she opened. Passing over slippery rocks, we got within the door, and, ascending the steps, wound round the rock that flanked the entrance to the cave, and found that we had gained a narrow terrace in front of a villa overhanging an abrupt precipice, and looking straight across to Ragusa, with its round towers and high ramparts. Don Marco, who seemed to know every body, ushered me into the parlour of the little villa of Ghetaldi, where pictures somewhat in the Bolognese school were hanging from the walls. Madame S., the spouse of a descendant of the co-heiress of Ghetaldi, now entered, and received

us with Ragusan courtesy. She regretted that his portrait, which had adorned the room, had been taken to her town-house; but Don Marco and myself joined in a prayer to see it restored to its true position.

From the revolutions of science the works of Ghetaldi are unread and forgotten, but his name blooms fresh in the memory of the Ragusans; and a large slab of pavement in the Dominican church, with three fleur-de-lis and two stars, is still regarded with veneration, as covering his remains.

The name of Boscovich stands deservedly high among the mathematicians and astronomers of the eighteenth century, and in 1759 he visited London, and had a brilliant reception from the Royal Society, of which the Earl of Macclesfield was then president. Both these authors wrote in Latin and Italian, and the name of the first confers high honour on Ragusa; but, from the progress of science, their works are unread or forgotten.

Cervario Tuberone, Cerva, and others, have distinguished themselves in the historic line, and when public attention becomes generally awakened, as it must in time be, to the past and present condition of the countries to the east of the Adriatic, their works will be again sought after; but it is in poetry that the genius of Ragusa shines forth with its brightest lustre. The biography and criticism of Zamagna Giorgi and many others, fills a closely printed quarto of Appendini, including several good female dramatic writers; but to do justice to all would have detained me longer in Ragusa than I could spare time for; I therefore fixed my attention on Gondola, the epic poet, the principal figure of the group, and from a variety of published lives, and the criticisms of modern Ragusans, I will attempt "to place a fading chaplet on his eternal shrine." In consequence of his having written in Illyrian, he does not enjoy a European name; but, after the lapse of more than two centuries, he is still read with rapture through all the lands of Illyria. The poetry of Servia is mostly lyric, but Ragusa, on the shores of the Adriatic,

could scarcely escape the influence of the more majestic plans and performances of Italian genius.

Gondola was born in Ragusa on the 8th of January, 1588, when Philip of Spain was preparing his Invincible Armada for the invasion of England, and was educated by the Jesuits. At twenty years of age he devoted himself to the study of the law, and at thirty married a daughter of the house of Sorgo. The Illyrian dramas of Dorsich, Nale, and others, were then the favourite literature of Ragusa, and Gagliuffi thinks that, had the Ragusans persevered, they might have risen to the celebrity of the Spanish theatre; but the beauty of the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido* entirely turned the public taste. The favourite reading of Gondola was the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso; his first youthful essays were pastoral dramas of no extraordinary merit, nor was it without a great deal of consideration that he undertook an epic poem.

The choice of Gondola's subject seems, to our age, a strange one, if viewed without reference to the political situation of Ragusa, in the very century in which the Turks were the most hated, and in which our own Waller wrote his "Presage of the Downfall of the Turkish Empire." Gondola enthusiastically takes for his hero, Osman, who became sultan in 1618, and after a variety of wars and amours, is imprisoned and beheaded. It was, therefore, entirely the events of the day that supplied Gondola with his matter. The Porte, in the zenith of her military and political power, was, although the enemy of all Europe, then the protectress of Ragusa against Venice; and Osman, the antipathy of Christendom, is a daring hero in the eyes of the patriotic Ragusan.

The war with Poland in 1621, the captivity of Korewsky as hostage in Constantinople, the disguise of his wife as a Hungarian boy to deliver him, the condition of all these countries, and a variety of episodes and adventures, concluding with the death of the Sultan, form the staple of the work. Thus while Milton's subject was too vaguely remote from the daily existence of the poet, that of Gon-

dola was too near; and party-spirit, rather than strict historic justice, inspires the portrait of the hero. The same objection of the introduction of contemporary subjects may apply to Dante, only he was not a spectator of the action of his poem, but part and parcel of it; and as his vengeance flashes from page to page, and his music thunders from canto to canto, we feel ourselves, after five centuries and a half, living in the world of Guelph and Ghibelline, loving with Dante's loves, and hating with Dante's hates. The adventures of Osman in the political history of Turkey fail to awaken our interest; but as the balm of the Egyptian preserved the humblest of remains to the wonder of a hundred ages, while the bones of a true hero moulder unknown, so the poetry of Gondola will preserve the events of Osman's life when greater names are forgotten.

Gondola died in 1638, at fifty-one years of age; two of his sons fought in the Thirty-years' War under Wallenstein, and the youngest died in 1682 in the supreme office of Rector of the Republic. The male line is extinct, but I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of his representative and namesake in the female line, who has a good unincumbered estate, and has lately been made a baron by the emperor.

The finest passage in the work, according to some, is the entrance of the ambassador of the Sultan into the palace of Warsaw, where he sees, to his shame and surprise, woven on the walls, a tapestry representing the defeat of his master at the battle of Koezim; according to others, the lamentations and reflections of Osman in prison. I am not a sufficient master of Illyrian to be able to decide the matter myself; the piece I have selected is the Episode of Suncianitza, the daughter of the deposed Lord of Servia. A translation of a translation, like a print after a print, may convey the outlines, but cannot pretend to the touch and colour of the original.

"The chief of the black eunuchs of the Sultan entered the city of Semendria, where he hoped to find the daughter

Gluibedrag, the fair and the young Suncianitza. She is of the illustrious family of the despots of Servia, the apple of the eye, the light of her blind father. He is the nephew of the nephews of George and Jerina; his power hath passed away, but his deeds and his conduct are those of a prince. His old age leans on the staff that was once the sceptre of his fathers, his kingdom is the narrow meadow, his subjects are the bleating sheep, his hounds are his guards, and shepherds are his courtiers and allies. His twelve sons have fallen before the sharp sword of the Osmanli; and his eyes flowed with tears until the springs of vision dried up. He is the trunk of the tree whose branches have been scattered by the tempest; he would have perished amid his sobs had he not lived on the voice of his daughter.

“This fountain of life is the fair young Suncianitza, whose virtue has been blown with the trumpet of fame; and the fruits of this one branch are the only hope of the father. But the virginity of that maid is consecrated to the Almighty. The old man perceives it with grief, and assembles the youth of Bulgaria to wake her soft desires. The rustic games, and the accents of music, mingled with the dance of the shepherds, and the flower-crowned maids. The language of courtesy is held while they sit on the meadow, and the echoes are charmed with the pipe and the tabor; the maidens lose their lustre at the appearance of Suncianitza, like the stars of night at the blushing dawn; the zephyrs play with her blonde tresses, and her step in the dance is the subtle enchantment.

“The sight of the chief of the black eunuchs suddenly ends the games; he sought the fair Suncianitza for the harem of his master. A thrill of terror froze every heart; the flowers dropt from the hand of Suncianitza, and, mute as a statue, she hid her visage in her hands; but the cunning slave, masking his design, said mildly, ‘Let fear and trouble end, cease neither the dance nor the song; all I desire is peace, and the continuance of the games.’

“‘Wise and good father,’ said the black, ‘may the Most High give thee the light of thy countenance. Tell me, who were thy ancestors? Were they of the royal race, and who dispossessed them?’ The old man, troubled in spirit, answered, ‘The remembrance of past grandeur is bitter; what avails illustrious birth in obscurity and poverty?’ He told his sad tale, and with a voice of sorrow added, ‘All that remains to me is my cherished daughter—my only consolation.’ The chief of the eunuchs drew a golden veil from his girdle, approached Suncianitza, and giving it with respect, said, ‘Great is thy happiness, O noble daughter, thou art now the spouse of the Sultan of the world.’

“Thrilled with horror, Suncianitza was about to fall; but the mutes approached, and the fair one was torn from her father, struggling like a dove in the talons of a vulture. The blind Gluibedrag tore the white hair from his head.

“‘Cruel Fate,’ said the frenzied grey-beard, ‘to make a shepherd of the sons of princes, to snatch from me my sons and my only daughter! Where art thou, my love? let the blind old man but hear thy voice. O inexorable Death, why have you left me in the land of the living?’

“But Suncianitza, carried far away, heard not his accents of grief; tears filled her eyes, or terror froze her heart. ‘Whither am I dragged from the arms of a father? Ah! who will calm his troubles, and assuage his grief? Come, father, let thy flowing tears soften their obdurate hearts; may thy grey hairs drive violence far away.’

“‘Virgin, thou hast wept enough,’ said the eunuch, who had sought the fairest beauties of Egypt, Bosnia, and the land of the Dukes (Herzegovina), leaving disconsolate mothers, and bringing with him the daughters of the noble, the fair in person, and those endowed with mental qualifications, who all now approach the city of empire.

“The Sultan entered at the same time, and the agas presented to him the female slaves in the seraglio. Ranged in the form of a half moon, the like had never been seen in all the world. The perfect beauties of the palace were

like the spring flowers of the forest united in the garden; one stole softly on the senses, the other dazzled like the noontide sun; sweetly smiled the one, noble was the gait of the other; but Suncianitza outshone them all by the lustre of her charms, but her brow was pale with modesty and virtue.

“‘Open thy mind,’ said the Sultan, ‘and confide in Osman, who can calm thy grief.’ Suncianitza, raising her thoughts to God, asked His succour to soften the heart of the Sultan, and offer on the altar of the Most High the lily of her virginity.

“‘Powerful and glorious Sultan,’ said Suncianitza, ‘thy words embolden me to bare my breast. I am the only daughter of a father blind with grief for the loss of twelve sons; I alone stand between him and the tomb: the cherished daughter has been torn from his embrace; like the plant whose last root fails, death and annihilation are inevitable. Oh, father! what hand shall close thy eyes, or honour thy remains with the ceremonies of the tomb? By Mahommed thy prophet, and Ahmed thy father, let the daughter rejoin the parent, and glory surround thy name.’

“An icy silence followed the speech of Suncianitza, and uncertainty reigned in the heart of the Sultan. To lose the flower of his seraglio, or act with the harshness of a barbarian, was the dilemma in which he was placed; but virtue triumphed. ‘How!’ said he, ‘ought I to govern others, and not know how to govern myself? Thy trouble is ended, noble girl: my heart is moved, and the favour is granted. My desire is to reign in the hearts of mankind by love and justice; thy affection is most lovely in misfortune, as the rays of the sun that vanquish in the struggle with the mists, and long live your father to enjoy your society.’

“Thus spoke the Sultan: but Suncianitza can scarcely believe the reality of her liberty, as the mariner, after the long and stormy night, mistrusts the rays of dawn that shew him the wished-for haven. Throwing herself at the

feet of the Sultan, she cried in a transport: 'Great and magnanimous sovereign, a movement of thy lips hath breathed youth and strength into the body of a dying old man: more valiant than the conquerors of kingdoms, thou hast vanquished thyself. Noble and generous action, time and distance will take nothing from its glory.'

"The Sultan, opening his treasures, hung a splendid necklace around the throat of Suncianitza, at once the ornament of her beauty and the memorial of his magnificence.

"The slaves that brought her as a prisoner, returned with her as guards and servants to the door of the blind Gluibedrag."

TO THE SHADE OF GONDOLA.

OH, magic arts, that deep in hidden bowels
Of molten chaos find the statue's grace,
By plan divine, or nervous wielded trowels,
Raise the harmonious colonnade apace,
Or o'er the arid plain expanding trace
The long arcade that slakes the thirsty town
With crystal lymph from gelid mountain font;—
But structures lapse, as time rolls on,
And even capitals fall into dark oblivion.

Far there the knell of desolation toll'd,
And empire vanish'd like a baseless vision:
Fierce o'er the land barbaric surges roll'd;—
Avar and Roman, in their dire collision,
Soon made a waste of what had been Elysian.
Down, thundering crashed the stately fanes,
Erst built with mathematical precision;
Now a mere heap of labyrinthine lanes,
To mock the student of antiquity's remains.

The fractured image leaves no seeds
To blossom into posthumous renown;
Highest emprise of victors' mightiest deeds,
The transient glitter of a fragile crown,
Or power to freeze a kingdom with a frown.
Not so Ragusa's bard, whose tuneful lyre,
Resounding sweet from Save to Drave,
Forbids Illyrian nations to expire,
Vibrates immortal airs to kindle patriot fire.

CHAPTER XI.

ENVIRONS OF RAGUSA.

The coasts and islands to the south of Ragusa are full of historic interest and romantic beauty, and two little trips, in which the accomplished and erudite Professor Kalugera acted the obliging cicerone, afforded me some of the pleasantest days I passed in the Adriatic.

Don Marco ordered the men to row us to La Chroma, a small island about a mile from the cave, which seemed to be entirely covered with wood and shrubbery, and without any habitation, except a small modern fort which crowned the top of the hill. Other islands lay to the south, and, on asking their names, I found that they were called Marcana and Bobara (St. Mark and St. Barbara). "They are mere rocks," said Don Marco, "fit for sea-fowl, and not fit for a man, unless he be a passionate fowler; and yet they have often played an important part in the ecclesiastical history of Ragusa."

"You church-men are not generally fond of bleak barren positions. The clergy have capital taste for landscape-gardening in general. You see that Benedictine convent at the extremity of the bay, how snugly sheltered under the point of land, with plenty of vegetation and a fine view."

"They are both Turkish islands," said Don Marco, "in the diocese of Trebigne; and whenever the Ragusan Archbishops wished to escape dependence on the senate, they used to hold their councils here in security."

We soon rounded the wooded point of the island, and found ourselves in a little bay, beyond which was a level plain of turf between a wood of pines and the hill on which the fort was built; and in the most sheltered part of this little valley was a ruined convent, and a church of a period much anterior, and evidently of Byzantine form. This was the island and monastery of La Chroma, at which Richard

Cœur de Lion landed on his return from the Holy Land. It appears that the tempest off Albania must have been most violent, and Richard made a vow to erect a temple to the Virgin in the first place of his landing. Presenting himself to the monks, he declared his design to build a church there, for which he gave, or would give, 100,000 *nummi argentei*. No sooner did the rector hear of Richard's arrival, then he went with the senate to congratulate him on his escape, and offer him the hospitality of Ragusa, which Richard accepted along with "magnificent spectacles;" but the rector begged him to write to the Pope, to commute the locality of his votive offering from the island to the city of Ragusa itself, the cathedral of which was small and inconvenient; to which Richard consented, on the condition that, every second of February, being the Purification of the Virgin, the superior and monks of the convent of La Chroma would be allowed to celebrate the mysteries of that festival. It appears, however, that in the sixteenth century the Archbishop wished to resist this right, and a hot dispute was the consequence, which led to a research of the archives, and the right of the monks was confirmed by a curious decree of the rector and senate. This privilege they retained till 1667, when the earthquake threw down both the cathedral of Richard and a great part of the convent of La Chroma.

The illustrious author of *Ivanhoe* had perhaps never heard of this island, but it might well have furnished a splendid chapter to this great inventor: a tempest-tost King of England landing from Palestine; the monks giving hospitality to a stranger, to find that their guest is a king, and the taker of Acre; and the senate crossing in all the pomp of middle-age magnificence to welcome the valiant chevalier and crusading king.

"Do you know," said Don Marco, as we walked amid the sequestered foliage, "that for us Britannia is a poesia; her whole history, down to Victoria, is an epic poem."

"Many people on the continent," said I, "maintain that,

having arrived at her full growth, she must soon begin to decay."

"*Niente affatto*; not a bit of it," answered the professor; "if she has not extended her branches she has been growing at the roots; if the conquests of this generation have not been so extensive as former ones, her mercantile navy, the root of all her power, has increased; a nation that perpetually wars with the elements needs never fear the corrosion of a long peace."

Leaving La Chroma, we now rode some miles to the southwards, and, passing a bluff point, a new prospect opened on us; a beach of yellow sand, glistening with white pebbles in the unclouded sun, skirted a bay, which formed a graceful semicircle. The precipitous mountains fell away inland, and broken but richly cultivated ground, interspersed with vines, olives, pastures, and occasional oak-trees, intervened between the bluff point we had passed, and the promontory of Epidaurus, some miles ahead. This was the renowned bay of St. Hilary, not less celebrated in the annals of Christianity than the bay of St. George in Syria, where the dragon was killed. Three hundred and sixty-five years after Christ, St. Hilary landed in this bay, and defied and vanquished by miraculous power, according to tradition, a terrible serpent that infested the coast; the serpent being of the family of St. George, that is to say, no other than the Greek mythology, whose death-rattle sounded in the fourth century through all the Roman world. Titus and St. Paul first preached the Gospel in Illyria, St. Hilary followed in their footsteps, and St. Jerome, a native of Dalmatia, completed the work, and speaks with enthusiasm of the reputation for piety which Hilary had left in the whole region; but, in writing the life of his predecessor, he might surely have spared us the miracle of the serpent, and the restraining of the threatening sea during the apostasy of Julian.

In the middle of the bay is the village of St. Hilary (St. Ilarione) with a few boats drawn upon the beach, but without the unpleasant odours, the ill-dressed children, and the untidy

houses of a fishing village; behind it is the plain of Breno, the agricultural garden of the east of the Adriatic. Ombia is a wild, highland loch, fitter for a country-house than the labours of agriculture; but here, every nook is fenced and cultivated, so that the traveller might think himself in the environs of an Italian capital. The olive-trees and all the other products shewed at once the traces of that superior culture which makes the berry the largest and fattest of the coast, even surpassing that of the opposite Gallipoli. The aspect of the peasantry fully corresponded with the appearance of nature; instead of the drunken, patched misery of Dalmatia, the men were all coarsely but tidily and decently dressed. The women, although sunburnt, had clear healthy complexions, that shewed the purity of the air and the results of an orderly material existence. Altogether I was delighted to find, in so distant a part of Europe, a region that in every respect might vie with its centres, with one exception; the vicinity of the Turks had led the Ragusan republic to the policy of having no roads practicable for artillery.

We had not walked above half an hour along the plain, when I saw approaching a middle-aged man, with broad-brimmed hat, and a collar of white linen turned down over a stock studded with little blue beads, and wearing black knee-breeches and silver buckles in his shoes. This was the clergy man of Breno, the friend of Don Marco, who had come to meet us, and conducted us to the parsonage, a neat new house, on a rising ground a quarter of a mile off, embosomed in cypresses. He apologised for the roads as contrasted with the new ones that had lately been made in various parts of Dalmatia, and mentioned an old local proverb, "*Deus fecit Brenam, vias autem ejus diabolus.*"

The parsonage-house was a small new stone building; the folding doors being of iron, studded with bolts, like a prison entrance. Don Marco joked him on his precautions; but the clergyman reminded him that he was the banker of the savings of the parish, and that a few

desperadoes might be tempted to rob the whole parish, and cut his own throat; for they were within a few miles of the Turkish frontier. During dinner the conversation fell on the comparative morality of the Ragusan peasant and the Dalmatian, which possessed much interest for me, because the clergy are best acquainted with the condition of the peasantry. Both the Ragusans and the Dalmatians are very poor in money; for a woman of Breno will carry a load of firewood six miles to gain fourpence. The peasant of the environs of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, will walk the same distance to sell a pair of fowls for a shilling; but instead of taking home the money to his wife, he never leaves the Piazza dell' Erbe until the half of it be squandered in liquor or disorder.

The landed proprietor of Ragusa deals more easily with the peasant than the landlord of Dalmatia. In Breno, the countryman, instead of farming the land, divides the produce with the landlord. When corn-lands are good and productive, the landlord on giving the seed receives the half of the produce. If the peasant furnish the seed, and the land be easily worked, the landlord receives a third; but if the land be poor and inconveniently worked, he receives only a fourth, or perhaps less. In Dalmatia the peasantry are lazy and vindictive, not so in the territory of Ragusa; here every scrap of manure on the roads is carefully picked up, and put round the trunks of the olives. The cultivators are mild and fair spoken; but the proprietor must look very sharply after the division of the spoil, otherwise he will find himself short of his due. The best property is that of olives; and instead of florins, such and such a landlord is said to be worth so many barrels of oil a year. Permanent absenteeism is almost impossible. A proprietor wished to let his lands, and live at Venice, but he could not find a middle-man or farmer of adequate capital and character, willing to give him a certainty, except at a great sacrifice.

I found that tile-draining, subsoil-ploughing, and other processes, were unknown, for the enemy to be combated

is the long droughts of summer; the territory of Ragusa suffering, in a minor degree, from the dryness of the neighbouring Dalmatia. In the middle ages all the seaward slope of the Vellebitch was covered with wood, mulberries below, and pines above; which not only retained the soil on the slopes by the reticulation of their roots, but, attracting and retaining the moisture, caused the rains to be more frequent, and the running streams to be more copious even in the heat of summer. But the Turkish war ruined Dalmatia, and the Venetian policy was to keep the people dependent on the Republic for subsistence. Paolo Sarpi, in his report on Dalmatia, in the capacity of Consultatore, shews his narrow bigotry, by openly avowing that this kingdom, with its robust population, must be kept needy in order to remain in subjection; hence the inhuman extirpation of the mulberries, and the prohibition of the silk culture, a most impious interference with the part assigned by Nature to Dalmatia in the territorial division of labour. This was not the fault of Venice alone, but pervaded the colonial policy of all other nations — of Spain and America, as well as of the Dutch in the Spice Islands, and from which the history of our own settlements in India and America shews that we were not free.

In a calm pleasant evening we returned to the village of St. Hilary, which we examined more in detail; the habitations are scattered among thickgrown gardens, and mills in motion; a stream dashing over a low precipice, and glistening in the evening sun, loses itself for a short way under the willows, planes, and poplars, and reappearing, fretted with its combat with the mill-wheel, intersects the yellow beach, and mingles its spent force with the ripple of the bay. Here we embarked for Ragusa Vecchia, at the southern extremity of the bay, where the hills again approach close to the sea. The port is small, and the modern town of Ragusa Vecchia is a mere village, forming a wretched contrast to the magnificence of Epidaurus, which covered the neighbourhood.

The inn was humble, but cleanly; and, after supper, we went to the café, and had some chat with the people there assembled. Every village in Dalmatia has just such a small café. A female stands at a counter, on which are large bottles of brandy and maraschino, and a brass lamp of oliveoil; three or four small black walnut tables have each a tallow candle, at which are seated the principal people of the place playing at cards, and half of them smoking, so that the den is rather obscure. The talk is quite local, such as, "Why does the Pasha of Herzegovina impose such illegal duties on goods from Ragusa?" "How is oil selling at Trieste?" "Such and such a one made a bad speculation to Bari, on the Neapolitan coast, with his lugger;" and a great deal about the production of particular fields, and whether they are highly or moderately rated in the Catasto. ¹

Next morning we took a survey of Epidaurus, of which only mounds remain; but wherever the earth is excavated, foundations of houses, fragments of tombs, sections of columns, and mutilated statuary are found. Encheleian Illyria, of which Epidaurus was subsequently the chief city, was the scene of the adventures of Cadmus, after his flight from Thebes; and the city itself, founded by the Greeks, became, in due time, a Roman colony, in which Esculapius was the special object of veneration in the principal temple of the city. To this day, one of the capitals of the colonnade of the palace of the government in Ragusa, represents a scene, in alto relievo, of the god seated, with a species of mitre on his head, and a flowing beard; a book being open on his knee, and instruments of pharmacy and chemistry around him, taken from the ruins of Epidaurus. ²

¹ The register of the Government, which fixes the value of the fluctuating tithes by an average of years.

² Epidaurus was twice sacked by the Avars, in 625 and 639, and at length totally destroyed, 656, by the Croats. The antiquities of this part of Illyria have been fully described by Appendini in his *Notizie, Ragusa*, 1803.

CHAPTER XII.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF RAGUSA.

After a cursory survey of the site of Epidaurus, I returned to Ragusa, to make farther inquiry into the adventures of the lion-hearted Richard; and went first to a local antiquary of my acquaintance.

Passing through the Corso, or main street, I turned off, and began to ascend one of the steep breakneck lanes that lead to the wall on the mountain side of the town, where no carriage can move, and even a loaded mule could with difficulty ascend such an acclivity, and at length got to the Minciutto, a sturdy crenellated tower of the fifteenth century, which overlooks the town. Here was the house of the bibliomaniac, and in a low dark room, which smelt of mouldy books, in their dingy vellum bindings, were tomes and manuscripts, having reference to Ragusa, thick piled on the shelves all around. Prints of the most celebrated Ragusan authors were hung here and there; and prominent in the room was the picture of a brig owned by his father during the Ragusan neutrality of the last war, the Madonna del Rosario, with the dark blue flag of the Republic, bordered with white, and, in the middle of it, the figure of San Biagio in full canonicals. Our man of books had been Neapolitan vice-consul in Ragusa, in the days of Murat; but, with the changes of time, became a clerk in the tribunal or court of justice.

"That recalls to me old days," said he, pointing to the Madonna del Rosario; "when the flag of the Republic of Ragusa, being neutral, was the carrier of the Mediterranean; every quay covered with merchandise, every house full of gold; but then subsequently we paid for it with our mishaps and adventures. Coming from Malta to Ragusa, when the French occupied the Republic, I was seized, when off the coast of Albania, and suffered a long imprisonment at Scutari."

After stating my wants and wishes to the antiquary, he directed me to the neighbouring Franciscan Convent, as his own collection did not go so far back,—one of the monks of which is the greatest bibliophile of Ragusa. The convent is a lofty, simple Gothic edifice, in front of which is a very large and elegant circular basin of water, with dragons and cornices elaborately carved, after a design by Onofrio Giordiani, of the first half of the fifteenth century, which is the receptacle of the water that principally supplies Ragusa, brought in an aqueduct a distance of no less than nine miles from the vale of Gianchetto. Within the convent was a large quadrangular cloister, with the slender double columns of the style of the Lower Empire, surrounding a garden of myrtle and citron, just as in the Levant. A third style, seen in the interior of the church, was the least attractive of all three, having stucco mouldings of the middle of last century, with their pear-shaped lines of beauty jostling each other to confusion.

Through a wide magnificent gallery I was led to the cell of the padre, where I saw that a convent in Dalmatia is just the reverse of a London house. In our foggy climate even the houses of the rich are mean in exterior, with narrow staircases, where two persons can scarce pass, but comfort reigns in every apartment; here, on the contrary, a good edifice and a superb corridor, and a miserable little cell of bare whitewashed walls. The padre, a fresh, hale old man, past seventy, with a grey head and a ruddy complexion, sat at a small table on a black-leather chair. A crucifix stood in front of him, and old books, coffee apparatus, prints, and thumbed Missals, were all heaped together in the narrowest space.

“Every information I possess,” said Padre Giurich, “is at your service; I remember my Lord Guildford, who came here a great many years ago, he who founded the University of Corfu, and took a great interest in Ragusa. You English are always spreading knowledge and getting information; but we, like a set of fools and traitors, have dispersed our own stores. The Dominicans, filled with

avarice and meanness, were the first, when the French came, to sell away their magnificent library. A precious library, containing all that could have interested you in Ragusa; but, *actum est*, it is gone. But there is Cerva at your service," continued the padre, pointing to a long range of volumes on a shelf in the cell.

The Franciscan taking me to be a *helluo librorum* like himself, recommended such a course of reading on the middle ages of Ragusa, as would have taken six months at least; but some extracts made for me by Don Marco, before my departure, will be sufficient for my purpose. Philip de Diversis de Quartigianis, writing in 1440, describes the old cathedral, built at the expense of Richard Cœur de Lion, as follows:

"The Cathedral of Ragusa is a temple of hewn stone, of regular architecture, surrounded with a balustrade and columns; easy access to within, and a pleasant walk without. The colonnade is half the height of the church, and has a frieze of animals cut in stone; the roof is of lead; and within are three aisles, the middle one sustained with thick and lofty columns. The grand altar in the middle has a magnificent canopy, supported by four columns. A curious pulpit, on four pillars, is remarkable for its ingenuity and artifice. The pavement is of variegated marbles, and the walls adorned with representations from the deeds described in the Old and New Testaments. The windows are of coloured glass, nor must we omit to admire the baptismal font."

The subsequent adventures of Richard are comparatively well known. It is positively stated in the chronicles of Zara, that it was at that city that he disembarked, and commenced *in disguise* his journey to Vienna, no doubt through Croatia. He arrived safely at a hostelry in the Erdberg, and on a Sunday morning, giving a piece of gold to the mistress to buy fowls, suspicion was excited, and led to his imprisonment.

The old cathedral of Richard Cœur de Lion was thrown down by the earthquake in 1667; a year after Old St. Paul's of London was burned. The new cathedral

was completed by Angelo Bianchi in 1713, the year of the completion of Saint Paul's. The only relic of the old sacristry is the Reliquary, which is truly splendid. Within a high iron gate, in a dark apartment, lighted by day with lamps and candles, is such a quantity of dead men's bones set in gold and jewels, as does not certainly exist in all Europe. A part of a skull, encompassed with gold filagree-work, is called the head of St. Blasius, and looks more like a goblet of Benvenuto Cellini than the skull of a bishop: it is stated by Cervia to have been brought to Ragusa from Greece in 1026. His arms, the left one brought from Venice in 1346, and the right one given by Tomas Paleologus, despot of the Peloponnesus in 1459, are, along with the relics of convents and churches in Bosnia, and skulls and arms of other saints and heroes, all shining in the most precious middle-age goldsmith-craft. Nor are they few in number, but at least forty or fifty pieces; and I think it probable that some of them must have been of the first centuries of the Christian era, Dalmatia and Illyria having embraced Christianity at so early a period. The curious extracts Gibbon gives about the horror of the later Pagans at the salting and preserving of the heads of the first martyrs, recurred with great force to my memory, as I looked around and saw the *dissecta membra* of mummies glistening by the glare of the lamps, as if they were arms and legs cased in armour of gold enamel. For the historian of subsequent periods, this collection has a moral interest far beyond the art of the goldsmith; for it was after the conversion of Bosnia, Albania, and Herzegovina to Islamism, that Ragusa became the asylum of the Christian element; and the nobility of character and energy they displayed in never delivering up to the vengeance of their more powerful neighbours those princes or nobles who sought refuge within the precincts of the city, is a subject of honourable pride in the breast of every Ragusan.

In the body of the church the most venerated object is the pelican altar, containing a representation of a pelican

feeding her young with her blood, a symbol of the redemption of mankind by the blood of Christ. Pelicans abound in the lower Narenta, and I am writing this present book with the large pen of a Narenta pelican.

The Ragusans have throughout with great tenacity adhered to the Church of Rome; and the Synod of Basle, in 1433, in a permission to them to trade freely with infidels and schismatics (Turks and Greeks), passed a brilliant eulogium on their fidelity, for it would appear that their political connexion with the Sultans had previously caused some umbrage. Scarce had the surrounding provinces turned Turk when the Reformation broke out in all its fury in Germany, flourished at Ferrara, and, notwithstanding the silence of the Ragusan writers on the subject, I was assured that in the middle of the sixteenth century a majority of the youth entertained the principles of the Reformation, and the peace of the Republic was seriously menaced. One of the absurd Catholic traditions of the town is, that fifteen young men of the first families having, during the reform struggle, refused to salute the Host in the street, were next day found dead; and to this day, at Stagno, is shewn a place in which a Protestant was immured alive. He is supposed to have been a Sorgo, for the accounts of the period were carefully suppressed; but I was present at a hot and long dispute that took place on this subject—a representative of the Sorgo family declaring, with inexpressible horror, that the heretic was a Caboga.

Ragusa succeeded to Epidaurus as an Archiepiscopal see, and continued so during all the Republic, always contesting with Spalato the primacy of the Littorale or coast of Illyria; but at present it is simply a Bishopric. The present incumbent, a man of distinguished courtly manners, and clear active intellect, debarred by his profession from meddling directly in civil or political affairs, is working out a laudable political end, by means within his legitimate sphere, and is so judicious a patriot as to deserve some mention of his proceedings.

There is now-a-days no Gondola or Boscovich in this city, but a great readiness and capacity for instruction. The nobility, up to the fall of the Republic, were in easy and opulent circumstances; but after their fleet of three hundred merchantmen was burned or taken, and the Republic merged in the French empire, those who had not landed property, but lived on the profits of shipping (held ostensibly by a Jew broker), or enjoyed lucrative offices, found themselves in a new and painful position. The citizens have the resources of trade, but the prejudices of the aristocracy against trading openly are too strong to be overcome. The Dalmatian is quite different from the Ragusan; he has a generous heart, but is rude, uncultivated, and spendthrift; and the remedy for this is a more efficient system of public instruction than that which exists.

Each city of Dalmatia has its own sphere of action. Zara, nearest to Austria, is the military capital; Spalato is the seat of the trade of Bosnia; but Ragusa, from its literary tastes, cultivated manners, and the cheapness of living, ought to be the seat of a regular university for the formation of members of the liberal professions, as well as the civilians and clergy, who might in time effect an educational revolution on all the coast, from Istria to Albania,—in short, it is by becoming a university, and a seat of learning, that Ragusa is most likely to prosper. The Bishop has perfectly understood this question. A Dalmatian by birth, he is sensible of the defects of his fellow-countrymen, of their many excellent native qualities which lie dormant or are misdirected, and of the necessity of a more enlightened class of rural clergy, as well as of the advantage of enabling the rising generation of Ragusa to have superior instruction on the spot. He is sensible of the great capacity of this people for intellectual pursuits, and has earnestly applied himself to realise the local funds for this excellent object.

The foundations of the Republic for educational or charitable purposes were opulent; but no sooner did the

French invasion spread over the land, than a general scramble took place. The large libraries of the colleges of the Jesuits and Dominicans were sold and dispersed, and the funds of the charitable and educational institutions were appropriated by those who had the care of them. There are, however, fragments of these endowments scattered about. The present Bishop has put an end to the usufruct of these by individuals, and has consolidated them so as to found a Lyceum or Philosophical Institution, which promises well.

A visit to the embryo Institution was the occupation of an interesting forenoon. Besides the usual class-rooms, with the apparatus of Natural Philosophy, there is a library, which has begun with three thousand volumes of private donations. Here I found, among other works, a Molière in Illyrian, as his plays used to be acted a century and a half ago; and I cannot close this chapter without acknowledging the kind attentions as well as valuable information which I have received on various subjects, from the Bishop, and from Don Marco Kalugera, who, by his profound and extensive erudition, is the ornament of the Institution.

Ragusa always maintained a traffic with European Turkey, as much from its geographical position as from the political relations existing with the Porte. The enemy of Venice and the ally of Genoa was protected by the Porte; and it was the privileges of separate jurisdiction and right of worship in the great cities of the region now called European Turkey, that were the types of the present anomalous position of the subjects of foreign powers in the dominions of the Sultan. In Belgrade, Roustchouk, Silistria, Adrianople, and Sofia, were so-called Ragusan colonies, or, in our own commercial language, factories, in which the consul exercised civil and criminal jurisdiction, even before the conquest of Constantinople by Mohammed II.

The Ragusan ambassador at the Porte was therefore an important personage for the Republic; and the last

dragoman of the last legation still lived when I was in Ragusa, in the enjoyment of a green old age. He was an enthusiastic oriental scholar, and even carried complaisance so far as to give me a little dancing-party, in which the waltz, gliding on the marble pavement, reminded me of the Levant. He had been brought up as a *jeune de langues* in the time of the Republic, and last saw Constantinople in 1805; but in consequence of the friendly relations that always existed between Ragusa and the Porte, he was a Turcophile of the heartiest sort.

Ragusa is still the port of Herzegovina, whence its raw products are exported, and whither its manufactures are imported; and one day he took me to see the Turkish bazaar outside the town, which is sequestered, for sanatory reasons, off the main southern road, by two stone fences breast high, which permit commerce and conversation without contact; and the excellent macadamised road to Herzegovina is seen forming a red-brown zigzag line on the face of the hill above. A thick grove of trees planted within the enclosure gives a convenient coolness in the heat of summer; but in January it was leafless; and on the other side of the barrier mules were loading and unloading, while bags of wool and grain were being weighed and delivered. The Moslem merchants and dealers from Herzegovina sat smoking on stone benches within, coolly ordering their servants to bring this bale or that bale, while the Greeks of Ragusa outside were full of agility, and perpetually on the move to turn a penny. The Moslem beyond the barrier, whether he bought or sold, acted the master; the Greek on this side, whether he bought produce of the Moslem, or sold him manufactures, seemed his servant.

"A happy morning, Hadgi," said our Ragusan orientalist to a well-dressed Herzegovinian, who, to use our own slang, had got a touch of the tar-brush in his face; "here is a friend of mine who has been lately in Egypt;" so we fell a talking, and he told me that his father was from the Soudan (country of the upper Nile), and having

come to Bosnia with a pasha, whose name I have forgot, had married a white Bosniac woman, and that he himself was born in Trebigne, and had been four years in Alexandria, in the house of a Bosniac merchant, and was now in trade there. In the midst of our discourse, up came a man, with a bag, to pay the Hadgi money owing him, which was all counted out in ducats and Austrian zwanzigers, which are now the favourite coin of Ragusa; and whilst they were telling the money, Mr. B. informed me that all the accounts of the State of Ragusa were kept in Turkish piastres up to the French invasion, in 1809.

Without entering further into unimportant details, I will state briefly how Ragusa stands with reference to trade. Ever since the destruction of her mercantile navy, in consequence of the French occupation, Ragusa has ceased to possess any maritime importance in the Adriatic. Once exclude a place from trade for a few years, and disperse its capital, and it is very difficult to restore it again; commerce being so curiously capricious, abandoning with great unwillingness unfavourable positions that exist for ages on the momentum of some former impulse, and often unaccountably and pertinaciously refusing to occupy positions that appear favourable. But if an unfavourable position be abandoned, it is very difficult to bring about a reaction.

One of the drawbacks to the town can scarcely be remedied; the old port under the walls was sufficiently large for the galleys of the middle ages, but unfit for vessels of long course. After the great earthquake it was proposed to build the new city at Gravosa; but the circumstance of the solid walls of the old town remaining almost uninjured, determined the re-edification on the old spot. Now that lofty ramparts, in the style of the middle ages, are of no value, this resolution is regretted; as Gravosa, which could contain all the largest ships of the Adriatic, is a mile off, and this undoubtedly keeps down the value of house-property in the town.

With a university and no Customs tariff, I think that Ragusa might bloom forth anew, if the inhabitants chose to second these measures by putting forth their own energies. It was by self-reliance that their forefathers laid the foundation of that wealth which is passed away. It is by the same qualities that the Greeks of Herzegovina, now established in Ragusa, have almost a monopoly of the internal trade. And it is by accommodating their position to their means that they have any chance of retrieving their past splendour.¹

In the mean time, it is an unquestionable advantage for the whole coast, that the Steam Navigation of the Austrian Lloyd's Company now extends along all the Eastern shore of the Adriatic.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NARENTA.

The steamers from Trieste have been a great advantage for Dalmatia; but in reality they have produced a very slight addition to the knowledge of the interior. Few travellers can resist preferring the towns visited on the coast, with the conveniences of a well-furnished cabin, books, society, and a good table, to the fatigues of a journey on the Turkish borders, where roads and inns are scarce and bad. It is for this reason that the coast of Dalmatia from Ragusa to Spalato is almost entirely unknown to modern tourists, although the Delta of the Narenta is, without exception, that part of the coast in which Nature has poured out her territorial wealth with a liberality which equals, if it does not surpass, that of the plains on the opposite coast of Apulia; but it is, at

¹ The population of Ragusa at the time of the earthquake was 30,000, now 6000.

the same time, the most uncultivated and the most unhealthy spot in Dalmatia.

The Ragusans speak of the Delta of the Narenta just as the Romans spoke of the Pontine marshes before they were drained. When I talked of going there, they shook their heads, and shrugged their shoulders, as if I were going into a plague-hospital; and one said, that if I caught the fever, I might never have the pleasure of smelling a London fog again. But the words of an English bookseller recurred to my mind: "A traveller and a writer of travels differ; the former loses his way if he go out of the beaten track, the latter loses his time if he remain in it, and can never go astray when he has turned his back on the high road." I therefore resolved to see the Narenta; and meeting at the house of a friend the principal merchant and agriculturist of the Delta, he declared that the climate was better than that of Ragusa, and that he was always ill in the city, and never well again until he got back to the Narenta. I then recounted this anecdote in glee to the Ragusans, who answered, that if a frog were taken out of a marsh, he was unwell until thrown in the water again; but the Narentan concluded, that England, being a country of perpetual fog, must be all marsh, and decided that I ought to go with him just to revive me with something akin to my native air. The Ragusans having asked him whether the fogs of the Narenta had ever produced a Gondola, or a Marino Ghetaldi, he felt himself put on his mettle for a genius that might do honour to his birth-place; but he could only recollect a brave admiral of their galleys, and as he was defeated by the Venetians, and hanged for piracy, the debaters felt indisposed to allow the claims of his beloved Narenta.

It was just as the drum was beating the retreat at seven o'clock that I started from Ragusa. For the last time I traversed the High Street of this friendly town, with its dim lamps and scanty thoroughfare, and ascending to the house of the kind-hearted R., where the Narentan

was awaiting me, I took farewell of the family, and went out at the gate of the Pille. Count Giorgi, Don Marco, and some other friends, accompanied me a short way, and it was with the most pleasing recollections of agreeable studies, and the greatest personal attentions, that I took leave of those kind-hearted people. Arrived at Gravosa, we got into a small boat, and were rowed out to a coaster lying at anchor in the middle of the harbour, which had conveyed to Ragusa a quantity of raw produce from the Narenta, *via* the Isthmus, and was now returning with town conveniences to that quarter. It was pitch dark, therefore the best thing I could do was, to go down to the cabin; where, making up my mattress and pillow, and putting on a fez, and covering myself with my cloak, I was soon fast asleep.

Next morning, the light penetrating through the interstices of the hatches, called me on deck, and I found that we were in the Gulf of Stagno, smooth as a pond, the sunshine clear and bright, and the hills on each side rising rapidly from the water's edge. Every where, as at Curzola, the most beautiful flowering shrubs, that seemed to take no note of either February or July, covered all the slopes, leaving an almost imperceptible rim of red gravel next the water. The boat moved slowly, and perceiving a road cut on my right parallel to the Gulf, I landed, and seemed to take a delicious morning walk in the park of a millionaire, whose mania was the collection of the choicest evergreen shrubbery.

But the view fell off as we came to Stagno, a walled town at the head of the Gulf, hemmed in by mountains, so as to prevent the circulation of the air. The stagnant salt water has a dead look of coarse clouded green glass, and a broad belt of mud and marsh intervening between this water and the massive walls of the town created in me an antipathy to the place; but a jetty comes out into deep water, and here we landed; and my companion, a plain, blunt, honest man, with a good practical knowledge of the country,—a much better quality than historical

erudition for a rough expedition like this,—so managed, that, before half an hour had elapsed, bag and baggage were all packed on mules and sent off to the other side of the isthmus that separates Sabioncello from the main land of Dalmatia.

The interior of the town presents no object of interest; the walls, gates, and houses are of solid masonry, and the inhabitants of a most sickly appearance. Entering the café to get some breakfast, while the Narentan went about his business, in came a man, who went up to the bar, and drank off a large glass of brandy without winking his eyes: whereon I began to ask him some questions about the place, and he abused the fever, for its egotism.

“This is a terrible place, sir,” said he; “we have no fresh air in summer; and the fever is so selfish as not only to be an enemy to health, but will allow no other disease to exist in the place but itself.” Having seen me on the jetty with the Narentan, he then said, “I suppose, as you are an Englishman, you are in search of raw materials.” I confessed that I was, and he asked me where I sold them. I answered, in Paternoster Row, and other places; but he answered, that he had never heard of that port. He then asked me if business was good; and I complained there was too much competition to allow high profits. “Ah, I understand,” said he, “no doubt a *porto Franco*; the great men carry all before them, and a man who does business on a small scale cannot exist at all.”

The Narentan now entered the café, and we soon started on foot to follow the baggage across the isthmus; the ground rising gently to a ridge, from which we looked down on a gulf, or angle of sea formed by the peninsula of Sabioncello on the west, and on the east by the mainland. It is this nook which supplies Ragusa with its famous oysters; and it is supposed that the vicinity of the Narenta is the cause of their fatness and flavour.

We now embarked in a boat, and made for the Delta: the peninsula on our left covered with woods and villages perched high in the mountains, surrounded with patches of cultivated land; the main land on our right utterly bare, barren, and rocky. About eight miles on we came to the Bay of Klek, where the territory of the ex-Republic of Ragusa ended, and where a morsel of Turkish land comes down to the bay,—a monument of Ragusan hatred,—having been ceded to the Porte for the purpose of preventing Venice from being the limitrophe of her little neighbour.

As we advanced down the Gulf, it widened to a considerable breadth,—Sabioncello, still high, and draped in forest, but a bluff point, and a rocky island, marked the termination of the hill ridge of the main land. A great break was visible, and the low reed-covered coast of the Delta was seen a-head to our right. At length, within an hour of sunset, we found ourselves at the mouth of the left branch of the Narenta, with the landscape just like that of the Po below Ferrara; and leaving the sea-green water of the Gulf, we now steered right up into the river, which was red, turbid, and charged with soil, and we found ourselves between low flat banks overgrown with reeds, over the tops of which we saw a wide amphitheatre of grey distant rocks. An entire willow, root and branch, undersapped, and fallen from some bank, floated past us; gun-shots were heard, some faint and distant, others from the immediate neighbourhood, and the quantity of game was truly prodigious; more particularly coveys of wild ducks, pattering, clattering, and scattering the water in their course across the river.

The water here is six months mixed, and six months fresh. In winter and spring, when the Bora blows, and the rain falls, or the snow melts, the impetuosity of the full volume of water from above keeps it fresh; but in summer, while the river is low, and the north-west wind accumulates the waste water in the Gulf, the water is very salt.

After an hour's rowing, the reeds ceased, the ground became more solid, and an artificial bank on our left not only restrained the river, but formed a road; so we all disembarked, and getting up on it, I saw Fort Opus, the chief place of the district, about three or four miles off, and some of the land of the Delta laid out in vines and meadows, but, like the Dutch Polders, much under water. Fort Opus is at the apex of the Delta, or just where the waters separate; but the left branch, which we ascended, has much less water than the right branch, which is navigable for vessels of several hundred tons, and was ascended in a steamer by the King of Saxony on his visit to Dalmatia.

It was black night before we arrived at Fort Opus, having got into the boat again for fear we should, in the dark, fall into a quagmire. The gun-shots had entirely ceased, but such a chorus of frogs resounded through the air as I never heard before. At length we landed, and our Narentan led the way through a short street to his own house, which had solid foundations, and uninhabited lower rooms, as the whole town is from time to time under water, with boats sailing through the streets, or lying under the first-floor windows. Having shewn me to my bedroom, we then adjourned to his parlour, a long room with stencilled or papered walls, a new chest of drawers covered with gilt coffee-cups, and rush-bottomed sofas; here his family was brought in,—his wife, his brother, and brother's wife, and the aged grandmother, all full of curiosity and kindness, for Fort Opus is not much troubled with strangers. His brother kept a universal store, supplying the whole country, and spoke Italian, but the females of the establishment knew only Illyrian. Feeling rather damp and chilly in their fine lugubrious room, I asked where was their usual place of sitting, and they confessed that it was by the kitchen hearth; so I immediately proposed adjourning there, but instead of going down stairs, we all followed up to the garret with black smoked rafters. A large stone hearth

jutted out into the middle of the floor; old benches were placed on each side for the farm overseers and upper servants, and in the front was a bench of a better sort for the family. Large fagots blazed away on the hearth, a large turkey turned on the spit for supper, and, at the farther end of the hearth, two cats and two pointers shewed themselves sensible of the comfort of the ingleside. The men rose with the gaping jaws of wonder as I entered, not understanding how I could leave the room they considered so fine for a smoky kitchen; but I made them sit down again, and as I asked one by one his name, the daily employment of each formed the amusement of the evening. I found that the severe distress and hunger of the other districts of Dalmatia were here unknown; they did not depend upon the potato crops; and if a man has only cash enough for a single musket-charge, he has only to shoot a duck or a pair of francalins and he fares sumptuously. How different is the world of yesterday from the world of to-day. In Ragusa, elegant town-life; here, roughing it in the country; yonder, polished poverty; here, patriarchal plenty. On retiring to rest I found my bed to be a broad one of carved walnut-wood; and the mosquito curtains shewed that these insects must be rather troublesome in summer.

Next morning I went out with the Narentan to take a view of the place; which proved to be a straggling village of 800 inhabitants, its position at the diffuence of the Narenta corresponding in its own petty way with the Batan el Bükür, or cow's chest, at the apex of the Delta of the Nile; a circumstance which recommended it to the Venetians, at it is thus accessible from the sea, and separated from the rest of the land by the two arms of the Narenta. The fortifications no longer exist; and a row of enormous mulberries, some with trunks fifteen feet in circumference, shew the great depth and excellence of the soil. We then went and paid a visit to the Prætor of the district, an active and energetic man, who has been of great service to the people. The water used to

be very bad, but he has constructed a curious cistern; it spreads out on the top, so as to catch the rain-water, and has Roman statues and funereal monuments in the walls. With the filters of Egypt nothing could be better than the water of the Narenta; but as it passes through Mostar, a filthy Turkish town, the capital of Herzegovina, eight hours higher, they have an antipathy to it. There were no mills in the Narenta before his arrival, and, strange to say, the inhabitants got their corn ground within the Turkish frontier until he erected mills. In the immediate environs of the town was a large mulberry-nursery which he had planted, and in which the prisoners of the prætorship were working; the principal purchaser of these mulberry-shoots being the Pasha of Herzegovina, who has planted many thousands on his lands.

We crossed in a boat to the left bank of the river, where a hill projected, crowned by a round fort, whither we ascended, and took a general view of the valley. The distant hills to the north-eastward that separated Bosnia from Herzegovina were white with snow. Nearer me, just where the river issued from Herzegovina, and meanders through the plain, was the village of Metcovich, with a bazaar of exchange with the Turks. The hill that encloses the valley were perfectly barren, there being no medium between the rich and neglected soil of the plain and the sterility of the hills around. Looking down towards the gulf, the delta, enclosed by the two branches of the river, was spread out as on a map; Fort Opus, with its gardens, vineyards, and mulberry-nurseries, looked like a civilised spot; nearer the sea, sheets of water were mingled with patches of cultivated land, but lower down all was abandoned to wild fowl; beyond this, a narrow stripe of sea was visible, and the bold range of the Sabioncello limited the prospect to the west.

The Narenta was, in the time of the Lower Empire, a nest of pirates, who infested the Adriatic, and were extirpated by the Doge Orseolo, and a large Venetian force, in 991; for such was their power, that not only Venice, but many of the small states of the Adriatic,

paid them tribute. From this time, up to the twelfth century, when the district became a part of the kingdom of Hungary, they governed themselves by a species of oligarchical constitution, the leading family being that of the Vladimirs or Vladimirovich, one branch of whom was for several generations on the throne of Bulgaria; subsequently Christopher, king of Bosnia, was also of this race, and, except the Nemanje, it would be difficult to name one more illustrious between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. The Turkish invasion was a great blow to them; but, in 1646, John Vladimirovich drove them out, and handed over the territory to the Venetian Republic, which founded the mud-walled Fort Opus in 1685, just after the eventful siege of Vienna, and the expulsion of the Turks from Hungary.

The renowned race of Vladimirovich still lingers in the place: and though in poverty, and fallen to the condition of peasants, they still carefully preserve the title-deeds of their lands in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and other documents authenticating their lineage. Musing on the past splendour of this race, I asked the Narentan to get me a sight of one of its scions, and the head of the family was at once sent for. I sat by the fire as he entered, and found him to be about forty-five years of age, of middle stature, with a greasy red cap on his head, and rude sandals on his feet. A row of pins and darning-needles stuck in a blue jacket, like that of a sailor, at first disposed me to smile; but as he timidly kissed my hand, my mind turned to the words of Gondola: "His kingdom is the narrow meadow, and his lieges are the bleating sheep."

Next day, the Prætor and the Narentan going on business to Metcovich, the bazaar on the Turkish frontier, I accompanied them thither. Crossing the river, we found saddled horses, and mounting them, proceeded along the bank above the diffidence, the rich undrained land stretching away to our right and left. Half an hour up is a strong tower or keep, called the "Torre di Norin," or

tower of Narona, often alternately taken by Turks and Venetians, and, on the evacuation of Dalmatia by the French, the last place to surrender. The commandant having at length expended his ammunition, went off in the night into Turkey to avoid becoming a prisoner. Farther up, on the left, was Vido, the Narona of the Romans, but now a heap of mounds and ruins; the statues and domestic utensils frequently found there, however, shew, by their elegance and excellence, that the population, cultivation, and civilisation, must have equalled that of the best towns in Italy itself. What the substratum of the population of Illyria really was, no one seems able to say with certainty, as the long list of classical names, recognised to be essentially Slaavic, seems to justify a theory of the Illyrians being Thracian. Gaj, and many other most erudite Slaavists, maintain that the irruptions of the Croats from the Carpathians in the fifth and seventh centuries, were later invasions of a Romanised but aboriginal Slaavic country.

Metcovich, the last place on the frontier, is situated on a steep hill, stretching out into the plain, and is very badly built, the houses being roofed with unhewn flagstones, placed on each other like slates; while the streets connecting the different parts of the village are cut into staircases, in consequence of the steepness of the hill: but, from its position, it is healthier than Fort Opus, and a small part of the plain being drained and planted, shews what a magnificent region this might be, if it were all systematically rendered fit for cultivation. The best house of the place was that of the Syndic, who had married the sister of my host of Fort Opus about a month before; and the furniture and dinner-service was fresh, new, and homely, such as one might expect of a honeymoon household on the Narenta.

We now embarked in a boat, and rowed up the river to the bazaar. A ditch of about ten feet wide, crossing the valley from hill to hill, formed the boundary between the two empires that for so many years had battled every

inch of ground from the Julian Alps to the plains of Wallachia. On the Austrian side of the boundary were the offices, and on the Turkish a wall, with slides like coffins for the exchange of commodities. The Sirdar, a tall, wiry old soldier, now marshalled up the frontier-guard in a row, while the Prætor inspected them; and they looked just like Turkish irregulars, all wearing frieze robes, with the fez, and a belt of pistols and dirks.

The Sirdar made a long speech to the Prætor, requesting a new roof to the guard-house, but he decided that the old one should be repaired. We then had some talk about the place, and were informed that this part of the valley is occasionally infested with wolves, who come down from the upper country; but the animals understand the business of defensive war in their own way just as well as the Sirdar and his pandours: the oxen form a circle, with the calves within, and gore outwards; while the horses join their heads inwards, and kick outwards in a ring.

Metcovich is seven hours distant from Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, the principal item of sale to the Turks being salt; but it is evident that if the climate were better, it is well situated for trade, having easy access to the sea, and a valley road to Mostar, instead of one up hill and down dale, as from Ragusa. Dalmatia being a narrow stripe of land intervening between Turkey and the Adriatic, cannot do without the trade of the interior, and the Bosniacs, unable to communicate conveniently with the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, or the Adriatic, are compelled to resort to Dalmatia; and all along the frontier, at every twenty or thirty miles, there is a bazaar and quarantine establishment, as here. Previous to 1814, the caravans travelled freely down to any of the ports on the coast; but a terrible plague having in that year desolated Macarsca and other places, the trade became confined to the bazaars on the frontier, to the great loss, damage, and decadence of all the small towns on the coast, which ceased to enjoy the privilege of a caravan guarded by health officers; but Spalato and Ragusa have

in latter years had a restoration of this privilege. Thus, however much Christian Dalmatia and Moslem Bosnia may hate each other, they cannot do without each other. Cool mountainous Bosnia needs the oil of hot Dalmatia, and dry Dalmatia needs in her turn the cattle of the verdant Bosniac pastures. Inland Bosnia needs the colonials and manufactures of maritime Dalmatia, and poor Dalmatia needs the corn of the rich alluvial valleys of Bosnia. But one has only to look at this valley of the Narenta, and see that Dalmatia is infinitely more dependent on Bosnia than she ought to be. The snipe, the pelican, and the wild duck, occupy territories which, with a moderate expenditure of capital, might be of immense benefit to the kingdom; and although Dalmatia produces corn for only three months' consumption, this very territory, which ought to be the first cultivated, remains the last.

The Narenta is the most considerable of all the rivers that flow into the east of the Adriatic, from Friuli to Greece; its course is not extended in comparison with that of other rivers, but it collects all the waters of Herzegovina, and in the rainy season deposits the rich humus in these fertile plains. The attention of the Government seems at length to have been drawn to the advantages likely to be derived from the drainage and cultivation of this district, for which two methods present themselves. The first is the so-called *bonificazione per sedimento*, which arbitrarily regulates the direction of the river during the rains, when the water is full of alluvial matter, and then spreads them over the marshy land, and, restraining the sediment within fixed bounds, produces a slow spontaneous rise of the soil; the other method is the usual drainage by ditches and canals. The first of these methods is certainly the most complete, but as it could scarcely be effected under an expense of a million and a half of florins, the other plan seems the more feasible; for although by canalisation a considerable amount of surface would be lost for cultivation, yet a commencement can

be made with a few thousand florins, and the accumulating revenues of the first years would gradually furnish the funds to complete the whole. There is another circumstance worthy of notice that recommends the latter plan; it is the silk culture that must form the future mine of wealth of the Narenta, and the mulberry not only produces a large quantity of leaves when planted on the ridge edging a river or canal, but their roots, interlacing themselves in the embankment, are the best preservatives of the labours of drainage.

What, then, is the best official machinery for effecting this object, civil or military? I confess that I lean to the latter, under the actual circumstances of the Austrian empire. As a general rule, it is better for parties having a personal interest in such undertakings to accomplish them, than a bureaucratic Government. I am willing to admit that what I have seen of the Prætor of Fort Opus (if he had funds) is against my own theory; but in the simplicity and directness of a military administration, the activity of the individuals in the subordinate details could be more easily harmonised with a comprehensive general plan. What is to prevent the Government from getting a body of prisoners to commence immediately digging a few canals, and making the beginning, and then settling a military colony? On the Save and the Danube, where the soil is rich, the military colonists are well off; but in the Banal regiments, which constitute the Switzerland of Croatia, this romantic region (which we will visit with the reader before we are done), although worthy of the pencil of a Salvata Rosa, can barely feed the population, and the officer is often compelled to order a man to his turn of duty, when he knows that he cannot be well spared from the laborious cultivation of an ungrateful soil. The wide Atlantic separates the Highlands of Scotland from the rich alluvia of Upper Canada; but here is a robust mountain population scraping the scanty soil in the wild woods, rocks, and mountains of Croatia, while, within a few days' march of them, the rich alluvial de-

posits of the Narenta accumulate with the useless rapidity of a miser's hoard.

The climate at present is so bad that it deserves notice. Along with the heat of summer, and the humidity of winter, the mephitic vapours arising from the large earth-enriching deposits of putrefied animal and vegetable matter are most injurious to human life; the most healthy suffer from sluggish digestion, and obstinate liver complaints arise from the imperfect oxygenisation of the air; so that last year, in Fort Opus, in a population of 680 souls, the deaths were 58, and the births 30, while the average deaths in the corresponding latitudes of southern Europe are 35 per thousand. The deadly fevers commence in August, and the deaths usually take place in November and December; before, therefore, a colony be settled, a few preliminary canals ought to be cut by the convicts of the military frontier, to avert the evil effects of the insalubrity of the climate.

I embarked for Spalato in a large trabacolo, or lugger; a stiff southerly breeze filling the large latine mainsail, and impelling us forward at a rapid rate. A moderate sea was running, isolated clouds chequered the heavens, and the coast on our right rose from the water's edge, with the dark green of the olive-plantations next the water, the red and brown of the rocks above, and, superior to all, the crests of the mountain-chain still draped in snowy white. Here, as I sat in the hatchway, and the boat scudded along, with the eddies of foam boiling astern, I felt all the exhilaration which the rapid motion, the changeful scene, and the unconscious passage of headland after headland, could scarce fail to produce. Forty or fifty miles of the coast were distinctly visible; an Alpine wall overlooking the green sea, its gloomy shades broken with brilliant patches of sunshine, revealing mountain and flood, terraced vine, and eyrie village, in that agitated mood of nature which vacillates between smiling calm and frowning storm. As we advance, the scenery changes in character; the chain sinks into moderate ridges, in

their intervals affording glimpses of fertile and verdant plains, in which the spires of village churches mingle with lofty trees, and the snow-peaks, though still visible, are some miles inland.

A white tower, like an obelisk, seen against a grey cloud, well up the coast, was pointed out to me by the brown finger of the helmsman, with the single word, "Spalato." This was the tall campanile of the temple cathedral; and though the mast nodded, and the canvas strained with the breeze, impatience possessed me, until, rounding the point of the mole, one of those grand harbour prospects spread out before me which peculiarly exercised the pencil of Claude. The palace of Diocletian, with a long and imposing array of pillars and arches, rose from the water, mingled with the swelling sails of vessels arriving and departing; the gardens and villas of the environs curved round in a bay; while the empurpled isles of the Archipelago, some miles distant, lay like blocks of porphyry on the horizon, and completed the panorama.

As we arrived between one and two o'clock, which is the dinner-hour of the Customs officers, I sat on the deck of the trabacolo in a state of great impatience: the harbour was full of these vessels, too large to be called boats, and too small to be called ships. One large one next us had several Turks on board, with blue-checked turbans and scarlet robes, who proved to be Bosniacs. They had brought manufactured goods from Trieste, which they were taking home with them. A new stone quay, about forty yards broad, intervenes between the water and the palace of Diocletian; and it is only by looking closely that you can perceive it to be one uniform edifice, and not a row of houses fronting the quay. It is an inhabited ruin; the grand gallery, or crypto-porticus, has all its interstices built up, with here a green Venetian blind, there a pole on which clothes are drying; here you discover the archivolts and columns, there they are obliterated by middle-age battlements, or modern house-building. The original stages are not adhered to: it was two lofty

floors, now you see three and four floors, with the modern windows within the old shell; the basement of the front is obscured with shops, but here and there an open space shews the grand massive old Roman masonry, the joinings as clear, and the parallelograms as perfect, as in the last years of the third century.

A boat, very little larger than a coffin, took me from the trabacolo to the quay; and my baggage being passed, I got into lodgings which a friend had engaged for me, as I designed Spalato to be my head-quarters in Dalmatia. My rooms were situated in the centre of the palace, for one-third of the population of Spalato lives within the walls of this grand edifice.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN.

Before I ascend to the description of this noble ruin, or descend to the description of my own adventures, let me first give the reader a general prospect of the town and its environs. Spalato is situated on a peninsula, in the form of a spear-blade, or oblong hand mirror, that intervenes between the Gulf of Salona and the Adriatic. It is placed on the outer shore of the peninsula that looks to the sea; and at a quarter of an hour's distance on the inner side of the peninsula, the spectator, after passing a slight ridge, sees before him the Gulf of Salona, the shores of which form the noblest part of the whole land: for beyond the smooth wide waters of the bay he observes a rich broad band of smiling villages and gardens, dotted, at regular distances, with Venetian castles, beyond which rises the rugged mountain-chain of Caprarius; and as the fairest races come of mixed breeds, this locking of water in the embrace of land has produced such beauty as is nowhere else to be found in Dalmatia.

The town itself is a parallelogram, the length of which is double its breadth, or, in other words, two squares in juxtaposition; one of which is delineated by the shell or outward walls of the palace, and the other by a mass of streets to the westward, in the middle of which is the largest open space in the town, called the Piazza dei Signori, but of irregular mediæval and modern architecture,—the ex-palace of the Venetian Count, or Governor, which is the present guard-house, being mingled with meaner houses. Most of the streets leading to or from this square are dark and narrow, of an average breadth of ten feet; one, called the Calle Larga, or broad street, leading to the quay, is certainly not twenty feet broad. At the eastern side of this square is the western gate of the palace, the Porta Ferrea, still almost perfect, a magnificent vaulted entrance, with a horreum, or gallery above, used as a chapel.

The interior of the palace is so choked up with narrow streets and edifices huddled together, that when I first passed under the vault of the Porta Ferrea, and plunged into its labyrinths, I was disappointed; but moving onwards to the heart of the mass, I suddenly found myself in the Piazza of the temple, and all that I had heard and read of the glories of Spalato burst upon me instantaneously. Never shall I forget that moment,—no drudgery of local research has been able to deaden its impression. Athens, Rome, and Thebes, I had seen in ruins,—here the majesty of imperial antiquity conveyed august illusions of contemporaneous existence. Of the Peristyle, which forms three sides of the piazza in which I stood, not one of its columns of rose granite was displaced. On my left, the Temple of Jupiter, with the shell internally and externally almost as perfect as when the architect rested from his labours, was guarded by one of those eternal Sphynxes which the Nile sent forth over all the Roman empire, to remind the world of the birth-place of architecture.

As nations in their material and intellectual civilisation experience the phases of slow growth, vigorous climax,

declension, and subjugation by some stronger element, so architecture seems to have performed the same extensive cycle. Rude massive grandeur, that loses half its due effect by ignorance of the principles of proportion, is the characteristic of the earlier efforts in Egypt; centuries later the beau ideal is discovered and realised in Greece, and the Parthenon boasts of the highest effort of the graceful in architecture. Majestic was the character of Roman architecture, with much of the utility and variety that sprang from the boundless wealth and power of the mistress of the world. In the Byzantine we see the downward progress of taste, and in the Gothic, its final disruption, and reformation on a principle diametrically opposite to that of classical architecture. The ornament is no longer subordinate to the general design,—the design seems to be struck off so as to show the ornament to most advantage. Standing at Westminster, on the shores of the Thames, I gaze with admiration on that extended pile which is so consonant to the past history of our great Fatherland. I sympathise with the old English architecture, but I feel the subordination of the Northern to the classical style, from its want of simplicity, that irresistible postulate of the sublime and beautiful. Begun in 286, and completed in 301, the impression produced by this remarkable palace in Spalato is Roman—essentially Roman, of a late, but still of a fine period,—after the last lustres of the golden age, and marking the faint beginning of the end.

The bases of my studies were the ground-plans and elevations of the palace, as restored by Adams, in his excellent work on the ruins of the palace of Diocletian at Spalato. Adams was not only an accomplished antiquary, but a most able architect, and only an architect of great skill could have produced such a work. Cassas, the author of the *Voyage Pittoresque en Dalmatie*, flippantly tells his readers that Adams had seen every thing with the cold egotism of his nation, and very coolly transfers to his own pages Adams's invaluable *Spalato*

Restored without the slightest acknowledgment. Without Adams all is confusion, for in consequence of the modern erections subsequent to his visit in the middle of the last century, no living architect could clearly make out the plan; but the comparison of the plans and sections of his *Spalato Restored* with the existing remains, enables every traveller to have a fair idea of what the palace may have been.

At the outset we are struck with the enormous extent of the palace, which is not less than nine acres and a half; so that even Constantine Porphyrogenitus speaks of it with admiration, as one of the greatest edifices then extant. In the time of Diocletian, his great retinue and a prætorian cohort could be lodged with convenience in it. Sixteen towers gave strength and even elegance to the edifice, of which the largest were those at the four corners. The back of the edifice looked to the north-east, or land-side, and here was the principal entrance, the *Porta Aurea*, or golden gate, which led to the *Peristylum*, or great court of granite columns; and the cross street, which intersected the principal passage at right angles, was terminated at each end by gates—the one, the *Porta Ferrea*, or gate of iron, the other, the *Porta Ænea*, or gate of brass, which are so-called to this day.

This *Peristylum*, or court of granite columns, was flanked by two temples; the greater of Jupiter, and the smaller of Esculapius; the former, a lofty octagon, was ascended by a stair of fifteen steps; an uneven number being generally used in the temples of the ancients, that, beginning to move with the right foot, they might, of course, place it first upon the uppermost step in order to enter the temple; a form which was accounted respectful in approaching the Deity.

From the *Peristylum*, or court of granite columns, the Roman entered the principal inhabited part of the palace: first was the *Porticus*, of Corinthian order; then the circular dome-crowned *Vestibulum*, with the *Lares*

and Penates; then the Atrium, or quadrangular hall (98 by 45), with its arms and trophies, dedicated to ancestry; and last of all, the Crypto-porticus, or grand gallery, looking to the south-west, thus facing the sea, and forming a noble promenade of 515 feet in length, in which, during the heat of summer or inclemency of winter, the Emperor could take exercise. This Crypto-porticus was the principal feature of the palace; and the well-known taste of Diocletian leads us to suppose that the choicest statuary and paintings of the old world must have adorned its walls. The relics of Pompeii give some idea of the daring fancy in ornament, the harmonising contrasts in colour, and the consummate skill in tessellation employed in the domestic architecture of the ancients: and if we relieve these splendours with the latent fascination in the unpretending forms of Greek statuary, how puny is the utmost magnificence of Versailles compared with the dwelling of the retired Roman!

But to return to matters of fact. Adams, with the eye of an architect, remarks, with great aptitude,—“If, from the centre of the Crypto-porticus (or grand gallery facing the sea), we look back to those parts of the palace which we have already passed through, we may observe a striking instance of that gradation from less to greater, of which some connoisseurs are so fond, and which they distinguish by the name of a climax in architecture. The Vestibulum is larger and more lofty than the Porticus; the Atrium much exceeds the grandeur of the Vestibulum; and the Crypto-porticus may well be the last step in such a climax, since it extended no less than 517 feet. We may likewise observe a remarkable diversity of form, as well as of dimensions, in these apartments which we have already viewed; and the same thing is conspicuous in other parts of the palace. This was a circumstance to which the ancients were extremely attentive, and it seems to have had a happy effect, as it introduced into their buildings a variety, which if it doth not constitute beauty, at least greatly heightens it; whereas modern architects,

by paying too little regard to the example of the ancients in this point, are apt to fatigue us with a dull succession of similar apartments."

Such was the Palace of Diocletian! what now remains of the edifice? The shell or outer wall; of which the best preserved part is the grand gallery facing the sea, and the rest of which is visible in a more or less shattered condition on the other three sides; for Spalato, like its contemporary Baalbec, being used as a fortification, the rough stone and mortar of the middle-age battlements surmount in many places the massive normal masonry of the Roman Empire. The Porta Aurea, or golden gate, still occupies the centre of the land side, but is a sad ruin; the arch built up, and the earth of a garden with its vegetables growing on a level so that the lower half is under earth. Within the town, fragments of Roman architecture are scattered thick enough, but so obscured and mingled with modern houses as to present a mass of confusion.

But while science can scarce identify the *disjecta membra* of the edifice, religious veneration has embalmed the core for the admiration of distant ages. The Peristylum is now the Piazza del Duomo; the temple of Jupiter is the cathedral of Spalato; and the temple of Esculapius has become the baptistery. The Cathedral is the best preserved edifice I ever saw, not even excepting the Pantheon of Rome. Of the body of the edifice not a single stone has been displaced, except an opening for light; for like other Roman temples it was merely the dark dwelling of a God.

The campanile, which is at the same time a sort of propylon to the edifice, is (maugre some lions and griffins in the lowest taste of the Lower Empire), the lightest and airiest thing imagination can conceive, and transcends in elegance every other similar edifice in Italy. It was built by Nicolo Teverde, a common mason of Spalato, in 1416, out of columns and sculptures supplied by the ruins of Salona, and is an admirable effort of native ingenuity,

but interferes with the classic character of the vicinity. The pulpit-doors and font of the cathedral would make any Gothic church admired, from their tracery and middle-age knick-knackery; but are miserably mean in such a place. With all these deductions, the noble octagon of Diocletian predominates and overwhelms. To that strange spell of unique curiosity and interest with which the traveller first walks up the streets of Pompeii, is added the real presence of an undilapidated structure, worthy of the fame of the greatest of the late emperors. "Among the innumerable monuments of architecture constructed by the Romans," says Gibbon, "how many have escaped the notice of history, how few have resisted the ravages of time and barbarism!"—He that seeks the few must go to Spalato.¹

¹ Gibbon, in his account of the Palace of Diocletian, hesitates between the distinct testimony of Adams, a professed architect, and the Abbate Fortis, who, talking of the "*rossessa del scalpello*," evidently confounds the rough rilievi intended to be seen in the semi-obscurity of the temple with those exposed to full light; and several other writers, including the late ingenious Mr. Gally Knight, consider the architecture of Spalato to be debased, because the Peristylum is an abandonment of the horizontal architrave, and because the round stilted arch is found in all the subsequent corruptions of the Romanesque and Byzantine styles. In these conclusions I cannot coincide, not merely because it is noble and simple, and therefore, apart from all school-canon, has an intrinsic right to be classic, but because it seems to me that these gentlemen have not drawn a proper distinction between a *corruption* and a legitimate *variety* of principles already existing in Roman architecture. The architects of the Peristylum of Spalato did not interfere with the proportions of the column; they only combined the already invented arch with the column in its recognised proportions; hence the *arcade*, one of the finest features of Italian architecture. The round stilted arch demands a very bold cornice to achieve the horizontal principle, and this we find at Spalato fully comprehended; but these architects have their talent and ingenuity made responsible for many corruptions which followed them; for instance, the *chevron*, multiplied *ad nauseam* in Norman architecture, is in its simple state at Spalato not only not meretricious, but chaste and pleasing. The only part of Spalato that shows a symptom of the period of transition being proximate, is the Porta Aurea, a beautiful object of its kind, of which Mr. Gally Knight was reminded in the palace of Theodoric at Ravenna; but what an interval between the plans of Spalato in 304, and the sixth century!

Roman architecture was inseparably associated with the religion of the Romans; hence its subversion in the reign of Constantine. The

Diocletian, in spite of the prejudices caused by his persecution of the Christians, was certainly one of the most remarkable of the Roman emperors. Born in Salona, the capital of Dalmatia, or in Dioclea, a neighbouring village, of humble parentage,—for his father is supposed to have been a scribe,—his valour as a private soldier, his merit through the successive gradations that led to the command of the Imperial Guards, and that mastery which a well-balanced character gives over men's minds, at length procured him the acclamations of the army as Emperor. As coming events cast their shadows before, one of these omens of his splendid fortunes has been recorded by his historians, as illustrative of that instinct of future greatness so common in extraordinary men. When with the armies in Gaul, he lodged with a Druid, and being reproached by him for his spare diet, he answered, "I will be more luxurious when I am an emperor." The Druid answered, "You will be an emperor when you have killed a boar (*aper*)." The death of *Aper* by the hands of Diocletian, for having been concerned in the death of his predecessor, the Emperor Numerian, has furnished a fulfilment of the supposed second sight of the Celtic seer.

It was on the 15th of October, 284 after Christ, that Diocletian was elected emperor, and a month afterwards made his entry into Nicomedia, where he passed most of his time while he held the reins of empire. Having associated Maximian Augustus in the supreme power, he assigned him Italy, Gaul, Spain, and Africa, while he himself ruled the Eastern world. In 286 he revisited his native Dalmatia; the cloak and sword of the soldier, with which he had left Salona, were now the purple and sceptre; and in the month of April or May of that year

adaptation of the Basilica, the abandonment of the temple principle, and the decline of taste in the fourth century, were an unavoidable result of the all-absorbing discussions of graver and more important matters; but all the third century, in my humble opinion, may fairly be considered within the Roman-classic period.

he laid the foundation of that vast edifice which we have described, and which seems at first to have been destined for the residence of his mother.

During all this time the armies of Rome were combating with enemies at its extremities; but still better to hold the machine together, Diocletian again increased the partners of the empire by the creation of two more Cæsars, Galerius and Constantine Chlorus, and, to secure their attachment, caused them to repudiate their wives. Valeria, the daughter of Diocletian, then became the wife of Galerius; and after a ten years' reign Diocletian went to Rome to celebrate the decennial anniversary of his elevation, when almost divine honours were rendered to the man who, by the vigour and prudence of his rule, had restored the empire to its pristine splendour.

In 295 we again find him visiting his native Salona, and extirpating by the most violent means the Christian religion. The political unity of the empire had been the object of those military achievements which procured him the supreme power, and its religious unity seems to have appeared to him an equally essential object in his civil government. In 302, after a conference with Galerius in Nicomedia, were issued those edicts which proved so terrible to the Church; the temples of Christ were destroyed; the Scriptures were ordered to be burned; and it was in the midst of the massacres of the martyrs and the fall of churches that Diocletian celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his reign.

A slight insanity, consequent on a physical malady, at length induced Diocletian to abdicate the supreme power; and it was at the urgent solicitations, nay perhaps the menaces, of Galerius, that he at length gave up the throne. "Senex languidus lacrymabundus fiat, inquit, Si hoc placet." Lactantius (cap. xvii.) tells the sad tale of his descent from power. Returned to Salona, he fixed his residence in the palace he had built, but appears even in his retreat to have preserved the government of Dalmatia. There are various accounts of his death, but the most

probable is, that, suffering extreme pain, he accelerated his end with poison.

The character which Gibbon has given him is marked by that elegance of composition which had become his second nature, and that discrimination which only a laborious digestion of all the known facts of his reign could enable him to exercise. "His abilities were useful rather than splendid; a vigorous mind, improved by the experience and study of mankind; dexterity and application in business; a judicious mixture of liberality and economy, of mildness and rigour; profound dissimulation, under the disguise of military frankness; steadiness to pursue his ends; flexibility to vary his means; and, above all, the great art of submitting his own passions, as well as those of others, to the interest of his ambition, and of colouring his ambition with the most specious pretences of justice and public utility. Like Augustus, Diocletian may be considered as the founder of a new empire."

CHAPTER XV.

HISTORY OF SPALATO.

In 639, the neighbouring Salona, the Roman capital of Dalmatia, was destroyed by the Avars; and as the history of Ragusa begins on the destruction of Epidaurus, so that of modern Spalato (*a palatio*) begins when the miserable fugitives from Salona, who had taken refuge in the various islands, returned partly to the mainland, and at the instigation of a venerable man called Severus, who lived close to the palace (which had become since the death of Diocletian an edifice of the state), took up their residence within its walls. Those who were rich enough constructed their own houses, the

middle classes occupied the towers, and the poor lived in the crypts, so that the palace became both a small town and a fortress; and no situation could be more commodious, for they had an easy escape to the sea by the *Porta Argentea*. The archiepiscopal rights of Salona were transferred in 680 to the temple of Jupiter, which had become a Christian church, dedicated to St. Doimo. But two centuries of fear and barbarism succeeded the destruction of Salona, and preceded the establishment of feudalism by Charlemagne and the Franks. The final baptism of the Croats, in 832, was the event of all others that gave rest to Christian Dalmatia; the Church, with its spiritual terrors, subdued the fierceness of barbarism with a success which physical force could never have attained; and, in course of time, the kings of Croatia and Dalmatia became the most generous endowers of the Church of Spalato.

Then began the long wars between the Venetians and Hungarians, with their vicissitudes; the inhabitants enjoying municipal privileges, and always having their patrician assemblies; until at length, in 1420, Spalato became finally Venetian. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the palatial town, although often in imminent danger from the Turks, who held the heights of *Caprarius*, was defended by the Republic with success, in consequence of its maritime position; and the walls, which, up to the tenth century, had been almost in their original condition, were gradually reduced to the huge pile of ruins which excites our surprise and regret.

It was in the zenith of Venetian power that Spalato, like the islands, adopted the domestic architecture of the metropolis, which, mingled with the still extensive relics of the Roman period, gives Spalato a distinct stamp of its own. In the time of the Hungarians, they contented themselves with making the palace the fortress, by building up all the crypto-porticus and crenellating the cornice. The Venetians built a regular fortification outside, with artillery; while, within the town, the doorways and windows we admire so much were adopted in the houses of the

wealthier classes. Many Roman names of families still existing in the town are a proof that much of the blood of the inhabitants must be Salonitan; but the Croat royalty in the neighbouring Trau and Sebenico and the readiness with which the Papal See granted the Slaavic liturgy to the Bishop of Nona and others, gave a deep root to Illyrian, which became the language of the people; though Italian being the language of the Venetian Governor, it was confirmed as that of the upper classes of society.

The eighteenth century, from the treaty of Passarowitz in 1718, when the great Turkish war was ended, down to the French Revolution, passed off in tranquillity, merriment, and masquerading; but this explosion, which shook all Europe, was felt here in its full force. The Dalmatians being not only sincere but bigoted Catholics, the mass of the people viewed the principles of the French Revolution with the greatest horror, and the success of the first campaign of Napoleon and the fall of the Venetian Republic with dismay. But a certain part of the reading classes was tinctured with the French encyclopædism of the eighteenth century; and as, in natural machinery, the revolution of a wheel in one direction impels the cogs it meets with to describe the opposite circle, the mob in France, who plundered and massacred on the pretext of aristocracy and priestcraft, found a counterpart in Dalmatia, where imminent danger menaced the purse and person of every man whom the populace suspected of being a free-thinker, or denominated a Jacobin.

On the approach of Napoleon to Venice in 1797, all Dalmatia was in motion to assist the Republic, and 12,000 men were raised and despatched to the metropolis; but on the abdication of the Doge, and in order to facilitate the introduction of the French troops into Venice, the Dalmatians were re-embarked and transported back to Zara, to the surprise and discontent of the nation; and the Proveditor-General Andrea Querini directed them to

their provincial head-quarters, with orders to each chief to send them home to the villages on the delivery and deposit of their arms in the public arsenals. "But these soldiers," says Cattalinich, "brought back with them the germs of discord and revolution; and in times when men of all classes sought their individual elevation on the ruin of existing social order, an evil genius did not fail to appear in this weak province. Accordingly, on the 15th June, 1797, being the festival of Corpus Domini, a manifesto in Illyrian was circulated, without author's or printer's name, or the place of publication; and on that day the hydra of anarchy and disorder raised her head."

MANIFESTO TO THE DALMATIAN NATION.

"Glorious nation! You possess two noble virtues,—the one, valour in action; the other, sincerity of word. For your valour all fear you; for your truth all esteem and court you. Keep, then, these virtues which are the honour and glory of your name. Glorious nation! You have hitherto been in allegiance to the most serene Doge of Venice, to whom you spontaneously dedicated yourself, that he might govern and direct you according to justice and the law of Jesus Christ, and preserve you in the Catholic faith. You have faithfully served your Doge and all councillors; and although you defended their dignity, they have indignantly driven you from Venice, and betrayed you. The Doge has abdicated, the Signoria is annihilated, the image of St. Mark trampled under foot, the law subverted, and in their place have been put Jacobins and Jews, who wish you to unite with them. A fine thing, truly! those that have betrayed you count you to be fools. Glorious nation! Remember your honour, and know that the Jews are the enemies of your faith and the destroyers of your religion," &c. &c.

The Venetian Republic being remodelled on French principles, the importance of fraternising with the energetic and hardy population of Dalmatia was soon apparent; and commissioners were sent with pamphlets

and a printing-press to Zara, to assert the rights of man and the French doctrines of liberalism in politics and religion; but finding the impression made by this address, which was circulated through all Dalmatia, and that the popular current was running with great force in the opposite direction, they prudently returned to Venice, to give an account of the failure of their mission, and thus escaped the fate of Basville.

The fury of the mob now vented itself through all Dalmatia on those who were obnoxious to them, and nowhere with greater violence than in Spalato. During several days previous to the 15th of June, there was a strong feeling among the people against a Colonel Mattutinovich of the territorial force, who had commanded the militia of the district in Venice, and re-conducted them to their homes. He was a meritorious officer, of handsome person; and his only fault was the rigorous discipline he had maintained. His friends, hearing the menaces of the people, and foreseeing an explosion, entreated him to remove for a short time, until the blast blew itself out; but, conscious of no crime, he resolved to encounter it; and having barricaded his quarters, remained there with his family and a servant, and intrepidly awaited the popular movement.

At an early hour in the morning, a crowd of Morlacks presented themselves opposite the house of Nicolo Barozzi, the Venetian Count (the officer, and not the title, is here meant), hallooing for arms and ammunition, to attack the colonel in his fortified house. The Count did all in his power to dissuade them; but seeing that his own personal safety might be compromised, he with dastardly facility gave them the keys of the magazine of military stores; and the populace, providing themselves with muskets, ammunition, and a cannon, attacked the dwelling of the colonel, who defended himself by keeping up an active fire from the windows, his wife and servant reloading the muskets as fast as he fired them. A peasant of the Borgo being shot dead, their indignation knew no bounds; scaling

the walls, they entered the house by the roof, and penetrated to the room where the colonel stood with a drawn sabre to repel attack; overpowered by numbers, he was stabbed in several places with knives. His faithful wife and brave servant were now cut in pieces; and being himself decapitated, his head was stuck on a pike, paraded through the city, and put on the top of the flag-staff in the Piazza dei Signori.

The heroism of the nurse is worthy of mention. She held in her arms the six-months old infant of the unhappy colonel, and attempted to escape with it through the crowd. A brutal Morlack summoned her to throw it on the ground, that he might transfix it without injury to the nurse; "No," said she, "I will perish before a hair of the infant's head be touched." On this the Morlack, raising his cutlass, attempted the life of the infant; but the nurse raising her arm to parry the blow, four of her fingers were severed from her hand, and taking to flight, all bleeding as she was, the life of the child was saved.

The houses of the Jews were then menaced, but the clergy, much to their honour, stepped forward and intervened to preserve order. The commandant of Castel Sussuratz, on the gulf of Salona, in which was a small garrison, hearing of what had happened in Spalato to Mattutinovich, took flight, supposing that he would find security at the altar of the neighbouring church of Castel Vecchio; and although a mob of Morlacks surrounded the village, the people of the place refused to deliver him up; but on being assured that the altar would not be profaned, they dragged him out, delivered him to the populace, and he was taken down to the water-side and shot.

The principal citizens now seeing that their lives and properties were menaced, met in council, elected Barossi the Venetian Count as the Rector, and instead of the standard of St. Mark, hoisted the flag of Austria; and in a month afterwards, the Austrian troops having arrived, *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, and the Austrian general, Baron Rukavina, ascending the choir, asked the

assembled throng if they would swear fealty and allegiance to the Emperor Francis, to which the assembly answered "*Ochemo,*" We will. Thus did the flag of Austria float till 1806, when, by the treaty of Presburg, Dalmatia was handed over to Napoleon.

But the appearance of a Russian fleet in the Adriatic, operating upon the Slaavic and anti-Gallican feelings of the population, produced not only the scenes which we have already described at Cattaro and Ragusa, but a general rising of the inhabitants of the district immediately to the south-east of Spalato. The Poglitsa, as the territory is called, had a constitution of its own, which rendered it a small republic under Venetian protection; and although not having more than four thousand inhabitants, they made a determined stand against the French occupation; but being defeated, their villages were burned and decimated with appalling rigour; and an inquisition having been erected in Spalato, during two months, monks, citizens, and peasants, were brought in prisoners to the number of three hundred, and confined in the lazaretto. Many were condemned to death; and a first batch of thirteen being ordered for execution, with confiscation of their property, were pardoned by Marmont, General-in-chief, who thus at once established his popularity. Spalato was his favourite residence during the French occupation; and having taken down a part of the old Venetian fortifications, an open space next the sea is pointed out, on which he proposed to erect a palace or government house for the whole of Dalmatia. But the subsequent well-known events rendered his plans abortive; and since 1813 Spalato has been the chief city of a circle of the Austrian empire.

Dalmatia has had three governments within little more than the last half century, each distinguished by advantages and defects peculiar to itself. The Venetian government partook of the nature of the metropolitan institutions; political discussions were carefully prohibited, but the extreme courtesy of the men she sent to Dalmatia took

off the edge of this rigour. The public works were distinguished by great elegance; the full reins were given to amusements; and all local influence was in the hands of the privileged classes. In 1770, every seventy-fifth soul was a monk or priest, every ninety-first a noble,¹ and the Morlack was ruled with a rod of iron.

There is nothing to remark in the Austrian government from 1797, when the Venetian Republic fell, to 1806, when Dalmatia became French. Incessantly occupied with the great European struggle in Germany and Italy, no feature of the period stands out for particular observation. The French occupation from that time to 1813 was a military despotism of great energy and intelligence, but partook more of the efforts of febrile, than of cool healthy strength. A public work was constructed, or a village decimated, with equal celerity. Marmont was individually popular, but the French system was the object of general execration.

The spirit of Austria in Dalmatia is curiously distinct from that of the previous governments; her public works are greatly inferior in artistic elegance to those of the Venetian period, but they are of a very useful character. Roads of the most admirable construction are gradually intersecting the province in all directions; a comprehensive scheme of national education has been introduced, which in spite of the indifference of the Morlack, must produce valuable results a generation hence. The government, although absolute in theory during my stay, was in practice very mild and studious of public opinion. The great mass of the people is sincerely attached to the house of Austria; and the late changes in Vienna will add nothing to the liberty of speech which they previously possessed. The laws were administered with justice and impartiality; but there was an unnecessary amount of formality in every procedure, which caused a greater number of

¹ When I was in Dalmatia, there were only 303 persons, with a population of above 400,000, who had patents of nobility or gentility.

civilians to be employed in the public offices than the wants of the country demanded. The province being well affected, the legion of police-spies that flourished in Milan and other cities indisposed to Austria was here unknown; but the censorship of the press was behind the spirit of the age. Constituted as Austria was with such a diversity of nationalities, I have never believed that Lombards would be content to sit in a Vienna parliament; but with free trade, and municipal institutions, I am firmly persuaded that she would have withstood the shock of revolution.

Dalmatia is under a system of customs-duties distinct from that of Austria. The principal imports are colonials from Trieste, manufactures of England and Germany from the same port, grain and cattle mostly from Bosnia, and salt from Sicily. The exports are oil, the best of which is made at Ragusa (for the ordinary Dalmatian oil is of poor quality), wine, mostly from the islands, and brandy from Spalato, sent to Venice and Croatia, anchovies to the fair of Sinigaglia, Turkish hides to Trieste, besides smaller articles, such as fine woods from Curzola, and almonds from Zara.

In a detailed article on this subject which I contributed to the *Augsburg Gazette*, as the best vehicle for moving the Vienna bureaucracy in the matter, I proposed an indiscriminate duty of seven and a half per cent; but, on mature consideration, I think that a total abandonment of all customs-duties in Dalmatia would be the best policy.

All the other branches of the revenue must infallibly gain by whatever may cause an influx of capital into the kingdom. One great want of the province is the non-existence of some money market or bank, at which capital could be borrowed, on good security, for the drainage or cultivation of waste lands. By the present laws, all interest above five per cent is illegal; but the real market value of capital in Dalmatia is not less than eight or ten per cent; the consequence is, that this most valuable of all

the levers of national improvement is in the hands of a set of low usurers. This is an unhappy instance of the desire of uniformity with the rest of the empire, where the conditions of material existence are so different. An individual willing to pay the fair market worth of capital, for either trading or agricultural purposes, cannot get it, because he must pay not only the eight or ten per cent, but a surplusage, to insure the lender against the irregularity of the transaction.

Commerce and agriculture are inseparably connected; whoever has travelled through this province must feel that free-trade is the readiest lever of prosperity, and that its effect in raising the ports of the coasts would be immediate; and it is probable that Spalato, with its noble harbour, or the Gulf of Salona, and its position at the point where the caravan-roads abut on the Adriatic, would become the emporium of the manufactures and colonials of the countries inland, instead of being merely, as at present, the landing-place of goods brought in luggers from Trieste, to be sent in transit to the interior. The principal merchants are at Seraievo and Travnik; and Trieste being so far distant, they would prefer coming more frequently to Spalato, if they could serve their turn there, and supply themselves to their content; for although Fiume cannot vegetate as an emporium, from its vicinity to Trieste, Spalato is so much farther down the Adriatic, and has so distinct a destiny, that the Bosniacs would desire nothing better than to have an emporium in their vicinity. The establishment of a couple of annual fairs, in the first instance, would be an encouragement at once to parties at a distance to make up cargoes direct for Spalato, and would draw down the resources of the interior to a ready market. If the countries behind were poor, like Dalmatia, I should feel less sanguine; but they are overflowing with milk and honey. Austria holds the ports: let Dalmatia have her full swing of trade and navigation, and let the laws be framed in unison with the palpable designs and intentions of the

Almighty in this part of his creation; and instead of being, as she has hitherto been, a burden on the Austrian treasury, Dalmatia might become a flourishing province.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOCIETY IN SPALATO.

The Spalatines have not in general the polished manners and illustrious pedigrees of the Ragusans; but they are, nevertheless, a kind, social, cordial people, with no small stock of mother wit. Arriving in the height of the carnival, I found myself at the wrong time for commercial statistics or serious studies, and therefore at once surrendered myself to the frivolities of the season. If a morning visit engages me, I probably enter through a doorway of the fourteenth and fifteenth century into a sort of Gothic translation of a Cairo house; a hollow capital of a column forms the mouth of the never-failing well; a high staircase, with some of the sculptured stone balustrades missing, leads to a folding-door, which is opened by a rope passing through the floors above to the latch, which is drawn up; when a servant's voice calls out, in a Venetian accent, "Chi gxe?" (Who is there?) and, passing several rooms paved with brick, you come to the drawing-room, with a floor of battuto, where the lady of the house does the honours with much grace. And what forms the subject of conversation? Music, promenades, the angry scirocco, the golden reminiscences of a carnival passed at Venice, and a little scandal. "Ah, signor," said a lady to me, "in a little place like this, where there is a scarcity of positive amusement, except in carnival, we cannot avoid making up for it by a little fun at the scrapes of our acquaintance."

A short way from the quay, but not within the palace, is the Piazza Milesi, a small irregular open space, one side of which is formed by a couple of black middle-age donjons, or keeps, and on the other side of which is a Venetian palazzo, one of the very few edifices in Spalato that deserve the name. This is the Casino; the grand piano, or principal floor of which has a large ball-room, with lustres, decorations, and side apartments, as reading and coffee-rooms; and, having received invitations to the balls, I turned day into night for nearly a week, having always found it best to view men and manners in the way that the inhabitants themselves present them to the stranger.

The rooms were well lighted, and well attended by the rank, beauty, and fashion of Spalato, as the court chronicles would say; and it was altogether the most showy affair I had seen in Dalmatia. The company, some in fancy costumes, others in plain ball-dress, began to assemble about nine. Among the earlier arrivals of the brilliant and unique assemblage, I recognised the Devil, by his mystic crown, and jet-black face; his sable majesty wore the costume of his own dominions, being bright crimson, mingled with black. The frivolous part of the company seemed to be particularly delighted with his insinuating address, and report says that he seldom missed being present at a masqued ball. Not long after his entrance came two unhappy female captives, with their golden chains; but the malicious people around them declared that they were impostors, their object being to lead captive the lords of the creation. I myself was a grave Moslem, resisting every innovation except wine and waltzing.

The dance enlivened, and the laugh went round; but as the company consisted of the families of the members of the Casino, not the slightest carnival-license was visible. A much droller affair was a monferino, or ball of the humbler classes, next evening, to which I went, as I was told that it afforded a good opportunity of seeing the people. About the hour of eight, I went to a café in the

Calle Larga, where tradespeople and Bosniac Christians, in their turbans, were playing at dominos. On entering, I heard a sound of a waltz of Strauss, and shuffling of feet over head; and going up an abrupt breakneck stair, I paid eight pence to a money-taker in his sentry-box, wrapt up in a dreadnought-coat, to keep off the air.

A crystal chandelier, that had done duty for a century at least, lighted an oblong ball-room, with a couple of mirrors, covered with fly-marks, in faded gilt frames; and at the extremity of the room was such a band of music as the immortal Hogarth might have depicted. The bull-necked, ruffian-looking trumpeter, with puffed cheeks and swimming eyes, wore a sailor's jacket; and, from time to time, wetted his whistle with a phial of brandy. The lantern-jawed, bald-headed violoncello wore large spectacles and shabby black clothes.

Not a woman was to be seen without a masque, which is according to a statute for the limitation of revels published by the police, and sealed and exhibited in a prominent part of the hall. There are no character costumes, but all are in dominos; and the fair part of the company evidently belongs to the class which the French call "grisettes." Should any thing superior to the grisette dress appear, the *roba fina* is suspected to be no better than it ought to be. The master of the ceremonies wore a sort of court-dress of the last century; which, in all probability, figured in the anti-chamber of some Italian court, then passed to the wardrobe of a theatre. He smelt strongly of rum, and was all the night shouting and hectoring.

After a wretched man, in regimentals, had watered the floor with a tin pan, in which a couple of small holes had been bored, a fat figure, with a countenance which bore a considerable resemblance to that of a bulldog, came skipping in, like Figaro, and began to sing in a cracked voice:

"Largo al factotum della città—Largo,
La, la, la, &c.

La festa comincia, la notte è già presto,
La, la, la, &c."

This was not a singer acting the barber, but a real barber of the town mimicking an opera-singer with great comic effect.

When the barber was going on with his buffoonery, to which the bulldog countenance lent considerable effect, a noise was heard at the other end of the room, accompanied by a female's screams, hissing, and laughter; when all of a sudden, a black pointer-dog rushed terror-struck under the sofa, and, pursued from side, occasionally sought refuge under the petticoats of a masque: at length the master of the ceremonies, aided by the lieutenant-colonel who had been watering the floor, got hold of him by the neck, and ejected him from the room.

The quay being close at hand, I went down to the marine promenade; the sun had not yet risen, the morning was calm and mild, and I enjoyed the fresh air after the close atmosphere of the ball-room. The busy industrious Morlacks were already a-foot. The distant isles to the west were still in something of grey obscurity of dawn; and as each dark crystal wave came rolling to my feet, I felt the strange fascination that the sea produces just before sunrise; but a luminous space increasing above the palace, shewed that sunrise was at hand, and I was tempted to prolong my walk to the end of the quay, and ascend the hill that overlooks the town; for, although in my masquerading dress, I excited no surprise in carnival time. Following a narrow road between two low walls, I at length found myself above the level of the roofs; and a resplendent rim of gold on the snowy peaks of Caprarius made me hasten my pace to an elevated rock above me. Spalato lay at my feet; the smoke of the early housewife's fagot, slowly rising in long grey spiral columns, adorned rather than polluted the air; and such strange mixtures of construction as the town presented, is, I believe, not to be seen on all the Adriatic. The capitals of the Peristylum were just visible in the midst of the mass of irregular red tiles and ruined towers. Above all rose the Campanile, column on column and order above order,

which is lost to the spectator in town, but here looks grand and majestic.

After so much gaiety and fatigue, I descended the hill to the palace, which was still silent, except in its ground-floor, where the mean coffee and dram shop invited the ragged Morlack to spend his farthing. As I viewed the august pile in its miserable decay, and thought of its master and maker, the words of the Arab poet came to my remembrance: "This is all that remains of the lord of men, whom the haughty kings feared, and the stubborn troops obeyed; who numbered a thousand thousand bridles on the neighing steeds, and whose wealth was beyond the science of numbers; but death removed him from the mansions of grandeur to the abode of contempt."

At twelve o'clock on the last evening, the carnival is supposed to be dead; but a very singular malady seemed to have seized the clock of the Casino, as if the carnival would not give up the ghost without a struggle. The minute-hand, several times silently approaching the fatal twelve, was seen mysteriously to rally, and the pulsations of the waltz to beat with redoubled animation; but Lent, the heir-at-law, at length impatient at the longevity of his predecessor, would wait no longer, and the carnival was buried in due form. The folding-doors at the extremity of the ball-room were seen to open, and out issued a procession—a coffin, winding-sheet, and tapers being paraded round the room to a solemn funeral dirge; and thus ended the saturnalia of Spalato for the season.

On a similar occasion, at Curzola, a gross practical joke was perpetrated on a boatman, who had given some offence by his rudeness. His boat was hired to carry a person near death to the care of a physician at Zara; and a little before midnight a litter was conveyed with great care to the boat, and instructions given not to disturb the person until morning. The trabacolo proceeded on the voyage; and next morning the captain went below with a salutation: "How are you? I hope you feel yourself passable," &c. No answer. "Per Bacco, è morto!"

(he is dead!) And approaching, and lifting up the sheet, he found a straw figure with an inscription on its breast: "The Carnival, near death at eleven o'clock, and dead outright at twelve."

As great distress existed in the mountain districts, from a failure of the crop during the previous year, the poor creatures flocked down to the town from the villages, where the provisions were consumed. Every day at two o'clock, which is the dinner-hour, the doors of the principal inhabitants are crowded with miserable famished figures waiting for the remnants of the servants' meals. The Bishop and clergy were most active; and charity sermons were preached in the cathedral by a Capuchin monk, which drew a large congregation and collection.

At the hour of eleven, the bell of the cathedral summoned the Spalatines to hear the priest, and I accompanied the Abbate to the gateway. In order to have a better hearing of the sermon, I ascended to a wooden gallery just under the Corinthian capitals of the temple, which support the solid dome; and while I was gazing on the bas-reliefs of the frieze, which represents chubby infants gambolling with lions, and leading war-chariots to battle, a buzz was heard, and a Capuchin friar, of about forty years of age, with mild, regular features, and dressed in the coarse brown habit of his order, with his cowl hanging over his back and a white rope round his waist, was seen ascending a marble pulpit, elevated above the pavement by tiny columns, of that light fantastic order which may be called Goto-Venetian; the little capitals having more of the intricate arts of a perriwig, than the simple nature of an acanthus. The church was now crammed full; and the sermon was preached in the usual style such as "Wealth and poverty are essential elements in our social state, and the gradations of society are necessary to the beauty of the whole edifice. Let not the rich exult, let not the poor repine; the only real wealth is virtue. (O thou holy and blessed Virgin Maria," continued the monk, joining his hands, and looking upwards, "may

thy intercessions procure us that wealth that passeth not away.) The mysterious, but doubtless deserved castigation of the Almighty has fallen on Dalmatia, and afflicted us with famine and poverty; and I here present myself to you, rich people, as the advocate of the poorer members of our human family. Open your ears and purses, you men of lands, houses, and strong boxes; remember that the interests of the poor are inseparable from those of the rich. Let the sufferings of the poor be ever present to your mind. When you daily see the rags hanging about the emaciated members, remember the cause, and think of the remedy. Remember that the charitable hand in the hour of need cures the diseases of a body to which he belongs; that the whole machinery of society goes easier for it; and that every obolo given is an investment that brings a rich return in this world, and a richer in the next.

“What emotion of the soul is nobler than the spontaneous effusion of charity? (O thou Charity, most sublime of human qualities; thou bright pearl in the crown of virtue!—inestimable margarita, do fill our hearts in this dread hour.) I shall be told that much of the unhappiness of the poor has been from their own disorders: true; but, nevertheless, let the balm of charity heal the wound. Open your stores, you rich; if you hesitate, look here” (pointing to a crucifix of wood that slanted three or four feet above the pulpit). “There was the greatest sacrifice; Christ shed his own blood to save sinners: what were all the sacrifices ever made compared to this! And you, poor, do not torment or annoy the rich with your solicitations. Having received the alms given you, rest content. Never despair, never neglect labour until the last moment. (And now, thou blessed Virgin, most holy Mary, abandon us not in the hour of need, and let our humble prayers and supplications ascend to the Almighty, &c.)”

The lottery and the accademia for the poor now became the talk of the town; and the first young ladies of Spalato came forward to sing, as only the families of the

members of the Casino were to be admitted. The management enrolled me in their list, and I felt some doubt about singing before 200 people; but on an occasion like this, every one must contribute his little, be it ever so little.

Accompanying Carrara to the Calle C., we stopped at the palace of Count C., after whose family the street is named. It had the noble dimensions and solidity of a Venetian palace; but being built in the eighteenth century, the want of the taste and elegance of the elder period was visible. But how such a good house should be built in a narrow street, about twelve feet wide, one could with difficulty comprehend, if it were not dictated by the heat of the climate, and as a preservation against the glare of the sun. When we got up stairs, we were shewn into a grand palatial hall, with one of those superb old Venetian mirrors, which really do more for the appearance of a drawing-room than any thing else (unfaded tapestry and *pietra commessa* always excepted); and off this was the study of the Count, who is a very able political economist, and gave me a great deal of valuable information on the condition of Dalmatia, which I need not repeat now, but which assisted me in making up my mind on many points that the reader will find discussed before I have done with him.

From the account he gave of the spendthrift and vindictive character of the peasant, the position of the landed proprietor in Dalmatia is any thing but enviable. There need be no misery in Dalmatia, even in bad years, if the cultivation of the mulberry were promoted, the soil and climate adapting themselves so admirably to that plant; and the Count gave me a description of an attempt to introduce it on his property with every prospect of success; but the peasantry soon set their faces against it, and the experiment ended by several hundred young trees being cut down or plucked up in one night.

The worthy Count now took me with him to the dwelling of his niece, who was prima donna assoluta of the dilettanti of Spalato, with whom it was arranged that I should sing a duet

at the *accademia*. There was some idea of having a complete performance of *Ernani*, but, for want of the accessories, it was found impossible. We then proceeded to the *Calle dei Gesuiti*, the houses of which are built in the thick Roman wall that looks to the landward side of the town; and the long, dark, and dismal vaulted passage of which look like the streets of an Eastern city. Here the Count knocked, and, on the door being opened, we were shewn up stairs into a drawing-room, which, instead of looking into the *Calle dei Gesuiti*, opened on a garden with the country beyond it. The tender green herbage of early spring was spread out before us, but the high peaks of *Caprarius* had still a pure white crown of snow. The family then appeared, to whom it is not necessary that I should introduce the reader. A Venetian education does not confer blue-stockings erudition; but in the generous emotions of justice and pity, in good sense and unaffected happy wit, whom shall we put before them?

The duet *Donna, chi sei* was pitched upon; and our first rehearsals were at the house of the accomplished Count Leonardo D., who has celebrated the annual jousting at Sign, in the mountains, by a graceful poem. Here I found, one evening, a large party assembled, the two drawing-rooms being thrown into one, at the end of which was the *Maestro V.*, presiding at the pianoforte; and I saw, in miniature, the worrying that a musical director or theatrical manager is subject to. One found his part too high; another too low; a third wished to keep his piece, but needed certain notes pointed to avoid a shrillness; and there was no small degree of amusing jealousy, as to who should have the most effective pieces to sing. The *Maestro* being accustomed to deal with various tempers, was just like a minister at a *levée*, who grants nothing, yet sends the solicitors away in good humour. To one who objected to a piece, he replied, "You are mistaken in supposing that you will not be effective. It is a *capo d'opera* of ——" (naming a celebrated singer), "and your voice is of precisely the same

compass." A smile of content played upon the features of the person, who made no more objections; and V. gave me a wink, as much as to say, that objection is settled for ever.

The rehearsal was then proceeded with, and consisted mostly of pieces of Verdi; for the Italians take the last operas, as the mass of our readers in a circulating library take the last romances, of the season. No people are so unacquainted with the old established standards as those who go nightly to the opera in Italy or the Italianised provinces; to hear the productions of Cimarosa, Paer, Spontini, and many of the best of Rossini, one must go to the north of the Alps. Novelty, then, good or bad, is the first condition,—a condition fulfilled too frequently only in appearance; for how often can one say of these ephemera that die in Italy, and can't live out of it, "*Quel ch' è nuovo non è buono, e quel ch' è buono non è nuovo.*"

When the evening of the *accademia* came, I dressed myself, proceeded to the Casino, and, by the instructions of the conductor, went round to the billiard-room, which served as a sort of green-room, and in which the *dilettanti* were all assembled. One practised a *cadenza*, another hummed an air, a third mimicked the conductor, with a roll of music for a baton, and the loud buzz of the assembly awaiting the music came through to us as a signal that the room was full. But when my turn came for entering the brilliantly-illuminated hall, and I saw all those rows of benches with the *mammas* and the *misses* in their fine clothes, ready for criticism, and the gentlemen all thick packed behind them, I began to feel a little qualmish; but seeing the president standing at a doorway on my right, wearing a black skull-cap to keep off the air, and his white locks hanging down his temples and framing his good-humoured joyous visage, I took courage, and, in the character of Nabuchodonosor, shouted for my guards as loudly as my rusty barytone voice would allow me. So soon as my fair companion got to that grand

passage, "*Ah dell' ambita gloria,*" I felt no more fear; the clear continuous volume of soprano voice which she poured forth, and the animation with which the whole was given, electrified the audience, and drew down thunders of applause. Next to the soprano, I most admired the contralto, a daughter of the comptroller of finance of the circle; and altogether, for the amateurs of a provincial capital, it was a surprising performance. Then came the tombola, or lottery; the proceeds of which were added to the other charities, and distributed to the poor.

Lent closed with the ceremonies of Holy Week in the temple-cathedral; its darkness illuminated with so many wax tapers, that the sculptures, intended by Diocletian's architect to be seen by twilight, looked rough and unshapen. One of the evening sermons I attended was not preached by the Capuchin monk, but by another priest. The pith of his sermon lay in a history of the parts of the body of Mary Magdalene; the eyes that had allured men looked on the cross, the long hair that had attracted their admiration dried our Saviour's feet, and so on, with nose, ears, hands, feet, &c.

From the dome crown of the temple the music had a grand effect; and after the service, going up the narrow winding back staircase to the choir, I congratulated the Maestro V. on the beauty of the choruses, and complimented him on his drilling; but he modestly declared that the sweet voices were owing to a large platter of anchovies, and eleven quartucciois of wine which had been discussed by the singers before commencing; deploring the unfortunate circumstance of a horn lying by. A mouse having formed a snug nest there, and founded a numerous family of mouselings in the hollow, fully accounted for the refusal of that instrument to give forth any sound until an action of summons and ejection had taken place. While we were talking, a loud rustling and crackling noise was heard, as if the choir was about to tumble down. This was a beating of many sticks against each other, called "the flogging of Barabbas," and is a relic of the

mysteries of the middle ages. Various efforts have been made to abolish these symbolic acts, which are so contrary to our Protestant notions; but the populace is always discontented with their omission.

My intercourse with many persons here has shewn me that religious duties are with them not a mere series of blanks in the passport to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns, which are to be filled according to a mechanical routine, but an all-pervading principle. With the poorer classes, however, there are the most incontestable proofs of the contrary; instances are known of a man murdering another on a fast-day, and loathing flesh as grossly sinful; and a procession, of which I was a witness, shewed me instances of penance which one never sees except in superstitious countries.

It was after sunset, on Good Friday, for during all the Holy Week there were daily services in the temple-cathedral, that I formed part of the crowd in the Piazza del Tempio. The sky was clear and star-stud; all the windows overlooking the Piazza were illuminated; ranges of men, clad in white, stood each with a thick wax torch in hand ready to move in procession; and the moon shining through the Corinthian colonnade, athwart the sphynx, glistened on the bayonets of the troops which were to form part of the procession. At length the Bishop, preceded by boys bearing censers, was seen to advance under a canopy borne by four *nobili*, or gentlemen, and descend the steps, after which the whole procession was put in motion. The most remarkable sight was that of the penitential sinners, who, dressed in black, masked, and barefooted, carried on their shoulders heavy wooden crosses, of such weight and thickness of beam as might have been used in the time of the Romans. All round the town went the procession, and returned to the same spot, some of the penitents, with their hands tied to the extremities of the heavy cross-beams, bending and groaning under their burdens; but all so veiled and masked, that no one could tell who or what they were.

The festivities and hospitalities of Easter enabled me to see more of the domestic manners of the nation. The Easter-lamb, roasted whole, is served with wild asparagus of a peculiarly strong and bitter flavour. The wines are all native Dalmatian; curious old family silver gear adorned the table; and toasts and anecdotes of days of yore and time-honoured Dalmatian heroes, all seasoned with native proverbs, had a strong national character which delighted me. I found a collection of these proverbs in a native magazine; and I presume a few may not be out of place.

“He that is prodigal of thanks is avaricious of gratitude.”

“When the wolf is fatigued, even his tail is heavy.”

“He that seeks to act gloriously must not act dexterously.”

“When you steal another man’s hen, tie your own by the leg.”

“Every one praises the rose while it gives a pleasant odour.”

“When misfortunes come, pause not to weep, but hasten to change.”

“The heads fullest of brains are often the most liable to extravagance.”

“Choose your wife by your ears rather than your eyes.”

CHAPTER XVII.

LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES IN SPALATO.

The Abbate Carrara, now no more, was an accomplished classical scholar, and profoundly erudite on all that relates to Dalmatia, he was at the same time professor of theology in the Episcopal Seminary of Spalato. Animated by a

noble ambition, he had been most active in the excavation of the ruins of Spalato; and had been named Conservator of the Antiquities, and published a variety of works on the history and topography of Dalmatia. A crowd of jealous scribblers and pamphleteers attempted to write him down, and even some of the clergy, envious of his success out of his profession, disliked him; but he was one of those bold, enterprising characters that no opposition can frighten or labour deter. I had made his acquaintance, before leaving Vienna, at the house of the accomplished Baron Hugel, and, on arriving at Spalato, I felt great pleasure in renewing it. During above two months that I spent in Spalato, many of my evenings were passed at the *Guvno*, or Garret, a private literary club, where a few literati used to assemble, and discuss the books and styles of the day, but without malice.

Signor C., a limb of the law, who succeeded to a small estate a great many years ago, wisely gave up being advocate, and devoted his whole time to literature. He never wrote any poem himself, comic, epic, or pastoral; but he could not exist except in the society of such books as the censor of Zara allowed, and such critics and poetasters as Spalato can produce. Our place of meeting was the study of the worthy C., at the top of the house. He was in the enjoyment of a green old age, and had the heartiest and most good-natured laugh I ever heard. The perpetual secretary of the club was Signor M.; and one would suppose that a club which needed a secretary had transactions, but, to tell the truth, the only transaction I ever saw was the serving of coffee or the lighting of pipes; for this practice, so abhorred in England, is in general use in Damatia. Being also poet and improvisatore, however, the secretary was often in requisition. V., the Maestro di Cappella of the cathedral, a native of Padua, of sound musical attainments, with a pale countenance and extremely modest manners, was a most acute critic in the Italian school of music; and this gave a variety to the discussions and transactions that proved agreeable. One

or two others were free of the club, but these were the leaders.

It was on a dark cold night in February when Carrara called at my lodgings to introduce me to the Guvno. Spalato is much colder than Ragusa, and for several days the thermometer was, in the morning and evening, four degrees of Reaumur below zero. Protected by the narrow streets, we got to the gate of San Cypriano at the back of the town; and on passing a corner of the bastion, a keen Bora, mingled with sleet, made me wrap my cloak closely about me. Most of the fortifications on the sea-side were taken down by Marshal Marmont; but those on the land-side still remain, the large stones shewing that the ruins of the palace must have supplied the materials for construction. Just where a small suburb ended and the country began was a villa within a wall, the residence of the president; and being shewn up stairs to the top of the house, we found ourselves in the study of Signor C., a long room, with bookcases and a confusion of manuscripts and papers. Two shining brass lamps, about a foot high, lifted by a handle at the top, and supplied with olive oil, lighted the apartment; but the charm of a blazing hearth, which, in our own ruder clime, makes us as willing for winter as for summer, is here unknown, and all wore their cloaks and hats. From the heat of summer, all windows and doors are open to the drafts of wind, and, to prevent catching cold, almost all wear either a hat or cap within doors. In paying visits, except ladies be present, you are always begged to keep your hat on; and I have at least fifty times been obliged to say that I felt a hat disagreeable in a room.

The president gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and, after ordering coffee and pipes, told me that a fellow-citizen of mine was in the room, who was dressed in the Italian fashion; I looked from face to face, not knowing who it could be; when, leading me up to a bookcase, he shewed me an Italian translation of Robertson's works, and, breaking out into eulogy, called him the greatest

master of historical narration in any language. "Every body," said he, "has been reading Cesare Cantu's *Universal History*, but I lost my fancy for him when I found that he slighted Robertson." I expected Gibbon to stand high as he deserved; for, to say nothing of his astounding variety of erudition, his grand, sonorous periods are akin to the musical 'ampullation of Italian prose; but found that his weak point,—the treatment of the countries between the Adriatic and the Black Sea,—was too palpable to a learned Dalmatian. ¹

"But do not think the less of your great historian," said the president, with generous emphasis; "my objection is like that of a man looking on a wonderful panorama, who should cavil at the drawing of his own villa."

Our discourse fell on the great distress in the mountains. A house high up having been snowed in, and their provisions exhausted, three persons had died; and various schemes were fallen on for getting up a subscription. At length an *accademia* had been determined on, or concert by the members of the Casino, and we came to talk of music; on which V., with the pale face and modest manners, made some observations which led to a musical conversation, for the president was also a violinist. Rossini was considered to be *healthy*, with a boiling over of animal spirits,—like a Scott or a Paul Veronese, gushing with irresistible spontaneity; Bellini, fragile in mind and body, but with gossamer nerves of the most delicate texture; and in his conduct of a piece, with such a conception of grace and tenderness as never was excelled. The French music of Herold and others was objected to for want of that long period (*lungo periodo*) which characterises the Italian manner. But this is evidently all custom; for Beethoven has the most unaccountably strange transitions, but full of a magic beauty all their own. The president, as a violinist, knew and delighted in the quartetts of

¹ The Chronicles of Archbishop Daniel, and the works of Brankovich, Raitch, and others, were not in an accessible shape when Gibbon composed his history.

Mozart, and others of the German school; but when I spoke of *Il Don Giovanni* and *Robert le Diable*,—those tapestries, which unite the forms of Italian melody with the consummate weaver-craft of Germany,—I found no resonance to my enthusiasm.

But most interesting of all were the discussions on the lives and writings of the native authors. Zara has been for centuries the political capital of Dalmatia; because, being an island fortress, the possession of this city has been considered decisive of the rest of the kingdom; but Spalato is, and always has been, the moral capital of Dalmatia; and until 1829, the temple of Jupiter was the archiepiscopal cathedral of the Primate of this kingdom. In the cultivation of polite literature the Spalatine is much behind the Ragusan; but a certain robust vigour, congenial to the unruly character of the Morlack, and contrasting with the elegance of the Ragusan, is clearly discernible in the lives and writings of the eminent men of Dalmatia.

Of St. Jerome I say nothing, his biography being so well known to every student of Church history. The Herodotus of modern Dalmatia was the Archdeacon Thomas, who wrote, in the twelfth century, the first and fullest history and description of his country, and rectified the numerous errors of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. Then came Marcus Marulus, the ancestor of our secretary, who was born in 1450, studied at Padua, lived in Spalato, and, with a European reputation, left more than twenty works, in the Italian, Illyrian, and Latin languages, on archæology, history, morals, and poetry. Carrara, in his *Uomini Illustri di Spalato*, calls him the second glory of Dalmatia, St. Jerome being the first. His principal work was a poem, called the *Davidiad*; and Ariosto, with the exaggeration of Italian imagination, subsequently called him “il divino Marulo;” but for myself, having no relish for Catholic dogmatic theology of the fifteenth century, with which all his works are strongly tinctured, I take his fame on credit. His temporal circumstances must have

been easy, and even opulent, to judge from his house, which has descended to our secretary by inheritance; but it is dilapidated and uninhabited.

The most eccentric genius in the literary history of Dalmatia was Mark Antonio de Dominis, whose life and death make a romantic drama. He was Archbishop of Spalato from 1602 to 1616; and in the plague of 1607 distinguished himself by a humanity and courage worthy of Carlo Borromeo. Full of original genius, he was the first to discover the colours of the iris; and Newton, in his Optics, admits him to have been the discoverer. Thus Marino Ghetaldi preceded Des Cartes in the application of algebra to geometry, and a Dalmatian in the optical discoveries claimed for him. But De Dominis was hot and violent in his temper; and the altar of the cathedral of Spalato is to this day a curious monument of his spiritual pride and mechanical genius: it shews the singular optical delusion of the tabernacle above the altar being held by two angels on the points of their fingers. Unable to understand how the points of the fingers of two statues could support so enormous a weight, it was explained to me, that the centre of gravity was, - by a certain inclination, reposed in the bodies of the angels. And what circumstances had induced this elevation of the tabernacle? Being at war with his own chapter, they accused him of placing his episcopal chair several steps too high, being above the level of the tabernacle. De Dominis, in order to avoid yielding to his chapter by taking his chair down a step, raised the tabernacle above the altar, as it now stands.

His chapter subsequently accused him of heretical opinions, on which he went to Venice, and thence, secretly, to London; where the cathedral of St. Paul's presented the extraordinary spectacle of the Archbishop of Spalato renouncing the errors of Popery, and embracing the reformed faith. He then published in London his celebrated work, *De Republica Ecclesiastica*: but the results of his own doctrines in the puritanical sectaries, and probably

disappointment at not receiving a high dignity in the English Church, disgusted him; he therefore negotiated his return to Italy and re-entry into the Church of Rome, under the protection of Gregory XV., who was his personal friend; but on the death of this Pope, De Dominis was accused by the Inquisition of correspondence with the heretics, and being thrown into the castle of St. Angelo, perished there by poison in 1625.

Lucius of Trau, an excellent historian, and author of *De Regno Dalmatiae et Croatiae*, Amsterdam, 1668, then followed; and was succeeded by others, the last of whom was Cattalinich, who died during my residence at Spalato, to the universal regret of his countrymen. His work, in four volumes, is a history of Dalmatia from the earliest times down to 1815; and is the only modern book that pretends to the dignity and continuity of that style of composition.

It would appear that some practical acquaintance with public business is essential to a good historian. Macchiavelli as secretary, Sarpi as consultatore, and other Italian writers of this class, were much employed in political affairs. Gibbon learned his notions of war from militia soldiering, and had, besides, parliamentary and official experience. Robertson, in the position of a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, seems, at first sight, to have had a less favourable chance of experience in political motives and springs of action; but during all the latter part of his career, he was the acknowledged leader of the moderate party in the assemblies and presbyteries of the Kirk, and had an opportunity of treating in miniature the same passions he would have had to deal with had he been the first minister of a great monarchy.

The opportunities of Cattalinich were as varied as his provincial opportunities allowed. Born in the memorable year 1769, at Castel Nuovo di Trau, and being destined for the clerical profession, he studied theology, first at Spalato, and then at Rome; but the prospects of advancement in that profession being very doubtful after the

French Revolution and the invasion of Italy, he turned from theology to law; and, in 1806, was made "giudice," or justice of the peace. Another change, however, took place three years afterwards in his destiny, and he entered on his military career, during which he was, in 1812, chef d'escadron of Napoleon's French-Illyrian cavalry; in 1813 he was in France with his regiment, and on the Austrian occupation in 1814, when Illyria and Dalmatia fell away from France, was advanced to the rank of major; but a few years afterwards he was pensioned, in consequence of a mental malady, and after a restoration of his reason, being in want of occupation, he undertook the history of his country, being a good classical and Illyrian scholar. But Cattalinich, although, upon the whole, trustworthy, is utterly unacquainted with the art of narration, and that sort of perspective, which, preserving a due proportion between the principal transactions and the background of the canvas, produces an attractive picture of each period. There they are,—kings, queens, and warriors, with their deeds and dates; but you discover no favourite of the historian; and no hero around whom he could have grouped the subordinate characters, wearing the moral costumes of each age. But I should be ungrateful, if I were to deny the general utility of the work, and even its interest to a native Dalmatian, who would find attraction in names, topics, and events, not likely to fix the attention of a stranger.

It was not long after my introduction to the Guvno, that, at the corner of a street in Spalato, I heard the words, "Poor Cattalinich dead!" The same evening, I heard at the club that his funeral was to be a national solemnity of interest; and I resolved to be a spectator.

"You are a member of the Guvno, and must be a mourner," said the President. "You are the only Englishman in Spalato, and you must represent the literature of your country at the grave of Cattalinich." In vain I protested that, if any of our critics heard of such a thing, I should be quizzed unmercifully; but the President having

put it to the vote, a minute to this effect was made by the secretary; and I had no escape.

On the morning of the funeral, a loud rap was heard at my room-door, with the words "*Otto botti*, 8 o'clock;" and our gaunt old Meg Merrilies-looking servant, who, from the first moment, had assumed a mastery over all my domestic affairs, opening the door, cried out, "Get up!" It was indeed high time to be on foot; and when I had dressed, I went to breakfast to the Café del Duomo, to the left of the steps leading up to the cathedral, which is frequented by the clergy, where I hear all the gossip, and many an instructive hint. The other café, on the Piazza dei Signori, is frequented by the officers, and is the more fashionable of the two; but the officers, although very good fellows, are here to-day and away to-morrow; I therefore prefer the clergy, for they know the country better than any other class. Scarce had I been seated, when one of the priests brought in a Morlack woman almost famishing and fainting with hunger, and ordered her a glass of sweet wine, while each gave her a kreutzer or two. "Immense misery this year," said the clergyman; "these poor people have sold all their beasts; the Lord knows where they are to get seed from for the next harvest, and the Turks have forbid the export of grain from Bosnia. *Carestia, cospetto di Dio, carestia.*"

"*Carestia, cospetto della Madonna,*" said I.

"Come, come, no irreverence," said the priest, taking off his broad-brimmed hat; "*cospetto della Madonna* (visage of the Madonna) is an expression not to be used."

"I confess myself in the wrong," said I; "for the Bible says, Swear not at all; but you yourself led the way with '*cospetto di Dio*' (visage of God). Come, fair play is a jewel, reverendissimo."

The priest abruptly took out his snuff-box to offer me a pinch: and as we changed the conversation to some other topic, I could not help thinking on the force of habit which should make the "visage of the Virgin" a greater oath than the "visage of God."

The Piazza began gradually to fill with company; and as our talk turned on literature, two windows on the opposite side of the square were pointed out to me, as those of a room inhabited by another of those strange geniuses at war with society, Ugo Foscolo, who, although born in Zante, studied in the episcopal seminary in Spalato, in 1787.

At length the coffin appeared, covered with a black velvet pall; the arms and chako were placed above the bier, and the chaplet of laurel and elegies, some printed and some written, were fastened by Carrara to the skirts of the pall, and marked the mixed character of soldier and historian. These symbols of modern southern life, frivolous though they appear to our northern phlegm; remind one of the departed grace of classic antiquity.

The procession now started, and was very brilliant, for all the officers were in full uniform; those of the Hungarian regiment with bright blue, trimmed somewhat too profusely with silver, and the band playing the melancholy air by which Ninetta is led to execution in the *Gazza Ladra*. When we got down to the quay, we found ourselves in the clear sunshine, with a fresh breeze blowing, and the water all in motion, each green wave with a silver crest. The Morlacks, in order to see the sight, and do honour to the national historian, were close ranged up along the quay, in their red caps and picturesque dresses. All the windows of the front of the palace, from tower to tower, were crowded with females; and as the hum of attention shot with almost electric rapidity through the forest of broken pilasters, I saw the shadow of the public life of Rome, the majesty of architecture, and the thrill of assembled humanity.

The cemetery was out on a point of land beyond the bay; and the way was long, and so windy, that our cloaks blew like pennons, and one after another of the odes was disengaged off the pall. When we got out to the cemetery, service was read, the volleys were fired, military honours were paid, and then ended the bodily career of Cattalinich.

Spring had now unfolded all her attractions. The snow had melted away from Caprarius, the gardens were covered with bloom and verdure, and the whole prospect of land and sea had acquired that warmth of tone, that brilliancy of colour, and perspicuity of the atmosphere, that belong only to the south. When I took my walks, with a north-west air that scarce deserved the name of wind, and gently stirred the tender leaves, I used to hum to myself some reminiscence of sweet Bellini, and, looking up into the profound azure of the heavens, felt a sort of beatitude, such as no poetry or painting ever produced in me.

The ruins of Salona and its charming gulf now engaged my attention. The remains of the once flourishing capital of the Dalmatia of the Romans, situated in the fairest portion of the whole land, transported me again in imagination to the hours I had passed at Tivoli, Pompeii, and all those delicious places which enable Italy to combine more instruction with pleasure than any other country. Even Egypt herself must yield the palm to Italy; for however wonderful her ancient monuments and Saracenic architecture, however singular her physical geography, and however strange the world of Cairo, of which Mr. Lane may be called the Columbus, Egypt is seen with surprise, Italy is dwelt in with delight.

On the destruction of Delminio by Cornelius Scipio Nasica, in the second Dalmatian war, Salona became the chief city of the province; and its inhabitants enjoying the rights of Roman citizenship, its political and maritime importance as capital and chief naval station, not less than the amenity of its situation, rendered it the most desirable residence of the coast, and there the arts followed the arms of Rome as naturally as those of Venice in subsequent times found an echo in all the chief cities of Dalmatia. To Augustus and Tiberius, Salona was indebted for those roads which connected her with all the surrounding provinces, and to Diocletian for the culmination of her splendour. Constantine Porphyrogenitus, with his

fondness for sweeping assertion, states that the city was entirely renewed by him, and that its size was half that of Constantinople; we may therefore conclude that many of its edifices were rebuilt by Diocletian, and that it was one of the most populous of the Roman provincial capitals. Wealth, ease, and elegance, had their abode in this part of the Adriatic, which well earned the title of *Dalmatia Felix*; and though the city declined before its fall, and an irruption of Slaavic hordes took place in the fifth century, it lay out of the way of Attila and the other destroyers of Rome. But in the fatal year 639 it was taken and destroyed by the Avars, and Spalato and the islands became the refuge of the Salonitans.

When the arts revived in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the zeal of exploration gradually extended itself to Dalmatia, and the amphitheatre and other edifices being discovered, Gian Giorgio Calergi made a plan of Salona by order of the Venetian senate in 1672; but it bore no resemblance to the reality. In 1821 the late Emperor Francis, who took a great interest in Dalmatia, ordered the excavation of Salona and Pola, after his visit to this kingdom; and laborious excavations were made in search of statues in many places, which were filled up again if they promised no result. This went on until Professor Carrara perceived that it was putting the cart before the horse, and that the only mode of getting at a satisfactory result was the actual excavation of the base of the circuit of the town, so that the gates as well as the true perimeter being laid bare, no room might be left for conjecture or speculation, but the task of a plan reduced to the simple labour of the geometer, while the gates that opened on the principal streets were the proper starting-places for further excavations. In spite of a great deal of opposition, he succeeded in getting some funds from the government; and the whole circuit of the town being now laid bare, what was taken for a gate turns out to be a space between two towers, and the true perimeter

and gates being ascertained, all further operations may be proceeded with satisfactorily.

On one of the beautiful mornings of spring, while awaiting a more advanced season for my mountain trip, I visited Salona, accompanied by Professor Carrara, who had been all along my obliging and instructive cicerone in Spalato. The distance is about three miles; and as the members of the club were afterwards to dine and spend the afternoon at Salona, we proceeded thither on foot, as the road is good, and the country delightful. After about half a mile of gentle ascent, we found ourselves on the backbone of the peninsula, and by a slow descent we gradually approached the upper end of the gulf, which is here attenuated to a narrow stripe of water, into which a river flows; and standing on a bridge not far from its entrance into the gulf, the broad meadows, with the flocks cropping the fresh luxuriant grass, conjoined with the abundant wood and water, made us forget the sterile and rocky character of Dalmatia, and remember the spring.

Omnia tunc florent, tunc est nova temporis ætas,
Et nova de gravido palmite gemma tumet,
Et modo formatis amicitur vitibus arbos,
Prodit et in summum seminis herba solum,
Et tepidum volucris concentibus æra mulcent,
Ludit et in pratis luxuriatque pecus.

The river, clear and deep, passed rapidly under the arch on which we stood, and mingled its waters with the gulf a hundred yards below us; the wide expanse of which was seen stretching away to the west, the high hill above Spalato shutting it out from the Adriatic. As I leant my elbows on the parapet, and looked down into the dark pools of the river, with their eddies of fresh water, and the subaqueous pennons of verdant weed which trembled in the stream, I asked Carrara to spur my lagging memory with a classical reminiscence, and he at once gave the couplet of Lucan:

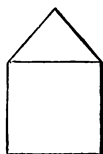
Qua maris Adriaci longas ferit unda Salonas,
Et tepidum in molles æphyros excurrit Iader.

Crossing the bridge, we walked a few hundred yards along a road bordered with poplars and other trees, and entered the straggling modern village of Salona. The inn of the place, where we rested a brief quarter of an hour, and drank a cup of Salonitan wine, had quite the modern Roman air. In front of the door was a verandah of dried leaves, through which flakes of sunlight fell on a large marble senatorial-looking statue lying on its face, the back of which formed the bench, on which sat a maiden with a distaff, and a peasant with sandals, closely resembling those of the Roman citizen, whose reversed effigy recalled the ancient world to the mind of the traveller; while a miserable little daub of a figure firing at a covey of birds was the sign of the inn, "Al famoso Cacciatore," or the famous huntsman.

Fragments of sculpture were irregularly imbedded in the walls of most of the old houses; and I was much pleased to see that Carrara had induced the adoption of a more elegant collocation of those inserted in the new. For instance, symmetrical fragments were disposed on each side of a door, or formed the soles of a row of windows just like the pale bas-reliefs with which Mieris, Gerhard Douw, and other Dutch painters, used to bring out the hardy greens of vegetables or of drapery.

The ancient city rises gradually upwards to a considerable height, so that the northern wall is very much higher than the southern part of the city which skirts the river; and the sea and the city has something of the form of a truncated cone, the wider base to the eastward being an extension of the original city, which was connected by a large internal gate. We first proceeded to the north-east angle of the town, for the purpose of following the excavation of the walls. Here are the remains of the ancient gate leading by the Via Gabiniana to Andetrium or Andertium; and here we find all the accustomed solidity of Roman masonry. Continuing our circuit, we perceive that the city must have been defended with rectangular towers of unequal size, some with a front as narrow as

twelve feet, others forty or fifty, and one even ninety-eight feet. One may wonder how a battering *aries* could affect such a solid construction; but a corner-stone indented, and partly displaced, by an *aries*, shews that by extruding an important corner-stone the whole superincumbent masonry easily falls; hence the value attached to the "corner-stone," as we find in the Scriptures. The most of the Roman towers are not in their original quadrangular state, but pentagonal, a triangle being added to the rectangle, so as to present the rude embryo of the modern bastion, thus:



this addition being, from the inferiority of the masonry, evidently not Roman, but barbaric. The older construction is all of large square blocks of stone; one that I saw in a tower was not less than ten feet long. In the barbaric masonry, the shell is regularly built of small stones, and the interior filled up with unhewn stones and mortar.

One of the most interesting objects in the northern part of the city near the wall is the excavation of a bath, which shews that the modern oriental bath is essentially the same as that of the ancients. If I had not known that I was treading the ruins of Salona, I could have supposed myself to be standing in the remains of a Turkish or Arab bath; the reservoir in the centre had its lead pipe for the conveyance of hot water, in which the whole body could be plunged; the floor was of polished marble; the pillars that supported the roof of oriental alabaster; and in one of the lateral cabinets the mosaic was preserved as intact as when laid down.

Not far from the bath is the great gate which connected the old with the new town, excavated and laid bare down to the pavement; which latter, as at Pompeii, is marked with the parallel wheel-ruts; the flags being larger and much more dilapidated. This shews that Pompeii was covered when the cities of the empire were still prosperous, Salona when in decadence. The aqueduct that supplied the town with water passed over the gate; and a curious phenomenon is here visible. A leak in the channel of the aqueduct has in course of time formed a stalactite as thick as the trunk of an old oak.

The amphitheatre, in the form of an ellipse, one hundred and twenty-six feet long, is at the extreme north-west angle of the town, and is in good preservation; the entrance is paved with stones ten feet by four, and a diamond-formed stone grate still remains on a level with the arena, which afforded a view of the amphitheatre without danger of juxtaposition with the animals. It appears to have been climate that dictated to the ancients their extensive use of stone; the rude temperature accompanying the civilisation of the north of Europe appears to have brought iron into more extensive use. Nothing can be fitter for resisting heat than their solid walls; but the nice shutting of doors and windows, so essential to the north, was probably as unknown to the Romans as to the modern Dalmatians. In Spalato or Ragusa you see a house with masonry worthy of a handsome fortune, and not a latch on a door or window which would not be unworthy of a hovel in the north of Europe.

The vomitories and gradations still shew distinctly what the amphitheatre was; but the circumstance of the greater part of the wall being at the same time the wall of the town, may account for no particular architectural ornament in the elevation.

To the westward of Salona is a remnant of an immense construction, the origin or destination of which is quite unknown to the local antiquaries; a cyclopean wall of regular quadrilateral stones, each from eight to sixteen

feet in length. At first sight I imagined that it must have been the foundation of a temple; but as it extends five hundred and eighty paces in length, I soon saw the fallacy of this opinion.

On our return to the village we found the secretary and music-master, but no president, although the time of meeting had arrived; so we sauntered along the road towards the bridge, and saw the rotund form and good-humoured face of the worthy old man descending slowly to the bridge, with his broad-brimmed hat off, and wiping his brow with his handkerchief. This was the longest walk he had indulged in for some time. He had sat down to rest, a Morlack maiden had given him a glass of water, and we joked him on Venus making him forget his allegiance to Bacchus; so he gave us a Latin quotation, which I have forgotten (for he was an excellent classical scholar), and we retraced our steps to the upper chamber of the "Famous Fowler," where, with an ample repast, more than one amphora of good Salonitan wine was drunk, and the hours passed delightfully in society endeared to me by so many qualities of the head and heart.

A leisurely walk back to the town amid the shades of evening terminated my trip to Salona; and next day I went with fresh zest to the new museum of antiquities, for the most part dug out of the ruins I had seen, which is situated in Spalato, close to the Porta *Ænea*, or Gate of Brass. The collection of domestic utensils is varied and curious. The lamination of crystal vases, supposed to be a Venetian invention, is shewn to have been familiar to the Romans. Playing dice, closely resembling those now in use,

..Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et hæres
Bullatus.'

distaves of ivory, and numerous other domestic utensils of the same character as those to be seen in the museum of Naples, are visible. Much of the sculpture is mediocre, shewing the decline or provincial rudeness of art, though

an Apollo and a Venus Victrix are worthy of a place in any European collection; but from some of the other fragments it is evident that a *camera oscena* will be needed in Spalato, as well as in Naples.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DALMATIAN HIGHLANDS.

At length the hour came when I was to quit Spalato, as mountain travelling was not only unlikely to be attended with inclement weather, but bore every promise of being agreeable. I had no intention of crossing the high inland chains of Bosnia, for which a more advanced season is requisite. Carrara and other kind friends accompanied me to Salona, where, after a simple repast at our old haunt of the "Famous Fowler," a few toasts were drunk to the hope of meeting again, and I took farewell of those kind friends with whom I had passed so many happy and instructive hours. It was on the corner tower of Salona that we exchanged our last adieu; and, as I looked back out of the carriage, with my eyes suffused with tears, I saw the little band, with their handkerchiefs tied to their sticks, waving me a prosperous journey.

Often, on standing on the hill above Spalato, I had cast my eyes across the gulf of Salona to the snowy heights of Caprarius, longing to plunge into the heart of the Highlands of Dalmatia, and penetrate to those fastnesses of antiquated manners, of which I had heard such curious accounts; and as the carriage slowly ascended the steep zig-zag road above Salona, the feeling that the hour of accomplishment was at hand reconciled me to the lively regret I felt at quitting Spalato and its kind inhabitants.

After a long and tedious ascent, a break in the chain was seen above me, and in the intervening space a castle, situated on a point of rock that commanded the pass over the mountain. This was Clissa, retained by the Turks from 1521, while the Venetians scarce dared to go out of Spalato, and considered of the greatest importance from its commanding position; but at length taken, in 1647, by the valour of Leonardo Foscolo, the Venetian general. The view from the platform that looks to the Adriatic is truly stupendous. Dalmatia Felix, with its groves and rills, is at the feet of the spectator; the spearhead-shaped peninsula of Spalato shoots between the placid gulf of Salona and the dancing Adriatic. A confusion of sea and land, jutting cape and indented bay, form the Archipelago that fills up all the space to the distant western horizon. The campanile of Spalato, tapering like a tiny needle, appeared a mere speck in the realised chart that expanded itself to my view, and reminded me of what an eye-sore it had been to the Turks for above 120 years.

This proud and valiant nation held in its iron grasp all the lands from the Caspian to the Adriatic, save and except a few narrow townships scattered along this coast of Dalmatia, accessible to Venetian galleys. Often, when the voice of the Muezzin of this fortress of Clissa calling to prayer sounded at even-tide, was it said that this haughty campanile would give forth the summons to the worship of their only God; and, with the Moslem world at their back, well might Spalato seem contemptible from this commanding height: but the wished-for hour never came; and in 1647, yielding to the valour of Foscolo, the garrison surrendered on condition of a free passage to Bosnia without their arms. A thousand souls, men, women, and children, saw this fair prospect for the last time; and scarce had they passed out of the gate between a double file of Venetian soldiers and infuriated Dalmatians, when the latter, shamefully disregarding the articles of capitulation, commenced an indiscriminate massacre of the un-

armed Turks. Foscolo, touched in the tenderest point of honour, flew to arms; but a half of those unhappy beings had already fallen a sacrifice. The rest got to Livno, where a family to this day takes the surname of Clissa Capitan.

After seeing the fortress, the Turkish character of which has disappeared in unpicturesque modern fortifications, I re-entered the carriage, and, turning my back on the coast, found myself rapidly traversing the plateau of Caprarius. The yellow gravel of an excellent smooth road formed a distinct line on a wide table-land of blue-grey porous rocks. I had left Salona basking in the mildness of approaching summer; here the chill, clear air, although exhilarating to the spirits, reminded me that I had thrown off my winter costume in too great a hurry. Not a tree was to be seen; and before me was the higher snowy rampart of the Prolog of Bosnia, but separated from me by the unseen and deeply depressed valley of the Cetigne, which formed a sort of colossal ha-ha to the Bosniac rampart. As I approached the edge of the table-land, and saw the beginning of the cultivation on the opposite side of the great valley, I repeatedly rose in the carriage, curious to see the aspect of inland Dalmatia. Of the coast I had seen to my heart's content; but in a district of a new character, I felt as if about to enter a new country altogether. It was, however, a much longer affair than I expected; for what seems near in mountain scenery, may be, after all, a long way off. Wrapt in my cloak, I read a chapter of the "Pickwick Papers;" and was almost angry with the fellow who drove me, for abstracting my attention from these *deliciæ literariæ*. Pointing to the valley of the Cetigne, which we now overlooked, I saw a blue lake, of oval shape, filling up a considerable part of the valley below me, formed by the river, which here spread out so as to form a lake, for the most part bordered by green pasture-lands. On the opposite side of the valley, at the distance of four or five miles, the Prolog, which separates Bosnia from Dal-

matia, rose majestically far above the level on which I stood; the snowy crest ranging far and wide, and pretty to look at, but undesirable for a nearer acquaintance at so early a season. A few miles down the valley the lake ceases, and the river is confined between approximating hills.

Sign, the town to which I was going, was at the upper part of the lake, situated on an irregular eminence, with cultivated fields and meadow-lands sloping down to the waters; and the horses, feeling the approach to their night's quarters, could scarce be restrained in the descent.

As we entered the town, the last rays of the sun were gilding the ruins of the castle on an abrupt rock that rose in the middle of the town, and, the labours of the day being ended, the work-people were returning to their homes. But the figure that most caught my attention was a man on his abdomen moving along the road like a reptile. The coachman told me that he had some years ago lost his way on the Prolog, and, being out two days and nights in the snow, his hands and feet had dropped off. The town, as we drove up its main street, had a mixed character. Good Italian houses were mingled with old Slaavic ones of rude construction; one of the best of the former being the inn, which was the café of the village, and had an unexpectedly prepossessing air of cleanliness. The walls were fresh painted, a new billiard-table stood in the middle of the floor, the bar had its neat ranges of liqueurs in their square-bodied and long-necked bottles, and my bedroom up stairs was the best I had had in Dalmatia, without any symptoms of picturesque semi-barbarism. The landlord, an elderly gentlemanly man in a green short jacket, pulled off a fur cap, and, addressing me in choice French, with an easy half-patronising deference, which I never expected to see in a Dalmatian Boniface, informed me that in his youth he had made a competency as contractor for the English fleet at Liassa (of course he never smuggled), and having bought a farm at his native Sign, he kept the café for his own amusement.

Bosnia, that *terra incognita*, had furnished a treasure trove of 4000 medals and Roman coins to a person who had no notion of their numismatic value; and the Podestà having, from his commercial relations, been enabled to purchase them, had arranged them so as to be easy of inspection. They were valuable, being mostly consular; some of a very remote date, others of silver, with the unsullied frost of fresh coinage. One, struck after the assassination of Cæsar, had a head circumscribed Marcus Brutus Imperator, and on the reverse a cap of liberty between two daggers, with the memorable words, "Ides of March." The symbols of the Roman consular families were full of variety; the handsome Apollo head of the Calpurnia family, the elephant car of the Metella, the sea-horses of the Crepereia, and many others.

I then took an inspection of the town, and soon saw that the landlord and Podestà, with their Frank dress, were colonists in a strange country. Being market-day, the Piazza, an open space between the church and a convent-wall, at the end of a sort of bazaar of shops, was crowded with the true Morlacks from the neighbouring villages, who were all Christians, but all wore, as nearly as possible, the old Turkish costume of the last century, except the kaouk. Corresponding to the prints of the Turkish dress as they appeared in books in the beginning of this century, they looked exactly like the Turk as he used to be represented on the stage. They are in person a tall, rude, robust, and somewhat savage race of men; all armed, even in the market-place; some with pistols, others with dirks. These they are allowed to retain; as, in case of a war with Turkey, Dalmatia is much more exposed to Bosnia than Bosnia to Dalmatia, the latter being a higher and more rugged country. On their head is the fez, surrounded by the ample folds of a white-and-blue cotton turban; they are very fond of a red colour in their clothes; and all wear sandals with a sole of raw bull's-hide, but strapped on with cordage instead of goat-skin ties, as in old times.

The women wear shoes, and the men to this day consider shoes effeminate. In Dalmatia, in the last century, people used to say that every thing could be found in Venice, just as people say in England that every thing can be found in London; but a pleasant story is told of a Morlack declaring this to be a popular falsehood, for he had sought over all Venice, and could not find a pair of sandals, although they were for sale in the meanest village of his own country.

The rooted antipathy to change, which is the principal trait in the character of the Morlack, shews itself in nothing so much as the antipathy to the Frank costume. The civilisation of Venice varnished the coast, but remained only skin deep; and when a man threw off the native costume, he was considered as a sort of traitor to his nationality. Lovrich, a native of Sign, who wrote a refutation of the errors of the Abbate Fortis, gives a translation of a droll poem, expressing the lamentation of the Morlack for those of their chiefs who Italianised themselves—thus,

“There are certain Dalmatian Voyvodes,
Who, scarce arrived on the Italian shore,
Italianise themselves, and blush to be called Slaavs;
They cut their natural pig-tails and clap on a wig,
A hat replaces the turban.
They are in a hurry to shave their moustaches,
And cast aside their silks and scarlets;
They despise embroidery, fine boots, and silver buttons.
And then, O God! they clap on a coat
Which is slit in two behind.”¹

Such is their idea of the garb of civilised man. Some years ago the most contemptuous expression for a Frank was, *Lazmani rastricem perkna*: “the man with the slit tail.”

Talking of buttons of gold and silver, these Bosniacs and Dalmatians are very fond of them. They are a sort of investment in case of need; and a man getting short

¹ Lovrich, p. 117.

of cash cuts a button off his coat, and sells it. This passion for buttons led to a curious circumstance during my visit to Dalmatia. A man in Bosnia left a silver cup mounted with precious stones to the Church, and the heirs, respecting his will, handed over the cup to the Greek Bishop of—, in Bosnia. Shortly afterwards, the nephew of the Bishop was seen with a new shining stock of silver buttons on his gala coat, upon which the flock demanded a sight of the silver cup, in order to convince themselves that it had not transmigrated to the coat of the nephew. But it appeared that the Bishop, unlike *Sylvester Daggerwood*, not having a soul above buttons, had melted the cup, keeping the jewels to himself, and giving his nephew the silver. The case was trying at Constantinople, but how it ended I know not.

Stalls of commodities were in rows along the convent-wall, and all characteristic of the people; fresh sandals, pyramids of flints for their pistols, rough copper bells for sheep and goats, besides other paraphernalia of a warlike and primitive people. Seeing a construction like a fountain with four spouts, I was amused to see corn instead of water flow out of one of them; and, going behind it, I ascended three or four steps, and found on the platform four semi-globular troughs, of different measures, scooped out of blocks of marble, which being filled, and a plug drawn out, the corn is all measured by a public officer, so as to prevent fraud. I remarked that most of the buyers and sellers were men somewhat advanced in years; but this is easily explained by the fact, that the families keep together after their sons are married, and a Stareschin, or Elder, is the manager of the family concerns. So that the social existence of the Morlacks is literally patriarchal.

Sign is a thriving place of above 2000 inhabitants, and subsists principally on the trade of the Bosniac caravans, those good new houses having been built since 1814. Seraievo and Travnik are the principal cities of Bosnia; the former the largest, with a population of 80,000 in-

habitants; the latter the capital, and the residence of the Pasha. As Ragusa is the port of Herzegovina, Spalato is the port of those two cities; and in 1578 the lazaretto of Spalato was built, to enable caravans to come down to the coast, and then sell the produce and buy the manufactures of Venice. But the terrible plague of 1814 put a stop to the caravans. The trade was restricted to the bazaar up in the Prolog, of which Sign is the nearest market-town. The manufactures of England are bought by the merchants of Bosnia in Trieste; and the Podestà and some others have a principal part of their income from the expedition of these goods in transit. But on the 21st November, 1844, the caravan was re-established direct to Spalato, guarded, of course, by health-officers; and the event was considered so important, that all the population, headed by the authorities, went out of the town several miles to meet it, with the most joyous demonstrations of welcome. This circumstance, however, by placing the merchant of Bosnia in communication with the coast, has filled the middle-men of Sign with apprehensions, although not much difference had been felt up to the time of my visit.

In the evening I had highly instructive chat with the Podestà, M. Bulian, who was thoroughly acquainted with the Morlack character. He told me that the great obstacle to improvement was their obstinate antipathy to change. The environs of Sign are rich pasture-lands badly drained; and, under the idea that the best agricultural system for such land was that of Holland, he got the best implements imported from that country, procured the best works on agriculture, and, being the largest landed proprietor of the place, set to work with his new system of drainage and culture, and, in a few years, added largely to the annual product of his estate. All the Morlacks around him saw the advantage with their eyes open, but not one imitated the example. They said, "We do as our forefathers have done from generation to generation, and we have no desire to depart from their usages."

The ground on which Sign is built rises gradually from the edge of the lake formed by the Cetigne, a short way off, to the foot of an abrupt rock, on which are the ruins of the Castle of Sign, and to which I ascended by a rugged path from behind. It was just such a feudal castle as one sees scattered all about this country, approached only on one side, where a deep cut under the landward wall separated it from the rest of the hill; while, from the breaks in the rampart that overhung the precipice, I looked down on the red spots on the crowns of the heads of the turbaned Morlacks below me.

If I were to recount the legends of all such castles in Dalmatia as are related by the local topographers and annalists, I should soon swell my volumes to an unwieldy bulk; but the siege of Sign is commemorated by the jousting I mentioned in my account of Spalato. These Turkish wars have knit the past history and political geography of Dalmatia so closely together, that it may be as well, for perspicuity's sake, to recall to the reader that, from 1521, when Soliman's troops conquered Dalmatia, to the war of 1644, the possessions of Venice were confined to the islands and a few towns on the coast. Then followed the liberation of the Narenta, Macarsca, and, most important of all, of Clissa, the key of the Highlands; the latter an event so considerable, that couriers were despatched from Venice to the principal Courts of Christendom with the intelligence. At length, in 1669, peace was patched up between the Sultan and the Republic, and a certain Nani being named by the Doge to draw a frontier-line in common with the Turkish commissioners, the space conceded to the Republic was marked by a boundary called *Linea Nani*, and is termed to this day, in the books of the land register, the Vecchio Acquisto, or Old Acquisition.

The defeat of the Turks at the second siege of Vienna in 1684, with the assistance of the gallant Sobieski, and the subsequent evacuation of Hungary, having had an immense moral effect on the Adriatic, we then find the Venetians

advancing with success into the heart of the Highlands; and Knin, Sign, and other important places having been taken by General Cornaro, a new line was drawn after the treaty of Carlovitz in 1696, by the Proveditor General Mocenigo, and the *Linea Mocenigo* embraces the so-called Nuovo Acquisto, or New Acquisition.

In the next war, which terminated with the treaty of Passarovitz in 1718, in which Eugene gained his splendid successes at Peterwardein and Belgrade, Venice came badly off; the Morea was lost to Turkey in 1715, and at the treaty she was insufficiently compensated by a narrow stripe of territory lying next to Herzegovina, of which Imoschi is the principal town, and which is called the Acquisto Nuovissimo, or Newest Acquisition.

The whole of the district I am describing is in the New Acquisition, and therefore was in Venetian possession since 1696, but was again in great danger. In the summer of 1715 the Turks burst like a torrent from the impregnable fastnesses of the Prolog, designing to repossess themselves of the New Acquisition, and the district of Sign was occupied with 40,000 men, and the castle invested. But the resistance made by a gallant scion of the house of Balbi and the garrison was successful. As at Saragossa, the priests, with the crucifix in one hand and a sword in the other, helped to repel the attack; one of these, by name Stephen, a Franciscan priest, was killed in the act of pointing a cannon. On the 14th of August the Turkish commander made his last furious assault, and grey crumbling masonry peeping up among the grass is pointed out as the spot where the partisans of the Crescent and the Cross met pike to pike and sabre to sabre; but towards three in the afternoon, Mohammed Pasha, despairing of success, withdrew his troops.

The country-people, seeing the large Turkish host depart, supposed that a miracle must have been wrought, otherwise how could a small garrison have resisted so successfully? and popular opinion ascribed the victory to the presence of an image in a church; but a violent

dispute in the Turkish camp between the Albanians and Bosniacs is supposed to have marred their co-operation.

The jousting which commemorates the event, and forms the subject of Count Leonardo Dudan's poem, takes place at the entrance of the town, and is sometimes attended by 10,000 people. Wooden stands are erected along each side of the career and hung with carpets, and trees and shrubs placed in the ground seem to form an avenue. The jousting opens with a procession, in which the arms and dresses are of the antique national fashion, after which the judges take their places on the scaffolds appointed for them. Each joust, who must be a native of the district of Sign, has a heron's feather and a flower on his fez, a lance in his hand, and is attended by his squire. The ring to be pierced is formed thus:—



Advancing at full gallop, he attempts to ring the lance: the centre eye, if entered, counts three points; the barred space below, two points; and the unbarred space above, one point. Each joust has three courses, the largest number of points gained conferring victory, for which he receives a hundred-florin prize, and treats the Morlacks with an entertainment afterwards.

From Sign I went to the baths of Verlicca, five hours higher up the valley of the Cetigne, which in the months of July and August are, from their mineral waters and cool picturesque situation, the popular Spa of those Spalatines and Ragusans whose circumstances allow them to go thither. The valley is from a mile to two miles wide,

and the character of the scenery entirely different from that with which I had hitherto associated Dalmatia in my mind. Instead of the olive, the aloe, and carob, were the saplings of the north, the white bud of the thorn, the verdant grassy slopes, and the clear Cetigne murmuring its winding way over the dark-brown pebbles, while the birds, in chorus, whistled a joyous welcome to the genial spring. Winter shewed himself no longer, except by the snowy cornice that topped the Prolog, which continued on my right to be the wall that separated me from Bosnia; and every now and then a Customs revenue officer, armed with a long gun, and asking my name, and the object of my journey, reminded me of my vicinity to the frontier.

The people, if better dressed than the peasantry of the north of Europe, were infinitely worse lodged and appointed. The agricultural utensils are of the rudest description; the houses are square cabins, with a framework of wooden beams, and built up with shapeless stones, joined by cement of cow-dung and ashes; most of them have a chimney; and in those I saw, the cattle and humanity were not intended to be under the same roof, as in Montenegro. The floor is the bare earth; the roofs are quite black with the smoke, and take on a jetty lustre that looks better than any abortive attempt at white-washing. The furniture consists of a few low three-legged stools, beds of blankets without sheets, a large chest or two, a low round table, and earthen-ware dishes for food, with wooden spoons. Fire-insurance is unknown; and when a man's house is burned, all the country side has a pride in assisting him to rebuild it; his neighbours offer him hospitality till he be replaced, and on the completion of the house, all bring their offerings of utensils and provisions; so that a fire is seldom a loss.

Lovrich mentions the curious circumstance, that in the earlier half of the eighteenth century it was common to dwell in wooden huts that ran upon wheels, as shewing their descent from the ancient Scythians. Thus Horace:

"Campestres melius Scythæ,
Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
Vivunt et rigidi Getæ."

This is possible; but I suspect that this mobility of chattels may have arisen from the apprehensions, vicissitudes, and uncertainties of the Turkish wars in the two previous centuries.

Verlicca has a pleasing situation, but is not half the size of Sign; and I put up at the boarding-house of the water-drinkers, there being no regular inn. A gravel road led out of the town, down a slope, to a dark wooded angle between two mountains; and in this nook, at the extremity of an alley of trees, was a wall, breast-high, forming a circular enclosure, within which were stone benches, and without, well-grown shady planes. Here were the principal people of the place, playing bowls.

I then proceeded to taste the water; and going out of the circle, descended a few stone steps to the wall, where three sources gushed out into a basin facing the landscape of broken ground, with undulating pastures and willows straggling by the side of the brook in which the waters were conveyed away. A sharp Morlack urchin, who had been picking up the bowls, held a tumbler to a source; and as he presented it, glistening and dropping like quicksilver, one might have imagined it to be a figure of Gerhard Douw in a landscape by Wynants. The water is largely impregnated with magnesia, but is almost tasteless.

Instead of returning to the town by the alley, we made a detour to the other side of the town, and, as we approached, perceived a large assemblage of male and female Morlacks, enjoying themselves with music and dancing. The dance, which the women performed in a circle, is called the Kolo; it is the national Illyrian amusement, and probably a legitimate descendant of the Pyrrhic dance. The sexes were not mingled; and the females taking each other's hands, made a slow perpetual round, rising and falling, without any other figure, their head-

dresses jingling with zwanzigers, quarter-dollars, and old Turkish pieces. The spring pasturage, and the large subscriptions and gifts, had materially alleviated the distress arising from the dearth; but whether from their being a great deal in the open air and exposed to the sun, or from the sufferings of the past winter, I did not see much female beauty.

The music they made was a slow, droning, humming chorus; and without the circle, and seated on a low piece of wall, was a man playing the gusly, or Illyrian violoncello. The sound is not displeasing. Like oriental music, it appears at first hearing to the European to have no beauty in it; but custom soon reconciles the ear, and at length we prefer it to hearing no music at all. The airs usually played on the gusly are monotonous, because they are confined to the repetition of a few bars, but they have a profound plaintiveness that induces melancholy. Of all instruments, the violoncello is the most touching in solo, and the most resembling the human bass voice; so these airs being all in the minor key, the sounds have an effect on the human ear which resembles that of low wails and lamentations.

There being no company at that season at the waters, I now prepared to visit the wonderful caves of Dinara, and then cross over to the basin of the upper Kerka, the lowest fall of which I have already described. I therefore hired stout, well-shod pack-horses, and an active guide; and next morning early, leaving the high road on my left, I ascended to the visible source of the river; the high peak of the Dinara, another mountain of the Vellibitch, that separates Bosnia and Dalmatia, serving as a direction. In about a couple of hours we arrived at a circular plain, about a mile in diameter, where several streams that flowed through the meadow formed the Cetigne by their junction. Under a dark-coloured rock were deep blue basins, boiling up like a caldron; these were the visible sources of that Cetigne which a few months before I had seen entering the Adriatic at Almissa.

Above the rocks from which the sources issued rose the mass of Dinara, its ribs bare, and its peak square and precipitous. There is something invariably pleasing in a river-source; the virgin lymph in clearness and beauty, filtered by Nature herself, comes to the light in a fountain scooped out by the same hand, and as yet uncontaminated with the impurities of cities; the remoteness and solitude of its origin adds to the peculiar charm.

My guide now, applying his hands to his mouth, gave a loud holla, and four wild, uncouth-looking men were seen descending a bushy hillock from a cottage, holding torches of pines in their hands; leaving our horses, we went up a sterile waterless valley till we came to a hole in the rock not larger than would admit one person; and one of the Morlacks, of tall stature, doffing his greasy red cap, took out of it a flint and steel, and striking a light, he entered the cave, and, taking his hand, I followed. The others then lighted their pitch-pine torches until they blazed up, and following several turnings, windings, and descents, I perceived that I was in a natural hall, of which curious stalactites were the columns, with the fresh pendicles glistening and gleaming. The ground was black from the pine-torch smoke, which first fastened on the roof, and then dropped off again. The fantastic shapes the stalactites take are endless; and the successive chambers have all names from the resemblance of their rocks to various objects, one being the chamber of the Bull, another of the Tomb, and so on.

I was bewildered as I walked further and further, for the caverns are certainly many miles in extent. To these chambers, with a comparatively level ground, succeeds a chaos of up-heaved rocks and dark abysses, which compel the traveller to grasp firmly the arm of his guide, for assistance in progress and safety from danger, while the flicker of the pines is almost lost in the surrounding gloom. Not a sound is heard but the echo of our voices and the melancholy drop of the moisture that in darkness

has slowly reared those columns and fretted those crypts of nature.

These caves have never, I believe, been fully explored; and Lovrich says that he was informed, by persons who had attempted to go to their furthest extremity, that to go and to come would be a day's journey. In the midst of the cavern is a considerable river, which glides through these dark recesses, and is unquestionably the invisible source of the waters which form the Cetigne. As before remarked, the whole coast-chain abounds with those subterranean rivers, and the faculty of vision being useless to the fish that dwell in these gloomy recesses, nature leaves them unprovided with the organ; thus the eyeless Proteus of Illyria, found also in the caves of the United States, is one of the most remarkable curiosities of natural history.

I now retraced my steps, and again found myself in the welcome light of day; and mounting my horse, ascended to the broad barrier that separates the valley of the Cetigne from that of the Kerka, and which may be called the roof of a portion of those dark chambers to which I penetrated. The Dinara, 5669 Italian, or about 6000 English feet above the level of the sea, was on my right, and a continuation of the Caprarius on my left. There is no sharp ridge separating the two valleys, but a table-land almost devoid of vegetation; and as I looked up to the Dinara, which presents a face of 4000 feet of rock very little out of the perpendicular, the thought often struck me that a huge section had been rendered from its front by some great convulsion of nature, and falling over the whole breadth of the valley, had provided a roof to the caves I had visited.

The sun had set before I left the fall; and journeying along a boggy road, often overflowed by the river, Knin at length presented itself, with the lights gleaming under a high isolated rocky fortress. The inn was miserable in the extreme: a dirty-looking landlord stood at a bar of liquors; and deal-tables and benches occupied the middle

of a dingy room on the ground floor with bare walls. The landlord was the barber of the place, and evidently had not shaved himself for a month, probably on the same principle that a working tailor is generally out at the elbows, or the apothecary a homœopathist in his own case. At one corner of the apartment a ladder was seen to lead up to a trap-door; and taking a dirty olive-oil lamp, the landlord led the way up stairs, which had a somewhat more promising aspect; and having ordered clean sheets, I slept soundly after so long and fatiguing a day; but next morning exchanged my quarters for a German lodging-house, where I found much more cleanliness and comfort.

Knin is marked on all the old maps in much larger letters than Sign, and formerly was the most important inland provincial town in Dalmatia, being the first place on the old road that entered Dalmatia from Croatia; and when the French held both kingdoms, Knin had always a considerable garrison, being considered by Marmont as an important strategical point. But from the moment that the new road was carried to Zara, direct over the precipices of the Vellibitch, above Obrovazzo, and steamers began to ply between Trieste and the towns of the coast, it has remained quite out of the way of the world, and is a mere shell of what it was, the principal families having all emigrated.

Next morning the weather was as fine as on the previous day; and I proceeded along the main street of the town to the house of Dr. P——, to whom I had been recommended as a person of great local experience, having lived so many years at Knin. I found him to be a most intelligent and obliging man, and regretting that the best years of his life had been spent out of the world in a place like Knin, with no resources. He plied me with questions about England,—which I always have found an unerring symptom of profitable and pleasurable acquaintance; and his conversation, although invariably that of a gentleman and a man of education, was indicative

of the seclusion of Knin. He was firmly and conscientiously persuaded that the advantage of the new direct road over the Vellibitch did not repay the cost of the undertaking. He shewed a good taste for music; and opening his piano-forte, indulged in an operatic excursion, which shewed that the music and taste of Knin was like every thing else about the place, a generation old at least. He had heard nothing of *Nabuco* or *Ernani*; but truly I was not displeased to renew acquaintance with the earlier operas of Rossini; and as the careless inimitable beauties came thick and three fold with the unconscious prodigality of genius, my mind reverted to the memorable years 1812 and 1813, in which *L'Inganno Felice* and *Tancredi* revealed a new creative genius.

The town, which we now sauntered through, exhibits signs of decay, and its situation is at the very foot of the castle-rock, and intervening between it and the river Kerka. Herons abound as much on this upper part of the Kerka as pelicans do at the Narenta. Calling at the house of a gentleman in the place, we found a beautiful newly killed heron lying on the table. Of all plumes, that of this bird is certainly the most beautiful, from its fineness, whiteness, and elasticity, and in old times used to be an essential ornament of the head-dress of the Bans and Zhupans of Croatia and Dalmatia.

We then ascended by steep viaducts to the Castle over head, from which we had a general view of town and country: the chain of the Vellibitch bounded the prospect to the north-east, and this part of it was the point where the frontiers of transalpine Bosnia, and Croatia, and cisalpine Dalmatia, all meet together. At the foot of the mountain, the fall of the Kerka, which I had seen on the previous evening, was distinctly visible: and the perpetual motion of its white sheet of foam looked in the miniature of distance like those curious little imitations of mill-streams in German clocks.

Going round to a bastion that hung over the river, just where it quitted the town, we found the surgeon of

the garrison digging for his amusement among a few beds of flowers and vegetables, and from time to time tossing the weeds over the parapet. It was fearfully dizzy to look down; and the two doctors entering into conversation, I learned that in autumn the hospital is full of patients, owing to the fevers arising from the river overflowing its banks and heat following; but, as at the Narenta, there was much less misery among the common people than elsewhere. In winter the climate of Knin is much colder than is usual in Dalmatia, for the town itself, on the bank of the river, is, although so near the Adriatic, 900 feet above the level of that sea, and, moreover, quite close to the Vellibitch, so that a winter never passes without snow, and frost continues for sometimes three weeks at a time together.

Not far from Knin is Dernis, where I saw more extensive ruins of the Turkish occupation of Dalmatia than any where else; it is situated on a high bank, overlooking a level, fertile, well-cultivated plain, and appears at a distance like a straggling Turkish town, every house with its walled garden. A mosque had the minaret torn down; and a campanile being reared in its place, it had become the parish church; and the key being procured, I entered it, and saw a change that had an odd effect. An altar-piece and crucifix veiled the mihrab or holy niche of the mosque, and *Allah Hy* had given place to Ave Maria. The honey-comb and stalactite ornaments in the corners still remained; and I was amused at seeing that they had struck the fancy of the last house-painter that had decorated the church; for, no doubt ignorant of the original character of the ornaments, he had carried an imitation of them all round the church.

The present Dernis is only a large village, but the Turkish town must have been a place of ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants. As I walked onwards, a *konak* was unroofed, grass growing on its pavement, and the castle that terminated the hill was a heap of ruins. One solitary minaret, without its mosque, rising on the brow of the

hill, had such a melancholy monumental air, that I experienced a transient feeling of pity for the colonists of the Crescent, intruders though they were. What a dread hour, when the rapine of their fathers was visited on the unoffending descendants; when the settlement of a century and a half must be abandoned; when the mother and her tender babe must seek a new home, and eyes dim with age and tears take a last lingering look of the abode of youth and happiness!

CHAPTER XIX.

MORAL, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL CONDITION OF THE MORLACK.

The Morlack himself is the greatest curiosity in the whole land: he is inured to a hardy life from infancy, the new-born child being allowed to be in its swaddling clothes and to cry or be quiet at discretion, while the mother attends to the household offices regardless of the infantine humours which are a source of such disquiet to the civilised matrons of the towns. There is no set time of weaning, the milk being continued to the next pregnancy; and if none succeed, the child may suck for several years. As the children grow up, they are allowed to gambol on the floor of the hut, and to find their legs and learn to walk by themselves; in short, the Morlack principle is to allow the man to grow as the beast of the forest, strong, healthy, and savage, averse from every labour, and untamed by any discipline. The consequence is, that in the statistical tables of crime in the Austrian monarchy, the Morlack occupies the lowest position; and in the courts of law at Zara there are three hundred cases a year of damage and injury done through vindictiveness alone, where the perpetrator derives no personal advantage from his crime. But his daring gallantry is incontestable; and

his rough breeding, a hereditary military spirit handed down to him from the Turkish wars, the high opinion Napoleon had of his Illyrian regiments, and many other circumstances, lead me to believe that the Morlack is the best soldier and the worst citizen in the Austrian empire.

Their food is simple, consisting of milk, in the various preparations of which they shew some art; bread, not of the oven, but flat cakes baked on a smooth stone; and a meal-porridge, with butter, for which, on fast-days, they substitute oil or chopped garlic. Like the peasantry of France and Italy, they make an immoderate use of garlic; but the frogs, which are eaten by the Venetians and Lombards, are an object of horror to the Morlack. When a festival comes round, pigs and poultry are roasted, or a sheep killed; and they eat to repletion, and drink brandy to inebriation. The Morlack is generally in misery from his dissipations of income; but if a Saint's-day come round, although he has scarce bread to eat, a feast must be provided with the profusion and extravagance of the East, rather than the reasonable hospitality of Europe. On an average, no family has more than a few florins ready money; and to provide for the Saint's-day, grain or sheep are carried to Sebenico, which is the port of this district, to procure the means; followed by unavoidable misery. Those who have no agricultural produce, borrow money at usurious interest, and when unable to pay, keep sending propitiatory gifts to the creditors to keep off the evil day; thus their substance diminishes, and the debt remains intact.

There is still much of the distinctive peculiarity of the southern Slaav in the Morlack: he is, in fact, the Servian of the Adriatic, but far inferior to the Servian proper. While the latter burns for modern civilisation and advancement, the Morlack has still a rooted antipathy to modern European usages. The vengeance of blood is rare, yet does not appear to be entirely extirpated; runaway marriages in the old Servian manner sometimes take place, though with the previous consent of the parents of

the bridegroom, in order to secure the bride a peaceable existence. But the position of women among the Morlacks corresponds somewhat to that of their sisters in Servia; the husbands being indisposed to concede a European position to the wife.

There is very little romance in the courtship. Inquiries are made as to the disposition of the maiden, on the principle of their own proverb, "Choose your wife by your ears rather than your eyes;" inquiries even go to an amusing length, such as the household qualities of the mother, even to the question of the soundness of her bodily constitution, and the quantity of milk she could give to her own children. When the male and his friends are satisfied with the maiden, the parents of the latter also satisfy themselves of the position of the lover, and then the father of the girl gives an entertainment, at which the maiden acts as waitress; and when each guest has drunk three times, the head of the friends of the suitor offers her a glass of wine, and her acceptance is a sign that her parents consent. The suitor then pops the question by giving her an apple with a gold zechin stuck in it; which, if she accepts and presents to her father, corresponds to the tender affirmation of the courtship of civilised Europe. A great hubbub and confusion attends the bride to the church, all the people being in gala costume; and after the benediction, they return to the house of the spouse; when the father-in-law comes out to receive the daughter-in-law, bringing with him a child of the house to kiss, and even a neighbour's child to fulfil the ceremony, if there be none in the house. The rest of the day is spent in feasting; and on the following morning at day-break, the bridal companions present themselves at the nuptial couch, and offer the newly-married couple a refreshment of hot meal-porridge with wine.

Superstition is the natural companion of ignorance, and we find the Morlack full of portentous signs and astrological inferences; the most ordinary customs of

cattle and domestic animals are supposed to have some reference to the accidents of meteorology. From the croaking of a frog, or the position of cattle and sheep, are drawn prognostics of rain; and the successful weather-prophet is supposed to owe his gift, not to experience and observation, but to higher inspiration. Hail is supposed to be scattered by witches who dwell in the dark clouds; and thunder is the rolling of the wheels of Elijah's chariot while he is taking an airing in heaven. Famine, which often desolates the country, is supposed to be a giant, sometimes visible and sometimes invisible, that roams through the world.

If astrology be cultivated, the same cannot be said of astronomy, for their science consists in the belief that there were formerly no less than three suns; two of them were swallowed by a great serpent, and only one has remained. Even now, the Dalmatian summer is not very cool, but it must have been then more warm than comfortable; and what would become of us if the fire-eater should take a fancy to the sun that remains!

They are great believers in the influences of good and bad geniuses—a relic of old Slaavic mythology; and so late as the last century, the priests were often called on to exorcise devils which had lodged themselves in men. Lovrich gives a droll case of a Morlack who was seized with diabolical contortions, and believed to be possessed of a devil. A friar began to exorcise him, and, with the assistance of all the saints, to expel the devil; but the man having merely eaten and drunk to excess, the demon disappeared by a sudden fit of sickness; and the priest, forgetting his cloth, gave way to a violent fit of anger, while the Morlack, relieved of his demon, rose up and walked away home. Another superstition is the belief in sorcery; but it must be admitted that it is losing ground. In some remote houses the tail of a wolf or a cow is still used as a protection against enchantment, and is probably a relic of the Roman custom of the wolf's head fixed on doors for the same purpose. Even the echo is

supposed to be a mocking spirit, and is not considered a human voice.

In every district or pretura there is a government surgeon, generally a licentiate of Padua; but it is often not easy to persuade the people to take medicine; and in the remote villages, they are still strongly prejudiced in favour of their own drugs, of which the chief is a purgative of brandy with a little gunpowder mixed with it. Even mole's fæces figure in the strange catalogue of their simples. But their great forte is bone-setting, in which mechanical tact appears to be so much more important than mere science. Instances have been known of persons suffering excruciating pain from slipped limbs, which, having defied the skill of licensed surgeons, have been subsequently replaced by the mere handicraft of an un instructed Morlack.¹

Many schools have been opened by the present government, which have done good, but are very far from presenting any thing like a really satisfactory result on the progress of the population, and I suspect that generations

¹ I have been much edified in my acquaintance with Dalmatia by the perusal of a very able manuscript by Dr. Menes, Proto Medicus at Zara, the principal part of which are the medicostatistical returns.

The population of Dalmatia in 1814, after the fall of Napoleon, was 310,267; in 1843, 400,777; and in 1847, 428,000; the increase being every year progressive, except 1819 and 1829, the breaks being in consequence of the contagious fevers following the bad nourishment of the previous years, wine and oil having both failed. The best proof of the excellence of the climate is the fact, that the average of deaths is only one in forty-eight individuals; and calculating from 1830 to 1840, the dominions of the ills that flesh is heir to in Dalmatia are divided as follows:

One human being in 51	lost his life by ordinary disease.
" " 1157	" endemic "
" " 1102	" epidemic "
" " 10,428	" small-pox.
" " 52,147	" suicide.
" " 182,000	" hydrophobia.
" " 7449	" murder.
" " 3411	" accidents.

Thus the climate of maritime Illyria, the scene of the delicious Twelfth Night, is not so unhealthy as the names of Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch would lead us to suppose.

may elapse before the Morlack is civilised. The great obstacles to education and improvement seem to be, not only an obstinate antipathy on the part of the people themselves to change, but the political circumstances of the country, arising from their vicinity to Bosnia. This prevents the government from disarming the population. No measure would tend so effectually to the civilisation of the people as a general disarming; but with all Bosnia and Herzegovina nominally and not really subject to the Porte, and all armed, I must confess that a general disarming in Dalmatia would be rather a perilous measure. Another great obstacle to *civilisation*, in the most literal acceptation of the word, is the dispersion of the population in remote groups of houses, too small to have a schoolmaster. This rudeness and uncouthness of the Morlack is only to be combated in one way, and that is, by imprinting a mercantile character on the population, as far as can be done by enactment.

Let the Morlack, therefore, retain his arms and his rude military organisation, but let there be a total abolition of the Customs' duties in Dalmatia, and the prosperity of all the little towns on the coast would be the infallible result of such a measure. It would bring a greater fusion of the two populations, and consequently greater facilities for education. Many points of resemblance to the Servian suggest themselves, from community of language, race, and even manners; but in one circumstance the comparison is untenable. The Servian patriarch, from his great territorial wealth, has the easy means of sending his son to a Hungarian or Austrian university, or at least to his own gymnasium; but the miserable Morlack, scooping a wretched mountain soil, is from hand to mouth. It is, therefore, free-trade alone which can make Dalmatia prosper.

The Heyducks, or brigands, of whom Lovrich in the last century gave such a formidable account, have quite disappeared from Dalmatia; these were gentlemen of the road of a superior description, who prided themselves on

doing their business in a genteeler manner than the common thief: like Robin Hood's men, they robbed the rich, and let the poor man pass. They considered a rich Bosniac Moslem to be fair game, and infested the two frontiers; but were most formidable on the Turkish side. The race, however, has been long extinct: though a few real miserable robbers occasionally skulk about, and are called *Malvienti*, or people of an ill life. These consist of Morlacks who have fled from justice, or deserters. As they never sleep twice in one place, and as the country is thinly peopled, and every Morlack offers such hospitality as he possesses to all strangers, known or unknown, they can vegetate in this way for weeks and months together, but are always caught at last. Several instances have been known of such people taking advantage of the vicinity of the Turkish frontier, and turning Moslems; but it is curious to observe, that in many instances the bad treatment they experience, or remorse of conscience, impels them to return, although with the certainty of being again in the hands of civil or military justice; while in other cases the same propensities to crime which have made them fly from Dalmatia drive them into it again.

A great many are of the Greek rite; and for many years the so-called United Greek Church, corresponding to the Greek Catholics of the Levant, who acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, but retain their own liturgy, and much of their own discipline, made great progress. Most of the United Greeks became in the second generation pure Romanists; but this proselytism has been much on the wane for some years. Riots of the Greeks took place, and in several instances blood was shed; till the government prudently admonished the Catholic clergy to let alone the work of proselytism.

If I were to judge of the Catholic clergy by the specimens I have known best, such as the Bishop of Ragusa, the Abbate Carrara, and Professor Kalugera, I should rate them very high; but a large proportion of the rural clergy are badly fitted to advance the moral and

even a suspicion of clumsiness, it is admirably suited to the character of a fortified town.

Passing through its resounding vault, I entered the town, and put up at the Tre Mori, Calle dei Tintori, the only decent hotel in Zara. A sign of three Moors' heads dangled from a bar of iron over the door; and going through a passage on the ground-floor, I found myself in a square court-yard, with a few lofty trees, the houses built round it being very high; for the Zaratines, restrained by the fortifications from spreading the town outwards, build their houses a story higher than elsewhere in Dalmatia. A long outside stair within the court led up to the door on the first floor; on the right was the dining saloon, and on the left the kitchen, in which stood the landlord, who was also cook, with a very red, Bardolph countenance, and clad all in white. He had a carving knife in his right hand, and swearing a whole round of oaths at the waiter, who stood shrugging his shoulders and casting his eyes up to the door-lintel in resignation. No sooner did the couple see a stranger, than the landlord stopped short, and threw down the knife; both coming forward, the landlord all smiles, and the waiter stupified.

"This is a small Venice," said I, as we ascended the stairs to my room.

"A very small Venice indeed, sir," said the landlord; "a Venice without St. Marco and the Palazzo Ducale." The room I was shewn into was newly stencilled, it had no carpet, and at the head of the bed was a crucifix and some holy pictures. In our northern clime, front windows are usually luminous, and back ones dark; here in Zara, the back window looked on the tops of the trees waving lightly in the maestral, with the clear sky beyond them, but the front window looked into the narrow Calle dei Tintori, eight feet wide, the bright crimson plaster of the opposite house partly pealed off, and an elegant balcony, with a fanciful balustrade of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, looking more shaky than safe to stand upon.

distance of a few miles, and a few hundred feet below the level I was traversing, was the canal of Zara, a sound of the sea separated from the main Adriatic by two long parallel narrow stripes of islands; and although the environs of the city are far from being attractive, yet the villas and gardens dotted on both sides of the Sound, and the capital itself (originally a peninsula, and now an artificial island), rising out of the bright blue waters, and fenced all round with bastions and curtains, surmounted by alleys of trees, were a welcome sight after the monotonous glare of the rocky soil around me. At length the road brought me to the edge of the Sound itself; and as I heard the gentle ripple of the waters, and saw the tremor of the bright noon-day sun on the Adriatic, I felt all the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with an old friend in his most cheerful humour.

Traversing the outworks, I found myself at the so-called gate of Terra Firma; but the country car I had hired from Bencovatz, after dismissing my mountain horses, was blocked up for full five minutes from the throng of peasants with their carts and cars; for the town of Zara can contain no more than the six or seven thousand inhabitants within the walls, and as the rayon of the fortification must also be clear, the real population strictly belonging to the capital is scattered in the villages of the Sound to the amount of twenty or thirty thousand. The only gate to the land is this Porta di Terra Firma, which overlooks the draw-bridge that spans an artificial cut, rendering the oval peninsula of Zara an island; so that, like mice and rats, the people of Zara always go out and in at the same hole. But truly such a hole as any city in the world might be proud of. The Porta di Terra Firma is another work of Sammicheli, that looks as if the genius or patriotism of the architect intended those of the Republic to last as long as humanity has a lease of time. It was built by Gian Girolamo Sammicheli in 1543, after a design of his uncle, Michele, of a sort of Doric architecture. Robust and ponderous, without

even a suspicion of clumsiness, it is admirably suited to the character of a fortified town.

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After changing my dress, I proceeded on my visiting. But before I introduce the reader to the people, let me say something of the town itself. Zara is a small oval island, one end of which touches the land, and, in fact, it was originally a peninsula, till rendered an island. Three main streets traverse it lengthways, and the others at right angles; all very narrow, and most of them impracticable for carriages; but being lined with well-filled shops, and a good foot-pavement of flags stretching across from house to house, walking in the town is very pleasant, especially in hot weather (for in May the thermometer was for some days at 80° in the shade), in consequence of the narrowness and coolness of the streets, and the absence of the noise and inconvenience of carriages.

Not far from the gate of Terra Firma is the principal public square, the Piazza dei Signori, smaller in size than that of Spalato, but far more neat and elegant. On one side is a Loggia, of the school of Sammicheli, constructed in 1565. It is simpler than the Loggia of Lesina, but its proportions are perfect. I spent six weeks in Zara, and there was scarce a day in which I could resist the seduction of standing in the middle of the Piazza, and deriving pleasure from the contemplation of its lineaments, and feeling that, if they were reproduced on a larger scale in some frequented European capital, the edifice would become one of the most renowned in the world. On the opposite side of the square is the guard-house, constructed three years before, in 1562, with a pyramidal elevation and niches for statues, producing an effect so abominable, that one might almost take it for the abortion of some English architect of the reign of George the Second.

The Piazza itself being paved with flags, and impervious to carriages, is a favourite lounge of the upper classes, and is therefore well named the Piazza dei Signori. When I passed through Zara in autumn, all the doors and windows were shut, and the inmates wrapped in their ample blue 'mantles. In May, all wore white trousers,

from the early and excessive heat; the doors and windows of the shops and cafés in the streets gave way to curtains, agitated with the maestral, which blows refreshingly from the north-west; a high screen of blue cloth drawn across the Piazza excluded the glare of the sun that played fiercely on the flags; and ice became in general demand.

Here, in the Casino, you find the prim, clean-shaven Austrian officer, reading the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; or the young native noble, wearing moustachios, grave in manners, and literary and philosophical in his tastes, is poring over the *Journal des Débats*; while down stairs is Count Carpe Diem, a genteel figure of the old school, with incomparably easy and attractive manners. Light-hearted as a school-boy, he remembers, with a sigh, how much gayer the carnivals used to be forty years ago; he misses no play; and has just been enlivening his faculties with a long morning at dominos; he is now skimming through the *Gazzetta* of Venice, making his remarks aloud, while the wealthy maraschino-maker beside him is alternately immersed in the *Austrian Lloyd's Journal*, or plunged in a brown study on the last rise of sugars in Trieste.

But a far more animated scene is that presented by the Piazza Marina, a few streets off. Here are monuments shewing Zara to have been a place of importance long before the banner of St. Mark floated from her battlements. We are here just within the high rampart, which forms one side of an irregular square, filled with a motley crew of peasants, fishermen, and sailors, shouting in the ardour of brandy or bargaining, or perhaps of both. An elegant archway pierces the rampart, through which one sees the harbour, crowded with coasting vessels. This is the Porta Marina. The arch is genuine Roman; and the modern Zaratine still uses the same issue to his trabacolo from Venice or Trieste, as the Roman used for his galleys when Jadera was the capital of Liburnia. The foundation of Jadera or Zara is said to go back to ten centuries before Christ; but it is beyond our purpose to travel so far back. It is enough to know that it was a flourishing

Roman colony, and, besides this gate, has other remains of the Roman town. In the Lower Empire, Zara was called Diodora; and close to the gate is a very curious relic of the period of the Greek emperors—the Church of San Grisogono, of the ninth century, which is the oldest church now extant in Zara, and, on that account, historically interesting; but constructed in the very lowest depth of the architectural corruption of the Lower Empire, the pillars twisted like screws, and the body of the church barbarous in its sculptures, without a single reminiscence of the classic frieze, or a single foreboding of the coming elegance of the Gothic period.

Passing under the archway, I found myself outside the boulevard or rampart, and standing on a quay crowded with sailors and porters, with broad shoulders, brawny legs, and sun-burnt faces. Here one sees the harbour to be formed by the narrow nook between the artificial island and the mainland; and looking a few hundred yards across the water, one sees the outworks on the mainland, the stony-fig and almond gardens rising beyond them, and, in the extreme distance, the high range of the Vellibitch, with the very highest peaks now denuded of snow. The harbour itself is shallow, and vessels of above three hundred tons cannot enter, but must lie on the other side of the town in the open sound; yet there is a surprising number of small coasting vessels; and could Austria only adopt a different system of Customs, their number might be considerably increased. The principal trade of Zara is the import of manufactures from Trieste, and the export of maraschino, anchovies, almonds, and other productions peculiar to the district. Returning to pass under the archway, I found that the gate was Roman only when viewed from the interior of the boulevard, and that the outward façade was Venetian, with an inscription commemorating the renowned battle of Lepanto in 1571.

At the other side of the town is the market-place, or Piazza delle Erbe, of quite a different character from the Piazza Marina. Instead of looking to the narrow harbour

and the broad open sound of Zara, with the narrow island of Ugliano a few miles off. The Piazza delle Erbe is the favourite resort of the country people; instead of a tempting display of gloves and cravats, or female finery, as in the environs of the Piazza dei Signori, you have here the cheap shop of the common people, the general store of the countryman, the coil of new ropes, the pile of macaroni, and the needful of a rural household. The quarter is the humblest in Zara, both in houses and population; but in the middle of the square rises a lofty antique column of marble, the solitary remains of a Roman temple, which, to judge by its existing proportions, must have far exceeded in extent and magnificence any edifice now remaining in Zara. Opinion is divided as to whether it was dedicated to Juno Augusta, or Diana—probably the former.

Here you seldom see a man of the middle class; but there goes a well-dressed, substantial-looking woman, wearing no bonnet, but her black glossy locks glistening in the sun. This is a padrona di casa, or housewife, who has been making her market; and is followed by a brown Morlack girl as her servant, with the vegetables she has been cheapening with that Albanian herb-woman from the village of Erizzo. Close by is the noisy dramshop, out of which reels a peasant of the Contado of Zara, the most malicious and disorderly of all the peasantry of Dalmatia, joining the vicious dissipation of the town to the savage obstinacy and revenge of the mountain Morlack. With his inveterate drunkenness and improvidence, he is always a beggar; and, as in some deluded parts of Ireland, the improving landlord is regarded as his enemy. In the hour of distress every circumstance of soil, climate, or social condition, gets the credit of being the cause; except the real root of all evil, his utter neglect of industry and economy.

Between the Porta Marina and the Piazza delle Erbe I have just described, is the cathedral; of Lombard architecture, as the term is understood in Tuscany, built in

the years immediately following the conquest of Constantinople in 1202, by the French and Venetian Crusaders. A tradition exists that a Roman temple stood on the spot, and that it was consecrated as a Christian church; the first authentic account of the previous edifice being given by Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the beginning of the tenth century, who praises the columns, the marble pavements, and the pictures, which were considered ancient in his time. By what accident it was ruined does not appear; the present edifice is built of a very excellent quality of freestone, of close texture and tawny mellow colour, uninjured by the six centuries that have elapsed since its construction. Above the great gates are stone figures of saints and kings in alto-relievo, of the size of life, minutely and elaborately chiselled, but the composition in the most barbarous taste, as grotesque as old German wood-work, without its quaint vitality. At the other end of the church is the campanile, begun in 1496, of a florid Lombard Gothic style, and causing our regret that it had not been carried aloft to its full height; for Zara is deficient in a few domes or campaniles to bristle over the roofs and fortifications.

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Anastasia, a pious female who lived in the third century. Her parents, Prætestatus and Fausta, had the position of Roman citizens; and Grisogono imbued her with Christianity, notwithstanding the opposition of her husband, who was an Olympic idolator. In the celebrated persecution in the time of Diocletian, she was one of those who was accused before Florus, prefect of Illyricum, and after imprisonment, was burned alive on the island of Palmaria. Thus much is considered authentic; but after a leap to the ninth century, we find the Emperor Nicephorus making a present of her ashes to the city of Zara. The protection of St. Peter is forthwith declined, and the cathedral is supposed to possess the identical ashes of the funeral pile of the island of Palmaria.

On the 5th of January, 1669, a serious riot took place. After the benediction, it was usual to let fly a dove in the church, to express the descent of the Holy Ghost at the baptism of Christ; but a prelate, who appears to have thought that the cause of religion was in no way advanced by such clap-traps, caused the flight of the pigeon to be omitted; when such a tumult and hissing occurred, that the practice was resumed, and continued to an advanced period in the eighteenth century.

The disadvantage of Zara as a residence, in consequence of being shut in by fortifications, is much alleviated by the circumstance of the rampart being made an agreeable promenade, high over the town within and the water without, in many places planted with alleys of trees, and at one angle of the bastions, near the gate of Terra Firma, having a small but most agreeable garden. The immediate environs of Zara being sterile and uninteresting, it is evident that the town took its origin from the port, which was large enough for Roman galleys, and has maintained its title to be the capital from its insular security. The present fortifications are Venetian, of the sixteenth century, by Sammicheli's nephew; and nothing remains of the old defences, where Marino Faliero earned his laurels (1346), but a pentagonal tower ninety feet high, which flanked the old gate of Terra Firma, and, in consequence of an extended horn-work erected beyond it, is now fairly within the town.

The environs being so sterile, I greatly preferred the walk round the fortifications to going out in the dusty roads of the Terra Firma, from the variety of scene not less than the fine gravel walking. To the shade and solitude of the garden succeeds the bustle of the harbour, and a wide view across the territory of Zara. Looking over the inward parapet to the town, one sees the narrow streets crowded with people; and in a retired nook, a façade of a Roman temple, almost perfect, which is the entrance to the barracks. As we proceed onward, about the hour of two P.M., we meet half the town taking a

constitutional walk before dinner; at the further end of the oval or egg-formed town, we find stone benches; and having left the view of the harbour behind us, we seat ourselves, and look along the sound, bordered by the mainland and the islands, with a narrow rim of villas and gardens at their feet. Returning by the other side of the town, the promenader has a view of the sound that runs to the southwards, the placid waters of which are a mirror to the sun; but the reflection of its rays on the parapet being rather inconvenient, I retrace my steps by the shady side of the rampart; or, descending one of the staircases to the level of the town, find my way to the Three Moors' Heads, through the narrowest and darkest lanes I can find.¹

What a contrast between the eastern and the western shores of the Adriatic, which are separated by so short a distance, that on a clear day the peak of Gran Sasso d'Italia, the highest of the Apennines, may be seen from some of the out-lying islands of Dalmatia! On the other side, no ports of any consequence, except Ancona and Brindisi; on this side the ports are innumerable. Yonder, few or no islands; here, a whole archipelago. The islands of Zara form a distinct group, stretching from Sebenico to the Gulf of Quarnero, and have the peculiarity of being two parallel ridges of high ground, here and there broken by inlets and passages, but still preserving the character of two chains of mountains, parallel to each other and the coast; the water between the mainland and the first chain of islands being called the Canale di

¹ Although domestic architecture in Zara is Venetian, it is not so easy to define the ecclesiastical style. Both San Grisogono and the Cathedral belong to that style of round architecture which was in vogue in Italy between the Ravennese of the sixth century and the introduction of the pointed style from the north of the Alps; and if I might be allowed to coin an expression, I would call it *Barbaric Romanesque*, a style of which our own Saxon is the rudest translation, and the Cathedral of Pisa the highest and most beautiful form, and of which the round early Lombard, with its clerestory and wheel-of-fortune windows, is only a variety.

Zara, and the sound intervening between the two parallel chains of islands being called the Canale di Mezzo.

One festival-day I went with a large party of friends on a trip to Ugliano, the island opposite Zara, and filled up the interval to dinner-time with sauntering about the fields and conversing with the people. It is impossible not to be sensible of the enormous difference which the insular security during the Turkish wars has made. If I had not heard the sounds of the same language, I should have thought them a different people. All the fields are fenced; and venerable trees, at pleasant spots, cast their wide and welcome shades to invite a moment of repose. The islander is provident, from a hereditary consciousness that all he saves he can keep. The Morlack, driven to desperation in the Turkish wars, knew not what an hour might bring forth. For more than two centuries subject to rapine and injustice, he begot habits of disorder that have never been eradicated. "To-day let us eat, drink, and be merry; for to-morrow we die," is a sentiment that has survived the wars a century and a half.

The fishing of tunny and anchovies is a great resource to the islanders of the Sound; and a very curious lawsuit was at that time pending before the tribunals, which was the topic of much conversation. A great shoal of tunny, worth 400*l.*, was discovered by the fishermen of Cale, pursued into the Creek of Sestrugn, and there enclosed and taken; on which the commune of Sestrugn claimed a large portion of the haul as belonging to their territory. The fishermen of Cale said, "No; the shoal was discovered on the open Adriatic, and pursued into your bay and taken with our nets, otherwise nothing at all would have been captured." The case being unforeseen by the civil code, and no precedents having occurred in the present generation, great curiosity hung on the result; but how it ended I have not heard.

One of the villas had been lent to our party for the pic-nic; and after a most social day, we re-embarked. There being no moon, it was quite dark; but the water

being smooth, and our party being about a dozen in number, one chorus after another kept time to the splash of the oars, until we again landed at the boat-jetty of the gate of Terra Firma.

Count Borelli having given me a hospitable invitation to accompany him for a few days to his estates, I had an opportunity of seeing something of country life in the Contado of Zara, and of visiting one of the most celebrated castles of Dalmatia, in the vicinity of which an old Turkish caravanserai and mosque have been changed into his country residence. We made two easy stages of it; first, to a villa a few hours off, and next day to the castle. The route to the first lay along the shore of the sound of Zara going southwards; the water on our right as smooth as if it formed part of an Italian lake, and fenced in from the outer Adriatic by the double chain of islands. The first village we passed on our left, a quarter of an hour from the gate of Terra Firma, is not Dalmatian but Albanian, and is called Borgo Erizzo. At the beginning of the last century, Vincenzo Zmajevich, who had been formerly Catholic Archbishop of Antivari, received a colony of Catholic Albanians who were flying from Moslem rule; and at his instance Nicolo Erizzo, proveditor-general, established them here in 1726, where they have a few kitchen-gardens that help to supply the town. Their houses are just constructed as those in Albania; they still speak the Albanian language; and although within a short walk of Zara, which is as neat a little capital as any in Europe, they preserve to this day the filth and barbarism of the mother province.

For some distance after leaving Zara, the Terra Firma on our left was barren; but as we advanced, the downs were gradually covered with that luxuriance of shrubbery which I had seen at Curzola; the villages were thickly scattered on both shores of the Sound; and the further we removed from the capital, the more smiling and cheerful became the prospect. The Terra Firma which we traversed sloped gradually from the waters; but the

chain of islands preserved the character of a range of high hills, with a very narrow base between their ribs and the waters of the Sound. On our left were occasional remains of Trajan's aqueduct, from the Kerka to Zara; and so superhuman did a chain of arches fifty miles in length appear to the early Croat invaders, that they called it the Vilenska Zeed, or Wall of the Vilas,—the elves or spirits of old Slaavic mythology,—which name it retains to this day.

As the shades of evening approached, the scene grew softer and softer. The western sun had sunk behind the islands, leaving a luminous halo on the ridges of the hills of Pasman, which vaguely reflected itself on the tranquil Sound. All was gentleness and beauty; even the waters of the Sound rose and fell in a low measured cadence, that soothingly harmonised with the tone of the scene.

As we came in sight of San Filippo, the coachman could scarcely restrain his horses; and seven was striking on the village-clock as I gave my hand to the Countess, and we entered a summer villa facing the Sound, which, with its white painted columns and green blinds, looked so very smart, as to put the other houses of the village sadly out of countenance. There were no pleasure-grounds, properly so called; but all within doors shewed freshness, nicety, and comfort, as far as it is understood in an Italian climate. The only object being, apparently, a good position projecting on the Sound (a Roman traditionary custom, and not a bad one), when we got up stairs, the view from the window of the drawing-room, opening like three sides of a lantern, up and down the Sound, was better than any that could have been found in the seclusion of a park; and when we returned from supper, we stood at the windows amusing ourselves with the tunny boats moving slowly along, the seductive torches glaring in the blackness of night, and the dark figure of the harpooner with his trident uplifted ready to strike the deluded fish.

The carriage was left at San Filippo; and next day we started for Vrana in a jaunting-car drawn by three

strong horses; for we now left the Sound behind us, and by a rough country road crossed over inland. The good soil extended a very short way from the shore; and here. I saw some tender olive-twigs growing from their trunks, which had been cut off a couple of feet from the ground. It appears that, some years before, certain *mal viventi*, or outlawed Morlacks, had demanded twenty dollars of the cultivator; and being refused, had cut down his olives. This is by no means a rare occurrence; and notwithstanding some good traits in the character of the Morlack, his vindictiveness and disposition to agrarian outrage bear too unhappy a resemblance to what we daily read of in Ireland. After mounting a moderate acclivity, we crossed a low broad bridge of barren stony land; then descending again, saw the Lake of Vrana; and six or eight miles off, at the other end of the waters, the ruined castle and modern residence, forming a few yellow specks in the wide expanse of green grass and blue lake; in fact, the scene looked more like a new polder in old Zealand, or on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, than a scene in Dalmatia. It was of the richest land imaginable, but in want of drainage; the snowy-white plumes of the heron glistened in the long green grass, and the fowler or falconer had endless sport; but it was lamentable to see such a valuable soil lost for want of capital to drain it. The property was, altogether, fifty-eight miles in circumference, and was granted to the ancestors of the Count for services rendered to the Venetian government; but the shallow lake covering such an extent of ground, the net revenue was under 1000*l.* sterling a year; or, taking the proportion of the value of commodities, not more than 2000*l.* a year in England. The worst of the matter was, that through some error of taking the levels, a canal cut to the Sound, with a view of draining off the water, was, through this blunder, rendered the means of letting in a larger quantity of salt water. It is evident that, in such a case as this, by shutting the canal next the lake, and treating it as a Dutch polder, a single powerful steam-

engine would soon empty it, and decuple the income of the estate.

After making a wide detour by the lake, we approached Vrana; and on a gentle eminence was the old extensive castle, which had been blown up, masses of cohering wall six or eight feet thick being tumbled down into the fosse; and at a short distance below it, the modern residence, a large straggling building surrounded with trees and outhouses. The jaunting-car was driven into the courtyard through a pointed archway; and on looking around, it was evident that the edifice had been originally either a khan or a convent of Derviches, built by Moslem piety; and some disproportionate large stones in the wall shewed that the masons must have appropriated the fragments of some Roman edifice to their purpose. The mosque itself was in ruins; but side-cells of the cloister, whether used by Derviches or travellers, had become the household offices; and in the midst of the court was an abundant fountain of water, now long divorced from the ablutions of prayer. Opposite the archway by which we entered was an iron gate; and beyond it, the garden, in deep shady luxuriance, which, with the well-constructed but now dilapidated arcades, had a strange sequestered quaintness, that, if depicted by the masterhand that threw off Tully Veolen, would have made a striking opening to a romance of Dalmatian life.

Ascending the staircase, I perceived the windows to be more modern, with stone flags placed across from one side to the other, and with horizontal loop-holes, so as to allow the parties within to defend the house with musketry in case of need; for in the last century a Turkish visit was by no means an impossible event. The hall on the first floor had good but old-fashioned Venetian furniture; and prominent on the wall was a framed and printed copy of the grant for services rendered to the Republic, and beside it a bird's-eye survey of the property, with the inscription, "Pianta ossia disegno delle pertinenze di Urana, ricercate e concesse in fevdo

nobile e gentil col titolo di Conte al fidel Francesco Borelli," &c.

The Count shewed me to my apartment, telling me that it had the reputation of being haunted by hobgoblins, and that there was not a Morlack in Vrana who would pass a night there, as the devil had appeared several times in a red dress; but that the King of Saxony had, a short time before, occupied it, on a visit to Vrana, and had been in no way troubled. I looked round the haunted chamber, but could perceive nothing peculiar; no arras trembled, no painted portrait stepped out of its frame or altered its expression of countenance; but looking about, I perceived a dark cabinet between the walls of the front and back rooms, which opened with a door disguised as that of a cupboard; and, examining it more closely, I perceived at once that it was the hiding-hole without which no Oriental house is constructed. I was amused with observing that its original designation was unknown to the Count, some generations of piping peace having brought it into oblivion and desuetude; and I have no doubt that some true tale of hiding was the origin of the fable of the haunting.

Our party consisted of, besides the Count and Countess, a clergyman of the neighbourhood, in the dress of the old school, with cocked-hat, knee-breeches and buckles; and the chief civil engineer, on a tour of inspection of roads and bridges,—a remarkably intelligent man, who had been an officer of the line in his younger days, and fought at Leipsic; but having a turn for mathematics, had shewn great activity in the Vellibitch road, and became the engineer of the circle of Zara. We conversed of railways and many other things; and it is evident that there is no chance of Dalmatia having them for years to come, from the thin population, the enormous fissures and cracks to be bridged, and the rivalry of the sea in cheapness, the kingdom being so long and narrow. The Count, whose favourite study was political economy, was well acquainted, not only with the modern authors on

that science, but with the original Neapolitan school of the seventeenth century. The Countess was a most accomplished person, with a voice and style such as many a prima donna would envy; and the delightful freemasonry that exists among musical dilettanti, when their lines do not jostle, gave a charming variety to the conversation. But most of all we delighted to dwell on the great and beautiful literature of old Italy; Dante and Petrarca; and the rousing thunder or Lydian measures in which the overture of modern song was composed. Even their prose writers demanded our admiration. Annibale Caro, the prince of letter-writers; Giorgio Vasari, the Boswell of art, whose book we read with such avidity, although apt to laugh at the author; and so on through the long list to Cesare Cantu, whose Universal History I see adopted as a standard in every good library in Dalmatia.

Next day, the engineer having started for Bencovatz at daybreak, we devoted the forenoon to excursions. Westwards were the meadows, sloping down the lake; but in the opposite direction was a narrow valley, shut in by rocks, through which came the stream that watered Vrana, and thither we ascended in the morning, just before the heat of the day began. After a pleasant walk, we came to the end of the valley, where we found a tunnel cut in the rock, through which the stream entered the open ground; and on our flanking the hill above it, we saw a sloping fissure, twenty or thirty feet wide, down which we scrambled to a large natural hall, at one side of which clear river-water issued from a dark opening into a large trough of rock below, and then passed through the tunnel into the open valley. From the heat and light of day, we suddenly found ourselves in coolness and gloom; the sunlight glistened from above through the shrubs that surrounded the fissure, and was reflected downwards to the dark green creeping plants that, in graceful festoons, overhung the sombre crystal pool. A graceful recumbent water-nymph, with features obliterated by Turkish violence, or the irresistible hand of time and

humidity, was cut out of the rock; and, coupled with the fact of the large stones in the mansion, made me more than ever think that a Roman city must have existed in the neighbourhood: a point, however, which my restriction to the middle-age and modern relations of Dalmatia, prevented me from investigating. Close to the nymph was a high-sterned Venetian galley rudely engraven, with the date 19. Marzo, 1477; recording, no doubt, the visit of the crew of some argosy, before the valley had received its Turkish masters; nay, more than one of the party might, in his younger years, have seen in the Hippodrome the last occupant of the throne of Constantine.

Next day we visited a village. A good part of the marshy meadow had been trenched all round; it then formed a square enclosed space, and not only kept the dwellings dry, but was a certain defence against intrusion of any sort. The houses and the peasantry were just what I had seen elsewhere. The Count was an improving landlord, as far as the ground already cleared; but he told me the same tale of the obstinate resistance of the Morlack to lay aside his slovenly improvident habits, his readiness to revenge, and his slowness to adopt the most palpable improvements in agriculture. We then saw a young almond-plantation, on drier ground, the tree of which, with the dense small bright green foliage, is one of the pleasantest to the eye; and the quality of the Zara almond is said to be equal to any in the Mediterranean. The route by which I returned to Zara being the same as that by which I had come, offered no fresh cause for observation.

I see, that Count Borelli has been named by the Emperor (1860) consulting member of the enlarged Council of the Empire for Dalmatia. A more enlightened political economist is not to be found in the whole Kingdom of Dalmatia.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOCIETY OF ZARA AND ITS REVOLUTIONS.

I paid a visit to the Governor, to thank him for the handsome reception and instructive information which his letters had procured me; and shortly afterwards I received an invitation to dine with him and his amiable lady at the vice-regal palace, formerly the residence of the Proveditor-General. It is a very large and extremely inelegant edifice, but in the best situation in the town. On one side is a small open space, with an antique column of the same size as at the Piazza delle Erbe, and on the other side is the public garden, crowned with a mount and Belvedere, in which the cactus and laurel rise from verdant turf, and where we have what is nowhere else visible in Zara, that subdued beauty which we may call *amenity*. The guard, belonging to a Hungarian regiment, with white coats and sky-blue pantaloons, were at the entrance to the palace (which formed a quadrangle, one half devoted to the Chancery, the other to the residence of the Governor); and after getting through several ante-rooms of extensive dimensions, with inlaid wooden floors, but with very little furniture, I was ushered into the drawing-room of his Excellency, fitted up in modern style.

The Governor of Dalmatia, Feld-Marechal Lieutenant Turrsky, was a frank, fiery old soldier, who had made his first acquaintance with these provinces in the stirring times that preceded the general peace, and asked me particularly after the fate and fortunes of sundry English officers he had known at Lissa. I had sometimes heard the choice of a military man for a governor of Dalmatia criticised, as if a civilian were preferable; but, as far as I have been able to see, without justice. The example of England in her colonies shews that military men are well suited for the government of exceptional countries; since the command of an army or a regiment is one of the best schools for the acquisition of that practical acquaintance

with human nature which is the most important part of all government. For the technicalities of law a lawyer is indispensable; for the details of finance a man of cyphers; but for a general view of the whole of the administration of a province composed of an unruly population, lying close to the most unruly province of the Ottoman empire, an experienced military man is certainly one of the best choices.

The state apartments, which adjoin this modern drawing-room, are large. The grand Consiglio has no Doges, but portraits of the Emperors Francis and Ferdinand in their coronation-ropes; a long table covered with a green cloth occupied the centre. "Here," said the Governor, "the weal and woe of Dalmatia are deliberated upon." The Council consists of eight individuals, one of whom is Baron Ghetaldi, a great grand-nephew of the renowned Marino Ghetaldi; and when I subsequently made his acquaintance, I did not scruple to tell him the pleasure it gave me to find the representative of so great a genius, after the lapse of two centuries, sitting in the high places of Illyricum. As the conversation grew animated, I found in the Governor, what I had often remarked in successful men, a variety of talents and experiences; and, what I least expected in an old soldier, a great taste for middle-age history, one of the results of which he shewed me after dinner. This was a collection of manuscript volumes containing—as far as the library of Vienna could afford the materials—the ancestors, male and female, of the House of Austria; the labour, with its comments, of several years' leisure. Being traced through females and males, the variety of blood was truly curious. To say nothing of the Henri Quatres and Charles the Fifths, there were the Mary Stuarts, the Lucrezia Borgias, and the Catherine de Medicis; and then their ancestors again, Hamiltons, Anguses, Lennoxes, Atholes, Estes, Scaligeri, Viscontis, and Gonzagas.

We sat down to dinner at two o'clock, and dispersed after coffee at five, thus leaving the evening clear for

promenade, visits, or the theatre. Each nation in Zara preserves its peculiar customs; the Germans shewing attention to a stranger by these mid-day dinners, the natives by small conversazioni and musical parties.

Zara being a place of legal appeals and political business, there is less of art and literature than at Spalato and Ragusa; but the mixture of both renders it quite as interesting to a traveller who occupies himself with the modern relations. At the head of the first was Chief Justice Borghetti, a profound jurist, and a man of a remarkable range of information in politics and general literature; who lived in a singularly constructed house, a Venetian palace of Palladian architecture, but in a shabby street, little more than six or eight feet wide, and consequently dark, with the fine façade perfectly useless. He informed me that he had lately seen a manuscript copy of the laws of Stephen Dushan, the Servian Emperor, in the hands of a Dalmatian peasant,—a great bibliographic curiosity. The appeals of all Dalmatia being carried to Zara, the limbs of the law are rather numerous in proportion to the population, and the principal advocates soon get rich. The pleadings being not *viva voce*, but in writing, the *avvocato* is more an attorney than an advocate, as we understand it.

I find an extract from my private journal as follows: "10th June. To-day went by appointment to Count Begna, who was to take me to the great advocate." Count Begna belongs to one of the few surviving Hungarian families in Dalmatia, but, of course, is completely Italianised; his house, instead of being locked up in a narrow street, is approached through a large garden in the very middle of the town, where so little room is to spare; and the trees and statues seen through the iron grated door have a pleasant but most unusual effect on the passengers. The lawyer lives not far off, and every thing wore the air of prosperous business, clerks writing, clients waiting turn, &c. After the first generalities, the *Legale* expressed great alarm at any prospect of changing the appeal court

to Trieste, or the capital to Spalato, and the arguments pro and con were briefly discussed. Spalato is the natural capital of Dalmatia, from its being more in the middle of the kingdom, from having a good port, and from being at the termination of the great commercial road into Bosnia; and lastly, from the general amenity of the environs. On the other hand, the Zaratines assert, that the value of house-property in this town would experience a great depreciation from the change, and the handsome new houses recently built would prove ruinous speculations; that if it is not in the centre of Dalmatia, it is nearer Trieste than Vienna; and lastly, that it is a fortified town, and secured from immediate danger. Having surrendered to the Allies in 1813, the fortress of Zara was held in light esteem in Vienna, and an order was made for spending no more money on the works; but an engineer officer, named Shilling, was of a different opinion, and agitated the subject so much and so frequently, that he was found troublesome, and told he would be pensioned if he persevered in the matter. The pertinacious officer said nothing, but continuing his studies in private, at length fell upon a note from Napoleon to Marmont, placing great stress on Zara; and the case being again taken into consideration, the fortifications are to be kept up. The general opinion of military men is, that it is not easily defensible if attacked by both sea and land; but the fall of Zara has so great a moral effect on the population of the province, as to leave no alternative between total destruction of the fortifications, or rendering them of the first efficiency. I had often discussed this matter with the Spalatines; but they obviated this objection by mentioning that Spalato, being situated on a peninsula, could be rendered secure by traversing lines from the Gulf of Salona to the outer Adriatic. In short, there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question.

Slaavic literature is not so much cultivated in Zara as elsewhere in Dalmatia. One literary periodical, the "Zora Dalmatinska," although ably conducted, scarcely vegetates

on this Latin soil. The superior classes have the Italian and German periodicals, and the educated Morlacks are few in number. The editor, one of my most pleasant and useful acquaintances, was Professor of Midwifery in the Lyceum, and a native of Spalato. He lived in the corner house of the Piazza dei Signori, and had espoused a scion of the house of the Cornaro family of Venice. He disapproved of the Bohemian spelling that had been adopted by Gaj and the learned Illyrians in Croatia; and in his Zora he is guided in the spelling by the Ragusans, and by an Illyrian copy of the Gospels, in his own library, in Gothic characters, printed at Venice by Bernardino Spalatino, as the title-page says, in 1495—thus an incunabulum. We used occasionally to spend the evening at the house of a Bohemian officer of the garrison, also of great erudition, who had married a highly informed Milanese lady. But his enthusiastic Slaavism entertained me; for instance, he made out that Slaavic was the original language in which God spoke to the world. In vain I urged that it must have been Arabic, the language of Abraham, as *Adam* must mean “man.” He maintained that it was *Odam*, “Oh, come,” &c.

Zara cannot, like Ragusa, boast of a long line of men of science and literature. The historian Davila (whose book is described by Clarendon to have been Hampden’s favourite study) was for some time military governor of the town. In his biographical memoirs it is said, that after 1620, he, being then in the Venetian military service, went to Zara, taking his wife and children with him. There is extant a letter to his nephew, Pier Antonio Davila, asking him to provide an able tutor for his children, who were at that time under the care of the Archdeacon of the cathedral—“a sufficient man,” said he, “but much occupied with his own clerical functions.” Of the native Zaratine literati none have a European, and only one an Italian, reputation,—Giandomenico Stratico, a writer born in 1732, died 1799. He wrote poetry, criticism, and theology; and was a hot opponent of the French encyclopædism of the eighteenth century. He was, in 1760, at the personal instance of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, made

professor of Greek literature and biblical criticism in the University at Sienna, and rose to be Bishop of Istria.

The amusements in Zara are, the promenade in the public garden, where the band plays on Sundays and holidays. Here the fair sex shew off their finery, and ices and lemonades are discussed. The ordinary public amusement is the theatre; in winter an operatic company, and in summer a comedy. Most of the pieces given during my stay were translations from French vaudevilles; that incomparable school, which, without the pretensions of high comedy or high tragedy, contents itself with holding the mirror up to nature—French nature, to be sure, which is a hot-house or conservatory; but no fault of the mirror, which is fidelity itself. I confess I did not enjoy them here; for only French light comedians understand that business now-a-days; but when a good comedy of Goldoni was played, it invariably proved satisfactory.

The principal manufactory in Zara is that of *maraschino*—the liqueur made from the *marasca*, or black cherry, which is grown mostly in the neighbourhood of *Almissa*, between *Spalato* and *Macarsca*. *Bordeaux* is not more famous for its wines than Zara for its liqueurs, and in the manufacture of them they surpass all other places. I visited these distilleries one day, and found them to have nearly all the same appearance: a low ground-floor, opening on a little back garden; large coppers of the liqueur closely covered, so as to exclude air; the shelves filled with various-coloured *rosolj*; the *Portogallo*, or orange, clear as amber; and the delicious *Garofalo*, or clove, the prince of liqueurs. Spanish wax was boiling in a pot over a brazier, and the corked bottles, being reversed, are dipped in it, and sealed with the name of the firm. The fruit is picked and skinned in June and July. *Drioli* and some of the houses pretend to have secrets for mixing the proportions, which are transmitted to the women of the family from generation to generation; but, in truth, it is like the secret of the protean *Jean Maria Farina*, of *Cologne*, the true secret being the possession of adequate capital and

a current sale. The best maraschino is that of Drioli, Luxardo, and Kreglianovich. The maraschino of the first of these is reckoned by the native Dalmatians as the best of all, but it is dear. Luxardo makes good maraschino, and has a large sale; the maraschino of Kreglianovich is very good in quality, and moderate in price, but not strong enough for the English and Russian taste; for while the Sicilians prefer weak and sweet maraschino, a more powerful liqueur is requisite for the English, Dutch, and Russian. There are, altogether, about a dozen distilleries in the town; and several of the proprietors have made handsome fortunes.

In Spalato we have classical antiquity; in Ragusa, classical Slaavism; in the Highlands, romantic Slaavism; but Zara, having been the seat of the proveditor-general of Dalmatia for four centuries preceding the fall of the republic, became of all the cities of the coast the most thoroughly impregnated with the Venetian element. When Epidaurus and Salona were destroyed, and the middle-age kingdom of Croatia and Dalmatia covered all the country, the Slaavic element remained foreign to Zara, and it invariably preserved its character of Roman Dalmatia. Zara has been under Roman, Constantinopolitan, Crusading-Latin, Hungarian, Venetian, French, and Austrian rule; but the key of Dalmatia was never under Slaavic institutions, although surrounded by them.¹

In the time of the Romans, Jadera, as Zara was called, was the capital of Liburnia, and famed for the vigour and number of its maritime population; a natural consequence of the hydrographical configuration of this part of the Adriatic, scattered amid creeks and bays. And looking over a collection of strange prints from ancient pictures relating to Zara, I found what appeared at first sight to be a steamer laden with oxen; but this was simply a ship

¹ That is to say, unless the aboriginal inhabitants of Dalmatia were Slaavs, which Gaj and many erudite men maintain, in opposition to the theory that the language of the antique Dalmatians was a parent of the modern Albanian.

with paddle-wheels, worked by their performing a perpetual circle on the deck. The remains of antiquity lead us to conclude that it was an elegant provincial capital, with at least one temple of large and elegant proportions, one of the columns being still standing on the Piazza delle Erbe, and the other in the Piazza San Simeone; but the most perfect relic of ancient Jadera is the façade of the present barracks, which, with the exception of one column, is uninjured, and supposed to be the temple of Diana. It is just what one expects in a Roman provincial capital, elegance shewing itself on a small scale; the doorway being in the most florid style of ornament, but all the rest of the façade of the severest simplicity.

On the fall of the Empire of the West, Zara became a sort of republic, using the Latin language, but under the feeble protection of the Greek emperors; and so late as the year 986, in the reign of the Emperor Basil, we find Majus Prior of Zara styling himself Pro-consul of Dalmatia. The peninsular situation of the town, which has preserved to it a sort of metropolitan pre-eminence from the time of the Romans to our own age, has also rendered it a perpetual object of contest, and the sieges it has sustained have been so numerous as almost to confuse the reader in the perusal of Kreglianovich, who is the best authority on the history of Zara. After the fall of the Slaavic kingdom of Croatia and Dalmatia, Coloman, king of Hungary, besieged and took Zara, in 1105, and from that time to 1499, when Zara became definitively Venetian, the struggle between the great republic and the kings of Hungary for its possession was unceasing. The study of the Zaratines was, always to preserve their independence through the reciprocal jealousy of these two nations; but, having pretensions to maritime power themselves, they leant to the Hungarian rather than the Venetian interest, and the stronger the Venetian power became, the more jealous and apprehensive were they of the great republic. The trade of Zara with the Levant was extensive; and, during my stay there, I was shewn the mari-

time and commercial code of the municipality, dating from the twelfth century, the details of which bear evidence of the necessities of the trade having compelled the erection of a tribunal expressly for maritime and commercial matters.

The two most celebrated sieges were those of 1202 and 1346. In the first of these, Dandolo, on his way to the Latin conquest of Constantinople, made himself master of the city for the Venetian republic. The French had, in 1202, arrived in numbers at Venice, to embark on the crusade undertaken by the Venetians, and the latter insisted on beginning with driving the Hungarians from Zara. The French demurred to attacking a Christian king for objects purely Venetian; but the capture of Zara being made a *sine qua non* by Venice, who disposed, or rather held, the whole means of transport, it was agreed to; and, on the 10th of November, 1202, the Zaratines and Hungarians were astonished at beholding the whole sound covered with Venetian galleys, and manned with an imposing array of the flower of the chivalry of Europe. Next day Dandolo broke the chain that stretched across the harbour, and Zara, being invested on all sides, in five days capitulated. The autumn being well advanced, the crusaders resolved to remain there all the winter; but no sooner did the Pope hear of the siege than the thunders of the Vatican were about to be fulminated on those who diverted the armies of Christendom from crusading purposes; when, to mitigate Papal wrath, Dandolo and the Latins, including Montferrat, and Baldwin, earl of Flanders, caused the rebuilding of the cathedral on the site of the dilapidated Roman temple. Such is the origin of the present cathedral. But no sooner was Dandolo well involved in the establishment of the Latin emperors of Constantinople, than the Zaratines again received their virtual independence and nominal subjection to Hungary.

The other celebrated siege of the city was that of 1346, when Marino Faliero made prize of it for the republic in the teeth of a large Hungarian army, who lost

7000 killed on the occasion: but the Zaratines were far from being contented to submit; and one of the most curious coins in the collection of Count Borelli is a silver piece, with seven hydra heads, representing seven rebellions, which the Venetians, in the wantonness of power, wished to substitute for the impress of the old arms of Zara, which were a knight armed *cap-à-pied*.

Zara was in the meridian of its middle-age splendour about the year 1403, when the crown of Hungary was disputed by Sigismund, then king in possession, and Ladislaus, king of Naples, claimant as son of Charles of Durazzo, and supported by a powerful party of Hungarian magnates. He arrived on the 9th of July in the harbour of Zara, with a fleet of ships, with many knights, with abundant provisions, and last, not least, with an apostolic legate to support the temporal with the spiritual power. Two days afterwards, a deputation of Hungarian magnates and bishops entered by the gate of Terra Firma, and, on the 2d of August, in the church of San Grisogono, he was crowned king of Hungary, in presence of two Austrian archdukes, and a concourse of Hungarian, Bosniac, Neapolitan, and Dalmatian nobility. A distribution of titles followed, one of which was Duke of Spalato, to Hervoje, a powerful warrior of the period.

But the royal aspirant was unable to stand his ground in Hungary; and, nothing remaining to him in 1409 but the mere city of Zara, and some other minor places, he sold all his possessions in Dalmatia to Venice for one hundred thousand ducats, and went back to Naples. On the 30th of July, four Venetian proveditors came to take final possession, accompanied by a large body of troops as a garrison. No sooner, however, did the Neapolitan garrison get notice to quit, than they resolved to kill the goose to get at the golden eggs at once; and commencing a general sack of the city, accompanied with bloodshed, on the approach of the four proveditors, seized the principal inhabitants and took them on board their own Neapolitan galleys, expecting to extract further sums as

their ransom. But the Venetians, who had now arrived, threatened to sink every galley if the prisoners were not set on shore; upon which the Neapolitans, being reluctantly obliged to comply, departed for their own coast.

Next day the proveditors, making their public entry into Zara, were received by the citizens and the confraternities bearing their banners, the procession headed by the Archbishop; and in memory of the occasion, the 31st of July ever afterwards was a festival, accompanied by the strange license, that on that day, and for a week previously, no debtor could be arrested, and those in hiding were allowed the liberty of the town without molestation. This matter settled, twelve citizens of Zara were deputed to go to Venice to offer their homage to the head of the republic, and on the 5th of September they were received by the Doge Steno, in solemn audience, in the hall of the *Maggior Consiglio* of the Ducal Palace. There it was agreed to bury all past animosities, and from being the most obstinately opposed to Venice, Zara became, in course of time, in the expression of their own addresses, most attached (*attaccatissima*) to the great republic.

Zara then became a flourishing commercial city until the year 1461, when the *Terra Firma* being overrun by the Turks, and the country laid waste with fire and sword, the olives were cut down and the villages abandoned in the course of the eleven incursions successively made by them. Despair and apprehension succeeded, and from 1521 it almost appeared that the settlement of the Turks in Dalmatia was to be perpetual; but the capture of Zara, often attempted by them, was never achieved.

A few extracts from the chronicles of the period shew what Zara was in the sixteenth century. Giambattista Giustiniano, on a tour of inspection through Dalmatia in 1552, writes thus:

“The circuit of Zara is a mile and a quarter, and the position of the town is naturally very strong, being on three sides surrounded by the sea, so as to be almost impregnable. At the mouth of the harbour a boom runs

across two thirds of it, and the other third is secured by a chain, which is guarded night and day, and opened and shut as occasion requires. The population is most devoted to the interests of the (Venetian) Signoria, and the noble families are seventeen in number (the names follow, only one of which, Gliubavatz, is Slaavic). These nobles live most cordially together, and form a council of seventy persons (sic), who live, speak, and dress in the Italian manner, which probably comes from the frequenting of strangers, Venetian nobles, proveditors, captains, *sopracomiti*, and others. The people all speak the *lingua Franca*, but have Slaavic usages; they do not sit in the Council of Nobles, but have a chapter in which they discuss their interests, and this has some revenue; but most of them live by traffic and manual occupations. The population of the town is 6536 souls, of which 1389 are militia, for defensive purposes."

Nothing could exceed the anxiety of the Zaratines during the great naval struggle between the Venetians and the Turks in 1571, when the fleet destined to conquer at Lepanto put in at Zara on its way from Venice thither. In the *Rammentatore* of the ingenious Ferrari Cupilli, are the following extracts from the journals of eye-witnesses:

"Giralomo Zane, Captain-General of the Venetian armada, arrived at Zara on the 13th April, and remained to the 12th June; but being unable to maintain so many people, he started for Corfu, Zara having suffered so severely; for the Turks were making continual incursions in the Contado, carrying off cattle, cutting down corn, and destroying and burning; so that people scarce dared to go out of the town without running the risk of an ambushade. The cavalry often made sorties from the town, accompanied by sufficient infantry, but difficulty of subsistence always compelled them to return. It is true that bread, biscuit, and other provisions came in large quantity from Apulia, the March (of Ancona), and Venice; but from the town being crammed full of people, and the

insufficient nourishment, an epidemic disease broke out, and, on the 12th June, Zane and his seventy galleys set off for Corfu, where he arrived on the 21st."

The renowned battle of Lepanto took place on the 7th October following, Pietro Bortolazzi, who commanded the Zara galleys, having nobly distinguished himself; but bravest of all the Dalmatian galleys were the seven of Trau, which lost the greater part of their crew in the thickest of the fight. The most intense anxiety prevailed as to the result of the war. Dalmatia having suffered more severely than any other country, the Adriatic was infested with Barbary and Turkish pirates; and the towns of the coast were full of families, who, instead of lands broad and wide, possessed mere parchment titles. Every city had done its utmost to fit out galleys, and every sail looming in the southern sound was an event to bring the whole town in a buzz of speculation to the landing-place.

At length, on the 16th, several large galleys were descried from the Torre di Bovo d'Antona; as they approached Zara, the walls were covered with anxious groups; and on the joyful news being at length authenticated, the joy was inexpressible; it seemed the turning of the terrible tide,—the first symptom of the receding of the waters of an overwhelming deluge; the inhabitants embraced each other with tears of joy in the open streets, and the roar of 109 pieces of artillery kept time to the ding-dong of every bell in the town. During the three days, processions and diversions took place, and the victory was commemorated by the inscription on the Porta San Grisogono which we have already alluded to.

The reader already knows how the new and the newest acquisitions were added to Dalmatia. The treaty of Passarovitz, in 1718, having at length freed the land from Turkish rule, the Proveditor-General was henceforth more a man of pomp and pleasure than a stout warrior; he usually belonged to one of the first families of Venice, and the proveditorship, which lasted three years, was

generally considered a resource for those grandees who needed to recruit their domestic finances. The forms of a Vice-Ducal Court were kept up, and he lived in much splendour, sitting on a throne in both church and palace. The income of the three years was from 80,000 to 100,000 gold zechins, and the half was usually considered sufficient for his expenses.

Zara being his residence as long as the republic lasted, the vicinity to Venice, and the foreigners who from time to time settled in it, made it a sort of suburb of the capital, and gave it a polish of manners and a taste for the arts which might be placed beside that of Ragusa; but the extreme jealousy of the Venetian government, which prevented conversation on political affairs, or the agitation of plans for the amelioration of the people, was not equally favourable to the intellectual development of the Zaratines. There was considerable elegance in private life and in domestic architecture, the Palazzo Fenzi and some others being worthy of the environs of the Rialto; but the framework of society had all that superfluity of the privileged classes, which was a characteristic of the 18th century. This crowd of *far niente* priests and nobles did absolutely nothing for the education and the elevation of the people; not from jealousy or design, but simply from that love of ease and pleasure which marked the last century all over Europe. In the midst of their gaities, the French Revolution and the invasion of Venice came like a clap of thunder on the Zaratines, and opened up an entirely new phase in the history of the town.

Andrea Querini, the last of the proveditors, having invited Austria to occupy Dalmatia, Zara was garrisoned by the Imperialists from 1797 to 1806; when, by virtue of the stipulations of the treaty of Presburg, it became a French fortress, and, from various causes, experienced a decline of prosperity. The abolition of the law of entail was probably no disadvantage to Dalmatia at large, but the principal properties were then divided, and the aris-

ocracy fell into decay. This was called the *svincolo*, or unbinding, and the properties being once dispersed, the aristocracy has never recovered its former position. Zara had no longer its *Proveditor* or Governor-General. Marmont's headquarters being generally at Spalato, clearly a better and more advantageous position for Dalmatia in general, but not to the profit of Zara; and last, not least, the continental system of Napoleon was a great disadvantage, for if trade was not prevented altogether, it was attended with all the evils and inconveniences of contrabandism.

At length the eventful year 1813 arrived. Napoleon, unwisely rejecting the terms of mediation proposed by Austria, went to Leipsic to be ruined, and an Austrian force of Croats descending from the *Velibitch*, laid siege to Zara by land, while two English frigates blockaded it by sea; and landing some artillery taken from Fort Nicolo of Sebenico, threw up batteries on the side of Terra Firma. This, Cattalinich asserts, is the only occasion on which British troops operated on the mainland of Dalmatia. In spite of the natural strength of Zara, the gallantry of the besiegers and the discontents of the garrison (principally composed also of Croats) brought about a capitulation; and the cause of Napoleon verging on the desperate, the other places on the coast quickly surrendered. The solitary tower of the *Narenta* was, as we have already said, the last place that submitted to Austria.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CROAT MILITARY FRONTIER.

My original intention was to have confined myself to the Austrian ports on the Adriatic, and to have embarked by the steamer from Zara to the islands of the gulf of Quar-

nero, and thence to Fiume; but in Zara I was advised that the land journey would enable me, with a moderate additional sacrifice of time, to see the Highlands of Croatia, one of the most romantic regions in Europe, and entirely unknown to most readers. The Governor of Dalmatia, on my making known my intention, with spontaneous kindness offered me letters to the officers of the districts I was about to visit, which is entirely in the military frontier. He had been, in his younger days, a colonel of the Ogulin regiment, and still took a strong personal interest in the welfare of the land and the people.

As the region in question is elevated, it was not advisable to attempt the journey before the month of June. May was ending in a glow of heat; and an aide-de-camp of the Governor and an officer of the garrison having got a few days' leave of absence, we made up a pleasant party to Gospich, the nearest regimental district on the other side of the Vellibitch.

On the 24th of May, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I went to the palace, and took leave of the kind circle from which I had received so many attentions. The diligence having called for us, we rattled out of the Porta di Terra Firma, and found ourselves on the high-road to Obrovazzo, the ground quite parched up with the premature heats, and even the dust preferable to closed windows.

This was the same road as that by which I had first come to Zara; we arrived in time for a late supper at Obrovazzo; and shortly after re-entering the carriage, I fell asleep, awoke in the morning as the horses were dragging the carriage up the last zigzags of this wonderful road, and soon found myself at that very pillar where, six months before, I had made my first acquaintance with Dalmatia. Seldom had six months of my life passed so instructively and amusingly; and if I have not succeeded in infusing into the reader an interest in its peculiarities, the shortcoming lies with the writer, and certainly not with the land that he visited.

Here, when I passed in winter, I saw nothing but snow and icicles, and welcomed Dalmatia, with its mild southern air, in the gloomy month of November; now, equally pleasing were my sensations on leaving the atmosphere of the fig, the olive, and the bare, parched rocks, and finding myself in the land of wide-spreading forests and open brakes of firm verdant turf, sloping down to the plains of Licca, on which the early dew glistened in the rising sun.

While the horses were changing, we went into the post-house; and, entering into conversation with the post-master, he gave us a sad account of the condition of the plains of Licca, to which we were now descending; the crops of the previous year having failed, they had consumed in many places even their seed-corn and potatoes. The post-house and village being a few yards to the east of the pillar, is, consequently, in Croatia, and not in Dalmatia; the language of the people is still Illyrian, the very same language I heard through all Dalmatia, in Servia, in Bulgaria, and on the heights of Montenegro; but the varnish of civilisation here ceased to be Italian, and here I heard the first German again. While we were chatting, I perceived a carbine hanging from the wall which had not an Austrian cut, and looking closer, found it to be a memento of the French empire, being marked, "Manufacture Impériale de Charleville."

How different might the destinies of the French nation and language have been, had Napoleon, instead of burying a million of men in Spain and Russia, turned his power to the basins of the Save and the Danube! Lower Bosnia, Slavonia, the Banat, and Servia, communicating with the ex-territories of Venice through Croatia, might have received a horde of military settlers, that would have given a French impress to Illyria. By offering temptations to Austria in some other quarter, the thing could have been done by force or fraud more easily than a conquest of Spain or Russia. It must often have rolled through the brain of this wholesale kingdom-monger. Fortunately for

humanity, affairs took another turn; for had there been in him a will to it, doubtless there would have been a way. The holding of provinces so inconveniently situated for France as those on the other side of the Adriatic, and the number of Croatians sent to France to receive a French military education, and some of whom I met in these provinces, seemed to indicate that, if the military power of Russia had been broken (for every body knew that conquest with a view to occupation was impossible), the basin of the Save would in all probability have been the next sphere of his boundless ambition.

The pillar at the pass being about 3400 feet English above the gulf of Morlackia which laves the feet of the mountain, and the plain of Licca, to which I was now descending inland, being 1700 feet above the level of the sea, the descent was about the half of the previous ascent from Dalmatia. As we rolled downwards, the verdant North, smiling in her summer attire, welcomed us with all the attractions of her own style of beauty. I no longer recognised the Croatia of November; the birds whistled their softest notes; the air was fragrant with the mountain flora, and mild with the early summer; the bee buzzed in the open sunshine; the sound of unseen rushing waters echoed through the deep shades; and a few patches of snow, seen in the rocky recesses of the Vellibitch, and caught at glimpses from the open parts of the road, were all that remained of grim winter. The night and morning seemed a week; so totally different in character is the Dalmatian from the Croatian side of the Vellibitch.

Croatia has been, as a kingdom, associated with Hungary since 1190; and the provincial or constitutional part of it, which lies to the northward, is divided into counties, and sends members to the Diet; but this division I am now entering upon, intervening between the north-west corner of Turkey in Europe and the Adriatic, is governed by a military administration which took its origin in the wars of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and, developed as an offensive and defensive system during

the long struggles with the Porte, subsists to this day. There is no landed aristocracy in the country; the King of Hungary is the only landlord; the peasantry pay no rent, and scarcely any taxes, but in lieu thereof maintain a military force in proportion to each family. A house with three sons furnishes a soldier; five sons, two soldiers; and so on; nourished by the family, but receiving uniform, arms, and accoutrements from the government. The active service is from twenty to twenty-three years of age; they are then enrolled in the reserve, and the district is divided geographically into regiments instead of counties; so that it is one vast camp, every soldier being a peasant, and every peasant a soldier.

On arriving at the plain of Licca, the road proceeds parallel with the Vellibitch; but this chain, instead of being on my right, as it had been from Ragusa to Zara, was henceforth on my left, and intervened between me and the Adriatic. The plain itself, being pasture intermingled with plantation, is green and pleasant to the eye; but the soil is poor, and does not furnish provisions enough for the inhabitants. As we passed along, I saw that all the work in the fields was done by people in the ordinary costume of Croatia, which is a sort of cross-breed between the semi-oriental costume of the Dalmatians and that of the Hungarians; but the officers, who, besides drilling the men, are land-bailiffs and book-keepers, wore invariably an undress costume of dark-green faced with yellow. The villages have some resemblance to those of Servia, being formed of straggling houses, the kitchen-gardens and yard all fenced round with high wooden palings, so as to protect whatever stock they have from wolves in winter, which are very daring in this part of the country; but Gospich, the head-quarters of the regiment, at which we arrived in the forenoon, has quite the appearance of a small German town, with a church and pointed spire, and continuous houses forming some streets. None of the houses were in the Italian or Dalmatian style, with doorways flanked with twisted pillars and surmounted

by coats of arms cut in stone; no shining floors of pounded marble and cement; but the inn where we put up had its low-roofed dining-room, its stencilled walls, and its wood floors, in which a corpulent officer was taking a long pull at a foaming glass tankard of beer, and then, having lighted a meerschaum pipe with a portable phosphoric apparatus, resigned himself to the delights of a Dutch elysium.

Colonel Reichenbach, who commanded the Licca regiment, of which Gospich is the head-quarters, was absent at Graszatz that day, to devise the means of getting all the lands sown, and deficiencies supplied from Bosnia; for while Dalmatia and Croatia were afflicted with a failure of corn-crops and the potato rot, Bosnia was blessed with great abundance, and, had it not been for the resources of this fruitful province, their straits must have been much greater. One of the officers did the honours of Gospich, a Bohemian of highly polished manners. The social resources of Gospich were indeed few. The lieutenant, however, had a piano in his rooms, and a library of the German muses and literature. Schiller and Uhland, Beethoven and Weber, filled up the gaps in the diversions of Gospich. I expressed agreeable surprise on seeing the piano. "What!" said he; "could I be a Bohemian, and not have a feeling for song and music?" and, opening the instrument, a pleasant musical excursion succeeded to the conversation on my trip thither. What an accomplished people these Bohemians are! Besides being well acquainted with their own professions, civil or military, your Bohemian has often half-a-dozen other acquirements, which would make him an accomplished man in the west of Europe—thinking at the same time very little of the matter. There are frequent instances of Bohemians knowing three or four languages, and playing four or five instruments, and yet being very far from unusual Bohemians. Altogether, they seem to be one of the ablest races of the Austrian monarchy; a probable result of the mixture of blood, by which the defects of the German and Slaavic character are reciprocally corrected.

Gospich is situated in the midst of the plain of Licca, which is about thirty miles long, and six or eight broad, and takes its name from the river which waters the plain. This river, running through the middle of the town, plunges into a subterranean hollow; and, passing through the dark unfathomed caves of the Vellibitch, re-appears on the other side, near St. George, to flow in tranquillity into the Adriatic; a peculiarity in many of the rivers on this coast, which the Slaavic bards compare to the entrance to the ocean of eternity, through the valley of the shadow of death. Most of the plain is in pasture, with very little corn or other crops; but close to the town is a large forest of oaks, the open glades of which are the favourite promenade of the officers and their families.

On the next Sunday I had an opportunity of seeing the men of Gospich in their uniforms at church. They are a race having the thews and sinews of giants, and the physical courage of heroes; one of the last deaths in the regiment was that of a veteran seven feet high, and eighty-six years of age. They are not only brave, but most affectionate in all their immediate domestic relations. When they are ordered on service, either abroad, or to some other part of the monarchy, it is impossible to form the men in regular marching order, as the whole village, men, women, and children, go with the company a day's journey, and then take leave with loud wails and tears. Their return after an absence offers a contrast equally joyous and violent. Like the Morlack, they are excessively headstrong and difficult to manage; but there being no landlords, and all the land being apportioned to the actual cultivators, there are no agrarian outrages, as in Dalmatia; murders among themselves, however, from revenge, are by no means rare occurrences. The majority are Catholics, but are excessively superstitious; and priestcraft flourishes to an extent that even an enlightened Catholic must disapprove. A circumstance occurred in the course of my tour through Croatia, which seems strange in the nineteenth century. The long drought had created apprehen-

sions of a second failure of crops, and the priest of a church had been strongly solicited to allow a procession for rain; but he refused resolutely, saying that it was a punishment for sins: at length, seeing the barometer fall, he forthwith ordered the procession; and lo, a miracle! although not a cloud was visible at the procession, the sky was overcast on the same day, and down came the rain in torrents; hence processions are as highly esteemed as ever.

After church-service, I met the principal officers at dinner, at the house of the Colonel, who had returned from his tour, and who assured me that the hardest-worked colonel in the line, in time of peace, was an idler compared to what he had been, with the responsibility of a regiment of seventy-six thousand souls in the midst of a severe dearth. He stated that the purely military part of his duty was, from practice, comparatively easy; but, as the whole of the economical government of the regimental district lay upon him, it was a series of struggles and exertions which tasked the body and mind to the utmost strain.

Most of the other officers were native Croats, and had something of the homeliness of the yeoman in their style, in consequence of not having the same advantages in seeing the world as the officers of the line; but they are kind-hearted, honest men, and, possessing the essential qualities of thorough knowledge of their duties, they improve on acquaintance. The officer of the line, who is a bird of passage, is a more attractive companion; but there is no point of local relation on which the officer of the frontier is not generally able to inform the traveller to his heart's content. Instead of the great world, they live in a little world of their own; but that they know perfectly. Being, from their profession, ultra-loyal to the government, and incapable of a subversive act or thought, they discussed with me, during the week I passed in Gospich, the advantages and defects of their system with the greatest freedom; and I propose to give these political results of my tour.

The day of the officer of the frontier begins at four or five o'clock in the morning; and, from one duty to another, he is occupied till mid-day, when he dines; he finishes his business again at six or seven, and in the evening plays whist or tarocco, for small points, till supper-time. Comparatively few of the officers are married, from the obligation to lay in caution-money, as a set-off for a pension, in case of decease; so that a military dandy who lives only for parade, theatres, and society, would find it a monotonous existence; but those who relish agriculture and field-sports, who desire a fixed sphere of usefulness to their fellow-men, and have a thirst for labour (which habit makes as insatiable as any other passion), have ample means of gratifying their wishes in the military frontier.

In the evening the band played on the little green plat between the church and the house of the Colonel, not with the tone of the grand bands of the line, but in a manner to please and satisfy any ear not painfully fastidious. The pieces were either the airs of the last operas of Verdi, or the last waltzes of Strauss; and I was agreeably surprised to have a smack of our own country, in an air from Balfe's *Falstaff*. Just before leaving Vienna to commence my tour, I had been an auditor of the applause with which Mr. Balfe and his operas had been received on the scene of the greatest masters, and was amused by a bull, which almost betrayed a Milesian descent. In the stall behind me sat a gentleman, who, before the overture of *Zigeunerinn* (Bohemian Girl), said to his neighbour: "This is the only Englishman whose music is good; and this Englishman it not an Englishman, but an Irishman."

When the weekly diligence passed, I took advantage of it; and starting at two o'clock in the afternoon, arrived the same evening at Ottochatz, at about ten o'clock, the road being mostly from one plain to another. The inn was newly opened; and I was shewn into a large hall, dimly lighted with a couple of thin tallow candles, which made darkness visible; the table-service was fresh, but

every thing somewhat raw. Next morning, looking out of my window, I saw that Ottochatz was more pleasantly situated than Gospich. Before me stretched an esplanade covered with green turf, in the midst of which is a sort of Tivoli temple for a military band; all around were new regimental offices, as fresh and neat as paint could make them. Mingled with alleys of trees, and encircled at a moderate distance by an amphitheatre of hills, Ottochatz looked like a watering-place in a petty principality of Germany. A few full-grown trees shaded my window, and under them were the peasants of the regiment occupied in the business of market-day; but instead of the semi-Turkish costume of the Dalmatian of Licca, here begins the broad-brimmed peasant's hat of Hungary. In Tyrol, the peaked hat of the sixteenth century has remained in the same shape since the days of Rudolf II. In Swabia, the peasants preserve unchanged to this day the costume of the middle of the eighteenth century, with the cocked hat. The Hungarian peasant's hat, like that of the Quaker, dates from the seventeenth century.

I then went to present my letter to Colonel Mastrowich, who commanded the regiment of Ottochatz; and was shewn into a study with a Turkish divan, windows of stained glass, and all the symptoms of the abode of an *arbiter elegantiarum*. When the Colonel made his appearance, I was surprised to find on so rough a service as this, an officer who, by his distinguished air and manners, at once stamped himself as a man that had lived in courts and the great world; but quite the reverse of frivolous is Colonel Mastrowich. A Dalmatian by birth, he had begun his career as an aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene Beauharnais in Italy; and, endowed with restless activity, had planned and executed all those improvements which had given Ottochatz so advanced an aspect. As he had lived fifteen years in Vienna, I asked him if he did not feel this an exile; but he assured me that there was no life that suited him so well as that of a colonel of a regiment on the frontier, who has a position of great independence,

with heavy duties; but, at the same time, has a power of following all impulse to improvement much greater than that of any colonel, or even general in the line.

Next day being the festival of Corpus Domini, the regiment was on full parade. Five altars were erected on the esplanade, and adorned with pine branches stuck in the ground. The troops presented a fine appearance, and one must have looked very narrowly to distinguish them from those of the line. After the service was a procession round to the several altars; the Colonel with his officers, and then the ladies of the colony, headed by the Frau Oberstinn, or Lady Coloneless, all in their regular order, the wives of the officers in places corresponding to the rank of their husbands; then the reserve battalions in undress, and their females last of all.

Nothing could exceed the kind ingenuity with which the Colonel and his amiable lady sought to render varied and agreeable the few days I passed at Ottochatz. Baron Jellachich, since deceased, was of the party. He was of small stature, with an eye of fire, denoting high intelligence and iron energy; but withal, so frank and modest, as to recall Cardinal de Retz' characteristic of the great Marquis of Montrose, who reminded him of the heroes of antiquity.

Baron Jellachich was born on the 16th Oct., 1801, in the fortress of Peterwordein, and was the son of Field-Marshal Lieutenant Jellachich, who took so affecting a leave of the Illyrian regiments when this part of Croatia was handed over to Napoleon's kingdom of Illyria in 1806, after the battle of Austerlitz. With tears in his eyes, he said, that "he was persuaded that the Almighty reserved better days for Croatia." What would he have said, had he lived to see his son the principal agent in the regeneration of the Illyrian nation; one of the most glorious events in the annals of the east of Europe? Young Jellachich was educated in the Teresianum of Vienna, entered the Austrian army at eighteen years of age, and in 1831, when only a Captain, his talents were made known to

Marshal Radetzky, at the great manœuvres at Verona, when a camp was formed of 60,000 men there. After being for some time adjutant to Count Lilienberg, Governor of Dalmatia, he was, in 1842, made Colonel of the regiment of Glina, to the north-west of Ottochatz; but had soon afterwards a very unpleasant adventure, which made much noise at the time.

The Bosniacs, or, strictly speaking, Turkish Croats, in his neighbourhood, had at various times crossed into the Austrian territory, and committed robbery; but the Aga of the district had given no satisfaction. On the next occasion of insult or depredation, the Baron knowing that a complaint to Vienna, followed by one to Constantinople, and back to Bosnia, would end in smoke, he, on his own responsibility, gave the alarm on the frontier, stormed the village, burnt the Aga's house, and, after many killed on both sides, retired. The Baron admitted to me that this was rather an undiplomatic proceeding; but maintained that it was the only sort of argument those people were capable of appreciating.

Promoted successively to the ranks of major-general and field-marshal lieutenant, and having the military command-in-chief, as well as the civil office of Ban, he was the pillar of the Illyrian party in Hungary during the troubles. But we will say no more on this subject at this part of our narrative.

It is in the terrors caused by the arms of Solyman, and the first siege of Vienna, that we are to look for the organisation of the military frontier, which, so far from being a modern institution, is, in fact, the only feudal one which has survived the unfeudalisation of all Europe. The holding of lands on military tenure is, since the erection of standing armies, a legal fiction: in the regions we have traversed it is not obsolete or fictitious, but a reality. When all Hungary was under Turkish dominion, it was in Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, that the system was established, in 1578, by a statute dated Bruck, and hence called by the well-known name of the Brucker-

Libell; those very provinces in which Charlemagne had placed marquisses margraves, *alias* counts of the march or border, were, seven centuries later, organised by the House of Austria to protect the holy Roman Empire from the last and greatest Asiatic irruption; and the first system was, as nearly as possible, a counterpart of that of the Spahis on the other side of the Turkish frontier.

These corps, when mobilised, rendered the greatest services during the wars that preceded the treaties of Carlovitz and Passarovitz, in the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century; but, although daring in the presence of the enemy, they were very difficult to manage in peace; after the treaty of Carlovitz (1699), when Austria wished to introduce a system of taxation, Count Coronini, the imperial commissioner, was murdered in the church of Licca, and all the civil functionaries fled for a time out of the land; and subsequently Trenck's Pandours were regarded in bravery and barbarous ferocity like the Cossacks of our days: but before the end of the eighteenth century the whole frontier was brought into a state of the greatest discipline and efficiency, equal to that of any troops of the line. The campaign of 1809 handed over this part of the military frontier to Napoleon; but their sympathies were not so easily transferred. With tears in their eyes they took leave of their commander, Marshal Jellachich, the father of the gentleman I have mentioned; and after the Moscow campaign, Croatia was one of the first provinces to return to Austria.

The institution of the military frontier is, Communism excepted, on all hands allowed to be an admirable one, keeping a rude population in an orderly condition, and furnishing the state with excellent soldiers. By signals from hill to hill, the whole population, from Dalmatia to Moldavia, can be alarmed in a few hours, and at each head-quarters an effective force placed at the disposition of the commanding officer.

At the beginning of the system, and for many generations, each farm had its family, which furnished a soldier or soldiers

to the state, according to the number of sons, in lieu of ground-rent and taxation; but in process of generations, the original single family spread out into several branches, of which the patriarch or oldest was the head and ruler, as well as holder of the land; and when the family or cluster of families grew numerous, the patriarch was often a tyrant, or, by some defect in the head or heart, incapable of managing his descendants or collaterals to their satisfaction. These evils grew to such a head, that in the beginning of this century the necessity of a reform was evident; and at length, in the year 1807, the present organisation was adopted; all persons of intelligence having been invited freely to offer their opinions, to propose plans, and to suggest remedies for abuses. Upwards of two hundred persons availed themselves of this privilege; and the result, in which the Archdukes Charles and Louis had the principal part, appears to have given general satisfaction. The main feature of it was, that the steward or manager was elected by the family—involving a change from the patriarchal household to one of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Forty years have now elapsed since the introduction of the new system; but the rose springs from the thorn, and the thorn from the rose; and while the judicial and military administration of the territory is excellent, the social system is totally destructive of harmony. The simple family of the last century, occupying a house and farm, is now often become a community, amounting to twenty, thirty, or forty individuals, the relationship between whom, through the lapse of several generations, is almost nominal. The younger and more active labourers have become further and further removed from each other in relationship and in sympathy; and this has developed all the evils of Communism.

Ninety-nine officers out of a hundred think that Communism ought to be abolished; but the greatest caution ought to be used in dealing carelessly with the other parts of an institution that is of such value to the state

The young soldiers at present work alternately at home and on military service, from twenty to twenty-three years of age; and the communities, from their number, have no difficulty in furnishing soldiers, who are fed by the house, and not by the state; but if the lands were re-divided, a small family would, in many instances, find a difficulty in either sparing him from field-labour, or nourishing him out of the house. A field battalion, raised by conscription, including the whole population of a certain age, to be subsequently embodied in the reserve, would, by general opinion, render the frontier as a military institution much more perfect; but it could not be accomplished in small families without some pay and rations from the state. Here, then, lies the difficulty: the breaking up of Communism, and sub-division into families, would increase the aggregate wealth from the fresh impulse to labour; but in small families, occupying a small piece of ground, it could not be carried out without a supply of money; and whence is the money to come from, without altering the relations of the frontier to the financial department?

In order to give a satisfactory solution, I must draw the reader's attention to the physical geography of the whole military frontier. The highland part of Croatia is, as the reader knows, although picturesque to the eye, poor and unproductive; but following the Turkish frontier eastwards, we get into the valley of the Save, all along which nature has been bountiful of rich soil. As much, and even more, may be said of the Banat; for the sea, which, at a not very remote geological period, covered all Hungary, being drained by the rending of the rocks at the Iron Gates, the Banat of Temesvar is the alluvial sediment of the washings of the upper basin of the Danube. Thus the political uniformity of the military frontier system has produced the greatest inequality in the economical condition of the borderer. The severe cordon service of the dry frontier falls on six Croatian regiments, who are economically less able to bear it than the men of Slavonia

and the Banat, who have the Save and the Danube for a natural cordon.

It is clear, therefore, that a reform ought to create two distinct systems, suited to the physical geography of each district. In the rich regiments, the character of the soldier, although not dispensed with, ought to be subordinate to that of the peasant, who might be allowed a more free scope for his labour, and subject to a moderate extra contribution; while in the mountainous districts an opposite course might be pursued. In short, nature points out in the most unmistakeable manner that the territorial division of labour, which makes the Dalmatian a sailor, demands that the hardy borderer of the poor and unproductive Croatian regiments should be more of a soldier than a peasant, and the industrious German of the Banat more of a peasant than of a soldier.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BACK-WOODS OF CROATIA.

The Vellibitch overlooks the Adriatic; and parallel to it, but farther inland, is another chain, having various designations, which overlooks the valley of the Unna, a river which intersects the north-west corner of Turkey in Europe. Gospich and Ottochatz are situated on plains between these two ranges of mountains; but as all the waters of these places filter their subterraneous way through the Vellibitch, I was, in Ottochatz, still in the basin of the Adriatic; but on the other side of the Plissevatz, as the second or inland parallel chain is called, we find the Unna flowing to the Save, and consequently to the Danube. The highlands I was about to cross had therefore an interest for the most stupid traveller, their ridges being the limit between the basins of the Black and the Adriatic Seas.

Colonel Mastrowich having, with the greatest kindness, requested a lieutenant of the regiment to accompany me to the cordon on the Turkish frontier (from which I could visit Bihacs, a picturesque Turkish town in the valley of the Unna), we started in a car of the country, at once struck eastwards into the mountains, and, rapidly ascending, arrived in three hours at Verovice, where, as there was no inn, we were welcomed by the captain of this district, whom we found in his office in all the intricacies of his duty. He led the way to his house, which was very prettily situated between a range of mountains; most of the houses straggling, and, as in Servia, built of wood, and each with its small yard of agricultural stock, embosomed in trees, and a wooden paling surrounding the whole establishment. The house of an officer in the country (for Verovice is country compared with Ottochatz) is usually of one story, whitewashed outside, the furniture within of walnut-wood, and every thing in a style of military cleanliness and complete absence of superfluity; except the officer be married, and then one sees the little knick-knacks, and the attempt to get up a sort of drawing-room, even in this sequestered part of Europe.

The captain made his appearance with the key of his office dangling from his hand, having closed the labours of the day: he had no society whatever in the place, and to see a brother-officer must ride an hour or two; so he regularly read every word of the Augsburg Gazette; and his conversation reminded me of a remote country clergyman in England or Scotland, somewhat rusty, but tempered with a kindly humour or earnestness, which made its way at once to the heart. As the evening advanced, I found Verovice to be sensibly cooler than Ottochatz, and was fain to sit with my cloak wrapped around me. I was assured that in winter, twelve and fifteen degrees (Reaumur) of cold is usual, from the vicinity of Bosnia, which appears to be the coldest region in Europe of the same latitude. At an early hour the worthy captain shewed me to my room; for we were to start for the lakes by peep of dawn.

A long melancholy cry of a bird echoing through the woods awoke me as the grey uncertain light was penetrating into my little room; and presently in came the captain, with kind inquiries, and the intelligence of a fine day about to dawn: so, after a hasty cup of coffee and a pipe, the lieutenant and myself started in the car for the lakes. Our road was one of rapid winding ascent through a delightful varied country; at a moderate distance on each side were hills covered with pine-forests, interspersed with pasture-lands in the hollows. Although in the month of June, I felt severe cold at this time of the morning; but the sun had scarce risen before the temperature became agreeable. Soon the hills joined together narrower and narrower, until the pasture ceased, and we found ourselves in the deep gloom of a thick forest. We did not meet a living creature; for, except a few wood-cutters' huts, there are no villages in this part of Croatia: but after some hours of ascent and descent, the sound of a saw-mill was heard, and we came upon one with a hamlet beside it, all miserably poor, as there is no good soil here. We then quitted the car, and sent it round by the road towards the Unna, while we, attended by a guide, might walk and boat it across the country. Further on, the forest opened, and we suddenly came upon the principal lake of Plissevatz; and having taken two men with us from the hamlet, we found in a nook two primitive boats or canoes, formed of two sections of the thick trunk of a tree scooped out in the middle, in the bottom of which each of us seated ourselves, and were rowed along to the other end of the lake, a distance of about three miles. The borders of it were abrupt, and entirely wooded down to the very water's edge, and so entirely sequestered, that not a house, a road, or a human being was visible; in short, such complete solitude, as to produce a sensation of pleasing novelty. It was now forenoon, with its warm sunshine, and the waters were so clear, that in some places I could see a bottom of at least five and twenty feet; a dark animal, which I took to be a bear, was seen among

the trees; but on hearing the splash of the oars on the water, immediately absconded into the farther recesses of the thicket. At the other extremity of the lake we landed, and found a slope covered with wild strawberries, through which a river issued from the lake, and continuing for a quarter of an hour, broke abruptly off in a precipice, over which the river dashed in one unbroken sheet to a second lake, round which the hills were riven asunder in all the irregular beauty left by the war of the four elements, when the boundaries of each were undefined, and the long peace of the fair world we live in was as yet unsettled by the hand of Omnipotence.

After a walk of six or eight miles through the woods, continually ascending, and often meeting with forest-trees of great size, we regained the road, and, waiting for the car, now remounted. In the course of the afternoon we arrived at the ridge between the two basins, and soon looked down on the wide valley of the Unna, stretching a breadth of six or eight miles, and marked longitudinally by two distinct lines; to the eastward, the river serpentine through the plain—westwards, and nearer me, the cordon or frontier line, ditched and staked off with high palings, and connected at intervals with lookout houses, so as to form a line as traceable to the eye as the river itself. But a Chinese, placed by enchantment on the spot from which I overlooked the valley, must at once have concluded that two systems diametrically opposite to each other influenced the different sides of the cordon. Here the land was all subdivided and particoloured in fields; on the other side he might see just as much culture as to make the general neglect more visible.

It is truly strange that in some districts of Europe not far from the valley of the Unna, men should be so densely packed together, and here the land should not be utilised to the extent of one-fourth of its fair susceptibilities. Surely the government of the Porte commits a serious error in not encouraging a free emigration from the crowded parts of Europe to the fertile regions of

her vast dominions. The arts and sciences, instead of thinly varnishing the capital, would gradually pervade and strengthen the empire; while the very diversity of nations, with their respective languages and religions, would be the surest guarantee against efforts to endanger her supremacy.

The road wound down between the hills to the level of the plain, both the dwellings and persons of the population shewing an existence under happier material conditions than those of the uplands. A few miles ahead of us was Zavalje, the Austrian station, situated on a plateau that jutted out from the foot of the mountain, where we arrived at four o'clock. It was just as if nature herself had intended it to be a fortified camp; for although level, and large enough to accommodate 50,000 men, it was raised every where forty or fifty feet above the valley; and opposite it, down in an island in the middle of the river, about a couple of miles off, was the Turkish town of Bihać, with its minarets and middle-age fortifications rising out of the surrounding gardens; a position, from the width, natural wealth, and beauty of the valley, worthy of a great and populous capital.

The house of the major to whom our letter was addressed was somewhat in the style of a villa, surrounded by a small park; some former commandant, a generation or two ago, having amused himself by creating a shady grove and walks; and as the whole range of the valley, up and down, for a dozen miles, is seen under the trees, the position is a most agreeable one. A day's journey from here is another park, or wood, but certainly not in the English taste, having been planted by Marshal Loudon in the order of one of his battles—regiments of oaks and pines on perennial parade. Zavalje has no regular fortifications, but a redoubt; and the regiment, in case of need, is alarmed by a rocket, which communicates with a peak of one of the hills above.

The major, a most intelligent officer, then took me to look at the bazaar of exchange, or Rastell, as it is called

—a quarter of a mile off, for the Austrian frontier does not go up to the Unna; and here I found far more mercantile activity than at Metcovich. A large octagonal building, capable of defence, was the dwelling of the various quarantine officers; and we visited the wife of the inspector, a native of Vienna, who sighed for a little more amusement than the Turkish frontier afforded. No strains of Strauss, or humours of Nestroy, to enliven the dulness of a long winter; a walk in the same garden, and a view of the same pretty valley of the Unna, was the *toujours perdrix* of Zavalje. Behind this building was the square courtyard of the lazaretto; and under a roof, or verandah, was the barrier of the bazaar, a few feet high; on the other side of which was a crowd of Moslems, in small white turbans of a Barbary fashion, and quite unlike the ample folds of the Asiatic. They were weighing and exporting grain. The advantage of these bazaars is moral as well as material. Nothing can exceed the fanaticism and hatred of the two populations on the opposite sides of the frontier; and if it were not for the ever-recurring necessity of communication, and of mutual dependence, it would certainly be difficult for the two Governments to restrain them from more frequent collisions.

On our return, we met the other officers of the station; but the excessive fatigue of the day had so overpowered me, that I retired early, and recruited myself by a sound night's sleep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ZENGG THE CAPITAL OF THE USKOKS.

I now prepared to quit the Croatian Highlands, and cross the Vellibitch for the third and last time. The great and fertile valley of the Save and its tributaries communicates with the Adriatic by two roads, the Maria Louisa Strasse, which connects Carlstadt with Fiume; and the

old Josephiner Strasse, which connects inland Croatia with the port of Zengg, or Segna,—the only place of any consequence between Fiume and Zara, which appears to be so little known, that I was unable to find a single book of travels, in any language, on this part of Europe. It was to Zengg, or Segna, that I now proceeded; and having hired a small carriage, I fell into the Josephiner Strasse, at a hamlet called Xutaloqua (pronounced *Zhootaloqua*), about mid-day; rapidly ascended the eastern slope of the Vellibitch, to the head of the pass; and on emerging from the passage of the summit, which was deeply cut in the rock, again found myself overlooking the sea. The road is narrower, and the descent more precipitous, than the one by which I crossed to and from Dalmatia; a wide plain spreads out at the top of the pass; and I said to a man on the road, that I thought this table-land must be delightfully cool in the month of July. "*Glühend heiss*" (glowing hot), said he. Ottochatz is much cooler, although so much lower; here the air comes up from the bare, heated rocks next the sea; down in Ottochatz it is cooled by the masses of forest it passes over. Advancing to the brow of the precipice was a wide view of the Adriatic and Archipelago, similar in character, but different in detail, from the pass of the post-road above Zara. Zengg, at the foot of the hill, was scarcely visible; the space between the sea and the foot of the mountain being so narrow. The islands opposite were Veglia and Cherso, and beyond them, the mountains of Istria; these islands no longer belonging to Dalmatia, but to the gulf of Quarnaro. I have often overlooked verdant plains from bare rocky heights; but it certainly was a novelty, to stand on a table-land, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, where all was verdure and foliage, and look down upon such an expanse of barren islands, which, but for the empurpled robe wherewith distance invested them, would have been far from attractive to the vision.

In consequence of the climate here being moister than at Dalmatia, the forest does not stop at the top of the

mountain, but extends a considerable way down the hill. Half way to Zengg is a fountain of black marble, with an inscription to Francis the First, and the water so cold, although in the month of June, that I could scarcely bear to plunge my hand in the trough. Close to it I perceived a villa and garden; and on inquiry found that it was that of Major Knesich of the Austrian engineers, who has had the direction of the public works in this part of Austria for twenty years. A recent excavation of some garden-ground shewed that a mass of human bones, several yards deep, had been lately exhumed. When the Turks, in the sixteenth century, gradually got possession of all these countries inland, Clissa, above Spalato, was the first place of refuge of the Christian fugitives, called in Illyrian, Uskok; and on Clissa being taken by the Turks, Zengg (Italian, Segna) thenceforth became the stronghold of those resolute spirits who refused to submit to Turkish authority. But liberty grew to license; independence became piracy; those who escaped from the tyranny of the Turks of those days were, in course of time, the tyrants of the Adriatic; and favoured by the Emperor, as a thorn in the side of the Turks, they at length became so troublesome to the Venetians and their trade, as to cause a long and bloody war between the Republic and the Emperor, and Zengg became a robber-republic and a sort of Algiers of the Adriatic. The Turks repeatedly attempted to make themselves master of Zengg; and on this very spot, in 1654, they were totally defeated by the Uskoks, with the loss, as it is pretended, of three thousand slain; hence the assemblage of dead men's bones.

As I descended the last slopes of the mountain, Zengg appeared in sight, and is certainly the most miserable abode on the Adriatic; so that I suspect one must go to the parched rocks of Arabia for a parallel. It is on a narrow slip of land at the foot of the mountain; and the precipitous coast, as far as the eye can reach, north and south, is utterly and painfully sterile. In the middle of the town, on a small irregular public place, the jaunting-

car drew up at the inn, kept by a German; I was shewn to a passable room, adorned with prints of St. George and the Dragon, and the renowned Madame Todi, the great prima donna of the last century; and supper was served to me in a large ball-room, with lights rendering darkness truly visible.

Next morning, I presented my letters to Major Knesich, who had the kindness to shew me the place. We went first to the harbour; and here I again found myself in the peculiar air of a port. Feluccas and their sails were seen in the offing; an Austrian brig-of-war lay at the extremity of the mole that ran out into the sea; barrel-hoops and squeezed lemons floated in the filthy water; and the reflected sun-light trembled on the black pitchy stern of a sloop at the quay. The range of houses, shops, and government-stores, facing the sea, are principally in a commonplace German style; for Zengg, being Croat, never formed a part of Venetian Dalmatia, and is totally devoid of Venetian embellishment. But although almost as dreary as Suez itself, it is a bustling, thriving, prosperous place. What a contrast to Bihacs, with its green pastures, its bounteous soil, fragrant flowers, and sturdy oaks of centuries' growth; but the town itself in ruin and desolation! Zengg, being a free port, furnishes salt and wine to the military frontier, receives in return grain, hides, and staves, and sends at least ten or twelve millions of the latter, principally to Oporto and Marseilles, which thence, after being well soaked with the wines of the Douro and the Rhone, spread over all the world.

In the interior of the town, the only edifice worthy of remark is the ruinous palace of the Dukes of Deux Ponts, who, after the termination of the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, resided here. It ultimately became a royal Hungarian borough, by patent of Matthias Corvinas, in 1480; and in the two succeeding centuries acquired its bad notoriety on the Adriatic; but since the re-conquest of Hungary by Austria in 1784, Zengg has ceased to be of the slightest historical and political importance. It is

now a free community, like Semlin and other trading places in the military frontier; that is to say, under military superior government, but the inhabitants lying under no universal conscription, as in the regimental districts. I was surprised to find no Italian element here among the common people; and a still more curious circumstance is, that the descendants of many Italian and German settlers, although preserving their national names, are unacquainted with either languages, and speak and think only Illyrian. The superior magistrate treats shipping affairs in Italian; judicial in German, as in the military frontier; and civic-economical affairs in Croat.

Zengg is the see of a Bishop, whose diocese includes Fiume and the highlands of Croatia. On being presented by the Major, he engaged us to dine next day. At the appointed hour, the prelate, who has the politest manners imaginable, received us in his summer-dress of black satin, faced with scarlet; and leading the way to his billiard-room, proceeded to try my skill; but it was soon evident that I had no chance with him in the practice of *canon* law. The Bishop was said to be exemplary in his own life, and very strict with his clergy, more especially at Fiume, as, being a large town, it has more temptations than the rural districts.

In course of conversation, I learned that the Bora, or north wind, blows occasionally with such violence as to sweep vessels in the port out to sea, overturn the heaving carriages, and render all locomotion impossible, for the strongest men are unable to walk from one end of the quay to the other while the Bora blows with violence. It is the custom of the principal inhabitants, on New-year's Day, to pay their respects to the Bishop; and although the episcopal palace is not more than two or three minutes' walk out of the Fiume gate, yet, on the 1st of January, 1847, not a soul dared to go near him, in consequence of the power of the Bora. It is presumed that the action of the sun on Africa causing powerful currents of cold air to blow from the north, the current

drawn from France passes by the wide gate or entrance into the Mediterranean formed by Languedoc and Provence, flanked on the one side by the Alps, and on the other by the Pyrenees, and that this breadth of passage prevents excessive violence; but the current that comes down the Adriatic is drawn from the countries to the northward, and, compressed with great violence between a few passages of the Vellibitch, acquires that irresistible force which is unknown elsewhere. The port of Zengg is a very bad one, being exposed to the southerly winds, which the government is attempting to remedy by a mole in course of construction; but, altogether, I saw no place on my tour so ill-favoured by nature in every possible way either for commerce or agriculture; and its existence is solely owing to the necessity of some outlet for the sylvan district behind it.

On the same evening I joined with a gentleman going to Fiume in the hire of a carriage thither along the coast-road, which is as execrable as any one in Hungary. Nothing could be better than the roads crossing the Vellibitch; but this one, being very little frequented, and passing through a district almost devoid of population, was positively dangerous. One bare headland after another projected into the sea, and at each three or four miles was an *interval* in the most literal acceptation of the word—a small ravine, with a few stunted vines and olives, and a couple of houses. Sometimes the road rose high above the beach, protected from a precipice by a parapet; at other times we were on the sea-shore; and a high ladder, fixed deeply like a ship's mast among stones, and projecting over the water, was intended for fishing. A man went up to the top, and, watching when the fish came, spread out the net fringed with stones, which, rapidly sinking to the bottom, enclosed the fish; while the net hauled out held the fish as in a purse with the strings drawn.

As we approach Novi, six hours from Zengg, the mountain springs asunder; and the cleft being too wide for a high bridge, the road is led down by a series of

precipitate gyrations, our carriage wheels being tied, and we dismounting, in case of accidents. It was dark when we arrived at Novi, the inn of which is a real feudal castle, with crenellated towers and battlements; and had it been the scene of the well-known adventure of a true Don Quixote posterity would not have laughed at him as a madman. After so fatiguing a journey, we were in anticipation of a pleasant night's rest, but found a party of travellers that had taken the few beds to spare; even a shake-down in the parlour or tap-room was out of the question, for it was already occupied by a band of Italian strollers, with hurdy-gurdies and white mice, resting from the labour of turning their little mill, not to mention a baboon, which sent forth a most unfragrant odour. So we had no resource but to make the best of our way to the carriage again, and recommenced a disagreeable journey in the worst, nay most unreasonable, humour imaginable. But sleep brought oblivion of the darkness and unconsciousness of the jolting; and next morning, awaking at sunrise, the morning air of mid June was truly refreshing. Soon after, we arrived at Porto Re; a capacious and land-locked port, the largest ships of the line being able to anchor close to the quays. It was intended for an arsenal of the first class, by the Emperor Charles the Sixth, in the beginning of the last century; but on account of the violence of the Bora, it has been abandoned as a station of the Austrian navy, for Pola in Istria. The houses are built in the Frenchified German style of that period; and the whole place has an air of *ci-devant* royalty and abandoned grandeur.

A middle-age castle, with round towers and moats, stands isolated on a slight eminence overlooking the port, and was one of the numerous residences of the Frangipan or Francopan family, who possessed in fee the whole of the territory I have recently described, from Licca to the environs of Fiume, as well as several islands opposite. Claiming a descent from one of the greatest families of Rome, with or without justice I know not, they enjoyed

up to nearly the close of the seventeenth century a position little short of that of royalty; but entering into a conspiracy against the Emperor Leopold, the head of the house was decapitated in 1671, in the environs of Vienna. One of the corner towers is shewn as the one in which the wife of Nadasdy overheard the deliberations of the conspirators, and, having fled, shut herself up in a castle at some distance; but an emissary of the conspirators having gained admittance on pretence of delivering her a letter, she was stabbed to the heart while engaged in its perusal. The present destination of the castle of Porto Re is that of a leper hospital; a form of this disease being common in this part of Croatia, and, like the curious malady in the hair at Cracow, supposed to have risen from personal uncleanness.

All the way from Zengg hither I found myself opposite the same island of Veglia, which was in the most glomy periods of the Turkish war a possession entirely devoted to the Frangipan dynasty; and a most singular circumstance still recalls these relations. After the execution of Frangipan, the people of Veglia wore mourning; and the black habit having become perpetual and customary up to the present time, yellow is now the colour symbolical of mourning.

Passing Buccari (a small town shut in the further corner of the large bay on which Porto Re is situated, and, like it, subject to severe blasts of Bora), the road ascended among vineyards, and emerging on the ridge, the sea view, no longer hemmed in by the island of Veglia, revealed to us the broad open gulf of Quarnaro, beyond which Istria, hitherto seen in the dimmest distance, rose from the water's edge, thickly dotted with villages. Near the head of the gulf, Fiume itself was the centre of the picture, and expanding along the shore, and rising from the water so as to cover the brow of the hill, was, as far as mere beauty of situation is concerned, worthy of the first maritime position in the rising and hopeful kingdom of Hungary.

CHAPTER XXV.

FIUME AND TRIESTE.

Our journey had been a slow and tedious one; but the carriage at length deposited me at the hotel of the "King of Hungary," in the centre of the town; the windows of one side of the house opening on the gulf of Quarnaro, and on the other on newly built streets. As I surveyed the fresh new furniture of my room, I felt the return to a more civilised existence. Days as barren of adventure as of discomfort; tea and toast, *Galigani's Messenger*, and frizzled waiter; for Novi, with its castellated inn and white mice, was the last of romantic misery that I saw in my tour.

After arrival, our obliging Vice-Consul, Mr. Hill, had the kindness to shew me what was to be seen at Fiume. The town has two distinct aspects: the Citta Vecchia, on the hill, is quite old, and has a mean look; the new town is built along the sea-side, and looks quite German, as if it were a suburb of Vienna; the houses being well built, but monotonous, and devoid of any edifice worthy of admiration. The two casinos, the one of the nobles and military, the other of the merchants, are internally well fitted up, particularly the latter, which has been more recently built and more sumptuously furnished than the other. At the so-called Fiumara, where a river enters the gulf, the masts of the ships, the alleys of full-grown trees, and the fresh new houses facing the quay, remind the traveller of Rotterdam; but following the water-side inland, he finds, instead of a flat country and the *Treckskuyt*, a gloomy wooded gorge; the precipices on each side filling up two-thirds of the perpendicular, and barely leaving room for the river, which turns a variety of mills, the principal being a large papermaking establishment of an English company, the most extensive of the kind in the Austrian empire; a short narrow canal procuring a fall of thirty feet of water. High over head is

another castle of the Frangipans, who were the Marquises or Carabas of this country; for in many places I have asked, "Whose ruined castle is that?" and have always been answered, "Frangipan." This castle at present belongs to the gallant and able Marshal Count Nugent. But a very small portion of it is inhabited; and in a sort of modern temple is a museum of antiquities, consisting of sculpture, brought mostly from the kingdom of Naples, but repaired and put together in the most painfully unskilful manner.

Fiume is a dot on the Adriatic; but my thoughts expand to the limits of that ancient and glorious kingdom, the dormant wealth of which is daily subject to awakening impulses. In equidistance from the pole to the equator, Hungary possesses in a fertile soil the first element of prosperity; for all Europe may be searched through without finding an alluvium superior to that which covers the Banat, and yields golden harvests with the slightest toil. All round her northern frontier, in a great semicircle, the Carpathians protect from the chilling blasts of Poland those gentle eminences on which is grown the luscious Tokay and other vines of nearly equal worth, if not of equal note. The most voluminous water-way of Europe rolls through her very heart; and in the mineral, not less than the vegetable kingdom, Hungary takes a rank of the first European importance. Amid all these bounties, Nature has been niggard in one important particular: a cheap, easy, and convenient access to the sea is still a desideratum to the Hungarian.

Fiume, the only considerable port of the kingdom of Hungary, has all the advantages of situation that belong to places situated on the head of seas or gulfs that go far into the land, and all the disadvantages of those places which are cut off from their resources by high mountains. The advantages of such places as Odessa and Marseilles, that communicate with the country behind them by, comparatively speaking, level means, are immense; and this disproportion is likely to be still more increased by the

substitution of railways for ordinary roads. The business of Venice is to be the warehouse of the countries to the west of the head of the Adriatic; that of Fiume, to bring the products from the eastward: but, while all the valley of the Po lies open to the Venetian, and communications by land and water offer every facility, the valleys of the Save and the Danube are cut off by the continuation of the Alps. The Save flows in the wrong direction for Fiume; and while the products of Wallachia and Bulgaria are borne easily and cheaply down to Galatz and Braila, the wheat of the Banat cannot compete in price with that of the Danubian ports, in consequence of those natural barriers which are interposed between Hungary and the sea.

It was to abate this disadvantage that the Maria Louisa road was constructed, under the auspices of the Austrian military authorities—a truly noble work; but, being now in the hands of a private company, that looks rather to its own dividend than to the public benefit, the tolls are necessarily high; and this, added to the great uncertainty of the navigation of the Save and the Culpa, has for an unavoidable consequence that Fiume, instead of pretending to compete with Galatz and Braila as a European granary, is almost entirely restricted to the local resources of ship-building, for which the neighbouring mountains afford the most excellent wood. During the great corn-crisis of 1846-7, while the merchants of Odessa made large fortunes, those of Fiume exhausted the available stock in a few cargoes. One English house ordered a quantity of corn from the Banat; but during the summer the water of the river navigation was deficient; and no sooner did the rains of autumn swell the stream, than the further progress of the boats containing the corn was again retarded. Scarce had the river returned to its medium state, when winter set in; while the boats were frozen in the Save, the rats, attracted in shoals, consumed and damaged the corn; and the cargo arrived in England in this state some time after prices had fallen. This authentic case speaks volumes on the evils produced by the want of

proper communications in Hungary. But while the disadvantage of the river-navigation is delay and uncertainty, that of the land-carriage by the road of Maria Louisa is expense. It is, therefore, a matter of anxious desire for the Fiumani that by a railway a better communication might be opened up with the interior of Hungary. But the difficulties are very great; the expense of cutting through the chain of Julian Alps would be enormous; and a railway from Sisseck, the point at which the Culpa flows into the Save, carried up the valley to near Laibach, so as to intersect the Trieste and Vienna line, would be cheap and advantageous to Hungary and Trieste, but most injurious to Fiume. The plan of Count Stephen Secheniy, the practical direction of whose patriotism forms a refreshing contrast to the bombast in which the ultra-Magyar party indulge, as detailed in a pamphlet, was a railway from Fiume to Pesth, with two great branches; one to the right, by Fünf-Kirchen to Mohacs on the Danube, and another to the left, towards Edenburg and Presburg. In every case a great expense and delay must be incurred.

The principal present resource of Fiume is ship-building, for which the splendid forests of the Julian Alps afford the greatest facilities; not to mention the low price of labour, and the excellence of the workmen, the caulkers being equal to those of Messina. About twenty-five vessels of long course were building at the time of my visit, several of them being ordered for the ports of the Black Sea; the timber of Croatia being so much more durable than that of southern Russia. One day, Mr. P—, the principal anchor-smith of the place, took me to one of the ship-building creeks of the neighbourhood. Our road was bordered with the gardens of the wealthy Fiumani; but as we approached, nothing was to be seen of the crowded squalor and unpleasant odours so often combined with a ship-building neighbourhood in many ports. In a retired creek, surrounded with shrubbery that came down to the water's edge, the high hull resounded with the clink of hammer

and the clack of mallet; while lofty plane-trees shaded the wood-yard, under which a clear cold crystal spring of water gushed from the neighbouring rock to the pebbled beach; so that I could scarce conceive a more delightful spot for manual labour. The master was a rough, jolly, sailor-looking man; and on my remarking the agreeable situation, he said, "Agreeable enough in summer, for we are cool; but in winter, when the bora blows, you would think that stiff ship, high and dry on land, in danger of shipwreck on the coast of Veglia, over the water there."

Ever since 1471, Fiume has belonged to the house of Habsburgh; and in 1530 received, from Charles V., municipal institutions, consisting of a greater and smaller council of patricians, the former of fifty, the latter of twenty-five persons. In 1776, Maria Theresa incorporated this section of the coast of the Adriatic with the kingdom Hungary; but during the French Empire, Fiume formed a part of the French province of Illyria; and before 1849, being a part of constitutional Hungary (not of the military frontier), it sent two members to the Diet.

The population of the town speaks indifferently Italian and Slaavic; the latter in the Croat, and partly in the Istrian, *alias* Carniolan, dialect.

After a residence of a week at Fiume, I started from thence in the diligence for Trieste, the road bisecting the neck of the peninsula of Istria; and in twelve hours was deposited in the post-office of that city. The traveller here feels himself no longer in a provincial atmosphere, but in one of the great centres of political action and commercial transaction. A broad quay, paved with large solid flags, enables the vessels in port to load and unload, with the utmost convenience, at the counting-houses and warehouses of the owners. Of all the ports I have seen, Trieste is the cleanest; there is no muddy river, there is no accumulation of filth; for the current from Dalmatia and Istria sweeps all the water round to Friuli. All the quays are of recent and solid construction. The busiest quarter has been entirely rebuilt; and one must plunge

into the back-streets of the town to find a house of the last century, so rapidly and suddenly has Trieste risen up to be one of the first emporia on the Mediterranean. There are few of the newly-built towns on the continent that can vie with Trieste in the substantial solidity and comfort of the private dwellings. What noble staircases, with their massive columns of polished granite rising above each other up to the fifth floor!

Trieste has very little of antiquarian or artistic interest for the traveller, except a crumbling relic of a Roman arch in the old town; but the movement is striking, as contrasted with the quiet old places I had visited in other parts of the Adriatic. In Ragusa, we have the caducity of age; but Trieste is the youth, in a state of hope, of vigour, and with a destiny which is yet to be evolved. The streets are crowded with well-dressed, well-conditioned men, the rotundity of whose proportions indicate a dark den of wares in town, and a neat snug box and hanging-gardens in the environs. Then the young generation have, at first sight, a dandified air; but one soon sees the over-dressing and the over-doing of the fashion of the day; and the go-a-head precipitation with which they move through the streets, denotes at once the men whose business is not to waste time and money elegantly, but to turn both to the best advantage. No where, either on the Adriatic or in the Austrian Empire, is there a greater or more interesting variety of population than in Trieste; the Valais, in Switzerland, is the point where the Italian, the German, and the Swiss races all touch each other; and if I were asked for the tangent of Italian, German, and Slaavic, I would point to Trieste. Down at the port, the strong contrasts of glaring sunshine and deep shadow, athwart which one sees, at the end of the street, the intense azure of the Adriatic; the currents of air, redolent of Bologna sausage and garlic, or strange spices; and the almost universal use of the language of "Si"—proclaim our vicinity to Italy. At the back of the town, just under the green uplands dotted with white villas, the dress and

appearance of the people remind one of the vicinity to the lands broad and wide that stretch from the Alps to the Baltic. The old-fashioned rural German inn is there; not the Rhine-land barrack hotel, but just as one sees it in the heart of Upper Austria, the court-yard filled with every sort of rural vehicle; the Hausknecht and Stallknecht, in their long boots and blue aprons, speaking the broad dialect of the south-eastern provinces, a kind of Yorkshire to the classic language of the Schillers and Herders. Those Carniolan peasants, male and female, that throng the market-place, and people all the villages on those hills around, are Slaavs or Winds, and speak the same dialect as is heard in Istria, Carinthia, and lower Styria, which is different from Illyrian, although resembling it. Their temperament is melancholy, compared with the German and Italian; but they are rather shy and diffident, than uncharitable and ungenerous; and doubtless some misunderstanding of the language gave rise to Goldsmith's lines:

"Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door."

The Tergesteum, or Exchange, in Trieste, is the centre of business, as well as the resort of the stranger and lounge; the Rialto of the east of the Adriatic, where merchants most do congregate. An immense new edifice, undistinguished by any remarkable external architecture, is situated on a triangular public place, near the port; internally, we find two wide spacious arcades, intersecting each other in the form of a Latin cross, which, covered with glass, is protected from rain and lighted from above. Here, at one o'clock, you meet every commercial man in Trieste. What a loud hum of many steps and many voices! Those dark-complexioned men with mustachios, full of gesticulation, are Greeks striking a bargain; for this nation is in great force in Trieste, and exercises a great influence. The German of the north is seen, with his round face, his blue eyes, and fair hair; and the Italian,

with his regular features, glossy black hair, and pale complexion. Nor are the darker hues wanting; for a band of Arab sailors is seen entering, who look with surprise at a Frank bazaar.

Trieste is a free port, with a population of 80,000 souls; it has lately aspired to contest with Marseilles the passage to India. It is the principal port of the Austrian empire; and, in the event of the adoption of the free-trade principle by that power, would become one of the most important cities of the world with reference to our mercantile interests. I presume there can be little doubt that, in the course of another generation, Egypt will cease to be the overland route for passengers from England to India, although it may secure the transit of goods. So soon as either Galatz, or any of the ports on the Black Sea, are connected by railway with Germany, the Tigris and the Persian Gulf must engage attention as a direct and preferable route for passengers; and when Turkey gets railways, as get them she must before a generation elapses, we shall doubtless see a railway connexion between the basin of the Tigris and the ports of the Black Sea. But, in the mean time, the Egyptian is the practised and practicable route; and there is no reason why Marseilles should not have competitors; for it is by a fair open competition between Marseilles and Trieste, that the Indian public is likely to be best served in the mean time. No sea can lie better for the Indian line than the Adriatic; since a straight line drawn from Alexandria to London would pass through the Gulf of Trieste; while, in a military point of view, the route by the Adriatic in time of war with France—which, I hope, is a remote contingency—is preferable to that by Genoa, which is too near Toulon and the French ports, while the mouth of the Adriatic is protected by Corfu—an island at present somewhat out of the way, but a most valuable possession. And even in pacific times, I think that the Triestine, or Venetian, is the more attractive route, from the variety of interesting cities that lie on the way of the traveller—

Styria and Vienna, Milan and Switzerland, Tyrol and Munich, *ad libitum*. But so much has been already said to the public on these matters, that it would be tedious to discuss at further length the much-debated subject.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ORIENTAL ART IN VENICE.

Of all the islands of the Adriatic, none are ever so interesting as those of her *quondam* Queen; but what could I say, either in the way of personal narrative or of information, that would add to the common stock of knowledge on this interesting city? The Italian character and relations of Venice are all but thoroughly exhausted by the artist, the antiquary, and the topographer; but the traces of those connexions with the East that founded and fostered her fortunes up to a period long after the discovery of the passage by the Cape, open a wide and attractive field of inquiry, which I hope to see taken up by some competent individual who possesses the leisure to enter into the subject more satisfactorily than can be expected from a chapter in a book of travels. Twelve years had elapsed since I resided in Venice; and having during the previous winter examined the master-pieces of Saracenic architecture in Cairo, with Macrisi for my guide and instructor, I could scarce resist the temptation of re-visiting Venice for a few days, where old and rejected studies came back upon me with all their force, enhanced, as they were, by the recollection of Arab arts and Arab manners, which tinted with new and charming colours even the most insignificant objects.

From the remotest times recorded in history, the ports of the great Indian continent were the depôts of the spices which grew spontaneously on the islands to the

eastward; and the Ganges, the Indus, and the Oxus, the rivers by which they found their way to the heart of Asia. Another portion of this costly merchandise was transported to Europe by the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Hence the so-called spices of Arabia were conveyed to Europe by galleys which touched at the coasts of that great peninsula on their passage from the eastward.

“Every year, about the time of the summer solstice, a fleet of a hundred and twenty vessels sailed from Myos Hormos, a port of Egypt on the Red Sea. By the periodical assistance of the monsoons, they traversed the ocean in about forty days. The coast of Malabar, or the island of Ceylon, was the usual term of their navigation; and it was in those markets that the merchants from the more remote countries of Asia expected their arrival. The return of the fleet of Egypt was fixed to the months of December or January; and as soon as their rich cargo had been transported, on the backs of camels, from the Red Sea to the Nile, and had descended that river as far as Alexandria, it was poured without delay into the capital of the empire.”—(*Gibbon's Decline*, vol. 1.)

Ostia, the seat of the traffic, was, in Pliny's time (as it would be now), ten days' sail from Alexandria; and we find that Alaric, on his arrival in Italy, was as anxious to secure that port, with the accumulated harvests of Africa, and the merchandise of Ormus and of Ind, as the capital itself. As time rolled on, the marshes of Ravenna proved securer than the walls of Rome, or the moles of Ostia; and Indian commerce is transferred from the mouths of the Tiber to the vicinage of the mouths of the Po. But while freedom, security, and enterprise create Venice, commerce languishes in Ravenna; and the sea-current which sweeps round the Gulf of Venice carries the alluvial accumulations of the Po southwards, and Venice, long before her glory, sees Ravenna high and dry, an inland town.

The Empire of the West had crumbled to pieces, and that of the East was shaken to its foundations. The

Arabs, guided by enthusiasm alone, and with no other tastes than for horses and verses—the *faris wu shaer*—spread over the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean. Their religion forbids the imitative arts; but no sooner has the clangour of invasion ceased, than the antique element every where leavens the new. In Damascus, in Bagdad, in Corfu, in Cairoan, in Granada, in Cordova, and in Cairo, science, literature, and architecture all revive. The mere private library of the Caliph Mostanser contained 120,000 volumes. The library of the Medreseh of Tripoli, in Syria, previously to the Crusades, must have equalled that of Alexandria. The Greeks, Copts, and Syrians, subdued by the arms of the Arabs, saw their conquerors in turn quickly resubdued by the arts of the ancients, modified by Islamism; and the Turkish invasion of Egypt and Syria in 1517—only a quarter of a century later than the fall of the Arab kingdom of Granada—was the overcast of a period which may be justly called the Indian summer of the civilisation of the ancients.

A maritime and contemporary people such as the Venetians, carrying on their commerce with India through Arab countries, could scarcely escape a partial impress of the Arab mould; and this it is which makes Venice appear so original in a European point of view, and so interesting, though less original, to the Oriental student.

There can be little doubt that the earliest good edifices of the Venetians were Byzantine; but the fame and beauty of the Saracenic style soon swept all before it. The Ducal Palace, in which the Saracenic predominates, seems to have been constructed by Calendario in the middle of the fourteenth century, and to have been thus a contemporary of the mosque of Sultan Hassan in Cairo just after the two great Kalaons had added so many magnificent edifices to that capital: and surely the Arabic reconstruction of the elements of the sublime and beautiful in architecture, after their dissolution in the Lower Empire, is immeasurably superior to that of the northern Gothic. The Arabs in their details shewed (excepting perhaps in Granada) less

curious and elaborate tracery than the men of the north; but with them it was always in subordination to some great feature either of the elevation or the interior, and always formed a harmonising contrast to some more simple part of an edifice, or a relief to the mere grandeur of its outline. This it is which has made the Ducal Palace the most beautiful edifice in the world.

The old Piazza di San Marco, before it was burnt down,—as shewn in the large and curious picture of “Gentile Bellino” (A. D. 1496) at the Accademia,—was entirely Saracenic; so that the Piazza must have borne the closest resemblance to the court of a mosque. For it was then much smaller; being narrower by the breadth of the campanile and something more. The archivolts formed a horse-shoe, the cornices were serrated, and even in the minutest particulars the Oriental style was imitated. For instance, in the friezes between the floors we see what at first sight appears to be the *Sulus*, or large Arabic “writing on the wall” of mosques; but as they could not, in a Christian country, write sentences from the Koran, we find, on looking closer, that the characters are figures of white camelopards (giraffes) on a red ground. These carry the mind to the East by more associations than one; for their long legs and tapering necks have quite the air of *Sulus* writing; and even in the colour of white and red we see the same combination still visible in almost every mosque of Cairo to this day. In the upper part of the Ducal Palace we find the same colours, which appear to have been frequent in Venice in the fifteenth century, as seen in Titian’s large picture of the “Presentation of the Virgin;” and these appear to have taken their origin in the combination of bright red brick with polished white marble, as in the old pavement of the Piazza San Marco.

After the Italian invasion of the cinque cento, and the different direction taken by Palladio, Sansovino, and Sammiceli, Venice rapidly changed appearance. To such houses as are seen in Giovanni Mansueti and Vittore Car-

paccio, succeeded the modern palazzo, with its balconies and pilasters. The change is not to be regretted as regards Venice in general; but I certainly think that the old Piazza di San Marco, with its Arabic colonnades, its serrated cornices, and its bright red pavement streaked with white marble, would have been more in unison with the Church and the Ducal Palace.

St. Mark's is still the most oriental of all the edifices in Venice. Place an ignorant Cairene at the gate next the Piazza dei Leoni, and you would have some difficulty in persuading him that Venice was not the seat of a long and illustrious Saracenic occupation, and that San Marco is not a mosque abandoned to defilement by the anger of God or the pusillanimity of the bearers of the banners of Islam. The crowd of domes, the innumerable costly pillars of all sorts, sizes, colours, and capitals, which have the air of having adorned successively the palaces of antiquity, the churches of the Lower Empire, and the mosques of the Saracens, at length stand in enduring commemoration of the millennium during which the Levant influenced the arts and exercised the arms of the great republic. Even the turned wooden grates or window-frames above the great gates, are of the very patterns used to this day in Cairo, and which were, in the fifteenth century, all gilt.

The original Merceria, with its pendant shutters, narrow crowded thoroughfare, and the wares of brilliant colour, must have had very much the air of a bazaar; which it has not lost even now. Cantar, rottalo, and other Venetian weights, are still the standards of quantity in the Levant; and in the name of Campo, applied to all the khans of Aleppo, we find a Venetian expression. There were several places in Venice in the form of a khan: one of which—the Campo St. Angelo—is still remaining. The principal one—Campo dei Mori, or Khan of the Moors, at Madonna del Orto—has been taken down; but I still observed the stone figure of a Bedouin leading a loaded camel, in alto-rilievo, on the wall next the canal.

Several remarkable edifices of Saracenic architecture are yet visible on the Grand Canal, one of which is the Fondaco dei Turchi. There is, however, no connexion between its architecture and the subsequent destination which gave it its name. It is supposed to have been built in the twelfth or thirteenth century, when the Saracenic taste was in full prevalence; and extracts from documents which were shewn to me by Count Agostino Sagredo, the present accomplished president of the Academy of Fine Arts, shew that it was given by the republic to the Duke of Ferrara, after him passed through several hands to the Pesaro family, and in 1621 was let by them to the Turks. It is now in course of repair and restoration by the commune. The Palazzo Loredano, a peculiarly light and handsome specimen of Saracenic architecture, built since the invasion of the Italian style, and the celebrated Ca Doro, now the property of Taglioni, are both so well known as to require no further consideration.

No painters caught the Oriental costume nearly so well as the Venetians; who, through ambassadors, merchants, and slaves, had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with it. The Oriental air and manner are better seized in Tintoretto's great picture of "The Miracle of St. Mark, or a Slave liberated from Bondage," than in any picture that I have ever seen. The kaoucks were universally worn in the East in Tintoretto's time (and to very nearly our own age); but with this exception, the figures might now be alive in Cairo and Damascus without any one discovering any great peculiarity. Traces of the connexion with the East are constantly appearing in the Venetian pictures. In Giovanni Mansueti's pictures we see *segedies* hung out of the windows; the scarf of Titian's Maddalena is evidently of Tripoli manufacture; and the "Supper in the House of Levi"—where Paul Veronese, that king of the kings of colour, is enthroned in all the dazzling splendour and gorgeous magnificence of his genius—has, for its principal figure, green velvet hose of a most curious arabesque pattern.

The use of high pattens, or stalking shoes, for the women, was common to both Venice and the East; and caused Evelyn to say that the Venetian dames were half flesh, half wood. The custom exists to this day in full force in Damascus, where the habit of wearing dyed or dried golden hair still lingers among some aged grandmothers of the present generation.

If we pass from art to language, we find in the diaries of the Venetian Consuls in the Levant a large mixture of Arabic words. This shews that the Venetian merchants then insensibly mixed in their daily Italian conversation words which had become almost identified with their own language. For instance, such and such a functionary of Damascus is said to be *mazool* (degraded or dismissed), without further explanation. Hence the introduction of so many terms through the Venetians, which have taken a permanent place in the commercial dictionary of Europe. Such as tariff, the "notification;" magazine, the "stored up." In Spain, on the contrary, the traces of the Arab connexion shews itself mostly in proper names, such as Trafalgar (west coast); Alcantara (the bridge); and in offices, Alcayde, &c.

The diaries of these Levant Consuls are a most valuable addition to the information already made public by Daru on the Eastern trade and relations of Venice; and I am indebted to the obliging kindness of Mr. Rawdon Brown for permission to make a few extracts in illustration of this part of my subject. Nowhere are there richer materials for completing the history of the transition from the middle ages to modern times, than in the archives and reliquaries of the great Venetian republic, whose ambassadors and consuls,—in the various countries of Europe and the East, on the shores of the Thames and on those of the Nile, amid the frivolous ceremonial of the antechambers of Madrid, or the blunt burghers of the Hansa,—kept the Signoria most minutely informed of all transactions, political and commercial, down to those personal traits and details which enable the reader to transport

himself to the time and place of writing. Mr. Brown has devoted himself to the task of extracting these notices, the Levantine folio of which I read with both pleasure and instruction; having, when in Aleppo, passed many a leisure hour in perusing the archives of our own factory in those days of yore, when from fifty to seventy British mercantile houses carried on the Indian trade in that once flourishing emporium. In this folio are the letters of those very Venetian consuls whose tombs I had seen in the Armenian convent of Aleppo (see *Modern Syrians*, chap. XXIII.): their sayings, their doings, their sufferings, and those artifices that reveal the cloven foot of the old Venetian police system. For lists are given of the friends and enemies of the republic, to which is appended the very *naïve* recommendation: "We here remind you of them, so that in due season you may employ the friends and persecute the enemies to the best of your abilities."

The names of the great Venetian families constantly occur. An Egyptian ambassador returns from Venice in the traffic galley of a Ser Luca Loredano; and beside the Aleppines we find Contarini's, Balbi's, and Prinli's, at Damascus. Several letters are from Cristofalo Moro, the Othello of Giraldi Cinthio and Shakspeare; but they are all on grain, good or bad harvests, chartering of ships, the season of the rains, &c.; and he is promoted in June 1508 from the lieutenantancy of Cyprus to the captaincy of Candia.¹ But the style of these Venetian merchant-princes is far from being vulgar and flat; and one of the letters, on the death of a consul, might easily be paraphrased into sonorous Elizabethan iambics.

On the 13th December, 1502, the Venetian senate received the following letter from the merchants of Damascus, narrating the death of the Consul Pietro Balbi:

"On the 6th instant, coming the 7th, it pleased God to take from this vale of tears your Serenity's late servant, our magnifico the Consul, the Knight Messer Pietro Balbi,

¹ His arms were mulberries; hence perhaps the strawberry in Desdemona's handkerchief.

who, neglecting his own private affairs, and dedicating himself to the most illustrious State, at length, after many public missions, *domi forisque*, borne with infinite patience (including even blows received from Casseron, the late Governor of this place, to the shame of this most insolent race, for love and preservation of the common weal, in the service of the most eminent Senate, and not without our most bitter displeasure), at a moment when he thought to return home and place himself at your Serenity's feet, did inexorable death seize him amongst these dogs, save that *ubique pulvis et umbra sumus*. We thus remaining without any magistrate, transact your Serenity's affairs and those of this factory by agreement in a body, in hopes of the speedy arrival of the Consul elect; and both Franks and Moors rejoice at the mission of the most worthy Ambassador (from the Venetian senate) to the Sultan, lauding and extolling to the stars so divine an undertaking; so that we may now in truth say that our foul fortune has no longer strength; nay, that it must at any rate yield to your Serenity's most prudent thought."

And "now, what news on the Rialto?" quoth Salanio; not the Rialto of our day and of 1591, but the old Rialto of Shylock and Antonio, where merchants most did congregate. One might have said in these days of the Lagoon of Venice, what French writers have said of their Palais Royal, that all the highways of Europe abutted there. Every European—Frenchman, Briton, or Teuton—going to the East, went as naturally to the Rialto, as his descendant would now go to Liverpool if he embarked for the New World. The mailed knight no longer went to break lance with the Moor when the Venetian trade was in its zenith, but the pilgrimage to the holy places kept up a constant stream of passengers; and the Rialto was the locality where the galleys were advertised, as we see in full detail in Sanudo's diaries. Of our countrymen, I only find one mentioned.

"May 16th, 1508, a Scotch Bishop, dressed in a purple doublet, came into the College, accompanied by Ser

Lorenzo Orio. He is lodged in Canareggio, and is come on his way to Jerusalem. He has two thousand ducats revenue; and, having entered the College, sat beside the Doge, and presented letters of credence to the Signory from his King and from the King of France. He delivered a Latin oration in praise of this state and of the Doge, and of his King's goodwill to the Signory. He then said he should make up his mind as to going by the Jaffa galley. . . . On the day of Ascension, the Doge went as usual in the Bucentaur to espouse and bless the sea, with the Ambassadors of France, Spain, Milan, and Ferrara, and the Scotch Bishop." But from the further accounts, he never returned to the land of cakes; for in a list of dead at Jaffa, we find "that rich Scotch Bishop, the King's relation, who received so much honour from the Signory."

Taking the total number of seamen employed in the foreign trade and navy of Venice (when at the maximum in the fifteenth century) at 35,000, we find her maritime population to have been much the same as that now strictly belonging to the port of London, or (writing from recollection) about a seventh of the total number of seamen belonging to the United Kingdom. The principal items of trade with Egypt appear to have been, Oriental manufactures, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, nutmegs, mace, and incense; mostly from, or rather through, Alexandria. The value of the argosies was very great. In August 1508, Ser Andrea Bandinier returning with three galleys from Alexandria, in a weak state of health, and dressed in black velvet, reported his voyage to the Signory; the value of their cargoes being 400,000 ducats, or 60,000*l.* sterling, per galley. So well might Salarino say to Antonio,

"Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies with portly sail—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsey to them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings."

But the career of the consul, merchant, and mariner was one of constant struggle, danger, and difficulty, from the detestable nature of the government of the Mameluke Sultans of Egypt; and nearly as formidable as the storms which

"Scatter all the spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with the silks,"

were the pride and insolence consequent on the recollection of the successful expulsion of the Franks from both Egypt and Syria, and the unspeakable evils of an elective military monarchy. The reader may remember the critical observation of Gibbon, that the history of the Mameluke Sultans would have given Montesquieu, in his *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*, a juster parallel to the disorders of the succession to imperial power, than any thing to be found in the modern history of Algiers; and we may well regret that the points of comparison did not seduce the author of the *Decline* to a short digression on a subject full of interest. An elective military monarchy, trampling on wise municipal institutions consecrated by immemorial custom and the experience of ages; a succession of rude soldiers, from distant and barbarous countries, ruling a nation of polished slaves; reigns ushered in and ushered out by blood and venality, with the intervals spent in the unbridled lusts of the palace, and the suppression of rebellions perennially renewed,—so that we are perpetually reminded of Gibbon's "fleeting purple,"—such was the government with which the Venetians had to deal, and of which was holden that monopoly of the Alexandria trade which was the life's blood of the republic. The consul and merchants were often subject to the very worst treatment. In 1506, they were all brought in chains to Cairo, their strong boxes having been opened and resealed, and Sultan el Ghoury threatening to give some other nation the monopoly, his pretended grievance being, that the Venetians did not

come in sufficient numbers, take a sufficient quantity of spices, and pay a sufficient price for them.

But this brief method of getting at the golden egg is too palpably unjust; the Sultan sends an ambassador to Venice, to make up matters; and on this "the Signory ordered the nobles appointed to go dressed in scarlet as far as Lido, to receive and bring him with the galley to the Giudecca, to the dwelling prepared for him in the house of the late Ser Marco Pasqualigo; and the nobles went, the greater part Damascene and Alexandrian merchants, and thus did they greet him; and having got on board the galley, came by the Grand Canal to the Quay, where he disembarked. The house had been prepared in state, with a door-curtain of cloth-of-gold, and with a cloth-of-gold for his own gondola; and his expenses were paid for, to account of the factory of Alexandria. The ambassador is a Spaniard (Granada fell only fourteen years before), a trusty man and choleric, and of great ability; he is the Soldan's dragoman, and admiral ("ameer"?) of fifty lances. He complained of the Signory's not having come to meet him with the Bucentaur, and, moreover, that in the evening he was served off stone-ware.

"On Sunday, in the morning, the barges were sent, with the patricians appointed dressed in silk and scarlet, the chief being Ser Pallo Trevisan, to Ca Pasqualigo, in the Giudecca, to bring Tangavardin, the Soldan's ambassador, to audience. The Square (of St. Mark) was filled with persons to see him land, and he came preceded by twenty-two Moors, and thus he went to the Signory; the Doge quitted the platform, and came a little way to meet him, giving him good greeting; and he sat by the side of the Doge, to whom he spoke in Latin, that is to say, saluted him, knowing the language, and presented two Arabic papers, being a letter from the Soldan, addressed thus:

"Be this writing presented to the presence of the tribunal of the Doge, the gracious, honoured, prudent, most sage, feared, and famous, most worthy among lords,

honour of Christians who adore the Cross; Doge of Venice built on the waters; Doge of all liberality amongst the sons of baptism; friend of kings and of sultans. May God preserve his state.'

"And the Doge spoke him fair, and thus did he return; and those of the factory gave him 150 ducats for his expenses for a month, and a certain present of confections and wax. On the 27th, the Soldan's Ambassador went to dine with Messer Marco Malipiero, the commendator of Cyprus, accompanied by four of the principal persons of his suite; it was a stately banquet: and they afterwards went to the Nunnery of the Virgins, to hear them sing; and in the evening, at his dwelling, a pastoral eclogue was recited to him: so he had a great deal of amusement."

The differences between the Venetians and the Sultan of Egypt were thus made up; but it appears that the diplomatic character of the Spanish Moor is not strong enough to protect him from popular insult, and he goes to request pardon for some rogues who had been put in prison for insulting him. At length we find advertisements on the Rialto for galleys to take back the Ambassador and deputies; and he takes his leave, accompanied by the Doge's trumpets along the Square and across to his house in the Giudecca; he being dressed in gold brocade lined with sable, and his attendants in green velvet.

The discovery of the passage by the Cape no doubt placed both Egypt and Syria, and consequently Venice, in a new and disadvantageous position. Joint jealousy of Portuguese independence of the overland transit made Venetians and Mamelukes draw together in anxious confabulation; and it is amusing to see how coming events cast their shadow before. A letter, dated London, 30th January, 1504, is received, with the disagreeable intelligence that letters had reached Silvan Capello, mentioning that Hieronymo Pesaro, the captain of the Flanders galleys, had arrived at Falmouth, with three vessels; and

that five Portuguese barks had already arrived there, with 300 butts of spices, direct from Calicut. But so slowly are the channels of trade altered, that it was not until the development of the Dutch commerce, in the seventeenth century, that the trade of Venice fell seriously off.

CHAPTER XXVII.

STYRIA.

On the untrodden fields to the east side of the Adriatic, I have detailed my journeys with minuteness; but as I return to the sphere of the ordinary tourist, I beg the reader to excuse my describing the grotto of Adelsberg, and other curiosities on the well-known route from Trieste to Gratz, the capital of Styria, whither I went after my return from Venice.

It was on one of the beautiful days of the month of August, 1847, that the locomotive slackened her pace and stopped at the station of Gratz, which is as like all other stations as one quay of a harbour is like another. The railway side of nature is new and amphibious, neither like a journey by land nor a voyage by water, but more of the latter than of the former. You arrive at your destination quite independently of accidents and undulations of territory; you catch glimpses of the land, but remain unfamiliar with persons and places; you cannot enter a town as you will, but are carried to the station, as the voyager cannot land where he lists, but must go to the regular port. When I stepped out on the dusty road, and saw around me the neat citizen's boxes with their little flower-gardens, all standing still, and not turning round and round like a floating island caught in a whirlpool, I felt that I was arrived in Styria, which I could

scarcely affirm till then, Gratz being the first port at which I descended.

Gratz is a delicious summer residence; with the conveniences of a town, and a vicinity to the wooded mountains which makes one feel as if in the Alps. The Mur, formed of the hundred trouting streams of Upper Styria, rushes inpetuously through the town, and intersects it in two unequal halves. Close to the water, and separated by a single street, rises the Schlossberg, a rugged, isolated peak, formerly crowned by the castle, which must have originated the site of the town; no longer mantled with rampart and looped with embrasure, but its slopes cut into pleasing walks, and its summit discrowned of tower and keep. Such a glorious panorama is seen from thence that the fatigue of ascent is forgotten. The wide-scattered city, with its zone of the glacis, is the foreground of the view; and beyond it are the verdant plains of the Mur, several miles in breadth, along which flies the grey vapour of the locomotive on the scarce visible railroad. From the wide plain all around rise the shaggy wooded acclivities; the hills, not in the thickness of forest, but broken into wide patches of pasture, with gardens hanging on their skirts, and the blue tapering spires of white rural churches peeping out of the distant nooks and corners, so that the vale of the Mur looks like one great park, bounded by an amphitheatre of hills green to their very summits. No freezing glacier arose to suggest images of solitude or sublimity. A white peak in the distance would have given that elevating tone to the landscape which alone belongs to the high Alps; but the whole reflected the moral, social, and political condition of Styria: pleasantness, cheerfulness, and animation, the bounty of God and the content of man; the golden mean, for the sublime and the miserable were equally wanting.

The town itself is well built, and has all the signs of comfort and prosperity; in the old central part one sees some of that grotesque ornament which smacks of German

middle-age, and one or two noble palaces of a century or two ago, in which we read the vicinity to Italy and her arts. In the great square, two houses, not far from each other, put me in mind of Augsburg, with its faint weather-beaten frescoes and florid plaster-work. Around this old town is a broad glacis, with alleys of high venerable trees, which, in the hot days, offer a walk in all the depth and latitude of shade; and beyond it are the suburbs of tall new houses, their monotonous uniformity tempered by the beauty of the gardens around them.

Most prominent among the public edifices of Gratz is the pompous Mausoleum of that Ferdinand the Second (*obit* 1637), whose fanatical suppression of Protestantism was a principal cause of the bloodshed of the Thirty-years War; it is in the Italian style of the seventeenth century, but much overdone with heavy pediments and cornices. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, and up to 1618, Gratz had all the lustre of the capital of a petty sovereignty, in which the revival of the arts in Italy found a certain echo; and, as in Prague, one sees many of those ponderous doorways borne by a monstrous Hercules or Atlas on their shoulders, and such massive basements as Sammicheli excelled in.

The honour of wearing the ducal hat of Styria dates from Rodolph of Habsburgh himself. Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola; these were the very embryo of that monarchy, the chequered fortunes of which have filled Europe with such various emotions; and on the death of the Emperor Mathias in 1619, without issue, the imperial throne was ascended by Ferdinand, then the head of the so-called Styrian line of the house of Habsburgh. Although Vienna became the capital, Ferdinand continued to take a strong interest in the embellishment of Gratz; but educated by the Jesuits, he renewed, on the Danube, the Elbe, and the Mur, the determination to annihilate Protestantism. Half of the rural districts of Styria, and three-fourths of the town population, had become Protestant under the toleration of his predecessor; but Fer-

dinand was the Diocletian of the German empire. His talents were rather useful to the Catholic cause, than resplendent by genius, and firmly adhering to the old faith, he was personally mild and just; in his political religionism only, he was a gloomy bigot, and a cruel, persecuting tyrant. A high school of Protestantism in Gratz, which approached to the character of a university, was suppressed. Thousands of noble, gentle, and simple families wandered out of the land to escape penal statutes, and the Mur was sometimes reddened with Protestant blood.

The only member of the house of Habsburgh in recent times connected with Styria, was the late Archduke John, to whom I had the honour of being presented shortly after my arrival, by M. Thienfeld. At the hour appointed, we found ourselves at his villa, in the environs of Gratz, just beyond the glacis; and passing the gate, where a couple of sentries was the only circumstance that distinguished his residence from that of a country gentleman, we entered a shrubbery of a few acres, scarcely deserving the name of a park, but every walk and parterre so trimly kept as to shew an English neatness unknown to the most of German villas. The house is newly built, with the wings lower than the body of the edifice; a taste much in vogue in England in the last century, to the damage of many a good residence. Although nothing could exceed the neatness of its appearance, this edifice was certainly not an exception to the rule.

Being in the month of August, the weather was intensely hot, although early in the forenoon; and on being announced, we were conducted, through a little paradise of landscape-gardening, to the delightful coolness and welcome gloom of an arbour impervious to a single ray of the sun. Here we found the Archduke, with the Countess Brandhof, his consort by a left-handed marriage, and his son, Count Meran, an intelligent youth. There is no mistaking any member of the Tuscan branch of the house of Habsburgh; never was there a family the numerous branches of which shew their lineage more

legibly in their visages. I had never seen the Archduke before, but at once I recognised the same face which I had seen in a private carriage on the glacis, and whom I had made sure of being one of the Imperial family, so striking is his resemblance to the late Emperor and the Archduke Francis Charles, father of the present Emperor.

Our conversation lasted half an hour; and the expansive and unreserved nature of the observations of his Highness impose on me the greater obligation not to forget what is due to the position, personal and political, of a member of the reigning house; but I may say, that the whole of the political philosophy of the Archduke seemed to resolve itself into an opinion, that all conservatism founded on class-legislation was like a house built upon sand. His Highness, as a matter of course, cautiously abstained from weighing in the scales the relative value of aristocracy and bureaucracy, feudalism or constitutionalism, as instruments of national stewardship; but, said he, "Whatever classes rise or fall, we may make sure of one fact, that the people always remain." And the Archduke has given, in his own mode of life, a practical illustration of the slight value he sets on those mere trappings of his station which are apart from its duties and responsibilities; and leaving to others the gaieties of Vienna, he led a life of agriculture and horticulture, of scientific and literary study, which is at once perceptible in his conversation. All princes that shew some intelligence are so extravagantly flattered and eulogised, that it is difficult for the public to have a clear idea of the natural relation in which they stand to other men; and I anticipated the ordinary conversation of a man of good capacity: but I confess that my brain was kept on the alert; and on several subjects to which I had devoted considerable attention, felt my immeasurable inferiority.

The career of the Archduke John has been a remarkable one. Born in 1782, he was consequently sixty-six years of age. When a mere stripling, we find him opposed to the matured genius of Moreau, and commanding a large

force; but the campaign of Hohenlinden was a disastrous one for Austria, and enough to discourage less ardent spirits than those of the Archduke. In the campaign of Austerlitz, we again find him in the Tyrol, organising the peasantry, and combining the activity with the patriotic courage of the Guerilla leader. In the career of this Prince we may read the spirit of Austria. If ever so overwhelmed by the irresistible shock of the genius and power of Napoleon, she was ready to rise on her legs again, after a seeming prostration. The French genius blazes like one of their own wood-fagots; the less brilliant character of the German nation has something of the enduring ardency of Dutch peat; while our own English genius, like our coal-fires, partakes, to a certain extent, of the best qualities of both, but more of the latter than of the former.

The education of the Styrians, technical as well as literary, has warmly engaged the sympathies as well as the active exertions of the Archduke John; and in an institution founded by him, and called the *Johanneum*, we find all the advantages of science and literature concentrated, and placed within the easy reach of the middling and humbler classes. A palace of a defunct family was purchased, and besides lecture-rooms and cabinets of natural history, it contains a large library and reading-room, in which I found a great variety of journals. Gratz, for families of moderate means, is a most desirable place of education; and this circumstance, conjoined with the beauty of the environs, has attracted to it several English families, who have fixed their residences here.

The largest and most magnificent of the palaces in the town is that of the Counts of Attems, which is a truly noble edifice, built in the first years of the last century; and although somewhat florid, as dating from such a period, has still a harmony and a grand uniformity which we vainly seek in the edifices of Vanbrugh and the other English imitators of the style of Louis the Fourteenth. Internally the suite of rooms was quite in the style of

the Grand Monarque, the apartments being almost as high as a couple of floors of an ordinary London house, and the broad tapestry of Brussels or the Gobelins covering the large spaces between the oak pilasters. In the upper suite of rooms was a picture-gallery of a very mixed character; much rubbish was marked as heir-loom; but other pictures were worthy of any collection. A portrait with the well-known lineaments of the Prussian Monarch was pompously mentioned by the servant who shewed the rooms, as "Friederich der Grosse, Kaiser von Oesterreich;" which certainly was not so bad as the English house-keeper who described a Titian Doge of Venice, as a Dowager Venus. But the most curious portrait was that inscribed Campson Gauri, Re d'Egitto, that is to say, Canso el Ghoury, the last of the Circassian Sultans of Egypt (for Toman Bey does not count), whose name, to any one who has been in Cairo, is associated with the most picturesque part of that wonderful city.

As I resided in Gratz in August and the beginning of September, the principal families were out of town; but they have particular days on which they receive friends; and the first of these entertainments to which I was taken by an obliging friend was that of Count Attems, the proprietor of the palace I have described. The villa, an ex-Jesuits' convent, was as plain an edifice as one could imagine; but the park, on the mountain-slopes to the east of Gratz, proved extensive; the trees of the avenue densely planted, so as to exclude the sun, and the number of dark walks and long vistas of verdant vaults shewing that the landscape-gardener had to deal with a warmer climate than that of England. Extensive lawns were here and there scattered about, unshadowed by a single tree; and again, regions of woods, so thick that the light could scarcely penetrate or grass grow. There was, therefore, to my eye, rather a want of open woods rising from a verdant turf; but the situation was delightful, and the higher knolls, overlooking the whole breadth of the Mur,

with the town and precipitous Schlossberg, for the centre of the picture.

The company consisted of about thirty persons, and included many historical names—Dietrichsteins, Auerspergs, Thurns, and others, who, in Styria and the neighbouring provinces, were the vanguard of affrighted Europe, when the incursions of Turkish cavalry came up to the very walls of Gratz, and kept them back by that very organisation of the military frontier which subsists to this day, with modifications suited to the modern art of war. What a power was Turkey then! Commanding at the cataracts of the Nile and the Persian Gulf, and sweeping all before her to the foot of the Styrian Alps.

The conversation was mostly in French, which all spoke with almost native elegance; and, after promenade, a handsome collation was served by old, respectable-looking serving-men, in good but not gaudy liveries, and, combined with the tone of exquisite courtesy in the host, called forcibly to mind the representation of the *château* of M. le Marquis in the French novel of the eighteenth century.

The nobility of Styria are, in point of antiquity of family, in the heraldic sense of the word, equal to any in the empire, but in wealth inferior to those of Hungary and Bohemia. The largest landed proprietor is Prince Lichtenstein, but his usual residence is in Moravia. The resident wealthy families have from five to ten thousand pounds sterling a year, although on paper their rent-rolls may look larger. One of the oldest families (Saurau) had just become extinct. The last of the family carried the excusable weakness of pride of birth to such a ridiculous extent, as to say that his family was an older one than that of Habsburgh. There being no walls in Austria unprovided with ears, this was repeated to the Emperor, Francis, who took no notice of it whatever, until the Count solicited an audience to ask a favour. When the suit was preferred, the Emperor answered, with great glee, "My dear Saurau, I am delighted to have it in my power, not only to grant your request, but to execute your wishes

by my own hand; for the Sauraus have often served the Habsburgers, but the Habsburgers never served the Sauraus."

In Gratz I made the acquaintance of General Count now Field Marshall Count Nugent, of English or Irish extraction. This venerable officer, enjoying the universal respect of the army, is one of the few remaining relics of the general officers of the last war. He first distinguished himself in the lines of Mentz in the last century, and in 1810, 11, 12, and 13, was in perpetual motion. Now in London, in the confidence of the Prince Regent and Castlereagh; now at the head quarters of the Duke of Wellington in Spain; in Berlin, in secret communication with the latent anti-Gallican elements, which, when the hour came, broke forth with such fury. In Sicily, in Malta, and wherever a service could be rendered to the common cause of the liberation of Europe, Nugent was ready with his military and political experience. Having had his share in the dangers and rewards of 1814, he is now full of years and honours, and wields the baton of that dignity to which a Eugene of Savoy, a Daun, and a Loudon gave such lustre.

On leaving my letters, he was suffering from severe indisposition, but about a fortnight afterwards I received a note from him and his accomplished Countess, requesting me to meet at dinner some officers of the garrison. The Count, although the son of an Austrian General, and himself born in Bohemia, has not ceased to admire, love, and cherish the country of his ancestors, and her great men. I asked him what he considered the greatest action of the Duke of Wellington; and he answered, "No man is a greater admirer of the military genius of the Duke of Wellington than myself, for out of heterogeneous elements he created as fine an army as ever was in the world, and made it like one powerful body, impelled by one powerful mind; but I most admire the man, and the armour of uprightness, which rendered him quite indifferent to unpopularity, and by setting himself above popular opinion, ultimately secured its subjugation to him."

The more I see of the Austrian officers, the more I like them. The various elements of which the monarchy is composed, which is an embarrassment to the statesman, is a great advantage to the soldier who wishes to form his mind. At one time living in the thick-set old cities of Italy, or the new fermenting elements of Hungary and Bohemia; at another, a spectator of the savage mountain manners of the Morlack, or the lifeless splendour of the capital; then with the Tyrolese on his native Alps, or among the Slaavs and Magyars of Hungary.

The officers of the Austrian army have nothing of the aristocratic elegance of those in our own service; but, from all that I have heard, they are thoroughly and carefully educated in their respective arms. The cavalry officers are almost exclusively composed of scions of the higher classes; but in the infantry, much less regard is paid to aristocratic pretension; and in the artillery, which is universally allowed to be the most distinguished branch of the Austrian army, protection is unknown, merit alone procures advancement. In all arms, the promotion of capable men from the ranks, although less systematic than in the armies of France, appears to be much more frequent than with us. But all is vain without strategic capacity in the chief command. The best machine is worthless in the hands of a Mack.

The ordinary characteristics of town-life in Austria have been so frequently described, that it is scarcely requisite that I should say any thing of them here; the inns, theatres, shops, and beer-gardens of the people in Gratz having a family resemblance to those of the other large towns of the Austrian Empire; but country-life in Styria is not unsuggestive of interesting observation. In Upper Styria, the traveller finds himself in the Austrian Switzerland, among the essentially German population, and in a region where the utmost beauty of natural scenery arrests his attention and excites his rapture; while in all the population there is a gaiety and independence of manner, that forms a remarkable contrast

to the graver and more melancholy temperament of the Wind, or Wend, of Lower Styria. In Bohemia, and in the Slaavic districts of Hungary, the Slaav has been awakened to a fiery consciousness of national existence; but in Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, the Winds have given the Germans very little trouble, and are not likely to do so, although they once formed a nation which covered the whole of the south-east of Germany, as many names of places denote, such as Vindobona (now Vienna), Gradetz (now Gratz), &c. &c. Their language still exists as a familiar, but not as a literary dialect; at least, the movement of a few young men in Carniola is a very feeble one; for while the Croatian regards all the Ragusan authors as his national classics, the Carniolan has no literature of any value that he can call his own; and while Bohemian literature and nationality fell from its high estate in the Thirty-years War, that of the Wind never rose at all, and is rather a matter of antiquarian speculation than of urgent vitality.

The most interesting excursion which an Englishman can make, is that to the iron-mines in Upper Styria, which the railway renders easy of accomplishment. From the Bruck station I went in the omnibus to Leoben, the little town at which the convention of 1797 was signed between the victorious armies of France and the humbled legions of Austria; and next morning, through a most romantic valley on the eastern slope of the Styrian Alps, arrived at Vordenberg and Eisenerz, the Wolverhampton of the Austrian Empire; but any thing more unlike the iron-districts of England cannot be conceived. Mr. Disraeli's graphic description of such a landscape in our own island—the coal-heaps; the black cinder-soil; and the rows of sooty cottages, inhabited by sooty human beings—recurred by contrast vividly to my mind. Here the valley is so narrow as to remind one of the Bernese Oberland; on one side is a wall of rock, in the clefts of which scanty pines spring from patches of turf, in which the shy chamois is seen to skip about. On the other side of the valley is

a verdant expanse of pasture, athwart which one sees peak after peak of pine-crowned hills, graduated in distance as a fairy scene in a theatre. Eisenerz! how can human pen describe thy enchantments! What fearful convulsion of nature scattered to the four winds of heaven the rended Alps of Styria; and, in the long, long procession of revolving epochs, veiled the evidences of primeval havoc with velvet turf, and crystal brook, and azure lake! Over and above all, the bare crags of the Pfaffenstein seem a vast corpse laid out on the mountain-top; head, breast, and up-turned feet are seen against the sky; and when the pale rays of the moon bleach these rocks, the wild tales of affrighted childhood recur to the fancy, and the monster of a fable seems to repose in monumental remembrance of a world that passed away!

Down in the valley is the village of Eisenerz, the blast-furnaces, with their high red roofs, giving life to the landscape. Nothing appears to offend the eye; the stream that moves the machinery brawls downwards between the neat gardens; even the cottages and cabbage-yards of the workmen have a settled, rural air; so that the miserable helotry of modern trade and manufacture never strikes you.

I quartered myself on Saxon royalty at Eisenerz; not with his Majesty *in propria persona*, but in the inn, Zum König von Sachsen, to the beer of which the people of the iron-mines and furnaces paid the most unmistakeable and oft-renewed marks of homage. How happy would royalty be, if it could count on such constant attachment as that which I saw devoted to the cream crown of the malt liquor! A bright fire gleamed from the kitchen into the vaulted entrance of the court-yard; and the public room was frequented by clerks of the mines, with one of whom I got into conversation, and found that the social and political feelings of Vordenberg and Eisenerz, although so near each other, were quite different: Eisenerz is bureaucratic, Vordenberg burgherly and industrial; Eisenerz is proud and poor, Vordenberg is rich and purse-proud. The bureaucrat of Eisenerz would fain see

the State buy every furnace in Vordenberg; the Vordenbergers detest them for this feeling. The person with whom I was conversing being a sharp man, I asked him if he had been here all his life; and he answered, as nearly as possible, as follows: "O, no such thing! I have seen something of the world in my time. I was brought up at the Institute of Krems, where every thing goes on as smooth, dull, and uniform as the wheels of a new-wound-up clock; and then afterwards I went to the mines of Schemnitz; but, Herr Jesus, what a contrast! fire and fury, what long oaths and long moustachios! *Bassama Teremtete!* And now, sir, I am royal and imperial clerk, thank God! My salary is not very large," continued he, with an air of mock humility, which was exquisitely comic; "but I have house, fuel, and candle, and am free from vicissitudes; so that I have only to take care not to cheat his Majesty the Kaiser out of a kreuzer, and then I should really need to exert a peculiar talent to get kicked out of my berth.—Nani, my dear! another glass of beer."

"You seem to lead a happy and contented life," said I, "and to have a cheerful disposition."

"*Nur lustig, nur lustig*; merry, but orderly, quite orderly. My philosophy is soon said: to deal with all men according to their humours;—with my equals friendly and civil; but if they seek to shew their airs, oh, then, *Himmel sacrament!* I am ready to kick out like a young stallion;—with inferiors kind, but strict; never miss punishing a fault, but meet repentance half way. As for superiors, you must not suppose I have never seen the *beau monde*. Every year I go to Ischl in the gay season for a few days—white gloves, sticking-plaster boots, dress-coat—'Madam, I kiss your hand'—'Herr Baron, your obedient servant.'—Thus wags the world with me; and in fourteen years I am my own master, claim my pension, and then have nothing to do."

"But without occupation, you will wish yourself back to the mines again."

"Not so quick, Herr Engländer; if I live to fourteen years hence, I can read or hunt the chamois; then there is music that remains your servant, and not your master,—as avarice always does in age, for, believe me, even a grand duchess of Russia, when at Ischl, made me come to her drawing-room to tinkle my guitar, and *yodel* our Styrian ditties. Nay, nay, in youth and manhood let my superiors choose my occupation; when I am old, let me determine quantity and quality for myself."

In the midst of our discourse, the door opening, an itinerant harpist came in, and began to play and sing with a voice of small compass but some sweetness:

"Rauschender Strom, brausender Bach,
Du bist mein Lieblings-Aufenthalt."

When the song had ended, a plate was produced to collect kreuzers, and up she went to one of the company with a most rubicund visage, and held out the plate; but with the leer of a satyr, he caught her by the arm, and declared that he wanted to whisper something in her ear.

"Well," said the girl coolly; "my ears are open."

"But a secret, thou enchanting being," continued the Falstaff of Upper Styria, with a grin like the immortal frontispiece of Punch.

"A secret! *Ein Geheimniss! Dass du bist ein Spitzbube, das ist ja gar kein Geheimniss.*"

"You are in a bad humour," said the satyr; and putting a six-kreuzer piece of copper upon her plate, she continued her round. When I had given her my mite, I asked her whence she came, and she answered, from Czaslau, in Bohemia; that her present tour had lasted six weeks, and that she made four tours a-year, and returned to Czaslau to see her family.

In intellectual acuteness, the peasantry are in general much inferior to the Germans of the north; but whoever sets the qualities of the heart above those of the head must be charmed with the Styrian mountaineer. He has an undoubted turn for drollery; but mingled with his jovial

good nature is a dogged obstinacy, which at once reveals the Gothic race. Anger shews itself not, as in Italy, with violent gesticulation, clenched fist, rolling eye, and ear-splitting strife; but the more provokingly does he ape the mild tone of civility, and assumes a sardonic grin, that is wormwood itself. When the Styrian peasant is in this humour, he is as obstinate as a mule; hence he makes a tough, but not a dashing, brilliant soldier; and although I cannot approve of the way in which the Slaavs have been often dealt with, whether decimated for Protestantism by the bloody bigotry of Ferdinand the Second, or regarded as mere machines by Joseph, yet it is impossible not to be convinced that, in all useful qualities, and for all practical ends, there is no sounder population in the monarchy than that of the Styrian Alps, who unite the vigour of the mountaineer with the material comfort of the inhabitants of the plains.

The process of smelting ore is not one that requires describing to an English reader. Here, instead of mineral coal, charcoal is used; but the forests have been so thinned, and the demand for iron so great, that wood has risen. What a beautiful process smelting the ore is, when one stands in the dark, dismal furnace-cellar at the time the font is opened, and out gushes the liquid metal like the molten mid-day sun, shooting up countless diamond-sparks of the first water! There are three of these furnaces in Eisenerz worked by the State, and thirteen in Vordenberg, two of which belonged to the late Archduke John, two to the town of Leoben, and the rest to private individuals; but they form a joint-stock company in all that regards ore and wood. As an incorporation, they possess large timber estates, and take care of their own poor.

In Upper Styria we have Swiss scenery and mineral wealth. In the lowlands, agriculture takes the place of the latter; and the art of the landscape gardener is occasionally put in requisition to make up for the want of the bolder beauties of nature; for if all Germany were explored throughout, the rural residences and parks of

Styria might carry off the palm. In the last century the French taste was all the fashion in gardens, as well as in furniture; with the parterre, the geometrical walks, and statues of Olympic deities, of the heroic period of Louis Quinze, with the air and costume of ballet-dancers. Now the English taste has invaded parks, stables, and nurseries; and even some Styrian castles, such as that of Eggenberg, near Gratz, have been spoiled by attempting to Anglify them; for the French garden is, after all, a very grand affair in a champaign country.

In the English style, no park is admired more than that of Baron Mandell, twelve miles south of Gratz; and on receiving, along with Mr. B—, a highly accomplished and erudite English clergyman resident in Gratz, an invitation to pay a visit, we took a carriage, and struck into the country to the south, first across the level plain, and in about an hour and a half came to Dobbelbad, a watering-place of the citizens of Gratz, with the inn in the form of a temple. The landscape often reminded me of England, but wilder and prettier, with fewer enclosures, and much more wood; and at length, after up hill and down dale, we saw the schloss of the Baron in the distance, rising from the slope of a hill, and overlooking a wide plain with a wooded hill behind; just such as Mr. Allworthy's mansion must have appeared to the eye of Fielding. The schloss, or castle, formed a quadrangle, the ground-floor devoted entirely to servants, and the upper floor with the windows looking out in all directions on the park and gardens, and an open corridor, or gallery, paved with brick, running round the interior, from which the rooms opened.

Baron Mandell and his amiable family gave us a Styrian welcome; and the rest of the morning passed in instructive conversation, for the provincial estates of Styria were soon to assemble for the discussion of the questions of the day. After dinner we descended to the garden; and, passing through a dark alley, we came suddenly on a Swiss cottage, overlooking a valley; every table, chair,

and carved balcony as if it had come direct from Unterssen. This Swiss aspect was not strictly in unison with English landscape; but so distinguished a gardener as the Baron, like poets who set at naught critical rules, had still an appeal open to Nature herself. Here coffee was served; and when the heat of the day had somewhat abated, we pursued our walk, and were soon lost in the woods; not in impervious forest, but in clumps and groves; even the distant walks kept in the trimmest order, and in a wide secluded meadow was as smooth a carpet of velvet grass as ever Dutch or English scythe mowed.

The aspect of the peasantry and their families, their dresses and their dwellings, was equally pleasing, and shewed the signs of institutions based for a great number of years upon the comfort of the poor. I do not believe that any form of a general Constitution could ever have fused in a community of interests the Lombard and German. To adopt constitutional government, a previous exchange of her Polish and Italian provinces was indispensable; and how that was to be accomplished, no one could tell. But free-trade, a free press, and municipal institutions, were called for by the best friends of Austria long before the shock of the Revolution of 1848; and the want of them kept the most intelligent inhabitants of the towns and cities in a state of dissatisfaction. On the other hand, the government of the rural districts is entitled to our unqualified approbation, and was the real secret of the apparently unaccountable cohesion of the empire up to the last irresistible shock. Other governments have had the bayonets of the soldiery and the delations of the police spies, as well as Austria, and yet succumbed; but the defunct government of Austria took the precedence of all the great monarchies that I know of, in a disposition for the welfare of the great mass of the people, and presented the extraordinary contradiction of being the most obstinately retrograde in political liberty and political economy, and the most forward with measures of social superintendence.

In order to make this understood, we must take a retrospective view of political affairs.

The first Carolingians might say, like Napoleon, "*C'est l'anarchie que nous avons détrônée.*" For ten centuries and more the feudal principle prevailed through most parts of Europe, and at the end of that period it fell down in France with a deafening crash. But a similar catastrophe, if not clearly foreseen, was at least systematically anticipated by the Emperor Joseph. This remarkable man understood that, after the adoption of standing armies, feudalism was a form from which the vital principle had fled, and was therefore doomed to rottenness; and while Turgot and Malesherbes were soon dismissed and their intentions defeated, Joseph saw the abuses engendered by the privileged classes; abolished serfage, shut innumerable convents; and, in fact, substituted for the principle of *aristocracy*, that of *bureaucracy*. Joseph committed a capital error in putting the provincial estates altogether on the shelf, from fear of the aristocratic principle again opposing him on plausible prettexts, and with a legal machine; but it cannot be denied that his reforms, sweeping though they were, rendered an immense service to Austria and to public order. He averted a bloody revolution; and the fabric of feudalism, being taken to pieces by a strong hand, did not explode from below, as in France.

The rural bureaucratic system, which Joseph substituted for feudalism, worked as follows up to the year 1848.

The aristocracy and the landed proprietors were unable to avail themselves of their social superiority, as in some other more liberal countries, to follow their own inclinations in differences with the peasantry. It was to the functionaries of the circle that the peasant had recourse, to counterbalance the disadvantages resulting from the inferiority of his position to that of the proprietor in the social scale; and it was in the equitable arbitration of the differences between these two classes that we are to find the grand secret of the immense power which the

defunct bureaucratic government wielded. There was not one law for the rich and another for the poor, as in many more liberal countries; or if a doubt existed at all, it was always the peasant, and never the landlord, that had the benefit of it.

And now it is high time to take farewell of the reader, and to quit provinces so suggestive of serious reflection. If Roman Dalmatia reminds us of a unity of the civilised world which was created by military despotism, every tunnel through the Alps of Styria, every mile of fresh railway, must be regarded as a highway of progress to another unity of the European family, of which the bond will be neither the fear of a Proconsul and his legions, nor the name of a conquering race; but the divine precepts of Christianity, better comprehended in the ordering of international affairs. We have seen in Ragusa, how municipal authority and liberty grew out of the shattered remnants of the Roman Empire. In the subsequent crystallisation of the greater monarchies, we find in the European system a variety and an equipoise, a concomitant civilisation of balanced powers, which has rendered abortive even an approach to an universal monarchy, in imitation of ancient Rome and Austria, to which all Europe foreboded irretrievable destruction, unsubmerged. There are few of the greater monarchies that have been stancher allies of the British Crown, whether in the days of a Marlborough or a Wellington, and in few of the greater monarchies of Europe is the desire for the English alliance less alloyed with jealousy of our maritime or oriental power than Austria. I therefore hope she will weather the storm; but feelings of a higher order lead me to wish that, when the blast is over, she will lose no time in co-operating with the other powers in the erection of the unity of the European family into a permanent system by a diplomarchical constitution, that will make the infraction of a European treaty, by one or more powers, to belong as much to the past as the marauding of Norman barons in the

middle ages. Let us all hope that the hour may not be distant when a Congress of Review will, by a series of skilful exchanges, entwine the sympathies of the nations round the principle of legitimacy; and as Man himself, with his genius and his elevation, has succeeded to the platitude of amphibia, and may yield in turn his tenancy of earth to some more perfectly organised being,—that the time may come when even the unity of the European family may be the mere harbinger of a system that will encircle the globe; when a great book will be opened, and the territories of all kingdoms, principalities, and powers be registered therein; and anathema and annihilation be the inevitable doom of those whom military ambition may render the enemies of the human race.

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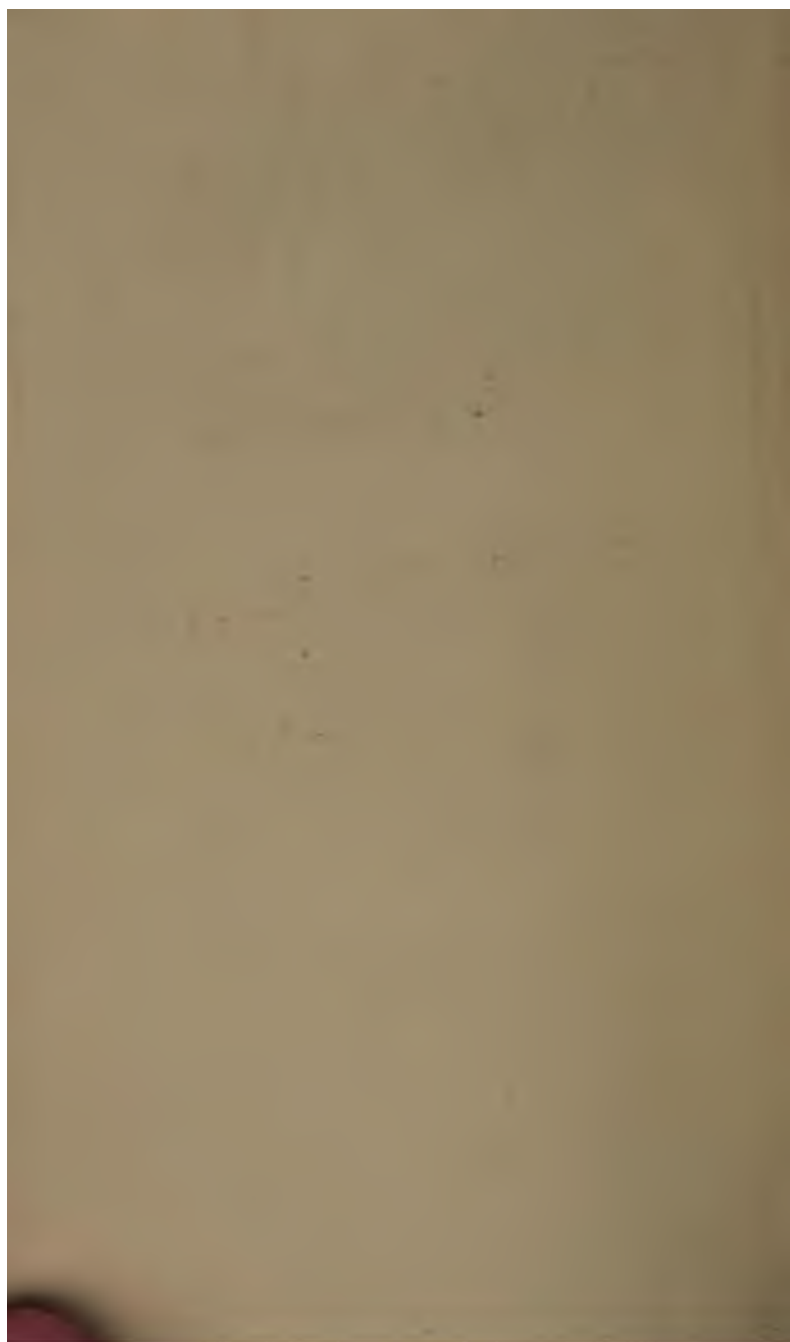
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