



***ÁRMIN
VÁMBÉRY***

***ÁRMINIUS
VAMBÉRY, HIS
LIFE AND
ADVENTURES***



**ÁRMIN
VÁMBÉRY**

**ÁRMINIUS
VAMBÉRY, HIS
LIFE AND
ADVENTURES**

Ármin Vámbéry

Árminius Vambéry, his life and adventures

EAN 8596547167983

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info



TABLE OF CONTENTS

- INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER TO THE BOYS OF ENGLAND.
- I. EARLY YEARS.
- II. THE FIRST JOURNEY.
- III. LIFE IN STAMBUL.
- IV. FROM TREBIZOND TO ERZERUM.
- V. FROM ERZERUM TO THE PERSIAN FRONTIER.
- VI. FROM THE PERSIAN BORDER TO TEBRIZ.
- VII. IN TEBRIZ.
- VIII. IN ZENDJAN.
- IX. FROM KAZVIN TO TEHERAN.
- X. IN TEHERAN.
- XI. THE SALT DESERT OF DESHTI-KUVIR.
- XII. KUM AND KASHAN.
- XIII. FROM ISFAHAN TO THE SUPPOSED TOMB OF CYRUS.
- XIV. PERSEPOLIS.
- XV. SHIRAZ.
- XVI. PREPARATIONS FOR MY JOURNEY TO CENTRAL ASIA.
- XVII. FROM TEHERAN TO THE LAND OF THE TURKOMANS.
- XVIII. GOMUSHTEPE.
- XIX. FROM GOMUSHTEPE TO THE BORDER OF THE DESERT.
- XX. IN THE DESERT.
- XXI. IN KHIVA.
- XXII. FROM KHIVA TO BOKHARA.
- XXIII. IN BOKHARA.
- XXIV. IN SAMARKAND.
- XXV. FROM SAMARKAND TO HERAT.

XXVI. IN HERAT AND BEYOND IT.

XXVII. IN MESHED.

XXVIII. FROM MESHED TO TEHERAN.

XXIX. FROM TEHERAN TO TREBIZOND.

XXX. HOMEWARDS.

XXXI. IN ENGLAND.

XXXII. IN PARIS.

XXXIII. IN HUNGARY.

PREFATORY NOTE TO *FIRST EDITION.*

[Table of Contents](#)



The following pages contain a strictly personal narrative of my Travels and Adventures in Asia and in Europe. They make no pretence whatever to be a geographical and ethnological description of the actual Central Asia. Upon these points recent works have greatly added to the knowledge we possessed twenty years ago, when I performed my dangerous pilgrimage from Budapest to Samarkand. A *résumé* of the various publications of Russian, English, French and German travellers in this region would have formed a separate book, but these have nothing to do with the variegated adventures of my own career, of which I here propose to give the first complete picture to the English reader.

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

Budapest.



INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER TO THE BOYS OF ENGLAND.

Table of Contents



In presenting this narrative of my adventures in Europe and in Asia to the juvenile reader in England, I must add a few remarks which have not been embodied in the autobiographical reminiscences of this book. I must, in the first place, state that the desire to see foreign countries awoke in me at the tender age of six years. Playing with my younger comrades on the green before our village, I tried, with a crutch under my left arm—for I was lame—to run races with more lissome lads. Remaining usually far behind my rivals, and being jeered at by my comrades for my failures, I would go crying to my dear mother and bitterly complain of the shame which had befallen me. She used with all maternal tenderness to console me, saying, "Never mind that, my dear. If you grow older and stronger, you will beat them all by force of perseverance. I am sure you will yet be far in advance of them all." With firm reliance on the words of my good mother, I did not henceforth care very much for the scoffing of my playmates; I looked forward with great impatience to the time when I should be *in*

advance of them all. With similar encouragements I was spurred on to my elementary studies, and, seeing that by dint of exertion I became one of the most industrious of students, I was fully prepared for the same success in physical competitions. But, alas! here I was to a certain extent disappointed, for my quick motion was generally hindered by the crutch, which I still used at the age of ten, not so much from necessity as from having become too accustomed to it to walk without it, but which I intended to lay aside as soon as possible. It was one day, whilst visiting the tomb of my father in the cemetery, that I made up my mind to walk without that troublesome instrument under my arm. Having thrown away the crutch, I walked, or I should rather say, I jumped, upon one leg a few paces, in order to try locomotion without a wooden support. It was a hard, nay, an exhaustive work; and, as the village was nearly a quarter of an hour's journey from the cemetery, I began to despair, and jumped back to fetch again the despised support. Having taken it in hand and being ready to start again for home, I suddenly felt an extraordinary agitation awakening in my breast; a desire for immediate ease was fighting fiercely with determined resolution, and it was only upon my remembrance of the good advice of my mother that the latter got the upper hand. In order to avoid any future temptation, I broke the crutch asunder, and using one half of it as a walking stick, I returned home, of course with great fatigue and nearly bathed in perspiration.

I relate this incident in order to prove to the young reader that a resolute will is able to accomplish even seemingly impossible things, and that, through persisting in our

decisions, we nearly always reach the goal of our desires. With the motto, "Forwards and never backwards!" I, a lame man, destitute of all name, was able to see distant countries in Asia, and to visit such places and peoples as I was anxious to know from the time that I first read of them. For we Hungarians are, as you must know, Asiatics by descent; our ancestors came thousands of years ago from the East to the banks of the Danube, and it is very natural that with us a voyage to Asia is connected with a good deal of national piety.

To Englishmen travels in Asia have another kind of attraction. To one, that continent is the cradle of our holy religion, the ancient seat of civilization; to another, it is a region for adventure, or the far country where he may satisfy his curiosity by witnessing habits and customs so different from his own. To the vast majority of Englishmen Asia is a field for commercial and industrial enterprise, where a noble and grateful task awaits the European, and where a holy duty may be fulfilled.

Now I can assure my young friends in England that Asia is worth seeing and studying. There are many, many features in the character and the social life of the Asiatic which deserve our admiration, although there are also others which will rouse our compassion and instigate us more greatly to love our own country and to cling the more closely to our own religion and institutions. What will strike us most is the difference of opinion and of view we meet at every step in the interior life of the Asiatic. It is not only his physical appearance, his dress and language, his food and habitation, but also his manner of thinking, nay, his mode of

walking sitting and lying, which will seem strange to our eyes, and offer to us a spectacle such as we are unaccustomed to in our European world. Of fine scenes, of queer looking towns, of wonderful buildings and old monuments I will not speak at all, but I will repeat what I said before: "A journey to Asia is quite worth the trouble involved in it."

It would be indeed unfair should I conceal from you the fact that travelling in the interior of Asia does not at all belong to the class of enterprises called pleasure trips or vacation tours; for it involves a good deal of trouble and fatigue, of privation and suffering. A man brought up under better circumstances and accustomed to lead a comfortable life must be prepared to nourish his body on the most incredible food, to front all inclemencies of weather, and, what is most difficult, to renounce his notions of cleanliness. Of course a European is only gradually trained for such an extraordinary life of hardships; it is only by getting gradually from bad to worse that we are able to withstand the most trying situations; and if, reading the following pages, you should be astonished at what I went through and what I had to suffer, please to note that in spite of the great poverty in which I spent my childhood my task would not have come to a successful end if my progress from Hungary to Central Asia had not taken place gradually and after a temporary sojourn in the countries I had to pass on my way. Well, the preparation was certainly lengthy and wearisome, but in spite of that preparatory school the whole undertaking was extremely hazardous, and my sufferings were really such as could hardly be described. The account, which you will read

in the following pages and all that I have written, contains scarcely the half of the adventures I went through in Europe and in Asia, and ought to be taken only for the outlines of a career I intend to sketch, but will not publish in my lifetime.

I do not need to add that I do not repent at all of having spent the best portion of my life in visiting different Asiatic countries, and of having been an eye-witness of many strange and highly interesting customs and habits of men. The joy and in most satisfaction which I felt whilst looking on the scenes for which my earliest juvenile fancy longed, that same joy I derive now from the recollection of those bygone adventures, and I feel really happy in unfolding the delightful and variegated picture of my former life. Should my young readers in England find an enjoyment in these pages, and should I have succeeded in imparting to them any knowledge of the distant Asiatic world, I shall feel certainly the more happy; for, according to the Oriental, to receive is only a single pleasure, but to give is a twofold one.

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

Budapest.



I. **EARLY YEARS.**

[Table of Contents](#)



When my father died in 1832 I was but a few months old. My mother was poor, very poor indeed. By marrying again, however, she fondly hoped she might be enabled to give her helpless and fatherless orphans a better bringing up. But in this expectation she was sadly mistaken. Our stepfather, although a very excellent man, did but very little towards relieving the pressing needs of our small household. In due time, too, our family circle got fresh additions; the number of the little ones who stood in need of food and clothing was increasing. The consequence was that our parents, in their solicitude for the welfare of the smaller children, turned the older ones adrift to seek the best way they could their own livelihood as soon as they were supposed to have attained an age ripe enough to take care of themselves.

My turn came when twelve years old. My mother then thought I had reached a period of my life when I ought to look after myself. Although I had been afflicted since my birth with a lameness from which I began to suffer when three years old, and which compelled me to carry a crutch under my left arm up to the time my mother declared me to be of mature age, I was yet, on the whole, a tolerably hearty and healthy boy. The simple fare, often barely sufficient to still the cravings of hunger, the exceedingly scanty clothing

allowed to me, and my want of familiarity with even the meanest comforts of life had, already, at this early stage of my life, hardened my body, and inured it to the most adverse climatic conditions.

I had then been attending school for about three years; and as my teachers were lavish in their praises of my extraordinary memory, enabling me to learn by heart, with great ease, almost anything, even passages in Latin which I did not understand at all, I thought of going on with the pursuit of my studies, in order to become a physician or lawyer,—the two professions which, at that time, were considered in the rural parts of Hungary as the goal of the most exalted ambition of an educated man.

My mother, too, had some such future in view for me, but inexorable poverty stood in the way of all such ambitious schemings. I had to stoop lower, much lower indeed. I was apprenticed to a ladies' dressmaker. When I had got so far as to be able to stitch two pieces of muslin together, a feeling overcame me that Dame Fortune had something better in store for me than stitching away all my life long. I soon left the shop of the ladies' dress *TUTOR AND* artist, and was engaged by the inn-keeper *WAITER.* of the village to be the private teacher of his only son. I was to initiate him into the mystery of reading, writing and arithmetic. But my duties did not end there; I had to perform, besides, such unusual offices as the cleaning of the boots of the family on Saturday evenings, and occasionally waiting on thirsty guests, and handing them a glass of wine or whiskey.



PRESSBURG.

There was, undoubtedly, some slight incongruity between my tender age and the position of a teacher, nor was it easy for one who stood in sore need of instruction himself to impart it to another,—and, indeed, the master of the house did not fail to remind me of this anomaly by a treatment anything but in keeping with the dignity of my position as the mentor of his son.

But I received even worse treatment at the hands of the young master—my pupil. The lad was two years my senior, and on one occasion, when carried away with my pedagogic zeal I had given him a severe reprimand for his rude doings, he, nothing loth, fell on me and would have given me a sound thrashing but for the timely appearance of his mother.

My tutorship proved thus a school of hardship for me; but I bravely persevered until I could carry away with me from

the Island of Schütt, where I had spent the first years of my childhood, the large sum of eight florins, which represented my net earnings. With this sum I hastened to St. George, in the vicinity of Pressburg, in order to begin there my studies at the gymnasium.

The money I had brought with me was just sufficient to purchase me the necessary books, and kind and charitable people helped me on in many other ways. Seven different families each gave me one day in the week a free meal, adding to it a big slice of bread for breakfast and another for luncheon. I also got the cast-off clothes of the wealthier schoolboys. By dint of application, and owing, perhaps, to the quick and easy comprehension which was natural to me, I succeeded in passing my examination at the first Latin class, as the second at the head of the class. My whole heart was in my studies; I was soon able to speak Latin with tolerable fluency; my professors remarked me and showed me some favour, which greatly assisted me in my struggles.

I passed, also, at St. George my examination in the second Latin class, successfully. My fondness for roving gave me no rest. I began to long for a change and was particularly desirous of going to Pressburg, where there were schools of a higher grade. I therefore left St. George, although I had my livelihood almost assured there, and the year 1846 saw me, at the age of fourteen, within the walls of the ancient City of Coronation.

There began anew my struggling and striving and desperate exertions to support myself. It became clear to me from the very first that, as buildings became taller and crowds larger, the difficulty of making acquaintances was

increasing and the interest of others in my fortunes was diminishing. I remained here, for three years, now in the capacity of a servant, and then teaching she-cooks, chambermaids, and other individuals thirsting for knowledge. Every stone of the pavement of that beautiful little town on the blue Danube, could it but speak, might tell some sad tale of misery which I endured there. But youth is able to bear anything and everything!

I continued my studies, undaunted by want and privations, and was steadily advancing towards the object I had proposed to myself; at the end of the first term of school I was reckoned amongst the best scholars. In recalling these sad days, I never cease to wonder at the never-failing cheerfulness and the high spirits which were my constant companions throughout and helped me through all the adversities of life. My sturdy health aided me in the good fight and did not allow my good-humour to desert me.

In spite of my frugal fare, consisting of bread and water only, I could boast of the healthiest of complexions, and was the life and soul of all fun and mischief in the schoolroom as well as at play. Every time our school term *VACATION* drew to its end, I was sure to be among *RAMBLES*. the first to seize my travelling-stick, and launch at random out into the world, limping but always on foot, without a penny in my pocket. In this manner I had already visited Vienna, Prague, and other cities and towns in the Austrian monarchy. Often, when tired as I was marching along the road, I would indulge in a good-humoured parley with the driver of a waggon or carriage that happened to

pass me, and get, in return for my pains, a lift in his vehicle for a short distance. At night I usually put up at the houses of the reverend clergy of the place, where my Latin conversation was sure to earn for me some regards and a few kreutzers for my travelling expenses; and by a few happy neatly turned compliments, bestowed upon their housekeepers, I generally succeeded in having my travelling-bag filled with provisions for the next day. Truly, politeness and a cheerful disposition are precious coins current in every country; they stand at a high premium with the young and the old, with men and women; and he who has them at his disposal may very well call himself rich, although his purse be empty.

These rambles were a preparatory school for my wanderings as a dervish in after years, and it was always with a heavy heart that I put my walking-stick into a corner at the end of the vacation. Whether or not it was because I suffered from want and had to struggle hard to eke out a livelihood in town, one thing is certain, I disliked living in cities from my earliest childhood. Upon entering the narrow street with its rows of tall houses, and watching the diminishing sky over my head, my youthful spirits sank within me, and only the hope of standing at the end of the school term again a free man under God's bright heaven communing freely with Nature rendered my stay in town bearable.

In 1847, besides continuing my regular studies at school, I began to devote myself to private studies; for it must be owned that the gymnasiums were rather badly managed in Hungary at that time. In addition to reading the greatest

variety of literary productions, on travels, which I all-eagerly devoured, I was learning French. Besides my native language, Hungarian, I had acquired German early in life. At about nearly the same time I had mastered Sclavonian, and as my studies at school had rendered me familiar with Latin and Greek, I found myself, not quite sixteen years old, conversant with so many principal languages that acquiring the idioms kindred to them had become a comparatively easy task for me.

I always took special delight in memorizing. Children have very vague ideas about natural gifts, and when I was able to increase the number of words which I could master in one day from ten to sixty and even to a hundred, my exultation knew no bounds. I must frankly own, however, that I had not at that time the faintest conception as to what the result of these successful exertions, which so flattered my vanity, might be.

Thus it happened that from the private study of French I gradually passed over to the study of the remaining branches of the Latin family. I did the same thing with the Germanic languages, and, beginning with English, I soon eagerly extended my studies to Danish and Swedish. I pursued the same method with the Sclavonic dialects, and as I never omitted, in the zeal of learning, to read out loud and to hold conversations with myself in the languages I was learning, I had acquired, in a surprisingly short time, a certain kind of proficiency in all these languages which my youthful conceit made me imagine was perfection itself; and I am afraid I had rather an exalted opinion of myself at that time.

Vanity injures the character of a man in most cases, but it proves at times a very wholesome incentive to exertion. In this instance the conceit which was the result of my undisciplined imagination made me abandon the path of public studies I had entered upon, and induced me to continue my studies by myself. The friendly reader will ask what was the object of this self-education. Indeed I myself did not then know. "*Nulla dies sine linea*" ("No day without a line") was the maxim ever present in my mind, and even when I was devoting from eight to ten hours daily to teaching, I contrived to make such good use of the remaining time as considerably to improve in my own studies.

The pleasures of general literature had *LITERARY* now taken the place of the dry and *STUDIES*. monotonous memorizing of different languages of former years. I drew to my heart's content from the rich and varied fountain of the mental products of nearly all the European nations. The bards of Albion, the troubadours of Servia, the minstrels of Spain and the inspired poets of Italy; Lomonosoff, Pushkin, Tegnér, Andersen, Ochlen Schlaeger, nearly all the muses of the present age and of the past ages beguiled my hours of leisure. I always read out loud, and frequently noted down in writing on the margin of the pages I read my feelings whenever any passage happened to strike my imagination.

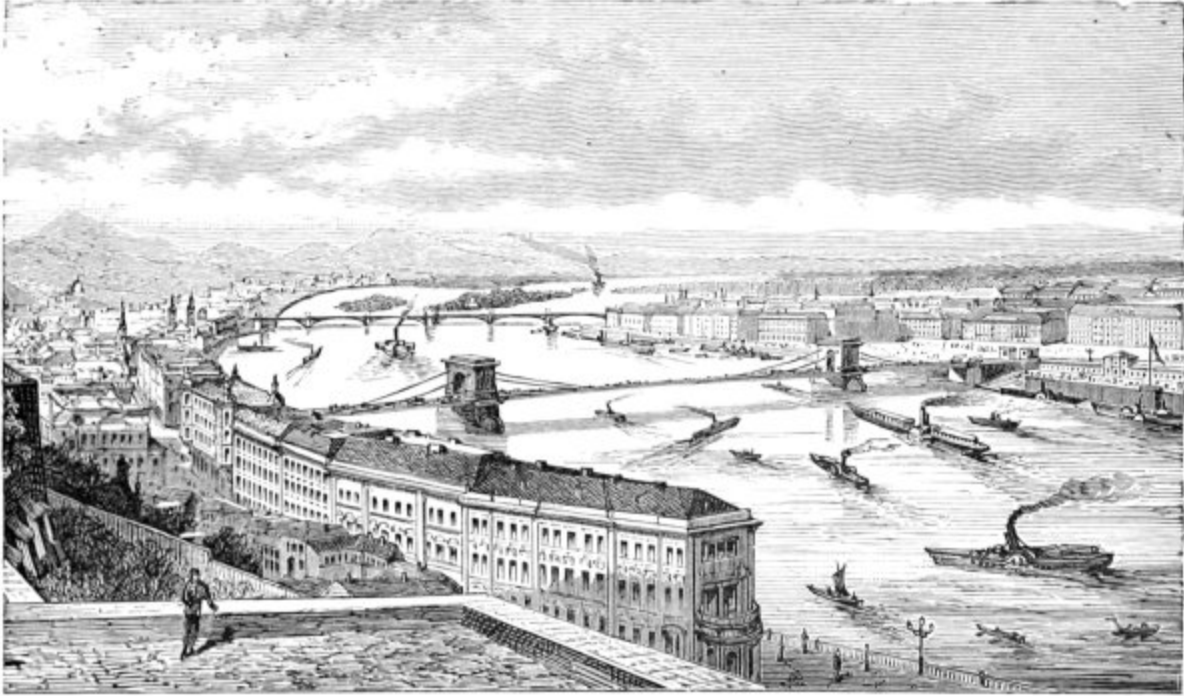
Owing to this habit of loud reading and the violent gestures with which I would often accompany it, the plain people who were about me often thought me wrong in the mind; and upon one occasion this conviction had so grown

upon them that I actually lost my position as a teacher, on that account. But what cared I for the small criticisms of these people, so long as my mind was peopled with Tasso's struggle before Jerusalem, Cid's valiant deeds, and Byron's heroes and heroines? Yet, I must confess, no scenes had such a charm for me as those acting in the land of the rising sun, Asia—which then seemed to me so very far away—with her gorgeously brilliant robe, richly covered with pearls and gems, constantly floating before my eyes. How could it be otherwise with one who, in his youth, had read "The Arabian Nights," and who, as in my case, was by birth and education half an Asiatic himself.

I knew Asia as the land of the most fantastic adventures, as the home of the most fabulous successes; and, having led an adventurous life at an age when I was a child still, and being already in pursuit of some great good fortune, my first yearnings after distant lands pointed already to Asia.

In order to be enabled soon to gratify this longing, I thought it necessary to make myself, in the first place, familiar with the languages of Asia; and I began at once with the Turkish language. The Ural-Altai dialect gave me less trouble than it would have given most Occidental people owing to its affinity with the Magyar language. I found it all the more difficult to master its strange characters without a teacher or any direction. For whole days I went on drawing the letters with a stick on the sand, until I became, at length, familiar with the value of the diacritical points, that is, the distinguishing marks indispensable to a correct pronunciation of the letters and words. In this way I steadily improved. I was in want of a dictionary, but I could not

afford to pay the high price asked for it, a "Bianchi" costing then nearly forty florins; and as I was compelled to trace the meaning of the single words through the labyrinth of the Turkish text by the aid of a so-called literal translation, "Wickerhauser's Chrestomathy," it did happen to me that after I had got through with the study of a bulky volume, I found out that I had been doing it all in a wrong way, and was obliged to do it all over again. Such bitter disappointments occurred to me more than once in the course of my autodidactic career; but what labour or task will ever restrain the ardour of youth or damp its enthusiasm?



PESTH—THE STARTING PLACE.

I had now reached my twentieth year, *LINGUISTIC* and I was richly rewarded for all the pains I *STUDIES.* had taken when I was able for the first time to read and understand, without the aid of a dictionary, a short Turkish poem. It was not, indeed, the contents of the Oriental muse, quite inaccessible as yet for me, which kindled my enthusiasm, but rather the fruits, the sweet fruits of my labours, which afforded me such abundant satisfaction, and acted as an incentive spurring me to press forward into the field of Oriental science. All my musings, endeavours, thoughts and feelings tended towards the Land of the East, which was beckoning to me in its halo of splendour. My spirit had been haunting ever so long its fairy fields, and, sooner or later, my body was sure to follow it. For one who had still to struggle for his daily bread, in his European home, it required considerable boldness to think

of a journey to the East, a land many hundred miles away. I will not deny that even the boldest flights of youthful enthusiasm, and the all-powerful desire of getting to know strange countries and customs, had to halt at the stumbling-block raised by poverty, and that luring fancy kept dazzling my eyes for many a day before I seriously set to work to carry out my cherished scheme. But a firm resolve with me is almost always like the avalanche which is being precipitated from the lofty summits of the Alps—beginning with but an insignificant ball of snow set in motion by a favourable breeze, but soon swelling into a tremendous mass which carries before it every impediment, crushing and driving before it with irresistible force everything standing in its way. Such was the impulse which I received through the patronage of Baron Joseph Eötvös, known in Europe as a writer of high merit. This generous countryman of mine was not a man of wealth, but his influence procured me a free passage to the Black Sea. He gave me also a modest obolus and some old clothes. My knapsack, bursting with books, was soon buckled on, and I embarked in a steamer for Galacz, from which place I was to go to Constantinople, the immediate object of my journey.



II.

THE FIRST JOURNEY.

[Table of Contents](#)



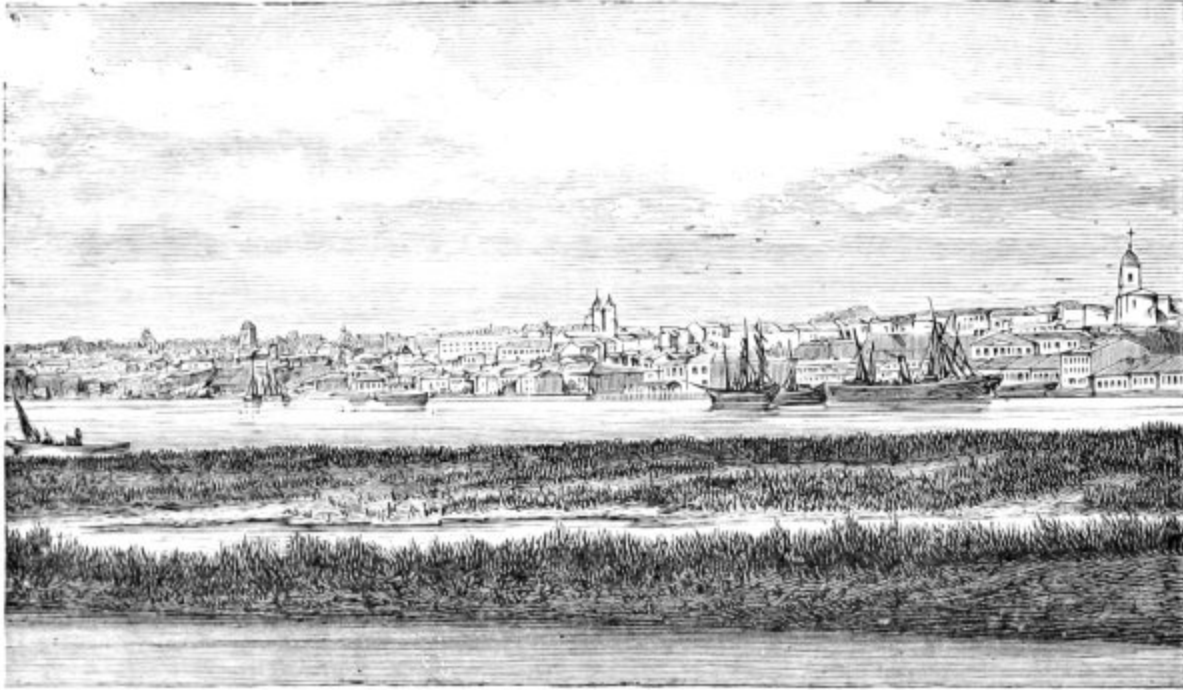
Who can describe the feelings of a young man, barely twenty-two years old, who up to this day had been buffeted about by fortune, finding himself all of a sudden hastening towards the goal of his most cherished wishes, with (say) fifteen Austrian florins in his pocket, and about to enter upon a life full of uncertainty, in a distant region, amongst a strange people, who were rude and savage, and were beginning only then to seek a closer acquaintanceship with the nations of the West? My soul was agitated alternately by feelings of fear and hope, of curiosity and pain. Nobody accompanied me to the landing-place to see me off, nobody was there waiting for me, no warm presence of a friendly hand nor a mother's loving kiss cheered me on in the journey on which I was to start.

I had, thus, reason enough to feel somewhat depressed; nor could I entirely shake off this feeling; but I had no sooner come on deck, and begun to mix with the people, forming the national kaleidoscope one is always sure to meet on a voyage along the Lower Danube, and got an opportunity of conversing in Servian, Italian, Turkish and other languages of which I had had hitherto only a theoretical knowledge, than every vestige of my former downheartedness gradually vanished. I was now in my

element. Add to this that I soon became the object of general admiration owing to the fluency of my conversation in different languages; the crowd being always sure to stand in a sort of awe of every polyglot. They formed a ring around me, trying to guess at my nationality, and received rather sceptically my statement that I had never been abroad.

I was, of course, very much amused at the gaping crowd, but I managed to derive some more solid advantages from the manifestation of the good opinion which my fellow travellers entertained for me; for, when the dinner-bell was rung, and I preferred to remain behind on the deck with a perturbed expression of countenance, some enthusiastic disciple of Mercury was sure to get hold of the so-called youthful prodigy and pay him his meal.

In the absence of such well-disposed stomachic patrons, I would lounge about in the neighbourhood of the kitchen of the ship, the masters of which are for the most part Italians. A few stanzas from Petrarca or Tasso sufficed to attract the attention of the *cuoco* (cook). A conversation in pure Tuscan soon followed, and the upshot was a well-filled plate of macaroni or risotto, capped by a piece of boiled or roasted meat. "Mille grazie, signore" (a thousand thanks, sir), meant that I would come in the evening, to claim a continuation of the favour shown me. The good Italian would shove his barrett of linen on one side, give a short laugh, and proved by his answer, "Come whenever you like," that the seed of my linguistic experiments had not fallen on a barren soil.



GALACZ.

My constant good-humour and happy disposition were of great help to me in all my straits, and, assisted by my tongue, were the means of procuring for me many a thing upon occasions when the attempts of others would have proved fruitless. In this manner I reached *AT GALACZ*. Galacz, a dirty, miserable place at this day even, but at that time much more so. During my voyage on the Lower Danube, the shore on the right-hand side, with its Turkish towns and Turkish population, entirely absorbed my attention. To me every turbaned traveller, adorned with a long beard, upon entering the ship became a novel and interesting page meant for my particular study, and, at the same time, a never failing object of pleasurable excitement.

When the sun was setting, and the truly faithful sat, or rather knelt down for prayer in the abject attitude peculiar to them on those occasions, I followed with my eyes every

one of their movements with the most feverish and breathless attention; watching intensely the very motion of their lips, as they were uttering Arabic words, unintelligible even to them; and not until after they were done did I again breathe freely.

The interest which I so plainly showed could not escape the notice of the fanatic Moslem. We then lived in the era of the Hungarian refugees. Some hundreds of my countrymen made believe that they had been converted to Islam. A popular belief had got abroad that the whole Magyar people would acknowledge Mohammed as their prophet, and whenever a Mohammedan came across a Madjarli, the fire of the missionary was blazing fiercely in his heart.

Such an interest, or a kindred one, must have entered into the friendship shown to me during my voyage to Galacz by some Turks from Widdin, Rustchuk and Silistria. In this supposition of mine I may possibly be mistaken, and it is quite as likely that their sympathies were excited by the deep national feeling, which then manifested itself everywhere in the Ottoman empire, in favour of the Magyars, who had been defeated by the Russians. This state of affairs, at all events, was of excellent service to me, not only during this passage, but during my entire stay in Turkey.

I was drawn by curiosity towards the half-Asiatic Turks, my fellow travellers, and these very men were the first to introduce me into the Oriental world. I need not say that, after having been with them for a day or two, I improved in my Turkish, to such an extent, that at Galacz I was already able to serve a countryman of mine as an interpreter.

The Oriental, and, I may say, the Mohammedan element was decidedly preponderating amongst the passengers, in whose company I went from Galacz to Constantinople. The reader will not be surprised to learn that I was booked for the cheapest place on the ship, namely, the deck, and that, even for that place, I often paid only half fare. I placed my meagre knapsack near the luggage of the Turks, who were sitting apart from the others, and most of whom were on their pilgrimage to Mecca; I was impatiently looking out to catch a glimpse of the long-hoped-for sea, which I had never seen before.

He who has got his first impressions of the sea, through the reading of Byron's aquatic scenes, Camoen's "Lusiade," or Tegnér's "Legend of Frithjof," will be overcome by feelings of no common order in finding himself, for the first time in his life, on the boundless watery expanse, especially of the Euxine—gliding along its bosom and being rocked by its waves.

At an hour's distance from the mouths of the Sulina, I gazed, in a reverie, at the awful grandeur of the sea, not in the least disturbed by the deep guttural sounds and savage groans which came from the sea-sick people around me.

Father Poseidon had done no manner of harm to my health. I had rather reason to complain of an unusually keen appetite; the excessive chilliness of the evenings, too—we were then in the month of April—cooled my blood more than I thought it desirable. I began to shake with the cold, in spite of a surplus carpet, placed at my disposal for a covering by the kind care of a Turk; and after having feasted my eyes on

the bright, star-covered sky for a considerable time, I fell, at length, asleep.

I was suddenly and rudely roused from *A STORM AT* my dreams towards midnight by peals of *SEA.* thunder and flashes of lightning, accompanied by a violent shower. I had been all day long wishing for a storm; I own my wish was gratified at night in such a thorough manner as fully to satisfy my romantic disposition.

How my heart throbbed upon seeing the ship dance up and down the towering, mountain-like waves, like a nimble gazelle! The creaking of beams, the howling of the wind, with which the shouts of despair from the passengers were mingling, the everlasting appeals to Allah, which resounded everywhere, could not destroy the halo of poetry with which I surrounded a scene, otherwise commonplace enough. Only after getting soaking wet with the chilly rain did I shift my place.

I got up and tried to keep myself warm by taking a walk, but the chaos of legs stretched out, of travelling-bags, bundles, firearms and turbans which were littering the ground rendered the walk well-nigh impracticable. I longingly looked at the open space close by the deck, reserved for the promenading of first-class passengers, where I observed, in the darkness of the night a man hurrying to and fro. I had at first thoughts of entering into a conversation with him; but, my courage to do so failing me, I hit upon another expedient to attract his attention. I commenced declaiming, in the midst of the violent storm,