DIARY OF TRAVELS

IN

THREE QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

BY

AN AUSTRALIAN SETTLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

Before leaving my distant home at the Antipodes, many kind friends expressed a wish that I should commit to writing, for their amusement, my impressions of the various scenes and wonders I was about to visit in the course of a pilgrimage which was to lead me over many of the most interesting portions of the Old World. The following "Diary" has been the result, and, as too frequently happens in like cases, my views having become more ambitious as my task proceeded, I have yielded to the prevalent inclination to print, and now add my Book of Travels.
PREFACE.

to the legion of works of a like character which encumber the shelves of every Book-seller from Bond Street to Paternoster Row. Whether in this I have acted with wisdom or otherwise, the event will determine; but should the "Diary" find readers among the public, I trust that the above remarks may be deemed a sufficient excuse, where feelings, or incidents, have been recorded, or dwelt upon, which can possess little interest for any but the personal friends of

THE AUTHOR.

January, 1856.
ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 14, line 13, for face read race

" 66, 19, for surprizing read surprising

" 104, " 24, for is read are

" 112, " 24, for those read these

" 141, " 23, for grain read gram

" 154, " 3, for make read makes

" 154, " 13, for keep read kept

" 241, " 1, for more threading some read threading

some more

" 284, " 14, for yolk read yoke

" 315, " 8, for Bengal read Beyrout

VOL. II.

Page 157, line 2, for clearness read cleanness

" 168, " 5, for exported read imported

" 297, " 6, for the Viterbo read Viterbo

" 358, " 8, and page 372, line 23, for Sallanche read

Sallanches

" 376, " 15, for Soane read Suone
CHAPTER I.


On Saturday, July 8th, 1854, bidding a long adieu to Yulgilbar, my bush home in the picturesque valley of the broad Clarence River, I set out on my route to Sydney to take a passage to Europe. The day was warm and sunny—a bright, clear Australian winter day—and when, gaining the brow of an adjacent ridge, I turned my horse to take a last and farewell look, I thought I might travel far before my eyes
would again rest upon a scene of equal beauty and interest.

Beneath me, at the foot of the slope on which I stood, surrounded by garden and vineyard, its modest roof of thatch shaded by the drooping willow and thick foliage of the beautiful white cedar, lay the cottage in which I had passed the last fourteen years—the best years of my manhood, and probably the happiest of my life.

Around and beyond spread a broad expanse of green pasture and woodland, mountain and dell, the dark jungle-clad steeps of the New England boundary ranges terminating the view in the distance—their deep purple hues in rich contrast with the bright green of the nearer landscape, and the clear, blue, transparent sky of this delightful season of the Australian year.

Among the buildings of the farm-yard, still lingering upon the spot where I had parted from them, stood the servants who had assembled to bid me farewell; whilst, upon the intervening slope, in scattered
groups, were numbers of the dark children of the forest, who had drawn together for the same purpose, and now reclined beneath the shade of the great trees, some looking on in grave silence, whilst others gave vent to their regrets in wailings and lamentations.

I turned away with a sad heart, for although this voyage to Europe had for years been the dearest object of my wishes, and constant theme of my day-dreams; yet, now that the long-wished-for moment had arrived, I felt reluctant to leave a spot associated with so many remembrances of successful enterprise and requited toil, endeared too by crowding recollections of joy and sadness, happiness and sorrow, and dear, above all, as the resting-place of one who, in years gone by, had shared with me the labour and the strife, the care and the hopes, but was early and suddenly cut down never to know the reward.

Beneath o'ershadowing cedars, planted by my own hand, but now stately spread...
ing trees, a broad slab marks the peaceful lonely grave of a brother. Shall I ever more revisit that hallowed shade? Shall I ever again return to view these long familiar and well-loved scenes? Making an effort to subdue such depressing reflections, I now pressed on to overtake the rest of my travelling party who had got off a short time in advance, conducting a number of horses which I am taking to Sydney to be turned into cash. They have borne me well through my journeys upon the land, and must now, in a new shape, assist to carry me over the water.

My party for the road consists only of one European and a native black boy; but, besides these, I have this afternoon many supernumeraries who come not only to see me off but also to assist with the led horses which, being eleven in number, and very fresh, are somewhat troublesome and difficult to manage.

At about eight miles from home, all appearing to go smoothly, my two young
assistants and comrades, E——t and McL——n, took leave and went back. But soon afterwards we met with several mishaps and disasters: the horses being too many in each hand, got foul of the trees, struggled and pulled different ways to the great peril of their necks, and in this way breaking the strong halters of bullocks' hide with which they were coupled together, some got free, galloped off, and were with difficulty overtaken and recovered.

However, after all, though somewhat late in the evening, with cavalry and baggage all intact, we reached the ever hospitable station of Gordon Brook, eighteen miles from home, and were soon installed by the cheerful fireside, and the horses secured in the paddocks. To add to my pleasure and satisfaction, I unexpectedly met here an intimate friend and near connexion, with whom was thus afforded me the welcome opportunity of a long farewell conversation during a stroll after dinner in the bright
moonlight, the evening for this wintry season being unusually mild and temperate.

Sunday, 9th. Much time was lost this morning with some of the younger horses, which, although we had the advantages of a stock-yard, and ample assistance in the way of men, were very troublesome and difficult to catch. A bad augury this for the future, as, after another night, we shall be in the open bush and dependant upon our own unassisted exertions. The morning was far advanced ere we got fairly off; but, as the journey proposed for the day was not more than fourteen or fifteen miles, the delay was of little consequence.

In our route lay the station of Newbold Grange, and here some business, which it was necessary to arrange and dispose of previously to my departure, occasioned such further delay that the broad moon had risen high ere we reached our destination for the night, and loosed our hungry beasts to revel in the abundant pasture and spacious paddocks of Ramorne, the hospitable dwell-
ing of a valued friend, and where awaited me one of the pleasantest of this life's pleasant things—a hearty welcome. I have now reached the spot at which I finally bid adieu to the Clarence, with all its familiar scenes and friendly faces. From this point I strike to-morrow across the country to the mountain-road leading into the table lands of New England, and for the next fortnight my only dwelling will be my tent, and my only companions my Anglo-Australian servant, Smith, and Denny, my merry, good-tempered, aboriginal black boy.

Monday, 10th. It was somewhat late before I got my party away. Some of the horses were not found till the paddocks were gone over a second time. We however turned the interval to account by getting a couple of shoes on to our pack-horse, a young filly which, before leaving home, defied all the attempts of the smith to shoe her, but who is now so far tamed as to submit pretty quietly to have her fore-feet handled. The horses were at length
all collected, and we departed about eleven o'clock; my friend T——l kindly sending his black boy to assist for the day.

Soon after starting, I took leave of T. S——h, who assumes charge and command at Yulgilbar till my return, and who had accompanied me thus far to see me fairly off, and to receive all those last words and instructions which are sure to come to mind after one has left home. When he had turned back I felt a good deal depressed. The last link which connected me with home seemed now severed, and I felt the reality of the separation.

We now pressed forwards, and as we had sixteen or twenty miles to go across country without any road, and had made so late a start, we could not stop to bait our horses at noon. Several of the quietest we let loose during the march to-day, and found to our inexpressible satisfaction that they followed and kept up well, giving little trouble.

Shortly before sunset, we reached the
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spot where I proposed to encamp. Water was abundant, but the grass bad; however, it was impossible to proceed further in search of better, evening was closing and we had many horses to catch in the open forest, without enclosure or fence of any kind to assist us. I anticipated difficulty in this, and was not disappointed. We, however, were favoured by a bright full moon, and evening had not long merged into night when, the horses all hobbled and disposed of, our fires were blazing, and my tent pitched. Tired and hungry, we now quickly prepared and despatched our supper of hot tea and damper,* with beef-steaks broiled upon the embers, and then turned into the blankets to prepare for an early move to-morrow morning.

Tuesday, 11th. We were all astir before dawn, and had breakfasted, struck the tent, and got everything packed up by the time the sun was fairly above the hills.

* The ordinary bread of the Australian bush, unleavened dough, baked in the ashes of the wood fire.
The catching, unhobbling, and haltering so many horses, seventeen in all, however, was a rather serious operation, but none had strayed far, nor were very troublesome to secure; so, after all, we got away in very good time. The night was remarkably mild for this cold season of the year, and our steeds consequently look fresh and pretty well filled, notwithstanding the scantiness of the grass.

At starting I sent back Jimbolo, the black boy, from Ramornie, and a stockman who I brought from home thus far, and we are now reduced to our own party, Smith, Denny, and myself, and must henceforth trust to our own resources, and not look for help of any kind, either roofs to cover our heads, or yards or inclosures to secure our cattle. However, emboldened by the success of last night, we turned loose more of the led horses, and set forward in the following order: a packhorse, carrying my tent, bedding, clothes, and all my own camp equipage, is led by myself. Denny leads
another, carrying provisions for the whole party—flour, beef, tea and sugar, with some opossum cloaks, and an array of tin pots. Smith leads the two colts which we still retain in hand, and we all join in driving before us the nine remaining horses. These were no sooner started this morning than taking the beaten road, which we now had under foot, they trotted briskly forward giving us no trouble, and before mid-day we had accomplished fifteen miles to Nymboye, on the South River, upon the grassy bank of which we unsaddled and turned loose our steeds to rest and feed, whilst we, on our parts, soon lighted a blazing fire, and prepared our meal of the never-failing tea, broiled slices of beef, and leather jackets, thin cakes of flour and water, mixed and kneaded upon a fresh piece of gumtree bark stripped for the occasion, and quickly baked, or rather broiled upon the glowing wood embers. Nothing is nicer than this kind of bread, which is in appearance something between a Scotch oat cake and a ship biscuit.
Our repast ended, we had to procure a supply of beef at a station adjacent, and to borrow tools to replace a shoe which one of the horses cast yesterday, and which I observed falling and thus saved very fortunately, for to procure shoes upon the journey would be almost impossible. When I offered payment for the fine piece of beef with which we were supplied, and which Denny carried off in great triumph, it was declined upon the ground that the giver had, on some former occasion, been furnished with provisions at the Yulgilbar stores, when travelling in that direction.

These operations and the shoeing the horse, which Smith very skilfully performed, consumed so much time, that when we again resumed our march, we had not gone more than four or five miles, ere the declining sun warned us that it was time to think of camping for the night, and immediately after coming to a most appropriate spot, a dry, gravelly ridge beside a rill of water, with abundance of dead wood
for our fires, and hard by a warm, sheltered little glade, and hillside covered with fine pasture for our beasts, we pulled up and unsaddled.

Now came an anxious trial of success in catching the horses which were loosed today. The result was quite satisfactory, all submitting with little resistance except one, which gave us much trouble, and would not have been caught at all, could he have succeeded in his repeated endeavours to incite some of his companions to make off with him.

Wednesday, 12th. This morning found all the horses close at hand, and the night having been again remarkably temperate, and the feed excellent, they are well filled, and look famously. Our course now lay across a rough mountain track, where, as no water was to be found throughout the middle hours of the day, we pushed forward and completed the whole stage, twenty miles, before halting. We arrived early in the afternoon at Cloud’s Creek, the little moun-
tain stream where we purposed camping, and selected as warm and sheltered a spot as could be found, the brassy glare of the declining sun, and clear, transparent air, warning us to prepare for a frosty night.

Our route, during a part of to-day, led us along the crest of a lofty range, from the highest part of which, the distant mountains about Yulgilbar were for the last time discernible. Poor Denny, true to the feeling of strong unquenchable love for home, or home sickness, so remarkable in his face, was visibly affected, and began to lament having undertaken so long a journey which was to carry him so far away; and I must myself confess that I did not, without emotion, behold this last far-distant glimpse. The appearance of our camp to-night was remarkably picturesque and pleasing in this wild mountain glen, to the otherwise somewhat lone and sombre aspect of which the pretty blue tent pitched amid a group of sheltering trees, the bright crackling fires, and the horses scattered
about and lazily browsing at ease among the abundant grasses of the little swamp or savannah in front, imparted an air of life and cheerfulness, and formed altogether a most agreeable picture.
CHAPTER II.


THURSDAY, 13th. A bitter frost last night unsettled the horses, and set them rambling. When we rose to prepare breakfast and pack up, the bell, which is always attached to the neck of the one most disposed to stray, was nowhere to be heard; and, when morning dawned, not a horse was to be seen. Breakfast over, by the time it was broad daylight, taking halters and bridles on our arms, we started in search; and, soon striking the track, followed it over a stony ridge. The bell was then audible at a distance; and, guided by its sound, we
found all our nags huddled together in a warm nook, sheltered among thick trees and bushes.

Securing our working horses, we loosed the rest, which were no sooner free than they began to start off at a trot, and disperse among the bushes. To provide against such a contingency, we had, however, brought a saddle with us, borne upon Denny's curly head, and I was quickly mounted and in pursuit. A smart gallop of a few minutes brought all the fugitives together to the camp, where our pack-horse was quickly loaded; and, ere the white hoar frost had begun to yield to the levelled rays of the morning sun, we were all in the saddle, and again on our way.

The route to-day was rough and mountainous, comprising the principal ascent into New England. However, with the advantage of an early start, by mid-day we were over the worst part of the journey, and had reached Blick's River, a dashing torrent at the foot of the last long ascent,
and full thirteen miles from our last night's camp. We now unsaddled, and let loose our hungry beasts upon a sheltered hillside, where the grass was pretty good. In two hours we again packed up, and proceeded, the road still ascending along a scruffy, thickly-timbered ridge.

After journeying eight miles, we came to an open, grassy spot, a little oasis in this dark forest wilderness. Here we found all the requisites for a camp, abundant grass, remarkably good, and green for this advanced season, plenty of dry wood for our fires, dry ground for our beds, and water; but none unfortunately that our horses could get at, our own supply being drawn from a small spring far down the steep hillside. The green pasture and warm sheltered situation, however, were advantages not to be slighted, and we determined to encamp for the night. In this wild mountain glade, shaded by gigantic trees, and surrounded by dark cedar brushes, into the mysterious depths of which the sunlight
never enters, it required some persuasion to induce Denny, whose province it was to fetch water for the camp, to descend after dark to the spring. When he did attempt it, his torch of stringy bark became extinguished before he reached the water, and he came tearing back, yelling and shouting in great excitement. After this, he absolutely declined to renew the enterprise alone. In our elevated and well-sheltered position, we enjoyed quite a warm temperature, and our nags cropped the fine grass contentedly and at their ease, though the bright, sharp glitter of the stars overhead, told that it was a bitter cold frosty night in the open country beyond.

Friday, 14th. Last night continued warm, and the horses steady till towards daybreak, when impatience for the water set them moving. As soon as it was light, guided by the now distant sound of the bell, we found some of the most enterprising nags scrambling and tumbling in their hobbles far down the stony and rugged
mountain-side into a deep ravine, where the foremost had already reached a small stream.

Our only resource was now to unhobble the struggling animals, who looked chafed and fagged with their scramble, and turning them up the steep, to follow as fast as the long tangled grass, rocks, and fallen trees would allow; for amongst this lot there was not a horse that could be ridden bare-backed, and we had brought no saddle down the mountain. By dint of great exertion, however, we got them in sight of the camp; but, whilst there engaged saddling and packing up, the restless brutes were again off, and so quickly, that ere I could mount and hurry to the spot where we left them standing, they had succeeded in getting so far away, that it was only by intense listening I was able to catch a single faint distant note of the faithful bell.

Thus guided, I dashed away o'er brake and brier, and soon came upon a narrow track bearing the fresh sharp prints of
many horses' shoes. Along this I sped through the deep shades of the tall forest, an occasional sound of the yet distant horse-bell at intervals breaking the stilly silence of these mountain solitudes. A gallop of nearly two miles brought me at length in sight of the truants, which, having got their heads in the direction of home, were trotting briskly on. The clatter of pursuing hoofs told them they were discovered, and they faced round, looking guilty and disappointed.

I was now not long in rejoining the rest of the party; when I found, to my inexpressible annoyance, that the remaining horses which I had left near the camp, had been allowed to get out of sight, and were missing. Desiring Smith to proceed leisurely on the road with those I had brought up, I instantly started in quest of the others, cursing the ill luck that had brought us this mischance in the most thickly-wooded and broken district of our whole route. The search for these two
horses might occupy days, and *might*, after all, be unsuccessful, as in such a country they could be passed at a few yards distance unobserved, and they wore no bell to betray their whereabouts. I was, however, fortunate enough, after a short search, to come upon their traces beside a small stream-let at which they had drank, and following these, I soon after found the animals quietly feeding in one of the little open glades that occur at intervals in the thick forest which covers this mountain region.

Delighted with my good fortune, I soon overtook and again rejoined my party, now some miles on the road, and we went briskly on to make up for lost time. We now gained the summit level of the great plateau of New England; and, as we emerged from the deep shade upon the open downs of Hernani, the crunching of the frozen ground beneath our horses' hoofs told what we had escaped by remaining for the night under the cover and protection of the tall mountain-forests.
The sun shone brightly; but, as the morning advanced, the setting in of the bitter cold west wind which sweeps in winter over the downs and plains of these elevated regions, determined me to push on for the friendly shelter of the Snowy Mountains, yet nearly twenty miles distant.

In the afternoon, cold and hungry, we made a short halt at the Guy Fawkes River; and, whilst the refreshing "pot of tea" was in preparation, we were glad, though the sun was bright and unclouded, to gather round the blazing fire. The thundering of the Guy Fawkes Falls, where the little river precipitates itself over a perpendicular mass of basalt to a depth of some hundred feet a short distance below our camp, soon attracted the notice of Denny, who, with Smith, ran off to discover the cause. They returned full of wonder and delight, neither having before seen any falls approaching these in magnitude.

But, indeed, the Guy Fawkes is a very fine waterfall, and might well excite the
admiration of more experienced travellers. The body of water is at this season considerable; and, after its first wild leap, the maddened stream, broken into a cloud of spray, is collected in its rocky basin only to be again dashed foaming over a second precipice scarcely inferior to the first. Beyond this, the still-tormented river, chafed by rocks and rapids, becomes lost to view in the depths of the wild, dark, unfathomable abyss, into which it has thus descended, and whose savage grandeur is in fine and remarkable contrast to the tranquil aspect of the level pastures above. As our present object, however, is to well feed and preserve the condition of our horses, rather than a search for the picturesque, we were not disposed to linger on this bleak plain, where the keen winds and biting frosts had converted the grass into a resemblance of deal shavings. Our usual frugal meal ended, we therefore hastily packed up, saddled, and proceeded on our way.

After passing the Guy Fawkes Station,
towards evening we entered the passes of the Snowy Mountains, a great granite range which here crosses the table-land. The name is somewhat a misnomer, as no snow lies upon these rocky heights except on very rare occasions. Among their defiles we found, as I had anticipated, shelter from the ruthless wind, and a much milder temperature.

Shortly before sunset we came to a halt in a little hollow, surrounded and well protected by lofty granite rocks and crags. Through this hollow passed a streamlet of the clearest water, and the old grass having been swept off by fire during the past autumn, the feed was better than any we had seen since leaving our last night’s camp. This piece of good fortune put us all in high spirits: the operations of hobbling and unsaddling were speedily got through, our fires lighted, and suppers prepared. The horses, sheltered from the biting wind which had persecuted them all day, browsed contentedly; and, after night
had closed, and I lay reading in my warm tent, before which blazed a glorious fire, the echoes of the mountain were ever and anon awakened by Denny's loud, merry, ringing laugh, as he sat chatting with Smith at the camp-fire, which they jointly occupied a short distance from mine. They have no tent; but when the sky looks threatening, as it does to-night, Denny quickly with his tomahawk strips a sheet of bark from a neighbouring tree, and this dexterously set up before the fire upon an extemporary frame of sticks, in a sort of Dutch-oven form, makes a warm though somewhat limited shelter.

Saturday, 15th. We have now before us near one hundred miles of the open plains of New England, which we must traverse, exposed to the full rigour of the searching winds and bitter frosts of this wintry region. No friend, like the Snowy Mountain, will again offer his protection, till we shall reach the Moonby Pass, and, taking final leave of the table-land, descend
to the warm valleys of the west. Convinced that the withered pasture and cold nights of New England will do more to reduce the condition of our animals than an increased rate of travelling, I have determined to perform these hundred miles in three long days. We were, therefore, all astir this morning a full hour before daybreak, breakfasting and packing up by firelight, in order to start as soon as the dawn should enable us to see our horses. The sky looked very dark and threatening; and, whilst we were at breakfast, a trifling fall of snow greatly astonished Denny, who had never before beheld such a phenomenon.

Soon after starting, we quitted the defiles of the Snowy Mountains, and descended upon the open downs, where, as yesterday, we soon discovered proofs that the temperature had been very different from that of our sheltered camp. Early in the forenoon we reached Hall's Station, one of the points where I had proposed replenishing our now
nearly-exhausted flour-bags. Here also we were fortunately able to obtain nails and tools to replace the shoes of one of our largest horses, which, having cast two, was already becoming lame. I meanwhile availed myself of our halt, and access to a looking glass to indulge in the luxury of a shave, my chin having been ignorant of soap and lather since we quitted Ramornie. While thus engaged, Smith came, in great tribulation, to acquaint me that the colt viciously resisted all attempts to shoe him. I therefore determined to take the matter in hand myself; when a few smart strokes of a rope's-end soon reduced our refractory fellow to submission, and the desired object was speedily effected. Here, as at the South River, when payment for the provisions supplied to us was offered, it was again refused.

Travelling steadily we had by sunset journeyed nearly thirty miles from our last night's bivouac, when we halted beside some small pools of water in the open forest,
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On coming to camp, every one has his appointed duty. First, each unsaddles and hobbles his own horse; then, while I unload my packhorse, and Smith the other, Denny lights a fire. Smith and I then proceed to catch the loose horses, to remove the hobbles from their necks, where they have been carried through the day, and place them upon their fetlocks; finally, we take off their halters which they wear in the day to assist us in catching them at night.

While we are thus occupied, Denny cuts poles for my tent, and a piece of bark on which to make bread, and then I set the tent up, Smith cooks the supper, and Denny carries wood for the fires. So we are all pretty well employed till it is quite dark: then we sup: I take a walk round among the horses to see all right, and we go early to bed to prepare for the fatigues of the morrow. The bright, clear, transparent sky to-night gives warning of a bitter frost.

Sunday, 16th. Long before dawn, we began, as usual, our preparations for the
start: all goes like clockwork. I am generally first awake; and, before five o'clock (the day now breaks about six) I rouse the others, Denny requires a little shaking, and rubs his great eyes very hard before he can get them open: he then goes for water and fills the tin pots. I, meanwhile, strike and fold my tent and bedding, whilst Smith prepares the breakfast, and straps up his opossum cloak and baggage. The meal ended by the time it is light enough to see, we hang the bridles and halters across our arms, Denny takes my saddle upon his head, and we make for the sound of the bell.

This morning, when daybreak came, not a horse was in sight, but the distant bell-notes, sounding clear and distinct in the sharp frosty air, indicated where to seek them. Cold and miserable they looked, and so out of temper were they with their sufferings, that it was with much difficulty they could be kept together till all were unhobbled. As fast as any were loosed,
they made off, and the rest endeavoured to follow—tearing about in their hobbles, heating themselves, and chafing their legs. However, by mounting Denny, and keeping him on the gallop—this way and that—to turn in the stragglers, the unhobbling was at length got through: though, before it was achieved, our fingers had become so benumbed and frozen that it was with difficulty we could undo the buckles. Our packhorses were now speedily loaded, and we moved off, resolved to make a long stretch to-day to insure getting clear to-morrow of this cold wintry land.

On proceeding, we found the pools and water-holes all frozen over, and the horses, when they attempted to drink, only bobbed their astonished noses against the solid ice in some places nearly an inch thick. As the day advanced, a bitter west wind completely neutralized the effect of a bright sun; and, as we crossed the wide plains of Gostwick and Salisbury, we felt the icy blast in its full intensity. At mid-day, on
halting, we were glad to stow ourselves away under a sheltering bank; even late in the afternoon, we saw ice still unmelted in a shady spot. A brilliant sunset was reddening the cold clear sky when, having accomplished full thirty-five miles, we halted by a pool of rain water, in the open forest, half a mile off the road, at a spot where the long winter grass looked a little less withered than elsewhere. Much rain, which we have fortunately escaped, has lately fallen in this part of the country, and the ground about our camp to-night is miserably wet and boggy.

Monday, 17th. Last night was the most severe that we have yet experienced. This morning the boggy ground was hard as a rock, and the grass stark and frozen. We found our poor horses shivering and disconsolate: icicles hung from their noses, and the hoar frost whitened their backs. For ourselves, it was with difficulty we could maintain sufficient life and sensation in our fingers whilst we got through the necessary opera-
tions with straps and hobbles covered with rime and frost.

The sun was rising as we got into our saddles and moved off. The road, wet and sloppy from the effect of the late rains, was now covered with ice, which hissed and crackled under foot, and maintained a struggle with the warm unclouded sun, until he had begun his descent towards the west. Such a degree of cold is very unusual even in this cold region of Australia.

During the forenoon, we passed the little village of Macdonald River, where I sent Smith to procure a further supply of flour and beef. Soon after our mid-day halt, we reached the borders of the table-land; and, from the summit of the Moonby Pass, looked gladly down upon the broad warm valleys of the Cockburn and Peel. Our jaded animals, which during the last few days have visibly declined in condition, and begin to look ragged and worn, seemed to share the exhilarating effect of the wide prospect before us, or to snuff the green pastures
afar, as with pricked ears, and joyous snortings they briskly went forward.

A continuous descent of three miles, or thereabouts, brought us to the bottom of the pass, and into an entirely new region and climate. Great coats and comforters were now thrown off, and it was with difficulty we could urge our nags along, so ravenously did they assail the luxuriant green herbage which here took the place of the withered grasses we had so lately quitted upon the table-land above. A few miles from the foot of the Moonby, we chose our camping-ground in a fine meadow-like flat upon the bank of the pretty Cockburn River, and liberated our famished beasts to revel in rich pastures, such as they had not seen since leaving the green valleys of Yulgilbar.
CHAPTER III.


TUESDAY, 18th. This day we remained at rest; and, to give our horses the full advantage of their holiday, we took off their hobbles, and turned them loose quite free, without even the usual halter upon their heads. The poor brutes thoroughly enjoyed the repose, and stretched at length upon the ground, basked in the warm sunshine. A couple of our riding horses only were kept in hobbles as a means of recovering the others.

We employed ourselves during the forenoon, in building a small yard with long
saplings, which with our tomahawks we cut for the purpose, judging, and as the event proved not erroneously, that, when rested and refreshed, the horses would not, free and unfettered as we had now left them, be easily recought. The remainder of the warm day was dozily spent in pleasant rest, which we indeed were as much disposed to enjoy as were our steeds.

In the evening, I rode to a sheep station a couple of miles off, to endeavour to purchase a sheep, or a part of one, but was unsuccessful, as the overseer in charge had no authority to sell. For many days past, we have had none but salted meat, and even of that our supply is now exhausted.

Wednesday, 19th. We broke up our camp and moved off this morning, but not very early, as I purpose making but short stages for the rest of the journey; and the excellent feed at this spot rendered me reluctant to leave it. We had not proceeded far when Denny's sharp eyes espied an opossum badly concealed in the hollow branch
of a small tree, and being without meat, we determined to have him. The opossum, however, though caught napping, was not to be so easily taken, for when Denny, having nimbly climbed to his retreat, was about to annihilate him with a blow of the tomahawk, the animal, not so sleepy as he appeared, sprang suddenly into the air, and descending with all legs spread, came flat upon the ground, seemingly with much force; but that he had accomplished the feat without injury to himself, he quickly convinced us, by skipping up another and much taller tree so rapidly as to escape all the murderous attempts of Smith and myself, who, armed with sticks, awaited his descent. Denny shrieked with wild laughter, as from his perch overhead he watched our defeat; but the poor opossum was not to be allowed thus to escape, and was finally sent to the ground along with the branch to which he clung, and ruthlessly despatched.

Resuming our way, we soon after came
to the station of Nimmingar, and there procured a supply of fresh beef: the poor opossum might, therefore, have been allowed to eat his gum leaves, and doze away his life in peace a little longer. At Nimmingar, we crossed the Peel, and struck across the fine open box-forest towards Goonoogoonoo. Getting now into a country well stocked with sheep, grass became scarce and bad; and, when the approach of evening obliged us to encamp, we found but very indifferent pasture.

Thursday, 20th. Last night was excessively cold, and for this locality very unusually so. This morning thin ice covered even the pools of the running stream by our camp, a phenomenon very rarely seen in this part of the country.

We started early, and soon after passed the Australian Agricultural Company's Head Station of Goonoogoonoo; and here again, quitting the high road, we struck off for a bridle route through the mountains by which we shall save some dis-
tance, and travel by a more sheltered and better grassed district. At mid-day, we had difficulty in the wide box-forest to find water; but, after some search, succeeded in discovering a small supply enough for our purpose in a rocky gully.

Towards evening, we were equally lucky; and, by following an old cattle-track, came to a small pool in a warm sheltered situation well up among the mountains, though quite in our route, and where the grass was excellent. The sun to-day was very hot. In New England, we could scarcely keep warm in great coats with woollen comforters and thick gloves; this afternoon we rode in our shirt sleeves.

Friday, 21st. A warm night and abundant feed made our beasts look famously this morning. We started very early, and a long descent bringing us again to the low lands, the hoar frost which covered the ground, and abundant ice upon the waters, showed how much we had gained by the discovery of that little pool which had en-
abled us to remain above in our snug mountain warm retreat of last night.

Early in the forenoon, we came upon the great northern road near Loder's, but shortly again left it, and took the track to Warah. At Borambil Creek, we met with capital feed for our mid-day halt; and, early in the evening, having accomplished about twenty miles, we descended upon the beautiful plains of Warah. The splendid rich pasture was as green as a meadow; and having found at the edge of the plain a small pool of water, but very shallow and muddy, we immediately encamped. Streams, or ponds, are few and far between in this region of level plains, and such feed as here abounded was not to be passed for the chance of better water. Our steeds were soon turned loose, and fell to work with an eagerness that showed they fully appreciated the quality of the herbage.

Saturday, 22nd. Last night was warm and genial, and our horses this morning looked surprisingly plump and sleek. Being
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unwilling to hurry them away from such splendid pasture, I determined to make a late start and a short stage; and, whilst Smith baked a damper, I employed myself cutting some of the finely-scented Myall wood that grows on these plains, and of which I wished to carry a few specimens to England.

About eleven o'clock we got away. Before us over the plain, about ten miles distant, rose the bold chain of the Liverpool range, the Cedar-brush Pass by which we were to cross, showing clear and distinct like a wide portal in the huge dark wall. Near the foot of the pass we halted to refresh before making the ascent.

The afternoon was advancing when we again got in motion, and our horses reluctantly facing the hill, sidled off first one way and then another, and gave us so much trouble, that when we reached the summit the sun was sinking in the level west. Beyond the pass, the hills and broad valleys of the Hunter and its tributaries now
spread before us. In the opposite direction the eye roamed over the boundless west, the wide treeless expanse of the Liverpool plains skirting the horizon. But there was no time to gaze; the shades of evening were closing fast, and the night wind of these highland solitudes already sighed through the tall forest.

Pressing forward, we hurried down the steep and long descent; but, ere we reached the deep valley of the Dart at the mountain's foot, the daylight had completely forsaken us, and the operation of encamping we had to grope through in the dark as best we might. The horses once caught, hobbled, and disposed of, we kindled a large fire, and by its light managed to pitch the tent, and complete the camp arrangements. But our meat-bag was missing. Denny carried this upon his saddle, and was sure he had it safe shortly before we halted; despite, however, a lengthened search by torchlight, it was not to be found.

Our long journey is now drawing to a
close. The valley of the Hunter, upon the
waters of which we are at length encamped,
conducts us to the port of Morpeth, now
only one hundred and thirty miles distant,
and thence an easy steam-voyage of a few
hours carries us to Sydney. On the banks
of the Hunter, only fifty miles from our
present resting-place, Merton, the home of
my boyhood, and still the residence of my
family, is in effect the goal and termination
of our toilsome march, as there we intend
to halt and repose for awhile, and after-
wards a few days of easy travel will suffice
for the remainder of the distance to Sydney.

Sunday, 23rd. At dawn this morning
Denny renewed his search for the missing
part of our commissariat, and soon found the
bag, but a marauding gnacom* had during
the night torn it open, and devoured the
contents. We had, therefore, to breakfast
as we had supped upon dry bread. We
started early; and being now within the
boundaries, where habitations are more nu-

* Gnacom, wild dog.
merous than beyond the great dividing range, Smith, before we made our noonday halt, had discovered some old acquaintance, and provided himself with a famous supply of roast beef, a hot loaf, and a bottle of home-made wine, which he produced with great triumph.

Some years have elapsed since I last travelled by this route, and melancholy is the change that has during the interval come over the once cheerful scene. Formerly, the traveller returning from the wide solitudes and scattered stations of the great squatting districts of the interior, feasted his eyes, and felt his heart gladdened, by the evidences of civilization, and signs of life and activity which everywhere met his view in passing down this fine valley of the Dartbrook. At every four or five miles neat homesteads surrounded and embellished by fruitful orchards, and spacious flower gardens tastefully laid out and nicely kept, gave evidence of prosperity and content, whilst luxuriant vineyards, well tilled
fields, and numerous corn stacks, attested the fertility and productiveness of the soil. All this has sadly changed during the last three years. The discovery of the gold mines, and consequent rush to the diggings, have converted this once smiling scene to one of ruin and desolation. Deserted houses, gardens choked with weeds, and broken fences, now everywhere meet the eye and depress the spirits. Sheep graze over the lands where late the busy ploughman pursued his healthful toil, the solitary shepherd chooses his habitation among the empty farm-buildings, and the once thronged cottages of the labourers are tenantless and falling to decay. A few farmers, encouraged by the present high prices of corn, yet struggle on against the disadvantages of exorbitant wages and a short supply of hands, but their lands look ill cultivated, and their homes unkept, wild, and neglected.

We travelled twenty miles to-day, and encamped early this evening on a fine grassy flat beside the Dartbrook, a short
distance from the village of Scone. Not long before we halted I observed a shepherd, who was tending his flock among the dilapidated enclosures of one of the ruined farms, rise from his seat beneath a tree, and make hurriedly towards us. As the man approached, with his keen eyes intently fixed upon me, he suddenly, with a gesture of surprise and delight, pronounced my name, and I at once recognised him as an aboriginal, named Coolan, son of a chief of the once powerful tribe that dwelt in this neighbourhood, and who in days of yore had often been the companion and attendant of myself and brothers during our hunting and fishing excursions. His eyes now filled as he spoke, and asked where we intended to halt, as after he should have driven his flock to the fold he would come to our camp fire, and tell me a long sad history of past years and present sorrows. Accordingly, soon after nightfall, Coolan made his appearance, bringing a roasted opossum as a present for Denny, then lighting his pipe,
he sat down by the fire, and began his melancholy tale. He told how the once numerous tribes of the Cámilarrai, who in his boyhood roamed the plains, and camped in the valleys of this wide district, hunted the kangaroo, sat at the council fires, made war or peace, and were the proud, free masters of the land; how the warlike Marowancaal, the Tooloompikalal, the Gundical, and the fine intelligent tribe of Paninpikal, to which he himself belonged, had all sank, dropped off, died, and gradually disappeared, the miserable surviving remnant, some half dozen broken men, all gaining a livelihood like himself by tending sheep. It was fate, he said, and he expected soon to follow those who had gone before. Yet he admitted that a taste for ardent spirits, and the drunken habits into which his people fell, had doubtless much influenced their rapid melting away. The poor fellow was much affected. His story was indeed a mournful one, but might be repeated in all the older districts of the
colony. An inscrutable destiny would seem to ordain that the savage must yield
his place upon the earth to civilized man. Not one of the tribes above enumerated
had ever come into hostile collision with
the white intruders, but had, from the first
occupation of their country, remained on
terms of the most perfect amity with the
strangers. Yet all have been as surely
and wholly swept away, as though to
destroy and exterminate had been the aim
of the new comers, instead of the humane
desire to preserve and support their dark-
skinned brethren ever evinced by the
settlers in this locality.

Monday, 24th. We were off by times
this morning; and, passing Redbank and
Kiouga, came upon the broad flats of the
Hunter at Negoa. Here Smith left me, to
strike across by Muswell brook, impatient
to reach the dwelling of his parents, which
by this direct route was only fifteen miles
distant, Denny and I pursuing our way
alone. Every spot was now familiar,
though much altered during long years of absence by fences and enclosures, which greatly obstructed our way, and rendered it difficult to find an open space affording water and grass for our noonday halt.

Evening approached as we passed Bengalla, yet nine miles from Merton. The land, everywhere close fed with sheep, seemed to offer a poor prospect for our camp; but getting clear of the fences, however, we fortunately discovered on the river bank a retired nook affording sufficient grass for our purpose, and here we gladly pulled up as the day closed; and the sun, that had shone since noon with an almost summer warmth, was streaming his last rays through the clear western sky.

Tuesday, 25th. Rose this morning with the feeling that my work was done; and with the pleasant anticipation of soon finding myself among friends the nearest and the dearest. The early camp duties were briskly got through; and, after a thorough wash in the stream, we set cheerfully for-
ward. The toils and troubles of the long
tedious journey are now past, and have not
been encountered in vain. The horses,
though a good deal reduced since leaving
the Clarence, are still in excellent and very
marketable condition; a condition they most
assuredly would not have retained after
travelling so far at this season of the year,
unless driven with a degree of care and
judgment which it is impossible to induce
servants to exercise.

We soon entered upon the broad alluvial
plains of Pickering. The sun again shone
brightly in a cloudless sky, and we moved
slowly and lazily on. The day was before
us, and our horses eagerly cropped the
young grass, which was springing where
fire had lately passed over the blackened
plain. The only drawback to my perfect
contentment was a feeling of uncertainty as
to whether I should find my friends at
Merton. They were I knew about to quit
permanently this cherished home of many
years; and should I then find they had
already departed?
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About noon, we reached the little village of Merton, and the answer to my first anxious inquiry told me that my fears were not unfounded, for those I had hoped to meet were gone; when, however, a mile further on, I reached the old cottage—the home of my boyish days—I had the satisfaction to find a brother to bid me welcome. The dear old home looked empty and forsaken; but this feeling soon passed off and was forgotten in the society of my brother, who had much to show me, and much to talk over of plans and projects for the future.

Thus several days passed pleasantly away, during which time my horses rested and were all reshod; and, on Sunday, the 30th, the feed being very short in the paddocks, and the beasts rather losing than gaining flesh, I again set forward, travelling in the same mode as before. The first day and night, I had no other assistant than Denny; but Smith, in compliance with preconcerted arrangements, joined us as we passed his
dwelling at Jerry's Plains, fifteen miles from Merton, early in the morning of the second day. On the 2nd of August we reached Maitland; and, after a day's rest there, I embarked for Sydney, at sunrise on the morning of the 4th, on board the fine new steamboat Coleroy, taking with me as many of the horses as I could procure berths for, and leaving Smith to follow with the rest on the morrow.

We ran quickly down the river; but, owing to the state of the tide, were detained some hours at the flats near its mouth, before we could pass out, and consequently, though we had a smooth sea and fine passage, we did not reach Sydney till near ten o'clock in the evening.

When we got alongside the wharf, fresh delays arose. The crew, in the spirit of reckless, unthinking insubordination which has prevailed amongst men of this class since the discovery of the gold mines, refused to work, on the plea that it was too late; and it was only after much expostu-
lation on the part of the captain that the fellows yielded so far as to run out the stage, and prepare for the landing of the horses. This done, I quickly got mine ashore, and engaging the services of some of the numerous boys who always attend the arrival of steamers at the wharfs, the famished animals were soon lodged in the stables of Mr. Burt, veterinary surgeon and auctioneer, to whom their sale was intrusted, and I—my self-imposed task now fairly and successfully ended—hastening to Bent Street, soon found myself enjoying all the agreeable ease and comfort of the Australian Club.

Sunday, August 6th. Last evening, Smith and Denny arrived safely with the remainder of the horses which, like their predecessors, were handed over to Mr. Burt. They are to be sold by auction after they have rested and refreshed for a few days; but, at eight shillings a head per night, it will not do to keep them long.

Yesterday, having joined the members of
my family, who are preparing to proceed to Europe at the same time with myself, we finally decided to go by the Overland or Red Sea route, which is conducted by steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. These ships depart from Sydney only every alternate month; and, as the last sailed but a few days ago, we have about six weeks to wait for the next. This is rather a long detention; but the interval we shall not, perhaps, find greatly too long for the full and final completion of all the arrangements for our protracted absence.

Denny has been all eyes and exclamations to-day, and will have much to tell his friends of the wonders of city life, when he gets back to his forest-home. He is now committed to the care of Smith, who is shortly to return to the Clarence. They leave Sydney to-morrow, and will take back with them the horses which we worked on the journey down, and which we left at Maitland.

Sunday, 20th. The time is passing
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rapidly. This day four weeks we shall quit Sydney, if the steamer arrive to her time. My horses are sold, and realized prices which proved that the care and trouble bestowed to get them down from the Clarence in good condition were not thrown away. The prices were the best of the day, ranging from £75 downwards.

Thursday, 14th. The steam-ship, Madras, which is to carry us to Ceylon, arrived yesterday morning from Singapore. She is a noble vessel of 1,200 tons, and will sail punctually on her appointed day, the 20th inst. We have, therefore, set about in earnest to complete our preparations for the voyage, chosen our berths, and paid our passage-money.

Each cabin is fitted to receive three persons, and the charge hence to Southampton is £150 for each berth, or £360 for a whole cabin. I took a passage to Alexandria only, for which I paid £130, and secured an upper bed-place in a well-situated cabin near the foot of the companion stairs. My
friends selected the adjoining cabin, and booked all through to Southampton.

The Company liberally permit their passengers to remain at pleasure at any of the intermediate ports, and to resume their voyage by a subsequent vessel. A traveller may thus, if he please, spend twelve months on the way to England.
CHAPTER IV.


WEDNESDAY, September 20th. At four, P.M., we got on board the Madras, as she lay with steam up and blue peter flying, about a mile below Pinchgut, proudly floating on the clear, sunny waters of Port Jackson. I have a dizzy recollection of hurried leave-takings and last sad adieus, those greatest, because most oft-recurring, sorrows of our common every-day life.

The anchor was speedily got up, and we steamed out of the heads, and I now found myself actually commencing a voyage to Europe. Evening soon after closed in.
The night was calm, and our gallant ship, propelled by the whirling screw, sped rapidly on with a motion so steady, that it were difficult to believe oneself on shipboard and afloat on the open sea, but for that undescribed and indescribable something; that subtle combination of cooks, galley, and engine-room; of rumblings, tremblings, and throbs; of hot oil, hot steam, and grease of steward's pantry, spirits, and scoured brass, which assails you, whether through the senses of smell, taste, or hearing, you cannot tell; which afflicts you like a tooth-ache, remorselessly pursues you whether above or below, and from which there is no escape, let the weather be never so fine, at the beginning of a steam voyage. Under its influence the rapturous exclamations of the lady-passengers, and their fervent admiration of the starry heavens and tranquil sea, gradually subsided, and they disappeared from the deck. The men, less susceptible, became silent and moody—some listlessly reclining upon the
benches, whilst others, more resolute, walked the deck with determined step.

At eleven o'clock, I went below to my berth, having succeeded in keeping up appearances for this evening, but feeling dismal misgivings for to-morrow.

Thursday, 21st. Turned out early and went on deck; the wind has changed to south, and is rising, with every appearance of a gale coming on. The steamer, City of Sydney, which left Port Jackson two hours before us, is in sight, on our lee beam.

By mid-day, the sea roughish, and the tormenting struggles of the last few hours resulting on all sides in total defeat, Neptune has prevailed. Passengers, looking yellow and flabby, are casting themselves into nooks and corners, reckless of personal appearance; whilst others, with desperate effort, reach the companion and dive below.

Being in no better condition than my neighbours, I lay down in my berth, and slept two or three hours. Afterwards going on deck, found the sky had cleared,
and the wind going down. By dinner-time, many of the passengers had sufficiently recovered to make their appearance at the table, but I was still numbered with the slain. At two, p.m., passed the Dromedary Mountain. The other steamer was nearly hull down, astern, by dusk this evening.

Friday, 22nd. Passed Cape Howe last night; but, as we turn westward, the wind works round and constantly heads us: it is light, however, to-day, and the sea smooth. Passengers are getting on their legs again and becoming sociable—my friends among the number—quite putting me to shame.

Our rival in the race is keeping away to starboard, intending apparently to save some distance by shaving closer than we shall do to Wilson's Promontory, which we are approaching, but shall not reach before night. This is to be regretted, as the scenery of that part of the coast is said to be extremely fine and bold. We have been out of sight of land a great part of the day.

Saturday, 23rd. Wind still ahead, and
blowing fresh. Our companion has passed us in the night, and is now leading the way towards Port Philip Heads thirty or forty miles distant. We entered the bay about noon, and set all sail, as our course across the great estuary being to the northward, brought the wind fair.

We had now an opportunity for the first time to try what our good ship could accomplish under canvass, and gallantly did she acquit herself, running across to Hobson's Bay, thirty miles in two hours, and so rapidly overhauling the City of Sydney, that, though the latter entered the heads half an hour in advance, we, with lowered sails, were gliding through the crowded vessels to our berth, as she let go her anchor not two minutes before us.

A heavy shower of rain and hail coming on as we approached the harbour, gave the place a cold and gloomy appearance. A steamer came alongside as soon as the anchor dropped, to take passengers to Melbourne. I shipped myself, in com-
pany with half-a-dozen others, spite of the rain that continued to fall steadily, and proceeded up the Yarra, which is very narrow, but apparently deep, and more like a muddy canal than a river. Seven miles up the stream we reached Cole's Wharf, amid a crowd of lighters and small coasting craft which here filled the river.

Busy crowds thronged this the principal quay of the golden city. Every shed and warehouse was crammed with merchandise. Great stacks of the same, piled in the open air, encumbered the wharf, whilst more was arriving and being unloaded from lighter and barge. A perfect plethora seemed to afflict this overgorged place.

The moment we landed, the rain having nearly ceased, we set out to explore the town; and, contrary to expectation, found the streets well Macadamized and in excellent condition; but the footways badly paved and very slippery with greasy black mud. The streets are wide, perfectly straight, and cross each other at right-angles in the
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direction of the cardinal points of the compass, and the city is pleasantly situated amid gently undulating grassy downs, about two miles in a direct line from the nearest part of the beach.

A bend of the little river Yarra, which is crossed by a fine stone bridge, skirts the lower side of the town, and separates it from the bay. The land between the river and the beach is a dead level—very low, marshy, and liable to inundation. On the other side, Mount Macedon, and the hills towards Geelong, are fine objects in the distance.

After a short stroll, impelled by the fierce hunger of persons just escaped from shipboard, we retreated for lunch to the famed Criterion Hotel. The fare was beef-steak and potatoes, for which, with the addition of a bottle of claret among three, we paid eight and sixpence each. This done, we sallied forth again to purchase a few trifles forgotten in the hurry of leaving Sydney. The shops all appear overstocked with
imported goods of every description, and customers scarce. As a sample of prices, I subjoin my bill:—Leighorn hat, nine and sixpence; gloves, three and sixpence; cap, three shillings. But the prices of all local productions are still very high; eggs, seven shillings per dozen; butter, four to six shillings per pound; and other things in proportion.

Towards sunset, we got upon an omnibus, and made an excursion to the very pretty suburb of St. Kilda—the distance three miles, and fare only half-a-crown each way. During this ride we passed the site of the famed Canvass Town; no vestige of which now, however, remains; tents and gunyahs have been all cleared away. Later, we concluded the evening with a visit to a large new Theatre just completed, and calculated to hold 2,000 persons. It has been hastily fitted up, with a view, it is said, to attract hither Miss Catherine Hayes, the vocalist, and great star of the day, who has lately arrived from Europe, and is now in Sydney,
where there is no Theatre capable of accommodating so large an audience. The entertainment this evening was an instrumental concert, and some of the music very good—a Monsieur Fleury being the leader, and principal performer.

Not feeling disposed to renew our acquaintance with our cabins on board sooner than was necessary, we sought quarters at an old established hotel known to one of our party, but of which I forget the name. Here we had a capital dinner, and found good beds—luxuries we were well disposed to enjoy after the confinement and discomfort of our narrow berths.

Sunday, 24th. As we sat at breakfast this morning, through the open windows could be seen, in the distance, herds of oxen browsing on the green pastures of the lightly-wooded grass lands on the outskirts of the city. In what contrast with the wild rocks, romantic bays, and dark forest scenes, which on all sides encompass Sydney!

The day was spent rambling about Mel-
bourne and its pretty environs. The weather was bright and fine, but cold, with a strong southerly wind which swept with great force over the open downs beyond the town, and raised such a sea in Hobson's bay as made the passing to and fro from the ships to the shore a work of difficulty, and involved the risk of a ducking. One of our fellow-passengers, a young Romish priest, who came ashore this morning, and afterwards remembered having left his trunk containing all his money open on board, was obliged to pay one of the extortionate boatmen £3 to put him off again. The fellow, at first, demanded £5, though the ship lay less than half a mile from the jetty.

All day, omnibuses and public conveyances of every kind ply about the city and suburbs, in surprizing numbers; but, indeed, everything is here on a wonderfully great scale, the age of the place considered.

The town itself spreads over an immense extent of ground; but the shops and houses are small, and the number of large or hand-
some structures of any description is very limited. The most imposing are the new National School, just completed, the edifice for the Exhibition, and the new Hospital. Some of the Churches and other public buildings, with many of the stores and warehouses, being constructed of the dark volcanic rock of the neighbourhood, have a very gloomy and dismal appearance. The iron shops and storehouses which abound are also very unsightly. Altogether, in architectural effect—in the size and appearance of the shops and general aspect of the town—Melbourne is very inferior to Sydney. A railroad from the city to the port at Liardet's beach, two miles distant, has lately been completed, and to-day hundreds of people were indulging their curiosity in experimental trips. A small tender-engine, drawing a single truck, is, however, the only means of transit, and this crammed with holiday-makers of every condition has run backwards and forwards all day—crowds awaiting their turn at either end of the line.
An ambitious attempt of the Melbournites to build a locomotive for themselves has signally failed; the lumbering machine broke down after a short-lived triumph.

Locomotives have, however, been ordered from England, and the little tender-engine, which is running to-day, is the first that has arrived.

Monday, 25th. Bidding adieu to Melbourne, we returned on board the Madras at nine o'clock, and, before twelve, were steaming across the bay with a clear sky, and every indication of fine weather; cleared the heads some time before sunset, and, dismissing our pilot, stood away for Cape Otway Light.

Many passengers joined us at Melbourne, among them three Parsee merchants from Bombay; the rest are English, Irish, and Scotch. We now muster above seventy in the cabin. Our crew is composed of Lascars, except the boatswain and half-a-dozen quarter-masters. The numerous cabin-servants are mostly Chinese, so we have a
pretty motley collection. My cabin mates are a Moreton Bay Squatter and an officer of the Indian Army—both gentlemen and agreeable fellows—so I consider myself fortunate.

Tuesday, 26th. Wind westerly, and rising, by noon blowing strong, and everybody looking yellow and doleful again. Tried to keep a good face on matters, but it would not do, so I went below, and turned in. During the evening the gale increased, and sea got up considerably. Our ship rides gallantly; but her long sharp prow dives into the advancing waves, to the great discomfort of the shivering Lascars, and destruction of poultry in the coops forward.

Wednesday, 27th. Wind moderating this morning, but sea very rough. As the day advanced the wind died away; and towards evening the waves were nearly down. Shortly after dusk sighted the light on Kangaroo Island; and, entering the smooth waters of Spencer's Gulf about ten o'clock,
we were all soon in high spirits, and forgot our troubles in the pleasant anticipation of to-morrow's run on shore.

Thursday, 28th. Was awakened this morning by the discharge of our two guns, as we came to anchor off Port Adelaide. I dressed hastily; and, going on deck, found a shore-boat already alongside; and as the captain had announced his intention to sail again in the afternoon, I, with such of my fellow-travellers as were awake and stirring, hurried off to the shore, to see as much as the limited time would allow of the model colony and city of Adelaide. The purser was also of our party, going in quest of vegetables and fresh beef.

We were charged ten shillings each for a passage to the nearest land at the pilot station, about two miles from the ship, and had then a heavy trudge of a mile over the deep sands of Le Fèvre's peninsula to the port; but here our troubles ended. A well-Macadamised and perfectly level road of eight miles leads from the port to the city,
and along this we were soon going at a slapping pace, in a sort of spring-cart, with two horses driven tandemwise.

Adelaide is prettily situated at the foot of a range of lightly-wooded hills, rising at their highest point to an elevation of 2,400 feet. To the northwards, far as the eye can reach, extends a level plain, mostly enclosed and cultivated. Much cultivation also appears upon the lower slopes of the range, which, stretching in the same direction, bounds the plain on the right. Higher up the mountains, in shady nooks and valleys, can be distinguished numerous cottages and villas, the summer retreats of the more wealthy citizens. To the southward high barren ranges close the view.

The soil of the plain is of a dark red colour, and appears good: the green crops looked well, and the gardens, though we heard many complaints of the dryness of the season, were very gay with flowers. The city stands near the bank of the Torrens, upon a ridge of soft white limestone, which is
extensively used for building, but appears very soft and perishable for the purpose. The red soil pulverizes very readily, and renders the town and neighbourhood extremely dusty in blowing weather.

The Torrens is very unlike all Australian rivers I have ever seen so near the sea, and more resembles a mountain brook. The bed is gravelly, and quite devoid of mud; and the stream, though very shallow, is rapid and clear. The forest here consists almost exclusively of a variety of white-barked gum, differing from any I have seen elsewhere.

Made a few purchases to meet shipboard wants, and found prices lower than at Melbourne or Sydney. After a day very agreeably spent, we returned to the port in a capital four-horse coach, again laboured through the hot sands of the peninsula, reached the ship at five; and, in an hour afterwards, were once more steaming on our way.
CHAPTER V.


FRIDAY, 29th. At length we are blessed with a fair wind and calm sea, and are hurrying on our voyage at the rate of ten knots and a half an hour. All the passengers in high spirits, and at the dinner-table to-day. Distance from Adelaide at noon one hundred and eighty-two miles.

Saturday, 30th. Weather still fine but calm. Our fair wind has already deserted us, and we have no sail set. Three black whales kept up a race with us at about a gunshot distance, and afforded us a fine view of their great unwieldy forms.
from noon yesterday to noon to-day two hundred and thirty-six miles. In the afternoon encountered a very long swell rolling in from the south-westward, making the ship tumble distressingly, and telling, we fear, of bad weather ahead.

Sunday, October 1st. The swell continues and increases, and the ship rolls terribly, bringing on seasickness again with many of the passengers, myself among the number.

The captain read prayers in the cabin in the forenoon, all the passengers attending. This evening the wind foul and rising. Distance run only one hundred and ninety-four miles, owing to the heavy swell, which greatly impedes our way.

Monday, 2nd. The wind this morning still ahead, gradually increased to a perfect gale. The demon—seasickness—has now fairly got hold upon me. I was unable to leave my berth all day. The proverbial bad weather of the Great Australian Bight we are not, it appears, destined to escape; but it is my great consolation to find that
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my mother, for whom were all my fears at the outset, bears up bravely, and makes a capital sailor. Towards evening the weather moderated a little. Distance run today rather less than yesterday, being only one hundred and eighty-two miles.

Tuesday, 3rd. Last night, the gale again increased, and to-day blows with violence, veering from a little north to as much south of west. Sighted the land about noon, and made out the distance to King George's Sound to be still seventy-five miles. Towards evening, the gale became perfectly furious: the ship, pitching bows under, carried away jib-boom and fore-topgallant mast, and soon after the stern-boat was struck by a sea and stove.

Strangely enough the storm has cured me of my seasickness; I got on deck during the morning, and this evening am quite well. The listless inaction and absence of excitement in a shipboard life are, I fancy, a principal cause of my ailments. Our progress, still decreasing, only reached one
hundred and thirty-one miles at noon to-day.

Wednesday, 4th. The gale, dead against us, continued through the night with unabated fury, but our gallant ship still resolutely holds her way, and forces through it, making three knots in the teeth of the storm. By sunrise, we were closing up to the heads at the entrance to King George's Sound. Bold masses of granite, white, bare and treeless, rising sheer from the ocean, and defying the mighty billows which dashed with mad fury against their naked sides. As we neared the land, we gained some shelter from the raging storm, and our speed increased. By ten o'clock, we entered the port, and soon after came to moorings in the perfectly land-locked inner harbour, alongside the coal hulk belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

With a number of fellow-passengers, I immediately proceeded to land in a boat from the town, if a group of wretched buildings near the beach can be so called. The
water was rough, and our small bark, being much overloaded, and rowed by a somewhat unskilful crew of aborigines dressed in their kangaroo cloaks, and resplendent in grease and paint, it appeared very doubtful whether we should reach the shore without a swim for it. However, by allowing ourselves to go to leeward, and landing half-a-mile below the jetty, we managed to get ashore safe and dry. Delighted to find our feet once more on terra firma, we set forward directly for a ramble among the hills, and soon loaded ourselves with wild flowers, of which we found here a greater profusion and variety than we have ever seen elsewhere. A bold granite peak, which we climbed, afforded a fine view of the harbour and surrounding country, which appears densely timbered and scrubby, affording little or no pasture.

The place is said to contain five hundred inhabitants; though, from appearances, I should have thought half that number an extreme estimate. Here is a small penal
establishment—an offset from that at Swan River. Among the convicts, we observed two aboriginal blacks working in chains, who, on inquiry, we learned have been condemned for sheep-stealing to six months' labour. They have already served one-third of their time, yet look in good condition, and seem cheerful. Numbers of natives of all sexes and ages, were about the village: at least a moiety of the children are half-casts.

Dead and stagnant as the place appears, there are yet two tenements assuming the title of inns—wretched places, with sanded floors, and all other interior arrangements in keeping. One of these we entered; and, after fruitless inquiries for oysters, fish, flesh, or fowl, we brought mine host to the reluctant admission that dry bread is the only eatable his house just now affords, which, with brandy and bottled beer, constitutes his whole present stock for supplying the bodily wants of strangers.

The man has, he told us, lived twenty
years in this dreary spot; and has, as a natural consequence, fallen into a kind of torpid stupor, from which he was not to be roused. Our many questions elicited but few replies; and, when his slow, reluctant lips did give forth a drawling response, it was only to let us know that he was ignorant of the matter upon which we sought information. He could not tell how the convicts were employed, "never went to look." How far it was to Perth, and how near the Swan River Stock Stations approached to this place he did not know, "he never went far from home."

Baffled in all attempts to obtain food for body or mind, we quitted this remarkable hotel; and bearing off the wild flowers, the produce of our morning's ramble, we returned on board just in time to take our places at the dinner-table, and well disposed to do justice to the abundant good cheer.

Thursday, 5th. A bright, calm morning tempted all the passengers, ladies included, on shore; and pencils and sketch-books,
were brought into requisition, to commit to paper the very striking scenery of this beautiful harbour.

During our rambles, we came upon the hermitage of Lady Sp——r, the widow of a former governor of Swan River, who has strangely chosen this world-forgotten spot for her residence. We were courteously received by her ladyship, who very hospitably entertained us. The house which I may most appropriately describe as an agglomeration of cottages, appears commodious and roomy, and is very prettily situated, surrounded by a garden, and commanding a fine view of the entrance to the bay, and the picturesque islands which lie outside. A few acres of good dark soil at this spot are in remarkable contrast to the white granite sands of the whole surrounding country.

During our walk, we also fell in with an interesting group of young aboriginal children, all females, who, in charge of a very nice-looking European girl, were rambling
among the rocks and gathering flowers. They were all plainly but neatly dressed, and looked remarkably clean. At the bidding of their conductress, they sang a simple hymn for our edification. On inquiry, we learned that the little creatures are the offspring of the wild-looking blacks we had seen about the settlement, and that they are maintained and instructed in a school expressly devoted to the purpose. The parents are allowed to visit them when they please; and, like fathers and mothers in more civilized life, are vastly proud of their daughters' acquirements.

At four, P.M., we were all recalled on board, and soon afterwards, the coaling having been completed, the anchor was got up, and we ran out of this splendid harbour, where we have spent two most agreeable days. The wind is at length fair, and the sea, lately so rough, has quite gone down during the twenty hours' calm since last evening. At midnight, we were tearing along at ten knots, under a clear sky
and bright full moon, and I lingered on
deck to take a long parting view—may it
not be my last view—of the fast-receding
shores of sunny Australia.

Friday, 6th. We passed Cape Chapman,
the turning point of the Australian coast,
but without sighting land, early this morn-
ing, and are now steering to the northward
of west, and nearly on our course for
Ceylon. Breeze at north-east blowing
fresh, and ship running eleven knots. In
the afternoon got topgallant and royal
yards aloft, and sails set; but this was no
sooner done than the wind fell, and sud-
denly chopped round to the north-west,
dead ahead again. Distance at noon from
the sound one hundred and seventy-five
miles.

Saturday, 7th. The persecuting wind has
again increased, and to-day blows a gale
from the south-west on our port-beam.
By three, p.m., the gale had become a per-
fect tempest: the sea struck our starboard
life boat, tore away the davits, and the
splendid little bark, borne rapidly down to leeward, could long be seen in the distance buoyantly topping the mighty waves, and sporting with the angry surge.

Shortly afterwards, the maintop-mast snapped close to the cap, and went over the side, with topgallant and royal yards across. The few English sailors, now all on deck, made every exertion to clear and get in the wreck, which, suspended by a tangled mass of ropes and shrouds, came thundering against the side at every surge of the ship, smashed the starboard quarter-boat, and threatened to carry away the bulwarks also, before it could be secured, the shivering Lascars affording but little assistance.

Efforts were now made, but too late, to get down the fore-topgallant and fore royal yards, the sails upon which had blown loose, and the stay-sail having carried away the fore-topmast stay, the mast was in evident danger. Our small band of English seamen nothing daunted, however, went
briskly aloft, reluctantly followed by some of the boldest Lascars, and set themselves to secure the tattered sails. The mast swung fearfully to and fro; and the dangerous position of the men became so imminent, that the order was passed for all to come down. In an instant the Lascars were on deck, sliding down backstays, and descending by the quickest possible means. The English, on the contrary, reluctantly abandoned their task; and not until they had been a second time hailed did they attend to the command. They were scarcely on deck, however, when the mast came down with an awful crash—so narrowly did these fine fellows escape an untimely fate. We have now a most ruined and helpless appearance, with night closing, the storm as furious as ever, and a fearful sea; but our fine ship rides beautifully, lightly mounting the tremendous waves, which seem advancing to overwhelm her, and taking but little water on deck. Before the evening was far advanced the
wreck of both masts was disposed of, and the ship laid to under easy steam. The distance run to-day was one hundred and seventy-three miles.

Sunday, 8th. Storm continued with unabated violence last night till past ten o'clock, when it began to moderate, and the wind came in fitful gusts. To-day it still blows hard, with a very heavy sea. Regularly on my beam-ends with seasickness again. The motion of the ship violent and most distressing to one so afflicted. Distance run only one hundred and thirty-four miles.

Monday, 9th. Wind moderate, but sea still very rough; and the swell being nearly on the beam, still makes the ship roll fearfully, causing awful sounds as of falling avalanches of glass and crockery to issue from the recesses of the cook-house and steward's pantries, those mysterious narrow cells, whence, in storm and tempest, as in sunshine and calm, whether our ship is sailing like a summer boat, or tossed, rolled,
and tumbled, on the mountain billows of a raging sea, daily come forth those wondrous dinners, fish, flesh, and fowl, curries, hashes, and ragouts, puddings, jellies, custards, and pies, all from that small enchanted space, like the hundred drinks from the bottle of the conjuror. Many were the mishaps at the dinner-table today, despite of racks, puddings, and other ingenious contrivances for confining restless plates and dishes to their proper stations.

Notwithstanding the rolling sea, we are making capital way with trysails and square foresail set, all the canvass that our stumpy masts now permit us to carry. The screw was detached for a couple of hours to-day, whilst the rudder chains, which had got adrift, were secured. Under sail alone, we made but three knots, though the wind was on the quarter, and blowing fresh. The ladies, who have not shown much for the last three days, are beginning to revive again. For myself, I was able to get out
a little this evening, but feel very shaky still, and must confess myself a wretched sailor. Our run to-day was a capital one—no less than two hundred and fifty-three miles.

Tuesday, 10th. Wind still from the same quarter, but quite moderate, and the sea nearly down. Westerly weather is very unusual so far north as we have now reached (lat. 24° 13'). It was expected that we should have fallen in with the south-east trade some degrees further south. It is also singularly cool for our present latitude, the mercury not rising above 66 degrees of Fahrenheit at noon, about which figure, or from two to three degrees lower, it has ranged for some days past. This afternoon, a new fore-topmast was got up. Wind died quite away in the evening.

Wednesday, 11th. We have at length the wind from the south-east, but light with a calm sea. The difference of temperature is very perceptible and most agreeable. Thermometer stood at 74° at noon. All
the ladies on deck and quite gay, and the miseries of the late storm are already nearly forgotten. Lat. 21° 24' south; long. 103° 40' east. Distance run two hundred and twenty-nine miles.

Thursday, 12th. Weather serene, bright, and delicious; south-east breeze continues, and is a little fresher than yesterday. Passengers all coming out in summer attire, and our three Parsees, who have been great sufferers during the bad weather, have now got upon deck, and in their thin light dresses of whitest muslins and conical, high-crowned caps, are seated enjoying the warm sunshine, and soft genial air.

Whilst they were washing decks this morning, I turned out and got myself well soused with two or three buckets of sea water, which has done me a great deal of good. We made a fair run of two hundred and thirty-five miles. Thermometer at noon 82°. Lat. 18° 48' south; long. 100° 40' east.

Friday, 13th. Still running on at ten to
eleven knots. Wind at north-east and light. About noon freshened to a nice breeze, but shifted more to the northwards. All the sails, however, still drawn. A fresh main-topmast was got up to-day, manufactured from the wrecks of the two old ones, as there was not a new spar on board suited to the purpose. We are now prepared to take full advantage of the trade winds if we fall in with them, of which we, however, almost despair, as we have reached lat. 16°, and long. 97° 56'. Thermometer 81°.
CHAPTER VI.


SATURDAY, October 14th. Dead calm and no sail set, but our stately ship, obeying the invisible busy screw, glides swiftly over the tranquil sea. A delicious softness pervades the air; and though we have reached so low a latitude, the heat is by no means excessive, or even more than agreeable. We saw great numbers of flying-fish to-day, and a solitary shark followed some time in our wake, apparently considering whether the whirling and splashing screw was not some unknown fish which he might venture
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to attack. An albatross, too, occasionally sweeps close under the stern to make a near inspection. At noon we were in lat. 13° 19', long. 95° 10', with the mercury at 86°.

The voyage is now proceeding very pleasantly: we are all becoming acquainted, and many are finding out each other's good qualities, and beginning to form friendships. In the warm fine evenings, we sit late on deck; the younger ladies sing whilst their mammas converse, and anecdotes and conundrums promote the general good humour. Some of the young ladies are clever with pencils, too, and when the mornings are calm these are in active operation. Woe, then, to the unwary mortal who becomes in any way conspicuous, either by attitude or costume. He is speedily fixed by these mischievous and clever artists. All is, however, done in mere fun and good humour. One or two sensitive gentlemen passengers make off forward, or vanish below, when the sketch-books appear upon deck; but all
their vigilance has not saved them, their portraits are to be seen in those dreaded pages among pigtailed Chinamen and turbaned Lascars.

Sunday, 15th. Calm day again—rather hotter than it has hitherto been—with some swell from the southward, which causes the ship to roll a little. Distance run at noon, two hundred and thirty miles. Lat. 10° 18', long. 92° 45', and thermometer 84°. We are now but 1,234 miles from Point de Galle; and, if the present weather continues, shall reach it in five days. Since we came into warm weather, the two nice bath-rooms with which the ship is provided have been brought into play; one of them, which was occupied as a sort of lumber-room by the purser, has been cleared out by order of the captain, and both are now regularly supplied with water, and in much request. I take a bath every morning at sunrise, and find much advantage from the practice.

Monday, 16th. This morning, we have a breeze from the southward blowing rather
f新鲜的, 船以十一节的速度行驶; 但炎热仍然令人感到压迫, 不管怎样。
· 它被认为是贸易风, 使它延迟了我们, 尽管我们现在在较低的纬度, 而不是通常延伸的地方。马德拉斯, 在她最后一次到悉尼, 船长抱怨, 必须与东南风作斗争, 现在在她, 甚至在 32° 以上; 而现在我们有一个很好的风, 我们已经下降到第七度, 没有找到它; 虽然, 在这个季节, 它被假设是定期地吹。在一艘帆船, 这将是严重的坏运气; 但, 与我们, 它对我们的乘客没有多大影响, 至少在我们关心; 但, 对公司, 谁拥有这艘船, 它已经引起了可观的损失在大量的煤炭消费, 在部分的航行, 在那里是习惯于断开螺丝和帆独自。

今天, 尤其是在女士们中, 有些激动。
sengers, in consequence of an incident which occurred last night. On more than one occasion since leaving Sydney, at the dead hour of the night, and after the carpenter's mates have put out all the cabin lights, save one solitary lamp which swings with eccentric wearisome motion in the midst of the saloon—the stillness has been broken by the cry of "a man!" issuing from one or the other of two cabins wholly occupied by ladies. Great has been the commotion. Passengers, suddenly awakened, have rushed from their cabins to inquire whether it was fire, or only the engine broken down. Officers have turned out, searched nooks and corners, and mustered the cabin servants, but still the man was never to be discovered, and had never been sufficiently seen to be described.

In the next morning discussions which followed, the affair was variously set down among the male passengers as the effect of imagination, as a dream, as the result of a heavy supper, nightmare, &c., &c.; but the
ladies stuck to each other, and declared they could not be mistaken, that they had heard a step and felt a hand. One of the fair even went so far as to affirm, though she had seen nothing, that it must be a certain officer of the ship, who, poor wight, although a bit of a dandy and admirer of the sex, was not to be thought capable of such doings as these. All remained mystery, suspicion, and doubt; the accused was wrath, and the captain much annoyed and perplexed.

Last night, however, one of the persecuted fair ones, whilst lying awake with the curtains which hang before the cabin doors purposely a little withdrawn, observed one of the Chinese cuddy-servants stealthily enter the saloon, extinguish the lamp, and then coming straight into the cabin, he began groping about as before, and laid his hand upon one of the sleepers. The alarm was now given, but the fellow again succeeded in passing unobserved to his berth; and these pigtailed gentry are all so much
alike, that the momentary view obtained before the light was extinguished, does not enable the lady who watched, to be quite sure of the man. Strong suspicion, however, falls upon Ai Youg, a good-looking merry fellow, and one of the most efficient and obliging servants in the ship. A trial and investigation are going on; and, should the wretched Celestial be judged guilty, I fancy the boatswain will be called upon to perform in a little tragedy at the fore-rigging.

We have made a good run to-day, two hundred and forty-seven miles, and the weather, though warm in the morning, has been extremely agreeable. Latitude at noon, 7° 4', long. 90° 9', thermometer only 84'. Galle is now less than one thousand miles distant.

This evening the screw was disconnected to try, it was said, how we could get along without its aid; but, in reality, I am inclined to believe, in order to rectify something that had gone wrong about the en-
gine. If the former were the object, the result of the experiment was most unsatisfactory; for, with all sail set, we could not make above five knots. Soon after the screw was set going again, the wind shifted suddenly, and took all aback. Fortunately, it did not blow hard, or something must have gone, for our crawling Lascars, who appear not only deficient in bodily strength, but very reluctant to exert so much as they possess, moved so unwillingly, that it was half-an-hour before the studding-sails were got in, and about another hour before all was made snug. There would assuredly be much danger for a sailing-vessel manned by such a crew.

Tuesday, 17th. Ai Youg was yesterday found guilty, and sentenced to be put in handcuffs, and tied up by his tail; he is now accordingly on deck looking very woeful, with his tail attached to the main-mast; and, as the poor fellow believes, the scorn of all beholders. This punishment is, it seems, considered among Chinamen
the greatest degradation; but though so much dreaded, may be safely inflicted, whilst the use of corporal punishment, as the following anecdote will show, may sometimes lead to very unhappy results:—

Our captain tells that he once resolved to flog one of his Chinese boatmen, who had committed a theft on board; and accordingly ordered him into the hands of the boatswain for a couple of dozen. The captain himself stood by to see the punishment inflicted. The man quietly looked on, whilst the usual preparations were made; but when, these completed, he was desired to strip, he made a sudden bound—and, before any of the bystanders could prevent him, leaped overboard into the sea.

A boat was instantly lowered, and every exertion made to save the unhappy wretch, who, however, sank at once, and never returned to the surface. As may be supposed, the captain has never since attempted to flog a Chinaman. The value which these people set upon their own lives is not, it
would appear, very great, and, as might be expected, they do not rate the lives of others much higher. In New South Wales, instances have occurred of Chinese servants murdering their overseers and employers, upon very slight provocation; and at my own station, shortly before my departure from the Colony, one of these singular people who was in my service, and employed as a shepherd, having lost some sheep from his flock, and failing to recover them next day, went to his hut, and there deliberately swallowed several pieces of poisoned meat with which he had been furnished to destroy wild dogs. The poison was strychnine; and, of course, the poor creature almost immediately died before even the fact of his having taken it could be reported. Yet this man was a favourite servant, was generally of a happy, cheerful disposition, and had no serious consequences to apprehend.

The day was dark and close, with showers of almost warm water. The sun has scarcely been visible, only breaking out
a little while about noon; yet the heat is greater than we have heretofore felt it. However, we have now got to the northward of the sun, who is advancing into the southern tropic, and we shall every day be running further away from him. We had a good breeze during the morning on our starboard quarter, but at mid-day it fell calm.

Our passengers, who, up to this time, have all got on very amicably together, have now, their blood perhaps inflamed by the tropical heats, become, all at once, a part of them at least, extremely bellicose. At the lower end of the dinner-table this afternoon, as we sat over the dessert, such choice expressions as "infernal liar" and "d—d scoundrel" became distinctly audible, followed by gunpowder resolves, and allusions to four o'clock appointments for the fore-deck tomorrow morning. All ended, however, in vapour, instead of smoke, and apologies were exchanged in place of shots.

We have also at a card table had one of
our officers threatened with a blow by a gray and bearded newspaper editor from Hong Kong, but the fiery little sailor, promptly arming himself with a pike from the arms'-rack close by, assumed so business-like an attitude, that the terrified man of letters was fain to recall his threats, and surrender at discretion.

These little episodes serve to relieve the tedium of sea life, but are rather amusing than desirable.

At noon, we were in lat. 4° 2', long. 87° 38', having run two hundred and thirty-six miles. We are now distant from Galle only seven hundred and fifty miles. Thermometer stood at 85°.

Wednesday, 18th. Bright pleasant day, and though the mercury has risen to 88°, the heat is not so oppressive as yesterday.

This afternoon, during dinner, we crossed the equator, that mysterious line of the sailors. Neptune, however, allowed us to pass unheeded, not even vouchsafing us the customary loud hail from the water and
authoritative inquiry as to our business and destination. Perhaps his Marine Godhead does not claim authority over steamers which at his time of life he may find it difficult to overtake.

A poor curlew came on board to-day quite exhausted, and ran about the deck braving every danger, and even allowing itself to be caught and handled, rather than again trust itself abroad on the wing.

Thursday, 19th. Last night the wind got up a little from south-west, and blew rather freshly, with rain, compelling us to close our cabin-ports on the weather side. To-day, the breeze continued with showers during the forenoon; ship going eleven knots, ran two hundred and fifty-three miles; lat. 2° 48' north, long. 83° 13', thermometer, 84°. A sail in sight to-day bound to the southward.

Throughout our passage from the Australian coast, the solitude of this lonely sea has been very remarkable. We have met no fellow-wanderers upon the ocean,
nor seen even whales, or other large fish. During last night, a fine flying-fish blun-
dered in at one of the open ports, coming plump against the shoulders of the startled purser, who, in revenge, sent the luckless creature to the cook to be fried.

At noon, we were but two hundred and sixty-nine miles distant from Point de Galle, which we confidently expect to reach to-morrow. The first stage of our long journey is now nearly completed—the first act of this comedy of life is about to close—the scene will shift, and fresh actors come upon the stage.

At Galle, we quit the Madras, which goes on to Singapore, whilst we await the coming of the steamer from Calcutta, to carry us on to Suez.

Under these circumstances, one would suppose that all asperities would be soft-
tened, that all heart-burnings occasioned by any want of suavity in the manner of the captain and his officers, or other trifling grievances, real or imaginary, would be for-
given and forgotten, and that every one would desire to part on good terms with the ship that has borne us all safely and pleasantly, so swiftly, and so far. But no; a paper was to-day circulated among the passengers in the form of a letter to the directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, casting much censure upon the officers, and calling in question the treatment of the crew, and general management of the ship.

Few have put their names to this document, and the strangely-assorted triumvirate with whom it originated—a lawyer, a soldier, and a priest—begin to find themselves in an unpleasant predicament, and are diligently canvassing for signatures, but with small success. Some who at first joined the movement, have since become alarmed by the sound of the word libel, and wish to withdraw their names, but this the trio, now seriously uneasy at their conspicuous and isolated position, refuse to permit, and great is the excitement, heat, and discussion.
CHAPTER VII.


FRIDAY, 20th. Showery day, misty and warm. Passengers all busy taking down the fittings of their cabins, and packing up ready for the shore. About noon, we got a welcome sight of the coast of Ceylon, near Dondra head; but it was soon shut in again by the thick vapours which entirely conceal the island, and disappoint us of a view of Adam’s Peak, which, in clear weather, is visible thirty miles from the land.
The unpopular letter of yesterday has been suppressed: another, much milder and less objectionable in its language, substituted, and signatures are again requested; but the passengers—many of whom, under the influence of some slight feelings of discontent, would have put their names to a moderate expression of dissatisfaction with some of the arrangements of the purser and other minor matters, but disgusted at the violence and injustice of yesterday’s attack—have now taken sides, and are regularly divided into parties. Those who declined to sign yesterday refuse to have anything to do with the letter of to-day, and the small minority are greatly incensed at their defeat.

Later in the day, at the conclusion of dinner—the last that we shall here assemble to discuss—a very stormy scene arose. The captain, in temperate language, and with the approbation of the large majority of his hearers, gave expression to his views and opinions of the whole proceeding, and
concluded by demanding copies of both letters. Great excitement followed; and, after some speech-making, the party broke up, amid much confusion and discord.

The rain and mist cleared as evening approached, and the low shores and lighthouse of Point de Galle were descied not more than six or seven miles ahead. Perched in the foretop, I feasted my eyes upon the view. The entrance to the port lay right before us, but it is encumbered with sunken rocks and may not be approached after dark. It was now a race against time, for night was closing fast.

We saw a large steamer, probably the packet from Bombay, come smoking up from the westward, and pass into the harbour. But we, alas, were too late: darkness was gathering o'er land and sea as we reached the open roadstead outside, where we brought to for the night, and took our place with several vessels which, already at anchor, were lazily rolling on the long ocean swell.
The pilot, in a narrow slender canoe with an immense outrigger, now came alongside, rowed by a crew of dusky Cingalese. He had scarcely put his foot on deck before he was fairly mobbed and assailed with such a storm of questions about the war as might have bewildered a clearer head than the poor man seemed to possess. He was a half-cast, and evidently took but little interest in foreign news. Something had been done, but what or where he could not tell. The Black Sea and the Baltic were as one to him, and all the information we could obtain served but to stimulate our curiosity and increase the general excitement. Something had been done, some battle gained, and no doubt it was Sebastopol or Cronstadt that had been bombarded, stormed, blown up, and annihilated. In this belief we danced, hurraed, tossed up our hats, and conducted ourselves in a somewhat extravagant manner.

The pilot remains on board to take the ship in at daylight to-morrow, but his canoe
returning to the shore, I asked and obtained a passage. It was now very dark, and to ship myself in this narrow craft as it rose and sank upon the heavy swell alongside, was a matter of some difficulty. But I was impatient for the land, and none of my companions being disposed to venture, I embarked alone.

As we pushed off into the pitchy darkness, the tall ship, fading from our view, became only distinguishable by the long glistening line of open ports, streaming their light upon the inky sea.

Soon the thunder growled, and the warm rain of the tropics descended in torrents. But there was something so charmingly novel and wild in the whole adventure—here alone among strangers, speaking a strange tongue, and in utter darkness, steering in this strange unstable looking craft over the long rolling billows towards a strange and unknown land—that I felt by far too much delight to heed so trifling a misfortune as a wet skin.
Far before us the distant gleam of the lighthouse, and sullen roar of the surf upon the rocks, alone indicated the direction of the shore, and position of the harbour.

The boatmen, who appeared as indifferent to the rain as myself, chatted together in subdued tones, or marked time to the measured plash of the paddles with a low chant.

Thus in darkness we glided on, now slowly lifted high upon a huge swelling wave—and now gently descending into still blacker night in the deep hollow which succeeded—and guided by the sound of the surf, after an hour's pull we reached the landing-place.

Taking one of the natives for my guide, I instantly set out to seek a lodging in the town. "Lorrett's" appeared to be my conductor's beau ideal of an hotel—so for Lorrett's we started. Groping our way along the lengthy wooden jetty, the boatmen almost carrying me in their fear that "sahib" might fall into the water, we soon
reached *terra firma*, and at once found ourselves in a perfect fairyland. Magnificent spreading trees, of beauteous and unknown foliage; grass-grown ramparts, old archways and gates; tall graceful palms, and gorgeous flowers,—all these seen by the glow of lamps which hung among the trees, their light reflected by a thousand glittering rain drops which sparkled upon leaf and spray, formed such a scene of enchantment that I scarcely knew whether I was awake or in a dream.

Following my companion, who led me quickly forward, the rain still falling heavily, we plashed through some narrow streets and shortly approached Lorrett's. Here all seemed as fairy-like as ever. A large, low but handsome building, the numerous open windows and wide portals streaming with light—and the spacious verandahs and corridors gay with exotics and flowering shrubs—presented a beautiful and most inviting appearance.

I entered, and at once secured lodgings
for myself and for my friends, who are to land to-morrow, and having exchanged my dripping vestments for a shirt and a pair of perjamas supplied me by the host, I next proceeded to supper with a keen appetite.

During the meal, I was waited upon by two gentle-looking and half-naked Cingalese, who, with perpetual salaams, strove to anticipate the sahib's every wish. This, so lately from that southern land of high wages and scarce servants, was not the least remarkable of this evening's novelties.

Supper ended, it now being late, I desired to go to bed, and was shown into a lofty chamber large enough for a ball-room, in the middle of which stood a bedstead furnished with mattress and pillows, but without bedclothes of any sort.

Thinking this a mistake, I called my dusky attendants, who were puzzled to comprehend what I wanted. I was expected, it appeared, to lie upon the bed in my shirt and perjamas, which are a loose kind of light drawers worn in those sultry climes
whilst sleeping, in lieu of other covering. At my request, however, they brought me a sheet to throw over me, but seemed much amused at my foreign eccentricities.

Mosquitoes were not at all so troublesome as I had been led to anticipate, and, directing that I might be called early, I lay down, and was soon asleep.

Saturday, 21st. Day had scarcely broken when I was aroused by my barefooted attendant, who, lamp in hand, glided noiselessly to my bedside, to inform me that the steamer was coming in.

Hastily dressing, it was yet scarcely day, when hurrying to the beach, I found that we were rather premature. The steamer still lay at her distant anchorage, though the smoking funnel showed that she was about to move.

As the steamy morning vapours lifted, the rising sun poured his fierce rays through the tree-tops, and lit up a scene as striking and novel, if not quite so dreamy, as the lamplight vision of last night.
Opposite the town, dark groves of the beautiful cocoa-nut palm clothe the margin of the bay down to the very water's edge—a few of these graceful trees even occupying singly some small rocks detached from the shore. The water, even at this early hour, was covered with fishing-canoes, picturesque-looking craft with high stems and sterns, lazily rocking on the undulating sea, whose surface was now unruffled by the slightest breeze; whilst, near the jetty, great crowds of dark, lean, half-naked men were already at their work, wading to and fro, armpit deep, through the mimic surf which rolled upon the beach, and loading with coals, which they carried in bags upon their heads, some large barges which were moored off in deeper water.

The town prettily situated, occupying a low point of land at the left, or western side of the entrance to the bay, and partly concealed behind the grassy old Dutch ramparts, is finely shaded by numerous cocoa palms and beautiful large-leaved
breadfruit trees, which overshadow the streets, and are everywhere intermingled with the houses. Besides the old town within the ramparts, and now the English quarter, there is the native town outside. Many native tradesmen and mechanics, however; are permitted to live within the walls.

It was yet early when the Madras came to anchor in the port, and my friends soon joined me on shore. It became speedily known that the vessel was from the golden lands of Australia, and the native dealers assembled in crowds, offering their wares, consisting of carved ebony trinkets and tortoiseshell.

There was no escape from the importunities of these fellows: they not only invaded the verandahs and sitting-rooms, spite of all the efforts of the domestics, who frequently drove them out with an amusing absence of ceremony, but even followed us into bedrooms, and came in at windows, in their anxiety to find purchasers. They are
awful cheats, too, ask five times as much as they will ultimately take, and impose upon the unwary with all sorts of counterfeits and imperfect articles, patched and plastered up with glue, putty, and black paste. Ebony carved-work must be examined with great care and suspicion. We made some purchases of work-boxes, desks, &c.; and, notwithstanding all our caution, were a good deal taken in.

To-day we obtained more authentic European news than we were able to extract from the pilot last night; and great was our disappointment and chagrin to learn that, instead of Sebastopol or Cronstadt, the destruction of Bomarsund is as yet the only accomplished fact of the War; and that Sir Charles Napier, with this sole achievement to record, is already withdrawing his noble fleet from the Baltic.

We strolled about the streets, ascended the lighthouse, which commands a fine view of the town and harbour, drank the milk from green cocoa-nuts, and idled
through the day very agreeably, though the heat was somewhat steamy and oppressive. We, however, were enabled to supply ourselves with costumes more suited to the climate; and before the day was over, we were all so disguised in Chinese frocks, muslin-covered hats, and other eastern novelties, that, when in our rambles we encountered different groups of our fellow-passengers, we could scarcely recognize each other.

Heavy rain fell at intervals, but after each shower the sun came hotly forth again. The damp and clamminess of everything indoors as well as out, of beds and sofas, mats and walls, are very remarkable even to a northern Australian; but this imparts, even at night, no sensation of chilliness, nor the least apprehension of taking cold.

Our baffled triumvirate of the Madras have again been busy, and have unmistakeably shown by their proceedings that though at first they professed to be influenced solely by a desire to record their
disapprobation of the arrangements and management of the ship, they are now, in the anger of defeat, willing to gratify their animosity by all or any means.

The Chinaman, Ai Youg, in deference to the terrors of the ladies, has, since the events of the 16th, been kept handcuffed, though not otherwise restrained further than that he was forbidden to approach the saloon or after-part of the ship; and the ladies having now landed, this partial restriction would of course cease. Our worthy trio, however, whether in the plenitude of their philanthropy, or under the influence of less amiable motives, I shall not pretend to determine, to-day made application to the chief magistrate here to institute proceedings for the redress of this illused Celestial.

Ai Youg was accordingly, in due form, brought before his worship, attended by his deliverers; the legal gentleman, in the fulness of his zeal, conducting the case of the deeply-injured complainant. Great was the
consternation of the confederates, however, when Ai Youg, in answer to questions put to him through the interpreter, declared that he had no complaint to make against anybody—that he liked his captain and officers—that he did not like to be put in handcuffs, or tied up by the tail, but would accuse no one of unjustly treating him; and, finally, that he came before the magistrate only because he was brought by a policeman, and had no other wish than to return to his ship and resume his duties.

Ai Youg was, therefore, dismissed, and returned on board with all despatch; and our friends, looking extremely foolish, were left to explain their position to the magistrate as best they could.

Even after this, one of the party thought it his duty to report to the Company's agent here, that the captain and his chief officer had, contrary to rules and regulations, been together absent from their ship. This complaint was received as it deserved to be; and the allied powers of law, war,
and divinity, now found that in their zeal to annoy they had completely defeated their object; for a large majority of the passengers, who, for reasons before alluded to, had abstained from identifying themselves with any document either for or against, seeing such a determined and dead set made upon one, came forward with true English feeling, and put their names to a letter, expressing sympathy with the captain in the contest, approbation of his general management, and entire approval of the temper and gentlemanly bearing with which he had conducted himself through these last trying scenes.

Finding that we shall have fully a week to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Calcutta, I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity to see a little of the interior of the island, and have made a party with three of the most agreeable of my fellow-passengers to proceed to-morrow to Colombo, seventy-two miles distant; and, to this end, have secured all the seats in the
mail-coach, which is adapted to carry five; the charge is sufficiently high for a *cheap* country—ten pounds for the coach, or fifty shillings for a single seat.
CHAPTER VIII.


SUNDAY, 22nd. Before daybreak we were called by our attendants, who really seem to require little sleep beyond naps and snatches, taken at odd times indifferently during the day or night; and by five o’clock we rattled out of the town with a pair of gray Arabs at such a famous pace, that we flattered ourselves we were going to do the journey in good style. We were soon undeceived, however, when, at the end of five miles, we came to the first change-house, and were furnished with a miserable pair of overworked hacks, who jibbed desperately
at starting, and afterwards required much energy on the part of our dark Portuguese driver, and a large expenditure of whipcord, to keep them going.

We changed every seven miles, but found all the cattle in the same wretched condition, and had invariably the same difficulty and jibbing at the start. Yet the horses are high-bred and well-looking animals, and if a little better fed and less worked, would doubtless perform creditably.

The weather was the same as yesterday, frequent showers, with hot sunshine between-whiles; and the road, though much complained of, and said to be out of repair, we found to be nearly a dead level, and, to the eyes of Australians, in most excellent condition. For a long while after leaving Galle, the road passes beneath the deep shades of a tall cocoa-nut forest, the novel beauty of which charmed us beyond expression. The sea is seen continually with beautiful effect through the taper
columns of these leafy arcades, the heavy surf washing up to the very roots of the trees. Dwellings were numerous by the roadside, nestling in the deep shade; and here and there large boats, drawn high and dry amongst the trees, showed that the occupants of these sequestered retreats sometimes ventured out beyond the angry surf that to-day thundered on the beach.

The cocoa-trees appear to constitute the chief property of the natives in this part of the island; and it is astonishing to how many useful purposes the different parts of this tree are applied. The stem and leaves supply timber for building their houses, and thatch to cover them—besides a drink (toddy), which is obtained by cutting the flower-stem when the tree is about to produce fruit, and suspending beneath the incision an earthen jar, which is emptied and replaced once a day so long as the sap continues to flow. The fruit also supplies drink, food, oil for their household purposes and for sale, together with large quantities
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of cordage, which we everywhere saw in process of manufacture in long rope walks, beneath the protecting shade of the same trees which furnish the material. Ten cocoa-nut trees, we were informed, will give a poor man a living; whilst two hundred constitute a property which will enable the owner to keep a carriage, and live in some luxury.

We observed many of the trees that were in bearing encased for some distance above the ground, with three or four of their own huge leaves dried and secured upon the trunk like gigantic sprawling centipedes. This we found, upon inquiry, is a contrivance to prevent plunderers from climbing the trees during the night, which, if attempted, produces a loud crackling amongst these dried leaves, and thus warns the owner.

We also saw a man engaged collecting the toddy. In each plantation a few trees are converted into a sort of ladders, by having quantities of line lashed hoopwise
round their tall stems at short and regular intervals all the way to the top. A slender pole is also laid and secured by lashings along the trunk to hold by. From these ladder-trees long ropes lead to the tops of others that are in bearing, and so on from one to another, thus connecting all the trees that are producing fruit or toddy.

The toddy-drawer, with pots secured to his girdle, and a sharp instrument in his hand resembling a strong hedge-knife, ascends one of the ladder-trees, and running with the agility of a ropedancer along the connecting lines, passes from tree to tree collecting the contents of the little suspended pots into a larger one that he carries, and which, when full, he lowers by a line to an attendant below. With his knife he also slices a fresh piece from the extremity of each bleeding stalk to accelerate the flow of the sap. We tasted the liquor, which in this state is white and frothy like new milk, and has a vapid, mawkish flavour.
As we proceeded towards Colombo, the cocoa-nut trees nearly disappeared, and were replaced by paddy fields and cinnamon gardens. The dwellings also became more numerous, forming at times nearly a continuous street. They are almost entirely constructed of cocoa-wood and leaves, and are very clean and neatly kept. The inmates looked as clean as their houses.

The men are, for the most part, naked above the waist; but the women, besides a sort of petticoat formed of a long piece of muslin passed several times round the loins, and falling below the knees, wear a white cotton jacket of some light fabric, and have a neat and pleasing appearance.

Many we saw to-day of the younger ones were very pretty. Both sexes appear proud of their hair, which is abundant, black, and glossy. The males have soft, pleasing features, but generally a very effeminate expression—so much so, that a stranger will often mistake the young lads for girls at a short distance; and this delusion is much
heightened by the custom among them of wearing a tortoiseshell comb in the hair. This comb is long and narrow, of a curved form, and worn across the crown of the head. The females wear no combs, but the hair simply twisted into a knot at the back of the head is secured by a silver pin; and whether in compliance with present European fashions, or with original eastern custom, I cannot undertake to say, these dark-skinned belles, not content with the luxuriance of their own tresses, generally twist into this topknot a large lock of borrowed hair; so alike, it would seem, are the womankind of every clime and every hue in all these little cunning arts and attractive delusions.

The heads of the children are often kept shaven during their early youth, to strengthen the growth of the hair. We saw great numbers in all the villages to-day, generally naked, but very bright and clean-looking, and with clean noses; and they appear the most good-tempered little
creatures in the world, for we neither heard nor saw a single one crying throughout our journey.

Great numbers of people were travelling the road, principally on foot; and many carried heavy loads suspended to either extremity of a slender pole borne across the shoulder. Some, however, rode in tiny carts, but little larger than a wheelbarrow, covered with a neat, light palm-leaf hood or tilt, and drawn by one of the diminutive Cingalese oxen, not bigger than a small donkey.

These trotted along at a famous pace: one or two even had the audacity to attempt a race with her Majesty's mail, and kept so good a place as to occasion an additional application of the whipcord to our lean and wretched steeds. As we approached Colombo, the road was sometimes quite crowded for a mile at a stretch.

Nowithstanding our early start and numerous relays, and although we had only rested about an hour at Bentotte, the half-
way house where we found a sumptuous luncheon, the sun was getting low when we reached the last change-house. There, however, to our great satisfaction, we were supplied, as at the other end of the line, with a capital pair of horses; and going into Columbo at a slapping pace, we drove to the Royal Hotel, where we found excellent quarters, and soon forgot our fatigues under the reviving influence of a capital dinner.

Monday, 23rd. The excessive damp and clamminess, which at Galle so disagreeably affect everything about one's room, and render one's bed so uncomfortable, do not exist to the same extent here at Colombo, neither is the dealer nuisance nearly so intolerable.

We spent the day, which was fine and very warm, strolling about the town and bazaars, where we tasted mangoes, and some other Indian fruits, all of which had more or less a flavour of turpentine, and were, we thought, anything but nice. The
bazaars are well supplied with numerous kinds of vegetables and fruits, and with fish in endless quantity and variety. A large fish called Sere fish, or Ceylon salmon, which we found extremely delicious, is the most esteemed.

We also visited an elephant stable, or shed, and here I was, quite unconsciously, near getting myself into a scrape. A large working elephant was standing in the shed, tied by one hind and one fore foot to strong stakes secured in the ground; and I, not for an instant supposing that an elephant employed in ordinary labour could be dangerous, walked at once up to the brute, and laid my hand upon his long tusk.

The attendant, hastening forward, quickly drew me away, and assured me that I was fortunate to have escaped unhurt, as the elephant having been ill, and tied up without working for some weeks, had become savage, and not at all to be trusted. Yet the creature looked sleepy and quiet, as he stood swaying himself from side to side in
a monotonous lazy kind of way, holding in his trunk a bunch of palm-leaves, with which he brushed off the flies that annoyed him.

Another elephant in the same shed was made to perform various tricks, holding up her foot for the driver to stand upon in mounting to her neck, and lying flat upon the ground at the word of command. But she seemed to obey with reluctance, and grumbled a good deal, often requiring a sharp prick from the iron hook which the man carried in his hand before she would do as commanded. They appear, indeed, uncertain creatures to deal with. One, we were told, had, in a fit of anger, killed its driver a short time before our visit.

Colombo, like Galle, is divided into two parts—the European within the old Dutch walls and fosse, and the native town, with its narrow streets and thronged bazaars outside; but here, unlike Galle, there are no native dwellings within the fort.

In the evening, strolling alone through
the native town, I was attracted by sounds of rude music, and a crowd about the door of a house, which was brilliantly lighted up.

Pushing my way through the throng, I found that some kind of entertainment was going on within. As soon as I was observed, one who appeared to be in authority came forward, and, speaking in English, invited me in, sprinkled me with rose-water from a queer long-necked bottle, brought me in a cup some white liquid wherewith to touch my forehead, and gave me a seat.

The actors were a young boy and girl; and the performance, which continued till midnight, consisted of a sort of morris-dance with sticks, but not involving any great display of skill or activity. The dance was accompanied with songs and music produced from a violin and a Malay drum beaten with the fingers. The airs were rather pleasing, and the novelty of the whole scene rendered it interesting and agreeable.

Two of our party, discouraged by the
toils and fatigues of yesterday, and in fear of missing the steamer, have determined to proceed no further, and return on Wednesday to Galle; but Mr. G——t and myself are resolved to run all risks, and to go on to Kandy, as we can accomplish this—and by travelling in the night-mail hence on Thursday night, reach Galle on Friday morning, before which time there is but a remote chance of the Calcutta steamer coming in. We, therefore, this evening booked places in the Kandy coach for to-morrow, and in the Galle mail for Thursday night.

Tuesday, 24th. This is a country of early hours. We were off by four o'clock; and, as we threaded the narrow streets of the native town in the gray morning light, the people were already astir and coming from their houses. Clearing the city, we passed a noble river by a long bridge of boats, and got fairly away on the splendid Kandy road, as the early sun was chasing the light mists which yet lingered about the
jungles and tree-tops, and clung to the distant mountains. The air was cool and fresh even to chilliness, and the morning altogether delightful, reminding me of an April morn in Australia.

We proceeded at a capital pace: the horses were good, and the road in excellent condition. We passed large gangs of stout hard-working fellows, employed in breaking stones, and keeping the road in repair. These men are all Malabar Indians, immigrants from the mainland, who come over to take the more laborious occupations to which the native Cingalese will not devote themselves; for the same reason, the Malabars are largely employed upon the coffee plantations. Yet the Cingalese regard them as intruders, and so great is the feeling of jealousy and illwill, that instances have occurred of the poor immigrants being destroyed by poison, when journeying towards the interior in search of employment.

Villages and huts were not seen to-day so frequently as upon the Galle road,
though perhaps in no part do you proceed half a mile without finding a dwelling; the cocoa-palms, too, have nearly disappeared, though a few of these indispensable trees are clustered about every habitation. The beautiful bread fruit and jack trees abound; but, in many places, the wild jungle approaches the borders of the road.

We saw many large rice-fields in the lower situations; and, on reaching the hill-country, we observed every little mountain glen commanding a run of water made available for rice cultivation, by cutting and forming the slopes into a succession of level terraces, over which the stream is led, descending from terrace to terrace, and irrigating all in succession. The effect of these bright green flights of giant stairs occupying the deep recesses of the mountains, and hemmed in by dark jungles, is extremely picturesque and striking.

There would appear to be no regular season for growing the rice-crop; for, during the day, we saw in progress all the operations
of rice husbandry, ploughing the land, sowing, green rice-crops in all their different stages, and rice harvesting. In one of the fields where the crop appeared particularly heavy, I gathered an ear and counted the grains upon it. The number was no less than one hundred and seventy-five, and each grain, when planted, produces, we are told, two to three ears; at this rate, rice must be the most prolific of all cereals.

The Indian water buffalo is employed in the ploughing, and is admirably adapted for the purpose, being a dirty brute, delighting in water and mud, in which he will wallow like a pig. The ground, when prepared to receive the seed, is in the condition of liquid mud, and both the cattle and the husbandman, who works quite naked, with the exception of a small waist-cloth, wade knee-deep through the mire, and are bedaubed all over.

Towards noon, we passed a large conspicuous rock, which formerly marked the frontier of the kingdom of Kandy, and soon
after came to the half-way rest-house at the foot of the mountains. The entire distance from Colombo to Kandy is seventy-two miles.

The traffic upon this road is very great. We passed frequent long strings of bullock-drays, in all amounting to many hundreds, conveying coffee down to Colombo, or bringing cocoa-nuts, rice, or merchandise up. These drays, or banties, are all of one uniform construction—long, narrow, and light, with a neat covering, or tilt, of woven cocoa-nut leaves. A single pair of oxen only is attached to each banty; the animals are of two distinct breeds, the little dark brown Cingalese ox, not larger than a weaned calf in Australia, and another kind that the Malabar men bring over, and which are handsome creatures, spotted black and white, with long straight horns lying back to their necks, giving them a striking and wild appearance. These are in size about equal to an Australian yearling steer. Both kinds are sturdy and thickset,
and extremely docile, and willing at their work. The usual banty load is fifteen hundred weight, which appears enormous, considering the size of the oxen.
CHAPTER IX.


TUESDAY, 25th (continued). In travelling through this fruitful island, there is nothing that strikes one more than the easy, lazy way in which all necessary labour appears to be got through. The natives all look sleek, well fed, and well-conditioned, and there is everywhere a general appearance of plenty, yet no Cingalese is ever seen engaged in any painfully laborious occupation, or in any way distressing himself with toil.
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Upon the roads, during the noontide heats, the banties may be seen drawn up in long lines by the wayside, whilst the men and their cattle, all mingled together, repose beneath the shade of thatched palm-sheds constructed for the purpose, the oxen chewing the cud in drowsy contentment, while their dusky masters doze by their sides. Their working hours being from evening till midnight, and from early dawn till towards noon.

Amongst these carriers are many Malabars, who come over to the island bringing their cattle with them. Here also the superior energy and self-denial of these men place them in advantageous contrast with the more indolent and luxurious Cingalese. At the termination of each daily stage, the Malabar drayman leads his oxen to the nearest pool or stream, there washes them, and then returning the animals to their shed, brings them their food consisting of ground grain mixed with water, green paddy or long grass, and not
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until he has thus fully provided for the wants of his beasts, does he begin to attend to his own, because, he will say, as his oxen work well, and earn him a good livelihood, he should on his part care well for them.

The Cingalese, on the other hand, though he ultimately provides for his cattle in the same way, first attends to his own refreshment, and will tell you that he bought his oxen to conduce to his own advantage and pleasure, and not to make himself their slave.

These opposite modes of viewing this same subject are, I think, very illustrative of the different characters of the two races.

The Cingalese, notwithstanding their mild features and gentle manners, are, at heart, a proud, haughty people. They regard their island as the fairest spot on earth, and look with jealousy and dislike upon strangers, who come with a view to settle in the country. Especially they dislike to see their lands possessed by
foreigners, and consequently the enmity they bear to the poor Malabars is extended to their employers, the coffee planters.

We have been much struck with the bearing of nearly all the people we have encountered during our journey. Those in the towns who have anything to sell, or otherwise aught to gain by subserviency, can cringe and flatter to an unlimited extent; but the drivers and others whom we have met on the roads, generally regard us with a sullen expression, and show an unwillingness to turn aside, or make way for the coach.

On Sunday, several times when our miserable horses jibbed in some of the wet and soft parts of the road and we stuck fast, though a dozen stout fellows might be looking on, not one would offer to come forward and give us a shove; and even when urged to do so by our driver, they would generally refuse, or comply with marked reluctance, making jeering remarks upon our position, asking what we would pay, or telling the
driver that he might be content to make a living in their country without expecting them to help him to do it.

Yet these people, as far as I could inform myself upon the subject, do not appear to desire emancipation from British rule and protection. They acknowledge that they now enjoy freedom from former oppressions, and are justly governed, but complain that they are too highly taxed, and are liable to some imposts to which British subjects at home are not subjected, and this is a great affront to their dignity.

They yet remember, too, with bitterness, the unfortunate events of 1848, for which Lord Torrington and his government will not be soon forgotten, or forgiven.

Having rested an hour, and lunched at the half-way house, we again resumed our way, and soon began to ascend the mountains. At the foot of each long hill, a third horse, ready harnessed, awaited us, and thus we proceeded easily and without delays.

As we progressed, the scenery became
sublimely grand—the road, which is cut in
traverses up the steep mountain sides, pre-
senting, at each turn, some new and en-
chanting prospect. Far and near upon the
steep slopes and summits of the highest
mountains, could be descried the coffee
plantations in irregular patches, their bright
yellowish-green tints in marked contrast
with the sombre hues of the surrounding
hill-jungles, which here in general appear-
ance bear a very close resemblance to an
Australian mountain-brush.

Deep below us, we looked down upon
the long winding valley by which the ancient
elephant road from Colombo to Kandy
ascended towards the mountain passes;
whilst, above and afar, perched upon the
most inaccessible-looking heights, the large
buildings of the coffee plantations made a
very picturesque appearance, and greatly
added to the striking effect of this wild and
remarkable scenery.
The fine modern road has not only
altogether superseded the old one, but, by
rendering practicable the use of bullock-banties, has so far done away with the employment of elephants in this part of the island that we have not seen one of these creatures at work throughout the whole of our journey from Galle.

The road still ascending, the scenery became at every step more wild and savage till we reached the culminating point at the Cannucanawa Pass, where the track crosses the main range, or watershed, dividing the streams flowing westward towards Colombo from those going east to Trincomalee. Here, on the very summit of the pass, stands a fine column erected to the memory of Captain Dawson, the engineer who constructed this splendid road, and who died at Colombo in 1829.

From the pass, the descent is but slight towards Kandy, ten miles distant. Everything told that we had now entered a new and highland region—the air felt lighter, cocoa-nut trees were no longer to be seen, and the appearance of the vegetation gene-
rally was less rampant and tropical. The weather which, though bright and fine, had not been oppressively hot all day, had become delightfully cool, as at four o'clock we drove into Kandy, and found excellent quarters at Staunton's hotel. The horses have been capital throughout, and the drive altogether most agreeable.

Attracted by the sounds of music, we again sallied forth whilst dinner was preparing, and found a military band performing in an open grassy space beside the famous lake. The musicians were all black or brown, and belonged to a detachment of the Ceylon Rifles stationed here.

There is altogether a very considerable military force maintained on the island—two full British regiments, besides a corps 1,400 strong of the so-called Ceylon Rifles, which does not, however, as I believe, possess within its ranks a single native of the Cingalese race.

The force is composed of Malabars, Kaffres, and Malays: these last are fierce-
looking men, and experience has proved that neither military discipline nor the being associated with comrades of other blood can in any degree diminish their natural ferocity.

During the unhappy disturbances of 1848, these fellows, it is said, were the cause of much unnecessary bloodshed. When once loosed, they could not be restrained; and, on some occasions, when parties of the so-called rebels dispersed at the first menace of opposition, these tigers in human shape, slipping from their ranks, darted after the fugitives into the jungle, and there destroyed their unresisting and generally unarmed victims with the murderous creese which, though forming no part of their regimental equipment, they manage to carry concealed upon their persons.

Wednesday, 25th. Kandy is beautifully situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of fine hills. Beside the town, a small valley, artificially dammed across, forms the famous Kandean lake, in the centre of which, upon
a little artificial island, is seen the building formerly the prison, and often the place of execution, of the luckless wives of the kings of Kandy, when so unfortunate as to fall into disfavour. The deep waters of the lake in those days held many secrets, and covered many sorrows, perhaps sins as well.

The women of Kandy are very good-looking, and have lighter complexions than those of the low country; the men are slight, sinewy, and tall, and appear even more proud than their lowland brethren.

The hills round the city are like those at Cannucanawa Pass, dotted with coffee plantations, but otherwise covered with jungle.

The old palace of the kings is a substantial range of building, without much claim to architectural beauty. It is, however, finely situated in a garden facing the lake, with a high ridge immediately at the rear, and a deep fosse in front: the latter is being filled up, and the building is con-
verted into quarters for some of the government officials.

The old court, where the kings dispensed Kandean justice, is now used as a police-office, and it is to be hoped better deserves the title of a court of justice than formerly.

Near the lake is a fine old Buddhist temple, and some ancient tombs of the kings. The walls of the temple are elaborately ornamented with carved work, and with paintings, somewhat uncouth in their execution, representing human beings under torture. Some of the torments are horribly conceived, and indicate a great degree of genius for this kind of science in the artist.

One of the delineations most in vogue is that of a man prostrate upon his back—his mouth held open by two others with huge blacksmith's tongs, whilst a fourth pours molten lead down his throat from an enormous ladle.

In the inner sanctum of the temple are kept some valuable jewels, and a real tooth of Buddha; but, as the functionary who
keeps the key was absent, though we went twice we could not gain admittance.

The Perhadinia public gardens, about four miles from the town, we also found worth a visit. Heavy rain coming on in the afternoon prevented our seeing all we wished to see; but we were enabled to visit a coffee plantation, and obtain much information as to the culture and management.

Coffee, of the best quality, is produced, it appears, in the highest situations; therefore, mountain plantations are preferred, and the higher up the better, provided a sufficient supply of water can be obtained to work the pulping mill, and for general purposes. Where the land is very steep the surface is not worked, but square holes only are dug to receive the seeds in rows four or five feet asunder. This is a necessary precaution to prevent the whole surface from being carried away by the heavy rains, which would be the case were it turned up or disturbed.

Much of the land upon the hills is covered
with wild coffee, as it is called, that is with old plantations, which, having been badly managed, and the ground never dressed, have ceased to yield a sufficient crop to be worked at a profit. Such lands may be had very cheap, but the labour and cost of bringing them into order are very great; and they are not so good after all, though much may be done by the aid of manure. New lands are, therefore, generally preferred, notwithstanding the expense of clearing the jungle.

The upset price of such land is twenty shillings per acre, and the average selling price about £3, though it sometimes goes as high as £10. The cost of clearing and planting the land is put at £7, making a total expense of £10 the acre on an average estate. To this is to be added only a few shillings to cover charges for weeding and hoeing during the first and second years, when the plants begin to bear, and will produce something like three hundred weight per acre—the third year a full crop of seven
hundred weight may be expected, which at £1 10s. per hundred weight clears off the entire outlay; and thereafter a yearly revenue of some £8 or £9 per acre may be calculated on, subject only to deductions for the expense of constructing permanent buildings and machinery for pulping, cleaning, and drying the coffee-berries; but as from £2,000 to £3,000 are considered sufficient for these purposes upon an estate of from four to five hundred acres, there would still, it appears, remain such an amount of clear profit as to render a coffee estate in Ceylon, if these figures are to be relied upon, one of the most desirable investments to be met with. Certain it is, that the coffee planters boast of very great success during the last few years, and seem to be all prosperous, and in easy circumstances.

The coffee plant, when allowed to grow wild, attains a height of ten or twelve feet; but, in its cultivated state, is pruned and kept down to four or five. The leaves are
glossy, and of a bright green hue, and with its profusion of scarlet and purple berries, the shrub at this season make a very beautiful appearance.

With the vaunted cinnamon gardens of Colombo, on the contrary, I was much disappointed, and could indeed see nothing to admire in them. The trees, annually cut to the ground, send out from the stumps, like basket-willows, a mass of straggling shoots, eight or ten feet in height; they are not planted with any order or regularity, nor is the ground always keep free from grass and weeds. A cinnamon garden, in fact, has much the appearance of brush-land in process of clearing, with the trees gone and the low scrub remaining. The leaf of the cinnamon much resembles that of the coffee bush: in colour and glossiness it is like a laurel-leaf, but longer and of a lighter tint.

Our holiday is now over. We must set off in the morning, and travel without stopping back to Galle, as the agent warned us, before starting, that we could not safely remain absent beyond to-morrow:
Thursday, 26th. The coach called for us at five o'clock; the morning was quite sharp and bracing, and soon gaining the Cannucanawa Pass, we rapidly descended the hills towards Colombo, retracing our route of the day before yesterday.

When coming up, we had seen, not far from the half-way house, one of the rare and magnificent talipot palms, in full flower. The tree is said to blossom only once in a hundred years, and so fine a specimen as that which we saw is regarded even here as a wonder.

My companion commissioned one of the attendants to get him a piece of the flower against our return, and promised to give a rupee for it. On reaching the house today our first inquiry was for the talipot flower; but we were disappointed—the man had been, he said, to ask for a piece, as desired, but the owner of the tree had replied to the effect that the first of the flower was a sacrifice to his gods, which he would not sell for twenty rupees, but
that, in a few days, his offering would be made, after which we might take the whole flower and welcome.

The weather changed, and became showery about noon, and it was raining hard when we reached Colombo at four o'clock, and returned to our old quarters at the hospitable and spacious Royal Hotel. Here we had three hours allowed for rest, the Galle coach not starting till seven. The rain continued, and was still falling heavily when, at half-past seven, we bade a reluctant adieu to Colombo, and again set forth.

My companion contrived to miss the coach, and was left behind; but we had not got far on the road when I was well pleased to see him come galloping up in a cab.

But more troubles were in store for us. The relays of horses, bad as we had found them on our way up, were all worse now—for this late coach being an extra affair, carrying the mails to meet the Calcutta
steamer, was horsed with the animals which had already done their work during the afternoon, and the poor jaded brutes appeared determined to resist the imposition to the utmost. At every stage, they kicked, jibbed, and refused to start, and were got off with great difficulty and delay, a dozen men pushing at the wheels and hauling at the traces. Two men ran constantly beside the horses to assist the driver in urging them along, and to keep them on the road, for the wretched animals occasionally in their desperation endeavoured to get into the ditch, or anywhere rather than go ahead.

Such an amount of flogging and thrashing, as it was painful to feel oneself accessory to, often failed, however, to keep us in motion, notwithstanding the exertions of the runners, who tugged at the traces, and worked with surprising energy and endurance. We frequently stuck fast, and had to descend in rain and mire, and walk forward till the tormented horses could be prevailed upon
to bring the empty carriage up to us again. Thus the night dragged miserably on; and, instead of reaching Galle by daylight, as we had been flatteringly led to expect, it was four o'clock when we came to Bentotte, the half-way house, where we were heartily glad to rest for an hour, and get an early breakfast. Among the dishes served to us were some remarkably nice fried oysters, of which I ate; but, in the sequel, found such cause to repent having done so, that I would advise all future travellers not to be tempted by the oysters of Bentotte.

It was light, when we again proceeded. The rain had ceased, and the sun, as the morning advanced, became excessively hot. Matters went on a little better than they had done during the night, but it was near mid-day when, thoroughly tired and weary, we at length reached Galle, and our troubles ceased.

One of our runners came all the way through without being changed. The fellow, who is a light, active, and handsome young
man, of Portuguese descent, did not even appear fatigued, though he was all the way, when not running, quite as actively engaged pulling a trace or dragging at the horses' heads, and he only occasionally obtained a little rest by standing on the carriage step. The distance is seventy-three miles.

On rejoining our friends at Galle, we found them anxiously looking for us, and in some alarm, as the expected steamer (the Bengal) has come in this morning, and is only awaiting the arrival of the China mail, now over-due; on receiving which the captain says he shall sail in two hours. However, no China mail made its appearance during the afternoon, and we were not sorry to be able to remain quiet.

In the evening I was suddenly and violently seized with an attack so very like cholera in its symptoms, that I became somewhat alarmed. I sent for a doctor, who was a native, of Portuguese blood I believe, but as dark as a Cingalese, and was recommended by our host as skilful in
cholera complaints. Having ascertained that I came from Colombo, the doctor's first question was—"*Had I eaten oysters at Bentotte?*" My answer in the affirmative seemed to relieve the worthy medico of all grave apprehension; and ordering me some simple remedies, he told me I had nothing to fear; and he was right, for soon after his departure I got rid of my pains and fell asleep.

Saturday, 28th. I awoke this morning free from my complaint, but a good deal weakened and shaken by the violence of the attack. The China mail has not yet come in, and the Bengal still waits; but the threat of sudden departure is kept *in terrorem* over us, and prevents our undertaking any excursion which would carry us out of sight of the harbour. Thus the day was provokingly wasted and frittered away, though there are temples and many other objects of interest which we would gladly have visited in the neighbourhood; and, when the China steamer did at
length come in this evening, it was found that she has so much freight in dollars and silks to be transhipped into the Bengal, that the latter cannot get away before to-morrow morning.

This evening we all went up to the agent's office to receive our board money, which the Company very liberally allows to all their passengers whilst detained on shore awaiting the steamer. We were paid four rupees for each day since our landing, and were warned to be on board to-morrow morning by seven o'clock.

Had arrangements permitted, I would gladly have remained a fortnight longer in this delightful island, and have proceeded by the next steamer, for never in my life have I spent a week more agreeably than the last; but my friends, who suffer from the excessive humidity of the climate, are anxious to proceed. The weather continues very showery and wet, with the wind still at south-west, though it is now past the season at which the opposite, or
north-east monsoon usually sets in, bringing drier weather and clearer skies. However, but for the extreme moisture of the atmosphere, which at Galle exceeds anything that could be imagined, but which at Kandy, or even Colombo, is much less felt, the climate, as we have found it, is by no means unpleasant; the heat in the daytime is not excessive, the thermometer seldom rising above 80° to 84°, but the nights are comparatively much warmer, two or three degrees being the extent of the variation between noon and midnight.
CHAPTER X.


SUNDAY, 29th. We were all on board betimes this morning; but when seven o'clock came, barges piled with bales of silks and boxes of treasures were yet discharging their precious freights into the Bengal. More barges similarly laden were coming, and yet others were still alongside the inexhaustible China steamer, receiving more bales and more boxes. The Admiralty agent in charge of the mails fretted and fumed, complained to the captain of the
delay, and urged an immediate departure, without reference to the China steamer, her treasures, or silks.

The captain grumbled, fidgetted, and threatened compliance with the Admiralty agent's suggestion, if this inordinate transhipment should not soon come to an end. The last barge, however, did at length make its appearance: the anchor was speedily hove up, and at ten o'clock, under a cloudless but hazy sky and broiling sun, we steamed out of the bay, and reluctantly bid farewell to fruitful, luxurious, pleasant Ceylon, with all its beauteous cocoa groves, magnificent scenery, gentle manners, and handsome, interesting people.

Galle is the least agreeable of the cities of Ceylon, both on account of its more humid climate and its comparative dearness; and a voyager who has some days to remain in the island, should not fail to visit Colombo. Intercourse with the numerous passengers from the gold-fields of Australia, who often spend their money as
though to divest themselves of their wealth with the same rapidity with which it has been acquired were their principal object, has, it is said, much influenced all prices and charges at Point de Galle: certainly, the native boatmen there make demands which would not discredit Melbourne itself. I paid four and a half rupees (nine shillings) this morning for the transport of myself and baggage, consisting only of a portmanteau, a basket, and carpet bag, from my hotel to the ship, a distance of about half a mile, the fellows grumbling at the amount, and demanding nearly double.

Several of our passengers have engaged as servants young Cingalese lads, and brought them on board. They are good-looking, merry little fellows, and appear very obedient and docile. They seem highly delighted at having provided themselves with places, and at their prospect of seeing the world. One little scamp, who came hurrying on board only just as the ship got under weigh, confessed that he had
bolted from an employer, and had with difficulty got away.

Very many boys offered themselves whilst we were at Galle. I would have taken one or two had I been going to, instead of leaving, Australia.

The Bengal is a noble ship of two thousand two hundred tons burthen, and three hundred and thirty feet in length, but is rather slow under steam, her engines of only four hundred and seventy horse power not being in proportion to her immense size. Though we have a smooth sea, and fore and aft sails set, the wind being a little before the beam, we do not make above nine knots.

Few passengers pass from the East to Europe at this season of the year; and, as many of those who came from Australia in the Madras went on to India or Singapore, we have not above sixty on board the Bengal, though she has ample accommodation for more than double the number. Thus we have abundance of room, can
keep all our baggage in our cabins, instead of getting it up from the hold twice a week as in the Madras; and altogether there is every prospect of an agreeable passage.

Monday, 30th. We are now fairly on the open ocean again, clear of the coast of Ceylon, and standing away to the westward, direct for the Gulf of Aden. The sea continues smooth, but the lingering breezes of the south-west monsoon are rather against us, and we do not make rapid progress. Distance run to-day only one hundred and ninety-six miles. Many showers fell during the day, and the weather is dark and almost chilly.

Wednesday, November 1st. A slight return of the attack I suffered from at Galle, combined with the ordinary ills of shipboard existence, has completely laid me up to-day, and brought me under the hands of the doctor.

The last breath of wind has died away, and the sea is dead calm. Pace improving—we ran two hundred and fifteen miles.
Thursday, 2nd. A light breeze from the north-east gives us hope that the monsoon is at length setting in. I still continue unwell, and in the doctor's care. Distance at noon two hundred and twenty-three miles.

Friday, 3rd. Nothing particular to note. The puff of wind yesterday died away again without bringing the desired monsoon. I am still unwell and confined to my berth. Distance run two hundred and twenty-four miles.

Saturday, 4th. Got upon my legs again to-day—thanks to the doctor's skill and attentive care—but feel excessively weak and languid, and find the heat oppressive, though the mercury does not rise above 81° to 82°, but to those figures it keeps very steadily, not sinking more than two or three degrees during the night; and if it were not that the fine weather enables us to sleep with all ports wide open, the cabin berths would be distressingly hot.
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We are beginning to make acquaintance with the Indian passengers, many of whom are most agreeable people. A very pretty, little dark-eyed lady from Bombay, accompanying her husband, who is going to England on sick-leave, is much admired, and is a general favourite. The warm, still evenings we spend pleasantly, sitting to chat in the calm moonlight, or promenading the spacious decks.

Our kind-hearted and attentive captain is all anxiety for the comfort and contentment of his passengers; and, as for Mr. W——r, our purser, his arrangements are inimitable, and his attentions unremitting: he is the prince of purser's, and a very gentleman-like and agreeable companion to boot. Altogether, we are extremely fortunate in our ship, officers, and fellow-passengers; and, if it be possible to find pleasure in a sea voyage, it may certainly be expected in the present instance.

We ran to-day two hundred and forty miles.

VOL. I.

I
Sunday, 5th. So calm a sea as we have now around us is, I imagine, rarely seen: not only is it without a ripple to disturb its glassy surface, but the dead and utterly motionless level is unbroken by the smallest swell or undulation.

We have already nearly passed the wide expanse of the Indian Ocean, and are in great spirits at the near prospect of the call at Aden, and passage through the straits of Bab-el-mandeb into the mysterious and interesting Red Sea.

During the afternoon, the yellow coasts of Socotra were in sight to the northward, showing smoky and indistinct through the hot blue haze; and, in the early part of the night, we passed close under the little islands of Abd al Curia, fine masses of bare rock rising almost perpendicularly from the sea, the larger to the height of two thousand feet. Running under them as we did, nearly within gunshot, they presented, in the bright moonlight, a very grand and striking appearance.
Our run to-day of two hundred and fifty miles, is the longest we have yet made since leaving Ceylon, and equals the best performances of the Madras.

Monday, 6th. The bold cliffs of Cape Gardefan, or Gardefui, the easternmost extremity of burning Africa, were in sight this morning on our port bow, and the high rocky coast exhibiting an appearance of scorched sterility and fiery heat, such as it would be difficult adequately to describe, continued indistinctly visible through the hot murky atmosphere all the forenoon, as we advanced up the Gulf of Aden over a sea so glassy, dead, and sluggish, that, as it slumbered beneath the sun's fierce rays, it looked less like water than like molten lead.

The heat to-day, although the thermometer still marks no higher than 81°, is very oppressive; and, though fully ten to fifteen degrees below the ordinary summer mid-day heat of Australia, produces a feeling of languor and helplessness such as is there
never experienced; but, as I have before mentioned, the nights, since we entered the northern hemisphere, are nearly as warm as the days, and the sun here shines with almost noontide fervour as soon as he rises.

Day’s run, two hundred and thirty-one miles. At noon Aden was but three hundred and forty-eight miles distant.

This evening we witnessed a melancholy but interesting ceremony. A poor fellow, a seaman, in this Company’s service, whom we took on board invalided at Galle for a passage to England, his native country, died during the night, and was, at eight o’clock this evening, committed to the deep. Most of the passengers, and all the British part of the crew attended in their best attire. Many of the Lascars also looked on with an expression of sad interest upon their intelligent, dusky countenances.

Four quarter-masters, in their neat seaman’s holiday costume, stood by the bier, a grating covered with the union-jack. All heads were uncovered, the captain reading
the service for the burial of the dead. At the words, we "commit this our brother to the deep," the bier was raised, the corpse launched from the lofty ship's side, and a moment afterwards, a slight splash announced that the calm moonlit sea had closed for ever over the mortal remains of this poor wanderer, far away from home and friends. The scene was affecting, and the decorum and grave sadness of all present solemn and impressive.

Tuesday, 7th. Sighted the Arab coast about noon; and, towards evening, the bold promontory of Aden began to rise, island-like, from the distant wave before us, showing higher and bolder as we advanced, till towards nine o'clock, when coming close under this magnificent mass of rocks towering to a height of nine hundred feet, and now showing their jagged and pointed outlines in dark relief against the clear starlit sky, we sent up a rocket, and fired a gun as a signal for a pilot.

The thundering echoes which followed
our cannon's report had scarcely died away among the rocks when, up on the highest pinnacle of the mountain, blazed forth an answering blue light, illuminating with its powerful glare the neighbouring peaks and crags, as we now proceeded slowly towards the harbour. The effect of the whole scene was enchanting beyond expression. A boat soon approached, and the first person who came on board brought us the exciting intelligence of the splendid victory of the Alma.

We shortly entered the harbour, which is very easy of access, and no sooner was the anchor down, than a swarm of boats came alongside, seeking passengers for the shore, and their dark, woolly-headed rowers would have taken the ship by storm, but, in anticipation of this attack, a quartermaster was stationed upon the ladder; and, cane in hand, vigorously repelled every assault. The niggers, thus defeated, fell to wrangling among themselves in their whiney querulous tongue, and the clamour and confusion were unbounded.
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The moon had lately risen, and was streaming through the clear, dry air such a flood of light as rendered all objects in the harbour, and even the few houses on shore, plainly visible.

Slowly approaching the ship in tow of numerous boats, were now seen huge barges high piled with monster heaps of coal, and crowned with swarms of chattering Sedeboys, as the Africans from the opposite shore of the gulf are here denominated. Presently, the first barge came alongside—the Sedeboys, with loud yells, rushed on board: the work of coaling began in earnest, and our clean, well-ordered, and quiet ship was soon converted into a perfect pandemonium.

The thundering clatter of the coals in their descent through the iron tubes, or shafts, leading from the deck to the bunks below, the clouds of grimy dust which soon pervaded every part of the vessel, and the songs, shouts, and screams of the Sedeboys, as they warmed at their work, produced
altogether such a complication of horrors as rendered the prospect for the night on board almost unendurable, but accounts from the shore were discouraging, and at a late hour, we reluctantly went below, and turned in to await the morning's light.

The distance of Aden from Point de Galle, is two thousand two hundred and fifty miles.
CHAPTER XI.


WEDNESDAY, 8th. My cabin being well aft, I suffered less than I had expected, and was able to snatch some broken slumbers between the intervals of the negroes' more frantic choruses; but those whose berths were nearer the scene of action and the noisy coal shoots, had a terrible night of it, and, when morning came, presented a very exhausted and used-up appearance.

With the first light we went on deck, and found shore-boats already alongside. No
sooner did we appear on the gangway than a sharp contest began among the dusky boatmen for the honour, or profit, of conveying us ashore; but at length a boat having been successfully forced up to the ladder, we jumped in, four of us in all, and the conquerors quickly pushed out of the throng, setting up a song of triumph at their victory.

Early as was the hour, a crowd of men and boys mounted on horses and donkeys of every size and colour awaited us on the beach, and the moment we set foot on shore they charged upon us, and nearly rode over us in their anxiety to force their steeds upon our notice—and the cries of “good horse, sir; you try dis horse, sir; see dis donkey, sir; fine donkey, sir; look him knee, sir; neubber been down, sir,” soon became perfectly bewildering.

To gain a little space as well as to enable us to make a choice, we desired our woolly-headed and bare-legged persecutors to give us a sample of their boasted ani-
mals' paces. With a yell they darted off, galloped in short circles about the small ashy plain which at this point separates the beach from the rocky heights, and quickly returned more clamorous and importunate than ever.

In the meanwhile, I had got my eye upon a likely-looking gray Arab among the throng, and now for the large sum of two rupees made him mine for the morning. My companions also suited themselves, and delighted to be once more in the saddle, though rather tattered and disreputable samples of the pig-skin they were, we galloped off on the road to the cantonment, about four miles from the port.

By daylight, the singularly barren and black desolation of Aden more than realized the appearances of last night. The whole promontory is one vast lofty pile of dark volcanic rock, scoria, and ashes, and resembles a huge heap of coke and cinders but just burnt out, so fresh and recent seem the traces of heat and fire. Not a sign of
vegetation appears upon the scorched and arid steeps which, in frowning nakedness, tower one over the other from the water's edge to the summit.

This remarkable promontory is connected with the low mainland by a narrow neck of sand only, the approaches from which are strongly fortified, and the heights are everywhere crossed by walls and crowned by batteries, giving to the whole place an appearance of formidable strength.

Exhilarated by the novelty of the scene, and the fresh morning air, we galloped on along the well-made road which skirts the sea, and passing strings of diminutive donkeys carrying water, contained in goatskins, to supply the small settlement at the port, and grave stately camels conducted by proud-looking Arabs, and bearing enormous loads of dry firewood, we came to a deep cutting in the adamantine rock, well fortified and guarded.

Passing through this, we entered a sort of basin, or amphitheatre, quite enclosed by
the bare dismal rocks, save where a narrow gap at the further side opens to the sea. The bottom of this crater-like basin is a small plain containing several springs and wells of fresh water, and over the stony surface of which are scattered the buildings of the cantonment, 'the officers' quarters, the barracks, the bazaar, and the native town, if so can be termed a huddled group of huts, constructed of reeds and bulrushes, and inhabited chiefly by Africans from the opposite coast.

There are also two or three hotels, rather spacious buildings, not exactly houses, yet something better than sheds. At one of these, in company with twenty or thirty of our fellow-passengers, who had by this time found their way out, we took a scrambling breakfast despite the determined opposition of countless legions of flies. The fare consisted of sere fish, execrable mutton, small but very nice eggs, coffee, coarse bread, and delicious bananas from the mainland.

The innkeepers are Parsees from Bom-
bay, and the bazaar people are also chiefly natives of India, who sell Bombay produce, rice, dhol, &c.; the mechanics and artisans, too, come from the same quarter.

A few Arabs dwell within the cantonment: we saw some girls of this race who were well formed, and very far from bad looking, though sadly disfigured by their elaborate and profuse attempts at ornament and decoration.

Not content with rings on their fingers and toes, and perfect hoops in their ears and noses, with heavy silver chains and richly-worked collars upon their necks, and with bracelets and anklets on their arms and legs, they also bedaub themselves with paint, staining the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, and sometimes even the cheeks, of a deep saffron or orange colour, and the tips of the toes and fingers dark purple or black. They also apply the latter dye to the under-eyelid, where, however, it produces rather a pleasing effect, increasing the lustrous appearance of the eye.
Great numbers of camels were lying about the cantonment, and appeared to have been recently unburdened. They are brought in by the Arabs loaded with the produce of the interior—firewood, canes and reeds for building and thatching, dates, bananas, poultry, &c.; and the gaunt, misshapen creatures were now crouched upon the hard, stony ground, lying at rest in the most uncomfortable-looking postures, and with grotesque gravity, chewing the cud with their great mouths and long flabby lips.

A few oxen which were standing about, though coarse and humpy, were handsome animals—large, powerful, and heavy.

The Arabs, generally, are still hostile; and, unreconciled to the occupation of this portion of their territory by our unbelieving race, they are treated with much suspicion, no Arab being allowed to come armed within the gates. Even a stick must be laid aside, and the garrison do not venture far outside the walls. Occasional proofs are not wanting to show that all this
precaution is necessary. Not very long since, a large Arab force assembled in the neighbourhood, and was only deterred from making an attack by the formidable appearance of the defences, and the state of preparation in which the place was found.

The extent of their fanatical hatred was proved on a recent occasion when a young officer of the garrison having, incautiously, strolled a short distance outside the works, was attacked by a single Arab, who however, after a desperate struggle, lost his own life in the attempt to take that of his intended victim; the Englishman thus with difficulty saving himself by his superior strength and prowess.

The garrison consists of two full regiments of Madras and Bombay Native Infantry; a detachment of Artillery, and a company of Sappers and Miners.

A good many young trees have been planted about the cantonment; and, shaded and protected in cane-work casings, appear
to be making a successful struggle for existence.

We were warned to beware of the sun's noontide rays; and accordingly, soon after breakfast, set out again for the port. We found the heat very great in returning, with a dryness of atmosphere and intense glare that could vie with the fiercest summer weather in the hottest parts of Australia. Judging by the present temperature, the summer-heat here must be something fearful, yet Aden is said to be not unhealthy.

Having some hours to dispose of before returning to the ship, where the dusty operation of coaling was yet going forward as actively as ever, we took refuge beneath the shade of the spacious verandahs and open, airy chambers of a large Parsee inn, which standing near the beach enabled us to watch for the hoisting of blue peter on board, and to enjoy the cool sea-breeze now setting in.

This hotel is not badly supplied with wines, bottled beer, and other drinkables,
as well as solids, and in the large principal room are ranged around the walls, barrack-fashion, a great array of beds, where, had we known it, we might have found ample refuge from the noisy discomforts of last night.

We now passed the time trafficking for the dried skins of wild beasts, lions, panthers, hyenas, &c., and for boas and ladies' muffs fabricated of ostrich-feathers, which appeared to be the only articles the place affords worth carrying away.

Some of the party amused themselves by setting the Sedeboy horsemen to ride races for small pieces of money, and novel were the ideas of horseracing possessed by these screeching, laughing, woolly-headed jockeys.

The course was along the road about a quarter of a mile, round a sharp corner and back again by the beach; often on reaching the turn those who had got the lead would pull up and wait to start all fair again, whilst others, who were furthest behind,
would dash clean across the corner, cut into the course in advance of the leading horses, and coming first to the winning-post, unhesitatingly demand the prize. Nor could it be hammered into their thick heads that this was not all right and fair; and, when made to start afresh, they evidently regarded the objection as a mere subterfuge and imposition, and the race was run again just as before. Our only resource was to award the prize to the horse that fairly would have been the winner, and this I observed was often my gray nag of the morning.

At three o'clock, signal was made for all to get on board. We found the ship surrounded by a perfect shoal of blackies, young men and boys, who had swam out from the shore, and were engaged in diving after small coins, which the passengers on deck amused themselves by casting into the water to be thus scrambled for. The untiring way in which these fellows continued swimming and diving, and the depth
to which they sometimes followed the pieces of money were quite surprising.
By five o’clock we were once more fairly under weigh, and leaving Aden behind with a fine wind and all sail set.
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CHAPTER XII.


Thursday, 9th. Made such good progress that we passed through the strait of Bab-el-mandeb, or gate of tears, one hundred and forty miles from Aden, by three o'clock this morning; we managed, however, to wake in time and went on deck, and the moon shining very brightly enabled us to get a pretty good view of this famous strait.

We passed by the narrow passage, not more than a mile and a half in width, between the Arabian shore and the island of Perim, lying in the midst of the strait. Upon this lonely, deserted island is a
monument erected to the memory of our unfortunate countrymen who here landed, under the command of Sir David Baird, during Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, and ingloriously died, falling victims to the deadly climate.

During the day, we sighted several small islands, some of them very high—all perfectly barren, and in appearance as arid, scorched, and blasted as the promontory of Aden.

The heat is rather oppressive, though not very great, 86° being the highest range of the thermometer in the shade, which we should not think much of in Australia; but the nights are warm, and the effects very debilitating. I have taken to bottled beer at lunch, with happy results.

At noon, we were two hundred and two miles from Aden, and in lat. 14° 13' north.

Friday, 10th. We are now in the hottest part of the dreaded Red Sea, but don't find much to complain of. The officers relate fearful stories of ladies fainting from the
heat, and even falling dead upon the deck on former occasions; but nobody now seems disposed to become the subject of a new tragical anecdote of this kind. It is true the summer is passed, and we are told the weather is unusually cool and favourable even for this late season of the year.

The mercury to-day rose to 88°, but the air being dry, the heat is less disagreeable than when a few degrees lower nearer the equator; but so high is the temperature of the sea hereabouts that my early bath, though the water is always fresh pumped in, has been rather a tepid than a cold bath for some mornings past, and scarcely at all refreshing.

All sail is crowded to-day, including studding-sails, port and starboard, fore and aft, both above and below, and we are running before a fresh breeze which, though from the southward, tends to keep down the heat. With its assistance we made a splendid run of two hundred and sixty miles, and at noon were in lat. 17° 42',
long. 40° 16' east. No land has been in sight all day.

Saturday, 11th. Still running before the southerly breeze, which has become lighter, and it is feared we are about to lose it: so fair and so steady has the wind been for the last three days that with all sail set, and the yards squared, scarcely a rope has been touched throughout the whole time even to pull upon a brace.

We had the thermometer up to 90° this afternoon, though we have reached the twenty-first degree, but there are some local causes here, it would seem, which completely neutralize the influence of latitude. The hottest portion of the Red Sea is said to be from the sixteenth to the twenty-first degrees, though some distance further south the sea is narrower and more confined.

In the evening, the breeze died away, and then came round to the eastward, and all square sails had to be taken in; thermometer fell to 84° with the change.
Distance run two hundred and forty-eight miles. Suez is now only six hundred and ten miles off.

Sunday, 12th. A great change in the weather this morning. The wind has got round to the north, and is quite cool, but very light fortunately; for, as it is, our speed has come down to eight and a half knots. It is said that in this sea the engines will never work up to their full power, though more than the ordinary quantity of fuel be consumed: this is attributed to the extremely saline and dense quality of the water.

The captain, as last Sunday, read prayers on the quarterdeck, all the passengers and the European portion of the ship's company attending.

The principal part of the crew here, as in the Madras, are Lascars, but much finer looking men than in the latter vessel; and when mustered for inspection on the quarterdeck every Sunday in their gala dresses of whitest muslins and bright coloured
silks, they make a strikingly handsome and picturesque appearance.

Early this morning we passed St. John's Island, which is equally desolate and barren with all the other islands of this sea.

Thermometer down to 82°; lat. 24° 7', long. 36°; and distance run two hundred and six miles.

Monday, 13th. All passengers packing up and preparing to land, which we have now every prospect of doing to-morrow by noon. A letter was presented to the captain, signed by every passenger on board, and giving expression to our feelings of unmingled satisfaction with the conduct of himself and officers, particularly Mr. W——r, the purser, who has earned golden opinions by his kindness and unceasing attention to all our wants and wishes.

One of the most interesting occupations of to-day was the drawing lots for places in the desert transit from Suez to Cairo.

The desert carriages, it seems, carry six persons each, and are started in detach-
ments of five at a time, at intervals of four hours, till all the passengers are disposed of; and, as all generally desire to be among the first to start, it is usual to decide this matter by lot before landing.

We therefore formed ourselves into parties of six, at the suggestion of our indefatigable purser; and, under his auspices, drew lots for precedence. Our party were lucky enough to draw number three carriage, so we shall go in the first detachment.

By noon we had the land in sight on both bows, as we approached the entrance of the Straits of Jubal; and about four o'clock, passing these straits, we entered the Gulf of Suez. The land has still the same rocky, mountainous, and utterly sterile and desolate appearance, which everywhere characterizes the shores of the Red Sea.

As we advanced up the gulf, we met a queer little high-sterned Arab vessel running down to the southward, and saw a wreck lying high and dry upon one of the
long level coral reefs which hereabouts abound near the shore.

Later in the evening we met two very large whales coming down; they passed, one on either side of the ship, at no great distance. One of them was followed by a great flight of large birds, which, whenever the monster rose to the surface, were all flapping, scrambling, and jostling each other, in an insane attempt to settle upon his back. Their object it is difficult to conceive, unless there were some barnacles, or small shell-fish, adhering to the creature's skin, to which they wished to help themselves.

Latitude at noon 27°, longitude 34° 19', thermometer 81°, and distance run one hundred and ninety-seven miles.

At dusk the wind began to rise, blowing from the north again, and very cool.
CHAPTER XIII.


TUESDAY, 14th. Wind increased to a fresh breeze last night, reducing our speed to six knots; unless it moderates we shall not reach Suez till late. So great is the change of temperature and in the climate altogether, that every one is coming out in cloth clothing this morning; and the lassitude with which all have been more or less oppressed since we first entered the tropics is rapidly passing away under the invigorating influence of this fine north wind.

A large Arab vessel with two masts
passed us, running down before the wind. Like that of last evening, it was an odd-looking craft, carrying large latine sails, but so raised at the after-part and stern as to bear a very down-by-the-head and unweatherly appearance.

The breeze died away as the morning advanced, and we again progressed rapidly. About noon we passed over the scene of Pharaoh's watery overthrow, or, at least, the spot pointed out by Arab tradition as the locality of that signal misfortune; though another spot much higher up the gulf, and above the anchorage near Suez, is fixed upon in the opinions of most modern travellers, who have studied the ground, as the real scene of the disaster.

The Well of Moses, so singularly situated upon the very beach close to the waters of this briny sea, is rendered very conspicuous by its small surrounding patch of dark palms and bushes—the only trace of verdure, or sign of vegetation, that breaks the dreary sterility of the yellow,
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sandy waste which spreads all round the head of the Suez gulf.

About one o'clock we reached the bay of Suez, one thousand two hundred and ninety-six miles from Aden, and came to anchor three or four miles off the shore, the extreme shallowness of the water preventing the nearer approach of vessels of large tonnage. The mail steamer from Bombay was at anchor in the roads, and a fleet of the little cock-tailed Arab vessels were lying in among the shoals close to the town.

Long before we anchored, the small Egyptian steamer that conveys passengers to the shore was seen wending her tortuous way among the reefs and shallows, as she steamed out to meet us. This vessel belongs to the Egyptian Government, into whose hands we were now to be delivered for transit across the desert to Cairo.

We were scarcely at anchor when she came alongside, and took on board with surprising despatch all the mail-boxes and
the passengers' luggage, the whole of which had been got on deck during the morning, and stacked near the gangways. Then we were hastily summoned to tranship ourselves; and taking a hurried leave of our kind friends of the Bengal, we crowded on to the little steamer's deck, and she dashed away.

As we parted from our noble ship we gave her three hearty cheers, which were vigorously returned from quarterdeck and forecastle.

The appearance of the town of Suez viewed from the bay is remarkable and singular, standing almost in the water's edge upon the border of the flat, bare, sandy waste, which stretches away beyond as far as the eye can reach. The town strongly partakes of the desolate, blasted, and deserted aspect of the surrounding scene, owing to the peculiar construction of the houses, which at a distance would all appear to have been unroofed and dismantled, or rather to have been abandoned
incomplete. The roofs being flat are not perceptible, whilst the extraordinary ragged and uneven outlines of the wall-tops suggest the idea that the upper parts are wanting.

On landing, however, a busy, animated scene presented itself—hundreds of camels were lying about ready saddled for the conveyance of the mails, passengers' luggage, and other cargo; whilst their dark Be-douin drivers and attendants were making the most of their last moments of rest, drinking in the small dirty coffee-shops, or smoking the long chibouk, and playing with little circular and particularly dingy cards at some incomprehensible, but apparently very exciting, game in the shade of the narrow streets.

Swarms of dirty boys, too, who appear to have no other occupation, instantly assail you as you set foot on shore, and torment you with incessant clamour for baksheesh.*

* Small gifts, or presents of money.
Presently, the mails and luggage being landed, the work of loading the camels began. These sour, ill-tempered looking creatures, which had been lying in groups, snappishly contending with each other over a meagre allowance of very broken and dirty straw, placed in small heaps upon the ground among them, were now brought forward to the loading yard, and made to crouch down to receive their burthens. Some yielded to the signal to lie down (a sharp jerk upon the bridle or halter) with obedient readiness, while others growled, snapped, and resisted, only submitting after frequent jerkings and repeated sharp blows of the driver's cane upon their long scraggy legs and necks.

The burthen placed upon each camel is very great—two heavy mail-boxes or passengers' large trunks upon either side of the saddle. The poor animals kept up an incessant complaining cry whilst loading; and the affrighted looks and increased bellowings of those which, from the more
bulky appearance of the packages placed upon them, seemed to think they were being overloaded, were quite painful to witness.

If a load be manifestly too heavy, the sagacious camel refuses to rise; but growling, roaring, and snapping in a most savage manner, retains his crouching attitude, spite of stripes and blows; the pack must then be removed, and re-adjusted.

When we consider that these wonderful creatures, loaded here at Suez, go the whole way through to Cairo, eighty-two miles, without rest or relief, we cannot feel much surprise at their evident terror and dread of being too heavily burthened.

About an hour and a half after our landing, the first detachment of carriages, five in number, was ready to start, and thirty of us got away, six in each. These carriages are of a peculiar construction—like shortened omnibus-bodies mounted on two large, high wheels: they are tolerably easy
on the springs, are well padded and fitted inside, have three shafts, and are drawn by a couple of stout mules as shafters, with a pair of good, lively Arab horses leading.

We set out at a capital pace over the compact, hard, gravelly surface of the level desert, which here exhibits none of that loose, sandy instability which we had expected to discover. We rattled on, our Arab coachman driving at a good pace, but steadily and well.

Stations have been constructed every five miles all the way across; and at every twenty miles there is a rest-house, and provision for the refreshment of travellers.

We changed horses at every station, and night had closed by the time we reached the first rest-house, where we halted an hour, and sat down to a capital hot supper of fowls and eggs, with mutton stewed with gourds, and dressed in various ways.

When we again proceeded, the last lingering rosy tints had completely forsaken the west; but such was the transparent
purity of the keen dry air, that not the road alone, but all objects to some distance on either hand, were plainly discernible in the clear starlight.

The dried remains of camels, which have at different times fallen victims to the severity of the caravan labour, could be seen at intervals lying upon the road; and occasionally we met long strings of these gaunt creatures stalking along in shadowy indistinctness, and with slow, measured, and noiseless step, conveying supplies of water or provender to the different stations.

At the next rest-house, forty miles from Suez, another hot meal awaited us, to which, however, we were hardly prepared to do justice, after our recent exertions in that way. Here we were allowed a halt of an hour and a half, and were able to get a little sleep, to which end beds and couches are provided at this station. Indeed, nothing can exceed the excellence of the arrangements, or the attention to the comfort and convenience of the passengers on
this route; and we have arrived at the conviction that the discomforts and miseries of the desert journey must have existence only in the imaginations of fastidious travellers, who would assuredly not here find much to grumble at, had they ever journeled in her Majesty’s mail carriages in Australia.

As we advanced towards Cairo, the surface of the desert became more sandy, and broken into wave-like undulations; and the road, which nearer Suez was formed by merely removing the larger stones and gravel from the naturally hard surface, was now regularly formed, levelled, and Macadamized.

Long before dawn we reached the last rest-house, where, to our surprise, yet another savoury smoking repast was set out in readiness for us. This was too much; we could not stand such incessant duty, and all absolutely refused to make a fresh attack. After an hour’s rest, we again proceeded; and at sunrise, on the
morning of the 15th, coming to the summit of a sand ridge, from whence the surface of the desert declined gradually towards the alluvial plains of the river, we were cheered and excited to the highest pitch by a first view of wondrous Cairo, with its famed gardens, and its dark palm groves, skirting the turgid waters of Old Father Nile about ten miles distant.

Casting our eyes around in eager search for the great Pyramids, we presently descried their sharp summits illumined by the sun's early rays, and showing like mountain peaks above the rugged crest of a high, stony ridge bordering the desert on our left.

We went forward in great spirits; the sharp morning air was pure and fresh, and the sun shone bright and cheery. Coming to the last station, five miles from Cairo, we had for the first time some trouble with the horses. The rule which had been thus far adhered to, of putting a pair of mules in the shafts, was now departed from, and
all horses used, but with unsuccessful results; the horses jibbed and reared, pulled this way, that way, and every way but the right; and we had scarcely got all fairly off, before the last carriage, filled with ladies and children, came down with a great crash, both shaft horses falling together. Some of us hurried back to the rescue, and found an array of pale faces, and a good deal of alarm, but no harm done; and the struggling horses having been released, and got upon their legs again, went this time quietly off, satisfied with this little ebullition of ill-temper.

The magnificent new palace, built by the late Abbas Pasha, forms a fine object as you approach Cairo; it stands far apart from the city, quite on the border of the desert. This extraordinary site was chosen, it is said, under the impression that here the pure air of the desert would prove a defence against the cholera.

Leaving the palace behind, we shortly reached the alluvial plain of the river,
where sand and gravel were at once exchanged for black mud and dust, and the road became narrow and bad, hemmed in by canals and pools of dirty water, and winding between clumps of the most extraordinary little mud-built Arab dwellings, appearing more like a magnified agglomeration of martins' nests, than anything else it would be possible to compare them with, and vast mounds of rubbish, the accumulation of ages, broken pottery, rags, dust, and straw. These enormous mounds assume quite the proportions of hills, are covered with windmills, and form conspicuous objects in the landscape, impressing the beholder in a forcible way with a sense of the great populousness and antiquity of the city.

Passing all these we now entered Grand Cairo, once the great, the victorious El Kaherah, the wonder of Europe and pride of the East, and still a very wonderful and very busy place, with thronged bazaars and crowded streets; but, at first sight, a
strange combination of splendour and dirt, of decay and magnificence, of muddy gardens and dusty squares, of narrow streets, ancient mosques, tall rickety houses, overhanging balconies, unglazed windows, and dirty, unpainted wood. The use of paint would appear to be unknown in Cairo, or its application at least confined to the skins of the ladies, who here, as at Aden, tint the eyelids and stain the feet and hands.

There are three hotels in Cairo, all kept by Europeans; the principal is Shepherd's, to which we proceeded with all haste but found it full, though the house contains ninety bedrooms; the others are Williams's hotel and the Hôtel d'Orient, kept by a Frenchman; here we found lodgings, and were glad to repose after our long night's journey, and to remain as quiet as the frequent applications of Dragomen offering their services, and the incessant clamour of the crowd of donkey boys about the gate would permit.

Every attempt to stroll quietly out into
the square, as the evening approached, was frustrated by these tormentors, who rushed tumultuously at every one who descended into the courtyard, loudly clamouring and disputing with each other, all caning their donkeys forward in the scramble for precedence, caning their rivals' donkeys to keep them back, and often falling to, when disappointed, to cane each other. The donkey boys of Cairo are as great a plague as the ebony and trinket sellers of Ceylon.

Late in the evening, towards ten o'clock, we received notice that the camels from Suez were arriving, and that it was necessary for those of the passengers who proposed remaining at Cairo to attend at Boulac and separate their luggage from that going on direct to Alexandria. We, therefore, set out at once for Boulac, which is the port of Cairo on the Nile, and about a mile and a half distant from the Hôtel d'Orient. Our conveyance was a smart London-built open carriage, of which there are abundance here plying for hire, drawn
by a showy pair of well-conditioned Arabs or barbs, and driven by a dusky Egyptian in gay attire and brilliant red fez cap.

Arrived at the port, a charming scene of novelty and interest presented itself. Passing an arched gateway guarded by Egyptian sentinels, we entered a large inclosed space upon the river bank imperfectly lighted with great flambeaux of peculiar construction, iron cages filled with blazing wood splinters, and fastened upon the ends of long poles stuck upright in the ground. Several of these cressets were placed about the inclosure, casting their lurid glare across the place, and rendering dimly visible the outlines of masts and steamers by the bank; but casting into deeper shadow all beyond upon the waters of the broad Nile, whose rapid current could be heard, however, passing with quiet plashy sound among the numerous vessels moored in the stream, and whose noble breadth was in part revealed by the far sounds of oars and voices upon the waters,
and by the distant gleam of lights upon the opposite shore.

We had barely time to observe all this when the camels began to arrive in long interminable single file, each linked by his slender halter to the saddle of the animal which preceded him; and as they thus entered the inclosure and advanced towards the lights with slow, measured step, their tall gaunt forms magnified to yet more imposing proportions by the uncertain glare of the flaring torchlight, and by the huge piled loads which they so patiently bore, there was a shadowy unreality and strangeness in the whole scene which made all appear like the visions of a dream.

Advancing into the throng which had now assembled for the work of unloading, the creatures one by one came silently on, with high-raised heads quietly chewing the cud, and looking about them with an intelligent expression of contentment which plainly told that they now well knew their long and painful toil was ended. Reaching
the appointed spot, at the first signal from the driver they quietly lay down, and the work of unloading was quickly proceeded with. There was no display of anger, no growling or snapping now. Men and boys crowded about the prostrate animals, stooped beneath their necks or brushed against their very noses without hesitation or fear; indeed, the noisy, threatening, savage brutes departing from Suez could in no way be recognized in the compliant, docile creatures now arriving at Boulac.

As they were relieved of their burdens, at a signal from their drivers, the camels rose, passed on, and again laid down in darkness at a distant part of the yard, there to await, with their characteristic patience, the moment when the whole caravan being unloaded they should be led forth to the sheds where they feed and repose after their long, weary march. Many of the jaded creatures the moment their loads were removed would turn their heads, and, with a droll twist of their long birdlike necks,
dexterously poke their great noses beneath the pommel, and ease the clumsy saddle from their galled and aching backs; but the appearances of exhaustion or fatigue were altogether far less than we had anticipated, either as regards the animals or their drivers. The latter are Bedouins, who, through their Sheikh, contract with the Pasha to perform the desert transport service. They, like their camels, walk the whole eighty miles through from Suez, without sleep or rest, and now, though they looked like weary men, they showed no symptoms of failing, but even assisted in the unloading their beasts.

This operation went forward swiftly and with the utmost regularity, and after all the dismal accounts we had heard of the damaging treatment of luggage in the desert transit, we were agreeably surprised to find all our packages as perfect and safe as when passed over the gangway of the Bengal. The accidents and destruction we have heard complained of, doubtless arise
chiefly from the inexperience or want of precaution of travellers in using packages of inconvenient size or impossible shapes, for packing on the backs of animals. With strong portmanteaus, or ordinary trunks, no mishaps are to be apprehended; but travellers must not expect, as it appears they sometimes do, that pianos or bandboxes can be safely transported over the desert.

My companions and myself got all our baggage together without difficulty, and saw it placed apart under proper custody, and then having taken coffee and a chibouk with a grave old cross-legged Turk, whose authority appeared to be absolute within these gates, we regained our carriage outside, and returned to our hotel, which we reached about midnight.
CHAPTER XIV.


Thursday, 16th. The sun rose bright and clear this morning as he is wont to do in rainless Egypt, the light mists which during the night spread from the Nile over the city quickly rose and drifted away, and all Cairo, in compliance with oriental custom, was early astr—

On the broad, shady promenade which faces the hotel, already were to be seen smart European equipages bearing red fez capped Moslems, the indispensable attendant runner dashing along before, and, cane in hand, unceremoniously clearing the way.

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Fat, solemn Turks were also abroad, slowly pacing on high-fed steeds with rich trappings and gold embroidered saddle-cloths; and energetic passengers who, intending to go straight through to Alexandria, had but a few hours to spend here, were already in the hands of the watchful donkey boys, and jogging off for a hurried view of some of the principal sights.

For ourselves, having resolved to tarry awhile on this interesting portion of the journey, we remained quiet till we had breakfasted, and then taking a carriage and a dragoman, we sallied forth, four in number, and set to lion hunting in earnest. The charge for a carriage is a hundred piastres (twenty shillings) for the day, and dragomen in abundance offer their services at twenty piastres.

The streets of Cairo are very crowded and of divers widths, or rather, it should be said, of various degrees of narrowness; there are many which no vehicle can attempt to enter, and in which, indeed, two
donkeys cannot pass each other without difficulty; others, again, are just wide enough to admit a carriage, and in passing these, the runner, who always scampers on before the horses, has an active and busy time of it.

Shouting at the top of his voice to warn approaching vehicles or camels to make timely retreat into cross streets and archways, he, with his cane, disposes of all lesser obstructions in the most summary and uncompromising manner; donkeys he beats, pushes, and shoves up into doorways, with an occasional thwack across the shoulders of the owner, by way of quickening his motions. Children he threatens and hunts under cover; and the motley, thronging passengers are driven to range themselves at the sides, where they stand flattening their backs to the walls, whilst the carriage wheels pass within an inch of their noses, and shave alarmingly close to their toes.

The calm, passive indifference with
which the Cairenes submit to this rough handling is very remarkable; even a stroke of the cane is received by a stout fellow without any exhibition of anger or excitement, when applied by the syasai or runner, who would seem in this respect a privileged man, and who appears to be here considered as indispensable a part of an equipage as the driver or the horses.

Some streets there are in Cairo where carriages or arabras may pass without difficulty; and around the grand square, or, as it may be more correctly designated, wet, muddy garden in front of the hotels, there is a fine broad way bordered with trees, under the shade of which, seated upon chairs and benches, people of every class may at all times be seen drinking coffee, or quietly enjoying a chibouk or nargileh, supplied from little booths or sheds hard by.

The principal sights we disposed of to-day were the Shoobra gardens and fine palace of Alim Pasha, near the bank of the
Nile, not far from the city. The principal attraction is the great fountain attached to the palace; it is a perfect lake of marble, has a small pleasure-boat upon its surface, and is surrounded with open marble corridors. At each corner is a spacious drawing-room or divan, fitted up in mixed European and Turkish style; one of these saloons is particularly magnificent and rich, the entire floor being composed of the most elaborate and beautiful inlaid work in different coloured woods, a kind of wood Mosaic.

The gardens are rather remarkable for their kiosks, fountains, and shady trellises, than for any great degree of neatness or finish. The muddy results of copious irrigation are everywhere apparent, and the flowers are of the most common kinds, and in small variety. The roses, however, have a fine perfume, and the general effect is very pleasing.

The Nile here is in width about the same as the Clarence at Grafton; and though
near three months past, the high flood is still very rapid and muddy.

Friday, 17th. This morning we removed to Shepherd's Hotel from the Orient, being ill satisfied with the latter, chiefly with the arrangements of the table d'hôte, where the fare was not only indifferent, but so straitened in quantity, that the dishes were always cleared before the appetites of the guests were appeased. And having so lately escaped from shipboard, the pure, clear air of Egypt made us feel indisposed to submit to any tightness in the larder department.

We employed the forenoon in a visit to the citadel hill, which commands a fine view of the city, the Nile, and the Pyramids. Within the fortress are the beautiful mosque and the palace of Mohammed Ali, and near the gate we were shown the spot where Emin Bey, by forcing his horse to leap from the ramparts, saved himself from slaughter during the well-known massacre of the Mamelukes. If the height
was then as great as it now is, the successful issue of the exploit would appear little less than a miracle.

On entering the mosque we were desired to leave our boots at the threshold, but everywhere we were treated with the most deferential attention and civility by custodes and attendants. Occasionally small urchins would go through the motion of spitting at us as the carriage passed along, but these looked woefully terrified if they saw that they were noticed, and generally they seemed to think it more profitable to run after us and beg baksheesh.

In the afternoon we went to witness the performance of a set of dancing dervishes. Twenty or thirty men, under the direction of a chief, took part in the ceremonies, ranged in a semicircle within a spacious chamber; these began bowing at first slowly, the chief standing inside the ring, and giving the time; at every inclination a low, hollow groan was uttered by all. This performance continued near an hour, the
groans increasing in intensity, and the bowing in vehemence and rapidity, till the frantic blockheads fairly roared, and swept the ground with their long, loose hair.

In the meanwhile, two youths in high conical hats had, with arms extended, kept perpetually spinning round with a rapidity and endurance which was the most extraordinary feature in the whole performance.

The entertainment was concluded by one of the most heated of these bowing simpletons reeling out of the circle, and with well feigned frenzy running his head two or three times butt against the wall; but we observed that he judiciously checked his career always just as his crown came in contact with the plaster, which, with all his pretended fury, he did not strike hard enough to damage his scalp, or draw a single drop of blood, and he was soon laid hold of and carried off by his companions.

The whole performance was calculated to excite only feelings of disgust and contempt for a set of sturdy fellows who could so absurdly misspend their time.
Saturday, 18th. Visited the ruins, or rather the site, of Heliopolis, upon the border of the desert, and about four miles from Cairo. All that now remains of that once famous city are some mounds of broken pottery and dust, similar to those which surround Cairo, but on a smaller scale, and the fine obelisk of Asirtasen, near seventy feet high, which rises from a pool of water in the middle of a garden, and is surrounded by a grove of fine orange and citron trees, above the tops of which it shows conspicuously as you approach from the desert.

Between Cairo and Heliopolis, a successful attempt has been made to bring a part of the desert sands under culture by means of irrigation. The water for this purpose is raised from wells by means of the rude Egyptian wheel and chain of earthen jars; the whole machinery is so rude, simple, and easy of construction, that it might be advantageously adopted in Australia for similar purposes.

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The land thus reclaimed is chiefly planted with olive trees, which look healthy and thriving. It is said that most of the sands of the Suez desert are sufficiently fertile to support vegetation, if a supply of water could be obtained for irrigation, and there is an impression here that much remains to be done in this way.

At Heliopolis, some Arabs gathered around us, begging baksheesh; amongst them was a young girl, whose bright eyes sparkled through the openings of her yashmack. Producing a small coin, I made signs that it should be hers if she would uncover her face; quickly dropping her veil, the girl, who was very good-looking, snatched the coin from my hand, and with affected confusion ran laughing away. Soon, however, she returned, with the yashmack readjusted, but showing by the joyous expression which beamed from the half concealed eyes, that she by no means disapproved of this Frankish curiosity.

The sun was very hot to-day, and in
returning, our horses jibbed most obstinately at the sands of the desert road. In vain we got out, and walked; the brutes at last refused to draw the empty carriage. I mounted the box myself, and almost drove our good-humoured Egyptian coachman to despair, by my vigorous use of the whip, but all would not do; after a short burst the horses stopped again, and whipping was of no avail. We all walked on, leaving the coachman and his nags to settle the matter between themselves, and after we had proceeded above a mile, they overtook us, to our great satisfaction, as night was closing; and being now clear of the sands, we proceeded without further obstruction, and reached our hotel late in the evening. The Egyptian horses are not very staunch in the collar, and I would advise all travellers who do not like walking through deep sands, not to allow themselves to be persuaded to visit Heliopolis with less than four to their carriage.

Sunday, 19th. In the Turkish bazaar to-
day we made a few purchases of carpets, and slippers handsomely embroidered with gold, which are the most attractive articles the place affords; we also provided ourselves with the universal red fez cap or tarboosh, which is worn by all here, foreigners as well as natives; a hat is seldom seen in Cairo.

The Cairenes, Turks as well as Egyptians, are very sharp and greedy in their dealings, and when selling to a stranger will ask twice as much as a thing is worth; of this we were warned by our dragoman, but were, I believe, a good deal taken in after all.

In the afternoon we visited some old and ruined mosques and tombs outside the city to the north; in one of the former, a part of which is kept in repair in order to preserve the precious relic, we were shown an impression of the Prophet's foot. The mark has certainly quite the appearance of the impression of a large human foot, deep sunk in what is now a hard black stone; but which would seem to have been a soft
yielding substance when the footmark was imprinted. The stone is inclosed in a kind of sanctuary, and approached with much reverence; yet, with strange inconsistency, it is covered with a dirty rag of a chintz curtain, which would disgrace a Punch and Judy show.
CHAPTER XV.


Monday, 20th. A visit to the pretty island of Rhoda, which divides the rushing current of the Nile, opposite old Cairo, a few miles above the present city, occupied the greater part of to-day.

Rhoda, which may be near a mile in length, is of the richest soil, and is prettily laid out as a garden and pleasure ground, with fountains, grottos, and shady walks; but here, as at Shoobra—and the same may be said of all the gardens about Cairo—there is a rough, unfinished style, with muddy walks
and weedy corners enough to make an English gardener despair.

Oranges are in great quantity in these gardens, and in appearance very fine; some mandarins were of an extraordinary size. The gardener who guided us freely helped us to these; but we found them, like all other Egyptian fruits, deficient in sweetness and flavour. The very copious and frequent irrigations, which are here employed in every kind of culture, render all the vegetables, as well as fruits, of Egypt extremely watery and insipid.

It was at Rhoda, according to Arab tradition, that Moses was found by Pharaoh’s daughter; but the principal attraction which brings strangers to the island is the famed Nilometer, with the appearance of which we were, however, greatly disappointed. It is merely a small, mean-looking, graduated stone pillar, standing in an enclosed tank of moderate dimensions, and to which the water of the Nile is admitted through an opening in the masonry at one side; but
the whole has been so patched, repaired, and renovated, that there is nothing ancient nor very interesting in its appearance.

The fine palace occupying the southern or upper extremity of the island, and amongst the buildings of which the Nilometer may be said to be included, shows a greater degree of completeness and finish than any we have hitherto visited, and in the furniture and decorations an appearance of comfort as well as luxury is combined with the greatest display of taste and magnificence.

The palace belongs to Ismail Pasha, a grandson, I believe, of old Mohammed Ali, whose numerous descendants and relations really seem to possess amongst them all that is worth having in and around Cairo, whether palace or garden, vessel lying in the river or corn-field on the bank; and one sickens of the oft-repeated answers to one's inquiries as to ownership, when the names of Alim Pasha, Hossayn Pasha, widow of Abbas Pasha, or son, wife, or daughter of
this, that, or the other Pasha meet one at every turn.

The sums lavished by the Pashas in ornamenting and furnishing their palaces are enormous; £50,000 sterling, it is said, were lately expended in this way by Alim Pasha on the Shoobra palace. The mirrors, decorations, and furniture appear to be chiefly of French workmanship.

Tuesday, 21st. This day was devoted to the grand excursion to which we have so long looked forward with intense interest—the visit to the great Pyramids.

Making an early start from Shepherd's, we proceed in a carriage as far as old Cairo, where, having provided ourselves with donkeys, we crossed the Nile in a rude ferry-boat to Geezeh. Mounting our donkeys to proceed, we soon discovered that much of the alluvial plain which intervenes between the river and the high, rocky border of the desert upon which the Pyramids stand was still covered by the waters of the inundation, or was in the condition of soft mud,
and it was therefore necessary to make a long detour by some raised dykes which crossed the plain.

After following these some four or five miles we were again stopped by waters, the last inundation, which was an unusually high one, having broken through the dykes and overthrown the bridges. By this time, however, we had been joined by several of the Arabs who dwell in this neighbourhood, and who, it would appear, lose no opportunity to make their account by the difficulties and perplexities of the numerous visitors to the Pyramids.

After much chaffering with our dragoon, these fellows agreed to convey us across the water in their leaky old boat for thirty piastres (six shillings) each. Leaving our donkeys we embarked: our wretched craft, which was propelled by means of one broken oar and a stick, conveyed us at a provokingly slow rate, till, after threading the canals and broken dykes for about a mile, we were again landed yet a couple of miles from the Pyramids.
DIARY OF TRAVELS.

Hurrying forward, we had not walked far, when a broad canal crossing our path, once more brought us to a stand, and the guides again desiring to take advantage of our difficulty, were soon engaged in an angry dispute with our dragoman as to the amount to be charged for carrying us over upon their shoulders. Whilst they were thus engaged, I, losing patience, quickly stripped, and packing my clothes upon my head, crossed to the opposite side.

This movement had the effect of bringing the dispute to a conclusion; and the disconcerted guides agreed to give their services to the Pyramids, and back again to the boat, for forty piastres each.

My two companions were now promptly borne over safe and dry upon the lusty shoulders of these powerful looking Arabs, though the water reached to their armpits; and after crossing two or three more channels and sloughs in the same mode, we reached the dry sands of the desert, a short distance from our goal.
As we approached the Pyramids, we were disappointed with their effect. Standing as they do in a vast plain, removed from all other buildings or objects with which the eye could compare them, their appearance is less imposing than their known dimensions lead one to look for. It is only when coming close under their giant shadows, and near enough to distinguish the proportions of the blocks of stone of which they are built, that a real sense of the astounding magnitude of these wonderful structures is fully realized.

A considerable and rather steep slope leads from the edge of the plain up to the foot of the great Pyramid of Cheops, under the broad shade of which—for the declining sun still shone hotly—we sat down, before attempting the ascent, to discuss the contents of the well-stored hamper we brought with us from Cairo.

Here we were joined by an old Arab Sheikh, who lives in a small mud village hard by, under the shade of a grove of
date palms, and who, it would seem, is held responsible for the safety of all travellers visiting the Pyramids.

He is bound to have guides always in readiness to attend those who wish to mount to their summits, or descend the dark passages of the interior: and the poor old man, who approached us on horseback, after dismounting, and taking his seat upon the sand near our party, showed us the swollen and bruised condition of the soles of his feet, the result, he said, of a recent application of the bastinado, in consequence of an accusation of neglect of his functions in this particular.

This old Sheikh expects, and is, I believe, entitled to a fee of about twenty piastres from every traveller visiting the Pyramids; and the old scamp partook without scruple of the wine, beer, and other infidel fare, to which we treated him. The attendants greedily devoured all that we could spare, and more, too; for their troublesome importunities induced us rather to intrench upon our own allowance.
Our meal ended, we began the ascent of the larger Pyramid; and when about halfway up the enormous side, I must confess that its vast extent filled me with wonder and admiration. Though already at such a giddy height, the summit still looked as distant as ever, while, on either hand, the mighty expanse of masonry seemed to stretch away to a distance without limit.

The ascent is not difficult after the first dizzy sensation has been subdued; the terraces or steps are very regular, from two to three feet high, and seldom less than two feet broad, except where broken and crumbled away, and these parts may be easily avoided.

The attendant Arabs, with a view to ultimate baksheesh, would fain persuade you that there is danger in proceeding alone; and are disposed to insist on helping you to ascend, by lugging and pushing at you. I was compelled to be very peremptory before I could convince them
that I intended to be let alone, and to go my own way.

There is a sort of landing, or resting-place, about half-way up the Pyramid, where, upon one of the angles, some of the stones having been removed or fallen down, a recess or cavern is formed, disclosing the structure and material of the body of the pile; and it is here seen that the outer courses only are of dressed stone, the interior being formed of rugged blocks, rough as they were torn from the quarry, and merely adjusted one to the other as well as their irregular forms will admit.

The summit of the Pyramid is a level square of about thirty feet, formed by the removal of the blocks which anciently constituted the apex. The soft, white stone which is here of the same description as that disclosed in the cave or breach before mentioned, bears countless evidences of the ambitious aspirations of travelling Johnsons, Thomsons, and Smiths. Many German names, too, are elaborately graven in these
tormented stones. The guides produced their knives, and offered to clear away some of the names, to afford space for us to carve ours, adding, that if we gave "good baksheesh," they would preserve our work from similar erasure.

The view from the top of the Pyramid, though very extensive and fine, commands few objects which cannot be seen from the hillocks at its base, and as the sun was getting low we soon descended, and proceeded to explore the interior.

From the entrance, which is considerably above the base of the Pyramid, we first descended a long way by a low, sloping passage, lined with immense slabs of polished granite; then clambering up through a hole broken into the solid masonry, we gained another long, narrow passage, ascending at about the same angle as the descent of the first. Groping our way along this, guided by the feeble light of the slender wax tapers carried by our guides, we reached a small chamber, and
finally, after more threading some dark, intricate galleries, we were conducted to the principal, or king's chamber, as it is called; this is some thirty feet long, about half as much in width, and of a considerable height, the ceiling being but imperfectly visible in the dim candlelight. An empty and uncovered sarcophagus in this room, is the only object seen within the Pyramid, affording visible evidence of its use and purpose; the long, narrow passages, small chambers, slopes, and turnings, puzzle and vex one by their seemingly unmeaning intricacies, for which one in vain endeavours to assign a probable reason.

Whilst in the heart of the Pyramid at the king's chamber, our guides somewhat noisily assailed us with demands for more money, and seemed inclined to assume a rather bullying tone. Guessing that intimidation was their drift, we flatly refused compliance, and treated their clamour with the most perfect indifference;
finding this, they soon desisted, and resumed their former civil and good-humoured demeanour.

Returning to the light of day, we next visited the Sphynx, which I thought more remarkable for the sweet expression yet retained in its time-worn features than for its magnitude; the figure has been cut and shaped out of the live rock, a mass of which has been left standing for the purpose, whilst the surrounding parts have been cleared away; its proportions, therefore, though colossal, did not strike me as at all astonishing.

The Pyramids stand upon an elevated plateau of solid rock, to form which a range of heights has been cut away and levelled, as is evident from the portions of the range which remain standing at a distance; and the immense mounds and accumulations of small fragments and stone dressings which encumber the sides of the plateau, would appear to indicate that the material of the demolished range
has been worked up in constructing the Pyramids.

The yawning excavations seen on all sides where tombs and sepulchres, cut to a depth of fifty or sixty feet in the rock, have been opened up and rifled of their contents, tell how vain have been the endeavours of those by-gone generations, who doubtless, when causing themselves to be placed at that depth beneath the earth, felt secure that their bones would be undisturbed till the end of time.

We purchased from the Arabs a few little figures and fragments in bronze and stone, which they obtain by digging and searching among the tombs; but we are told that the fellows are clever in making imitations in baked clay, and it is even said that numbers of little antique bronzes are manufactured at Birmingham, and sent to the Pyramids for sale. For the truth of this story I will not vouch, but it appears certain that it is very necessary to use caution in buying wares of this sort even
when at the Pyramids, and among the very tombs.

We reluctantly set out on our return about an hour before sunset, and reached Cairo between seven and eight o'clock, delighted with our day's excursion.
CHAPTER XVI.


WEDNESDAY, 22nd. The principal event of the day was a visit to a government granary at Old Cairo, which tradition points to as the actual granary of Joseph. Like everything Egyptian, it is vast and rude, a considerable space merely enclosed by a wall, and without roofing, or any kind of protection for the grain either from the weather or from the numerous flights of doves and pigeons, both wild and tame, which come to help themselves at pleasure.

The enormous mounds, perfect moun-
tains of wheat, barley, lentils, and beans, which are heaped upon the dusty ground, tower to a height which even from a distance renders them conspicuous objects above the walls and neighbouring buildings. One heap of wheat which appeared the largest, contained, we were told, a certain number of Egyptian measures, which, reduced to English, gave a million and a-half bushels.

Several large Nile boats were discharging their cargoes to swell the dimensions of these monster heaps. The grain, which is stowed in bulk, is brought ashore, and laboriously carried to the summit of the mounds in bags, upon men’s backs: one sees few contrivances here to save human labour. The mounds are ascended by means of inclined ways formed of planks bedded in the sides of the mass.

Children were enjoying themselves unmolested, climbing these mimic mountains, and rolling to the bottom again. So vast is the quantity of grain, that a few bushels
more or less thus thrown down and lost upon the dusty ground, is a matter, it would appear, not worth considering; yet the grave, turbaned officials at the granary gates, with paper and reed in hand, and inkhorn stuck within the folds of the ample sash, seemed to be very particular in measuring and taking account of all the grain that entered.

The sun was very warm to-day during the afternoon. The weather generally has been extremely agreeable since we reached Cairo; if the sun is a little warm for a few hours, the mornings are delightfully fresh, and the evenings and nights almost cold. A more agreeable climate than that of Egypt at this season could not be desired.

Thursday, 23rd. As we have still eight or nine days to dispose of before the arrival of the day we have fixed upon for proceeding to Alexandria, Mr. T——s, one of my late cabin companions in the Madras, and myself, have determined to employ this interval in a trip up the Nile, as far as the
limited time will allow us to proceed. This morning we set about our preparations, hoping and intending to get off some time in the evening, but we were soon convinced that things are not to be done in such off-hand style in Egypt.

Though boats fitted for our purpose are abundant, we found it difficult to engage one such as we desired for so short a term, and we were obliged at length to be content with a small and inferior craft, fitted with only one small cabin, and carrying a crew of four men and a boy; for this we agreed to pay six hundred piastres as eight days’ charter, and a hundred piastres per day should we exceed that period.

Having completed this arrangement with the rais, or captain of the boat, we flattered ourselves we had nothing more to do but to purchase our provisions and stores, and get on board without delay, but we were soon undeceived; passports, it appears, are necessary for ourselves, and a permit for our dragoman, who, it seems, is only
qualified for the city, and may not act as dragoman up the river, without a formal permission from the head of the dragomen, and the sanction of the police authorities. All this is very annoying, as, to-morrow being the Mussulman sabbath, the offices will be closed, and nothing can be done.

Friday, 24th. Forwarded the preparations for our excursion as much as lay in our power, by completing purchase of supplies, and engaging a cook, who, our dragoman assures us, is a necessary part of the equipment for a Nile excursion.

We also hired a fowling-piece, and we hope to get off to-morrow, for our time will ill bear curtailing; and Cairo, when once sight-seeing is disposed of, is anything but an agreeable place to tarry in. Many causes combine to make Cairo indeed an intolerably dull place of sojourn for a stranger, after the first excitements of novelty have passed off. Among these causes may be reckoned the flies, the dust, the vile smells, and the universal filth; then
the general absence of good looks amongst
the people in the streets is displeasing; numbers have lost an eye, and a large pro-
portion of the others have sore eyes, which are rendered more hideously conspicuous
by the dirty veil, or yashmack, which con-
ceals the other parts of the face. To all these disagreeables may be added the ab-
sence of public entertainments, or diver-
sions of any kind. At nightfall all retire
to their homes, and the streets are quite deserted; after dark it is unlawful to stir
abroad without a lantern.

There is, it must be acknowledged, a
small Italian theatre, supported by the foreign residents in Cairo, but it is a poor affair; I went one night, but do not feel tempted to repeat the visit. The audience did not exceed seventy or eighty persons, among whom were not more than half-a-
dozen of the fair sex, and these were not justly entitled to that appellation.

This evening I witnessed a Cairene mar-
riage, or, at least, a part of the attendant
cereonies. The marriages, for it was a
double affair, had taken place during the
morning, and the ceremonies at which I
was present were those attending the bring-
ing home the brides to their husbands' 
houses, which were both situated in the
same small square, or court. This court
was covered in with awnings, brilliantly
lighted, and filled with a crowd of the male
friends and relatives, who, seated on benches,
and gravely puffing the never-failing long
chibouk, were regaled with the monotonous
strains of an Egyptian band and singers.

As soon as I entered the court under the
guidance of my dragoman, a seat was
politely provided for me, and coffee offered;
and during the evening I was so frequently
favoured with offers of the chibouk from
those who sat around me, that I was sorely
put to it to avoid making a breach either in
my good manners or propriety. To refuse
the pipe thus offered, is considered dis-
courteous, while for one who eschews
tobacco to be kept puffing away at this
merciless rate was no joke, and before the entertainment was over, I felt the steadiness of my head, and stomach too, becoming very doubtful.

As the evening advanced, a bustle in the street, and sounds of approaching music, announced the arrival of the brides: they came from the bath, and were preceded by a long line of light bearers, carrying small wax tapers; these, as they filed in, extinguished their lights, and took their places among the assembled crowd.

Some little delay now occurred whilst a sheep was slain at the gate, and the blood shed upon the threshold before the brides should cross it, and then they entered, surrounded by a crowd of female relatives and attendants, who at regular intervals uttered a wild and very peculiar cry.

The poor little brides, who from their stature appeared to be very young, walked beneath a splendid canopy borne by the attendants, and were besides completely extinguished under a rich vestment of scarlet
and gold, a hat, body, and skirt all in one, which covered them from the crown of the head to the heels; there were no openings even for the eyes, and the poor little things, each guided by the mother, proceeded with the uncertain step of players in blind man's buff. Thus they passed through the court and entered the houses, the windows of which, overhead, were filled with female faces, many of exceeding beauty.

Now came the most remarkable part of the performance: a space having been cleared among the crowd, and a very richly ornamented seat prepared amid a blaze of lights, the two bridegrooms were brought forth, placed side by side upon the seat, and their heads thus publicly shaven, with much pomp and a large consumption of rosewater, which was used instead of lather to moisten the hair, and besides sprinkled freely upon the bystanders.

This ceremony ended, the men re-entered their houses, the lights were extinguished, and the crowd dispersed.
The Cairene girls are allowed no part in the selection of husbands, but are surrendered often at so early an age as ten or twelve years to partners of their parents choosing. The bridegrooms of this evening, the one a Copt and the other a Syrian, were neither young nor good-looking, and probably sad hearts and joyless faces were concealed beneath the gay trappings of the little brides.

Saturday, 25th. We met with so many fresh obstructions and difficulties to-day that we were almost driven to abandon our excursion altogether. Objections were made to our dragoman, and a pass for the Nile refused him; but, as he had served us well since our coming to Cairo, and had all his kit, including cooking utensils, and beds for ourselves on board the boat, we did not wish to part with him. After several visits to the Cadi's court, and reference from one officer to another, we were at length promised that Hassan should be allowed to go; but, when we thought all settled, there
came a messenger from the Cadi with a peremptory order to change our dragoman. We also found it necessary to provide ourselves with a permit to carry a gun up the Nile.

All these difficulties completely consumed the day; but we have to-night, I hope and believe, overcome all obstacles, and got everything prepared for an early start to-morrow. Ali, our new dragoman, does not understand English, which is perhaps an advantage, as we shall be consequently obliged to call up our dormant recollections of French, which he speaks fluently, and be thus compelled to a very beneficial week's practice.

We received some compensation for our delays in witnessing the pageants attending the entry into Cairo of the pilgrims returning from Mecca. The main body of these people had come in during the night, and at an early hour this morning discharges of cannon and strains of martial music announced the approach of the grand
procession, bearing the sacred covering of the Prophet’s tomb; this is a silken curtain richly worked in embroidery of gold by the ladies of the Pasha’s harems, and yearly sent to Mecca with the pilgrims, who, on their return, bring back the old curtain to be divided into small portions and distributed among the faithful. We found all the streets debouching upon that by which the procession was to pass so densely crowded that, spite of all the exertions of our dragoman, and his frequent recourse to the magic word Inglis, it was with great difficulty that we could urge and work our donkeys to the front. A great loaded camel coming irresistibly through the crowd afforded us an opportunity which we did not fail to take advantage of by following close in his wake.

Long ranks of Egyptian troops, horse and foot, who had gone out last evening to meet the caravan in the desert, were already passing; following these came a group of camels, bearing the sacred curtain,
and a number of the more sanctified of the pilgrims. Among these was conspicuous a man, naked to the waist, mounted upon a very tall camel, and, with deep groans, rolling and swaying himself to and fro in real or well-feigned exhaustion; this, we were told, was a godly man who had been advanced to high rank in the Moslem church during his visit to the holy city. After these came horsemen and camels, bearing women and children, and loaded with tents and camp equipage, all looking travel-stained, haggard, and worn. A band of lean, wild-looking Arabs, mounted upon weary horses, covered with dust and armed with long picturesque firelocks, brought up the rear.

While among the crowd I witnessed an instance of that universal system of stripes and blows, one of those practical applications of the law of might which one so frequently encounters in Egypt, and which made my blood boil.

A fellow who had the appearance of a
subordinate government official, and whose bright complexion and jetty moustache would bespeak him a Syrian or a Greek, being unable to force his horse through the throng, suddenly dismounted, and pressing on, with a sharp rattan he struck right and left with all his force at the heads and faces of those who stood in his way. One furious blow came right across the face of a young infant borne in its mother's arms, yet the brutal wretch still went slashing on without noticing the agonized exclamations of the terrified mother, or appearing to heed the frantic screams of the tortured child.

Sunday, 25th. We left Shepherd's Hotel at sunrise, and hurried on board our boat at Boulac; but, owing to the dilatory movements of the crew, the morning was far advanced before we left our moorings, and then, the wind being light and the opposing current strong, we made but little progress.

The morning was very bright and clear. Boulac and Old Cairo, with their domes,
palaces, and minarets made, when viewed from the water, a beautiful appearance, and numbers of large cargo-boats floating down the broad current of the Nile, deeply laden with corn, or piled high with large and neatly built stacks of straw, added to the cheerful animation of the scene.

Creeping up the stream like ourselves, or moored by the banks awaiting a better wind, were to be seen several of the fine excursion boats, which at this season are in much request among European travellers for the winter trip up the Nile, and a more agreeable and less expensive mode of spending a winter in travel it would be difficult to find. The best boats are fine craft, sixty or seventy feet long, with a commodious deck-house affording ample accommodation for four persons; they carry a crew of six or seven men, and may be hired ready equipped, at six thousand to eight thousand piastres (£60 to £80) for the trip to the second cataract and back, which will occupy three months. The ex-
cursionists provide a cook and dragoman, and find their own provisions, which will probably not swell the expense to more than double the sum above named, as up the river most kinds of provisions can be obtained at a very cheap rate. Thus, at an expense of about £12 per month, a traveller may spend the three winter months in the most delicious climate, attended by his own servants, living, if I may so express myself, in his own house, and yet enjoying all the delightful excitements of travel in the most interesting portion of the earth.

To all who have leisure, or are in quest of an occupation for the months of December, January, and February, I would say, seek two or three agreeable companions, and make the excursion up the Nile.

We had not progressed above eight or nine miles, when towards evening, the wind dying completely away, we came to moorings beside the bank; at eight o'clock, however, we got off again with another
puff of wind which lasted till midnight, and carried us a few miles farther.

Monday, 27th. Got away at breakfast time with a light wind, which, soon freshening to a fine breeze, bore us rapidly up the stream. We passed in succession the Pyramids of Sakkara and Dashour: the latter, standing only three or four miles from the river's bank, make a fine appearance.

Arab villages are numerous, occurring at intervals of two or three miles; they are all alike, a cluster of small, low, mud-built hovels, huddled together, and shaded by a thick grove of date palm trees, among the tall ragged stems of which the huts are crowded. Children and pigeons swarm about these villages, and the pigeon-house, a structure formed of layers of earthen pots embedded in a setting of dried mud, is often the tallest and most conspicuous building of the group. Millet appears to be one of the principal crops at this season; we saw many large fields of it during our progress to-day, chiefly of the white variety.
In the evening we passed the remarkable Pyramid of Asawee. It stands several miles back from the river, and in the distance has the appearance of a steep hill crowned by a large square tower.

After nightfall we got aground upon a mud-bank in the middle of the river, and as we were going at a good rate at the time we stuck so fast that, although our crew went unhesitatingly into the water, it was some time before their utmost efforts could get us off again.

Throughout the day the yellow sands and ranges of white limestone rock, which bound the alluvial lands of the Nile, were never out of sight, and occasionally they advance quite to the water's edge. Numerous boats everywhere stud the broad majestic stream, whose windings may be traced in the distance by the white tapering latine sails showing their tall peaks above the level plain.

Tuesday, 28th. The wind failing after midnight, our rais brought to beside the
bank, but started this morning before daylight again, the men tracking the boat against the rapid stream with a long rope.

Shortly after breakfast we reached the town of Benisooef, a hundred and fourteen miles from Boulac; and as we wish to get back to Cairo by Friday night, we determined to go no further up the river, but to pass the remainder of the day at this place, and to set out on our return to-morrow morning.

Accordingly, we got ashore; and after exploring the town and market-place, where large numbers of people were holding a sort of cattle and donkey fair, and vendors of sugar-cane, dates, and other eatables, were contending with clouds of flies, we engaged horses, and set out for a ride among the fields of sugar-cane and millet, which cover the wide plain beyond the town. The horses were lively, spirited animals, and, spite the uncomfortable high-backed saddle, I enjoyed the gallop much. During the ride we saw growing fine tur-
nips and carrots of a peculiarly sweet flavour, and dark red hue; these are eaten like fruit, without cooking.

The people here are better looking than at Cairo, blindness and sore eyes being much less prevalent. The peasant women one meets in the country do not wear the filthy rag over the face, which so disfigures those of Cairo, but merely draw across the features one side of the dark blue cotton mantle which is worn over the head; and we have observed that when the wearer is young and good-looking, this frequently falls open—quite accidentally, of course—or requires readjusting at the moment of our passing. The veils of the old and ill-favoured are always well secured.

I shot a couple of very pretty wild doves this evening, the first fruits of the gun which cost us so much trouble to acquire. We saw some fine flocks of wild geese during our passage up the river, but they were too shy to be got at. The poor doves were so tame and unsuspecting, that
it appeared almost wrong to destroy them.

The confiding gentleness of the domestic animals of Egypt is very striking—from a lamb to a bullock, all will allow themselves to be approached and handled, even by a stranger, without manifesting any signs of suspicion or uneasiness. The camels form an exception; and these, though they growl, complain, and open their wide mouths in a very threatening manner, are often not much disposed to bite, after all; we have nowhere seen them exhibit such determined ill-temper and vice as at Suez, when preparing for the dreadful desert journey.

Hearing that a performance by the dancing girls was to take place to-night at the house of the Cadi of the village, whose son had taken a wife, we went shortly after dark to witness it. We found the narrow street before the door lighted up, and prepared with seats and benches, upon which a large company had already
assembled, and the performance was going on in the open air.

We had not been long seated, when we received an invitation to enter the house; but learning that the dancers would continue their preliminary exercises outside till a late hour, we preferred remaining as we were.

The performers—two young Arab women—were very richly habited in bright coloured silks, and covered with a profusion of gold coins, and ornaments fastened among their long hair, and suspended from every part of their dress, particularly about the waist and bosom. The motions of the dance were more voluptuous than graceful. At every pause, the dancers went round among the company to solicit donations, which they received in the little tambourine which each bore. Every time money was given, the girls set up a loud, peculiar, and most discordant cry.

The contributions, though frequent, were generally made in small copper coin; but
we were told the receipts of these two women for the night, including the sum to be paid them by the master of the house, would not fall short of six or seven hundred piastres; the costliness of their dresses proves that these dancing girls must be well paid.

One movement of the dance was very singular, consisting of a quivering motion of the muscles of the chest, as violent as that seen in a horse when he strives to dislodge a fly from his skin. This set all the ornaments which covered the front parts of the girls' dresses in rapid jingling motion, and produced a most remarkable effect.

It was late when we came away; yet the dancers were still outside the house; after entering which, we were told, their performance would be renewed with greater spirit, and continue till morning.
CHAPTER XVII.


WEDNESDAY, 29th. After an early swim in the yellow waters of the Nile, which I found unpleasantly cold, we breakfasted; and pushing out of the little fleet of vessels among which we were moored, reluctantly began our return voyage towards Cairo. I would much have preferred proceeding on up the river, had arrangements permitted.

Benisooef, though a place of some note, and a military station, is but a small and dirty town. It boasts a mosque, with a fine minaret; but by far the most imposing object, is a structure on the river bank, outside the town, built by Mohammed Ali for a cotton factory in furtherance of his
unsuccessful endeavours to make Egypt a manufacturing country. The buildings are now partly occupied as barracks.

Below Benisooef, the river being very broad, and obstructed by shoals and mud-banks, we made at first but little progress, drifting with the stream, and getting frequently aground. As the morning advanced, however, we were favoured with a breeze from the southward, a thing scarcely to be hoped for at this season; the wind, though light, was enough to give us steerage way more effectually than the utmost exertions with our heavy, awkward sweeps, and thus keeping in the strongest part of the current and clear of shoals, we went rapidly down the river.

Numbers of the ugly water buffalo, quite resembling those we saw at Ceylon, were browsing among the rank vegetation which covers some low islands here dividing the stream; further on, at a broad part of the river, we saw two boys engaged in an active contest with a couple of these animals,
which they were endeavouring to cross by swimming to the opposite shore. Armed with stout cudgels, which they used in the most unsparing manner, the boys repeatedly drove the creatures into the water, then plunging after, they would mount upon their backs, and strive to guide the reluctant animals forward, by belabouring them about the sides of the head; the buffaloes, however, as if discouraged by the width of the stream, invariably returned to land after a short swim, spite of the utmost exertions of their tormentors; and the contest appeared to be at last interrupted by the complete exhaustion of all parties.

The day, bright and warm, passed pleasantly away without adventure till evening, when at sunset, our rais steering to the bank opposite a village, and preparing to moor the boat, we objected; we have planned to visit the pyramids of Sakkara to-morrow, and this we shall not be enabled to do, unless we pursue our course down the river all night. This we urged, and
also pointed out how unnecessary it was to halt, when by merely keeping one man on the watch to guide the boat, and pole off the shallows, we might be floated by the current so many miles on our way before morning.

All argument was, however, lost upon our rais, who obstinately adhered to his purpose, and proceeded to make fast the boat; but our dragoman and cook warmly espousing our side, we felt too strong to be disposed to yield, and finding words were vain, we cut the matter short by hauling the mooring rope on board, and shoving off.

The rais now became abusive: Ali, our dragoman, losing temper, flew at him with his cane; the two speedily closed, and a general skirmish ensued—my friend T—s intercepting one of the crew, who endeavoured to join the rais, and who, we found, was his brother, whilst I went to the rescue of Ali, who, assailed in rear by the boy armed with a piece of firewood, was rather overmatched.
During the contest, our tall latine sail, though loose, giving the boat steerage way, the helmsman took advantage of the confusion to bring us again to the bank, and lay us alongside a large craft filled with men; this the rais and his brother instantly boarded, and endeavoured to incite the people to take their part.

Among the strangers was an imposing old Turk, seemingly a man in authority, with a long sword by his side; he came forward, and desired to be informed of the cause of the row. Ali having explained, our solemn friend delivered himself of an opinion that our cause was just.

All this passed in a few moments, during which we had drifted on, and got clear of the strange vessel; but seeing it was now the intention of the steersman to bring us in contact with another, lying a little further down, I jumped upon the deck-house, pushed the man aside, and seizing the tiller myself, and steering off, we were soon again in mid-stream proceeding on our way.
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Our rais now perceiving that we were disposed to go without him, began to take wit in his anger, and, running along the bank, shouted to us to wait; this we did as a great concession, after giving him an opportunity to exercise his legs for about a mile. When we at length took the little man on board, he was quite tamed, but very sulky; he offered no further opposition to the boat's proceeding throughout the night, but wrapping himself in his cloak, lay down in the bows, and would neither stir nor speak.

Thursday, 30th. We made no great progress last night; after all, our craft got aground several times, and at last towards morning, stuck so fast, that it occupied all hands, including the captain, who was roused from his protracted sulky fit by the event, fully an hour to get her off again.

These delays so retarded us, that although we made good way all the forenoon, it was mid-day ere we reached the little village of Bedreshayn, opposite the Sakkara Pyra-
mids, and too late to allow of our visiting them to-day: we therefore contented ourselves with a stroll through the village, and over the ruins of Memphis, which latter cover a large space upon the alluvial plain about a mile back from the present bank of the river. Little is to be seen besides the usual mounds of dust and broken pottery, which ever mark the sites of the ancient cities of Egypt. Here and there a sculptured, but time-worn block of granite, or a broken column, peep from the earth; but near an Arab hut, we saw some fine and well preserved figures, and colossal fragments in granite and porphyry, which have been recently excavated and brought to light.

The entire site of Memphis is covered by a date palm-grove, but the trees are small, and appear to thrive badly upon these dry ridges and heaps of ruin.

During our ramble we met some men riding camels, and, at our suggestion, they promptly and good-humouredly dismounted,
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and allowed us to take their places; the camels were made to lie down to enable us to mount. Their motion in rising is very rough, as they first quite raise the hinder portions of the body, and then come up off their knees with a violent jerk. The action, going at a quick shuffle, was less uneasy than I had expected to find it; of the faster paces I had no opportunity to judge, for my beast was so lazy, or self-willed, that my utmost efforts failed to urge him into a trot.

The village of Bedreshayn, like all others we have seen up the river, is built entirely of sun-dried bricks formed of Nile mud, and cemented with the same material. The dwellings, which are huddled closely together, are of the most varied forms and sizes—they only agree in being all flat-topped: some are round, resembling a great inverted tub; some are oblong, and others square, perfect cubes; and in size, they vary from the dimensions of a dog-kennel to those of a large brick-kiln. In the poorer
sort, a raised platform of the same material as the walls, is the only furniture, and does duty as table, seat, and bed-place—a few coarse mats constitute the only bedding.

Entering one of the larger huts this afternoon, we found the female portion of the inmates engaged preparing supper. Two girls at a small stone hand-mill, were grinding to a coarse meal a mixture of wheat and white millet, while the mother was cutting into shreds some raw beef. At this operation a younger girl, a very pretty child, too, was assisting, using her fine white teeth instead of a knife; observing that this attracted our notice, however, she laid down the meat, and looked somewhat abashed.

A kind of soup, we were given to understand, was to be the result of the joint labours of the party. The males of the family appearing uneasy at our presence, we did not prolong our visit, and no sooner were we outside the house, than the door
was closed and fastened: the ladies appeared quite disposed to be agreeable.

Before the village lies a small fleet of boats taking in cargoes, chiefly dates and wool, brought in from the surrounding country upon camels. The dates are packed in baskets, containing from two to three hundred pounds weight, and two of these packages constitute a camel’s load.

One of these creatures which came in this evening carrying a bale of wool, was the largest I have met with. As I stood beside him, the crown of my hat barely reached to the lower part of his pack-saddle, and he measured fully four paces from head to tail; his coat was of a jetty black.

The camels of Egypt are of three colours, black, white, and a yellowish brown; the latter colour is by far the most common. All kinds are regularly shorn or shaven, to keep them clean, but there is one long-coated breed, used chiefly by the Bedouins, the hair of which is said to be more valued than the coarse wool of the Egyptian sheep.
At the landing-place near us, a tall, gaunt Bedouin Arab is employed to guard by night the goods awaiting shipment, which lie quite exposed upon the river bank, there being nothing in the shape of warehouse or shed, nor even the rudest attempt at a wharf; the vessels lie against the naked bank, rude as nature, or the last inundation, formed it.

The old Bedouin, who looks as wild and uncultivated as an Australian savage, has his camp close by; and here also, in the dirty, half naked wife and child, the starved dogs, and the greasy bags containing his worldly goods, one finds a close resemblance to the camp of a native of Australia; but here the resemblance ends; and for the rest, the Arab's camp will not bear comparison with that of the Australian. The ragged piece of hair-cloth stretched over a few sticks, is a poor substitute for the more substantial sheet of bark, and the cheerful wood fire is altogether wanting. A few handful of straw, and fragments of dried
corn stalks, the remnants of a camel's supper, constitute the whole supply of fuel at the old Bedouin's command to-night, and with this he prepared his frugal meal. Gathering some heads of white millet in a field near at hand, he placed them for a few minutes among the blazing straw, then enfolding them one by one, in a corner of his coarse, woollen mantle, he beat them with a stone, and the grain thus detached, he ate without further preparation.

He has a little property in live stock: half-a-dozen ewes with lambs by their sides are picketed near his camp, their feet confined by means of light cords to pegs stuck in the earth, and four or five goats more trusted, are at large, and nibbling the scanty weeds around the spot.

Fuel is a very scarce commodity in Egypt. Charcoal is brought down the Nile in limited quantity, but is too dear for general use; we paid twenty-five piastres for a basketful, about a bushel and a-half, for our cook's galley fire. The fuel most commonly
in use is composed of horses' and cows' dung, mixed with straw, formed into cakes, and dried in the sun. Corn-stalks, canes, and even straw, are also largely used.
CHAPTER XVIII.


Friday, 1st December. Early this morning we set out on foot for the Pyramids. We had engaged donkeys, but they looked so poor, and the saddles so bad, that we preferred walking to sitting on their backs; the cool, bracing air of the morning, too, disposed us for exercise. The donkeys were led, following us, in case we should require them.

A pleasant walk of four miles along an elevated dyke, which crosses the rich plain, brought us to the border of the desert and the Pyramids. The smaller is a complete
ruin—a mere conical heap of disjointed stones; the larger is more perfect, but differs much in shape and construction from the Pyramids of Geezeh, being built not in a countless succession of narrow steps and gradually diminishing courses, but in five large stories, or portions, all nearly perpendicular in construction, but each contracted some twenty feet or more within the outer circumference of the story upon which it stands.

The Pyramids of Sakkara appear much more ancient than those of Geezeh. As I have already mentioned, the smaller has crumbled into ruin, and the other is fast going to decay; the stones, scaly and mouldering, have in many parts slipped from their places, and fallen down. By placing my feet in the wide, yawning joints of the masonry, I climbed the first portion, and gained the broad terrace above. I found this so encumbered with fallen stones and rubbish, as to afford but very insecure footing; and the unsafe condition of many of the
tottering masses overhead convincing me that any further ascent could not be attempted without danger, I yielded to the remonstrances of our guides, and came down again.

The melancholy spectacle of ancient graves and sepulchres, laboriously invaded, and unsparingly rifled, in the gratification of modern avarice and remorseless curiosity, is here even more conspicuous than at the great Pyramids. The whole surface of the gravelly desert around the Pyramids of Sakkara is absolutely whitened with rags of mummy-cloth and human bones, which, after a repose of so many ages, have been dragged from resting-places fifty or sixty feet beneath the surface. I saw one skull with a portion of the scalp and hair still attached, though the bleached appearance of the bone showed that, after its countless years of rest underground, it must have lain long exposed above.

In the face of the rocks towards the plain, is a fine vaulted tomb of three cham-
bers; it is excavated in the rock, but the walls are everywhere lined with thin slabs of fine white stone covered with hieroglyphics, the bright colours of which look as fresh as if the work of yesterday.

Quitting this tomb, we set out on our return. On the plain we saw many ploughs at work; they are drawn by a single pair of oxen, and are absurdly rough and simple in construction, having neither mouldboard nor coulter, and only one short stilt; the share is a mere point like a broad spear head, and the long plough-beam rests upon, and is affixed to, the yolk; yet so soft and friable is the rich soil of the Nile, that with this rude implement the Egyptian ploughman contrives to make very creditable work.

Much land is broken up and cultivated with the hoe, particularly in the wetter parts about the borders of the ditches and canals; the instrument used has a very short handle, which occasions the husbandman to work in what would seem a painfully stooping attitude.
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The men when at labour are nearly naked, the lower part of their persons only being clothed; they are mostly stout fellows, and appear to work with a will.

The young wheat is springing up vigorously upon the lands from which the waters have recently receded. It appears remarkable that wheat culture can be successfully pursued where the soil is of such a rich, unctuous quality. One would be inclined to suppose that abundance of straw with little grain would be the produce of such land; and this, we are told, was actually the result, when a few years ago, in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, the experiment was tried of using a sample of the famed South Australian wheat for seed.

The blue lupin is extensively grown; and the seeds, prepared by steeping and slightly malting, are much eaten by the poor. All the maize that we have seen growing in Egypt is of a very small and inferior description.
About two, p.m., we were glad after our prolonged ramble to regain the boat, in which we immediately embarked, and proceeded towards Cairo, which was in sight, and distant only twelve or fourteen miles. The sun was very warm; and, fagged with the morning's exercise, we found a swim round our vessel, as she floated gently down the stream, very refreshing.

At seven o'clock we reached Boulac; and after settling with our rais, whose misdeeds had been forgiven and forgotten, and giving a few piastres to be distributed among the crew, we set out for Shepherd's Hotel, and there speedily joined the rest of our party and friends.

Cairo is much illuminated and very noisy to-night, this being the last evening of the eight days' rejoicing to celebrate the return of the annual caravan of pilgrims to Mecca. The merry-making is, however, of a very grave and sober quality. It is true, that solemn Moslems are to be seen marvellously indulging in the excitement
of a swing, or dizzily spinning upon a whirligig; but their levity is amply compensated by the intense seriousness of the numerous groups which, assembled in large tents and booths, are groaningly performing the bowing dance of the dervishes. In some of the tents, men disguised in female attire, clumsily attempt an imitation of the movements of the dancing girls, and their performance appears to have its admirers.

Without exception, the merry-makers—spectators as well as actors—are all males, a circumstance which contributed to render the whole proceedings so insufferably dull and stupid to our perceptions, that, withdrawing early from the scene, we returned to our hotel.

Saturday, 2nd. We learn from our friends who remained in Cairo, that we missed an extraordinary spectacle by our absence yesterday, when, during the forenoon, the Grand Sheik of the Saadeeh performed the annual ceremony of the Doséh, by riding his horse over the prostrate
bodies of two or three hundreds of the faithful, who were packed together for the purpose, like herrings in a barrel, along a certain space allotted for the purpose. Several youngsters for whom room could not be found among these recumbent fanatics, actually shed tears of disappointment. The crowds of assembled spectators, we are told, were immense; and as the Pasha was present with all his staff, the scene was altogether very interesting. Though the Sheik is a heavy man, and his horse pranced much, unwilling to travel over such a quivering pavement, none of the votaries, it seems, were very seriously damaged.

The slave-market of Cairo, which we visited, though no longer flourishing as in bygone days, still maintains a recognized existence. Half-a-dozen young Ethiopian girls only were offered for sale at the time of our visit. The poor little creatures wore a very sullen and joyless expression; their hair was tied into bunches at the
sides of their heads, and loaded with a quantity of rancid grease, laid on with an unsparing hand. One little girl, apparently about fourteen years old, whose rather pleasing features bore a striking resemblance to those of the Sphynx, finding herself noticed, imagined she was about to be bought, and her countenance brightened up wonderfully; when, however, we turned to leave, and she perceived she was still to remain in the dull thrall of the dealer’s custody, her poor little face speedily resumed its former melancholy.

British subjects, it appears, are prohibited under a penalty of £40 from purchasing slaves at Cairo, even though the object should be to restore them to liberty.

The Turkish slave laws stand in advantageous contrast with those of certain other slave-holding states at the opposite point of the compass. In Egypt, all Ethiopian slaves, male and female, desiring to change their owners, may claim to be sold, and have only to proclaim publicly their wish in this
respect, when the owner becomes compelled to submit them to sale by auction; thus they have always the means of escape from a harsh or cruel master.

Again, all female black slaves are entitled to marry and receive their freedom after ten years' servitude, the owner being required to supply a small sum by way of portion, and when the slave is held in concubinage by the owner she becomes free at the expiration of three years, and her children are born free. Added to all this, the slaves of Egypt are generally treated with kindness, lightly tasked, and regarded as a part of the family of their owners.

For the above particulars I am indebted to a gentleman who has resided many years in Egypt, and having adopted the manners and language of the country, may be supposed well informed upon these subjects.

We proceed to-morrow by the Transit Administration's steamer to Alexandria, and were busily occupied all this afternoon packing and preparing.
CHAPTER XIX.

Departure from Cairo—The Barrage—The Banks of the Nile—Turkish Lady Passengers and their Guard—An Egyptian Railway—Arrival at Alexandria—Uninteresting Aspect of the City—A Turkish Bath—Gold-washing.

SUNDAY, 3rd. Bade adieu to Cairo at an early hour, and after a pleasant drive to Boulac, as the bright sun was breaking through the chilly mists of the morning, we quitted the wharf at eight o'clock, and were borne rapidly down the Nile by a fine iron steamboat, going thirteen miles an hour.

Soon after starting we passed a large herd of buffaloes crossing the broad stream: the creatures swam with noses and eyes only above the water, and being in such number made a very singular appearance. Some miles further on we came in sight of the barrage, a magnificent structure, con-
sisting of more than a hundred arches of brick, with stone quoins and facings, which crosses both the Rosetta and Dameitta branches of the river, a little below the point or apex of the Delta.

This stupendous work was begun by Mohammed Ali under the direction of French engineers with the object of damming and raising the waters of the Nile sufficiently to supply canals to be dug through the Delta, a large portion of the lands of which are profitless for want of the means of irrigation. It is also supposed that the barrage might be made available to raise the inundation of the river during seasons of deficient flood.

The works, which it is said have already cost two and a half millions, are now at a stand still, and it seems undecided whether they shall ever be completed. According to the original design the arches were to be fitted with sluices, by means of which it was proposed to hold back the mighty stream of the flooded Nile at pleasure; but grave apprehensions are now entertained
of the danger of attempting to check so vast a body of water by a dam which, however strong in itself, must be based and abutted upon alluvial soil. Great efforts and much skill have been employed to overcome this difficulty; the river's banks are cased with solid masonry for some distance both above and below the works, and besides extensive piling, an artificial bottom of concrete has been formed beneath the stream, it is said, for the space of a quarter of a mile.

In the meanwhile the barrage greatly obstructs the navigation of the river, and is not of much service as a bridge, being unavailable for the railway constructing between Cairo and Alexandria, and not in the direction of any other great line of traffic.

Openings spanned by draw-bridges are provided for the passage of vessels, and through one of these, after some delay and manœuvring, our steamer, paddling all the while against the stream, backed slowly down stern foremost. For sailing vessels
the difficulties in passing must be very great: I observed one boat lying wrecked against the piers.

Below the barrage on the left bank, the desert approaches quite to the river, the yellow sands advancing into the water. The traffic upon this part of the river is very extensive; cargo-boats of a larger description than those we met with up the river cover the stream. I counted as many as fifty in sight at one time. The mud villages standing upon the plain without shade or shelter have a bare and desolate aspect; the date groves which embellish the river's banks above Cairo not being found here.

One of the many ploughs which we saw everywhere in operation was worked by a most singular team, a buffalo and a camel drawing in the same yoke.

Among the passengers are some Turkish ladies who came from Constantinople in the train of the Sultan's daughter, lately wedded to Said Pasha, and who are now returning; they are encaged and screened from vulgar
eyes in a sort of deck-house prepared for contingencies of this sort. Two gaudily dressed black eunuchs keep such vigilant watch as to baffle all attempts of the curious to get a peep at the imprisoned beauties, who, it is said, are ladies of high rank.

At half-past two we reached the point to which the railway has been completed, eighty miles from Cairo, and here we quitted the boat and were transferred to the rail. The Turkish ladies were speedily bundled by their black attendants into a carriage and closed up, and the luggage having been landed and placed upon the trucks with a degree of despatch quite marvellous for Egypt, we were soon again on our way.

The railway carriages are roomy and exceedingly comfortable; it may be said, indeed, luxurious in their lining, stuffing, and internal arrangement, and the pace was not bad. We reached Mamoudieh, twenty-nine miles, in an hour and a half; and, after a short halt there to wood and water, performed the remaining forty miles in two
hours, arriving at the Alexandrian terminus about seven o'clock. Here we found conveyances in attendance, and entering the city without delay, we procured lodgings at Rey's Hôtel d'Europe.

A sharp north wind rendered the temperature quite cold to-day, and after we reached the hotel there was a heavy shower of rain, the first we have seen since quitting the neighbourhood of Ceylon.

Monday, 4th. After Cairo the appearance of Alexandria is uninteresting: the streets it is true are broader and cleaner, the bazaars and shops more spacious and less dark, and the principal square in which our hotel is situated is surrounded by large and handsome buildings; but the thoroughly oriental character which lends to Cairo its greatest charm is here wanting; black hats almost carry the day against the scarlet fez, and many of the most conspicuous buildings are quite in European style.

I have been annoyingly disabled yesterday and this morning with a stiff neck, the
result I fancy of my swimming in the cold waters of the Nile; but a Turkish bath this afternoon has nearly cured me. Stiff, indeed, must be the neck that would not be softened and supplied by the steamings, soapings, scrubblings, and shampoosings of the Turkish bath; of the varied processes of which being resolved to make a full trial, I, on entering the building, surrendered myself unreservedly into the hands of the attendants to do with me as they would.

I was first conducted to a small carpeted apartment, where, speedily divested of my clothes, a large piece of light cotton cloth was wrapped about me, and I was at once led into a spacious marble chamber, lighted from the dome-shaped roof above. In the midst, a spouting fountain of boiling water emitting clouds of vapour filled the place with a hot misty atmosphere which at first produced a feeling of suffocation; this however soon wore off. Recesses placed at intervals round the circular walls contain the baths, and to one of these I was led by
my half-naked conductor, and seated upon the smooth white marble, which it was an agreeable surprise to find quite warm.

The effects of the moist heated atmosphere in which they dwell are obvious in the lean, wasted, and yellow appearance of the attendants, which, with the hollow sounds and reverberating echoes caused by the vaulted form of the chamber, combines to impart a singular and almost ghastly effect to the whole scene. Having again divested me of my covering, my attendant now deluged me with very hot water, which he drew from pipes supplying a hot and a cold stream into a wooden bowl, and dashed rapidly over me, without previously applying other test of the temperature than that afforded by his practised eye, and as he kept as near the scalding point as was bearable, this I confess seemed rather a disagreeably hazardous mode of proceeding. However, I came unscathed through this operation, and the next was to convert my whole person, head, face, and all, into one frothy mass of strong
lather, by means of an immense piece of soap and a large handful of soft white tow or some similar fibrous substance.

After this, I was left to soak for some time in the bath, and then, laid at length upon the marble, I was turned about, and elaborately scoured and rubbed down, the operator exultingly drawing my attention to the really startling quantities of the skin's surface which he succeeded in bringing away in large rolls from all parts of my person, particularly about the arms. The next operation was to crack all the joints, and stretch the limbs; after which I was wrapped in numerous cloths, reconducted to the room where I had undressed, and stowed away upon cushions to cool gradually. Here coffee was brought me, and a chibouk; and after remaining quiet about an hour, I dressed and went away, feeling in a higher state of polish than I had ever done in my life before, and, as I have already mentioned, cured of my rheumatic pains.

Walking during the afternoon by the
side of the bay, and observing two men standing in the water, and with large wooden bowls going through all the motions of gold washing, curiosity led me to approach them, when, to my surprise, I found that such was really the case; the men were washing the mud and sand which they shovelled up from beneath the water, and were actually procuring not only gold, but precious stones as well. The gold, however, instead of dust or nuggets, consisted of small time-worn fragments of hooks and links of chain; and the stones were ready cut. I saw one small ruby procured while I stood by, but the diggings appeared to be far from rich. As far as I could understand, some houses were once destroyed by the sea at this spot, but when, or in what manner, I leave it to those better acquainted with the incidents of Alexandrian history to explain.
CHAPTER XX.


TUESDAY, 5th. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer arriving this morning from Southampton. The passengers, hungry and in haste, swarmed in upon us as we were sitting down to breakfast; and with an impetuosity which, under other circumstances, it would have been amusing to behold, cleared off the comestibles in such rapid style, that all disappeared—tea and coffee, butter and bread, fish, flesh, and fowl—while we, the quiet sojourners in the house, were vainly endeavouring to make our wants known to the distracted waiters.
The Marseilles steamer has also arrived with the mails, bringing accounts of the melancholy loss of a large number of transport ships at Balaklava, and other parts of the Black Sea. Intelligence of the disastrous, though brilliant victories of Balaklava and Inkermann, met us some days ago at Cairo; and now this fearful account of wrecks casts a deeper gloom over the expedition, which is assuredly becoming a very stern and serious affair.

The scrambling attempt to breakfast ended, we mounted donkeys, and sallied forth, the donkey-boys as usual running behind, shouting to their beasts, and at regular intervals treating them to a smart thwack, whether required or not, and often, indeed, in spite of the expressed wishes of the riders to be left to regulate the pace for themselves.

The sights of Alexandria are few, and soon disposed of. Cleopatra's Needle and Pompey's Pillar are, as all the world knows, the principal, and for these we set out.
The former, standing in a low situation near the water, is not a conspicuous object in the city; but the pillar, placed upon elevated ground outside the present walls, makes, from all directions, a very striking appearance.

The shaft of this splendid granite column is in a wonderful state of preservation, retaining even the fine polish upon a great part of its surface; but the capital, which is of some softer material, is much disintegrated; and the masonry which supports the massy pedestal is in such a dilapidated condition, that the whole monument seems in danger of coming down, if means be not taken to repair the ravages of time.

At the foot of the hillock upon which the pillar stands is an extensive cemetery, into which we saw two long funeral processions pass. But few women were among the mourners; and these, completely veiled, sitting upon the ground while the funeral ceremonies were in progress, uttered at
regular intervals a loud cry, precisely resembling an Australian cooey. About a score of men meanwhile stood round the brink of the open grave, and energetically bowing their turbaned heads marked time in a manner more rapid than solemn to the strains of the chanted dirge. At noon we were driven home by heavy showers.

Wednesday, 6th. Not far from the obelisks, some extensive and very massive substructions of brickwork, which are being excavated to supply material for fresh erections, are said to be the ruins of the famous Museum Library of the Bruchion; and certainly, some charred fragments which we picked from among the rubbish brought to the surface, would appear to be the result of the combustion of masses of paper, papyrus, or some similar flakey substance.

It seems wonderful that, after the lapse of so many ages, the strength and solidity of the ancient brickwork should be so great—the mortar appearing even harder
than the bricks—that the mass broken up like stone from a quarry, and shaped into large blocks, is used in the construction of new edifices. A very handsome Greek church, which is building near the spot, has drawn largely for its materials upon the Library ruins.

This afternoon we visited the house and grounds of Mr. L——, a gentleman with whom we became acquainted at Cairo. He held an important employment under the late Abbas Pasha; and though an Englishman, has, by means of his children born in Egypt, been enabled to become the possessor of Egyptian soil. His estate, comprising about a hundred acres, is finely situated upon the bank of the Mamoudieh Canal, near the wide waters of the lake Mareotis.

Mr. L—— has built himself a house, and laid out a spacious garden in a mixed oriental and European style; and has made the attempt, but, as he told us, with very indifferent success, to cultivate his farm in
English mode, his intractable Egyptian husbandmen having obstinately resisted all his attempts to substitute the English plough for the rude implement, which in this part of the world is made to serve the purposes of one.

In the garden we were shown some date-palms, which, though planted only in 1848, are already some twenty feet high, and bearing fruit, thus proving that the extremely slow growth generally attributed to this tree must be regarded as one of the many popular errors which yet attach to eastern matters. The date-palm, moreover, it appears, far from delighting in arid sands and drought, grows most rapidly and thrives best in the rich, fat lands of the Nile, where it stands during a portion of every year with its roots under water. I must not forget to mention, however, that there are many varieties of date trees; and that these remarks probably only apply to such as are cultivated in Lower Egypt, the fruit of which, though large, is of inferior sweetness and flavour.
The trees are propagated by means of suckers, and must not be planted singly, but in groups, as there are male and female trees, and even when thus growing together, care and attention are required to ensure a good crop of fruit. The blossoms of the female tree must be impregnated by securing in the midst of the bunch a portion of the male flower branch, taken fresh from a neighbouring tree. The young plants also require attention; suckers must be frequently cleared off, and the lower leaves closely cut away to form and shape the stem, otherwise the plant, instead of taking the form of a tree, spreads out a wilderness of shoots and suckers.

From Mrs. L——, a very intelligent and most delightful person, whose proficiency in Arabic, and whose thorough acquaintance with oriental manners and customs, as well as her husband’s position in the Government of the late Pasha, have given her numerous opportunities to visit the vice-regal hareem, as well as those of most
of the grandees of Egypt, we heard many interesting particulars of the recluse existence of Moslem wives; and certainly her anecdotes are not calculated to diminish the wish and the hope that the more extended intercourse, and, above all, the closer relations into which the east and the west must be drawn by the progress and results of the present war, may do much to procure for the oppressed and degraded womankind of Egypt some measure of the freedom and rational position enjoyed by their western sisters, and which they now begin more generally to understand and to envy.

The inmates of a hareem confined to the limited society within its walls, and that society, as a natural result of the relationship towards each other of its different members, torn and distracted by feelings of jealousy, distrust, and mutual dislike, must, according to the descriptions of our informant, generally constitute a very unhappy little community. Even while in favour, the
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joys of the chosen one are marred by doubts of the continuance of this preference; and when, the transient passion over, she is thrown back among unpitying rivals to bear the taunts of gratified envy, in addition to her own regrets, her misery is complete, her dream of life is then over, and she must resign herself, without further hope, to drag through the remainder of her days in the dreary monotony of the hareem's luxurious thraldom, and, with a crushed heart, strive to school her wounded spirit to submission, while she sees the place that once was her's usurped and occupied by others.

Such, we are assured, is life in the hareem, under its most favourable aspect; but all these miseries may be aggravated by horrors of the most revolting kind, to gratify the savage caprices and passions of a tyrant master. The late Viceroy, Abbas Pasha, it is said, was in the treatment of the women of his hareem capricious and cruel, to a reproach even in Egypt. Those who were
so unfortunate as to fall under his displeasure, he not unfrequently caused to be put to death; and on one occasion, the wretch himself acting as executioner, with hideous ingenuity destroyed his helpless victim, by sewing up the mouth and nostrils.

Just, indeed, was the retribution that at length brought this monster into the murderer's power. During an expedition up the Nile, he was destroyed by his own attendants, and little effort, it is said, was made to discover the perpetrators of the deed, who were regarded as deliverers, rather than assassins.

Thursday, 7th. The handsome palace of the Pashas, built by Mahommed Ali, upon the Pharos Island, and commanding a fine view over the harbour and shipping, gave us occupation for this morning, going through its magnificent apartments. The floors are all beautifully inlaid with woods of various colours, formed into elaborate patterns, enriched with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and highly polished. Before quitting
the marble corridor, the attendant, who was as usual barefooted, examined our heels to satisfy himself that there were no prominent nails, but did not require us to leave our boots; on the contrary, when I was proceeding to take off mine before entering one saloon, the exquisite floor of which I was really fearful of injuring, the man hurried up, and earnestly begged me to desist, giving me to understand, as far as I could comprehend him, for he spoke a mixture of French and Arabic, that it was against the will and wishes of the Pasha, that English or Frenchmen should be subjected even to this trifling inconvenience when visiting the palace.

These feelings of regard for the Allies of the Sultan, and of lively interest in the events of the war, seem to be largely shared by all classes, even to the lowest, both here and at Cairo; but there appears to be among the common people, an unbounded belief in the strength and resources of Russia, and a somewhat amusing misapprehension of the
position of the Allies in the contest. Our dragoman, the other day at Cairo, acting as the mouth-piece of a knot of eager questioners, showed equal surprise and incredulity, when we assured him that the French and British forces before Sebastopol are not in the Sultan’s pay.

The results of the concession in favour of infidel heels are conspicuous in the defaced and damaged condition of the floor of the spacious dining-room of the palace, where, upon his recent accession to the vice-regal power, Said Pasha for several successive days exercised the most unbounded hospitality, all and sundry of the hungry being free to come and partake of the constantly replenished supply of good cheer under which the tables groaned from morning till night.

As we were leaving the palace, we met in the garden, which leads towards the hareem opposite, no less important a functionary than the chief eunuch, and an important personage in his own estimation, at
least, he indeed appeared to be. Showily dressed, and attended by slaves, but wearing a most villainous expression in his hideous black countenance, with the air of a lord he stalked past, putting in a haughty tone some question to our dragoman as to the object of our visit.
CHAPTER XXI.


Friday, 8th. So cold a north wind is blowing, that it is difficult to keep warm walking in a great coat. My friends proceeded to-day by the Tagus steam-ship to Malta, and I only remain to pursue my wanderings from this point alone. It had been my intention to make an excursion into Syria and Palestine, and to this end I had engaged as dragoman a Syrian, who had been in the service of others of our party since our first arrival at Cairo; but unpleasant accounts of fever and sickness in those countries have served to deter me; added to this, all accounts from Sebastopol concur in representing that a general assault is likely
to be soon attempted, and as I am most de-
sirous to reach the Crimea in time to witness
that event, or, at least, before the contest
shall be brought to a termination, I have
resolved to push on without delay, and have
taken a passage by one of the steamers
of the Australian Lloyd’s expected from
Bengal, and which is to leave for Constan-
tinople on Monday or Tuesday next.

Alexandria, like Cairo, is a miserably
dull place for a stranger after the day has
closed; here is, however, a creditably got
up Italian Opera, and there I beguiled my
time this evening. The house is small, but
was well filled, and the singing and music
were by no means bad; the performers are,
I believe, chiefly amateurs.

Saturday, 9th. A visit to the ancient Cata-
combs, about three miles outside the city,
by the sea-shore, helped me through the
day. The excavations are very extensive,
but empty, all they contained of interest
having been long since carried away.

Much sympathy is excited by the arrival
from Constantinople of a steamer, bringing among her passengers a number of the wounded heroes of the Crimea, who have taken this somewhat circuitous route to England. One of the party, a lieutenant in the gallant "Greys," has taken up his quarters in the Hôtel d'Europe, and the very agreeable evening that I have spent in converse with him, has further stimulated my impatience to behold the wonders of the camps and trenches.

Sunday, 10th. There is no day of quiet all the week in these eastern cities, although there are three distinct sabbaths. The Mussulmans close their bazaars and shops on Fridays, the Jews on Saturdays, and the Christians on Sundays; but as the shops of the former two are then open, there is nothing to distinguish Sunday from another day, except that here church bells are heard—with an effect very remarkable to a stranger—above the clamour and din of business. Here are in Alexandria a Protestant and a Roman Catholic church, both
of which are allowed full privileges, even to the ringing of their bells as noisily as they please.

The burthens which the women here carry upon their heads are really surprising: the carcasses of two sheep in a huge wooden bowl, form an ordinary load to be borne in this way; and I have occasionally seen the carcass of an ox carried by two women in the same manner, two quarters in each bowl. It is true the oxen slaughtered here are very small and lean, but the weight must certainly be over three hundred pounds.

The meat of Egypt is very lean and bad; the rank flavour of the mutton we occasionally found so disgusting as to produce feelings of absolute nausea, and the eggs and chickens are very small and indifferent. At the present day, assuredly none are likely to feel longings after the "flesh-pots of Egypt."

A striking instance of the effects of artificial custom in changing or eradicating

fellow, though visibly much disappointed, made no complaint, only saying it was for me to decide according to my pleasure; and the small present I felt bound to make him, as I had taken Elias Abbas into my service with the understanding that his engagement was to be of some duration, and had found him always most zealous and attentive, drew from him the warmest expressions of gratitude.

Tuesday, 12th. Got on board the Italia steamer at eight o'clock, and turning my back without much regret upon Alexandria, we were soon after steaming out of the bay.

Poor Elias, who although paid and discharged last night, continued most assiduous in his attendance, and would not hear of my coming off to the ship without his assistance, remained till the last moment, and then kissing my hands he took leave. I observed the good-hearted fellow's eyes fill as he descended the ship's side; and I must confess, that solitary among strangers as I now felt myself, it was not without
some feeling of concern that I saw depart this last and only familiar face.

A cool fresh breeze ruffled the waters, and the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky, as passing the Pharos Tower we stood away to the north north west; the low shores of Aboukir's famous bay showing indistinctly in the distance to our right. Quickly the level coast of Egypt faded from view, the tall monuments, towers, and minarets of Alexandria soon afterwards sank below the wave; and now fairly afloat upon the classic waters of the Mediterranean, and, turning a fresh page in my book of life, I take the opportunity to close this first book of my Diary.

END OF VOL. I.
DIARY OF TRAVELS

IN

THREE QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

BY

AN AUSTRALIAN SETTLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

Fellow-Passengers to Constantinople—Turkish Indifference to Discomfort—A Cage full of Women and Children—Gulf of Smyrna—Remarkable Illusion—Smyrna and its Narrow Streets—Figs, and How they are Cured—A Magnificent Prospect—Turkish Ragamuffins for the Crimea—Departure for Smyrna.

WEDNESDAY, December 13, 1854. We have a fair wind and smooth sea, but the sky looks dark and threatening. Of cabin-passengers there are but two besides myself. One of these is a Greek merchant of Alexandria, who I turned to account by practising French upon him. The other a major, on sick leave from one of the Queen's regiments at Madras, I find an agreeable and sociable companion, and in
his society the feeling of solitude under which I departed from Alexandria is rapidly passing away.

The paucity of cabin is amply compensated by the abundance of deck passengers, of whom we have no fewer than two hundred, mostly Turks returning to Stamboul after a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Several showers of heavy rain fell today, to the great discomfort of this turbaned crowd; but the patient indifference with which the fellows endure their miseries it is edifying to behold. Amid wet, slop, dirt, and discomfort each gathers himself up under a thick shaggy cloak, a carpet, a skin of leather, or some contrivance to turn off the pelting rain, and quietly smokes his chibouk till the sun comes forth again, when jackets, slippers, turbans, and articles of apparel of all shapes and colours are hung out and spread upon every available rope and stanchion to become so far dried as the next approaching shower will permit.

Besides the men there are some children
and a number of women, white, black, and brown, who are all stowed away in a kind of den or large coop, set up upon the quarterdeck, of which it occupies one entire side. It is grated round and roofed over with tarpaulings and sails, but is not more than three to four feet high, so that the inmates can never stand upright. Many of them have come, too, from Beyrout, and must have been already five or six days thus caged.

Through the bars one occasionally detects a pair of bright eyes peeping, or gets a glimpse of a female form reclining amid cushions and pillows, with which the deck appears to be covered. Doubtless the habits of restraint and confinement in the ordinary life of these poor women render this durance less distressing, but with such an addition to the usual disagreeables of shipboard existence, a sea voyage must indeed be a cruel trial to the most enduring patience.

Through the openings of the curtains, which hang within the bars of the cage,
may also be seen baskets and bags of fruit and bread, with jars of water, which constitute the whole commissariat of the inmates; the men on deck, too, feed themselves in the same way, none receiving any kind of provision from the ship’s stores.

Thursday, 14th. Last night the wind shifted to the westward, and blew hard, with much rain. Our little ship rolled so violently that it was with difficulty we could maintain possession of our narrow berths, and sleep was out of the question. My two fellow-passengers looked very woe-begone, and did not show at the breakfast table; whilst I, strange to relate, after having made so bad a sailor all the way from Australia, am now coming out in new colours, the wonder and envy of my companions. Since leaving Alexandria I have been as well as if on shore, and ever ready to do justice even to the greasy results of the labours of our German cook.

Our friends above presented a terribly washed out and exhausted appearance when
I first went on deck this morning; but the sun shining brightly out, and the sea going down as we got in among the beautiful isles of the Greek archipelago, they were enabled to repair damages, refit, and prepare for another night.

Two young Nubian slave girls are, for some reason, excluded from the shelter of the deck cage, outside which they lie together in a little corner near the wheel; this spot they never quit, but, nestling beneath some thick rugs and coverlets, which constitute their only defence against the rain, they remain as immovably fixed to their appointed space as though they were chained to the deck. I have not once seen them even rise beyond a sitting posture for a single moment. From this concealment they sometimes peep cautiously out, but their bright eyes quickly disappear when they find themselves noticed. Apples or cakes, however, placed within reach are quietly drawn under cover and appropriated.
The "sunny isles of Greece"—their bold rugged shores contrasting beautifully with the green and cultivated aspect of their sloping landscapes—studded the sea, and lent an inexpressible charm and interest to our progress to-day. During the forenoon we passed Cape Crios, and before evening closed we sighted Samos.

Our captain, who is an Italian, but a most vigilant and careful seaman, expects to reach Smyrna by ten to-morrow morning.

Friday, 15th. On going upon deck at daylight found that we had already entered the Gulf of Smyrna, at the head of which the city stands. Rain fell in showers, and the louring clouds which hung about the dark summits of the mountains forming the bold and lofty shores of the Gulf, served to enhance the somewhat dreary and barren aspect consequent upon the total absence of trees upon their long unbroken slopes.

As we advanced towards Smyrna, an appearance as of white domes and cupolas rising from the watery horizon before us I
took to be a distant view of the city; but, as we proceeded, I soon became aware of my mistake, and discovered that this appearance was occasioned by numerous large heaps of salt, which during the heats of summer is collected, and thus stacked upon an extensive shoal or flat which occupies this part of the Gulf.

About ten o'clock, we came to anchor before Smyrna. From the harbour the town makes a very beautiful appearance, extending far up the steep slope of a hill of considerable elevation; the green summit crowned by the fine picturesque ruins of an old Genoese castle. Dark groves of cypress in and about the city conspicuously mark the sites of Moslem burial grounds.

Anxious to make the most of the few hours of our stay, we got on shore without loss of time, and set out to explore. The narrow streets presented a singular appearance; they are all paved with rough stones and pebbles, and in such form that the middle is the lowest part, and, owing to
the late heavy rains, streams of clear water supplied from the saturated soil of the hills above were rippling along many of these streets, giving them rather the appearance of pebbly brooks.

In the upper part of the city the streets are so steep that to render them practicable the pavement is formed into rude steps or stairs. The people are good-looking, and they, as well as the shops and bazaars, appear much cleaner and fresher than those of Egypt.

The fig season being quite over, I was disappointed in my hope to see something of the process of curing the fruit; but all the information I was enabled to gather, leads me to the conclusion that the principal cause of our want of success in all attempts at the practice of this art in Australia, is to be found in our non-possession of the proper variety of the fig-tree. I saw growing some trees that had not yet lost all their foliage, and an examination of the few remaining leaves, imper-
fect though they were, convinced me that though much resembling the variety known as the white, or emu foot fig in Australia, the fig-trees of Smyrna are distinct from any that I have ever met with there.

No heat but that of the sun I was assured is employed in the process of curing. The fruit is merely placed upon straw spread upon the ground among the trees from which it is produced, and when sufficiently dried, is packed into bags, and conveyed to the city. Here the figs are sorted and packed, those of the finest quality in boxes, and the inferior sorts in drums.

No sugar or syrup of any kind is used in the process, but it is considered indispensable that the sorters and packers should dip the hands frequently whilst at work into sea water, vessels filled with which, are provided for the purpose. My informant, however, admitted that this might be mere prejudice, the result of long custom; and as it appears that the hands are carefully dried after every immersion,
it seems likely that fresh water might do quite as well.

Climbing the hill to the old castle, I was well rewarded for the toil by the magnificent prospect, which on the one hand embraces the whole shores of the Gulf, the city, the harbour, and the fine plain which stretches away from beyond the head of the Gulf, and appears covered with olive groves, villas, and gardens; while on the other side the view extends over a lovely valley, with its cots and hamlets, its plantations of olive and fig-trees, and its meandering rapid stream, traced like a silver thread through the beautiful landscape, till lost in the distance among the dark mountains of the Black Cape.

In the enjoyment of such an enchanting prospect, I would fain have lingered among the ruins upon that wild hill-top, but time pressed. Ugly stories were afloat of prowling Smyrniote bandits, and the sky besides was becoming overcast and threatening. I hurried down, and had scarcely regained
the city, when the rain, descending in torrents, drove me to the friendly shelter of a light and airy, but somewhat cold looking marbled coffee shop near the port. Here I found some of my fellow-voyagers and officers of the steamboat, and after sipping a cup of hot coffee, we soon received notice to re-embark.

Returning on board at four o'clock, great was our dismay at finding the number of deck passengers increased to five hundred, and the limited space upon the quarter-deck, which had hitherto been kept clear for promenading, now completely blocked up.

The new comers are chiefly Turkish soldiers destined for the Crimea. Such a dirty set of ragamuffins was never seen; their arms and accoutrements are as clumsy and shabby-looking as themselves; altogether, their appearance is anything but efficient or formidable, and ill calculated to lessen the feelings of contempt with which we have been disposed to regard Turkish troops since the day of the battle of Bala-
klava, and the unfortunate affair of the redoubts.

At the seat of war we are assured the Turkish portion of the allied army is now only looked upon as an encumbrance and a useless drain upon the Commissariat, not likely to be compensated by any services of importance.

It was nearly six o'clock when we again got under weigh, and night closed as we returned down the Gulf. Though now almost excluded from the crowded deck, we have still the cabin to ourselves, for such Turkish officers as are among the troops are all stowed with their men. Seated on the bare decks, which they cover from stem to stern, these patiently enduring multitudes are so closely packed, that to stretch themselves at length for sleep is out of the question; they have barely space to enable them to turn, or effect a change of position. Should bad weather come on, their condition will be indeed pitiable.

My fellow-passenger, Major B——, was
unfortunately seized with a violent attack of dysentery this evening, accompanied with great pain; luckily I had a supply of laudanum with me, and the old Italian steward having rummaged out a medicine chest containing some other necessary drugs, my bush-acquired knowledge of pharmacy and the practice of medicine came advantageously into play.
CHAPTER II.


SATURDAY, 16th. We passed early the Island of Mitylene at some distance, and afterwards ran close along the rugged shore of Tenedos, famous for its wine, which, however, spite of its celebrity, is here obtainable at one and a-half piastres, or threepence three-farthings, the bottle. We saw, however, no vineyards upon the side of the island along which we passed, nor any signs of cultivation: a few sheep and goats only were cropping the scanty pasture which covers the stony, barren-looking soil. The
wine is produced upon the opposite, or western, side of the island.

Coming opposite the little town of Tenedos, which is so snugly sheltered and concealed between the heights which form its tiny bay, that we were nearly within gunshot of the landing-place and buildings before they came into view, we lay to for a short time, and received upon our overcrowded decks still more passengers, among them four Greek pirates, the most cutthroat looking ruffians I ever beheld; they were captured recently at one of the neighbouring islets, and are heavily ironed.

Upon a fine plain covered with vineyards and olive groves on the Asiatic shore, was pointed out to me the supposed site of ancient Troy; and soon after leaving Tenedos, we passed Besika Bay, now famous for that protracted sojourn and inglorious inaction of the allied fleets, which Sinope's fatal day has rendered for ever sadly memorable.

Beyond the Bay the snowy summits of Mount Ida, coldly glistening in the clear
sunlight, showed conspicuously on our right as we now rapidly approached the rugged coast of Europe, and sighted the broad imposing entrance to the famed Dardanelles.

Showing our colours as we passed those renowned castles which so long frowned defiance to the navies of the West, we ran gaily into the strait about noon. With the appearances of impregnability or strength in this celebrated passage, I must confess myself disappointed; the fortresses are placed at such considerable intervals along the shores, and the width of the channel is generally so ample, that when passing in mid-stream, the grinning tiers of guns on either shore appear to an unprofessional eye at least somewhat distant, and not so overwhelmingly formidable.

At the little town of Dardanelles we lay to for a short time, and took on board a well-dressed party of Greeks, among whom were some young women; the latter, however, provokingly hurrying to the sanctuary of
the ladies' cabin, afforded only such a transient view of their dark eyes and graceful figures, with their little gold-embroidered scarlet caps jauntily crowning the long abundant tresses, which the white veil in transparent folds covers without concealing, as made us regret that their habits were not somewhat less exclusive and retiring.

Here also the sight of some large buildings recently prepared to receive a part of the sick and wounded who now overcrowded the hospitals about Constantinople, made us feel that we are beginning to come in contact with the stern realities of the war.

Towards sunset we passed Sestos and Abydos; here the advancing shores, though increasing the force of the current, so far reduce the width of the strait, that the distance over did not strike me as anything very serious for an expert swimmer to attempt in fine weather. Yet, I must confess, that under the influence of the sharp wintry wind which this evening crisped the
blue surface of the cold, clear stream, I thought that even Leander's inducement would fail to tempt me to venture.

Before we reached Gallipoli and cleared the Dardanelles, evening had closed, and darkness remorselessly shut from our view the beautiful scenery of this famous strait, whose venerable shores present a continued succession of the most enchanting landscapes, particularly upon the long slopes of the Asiatic coast; the European side is more abrupt, and in some parts rugged and barren.

Before bed-time, we were tossing upon the short, angry waves of the boisterous little sea of Marmora. My patient has not been able to quit his berth all day, but to-night is so far convalescent, that I take some credit to myself for my success.

Sunday, 17th. At an early hour this morning, the domes and minarets of Constantinople were in sight, though yet distant.

As we approached the termination of our
voyage, the deck passengers began to get upon their legs, shake themselves, strap up their meagre amount of baggage, and prepare to land. Wonderful is the patient endurance with which these fellows have sat out the passage; but besides the never-failing chibouk, they possess another resource of a more exciting nature, which has greatly contributed to help them through the weary hours: this consists of a species of chase, the hunting grounds being the inner sides of their turbans and other habiliments; the quantity of game thus slaughtered has been immense, all available intervals between smoking and dozing having been constantly devoted to this pastime, but the supply appears to be inexhaustible.

As we drew near the head of the sea of Marmora, the rays of a bright though powerless sun gave full effect to the magnificent prospect which gradually opened before us, and when at length rounding the Seraglio Point, we entered the Golden Horn, and Constantinople in all its glory
burst upon our view, we thought all our preconceived notions and dreams of this great capital of the east seemed fully realized.

To add to the exciting interest of the scene, noble ships bearing the flags of England or France filled the harbour: some lay quietly at anchor; others, but lately arrived, were working their tortuous way through the crowded shipping; whilst many with decks thronged with soldiers, French, British, or Turkish, were getting up steam and preparing to depart. Foremost among these, the magnificent Royal Albert three-decker, with thirteen hundred troops on board, was slowly moving out into the Bosphorus, and getting under weigh to proceed to the Crimea.

Soon after the anchor dropped, my excited imagination, which had been carrying me lord knows where, among kiosks, divans, turbans, coffee and sherbet, received a check which speedily brought me back to realities, when a set of unmistak-
able touters dressed in ordinary European costume, and speaking French, rushed on deck, and besetting us with regular orthodox printed direction cards, began clamourously to urge the respective merits of the hotels they represented. Could anything be more odiously common-place and destructive of one's romantic anticipations? Thus recalled to myself, however, I remembered that, while at Alexandria, Messeri's Hôtel d'Angleterre had been recommended; so of Messeri's we now made choice.

We were quickly set ashore at the dirty landing-place of Tophana, and, our baggage packed upon the backs of sturdy Turkish porters or hummals, we went forward, winding our way through the narrow streets; we soon began to suspect that, notwithstanding the showy appearance the city makes when viewed from the water, we were destined to find in Constantinople a striking exemplification of the truth of that wise old proverb, "All is not gold that glitters."
After a long and very considerable ascent from the water, we gained the main street of Pera, and reached Messeri's, which we found to rank number one among the hotels of Constantinople, and where Major B—— and myself having obtained a double-bedded room, were assured we might consider ourselves fortunate, as the house was usually full.

Once within the doors of Messeri's, and there is little to remind you that you are in the centre of orientalism, except so far as the East is connected with the war. The host, though himself an Italian, is married to an English wife; the servants are mostly French or Italians; and the house is filled with English, chiefly officers, agents of the press, or persons whose philanthropy or public spirit has brought them out here, in the hope to effect some reformation of the abuses connected with the hospital or commissariat departments. The war, the war forms the all-engrossing topic, and I find myself at once as completely
plunged among the incidents of the campaign, as though already landed in the Crimea.

At the table d’hôte we sat down about thirty English, and three or four French, chiefly officers on sick leave from the camp, or convalescents from the hospitals. The conversation, as may be supposed, was entirely of the war, and loud were the complaints, and humiliating to one’s feelings as an Englishman, the accounts of incapacity, blundering, and mismanagement pervading every department, and now causing us to stand in mortifying comparison with our French allies.

Though the little authentic intelligence from the camp we picked up in conversation while at Alexandria, had enabled us to perceive that all was not proceeding so gloriously as we had hoped and believed, yet we were by no means prepared for tales of such wholesale disaster and failure in everything connected with the operations of the campaign, fighting alone excepted,
as we now heard on all sides, and which emanated from sources too numerous and authentic to admit of doubt as to their correctness. For myself, I confess I went to bed to-night with a sadly altered feeling about the war, and with much less confidence than heretofore, in the ability of my country to do everything better than all the world besides.

Monday, 18th. Wishing to judge for myself of the correctness of the disparaging comparisons drawn between our hospital arrangements and those of the French, which are said to be as good as ours are faulty, I determined to visit and examine both, and began to-day with the large French hospital in Pera. An order for admission was necessary, but this was readily obtained, and the medical officer in charge very kindly conducted us over the whole establishment, pointing out and explaining everything with evident, but justifiable pride, for indeed all arrangements appeared so perfect as to leave nothing to be desired.
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The iron bedsteads furnished with soft hair or wool mattresses, clean cotton sheets, blankets, coverlets, and pillows of feathers or wool, looked as comfortable as could be wished; and being placed a sufficient distance apart to allow ample space for sweeping and cleansing the stone floors between and beneath, the wards are thus kept free from offensive sights or odours, and as clean and fresh as an ordinary bedroom. At the head of each bed is affixed a small shelf, on which are placed within reach of the patient's hand his medicine cup, his knife, pipe, book, and drinking vessel, with water or other drink according to his requirements; and by the bedside hangs a cleanly-scoured board which, when the patient takes his meals, is placed upon the bed and serves for a table. At the foot of the bed, fastened upon the stump bedposts, is another wooden shelf which serves many useful purposes.

The bread baked upon the premises is of excellent quality, as are also the meats, the wine, and indeed every article of food or...
consumption, all which we were invited to taste and examine.

The kitchens are perfect models of cleanliness, method, and regularity, and the cooks, as well as all other men on duty as hospital servants, being divested of their uniform coats, and habited for the nonce in clean cotton dresses, with long white aprons; this, together with the presence of the neat, grave, and gentle-looking Sisters of Charity, materially adds to the general appearance of comfort and order so conspicuous throughout the entire establishment. Among the patients we saw many who had lost legs or arms, and some poor fellows whose sunken features and upturned eyes too plainly told that they had sought glory to find death; the world with all its vain ambitions was passing from their glazing eyes; honours or disgrace, praise or censure, victory or defeat, all are now as one to them.

In one of the wards we saw a number of Russian wounded, who, our conductor assured us, are receiving the same treat-
ment as the French, and are in no way confined or under restraint. Nearly all, he added, have expressed a wish to enlist in the French army, and to be sent to Africa, where they will not come into collision with their own countrymen.

The weather to-day has been showery, bleak, and cold.

Tuesday, 19th. This day I devoted to visiting the English hospital at Scutari, on the other side of the Bosphorus, and beginning with that portion of this very extensive pile of building where the arrangements were considered most complete, I found things not quite so bad as I had been led to expect. The beds it is true are stuffed with no better material than straw, a folded greatcoat serves in place of a pillow, and the convenient shelves and boards are altogether wanting. The small, deep, inconveniently shaped tin dish, in which the men receive their meals, is either placed upon the bedclothes, where it is in danger of overturning, or is set upon the floor, where, in order to get at
it, the patient must assume fatiguing and painful attitudes; but altogether there is a tolerable air of comfort. The provisions and "medical comforts" are good and abundant, and the men appear contented and well satisfied with their treatment.

Much improvement has been effected, it is said, in the condition of the hospitals within the last few weeks, attributable in a great measure to the judicious application of the large subscribed funds, and abundant contributions of every kind now pouring in upon the army from all sides, and appropriated under the active management of the *Times*' correspondent, and other gentlemen who have philanthropically devoted their time and energies to this service, and whose zeal and activity, as I have had opportunities to judge, are beyond all praise. This improved state of things is fully appreciated by the inmates of Scutari hospital, and the best feeling prevails.

In conversation with some of them I heard it said, "We now know that our
Queen and our country are mindful of us, and that we are not forgotten.” “Perhaps all we have suffered could not be helped,” and so on.

Some wounded men whom I spoke with heartily expressed an honourable desire to return to the Camp before Sebastopol when their wounds shall be healed; having borne their part so far in the contest, they said they would “like to see it out.”

The number of patients now at Scutari alone, without reckoning the smaller establishments in the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, is no less than two thousand three hundred; and twelve hundred more, arrived yesterday and last night from Balaklava, are slowly landing in small drafts, or waiting on shipboard while accommodation is preparing for them in another part of the extensive buildings of the hospital.

Towards this other part I now wended my way, and, following a waggon coming from the commissariat store and high piled with long bags of straw intended for beds,
I presently entered a wilderness of lime heaps, mortar, tiles, beams, deal boards, shavings, and rubbish; thence, guided by a stream of hod-men, mortar-boys, and porters, I ascended a broad, dirty stair, and, amid the clang of hammers, grating of saws, shouts of workmen, and general slop and disorder, found myself at once in the wards preparing for the sick.

Here, I must admit, the state of things seemed fully to justify the worst reports. So terribly has the provision of hospital accommodation been allowed to fall in arrear of the demand that, with more than a thousand sick detained afloat waiting admission, the few hundreds landed this morning are not yet provided for; but though the day is nearly spent many of them are still sitting or lying upon the wet ground near the entrance gates.

As glaziers and plasterers are hurried from a ward, a number of the bags of straw are hastily dragged in and disposed round the damp walls upon the dirty floor. The
poor, wasted sufferers, half dead with cold, and exhausted by long waiting, are then admitted, and appear thankful to be stretched even upon this apology for a bed; the first, as some told me, they had lain upon since they quitted England.

But what a contrast between these beds and those I have described in the French hospital. The dirty, damp straw in place of hair is bad enough, but the sheets are such abominations as surely sick men were never before consigned to. Of coarse brown linen, canvass in fact, unwashed and crude as they are drawn from the bale, they unfold like maps in hard rigid squares, and when the shivering patient is placed between them lie as close and look about as comfortable as would a couple of sheets of thick cartridge paper applied to the same purpose.

To take wasted men, suffering from violent diarrhoea, strip off their woollen stockings and under clothing, and consign them to beds like these, appeared to me
little short of murder. No blanket even is placed underneath, nothing but cold canvass between the chilled victim and the dirty, damp-looking straw.

I could not help inquiring of one of the nurses why the two blankets and woollen rug were all uselessly piled outside these rigid sheets, and was answered that if placed underneath they would become soiled. Thus the washing of a blanket is, it seems, to be weighed against a man's life. Indeed, there appears to me reason to fear that these newly arrived nurses—though undoubtedly a valuable acquisition to the hospital staff—will, unless efficiently checked, be disposed to adhere too closely to routine with a view to save trouble, but at too great a sacrifice of the wants and requirements of the patients.

Much ado was made this afternoon by some of these fussy old bodies, because a number of men had, after long patient attendance, been put into the beds as they were got ready without awaiting their turn
to be previously washed, though before that turn would have arrived, to judge from appearances, exhaustion might in some instances have led to death. But Miss Nightingale is here, bringing hope to every desponding heart and assurance of the speedy reform of all these minor defects. She, with her assistants, is in this recently occupied portion of the hospital to-day, energetically combating the many graver obstacles and more serious abuses which here impede her progress towards improvement.

It was late in the afternoon when I left the hospital to return to Pera, yet so many of the sick were still waiting in the court that it appeared very doubtful whether all could be provided for before night. It might be argued that all this suffering is but the necessary consequences of the incidents and proportions of the war, were it not for the fact that the French, with a larger force in the field, are not found in this continual state of deficient preparation.
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Their hospitals are ever prepared to receive the sick as they arrive, and if they are not overwhelmed with such numbers this only implies that the camp arrangements of our allies must be better than ours.
CHAPTER III.


Wednesday, 20th. A dismal, wet day adds its gloomy influence to the usual melancholy which seems to pervade everything, and weigh heavily upon all sojourners in this dull city. I already begin to wish myself away, but cannot hear of any steamer being likely to proceed to Balaklava immediately. The present disheartening aspect of the war; the constant arrivals of sick and disabled in such overwhelming numbers; the certainty that yet greater sufferings must be encountered ere the severities of a Crimean winter shall be overcome; and the hopelessness of anything of importance
being achieved before the return of spring, all combine to produce a depression of spirits and positive absence of anything like gaiety, which render Constantinople just now a very undesirable place for a traveller in pursuit of amusement and pleasure.

Thursday, 21st. The same miserable weather continuing prevented our undertaking much; fortified, however, with greatcoats, umbrellas, and large boots drawn over the trousers—a common peculiarity of costume here—Major B—and myself tramped forth, crossed the Golden Horn by the pontoon bridge to Stamboul, and beguiled some hours loitering about the dark arcades of the gloomy bazaar till the bitter cold drove us home again.

Nothing can exceed the filthy muddiness of this sloppy city. It is difficult to conceive where such a perpetual supply of black mire proceeds from. The streets are all paved, though roughly, it must be confessed; and there is but small traffic of
animals or wheels. A horseman is occasionally met, clattering and stumbling over the slippery, uneven stones, and now and then an antideluvian-looking gilt carriage, drawn by a single under-sized horse, whose driver walks by his head. The transport of baggage and goods of every description is performed by the porters or hummals, who are at all times to be seen toiling up the steep and slippery streets with trunks and carpet-bags packed upon their sturdy backs, enough to load a mule; or, in parties of four or six, staggering along under the weight of an immense cask or package slung to poles, which they bear across their shoulders.

Friday, 22nd. A dismal, sloppy day again; but the cold and cheerlessness of the common sitting room of our hotel drove us forth. Fuel is very dear, and our continual remonstrances fail to obtain anything like sufficient fires at Messeri's.

In company with my friend, Major B——, I made a visit to the Mosque of St. Sophia.
By payment of a small fee we gained admittance, though not without some little delay, for our fez caps and moustaches leading the functionary at the door to mistake us for Greeks, he would not at first let us pass; as soon, however, as he became aware that we were English, all difficulties vanished. Even taking off boots before entering a mosque is not now insisted on, provided you go furnished with clean slippers or goloshes to draw on over the boots when entering, and thus avoid defiling the pavement of the mosque with mud or dust from the street.

With the interior of St. Sophia we were disappointed. The famous porphyry columns are rather curious than beautiful, and there is a general air of nakedness and dirt.

Hearing that the fine steamship Golden Fleece, now lying in the Bosphorus, is ordered for the Crimea, I went this afternoon on board, and, to my great satisfaction, was informed by the captain not only that he expects to sail for Balaklava in a few
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...days, but what is more to the purpose, that he has little doubt of being able to give me a passage. An order from Admiral Boxer is, however, it seems, indispensable.

Saturday, 23rd. Took advantage of the fine weather—the sun having got out again at last—to make another excursion across the Bosphorus to Scutari. So rough are the waves which roll in from the sea of Marmora, that in bad weather the slender caiques, the only ferry boats here, will not venture over. Even to-day the swell was troublesome, and our caiquees very anxious that we should sit still and steady.

Matters are not much improved at the hospital; hundreds of men are still on board ship waiting to be admitted, though the wards are already crowded with more than twice as many beds as the French medical officers allow in a like space; but I have been informed by the chief of the French medical staff here, that every patient in their hospitals is entitled to a specified number of cubic feet of air by positive
military regulation, and this regulation the medical officers dare not disregard. Some poor emaciated fellows just landed, whom we met painfully toiling up the hill towards the hospital gates, had been, they told us, twenty days on board.

A melancholy spectacle presented itself as we approached the hospital: numbers of thin attenuated corpses, sewed up in blankets, were passing, borne upon stretchers towards the adjacent burial ground by a party of Turkish labourers, whose chattering and laughter, as they hurried along with rapid step, seemed to indicate but little sympathy with the sufferings of their Christian friends, and increased the saddening influence of the scene.

Sunday, 24th. So short are now the wintry days, and so dark and cold the mornings and evenings, that really night comes round again before one has time to achieve anything. To-day I accomplished nothing beyond a short walk of a mile or two upon the bleak, uncultivated hills in the
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outskirts of the city. Even there the sight of a newly formed burial ground, with long rows of yawning graves prepared to receive the dead from the French hospital, denied all escape from the usual course of melancholy reflection. A few stolid-looking Turks, dragged and bedaubed with mire, were engaged in filling the soddened earth into such of these wet, dismal-looking, last-resting-places as had already received their inmates.

I was glad to get back to the table d'hôte at our hotel, for, with all the drawbacks to cheerfulness, here at least there is always enough of novelty and interest to render the evenings in some measure agreeable. Nearly every day our dinner party is varied by the disappearance of well-known faces and the arrival of new, coming not only from the Crimea and England but from all parts of the world besides; thus we hear all that passes in every quarter.

Some invalided officers arrived from the Camp to-day, bring intelligence of a
description far from agreeable. The cold, it appears, in addition to other hardships, is now telling upon the troops to such a degree that the men cannot be kept sufficiently alert, or sometimes even awake, in the advanced trenches; and the enemy, profiting by this state of things, succeeded a few nights since in taking a party of the 50th so completely by surprise that, entering the trench with the bayonet, they succeeded in killing and wounding above a score of men, Major Möller among the number, and carrying off as prisoners Captain Frampton and Lieutenant Clarke, with eight or ten men, before they were checked and driven back by the 34th. A few nights previously a similar attack had been made with equal success upon the trenches of our allies; the Russians on that occasion succeeded in carrying off three small guns.

An anecdote of a less unpleasant nature, related to me by an officer of the 79th, seems so illustrative of the state of things
in the Camp, that I will here repeat it. My informant was coming into Balaklava late one afternoon, when he observed a poor fellow who had passed the previous night in the trenches, struggling through the deep mire under the weight of fourteen rations of salt pork, which he had to carry up to the Camp, four or five miles distant. Rain was falling at the time in torrents, and the man, not perceiving that anybody was within hearing, was consoling himself with the following soliloquy:—“Well, if ever I gets back to England again, the first time I meets one of them hurdy-gurdy beggars a singing, ‘Britons never, never shall be slaves,’ d—n me, if I don’t punch his head.”

Monday, 25th. There is little to remind one of merry Christmas; no signs of feasting or jollity, except that more than the ordinary number of tipsy sailors are to be seen dancing in the streets, and indulging in various frolics, to the great scandal of the sober Turks, who look on with a
mingled expression of amusement and contempt. Many are the outrages against Moslem propriety which these most eccentric of beings—British sailors—have perpetrated since the fleet first anchored in the Bosphorus. They have been known to carry frolic so far, as to stop carriages filled with hareem beauties, and jumping in to seat themselves among the ruffled fair ones. And on one occasion, we were informed by an eye-witness, as a solemn, gray-bearded Pasha, mounted upon a richly caparisoned steed, and followed at a respectful distance by his swarthy attendant, was pacing along the main street of Pera, a half-drunken tar dashed at him, and, with a running jump, perched himself behind the saddle, then seizing the astonished Turk by the beard with both hands, so that he could not turn even to see his assailant, Jack plied his heels, and set the horse into a gallop.

If all else be wanting, the weather, at any rate, is quite Christmas-like, cold and
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wintry enough to admit of any amount of blazing hearths and smoking sirloins. Determined, however, to make an effort to see something of the surrounding country, I engaged a saddle-horse, the charge for which was seven shillings in English money, and set out to face the cold north wind, drizzle, and sleet. I took the road to Therapia, which follows the heights upon the European shore of the Bosphorus; I was no sooner off the pavement which extends a little beyond the bounds of the city, than the road became a perfect slough of yellow clay, so deep, that in many parts my horse could with difficulty struggle through it. Hoping matters might improve, however, I pushed on.

To my surprise, I found the country quite wild and uncultivated, except along the short abrupt slopes to the Bosphorus shore; all in the rear of these is wild heath, and very much broken by deep gulleys and ravines. Much of the cultivated land is devoted to growing strawberries, of
which I saw many large fields during my ride.

In another field I found a Turkish husbandman at work, planting wheat. His plough was quite as rude as those of Egypt, from which, indeed, it differed only in being fitted with a short spur, or stump of wood, to serve in a sort of way the purposes of a mouldboard.

Entering the field, I remained for awhile to observe how this rude implement performed its work, and to admire the extreme docility of the pair of small oxen, which, guided by reins, seemed as obedient and tractable as the steadiest horses.

While thus engaged, a couple of English sailors came up along the road, mounted on ponies, and as gay and full of spirits as Jack is wont to be on such occasions; they no sooner espied me riding beside the plough, than, speaking in a broad Somersetshire dialect, one cried out—"Hulloa, here's a varmer!" And then addressing his companion, he continued—"I zay, Joe,
this is English though, ain't it? Here's an oud varmer out a viewin is ground; yes, he's a ridin round to view is ground, but he've got too good a zuit a clothes of is back, though." With this critical remark, the two jogged on in search of fresh wonders, and never doubting they had seen a real live Turkish farmer; and their friends at home will, no doubt, hear in due time how they saw a farmer in Turkey riding round his ground for all the world like an English farmer, only that he carried a red figure-head.

After splashing and labouring on a few miles further without finding much improvement in the state of the road, at about eight miles from Constantinople I turned off upon a track which led by numerous windings down the heights to the water side. Here I found a paved way running close along the shore of the Bosphorus, and leading apparently towards Pera, and having had enough of the quagmire, called a road, on the heights above, I
resolved to follow this, and take my chance, though directions I could get none, not understanding Turkish, and the Turks being particularly dull at comprehending signs.

Owing to the wind having gone round to the north, after blowing for some time from the opposite direction, the current which constantly flows from the Black Sea through the Bosphorus is running today with so much force, that it is with difficulty boats can be pulled against it. No description can do justice to the scenery of this beautiful strait, whose waters are bordered with numerous villages, forts, palaces, and mosques, and whose lofty, sloping shores are covered with mansions, hanging gardens, orchards, and cypress-groves. The fertile banks, the absence of tides, and the rapid stream, impart to the Bosphorus quite the appearance of a broad freshwater river.

The paved road, or street I ought rather to call it, as it passes between continuous
rows of houses throughout nearly its whole extent, led me, as I anticipated, back to the city; but before entering Tophana, finding myself before the open gates of the Sultan's new palace, I turned my horse, and was riding through, when I was stopped by a cawass, who, however, most good-humouredly gave me to understand by signs, that, although inadmissible on horseback, I might proceed on foot; he, moreover, gave my nag to the porter to hold, and I immediately set off through the garden to the principal entrance of the palace: here I was met by another functionary, who spoke French, and who led me all over the unoccupied parts of the building. Many of the principal apartments are not yet completed, but enough is done to show that when finished the interior of the palace will be of surpassing magnificence.

The grand vestibule is strikingly beautiful, extending through the entire height of the building to the lofty dome; and the
light being admitted from above through pink stained glass, tints with a delicate rose-colour the white marbles of the interior, thus producing a superb and most enchanting effect.

Notwithstanding the extremely unpromising appearance of the morning, the day, though very cold, proved rather fine. During the afternoon the sun shone out for awhile; and when, as evening approached, I rejoined my friends at the hotel, I felt well pleased with my day's excursion.

The English hostess, English pretensions of the house, and abundance of English guests, considered, the attempted imitation of English Christmas fare at the table d'hôte to-night was not very creditable. The glorious sirloin was miserably represented by some wretched slices of beef; and a sorry composition of plums and paste did duty for a Christmas pudding. However, I must do Messeri's the justice to say that the usual fare is by no means
bad; the fish is good, and we have always a liberal third course of game, venison, wild boar, hare, snipe, or woodcock, with all of which the markets here are remarkably well supplied. The butcher’s meat of Constantinople is, however, nearly as bad as that of Egypt; the cause being, I fancy, in both cases sufficiently explained by the fact, that a certain mode of treating the male animals, by us considered essential, is among these Orientals dispensed with.
CHAPTER IV.


Tuesday, 26th. Last night it appears our jolly tars, in the exuberance of their Christmas humour, carried their practical joking beyond the point of Turkish, or, at any rate, of Greek endurance; and several were stabbed and badly wounded during the evening. The Turkish police have all along shown the greatest forbearance and reluctance to curb even the most extravagant frolics of the Sultan's allies; one incident connected with last night's irregularities is, therefore, the more to be regretted.

A row between some natives and soldiers assuming an unusually angry and serious
aspect, a policeman, or cawass, felt constrained to interfere, when a French soldier, savagely making a thrust at him with his sword, dug an eye completely from the socket. Even under this provocation, the poor cawass, though well armed, was able to restrain his temper, and merely disarming the Frenchman, he turned away without seeking retaliation or vengeance.

It is said that the allies are about to establish a police force in Constantinople, to restrain the vagaries of their own men; and assuredly this unfortunate occurrence goes far to prove the necessity of such a measure.

Our own sailors conducted their proceedings, if not with more discretion, at least with better temper. A party of them having been turned out of a Greek drinking shop in a manner which gave them offence, they set off to beat up recruits. Headed by their boatswain with his pipe, they paraded the streets, and speedily
collected fifty or sixty hands belonging to different ships in the port. Thus reinforced, they returned to the scene of action, and the boatswain having piped all hands to quarters, shouted with stentorian lungs—"All hands down house!" and forthwith down the house came accordingly.

Among the most agreeable incidents of my sojourn here, I may reckon the having made acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. B—r, brother of the brave defender of Silistria.

The weather being unusually fine to-day, he and I, with Major B—, set off for a rambling, sight-seeing expedition across the Golden Horn; and about the quarter of the old Seraglio. Here the French are constructing an extensive range of wooden buildings for hospitals, in a fine airy situation, at Seraglio Point, formerly a part of the Seraglio Gardens. We went through some of the buildings which are already occupied, and found all as well ordered apparently as in the main hospital at Pera.
The mortality is said to be now much greater in our hospitals than in those of the French. If the figures given us by their chief medical officer be correct, which I cannot doubt, it would appear that out of a given number of sick we lose near twice as many as the French do. This difference, it is thought, is mainly attributable to our system of overcrowding.

We saw several Russians again to-day among the wounded; they, for the most part, wore a very sullen and dejected expression: one old gray-headed man tells that he has served more than thirty years in the armies of the Czar. Nearly all the men in the wards we visited are from the battle-field of Inkermann, and a large proportion of them have lost arms or legs by cannon-shot.

Among the old Seraglio buildings we were shown the ancient Hall of Audience of the Sultans. It is a small detached building, kept doubly locked and bolted; and to gain admittance we had to pay a
pretty large fee, and to wait besides while a written permit was procured from some functionary, whose title I forget.

After all there was not much to see within. The ancient throne, or divan, much resembles a large brass four-post bedstead; the corners, or posts, and other prominent parts, are rather finely chased, and studded with stones of various colours; many of these have been picked out and purloined.

Near the door of this chamber when we first approached we met a couple of French naval officers who had failed to gain admittance, being unwilling, I fancy, to pay the required fee; they were in great wrath.

"Attendons," one of them exclaimed, "encore un an et ces messieurs la demandons de nous tous ces permissions!"

This is not the only occasion on which I have heard like sentiments expressed by the French since I came to Constantinople.

An English transport ship, freighted with stores for the Crimea, was burned to-day in the Bosphorus. She was on fire at an
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early hour this morning, and could be seen from the upper windows of our hotel. Smoke only was then issuing from the forecastle, and her deck was covered with men from a perfect fleet of boats that had come to her aid. Yet with all this assistance the fire could not be subdued; and the unfortunate vessel was ultimately towed clear of the shipping into shallow water, and there scuttled; her masts and rigging made a splendid illumination when the fire caught them; she is now burned to the water's edge. It is reported that a part of the cargo consisted of warm clothing for the army.

Admiral Dundas has arrived en route to England, leaving Sir E. Lyons in command. The change is hailed by all here as an event full of promise as regards the future operations of the Black Sea Fleet.

Though the sun shone brightly to-day, the air was very cold and piercing.

Wednesday, 27th. Mr. R——, British
Consul at Tangier, quitting Constantinople to-day, and leaving behind him his horse to be disposed of, I have arranged to have the use of the animal by merely paying the livery charges till he shall be sold, and as the horse is a very good one, I am well pleased with my bargain.

Horses, like all other things here, have greatly risen in price since the arrival of the allied forces in the Bosphorus, and they are now as dear and bad as they are said to have been good and cheap some months ago. A good nag, I am told, could then be obtained for six or seven pounds, now treble that sum is asked for an inferior animal.

For the first time since I passed the Dardanelles the sun to-day shone brightly from his rising to his going down. Such weather was not to be slighted; so, mounted upon my newly-acquired nag, I again crossed the Golden Horn by one of its three bridges, and spent the whole day exploring the narrow streets and thronged
bazaars of Stamboul, the Turkish portion of the city.

The sunshine had brought out the ladies of the hareems. I saw many in the bazaars, and met several carriages, each generally containing four of the veiled fair ones; among the Turks, men are never seen in the same carriage with ladies. I thought the beauty of several very great; and its effect rather heightened than otherwise by the white yashmack, or mask, which, under the operation of modern progress and reform, has been reduced to a texture so delicate and web-like, as to be quite transparent.

The Turkish ladies would, in my opinion, show little wisdom should they attempt to carry innovation further: their eyes, which are magnificent, gain by being the only features unveiled, while the lower parts of the face, which are often coarse, are softened by the partial concealment. In a general way, I think the reputation for beauty of the women of Constantinople has been greater than they deserve.
The most beautiful female children in the world are to be seen here; but after their precocious early youth is past, the figures of the women are heavy and ungraceful—large hands, with coarse ankles and feet, appearing to be the rule. The latter defects are rendered more conspicuous by the shapeless, ungainly, yellow leather boots, almost as high as Wellingtons, worn by the females when abroad. Added to all this, whether the effect of their frequent use of the hot bath, of their sedentary and indoor life, or of the climate, it is certain that the Turkish women, high and low, generally show a sickly, yellow tinge in their complexion, which greatly detracts from the beauty of the most handsome among them.

Numbers of the women of the inferior classes, who are to be met in the streets of Stamboul, are disgustingly ugly, fat, yellow, and flabby; with slipshod feet they waddle along, the most unpleasing specimens of womankind ever beheld.
Thursday, 28th. I have made several ineffectual attempts to see Admiral Boxer, but have hitherto found him either "gone out," or already engaged, and besides so deeply bespoken by an impatient crowd of sea captains and naval officers, that to wait till my turn should arrive seemed a hopeless undertaking. To-day I was, however, fortunate enough to catch him at last, and my business was soon settled, much to my satisfaction, by his giving me an order for a passage in the Golden Fleece to Balaklava. After all that I had heard of the irascible temper and unceremonious style of the gallant Admiral, the kindness of his manner and the obliging way in which he met my wishes were an agreeable surprise. The only difficulty was one that I ought to have foreseen: I ought to have felt aware that when thus asking to be carried to the Allied camps, it would be necessary that I, a perfect stranger, should produce some credentials, yet had I come without introduction, and unprepared with any reference.
This difficulty was, however, soon removed by the appearance of my friend, Mr. B——, who, in his clerical capacity, has recently received an appointment in the Camp, and is also seeking a passage to the Crimea.

If some of the numerous applicants, whose wants, wishes, or requirements Admiral Boxer is so incessantly called upon to attend to occasionally, meet with rough answers, or hear language abhorrent to ears polite, the following anecdote, I think, helps to prove that it is not always that gallant officer who is to blame. A few days ago a gentleman who had occasion to proceed to Balaklava, called at the office to obtain the necessary order for a passage. He found Admiral Boxer engaged; but, as he pleaded the urgency of his business, the gentleman, who is a clergyman, was admitted, his application heard, and the required order given; preparing to leave he had reached the door when, bethinking himself of his horse, he turned back to ask a passage for that also.
This second interruption the Admiral still patiently endured; the necessary paper was signed and given, and the gentleman made his bow and departed; an instant afterwards, however, the door again opened, and the same gentleman reappeared to ask the Admiral if he could give any idea when Sébastopol was likely to fall!! What human patience could stand this? The clergyman, as may be imagined, found it advisable to beat a speedy retreat, and has been since heard to complain that Admiral Boxer uses language too forcible, not to say profane, for pious lips to repeat.

From the Admiral's office Mr. B—— and myself hurried off with all speed to the Golden Fleece, and were just in time to secure the last cabin, containing two berths. The ship is quite full; besides the 39th regiment, recently arrived from Gibraltar, she has on board drafts for different regiments serving in the Crimea, and three hundred convalescents from Scutari, in all fifteen hundred men. In the cabin there
are some fifty officers, and a few others, who have obtained orders for passages like ourselves.

The vessel is to sail early to-morrow, and as the fair weather continues we have every hope of a fine passage.
CHAPTER V.

Under Weigh for Balaklava—Serious Result of Want of Method—General Complaints of Inaction before Sebastopol—The Bay of Balaklava—The Harbour and its Entrance—View of the Allied Camps—Timely Discovery of a Relative—A Foot Ramble to the Camps—A Sight of the Cossacks.

Friday, 29th. Packed up and got on board about noon, and, as the anchor was soon afterwards hove up, we were congratulating ourselves upon the prospect of viewing the fine scenery of the Bosphorus under the advantage of the bright sunshine with which we were again favoured to-day. In this, however, we were doomed to be disappointed, for just as we were about to move, as if to afford us a sample of the irregular and unmethodical mode in which these matters are conducted here, a barge came alongside laden with more than a hundred bales of fur coats for the army, and with orders that they should be forthwith taken on board.
The captain, angry that so large a quantity of cargo should thus have been sent at the last moment, ordered that the barge should be made fast alongside, and proceeded to work his ship out of the crowd of vessels among which she was moored.

This operation consumed much time, during which the barge and the fur coats appeared to be forgotten, for after a great deal of going ahead, backing astern, warping and turning, we had just got clear out into the rapid stream of the Bosphorus, and were advancing under full steam when, hearing a loud crashing alongside, we looked over and saw that one of the ship's life-boats, which was also towing, had by some entanglement been turned bottom upwards upon the barge, across which it was now dragging, breaking the lashings, and tumbling the high-piled bales into the water. To make matters worse the barge broke adrift, and borne by the strong current was carried rapidly away, floating amid the
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immersed bales like a duck surrounded by her young ones.

Great and most discreditable confusion followed, boats put off without sufficient oars or men, and so much time was wasted before any efficient measures were adopted that two hours had elapsed ere the barge was again alongside, and one of the floating bales was allowed to sink and was lost altogether.

In consequence of this mishap it was near sunset ere the coats were all shipped, and the boats hoisted in. We therefore passed through the Bosphorus in the dark, much to our disappointment.

Saturday, 30th. The morning came in wet, cold, and dismal, and found us out of sight of land, and slowly progressing across the Black Sea. The wind, dead against us, is light fortunately, for the auxiliary steam-power of the Golden Fleece—only three hundred horse—is not sufficient to enable so large a vessel to make head against a strong wind; as it is, our speed does not exceed five to six knots.
A great part of the crew has been employed all day unpacking the saturated fur coats, and rinsing them in fresh water; they are now hung all over the quarter rails and rigging, imparting a rather laundry-like appearance to the ship's decks.

We sat down to dinner this evening about fifty strong; the sea being tolerably smooth, and the ship so large, there is no motion to disturb the tenderest stomach, and all answered the summons of the dinner-bell. The officers of all ranks and ages are a good deal depressed and out of spirits with the prospects before them—a prospect of discomfort, privation, and suffering for all, and of sickness and death for many, without any immediate promise of compensation in the shape of a fair field for honour and distinction.

In the newly arrived regiments at the Camp the mortality is now the greatest. The 89th, which left Gibraltar for the seat of war only a week before the 39th, is already reported to have lost one officer and
fifty men dead, and a hundred and fifty sick, though they have not yet had an opportunity to pull a trigger.

General are the complaints that inaction is murdering the army, and one constantly hears expressed the belief that would the Generals only accede to the unanimous wish of every soldier in the Camp, and order the assault without further preparation, Sebastopol would fall, at a cost of much blood without doubt; but then all say, Better that a few thousands of us should thus die than that the whole army should rot away in trenches and hospitals, without achievement and without renown. Such is now the want of confidence in the ability of the commanders, so frequent the instances of blundering incompetency in the commissariat and other departments, and so general the apprehension that the insufficiency of all arrangements will prove the cause of more wholesale disaster before the winter can be got through, that a gloomy feeling of doubt—I may almost say despondency—
is becoming everywhere apparent, depressing the most light-hearted, and filling the most resolute with anxious forebodings.

Our progress throughout the day has been so slow that, unless favoured with a change of wind, we have small hope, our captain tells us, of reaching Balaklava tomorrow.

Sunday, 31st. When we got on deck this morning, we were agreeably surprised to find that, owing to a change of wind during the night, we had made such good progress that the bold rocky coast of the Crimea was already in sight, and at no great distance. The sky was clear, and the snow which capped all the heights along the shore, showed cold and bright under the rays of the early sun.

Scattered over the sea, ten or twelve sail could be counted, and a huge leviathan steamer was crossing astern of us, coming from the French port of Kamiesch, and steering in the direction of Sinope. Right ahead lay the bay of Balaklava; but so
narrow is the entrance to the harbour that although we were now no more than three or four miles distant it was not yet visible, the lofty cliffs appearing to form an unbroken and continuous barrier.

As we neared the shore, however, the position of the opening was disclosed by the appearance of a small steamer, which suddenly passed out as if from the face of the rock; and anon, gradually disclosing her interminable length, an immense steamship also came slowly forth into view, dragged from this same invisible hiding-place, in tow of the little tug.

As we approached the cliffs, we could see piled up all along their base great heaps and ridges of splintered wood, the awful vestiges of the tempest and wrecks of the 14th ultimo.

The little tug having safely disposed of her large friend, which proved to be the Jason, now came to conduct us in, and never surely was seen a craft doing duty in such a dilapidated condition—her paddle-boxes
smashed and gone, stern crushed out of all shape, figure-head wanting, and cutwater demolished, she seemed a most appropriate messenger to introduce us to the scenes of destruction we were about to enter.

Dashing boldly up, her naked paddle-wheels making a great disturbance, she ran alongside, took a hawser on board, and went ahead, but with the first pull the rope parted, and ere she could again make fast, a brig showing Genoese colours had passed ahead of us, and got into the entrance. Here the tall cliffs taking the wind out of her sails, she became unmanageable, and was drifting upon the rocks, when the busy little steamer casting us off again hurried away to the rescue, took her in tow, and the two speedily vanished between the cliffs.

We had now ample opportunity to survey the disastrous bay of Balaklava, lately the grave of so many gallant ships. The so-called bay is merely a very slight indentation in an iron-bound shore, with deep
water, and a rocky, bad bottom. Yet it was here that, with sheet and bower-anchors lost, and only a small stream-anchor remaining, the luckless steam-ship, Prince, with her immense cargo of warm clothing and hospital stores—things at the time of such inestimable value to the army—was compelled to remain day after day till the tempest came, and this notwithstanding the frequently urged request of her commander to be allowed either to enter the harbour, or, at any rate, to quit his dangerous position, and keep out at sea until he could be admitted. A little to the right of the entrance to the harbour was pointed out to us the spot where this magnificent vessel drove upon the rocks; the stupendous cliffs are here not perpendicular merely, but absolutely caverned under and overhanging; and the ship is said to have disappeared within two minutes after she struck.

Having made several turns up and down the bay, vainly awaiting the return of our
small friend the tug, the captain at length began to share the impatience of his passengers, and resolved to attempt the entrance unassisted. Steering boldly into the deep but narrow channel, in a few minutes we reached the sharp turn which at once constitutes the difficulty of the entrance, and adds to the shelter and security of the harbour. Safely passing this corner, we immediately found ourselves among such a crowd of vessels as nearly filled the docklike little port, whose waters, though not half a mile long; and in width less than twice the length of our ship, are very deep; and so bold are the shores, that ships of large tonnage may almost rub their sides against the rocks. About seventy vessels, mostly large ones, including twenty great steamers, are now packed in this limited space.

After some delay and manoeuvring, the Golden Fleece having been backed into a narrow opening and moored, I got ashore; and impatient to look about me, made my
way at once through the deep mire and sloughs of Balaklava, and gaining the stony heights which hem in the village, I pushed forward to climb as far as the approach of evening would allow.

The view which opened to me when I reached the summit of the first hill well repaid me for my toil. Far above, at a height of some one thousand six hundred feet in the rear of Balaklava, and near the cliffs which overlook the bay, could be seen the tents and huts of the Marines dotted over the snow, which still lay unmelted in those upper regions. Below these is a camp of Turks; and lower still, upon the same hills, a force of Zouaves and the 79th Highlanders encamped together; the Zouaves take mightily to their kilted allies, who they call Zouaves Ecossais. More to the left, in the direction of Sebastopol, is the camp of the 18th, recently arrived; their tents are pitched upon a long, muddy slope, and look dismal in the extreme. A little to the right of these is
another Turkish camp pitched in a perfect marsh; and thence the eye can trace cavalry camps, French and Turks, extending away to the heights occupied by the main body of the besieging army.

Beyond those heights the occasional booming of cannon indicates the position of the doomed city, and tells that though the work of death now languishes, it is not entirely stayed.

Balaklava is but a miserable village of small, mean buildings, mostly constructed of rough stones, with tiled roofs, and occupying a narrow slip of sloping ground, enclosed between precipitous, stony hills and the waters of the harbour. The only egress on the land side is by a narrow pass between the water and the rocks, which towards the upper end of the harbour approach close to the shore. At the foot of these rocks issues a fine copious spring of excellent water, in ample abundance for the supply of the town, shipping, and every other purpose,
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Night closing in by the time I had seen thus much, I returned on board the Golden Fleece.

Monday, January 1st, 1855. Last night I learned that the Medway steamer, commanded by a relative, is among the ships in the harbour. I, therefore, sought her out this morning, and went on board. My cousin, whom I now meet for the first time, received me most hospitably, giving me a warm, snug cabin, and the use of a pony to make my projected excursions to the camp, so I am now comfortably provided for; and already quite at home in this out-of-the-way place. This seems really a Godsend, for I was unaware that I had any friend in the Crimea, and lodging is not to be had for money. I might have arranged with the steward to remain in the Golden Fleece so long as she stays, but she is much crowded and very comfortless.

After removing my traps to the Medway, I set out in company with Mr. G——d, a young fellow-passenger, for a day's ramble
on foot; the day being too far advanced to allow of an excursion to the "front," we resolved to devote the afternoon to an exploration of the camps nearer at hand upon the heights.

After a rather fatiguing ascent, we reached the Marines' encampment; the snow had disappeared, and the camp when approached looked more comfortable than at a distance. Most of these men have housed themselves in little huts, excavated in the dry hillside, and roofed over with timber and pieces of sail-cloth, the debris of the wrecks below; earth is again heaped over all, and the huts being furnished besides with ingeniously-contrived little fireplaces with mud chimneys, they are tolerably warm and comfortable, forming a far better defence than the most perfect tent against the piercing blasts which sweep over this highland camp.

Leaving the Marines, we passed the trench which defends the outside of their position, and proceeded along the heights
about a mile towards a picquet of Rifles, occupying the most advanced post upon this side. Here we were warned to go no further, as Cossacks were upon the next ridge, and an over-adventurous explorer had been carried off by them this morning before the eyes of the Riflemen, whose shouts and warnings to turn back were unheeded or unheard.

Scrambling through the low scrub of dwarf oaks, we ascended to the hilltop occupied by the sentries of the Rifles, and from thence could plainly discern the Cossacks, some prowling about among the bushes like hungry wolves, whilst others sat beside their dark steeds sheltering themselves from the bitter wind. A rather deep ravine separated them from our Riflemen, but they were not beyond the range of a Minié ball.

Having brought a well-stored haversack with us, we now lighted a fire, and prepared some chocolate, which, with biscuit, delicious figs which I procured at Smyrna,
and a drop of brandy for a finish, we discussed with an appetite such as is known only to those who inhale the keen air of the mountains.

While we were thus engaged, a little excitement was occasioned by one of the sentries on the watch coming down to say that he thought the Cossacks were "going to try a shot at us," as he could "see their rifle barrels gleaming as though levelled;" no shot came, however, though we did not budge from our fireside.

Before setting out on our return, we emptied our haversack of its remaining contents, and the eager way in which these were appropriated by our friends the Rifle-men, seemed to show that the cold, bracing, hungry wind, and a soldier's ration, were not quite in harmony and accordance with each other.

As we descended the hill towards Balaklava, the red glow of the setting sun gave promise of fine weather for to-morrow.
CHAPTER VI.


Tuesday, 2nd. To our great disappointment rain came on during the night, and fell heavily, and the weather looks so threatening this morning that I am again compelled to defer my intended excursion to the lines before Sebastopol. The condition of Balaklava, bad enough yesterday, is ten times worse now. Mud in every form of liquid nastiness pervades, disfigures, and destroys everything; men and animals are daubed and bespattered with mud; bags of grain, trusses of hay, and packages of all sorts, are tumbled in the mud; bales of clothing, and bags of biscuit, are sopping in the rain. Packhorses, unskilfully loaded,
are hardly started before their loads turn and come down into the mud.

Want of skill, want of method, and want of arrangement, are obvious everywhere, even in the most simple matters. The canal of mud, called the main street, by which all the packhorses and all the ammunition waggon pass, is in one part covered with a deep layer of iron hoops, the residue of the beef casks which are opened near that spot; and in the little square where the horses and mules are assembled, awaiting their turn to be loaded, the animals sink above their knees in an accumulation of mud, rotten straw, iron hoops, and broken glass bottles, which it appears may be here scattered about without let or hindrance. To complete the perfect arrangements of this yard, a dead horse lies putrefying in the mud before the shed, which contains a quantity of half-rotten fodder, wherewith the wretched brutes are fed.

In the harbour, moored to the bank, lies
a large boat, or lighter, high piled with bales of warm clothing and fur coats, which, without covering or protection of any kind, are soddening and sopping beneath every shower that falls, though the Medway, not a hundred yards distant, is partly loaded with tarpaulings for the use of the army. The lighter and the bales were, I am assured too, exactly in their present position a week ago. Such are a few samples of the mode in which things are conducted, or, I should rather say, go on, in this chaotic place, where there seems to be neither head to devise, nor authority to direct.

I spent the morning picking my way among the sloughs and mire of Balaklava, and looking on in astonishment at the wonderful disorder. I stood some time beside the bed of hoops, watching the numbers of horses that got their legs entangled, were nearly thrown down, and went limping away, and wondering why the hoops had not been thrown into the water rather than on
to the road. Not a horse came up that did not shy and hold back, loth to trust his legs among this maze of crooked iron.

Of the waggons passing out, loaded with mud-coated shells and mire-stained packages, the greater part to-day are French; and it is mortifying to observe how superior in condition are their horses to ours. Our allies are now doing much of our land transport work for us, carrying ammunition and supplies up to the camp, and bringing our sick down. They begin to look upon us as good only for pluck, and wanting in all the other qualities necessary for soldiers. Indeed, they do not hesitate to say—"You fight best of any men in the world, but you can't see before your noses; you don't know how to campaign."

Having seen enough of Balaklava, I set out in company with my companion of yesterday for a ramble on the heights upon the opposite side of the harbour, intending to visit the Monastery of St. George; but the rain increasing to a perfect deluge, we were early driven in again.
During our walk we fell in with several small parties, both French and English, collecting sticks for fuel, or brushwood to cover the marshy floors of their tents. The English seemed much disheartened with their miseries and tedious inaction. One Irish youth belonging to the 18th, with whom we talked for a while, imparted to us with an air of great mystery, that the "min had their minds med up," if not soon led to the assault, to turn out and storm Sebastopol on their own account, the Guards, he added, having volunteered to lead.

The French, who were principally Zouaves, appeared quite brisk and cheerful; nothing seems to daunt the spirits of these fellows, who run and skip over the mud without getting themselves bedaubed and draggled as our men do, and whilst our soldiers starve and shiver in their tents, the Zouaves construct for themselves warm snug burrows underground, forage and plunder to supply the pot, and are as jolly
and contented as our fellows are depressed and miserable.

Wednesday, 3rd. When I awoke this morning, I found snow falling heavily, and all looking most gloomy and cheerless; and when on board the Golden Fleece close by, God Save the Queen was struck up by the band of the 39th, the effect was rather depressing than otherwise, it seemed so forced and hopeless an effort at cheerfulness. Those poor fellows must soon be landed, and then their ranks will be speedily thinned by the miseries and sufferings of the camp. Two of their number died on board of cholera yesterday, although their hardships have not yet begun.

After breakfast, though rather late, the sun breaking out, I resolved to make an attempt to get out to the front, and mounted on the pony furnished me by my kind host, I set out. Once clear of the rocky heights that surround the harbour of Balaklava, I found myself embarked upon
a sea of mire: prepared as I had been by my two days' sojourn here, to meet with mud in every variety and condition, I yet found the reality far exceed my anticipations. The entire surface of the country from Balaklava to the lines before Sebastopol, is one vast quagmire of dark, greasy soil, worked, kneaded, and tortured into every variety of adhesive mud. In many places my horse sank to the hocks, and could with difficulty extricate himself; yet it is through this that all things required for the army must be conveyed six or seven miles by a set of miserable mules and horses, starved and wasted to the last degree.

In the midst of this ocean of slough the tents of the grand camp are pitched, and the whole army lives and moves ankle deep in mire. Within the tents, the surface having been generally paved, or rather Macadamized with broken stone, the mud is less deep, but still the frequent ingress of the twelve or fourteen men who are
crowded into each of these dismal, mouldy dwellings, unavoidably produces a thick coating of mud, and upon this the men sit and sleep, without anything in shape of a bed, beyond a damp, mire-stained blanket, and the draggled great coat, in which they return from the trenches.

In the British cavalry camps the condition of the wretched horses is distressing to behold, as they stand shaking and trembling, fastened in long rows in the open air, water reaching above their fetlocks, and rain, sleet, and snow pelting upon their unprotected backs. The cloth with which each horse is furnished, is not unfrequently hanging beneath his belly, or even lying in the wet underneath his feet. Even officers' horses suffer the same neglected fate; they are to be seen beside their masters' tents, tied to stakes, round which they have been left to work, till they have sunk themselves to the knees, though it would not require two minutes' exertion to remove them to new and comparatively
firm ground. Horses dead and dying are lying all along the line of road, and in every bog and water-course between the camp and Balaklava. A remorseless order from head-quarters, it seems, forbids giving the coup de grace to these luckless creatures, however hopelessly worn out or disabled, and they are thus left to die by inches where they fall, or become bogged. So pitiable was the state of some of the struggling, wretched animals that I came upon during my progress, that despite orders and regulations, I could not pass on and leave them in their agony.

As I approached the front, so thick a snow-storm came on, that it was with difficulty I could find my way forward, but at the moment of reaching the point to which I was directed—an unarmed redoubt, occupied by a picquet of about twenty men—the sun by great good fortune burst suddenly forth again, and I found myself in full view of Sebastopol, with all the besieging works. The town, I thought, ap-
peared in a wonderful state of preservation, considering all the pounding and injury said to have been inflicted upon it by the allied batteries.

Away to the left, the French were sending a shell every few minutes into the town from their advanced works, which are very much nearer those of the enemy than any of ours. Some of these shells burst in the air, and the effect was then very beautiful.

To the right, on the heights beyond the Inkermann Valley, a large Russian camp was quite conspicuous, with its long lines of smoking fires. From a small battery in front of this camp a shell came at intervals, clear across the valley towards a British advanced picquet upon the next ridge to us, and the great distance considered, several of them exploded wonderfully near to those for whom they were evidently intended.

The Russian batteries before the town were quite silent, though where we stood,
the men told me, no person could show himself a short time ago, without having a round shot or a shell sent at him; but latterly, it seems, the Russian gunners have nearly abandoned the practice of firing upon single individuals, or very small parties, unless they suppose such to be officers.

Before the harbour’s mouth could be seen a dozen ships and steamers lying at anchor, the latter with steam up, watching the skulking Russians so ingloriously sheltering themselves inside; among the latter, a huge three-decker moored in the middle of the harbour, was very conspicuous.

But day was closing and I had seven or eight miles of bog to recross; therefore having shared with a civil and communicative sergeant the contents of my haversack and brandy flask, I reluctantly turned my back upon this wonderful scene, and set out on my return.

Before I had got clear of the camp, another fall of snow coming on, accom-
panied with thick fog, it was with difficulty that I made my way back to Balaklava, the snow obliterating all tracks, and the fog shutting out every surrounding object. The guiding sound of an occasional gun, however, enabled me to keep pretty near my course; and early in the evening I found myself once more before the cheerful fire of my friend’s cabin.
CHAPTER VII.

"Too Late:" its Disaster, Misery, and Suffering—Ou-
grageous Blundering—The Sick Equal the Reinforce-
ments—Another Day at the Camp—Intense Cold—A
Near View of Sebastopol—Chapman's Battery—A Visit
to the Advanced Trenches—Narrow Escape from a Rus-
sian Bullet—Unextinguished Spirit of the Soldiers—
Bad Fires and Green Coffee.

Thursday, 4th. We heard much firing at
Sebastopol during the night, but we have
not learned the cause. Snow is falling
fast, hills, ships, and houses are co-
vered with winter's hoary mantle; and the
icy blast whistles through the crowded
masts and cordage of the shipping. What
must be the suffering at the camp in such
weather it is melancholy to contemplate.
Not one of the wooden huts is yet set up,
nor is there any present prospect of their
being conveyed to the camp. With the
exception of a few boards carried on men's
shoulders to the Highlanders, Marines, and
other camps close at hand, and used to sleep upon, the materials are still on board ship, or floating in the form of rafts in the harbour, where they serve the purposes of wharfs, or landing places. There appears little chance of all this bulky material reaching the camp until it can be transported by rail; but as, up to the present time, nothing has been done towards the construction of the projected railroad beyond taking levels and selecting the line, the prospect of relief from that quarter is as yet, there is reason to fear, very distant; and it is apprehended that winter will have done its worst before the steam horse can bring the needed succours. Yet the railroad is the grand hope of all—the panacea which is to cure all evils.

"Ah," I heard it frequently said while among the camps yesterday, "ah, if the railroad was only finished things would go better."—"If we had the huts and the fur coats we should be all right."

But the fur coats, like the huts, are still
here at Balaklava, in the holds of the vessels which brought them hither, or, what is worse, unshipped only to be wasted and destroyed. The lighter I have before alluded to still remains as she was, and her precious freight, still unprotected, is buried beneath a pile of snow. When too late—when more than half the winter shall have passed, and more than half the army shall have become inmates of the hospitals, or sunk into their graves—the huts and warm clothing will probably find their way to the camp. Too late—how much of the disaster, misery, and suffering of the army, can be explained by these two words!

The extraordinary amount, the ingenious variety of blundering, which has been practised to bring about this invariable result—too late, is almost too monstrous for belief. An army is perishing of cold, wet, and hunger, within sight of the most abundant supplies and means of relief. A road is to be constructed to bring the two together, but it will be too late.
Horses are dying from exposure at a rate which threatens the speedy extinction of our cavalry force, whilst the tarpaulings intended to form shelter for them are lying in the holds of vessels in the harbour. No doubt these tarpaulings will be ultimately landed, and applied as intended to the construction of sheds, but it will be too late.

Again, it is known that the ill-fated Prince had on board when she foundered a quantity of medical stores, much needed at Scutari at the time, but these being stowed underneath supplies destined for the Crimea could not be got at till it was too late.

A large quantity of boots intended for the army was allowed to remain in the hold of the Medway for five months, though the commander of the ship made frequent application while at Balaklava for instructions with regard to them; and the Golden Fleece, in like manner, brought six thousand pairs of boots to Balaklava, but could obtain no instructions nor authority to land them. From Balaklava she sailed to
Varna, afterwards went back to Balaklava, and then proceeded to Malta, with the boots still on board, though the army was during this time barefooted, and at the camp a pound was freely given for a pair of old shoes. When the Golden Fleece again returned to Balaklava, and the urgent want of shoes had ceased to be felt, her six thousand pairs were landed, but again too late.

Instances of this system of incomprehensible, outrageous blundering, might be multiplied without end. The Jason, at a time when the batteries were short of powder, was sent down to Malta without discharging a large quantity of that necessary article which she had brought to Balaklava; and, not long since, a vessel half full of coals was sent off post-haste to Constantinople to bring a supply of that self-same commodity for the use of the fleet. How can such things happen? is a question that everybody asks, but nobody answers.

The charcoal imported for fuel is be-
ginning to reach the camp in small quantities; and one of the first results is the death of Captain Swinton, of the Artillery, who was found suffocated in his tent; and several other officers have narrowly escaped falling victims, in like manner, to the effects of carbonic acid gas.

Great numbers of sick are daily brought down from the camp—not less, I am informed on good authority, than two thousand five hundred have come in within the last ten days; this is just equal to the amount of the reinforcements that have arrived within the same period; there is, it would appear, therefore, small hope at present of increasing even the numerical strength of our remnant of an army now before Sebastopol.

The weather continued so inclement, snow falling all day, that I made no attempt to leave my snug quarters in the Medway’s cabin. This evening there are indications of freezing, and the rising quicksilver gives promise of a change to drier weather.
Friday, 5th. This morning the sun rose bright and clear in a cloudless sky, with the thermometer down to 20°. Wrapped and buttoned up in coats and woollens, till I could scarcely raise my hand to my head, I got early ashore, and set out for another day at the camp. Tracks and landmarks are all obliterated or disguised, and the entire landscape is clothed in a smooth sheet of dazzling whiteness, marked and seamed with long dark lines, formed by the passage of men and animals carrying provision up to the camp.

So intense was the cold, that before I had been long out my breath congealed upon the hair of my upper lip, and my horse's tail became a bunch of rattling icicles. Travelling was even more laborious than on the last occasion, for the snow, without hardening the surface, covered and concealed the deeper sloughs, which I might otherwise have avoided, and my horse consequently was often nearly bogged.

I reached the camp, however, after a
long struggle; and then, keeping more to the left than I did the last day, I came in view of Sebastopol at a point much nearer the works. A large English battery (Chapman's) was before me, some distance down the slope; and, as no firing was going on at this part, I went forward, and rode down to it.

For half a mile to the rear of the battery, round shot, with some unexploded shells, cover the ground in astonishing quantity; the snow, which was not deep enough to cover, rendering them more conspicuous. In hollow places they fairly lay in heaps; I saw twenty lying in a space that I might have covered with my coat, and at any time I might have stood still and counted a hundred round me.

In the battery a number of men were at work, repairing and strengthening the embrasures, and laying new platforms for guns. The chips produced by this operation were eagerly collected to feed a small
fire, over which the men occasionally strove to warm their benumbed fingers.

The icy blast was so penetrating, that, although I wore two pairs of trousers, two shirts, two waistcoats, a coat, and great coat, besides flannel under-clothing, thick lined gloves, and a large woollen comforter, I was so cramped and stiffened, that when I dismounted I was obliged to avail myself of this fire for some minutes before I could straighten myself, or recover sufficient power and sensation in my fingers to enable me to open my haversack, or get at my brandy flask.

All the eastern part of Sebastopol opposite this battery looked very tranquil and undisturbed, the occasional popping of rifles alone indicating that anything in the way of strife was going forward.

To the left, the French trenches cover the slopes, with their tortuous lines leading down to the advanced works of our active allies, where hotter work appears to be going on, the sullen roar of cannon occa-
sionally mingling with the incessant and rapid succession of rifle reports.

As I was leaving the battery, I met with an officer who was going to the advanced trenches, and gladly accepted his offer to take me down with him. Passing out by one of the embrasures, we made a short cut to the first trench, by passing over an open space of about two hundred yards; here the snow and earth were freshly torn up by Russian shot, a battery having opened this morning upon the relieving party going down to the trenches. The relieving is generally accomplished before daylight, but this morning the men were late; none, however, were killed by the shot that fell among them.

Beyond the first trench it was not considered safe to show, so we proceeded thence by the zigzag or covered way; this was in some parts, however, so full of mud, ice, and water, that we preferred taking the chance of a shot to the certainty of a wetting, and no sooner were we out of the
trench, than Minié balls began to hiss over over our heads. "That's at us," my com-
panion coolly remarked, as the first ball whizzed by.

When we gained the advanced trench which was filled with men, we were less than five hundred yards distant from the outworks of the Russians, whom we could plainly discern moving about in consider-
able numbers, and passing into their trenches, which led down to some new earthworks on the opposite side of the ravine, immediately in our front. It was not safe, however, to indulge curiosity too far, by looking over the trench. I was warned by one of the men near me not to show my head too long, or at least in one spot, and I had scarcely come down, when a bullet whizzed over the place where I stood. Two dead riflemen were lying here; they had been shot during the morning, whilst showing their heads up to take aim. The Russian sharpshooters were concealed in "rifle-pits," in advance of their works.
We could plainly see the muzzles of the guns grinning through the embrasures of the earth-works; they were quite silent now, but a deep gap ploughed through the top of the earth-bank that protects the trench in which we stood, showed that they had been recently at work. No person had been injured, the men said, by the heavy shot which made this gap, though it drove the earth into their faces, and came so low as to pass between their heads.

As the sun was declining, I was compelled to leave this exciting and interesting scene sooner than I should have wished to do. In returning, the Russian marksmen showed me the same polite attention that they had done on my coming down, but I regained the battery unscathed, and re-entering the embrasure by which I had quitted it, felt myself again out of reach of all compliments of the kind.

The fine spirit and manly bearing of the soldiers, under all their sufferings and hardships, fill one with admiration. Though
looking pinched and wasted in features and person, their once bright uniforms so begrimed and bedaubed that the colours are nearly undistinguishable, and their firelocks rusted and dirty, the valiant hardy spirit still remains unchanged. Many with whom I have conversed, say they would prefer to remain had they the option now to go. They hope the worst has passed, they say, and that the railroad will soon be made, and bring them their huts and all they want; or, at any rate, some of them observed to me, "if the next two months were 'put through,' the weather would be getting warmer, and they would be 'all right.'"

Having borne and suffered so much, too, they would rather, many of them say, remain and see the end; they would not like to miss the taking of Sebastopol, and taken they most of them believe it ultimately will be.

Thus these fine fellows continue hoping almost against hope, and consoling themselves under their protracted miseries with
every prospect of relief, however faint and however distant; of course there are exceptions.

The following anecdote which was related to me by one who was present upon the occasion referred to, shows that there are some who would gladly escape from the sufferings of the camp by any means:—

A few days since my informant was in a battery, when one of the men near him was struck by a rifle-ball in a very fleshy part of his person; the fellow instantly clapping his hand upon the wound, quite exultingly, and with a promptitude that betrayed the feeling uppermost in his mind, exclaimed, "Well, thank God that's three months at Scutari."

Leaving Chapman's battery, I recrossed the long snow-covered slope in its rear, without the enemy's gunners taking any notice of me, though I was told that mounted persons were seldom allowed to pass without the compliment of a shot or a shell, and the snow must have rendered me
very conspicuous. I was almost affronted at being treated with such contempt, as I felt half a wish to see a shot or two strike the ground about me, provided they did not come too near.

The sun was going down when I reached the camps, but as the sky was clear, and I apprehended no difficulty in finding my way down to Balaklava by night, I remained awhile to look about me. Going into a camp of French, a soldier obligingly offered to hold my horse while I visited some of their little underground dwellings, which though confined, damp, and uncomfortable enough, are far less wretched places of residence than the cold, dismal, mouldy tents in which our troops are lodged.

One of the greatest privations, perhaps the greatest and most severely felt, is the want of fuel. A pile of blazing logs before the door, would render even a tent endurable in the worst weather, while the miserable apologies for fires here seen, sparingly fed with a meagre allowance of green sticks
and roots of brushwood, emit only blinding clouds of smoke in place of heat, and suffice to spoil the comfort of the best constructed of the huts.

Such is the only description of firing at the command of the men, to whom green coffee berries have been given as a material wherewith to provide themselves a warm drink when they return to their tents, cramped and half frozen from the trenches. I have seen them engaged in the attempt, vainly endeavouring to roast the coffee berries in the lid of a camp kettle, over a smouldering heap of green, hissing sticks, which, their eyes blinded with smoke, they vainly endeavoured to fan with their breath into a flame. In most instances, however, the coffee berries are at once rejected as useless, and may be seen mingled with the mud outside the doors, or openings of the tents. These things I have seen, and yet we read in the columns of the Times, that a most liberal offer made by a British firm to furnish the means and appliances neces-
sary for supplying the forces here with coffee roasted, and ready prepared for use, was met in high quarters with the remarkable assertion, that no assistance of the kind was necessary, as the report that the troops were supplied with green coffee was quite erroneous.

Passing through the camp of a French cavalry division, I had an opportunity of observing the mode of treatment by which their horses are kept in such very superior condition to ours. The means employed are very simple: the horses are merely placed in large trenches partly excavated, and partly built up with rough stones, but altogether so deep, that the sides rise considerably above the heads of the animals: thus they are completely protected from the wind, which is their worst enemy, and the floor of the trench being upon the hard, rocky subsoil, and kept comparatively dry by means of a well in the corner, the horses are enabled to lie down and obtain rest.

But while the French cavalry commander
constructs trenches to shelter his horses and keep them alive, ours inspects accouterments, and finds fault with rusty stirrups, but leaves his horses to die of cold and exposure. Some cavalry officers with whom I had an opportunity of conversing when passing through the camp this morning, spoke with much bitterness on this subject.

The scene in a "sick tent" that I looked into was one of the most heart-rending I ever beheld. This was one of the tents in which the sick are lodged, awaiting a conveyance to Balaklava; and here upon the bare floor formed of stone, in the manner I have before described, and covered with a coating of liquid mud, a dozen poor fellows, chiefly diarrhoea patients, were stretched. The wretched men lay in the mire, each wrapped in a single blanket only; shivering and trembling, they were huddled close together, in the vain endeavour to keep each other warm. On my entering, many of the unhappy sufferers silently raised their pallid, death-like faces,
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evidently in the hope that relief had come, but perceiving the truth, they sank back again with an expression of hopeless despondency, and I hurried from a scene of such distress, where I could only sympathize, but had no power to help.

Evening had closed ere I got clear of the camp, but the snow upon the ground lessened the darkness, and after going a little out of my way, and finding myself stopped by trenches, and challenged by Turkish sentries, I at last got fairly upon the track to Balaklava. The cold was now so severe, that overtaking a party of soldiers going down, I was glad to mount one of them upon my horse, while I walked and ran on before, to warm myself, the soldier appearing equally pleased with the arrangement, and in no hurry to change places again. We reached Balaklava rather late, and I was by no means sorry to find myself once more on board the Medway. His Excellency Omar Pasha arrived last night on board the Inflexible from Varna but he
landed this morning so early and so quietly, that he had quitted Balaklava and gone to the camp, before anybody was aware of his movements, and many who, like myself, wished to get a view of the hero, were disappointed. Report says, that a council of war has been held to-day at Lord Raglan’s quarters, and great are the hopes that something may soon be attempted that will relieve the weary monotony of the trench duties. My friend, Mr. B——, left this afternoon in the steamship Severn, for Constantinople, without having been able to reach the trenches, or get a sight of Sebastopol, so difficult is it here to procure a horse upon any terms. Mr. B—— may complain of extraordinary ill-fortune in this respect, as he brought a horse with him from Constantinople, but the creature provocingly died the day it was landed.
CHAPTER VIII.

Preparations for Leaving the Crimea—Embarkation of the Sick and Wounded—Their Sufferings from the Cold—A Memento of the Naval Bombardment—Unwonted Prudence in an English Admiral—Departure for Constantinople—The Odours from the Sick and Wounded—Horrors of the “Middle Passage”—Indecent Burial of the Dead—Installation at Old Quarters.

Saturday, 6th. There appears little probability of either battle or bombardment for the present; and having now seen enough to satisfy my curiosity, I shall be glad to quit these dismal and harrowing scenes, to seek in more sunny climes, and amid more cheerful influences, an escape from the melancholy and depression which here weigh upon the spirits of the most light-hearted, and produce an universal gloom and depression which even a casual visitor, like myself, cannot avoid sharing. I do not remember having seen a smile since I came to the Crimea, and certainly I have
not heard anything approaching a hearty laugh.

Hearing that the Thames steamer is to leave to-morrow for Constantinople, I repaired on board the Orient this morning, and made application to Captain Christie for a passage in her. This was immediately granted in the most obliging manner, and upon the usual conditions upon which these permissions are given to amateur visitors passing to or from the Crimea—namely, that I should be content to take such accommodation as the purser should have at his command to give, and that I should pay a certain daily rate for my board.

The weather to-day is the most dismal we have yet experienced; the sky is darkened with dull, leaden clouds, and a north wind cuts into one's very bones. Icicles half a yard long depend from the eaves of the houses on shore, and from the paddle-wheels and spoons of the steamers in the harbour. Ice chokes up the scuppers, and coats the decks, and ice has even
solidified the deep quagmires of Balaklava; in fact, ice and snow are now as universal as were mud and mire a few days ago.

By bad luck, or bad arrangement, it falls out that great movements are going on among the sick in this dreadful weather. Boat-loads of the hapless victims, blue with cold, have been passing about the harbour all day long to be put on board ship. The Thames is taking in a number of them, of whom many are suffering from frost-bitten feet, the effects of the intense cold of the last two nights. It is truly pitiable to behold the sufferings of these poor men as they are brought alongside, rigid and half-dead with cold, and hoisted in over the gangway so imperfectly clothed or wrapped up, that their swollen and livid feet are generally quite devoid of covering, and exposed to the full vigour of the cutting blast.

This evening I dined at the ward-room mess of the Sanspareil screw line of battleship of seventy guns. She is one of the
few ships that followed the gallant example of the Agamemnon in going close in to Fort Constantine during the bombardment of the 17th of October; and though she has since been repaired, she still bears numerous evidences of the conflict, in the shape of patches in various parts of the hull, holes in her funnel and steam-pipe, and cuts and bruises in her beams and timbers. In the ward-room a large piece of shell remains sticking in the mizen mast. She lost fifteen men killed, and fifty wounded, during the action.

The tardy movements of the British Fleet on that memorable day, and the want of daring displayed by many of the ships in their mode of attacking the forts, are subjects much discussed here; and there appears to be a feeling among the military, that the fleet failed to create the diversion in favour of the besieging batteries that it ought to have done, and did not take its fair share of the dangers of the day. I have heard it said, and upon autho-

mity that I am not inclined to doubt, that before the action began, the British admiral, in reply to a suggestion in reference to the disposal of the wounded, said, "that it was not his intention to have any wounded;" and assuredly the safe distance of two thousand five hundred yards, which common report assigns to the Britannia while engaging Fort Constantine, leads to the presumption that the admiral really meant what he said.

Sunday, 7th. The sun came brightly forth again this morning, and shone with so much warmth, that the beneficial effects of the late frosts in hardening the surface of the ground, and rendering the road more practicable, are already almost neutralized, and mud is beginning to reassert its dominion.

The day passed away without bringing the anticipated sailing orders for the Thames; but as these were hourly expected by the captain, I dared not lose sight of the vessel; and thus was pro-
vokingly wasted the finest day that has occurred since my arrival here, and which I might have spent so much to my satisfaction, in making a visit to the French lines before Sebastopol.

Monday, 8th. Immediately after breakfast, being warned that the Thames was getting under weigh, I took leave of my kind host, and hurried on board; so much time was, however, lost waiting for final instructions, that it was eleven o'clock before we got fairly away. In consequence of this delay, we shall not, the captain says; reach the Bosphorus to-morrow evening in time to go in, no vessels being permitted to pass the entrance after dark. This is the more vexatious as the ship is quite full: all the berths taken up for invalided officers, and a bed on the saloon-floor the best accommodation obtainable by amateur passengers, of whom there are four or five besides myself, the prospect of an additional night's detention on board is consequently a matter of serious annoyance.
The day is bright and fine; and as we clear the Bay of Balaklava, and command a view along the shore towards Cape Chersonese, clouds of white smoke shooting upwards in rapid succession in the direction of Sebastopol, tell that there is heavy firing going on to-day.

We have a fair wind and smooth sea; but as it is thought we cannot reach the Bosphorus in time to enter to-morrow evening, the captain saves his coals, and does not go at full speed, content to be off the entrance by daylight on Wednesday morning, and our progress is, therefore, not very rapid.

As the receding coasts of the melancholy Crimea sink lower and lower beyond the wave, every heart seems lightened and relieved; but still our cheerfulness is of a very tempered quality—we bear with us a freight of human suffering and misery sufficient to suppress all feelings of gladness or gaiety. Between decks we carry one hundred and fifty disabled men, sick,
wounded, and dying. Few are able to stand; they lie upon the bare decks with only a blanket or two about them; and on this hard bed many are destined to breathe their last sighs.

To minister to the wants of all this mass of helpless sufferers there are a few orderlies only; and a single young assistant-surgeon has the whole care of providing for their medical necessities. The surgeon is himself almost disabled from ill-health, and complains of being unsupplied with much that is requisite to enable him to afford the sick all the treatment and assistance they require.

The stench that arises from the lower decks, and pervades every part of the ship, even to the saloon, is terrific, and suggests ideas of dysentery or cholera, which increase one's anxiety to terminate the voyage as early as possible.

To add to our discomforts, it was discovered when bed-time arrived that bedding was scarce in the cabin, and that a mattress
was all that the steward could furnish to some of us; this to me was a matter of little consequence, as I had a good supply of blankets, great coats, and wrappers, of my own, a part of the provision I laid in at Alexandria in anticipation of my Crimean trip, so that I was enabled now not only to provide for myself, but to help some of my friends.

Tuesday, 9th. The fair wind and smooth sea continue; and our captain now acknowledges that had he come at full speed all the way from Balaklava yesterday he would have been able to reach Constantinople tonight; the distance is about three hundred miles.

The dreadful odours that pervade the ship become more intolerable every hour, notwithstanding the most abundant use of disinfecting fluid, chloride of lime, and the like, which, quite powerless to suppress the stench, seem but to aid in producing a more outrageous "compound of villainous smells."

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During the still hours of the night, groans and suppressed cries of pain could be heard throughout the ship, telling of anguish and tortures unendurable among the unhappy sufferers on the decks below. On those hard decks how many a poor soul is doomed to "shuffle off its mortal coil." Without a friend to soothe his dying agony, full many a wretch gives up the ghost, unwept, uncared for. Here is no voice to speak of consolation, or whisper hope; no ear to catch the latest words, the last fond message he fain would send to distant friends. Numbers are around him, but, callous with suffering, absorbed in contemplation of their own miseries, they watch his last struggles with cold, unsympathizing eyes, or, with desperate levity, wager with each other how many of their number shall pass like him from this world ere they can reach the hospital at Scutari, and escape from the horrors of this "middle passage."

When all is over, and the corpse rolled
in a blanket is carried on deck, a little commotion about the gangway, and a slight splash in the sea alongside, alone announce that another fellow mortal has gone to his last resting-place. No ceremony is observed, no solemn words are spoken. As the spirit departed without comfort, so the body is cast forth without prayer, and without intercession, like so much worthless carrion.

This scene is repeated at frequent intervals throughout the day; and yet we have a clergyman on board, who, though returning from the camp on sick leave, is not to all appearance such an invalid as to be incapacitated for the performance of the duties of his sacred office.

Frequent showers during the day prevented our remaining much on deck, and the dark, gloomy aspect of the weather served to increase the general depression.

Soon after dark the lights at the entrance of the Bosphorus were sighted, upon which the ship was laid to, to wait for daylight.
Wednesday, 10th. So badly were matters managed last night, that when day broke we were above thirty miles off the land.

As we passed through the Bosphorus, the landscapes of its beautiful shores were seen to great disadvantage under a cold, wintry, leaden sky; and the white caps of the mountains upon the Asiatic side showed that snow has fallen here as well as at the Crimea during our absence.

We came to anchor off Scutari about eleven o'clock: and getting ashore with all haste, I was soon reinstalled in my old quarters at Messeri's. The sun broke out about midday, and the afternoon was one of the most genial I have experienced here.

Among the company at the table d'hôte this evening was General Pennefather, who has arrived from the Crimea en route to England,
CHAPTER IX.


THURSDAY, 11th. Surely never was there a climate so changeable as this; yesterday seemed the beginning of fine weather, and to-day its snows and rains a deluge, and the cold north wind is blowing a perfect tempest. A persecuting cold, with which I have been annoyed more or less ever since I first passed the Dardanelles, being rather worse than usual to-day, I kept my room, almost wishing that, like the dormouse, I could roll myself up, and doze away the time till the return of summer weather.

Friday, 12th. All Constantinople is clad
in a mantle of white; snow covers the housetops, and blanches the filthy streets, and snow is still falling in the most relentless manner. Old residents here say that such cold weather is very uncommon, and they predict a severe winter.

What is to be the fate of our army it is fearful to speculate upon; the sick are coming in thicker and faster every week. Eleven thousand are now in the ships and hospitals, and at Scutari alone thirty to thirty-five men are buried daily, while at the camp, in the transport ships, and at Balaklava, full double that number are each day tumbled into shallow graves, or thrown into the waters of the Black Sea; thus, near upon a thousand men are lost to our army every week by death, besides a considerable number permanently disabled by wounds and sickness, and yet we have eight or nine weeks of the worst of the winter still to get through.

I left the house to-day only to make an unsuccessful search through half the shops
in Constantinople for some kind of fur cap, something to rescue me from the miserable state of continual sneezing and snuffling to which I seem here perpetually doomed, but nothing of the kind is to be had. A consignment of sealskin caps came in while I was away at Balaklava, but they are all sold off already. My friend, Major B——, secured one, which I quite envy him.

Saturday, 13th. The weather looking a little more promising, I engaged a mounted dragoman, and set out to visit the famous Castle of the Seven Towers, and the Old Wall of Constantinople, a large portion of which is yet standing upon the landward side of Stamboul.

On our way we visited the Mosque of Suliman, one of the oldest in the city. The stained windows are very beautiful. In one of the galleries of the interior I observed a large pile of trunks, boxes, and packages, of divers shapes and sizes. Upon inquiry, I was informed that these chiefly contain valuables which had belonged to
persons, who having died intestate, the property is thus lodged for security until the next of kin shall be of age to inherit. Other of the packages belong to persons absent on pilgrimage to Mecca.

A part of the Seven Towers is now used as a powder magazine, and consequently the sentry on guard at first refused us admittance without a written permission, which we had neglected to procure. Deme- trius, my dragoman, however, bethought him of a happy expedient, and by representing me as no less a personage than a general of the British army he overcame the sentry's scruples, and we were allowed to pass.

From the summit of the Towers is obtained a fine commanding view of the city, the harbour, and the sea of Marmora; but the structure is principally interesting as having been the place of confinement of so many Christian ambassadors, and other great personages, during the days of Moslem pride and power. We were shown
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the ancient dungeon in the lower part of one of the seven towers of which—as the name denotes—the building consists; it is a low apartment, without window or any opening other than the door by which the luckless prisoners passed to their dismal captivity. On the walls some have left touching records of their wretchedness in brief inscriptions deeply and laboriously graven in the hard stones. I regretted not having with me any means of copying some of these, the despairing language of which was extremely affecting.

From the Seven Towers we followed for some miles the line of the old walls, which are still so perfect as to render distinguishable the breach by which the conquering Ottomans entered when they took Constantinople.

The sun shone out a little during the afternoon; but before we reached home, towards sunset, a thick snow storm came on so suddenly that in a few minutes we found ourselves almost in darkness, and

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were glad to regain the friendly shelter of Messeri's.

Sunday, 14th. A bright sun tempted me out on horseback, but the intense cold soon drove me in again. The country is covered with snow and ice, as are also the streets to such an extent as to render the more precipitous ones in the direction of Galata quite impracticable for horses, and scarcely safe for pedestrians.'

My ride only extended to the famed Valley of Sweet Waters, a little vale at the head of the Golden Horn. It may be called the park of Constantinople, and in summer is much frequented by the Turkish ladies on festivals and holidays. The Sultan has here a kiosk prettily situated beside the stream that flows through the valley, and falls over a series of artificial cascades which in hot weather must have a very delightful effect. The stream is bordered with fine trees; beyond this, however, nothing has been done in the shape of improvement; the ground at best is a mere
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open meadow, and just now is a perfect marsh covered with ice and water. The surrounding hills are bare, uncultivated, and barren, affording only scanty pasture for a few sheep and goats.

Monday, 15th. I had intended to leave Constantinople to-day, by the steamer which goes hence to Alexandria, calling at Smyrna, and, after spending a few days at the latter place, to proceed to Malta by the boat which leaves this every Thursday, and calls at Smyrna; but I learn that, owing to the cholera existing, or said to be existing here, all vessels sailing hence are there subjected to quarantine; I am therefore doomed to some days farther sojourn in this melancholy place. Snow fell constantly throughout the whole day.

Tuesday, 16th. The fall of snow continued all last night and to-day, rendering it impossible to stir abroad; really this is a sad waste of one's time and existence. A party of sick officers who came in yesterday are the bearers of more bad news from
the Crimea. The intense cold is rendering the men more than ever inert and sleepy in the trenches, and the enemy has been again making successful sorties, which, though on a small scale, have occasioned the loss of many valuable lives.

The scarcity of fuel is increasing, and cases of frost-bite are becoming numerous. The French, chiefly from this cause, are now losing more men than they have hitherto done; this I have on the authority of one of Prince Napoleon's aides-de-camp, who dines at the table d'hôte. While the men die of cold the fur coats still remain at Balaklava, no one having wit enough to devise a means to bring the men and the coats together, though, in my humble judgment, it seems difficult to explain why, if the clothing cannot be moved in wholesale quantities up to the camp, the men cannot be brought, in detail, down to Balaklava to receive it. Hundreds come every day down on fatigue duty, and these, at any rate, might, one would suppose,
receive their coats and carry them away on their backs; but to issue clothing to the troops in so irregular a mode would probably be contrary to custom and precedent, and in that case, of course, inadmissible by our antiquated commanders.

We have several new comers from England who, like all others lately arrived thence, speak of a growing feeling of dissatisfaction with the *Times* newspaper, in consequence of its loud and persevering complaints of the management and condition of the army and hospitals. John Bull, it appears, is becoming tired of hearing unpleasant truths which the great leading journal, with such noble disregard of the proverbial thanklessness of the office, has taken upon itself to tell him. This is unpalatable intelligence out here, for, except in certain obvious quarters, the bold and decided part taken by the *Times* has been the subject of general congratulation, and the sheet anchor of all hope for reform and improvement.
Wednesday, 17th. A bright, clear, frosty morning shows all Constantinople glittering with ice and snow. Hearing that the Orinoko, a splendid steam-ship of near three thousand tons, is to sail on Saturday, direct to Malta, I made my way down the steep, slippery, frozen street to Admiral Boxer’s office, and had again only to thank him for the obliging readiness with which he acceded to my request to be allowed to go in her. I next went on board, where I learned from the captain that the berths are all taken up for sick officers; but, as the passage boats are small, and by calling at Smyrna they make a week’s voyage of it hence to Malta, I am resolved to go in the Orinoko, even though I should again have to put up with a bed on the cabin floor.

Coming on shore from the ship I was nearly getting led into a row by the provoking behaviour of my caiquee, or boatman. On reaching the landing place I was obliged to go on shore to obtain change to pay my fare, in the meanwhile, at the
fellow's suggestion, leaving my shawl in the caique. When I returned, after a few minutes, to the water-side, my friend had pushed off from the shore, carrying my plaid with him, and there sitting at his ease he, with the most irritating coolness, made me to understand that unless I would pay him double the ordinary fare he would not return.

Not feeling disposed, however, to be thus openly forced into submission to so impudent an extortion, I refused compliance with the fellow's demand, and after a few minutes' parley cut the matter short by jumping into another caique and pushing out towards him. The man very calmly awaited my approach till I was in the act of boarding, when, starting to his feet, he tossed the embargoed shawl to me, and thus saved his head from contact with the short boat-hook—a most tempting weapon—which I had snatched from the unwilling hand of the man in whose boat I stood, and probably also saved me from the con-
sequences of a serious affray, for I had lost my temper and with it my discretion.

This afternoon, profiting by the clear state of the atmosphere, I obtained a splendid view of the whole of Constantinople, together with a wide extending prospect over the shores of the Bosphorus and sea of Marmora, by ascending the Genoese Tower of Galata. When near the summit I heard some one above me call out "Now let's cut," and immediately afterwards met a party of English, apparently junior officers belonging to some of the steamers, hurrying down; they had, I observed when I reached the upper gallery, been manifesting—in a mode which I am afraid I must call English—their appreciation of the liberality of the Turkish authorities in unreservedly admitting Christians to visit all places of interest, by doing all the mischief in their power, casting loose, unreveing, and disarranging the numerous signal halliards attached to the lofty spire and mast with which the Tower
is surmounted, and leaving all in such a state of confusion as could not be easily rectified.

Among the company at the table d'hôte we have had, for some days past, a French woman, the incidents connected with whose coming to the East form so amusing a little history that I will here relate them, as they were told to me. The lady, who is travelling quietly, though not exactly incog., is young, rather good-looking, and of very high rank, but her name and title it is unnecessary here to mention. She has a brother, an officer in the French army, who a short time ago, seduced by the arts of a woman of notorious character at Paris, was on the point of disgracing his family by a matrimonial alliance; the nuptial day was fixed, and all arrangements for the marriage completed, when the matter reached the ears of the sister, whose energy and decision soon proved an overmatch for the arts of the mistress. She flew, without losing a moment, to the hotel of the
war minister, obtained an audience, and relating all the circumstances, entreated that her brother might be ordered immediately to join the army before Sebastopol, and so promptly was the request complied with, that in a few hours the astonished lover found himself hurrying along the Lyons Railway, _en route_ for the Crimea, leaving his discomfited bride-elect to wonder at this sudden resolution and escape of her intended prize.

Having thus saved her brother from the consequences of his own folly, this incomparable sister has been giving a fresh proof of her courage and affection, by visiting him at the camp in the Crimea, and she is now on her way back to Paris.
CHAPTER X.

Last Visit to the Bazaars—Bargaining with Turkish Merchants—Importunate and Plundering Interpreters—Outwitted by a Jew—Ineffectual attempts to see the Sultan—Prince Napoleon, the Duke of Cambridge, and Two Seraglio Beauties—Museum of Turkish Figures.

Thursday, 18th. Time now hangs heavily on my hands, waiting the departure of the Orinoko. A last visit to the bazaars of Stamboul, to make a few more purchases of curiosities in the way of slippers and embroidered cloths, helped me through the day; indeed, I know no better recipe for killing time than buying in a Turkish bazaar. The expenditure of a very few pounds will afford ample occupation for a whole morning, if you can only divest yourself of your English reluctance to dwell and haggle over a trifling bargain, and fall in with the customs and manners
of the place; in fact, one soon comes to learn that there is no choice but to waste either one's time or money in a Turkish bazaar, and therefore it is only to make one's election, and give the most of that which is of the least value at the moment.

Those who run to the bazaars to buy in a hurry, will assuredly pay near double the just price for all they may purchase, while those whose object is to pass away a morning, may find amusement, and save their money by bargaining, which is conducted something as follows:

We will take the bazaar of silks and embroidery work, such as shawls, scarfs, tobacco bags, and above all, tempting to the eyes of English purchasers, as convertible into table-covers, rich embroidered cloths worked by the women in the seclusion of the hareems, and used by the wealthy among the faithful to kneel upon while engaged in their frequent devotions.

You saunter down the long, dark arcade, between rows of grave and portly Turks,
who, on either hand, are seated crosslegged upon low, wooden platforms, stolidly smoking, or with slow and measured speech conversing, while they recharge the exhausted chibouk, with such of their neighbours as happen to be similarly engaged. Behind the low platform rises a tier of shelves, upon which the stock in trade is stored, while samples of every kind are hung and spread out in tempting variety. Among such abundance you are undecided where to choose, and not being in a hurry, keep wandering on, charmed with the brilliancy of the display, till some one of the immovable crosslegged figures having finished his pipe, or by some means become roused to a more active consideration of his worldly affairs, attracts your attention by a sudden hissing sound—whi-s-s-s-t—you look round, and with undisturbed gravity, this more enterprising dealer points upwards to some showy wares displayed before the shelves above his head.

Thus brought to the point, you make a
selection, and by signs inquire the price; the Turk replies by counting up the sum on his fingers, it being understood that the reckoning is in piastres; he asks two hundred and fifty. This does not seem very dear, but having been forewarned, you produce your purse, and offer one hundred and fifty; the Turk shakes his head, utters a low exclamation sounding like youk, and spreading a carpet upon the edge of his platform, makes signs to you to be seated. He now offers a pipe, and his son, who has been sitting crosslegged by his side, rises, and presently brings coffee in a little brass vessel resembling a small shaving-pot, and the beverage, which is made by boiling the coffee in the form of very fine powder, and is nearly as thick as water gruel, is presented in diminutive brass cups containing about as much as a liqueur glass.

Meantime the old Turk smokes for awhile, and then makes some abatement in his demand; you repeat your offer; the impassive Turk again says youk, and you
rise to go away; you have not proceeded a dozen paces, however, before—whi-s-s-s-t—you look round, he beckons you to return, and at a hundred and sixty piastres you finally agree; the purchase is completed, and the sly old rogue betrays his contentment with the transaction, by making you to understand that whenever you desire to make further purchases, he will be happy to deal with you.

Some parts of the bazaar are quite stocked with Manchester cotton goods, the familiar English names and marks upon which strike the eye with singular effect in such a place.

About the bazaars are always to be met with numbers of Israelites, who speak French and Italian, and who importunately offer their services as interpreters and guides. These fellows are to be especially avoided, as they live and thrive by plundering the unwary; they form a sort of fraternity, uniting all their gains into a common fund, which is equally divided
among the members once a week, and the sums they occasionally collect, we were told, are surprisingly great, so much so as to appear incredible.

Colonel G——g, who commands the artillery at Malta, and who a few days ago arrived from that place, seeking his son who was among the sick at Scutari, was my companion during my rambles to-day, and falling into the hands of one of these Hebrews, was most provokingly cheated. The colonel wishing to possess himself of a few okas of the best Turkish tobacco, we accepted the offer of a man who was following us about the bazaar, and who undertook to show where the very best was to be obtained. The fellow led us through many streets, and at length entered a small tobacco shop kept by two men who spoke only Turkish, and where the wily interpreter consequently had the game all in his own hands. Tobacco of various qualities was produced, and the prices named, of course through the medium of the Jew.
My friend chose the highest priced, the required quantity was packed into a canvas bag, the money paid, and we went away. We had not, however, gone far, when our Hebrew, pleading some other engagement, procured a ragged boy to carry the tobacco, and took his leave.

Afterwards we fell in with my late guide, Demetrius, and being assured by him that the tobacco was of ordinary quality, and had been charged at three times its real price, we went back at his suggestion, and sought out the shop, when we discovered that our friend the Jew had paid over less than half of the money he received from the colonel, pocketing the lion's share himself.

The tobacco dealers now acknowledged that they had seen we were being cheated, but not being well able to make themselves understood, they had refrained from interfering. The Jew, of course, was not to be found, and we had to acknowledge ourselves fairly outwitted.
Friday, 19th. Since my arrival here, I have made several attempts to get a sight of the Sultan, but always without success. The most favourable opportunities are upon Fridays, when he is going to mosque, but he never goes two Fridays following to the same mosque, and nobody appears to know beforehand which he intends to visit; from this cause I failed to-day, as I have done on all former occasions.

This mention of the Sultan reminds me of a story that is quite current here, and seems pretty generally believed. It is told that soon after the arrival of the allied forces, his Highness presented to the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Napoleon, each a couple of beauties from the royal hareem; and while the duke, it is said, declined this delicate attention, upon the ground that the customs of his country forbade, the prince allowed no similar scruples to stand in the way of his acceptance of the magnificent gift. I do not vouch for the truth of this story, but merely give it as I heard it.
Though unsuccessful in one enterprise to-day, we were more fortunate in another, and gained admittance to a museum of human figures, which we have several times been disappointed in our attempts to visit. The figures, which are the size of life, represent, in full costume, all the principal officers and functionaries of Constantinople in the days of her power and glory. Here are Capitan Pashas, Bimbashies, or commanders of regiments, Janissaries, and all the officers of the Sultan's household, heads of the different trades, eunuchs, black and white, and hideous dwarfs, who, as our guide expressed it, were kept to make the Sultan laugh. Though formed of clay, the figures are skilfully made, and well coloured, to represent nature; and the exhibition is altogether very interesting.

The artist, we were told, was an Armenian, who made these effigies, and exhibited them with such success, that his fame, unfortunately for him, reached the ears of the Sultan, who went to see with
his own eyes, and was so much pleased with the exhibition, that he ordered the figures to be at once removed to the museum, where they now stand, and the luckless Armenian was left free to turn his time and talents to some fresh pursuit.

Saturday, 20th. Last night we had great excitement and discussion, and such extensive brewing of rum punch as has produced an abundant crop of headache this morning. The cause of all this disturbance of the usual grave tone and tenor of our evenings at Messeri's, was the arrival of intelligence that Russia has agreed to accept the four points in their western interpretation, and that a speedy cessation of hostilities is thought likely. This news, though only found in private letters received by Major E——, one of the sojourners in the hotel, is from a quarter so likely to be well informed, that its authenticity seems probable.

As may be supposed, the news, such as it is, has produced a great sensation here,
and a very mixed feeling. The prospect of escape from further exposure to the horrors of the winter campaign is very alluring, while, on the other hand, to give up the object for which they have contended so long, and suffered so much, would to many be a great disappointment.

Thus feelings are divided, and few seem quite to know whether to be pleased or otherwise with the news. For my own part, I must confess, that to my apprehension it appears clear that no conditions which shall not include the demolition of the great fortress, we have made such efforts to destroy, can now be accepted without discredit to the allied armies; in short, that there is no honourable escape from our present position so long as Sebastopol continues to defy our power.

The Orinoko does not get away today, but it seems pretty certain she will sail to-morrow. The weather is again so cold and cheerless that I did not stir out.
CHAPTER XI.


SUNDAY, 21st. Soon after breakfast I left the hotel, and went on board the Orinoko, which I found with steam up, and ready for sea. She is conveying disabled officers and soldiers to England; and though so large a ship, her cabins are all engaged, and I should have fared badly had not my new friend, Colonel G——, obligingly offered me a share of his.

The day passed away in tedious delay; and although we were summoned on board this morning in such haste, that I left Messeri’s without taking leave of my friend, Major B——, which I much regret, as we
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may probably never meet again, it was five o'clock in the evening ere all our invalids and passengers were fairly shipped, and we got at last under weigh; then dash-
ing rapidly out into the Sea of Marmora as the shades of evening fell, we gladly bade adieu to Constantinople, with its hospitals, its teeming graveyards, and all its sights and tales of woe.

Monday, 22nd. We lay to during the latter hours of the night waiting for dawn, to enable us to enter the Dardanelles, but the weather being rainy and thick, the offing maintained was too great, and when morn-
ing came we were three hours' distant from the entrance. Passing Gallipoli at break-
fast time, we steamed rapidly through, and by noon were again in the open sea.

The weather, though dark and gloomy, is much less cold than it has been of late, and the sea is dead and motionless.

Among the disabled soldiers on board is an artilleryman, who at Inkermann lost both his arms close up to the shoulders;
they were taken off by a cannon-shot as he was in the act of ramming a charge into the gun to which he was attached. He declares that he felt little pain at the time; and, in the most manly spirit, the fine fellow makes very light of his misfortune, saying, with touching simplicity, that he only hopes "the people in England allow that the artillery did its duty at Inkermann." His arms, he tells us, seem to be "still there," and when lying down he feels them crossed upon his breast.

Tuesday, 23rd. What a contrast, what a change from the dull skies and wintry blasts of dismal Constantinople! To-day a bright, unclouded sun, fills the air with a delicious, balmy softness; and as our ship glides smoothly on among the beautiful Greek isles, the scene around is as cheerful and full of gladness, as all that we have left so few hours' distant beyond the Hellespont was gloomy, sad, and depressing. To the right the classic shores of the Morea are constantly in view, while far in
the distance, beyond the Gulf of Egina, the bright, joyous sunlight glitters upon the snowy peaks of lofty mountains bounding the horizon. On the other side, ships and vessels of every rig, with all canvass spread to catch the gentle breeze, stud the calm sea as far as the eye can reach. The only drawback to my contentment is, that I am passing Athens without a visit; but reports of the severity of the cholera there, coupled with the fact that vessels coming thence are compelled to undergo quarantine at all other Mediterranean ports, determined me to forego my intended excursion into Greece. During the afternoon two large French steamers passed us filled with troops, and dashing along towards the Dardanelles.

Before night we passed through the narrow strait between the Island of Cerigo and the mainland, and sighted Cape Matapan, three hundred miles from Constantinople. At this point we take leave of the land, and stand away across the broad
Mediterranean towards Malta, yet four hundred miles distant.

Wednesday, 24th. Another soft, calm, delicious day; the wintry abundance of clothing with which we have been of late so encumbered is thrown aside, and we bask upon the deck in the pleasant sunshine.

The voyage is less interesting to-day, as we have no land in sight, but we expect to reach Malta to-morrow by noon. Our speed is something under ten knots, and though a very satisfactory rate to travel at, is less than the size and power of this magnificent ship would warrant us in expecting; her engines are of the most improved construction, and of eight hundred horse power.

Thursday, 25th. We are not destined to conclude our voyage without experiencing a proof of the proverbial mutability of the fickle Mediterranean. At ten last night we were still gliding over a waveless sea, the calm, moonlit sky unshaded by a single
cloud; by midnight it was blowing a gale, and this morning we are tossing about, enveloped in clouds, rain, and mists, which shut from view all beyond the surging waves immediately around the ship. Look-out men are in the bows, and the captain, with his officers, are upon the bridge, vainly endeavouring to pierce the murky gloom, and catch a sight of the land, which we are now supposed to be approaching.

Noon has passed; we are still advancing cautiously at half speed, but no signs of the land have yet been discovered. It is feared we have passed the island, the mercury of the barometer is sinking rapidly, the gale increasing, and we have every prospect of being compelled to lay to, and ride it out till the weather clears.

With these gloomy anticipations we had gone below to seek some comfort in the shape of lunch and bottled porter, when the joyful cry of land in sight was heard; and hastening on deck, we found a sudden lifting of the haze had disclosed the land,
which proved to be the western extremity of Gozo, upon our lee-beam, so narrowly had we escaped passing the islands altogether.

Our troubles were now ended, the sun broke out, and the sky cleared, our ship was put about, and returning close along the pretty shores of Gozo and Malta, at about four o'clock we ran under the formidable looking batteries of Fort St. Elmo, and came to anchor in the quarantine harbour on the north side of the city of Valetta.

Numbers of shore boats—queer, short little craft, with high cocked stems and sterns—were soon alongside. I was speedily landed with my baggage, and hastening to Durnsford's Hotel, in the Strada Reale, I there rejoined the near and dear friends from whom I parted at Alexandria, and whom I had now the satisfaction to find quite well though somewhat uneasy at my protracted absence.

Friday, 26th. Malta, at this season at least, appears a most delightful place of
residence. The temperature is delicious, and the clearness and regularity everywhere observable in Valetta, are in most agreeable contrast with the filth and disorder of the place I have so lately quitted. The streets of Valetta are straight, evenly paved or Macadamized, and most scrupulously cleansed and swept daily, and the whole of the buildings being of fine white stone, the city has altogether a light, clean, and cheerful appearance.

As at Pera or Galata, the streets leading to the water-side are very precipitous, but here they are formed into regular flights of steps built of hewn stone. These interminable flights of steps must during the heats of summer be very fatiguing to traverse; the excessive whiteness of the pavements, walls, and houses, too, now so agreeable, must then occasion an unpleasant and painful degree of light and glare.

Saturday, 27th. Spent another day most agreeably, sauntering in the bright sunshine about the ramparts of the tremendously
powerful looking fortifications, and visiting some of the chief objects of interest in Valetta: of these, the principal is the beautiful church of St. John’s, the sepulchre of the Grand Masters and Knights of Malta, whose monuments adorn the numerous side chapels; but more interesting memorials of those grim warriors are to be seen in the armoury of the palace, where are preserved the armour suits worn by the renowned Lisle d’Adam, La Valette, and others among the Grand Masters, and more famous of the Knights.

What would be the surprise of those sturdy champions of the Cross, could they revisit the beloved island they fortified at such cost, and defended with such constancy, and which long held so proud a position as the bulwark of Christianity, and terror of the Crescent, and now behold it putting forth all its resources in support of the same infidel power which they so freely shed their blood and gave their lives, in ceaseless endeavours to curb and destroy.
The greater part of the artillerymen of the garrison of Malta have been drafted away to the batteries before Sebastopol, as have also many of the larger guns and heavy mortars, and the arsenals, magazines, and dockyards, are all life and activity, preparing and forwarding supplies and munitions for the war.

Sunday, 28th. Nothing is more remarkable to a stranger here, than the perpetual clangour of church bells, not rung in regular chime, but sounding in every variety of distracting discord. Great rejoicings are now going forward to commemorate the recent decision of the Pope in favour of the Immaculate Conception. This fiat of his holiness is set forth in letters of gold, and stuck up over all the church doors, surrounded by flags and illuminations. Priests in their sacerdotal vestments pass in and out, walk in procession, and fuss about all day; and at night, when the bells are off duty, bands of street music keep up the din.
Monday, 29th. Considering the length of time that Malta has been a British possession, it appears surprising that the English language should be so little spoken or understood by the people of the island. The shopkeepers, the artizans, and all persons who have received any sort of education, speak Italian, and sometimes French, but the lowest classes speak only the Maltese dialect, which is a corrupt Arabic, and is not a written language; hence, it follows that all instruction is imparted in a borrowed tongue, but it seems extraordinary that Italian should be adopted instead of English, for this purpose. In the primary schools, of which there are several in different parts of the island, under the patronage and management of the Government, Italian is, I believe, the only language employed.

Calling to-day at the house of an officer to whom I had the pleasure of an introduction, and while engaged in a discussion upon the state of things at Balaklava and
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the camp, General Sir G. B——e came in, and the part he took in the conversation too plainly proved that there is still one at least among the leaders of our devoted army, whom all the bitter experience of the last few months has failed to enlighten; one whose prejudices in favour of the present constitution, and established routine of our military system are so inveterate, that he still refuses to perceive that blundering has been a cause of misfortune, and denies that any radical change is required. Sir G. maintains that all the sufferings of our army have been no more than the necessary consequences of war, that no fresh men nor fresh methods are wanted, that British soldiers understand how to manage and provide for themselves in camp, as well as the French. Preparing men for the hardships of a campaign, by inuring them to a life under canvas during the summer months in camps at home, is not, the gallant general holds, the way “to keep their constitution in them,” which object, he assures us, is
better attained by housing the men constantly in warm, comfortable barracks, till the moment arrives when they are required for service.

In short, Sir G——e poo-poohs the idea that there is, or has been, any serious cause for complaint in the management of the camp, the hospitals, or any other department; and the instructive communications of the *Times*’ correspondent he affects to treat as the impertinent exaggerations of one who would meddle in matters which he cannot understand; yet this is the man upon whom it is far from impossible the command of our hapless army may devolve.
CHAPTER XII.


Tuesday, 30th. General Pélissier has arrived from Marseilles on his way to the Crimea, where report says he is to supersede General Canrobert in the command of the French army. We saw the former at the Opera last night, for Valetta boasts an Italian Opera; the house, though small, is handsomely got up, but I thought I had heard better singing in the little opera-house at Alexandria.

Ever since reaching Constantinople, I have found it so inconvenient, and felt it so great a privation to be unable to speak Italian, that I have resolved to acquire a
knowledge of that language before proceeding further on my travels, and to this end have engaged a master to give me daily lessons.

Admiral Steward sailed to-day for the Black Sea, where he takes command as second to Sir E. Lyons. It is feared that his absence will be much felt here, where his energy and activity in collecting, preparing, and expediting to the Crimea all kinds of necessary supplies, and the courage with which he has on various occasions incurred personal liabilities to an immense amount rather than lose valuable time—as has been the too fatal practice in other quarters—by waiting for instructions, are the theme of universal praise.

Wednesday, 31st. Through the kind attention of Colonel G——, my late fellow-passenger in the Orinoko, I became to-day an honorary member of the Union Club, which is chiefly supported by the officers of the garrison, and, considering the very limited society of the island, the
arrangements and style of the club-house appear to reflect great credit upon the management. The building is spacious and handsome, the reading-room well furnished and comfortable, and the large billiard-room contains two excellent tables.

Thursday, February 1st. Spent the day strolling about the ramparts and fortifications in quiet enjoyment of the bright sunshine and delicious temperature; after my recent experience of the snows and dismal winter of the Crimea, such weather seems an inestimable boon, and in itself a luxury indescribable. Nothing could be more agreeable that the climate of Malta at this season; but the heat is said to be excessive eight months out of the twelve.

In the months of August, September, and October the sun attains his greatest power, and then the Maltese assume, we are told, a strangely amphibious mode of life. Secluded during the daytime from the sun's fiery rays within the innermost recesses of their dwellings, they come forth towards
evening and flock to the seaside; there, attended by bands of music, and provided with refreshments, they spend the greater part of the night, not upon but in the water, men, women, and children. All habited in appropriate dresses, they here splash, frolic, sing, feast, and chat till the approach of morning warns them home again. A spacious shallow inlet, with a clear sandy bottom, in the vicinity of Valetta, is a favourite scene of these singular aquatic diversions.

Saturday, 3rd. Yesterday and to-day we have been most agreeably engaged riding about the island, visiting Citta Vecchia—the ancient capital of Malta—the pretty public gardens of St. Antonio, with their shady orange walks and cool fountains filled with gold and silver fish, the cave of St. Paul and the Catacombs; these, like the catacombs of Alexandria, consist of a maze of low, narrow passages, cut in the solid rock, a short distance below the surface; they are said to be so extensive that
formerly many persons entering to explore became lost among their intricate windings and never returned. It is told that a schoolmaster with all his scholars once entered these mysterious excavations, and that not one of the party ever reappeared. To prevent accidents of this kind, the greater part of the passages are now blocked up and entrance to them prohibited.

In one of the buildings attached to the governor’s country residence, at St. Antonio, is preserved the state-carriage of the Grand Masters; it is a rare machine, with wheels strong enough for a waggon: the whole has been originally covered with gilding, but the French, when they took Malta, in 1788, carried their republican antipathy to anything like aristocratic state, so far as to disguise all this with a coating of coarse paint. In the same spirit, during the short time they held possession of the island, they, with wonderful industry, defaced all the sculptured devices and armorial bearings of the knights with which the numerous
palaces, churches, and other public edifices were embellished.

The horses of Malta are capital, easy, free, and good-tempered; they are chiefly barbs exported from Tunis. Though the island is so small there is ample space for horse exercise upon the excellent roads which intersect it in all directions, and which are kept in the most perfect repair. The stable-keeper's charges are extremely low; the best horses are obtainable at three shillings a-day, or eighteen shillings a-week, and a good carriage and pair is hired for six shillings; indeed, though we hear many complaints of the recent increase in prices and rates occasioned by the war, Malta still seems a wonderfully cheap place to live in.

Coins are in circulation, and in common use here, twelve of which go to a penny; they are called grains.

Contrary to my preconceived impressions, the island is almost everywhere cultivated, and the crops look extremely vigorous, and luxuriant vegetables are produced in great
quantity and variety, besides wheat with barley and a sort of clover in ample abundance, as the low charges for horse keep and cheapness of milk and butter sufficiently prove.

To the eye, much of the effect of all this cultivation is, however, lost, and the surface of the country sadly disfigured by the numerous dry stone walls by which the land is enclosed and divided into very small fields and plots. These impart to the landscape an excessively rocky and barren aspect, and it is only on gaining some one of the highest points of land, and looking down, that one becomes aware of the extent of green surface.

Wild flowers are plentiful, and the fields quite gay with poppies, daisies, fine blue anemones, a very handsome double oxalis, jonquils, and several other bulbs and flowers.

The spade and the hoe are the implements principally used here in cultivation, which seems chiefly carried on by the
women, while the men are employed in the stone quarries, and upon buildings and public works. Ploughs, drawn by mules or oxen, are occasionally seen in the larger enclosures, and these are the same rude instruments used in Egypt and Turkey. English farm implements appear to be as effectually excluded as the English language.

No means are neglected by which an additional rood of the naturally rocky surface of the island can be rendered capable of cultivation. Everything that can be converted into soil is carefully preserved: the dredgings of the harbours, the scrapings of the streets and roads, and even the sweepings of the decks of the ships in the port.

The first process when a new field is to be formed, is to break up and level the entire surface of the rock; the larger portions thus detached are then employed to build the inclosing walls, and the remaining fragments are further broken and pounded
down to form a substratum for the soil, which is afterwards spread over all to the depth of a few inches. In this manner several large new fields are in process of construction, by means of a quantity of dark sand raised from the bottom of the great harbour; but the richest and best lands are formed by using for the surface stratum the virgin soil of the island, which is of a dark red colour, and is obtained in limited quantities from holes and fissures in the rock.

Sunday, 4th. Seduced by the bright skies and other attractions of Malta, I have determined to let the remainder of the winter pass before proceeding further on my journey. My temporary introduction to the snows of Balaklava and Constantinople has rendered me very unwilling to renew my acquaintance with the hoary winter of the north. Moreover, I am desirous to make some progress in the study of Italian before passing over into Italy, and now therefore being about to settle for a time to
a quiet studious mode of life, and having already recorded my impressions of Malta, I shall for the present close this Diary, and not again resume my pen till I shall be about to continue my travels.
CHAPTER XIII.


WEDNESDAY, March 28th. So agreeable have I found my residence here, that although I have now been two months upon the island, I feel no impatience to leave it. The season is advancing, however, and as I have now become sufficiently proficient in Italian to be able to make myself understood, I have determined to proceed by the packet steamer, which leaves for Messina and Naples to-morrow.

Rides, and early walks, with picnics and parties, at my kind friend Colonel G——'s, have agreeably filled up the time I could spare from study, and I have left scarcely
a corner of the island unexplored. We have also had the Carnival, and the grand Carnival ball at the palace. This, though very numerously attended, was rather a stupid affair, but it afforded me an opportunity to see more of the Maltese of the better class than I should otherwise have done, as these are not often met in the society of the English residents. There is very little friendly intercourse between the two races: the Maltese, under the influence of their priests, it is said, being disposed to keep aloof from their Protestant fellow-subjects.

Never was there a more priest-ridden community than this of Malta; the number of handsome churches seen in all parts of the island is something extraordinary for a population of a hundred thousand souls; the Church possesses a third of the lands, and priests are everywhere seen in swarms.

With the display of Maltese beauty at the ball I was much disappointed, the prevalence of good looks among the inferior classes having somewhat raised my ex-
pectations in this respect. The promenade dress of the women of Malta is very becoming, the black silk hood and mantle, or faldette, setting off their generally light and graceful figures to much advantage.

The Carnival occupied the 19th, 20th, and 21st of last month; but though all business was suspended, and the three days were utterly devoted to masqueing and amusements, the whole thing was insufferably stupid and spiritless. English rule, and the influence of English opinion have, it appears, deprived the Carnival at Malta of all its ancient license, excitements, and extravagancies, and the form only now remains without the spirit.

On the present occasion, the masquers, who, with the most oppressive gravity and decorum, paraded up one street and down another, were chiefly people of the lower orders; and at "gun-fire" every evening the amusements were discontinued, and the streets resumed the quiet, deserted appear-
ance which at night distinguishes the streets of Valetta equally with those of Cairo and other eastern cities.

The only approach to anything like license, consists in a general throwing of sugar-plums; every person carries a bag or pocketful of these, and discharges them by handfuls at the heads and faces of all whom they feel disposed to notice in this way. The ladies generally expend upon the men all their favours of this sort, while the men of course pelt away at the women. I myself became engaged in one or two such sharp contests of this kind, that when the Carnival was over, I was obliged to treat myself to a new hat.

Thursday, 29th. My plan of operations is to proceed hence to Sicily, and after remaining a short time in that island to pass over to Naples, and thence take all the principal cities of Italy in succession as I travel northwards; then to traverse France, visit Paris, and to reach England some time in June. My friends remain here a short
time longer, and afterwards go direct to England and Jersey, where I shall probably next meet them.

In consequence of the non-arrival of the steamer from Alexandria, the departure of the Naples packet was delayed all day, but at six in the evening I received notice to get on board, and soon after seven we were steaming out of the harbour with a smooth sea before us, and a clear sky and bright moon overhead.

Friday, 30th. Going early on deck, I found that we were well in with the Sicilian shore, and passing the city of Catania.

The morning was bright and cloudless, and the broad sides of Ætna completely unveiled, a small cloud of a singular mushroom-like form alone resting upon the snowy summit, which showed cold and clear far up against the pale early sky.

Advancing rapidly over a sea of glassy smoothness, we soon entered the strait of Messina, and here the scenery became enchanting beyond description, far exceeding
in beauty everything I have yet seen. On the Sicilian side, green mountains rise from the very shore, their slopes covered with cottages and convents, vineyards and olive grounds extending to the most inaccessible heights; towns and villages line the shore, while on the opposite side, in fine contrast with this rich scene, are the wild mountains of Calabria capped with snow.

In entering the port of Messina, we passed the once dreaded Charybdis, which, whatever were its former terrors, appears nothing very formidable now. Some pretty white gulls were swimming heedlessly upon the very spot, which is marked by a strong and peculiar ripple, and a small boat was sailing in what must have been most fearful proximity had danger existed.

Some batteries guard the narrow entrance to the harbour, which is small, but extremely deep, and of a curious circular form, like a crater. Upon the singular narrow strip of land which encloses this basin, quite separated from the city, and
almost from the mainland, is the piece of ground set apart for the Protestant burialplace, and near this I was shown the spot, where, during the prevalence of the cholera in August last, the dead were piled in heaps and burnt, so tremendous was the mortality, that it was found necessary to dispose of the corpses in this wholesale way. In less than three weeks, we are told, more than a fourth of the entire population of Messina, amounting to ninety thousand souls, fell victims to the dreadful pest, four thousand persons perishing in one day. Beyond the city it was little felt, and of the numbers who fled to the country, and took refuge in the villages and hamlets among the neighbouring hills, nearly all remained unscathed. This awful mortality is the more remarkable, as, on former occasions when Catania and Palermo have been visited by the cholera, Messina has been altogether exempted.

My baggage was very gently treated at the dogana, and this ceremony disposed of,
I, in company with some of the other passengers, secured rooms at the Hotel Vittoria di Norde, near the port, and then set out for a ramble about the town.

I had not gone far, when my feelings, or prejudices mayhap, were somewhat startled by observing two elderly gentlemen, of severe aspect and solemn demeanour, meet in the street, and with the utmost gravity deliberately kiss each other—no mere touching of foreheads or cheeks, but lip to lip, they treated one another to a smacking, sounding kiss; this done, each gravely bowed and went on his way.

Further on, finding the manufacture of macaroni going forward, I remained awhile to observe the process, which appeared extremely simple. The dough, or paste, is worked and kneaded in an extremely stiff and tough condition by means of a strong lever, and is afterwards forced by a powerful screw through a stout vertical copper cylinder of about six inches diameter, the lower extremity of which is closed with a
strong plate of the same material, pierced full of holes of a diameter and shape corresponding with the size and form of macaroni to be produced, large or small, round or flat.

When the hollow description of macaroni is to be made, a plate is used, every hole in which is fitted with a short steel wire, that, springing from the upper surface of the plate, rises about half an inch, and then is bent over, and descends straight through the centre of the hole. Under the action of the screw the tough dough is forced through these holes, and makes its appearance beneath the cylinder in the resemblance of a huge skein of yellow cord. When about a yard in length of this skein has descended, it is separated with a sharp knife, hung across a stick suspended in the sun to dry, and in a few hours the macaroni is perfected and ready for packing.

Saturday, 31st. Among my fellow-passengers in the packet from Malta was a
French gentleman, who is travelling for his pleasure, and whose plans are so much in accordance with my own, that we have determined to travel for the present together, and to make a tour through the island before proceeding onwards to Naples.

In travelling here the only choice is between saddle mules and an open carriage, the driver of which, or vetturino, engages for a specified sum to carry you to any part of the island within a given time. We chose the latter mode as that holding out the greatest promise of comfort and pleasure, the weather appearing unsettled, and we have to-day contracted with a merry, good-tempered looking Sicilian to carry us hence to Catania and Syracuse, and back again to Catania, whence to Palermo, we propose taking seats in the mail coach which traverses the island between those two points.

It is our intention to start to-morrow, should the weather permit. To-day it is
blowing a gale, and the sky is overcast and looks very threatening; but, anxious to see something of the beautiful hills that surround Messina, we engaged one of the small single-horse carriages that ply about the town, and set out along a road that is in course of construction, and which, when completed, will connect Messina more directly with Palermo on the other side of the island.

For a mile or so beyond the city we found the road nearly level, and delightfully shaded by a double line of trees, amongst which Judas trees of uncommon size and in full bloom made a splendid appearance. Quitting this beautiful avenue, the road by long traverses and numerous windings ascends the mountains that overlook the city. From the summits of these we obtained a magnificent prospect: on the one hand the Lipari isles, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean; and on the other, the city, the port, the straits, and the lofty mountains and snow-covered
peaks of Calabria; but the wind was so violent that it was with difficulty we could stand upright, and our coachman declined to take his carriage to the summit of the pass, declaring that it would be blown over. While clambering about the mountain top we met an old goatherd tending a large flock of goats; both the old man and his boy who accompanied him were clad chiefly in skins and looked wild and uncultivated as savages. We offered the boy a small piece of money, which, however, to our surprise he would not take; his reasons for declining we could not comprehend, as he spoke in a dialect to us quite unintelligible.

Sunday, April 1st. Heavy rain descending in torrents all day, rendered it impossible to go out, and our departure is necessarily deferred. Yesterday afternoon a large French steamer came in, filled with troops for the Crimea. A number of the officers joined our party at the hotel in the evening, and the excitement of their
sprightly conversation, coupled with a somewhat too lengthened investigation of the merits of various Sicilian wines, has resulted in a headache that renders me not indisposed to remain quiet to-day.
CHAPTER XIV.


Monday, 2nd. Our vetturino made his appearance at seven this morning, and the weather looking better, though still far from settled, we resolved to start.

The Albergo di Vittoria is by no means a bad hotel, and is a handsome and spacious house, with marble staircases and broad corridors. The table d'hôte is pretty good, and the charges very reasonable; my bill for the three days only reaching the moderate amount of twenty-two shillings. As for the beds, however, any one who is not prepared to sleep under an abominable
heavy wadded encumbrance in place of bedclothes will find them very uncomfortable.

By eight o'clock we were clear of Messina, and entering upon scenery that must surely be the most lovely in the world: the road follows the line of the seashore, now cut in the solid rock of the beetling cliffs, and almost overhanging the breakers, and now crossing the picturesque valleys that descend abruptly to the sea from the beautiful range of heights which, alternately advancing and receding, is never far distant.

Every turn of the road brought fresh beauties to view, keeping us in a constant rapture of admiration. All that was required to perfect the loveliness of the scenery was sunshine, but that we were not destined to enjoy; on the contrary, rain came on about noon, and provokingly compelled us to close our carriage, which is a large roomy brizka, drawn by three horses harnessed abreast, and carrying about their necks strings of small bells, whose merry jingling appears to inspirit the animals,
and is not at all displeasing to our own ears. The sky cleared again, however, during the afternoon, and by the time we reached Gardino, thirty miles from Messina, and our halting-place for the night, we had again fine weather.

Tolls are levied at very frequent intervals along this road, which doubtless requires much labour to keep it in repair, by reason of the numerous broad gravelly water-courses which cross it, and which need much levelling and readjusting after every fall of rain. Numbers of men were employed in this way to-day; these also asked money upon the plea that we could not have proceeded but for their labours.

Another call upon our pockets in the shape of custom-house fees, or exactions, we encountered with perplexing and somewhat provoking frequency. At every few miles we were stopped by a well-dressed official in full military uniform, who, under the plea that we were leaving one province or entering another, that we were coming
within the jurisdiction of this city, or quitting the jurisdiction of that, intimated the necessity of examining our luggage.

In our simplicity we were, on the first occasion, about to produce our keys instead of our purses, till a wink and a whispered hint from Francisco, our charioteer, set us right. Thus enlightened, when requested to show our baggage we at once produce a two carlini piece (value eightpence), the military gentleman extends his palm, receives the money, bows with infinite grace, and retires. Assuredly such bows are cheap at the price; but, becoming tired of the frequent repetition of the performance, my companion at last gave only a single carlino; the military-looking gentleman, on this occasion raised his eyebrows, tossed the coin several times over in his hand, but without speaking, merely shrugged his shoulders with an expression of ineffable contempt as we passed on.

Gardino is a straggling, dirty little town close to the sea, and the appearance of the
Albergo di Vittoria is far from promising. Immediately in the rear of the town, romantically perched upon the summit of a high mountain, are the city and castle of Mola, and lower down, occupying a level space or shelf in the precipitous hill-side, is the town of Taormina; near the latter the imposing ruins of a large amphitheatre stand conspicuously upon a jutting shoulder of the mountain, and these—undeterred by the formidable ascent—we determined to visit.

Provided with donkeys, we set out without loss of time, and, after an hour's climbing by a narrow paved way, cut in zigzags up the steep acclivity, we reached Taormina; Mola being yet, to all appearance, as far above us as we now stood above Gardino.

Entering Taormina by an ancient gateway in the ruined wall, we found ourselves in a fine level street, with shops, markets, and busy throngs, and with little to remind us of its extraordinary site, except the sharpness and purity of the air, and total absence
of wheeled carriages, which are effectually excluded by the steepness of the ascent.

The fine ruins of the amphitheatre, the dimensions of which speak of the former populousness of these mountain cities, well repaid the toil encountered in reaching it. An old custode dwells near the spot in charge of some fragments and antiquities that have been dug from the ruins. The old man is a self-taught artist, and employs his leisure hours with his pencil, sketching the remarkable scenery of the neighbourhood. He had just completed a general view of Taormina and Mola, and the drawing appeared so faithful a representation of this striking and peculiar scene, that I purchased and brought it away as a memorial.

Sunset found us still lingering about this romantic spot, and the moon was shining brightly ere we regained Gardino, delighted with our excursion, and prepared to do ample justice to the fare, however homely, of the unpretending Vittoria. We found
matters not so bad as appearances led us to anticipate: our supper, consisting of boiled chicken, soup, beans, and macaroni of course, was washed down with a flask of capital red wine, the produce of the neighbourhood; and our chamber, which serves for supper and bedroom, is tolerably clean, and not uncomfortable. Intending to rise with the dawn and climb the mountain to visit Mola, before starting for Catania, we went early to bed.

Tuesday, 3rd. Day broke with a most cheerless appearance, dark, clouded, and raining. Our projected scramble up to Mola was therefore abandoned, and at an early hour we resumed our journey.

This morning, when settling for our night’s lodging, our inquiry as to the amount to be paid was met by the unsatisfactory reply, “Quanto piace i Signori” (as much as the gentlemen please); upon this my companion offered French coins, and I English, being aware that neither pass current in Sicily, except in the prin-
cipal cities. Our pretty little hostess was in despair; but when, after unfeelingly amusing ourselves with her perplexity, we produced the much desired Sicilian piastres, her smiles and expressions of delight were unbounded. Two piastres for our entertainment, and one for the use of the donkeys, amply satisfied all demands; the Sicilian piastre is equal to four shillings English.

Beyond Gardino, the mountains receding farther from the sea, the road becomes somewhat less picturesque, but scarcely less beautiful. Passing over a fine plain, intersected by a flowing river, and covered with waving corn, with orchards, orange groves, and fields of growing flax, now gay with its beautiful blue blossoms, we reached about noon the rich undulating country that stretches in long slopes from Ætna down to the sea. Here the more advanced state of vegetation, the yellow tints of the corn, the sprouting vines, and apple-trees in full blossom, gave evidence of the superior qualities of the rich, black lava soil.
We stopped soon after mid-day to bait at the pretty little town of Aci Reale, upon a high ridge of lava overlooking the sea. By this time the sky had cleared, and the sun was shining hotly. It was a festa day, and as we approached the town, we met numbers of the country people coming out—they had been to mass, and were returning home; the women rode on asses, and among them were some girls whose beauty was remarkable. All were dressed in holiday attire, and here, for the first time since we landed in Sicily, we saw some approach to a distinct costume in the form of the headdress, which consists of a large piece of white woollen cloth folded many times, and laid across the crown of the head; this is rather becoming, and very convenient, as, in the event of rain, the headdress is unfolded, and then serves for a mantle.

Early in the evening we reached "La Bella Catania," and put up at the Albergo
della Corona, where we found very comfortable quarters.

Wednesday, 4th. Intending to spend a day here on our return, we were up before dawn; Francisco desiring to start by five o'clock, as Syracuse is above fifty miles distant. The morning was clear, and the air very sharp, bringing great coats and wrappers into requisition. Soon after clearing the city gates, we entered upon a fine plain across which the road lay before us for eight miles, straight as an arrow, and bordered on either side by a hedge of cactus, or prickly pear. Beyond the plain we came to a considerable river, and here, to our great annoyance, we discovered that a freshet, the result of the late rains, had destroyed the bridge, and that farther progress in this direction was consequently impossible.

Numbers of men were employed repairing the wretched wooden structure that had served for a bridge, but as there appeared no chance of its being restored to a ser-
viceable condition in less than three or four days, we reluctantly turned back towards Catania.

We now determined to alter our plan of operations, and instead of Syracuse to visit Girgenti, and from thence go on direct to Palermo. To this end we concluded a fresh contract with Francisco; he was to have received £6 for conveying us from Messina to Syracuse, and back to Catania, and we now agreed to pay him £20 for the whole journey from Messina to Palermo, via Girgenti, he to provide us with board and lodging for the remainder of the distance, which will occupy nine days—four hence to Girgenti, one day there, and four more thence to Palermo.

We returned to Catania about nine o’clock, and were soon reinstalled at the Corona, and again under the assiduous care of Placido, the obsequious waiter, who, with mingled condolences for our disappointment, and expressions of delight at our return, speedily supplied us with a capital
breakfast, in which genuine beef steaks made a conspicuous figure.

Breakfast ended, we engaged the services of a cicerone, and set out to visit the antiquities and other objects of interest about the city. Of these, the principal are the museum of antique sculptures and other works of art, and the excavated ruins of the ancient theatre, Greek and Roman baths, and a large amphitheatre, all more or less buried beneath the successive streams of lava that have poured down from Ætna over this devoted spot; where, in such wonderful disregard of all warning and experience, city has risen over city, and modern Catania now stands a ready prey for some future eruption.

In the afternoon we took a carriage, and leaving the town, we traced the course of the great stream of lava which, during the eruption of 1669, threatened Catania with total destruction; but when close to the walls, dividing into two branches, the lava flowed on to the sea, encompassing the
whole city with a fiery barrier, but overwhelming only an inconsiderable portion; and this damage was in part compensated by one of the lava streams flowing far out into the sea, and in the shape of an extensive breakwater, forming a much more spacious port than that previously existing. This port has since been further improved by the addition of a fine mole of solid masonry.

In the cathedral we saw a curious, quaint old picture representing the scene during the eruption. The city is depicted encompassed by a flood of fire, and the terrified people flocking to the water, and crowding into ships and boats; all escape on the land side being effectually cut off.

In the evening we were quite overwhelmed with the visits of native artisans, or, I may say, artists bringing their wares for sale. Some little figures in terra-cotta, representing the old Sicilian costumes, we thought so beautifully executed, that, despite their very fragile appearance, we
resolved to take the chance of conveying them safely, and possessed ourselves of several.

Thursday, 5th. Last night the sky looked threatening again, and this morning we were not surprised to find rain falling steadily. Francisco urged a departure, however, and yielding to his wishes we resolved to start. Our friend Placido now brought us two large books, whose pages we found, on inspection, are filled with records of the satisfaction of grateful travellers of all nations, who during the last twelve years have enjoyed the general comforts of the Corona, and particular attentions and politeness of its incomparable waiter, who, in the words of one of these written testimonies to his worth, is concisely and not inaptly described by some facetious English traveller, as "a nice young man for a small tea party." We, of course, added our tribute of praise, thus bringing down the record of the inimit-
able Placido's perfections to this 5th of April, 1855.

After we had started, the rain came down more heavily than ever, and the road continually ascending the long slopes towards Ætna, our pace was slow, and the prospect somewhat cheerless and uninteresting. For some hours our course lay over the lava beds of 1669; the lapse of two centuries has produced decomposition sufficient only to restore limited portions of the surface to the purposes of cultivation. Vines are growing in small patches among the hollows and more depressed parts, where decomposition of the lava has proceeded farthest, but the rougher portions produce only a straggling crop of prickly pears, with a few olive and fig-trees, and a great deal is still perfectly bare.

So slow was our progress, that it was two o'clock ere we reached the little town of Aderno, twenty-three miles from Catania, and halted to bait our jaded horses, and to appease the cravings of our own appetites.
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Here we learned that a river only five miles in advance, had since morning become impassable, so we are stopped short again, unless the weather clears; should no more rain fall, it is said the river will be fordable to-morrow.

My Parisian friend, who improves upon acquaintance, and is a very agreeable travelling companion, is equally with myself disposed to make light of mishaps and disappointments of this kind; so, hoping for better fortune for to-morrow, we strolled out after dinner in search of amusement, and entering the chapel of the convent of Santa Lucia, we heard some excellent music.

Afterwards visiting an ancient tower placed conspicuously upon a rock near the entrance to the town, we found the old keep occupied as a prison, and a dozen starved looking men incarcerated within it. These luckless captives are unprovided with beds or bedding of any sort; their fare is bread and water, and they have been four months
here confined awaiting trial. The wretched men made piteous appeals to us, as though we could help them, vowed before God that they were innocent of the offence with which they were charged, and complained that their treatment was killing them. We gave the poor creatures a piece of money, which they received with expressions of gratitude quite out of proportion with the gift. The gaoler told us that their sufferings from cold during the first winter months of their imprisonment were terrible; they were all confined upon one charge of arson.

The sky has cleared this evening, giving promise of fine weather and onward progress to-morrow.

Friday, 6th. This morning Mount Ætna towered above us distinct and unclouded, a certain indication, according to Francisco, of a fine day. We got off at seven, but when an hour afterwards we came in sight of the river, the unwelcome spectacle of mules and carts crowded about either bank
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told us that there was still difficulty in passing. On reaching the spot, we found the stream yet rapid and muddy, and Francisco shook his head despondingly. Laden mules were slowly crossing a short distance above the road, at a part where the water was shallower; but many of these fell in the middle of the stream, and after thoroughly wetting their loads, got upon their legs again, and reached the bank amid great shouting and tumult.

After some time, a carriage, that had been waiting upon the opposite side, was driven boldly into the stream, and without much difficulty got safely over. Thus encouraged, Francisco yielded to our persuasions, and made the attempt, but with less success, for when he reached the middle, the horses becoming alarmed, tried to turn back—one plunged and broke his traces, another fell, and all got into such confusion, that our affrighted charioteer was fain to call upon some of his countrymen to come to his assistance.
All this time the stream was rushing through the carriage like a mill-race, but we had, before attempting the passage, packed all portmanteaus, &c., high upon the seats; no damage, therefore, was sustained, and the horses having been released, and ourselves and baggage carried on men's shoulders to the opposite bank, the empty carriage was drawn over by a party of men with a long rope.

More delay now occurring while the broken harness was cobbled up, it was eleven o'clock ere we were again on our way, well pleased, however, to have cleared this formidable obstacle on any terms.

Mountains now lay before us, looking high and rugged enough to bar all further progress; but the excellent and skilfully constructed road winding along the sides of the ravines, and mounting by long traverses and numerous turns, conducted us by easy ascents to the summits of the highest ranges.
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At Regalbuto, a small town perched upon a mountain top, we stopped a short time to bait, and soon afterwards passed below the extraordinary city of San Philipo d'Argiro, occupying the apex and sides of a peak so lofty as to form even in this mountainous region a conspicuous object at a great distance. As we approached, the towers, spires, and roofs of the city imparting a jagged or serrated appearance to the sides of the lofty cone, as it stood out in bold relief against the sky, produced a most striking and remarkable effect.

Notwithstanding the hilly nature of the country, the scenery is as rich as it is remarkable; the long slopes and steep acclivities, even to the tops of the mountains, are verdant with young crops of growing wheat, while olive groves and thickets are dispersed in the most natural and picturesque manner over hill and dale. Vineyards have become scarce since we crossed the river, and quitted the dark, stony lava soils of Ætna.
During the day we met great numbers of small, light carts drawn by a single horse, or more generally a mule, and laden with sulphur in large square cakes, the produce of the sulphur mines of Villarossa, some miles in our front.

Owing to our long detention at the river, evening overtook us before we reached our halting-place for the night; but we had the advantage of a bright moon, and at eight o'clock we drove into the town of Leonforte, twenty-eight miles from Aderno, and put up at a dirty, comfortless-looking inn, bearing the remarkable designation of "Locanda della Misericordia."
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CHAPTER XV.

City of Castrogiovanni—The Cathedral—Unveiling of the Figure of the Saviour—The Torre del Conte—Santa Catarina—Sicilian Discomfort—Slovenly Mode of Cultivation—Unfeeling Treatment of Animals—Pack-horses and their Drivers—Canicatti—Serradifalco—Girgenti—Novel Carriage—Temples of Concord and Juno—Visit to a Sulphur Mine—Employment of Children.

SATURDAY, 7th. Appearances did not belie our resting-place of last night; we were tormented with fleas, and besides suffered much from cold, though, in being without fireplaces, the Miserecordia only resembles all other small Sicilian inns; but last night was unusually sharp, the air of these highland regions being extremely piercing, and the miserable pan of embers made a sorry substitute for a fireside. The heavy quilted abomination, too, that is everywhere given us instead of bed clothes, would, without the addition of fleas and other disagreeables, render the nights sufficiently uncom-
fortable to detract materially from the pleasures of our journey. I would recommend all travellers in Sicily to go provided with a good pair of blankets.

Our route to-day was as hilly as that of yesterday: the road, often following the crests of the highest ranges, commanded a succession of the most charming landscapes and extensive views.

Early in the afternoon we approached the remarkable city of Castrogiovanni, once famous, under its ancient name of Enna, for its Temple of Ceres, and still noted for the superior quality of the wheat produced in its neighbourhood. The city, which is yet a place of some importance and extent, possessing a population of twelve thousand souls, occupies the level summit of a mountain, not only the highest in this part of the island, but so steep as to appear at a distance nearly perpendicular at the upper part. The main road passes along the side of this mountain at a considerable elevation, but yet far below the city.
Having the day before us, however, we were not disposed to pass so remarkable a place without a visit; therefore desiring Francisco to proceed on to the Albergo di Nepotenza, the place he had named for our mid-day halt, and which was now only about a couple of miles in advance, my friend and I turned off upon an ancient paved mule track that led directly up the hillside, and after half-an-hour's laborious climbing, gaining the plateau, we passed an ancient gateway, and at once found ourselves, as if by enchantment, in the streets of a busy city, filled with throngs of well-dressed people; this being a great festa day, the last of the Passion Week.

The churches were open and mass going forward. Being invited to enter, we went into the cathedral, and remained to witness the ceremony of unveiling the figure of the Saviour, which during Lent is concealed from view. An immense curtain descending from the lofty roof to the pavement screened the altar and crucifix, and entirely closed
the chancel, and this we were told would be removed with great ceremony at noon; in the meanwhile, guided by one who offered his services as cicerone, we made a survey of the church, which is large and handsome, and contains some interesting antique marble bass-reliefs.

Castrogiovanni is not, I fancy, very frequently visited by foreigners; at least the curiosity with which we were regarded, would lead to that conclusion; boys followed us, gaping and gazing, wherever we went, and when we stood still, came before us and looked wonderingly up in our faces.

The church was filled with a numerous congregation, amongst the fair portion of which were several faces of uncommon beauty; but, I fear, our intrusion sadly disturbed the pious duties of many. Curiosity proved too strong for devotion, and while the lips moved in prayer, numerous inquisitive eyes followed the strangers.

As the clock struck twelve, the immense curtain that veiled the altar suddenly
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dropped, the powerful orchestra opened with a crash, and all the bells of the city, released from long silence, pealed forth at once. The effect was thrilling; I lingered listening to the beautiful music as long as the limited time at our disposal, and the impatience of my friend would permit, and then followed him reluctantly away; nor shall I readily forget the rare beauty of those fair Sicilians, or the fine burst of music on that strange mountain top.

The salubrity of the climate of Castrogiovanni is attested by the bright, ruddy complexions of the inhabitants, who, moreover, assured us that their city is considered a safe place of refuge from cholera.

The abundance of water on this lofty and isolated plateau is remarkable; springs issue from the ground in many places, and tanks and pools are numerous.

The Torre del Conte, a Norman ruin, occupies the site of the famed temple of Ceres, and so commanding is the situation, that even this small tower is visible at the dis-
tance of a day's journey. It was long past mid-day when we reluctantly quitted this remarkable city, and after a rapid descent by a rough-paved mule track, similar to that by which we had ascended, we rejoined Francisco, who was impatiently expecting us at the Nepotenza, about two o'clock, and after a hurried meal, and a draught of very light but refreshing wine, the produce of the district, we proceeded on our way.

The day was bright and warm, but we had not long descended from Castrogiovanni, when dense clouds settled down upon the city, and completely enveloping the mountain, so remained for the rest of the evening, though we below continued to enjoy uninterrupted sunshine to the close of the day, when we reached the small town of Santa Catarina, thirty-four miles from Leonforte.

Bad as was our accommodation last night, the prospect is worse here—more fleas and more dirt—the chilly floor of red tiles looks as though it had never known a broom, and
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the filthy, stained walls may have been ignorant of paint or whitewash since the house was built.

The landlady, fat, dirty, and cross, was in such an ill-temper as the arrival of guests even, failed to mollify, supper was tardily prepared, and we sat longer than usual shiveringly expecting the pan of hopelessly smouldering embers that does duty as a fire: in truth, these miserable nights form a serious counterpoise to the delightful days, and materially diminish the enjoyment of travelling in this beautiful island.

Sunday, 8th. We rose as usual at dawn, and after a hurried breakfast, gladly quitted our miserable quarters, and turned our backs upon Santa Catarina at seven o'clock. A heavy thunder shower which fell last night, has rendered the road somewhat wet and disagreeable for walking, as we generally do up all the long hills.

Though now quite in the interior of Sicily, we have as yet seen little approach to a peculiar costume; the peasantry are
dressed much like English, or, I should rather say Irish people of the same class: the women wear ordinary dresses of Manchester print, with a coloured kerchief over the head, and are generally very dirty in dress and person.

The country over which we passed to-day, though hilly, is less mountainous and rugged than that previously traversed, and is almost exclusively devoted to the production of wheat. Few vineyards are seen in this part of the island, and olive trees have nearly disappeared; the mode of cultivation is very slovenly and wasteful, one crop only being produced in three years. The first year the stubble land remains untouched, and produces a scanty supply of pasture, the second year it is ploughed and fallowed, and the third sown again with wheat.

The Sicilian plough is of the same rude construction as that used in Egypt, and whether oxen, horses, or mules be employed to draw it, they are invariably attached by
means of a yoke. The effect upon the horses and mules of such a mode of harnessing, is as might be anticipated; their necks, notwithstanding a quantity of clumsy padding, are generally in a terribly galled and injured state. We saw some wretched animals whose withers were not merely raw, but deeply cut into by the cruel yoke, and yet the creatures in this maimed condition were still at work. The Sicilians generally are very unfeeling in the treatment of their animals, appearing in this respect in disadvantageous contrast with the Maltese.

Much of the transport of produce and goods of all descriptions in this hilly country is conducted by means of pack-horses, carrying immense panniers, between which the driver almost invariably sits, mercilessly retaining his place, however heavy the load, even when ascending the steepest hills; yet the Sicilian men have by no means an idle or slothful appearance—they are hard-featured, wiry, and active, and generally as lean and ragged-looking as their beasts.
At Serradifalco, we halted for awhile to bait as usual about mid-day, and as the bright unclouded sun was sinking in the west, we reached Canicatti, a considerable town of eighteen thousand inhabitants, and here we put up at the Albergo Nobile, which, though dirty and comfortless, is not quite so wretched as our resting-place of last night.

Monday, 9th. Francisco was as usual early astir, and urging a timely departure. We quitted Serradifalco rather before our usual hour of seven, and after traversing twenty-five miles of the same uninteresting wheat-producing country as that passed over yesterday, ridge succeeding ridge in tiresome monotony, we reached Girgenti about noon.

As we approached the town, we met one of the extraordinary carriages which, prior to the completion, about thirty years ago, of the fine road upon which we are travelling, were in general use throughout the interior of the island. The carriage has no wheels,
but is carried by two stout mules, one of which is placed between shafts in the ordinary way, and goes before, whilst the other follows the machine with his head towards it, being harnessed between an extra pair of shafts, which project in the rear like the handles of a wheelbarrow; the mules are profusely adorned with gay trappings, and carry a multitude of jingling bells. With these carriages the worst roads of this mountainous island may be safely traversed; but the pace is slow, and the motion, judging from appearances, must be tiresome and fatiguing.

Girgenti, occupying a part of the site of the ancient Agrigentum, is perched upon the summit of a hill of considerable elevation, about four miles from the sea. It is a dirty, neglected-looking place, badly supplied with water, and only interesting on account of the fine ruins of the ancient city that are to be seen in the neighbourhood.

The "Albergo bello di Napoli e Sicilia,"
though by no means worthy of its ostentatious title, is more comfortable than the odious stybes in which we have lately been compelled to lodge, and having resolved to remain here all to-morrow, we attempted nothing this afternoon beyond a ramble about the town; the dull, cloudy sky, and the bitter cold wind, however, soon disposed us to turn homeward again to seek the shelter of our cheerless little room, and the poor comfort of the usual pan of embers. The unwonted sumptuousness of our evening's fare, however, comprising fish, flesh, and fowl, which our indefatigable and good-humoured Francisco placed before us with no small display of pride and, satisfaction, proved a solid consolation, and, added to the immunity from fleas and other vermin, helped us to pass the evening less disagreeably than usual.

Tuesday, 10th. After an early breakfast we procured a carriage, and set out to visit the principal ruins, which occupy a ridge considerably less elevated than that upon
which the modern city stands, and much nearer the sea.

The most conspicuous ruins are those of the fine temples of Concord and Juno, which are both in a wonderful state of preservation, the roofs alone being destroyed. Standing upon a rocky elevation which presents a precipitous face towards the shore, the appearance of these temples from the sea must have been beautiful in the extreme. The ruins of several others, some of very large proportions, but quite overthrown, occupy the same ridge, and speak of departed grandeur and magnificence.

We spent the greater part of the day wandering among these silent yet eloquent memorials of by-gone greatness, or sitting upon the disjointed stones, to enjoy at once the warm sunshine, and those feelings of saddened interest which the scene was so calculated to excite.

Returning to the town, we visited in the evening the public promenade or garden, which is planted with gaudy common flowers,
and laid out in the most formal style with terraces, labyrinths, and grottoes; but, owing to its beautiful commanding situation, the effect is altogether pleasing. We met very few persons in the gardens, though the evening was particularly fine.

Wednesday, 11th. We got away at an early hour, and turned our backs upon Girgenti, well pleased with our visit. The ruins we have seen are, we believe, among the most perfect of the Greek temples now existing, and inferior only to those at Athens and Pæstum.

The weather has again become bitterly cold, dark, and windy; and, as our journey to-day was over the same road we traversed on Monday, the only interesting incident was a visit to one of the numerous sulphur mines which abound in this part of the country. The descent into the mines is accomplished by means of rude steps formed in the side of the shaft, which is sunk not perpendicularly but at a considerable angle. In the mine that we visited, which is a
newly opened one, the bed of sulphur ore appears to be of great and, indeed, unascertained thickness, for the galleries are worked out as high as the miners can reach, and yet both floor and ceiling are everywhere composed of the ore. The matrix is a hard greyish stone, through which the yellow mineral is disseminated in streaks and blotches, in appearance reminding one of very fat beef.

About a dozen men, naked to their waists, were working in the mine, and, to our surprise, we found them not only using open lamps, but so little in fear of the sulphur igniting that one of them, by way of proving to us the rich quality of the ore, set fire to the sides and roof of the gallery several times, when, after allowing the flame to spread for a few moments, a single blast of his breath was always sufficient to extinguish it. The profuse expressions of gratitude with which these poor men received a single piastre, which we gave to be divided among them,
seemed to prove that their earnings are but small.

To extract the sulphur the ore is placed in pits much resembling lime-kilns, and a lighted match having been inserted at the top of the mass the whole is covered with a coating of earth, and the smouldering fire, thus confined, gradually spreads and descends. The sulphur as it becomes melted is drawn off by a plug hole in the lower part of the kiln, and in eight or ten days the whole is thus extracted, and the kiln burnt out.

The ore is brought up from the mine in the most primitive and laborious mode by boys, carrying baskets upon their backs; of the numbers we saw thus engaged none appeared to be above twelve or fourteen years old, and, as they climbed panting up the steep incline of the shaft, many seemed much distressed with the severity of the labour.

Throughout our journey I have been much struck by observing the extent to
which children are usefully employed in this island; they appear to enjoy no childhood, no happy days of immunity from care and toil. The labourers engaged in breaking stones and repairing the roads, we have noticed, are generally boys or quite young lads, while in the towns and villages little girls of the tenderest years emulate the incessant thread-spinning habits of their mothers, and like them, whether sitting at the cottage-door, walking on the road, or tending a few sheep or cows upon the stubble field, they invariably carry in their little hands, instead of a doll or other plaything, a tiny distaff, from which, with surprising expertness, they produce their modicum of thread.

So much time was consumed by our visit to the sulphur mines that, although we delayed but a short time to bait at Canicatti, it was dark ere we reached Caltanissetta, a large and handsome town forty-six miles from Girgenti, and the
capital of a province. Here at the Aquila Nerawa we found cleaner and more comfortable quarters than we have elsewhere met with since leaving Catania; but still the cheerful fireside was wanting, and the evening being very chilly we had no resource but to get early to bed.
CHAPTER XVI.


THURSDAY, 12th. Towards noon we regained the Palermo road, and passing our old place of torment, Santa Catarina, entered upon new ground, but without finding any improvement in the scenery. The almost total absence of detached cottages or small hamlets in these treeless, corn-growing districts of the interior, renders yet more dreary the naked aspect of their monotonous green landscapes. The peasants chiefly dwell in the large villages or towns, which, though numerous, are necessarily too remote from each other to be generally in view, and are frequently at a most in-
convenient distance from the lands cultivated by their inhabitants.

We frequently in the evenings overtake parties of labourers returning home four or five miles from the scene of their toil; they are generally mounted on asses, and carry all their tools and implements with them. During the day the donkeys are to be seen tethered and regaling upon the succulent and abundant wild herbage which springs up by the roadside, and everywhere covers the waste ground.

Much of the land we passed over to-day is fallowed or lying waste, and is grazed by sheep and cattle, which we saw in larger numbers than we had previously observed; some flocks of sheep, of which a large proportion were black, numbered three or four hundred strong. The cattle are ugly brutes, of a smoky red colour, and with immense cocked horns. The meat in Sicily, both mutton and beef, is tough, lean, and bad, like that of Egypt and Turkey, and from the same cause.
DIARY OF TRAVELS.

The sun shone brightly all day, and in the afternoon, our road descending into a fine deep valley, the heat became quite oppressive. Towards evening, we were delighted to find ourselves again among vineyards, gardens, and olive groves, as we approached the little town of Valletunga, prettily situated on the banks of a small river; and here, having accomplished thirty-four miles, we pulled up for the night.

Friday, 13th. A lovely, bright spring morning showed the beautiful scenery around Valletunga to the fullest advantage; but we soon left it behind, and again got among the wide, dreary, unenclosed wheat lands. Villages are becoming more scarce, and we baited to-day, as yesterday, at a solitary post-house by the wayside.

Some fine lofty rocks surmounting the long, cultivated slopes, relieved the monotony of the landscape this afternoon; but the country is less rich, and displays a larger extent of rocky and unavailable
surface than any we have seen since passing the lava streams of Ætna.

The warm sun was still high above the western horizon when we completed our day's journey of thirty-six miles, and reached the village of Villafrati. Here we found better quarters than appearances led us to anticipate, and the sudden change in the weather makes us independent of a fire. We are in high spirits, too, at the prospect of reaching Palermo to-morrow; for to all the pleasures of travelling in this beautiful country there are so many drawbacks that we shall not be sorry to terminate our journey.

As we were sitting down to supper we were agreeably surprised by melodious sounds of music at the door of our chamber. The musicians were two poor blind Sicilians, who played well and sang several of their national airs. We detained them all the evening to entertain us, and my lively French companion caused great merriment by dancing a tarantella with the old one-eyed cameriera.
Saturday, 14th. The sun came forth gloriously this morning, and as the day advanced his fierce rays became scorching and oppressive. Two days ago, wrapped in great coats and shawls, we were glad to warm our chilled limbs by leaving our vehicle and walking, whenever a long ascent afforded us the opportunity; to-day I felt oppressed with heat, carrying my coat upon my arm and walking in my shirt-sleeves.

For the first time since we have been in Sicily, the breeze to-day is devoid of a certain peculiar icy sharpness, making itself felt particularly about the neck; even the natives appear sensible of this, for all, we have observed, wear upon that part of their person some kind of warm wrapper or covering, which they do not remove even when the sun shines hotly.

As we approached the coast and Palermo, the scenery again became varied and beautiful in the extreme; the broad unenclosed green expanse of corn-land here gives place
to olive plantations, vineyards, and orange groves; numerous cottages again dot the landscape, and at every few miles a village is seen high up the hillside, nestling among trees, or occupying a sheltered nook at the foot of some towering crag.

We reached Palermo about noon, and put up at the Trinacria, a spacious, handsome hotel, finely situated near the water, and commanding a beautiful view of the port and bay. Here we found most excellent quarters; and were not sorry to learn that the Naples packet does not leave before Tuesday, as we are quite disposed to enjoy for awhile the unwonted luxury of this comfortable hotel, and wish to devote a few days to the sights and pleasures of Palermo.

We passed the evening very agreeably at the theatre, where we found good acting, a large handsome house, and in the boxes a display of beauty that we thought fully justified all the glowing encomiums we had heard of the surpassing charms of the fair *Palermétáne*. 
DIARY OF TRAVELS.

Sunday, 15th. Our first business this morning was to settle with Francisco, who returns to Messina. He is such a merry, good-tempered fellow, and has throughout the journey been so attentive, and evinced so constant a desire to please, that we really part with him with feelings of regret, the which—if there be any truth in vows and protestations—are fully reciprocated on his part. The honest fellow really appeared affected when he took leave and departed.

Among the objects of interest we visited to-day, the most remarkable was a large vault, or catacomb, attached to a convent of Capuchin friars, and which contains near six thousand human bodies. The greater part of these are exposed to view, placed in rows against the walls; and as the light is freely admitted by means of glazed openings in the roof, the whole of the ghastly ranks are clearly visible, and show with hideous effect as one enters the vaults. These disgusting dried specimens
of humanity are in every stage of mouldering decay; all bear about their withered necks a card, upon which is inscribed the name and age of the deceased, and date of death; these go back as far as the year 1611; and we observed one shrivelled figure, bearing date 1622, still nearly entire, and in a good state of preservation; yet the corpses, we were assured, are not subjected to any preservative or embalming process, further than being placed for one year in small airtight chambers, which are hermetically closed.

These vaults are open, we were told, to all who desire to dispose of their mortal remains in this extraordinary mode, upon payment of a certain fee, which, in some cases, is as low as one and a half piastres, or six shillings. Strange to relate, many appear to avail themselves of this privilege. Several female corpses, generally under glass, are seen among the collection; and upon a sort of upper shelf, numbers of young children, whose hideous, distorted
forms, are, as if in frightful mockery, clothed and decked with tawdry finery; kid gloves dangle upon the skeleton fingers, and caps with ribbons render more ghastly and revolting the eyeless sockets and grinning jaws beneath them. Yet this, we were told, is the work of the mothers and relations, who are admitted once a year to visit departed friends, and change their loathsome vestments.

On the pavement of the vaults, long piles of trunks and boxes of every form, except that of a coffin, contain the dried remains of those who have not stipulated for the posthumous distinction of exhibiting their decaying humanity to the public gaze.

Monday, 16th. The situation of Palermo is beautiful in the extreme; the fine bay in front, a picturesque range of lofty hills in the rear, and the whole of the rich plain encircled by these hills covered with villas, gardens, and orange groves, form altogether a scene of the most surpassing loveliness, as viewed from the gardens of
the Convent of Santa Maria di Jesu, which we visited to-day, and which occupies a fine commanding situation upon a slope of the mountain that borders the plain, about five miles distant from the city. Some forty or fifty of the poor of the dwellers in the neighbourhood were at the convent, receiving their daily alms of bread and beans; we were surprised to observe that all were females, but the matter was soon explained. To-morrow all who come for alms will be of the other sex; the men and women are received, it appears, upon alternate days, an arrangement which leaves room for suspicion as to the strict observance of their vows of continence by the holy friars.

During the afternoon we hurried over some of the public buildings, and several of the fine churches, with which Palermo abounds; and in the evening visited the very pretty public gardens which adjoin the city, and are beautifully situated near the bay. The Naples steamer has come
in, and as she leaves to-morrow we are anxious to make the most of our time.

Tuesday, 17th. The morning was consumed in a last hurried sight-seeing ramble through the city; and, at three o'clock, bidding a reluctant farewell to enchanting Palermo; and the comfortable Trinacria, we hurried on board the Vesuvio Neapolitan steamer, which was reported to be on the point of starting, and as all strangers were ordered ashore a few minutes after we boarded her, we congratulated ourselves upon having just hit the time. A fearful amount of kissing was exchanged among the male portion of the assembly at parting; and, in the midst of the confusion, a young Palermetan gentleman, whose acquaintance we had made since arriving here, and who insisted on coming to see us off, so took me by surprise as to bring his lips in contact with my cheek before I was aware of his design.

The ship having been cleared, we, in our simplicity, supposed she would imme-
diately get under weigh, but in this we were egregiously mistaken, for no sooner had we sought refuge from the sun's rays, and comfortably disposed ourselves upon the couches in the saloon, than we were hunted up again by a police functionary, and for two mortal hours were, without distinction—first class, second class, and deck passengers, some seventy or eighty in all—kept standing, indiscriminately mingled together, upon the deck, broiling under the hot sun, while a most vexatiously slow and deliberate examination of our passports, and muster of our persons, was gone through.

It was near five o'clock when we at length steamed out of the bay; but the sea being delightfully calm, all petty annoyances were soon forgotten, and good humour restored.

Among the passengers is a Russian lady of high rank, the Countess O——f, who after dinner smoked her cigar with a most confidant and easy grace. In figure, the
countess is tall and graceful, and though a little passé, she is still a very handsome woman.

In the saloon is a piano in very tolerable tune, and several of the lady passengers giving us the advantage of their musical acquirements, and sweet Italian voices, the evening passed agreeably and rapidly away.

Wednesday, 18th. At an early hour the snow-clad peaks of the Apennines were in sight; and before the sun had long risen, passing between the Islands of Capri and Ischia, we advanced up the Gulf of Naples, whose beauties were enviously veiled by a warm blue haze, and entering Naples’ famous bay, we cast anchor at nine o’clock in the inner harbour. Here we were destined to undergo still more protracted vexations and difficulties than those of yesterday, for though we anchored at nine, it was twelve o’clock before we could obtain the necessary written permission to land.
Wearied and out of temper with this annoying three hours' detention, we at length got ashore in no humour to be pleased, and our first impressions of Naples disappointed our expectations, as did also appearances at the Hôtel de Genève, to which I was led by my friend. Clouds of blinding dust swept along the streets, and rendered riding or walking equally disagreeable; and, after a short ramble about the principal streets and squares, we returned to our hotel as evening closed, by no means delighted with our first experience of Naples.
CHAPTER XVII.


Thursday, 19th. Learning that a small steamer runs every Thursday to convey excursionists to Capri, we resolved to make a visit to that island our business for the day, and breakfasting betimes we got on board and started soon after eight.

The sun shone brightly, and the morning was delightfully clear and fresh as we left the harbour, and glided out into the calm waters of the bay; and now, indeed, it seemed that all I had ever dreamt of Italy’s blue waters, sunny skies, and enchanting scenery, was fully realized, and I could only
wonder at yesterday's jaundiced feeling of discontent.

At noon we reached the beautiful island, the object of our excursion, and the vessel, before approaching the landing-place, lay to off the famous Blue Grotto. Several small boats were soon alongside, and in one of these we at once made for its entrance, a narrow opening in the base of the rocky cliff, and so low, that we were compelled to stoop as our boat entered; this narrow portal passed, however, the appearance within is surprising and beautiful beyond description. The water upon which you float, the roof and sides of the Grotto, the boats, and all objects within this singular cave appear tinged with a deep azure blue.

Several other boats were in the Grotto at the same time with ours, and the agitation of the water caused by the dip of their oars, produced a changing variety of shades, from deep violet to light silvery blue, that had a most charming effect.

With half a piastre we bribed a boy to
jump overboard; and as he swam and dived about in the cave he appeared like some bright-coloured sea-monster, an aquatic impersonation of blue devils.

The beautiful tints that pervade the Grotto are supposed to be caused by the sun's light entering through the water, which in this locality is of a singularly deep blue colour. The small aperture by which the cave is entered extends deep down under the surface of the water, and thus the light comes chiefly from below.

Leaving the Grotta Azzura, we returned on board the steamer, and proceeding to the landing-place, got ashore without delay; and after a hurried meal at the little inn, whose modest appearance, and ostentatious title of "Hôtel de Londres," are somewhat at variance, we climbed the lofty promontory of Lo Capo, which constitutes the eastern extremity of Capri, to visit the ruins of one of the twelve palaces built by the Emperor Tiberius upon the island. The ruins
occupy a most commanding position upon the summit of the promontory, which falls off perpendicularly to the sea; and near them is pointed out Il Salto, the spot whence the victims of Tiberius were precipitated into the sea. This famous "leap" is a sheer descent of seven hundred feet, and a more awful fate than the being thrown, or compelled to leap over, could not be imagined; boats sailing below appeared literally no larger than nut-shells.

One of the chief present avocations of the people of the island would appear to be bird-catching. We saw everywhere cages full of wretched fluttering larks and linnets, destined, I believe, for the Naples market; and one of the miserable little captives, dangled by a thread attached to its wing, is almost as unfailingly seen here in the hands of every little girl, as were the more useful distaffs in Sicily.

Capri is celebrated for the excellence of its wine, and beauty of its women; the former we tested at the Hôtel de Londres,
and think it deserves its fame; and among the crowd that followed us to the beach when preparing to re-embark, I observed one girl whose face was, I think, the most lovely I ever looked upon.

A young Englishman of good family, a Mr. N——n, who some time since came to Capri upon a shooting excursion, was so captivated, that he married one of the island beauties and settled among them; his house was pointed out to us during our ramble. It is told that the mother prior to the marriage, exacted a promise from the bridegroom, that her daughter should not be compelled against her wish to wear shoes and stockings.

We were recalled on board the steamer at half-past three, and soon after the red sun had sank beyond the heights of Ischia, we found ourselves again in the noisy streets of Naples.

Friday, 20th. To-day we explored the wonders of Pompeii. A railroad from Naples passes near its walls, but having
missed the early train we took a cabriolet: the drive occupied two hours. Wonderful indeed is the appearance of the recovered city thus brought to light in all its completeness and reality, after eighteen centuries of concealment and changeless repose; but in no respect, perhaps, does it strike one as being more wonderful than in its fresh and lifelike aspect.

The smooth, hard pavements are marked by the passage of wheels; numerous groups of visitors supply population to the streets and squares; and the walls of the buildings look so perfect and uninjured, and the paintings and decorations within the houses so bright and recent, that it seems as though but few years or months can have passed since their chambers were tenanted.

In one house, supposed to have been a baker's, is a large oven, in nowise differing from a baker's oven of the present day, and in the same apartment are some broken flour-mills of a very curious construction.

So large an extent has been excavated
and cleared, and so inconsiderable was the depth at which the city was buried, that when looking down the straight and narrow streets, the view is generally closed, not as one would anticipate by an earthen bank, the limit of the excavation, but by the mountains and features of the distant landscape. Vesuvius is conspicuously seen in this way, closing the vista of one of the principal thoroughfares.

No one can view Pompeii without feeling surprise that the city should have remained so long concealed; the overwhelming mass nowhere reaches far above the tops of the houses, and it is known that the walls of one of the theatres were never completely buried; yet Pompeii, with all its treasures in painting and sculpture, was lost to the world for seventeen hundred years, and for centuries its very site was a matter for speculation and dispute.

The walls have been traced throughout their whole extent, but during the hundred years that have elapsed since the excava-
tions were begun, not more than a fourth of the city has been cleared. Excavation is still proceeding but slowly, and on a very limited scale.

Leaving Pompeii, we reached an adjacent railway station just in time for the train, and in less than an hour returned to Naples.

Saturday, 21st. My companion of the last three weeks, M. D—n, parted from me to-day, and took a passage for Marseilles, en route to Paris. I went with my friend to see him off, but was stopped by a military official when about to mount the gangway of the steamer; none, I found, were allowed to go on board but the passengers, who were provided with a written permission to depart. Thus it is, it would appear, equally difficult to enter or quit the dominions of il Rè delle Bombe, as the subjects of his majesty of the two Sicilies delight to call him, in bitter allusion to his unsparing measures of coercion during the insurrections of 1848-9.
DIARY OF TRAVELS.

As soon as I had taken leave of my friend, I removed from the Genève, and located myself at the fine hotel "des Isles Britannique," on the Chiaja, a beautiful situation facing the bay.

Wednesday, 25th. The last three days have been chiefly devoted to the wonders of the Museo Borboneco, whose extensive galleries of paintings and antique sculptures, besides an immense collection of frescoes, bronzes, tools, utensils, and objects of every kind recovered from Pompeii and Herculaneum, afford endless occupation and amusement. The—to me—novel pleasure of studying fine pictures and marbles, I find even more engrossing and delightful than I had anticipated.

Yesterday afternoon I visited the tomb of Virgil, and afterwards passing through the fine ancient tunnel of Posilipo, went as far as Pozzuoli, the site of the celebrated Serapeon, or temple of Serapis, famous for its three fine columns forty feet high, yet standing erect, although they bear un-
mistakable evidence of having been for a long period submerged to near half their height beneath the waves of the sea, that now only washes up to their base.

The day was dark and bitterly cold, but this morning when the sun rose in a cloudless sky, all Naples was in astonishment at beholding the mountains in every direction covered with snow; even the smoking summit of Vesuvius is capped with white. Such a phenomenon has not, it is said, been seen at this season for many years.

The bright sun, and extremely clear and favourable state of the atmosphere, determined me to make my projected ascent of Vesuvius to-day, and accordingly soon after breakfast, I set out in one of the comfortable little four-wheeled single horse vehicles that are so numerous and so cheap here; the fare for a course in the city is a carlino and a-half, or about sixpence, and by the hour about tenpence for the first, and sevenpence for subsequent hours.

Reaching Resina in a little more than
an hour, I there obtained a guide and a mule, and leaving the modern carriage road which ascends to the Hermitage by long circuitous windings, took the old rough track which leads from Resina directly up the mountain, through groves of almond and olive trees, and vineyards producing the famous Lachryma Christi wine.

In about an hour and a-half we gained the Hermitage, beyond which the path, though less precipitous, is extremely rugged, winding among blocks and heaps of dark lava and scoria for about a mile, to the Atrio del Cavallo, a small, ashy plain separating the summit of Monte Somma from the great cone or crater of Vesuvius. From this point the ascent is necessarily performed on foot: dismounting, and adding my beast to a crowd of horses, donkeys, and mules already here collected, I was immediately beset by a couple of the attendants who are always in waiting at this part of the mountain, to press their services upon travellers. These fellows would fain per-
suade me that I could not climb the mountain without their help, and invited me to lay hold of long straps which they carried, that they might thus drag me forward; finding, however, that I was determined to proceed unassisted, they at length ceased their importunities, and leaving me, hurried down to meet a fresh party, among whom were some ladies, that could now be seen arriving on the little plain.

As I toiled on over the loose surface of black stones and scoria, which often gave way under my feet, and made the ascent very fatiguing, I could perceive far up the mountain side above me, groups of travellers slowly climbing, whilst others, having satisfied their curiosity, were passing briskly down.

Frequently resting to take breath, I could watch the proceedings of the people below; the ladies placed in a sort of open sedan chairs, came on up the steep, each borne by four men; and to one who rather piques himself upon his activity, it was somewhat
mortifying to observe, that hampered with
these heavy and cumbrous burthens, the
chair bearers were positively gaining upon
me.

However, after forty minutes' severe toil
I reached the summit, when a scene of the
wildest and most sublime desolation at once
burst upon my view. The mountain top is
rent and divided by three distinct craters—
those of 1838 and 1850, besides a recent
one formed within the last few weeks by
the falling in of the surface, but from which
nothing but steam and smoke have as yet
issued. These several craters are divided
from each other by narrow ridges covered
with deep incrustations of sulphur, and
rent with numerous small fissures, from
whence issue scalding steam and sulphurous
vapours. No fire nor boiling lava are at
present visible, the craters are silent and
tranquil, and at the bottom of that of 1838,
lies a quantity of snow. The guides gave
no hope of an eruption at present.

The view from Vesuvius, embracing the
city and bay of Naples with its numerous
islands, and extending over the Campania away to the distant snow-capped Apennines, is magnificent beyond description, and would in itself fully compensate the toil of the ascent.

Having perambulated the borders of the several craters, and gone through the usual ceremony of eating eggs cooked in the steam of one of the numerous fissures, we rapidly descended to the Atrio del Cavallo, returned to Resina, and by six o'clock reached Naples, highly delighted with the day's excursion.
CHAPTER XVIII.


Tuesday, May 1st. Since Wednesday last I have devoted the greater part of my time to the seductive galleries of the Museo Borbonico, and have besides made a second excursion to Pompeii, and visited Herculaneum, where, however, the excavations are upon so limited a scale that, after Pompeii, they are seen with little interest.

I had intended to leave Naples to-day, and to make a trip to Salerno and Paestum; but a difficulty about my passport prevented my getting away—a disappointment that I do not now regret, for as we were sitting at dinner this evening, at the table
d'hôte, one of the waiters, running sud-
denly into the room in great excitement,
announced that the slumbering fires of
Vesuvius had once more broken forth.

We all jumped to our feet, and hurrying
out beheld, to our infinite delight, the
mountain in full eruption. A huge red
luminous cloud covered its summit, and a
fiery stream of lava was already pouring
down upon the side towards the city, and
making in the darkness a magnificent ap-
ppearance.

For the last two days the weather had
been cloudy and thick, shutting out the
mountains from view; the commencement
of the eruption was consequently not per-
ceived, and it has now burst upon us
in its grandeur, and taken all Naples by
surprise.

Considering the frequency with which
the phenomenon has been repeated during
past years, it appears astonishing that an
eruption of Vesuvius should occasion so
much excitement and pleasure among the
Neapolitans. No sooner was the fire perceived than the vetturini were all in activity, and throughout the evening crowded vehicles have been dashing through the streets, all making for the scene of action. For my part, I am content to defer my visit till to-morrow, by which time the eruption will most probably have attained still grander proportions.

I was not a little surprised this evening, by meeting, at the table d'hôte, our late able and popular Colonial Secretary at Sydney, whose familiar face and friendly greeting were doubly welcome in this land of strangers.

Wednesday, 2nd. Wishing to visit Vesuvius by night, when all the phenomena of the eruption appear to much greater advantage than during the day, I deferred my departure till late in the afternoon, when, in company with a Mr. L——, an English gentleman with whom I became acquainted a few days ago, I set off in a light carriage, drawn by a pair of stout horses, and with
which our vetturino engaged to carry us up to the Hermitage.

Numberless vehicles of every build, from a coach to a donkey-cart, thronged the road, all making for the point of general attraction. At Resina the wayside was lined with women and girls, laughing and joking, and gaily soliciting alms from the numerous passengers. Indeed, an eruption of Vesuvius, instead of being looked upon by the people of the neighbourhood with the feelings of dread and apprehension which strangers would be disposed to anticipate, seems to be regarded chiefly as an event promising a large influx of visitors from all parts of Europe, with a proportionate circulation of cash, and is therefore a signal for general holiday-making and merriment.

As we approached the mountain, the road became steep and heavy, and our progress slow. Night soon closed in, and the scene then became wild and interesting in the extreme; the moon had not yet risen, and the lurid glow of the volcano,
reflected upon the heavy clouds above, seemed but to increase the surrounding darkness. Shouts, songs, and laughter filled the air; the road became steeper, and the crowds and general confusion increased; drivers flogged and swore; some stuck fast, detached their horses, and gave up in despair.

Priests, in their broad, three-cornered hats; artizans and labourers, in their working dresses; people of all sorts and conditions; men, women, and children, mounted on horses, mules, and asses, or trudging on foot, swarmed up the winding road. Some carried flaming torches, some fruit or drinks for sale, and all chatted, joked, shouted, or beguiled the way with songs. Our own driver was not behind the rest in swearing and noise; his horses, however, behaved famously, but were severely tasked ere we gained the Hermitage, though we frequently descended and walked to relieve them.

On reaching the Hermitage, we found
the level space about the building covered with carriages, and crowded like a fair; vendors of fruits and liquors, in every variety, crying their wares, while boys offering stout walking-sticks, and guides their services, pestered with their importunities.

Leaving the Hermitage, we proceeded on foot with the throng, and guided by the glare of the volcanic fires, combined with the light of the moon which had now risen, we made our way over the rugged space that intervened, and reached the first grand point of attraction upon the borders of the fiery stream. Hundreds of spectators were collected at this spot, and truly the scene that presented itself was such as can never be forgotten. The river of glowing lava, after flowing across the plain of the Atrio del Cavallo, was here precipitated over a ledge of rock deep into a narrow ravine in the mountain's side, forming a stupendous cataract of fire. Occasionally the stream became obstructed at the summit of the fall, by rocks and masses of hardened
scoria borne down by the current then gaining force by accumulation, it would burst these temporary bounds, and the dark obstructing masses, mingled with the glowing flood, would again go crashing and thundering down the steep.

It was a glorious sight, but more wonders awaited us beyond; quitting, therefore, the crowd at this point, we joined the more adventurous spirits, and proceeded onward in the direction of the spot where the mountain had opened to belch forth its fires, and which was indicated by occasional explosions and flights of red-hot stones shot high into the air.

After a fatiguing scramble and much opposition on the part of our guide, who—lazy rascal—had satisfied his own curiosity, and wanted, I believe, to get home to bed, we succeeded in reaching within a stone’s-throw of the upper orifice from which the most violent explosions proceeded, though from another lower down flowed the most copious stream of lava; altogether we
could perceive three orifices, but all considerably below the summit of the cone.

The view from the point we had now gained was so magnificent as to defy all description. The various streams of lava vomited forth at a white heat, and pouring down the mountain side with the impetuosity of torrents, were checked and divided by islands and promontories, whose jetty blackness was conspicuous amid the flood of light with which they were surrounded.

Reaching the small ashy plain, of which I have so frequently made mention, these torrents uniting into one great stream, rolled on between well-defined banks, formed by the rapid cooling and solidification of its edges, with the majestic flow of a broad river, bearing upon its glowing surface dark floating masses and rafts of scoria, and traversing the entire extent of the plain, to be precipitated over the cataract lately described. So sublime a spectacle it assuredly falls to the lot of few to
witness; and we thank the good fortune that brought us to Naples at so auspicious a moment.

We remained till near midnight, and then reluctantly turned our backs upon this wondrous scene.

On regaining the Hermitage we found the crowd still increasing. The King had just arrived, accompanied by several members of the Royal Family. The carriages were drawn by long teams of artillery mules; artillerymen and dragoons were dashing about through the crowd, for whose lives or limbs they seemed to have little regard, and great was the fuss and excitement.

I obtained a good view of the portly King Bomba, and found him to be quite as ill-looking as the statues, which everywhere adorn his cities, represent him.

Vehicles by this time blocked up the way to such an extent, that it was with much delay and difficulty we got ours extricated and clear of the crowd; yet, as
we descended, we still met more carriages toiling up. It was past two o'clock when we reached Naples, and gained our welcome beds.

Friday, 4th. Yesterday was half spent before I opened my eyes, and I was glad to remain quiet during the afternoon. This morning, in company with my new comrade, I paid a farewell visit to the great museum; and we afterwards drove out towards San Georgio to meet the lava stream, which it was reported had reached the plain, and was devastating a village. Arrived at the spot, we found that report had greatly exaggerated; the lava was still confined within the high banks of the ravine, into which it had so fortunately flowed; but having advanced fully four miles from its source, it was now about to debouch upon some fine vineyards and gardens, and was threatening a small village that lay right in its course at no great distance.

Crowds of people from the neighbouring
villages, principally women and children, were assembled, watching the progress of the enemy, which, however, was so slow, that numerous vendors of oranges and iced water had established their stalls but fifty or sixty yards before the advancing mass. Parties of men were employed in the neighbourhood of the lava, cutting and carrying away every tree and stick that could be of value; and a little further on we saw a poor woman sitting upon the ground in the little garden-plot, her only property, and bitterly weeping at the prospect of coming ruin. Slow as is the progress of the lava, those fine apricot and almond trees, and that little spot of earth—to her more dear than all the wide world besides—must be overwhelmed and destroyed before to-morrow's sun goes down. Poor woman, how strange to her must sound the laughter and mirth of the neighbouring crowd of noisy spectators!

At this distance from its source the lava in no way resembled a stream, but had
rather the appearance of a large dyke, or ridge of dark rough stones and cinders, almost imperceptibly borne forward by the advancing semi-fluid mass underneath, and presenting a front of ten or twelve feet in height. As we were leaving the spot, we met a party of priests, bearing a crucifix, and advancing in solemn mockery to stay the progress of the enemy.

Saturday, 5th. This morning a vetturino, who has brought travellers from Rome, came to offer his services; and as I have now been near three weeks here, and have disposed of all the principal sights, I resolved to avail myself of this favourable opportunity to proceed, and at once concluded a contract, engaging to pay six pounds for the whole carriage, with bed and board, throughout the journey to Rome. The diligence would be cheaper, and more expeditious; but travelling by night I should miss much interesting scenery. Mr. L—— had intended to go by diligence, but willingly avails himself of my sugges-
tion, that he shall take a seat with me, and pay only the diligence fare.

Who can sojourn in Naples, and not feel regret when the moment arrives for taking leave of this most gay, dissolute, and noisy, but pleasant of cities, where the general object seems to be to "drive dull care away," and to get through this mortal existence with the least possible amount of toil and trouble?

From early morning till night, and almost from night till morning, noise, din, and clamour indescribable, fill the streets, while the most hopeless disregard of order everywhere reigns triumphant. Chestnut roasters and sausage fryers set up their stoves in the middle of the pavement, and shout their wares with throats of brass. The gaily-painted and decorated stalls of the lemonade and iced-water sellers, no less noisy, obstruct the roadway, without further opposition than the half-joking oaths and remonstrances of cabmen and drivers. Carts and vehicles, generally of a flaming
red colour, with horses decked with ribbons and gay plumes of scarlet feathers, rattle over the stones, numerous bells attached to the harness adding their jinglings to the loud clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the smooth lava pavements. All who speak shout at the top of their voices; while, as if to promote the general hubbub, the numerous vetturini, or cabmen, who throng the streets and squares, whether to urge their horses when they are in motion, or to attract the notice of pedestrians when they are standing still, maintain an incessant cracking with their long noisy whips, and often nearly drive over you while clamorously pressing their services.

Let it not, however, be supposed that all the sounds which produce such an aggregate of noise are of so disagreeable a nature. At early morn you are perhaps awakened by the harmonious strains of a fine military band passing to parade, or performing in honour of some festa or saint's day. When the bright sun has risen higher, a couple of
singers with guitar and violin beneath your window, will raise their melody above the surrounding din; before the next house Punch has taken his stand, while farther on a group of Calabrians in their wild, picturesque costume, are dancing to the sound of their rude bagpipes, formed of the entire skin of a dog or lamb. In short, Naples, with all its turmoil, and all its dust to boot, is a most delightful city for a pleasure seeker. Surely, no spot on earth commands so many enchanting scenes and objects of interest within its neighbourhood; and I packed up and prepared to depart with feelings of reluctance and regret.
CHAPTER XIX.


SUNDAY, 6th. The vetturino with his vehicle was early at the door, and by seven o’clock I had packed up, breakfasted, and taken my seat, but proceeding to the Hôtel de Russie to pick up my friend, I found him in bed, and fast asleep; at eight o’clock, however, we got fairly off. After clearing the city, our road lay before us straight as an arrow for miles across the level Campania, and was bordered by interminable lines of poplars and elms, whose shade we found very agreeable. The rich plain is
extensively planted with grape-vines, trained high upon pollard elm-trees, and extending in a maze of beautiful festoons from tree to tree. Wheat and other crops are cultivated beneath, but they appear to suffer from the shade, and the wine produced from the vines is, as might be anticipated, of a very thin and inferior quality.

By noon we reached Capua, beautifully situated at the foot of the hills, and almost surrounded by a bend of the river Volturno, whose rapid stream washes the city walls.

While the horses fed, we spent an hour most agreeably, strolling about the city and ramparts, the view from which, looking up the valley of the river towards the Appenines, is enchanting beyond description.

At two o'clock we resumed our journey, and passing over a most richly cultivated and beautiful undulating country that borders the great Campanian plain, we, after four hours' travel, reached the little town of Sant' Agata, where we pulled up for the
night, at a small and rather unpromising albergo of the same name.

An old Frenchman with his wife, who arrived shortly after us, were consigned to the same common sitting-room, and I shall never forget the astonishment which the old gentleman, who understood a little Italian, manifested, on hearing me order breakfast and a beef-steak for five o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Monsieur!" he exclaimed, coming up to me, "est ce que vous avez commandé un bifteck pour cinq heures du matin?"

I replied in the affirmative, and explained that I was English.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" he continued, "un bifteck a cinq heures du matin—mon Dieu, mon Dieu!"

So astounding did this carniverous inclination of mine seem to appear to our friend's Gallic prejudices, that during the rest of the evening he could not subdue his astonishment, but continued occasionally to
mutter, "Ah, mon Dieu! ah, mon Dieu! un bifteck a cinq heures du matin!"

Monday, 7th. We rose at dawn, and after disposing of our bifteck, got off soon after six—the morning clear, balmy, and delicious, disposing us to enjoy to the utmost the beautiful and varied scenery.

After passing the Garigliano by a fine suspension bridge, which contrasts strangely with the ancient ruins of Minturnæ close by, at the end of four hours we reached Mola, and stopped to bait at the Albergo Villa Cicerone, said to occupy the site of a favourite villa of Cicero; the garden before the house is quite undermined with ancient vaults and substructions, and masses of Roman brickwork appear above the surface.

The situation of the Villa Cicerone upon an eminence overlooking the bay of Gaëta, is beautiful beyond description. On every side the scene is enchanting: mountains, and rocks, gardens and orange groves, cities and towers, with a sea embellished
with islands, and studded with sails. It is, rarely, indeed, that such various features of beauty are collected in one view.

Leaving Mola, the road turns from the sea among the hills, and the scenery becomes wild and savage.

During the afternoon, we passed the robber towns of Itri and Fondi; the former is wildly situated upon a lofty, isolated hill, and its equally wild looking population might, if appearances go for aught, still furnish worthy successors to Sciarra and Fra Diavolo.

The people hereabouts differ much in personal appearance from those further south, having light, and even red hair, instead of the dark eyes and jetty locks of the Neapolitans: hazel eyes, and tresses of brown or chesnut hue, are here most common. Near Itri, we observed by the wayside some girls whose beauty was remarkable.

Towards evening the appearance of uniformed officials, and sundry demands for
“favóre” and fees, told us that we were passing the frontier of the Papal States. Traversing a narrow pass, confined between a rocky height and a broad marsh—and where the allusions of our driver Stefanini to the robber predilections of the people of the neighbourhood, and the vigilant glances that he cast towards every rock and thicket, showed in what direction his thoughts were tending—we soon after passed beneath a tremendous cliff, and entering Terracina, drew up before the Albergo della Posta, near the sea beach.

Our luggage was detained at the dogana for examination, and by the time this ceremony was concluded, a heavy thunder shower coming on, we were prevented from getting out to see anything of the town, and our only resource after supper was to go early to bed.

Tuesday, 8th. The sun rose brightly this morning, and after the showers of last night all nature looked fresh and joyous; dew-drops sparkled on the leaves, and light
mists floated about the hill-tops; the roads, too, are now free from dust, which has lately been rather troublesome.

Leaving Terracina at six o'clock, we at once entered upon the famous Pontine Marshes. The fine road is bordered on either side by beautiful elms, which meeting overhead, afford a most welcome shade, and so straight and level is the line of road, that the view extends without interruption for miles beneath the leafy arches of this magnificent avenue.

The marshes by no means realized my anticipations; in place of the putrid, stagnant waters, and abundant vegetable decay that the fame of their deadly malaria would lead one to look for, we saw only wide savannahs covered with cattle, and bright with buttercups and wild flowers; some beds of reeds, and strips and patches of wood and thicket, dividing and intersecting the pastures, and numerous canals of clear, and generally running water. These are the features of the Pontine Marshes,
which, with the fine chain of the Volscian mountains on our right, formed, we thought, altogether a most pleasing landscape, and agreeable contrast to the rich cultivated scenery of previous days.

After leaving Foro Appio, a solitary post station standing in the midst of the plain, and where we stopped for a short time to bait, we were overtaken by a violent thunder-storm; the thunder crashed overhead, and the forked lightning darted about in unpleasant propinquity, while hail and rain descended in torrents. Poor Stefanini in great alarm devoutly crossed himself as every fresh thunder peal shook the air.

I was remarking to my companion that the tall posts and wires of the electric telegraph overhead effectually shielded us from danger, when, with a crash that completely electrified our affrighted driver, a stream of lightning descended a short distance in advance of us, and striking one of the telegraph posts, flashed and played along the wires with beautiful effect.
Soon after we came to one of the solitary rest-houses that are placed at intervals along the road over the marshes, and Stefanini immediately detaching his horses, retreated with them to its friendly shelter, and there remained till the storm had passed.

Clearing the marshes, we soon after passed through a portion of the fine forest of Cisterna; and early in the evening reaching Veletri, perched upon a high ridge, and commanding an extensive view across the plain as far as Terracina, we pulled up for the night.

Wednesday, 9th. Leaving Veletri, the road constantly ascending for ten miles winds through fine vineyards and plantations of olives to Albano, near which it crosses a deep ravine by a magnificent stone bridge lately completed, and formed in three tiers of lofty arches, altogether one hundred and seventy feet in height.

Soon after passing Albano, from the summit of the long slope by which the
road descends to the broad valley of the Tiber, we gained our first sight of the Eternal City, the towering cupola of St. Peter's already conspicuous, although yet fifteen or sixteen miles distant. The approach to Rome on this side is very striking; numerous ruins of tombs, villas, and temples, cover the silent waste, and giant aqueducts span the plain with their lofty arches, stretching away towards the distant mountains.

Early in the afternoon we entered Rome by the Gate of St. Giovanni, and after a very trifling delay, and easy examination of our baggage at the dogana, we proceeded, at the recommendation of Stefanini, to the Hôtel della Minerva, in the Piazza of the same name.

Thursday, 10th. This morning we engaged a cicerone, and went systematically about sight-seeing, proposing to take the different quarters of the city in regular succession; but my companion, wishing to get through all in one week, so hurried me
from place to place, that of the multitude of objects visited I scarce retain a clear recollection of any, and I am determined to go alone, and proceed more leisurely for the future.

The Coliseum is grand, far surpassing all ideas of it gained from descriptions or engravings. The beautiful Column of Trajan, and Constantine’s Triumphal Arch, also fill one with admiration; but the Dying Gladiator in the galleries of the Capitol is sublime; no work of art I have hitherto seen has produced such thrilling sensations of admiration and pleasure, though not unmixed with pain, as did this wonderful statue. The Hercules, and the Toro Farnese, at Naples, are magnificent; and many of the antique marbles and bronzes that crowd the galleries of the Museum, astonish with their symmetry and life-like aspect. But there is a pathos in the attitude, and a touching expression in the manly features of the Dying Gladiator, that at once arrested me, filling my mind
with overpowering sensations of mingled pleasure and melancholy, as I lingered, spell-bound, gazing upon this wonderful triumph of art, till the repeated remonstrances of my impatient friend drew me reluctantly away.

Friday, 11th. The weather was delicious to-day; and we found agreeable relief from the continual survey of ruined monuments — the melancholy records of departed greatness—in a visit to the Fountain and Grove of Egeria, in the pretty, secluded, green valley of Caffarelli, about a mile from the city. Time, who has overthrown the proudest monuments reared by the mighty successors of the wise king to whom the fountain owes its classic fame, has here wrought so little change, that the crystal stream still gushes from the rock, and the sequestered shady pool would yet be an appropriate hiding-place for a water-nymph.

We afterwards drove out along the Appian Way, the pavement of which, still looking
sound and perfect as when the huge blocks of which it is composed were first laid down, has been cleared of the superincumbent earth and rubbish for some miles. Numerous tower-like structures, still grand in their decay—the tombs of the rich and noble of ancient Rome—rear their massive forms along the wayside. Shattered, defaced, and capped with shrubs and wild flowers, but still powerfully battling against time, many of these monuments of wealth and vanity appear as though they may yet endure a thousand years.

Conspicuous among them, and interesting alike for its wonderful state of preservation and for the motive that prompted its construction—a husband's sorrow for a departed wife—is the immense circular tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of Crassus. After the lapse of nineteen centuries, the fine blocks of travertine with which this massy structure is cased still retain all the original sharpness of their edges and angles, and in
many parts even the marks of the chisel are yet distinctly visible.

The entire surface of the ground along the sides of the Appian for some miles from the walls of the city, is literally composed of marble fragments of statues, reliefs, and ornamental sculptures. But where, indeed, in or about Rome, is it possible to turn without meeting evidences of former splendours, and of ruthless, unsparing destruction, alike exciting to the imagination and depressing to the spirits. Indeed, these influences, together with the general tone of discontent and depression occasioned by the well-remembered events of 1849, by the hated French occupation, and by the continual dread of espionage and arbitrary authority under which the citizens appear to live—discussing all public or political matters sotto voce, or declining to express opinions at all—render Rome, to my ideas, so triste and gloomy—a perfect tomb of the living—that I feel no disposition to prolong my sojourn beyond
the period necessary for viewing its numerous wonders; and as a daily record of my progress in this pursuit would only involve a description of objects with which all who have not seen with their own eyes are already as familiar as it is possible to become through the medium of written descriptions, I shall for the present close my Diary, and resume when I shall be about to continue my wanderings.
CHAPTER XX.

Sight-seeing at Rome—The Apollo Belvedere a Disappointment—Palace of the Quirinal—Castel Gandolfo—Site of Tusculum—Excursion to Tivoli—The Temple of the Sybil—Isola Farnese—An Etruscan Tomb and its Contents—Roman Sheep and Shearing—Sculptors' Studios—Ascent of St. Peter's—View from the Upper Gallery—Last Evening in Melancholy Rome.

Saturday, 19th. Since the 11th we have not had an idle moment; rising early, and remaining abroad all day, we have devoted our time entirely to sight-seeing expeditions, and yet we have scarcely found the time sufficient for visiting all the numberless objects of interest with which Rome so much abounds. We have seen ruined forums, arches, temples, and aqueducts—we have stood beneath the towering cupola of St. Peter's, and of its immortal prototype, the sublime Pantheon—we have descended into catacombs, sepulchres, and
columbaria, climbed the mountain ruins of the stupendous baths of Caracalla, and wandered perplexed over the mighty wilderness of brickwork marking the site of the palace of the Cæsars. We have besides spent many delightful hours among the halls of statuary and Etruscan antiquities; and among the picture galleries, with their more modern treasures, of the interminable Vatican; as well as among those of several private palazzi—the Borghese, the Barberini, and the Rospigliosi: in the latter we saw the celebrated fresco, the Aurora of Guido.

With the Apollo Belvedere I must confess myself a little disappointed. To me the marble seems to be deficient in that soft, flesh-like, living appearance which, in the Dying Gladiator, and in the Venus of the Capitol, the art of the sculptor has succeeded in producing to such a remarkable degree.

One day we made a run through the halls and chambers of the Pope’s palace of
the Quirinal; here the most ostentatious austerity of appearance is studiously preserved throughout in the furniture and arrangements; the high-backed, wooden chairs are suggestive of anything but repose or comfort, and the polished oaken floors look cold and cheerless. In the dining-room a very diminutive table and a single chair would imply most abstemious and unconvivial repasts; but may not the smallest board be made to bear the most sumptuous feast in luxurious detail? We were shown the chamber in which the Pope sits to receive such of the fair sex as are desirous to bring their pious lips in contact with his holiness’s toe; the apartment is constructed chiefly of glass, like a conservatory, and stands detached in the gardens of the palace, seeming to imply doubts of the holy father’s complete exaltation above earthly passions and desires, or suspicion of the purely devotional feelings and intentions of his fair visitors.

The Pope has continued absent from
Rome during the Holy Week, and on Thursday, instead of coming to the city to bless his people as usual, from the balcony of St. Peter's, he, much to the dissatisfaction of the citizens, went through the ceremony at Castel Gandolfo, a small town near Albano, about fourteen miles distant. Wishing to get a sight of his holiness, we engaged a fiacre, and drove out to the scene of action; but, to our mortification, were a few minutes too late; the benediction had been bestowed upon the expectant crowd a quarter of an hour before the appointed time of mid-day, and his holiness had just retired from his balcony as we reached the spot.

We found, however, ample compensation for our disappointment in the pleasures of our afternoon's excursion. Turning from Castel Gandolfo, along the picturesque, shady road to Frascati, we there quitted our vehicle, and ascended to the site of Tusculum, whose ruins occupy a beautiful situation upon a mountain-top, com-
manding a most extensive and enchanting view of Rome, the Campagna, and the surrounding hills, dotted with villages and towns.

Returning to Frascati, with appetites sharpened by the clear mountain air, we dined sumptuously upon roast mutton and quails, with green peas, washed down by a bottle of the much-esteemed wine of the district—which we thought, however, hardly deserved its fame—and reached the Hôtel della Minerva late in the evening, highly pleased with our day's ramble.

Last Tuesday we made an excursion to Tivoli, whose picturesque temple of the Sybil and fine romantic falls we saw, however, to great disadvantage under a dark, clouded sky; and heavy rain coming on before noon, and relentlessly continuing till night, compelled us to abandon our intention to visit the neighbouring ruins of the famous Villa of Hadrian. We were not, however, ill-pleased with our trip, though the romantic scenery about Tivoli
would have been doubly enchanting under a bright sun.

My companion of the last three weeks departed this morning for Civita Vecchia, en route to Leghorn and Florence.

Sunday, 20th. To-day, for the first time since quitting Malta, I got upon a horse, and made a most interesting excursion to Isola Farnese, the site of ancient Veii, twelve miles from Rome, on the Florence road. My object was to visit an Etruscan tomb that was opened so lately as 1843, and which, having been preserved intact with all it contained when discovered, is possessed of peculiar interest. A strong door was fitted to the entrance of the tomb at the time it was opened, and thus the contents have been protected from disturbance. Admittance is readily obtained on payment of a small fee.

The sepulchre consists of two small chambers hewn in the volcanic rock; the walls are covered with delineations of men, dogs, horses, and other animals, strangely
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grotesque, and disproportionate in form, and depicted in the most inappropriate colours; in the inner chamber a number of square cinerary urns, or boxes, rest upon a sort of ledge or shelf; some other earthen jars, of large dimensions, stand upon the floor at each side; but the most interesting relics are the helmet and arms of the warrior, whose skeleton was found entire lying upon a stone platform, projecting from the wall, at the right hand of the entrance, but which crumbled to dust as soon as the air was admitted; a second skeleton, without armour, and supposed to be that of a woman, lay upon a similiar bier, at the opposite side.

The helmet and breastplate are of bronze, and the former bears evidence of the fatal stroke that brought its wearer to the tomb. A spear has entered at one side, dividing and tearing the tough metal; and passing clear through the head, a little behind the temples, the point has slightly
perforated the helmet on the opposite side. A vigorous arm must have launched this fatal spear.

During the day I observed several flocks of sheep, some of them newly shorn, which I almost instinctively went to examine. From the shepherds I learned that the best shearers clip from fifty to sixty sheep per diem, and that their remuneration is no more than two pauls, or about tenpence, with three meals daily. The shearing is not very skilfully or neatly performed, though it is such as we should not be dissatisfied with in Australia.

The Roman cattle are by no means bad-looking animals; they are broad shaped, large, and uniformly of a peculiar gray colour.

The day, though bright and sunny, was cool and extremely agreeable; but such has been the effect of long abstinence from horse exercise, that I, who for the better part of my life have almost lived in the saddle, returned to Rome this evening very
thoroughly tired with my twenty-four miles canter.

Monday, 21st. Being now without a companion, I have determined to proceed to Florence by the diligence, instead of employing a vetturino, and have taken a place for Wednesday next.

I set off this morning from the hotel, in company with two young Frenchmen, intending to mount the dome of St. Peter's; but found, when it was too late to rectify the omission to-day, that the written order of some ecclesiastical dignitary is requisite; however, we have got all in train for tomorrow.

This afternoon I visited several studios of the sculptors, who are most obliging in their attention and civility to strangers. I was much struck with the beauty of a statue of Eve with the apple, lately completed in the studio of Signore Benzoni.

Tuesday, 22nd. After an early breakfast we started for St. Peter's, wishing to enjoy the view from the cupola with the
advantage of the clear morning air. Crossing the muddy Tiber, by the Ponte S. Angelo, we soon reached our goal. The morning was bright and in every way favourable.

The first part of the ascent is by a spiral stair or rather incline, so easy that horses might be ridden up its broad windings without difficulty; this conducts to the roof of the main body of the Cathedral, and it is here that one is most impressed with the stupendous proportions and extent of the structure. The roof is quite a miniature town in itself, where you may wander through streets and alleys, among parapets, lanterns, and cupolas, some of which are large enough to cover an ordinary church; while from the midst of all the great dome rises still towering to the skies, and appearing even taller and more grand in its proportions than it did from the piazza below.

Leaving the roof, a long series of staircases, winding between the double walls of
the cupola, conduct to its summit and open upon its internal galleries. Looking from these the immense height can be appreciated. People moving about on the pavement look no larger than rabbits, and the mosaics of the dome are now found to be as coarse and rough in their execution as from below they appeared minute and delicate.

Above the cupola the endless ascent is continued by means of a narrow spiral staircase, and finally by an iron ladder into the ball, which forms in itself a tolerably spacious chamber, large enough to contain a dozen persons.

The view from the upper gallery below the ball is one of the most magnificent that can be imagined; the city is spread out below, like a map, and the prospect extends over the whole of the Campagna, from the picturesque Apennines to the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

I remained long enjoying this entrancing
scene, and afterwards set about my packing and preparations for departure, without one feeling of regret that this is to be my last evening in melancholy Rome.
CHAPTER XXI.


Wednesday, 23rd. The diligence got off punctually at six o'clock, and I found myself shut up in the interior with three very plain women and a lap-dog—a woeful position for a bachelor of retiring habits—and with no hope of release for thirty hours certain, at the least. It was not to be expected that such a party of "unprotected females" could get away without some troubles, and we had, accordingly, not long started when it was discovered that something had been left behind. The coach
was now stopped, the ladies clamoured, all talking together, and the guard remonstrated, till the missing treasure—a book or some such trifle—at length coming to light, the excitement subsided.

We now proceeded without further adventure, and, leaving the city by the Porta del Popolo, followed for ten miles the road that I traversed on Sunday; beyond this, the country became more wild and desolate, covered with fern and yellow broom, and towards mid-day, rain beginning to fall heavily added to the gloomy aspect of the landscape.

At about forty miles from Rome commences the ascent of Monte Cimino, the northern boundary of the valley of the Tiber, and here additional horses were attached; on the more precipitous portions of the ascent, we had no less than eight before us.

The solitary little Lago di Vico round which the road winds in ascending, and whose lofty shores are clothed with a fine
oak forest, makes a beautiful appearance, and in clear weather the extensive prospect commanded from Monte Cimino must be extremely fine.

Gaining the summit of the pass, we rapidly descended to the Viterbo, where at two o'clock, after eight hours' travel, we were at length allowed a short time to refresh. Here we met with the famous vino d'este, the sweet wine of Montefiascone, with the boasted excellences of which we were, however, disappointed.

During the afternoon, the country still presented the same uninteresting features, till towards evening, when we approached the Lago di Bolsena, a beautiful sheet of water, twenty-six miles in circumference, and surrounded, like the Lago di Vico, by finely wooded heights. Except the picturesque little town of Bolsena occupying an eminence by the margin of the lake, few signs of habitation are visible upon its deserted shores; a few small fishing-boats were peacefully floating upon the glassy waters,
and the peculiarly lonely and quiet beauty of the scene was rendered more perfect by a gleam of pale, silvery light, shot by the declining sun across the placid surface of the lake, as his last rays struggled for a moment through the heavy clouds that covered the western sky.

Evening now soon closed in, but cramped and confined, without space to stretch my aching joints, sleep was courted in vain, and the hours dragged slowly on.

Thursday, 24th. Soon after we passed Radicofani, the frontier town of Tuscany, day began to break, and disclosed a landscape even more waste and uncultivated than that of yesterday.

At eleven o'clock we reached Siena, and drove into the court-yard of the dogana, when I joyfully quitted my narrow prison, more thoroughly cramped, tired, and jaded than I had ever in my life before felt, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles. Our baggage was again very gently treated, and we soon repaired to the clean little inn
of the Arme d’Inghilterra, where we found a good breakfast, moderate charges, and civil attendants.

The railway train hence to Florence not leaving before five o’clock in the evening, I employed the interval in a ramble through the town, which is prettily situated among the hills, and in visits to the interesting old cathedral, the house of St. Catherine, the public gardens, and other principal objects.

At five we left Siena, and passing through a beautiful and highly cultivated country, reached the Florence station after eight; the distance is not more than fifty miles, but numerous stations occur along the line to impede the progress of the train. Another half hour was consumed in disposing of passport formalities, before we could enter the gates of Florence, and it was past nine o’clock when I at length reached the New York Hotel, upon the lung’Arno, heartily fagged, tired, and sleepy,
when dining immediately, I went at once to bed.

Friday, 25th. I was glad to be quiet to-day, and attempted nothing beyond a walk to the post-office, where, as I had hoped, I at length found letters giving me intelligence of the safe arrival in England of the friends from whom I parted at Malta.

Tuesday, June 19th. The last three weeks have been almost exclusively devoted to the galleries and museums of the Uffizi and Palazzo Pitti, the Belle Arti, the studios of the artists, and many private galleries of pictures and works of art. A daily record of my occupations, therefore, could have been little better than a descriptive catalogue of the numberless treasures which these galleries contain; I have consequently thought it best to make this long gap in my Diary, and on resuming, to take merely a brief retrospect of the period that has elapsed since my last entry in its pages.
Florence is by far the most delightful place of sojourn I have yet visited, uproarious Naples even not excepted; the situation, the climate, the people, all are charming, while the galleries, museums, and palaces, the music and theatres, the studios of the living artists, and the very ateliers of the workers in marble and alabaster, afford inexhaustible sources of amusement and pleasure.

To name even the valuable pictures and marbles of the various galleries would fill a volume, and I should only weary by a disquisition upon their various beauties and perfections, or an attempt to describe the pleasure derived from an acquaintance with them. I shall only mention, en passant, that the Venus di Medici somewhat disappointed my perhaps too extravagantly raised expectations; while the Arrotino, a stooping figure grinding a knife, and which is placed near the Venus, excited unmingled feelings of admiration.

The Grand Ducal manufactory of the
costly mosaics for which Florence is so famous, afforded me a very interesting morning's occupation. None but the hardest stones are used in this expensive manufacture, and the labour of grinding into shape, and fitting the different parts of the work, is almost incredible; months, and even years, are consumed in constructing a single table. I was shown some of moderate dimensions recently completed, and valued at thirteen and fourteen hundred scudi, or about £300. A large and very elaborately inlaid table completed a few years ago at this establishment, and now seen at the Pitti, cost, it is told, no less than £40,000 sterling; while another, which is shown at the Uffizi, and is a work of the seventeenth century, is said to have occupied twenty-two workmen for twenty-five years.

Florence is unrivalled in its gardens and promenades. The Cascine comprises a large extent of meadows and shady woods lying along the bank of the Arno adjacent to the city, and laid out in drives and pretty se-
questred walks; here in the evenings the citizens are to be seen in great numbers enjoying the cool shade, and the magnificent scenery that is commanded from every part of the grounds. A good military band attracts additional crowds to the Cascine every Sunday evening.

The Boboli gardens attached to the palace of the Grand Duke are also open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays; I saw these to the greatest advantage under a hot sun, when the delightful shade of their embowered walks and long avenues, and the fresh breezes that their elevated situation commands, could be fully appreciated. The gardens are adorned with numerous statues, and fountains filled with gold and silver fish, the groves and thickets resound with the songs of wild birds, and from the fine terraces the most magnificent views are obtained of the city and surrounding hills.

From these enchanting gardens we proceeded to the tower of Galileo, some
distance beyond, and situated upon a considerable height. From this point the city is viewed spread out in the foreground, and the prospect embraces the whole of the fine valley or basin in which Florence lies.

The country around "Firenza la Bella," though mountainous, has nothing of the grand or sublime, but for soft smiling beauty, the landscape, as viewed from that little rude observatory of the immortal astronomer, seemed to surpass all that I had ever seen or even dreamt of; some distant snow-clad peaks of the Apennines in the background, gave a finish to the picture, but were too remote to disturb the prevailing air of tranquil sunny repose.

Of those who sat at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel de New York, on my first coming to Florence, I alone now remain—all have one by one dropped off, and departed in different directions; for myself, I yet feel disposed to linger, and intend to make some excursions into the surrounding country, beginning to-morrow with Lucca.
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The guests at the table d'hôte for the last few days have been principally French and Germans, whose performances are somewhat surprising, particularly those of the ladies. Knives are made to do duty as forks in the most alarming fashion, plates are lifted to get at the last drop of gravy; but most surprising of all, is the display of long wooden skewers ycleped toothpicks, which at each pause in the trenched-work are brought into play with an air of unhesitating assurance that is edifying to behold. A long row of fair ones engaged at once in animated conversation and active employment of these formidable-looking instruments, makes a very remarkable appearance.

For a day or two past there have been prevalent some uncomfortable rumours of cholera; but the Florentines generally refuse belief, and are disposed to attribute the reports to the machinations of the local doctors, who are accused of being great
sinners in this way. Report even goes so far as to charge some individuals of their profession with having on a former occlusion administered poison to their poorer patients, with a view to create an impression that cholera existed in the city. This seems almost beyond belief; but we are assured that so little doubt was entertained of the fact, that the Government has, since the occasion referred to, discontinued the practice formerly in use, of retaining, or taking into its pay for the service of the poor, a certain number of the medical profession of the city whenever rumours of cholera became prevalent.

To-day rain is falling in abundance, which is an advantage, for the weather latterly has been sultry and oppressive, though, as far as I know, 86° of Fahrenheit has been the greatest degree of heat indicated by the thermometer, but the evenings and nights appear, when measured by an Australian standard, disproportionately warm.
CHAPTER XXII.


WEDNESDAY, 20th. Accompanied by Antonio, my very useful and assiduous guide and valet, who I took into my service on first coming to the New York, I left Florence at half-past one o'clock by the Pistoja train, to proceed to Lucca; and passing through a lovely country, cultivated like a garden, we, at the end of about twenty miles, reached Pistoja. Here we were transferred to a sort of light omnibus, and conveyed over Monte Catino a few miles to Pescia, whence, after a delay of above an hour, which we agreeably consumed in the
discussion of a roasted chicken and fixings, we again proceeded by rail, and towards evening, in the midst of a rich and fertile plain, we came in sight of the grass-grown walls and shady ramparts of the once important and sovereign City of Lucca.

After reaching the hotel, rain, which had been threatening all the afternoon, began to fall, and kept us indoors. During the evening we secured the services of a vetturino, who, for three scudi and a buonomano, contracts to carry us to-morrow to the Baths and back again.

Thursday, 21st. We got off this morning at half-past five, and drawn by a stout pair of grays progressed at a famous pace; the air was sharp and exhilarating, and the morning, though not clear, looked promising.

The road ascending the course of the Serchio for some miles follows a high artificial bank that has been formed to confine the inundations of the stream. Approaching the hills the valley contracts, and the
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scenery becomes varied and beautiful in the extreme; the lower hills and slopes are rich with vines and olives, and fine chestnut forests cover the mountain sides. Further on, the narrow ancient bridge of the Maddalena makes a picturesque appearance, spanning the rapid stream with its tall irregular arches; and, as we continued to advance, every turn of the road brought fresh beauties into view, till, at fifteen miles from Lucca, we reached the romantic little village of Bagnio alla Villa, situated in the midst of the Baths. Here, at the clean little inn of the Pelicano, I was quickly served with a capital breakfast, fresh eggs, butter, and delicious trout newly taken from the dashing stream that bounds the little garden below the windows of the house.

Breakfast ended, I was provided with an active pony, and a not less active lad to serve as guide, and set out for a ramble among the hills. Shady pathways winding up the steeps conducted us by a succession of surprisingly easy ascents to the summit
of the lofty precipitous range that overhangs the village, and from the sides of which issue the various mineral and hot springs. The view from this eminence is of the most picturesque and romantic description; mountain succeeds mountain on every side, the prospect extending to the great chain of the Apennines. The otherwise sombre aspect of the chestnut forests which everywhere clothe the mountains is here and there relieved by bright patches of cultivation, and enlivened by the appearance of spires and villages peeping from the deep shade upon the hillsides, or crowning the most inaccessible looking steeps.

I would fain have passed the whole day among these beautiful shady mountains, but heavy clouds and rain approaching, I yielded to the suggestions of my guide, and descended to the Bagni Caldi, prettily situated upon the hillside, and at a considerable elevation above the valley. The Baths are lined with marble, and looked so bright, clean, and inviting, that had the
day been finer I should have been tempted to make a first trial of a bath heated in Nature’s cauldron.

The rain continuing to fall steadily, and the weather giving no promise of amendment, we set out soon after two o’clock upon our return to Lucca; but before we had proceeded half the distance, the sun broke unexpectedly out again, and we took advantage of the fine evening to visit the ducal palace and beautiful grounds of Marlia, finely situated upon the lower slopes of the mountains, at a short distance from the road.

The prospect commanded from the windows and terraces of Marlia is so magnificent, as to stand pre-eminent even in this beautiful portion of Italy, and is such as no pen could adequately describe. In front the broad fertile plain of Lucca stretches away to the distant Pisan hills; more to the left the bright waters of Lake Bientina bound the landscape; to the right the bold heights are crowned with convents
and ruined castles; while immediately in the rear of the palace rises an amphitheatre of luxuriant but precipitous hills, embellished with villas and cottages buried among the richest vegetation. The gardens are adorned with fountains, statues, and cascades; and the lawns, shrubberies, and grounds, are laid out in English style.

Towards sunset we reached Lucca highly delighted with the day's excursion, spite of the unfavourable weather; and during the evening a harp and clarionet, "discoursing sweet music" in the square, beneath my window, still prolonged the enjoyments of this agreeable day.

Friday, 22nd. This morning I rose early, and began the day with a walk round the beautiful shady ramparts of Lucca. The rising sun was coming gloriously forth, his early beams rioting among the glittering dew-drops that loaded the luxuriant vegetation of the plain; while the hills unveiling seemed to part reluctantly with the masses of white vapour which, slowly rolling up
the mountain sides, retained a lingering hold upon their summits, before floating away to melt and disappear. It was a lovely morning, such as even southern summers can rarely boast, and I shall ever retain a most pleasing remembrance of the grove-covered ramparts and fine old city of "Lucca l'Industriosa."

About noon we departed by train for Pisa, bent on gratifying my long-cherished desire to behold its wondrous "leaning tower." The transit occupied only an hour, and as the train for Florence did not leave before half-past five, I found ample time to visit all that is worth seeing at Pisa. Besides the tower there are the Cathedral, the Baptistry, and the famous Campo Santo, interesting for its antique sarcophagi, and for its frescoes; but chiefly remarkable as containing a quantity of the veritable soil of the Holy Land, brought hither from Mount Calvary six centuries ago, and with which the entire space is covered.

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The pendent appearance of the tower is truly wonderful, and quite exceeded my anticipations; but that the departure from the perpendicular is the effect of original design, and not of subsequent accident, to me appeared certain. A slight return towards the perpendicular, observable in the last two or three tiers or stories near the summit, proves that the tower did not assume its present attitude subsequently to its completion; while, on the other hand, it seems improbable that the architect would have proceeded with his work in the face of so extraordinary a subsidence of the foundations, had the original intention been to build the tower upright.

The ascent is very easily accomplished by a winding stair of more than three hundred steps, included within the thickness of the massive walls, and the view from the summit, which is near a hundred and eighty feet above the pavement, is very commanding, and includes Leghorn, its lighthouse and shipping, with a large ex-
tent of the surrounding plain, and the shores of the Mediterranean.

The stair communicates with each of the seven external galleries that encircle the tower. An irremovable feeling of insecurity is experienced while perambulating the more elevated of these; the sloping pavement seems about to give way beneath your feet, and upon the lower side the leaning columns look as if a touch would cause them to fall, and bring all down together.

The general appearance of Pisa is handsome and imposing, more particularly near the fine street or terrace following the sweep of the right bank of the Arno, which is superior to any part of the lung’Arno at Florence.

Quitting Pisa by the evening train, I felt glad, at eight o’clock, to find myself once more in my comfortable room at the New York, which has become quite a home to me.

Saturday, 23rd. All Florence is occupied
to-day with preparations for the grand festa of San Giovanni. Lofty scaffoldings, loaded with fireworks, cover the bridge opposite the hotel, entirely closing the thoroughfare; tiers of seats are erected along the Corso, and in other parts of the city; and to share in the rejoicings numbers of the Contadine have flocked in from the surrounding villages; their broad flapping hats and sunburnt faces imparting more picturesque variety to the unwonted crowds that fill the streets. As soon as night closed the diversions began with a very brilliant display of fireworks, among which numerous fire-balloons ascending high in the calm evening air, made a beautiful appearance.

Sunday, 24th. This morning the ceremonies opened with high mass in the Cathedral, strangely accompanied by frequent discharges of firearms, and a deafening roll of drums by a large body of troops drawn up in the piazza outside. The Grand Duke and Duchess were present during mass, an officer, with drawn sword, stand-
ing at each side of their canopied seat. The duke is a gentlemanly-looking old man, apparently rather below the middle stature, and his countenance wears a mild and rather prepossessing expression, which his silvery locks serve to increase; yet this is a man whom oaths do not bind when it suits his interest or his purpose to break them.

Mass was succeeded at noon by a grand state lottery! in the Piazza Gran Duca, where the wheel was turned and numbers were declared by officials in splendid uniforms, while a crash of music, by a military band, proclaimed the drawing of the prizes.

The evening concluded with a horse-race in the Italian mode, the racers carrying, in lieu of riders, a number of small balls attached to their sides and haunches, and armed with needlessly long and sharp steel points, which punished the poor brutes terribly. The racing takes place through one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, the pavement of which is covered
with sand for the occasion; seats are set up in every available space, multitudes cover the housetops, and fill the windows and balconies, and the duke comes in grande tenue to occupy a stand, gorgeously decorated and prepared for the event; lines of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, and dragoons, with naked sabres, bully and force back the submissive crowd that lines the narrow course with living walls, which, yielding to the pressure of the swarms debouching from cross streets and alleys, sways to and fro, and, spite of the exertions and threats of the soldiers, occasionally all but blocks up the passage.

After all this wonderful preparation and expectancy, at sunset, the horses, each marked upon his sides with a large distinctive number in white paint, are let go. Plunging, kicking, and maddened by the tormenting balls, they dash wildly past, and, at the first turn of the narrow course, in a few moments, vanish from sight, and
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thus ends all that can be seen of this uninteresting and stupid race.

Monday, 25th. Last night one of the racers fell, and was so much injured that it was found necessary to destroy him; and two more breaking through the crowd, bolted down cross streets, and were only captured when they had become exhausted.

This evening the survivors of yesterday ran again, and having on the last occasion witnessed the start, I went to-night to the other extremity of the course to see the animals come in. Nothing could be imagined more spiritless and stupid: No. 10 won in a canter by half a distance at the least; the rest, bleeding and exhausted, coming in at their leisure through the crowds that here covered the course, and merely opening a passage for the hapless brutes as they approached, closed in behind, and endeavoured by yells and gestures to urge them to a better pace.

After the race was won, and it might have been supposed that all pretext for
restraint and coercion had ended, the military still continuing to obstruct and interfere, with the customary overbearing insolence of these Florentine heroes, even Tuscan submission and patience could endure no longer. The crowd with a rush broke through the barrier, the soldiers were ordered to fix bayonets, officers with drawn swords and mighty words vapoured and threatened, and I expected a general row; but the mob having gained its point of passing the cordon of soldiers who surrounded the judge's stand, was satisfied with the victory, and began directly to disperse.

So far is this system of armed overbearing carried here, that not only the spectators of a race, but even the company that is drawn together by the musical performances in the Cascine, is subjected to a martial display of naked weapons; troopers pace through the walks and drives with drawn sabres, and the guards that surround the band, not only carry their bayonets
fixed, but swing their firelocks so carelessly about over their shoulders, as frequently to endanger the heads and faces of those who stand behind them. On one occasion a bayonet point came in this way so near my face, that I struck it up with my cane, to the manifest indignation of the bearer, who, I fancy, however, perceived that he had not a subject of the Grand Duke to deal with, for after looking very hard at me, he turned into his place again without speaking.

Tuesday, 26th. In company with a young Frenchman and his wife, who I meet at the table d’hôte, I made an excursion to the famous Monastery of Vallombrosa, high perched among the slopes of the Apennines, about eighteen miles from Florence. We started at six o’clock, proceeding by carriage fourteen miles to the foot of the mountains; the road for some distance ascends the picturesque valley of the Arno, which above Florence becomes a rapid torrent, but for the last four miles the path is very precipitous, winding along the sides of a
deep ravine, and ascending the mountains through rocks and chestnut forests, by numerous turnings.

The convent, which is approached through a grove of noble pines, stands upon a small cleared plateau, surrounded in the rear by an amphitheatre formed by the more lofty crest of the range. A clear streamlet descends from the rocks above, forming a beautiful cascade, and after supplying the fountains and reservoirs of the convent, plunges down, and is lost in the dark forest below.

The open space about the monastery is at this season covered with rich meadow grass, and from the shady walks that lead at different points into the pine forest, the views are extensive and fine, embracing the whole plain of the Arno to the sea. Florence, with its duomo, and the groves and meadows of the Cascine, are distinctly visible with the silver stream of the upper Arno winding through richly cultivated hills to the plain.
Within the buildings of the convent there is little of interest to be seen; the best pictures have long since been removed to the galleries at Florence, but relics there are in abundance for those who take an interest in such curiosities.

The dining-tables in the refectory, which the jolly monks had lately quitted, afforded, we thought, a sort of index to the individual dispositions, or at least the habits of the holy fraternity, in the condition of the wine flasks. Some were full to the neck, telling of ascetic self-denial; others there were whose contents had ebbed half way, and spoke of habits of regularity and precision; some retained but a glassfull of the ruby juice to save appearances, and told of greedy appetites, with timid or deceitful natures; while the flasks of a few more reckless, thirsty spirits, had been boldly drained to the last drop. Our conductor, one of the fraternity, observing our mirth, readily comprehended the joke, and laughingly pointed out the emptied flasks.
At the mid-day meal a bottle of wine—the daily allowance—is placed before each monk, and should this be then consumed a less generous beverage from the neighbouring stream must serve to wash down the supper. The holy men, we were told, complain of their straitened allowance, which has been restricted to a single flask in consequence of the late failures in the grape crops, and consequent increased price of wine.

For the accommodation of lady visitors, who are not allowed to enter the convent, a bed-chamber and sitting-room are provided in a detached building, and here we were regaled with wine, the produce of the vineyards belonging to the monastery, and with bread and omelets from its hospitable kitchens.

Descending on our return, we met frequent groups of old women and children near the little mountain villages that lie concealed in hollows and glens; all begged alms, and looked very lean, ragged, and
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Destitute; many offered baskets of small wild strawberries which they had been gathering upon the mountain. Far from participating in our admiration of the romantic scenery amid which they dwell, these poor people complained of the fate that had cast their lot among the mountains, and appeared to envy the dwellers in the plain. A few crazie were very thankfully received, and a paolo, which represents about fivepence halfpenny, would draw forth a torrent of thanks and wishes for one’s eventual safe arrival in paradiso, through the intervention of the Santa Vérgine.

The sun was sinking when we regained the village of Pelago and our carriage, and notwithstanding the very evident after-dinner condition of our driver, and the reckless pace at which he rattled down the hills, it was near nine o’clock when we re-entered the gates of Florence.

Wednesday, 27th. Resolved to yield no longer to the seductions of this agreeable
city, I have arranged to leave by train to-morrow morning for Leghorn, and proceed thence by the steam-packet that departs the same evening for Genoa. Here, and at Naples, I have consumed so much more time than I had intended, that I must not henceforward loiter by the way, nor tarry long in any of the countries I yet wish to visit, before passing over into my native land. Antonio, who, poor fellow, has a dying child to attend to, remains behind, but he has induced me to take a Venetian acquaintance of his as my servant, in which, upon second thoughts, I feel doubts of having done wisely, as I shall probably find Gregorio more an encumbrance than an advantage to me throughout my rambles; he neither speaks nor understands English, but professes a great desire to serve an English master.
CHAPTER XXIII.


Thursday, 28th. At ten o’clock we turned our backs upon delightful Florence, and were soon whirling along the rail. After passing Pisa, the line traverses a flat so low and level that, approaching Leghorn, the ships in the offing appear to be sailing on the plain. The city has by no means an inviting appearance, and smells as pitchy and as cheesey as other seaport towns; towards the sea the town appears a confused collection of houses and ships, walls,
forts, boats, and dirty water. We had only time for a short ramble through the city, but saw enough to prove that I had no cause to regret that my arrangements only allowed a few hours' sojourn in Leghorn.

At five o'clock we went on board the steamer, which immediately got under weigh, and as we left the harbour, we could observe lying at anchor in the offing, a small French ship of war, which, since the breaking out of hostilities, has been patiently watching two or three hapless Russian merchantmen, which safe, however, within the sanctuary of this neutral port, are not, it appears, likely to afford the Frenchman an opportunity to make prize money.

The Dante di Genova is a wretched little craft, affording the most scanty accommodation, and in answer to my request for something to eat, the dirty-looking steward coolly explained that as the passengers by this delightful boat are generally affected with the male del mare to a more than ordinary extent, it did not suit his purpose to
provide any eatables, and he had nothing to give me. In compensation for these evils, we have, however, a smooth sea, a clear sky, and consequent prospect of an early arrival at Genoa to-morrow morning.

Friday, 29th. Our last night's anticipations of an early escape from the confinement of the beggarly Dante, were destined to be provokingly disappointed this morning. When entering the port of Genoa before five o'clock, we learned to our unspeakable annoyance, that in consequence of suspicious reports of cholera from Florence, we should not be allowed to land before mid-day, the interval to be employed in opening and airing the contents of our portmanteaus.

I descended to the dirty little cabin, seeking to while away these tedious hours by writing, but was speedily dislodged by a fellow who entered with a fumigating apparatus, and soon produced such a smoke, as rendered the place untenable.
Returning to the deck and the broiling sunshine, I had ample leisure to study the boasted grandeur of the "City of Palaces;" and, indeed, from the harbour Genoa yet makes a very magnificent appearance, and, with its crowded shipping and railway, a very commercial and important appearance to boot; but we were all in a jaundiced, discontented mood, and more disposed to grumble than to admire.

Slowly as moved the hours, mid-day came at last; and obtaining our release, we hurried to the Croce di Malta, a large hotel well situated near the quay, and commanding a fine view over the bay.

This day being the festa of St. Peter, the streets were filled with the citizens in holiday attire, and we saw Genoa to full advantage. The massive grandeur of the buildings, and handsome appearance of the principal streets, are not more striking than the beauty of the women, which is much enhanced by the very graceful head-dress worn by the better and middle-classes
when abroad, and consisting of a long veil, or scarf, of white muslin, pinned upon the plaited hair, and falling in loose folds over the arms and shoulders to the waist.

Saturday, 30th. Meeting with few inducements to prolong my stay here, I have determined to proceed to-morrow to Milan, and have spent the day in a hurried run through the more interesting of the sights of Genoa. These are principally its palaces and streets, the shops of the goldsmiths, and the house of Columbus, said to be that in which he was born, though this is disputed, the honour being claimed for another house in the neighbouring town of Cogoletto. In the Palazzo Doria Tursi, now the Guild-hall of Genoa, is also preserved a marble bust, and some autograph letters of the great navigator. We saw the bust, but the manuscripts, which are secured within a small opening in the pedestal, we were not able to gain access to, the custode being unfortunately absent.

Sunday, July 1st. Soon after five o'clock
we were at the railway station, and before six were speeding away from Genoa. Gradually ascending by a small valley, we shortly approached the tunnel that here pierces the central chain of the Apennines; and plunging into the mountain's side, we rumbled on in utter darkness for two miles, and at the end of ten minutes found ourselves upon the opposite side of the great barrier, and descending the valley of the Scrivia, a tributary of the Po. A part of the stream of the Scrivia is diverted, and passes through the tunnel for the supply of Genoa; thus a stream is turned to the Gulf of Genoa which was designed by Nature to flow to the Adriatic, upon the opposite side of the Italian peninsula.

Having now a declivity in our favour, we proceeded at a rapid pace, and before long the great plains of Piedmont and Lombardy opened before us, bounded in the far distance by the giant Alps, which I now beheld for the first time, looming indistinctly through the warm summer haze.
Passing the battle-field of Marengo we reached Alessandria, and were allowed a quarter of an hour to take a hurried breakfast; and afterwards proceeding, we came about mid-day to Novara. At this place rail-travelling towards Milan ceases, and we were transferred to a diligence, which set out shortly after our arrival for the Lombard capital, yet thirty miles distant.

In the vicinity of Novara we noticed much of the low swampy plain covered with green crops of rice, which is largely cultivated in this neighbourhood.

Passing the broad impetuous stream of the Ticino by a magnificent bridge of granite, we crossed the Austrian frontier, and here, at the dogana, we met with a specimen of Austrian illiberality and distrust. My baggage was here, for the first time since I entered Italy, really and rigorously searched. Books and papers were closely examined, clothes turned out, and I was provocingly compelled to open every little box and package that my port-
manteaus contained; not, however, being addicted to smuggling, I had nothing to apprehend beyond trouble and delay.

From the Ticino to Milan, the country, though fertile, and now rich with the ripening corn, is flat and uninteresting, and the straight, level road is in many parts confined between tall hedgerows, or plantations of mulberry, effectually excluding the landscape. The dust was to-day very troublesome, too; and I was well pleased when towards five the gates and ramparts of Milan came into view.

Entering the city by the Porta Vercellina, we reached the handsome Hôtel de la Ville just in time for the excellent table d'hôte, and during the evening meeting some agreeable hotel acquaintances with whom I parted at Florence, I already feel quite at home in Milan.

Monday, 2nd. The beautiful cathedral, which is the first point of attraction for most visitors to Milan, struck me as the most wonderful monument of human in-
dustry and perseverance I had ever beheld. The amount of elaborate sculptured ornament that loads every part of this enormous pile of carved marble is truly astonishing. Three thousand marble statues, large and small, constitute a part of these exterior decorations, and fifteen hundred more are yet required to fill the vacant niches and pedestals. Scaffolds are still reared against some parts of the edifice which is yet unfinished, though it has been near five centuries in progress, while of the earlier completed portions some are already showing evidences of decay among the minuter parts of the profuse ornamental carving; and this deterioration is accelerated—to their shame be it spoken—by the pilfering hands of unscrupulous visitors, who, among the traceries of the fretted screens and flying buttresses of the beautiful roof, have in many places broken off flowers, cherubs' heads, and other tempting morsels, and have even removed and carried bodily away several of the smaller statuettes,
which, with carved imitations of flowers and fruits, surmount the thousand points and pinnacles, and render the roof a perfect garden of marble.

From the galleries of the lofty spire, Novara, Brescia, and even Cremona, sixty miles distant, are discernable with the naked eye; and the prospect, embracing nearly the whole of the noble valley of the Po and its tributaries, extends over the broad plains of Lombardy and Piedmont from the Alps to the Apennines.

At the Santa Maria delle Grazie we saw the Cenacolo, the famous “Last Supper” of Leonardo da Vinci. The picture has been, and is still undergoing a process of restoration of a more desirable nature than those adopted on former occasions, for the present operator, instead of laying on fresh colours, professes to remove those of previous renovators, and thus to bring again to light, intact, the original painting. How far he has been successful in this we could not of course judge; but, to me, the picture
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appeared one of the most wonderful results of the painter’s art I have yet met with.

In the evening we went to witness some horse and chariot races at the Hippodrome. The latter were very interesting performances: the cars, fashioned in the exact resemblance of ancient war-chariots, and drawn by four fiery horses, harnessed abreast, flew round the arena at a furious pace; the race was three times round, and was well contested. Three chariots started, and that which brought up the rear during the early part of the race eventually came in the winner. The drivers displayed much skill and dexterity in the management of their unruly teams, and the speed at which they got round the short turnings of the elliptical arena, and address with which they passed each other in so confined a course, were really admirable.

A race in English fashion was less successful, and chiefly remarkable for the facility with which the riders parted from their saddles, one or other of these counter-
feit jockeys coming to the ground in every heat.

Another race, contested by five female riders, with habits and side-saddles, was very prettily ridden, and the fair winner having been presented with a bouquet, in size and form much resembling a large cauliflower, ambled triumphantly round the arena to receive the plaudits of the spectators.

Tuesday, 3rd. Rain during the morning kept me indoors, and the afternoon was spent in the picture galleries of the Brera.

A remarkable funeral procession passed this morning beneath my window: first there came a brass band playing at intervals slow, solemn music; next followed the coffin, borne by four well-dressed men; after these, walking two and two, came a number of others, bearing lighted tapers, and chanting a loud dirge in the intervals of the music; the procession was closed by an aged couple, with gray, uncovered heads. How much more touching and appropriate
this than the cold pomp of hearse and mourning coaches.

Finding that I am now within one day's travel by rail from Venice, I have, notwithstanding rather discouraging rumours of cholera, resolved to make a flying visit to the "city of the waves" before proceeding northwards.
CHAPTER XXIV.


Wednesday, 4th. We left Milan at six o'clock; the morning was bright and fresh, and, as we sped over the level plain, the snow-clad Alps, bounding the landscape to the left, stood boldly out against the clear sky. Soon reaching Treviglio, twenty-five miles from Milan, and beyond which there is an uncompleted portion of the line, we quitted the train to proceed the next twenty-five miles by diligence.

My companion in the coupé was a large, bony German, who seemed to possess a
thorough knowledge of the country through which we were travelling, and, as he spoke Italian and was disposed to be communicative, I found his company an advantage until we stopped to change horses, when, getting out, he presently returned with his hat full of cherries, which he proceeded silently to consume with wonderful despatch, though with the greatest deliberation. This performance ended, my friend shook his hat and replaced it upon his head; then, lighting a cigar, he lent back in his place and continued puffing and dozing till we reached Coccaglio, to which point the railway has been completed all the way from Venice.

After a hurried meal, we again got away by the train at one o'clock, and, passing Brescia, soon came in sight of the beautiful Lago di Garda, whose clear blue waters, stretching away among the Tyrolese hills, are overhung by lofty mountains, while towns and castles crown the promontories of its indented shores. Some miles further
The impetuous stream of the Tiber passes through the city, then continues along the levee, leaving the hills behind. The river is less interesting; but the Mediterranean is in some respects more so, surrounded by the luxuriant vegetation of the plains; over the surface of the water, the gondolas glide without effort. Great facilities being given for the regular condition of the rivers, the yield above the levee is not contaminated between artificial irrigation. So little rest is the case in the surrounding plains of Italy, that the land is again sown with maize and wheat as soon as the harvest is over.
passed Vincenza; shortly afterwards famous Padua afforded us a transient view of her once boasted walls and towers; and twenty miles further, approaching the waters of the Adriatic, we crossed the Laguna, by a splendid bridge of more than two hundred arches, and entered the "sea-built city," as the shades of evening began to obscure the level shores and islands of the eastern horizon.

The usual delay and annoyance of passport formalities now had to be endured, after which we procured a gondola, and gliding noiselessly through the intricate watery highways, now silent, dark, and gloomy, we traversed the city, and finally reached the Albergo dell' Europa, near the mouth of the Grand Canal, where we procured quarters and went early to bed, not particularly charmed or inspired with our first evening's experience of Venice, and resolved to rise early, and, by making the most of a long day to-morrow, to be prepared to depart the day after.
Thursday, 5th. Rising at five o'clock, I embarked in a dingy melancholy craft, sculled by a barelegged, cadaverous looking boatman—what a realization of the "light gondola" and "gay gondolier!"—and traversing the whole extent of the Grand Canal, returned by the broad passage of the "Canale della Giudecca." The unpleasing impressions of last night were fully confirmed by the morning's excursion, even the finest palaces bearing a deserted and decaying appearance, while the water of the canals is foul in the extreme, and in many of the narrower ones smells abominably.

After breakfast, setting out on foot and perambulating the narrow streets, I found the aspect of the city much less gloomy thus viewed than when traversed by its dismal canals, though the streets, owing to the total absence of vehicles or beasts of burden, are nearly as silent as the latter.

The Square of St. Mark, it must be admitted, seemed to excel in magnificence everything of the kind I had hitherto
seen; and when the fine Austrian band of
the garrison performed during the evening
in this piazza, which was then peopled
with considerable crowds, the scene in some
degree relieved the general air of depres-
sion that everywhere pervades deserted
Venice.

We visited, of course, the Palace of the
Doges and the gloomy Cathedral, passed
over the Bridge of Sighs, and descended by
torchlight through dark intricate passages
to the famous Dungeons of the Pozzi,
within whose hideous cells, which one must
stoop low to enter, the darkness is as of the
blackest night.

Later in the day we crossed the Bridge
of the Rialto, and stood in the Piazza of
the once famous Exchange; and after a
hurried visit to the picture galleries of the
Belle Arte and the Palazzo Manfrini, with
a peep at the fine sepulchral monuments in
the Church of Santa Maria Frari, among
which the beautiful tomb of Titian, recently
completed, is conspicuous, we concluded
the day with an ascent to the belfry of the Tower of St. Mark, upwards of three hundred feet above the pavement of the piazza, and from whence is obtained a most magnificent and comprehensive view of the city, the lagune, and Lido, with the neighbouring islands and shores of the Adriatic.

The day was, I think, the hottest I have experienced in Italy, and mosquitoes were troublesome in the evening.

Friday, 6th. We were astir with the dawn again this morning; and after an early breakfast repairing to the railway station, I was not sorry at seven o'clock to find myself speeding along the rail on my return to Milan.

As the morning advanced the sun became extremely hot again; the road having been so lately traversed excited little interest; and the drowsy influence of the day was further increased by the ceaseless monotonous song of the cicále that covered the trees by the wayside. I had a resource, however, in the conversation of a very
loquacious party of Lombard gentlemen who occupied the same carriage with me, and from whom I learnt, among other things, that the vine disease, which is said to be again making its appearance this year, is by their imaginative countrymen attributed to the railroads, with their shrieking locomotives, belching forth fire and smoke in such ominous resemblance to the arch fiend; and this enlightened opinion is not, I was assured, found only among the ignorant and uninformed.

Towards evening thunder-clouds rose above the Alps, and reaching Milan at seven in a pelting rain, I returned to my old quarters at the comfortable Hôtel de la Ville.

Saturday, 7th. Milan, though decidedly inferior in these respects to Florence or Naples, is a cheerful and agreeable place of sojourn. The principal streets are broad, and the general appearance of the city handsome and animated. The head-dress of the women resembles that of Genoa,
except in the colour of the material, which is here black, and it would be difficult to decide which of the two is more becoming. The beautiful scenery that so enhances the attractiveness of Naples and Florence is here, however, entirely wanting. Milan, standing in the midst of a great level plain, cannot be said to command any scenery at all, except from the summit of its lofty cathedral. The hotels, to judge by the comforts of the handsome Hôtel de la Ville, may compare with the best of southern Italy, and the living is excellent, the large trout from the Adda and Lake Como constituting a delicious item in the bill of fare.

Sunday, 8th. The first evening of my arrival here I met two Chilian gentlemen—brothers, a soldier and a lawyer—with whom I became acquainted at Florence, and who proved such agreeable and gentlemanly fellows, that it gives me great pleasure to find that our mutual plans admit of our proceeding hence on the way to Paris in company. To-day we made an
excursion together to explore the romantic scenery of the beautiful Lake of Como, deep embosomed among lofty picturesque hills, about thirty miles distant from Milan. We got away by an early train at five o'clock, and favoured with bright and most agreeable weather, returned highly delighted with the excursion, reaching home after eight this evening.

Wednesday, 11th. It was our intention to have set out for Turin on Monday last, but an indisposition with choleraic symptoms with which I was seized on Sunday night, has since held me a prisoner. The treatment of my complaint by Dr. Capelli, a native of the city, appeared so peculiar, that had I not felt assured by his conversation that he is a man of superior intelligence, and that he quite understood what he was doing in the present instance, I should have hesitated to follow his directions. The doctor at once attributed the attack to my recent visit to Venice, and his prescriptions were as simple as, under
the circumstances, they seemed extraordinary, comprising little else than cream of tartar, with iced toast and water to drink, and orange ice for my food. Having faith, as I have before said, in the worthy little medico, however, I swallowed his cream of tartar, drank iced water and ate orange ices, and all with such happy results, that I at once began to recover, and am now so well, as to have resolved on quitting Milan to-morrow.

Thursday, 12th. Towards noon, in company with my Chilian friends, who have kindly delayed their departure to wait for me, I took my place in the diligence for Novara; the weather was charming and our lofty seat in the banquette kept us free from dust, and enabled us to command a more extended prospect. The stubble fields were covered with picturesque groups of gleaners, and the summer song of the cicédile again filled the air.

At Novara we stopped to dine, and afterwards proceeding by rail, we entered upon
new ground, and approaching the hills, the beauty of the scenery increased; the distant frozen peaks of the higher Alps showing in picturesque contrast with the warm tones of the intervening landscape. Night closed ere we reached Turin, forty miles from Novara, and found very comfortable quarters at the Hôtel de l'Europe, in the fine Piazza del Castello.

Friday, 13th. Turin, for a capital and royal city, is but an inconsiderable place, though the proportion of large and handsome buildings is unusually great; and the streets, which are broader than those of Italian cities generally, crossing each other at right angles, and being perfectly straight, the vistas thus formed mostly terminate with a landscape among the picturesque hills that surround the town, and the effect is extremely pretty.

Turin has its royal gallery of pictures, but for travellers coming from southern Italy, there was more of interest, or at least of novelty, in the museum, where the
splendid collection of Egyptian antiquities, amounting to eight thousand articles, and including a large number of very perfect mummies, is said to be the finest in the world. The Armeria Regia, an interesting collection of ancient armour, we were disappointed in seeing, as to gain admittance, a written permission, obtained the day before, is requisite.

In the evening we drove round the pretty suburbs and to the public promenade, an open space without plantations, or other beauties than those borrowed from the fine distant landscape, and where we found the display of equipages and show of company generally very limited and poor.

Saturday, 14th. At one o'clock we took our seats in the diligence that crosses the Alps to Chambéry. Although we booked yesterday, the banquette and coupé were then already bespoken, and we had no choice but the interior, the miseries of which, all those who have travelled by diligence well know; and although the first
thirty-five miles to Susa, at the foot of Monte Cenis, are performed by rail, we were committed to the vile durance of the diligence from the outset. At the railway station, after nearly an hour’s broiling under the fierce sun, our vehicle was at length hoisted on to a truck, and we were wheeled beneath the friendly shade of the station sheds. After another half hour we got off, and ascending the wild picturesque valley of the Dora, speedily reached Susa; here we dined, and our coach having been re-established upon its own wheels, and no less than ten mules attached in front of the horses, we went forward, accompanied by many drivers, whose shouts and loud cracking of their long whips made a discordant accompaniment to the jingling of numerous bells attached to the collars of the mules.

The long ascent of Monte Cenis begins immediately upon quitting Susa, and as we progressed only at a foot pace, we soon abandoned the lumbering diligence, and
walked forward. The snow-covered summits of the mountains coming into view tier above tier, as we advanced, appeared to grow higher the further we ascended; rushing cataracts leaped from the precipices on all sides, and the scenery became sublimely grand. The road mounts the tremendous and inaccessible-looking steeps with an easy ascent, by long circuitous windings, which bring Susa again and again into view below; long after you have felt assured that you have fairly taken leave of it. On the mountains' sides every practicable patch of soil is cultivated, and just now covered with the ripening corn, while each small level space has its cottage; the ragged children all beg, and "Datemi qualche cosa, signore," sounded continually in our ears.

Daylight forsook us while we were yet ascending, and it was ten o'clock ere we gained the level space at the summit of the pass; here I was not sorry to be overtaken by the diligence, which now proceeded
more rapidly, but I soon found ample reason to regret that the pace obliged me to keep my seat; far sooner would I have continued walking all night than have endured, as I was now compelled to do, the sickening confinement of that dreadful \textit{interiöre}. A garlic eating Italian sat on each side of me holding command of the coach windows, which they, with Italian dread of the pure night air, rigorously closed up, and soon the atmosphere within became perfectly intolerable. Never shall I forget the poisoning odours, and protracted misery of this horrid night; nor would anything again induce me to undertake a night journey in the inside of a diligence.

Sunday, 15th. Morning broke with a clouded and threatening aspect, and found us still descending the deep narrow valley of the Arc. My neighbours now let down the glasses, and at six o’clock, coming to a small rock-begirt town where we alighted
for a while, and procured some bread and coffee, our troubles began to vanish.

As we proceeded the valley widened a little, and the scenery became as picturesque as it was remarkable; the landscape exhibiting the most enchanting contrasts of snow-capped mountains and wild savage crags, with waving corn-fields in all the richness of yellow maturity, luxuriant vineyards, and neat cottages, interspersed with rows and clumps of the most magnificent walnut trees. All down the valley we saw railway works in progress, giving promise that ere long the pass of Monte Cenis alone will interrupt a continuous line of railway from Paris to the Adriatic.

It was past mid-day when we reached the picturesque, but oppressively tranquil little town of Chambéry, where at the clean, unpretending hotel "Du Petit Paris" we obtained very tolerable quarters, and were not sorry to find that it is unnecessary to proceed before to-morrow, a diligence leaving for Geneva—our next destination
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—at seven o'clock in the morning. Rain began to fall as we arrived, but the evening afterwards becoming fine, we made a perambulation of the town, and visited the public promenade, which is finely shaded by beautiful horse-chestnut trees, and was this evening peopled with a few groups of demure citizens, and melancholy-looking dragoons.
CHAPTER XXV.


MONDAY, 16th. By seven o'clock, thoroughly revived by a long night's rest, we rumbled through the quiet streets of Chambéry, and took the road to Geneva. The morning was again dark and threatening, and before we had proceeded far the thunder pealed, the rain came down in torrents, and we were enveloped in gloom, almost like the darkness of night, reminding us that we have indeed passed the Alps, and fairly bid adieu to the sunny skies of pleasant Italy.

A great change is also observable in the
appearance of the people here, particularly the women, whose spare forms and small hard features, rendered yet more unpleasing by the ugly disfiguring caps, contrast disagreeably with the picturesque figures and sparkling faces of the Italian contadine.

By mid-day the weather began to improve, and by the time we left Annecy, where we stopped to bait, the sun was lighting up a landscape less romantic, but scarcely less pleasing than those of yesterday, and the road being hilly, I had ample opportunities to alight, and, proceeding on foot, to enjoy to full advantage the bright sky and cool, fresh breeze.

Beggars were again numerous and importunate, but the long familiar cry of "Datemi qualche cosa" was changed today to "Donnez moi quelque chose."

Our fellow travellers in the diligence were an old French general, very talkative, and very emphatic, and who we took to be about sixty years of age, till he quite triumphantly informed us
that he was ninety, with his pretty young wife, who could not have been long born when her husband had attained his three score years and ten, and his little child, two years old, a production of which the old general seemed not a little proud.

We reached Geneva about five in the evening, and procured rooms at the Hôtel des Bergues, facing the lake.

Wednesday, 18th. Except for invalids seeking a pure atmosphere and bracing climate, I am unable to perceive any attractions in Geneva; the city, though it boasts some fine streets and handsome buildings, possesses little to interest, and the lake is seen to the least advantage hereabouts, the sheet of water being narrower near this extremity, and the shores low.

Yesterday was showery and bleak, rendering a considerable alteration of clothing necessary. To-day the sun shone brightly, but with a tempered heat, while a fresh
invigorating breeze from the lake rendered the temperature very cool.

We have spent two days rambling about the town, where the shops of the watchmakers and jewellers constitute the most attractive objects, and this evening I booked a place in the coach to Chamounix, as I am unwilling now, when so near that famous valley, to pass on without paying it a visit. I have also taken time by the forelock, and secured a good place in the Lyons coach for Tuesday next.

Thursday, 19th. Bidding adieu to my compagnons de voyage, who proceed to-day to Lyons, I quitted Geneva at seven o'clock. The sun shone brightly, and having secured an exalted seat upon the outside of the coach, I was enabled to enjoy the fine scenery that opened upon us in every changing variety as we ascended the picturesque valley of the Arve, the glistening summit of Mont Blanc constantly in view, towering above the hills and mountains of the nearer landscape.
At four hours from Geneva, the valley of the Arve suddenly contracts; the towering rocks approaching the stream on either side, and forming a narrow, savage defile, through which the carriage-way is led, and the valley again opening, the road continues good up to Sallanche, thirty-five miles from Geneva. Here we dined, and afterwards proceeded in light mountain carriages, each conveying four persons.

The road was very rugged, sometimes cut through the solid rock, and still ascending the course of the Arve, it at last became so precipitous and difficult, that spite of the rain that had now succeeded to the bright sunshine of the morning, we preferred proceeding on foot, to sitting behind the over-tasked mules.

Leaving the stream, which at this part flows through a deep rocky chasm, the track ascends higher up on the mountain's side, and passing through some shady groves of pine, suddenly emerges from their shade upon the green slopes of the little
valley of Chamounix. The rocky heights that for some distance below hem in the foaming stream, here partially receding, yield space for a small extent of arable land, which now covered with rich grasses, and chequered by numerous squares and patches of potatoes, wheat, and rye, appeared in picturesque contrast with the frowning rocks and dark pine forests, which on all sides crown these cultivated slopes, and enclose the little valley.

Towering above all, Mont Blanc, like the guardian genius of the place, looks down upon Chamounix, while the fine glaciers of Bossons, and the Mer de Glace, in their gigantic bulk, defying the power of the summer heats, descend quite down into the valley, and invade the wooded declivities and the green region of cultivation.

Numerous groups of workpeople, chiefly women, were engaged mowing, and preparing the abundant hay crop, and the sun breaking out soon after we entered the valley gave a finishing touch to the picture.
The carriages now overtook us, and resuming our seats, we in half an hour reached the village of Chamounix at six o'clock, and put up at the Hôtel de l'Union. Intending to be astir betimes to-morrow morning, and to make a long excursion upon the ice over the great Mer de Glace, as far as the Jardin, we, after having enjoyed the glorious spectacle of a brilliant sunset reflected in glowing tints upon the cold summit of Mont Blanc, went early to bed.

Friday, 20th. At a very early hour I was disturbed by the sound of cries so wild and peculiar in their tones, that only half awakened, I lay dreaming of the crétins, who are said to be so numerous in these Alpine valleys, until the increasing clamour and shrieks of women convinced me that something serious was the matter. Jumping out of bed, I perceived that the light which I had mistaken for the approach of day proceeded from a fire that had broken out in a building not far removed from the
hotel, and the roof of which was already wrapped in flames.

In a few minutes the house was all astir, doors banged, women screamed, and everybody was hurrying out in as great confusion and excitement as though the hotel had been already on fire. For myself, having packed my carpet-bag, and deposited it beyond the reach of danger at a large hotel on the opposite side of the stream, I returned to the assistance of those who had more luggage to dispose of.

By this time a dozen houses, including one of the principal hotels, were in flames, and the fire was raging so furiously as to threaten destruction to the entire village. The single inn upon the safe side of the water had become the point of general attraction for the inmates of the burning and threatened hotels, and the bridge was now crowded with travellers bearing trunks, bags, and armfuls of baggage in every variety and condition of disorder, the dishevelled tresses and imperfect attire of
many among the ladies betraying the extreme, though in most instances unnecessary, precipitancy with which they had quitted their apartments.

Having given my services to some among the fair fugitives who seemed the most overburthened, I joined the crowds who were attempting to stay the flames.

It was now broad daylight, and the tolling of the church bells had collected all the people of the neighbourhood to the scene. No systematic course of action was, however, pursued; none appeared possessed of authority or knowledge to direct; and the small fire-engine, scantily supplied with water passed by hand up from the stream, was quite powerless to check the flames, which with astonishing celerity spread from roof to roof of the shingled buildings, and speedily consumed everything to leeward of the point where they first originated.

All efforts being now concentrated to check the fire in its less rapid advances against the wind, and some slated houses
fortunately opposing its progress, the flames were got under by about eight o'clock, when, with the assistance of a heavy shower of rain, the fire was effectually subdued.

Together with several other Englishmen, led on by the excitement of the occasion, I very unnecessarily added my exertions to those of the assembled villagers, carrying water, and mounting on to burning house-tops, where we got ourselves thoroughly ducked for our pains; for the inexperienced firemen who guided the hose of the engine distributed the water in their excitement and confusion indiscriminately upon the flames, and upon the persons of those who were engaged in the attempt to subdue them; and as we now found it difficult to obtain even the temporary use of a room where we might effect a change of dress, we rather repented of our zeal.

The hotel in which we lodged last night, though not reached by the fire, was so completely gutted and deluged with water, that its chambers are uninhabitable for the
present: and the Royal Hôtel de l'Union, being now the sole refuge for the destitute, is crowded to the smallest garret. We succeeded, however, in procuring a scrambling sort of breakfast; and the prospect of any prolonged sojourn in this secluded little valley being now more than ever uninviting, we determined to employ the remainder of the day in exploring as far as possible the frozen wonders of this icy region, and to resume our journey tomorrow.

Mules had been turned adrift during the fire, and in the confusion that still prevailed were not procurable; but having with some difficulty obtained the services of a guide, I, in company with a young Belgian and an Englishman, who were my companions yesterday in the coach, set out on foot to make one of the shortest, but most interesting of the regular stereotyped Chamounix excursions over the Montanvert, and across the Mer de Glace, returning by the Chapeau.
The ascent was so steep and laborious that one of my companions soon turned back, and the other was inclined to follow his example. After two hours' toil, however, we reached the little rest-house upon the summit of the Montanvert, two thousand six hundred feet above Chamounix; and having refreshed with tea, bread, and the delicious honey for which this region is famed, we proceeded to cross the great glacier of the "Mer de Glace," an enterprise which we soon found to be of a much more difficult nature than we had anticipated.

Our guide, we now discovered, had not previously crossed the glacier this season, and being unacquainted with the most practicable track, soon led us among yawning chasms, and along narrow ridges of slippery ice, where we found it as difficult to comply with his oft-repeated admonition—"Soyez tranquille, Monsieur," as to credit his frequent assertion—"Il n'y a pas de danger." We did get safely over,
however, and reached the opposite shore, resolved never again to trust ourselves among the crevices of a glacier without previously furnishing our heels with the steel spikes commonly used on these occasions.

Once more on terra firma, we rapidly descended the rocky and precipitous path to the Chapeau, and thence leaving the track we proceeded, half walking, half sliding, down the steep mountain's side, beneath the dark shade of a pine forest; and regaining the valley, a pleasant walk of two or three miles through meadows and diminutive cornfields brought us back to Chamounix; and the greater number of the visitors who were this morning in the village having taken their departure, I was enabled to procure a bedroom.

Saturday, 21st. Provided with a guide and a mule, I quitted Chamounix at an early hour, and took the road for Martigny by the Pass of the Tête Noir. The day was delightfully bright and clear, and our route afforded us a succession of the most
magnificent views of Mont Blanc and his hoary companions.

About mid-day, in one of the wildest parts of the road, we passed the Swiss frontier, marked by a small stone pillar, and entered the rugged mountainous Canton of Vallais. Soon after we reached the Tête Noir, a tremendous cliff, upon whose dark, shaded face the sun never shines: the road is carried along the perpendicular face of the rock at a giddy height above the torrent, which is heard dashing and raging hundreds of feet below.

A little further on a newly-built and substantial inn occupies a romantic situation amid beetling crags. Here we stopped to bait; and having become thoroughly tired of my hard-mouthed, jolting mule, I gladly availed myself of an opportunity to return him to Chamounix; and committing my carpet-bag to the shoulders of my guide, proceeded on foot.

The road during the afternoon continued equally wild and beautiful, the view from
the summit of the pass by which we entered the deep valley of the Rhone and descended to Martigny being strikingly magnificent; and when at the end of ten miles we reached the city, I felt regret that the distance had not been a few miles greater.

Sunday, 22nd. Provided by mine host of the clean and very comfortable "Hôtel de la Tour" with a light one-horsed and four-wheeled nondescript sort of a carriage, I set out early for Villeneuve, twenty-five miles distant, and which I desired to reach in time for the mid-day steamer to Geneva. We were again favoured with beautiful weather, and the horse being a good one, we progressed rapidly, the level road following the plain which borders the turgid stream of the Rhone. Bounding this narrow plain on either side the river, the most stupendous rocks and mountain precipices rise in savage grandeur.

Shortly after leaving Martigny we passed the magnificent Waterfall of the Sallanche, a large body of water leaping from the
summit of one of these precipices at one mad plunge sheer down into the plain; this fall is said to be among the finest in Switzerland, and assuredly it would be difficult to conceive anything more grand.

When we had achieved about half our journey, my little driver stopping at a small town to bait his horse, I, attracted by strains of music issuing from the church, went in, and finding the service proceeding, remained until it ended. The church was the plainest I ever entered, no ornament of any kind relieved the nakedness of the bare stone walls, and the seats and fittings were of unpainted deal. The male and female members of the congregation did not mingle, but occupied separate portions of the building, and at the termination of the service made their exit by different doors; they appeared as plain, rigid, and unadorned as their church, affording a most dismal realization of "Swiss Boys" and "Maids of the Mist."

Resuming our way about noon, we
reached Villeneuve upon the shore of the lake, which is here seen in all its romantic beauty, overhung by towering mountains, or bordered by fertile acclivities, crowned with woods, and terraced with vineyards.

At two o'clock I embarked in the little steamer Helvete, and after calling at the beautiful towns of Vevay and Lausanne, and at several other towns and villages along the shore, to land or embark boat-loads of holiday makers, we terminated this delightful excursion, and regained Geneva as the last rays of the setting sun were reddening the clear surface of the lake.
CHAPTER XXVI.


Tuesday, 24th. Yesterday was spent in pleasant rest, and in willing preparations for departure, and this morning, after an early breakfast, we turned our backs on Geneva, and were soon hurrying along the road towards Lyons.

The diligence, a French concern, was better horsed, and driven at a far more rapid pace than those of Italy; and perched in my favourite seat, the corner of the banquette, I was enabled to enjoy to full advantage the fresh morning air, and the fine scenery of the lakes, rocks, and moun-
tains, among which our road led us for the first half of the day; afterwards descending towards the broad plains of France, the landscape became less interesting. The bright skies, too, deserted us towards evening, and when at sunset we sighted the tall chimneys of busy Lyons, rain was falling steadily.

Wednesday, 25th. At five o'clock I jumped out of bed determined, though rain still fell heavily, to have a look at Lyons before leaving, although the train was to start at eight. After a two hours' walk through the dingy city—going by the banks of the Rhone, and returning by the Soane—without having seen much to admire, except the numerous handsome bridges that span the broad current of the former, here as turgid and foul as it is clear and limpid where it issues from the lake of Geneva, I returned to the hotel anything but dry, and as I had sent Gregorio on to Paris last night with my baggage, under the apprehension that at present lodgings may not
be readily procurable there, I was now in some difficulty. By taking breakfast in my bedroom, however, while my clothes were carried to the kitchen fire, I managed to get tolerably set to rights in time for the train, and at eight o'clock quitted Lyons.

At Dijon we had a halt of twenty-five minutes for refreshing, and by the time we again proceeded the weather had cleared, but even sunshine failed to impart much beauty to the flat, insipid landscapes, which continued of the same uninteresting character till we approached the end of our journey. Here the fine forest and pretty town of Fontainbleau made an agreeable break in the weary monotony of broad cultivated lands, and soon afterwards sighting the heights of Montmartre, we at seven o'clock entered the Paris terminus, three hundred and thirty miles from Lyons.

I found Gregorio waiting for me, but with no very good account to give of his success in finding quarters. Rain was again falling heavily, the long streets we plashed
through looked sloppy and cheerless, and when reaching Meurice's, I took possession of my dark little chamber upon the fourth floor, I must confess that preconceived ideas of the great capital of fashion were by no means realized in my first impressions.

Monday, 30th. For a traveller coming from the south, for one who has lately sojourned in Naples, Rome, and Florence, Paris does not, as far as I have been able to discover, possess any very powerful attractions, and as I am now anxious to rejoin long-severed friends, I have booked myself for a seat in the diligence to St. Malo for to-morrow morning.

The day following my arrival here, I found my former travelling companion of Sicily, Mr. D——n, whose kindness and hospitality have been unbounded; with the advantage of his guidance, most of the principal sights and shows of Paris have been already visited, and I feel little inclination to prolong my stay.
The Rue Rivoli is certainly magnificent, and when the extensive alterations and improvements now in progress shall have been completed, will perhaps be the finest street in the world; and in bright weather, the Place de la Concorde, and the gardens of the Tuileries, are pleasing and agreeable promenades; but the boasted Champs Élysées—a mere grove of limited extent, and beneath whose shades the bare ground becomes a quagmire or a bed of dust with every change of weather—will ill bear comparison with the beautiful Cascine of Florence, or the Villa Reale at Naples; and with the Boulevards I was much disappointed.

The frequent demand for material for barricades, having caused the destruction of the fine trees that once adorned these boasted promenades, the small saplings that have been planted to supply their places, together with the bright recent aspect of the buildings, produce an unpleasing appearance of newness and changeful instability.
The Exposition, too, disappointed my expectations, for although the collection of articles is as magnificent as it is immense, the whole being distributed in so many different buildings, the general effect is greatly damaged, and in no part is the coup d'œil very imposing; while so many wares possessing little value or interest, are everywhere mixed up and associated with the more important articles, that the whole affair rather resembles a great bazaar.

The Australian department was of course a prime object of attraction for me, and the very creditable appearance that our antipodean corner of the earth has, under the zealous management of our indefatigable commissioner, Mr. Macarthur, being able to make in the world's show, I thought very gratifying. The nuggets of course create a great sensation, and are all day surrounded by admiring crowds. The numerous woods which have been worked up into articles of furniture, and are thus shown to full advantage, also attract much
attention; and a piece of muslin of the most delicate texture, manufactured here from a sample of Moreton Bay cotton, is an object of general admiration. The New South Wales wines, too, as I learn from Mr. M—, have passed their examination with great éclat, taking high rank among their French and German rivals, and causing much speculative discussion here in connexion with the vine disease, which is so seriously affecting the production of wine in Europe.

Tuesday, 31st. In like mode as at Turin we were, when leaving Paris, at once placed in the diligence that is to convey us to St. Malo, although the first portion of the journey is performed by rail. After being subjected to about the same amount of vexatious delay and exposure to a broiling sun as upon the former occasion, we at length got fairly off about mid-day.

The dust, which rose in clouds beside the rushing train, drifted into the open banquette of the diligence in stifling quan-
tities, and, added to the hot sun and weary monotony of the flat, unvarying landscape, rendered the afternoon's journey so uninteresting and disagreeable that we were heartily glad when, early in the evening, we reached Le Mans and quitted the rail.

After dining, we again proceeded much more pleasantly; the air had become cool, the road was free from dust, and our coachman, driving five in hand, and changing horses often, proceeded at a good pace.

Evening closed in clear, cold, and sharp; but, as the night wore, a bright moon rose to enliven as well as enlighten our way, and we dozed, watched, and lingered through the tedious hours till morning came again, with as little of misery as is compatible with a night on a stage-coach.

Wednesday, August 1st. Soon after sunrise, reaching the fine old town of Rennes, we were allowed half an hour to stretch our cramped limbs, and to take a hurried breakfast. Proceeding, as the morning advanced, we found the roads thronged
with the country people, in their best attire, leading horses and cows, or driving sheep, pigs, or turkeys, and all making for Rennes, where it seems a great fair is held to-day.

These people in common with all the peasantry we have met with in France, or I may say since crossing the Alps, were more remarkable for their lean, wiry appearance, than for anything like comeliness, and the hard features of the women showed, I thought, to peculiar disadvantage beneath their unbecoming, high-crowned Normandy caps.

The scenery, on the contrary, though still quite French, in the total absence of bold features, was to-day less insipid, the usual monotonous undulations assuming occasionally the proportions of hills, and a profusion of wood imparting variety to the landscape.

Before two o'clock we reached our present destination, the strongly fortified little city of St. Malo, dismally situated, as it appeared, upon a large muddy plain, for
the tide, which has here a rise and fall of some twenty feet, was out when we arrived, and ships were strangely lying upon the stocks, quite out of sight of water; while boats and barges were scattered about, high and dry, upon the mud.

The Jersey packet not departing before to-morrow morning, I was compelled to curb my impatience, and spent the evening listlessly wandering about the drowsy little city, which, however when the tide returned, wore a much less desolate appearance than before.

Thursday, 2nd. With a smooth sea and clear sky, we quitted the harbour of St. Malo at seven o'clock, and in less than two hours reached Jersey, where, the tide being in, we at once entered the pretty bay of St. Aubin, and ran alongside the pier, when, hastening ashore, I soon found myself domiciled among long-severed relations.

Tuesday, 14th. In the society of kind friends, and enjoyment of the pleasant hospitalities of this agreeable little island,
time has flown so rapidly that, although we have already exceeded the period allotted for our sojourn here, it is with much regret we prepare to depart; we have, however, resolved to proceed to-morrow, and have secured a passage by the Southampton packet.

With its other attractions, Jersey possesses the advantage of scenery more pleasing and varied than would seem possible within a space of twelve miles by six. The general surface of the island is nearly level, and, when viewed from any of the higher points, appears to be a gently undulating plain, rich with corn-fields, and superbly wooded; quaint old churches rear their spires above the trees, and venerable châteaux, the residences of the old Jersey families, lie half concealed among fine groves of beech and chestnut.

Intersecting this apparent plain, but unobservable till closely approached, are numerous deep but narrow valleys, and descending into one of these in a moment...
the scene is changed, as if by enchantment, the waving corn, the woods and spires have vanished, and you have the hills of Savoy in tiny miniature; mimic crags, plashing water-wheels, fern brakes, heather, and copse, with roads hewn in the solid rock. Then the indented shores are rich in picturesque bays and bold headlands—altogether the scenery of Jersey is charming.

Wednesday, 15th. The morning dawned clear, bright, and calm on this the last day of our protracted voyage to England, and the sun had not long risen when, bidding a reluctant adieu to kind friends, we went on board the Despatch, a fine boat of four hundred tons, and two hundred horse power, and were presently dashing along over a smooth, waveless sea towards Guernsey. Soon the island appeared looming through the summer haze, and, at nine o’clock, we ran into the bay of St. John and lay to for awhile, off the old-fashioned French-
looking town, to take more passengers on to our already crowded decks.

This operation disposed of with wonderful despatch, the paddles again revolved, and we stood fairly away for the shores of England. Favoured by a strong tide, that was rushing against the buoys and beacons like a mill stream, we sped swiftly on, and passing Alderney and the Caskets were again out of sight of land.

Noble ships now covered the sea on every side, some beating up channel with yards tight braced, while others with crowded sail were coming majestically down. An envious mist obscuring the horizon, the sun was declining ere the white cliffs of Old England at length met our impatient gaze. Then sighting the Needles we soon entered the Solent and passed rapidly along the picturesque shore of the Isle of Wight.

As we approached Cowes the royal yacht, lying at anchor before the town, surrounded by a numerous fleet of sailing
boats, like a swan amid a flock of ducks, told of the Queen's approaching visit to France.

Proceeding up the beautiful Southampton Water, we reached the harbour as the sun was sinking beyond the shady hills of Hampshire; friends were upon the pier to meet us, and now, kind reader, having travelled, I hope amicably, together from that far distant Australian cottage, and at length set foot on British soil, we will here shake hands and say, Farewell!

THE END.

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