

less favoured by the capricious goddess; but finding himself more flush of ready money than usual, he resolved to make the most of his bachelor liberty, by mixing freely in the gaieties of the metropolis. He spent much of his time at Astley's, the Hay-market, and even ventured once or twice to the Opera. Such a life of pleasure could not be expected to last, and Mark Anthony's superfluous funds were soon exhausted. But in proportion as his finances began to be impaired, his love revived; and he was seriously meditating a northern excursion, with the intention of acquiring a husband's claim over the person and fortune of his Geraldine, when, fortunately, his employers resolved to send him thither on commercial business. Hitherto we have contemplated Snubbs as the *enfant gâté* of fortune; but the mutability of human affairs extends to bagmen as well as to kings and heroes; and Mark Anthony Snubbs, like his great namesake, the triumvir, was destined to be the sport of a woman. Though naturally sanguine, and free from superstition, he felt oppressed with a presentiment of evil as he approached the ancient city of Carlisle. It was night before he arrived at his inn; yet the anxiety which he felt would not permit him to call, as usual, for his slippers and night-cap; he, therefore, hurriedly discussed a pound and a half of minced collops, with a cut of salmon, for his supper; and having swallowed half a quart of distilled waters, by way of security against the night air, he sallied forth to reconnoitre Mr. Snooks' premises, and obtain, if possible, an interview with his mistress. The wealthy attorney's house, with the retiring modesty which is supposed to characterize its owner's profession, stood a little back from the line of the street, and was surrounded with a small, but neat orchard. An iron gate, which was secured only by a latch, afforded ready access to this second paradise, and Mr. Snubbs succeeded in stealing round to his mistress's window unobserved. Here, however, he tapped and whispered in vain; he even ventured to hum, in a disconsolate tone, the words of a Scotch song:

"This ae night, this ae night,
O rise and let me in."

Still no Miss Snooks echoed back the cadence of his song. In a fit of desperation, the love-sick bagman now approached a window, through which streamed a flood of light. The shutter was only half closed, so that our traveller could easily perceive what was doing within; but what pen can describe the horror of the unfortunate bagman, when he saw, in Mr. Snooks' best parlour, which was splendidly lighted up on the occasion, with wax tapers and argand lamp, Miss Geraldine Snooks in her bridal dress, and smiling from ear to ear, leading down a dance with an elderly gentleman in tights, with huge golden buckles, and a George the Fourth wig, and whom he readily recognised as old Oroonoko, the rich tobacconist, for whom the fickle Miss Snooks had often expressed a particular aversion. At this unexpected sight, Snubbs could not suppress an audible groan, which instantly interrupted the festivities within. The attorney, snatching a horse-pistol from the mantelpiece, rushed to the door, followed more leisurely by the bridegroom, armed with the fire-shovel. Our hero now endeavoured to effect his retreat, but unsuccessfully, as one leg was caught in a man-trap, which Snooks had placed near a favourite apple-tree, and the other was held fast by a large house dog, who had rushed forth upon the first alarm. The bagman's cries guided the company to the scene of action. Lights were procured, and poor Snubbs was at last rescued from his perilous situation. He had fortunately received little bodily harm, but his fright was excessive, and his clothes were torn. He was speedily recognized, and his sufferings excited rather merriment than sympathy; but what affected him most was, that his mistress, instead of showing any signs of remorse or pity, joined very heartily in the mirth which his deplorable plight had provoked. Old Snooks, indeed, threatened a prosecution for trespass; but the good natured tobacconist interfered, and even Mrs. Oroonoko joined in interceding for her unfortunate lover.

The jilted bagman is now a respectable mercer in his native town of Leeds, and, in the arms of an affectionate wife, has forgotten the disdain of Miss Geraldine Snooks.

VISIT TO THE CAPOUDAN PACHA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I had heard of the external beauty of Constantinople, yet fatigued and nerve-worn as I was after passing five days and nights in an open boat in traversing the Dardanelles and the sea of Marmora, my anticipations were fully realized on approaching that ancient metropolis. It was midnight, and a broad autumnal moon bathed sea and city in a flood of light; her beams were thrown back from many a mosque and gilded minaret, emerging from the impenetrable gloom of the dark groves of cypress trees which stand like giant watchmen round the Turbehs* of the departed saints of Islamism. The plaintive cry of the stork, and the deep voice of the Imam calling the faithful to the last Namaz, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of the night.

As the city[†] gates are closed an hour or two after sunset, it was impossible to land, and the caïque moored his little vessel under the wall of the Serai to wait the morning. I thank my kind fortune for

*Turbeh is a magnificent building appropriated exclusively to the reception of the remains of a sultan or a saint.

† There is a very strict police in Constantinople; no person is allowed to walk the streets after sunset without a lantern.

thus prolonging to me the beautiful vision which the moment I set foot on shore disappeared forever, giving place to the disgusting realities of narrow alleys rendered almost impassable by dogs and dirt. I landed as soon as it was day, and without obstruction of any kind I got my passport *visé*, and my kit inspected by the proper authorities, a ceremony which I believe is only gone through for the purpose of demanding a fee, for I never heard of any exception being taken to a passport, or of any duty imposed upon luggage. The Turkish officials are at their post a little after daylight, and in this respect set an example which might be advantageously followed by some functionaries nearer home.

Having dismissed my boatman, I made a sign to a Hamal † to take my luggage and follow me, and being on the city side, I crossed the Golden Thorn, and landing at Topkhana, (the cannon foundry,) directed the Hamal to lead the way to Pera. "Upon my head be it," said he; and notwithstanding the load that actually was upon his head, in addition to the moral responsibility he had taken upon himself, he climbed up one of the steep lanes leading to the European suburb of Pera—or, as the Turks call it, the "deurt

† Hamal, a porter.

yol," literally the four ways—with a rapidity that put me to considerable pain to keep up with. I was in some trepidation lest he meditated a sudden disappearance, which he could have accomplished with the greatest facility. Having however reached the Galata Serai, the palace of the Sultan's pages, where there was a fountain, he very unceremoniously threw down his load, and exclaimed, "This Inghilis Giaour has his sanduki full of gold."

"What is the matter?" said I, as soon as I could speak.

"You put upon the back of a man a load that would squeeze the hump of a dromedary into paras.* You may carry your yoke yourself—I will go no further with it."

"My good friend," said I, "you mistake; the chest is not so heavy or you could not have mounted the hill so fast with it; but come I am in a hurry, an extra grush will lighten the load."

"Gently, gently," said he, waving his hand to and fro, to stay my impatience, "there is no hurry. If it please Allah there is time enough. The Deurt Yol is but a five minute piece from hence." I thought this was cool enough; but so it is in Turkey. A Mussulman when serving an infidel always does it at his leisure; and so my Hamal, after taking some powdered coffee,† and he washed down with a draught of water from the fountain, drew forth his tchibouque, and striking a light with a chakmak and a piece of kav,‡ an apparatus the Turks always carry about with them, sat himself down on the marble basin of the fountain, and with an air of most imperturbable gravity began to ply his pipe. He was a grim-looking, well-made vagabond, with huge naked legs, bearing a *dolphin saillant vert*, which shewed him to have been a Galionghi—a sailor in the Ottoman fleet. As I saw there was no chance of frightening him into compliance, I had recourse to a *ruse*—"Come," said I, "you must be quick—I am the bearer of despatches for the English ambassador."

"Mashallah," said he, "will you throw dirt in my eyes? Is the Inghilis Eltgee like this saccal§ that he shall rise at this hour?" The individual to whom he pointed was toiling up the hill with a curiously shaped leather-bottle on his back, capable of containing four or five gallons of water.

"Salam al hakim," said the Hamal, as the water-carrier arrived; to whom the latter responded, "Al hakim salam."

The Turks have almost invariably fine voices, and they are never heard to better effect than in the deep tones in which they are accustomed to pronounce their saluta. Whenever the vowel *a* occurs, it is produced a *gorge deployee*, rich, deep, full, and harmonious; and amongst the causes of the contempt which the Turks feel—from the Soldan to the meanest of his subjects—and seldom fail to express for the "*Frenk kepeclerri*," that is to say, Frank dogs—may be reckoned—next perhaps to our dress, which puts them in mind of a pair

* Para is a small copper coin so thin that the lightest wind will blow it away.

† Coffee to a Turk is absolutely indispensable—rather than not have it at all, he will take it in powder. The Turks have a saying, that a cup of coffee and a pipe form a complete entertainment. Some of the religious contend that both are constructively forbidden by the Koran as coming under the ban pronounced against intoxicating drugs.

‡ Chakmak and kav, a flint and steel, and a very peculiar kind of touchwood.

§ A water-carrier. The water-carriers, as do also the porters, form a very numerous class in Constantinople. Each has its Bashi, or chief, and in cases of emergency is called upon to act as police under his orders.

of scissors—the hissing, whistling, and fizzing of our pronunciation. I have heard the vaunted "*lingua Tuscana in bocca Romana*," and from a very pretty "*bocca Romana*" too, but the Turkish, with the same advantages, is a thousand times before it. The "*Al hakim salam*," which may be translated "peace be with thee," is never used but to the faithful. If a Turk salute a Frank, it is "*Sabahnes hierolsun*," (good morning,) or "*Akshamnes, hierolsun*," (good evening,) as the case may be.

The water-carrier filled his bottle, and imitating the example of my friend the Hamal, sat down to his pipe. They then entered into the most friendly communion together, in the course of which the saccal reproached his friend for doing any service at all to a Frank. "Wait a while," quoth the latter, "I carried the Giaour's accursed sanduki with my left hand." "That," interrupted I, is the reason you found it so heavy." Upon which the saccal interfered, and after lifting the trunk, began to revile me for placing on the shoulders of a Mussulman a load only fit for the back of a camel.

"Allah is great," said he, "but he is gracious; I wonder Moustapha is not dead. I advise him to go to the Cadhi and see if he will allow a Frank dog thus to treat a greenhead!"—for Moustapha pretended to the green turban, for which, in all probability, he got well thrashed every time he met another greenhead either stronger or richer than himself.

Heaven knows how this controversy might have ended, had it not been for the arrival of an individual of an anomalous appearance, who immediately addressed himself to me in the following terms:—"Nom de Dieu! what has brought you to Constantinople?"

It was not without difficulty that I recognized my friend Captain S—, of the Greek regulars, clad as he then was in the costume of the Nizam djevid:—a large red cloak reaching from his neck to his ankles; blue jacket, braided with silver; blue pantaloons, tight to the knee, but very capacious upwards; red morocco hessians; an Egyptian riding whip of Hippopotamus skin, and, to crown all, a red quilted caouk of the form an dimensions of a pint basin. "What harlequinade is this," inquired I, "and how comes it that you have abandoned the cross for the crescent?" "Oh," said he, "those ungrateful scoundrels, the Greeks, would have starved me; but here I am well paid, and generally speaking, well treated. I hold the office of military instructor to the new troops in the household of the Capoudan Pasha, *qui, entre nous, est un imbecile*; but nevertheless, the third subject in the empire; and on state days is allowed the honour of kissing the Sultan's slipper. But come," said he, "I see you are just arrived. Moustapha, take the gentleman's trunk to my konak."

Greenheaded Moustapha, to my utter astonishment, put both hands to the sanduki, and turning to Captain S— exclaimed, "By my eyes," and darted off alertly. The water-carrier had already disappeared.

"What," said I, "does this mean? I have been endeavouring to persuade this rascal to go on for this last half hour, and just now he was talking of taking me before the Cadhi for overloading him."

"Oh," said S—, "he knows me; and, moreover, do you see those two solemn looking gentlemen with white sticks in their hands? Moustapha is very well

* This renders the service less odious in the eyes of Mahomed.

† An Emir; wearing light green is the peculiar privilege of the descendants of the prophet of which they are exceedingly jealous. It is not long since the lady of an English ambassador was knocked down and beaten by some Yenicheris, for wearing a green veil.

‡ New institution. The regular troops of Sultan Mahmoud are so called.

acquainted with their summary method of settling disputes of this kind. Let us go into Kafphene and make our keff, and then, if you like, as I am going to the morning drill, at which the Pasha is always present, I will present you to him."

I very gladly assented to his proposal, and after having passed under the hands of an Armenian barber, we adjourned to a coffee-house. Here were a number of Osmanlis reclining on cushions and otherwise enjoying themselves; that is, smoking their pipes, drinking coffee, stroking their beards, playing with their beards, and maintaining a profound silence. On our entrance, one meagre, sallow looking fellow, clad in a loose, drab coloured benesh, or gown, and wearing a curiously stamped felt cap, in shape exactly resembling a gigantic extinguisher, got up, spat upon the floor, and rushed out of the apartment. I afterwards ascertained, that he had a great character for sanctity, and belonged to a Mehdersch* of Spinning Dervishes,—gentlemen who, on stated days, entertain the public by turning round with a wonderful rapidity, "a *qui mieuux*" for hours together, or, till they actually faint away, a most execrable din being kept up the whole time by tom-toms and other abominable instruments; the greater the spinner, the greater the saint.

We took our places in the divan, and S— commenced a conversation with an aged respectable looking Turk who sat next him.

"Is your keff † good?" "So, so; and the keff of your worship?—" "Very pretty keff."

"This gentleman," said S—, pointing to me, "brings news that the Roumelie Giaours have been cut into cababs‡ by the wonderful Reschid."

The old Turk laid down his pipe, raised himself on his knees, and slapping both thighs, exclaimed, "Praise be to Allah! how many heads have they taken?"

As this was the first I had heard of the victory, I was rather puzzled for a reply, but my inventive friend S— extricated me from the difficulty, by saying that the slain were so numerous they could only take the ears, some bushels of which were on their way to Constantinople, and would be found, in all probability, nailed to the walls of the Sultanum Serai on the following day. This news immediately set the whole conclave in motion, and S— being pestered with questions, found it prudent to beat a retreat, pleading his duty at the Capoudan Pacha capuri, that is to say, the Captain Pacha's gate, by which name the palace of that dignitary is known. We descended to Topkhana quay, and getting into a yeutch-chifflee—a wherry rowed by three pair of sculls—directed the boatmen to the tersana, the arsenal, in the neighbourhood of which is the residence of the Captain Pasha.

I was surprised to find the dock yard a scene of considerable bustle and activity; there were several magnificent vessels on the stocks, and artificers busily employed about them. It was a scene that accorded ill with all I had heard of Turkish apathy and indolence.

On our arrival at the divan, we found the Capoudan Pacha impatient for the presence of his instructor. He was seated in a small kesch,§ overlooking an in-

* Mehdersch is a college or monastery. The one here mentioned, is a beautiful building in Galata, said to be richly endowed. On Friday, one of the spinning days, infidels are admitted on condition of taking off their shoes.

† Keff may, perhaps, be translated "comfort." A Turk who has not had his pipe and coffee in the morning, under which circumstances he is very ill-tempered, is excused, because he has not made his keff.

‡ Cababs are pieces of roast meat, cubes of about an inch square.

§ Kesck, is a light, airy, summer apartment, generally very fancifully painted in arabesque.

ner court of the palace, in which were about two hundred lads in military uniform, that might be called European, if we except the caouk and red morocco papouches, or slippers. The Pacha was a little, round, fat, fiery-looking personage; and his appearance would have been contemptible, but for his very handsome, jet-black, curly beard. Altogether he looked not very unlike a butcher—which epithet was neither unfrequently nor undeservedly applied to him. He wore on his head a crimson cashmere shawl; and although the day was warm, he was wrapped up in a superb caftan, lined throughout with sables. He looked hard at me, but took not the slightest notice of S—, till the latter presented me to him as an officer, late of the Greek service. I am free to confess that I thought this was a piece of intelligence not at all necessary to be communicated to his excellency; and I felt that I held my head by a very precarious tenure, being no other than the will and pleasure of the Pacha, about whose humanity I had some scruples.

"He is welcome," said the Pacha; "bid him sit, and say we are glad he has left those infidel dogs, the Greeks. He is now in Istanbul, and when he goes home to his countrymen, he will be able to tell them the difference between true Musslemen and those Roumelie pesivenckerli."

Having made this speech, he ordered his Dragoman to be summoned; and while S— put his Asiatics through their evolutions, the Pacha entered into a conversation with me—the object of which was to prove that one Turk was more than a match for ten infidels of any denomination; and that Sultan Mahmoud would inevitably make those red-beards, the Russians, eat dirt.

As I took good care to assent to all his propositions; he gradually became familiar, and told me several tales of a former Vizier, renowned alike for his gallantry, and his wonderful despatch of business. I made the best comments I could; but the interpreter, who was evidently a wag, took the business into his own hands, and so diverted the Pacha with his interpolated translation of my replies, that he almost laughed himself into convulsions. He made me sit next him, and ordered me sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee; swore I was a merry fellow, and said what a pity 'twas, I was an infidel. Having exhausted his stock of anecdotes, which, in truth to say, abounded more with obscenity than wit, he turned his attention to S— and his recruits.

"Bismillah Bre Capitan," said he, "in the name of Allah, what are you doing there? I am tired of this. Can you not invent something new?" "Please your highness, I am teaching them the manual exercise." "What an eshee!—what an ass thou art!—I tell you I want my Cheris to amuse me—I do not want them to fight." "Please your highness, it is my business to form soldiers for the field—not for the parade." "Bakallam, we shall see. Inshallah shalla, I will command them myself." And then turning to me, "Sit you there," said he, "and I will shew you a thing." So saying, his highness jumped up, and putting on his slippers, he hastened down into the court.

"Now," said he to S—, "form them into two columns—you lead one and I will lead the other:—you march round that way, and I will march this:—and when I order the clarinet to play, let them march as solemnly as they can; but at the sound of the tom-tom, let them run like greyhounds. Let it be done. Give me a sabre."

His highness placed himself at the head of his column, and having ordered the clarinet to play, the two parties marched round like mourners at a funeral; but when the tom-tom sounded, "sauve qui peut," the devil take the hindmost! The only thing that impeded their progress, was the person of their august chief, who, enveloped as he was in his caftan, and incumbered with slippers, in spite of his prodigious exertions,

was evidently unable to keep up with his "beau ideal" of double quick time. The alternations of *maestoso* and *presto prestissimo*, were continued for some time, till the Pacha, getting tired, seized upon an unfortunate—who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, had outstripped his fellows, and so got clear of the ranks—and ordered him to be tied up to one of the pillars which supported the keschk. This being immediately done, he took a ramrod, and, with his own hands, beat him over the calves of his naked legs till the blood ran down from them: the poor wretch uttering all the while the most agonizing cries: but the Pacha only seemed to enjoy his amusement the more, and continued to strike till fairly exhausted. I was so wrought upon by this inhuman exhibition, that I dared not again trust myself in his highness's presence. So I took my departure without ceremony; leaving S—— to make what excuse for my absence he might think fit. And so ended my visit to the Capoudan Pacha.

ARCHERY.

ARCHERY!—there is something peculiarly joyous and spirit-stirring in the word,—it revives the memory of bye-gone pleasures, of the exploits of our youth, of friends and associates in whose society we practised this excellent and fascinating exercise, within the sunny glades of one of the most romantic glens of which merry England can boast. The prospect is still before me in all its original freshness. It is a scene, Nasmyth would have delighted to paint.

The manly and truly princely amusement of archery has, in all ages and nations, attracted the notice and engaged the support of the highest order of men. The celebrated Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, wrote an express treatise on the practice of shooting with the long bow, and enumerates many emperors and kings who were proud of exhibiting their skill in the art. Among other great personages, he particularly praises Henry VIII. of England who took every opportunity, and used every means to encourage archery, himself affording an example of great skill. Hollinshed observes, that this prince shot as well or better than any of his guard; and Monfaucon, the French chronicler, says, in his description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, "Après, ils allerent tirer de l'arc, et le Roy d'Angleterre luy-meme, qui est merveilleusement bon archer et fort, et le faisoit bon voir."

To young persons, Ascham strongly recommends the practice of archer, not only as a happy and honorable substitute for many unworthy amusements and expensive follies, (particularly gaming, the great bane of the age in which he lived,) but also on account of the manliness of the diversion, and of the share it may fairly claim in the preservation of the health. For this exercise evidently tends to raise the spirits, to invigorate our nerves, and to increase our bodily strength; while the gracefulness of the attitudes, and elegance of the implements of the archer, furnish additional inducements. Indeed, of so much importance to youth was deemed the exercise of the bow, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that in the "orders and statutes" for the government of Harrow School, it was a condition that every child should be allowed by his parents, at all times, a bow, three arrows, bow strings, and a bracer. In consequence of this regulation, there was, till within the last three or four years, an annual shooting with the English bow for the prize of a silver arrow.

This dreadful weapon, in the hands of the English yeomen, was used with a dexterity and skill truly astonishing. The extreme range of the ancient war bow, may be estimated at about four hundred paces; and an arrow, at that great distance, would often inflict fatal wounds. When in closer contact with his enemy, the archer was of course still more formidable.

The strongest and best tempered armour was pierced like paper by his steel-headed arrows. Neither shield nor breast-plate could resist its force, nor flight avail to protect the fugitive from the winged death that pursued him. At the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, ten thousand bowmen overcame an enemy six times their own number, slaughtered the whole of the French cavalry, the flower of their knighthood, who were protected by coats of Milan steel, the best armour of the period.

In the destruction of wild animals, and in the chase, the bowman was of course equally skilful. The ancient archer would pierce a deer in his swiftest flight, at the distance of two hundred yards.

As regards the modern practice of shooting, the most magnificent bow meetings in England are those celebrated at Eaton Hall, the seat of Earl Grosvenor, where meetings are held at intervals during the whole summer. The arrangements are of the most splendid description. Several pairs of targets are erected in the park, and all the fashion and beauty of Cheshire, and of the adjoining counties, assemble to contest the prizes awarded by the noble host on the occasion; consisting of gold arrows, medals with suitable inscriptions, superb jewelry, &c. The ladies tastefully attired, like the gentlemen, in an uniform of archer's green, with caps adorned with eagles' plumes, contend at separate targets, and are, at these, as at all other bow meetings with which I am acquainted, by far the most dexterous and successful competitors.

There is, besides, a vast number of archery societies in other parts of the kingdom; among these, the Royal Edinburgh Bowmen, now styled "the King's Body Guard," from their having acted in that capacity when his late Majesty George IV. visited Scotland, are pre-eminent. They claim by ancient charter, the privilege of guarding the King whenever he comes within a certain distance of Edinburgh. The society consists of at least eleven hundred members, comprising in its list of names, those of the chief nobility and gentry of the kingdom. The costume is very picturesque and elegant, and their shooting reminds us of the best days of archery.

"The Woodmen of Arden," as they romantically and appropriately term themselves, are a society of great celebrity in Warwickshire, patronized by the amiable Earl and Countess of Aylsford. His lordship handles the bow with astonishing strength and dexterity. At their grand annual meetings called wardnotes, he has repeatedly shot into the centre of the target, at the distance of twelve score paces. This was the usual distance at which the marks were placed when the stout yeomen of England practised for the purpose of acquiring dexterity in war, as will be seen in the following quotation from Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*

"Shallow. Is old Double, of your town, living yet?"

"Silence. Dead, sir."

"Shallow. Dead!—see, see—he drew a good bow. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head—Dead! he would have elapped into the clout (white mark) at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft, a fourteen and a fourteen-and-a-half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see."—*Act III. Scene 2.*

TRAVELLING to boobies is of great use. It changes them from stupid blockheads into prating coxcombs; it improves them as bottling does small beer, which then becomes brisk without growing stronger. On the other hand, it gives an ease and polish to men of sense and learning, which nothing else can supply: a judicious mixture of those refined manners in which our neighbours excel, adds a grace and a brilliancy to every solid accomplishment.