François de Chateaubriand

Record of a Journey from Paris to Jerusalem and Back

(Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem et de Jérusalem à Paris)

Contents

Translator's Note

Notes in brackets in normal font, by Chateaubriand, are taken from the published text, the edition used for this translation being a French publication of 1884; notes in brackets in italics are notes by the translator providing additional information or explanation of items in the text. Where names or places are expanded to give additional details, further information will be found by using those details when searching the Internet.

Part One: Greece

I had ceased work on *Les Martyrs* (*The Martyrs*): though the majority of the chapters of the work had been drafted, I thought I ought not to put the finishing touches to them before seeing the country in which they were set; others find their resources in themselves; I find I need to supply what I lack through every kind of effort. Thus, if you fail to find in this Itinerary the description of such and such a famous place, you must seek it in *Les Martyrs*.

To this principal reason that made me, after so many travels, depart France once more, were joined other considerations: a trip to the Orient would complete the round of studies I had always promised myself to undertake. In the deserts of America I had contemplated the monuments of nature: among the monuments of men, I still only knew two of the realms of antiquity, namely Celtic antiquity and that of the Romans; it remained for me to traverse the ruins of Athens, Carthage and Memphis. I also wanted to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem:

> .....*Qui devoto*
> *Il gran Sepolcro adora, e scioglie il voto.*
>
> Here, devoutly,
> He worships at the Holy Sepulchre, and fulfils his vow.
>
> *Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata (XX:144)*

It may seem strange today to speak of vows and pilgrimages, but on this point I am without shame, and have long been ranked among the weak-minded and superstitious. I may be the last Frenchman to leave my country to travel to the Holy Land with the ideas, aim and sentiments of the pilgrims of old, but if I have not the virtues that once illuminated the Lords of Coucy, de Nesles, de Chatillon, and de Montfort, at least their faith remains to me: in that respect I could still liken myself to an ancient crusader.

'And when I was ready to leave and set out on my journey,' says the Sire de Joinville, 'I sent for the abbot of Cheminon, to reconcile myself to him. And I bowed, and girded on my pilgrim's knapsack, and took my staff in hand. And I speedily left Joinville, intending not to re-enter that castle till I returned from my voyage overseas (*outre-mer*), leaving as the first saints did, and almost as they went ... walking barefoot, and in a loincloth. And thus I went from Bleicourt to Saint-Urban, and it was necessary to pass the castle of Joinville, and I dare not turn my face ever towards Joinville for fear of feeling too great a regret, and my heart being moved.'

On leaving my homeland again, on the 13th of July, 1806, I, like that Seneschal of Champagne, dared not turn my head: almost a stranger in my country, I left behind me neither castle nor cottage.

From Paris to Milan, I knew the route. At Milan, I took the road to Venice: I saw, everywhere, much as among the Milanese, a fertile and monotonous marshland. I paused

for a few moments to view the monuments of Verona, Vicenza and Padua. I arrived in Venice on the 23rd of July; I spent five days examining the remains of its past grandeur: I was shown some fine paintings by Tintoretto; by Paolo Veronese and his brother; by Bassano; and by Titian. In an abandoned church I sought the tomb of the latter painter, and had some trouble finding it: the same thing had happened to me in Rome regarding Tasso's tomb. After all, the remains of a religious poet, a victim of misfortune, are not too misplaced in being sited in a monastery: the poet of the *Gerusalemme* seems to have taken refuge in that forgotten tomb, as if to escape the persecution of men; he filled the world with his fame, and himself reposes unknown, beneath the orange-tree of Sant'Onofrio.

I left Venice on the 28th of July, embarking at ten o'clock at night for *terra firma*. The southeast wind was blowing hard enough to fill the sails, yet not enough to disturb the sea. As the boat moved away, I saw the lights of Venice sink beneath the horizon, and I could see, like shadows on the waves, the various outlines of the islands, with which the coast is strewn. These islands, instead of being covered with forts and bastions, are occupied by churches and monasteries. The bells of the hospices and infirmaries could be heard, and alone brought to mind ideas of peace and security, in the midst of an empire of tempests and dangers. We approached near enough to one of these retreats to glimpse the monks who were watching our gondola pass, they had the air of old mariners who have returned to port after a long voyage: perhaps they blessed the traveller, because they remembered having been, like him, strangers in the land of Egypt: *Fuistis enim et vos advenae in terra Aegypti* (*Vulgate:Leviticus 19:34*) '

I arrived on the mainland before sunrise, and took a post-carriage to carry me to Trieste. I did not delay on the way to see Aquileia; I was not tempted to visit the breach through which the Goths and Huns entered the homeland of Horace and Virgil, or to search for traces of those armies that executed the vengeance of God. I entered Trieste at midday on the 29th of July. That city, of uniform construction, is situated, beneath beautiful skies, at the foot of a chain of barren mountains: it possesses no monuments. The last breath of Italy expires here on this shore where barbarism begins.

Monsieur Séguier, the French Consul in Trieste, was kind enough to search out a boat for me; one was found ready to set sail for Smyrna. Its captain took me on board with my servant. It was agreed that he would deposit me in passing on the shores of the Morea, that I would cross the Peloponnese by land; that the ship would wait for me for a few days at the tip of Attica, after which, if I did not appear, he would continue his journey.

We set sail on the 1st of August, at one o'clock in the morning. We experienced contrary winds on leaving harbour. Istria presented its low-lying shores to the sea, backed in the interior by a chain of mountains. The Mediterranean, set in the centre of civilized countries, strewn with fortunate isles, bathing shores planted with myrtles, palms and olive trees, rendered an immediate impression of the sea where Apollo, Venus and the Nereids were born, while the ocean, delivered to the tempests, surrounded by unknown shores, was inevitably fated to be the cradle of the phantoms of Scandinavia, and the domain of those Christian peoples who formed so imposing an idea of the grandeur and omnipotence of God.

On the 2nd of August, at noon, the wind blew favourably, but the clouds that gathered at sunset announced a storm. We heard the first rumble of thunder from the coast of Croatia. At three o'clock we shortened sail, and hung a small light in the captain's cabin, in front of an image of the Blessed Virgin. I have remarked elsewhere on the affecting nature of this cult that yields empire over the seas to a weak woman. Sailors on shore may be firm-hearted like other men, but what unsettles human wisdom is the proximity of danger; at that moment mankind becomes religious, and the torch of philosophy reassures less in the midst of the tempest than the lamp lit before the Madonna.

At seven o'clock the storm was in full force. Our Austrian captain led a prayer amongst the torrents of rain and claps of thunder. We prayed for the Emperor Francis II, for ourselves, and for the sailors *in questo sacro sepolti mare*: drowned in those sacred waters. The sailors, some standing and exposed to the elements, others lying prostrate on the cannons, responded to the captain.

The storm continued for a large part of the night. All the sails being furled, and the crew below decks, I remained alone but for the sailor who grasped the tiller. I have sometimes spent all night thus on stormier seas; but I was young then, and the sound of the waves, the solitude of the ocean, the winds, the reefs, the perils, were so much enjoyment for me. I found, on this last trip, that the face of things has altered. I know now what those dreams of early youth are worth; and yet such is human inconsistency that I still traversed the waves, I still gave myself up to hope, I still gathered images, searched for colours to adorn descriptions that would perhaps bring me disappointment and persecution. (This sentence is from my original notes exactly as written here: I did not consider excising it, even though it has the air of having been written after the event: what was to be directed towards me after publishing Les Martyrs is now evident.) I walked the quarterdeck, and from time to time would scribble a note by the light of the lamp that illuminated the pilot's compass. The sailor gazed at me in astonishment; he took me, I think, for an officer of the French Navy, concerned as he was with the ship's course: he did not know that my compass was not as good as his, and that he would find port more reliably than I.

The next day, the 3rd of August, the wind blowing from the north-west, we soon passed the islands of Pommo (*off Vis*) and Pelagosa (*Palagruza*). We left the last islands of Dalmatia to port, and we found Monte Sant'Angelo, formerly Monte Gargano, which dominates Manfredonia, to starboard near the ruins of Sipontum (*Siponto*), on the coast of Italy. On the 4th of August, we experienced calm seas: the mistral rose at sunset, and we continued our journey. At two o'clock the night was beautiful, I heard a ship's boy singing the beginning of the seventh canto of the Gerusalemme:

> *Intanto Erminia infra l' ombrose piante, etc.*
>
> Meanwhile Erminia beneath the shade of trees, etc.
>
> *Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata (VII:1)*

The air was a sort of recitative elevated in tone, and descending to the deepest notes

at the end of the verse. This picture of rural bliss, recalled by a sailor in the midst of the sea, seemed the more enchanting. The ancients, our masters in everything, enjoyed these contrasting scenes: Theocritus has sometimes placed his shepherds at the edge of the waves, and Virgil is pleased to juxtapose the labourer's rest and the mariner's labour.

Invitat genialis hiems, curasque resolvit:
Ceu pressae cum jam portum tetigere carinae,
Puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas:

Genial winter entices them, and soothes their cares:
Just as when loaded ships touch harbour,
And happy sailors crown the sterns with garlands:

(Virgil: Georgics I:302-304)

On the 5th of August, the wind blew violently; it brought us a greyish bird, rather like a lark. It was received hospitably. In general, sailors delight in anything that contrasts with their hectic life; they love everything bound up in their minds with their memories of country life, such as the barking of dogs, the crowing of cockerels, birds flying over the land. At eleven o'clock on the same day, we found ourselves at the gates of the Adriatic; that is to say between Cape Otranto in Italy and Cape Linguetta in Albania.

I was, there, at the frontier of Greek antiquity and the border of Latin antiquity. Pythagoras, Alcibiades, Scipio, Caesar, Pompey, Cicero, Augustus, Horace, Virgil, had crossed this sea. What diverse fates had these celebrated individuals not delivered to the inconstancy of these very waves! And I, an obscure traveller, following the vanished wake of vessels that carried the great men of Greece and Italy, I journeyed to seek the Muses in their own country; though I am no Virgil, and the gods no longer inhabit Olympus.

We approached the Island of Fano. With the reef of Merlère, it bears the name of Orthoni or Calypso in some old maps. D'Anville (*Jean Baptiste Bourguignon d'Anville*) seems to mention it under that name, and Monsieur Lechevalier (*Jean-Baptiste Lechevalier*) relies on such geographical authority to find in Fano that resting-place where Odysseus so long bemoaned his homeland. Procopius notes somewhere, in his *History*, that if we accept Calypso's island to be one of the small islands surrounding Corfu, it makes Homer's tale more credible. Indeed, a boat would then be able to sail to the island of Scheria (Corcyra or Corfu); but the identification involves great difficulties. Ulysses left with a favourable wind, and after eighteen days navigation, he saw the shores of Scheria, which rose like a shield above the waves:

εισατο δ᾽ ώς ότε ρινόν έν ήεροειδέι πόντώ.

Loomed up ahead, like a shield on the misty sea.

(*Homer: Odyssey V:281*)

Now if Fano is the Island of Calypso, the island is close to Scheria. Far from requiring eighteen whole days of navigation to reach the coast of Corfu, Ulysses should have been able to see it from the very forest where he built his raft. Pliny, Ptolemy, Pomponius Mela, and the Anonymous Geographer of Ravenna, shed no light on the matter, but one may consult Wood (*Robert Wood*) and the moderns, concerning the geography of Homer, who all, with Strabo, place the island of Calypso on the African coast, in the Sea of Malta.

For the rest, I desire with all my heart that Fano might be the enchanted island of Calypso, though all I discovered there was a small mass of whitish rock: I would plant there, if you wish, with Homer (*see Odyssey V:59-74*), 'a forest parched by the fires of the sun, of pine and alder, full of sea crows' nests' or, perhaps with Fenelon (*see Les Aventures de Télémaque I*) I would find 'orange groves and mountains whose bizarre shapes form a blissful horizon to pleasure one's eyes.' Woe to him who sees not nature with the eyes of Fenelon or Homer!

At about eight o'clock the wind dropped, and the sea being calm, the ship remained motionless. It was there that I enjoyed my first sunset and my first night beneath the skies of Greece. To port lay the island of Fano, and that of Corcyra which stretched towards the east: beyond these islands could be seen the heights of the land of Epirus; the Acroceraunian Mountains, which we had passed, formed to the north, behind us, a circuit that terminated at the entrance to the Adriatic Sea; to starboard, that is to say to the west, the sun was setting beyond the coast of Otranto; before us was the open sea, stretching to the shores of Africa.

The colours were not bright at sunset: the sun descended among clouds, tinted with rose, it sank below the horizon, and twilight replaced it for about half an hour. During the passage of this brief twilight, the sky in the west was white, pale blue at the zenith and pearl grey in the east. One by one, the stars pierced this splendid canopy: they seemed small, barely shining; but their light was golden, and of so soft a glow, I cannot convey my impression of it. The horizon over the sea, slightly misty, blended with the heavens. At the base of the island of Fano, or Calypso, could be seen a flame lit by the fishermen: with little effort I could imagine the Nymphs clasping Telemachus' ship. It would not have ben hard for me to hear Nausicaa also, playing among her companions, or Andromache weeping beside the false Simois, since I could glimpse far off in the transparent shadows, the mountains of Scheria and Buthrotum (regarding these Greek nights, see *Les Martyrs*, Bks. I, and XI).

Prodigiosa loquor veterum mendacia vatum.

Marvellous untruths told by ancient poets.

(*Ovid: Amores III.6 line 17*)

Climate more or less influences the tastes of a people. In Greece, for example, everything is

smooth; everything is softened; everything is as full of calm in nature as in the writings of the ancients. One almost sees why the architecture of the Parthenon possesses such happy proportions, why ancient sculpture is so little troubled, so peaceful, so simple, when one has seen the clear skies and graceful landscape of Athens, Corinth and Ionia. In that land of the Muses, nature suggests no abrupt departures; she tends on the contrary to lead the mind to a love of consistent and harmonious things.

The calm continued on the 6th of August, and I had plenty of time to contemplate Corfu, called in turn, in antiquity, Drepane, Macria, Scheria, Corcyra, Ephisa, Cassiopi, Ceraunia, and even Argos. It was this island onto which Odysseus was hurled after his shipwreck: would to God that the dwelling place of Alcinous had never known fame except through fictitious misfortune! I recalled, despite myself, the troubles Corcyra experienced, of which Thucydides has so eloquently spoken. It seems as if Homer, in singing of the gardens of Alcinous, had also added something poetic and marvellous to Scheria's destiny. Aristotle went there to atone in exile for the errors of passion that philosophy cannot always overcome; and Alexander, while still young, far from Philip's court, descended on that famous island: the Corcyreans witnessed the first steps of this armed traveller who intended to visit all the peoples of the earth. Several citizens of Corcyra brought back prizes from the Games at Olympia: their names were immortalized in the poetry of Simonides, and by the statues of Polyclitus. True to its dual destiny, the island of the Phaeacians continued, under the Romans, to be the home of glory and misfortune: Cato, after the battle of Pharsalia, met Cicero at Corcyra: what a truly beautiful painting it would make; the encounter between those two Romans! What men! What suffering! What blows of fortune! One might view Cato choosing to yield to Cicero command of the last Republican legions, because Cicero had been consul: after which they parted: one fell on his sword at Utica, the other carried his head back to the triumvirate. Shortly afterwards, Antony and Octavia celebrated, in Corcyra, the fatal marriage that cost the world so many tears; and barely half a century had elapsed, when Agrippina came to that very same place to perform the funeral rites for Germanicus (*Tacitus: Annals: III.1*), as if that island were intended to provide two rival historians of genius (Thucydides, and Tacitus), writing in rival languages, with the subjects of their most admirable descriptions.

Another order of things and events, men and manners, is often invoked by the name of Corkyra (then Corfu) in *La Byzantine* (*Charles du Fresne's: Historia byzantina*), in the histories of Naples and Venice, and in the collection *Gesta Dei per Francos* (*Guibert de Nogent's history of the First Crusade*). It was from Corfu that the army of crusaders departed that set a French nobleman on the throne of Constantinople. But if I were to speak of Apollodorus, Bishop of Corfu, who distinguished himself by his grasp of doctrine at the Council of Nicaea, and of George and Saint Arseneius, other bishops of the Christianised island; if I were to say that the Church of Corfu was the only one that escaped the persecution of Diocletian; that Helen, the mother of Constantine, began her pilgrimage to the East in Corfu, I fear to raise a smile of pity among the freethinkers. How ridiculous to mention Saint Jason and Saint Sosipater, Corcyrean apostles of the reign of Claudius, after speaking of Homer, Aristotle, Alexander, Cicero, Cato, and Germanicus! Yet is a martyr to freedom any greater than a martyr to truth? Is Cato, devoting himself to the liberation of

Rome, more heroic than Sosipater, allowing himself to be burnt in a brazen bull, in order to announce to men that they are brothers; that they should love each other; help each other; and rise nearer to God through the practice of virtue?

I had time to review all these memories in my mind in sight of the shores of Corfu, before which we were becalmed during a deep lull. The reader may be hoping that a fresh wind will carry me to Greece and circumvent my digressions: that is what happened on the morning of the 7th of August. A breeze from the northwest rose, and we set our course for Cephalonia. On the 8th, we kept Leucas (*Lefkada*), now Sainte-Maure, to port, which merged with a tall promontory on the island of Ithaca, and the lowlands of Cephalonia. Neither the forests of Mount Neriton (*Homer: Odyssey: IX.21-22*) nor the thirteen pear-trees of Laertes (*Homer: Odyssey: XXIV.340*) were still to be seen in the homeland of Odysseus: they have disappeared, along with the three pear-trees, yet more to be revered, that Henri IV gave his army as a rallying-point when he fought at Ivry. I saluted from afar the hut of Eumaeus and the tomb of Odysseus's faithful dog. Only one dog is famous for its ingratitude. His name was Math, and his master was, I think, a King of England of the House of Lancaster (*Richard II, actually of the House of Plantagenet: the dog being his greyhound*). The story is pleased to recall the name of this ungrateful dog, as it remembers the name of a man who remained constant in misfortune.

On the 9th of August we passed Cephalonia, and rapidly approached Zante, *nemorosa Zacynthos* (*wooded Zacynthos, see Homer: Odyssey: IX.24*). The inhabitants of this island in ancient times were said to be of Trojan origin; they claimed descent from Zacynthus, son of Dardanus, who led a colony to Zacynthos. They founded Sagunto, in Spain; they loved art and loved to hear the verses of Homer sung; and they often gave sanctuary to proscribed Romans; one might even have wished to have located Cicero's ashes there. If Zante was actually a sanctuary for exiles, I would willingly devote a cult to it, and agree with its names of *Isola d'Oro,* and *Fior di Levante* (*Isle of Gold, Flower of the Levant*). This flowery name reminds me that the hyacinth originated on the island of Zante, and that the island received its name from the plant it bore: it is thus that, to praise the mother, in antiquity, one sometimes joined to her name the name of her daughter. During the Middle Ages, another little known tradition is associated with the island of Zante. Robert Guiscard, Duke of Apulia, died on Zante, on his way to Palestine. It had been predicted of him that he would die in Jerusalem; whence it appears that Zacynthos was known as Jerusalem in the fourteenth century, or that there was in this island some place called Jesusalem. Besides, Zakynthos is famous today as a source of paraffin, as it was at the time of Herodotus; and its grapes rival those of Corinth.

Between the Norman pilgrim, Robert Guiscard, and I, a Breton pilgrim, there are years enough; but in the interval between our two journeys, the Seigneur de Villamont, my countryman, visited Zante (*Jacques de Villamont passed Zante on the 30th of April 1589*). He left *the Duchy of Brittany* in 1588, for Jerusalem. 'Kind Reader,' he announced at the head of his preface to the *Voyages*, 'in receiving my little work, be pleased to excuse the faults to be encountered therein, and by receiving it in the benign spirit with which I present it, grant me the courage in advance to be lest niggardly with the more delightful

descriptions I have to make regarding climate and event, in serving France according to my wishes. Adieu.'

The Seigneur de Villamont did not land on Zante. He came in sight of the island, as I did, and, like me, the wind with *magisterial power*, drove him towards the Morea. I looked forward with impatience to the moment when I would first see the shores of Greece; I searched for them on the horizon, and saw cloud everywhere. On the morning of the 10th of August, I was on deck before sunrise. As the sun rose above the sea, I saw a confusion of tall mountains in the distance: they were those of Elis. Glory must be something real, since it makes the heart beat in one who is only a spectator of it. At ten o'clock we passed Navarino, the ancient Pylos, hidden behind the Isle of Sphacteria: names equally celebrated, one in fable (*in Homer's Iliad and Odyssey*); the other in history (*the Battle of Sphacteria, 425BC, during the Peloponnesian War*). At noon we dropped anchor off Modon, formerly Methoni (*modern Methoni*) in Messenia. At one o'clock I landed; I trod the soil of Greece; I was sixty miles or so from Olympia, forty from Sparta, on the route followed by Telemachus when seeking news of Odysseus from Menelaus: it was barely a month since I had left Paris.

Our ship was moored a mile and a half from Methoni, between the channel formed by the mainland and the islands Sapientza, and Cabrera, in the Oinoussai group. Viewed from this point, the coastline of the Peloponnese towards Navarino looked bleak and barren. Behind these shores, and at some distance inland, rise hills that seem to be formed of white sand covered with withered grass: however these are the Aigaleon Mountains, at the foot of which Pylos was built. Modon presents itself to the sight as a medieval town surrounded by half-ruined Gothic fortifications. Not a boat in the harbour, not a man on the shore: everywhere silence, abandonment and neglect.

I embarked in the ship's boat with the captain to make contact with land. We approached the coast; I was ready to launch myself onto that desert shore, and there salute the home of art and genius, when we were hailed from one of the city gates. We were obliged to turn our bow towards the castle of Methoni. We distinguished from afar, on the edge of a cliff, Janissaries (*Ottoman infantry*), armed at all points, and Turks, attracted by curiosity. As soon as they were within shouting distance, they called to us in Italian: *Ben Venuti!* (*Welcome!*) Like a true Greek, I took note of these first words of happy augury heard from the shores of Messenia. The Turks launched themselves into the water to pull our boat ashore, and helped us to climb the rock. They all spoke at once and asked a thousand questions of the captain, in Greek and Italian. We entered through the half-ruined city gate. We entered a street, or rather a veritable encampment, which reminded me, at once, of that beautiful expression of Monsieur de Bonald (*Louis Gabriel Ambroise, Vicomte de Bonald*): 'The Turks have pitched camp in Europe.' It is amazing how true this expression is across its whole extent, and in every respect. These Tartars of Methoni were sitting at their doors, legs crossed, on an assortment of platforms or wooden tables, in the shade of vile canvas awnings stretched from one house to another. They smoked their pipes, drank coffee; and contrary to the idea I had formed of the taciturnity of the Turks, they laughed and talked together and made a vast noise.

We went to the Agha (*the chief official*), a poor wretch, perched on a sort of cot in a shed; he received me cordially enough. The purpose of my trip was explained to him. He told me he would find me horses, and a Janissary, to take me to Coroni, to the French Consul, Monsieur Vial; that I could easily cross the Morea, because the roads were open since they had beheaded three or four hundred robbers and nothing prevented further travel.

Here is the story of these three or four hundred brigands. Near Mount Ithome were located a troop of fifty robbers, who infested the roads. The Pasha of the Morea, Osman Pasha, took himself to the scene; he identified the villages where the robbers were accustomed to congregate. It would have been too slow and too boring for a Turk to distinguish the innocent from the guilty: they killed, with a knock on the head as one kills wild beasts, all those hunted down by the Pasha. The robbers perished, it is true, but along with three hundred Greek peasants who had nothing to do with the matter.

From the Agha's house we went to the residence of the German Vice-Consul. France had no agent at that time in Methoni. He lived in the Greek village, outside the town. In all places where there is a military post, the Greeks live separately from the Turks. The Vice-Consul confirmed what I was told by the Agha concerning the state of the Morea; he offered me hospitality for the night: I accepted, and returned for a while to the ship, aboard a caique (*a long narrow, Turkish boat with oars*) which would then take me back to shore.

I left my French servant, Julien, on board, whom I sent with the vessel to wait for me at the tip of Attica, or Smyrna, if I missed its passage. I tied a belt around my waist containing what gold I possessed; I armed myself from head to foot; and I took into my service a Milanese named Joseph, a merchant from Smyrna who traded in pewter: the man spoke a little Modern Greek, and he consented for an agreed sum, to act as my interpreter. I said goodbye to the captain, and descended with Joseph into the caique. The wind was violent and contrary. It took us five hours to reach the port from which we were distant less than a mile and a half, and we were twice nearly capsized. A grey-bearded old Turk, with lively eyes sunk beneath thick eyebrows, with long extremely white teeth, sometimes silent, sometimes emitting wild cries, grasped the rudder: he made a fine likeness of Time bearing a traveller in his boat to the deserted shores of Greece. The Vice-Consul was waiting on the shore. We were to be lodged in the Greek town. Along the way I admired the Turkish tombs, shaded by tall cypress trees beneath which the sea was breaking. I saw among the tombs women, like ghosts, wrapped in white veils: that was the sole thing that reminded me even faintly of the home of the Muses. The Christian graveyard adjoins that of the Muslims: it is dilapidated, without gravestones, and without trees; watermelons which grow here and there over these tombs resemble, in their shape and pallor, human skulls that no one has taken the trouble to inter. Nothing is as sad as these two cemeteries, where we see even in the freedom and equality of death a distinction between tyrant and slave.

The Abbé Barthélemy (*Jean-Jacques Barthélemy*) found Methoni of so little note in antiquity, that he only mentions its bitumen pits. Inglorious, in the midst of all those cities built by the gods and celebrated by poets, Methoni's name is not found in the verses of Pindar, which together with the works of Homer, form a shining record of ancient

Greece. Demosthenes, in his oration *For the Megalopolitans* recalling the history of Messenia, says nothing of Methoni. Polybius, who was from Megalopolis, and advised the Messenians well, maintains a like silence. Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius cite no heroes, or philosophers of this city. Athenaeus, Aulus Gellius and Macrobius relate nothing concerning Methoni. Finally Pliny, Ptolemy, Pomponius Mela, and the Anonymous Geographer of Ravenna, fail to name it in their enumerations of the cities of Messenia: though Strabo and Pausanias elect to identify Methoni with Homers' Pedasus (*Homer: Iliad IX.294*). According to Pausanias (*IV.35.1*), the name of Methoni, or Mothone, comes from a daughter of Oeneus, a companion of Diomedes, or from a rock that creates a harbour there. Methoni reappears quite often in ancient history but never to any material purpose. Thucydides cites a body of hoplites from Methoni in the Peloponnesian War. From a fragment of Diodorus Siculus, it appears that Brasidas defended the city against the Athenians. The same Diodorus calls it a city of Laconia; because Messenia was conquered by Sparta; the latter sent a colony of Nauplians to Methoni, who were not driven out of their new home when Epaminondas liberated the Messenians. Methoni followed the fate of Greece when it came under the Roman yoke. Trajan granted privileges to Methoni. Rule over the Peloponnese being the prerogative of the Eastern Empire, Methoni suffered from the revolts in the Morea: devastated by Alaric, abused perhaps even more by Stilicho, it was extracted from the Greek Empire by the Venetians in 1124. Restored to its former masters in the following year, it fell into the hands of the Venetians again in 1204. A Genoese corsair took it from the Venetians in 1208. Doge Dandolo re-took it from the Genoese. Mahomet II (*Mehmed II*) captured it from the Venetians, along with the whole of Greece, in 1498. Morosini re-conquered it from the Turks in 1686, and the Turks entered it again in 1715. Three years later, Pellegrin passed through the city, and gave us a description, mingling with it all the scandalous chronicles of the French Consuls: such is, from Homer to now, the course of Methoni's obscure history. Regarding the fate of Modon during the Russian expedition to the Morea, the first volume of the *Voyage* by Monsieur de Choiseul (*Marie-Gabriel-Florent-Auguste de Choiseul-Gouffier: Voyage Pittoresque en Grèce*), and *The History of Poland* by Rulhiere (*Claude-Carloman de Rulhiere*), may be consulted.

The German Vice-Consul, housed in a wretched mud hut, kindly offered me a supper of watermelon, grapes and black bread: it was right not be fussy about one's food so close to Sparta. I then retired to the room prepared for me, but was unable to close my eyes. I could hear the dogs of Laconia barking, and the sound of the winds of Elis, how could I sleep? On the 11th of August, at three in the morning, the voice of the Agha's Janissary announced that it was time to leave for Coroni.

We mounted on the instant. I will describe our marching order, since it was the same throughout the journey.

At our head rode the guide or Greek postilion, leading another horse with a rope: the second horse was to be employed as a remount in the event that some accident happened to the traveller's horses. Next was the Janissary, a turban on his head, two pistols and a dagger at his belt, a sword at his side, and a whip in his hand to encourage the guide's horses. I followed, no less heavily-armed than the Janissary, and carrying a shotgun in

addition; Joseph brought up the rear. This Milanese was a little fair-haired individual with a big belly, rosy complexion, and affable manner; he was dressed in blue velvet throughout; two long saddle-pistols, passed through a narrow belt, elevated his jacket in a manner so grotesque that the Janissary never saw him without laughing. My equipment consisted of a carpet to sit on, a pipe, a coffee-pot, and some shawls to wrap round my head at night. We departed, the signal being given by the guide, we climbed the mountains at a brisk trot, and descended at a gallop over precipices: one must go along with this, the Turkish military knows no other method of proceeding, and the slightest sign of fear or even of caution, exposes you to their contempt. Moreover you are astride a Mameluke saddle, whose stirrups, short and wide, constrict your legs, crush your feet, and score the sides of your horse. The slightest false move and the high pommel of the saddle crushes your chest; while if you slip backwards the upper edge of the saddle bruises your kidneys. Yet in the end these saddles are found useful, because of the stability they lend the horses, especially in the most dangerous stages.

The stages are twenty-five to thirty miles on the same horse: they are allowed a breathing space, but without being fed, about half-way; then you remount, and continue the journey. In the evening you sometimes arrive at a caravanserai, a deserted building where you sleep among various kinds of insects and reptiles on a worm-eaten floor. You are provided with nothing in the caravanserai unless you are carrying official mail: it is up to you to obtain food as best you can. My Janissary went on the hunt through the local villages, he sometimes returned with a few chickens which I insisted on paying for, and we roasted them on green olive-branches, or boiled them with rice to make a *pilau*. Sitting on the ground around this feast, we tore it apart with our fingers: the meal over, we would wash our hands and beard in the nearest stream. That is how one travels today in the land of Alcibiades and Aspasia.

It was still dark when we left Modon: it was like wandering through the wilds of America: the same solitude, the same silence. We passed through groves of olive-trees on our way south. At daybreak we found ourselves on the flat tops of the most arid mountains I have ever seen. We rode for two hours. These summits scarred by torrents seemed like abandoned fallows; sea-thrift (*armeria maritima*) and a species of thorny and withered briar grew there in clumps. Large bulbs of mountain lilies loosened by the rain, adorned the surface of the earth. We saw the sea to the east, through a sparse grove of olive-trees, and we then descended into a gorge of the valley where we saw a few fields of barley and cotton. We passed a dried-up torrent: its bed was filled with oleanders and chasteberries (*vitex agnus-castus*), a shrub with long pale slender leaves, and a lilac flower, rather fleecy, elongated and spindle-shaped. I mention these two shrubs because they are found throughout Greece, and they are the only adornment of those solitudes, once so cheerful and cultivated, now sad and bare. Regarding the dried-up torrent, I should say that in the home of the Ilissus, the Alpheus and the Erimanthus, I have only seen three rivers whose urn had not run dry: namely the Pamisus, Cephisus and Eurotas. You must forgive me in advance for displaying that kind of indifference and almost impiety with which I may sometimes seem to write the most famous and harmonious of names. In Greece one becomes familiar with hearing names like Themistocles, Epaminondas, Sophocles, Plato,

and Thucydides, and it takes great faith not to traverse Mount Cytheron, Mount Maenalus, or Mount Lykaion as if one were crossing everyday hills.

At the end of the valley which I have mentioned, we began to climb a fresh range of hills: my guide repeated their names several times, which were unknown to me; but judging by their position, these mountains were part of the Mount Temathia (*or Mathia, See Pausanias IV.34.4*) chain. We soon entered a grove of olive-trees, oleanders, bindweed (*smilax aspera*), chaste-berries and dogwood. This wood was overlooked by rocky peaks. Reaching their final summit, we saw the Gulf of Messenia, bordered on all sides by mountains, among which Mount Ithome was distinguished by its isolation, and Taygetus by its two sharp spires: I saluted these mountains famous through all the fine verses I knew in praise of them.

A little below the summit of Temathia, on our descent to Coroni (*Koroni*), we saw a wretched Greek farm, whose inhabitants fled at our approach. As we descended, we could see below us the roads and port of Coroni, with several vessels visible at anchor, the fleet of the Kaptan-Pasha (*the Commander of the Ottoman Navy*) was anchored on the far side of the Gulf, towards Kalamata. On reaching the plain at the foot of the mountains which extends to the sea, we passed a village on our right, in the centre of which stood a sort of castle: the whole, that is to say the village and the castle, was surrounded by a Turkish cemetery canopied by cypress-trees of all ages. My guide, in showing me these trees, called them *parissos* (*kyparissos*). A resident of ancient Messenia would formerly have recounted to me the whole story of the young man of Amyclae of whose name the Messenian of today recalls only a part; but that name truncated as it is, pronounced at that place, in sight of a cypress-tree and the summits of Taygetos, gave me a pleasure that poets will understand. I felt some consolation in looking at the Turkish graves: they reminded me that the barbaric conquerors of Greece also met their end in this land they ravaged. Besides, the tombs were very pleasing: oleanders grew at the foot of the cypress, which resembled a large black obelisk: white turtle-doves and bluish pigeons fluttered and cooed in the trees, the grasses waved about small funeral columns surmounted by turbans, a fountain built by some *sherif* (*noble*) poured its water beside the path for the benefit of travellers: one would willingly have halted in that cemetery, where the laurel of Greece, overlooked by the cypress tree of the East, seemed to recall the memory of the two races whose dust lay in that place.

From this cemetery to Coroni is nearly a two-hour ride: we travelled through a continuous wood of olive-trees, planted with wheat half-harvested. The terrain, which from afar seems one consistent plain, is cut by deep and uneven gullies. Monsieur Vial, at that time the French Consul in Coroni, received me with the hospitality which is so noticeable in the Consuls of the Levant. I handed him one of the letters of recommendation to the French Consuls in the Eastern Ports of Call (*Échelles du Levant*), that Monsieur Talleyrand, at the request of Monsieur Hauterive (*Alexandre Maurice Blanc de Lanautte, Comte de Hauterive*) had been so polite as to grant me.

Monsieur Vial strongly desired me to stay with him. He sent my Janissary back to Modon and gave me one of his own Janissaries to cross the Morea with me, and take me to Athens. The Kaptan-Pasha being at war with the Maniots (*the Greek inhabitants of the*

Mani Peninsula) I could not get to Sparta via Kalamata, which is the route taken, if one wishes to reach Mount Calathion, Cardamyle (*Kardamyli*) and Thalamae, on the coast of Laconia, almost opposite Coroni. It was therefore determined that I should make a long detour; that I should seek the gorge called the Gates of Leondari, a Hermaion (*a sanctuary of Hermes denoting the boundary*) of Messenia; that I should travel to Tripolitsa to obtain from the Pasha of the Morea, the *firman* necessary to pass the Isthmus; that I would return from Tripolitsa to Sparta, and that from Sparta I would take the mountain track to Argos, Mycenae and Corinth.

Coroni, like Messene and Megalopolis, is of no great antiquity, since it was founded by Epaminondas on the ruins of ancient Epea. Up to now, we have taken Coroni to be the ancient Coroni, following D'Anville's opinion. I have some doubts on this point: according to Pausanias, Coroni (*Korone*) was located at the foot of Mount Temathia, near the mouth of the Pamisos (*Pausanias: 4.34.4*), now modern Coroni is quite a distance from that river. It is built on a hill almost at the very location where Pausanias sites the Temple of Apollo Corinthus, or rather on the site of Kolonides (This opinion is also that of Monsieur de Choiseul). Towards the south of the Gulf of Messenia, ruins are to be found by the sea, which may well be those of the real Coroni, unless they belong to the village of Ino. Coronelli (*Vincenzo Coronelli***)** was wrong in taking Coroni for Pedasus, since that city must, according to Strabo and Pausanias, be identified with Methoni.

The modern history of Coroni roughly resembles that of Methoni: Coroni was by turns, and at the same time as the latter city, possessed by the Venetians, the Genoese and the Turks. The Spaniards besieged it and captured it from the infidels in 1633. The Knights of Malta distinguished themselves during this memorable siege. Vertot (*René-Aubert Vertot***)** perpetrated a singular error in this respect, in taking Coroni for Chaeronea, the home of Plutarch, which is itself not that Chaeronea where Philip enslaved Greece. Falling into the hands of Turks, Coroni was besieged and taken back by Morosini in 1685: two of my compatriots are noted as having been at this siege. Coronelli cites only the Commander de La Tour, who died gloriously, but Giacomo Diedo also speaks of the Marquis de Courbon (*see the History by Aimard*). I enjoyed discovering these traces of the path of French honour, from my very first entry to the true home of glory, and to a country whose people are such good judges of worth. But where does one not find such traces! In Constantinople, Rhodes, Syria, Egypt, Carthage, wherever I touched, I was shown the French camp, the French tower, the castle of the French; the Arabs showed me the graves of our soldiers beneath the sycamores of Cairo, and the Seminoles beneath the Florida poplars.

It was also in that same town of Coroni that Monsieur Choiseul began his narrative (*see his Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*). Thus fate led me to the same place where my compatriots had gathered the twin palm-leaves of talent and arms with which Greece loved to crown its children. If I myself have followed, without glory, though not without honour, those twin careers in which the citizens of Athens and Sparta acquired so much renown, I console myself by reflecting that other Frenchmen were more fortunate than I.

Monsieur Vial took the trouble to show me Coroni, which is a heap of modern ruins; he also showed me the place from which the Russians cannonaded the city in 1770, an

epoch fatal to the Morea, whose population the Albanians have since massacred. The narrative of Pellegrin's voyage covers 1715 to 1719: the jurisdiction of Coroni then extended, according to that traveller, over eighty villages, while I do not know if one could find five or six now in that same district. The remainder of those devastated fields belong to the Turks, who possess three or four thousand olive trees, and devour in the harem at Constantinople the legacy of Aristomenes (*King of Messenia*). Tears came to my eyes seeing the hands of an enslaved Greek bathed in vain by those streams of oil that brought vigour to the arms of his fore-fathers so they might triumph over tyrants.

The Consul's house overlooked the Gulf of Coron: from my window I saw the Messenian sea coloured the deepest azure; before me, on the far side of that sea, rose the high Taygetus range covered with snow; justly compared to the Alps by Polybius, but the Alps under a more beautiful sky. To my right lay the sea, and to my left, in the depths of the Gulf, I found Mount Ithome, isolated like Vesuvius, and similarly truncated at the summit. I could not tear myself away from this spectacle: what thoughts does the sight of those deserted shores of Greece not inspire, where you hear only the whistling of the mistral and the eternal moan of the waves! Only the sound of distant cannon fire against the cliffs of the Maniots, ordered by the Kaptan-Pasha, interrupted those sad noises with its still sadder sound. On the whole extent of sea only that barbarous commander's fleet could be seen: I recalled the memory of those American pirates who planted their blood-stained flag on an unknown shore, claiming possession of an enchanted land on behalf of death and slavery, or rather I thought I saw the ships of Alaric sailing from a Greece in flames, carrying the spoils from its temples, the trophies from Olympia, and the broken statues of Liberty and the Arts. (See the description of Messenia in *Les Martyrs* Bk I.)

I left Coroni on the 12th of August at two in the morning, blessed by the civilities and attentions of Monsieur Vial, who gave me a letter to the Pasha of the Morea, and another letter to a Turk at Misitra. Joseph and I embarked with my new Janissary in a caique that was to take me to the mouth of the Pamisus (*Pirnatza River*), on the Gulf of Messenia. A few hours of delightful travel had carried me along the course of the largest river of the Peloponnese, when our small boat ran aground in the shallows. The Janissary went off to obtain horses from Nissi, a large village three or four miles upstream from the sea. The river was covered with a multitude of wild birds whose games I amused myself in watching until the Janissary returned. Nothing would be more pleasant than natural history, if one were to relate it always to human history: we would delight in seeing the migratory birds forsake the unknown tribes of the Atlantic shores to visit the famed peoples of the Eurotas and Cephisus. Providence, to confound our vanity, permitted the creatures, long before mankind, to realise the true extent of man's abode; and perhaps some bird of the Americas attracted Aristotle's attention on the waters of Greece, that philosopher failing even to suspect the existence of the New World. Antiquity offers us throughout its history a host of curious parallels; and often the marches of peoples and armies followed the wanderings of a few solitary birds, or the peaceful migrations of camels and gazelles

The Janissary returned to the river-bank with a guide and five horses, two for the guide and the other three for the Janissary, Joseph and I. We went on to Nissi, which seems unknown to antiquity. I saw the *vaivode* (*local official*) for a moment; he was a very affable

young Greek, who offered me wine and preserves: I did not accept his hospitality, and continued my journey to Tripolitsa.

We headed for Mount Ithome, leaving the ruins of Messene (*Messini*) on the left. The Abbé Fourmont, who visited the ruins seventy years ago, counted thirty-eight towers, still standing. I think that Monsieur Vial may have assured me that there were now nine entire, besides a considerable ruined stretch of containing wall. Monsieur Pouqueville (*François de Pouqueville*), who crossed Messenia ten years previously, did not visit Messene. We arrived, at about three in the afternoon, at the foot of Ithome, today called Mount Vulcano, according to D'Anville. I convinced myself, while examining this mountain, of the difficulty of understanding the ancient authors without seeing the places they write about. It is evident, for example, that Messene and the ancient Ithome could not have embraced the mountain in their circuit, and that the Greek particle περί must be explained just as Monsieur Lechevalier has explained the course taken by Hector and the pursuing Achilles, that is to say we must translate it as *before* Troy, and not *around* Troy.

We passed through several villages, Chafasa, Skala, Cyparissa, and others recently destroyed by the Pasha on his last expedition against the bandits. Throughout all these villages I only saw one woman: she did not belie the blood of Heracles, by her blue eyes, her height and her beauty. Messenia was almost always unfortunate: a fertile land is often a fatal advantage for a people to possess. From the desolation that reigned around me, it almost seemed as if the fierce Spartans were still ravaging the country of Aristomenes. A great man undertook to avenge a great man: Epaminondas raised the walls of Messene. Unfortunately we must blame this town for Philopoemen's death. The Arcadians wrought vengeance for that death, and bore the ashes of their compatriot to Megalopolis. I with my little caravan traversed the very same paths along which the funeral convoy of the last of the Greeks had passed, about two thousand years previously.

After skirting Mount Ithome, we crossed a stream which flows north, and could well be one of the sources of the Valira (*Mavrozoumena River*). I never challenge the Muses, they have not blinded me as they did Thamyris, and if I had possessed a lyre, I should not have hurled it into the Valira, at the cost of being changed into a nightingale after my death (*See Plato; Republic X, conclusion*). I still wish to follow the cult of the Nine Sisters for a few more years, after which I will abandon their altars. Anacreon's crown of roses does not tempt me: the most fitting crown for an old man is white hair and the memories of an honourable life. (The author was then at work on *Les Martyrs*, for the sake of which he undertook this voyage. His plan was to renounce the works of the imagination after the publication of *Les Martyyrs*. His farewell to the Muse may be read in the last book of that work.)

Andania should be lower down the course of the Valira. I would have liked to have seen at least the location of Merope's palace.

> *J'entends des cris plaintifs. Hélas! dans ces palais*
> *Un dieu persécuteur habite pour jamais.*
>
> I hear cries, alas, in this palace where

A god of persecution dwells forever!

(*Voltaire: Mérope. Act III, Scene I: 625*)

But Andania was too far from our route to try and find its ruins. An uneven plain, covered with tall grass and herds of horses, like the savannahs of Florida, led me to the depths of the basin where the high mountains of Arcadia and Laconia meet. Mount Lykaion lay ahead of us, though a little to our left, and we probably trod the soil of Stenykleros (*See Pausanias IV.3.7*). I failed to hear Tyrtaeus there, singing at the head of the Spartan battalions; but in his absence, I encountered a Turk, riding a decent horse and accompanied by two Greeks on foot. As soon as he recognized my French costume he spurred towards me, and shouted in French: 'It's a fine place for travellers, this Morea! In France, I found beds and hostelries everywhere from Paris to Marseilles. I'm very tired and I've come overland from Coroni, and I'm going to Leondari. Where are you going? I replied that I was going to Tripolitsa. 'Well,' said the Turk, 'we can go together to the Imperial Caravanserai, but my dear sir I am extremely tired.' This courteous Turk was a merchant from Coroni who had travelled to Marseilles, from Marseilles to Paris, and from Paris back to Marseilles (It is remarkable that Monsieur Pouqueville met, at approximately the same place, a Turk who spoke French. Perhaps it was the same man.)

It was dark when we reached the entrance to the gorge, on the borders of Messenia, Arcadia and Laconia. Two parallel mountain ranges form the Hermaion, which runs from north to south. The path rises gradually on the Messenian side, and descends by a gentle slope towards Laconia. This may be the Hermaion where, according to Pausanias, Orestes, troubled by the first appearance of the Eumenides, bit off his finger in his madness. (*Pausanias VIII.34.2*)

Our caravan was soon deep in this narrow gorge. We walked in complete silence and in single file. (I do not know if this is the same Hermaion that Monsieur Pouqueville and his companions in misfortune passed through in coming from Navarino. For a description of this part of Messenia, see *Les Martyrs* Bk. XIV.) The route, despite the swift justice meted out by the Pasha, was unsafe and we were prepared for any emergency. At midnight we arrived at the caravanserai in the midst of the gorge: the sound of water and a large tree announced that pious foundation of a servant of Mohammed to us. In Turkey all public institutions are due to individuals; the State does nothing for the State. These institutions are the result of the religious spirit, and not the love of country, since there is no country. Now, it is remarkable that all these fountains, all these caravanserais, all these bridges are crumbling, and date from the early days of the empire: I do not think I encountered one modern construction along the way: from which one must conclude that religion is enfeebled among the Muslims and, along with that religion, Turkish society is on the point of collapse.

We entered the Caravanserai via a stable; a ladder shaped like an inverted pyramid led us to a dusty attic. The Turkish merchant threw himself on a mat, exclaiming: 'This is the best caravanserai in the Morea! Between Paris and Marseilles I found beds and hostelries everywhere.' I tried to console him by offering him half the food I had brought

from Coroni. ‘Ah, my dear sir,’ he cried: ‘I am so weary I shall die!’ And he groaned, and tugged at his beard, and wiped his brow with a shawl, and cried: ‘Allah!’ Nevertheless he ate the portion of my dinner he had at first refused, with a hearty appetite.

I left this fellow (the Turk, who was half Greek, as Monsieur Fauvel has since informed me, is forever on the road: he enjoys an uncertain reputation, through meddling, extensively to his own advantage, in army supplies.) on the 13th of August, at daybreak, and I continued my journey. Our progress was very slow: instead of the Janissary from Methoni who had one desire, to kill his horse, I had a Janissary of an altogether different species. My new guide was a thin little man, pitted by smallpox, who spoke in a low and measured voice, so possessed by the dignity of his turban that one might have taken him for some new creation. A person of such gravity could not put his horse to the gallop unless the importance of the occasion required it: for example, whenever he saw some traveller. The irreverence with which I interrupted the order of our progress, riding forward, to right or left, whenever I found some ancient ruins, displeased him greatly; but he dared not complain. For the rest, I found him loyal and unselfish enough for a Turk.

Another matter slowed our progress still further; the velvet suit in which Joseph was dressed, in the full heat of the Morea, made him very unhappy; at the slightest motion of his horse he clung to the saddle: his hat falling off on one side, his pistols on the other; it was necessary to retrieve them all, and re-seat Joseph on his horse. His excellent character shone with a new lustre amidst all these troubles, and his good humour was unfailing. It took us three mortal hours to leave the Hermaion behind, quite similar in this stretch to the passage of the Apennines between Perugia and Terni. We entered a fertile plain extending to Leondari. There, we were in Arcadia, on the border with Laconia.

It is generally accepted, despite the opinion of D’Anville, that Leondari is not the ancient Megalopolis. We rather find in the former the ancient Leuktra of Laconia, and that is the opinion held by Monsieur Barbié du Bocage (*Jean-Denis Barbié du Bocage*). Where then is Megalopolis? Perhaps it is the village of Sinano. I would have had to leave the route, and carry out investigations that were irrelevant to the purpose of my journey. Megalopolis, which is celebrated by no other memorable action or masterpiece of art, tempted my curiosity only as a monument to the genius of Epaminondas and as the birthplace of Philopoemen and Polybius.

Leaving Leondari, a thoroughly modern city, on the right we passed a clump of ancient oak trees, the venerable remains of some sacred grove: a huge vulture, perched there on top of a dead tree, seemed to await the imminent passage of a soothsayer. We saw the sun rise over Mount Boreion; we alighted at the foot of this mountain to climb a trail carved in the rock: these trails are called *Ladder-Paths* in Arcadia.

In the Morea, I found neither Greek paths nor Roman roads. Turkish paved ways two and a half feet wide serve to cross the low lying and marshy places: as there is not a single wheeled vehicle in this part of the Peloponnese, these roads are adequate for the peasant’s mule and the soldier’s horse. However, Pausanias and the Tabula Peutingeriana (*the map of the Roman road network*) indicate many roads in places I traversed, especially around Mantinea. Bergier (*Nicolas Bergier*) has documented them thoroughly in his *Roads of the Empire* (the Peutinger Table is unlikely to be wrong, at least as to the existence of these

roads, since they appear on that curious relic, which is simply a record of the ancient post roads. The only difficulty is in calculating the distances involved, especially as regards Gaul, where the abbreviation *leg* may be understood as *lega* or *legio*.)

We found ourselves in the vicinity of a source of the Alpheus, I gazed avidly at the gullies that I encountered, all were dry and silent. The track leading from Boreion to Tripolitsa first passes through empty plains, and then plunges into a long stony valley. The sun devoured us; from the few sparse scorched shrubs were suspended cicadas that fell silent as we approached; they re-commenced their noise when we were gone: nothing could be heard but that monotonous sound, the hooves of our horses, and the chanting of our guide.

Once a Greek postilion is in the saddle, he begins a song that continues for the whole journey. It is almost always a long tale in verse to ease the boredom of the descendants of Linus: it contains many verses to a sad tune that somewhat resembles the tunes of our old French romances. One, among others, which must be well-known, since I heard it from Coroni to Athens, recalls in a striking manner the air:

Mon coeur, charmé de sa chaîne,

My heart, delighted by its chain,

(*Anonymous*)

One need only stop after the first four lines, without continuing on to the refrain:

Toujours! Toujours!

Always! Always!

Might the Venetians have brought these songs to the Morea? Did the French, excelling in balladry, encounter the Greek spirit? Are these ancient tunes? And if they are old, do they belong to the later school of music among the Greeks, or do they go back to the days of Olympus? I leave these questions to the experts to decide. But I seem to hear the song of my wretched guides, by night, by day, at sunrise, at sunset, in the wilds of Arcadia, on the banks of the Eurotas, in the wilds of Argos, Corinth, Megara: places where the Maenad's voice no longer sounds, where the chanting of the Muses has ceased, where the unhappy Greek alone seems to deplore in sad lament the woes of his country:

……Soli cantare periti Arcades.

……Arcadians alone are skilled in song.

(*Virgil: Eclogues X:32*)

(In Greece, Jacques Spon noted an air identical to the anonymous *Réveillez vous, belle endormie: awake, oh lovely sleeper*, and even amused himself with composing words in modern Greek to that tune.)

Nine miles from Tripolitsa, we met two officers of the Pasha's guard, who like me were travelling post. They were beating the horses and the postilion with whips of rhinoceros hide. They halted on seeing me, and asked to inspect my weapons: I refused to hand them over. The Janissary told me through Joseph that it was merely a question of satisfying their curiosity, and I could in turn inspect the weapons of these travellers. On this condition, I was happy to satisfy the *Sipahis* (*Ottoman cavalry*): we exchanged weapons. They examined my pistols for a long time, and ended by firing them at me above my head.

I had been warned never to allow myself to be made sport of by the Turks, if I wished to avoid exposing myself to a thousand insults. I appreciated several times, during what ensued, how useful the advice was: a Turk is as pliable if he sees that you do not fear him, as he is offensive if he discovers that he has inspired fear in you. I had no need, however, of a warning on this occasion, and the pleasantry seemed to me too offensive not to render blow for blow. So pricking the flanks of my horse with my spurs, I charged the Turks, and gave them a blast of their own pistols in passing, so close to their faces that the priming scorched the youngest *Sipahi's* moustache. An explanation ensued, between the officers and the Janissary, who informed them that I was a Frenchman: at the word Frenchman, there was no element of Turkish politeness that they failed to show me. They offered me a pipe, loaded my weapons, and returned them to me. I felt obliged to retain the advantage they had yielded to me, and merely had Joseph load their pistols. The two idiots wanted me to race them: I refused, and they departed. It was obvious that I was not the first Frenchman that they had heard speak, and that their Pasha knew my countrymen thoroughly.

One can read in Monsieur Pouqueville an accurate description of Tripolitsa, capital of the Morea. I had not seen a wholly Turkish town: the red roofs of the place, its minarets and domes struck me pleasantly at first glance. Tripolitsa is still located in a fairly arid part of the valley of Tegea, and beneath one of the ridges of Mount Maenalus, which seemed to me devoid of trees and greenery. My Janissary conducted me to a Greek known to Monsieur Vial. That Consul, as I said, had given me a letter to the Pasha. The day after my arrival, the 15th of August, I went to see His Excellency's *dragoman* (*official interpreter*): I begged to be issued as soon as possible with my *firman* (*travel permit*) and the order necessary to pass the Isthmus of Corinth. This dragoman, a young man of slim and spiritual aspect, replied in Italian that firstly he was ill, then that the Pasha had just gone to visit his wives; that one did not speak so to a Pasha; one must wait; and that the French were always in a hurry.

I replied that I had only asked for the *firmans* out of politeness; that my French passport was sufficient for me to travel in Turkey, currently at peace with my country, and that since there was not the time to oblige me, I would leave without the *firmans* and without presenting the Consul's letter to the Pasha.

I left. Two hours later the dragoman asked me to return; I found him more tractable, either because from my tone of voice he took me for a person of importance, or because he

feared I should find some way to bring my complaints to his master's attention; he told me he was going to see His Highness, and discuss my situation with him.

Indeed, two hours later a Tartar came for me and took me to the Pasha. His palace is a large square wooden house with a vast courtyard at its centre, and galleries on the four sides of the courtyard. They made me wait in a room, where I found the holy fathers and patriarch of the Morea. These priests and their patriarch spoke much, and displayed to perfection the smooth and debased manners of Greek courtiers of the late Empire. I had reason to believe, by a noticeable stir of activity, that they were preparing a brilliant reception for me; the ceremony embarrassed me. My clothes were torn, my boots dusty, my hair dishevelled, and my beard filthy like that of Hector: *barba squalida* (*see Vergilius Cothurnus by Michael Mattaire, line 117*). I was wrapped in my coat, and more like a soldier emerging from his bivouac than a foreigner attending an audience with a great lord.

Joseph, who said he was familiar with Eastern ceremonial, insisted I wear the coat: my short jacket displeased him; he himself would accompany me with the Janissary, in my honour. He walked behind me without boots, legs and feet bare, and with a red handkerchief over his hat. Unfortunately he was stopped at the palace gate in this fine garb: the guards were unwilling to let him pass: it filled me with such desire to burst into laughter, that I could never have made serious complaint. The pretension to the turban did for him, and he saw only at a distance the grandeur to which he aspired.

After two hours of delay, boredom, and impatience, I was introduced into the Pasha's audience chamber: I saw a man of about forty years of age, with a fine figure, seated or rather lying on a couch, wearing a silk caftan, a dagger adorned with diamonds at his belt, a white turban on his head. An old man with a long beard respectfully occupied a seat to his right (perhaps it was the executioner); the Greek dragoman sat at his feet; three pageboys held up pellets of ambergris, silver tongs, and fire for the pipe. My Janissary remained by the door.

I stepped forward, and saluted His Excellency, placing my hand over my heart; I handed him the Consul's letter, and, exercising the privilege of the French, I sat down without waiting for permission.

Osman asked me where I came from, where I was going, what I wanted.

I replied that I was on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; that on the way to the holy city of the Christians I was traversing the Morea to view Roman antiquities (everything that relates to the Greeks, and the Greeks themselves, are termed Roman by the Turks.); that I wanted a *firman* for post-horses, and an order to pass the Isthmus.

The Pasha replied that I was welcome, that I might view anything I pleased, and that he would issue me with the *firmans*. He then asked me if I was a military man, and whether I had fought in Egypt.

This question puzzled me, not knowing why it was asked. I replied that I had formerly served my country, but had never been in Egypt. Osman immediately relieved me of my embarrassment: he told me plainly that he had been taken prisoner by the French at the Battle of Aboukir (*July, 1799*); that he was very well treated by my countrymen, and that he would remember them always.

I did not expect the honour of coffee, yet I obtained it: I then complained of the insult offered to one of my people, and Osman invited me to give twenty strokes of the cane to the wretch who had stopped Joseph. I refused this compensation, and contented myself with the Pasha's goodwill. I left the audience quite satisfied; it is true that I had shown the Empire a respect equally as flattering. Happy if the Turks in office employed simplicity of manners and justice in seeking the welfare of the peoples they govern! But they are tyrants consumed with the thirst for gold, who shed innocent blood without remorse in its pursuit.

I returned to the house of my host, preceded by my Janissary and followed by Joseph, who had forgotten his disgrace. I passed close to some ruins whose construction seemed antique: I woke then from that species of distraction into which the previous scenes with the two Turkish officers, the dragoman and the Pasha, had thrown me. I found myself suddenly in the land of the Tegeans: and I was a Frenchman in short jacket now and large hat; and had just returned from an audience with a Tartar in a long robe and turban in the midst of Greece!

Eheu ….fugaces labuntur anni!

Oh…how the years fly, they're slipping away!

(*Horace: Odes 2.14 lines1-2*)

Monsieur Barbié du Bocage rightly protests against the inaccuracy of our maps of Morea, where the capital of this province is often not even acknowledged. The cause of this neglect is the change in Turkish government in this part of Greece. There used to be a *sanjak* (*administrative district*) based on Coroni. The Morea has become a *pashalik* (*Imperial sub-division*) and the Pasha has established his residence in Tripolitsa, as a more central point. As to the agreeability of the location, I have noticed that the Turks are quite indifferent to beauty of place. In this respect they lack the sensitivity of the Arabs, whom the charm of sky and earth always seduces, and who still mourn today their lost Granada.

However, though very obscure, Tripolitsa was not entirely unknown to Monsieur Pouqueville, who calls it Tripolitza; Pellegrin speaks of it, and calls it Trepelozza; D'Anville, Trapolizza; Monsieur de Choiseul, Tripolizza; and other travellers have followed that spelling. D'Anville observes that Tripolizza is not Mantinea: it is a modern city, which seems to have arisen between Mantinea, Tegea and Arcadian Orchomenos.

In the evening, a Tartar brought me my firman for the post horses and the order to allow passage of the Isthmus. In establishing themselves in the ruins of Constantinople, the Turks have clearly retained several customs of the conquered peoples. The post-system established in Turkey is, very nearly, that fixed on by the Roman emperors: one pays nothing for the horses; the weight of your luggage is regulated, you are obliged to provide all food, etc. I refused to take advantage of these magnificent but obnoxious privileges, whose burden falls on the wretched people: I paid for all my horses and food like a traveller without protection or *firman*.

Tripolitsa being a completely modern city, I left on the 15th of August for Sparta, which I longed to reach. I was forced, so to speak, to retrace my steps, a thing which would not have been necessary if I had first entered Laconia via Kalamata. Three miles to the west, on leaving Tripolitsa, we halted to view some ruins: they are those of a Greek monastery destroyed by the Albanians at the time of the Russian War; but the walls of this monastery revealed the remains of beautiful architecture, and stones carved with inscriptions embedded in the masonry. I tried for a long while to decipher one to the left of the main door of the church. The letters were from the old days, and the inscription appeared to be in boustrophedon (*bi-directional text*): though that does not always indicate great antiquity. The characters were inverted by the position of the stone, and the stone itself was fractured, set very high, and partly covered by cement. I could decipher nothing, except the word ΤΕΓΕΑΤΕΣ, Tegeans, which caused me almost as much joy as if I was a member of the Academy of Inscriptions. Tegea must have had its existence near to the monastery. A host of medals are found in the neighbouring fields. I bought three from a peasant, who could give me no information about them; he sold them to me at a high price. The Greeks, by dint of meeting travellers are beginning to know the value of their antiques.

I must not forget that in wandering among the ruins I found a much more modern inscription: it was the name of Monsieur Fauvel (*the Vice-Consul at Athens*), written in pencil on a wall. One must be a traveller to know what pleasure one experiences in suddenly meeting, in far-off and unknown places, with a name that reminds one of home.

We continued our route to the north-west. After walking for three hours through semi-cultivated land, we entered a wilderness that does not end until one reaches the valleys of Laconia. The dry bed of a stream served us for a road; we wound with it through a labyrinth of low mountains, all similar to each other, exhibiting nothing but bare summits and flanks covered with a species of dwarf live-oak with leaves like holly. On the bank of the dried-up stream, in the midst of these little hills, we found a caravanserai shaded by two plane trees, and refreshed by a small spring. We let our mounts rest: we had been ten hours on horseback. We found that the only food was goat's milk and some almonds. We left before sunset, and halted at eleven o'clock in the evening in a gorge running into the valley, on the edge of another stream, which retained a little water.

The track we followed did not pass through anywhere famous: it had served none the less as a route for troops from Sparta, on the way to fight those of Tegea, in the early wars of Lacedaemon. On the road I only met with a temple of Jupiter-Scotitas (*of the Darkness*) towards the Hermes passage: all these mountains form together the various branches of Mount Parnon, Mount Cronius and Olympus.

On the 16th of August, at daybreak, we bridled our horses: the Janissary prayed, washed his elbows, beard and hands, turned toward the east to summon the light, and we departed. In advancing towards Laconia, the mountains became more elevated and covered with a few clumps of trees, the valleys were narrow and irregular, some of them reminded me, though on a smaller scale, of the site of the Grande Chartreuse (*near Grenoble*) with its magnificent carpet of forests. At noon we came upon a caravanserai, as poor as that of the previous day, though it was adorned with the Ottoman flag. In a space of sixty-five miles these were the only two buildings we had encountered: fatigue and hunger forced us to

remain in this squalid habitation longer than I would have liked. The owner of the place, an old Turk of forbidding aspect, was sitting in an attic that overlooked the stalls of the caravanserai; the goats climbed up to him, and surrounded him with their ordure. He received us in this pleasure house, and did not deign to rise from his dunghill to give sustenance to these dogs of Christians; he shouted in a terrible voice, and a wretched Greek lad, totally naked, his body swollen by fever and the lashes, merely brought us ewe's milk in a jug disgusting for its dirtiness; I was further obliged to go outside in order to drink at my ease, as the goats and their kids besieged me trying to snatch a piece of biscuit I held in my hand. I had eaten bear and sacred dog-meat with the savages; I have since shared a meal with the Bedouin, but I have never met anything comparable to this initial caravanserai of Laconia. Yet it was almost in the same location that the herds of Menelaus grazed, and where he offered a feast to Telemachus: 'meanwhile the guests were arriving at the sacred king's palace. They drove in their sheep, and brought unmixed wine, and their elegantly veiled wives sent bread. So they prepared the feast in the hall' (*Homer: Odyssey IV:620-524*).

We left the caravanserai at about three in the afternoon: after five hours we reached a ridge of mountains, and found before us Taygetus, whose opposite side I had already seen; Misitra, at its foot; and the Vale of Laconia.

We descended by a kind of stairway cut in the rock, like that of Mount Boreion. We saw a delicate bridge with a single arch, thrown elegantly across a small river, and connecting two tall hills. Arriving at the river, we forded its clear waters, through tall reeds, and beautiful oleanders in full bloom. The river that I thus passed, unknowingly, was the Eurotas. A tortuous valley opened before us; it wound around several hills of a similar nature, which looked like artificial mounds or tumuli. We followed these detours, and arrived at Misitra as night was falling.

Monsieur Vial had given me a letter for one of the principal Turks in Misitra, named Ibrahim-Bey. We alighted in his courtyard, and his slaves led me to the guest-room; it was filled with Muslims who were like me all travellers and guests of Ibrahim. I took my place on the couch in the midst of them; like them I hung my weapons on the wall above my head. Joseph and my Janissary did likewise. Nobody asked me who I was, or where I came from: everyone continued to smoke, sleep or talk to his neighbour without a glance at me.

Our host arrived: he had been presented with the letter from Monsieur Vial. Ibrahim, who was about sixty years old, had a kind and open visage. He approached me, took my hand affectionately, blessed me, tried to pronounce the word *good*, half in French, half in Italian, and sat down beside me. He spoke in Greek to Joseph, he begged me to pardon him if he had not received me as promptly as he had wished: he had a sick child: a *figliuolo*, he repeated in Italian, and it had distracted him, *mi fa tornar la testa*, and he gripped his turban with his two hands. Assuredly it was not fatherly tenderness in all its simplicity that I would have expected to find at Sparta; yet here was an old Tartar displaying the natural emotion, in the ancient graveyard of those mothers who told their sons, as they handed them their shields: Ή ταν ή επί ταν*: (return) with this or upon it*.

Ibrahim left me after a few moments, to go and see his son, he ordered a pipe and coffee to be brought to me; but as the dinner hour was over, I was not served *pilau*: though

it would have given me great pleasure since I had barely eaten for twenty-four hours. Joseph took a sausage from his sack, pieces of which he swallowed without the Turks knowing; he offered some secretly to the Janissary, who averted his eyes with a mixture of regret and horror.

I ignored them: I lay down on a couch in the corner of the room. A window with a reed lattice opened on the valley of Laconia, on which the moon shed a wonderful light. Leaning on my elbow, I let my eyes roam the sky; the vale; the peaks of Taygetus, bright or sombre, according to whether they were in darkness or light. I could scarcely convince myself that I breathed the air of the homeland of Helen and Menelaus. I allowed myself those reflections we all make, and I more than another, on the vicissitudes of human destiny. What varied places had shared my peaceful or troubled repose! On how many occasions, by the light of those same stars, in the forests of America, on the roads of Germany, among the moors of England, in the Italian countryside, in the midst of the sea, had I given myself over to those same thoughts touching the vagaries of life!

An old Turk, a man, it seemed, of some worth, drew me from these reflections, in order to prove to me in a much more direct manner that I was far from my homeland. He lay at my feet on the couch: he turned, he sat up, he sighed, he called his slaves, he sent them away again; he waited for daylight with impatience. The dawn came (the 17th of August): the Tartar, surrounded by his servants, some kneeling, others standing, removed his turban, he admired himself in a piece of broken mirror, combed his beard, curled his moustache, rubbed his cheeks to enliven them. After making his toilet thus, he departed, majestically shuffling his slippers, and throwing me a disdainful look.

My host entered some time later, carrying his son in his arms. The poor child, thin and yellow from fever, was quite naked. He had amulets and various spells hanging round his neck. The father put him on my lap, and it was necessary to listen to the history of the disease: the child had taken all the quinine in the Morea; he had been bled (and the sickness was there); his mother had made charms, and attached a turban to the grave of a saint: nothing had helped. Ibrahim finished by asking if I knew of any remedy: I remembered that in my childhood I had been cured of a fever with common centaury (*centaurium erythraea*); I advised the use of this plant, as the gravest of doctors might have done. But what was this centaury? Joseph held forth. I pretended that centaury was discovered by a doctor of that neighbourhood, called *Chiron*, who rode the mountains on horseback. A Greek said he knew that Chiron, he was from Kalamata, and he usually rode a white horse. As we were taking counsel, we saw a Turk enter, whom I recognized as an elder of the faith by his green turban (*worn by a Hadji*). He came to us, took the child's head between his hands, and uttered a devout prayer; such is the nature of piety; it is moving and respected even in the most erroneous of religions.

I had sent the Janissary to find horses and a guide, so as to visit first Amyclae and then the ruins of Sparta, where I thought them to be: while I awaited his return, Ibrahim serve me a Turkish meal. I was still lying on the couch: they set a very low table before me: a slave helped me to wash my hands; they brought me diced chicken with rice on a wooden board, I ate with my fingers. After the chicken, a sort of mutton stew was served in a copper basin; then figs, olives, grapes and cheese, to which, according to Guillet (*Georges*

Guillet de Saint-Georges) Misitra owes its name (Saverio Scrofani agrees with that opinion. If Sparta took its name from the flowering broom, *spartium junceum*, and not Spartus son of Amyclus, or Sparta, wife of Lacedaemon, Misitra may well have take its name from a cheese.) Between each course a slave poured water over my hands, and another offered me a cloth, of thick cotton, but very white. I refused to drink wine out of courtesy: after coffee, I was offered soap for my moustache.

During the meal, the elder of the faith asked me several questions, via Joseph; he wanted to know why I was travelling since I was neither a merchant nor a doctor. I replied that I was travelling to see the various peoples, especially those Greeks who were dead: that made him laugh: he replied that since I had come to Turkey, I ought to learn Turkish. I gave him a better reason for my travelling by saying that I was a pilgrim on my way to Jerusalem. 'Hadji, Hadji!' (Pilgrim, Pilgrim!), he cried. He was fully satisfied. Religion is a sort of universal language understood by all men. The Turk could not understand that I had left my homeland out of a simple motive of curiosity; but he found it quite natural that I should undertake a long journey to pray at a shrine, to ask God for prosperity or deliverance from some affliction. Ibrahim, who when bringing me his son had asked if I had any children, was convinced that I was going to Jerusalem to obtain some. I had found the savages of the New World indifferent to my foreign manners, but solely attentive like the Turks to my weapons and my religion, that is to say, the two things that protect mankind in regard to body and soul. This unanimous agreement of people concerning religion, and the simplicity of ideas, struck me as worthy of note.

In addition, this guest-room where I took my meal offered a rather touching scene, which recalled the ancient customs of the East. Not all of Ibrahim's guests were rich, many were not, and several were even genuine beggars: yet they sat on the same couch with the Turks who had a large train of horses and slaves. Joseph and my Janissary were treated as I was, except that they were still not placed at my table. Ibrahim welcomed his guests equally; spoke to everyone; made sure everyone was served. There were beggars in rags whom slaves respectfully brought coffee. We recognize here the charitable precepts of the Koran, and the virtue of hospitality that the Turks borrowed from the Arabs; but this brotherhood of the turban does not cross the threshold, and many a slave has drunk coffee with his host, whose neck that same host has severed on leaving. Yet I have read, and I was told, that in Asia there are Turkish families still possessing the character, simplicity and candour of former ages: I believe it, because Ibrahim was certainly one of the most venerable men I have ever encountered.

The Janissary returned with a guide who offered me horses not merely for Amyclae, but for Argos too. He asked a price which I accepted. The elder of the faith, witness to the transaction, rose in a fit of anger; he told me that since I was travelling to observe the people, I ought to know that I was dealing with rogues; that these fellows were robbing me; that the price they were asking was extraordinary; that I owed them nothing, since I had a *firman;* and finally that I had been duped utterly. He exited, full of indignation, and I saw that he was less moved by a spirit of justice than disgusted by my stupidity.

At eight in the morning I left for Amyclae, now Sclavo-Chorio. I was accompanied by the new guide and a Greek cicerone, a very good man, but very ignorant. We took the

track over the plain, at the foot of Taygetus, following small shaded and very agreeable paths, passing between gardens; these gardens, watered by streams flowing down the mountain, were planted with mulberry trees, fig trees and sycamores. One could also see plenty of watermelons, grapes, cucumbers and herbs of various kinds: from the beauty of the sky and the nature of the nearby crops, one might have thought one was in the vicinity of Chambery (*in Savoy*). We crossed the Tiasa (*Trypiotiko*), and arrived at Amyclae (*Amykles*), where I found only a dozen Greek chapels destroyed by the Albanians, and placed at some distance from each other in the middle of cultivated fields. The Temple of Apollo, that of King Eurotas dedicated to the goddess Onga (*now accepted to be an invention of the Abbé Michel Fourmont's*), the tomb of Hyacinthus, everything has vanished. I could not find any inscriptions; yet I searched carefully for the famous obituary list (*now deemed a forgery*) of the priestesses of Amyclae, which the Abbé Fourmont copied in 1731 or 1732, and which yielded a sequence dating to almost a thousand years before Christ. The destruction of antiquities is increasing so rapidly in Greece that often a traveller cannot find the slightest vestige of monuments that another passer-by has admired only a few months before him (*!*). While I was looking for fragments of ancient ruins among heaps of modern ruins, I saw some peasants led by a priest and they removed a board leaning against the wall of one of the chapels, and entered a sanctuary that I had not yet visited. I had the curiosity to follow them, and found that these poor people prayed alongside their priests among the ruins: they sang the Litany before an image of the Panagia (The Holy Virgin) daubed in red on a wall painted blue. It was some distance from these celebrations to those of Hyacinthus, but the triple glory of the ruins, those unfortunates, and their prayers to the true God effaced, to my eyes, all the glory of the earth.

My guides urged me to leave, because we were bordering on the Maniots, who despite modern relations are nonetheless great thieves. We re-crossed the Tiasa, and returned to Misitra by the mountain path. I will note here an error that never fails to cause confusion on maps of Laconia. We grant, indifferently, the modern names *Iris* or *Vasilipotamos* to the Eurotas. La Guilletière (Guillet) does not know where Niger (*Domenicus Marius Niger/Domenico Mario Negri, see Geographiae Commentarius XI p342*) came by this name of *Iris,* and Monsieur Pouqueville also seems surprised by that name. Niger, and Meletius (*Michael*, *Archbishop of Athens, see his Ancient and Modern Geography*) who writes *Neris* by corruption, however, were not entirely wrong. The Eurotas is known at Misitra under the name *Iri* (not *Iris*) as far as its junction with the Tiasa: it then takes the name Vasilipotamos, and retains it for the rest of its course.

We arrived in the mountain village of Parori, where we saw a large spring called *Chieramo*: it flows abundantly from the side of a rock; a weeping willow shades it above, and a huge plane tree rises below, round which we sat on mats to take coffee. I do not know how this weeping willow reached Misitra; it is the only one I saw in Greece (Though I rather think I may have seen others in the garden of the Agha of Napoli di Romania, on the Gulf of Argos.) The general opinion is, I believe, that *salix babylonica* came from Asia Minor, while it may have reached us from China via the Orient. It is the same with the

pyramidal poplar, which Lombardy received from the Crimea and Georgia, and whose family is found on the banks of the Mississippi, above Illinois.

There are heaps of broken and buried marble near the fountain of Parori: several fragments bear inscriptions in which one can make out letters and words: given time and money, one might make a few discoveries here perhaps: however, it is likely that most of these inscriptions were copied by the Abbé Fourmont, who collected three hundred and fifty examples in Laconia and Messenia (*these were all later deemed to be forgeries*).

Following this, while still halfway up the flank of Taygetus, we encountered a second fountain called *Πανθάλαμα*, *Panthalama*, which takes its name from the stone from which the water escapes. On the stone can be seen an ancient poorly-executed relief, depicting three dancing nymphs with garlands. Finally we found a third fountain named *Τρίτζέλλα*, *Tritzella*, above which opens an unremarkable cave. (Saverio Scrofani speaks of these fountains.) One might recognize, if one wished, the Dorcia (*the Dorkeian Spring, see Pausanias III.15.2*) of the ancients in one of these three fountains; but then it would be placed much too far from Sparta.

There, that is to say at the Tritzella spring, we were behind Misitra, and almost at the foot of the ruined castle which commands the town. It is set on the top of a rock almost pyramidal in shape. We had consumed eight hours in our travels, and it was four in the afternoon. We left our horses, and ascended on foot to the castle via the Jewish quarter, which winds snail-like round the rock up to the foot of the castle. This area had been completely destroyed by the Albanians, only the walls of the houses were still standing, and one could see, through the openings of windows and doors, traces of the flames that had devoured these former retreats of the poor. Children, as vicious as the Spartans, from whom they are descended, hide in these ruins, spy on the passer-by, and as he passes bring down on him sections of wall, and fragments of rock. I was nearly the victim of one of these Spartan games.

The Gothic castle that crowns the debris is itself in ruins: the gaps in the parapets, the cracks formed in the vaults, and the gaping cisterns, ensure that one cannot walk there in safety. There are no gates, guards, or cannon; the whole thing is deserted; but one is well rewarded for the trouble it takes to climb the turret, by the view enjoyed.

Below you, and on your left, is the section of Misitra that was destroyed; that is to say the Jewish quarter, which I mentioned previously. At the end of this area, you see the archbishop's palace and the church of St. Demetrius, surrounded by a group of Greek houses with gardens.

Vertically below you lies the part of town called the *Κατωχόριον*, the *Katôchôrion*, that is to say the town below the castle.

In front of the Katôchôrion lies the Μεσ*ωχόριον*, the *Mésochôrion*, the middle town: it has large gardens, and contains Turkish houses painted in green and red; one can also see bazaars, caravanserais and mosques.

To the right, at the foot of Taygetos, can be seen the three villages or suburbs that I had crossed: Tritzella, Panthalama, and Parori.

From the town itself, flow two streams: one is called *Ὀβριοπόταμος*, *Hobriopotamos* the river of the Jews; it runs between Katôchôrion and Mésochôrion.

The second is named Panthalama, from the Fountain of the Nymphs, out of which emerges: it meets the Hobriopotamos some distance away in the plain, towards the deserted village of Μαγοϋλα, *Magoula*. These two rivers, over which there is a small bridge, were sufficient for Guilletiere to identify the Eurotas and the Babyca Bridge, under the generic name of *Γέφυρος*, it should, I think, be written *Γέφυρα*.

At Magoula, these two streams flow together into the river Magoula, the ancient Cnacion, and the latter flows into the Eurotas and is lost.

Viewed from the Castle of Misitra, the valley of Laconia is admirable: it extends roughly from north to south, and is bordered on the west by Taygetus, and on the east by the mountains Thornax, Barosthenes, Olympus and Menelaion; small hills obstruct the northern part of the valley, decreasing in height as they descend towards the south, their final ridges forming the hills on which Sparta was sited. From Sparta to the sea a continuous fertile plain extends watered by the Eurotas. (For a description of Laconia, see *Les Martyrs*, Bk. XIV.)

So here I am mounted on a battlement of Misitra castle, viewing, contemplating and admiring the whole of Laconia. 'But when will you speak of Sparta?' the reader asks. Where are the ruins of that city? Are they enclosed by Misitra? Is there no trace left? Why run off to Amyclae before visiting every corner of Sparta? Are you content to name the Eurotas without following its course, without describing its banks? How wide is it? What colour are its waters? Where are its swans, reeds, laurels? The smallest details must be recounted in regard to the home of Lycurgus, King Agis, Lysander, and Leonidas. Everyone has seen Athens, but few travellers indeed have penetrated as far as Sparta: no one has fully described its ruins.'

I would have satisfied the reader long ago, if, at the very moment he saw me on the summit of the keep of Misitra, I had not asked on my own account all the questions that I hear asked of me now.

In preparing for this journey, I neglected no opportunity of gathering all possible information about Sparta: I traced the history of that city from the Romans until our day; I have already spoken of the people and books that told us something of modern Sparta; but unfortunately the notions derived from these are somewhat vague, since they have created two contradictory opinions. According to Père Pacifique (*Père Pacifique de Provins*), Coronelli (*Vincenzo Coronelli*), the romanticist Guillet and those who follow them, Misitra is built on the ruins of Sparta; while according to Spon, Vernon (*Francis Vernon*), the Abbé Fourmont, Leroy (*Julien-David Leroy*) and D'Anville, the ruins of Sparta are some distance from Misitra. It is quite clear from this that the best authorities support the latter view. D'Anville is most definitive, and seems shocked by the opposing view: 'The place, he said, that the city (Sparta) occupied, is named *Palaeochôri* or the old town, the new town whoich goes under the name Misitra which it would be wrong to confuse with Sparta, is further west.' (*Géographie ancienne*, *abrégée* I p.270) Spon, contradicting La Guilletière, expresses himself equally as strongly, in following the testimony of Vernon and Consul Giraud (*Jean Giraud, French Consul at Athens*). Abbé Fourmont, who found so many inscriptions at Sparta, could hardly be wrong about the location of the city. It is true that we do not possess the details of his route, but Leroy, who identified the Theatre and Dromos,

could not fail to know the true position of Sparta. The best geographers, in conformance with these great authorities, have been at pains to point out that Misitra is in no sense Sparta. There are even those who give the approximate distance from one to the other of these cities, making it about six miles.

Evidenced here, by a striking example, is the difficulty of re-establishing the truth once an error has become entrenched. Despite Spon, Fourmont, Leroy, D'Anville, etc, people were generally determined on viewing Misitra as Sparta, I myself above all. Two modern travellers enlightened me, Scrofani and Monsieur Pouqueville. I had not paid attention to the fact that that the latter, in describing Misitra as representing Sparta, was only repeating the opinion of the local inhabitants, and did not express this sentiment as his own: he seems to lean rather towards the opinion of those he considers the best authorities: hence I was forced to conclude that Monsieur Pouqueville, correct regarding everything he saw with his own eyes, had been mistaken in what he had been told of Sparta. (He even says in so many words that Misitra is not the site of Sparta; then he returns to the ideas of the inhabitants of the country. We can see that the author was constantly torn between the leading authorities he was acquainted with, and the chatter of some ignorant Greek.)

Persuaded then, by this initial error of understanding, that Misitra was Sparta, I prepared to set off for Amyclae: my plan was first to eliminate what was not Sparta before granting that city my whole attention. Judge of my embarrassment when, from the heights of the Fortress at Misitra, I persisted in recognizing as the city of Lycurgus an absolutely modern city, whose architecture offered me merely a kind of confused mixture of Oriental manner and Gothic style, of Greek and Italian: with not one poor little ancient ruin in the midst of it all as consolation. If only old Sparta, like ancient Rome, had lifted its disfigured head amidst these new buildings! But no, Sparta was overthrown in the dust, buried in the tomb, trampled by the Turks, dead, quite dead!

So I thought. My cicerone knew hardly a word of Italian and English. To make myself better understood by him, I essayed vile phrases in contemporary Greek: I scribbled with a pencil a few words of ancient Greek, I spoke in Italian and English, I mingled some French with all this. Joseph wanted to assist our communication, and only increased the confusion; the Janissary and the guide (a sort of half-Negroid Jew) gave their advice in Turkish, and added to the evil. We all spoke at once, we screamed, we gesticulated; with our various clothes, languages and diverse complexions, we looked like a host of demons, perched at sunset, on the edge of the ruins. The woods and waterfalls of Taygetus were behind us, Laconia at our feet, and the most beautiful of skies above our heads:

'There is Misitra,' I said to the cicerone: 'is that not Lacedaemon?' He replied: 'Signor, Lacedaemon, what is that?'

– I say Lacedaemon to you, meaning Sparta.'

– Sparta? What?

– I am asking you whether Misitra is Sparta.

– I don't understand.

– What! You, a Greek, you, a Lacedaemonian, do not know the name of Sparta!

– Sparta? Oh yes, a great republic! Famous for Lycurgus!

– This Misitra is Lacedaemon?

The Greek gave me a nod. I was delighted.

'Now,' I said, 'tell me what I am looking at: what is that part of the town called?' And I pointed to the area before me, a little to the right.

'Mesochôrion,' he replied.

– I know that, but what part of Lacedaemon was it?"

– Lacedaemon? What?'

I was beside myself.

'At least tell me where the river was.' And I repeated: 'Potamos, potamos.'

My Greek pointed out to me the stream called the River of the Jews.

'What! That, the Eurotas? Impossible! Tell me where the Vasilipotamos is.'

The cicerone made great gestures, and extended his arm to the right towards Amyclae.

Here I was plunged again into utter perplexity. I pronounced the name *Iri;* and at that, my Spartan pointed to the left, in the opposite direction to Amyclae. It was necessary to conclude that there were two rivers: one on the right, the Vasilipotamos; the other on the left, the Iri; and that neither of these rivers passed through Misitra. One can see above, from the explanation I gave as to these two names, what caused my error.

So, I said to myself, I no longer know where the Eurotas is, but it clearly does not pass through Misitra. Misitra therefore is not Sparta, unless the course of the river has altered, and is now some distance from the city; which is not at all likely. Where then is Sparta? I have come so far, and am unable to find it! I will return without having seen it! I was filled with dismay. As I was descending the keep, the Greek cried: 'Perhaps your Lordship is asking for Palaeochôri?' At this name, I remembered the passage from D'Anville, I cried in turn: 'Yes, Palaeochôri, the old city! Where is Palaeochôri?

– Over there, at Magoula,' said the cicerone and showed me, at a distance, in the valley, a white cottage surrounded by a few trees.

Tears sprang to my eyes, as I fixed my gaze on that little hut, which stood on the deserted site of one of the most famous cities of the world, and which served only to identify the location of Sparta, inhabited by a single goatherd, whose only wealth is the grass that grows on the graves of King Agis, and Leonidas.

I wished to see or hear nothing more. I descended the keep precipitately, despite the cries of the guides who wanted to show me the modern ruins and tell me tales of aghas, pashas, cadis (*judges*), and vaivodes: but passing in front of the archbishop's palace I found a group of priests waiting for *the Frenchman*, at the door, who on behalf of the archbishop invited me to enter.

Although I wished fervently to refuse this act of politeness, there was no means of escape. So I entered: the archbishop was sitting in the midst of his clergy in a very clean room, furnished with mats and cushions in the Turkish manner. All these priests and their leader were men of wit and good humour; several knew Italian and spoke that language with ease. I told them what had happened regarding the ruins of Sparta: they laughed about it, and mocked at the cicerone; they seemed clearly accustomed to foreigners.

The Morea is indeed full of Levantines, Frenchmen, Ragusans, Italians, and especially young doctors from Venice and the Ionian islands, who send it their cadis and

aghas. The roads are safe enough: one finds passably good food, one enjoys perfect freedom, provided one shows a little firmness and prudence. In general, it makes for quite easy travelling, especially for a man who has lived among the American Indians. There are always a few Englishmen on the roads of the Peloponnese: the priests told me they had recently encountered antiquaries and officers of that nation. At Misitra, there is even a Greek house called the English Tavern: there one can eat roast beef and drink port. The traveller, in this respect, owes a great obligation to the English: it is they who have established good inns throughout Europe: in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, and at Constantinople, and Athens, and even at the gates of Sparta, despite Lycurgus.

The Archbishop knew the Vice-Consul at Athens, and I think he said something about having shown him hospitality on the two or three visits that Monsieur Fauvel (*Louis François Sébastian Fauvel was Vice-Consul at Athens from 1803*) had made to Misitra. After I had been served coffee, I was shown the archbishop's palace and the church: the latter, much lauded in our geographies, nevertheless possesses nothing of note. The mosaic pavement is commonplace; the paintings, praised by Guillet, exactly resemble rough drafts of the school preceding Perugino. As for the architecture, there are always domes, more or less overwhelming, more or less multiplied. The cathedral, dedicated to Saint Demetrius, and not to the Virgin, as we have said, possesses, for its part, seven of these domes. Since this ornament was employed in Constantinople in a degenerate artistic period, it has marred all the monuments of Greece. It has neither the boldness of the Gothic, nor the wise beauty of the antique. When immense it is sufficiently majestic; but then it overwhelms the building that bears it; if it is small, it is merely an ignoble skullcap, which fails to link to any element of the architecture, and that rises above the entablature for the express purpose of break the harmonious line of the cymatium (*the moulding on a classical cornice*).

In the library of the archbishop's palace, I found various treatises of the Greek Fathers, books of disputes, and two or three *Byzantine* historians, among others Pachymeres (*Georgius Pachymeres*). It would have been interesting to collate the text of this manuscript with the texts we have, but it has doubtless passed in front of the eyes of our two great Hellenists, the Abbé Fourmont and D'Ansse de Villoison (*Jean-Baptiste Gaspard d'Ansse de Villoison*). It is probable that the Venetians, long time masters of the Morea, have removed the most valuable manuscripts.

My hosts eagerly showed me printed translations of various French works: namely *Télémaque* (*Fénelon*), Rollin (*Histoire Ancienne*) etc., and new publications from Bucharest. Among these translations, I would not have expected to find *Atala*, if Monsieur Stamatis (*Konstantinos Stamatis, French Consul in Civita Vecchia*), had not done me the honour likewise of lending my savage the accents of Homer. The translation I saw in Misitra was not complete; the translator was a Greek, a native of Zante; he found himself in Venice when *Atala* appeared there, in Italian, and it was on this translation that he had based his own, in contemporary Greek. I do not know if I concealed my name from pride or modesty, but my author's petty glory was so pleased to find itself juxtaposed with the greater glory of Lacadaemon, that the doorman of the archbishop's palace had reason to praise my generosity: it was an act of charity for which I have since done penance.

It was dark when I left the archbishop's palace: we traversed the most populous area of Misitra; we passed the bazaar indicated in several descriptions as being in front of the agora of the ancients, always assuming that Misitra is Lacadaemon. This bazaar is a wretched affair like the market halls we see in our little provincial towns. Miserable shops selling shawls, haberdashery, foodstuffs, occupy the streets. The shops were at that time illuminated by lamps of Italian manufacture. They pointed out to me, by the light of these lamps, two Maniots selling dried fish, and the various sea-creatures called *frutti di mare* at Naples. These fishermen, who were fairly tall, resembled peasants from the Franche-Comté. I found nothing extraordinary in them. I bought a dog out of Taygetus from them: it was of medium stature, with coarse tawny hair, a blunt nose, and a savage demeanour:

……*fulvus Lacon,*
amica vis pastoribus.

……...a tawny Laconian,
the shepherd's friend:

(*Horace Epode VI:5-6*)

I named him Argus: 'Ulysses did the same.' (*La Fontaine: La tortue et les deux canards: line13*) Unfortunately I lost him a few days later on the road between Argos and Corinth.

We saw several women go by wrapped in their long robes. We turned aside to yield them the way, according to the custom of the East, which is due more to jealousy than politeness. I could not see their faces, so I do not know whether Sparta is still *Sparta of the beautiful women*, after Homer, *χαλλιγύναιχα*.

I returned to Ibrahim's dwelling after thirteen hours of exploration, during which I had only rested for a few moments. Besides being able to endure fatigue, hunger and the sun, I have observed that lively emotion supports me against lassitude and gives me new strength. Moreover, I am convinced, and more than most, that an inflexible will conquers all, and even overcomes time. I decided not to go to bed, to profit from the night to write up my notes, to set out next day for the ruins of Sparta, and then continue my journey from there without returning to Misitra.

I said farewell to Ibrahim; I ordered Joseph and my guide to set off with the horses on the road to Argos, and to meet me at that stretch of the Eurotas we had already passed on our way from Tripolitsa. I retained only the Janissary to accompany me to the ruins of Sparta: if I could only have done without him, I would have gone to Magoula alone because I have experienced how subordinates who grow impatient and bored interfere in the research one wishes to carry out.

Everything being thus settled, on the 18th of August, half an hour before daybreak, the Janissary and I mounted our horses; I rewarded the good Ibrahim's slaves, and left at full gallop for Sparta.

We had already been riding for an hour, along a firm track heading directly south-east, when as dawn rose I saw some ruins and a long wall of ancient construction: my heart began to throb. The Janissary turned to me, and pointing to a whitish hut on the right with his whip, cried, with an air of satisfaction: 'Palaeochôri!' I walked toward the principal ruin that I could see, on a hill. On rounding this prominence on the north-west to ascend it, I stopped suddenly at the sight of a vast enclosure, opening in a semicircle, and instantly recognized it as a theatre. I cannot describe the tumultuous feelings that besieged me. The hill at the foot of which I was then standing, was therefore that of the citadel of Sparta, since the theatre abutted on the citadel; the ruin that I could see on the hill was thus the temple of Athene Khalkioicon (*Athene of the Bronze House, see Pausanias III.17.2*), since it stood within the citadel; the ruins and length of wall I had passed lower down therefore belonged to the tribe of the Cynosures (*the inhabitants of the Kynosouria quarter, see Pausanias III.16.9. Kynosoura the Dog's Tail was the northern constellation Ursa Minor*), since that tribe lived to the north of the city; Sparta was therefore under my eyes; and its theatre, which I had the good fortune to stumble upon on my arrival, immediately yielded me the positions of the districts and monuments. I dismounted, and ran up the hill onto the citadel.

As I reached the summit, the sun was rising behind the Menelaion Hills. What a beautiful sight! But how sad it seemed! The lonely Eurotas flowing beneath the ruins of the Babyca bridge; ruins everywhere, and not one human being among the ruins! I stood motionless in a kind of stupor, gazing at the scene. A mixture of admiration and sadness retarded my steps and my thoughts; the silence around me was profound: I wanted at least to summon an echo from this place, where the human voice was no longer heard, and I called out as loudly as I could: 'Leonidas!' No repetition of that great name came from the ruins, and it even seemed as if Sparta had forgotten him.

If the ruins to which illustrious memories are attached make clearly visible the vanity of all things here below, we can still agree that the names which survive from those empires, and which immortalise those times and places, mean something. After all, let us not show too much scorn for glory: nothing is more beautiful, except virtue. The height of happiness would be to unite the one with the other in this life, and that was the subject of that unique prayer the Spartans addressed to the gods: *'Ut pulchra bonis adderent! Let virtue be added to beauty!'*(*See the article under Euphémie in the Encyclopédie.*)

When the species of confusion which had seized me had dissipated, I began to explore the ruins around me. The summit of the hill presented a plateau surrounded, especially to the north-west, by thick walls; I made two circuits, and counted one thousand five hundred and sixty, then one thousand five hundred and seventy, ordinary paces, or about seven hundred and eighty geometric paces (*a geometric pace is defined as twice an ordinary one, at five French feet, 1.62 metres, or 5.315 English feet*), but it should be noted that in this circuit I included the entire summit of the hill, including the curve of the hill formed by the excavation of the theatre: that is the theatre Leroy investigated.

Rubble, partly buried underground, partly raised above ground, towards the middle of this plateau, proclaims the foundations of the Temple of Athene-Khalkioicon (Khalkioicon means Bronze House. The texts of Pausanias and Plutarch are not to be taken

literally, by imagining this temple as made wholly of bronze; the name means only that the temple was coated with bronze, within and perhaps without. I hope no one confuses the two Pausanias's I mention here, the one in the text, the other in this note) to which Pausanias (*son of Cleombrotus, see Thucydides I:134*) fled in vain, and lost his life. A kind of terraced ramp seventy feet long, with a very gentle slope, descends from the south of the hill to the plain. This was perhaps the path by which one mounted to the citadel, which was only fortified heavily under the Lacedaemonian tyrants.

At the start of this ramp, and above the theatre, I saw a small round building three-quarters ruined: the interior niches seem equally capable of receiving statues or urns. Is it a tomb? Is this the Temple of the Armed Aphrodite (*see Pausanias III.15.10*)? It should be approximately in this position, and belonged to the Agiadai (*III.2.1*). Caesar, who claimed descent from Venus-Aphrodite, bore on his ring the image of Armed Venus: it was in fact a dual emblem of the failings and glory of that great man:

Vincere si possum nuda, quid arma gerens?

If I can conquer naked, why bear arms?

(*Ausonius: Epigram 64, based on the Palatine Anthology 16.174*)

If one had stood with me on the hill of the citadel, this is what one would have seen around one:

To the east, that is to say towards the Eurotas, a mound of elongated form flattened at its top, to serve as a stadium or racetrack. On both sides of this mound, between it and two other mounds which form two valleys with the first, are the ruins of the Babyca Bridge and the course of the Eurotas. Across the river, the view is arrested by a chain of reddish summits: these are the Menelaion Hills. Behind these hills, a barrier of high mountains arises which borders on the Gulf of Argos, in the distance.

Looking east, between the citadel and the Eurotas, casting one's eyes north and south of east, parallel to the river's course, one can locate the district of the Limnatae (*Pausanias III .16.9*), the temple of Lycurgus (*III.16.6*), the palace of King Demaratos (*III.4.3*), the district of the Agiadai (*III.2.1*), and that of the Mesoatai (*III.16.9*), a Lesché (*λέσχη, a conversation or lounging room, see Plutarch: Lycurgus 25*), the shrine of Cadmus (*Pausanias III.15.8*), the sanctuaries of Herakles and Helen (*III.15.3*) and the Planes (*III.14.8*). Throughout this vast extent, I counted seven sets of remains standing above ground, but completely ruined and shapeless. Since I might choose, I named one of these piles of debris the Temple of Helen; another, the tomb of Alcman (*III.15.1*): I dreamed I was viewing the heroic monuments of Agis and Cadmus; I was thus determined on fable, and as history recognized only the Temple of Lycurgus. I confess that to black broth and the Crypteia (*κρυπτεία, Spartan ritualistic and clandestine military training, see Plutarch: Lycurgus*, *28, 3–7*) I prefer the memory of the only poet Sparta produced (*Alcman*), and the wreath of flowers the girls of Sparta gathered for Helen on the 'island' of the Planes:

…O ubi campi
Sperchiusque et virginibus bacchata Lacaenis,
Taygeta!

…O for the plains,
for Spercheus, for Taygetus of the Spartan virgins'
Bacchic rites!

(*Virgil: Georgics II. 486*)

Looking now towards the north, still from the summit of the citadel, we see a fairly high hill which overlooks even the one on which the citadel was built, which contradicts Pausanias's text. It is in the valley formed by these two hills that the market-place was to be found and the monuments contained by the latter, such as the Council House of the Elders (*Pausanias: III.11.2*), the Persian Colonnade, the Canopy (*III.12.10*), etc. There are no ruins on that side. To the northwest lay the district of the Cynosures, by which I entered Sparta, and where I noted the long wall.

Let us now turn to the west, and we see on a level ground, behind and at the foot of the theatre, three ruins, one of which is quite tall, and rounded like a tower; in this direction were the districts of the Pitanatai (*III.16.9 Pitane, is now Magoula*), Theomelida (*III.14.2*), the tombs of Pausanias and Leonidas (*III.14.1*), the Crotanian Lesché, and the Temple of Issorian Artemis (*III.14.2*).

Finally, if one returns one's gaze to the south, one sees uneven ground lifted here and there by the foundations of walls razed to the level of the soil. Their stones must have been carried off, because there are none to be seen round about. Menelaus's house (*III.14.6*) lay in this direction, and further off on the road to Amyclae, lay the Temple of the Dioscuri and the Graces. This description will become more intelligible if the reader has recourse to Pausanias, or simply the *Travels of the Young Anacharsis* (*Jean-Jacques Barthélemy*).

All the area of Sparta is uncultivated: the sun blazes down in silence, and devours the marble tombs ceaselessly. When I saw this desert, no plant ornamented the ruins, no bird, no insect animated them, no creature except for thousands of lizards, noiselessly climbing and descending the burning walls. A dozen half-wild horses were grazing the withered grass here and there; a shepherd cultivated a few watermelons in a corner of the theatre; and at Magoula, which gives its sad name to Lacedaemon, one notes a scant grove of cypress trees. But even Magoula which was once a sizeable Turkish village has perished on this field of death: its huts have fallen, and it is no more than a ruin proclaiming ruins.

I descended from the citadel, and walked for a quarter of an hour to reach the Eurotas. It looked more or less as I had passed it six miles higher up, without recognising it: at Sparta it has about the width of the Marne above Charenton. Its bed, almost dry in summer, presents a strand sprinkled with small pebbles, clumps of reeds and oleanders, over which run a few threads of cool, limpid water. The water seemed excellent to me; I drank copiously, because I was dying of thirst. The Eurotas certainly deserves the epithet

χαλλιδόναξ, *of lovely reeds*, as Euripides called it; but I don't know that it should retain that of *olorifer* (*Statius: Thebaid IV: 227, 'et oloriferi Eurotae'*) *the swan-bearer*, since I saw no swans on its waters. I followed its course, hoping to encounter those birds that, according to Plato (*Phaedo 84e-85b*), sight Olympus before they die, which is why their last song is so melodious: my search was fruitless. Apparently I was not, like Horace (*Odes II:20*), favoured by the Tyndarides, and they did not wish me to penetrate the secret of their birthplace.

Famous rivers meet the same fate as famous people: first unknown, then celebrated everywhere, they then fall back into their initial obscurity. The Eurotas; first called the *Himera*; now flows, forgotten, as the *Iris*; just as the Tiber, formerly the Albula, now bears the unknown waters of the Tevere to the sea. I examined the ruins of the Babyca Bridge, which are nothing much. I searched for the island called the Planes; I even believe I found it below Magoula: it is an area triangular in shape, one side of which is bathed by the Eurotas while the other two sides are enclosed by ditches full of rushes, where during the winter the river of Magoula flows, the former Cnacion. There are a few mulberry and sycamore trees on this island, but no plane-trees. I saw nothing that might have suggested that the Turks had once made this island a place of delight; however I did see a few flowers, including blue lilies borne by a species of gladiolus; I picked some in memory of Helen: beauty's fragile wreath still exists on the banks of the Eurotas, though beauty itself has vanished.

The view enjoyed while walking along the Eurotas is very different from that seen from the summit of the citadel. The river follows a tortuous course, and hides itself, as I said, among reeds and oleanders as large as trees: on the left bank, the Menelaion Hills, of a barren reddish appearance, form a contrast with the verdant freshness of the Eurotas's bed. On the right bank, Taygetus reveals its magnificent flank; all the space between its flank and the river is occupied by the hills and ruins of Sparta; these hills and ruins do not appear desolate when viewed from nearby: on the contrary, they seem tinged with purple, violet, and pale gold. They are not the meadows, or leaves of pure cold green, that rich landscapes exhibit, they are effects of the light: that is why the rocks and heather of the Bay of Naples are always more beautiful than the most fertile valleys of England and France.

Thus, after centuries of neglect, that river on whose banks Spartans wandered made famous by Plutarch, that river, I say, may have rejoiced in its oblivion to hear the steps of an obscure foreigner sound on its shores. It was on August the 18th, 1806, at nine in the morning, that I took this walk alone beside the Eurotas which will never fade from my memory. Though I hate the Spartan moral code, I cannot fail to understand the greatness of a free people, and I cannot tread that noble dust without emotion. A single fact attests to the glory of that people: when Nero visited Greece, he dared not venture to Sparta. What a wonderful tribute to that city!

I returned to the citadel, stopping at all the ruins I encountered on the way. Since Misitra was probably built from the ruins of Sparta, that fact will undoubtedly have contributed greatly to the deterioration of the monuments of that city. I found my companion in exactly the same place where I had left him: he was seated; he had slept; he had just woken up; he was smoking; he was about to sleep again. The horses were grazing

peacefully in the home of King Menelaus: 'Helen had not left her beautiful distaff wound with purple-dyed wool, to give them pure wheat in a manger.' (*An adaptation of Odyssey IV 120 et al.*) Also, complete traveller that I am, I am still not the son of Odysseus, though I prefer, like Telemachus, my native cliffs to the most beautiful of foreign countries.

It was noon, and the sun darted its burning rays at our heads. We sat in the shade in a corner of the theatre, and we ate, with an appetite, the bread and dried figs we had brought from Misitra; Joseph had taken the remaining provisions. The Janissary rejoiced: he thought we were about to leave, and was preparing to depart, but soon saw, to his chagrin, that he was mistaken. I began to take notes, and make a sketch of the place: all this took two full hours, after which I wished to examine the monuments to the west of the citadel. It was on that side that the tomb of Leonidas ought to be located. The Janissary accompanied me pulling the horses by their bridles; we wandered from ruin to ruin. We were the only two living men in the midst of so many illustrious dead; both barbarians; strangers to one another as well as to Greece; from the forests of Gaul and the rocks of the Caucasus, we met in the depths of the Peloponnese, I to pass by, he to make a living from, the graves of those who were not our ancestors.

I questioned the smallest stones in vain, seeking the ashes of Leonidas. I yet experienced a moment's hope; near that kind of tower I indicated to the west of the citadel, I saw remnants of sculpture that seemed to be those of a lion. We know from Herodotus (*VII: 225*) that there was a stone lion over the tomb of Leonidas, a circumstance which is not reported by Pausanias. I redoubled my ardour; all my efforts were in vain. (My memory deceived me here: the lion mentioned by Herodotus was at Thermopylae. The historian does not even claim the bones of Leonidas were transported to their homeland. He contends that, on the contrary, Xerxes ordered that the king's headless body be fastened to a cross: *VII:238*. Thus, the remains of the lion that I saw at Sparta cannot indicate the tomb of Leonidas. Clearly I did not have a copy of Herodotus to hand in the ruins of Sparta; I only carried on my travels *Racine*, *Tasso*, *Virgil* and *Homer*, the latter with blank pages to write notes. It is therefore not very surprising that relying on my memory as my sole resource, I could mistake the lion's location, but nevertheless I made a factual error. You will find two pleasant epigrams in the *Greek Anthology* on this stone lion of Thermopylae.) I am not sure if this was the place where the Abbé Fourmont discovered three curious monuments (*more of Fourmont's false claims*). One was a little pillar on which was inscribed the name *Jerusalem*: it perhaps derived from that alliance of Jews and Spartans spoken of in *Maccabees* (*see I Maccabees 12:1-23*); the other two monuments were the sepulchral inscriptions of Lysander and Agesilaus: a Frenchman would naturally be the one to find the tombs of two great generals. I note that it is to my compatriots that Europe owes its first satisfactory notions regarding the ruins of Sparta and Athens (True, there are two letters concerning Athens in the collection of Martin Crusius, of 1584, but besides the fact that they say almost nothing of the city, they were written by native Greeks of the Morea, and therefore they are not the result of research of modern travellers. Spon also cites a manuscript in the Barberini Library in Rome, dating from two hundred years before his own travels, in which he found some drawings of Athens.) Deshayes (*Louis Deshayes, Baron de Courmenin*), sent by Louis XIII to Jerusalem, passed through Athens in about

1629: we have his travels, which were not known to Chandler (*the Hellenist, Richard Chandler*). Father Babin (*Jacques-Paul Babin*), a Jesuit, in 1672 gave us his account of *The Present State of the City of Athens*; this account was prefaced by Spon, before that honest and skilful traveller began his journey with Wheler (*George Wheler*). The Abbé Fourmont and Leroy shed the first certain light on Laconia, though in truth Vernon had passed through Sparta before them, but there is only a single letter of the Englishman's: he contents himself with saying that he saw Sparta, and fails to enter into any detail. As for myself, I do not know if my investigations will endure; but at least I have joined my name to that of Sparta, which alone can save me from oblivion, I have, so to speak, re-discovered that immortal city, in giving hitherto unknown details of its ruins: a simple fisherman, by chance or by shipwreck, often determines the position of some reef that has escaped the notice of the most skilled pilots.

There were, at Sparta, a host of statues and altars dedicated to Sleep, Death and Beauty (Aphrodite-Morpho)(*Pausanias III.15.10-11*) deities to all men; and to armed Fear, apparently that which the Spartans inspired in their enemies: none of these remain, but I read on a sort of pedestal these four letters ΛΑΣΑ. Should we read ΓΕΛΑΣΜΑ Gelasma? Might this be the pedestal of the statue of Laughter that Lycurgus erected among those grave descendants of Hercules (*Plutarch: Lycurgus, 25*)? An altar of Laughter remaining alone in the midst of buried Sparta offers a gloriously triumphant subject for the philosophy of Democritus!

The day ended when I tore myself from these illustrious ruins, from the shade of Lycurgus, the memories of Thermopylae, and all the lies, the fables and the history. The sun disappeared behind the Taygetos, so that I saw it both begin and end its circuit of the ruins of Sparta. It was three thousand five hundred and forty-three years since it rose for the first time on that new-born city. I left, filled with the spirit of the objects I had seen, and submerged in inexhaustible reflection: such days allow us to endure many later misfortunes, and above all render us indifferent to the world's fine show.

We ascended the course of the Eurotas for an hour and a half, crossed the fields, and stumbled on the road to Tripolitsa. Joseph and the guide were camped on the other side of the river, near the bridge: they had lit a fire of reeds, despite Apollo, whom the sighing of the reeds consoled for the loss of Daphne. Joseph was abundantly provisioned: he had salt, oil, watermelon, bread and meat. He prepared a leg of mutton, like the companion of Achilles, and served it to me on the corner of a large stone, with wine from Ulysses' vineyard and water from the Eurotas. I possessed what was required in order to find the dinner excellent, that seasoning which the Tyrant Dionysius lacked if he were to appreciate the merits of black broth. (*See Cicero: Tusculan Disputations XXXIV: the seasoning required was 'fatigue from hunting; a sweat; a race on the banks of the Eurotas; hunger and thirst'.*)

After supper, Joseph brought me my saddle, which usually served me as a pillow; I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down beside the Eurotas, under a laurel. The night was so pure and serene that the Milky Way reflected in the river's water seemed like the dawn glow, by the light of which one could have read. I fell asleep with my eyes fixed on the heavens, with the beautiful constellation of Leda's Swan (*Cygnus: checked as correct*

for location, date and time: translator's note) exactly overhead. I still recall the pleasure I used to feel in falling asleep, in that way, in the woods of America, and especially waking in the middle of the night. I would hear the sound of the wind in that solitude; the calls of fallow-deer, does and stags; the roar of some distant cataract, while my fire, half-extinguished, glowed red beneath the foliage. I even loved the voice of the Iroquois, when he raised a cry deep in the forest, and seemed to proclaim his boundless liberty, in the starlight, amidst the silence of nature. All that pleases the twenty year old, because life is sufficient, so to speak, in itself; and because in early youth there is something vague and unquiet that draws us constantly towards chimeras, *ipsi sibi somnia fingunt: they create their own dreams?* (*Virgil: Eclogues VIII:108*); but at a more mature age the mind turns to stronger tastes: above all it wants to feed on memories and examples from history. I would still, willingly, sleep beside the Eurotas or the Jordan if the heroic shades of the three hundred Spartans or the twelve sons of Jacob would visit my sleep, but I would not go to seek a New World which had never been turned by the ploughshare: Now I need ancient deserts, that may, at will, conjure up for me the walls of Babylon or the legions of Pharsalia, *grandia ossa*!: *the bones of giants!* (*Virgil: Georgics I:497*) fields whose furrows instruct me and where I find, human as I am, the blood, tears and sweat of mankind.

Joseph woke me on the 19th of August, at three in the morning, as I had ordered him: we saddled our horses, and departed. I turned my head round towards Sparta, and cast a last glance at the Eurotas: I could not avoid that feeling of sadness one feels in the presence of ancient ruins, and on leaving those places one will never see again.

The path leading from Laconia into the Argolid was in ancient times what it still is today, one of the roughest and wildest in Greece. We followed the Tripolitsa track for some time then, turning east, we plunged into the mountain gorges. We rode swiftly through ravines and under trees that forced us to lie prone on the necks of our horses. I knocked my head so hard against a branch of these trees, that I was thrown ten paces before I knew it. As my horse galloped on, my travelling companions, who were ahead of me, did not notice my fall: their cries, when they returned to me, roused me to my senses.

At four, we reached the summit of a mountain where we allowed our horses to rest. The cold was so intense we were obliged to kindle a fire of broom. I can not assign a name to this place little famous in antiquity: but we must have been close to the sources of the Loenus in the Mount Eva range, and not far from Prasiae on the Gulf of Argos.

We arrived at noon at a large village called *Saint-Paul*, fairly close to the sea: they spoke of nothing but a tragic event that they hastened to recount to us.

A girl of this village, having lost her father and mother, and finding herself mistress of a small fortune, was sent by her relatives to Constantinople. At eighteen she returned to her village: she spoke Turkish, Italian and French; and when foreigners passed through St. Paul, she received them with a civility which made her virtue seem suspect. The peasants' leaders gathered. After reviewing the conduct of the orphan, they resolved to rid themselves of this girl who was a disgrace to the village. They first procured the sum allotted in Turkey to the murder of a Christian; then they entered the girl's home during the night, beat her to death, and a man who was awaiting news of the execution went to carry the blood money to the Pasha. This caused outrage among all the Greeks of Saint-Paul, not

at the atrocity of the deed, but the greed of the Pasha; for the latter, who also found the deed appropriate, and who acknowledged receiving the amount due for a commonplace murder, observed however that the beauty, youth, learning, and travels of the orphan, gave him (he being the Pasha of the Morea) legal right to compensation: in consequence of which His Lordship had sent, that day, two Janissaries to request a further contribution.

The village of Saint-Paul is pleasant; it is watered by fountains shaded by pine trees of the wild species, *pinus sylvestris*. We found one of the Italian doctors there, who travel all over the Morea: I had him bleed me. I drank excellent milk in a very clean dwelling, somewhat resembling a Swiss hut. A young Moraite came to sit before me: he looked, by his size and clothing, like Meleager. Greek peasants are not dressed like the Levantine Greeks we see in France: they wear a tunic which reaches to their knees which they tie with a belt; their wide trousers are hidden by the hem of this tunic, over their bare legs they cross strips of cloth to hold their sandals on; with close-cropped hair, they perfectly resemble ancient Greeks without the cloak.

My new companion, sitting, as I have said before me, watched my movements with great curiosity. He said not a word and devoured me with his eyes: he craned his head to look into the earthenware vase from which I drank my milk. I got up, he got up; I sat down again, he sat down. I presented him with a cigar; he was delighted and by a gesture invited me to smoke with him. When I left, he followed me for half an hour, still without speaking and without my knowing what he wanted. I gave him money, he threw it down: The Janissary wanted to chase him away; he wanted to beat the Janissary. I was touched, I do not know why; perhaps through seeing myself, I a civilized barbarian, appear an object of curiosity to a Greek become a barbarian (The Greeks of the mountains claim to be the true descendants of the Lacadaemonians, they say that the Maniots are simply a collection of foreign brigands, and they are right).

We left Saint-Paul at two in the afternoon, after changing horses, and followed the track to ancient Cynuria (*Kynouria*). At about four o'clock, the guide called to us that we were about to be attacked: indeed, we did see some armed men in the mountains; they watched us for a long time, and let us pass by calmly. We entered the Parthenius range, and descended beside a river whose course led us to the sea. We could make out the citadel of Argos, Nauplia (*Nafplio*), in front of us, and the mountains of Corinth near Mycenae. From the point we had reached, it was still a three hour ride to Argos: it was necessary to pass the head of the Gulf by crossing the marshes of Lerna, which stretched between the city and the place where we found ourselves. We passed an Agha's garden, in which I noted Lombardy poplars mixed with cypresses, lemon, and orange-trees and a grove of trees I have not seen before except in Greece. Shortly afterwards the guide took the wrong path, and we found ourselves following narrow causeways that separated small ponds and flooded paddy-fields. Night overtook us in the midst of this difficulty: at each step it was necessary to leap wide ditches on horses frightened by the darkness, the croaking of frogs, and a host of violet flames that flickered over the marsh. The guide's horse fell, and as we were riding in single file, we stumbled one after another into a ditch. We all cried out at once, without intending to; the water was deep enough for the horses to swim and drown themselves there without their masters; my wound reopened, and my head hurt a great deal.

We emerged at last, miraculously, from this quagmire; but it was by then impossible to reach Argos. We saw a little light among the reeds: we turned towards it, dying of cold, covered with mud, dragging our horses by the bridle, and running the risk at every step of plunging again into some pothole.

The light guided us to a farmhouse in the middle of the swamp in the vicinity of the village of Lerna (*near Mili*): they had just brought in the harvest, and the reapers were lying on the ground: they rose from beneath our feet, and fled like wild beasts. We managed to reassure them, and we spent the rest of the night with them on a pile of sheep's dung, the least dirty and humid place we could find. I would have had the right to pick a quarrel with Hercules, who had failed to finish off the Hydra of Lerna, since I picked up a fever in that unhealthy place which did not quit me totally till I reached Egypt.

On the 20th of August, at daybreak, I was in Argos: the village which has replaced that illustrious city is cleaner and livelier than most other villages in the Morea. Its position is very beautiful, at the head of the Gulf of Nauplia, or Argos, four and a half miles from the sea: on one side are the mountains of Cynuria and Arcadia and on the other the heights of Troezen and Epidaurus.

But whether my imagination was darkened by the memory of the misfortunes and fury of the Pelopides, or whether I was struck by what was really true, the land seemed an uncultivated desert, the mountains sombre and bare, a natural scene fruitful of great crimes and great virtues. I visited what are called the remains of the palace of Agamemnon, the ruins of the theatre, and a Roman aqueduct; I climbed the citadel; I wanted to view any stone that the hand of the king of kings had touched. Who can boast of enjoying a glory compared to those families sung by Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Racine? And yet when one sees, in that very place, how little remains of those families, one is profoundly astonished!

It is a long while since the ruins of Argos have corresponded to the greatness of its name. Chandler, in 1766 (*Regarding this correction to the date, 1755 or 1756, in the original texts, see Chandler's Travels in Greece, Chapter LV, Clarendon Press, 1776*), found them just as I saw them; the Abbé Fourmont in 1729 (*Not as in the text 1746*), and Pellegrin (*Le Sieur Pellegrin*) in 1719 had no happier a visit. The Venetians above all contributed to the destruction of the city's monuments, by employing the debris to build their castle of Palamidi (*at Nafplio*). In the time of Pausanias, there was a statue of Zeus, at Argos, remarkable because it had three eyes, and even more remarkable for another reason: Sthenelus brought it from Troy; it was said to be the statue at whose feet Priam was slain in his palace by the son of Achilles (*Pausanias II.24.5*):

> *Ingens ara fuit, juxtaque veterrima laurus,*
> *Incumbens arae, atque umbra complexa Penates.*
>
> A large altar was there, with an ancient laurel nearby,
> That leant on the altar, and clothed the household gods with shade.
>
> (*Virgil: Aeneid II: 513-514*)

But Argos, which doubtless triumphed at showing within its walls the Penates that betrayed the House of Priam, Argos soon itself presented a fine example of the vicissitudes of fate. From the reign of Julian the Apostate, it was so deprived of its glory, it could not because of it poverty, contribute to the restoration and cost of the Isthmian Games. Julian pleaded its cause against the Corinthians: this plea is still extant among the works of the emperor (*Epistle XXVIII*). It is one of the most singular documents in the history of things and men. Finally Argos, home of the king of kings, having become in the Middle Ages part of the inheritance of a Venetian widow, was sold by the widow to the Republic of Venice for a life annuity of two hundred ducats, and a one-time payment of five hundred more. Coronelli documents the contract: *Omnia vanitas*!

I was welcomed to Argos by the Italian physician Avramiotti whom Monsieur Pouqueville saw in Nafplion, and on whose little girl, a victim of hydrocephalus, he had operated. Monsieur Avramiotti showed me a map of the Peloponnese which he had begun to draught, with Monsieur Fauvel, the modern names alongside the former names: it will be a valuable work, and could not be created except by those who have lived in the location for many years. Avramiotti had made his fortune, and had begun to sigh for Italy. There are two things that live more strongly in the heart of a man as he progresses through life, country and religion. We may have forgotten one or the other in our youth, but sooner or later they present themselves to us with all their charms, and wake deep in our hearts a love rightly owed to their beauty. So we talked of France and Italy in Argos, for the same reason that the Argive soldier who followed Aeneas remembered Argos as he lay dying in Italy (*Antores, see Virgil: Aeneid X:78-82*). There was barely a word about Agamemnon between us, though I was to see his tomb next day. We talked on the terrace of the house, which overlooked the Gulf of Argos: it was perhaps from the summit of this terrace that the poor old woman threw the tile that ended the glory and adventures of Pyrrhus (*Plutarch: Pyrrhus: 34. 1-2.*) Monsieur Avramiotti pointed out a promontory, across the water, and said: 'It was there Clytemnestra positioned the slave, who was to signal the return of the Greek fleet,' and added: 'You are just come from Venice? I think I would do well to return to Venice.'

I left this exile in Greece; the following day at daybreak, and with new horses and a new guide I took the road to Corinth. I think Monsieur Avramiotti was not sorry to be rid of me: though he had received me with great politeness, it was easy to see that my visit had not occurred at an appropriate moment.

After a half-hour ride, we crossed the Inachus: the river-god was the father of Io, so greatly celebrated through Juno's jealousy: before reaching the bed of the river, however one encounters, on leaving Argos, the Gate of Eileithyia (*Goddess of Childbirth*) and the altar of the Sun (*Pausanias:II.18.3*). Half a mile further, on the other side of the Inachus, we should have seen the Temple of Mysian Demeter (*II.18.3*), and beyond that the tomb of Thyestes, and the heroic monument of Perseus (*II.18.1*). We stopped at about the level at which these buildings existed at the time of Pausanias's travels. We were leaving the plain of Argos, which is the subject of a very fine memoir by Monsieur Barbié du Bocage. Near our entry into the Corinthian mountains, we saw Nauplia behind us. The place we had

arrived at was called *Carvati* (*Krabata*), and it is there that one must turn off the road to seek the ruins of Mycenae, a little to the right. Chandler missed them when returning from Argos. They are very well known today because of the excavations that Lord Elgin carried out there during his travels in Greece. Monsieur Fauvel has described them in his memoirs, and Monsieur Choiseul-Gouffier possesses drawings: the Abbé Fourmont has already described them, and Dumonceaux saw them. We crossed a heath: a narrow path led us to the ruins, which are roughly as they were at the time of Pausanias, since Mycenae was destroyed more than two thousand two hundred and eighty years ago. The Argives razed it to its foundations, jealous of the fame it had acquired by sending forty warriors to die with the Spartans at Thermopylae. We began by examining the tomb which has been named the *Tomb of Agamemnon*: it is a subterranean building, round in shape, which receives light through the dome, and is remarkable only for the simplicity of its architecture. You enter through a trench leading to the door of the tomb: the door was adorned with pilasters of a bluish marble, which is fairly common and quarried from the mountains nearby. It was Lord Elgin who opened up the monument, and cleared the earth which filled the interior. A little low door leads from the main chamber to a chamber of lesser extent. After examining it carefully, I believe that this latter room is simply an excavation made by workmen outside the tomb, since I noticed no walls. That leaves the use of the little door to be explained, which was perhaps just another entry to the tomb. Has this tomb always been concealed by earth, like the rotunda of the Catacombs in Alexandria? Or was it once, on the contrary, above ground, like the tomb of Cecilia Metella in Rome? Were there any external features, and if so of what order of architecture were they? All these are questions that remain to be answered. Nothing was found in the tomb, and it is not even sure whether it is the tomb of Agamemnon that Pausanias mentions (*II.16.5*). (The Spartans too boasted of possessing the ashes of Agamemnon.)

Leaving the monument, I crossed a barren valley; and on the opposite side of a hill I saw the ruins of Mycenae: I admired above all one of the gates of the city, consisting of huge masses of rock resting on the rocks of the hillside itself, with which they have the appearance of making a whole. Two lions of colossal form, carved on both sides of the door, are the only ornament: they are represented in relief, standing facing each other, like the lions which support the arms of our knights of old; they lack their heads. I have not seen, more imposing architecture, even in Egypt; and the wilderness in which it is found adds further to its weightiness: it is the sort of work that Strabo and Pausanias attribute to the Cyclops, and whose traces are found in Italy. Monsieur Petit-Radel (*Louis-François Petit-Radel*) would claim this architecture as preceding the invention of the architectural orders. For the rest, a naked child, a shepherd-boy it was, who showed me in this solitude the Tomb of Agamemnon and the ruins of Mycenae.

At the bottom of the door I mentioned is a spring, which could be, if you will, that below which Perseus found a mushroom, which gave its name to Mycenae; since *mykes* in Greek means a mushroom, or the cap of a sword-sheath: this tale is in Pausanias (*II.16.3*). In trying to regain the path to Corinth, I heard the ground echo beneath the feet of my horse. I dismounted, and discovered the roof of another tomb.

Pausanias counted five tombs at Mycenae, the Tomb of Atreus, that of Agamemnon, that of Eurymedon, that of Teledamos and Pelops, and that of Electra. He adds that Clytemnestra and Aegisthus were buried outside the walls (*II.16.5*): was it the tomb of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus that I had found? I have indicated the fact to Monsieur Fauvel, who ought to seek it on his first trip to Argos: a singular destiny which made me travel from Paris expressly to discover the ashes of Clytemnestra!

We continued our journey, to the left of Nemea: we arrived at an early hour at Corinth, over a kind of plain crossed by streams of water and divided by isolated mounds, like the Acro-Corinth (*the ancient citadel of Corinth*), into which it merges. We saw the latter long before reaching it, looking like an irregular mass of red granite, crowned with a line of crooked walls. Every traveller has described Corinth. Wheler and Spon visited the citadel, where they found the fountain of Pyrene; but Chandler did not ascend the Acro-Corinth, and Monsieur Fauvel tells us that the Turks no longer let anyone enter. Indeed, I could not even get permission to walk around it, despite the efforts my Janissary made regarding the matter. However, Pausanias in his *Corinthia*, and Plutarch in his *Life of Aratus*, acquaint us fully with the site and monuments of the Acro-Corinth.

We descended to a fairly clean caravanserai, located in the centre of the town, not far from the bazaar. The Janissary departed to find provisions; Joseph prepared dinner; and while they were occupied I wandered the area alone.

Corinth is located at the foot of the mountains, on a plain stretching to the Sea of Crissa, now the Gulf of Lepanto the one name in modern Greece that competes in beauty with the ancient ones. When the weather is clear, one discovers beyond that sea the summits of Helicon and Parnassus; but from the city itself one cannot view the Saronic Gulf itself; it is necessary to ascend the Acro-Corinth; then one can view not only the sea, but one's gaze extends to the citadel of Athens, and as far as Capo Colonna (*Cape Sounion*): 'It is' says Spon, 'one of the most beautiful views in the world.' I can easily believe it; since even from the foot of the Acro-Corinth the view is enchanting. The houses of the villagers, quite large and well maintained, are spread in clusters over the plain, amongst mulberry, orange and cypress trees; the vines, which provide the country's wealth, grant a fresh and fertile air to the country . They are neither hung in garlands on the trees as in Italy, nor trained low as in the neighbourhood of Paris. Each vine forms a stem of isolated verdure, round which the grapes hang in autumn like crystal droplets. The summits of Parnassus and Helicon, the Gulf of Lepanto, which resembles a beautiful canal, and Mount Oneion covered with myrtles, form the north and east horizon of the view, while the Acro-Corinth, and the mountains of Argolis and Sicyon rise to the south and west. As for the monuments of Corinth, they no longer exist. Monsieur Foucherot (*Jacques Foucherot*) discovered two Corinthian capitals among the ruins, the only reminder of the order invented in this city.

Corinth, razed to the ground by Mummius, rebuilt by Julius Caesar and Hadrian, destroyed for a second time by Alaric, re-founded once more by the Venetians, was sacked for the third and final time by Mahomet II. Strabo saw it (*29BC*) shortly after its re-instatement, under Augustus. Pausanias admired it in the time of Hadrian (*2nd century AD*), and, according to the monuments he describes it was, at that time, a great city. It

would have been interesting to know what it may have been like around 1173 AD when Benjamin of Tudela was a visitor, but that Spanish Jew gravely recounts that he arrived at Patras: 'The city which Antipater, King of the Greeks, built.' he says. 'He was one of the four successors of Alexander.' From there he travelled to Lepanto and Corinth: he found three hundred Jews in that city led by the venerable Rabbis Leon, Jacob and Hezekiah: and that was all that Benjamin sought there.

Modern travellers have increased our awareness of what remains of Corinth after so many disasters: Spon and Wheler discovered the remains of a temple there, of great antiquity: the ruins consisted of eleven fluted columns without pedestals of the Doric order. Spon affirms that these columns were not four diameters more in height than the diameter of the foot of a column, which seems to mean that they were about five diameters tall. Chandler says that they were half the height they ought to have been to satisfy the correct proportions of the Doric order. Obviously Spon erred, if he derived the order by using the diameter of the base of the column, not the diameter of the middle. This monument, depicted by Leroy, is worthy of note, because it either proves that the Doric order did not initially have the proportions Pliny and Vitruvius subsequently assigned to them, or that the Tuscan order, which this temple seems to approximate to, did not originate in Italy. Spon believed this monument to be the temple of Ephesian Artemis, cited by Pausanias (*II.2.5*), and Chandler, Strabo's Sisypheum *(Geographica*, *VIII.6*). I cannot say whether these columns still exist: I did not see them; but I have some confused recollection of them being toppled, and that the English removed the last fragments. (The columns were or still are near the harbour of Schoenus, but I did not descend to the sea.)

A maritime people, a king (*Periander*) who was a philosopher and who became a tyrant, a barbaric Roman (*Mummius*) who believed that one could replace the statues of Praxiteles as one could the breastplates of soldiers, all that fails to render Corinth of surpassing interest: but one has recourse to Jason, Medea, the spring of Pyrene, Pegasus, and the Isthmian games, instituted by Theseus, and sung by Pindar; that is to say, as ever, fable and poetry. I scarcely have time for Dionysius (*Dionysius II*) and Timoleon: the former cowardly enough to escape death, the other so unfortunate as to live (*Plutarch: Timoleon*). If I ever mounted a throne, I would only descend it in death; and I will never be 'virtuous' enough to kill my own brother: I care nothing therefore for those two men. I prefer that child who, during the siege of Corinth, caused Mummius himself to weep, by reciting Homer's lines:

τρις μάκαρες Δαναοι και τετράκις, οϊ τότ ʼόλοντο
Τροίη έν ευ ρείη χάριν Ἀτρεΐδησι φέροντες.
ως δη έγώ γ ʼόφελον θανέειν και πότμον έπισπειν
ηματι τω ωότε μοι πλειστοι χαλκήρεα δουρα
Τρωες έπέρριψαν περι Πηλειωνι θανόντι.
τω κ ʼέλαχον κτερέων, καί μευ κλέος ηγον Ἀχαιοί:
νυν δέ λευγαλέω θανάτω εϊμαρτο άλωναι.

‘Thrice blessed, four times blessed those Danaans who died long ago on Troy’s wide plain working the will of the sons of Atreus. I wish I had met my fate like them, and died on that day when the Trojan host hurled their bronze-tipped spears at me while we fought for the corpse of Achilles, son of Peleus. Then I would have had proper burial, and the Achaeans would have trumpeted my fame, but now I am destined to die a miserable death.’

(*Homer: Odyssey V:306-312*)

Behold whatever is true, natural, and full of pathos; and one will find there some great stroke of fate, strength of spirit, and the depths of humankind.

They still make vases at Corinth, but they are no longer those that Cicero asked so eagerly of his dear Atticus. It seems, moreover, that the Corinthians have lost the taste they had for foreigners: while I was examining a piece of marble in a vineyard, I was assailed by a hail of stones, apparently the descendants of Lais wish to maintain the honour of the proverb (*‘Not every man may visit Corinth’, see Horace Epistles I.17.36*).

When the Caesars rebuilt the walls of Corinth and the temples of the gods rose from their ruins more gloriously than ever before, an obscure worker built a monument silently that remained standing amid the ruins of Greece. This worker was a foreigner who said of himself: ‘Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.’ (*2 Corinthians 11.25-27*) That man, ignored by the great, scorned by the crowd, rejected as ‘the sweepings of world,’ only associating at first with two companions, Crispus and Gaius, and with the household of Stephanus: such were the unknown architects of an indestructible temple and the first Christians of Corinth. The traveller casts his eyes over the site of this famous city: he sees not a remnant of the pagan altars, but he sees a number of Christian chapels rising from the midst of the Greek houses. The Apostle can still give, from heaven, the sign of peace to his children, and say to them: ‘Paul, unto the Church of God which is at Corinth.’

It was nearly eight in the morning when we left Corinth on the 21st of August, after a fine night. Two roads run from Megara to Corinth: one crosses Mount Gerania, today Palaeo-Vouni (the Old Mountain); the other follows the Saronic Gulf, beneath the Scyronian Rocks. The latter is the more interesting: it was the only one known to ancient travellers, who fail to mention the former: but the Turks no longer allow it to be used: they established a military post at the foot of Mount Oneion, almost in the middle of the Isthmus, in order to command both seas: the jurisdiction of the Morea ends there, and one cannot pass the outpost without showing an order expressly from the Pasha.

So obliged to take the only way left open to me, I had to renounce my search for the ruins of the temple of Isthmian Poseidon (*Strabo: Geographica 8.6*), which Chandler could not find, which Pocock, Wheler and Spon saw, and which still exists, according to the testimony of Monsieur Fauvel. For the same reason, I could not examine the traces of

attempts at various times to cut through the Isthmus: the canal that was started near the harbour of Schoenus was, according to Monsieur Foucherot, thirty to forty feet deep and sixty wide. Today it would be easy to complete the work using gunpowder: it is barely five miles from coast to coast, measuring across the narrowest part of the tongue of land that separates the two seas.

A wall six miles long, now elevated, now eroded closes off the Isthmus at a place that was named *Hexamillia* (*Examilia*): that is where we began to ascend Mount Oneion. I often halted my horse, surrounded by pine trees, laurel and myrtle, to look back. I gazed sadly at the two seas, especially that which extended to the west and which seemed to tempt me with memories of France. The sea was so calm! The route was so short! In a few days I could see my friends once more! I returned my gaze to the Peloponnese, to Corinth, to the Isthmus, to the place where the Isthmian Games were celebrated: what a wilderness! What silence! Unfortunate country! Unhappy Greeks! Will France, lose her glory thus? Will she be thus devastated, and trampled, in the course of centuries?

The image of my country, that came suddenly to mingle with the sights before my eyes, touched me: I could no longer think without pain of the distance yet to be traversed before I saw my Penates again. I was like the friend in the fable, alarmed by a dream; and I would gladly have returned to my country, to address it thus:

Vous m'êtes en dormant un peu triste apparu;
J'ai craint qu'il ne fût vrai, je suis vite accouru.
Ce maudit songe en est la cause.

While I slept, you appeared, so sad, to me,
I feared it was true: I swiftly rushed to see.
A wretched dream: that was the cause.

(*La Fontaine: Fables: Les Deux Amis: 21-23*)

We plunged into the gorges of Mount Oneion, losing and finding in turns our view of the Saronic Gulf and Corinth. From the summit of the mountain, which is called Macriplaysi, we descended to Derveni, otherwise the outpost. I am not sure if that is where one should locate Crommyon; but certainly, I found the men there no more human than Pytiocamptes (Pine-cutter: a robber killed by Theseus.) I showed my order from the Pasha. The captain invited me to smoke a pipe and drink coffee in his barracks. He was a large man with a calm, apathetic face, unable to make a move on his mat without sighing, as if he was in pain: he examined my weapons, I pointed to his own, especially a long rifle that carried far, he said. The guards spotted a farmer climbing the mountain away from the track; they shouted to him to descend; he did not hear their voices. Then the captain rose with an effort, took up his rifle, aimed at the peasant among the fir-trees for some time, and fired his gun. The Turk returned, after this adventure, to his mat, as tranquil, as pleasant a man as before. The peasant descended to the guard-house, injured apparently, since he wept and showed a bloodstain. He was given fifty strokes of the cane as a cure.

I stood up abruptly, all the more sorry, because the desire to shine brightly before me had persuaded this executioner to fire at the peasant. Joseph would not translate what I was saying, and perhaps caution was necessary at that moment; but I paid little attention to caution.

I had my horse brought, and I left without waiting for the Janissary, who called after me in vain. He joined me with Joseph when I had already reached the rounded top of Mount Gerania. My indignation subsided gradually due to the effect of the places through which I was travelling. It seemed to me that in approaching Athens I was returning to civilization, and that even nature took on a less sad appearance. The Morea is almost entirely devoid of trees, though it is certainly more fertile than Attica. I was delighted to walk through a pine forest, between the trunks of which I could see the sea. The slopes which stretch from the shoreline to the foot of the mountain were covered with olive and carob trees; such sites are rare in Greece.

The first thing that struck me on arriving at Megara was a group of Albanian women, who, to be truthful, were not as lovely as Nausicaa and her companions: they were cheerfully washing clothes at a spring near which some formless remnants of an aqueduct could be seen. If this was the Fountain of the Sithnidian Nymphs and the aqueduct of Theagenes, Pausanias has over-praised them (*Pausanias: I.40.1*) The aqueducts I saw in Greece bear no resemblance to Roman aqueducts; they barely rise above the ground, and do not present that row of great arches that create so beautiful an effect in the landscape.

We descended to an Albanian house, where we were quite well lodged. It was not quite six in the evening; I went off, as usual, to wander among the ruins. Megara, which retains its name, and the port of Nisaea called *Dodeca Ecclesiais* (the Twelve Churches), without being celebrated in history, once possessed beautiful buildings. Greece, under the Roman Emperors, came to resemble Italy in the last century: it was Classic ground where every city was full of masterpieces. At Megara, the Twelve Olympian Gods from the hand of Praxiteles (*Pausanias I.40.2*), an Olympian Zeus begun by Theokosmos and Phidias (*I.40.3*), and the tombs of Alcmene (*I.41.1*), Iphigenia (*I.43.1*), and Tereus (*I.41.8*) were to be seen. It was on this latter tomb that a hoopoe (*upupa epops*) appeared for the first time: it was decided that Tereus had been changed into this bird, since his victims had been turned into the swallow and the nightingale. Since I was making a poetic journey, I was obliged to profit from it all, and firmly believe, with Pausanias, that the adventure of the daughter of Pandion (*Philomela*) began and ended at Megara. Besides, from Megara I could see both peaks of Parnassus: that was certainly enough for me to call to mind the lines from Virgil and La Fontaine:

Qualis populea moerens philomela sub umbra...

As the nightingale grieving in the poplar's shadows…

(*Virgil: Georgics IV:511*)

Autrefois Progne, l'hirondelle…

Once Procne, the swallow…

(*La Fontaine: Fables: Philomèle et Progné*: 1)

Night or Darkness, and Conian Zeus (that is, of the dust, *χονία*: the reading is not quite certain, but I am using the French translation, which follows the Latin version faithfully, as the expert Pierre Henri Larcher correctly observes) had their temples at Megara (*Pausanias I.40.5*): one might well say that those two gods have remained there. One sees walls here and there: I do not know if they are those Apollo built in concert with Alcathous. The god, while active at that work, placed his lyre on a stone which since then makes a harmonious sound when touched with a pebble (*I.42.1*). The Abbé Fourmont gathered thirty inscriptions from Megara. Pocock, Spon, Wheler and Chandler found some others which are of minimal interest. I did not search for Euclid's school; I would rather have seen the house of that pious woman who buried the bones of Phocion beneath her house (*see Les Martyrs, BkIII*.) After a fairly long walk, I returned to my host, where I was awaited so that I might see to a patient.

The Greeks, like the Turks, assume that all the French have knowledge of medicine and specific cures. The simplicity with which they address a stranger in their illness has something touching about it, and reminds one of ancient times: it is a noble reliance of man on man. The Indians in America display the same attitude. I think religion and humanity in this situation obliges the traveller to deliver what is expected of him: an air of confidence, words of comfort, can sometimes bring life to the dying and joy to a family.

A Greek had come to ask me to see his daughter. I found the poor creature stretched on the ground on a mat, and buried under the rags with which she had been covered. She freed her arm, with great reluctance and modesty, from the miserable rags, and fell back dying on the coverlet. She seemed to me to be suffering from a putrid fever: I disengaged from her head the small silver coins with which Albanian peasant women adorn their hair; the braids and the weight of metal concentrated heat over the brain. I carried camphor with me for the plague, and I shared it with the patient: she had been fed grapes, I approved the diet. Finally, we prayed to Christos and the Panagia (The Virgin), and I promised a speedy recovery. I was far from hopeful; I have seen so many die, I have too much experience on that subject.

On leaving I found the entire village gathered at the door; the women fell upon me, shouting: '*Crasi, Crasi*! Wine, Wine!' They wanted to testify their gratitude to me by forcing me to drink: this rendered my role as a doctor rather ridiculous. But what matter, if I added one more person in Megara to those, in the various parts of the world where I have wandered, who may wish me a little good? It is a privilege of the traveller to leave behind him a host of memories, and to live often in the hearts of strangers longer than in the memory of his friends.

I returned to the caravanserai with difficulty. All night, in front of my eyes, I saw the image of the dying Albanian girl: it reminded me that Virgil, visiting Greece as I was, was halted at Megara by the disease of which he died; I myself was tormented by fever. Yet

Megara had seen, a few years previously, a group of Frenchmen still more wretched than I pass through (the garrison of Zante: *who surrendered to the Russians in 1798.*). I longed to leave a place that seemed to me to possess about it something fatal.

But we did not leave our house the next day, the 22nd of August, until eleven in the morning. The Albanians who had welcomed me wished to regale me before I left with one of these chickens without tail or rump that Chandler thought peculiar to Megara, and which have been brought from Virginia, or perhaps some little district in Germany. My host attached great importance to these birds, about which he knew a thousand stories. I told him that I had travelled through the country where these birds were found, a far distant country, situated beyond the sea, and that in this country there were Greeks who had settled in the woods among the Indians. In fact, some Greeks, weary of the Turkish yoke, had migrated to Florida, where the fruits of freedom have caused them to forget their homeland. 'Those who ate the honey-sweet lotus fruit no longer wished to bring back word to us, or sail for home. They wanted to stay with the Lotus-eaters, eating the lotus, forgetting all thoughts of return.' (Odyssey: *IX.94-97*)

The Albanian understand nothing of that: his only response was to invite me to eat his chicken and some *frutti di mare*. I would have preferred the fish called *glaucus (probably the grayling: thymallus thymallus found in marine, brackish and freshwater environments)* which was once caught on the coast of Megara. Anaxandrides quoted by Athenaeus (*Athenaeus in the Deipnosophists VII.46 quotes from Anaxandrides' play 'Nereus', Antiphanes' 'Cyclops' and Amphis's 'Seven Against Thebes': all three were Attic comic poets*) says that Nereus alone could conceive of eating the head of this excellent fish; Antiphanes wants it boiled, and Amphis serves it entire to those seven champions, who swearing over the black shield, *terrified the heavens with appalling oaths.* (*See Aeschylus: Seven Against Thebes: lines 41-49*)

The delay caused by my host's hospitality, and still more by my lassitude, prevented us from arriving in Athens that day. Leaving Megara at eleven in the morning, as I said, we first crossed the plain; then we climbed Mount Kerato-Pyrgo (*the Tower of the Horns*)orns)Horns, the Kerata (*Horns*) of antiquity: two isolated rocks form the summit, and on one of these rocks are the ruins of a tower which gave its name to the mountain. It is on the descending slope of Kerata-Pyrgo towards Eleusis, that one should place Cercyon's wrestling-ground and the grave of Alope (*Pausanias: I.39.3*). No trace of them remains. We soon came to the Flower Well (*I.39.1*) in the depths of a cultivated valley. I was almost as tired as Demeter when she sat beside the well, after searching the whole world for Persephone. We stopped briefly in the valley, and then continued our journey. Advancing towards Eleusis, I failed to notice any of the multi-coloured anemones that Wheler saw in the fields, but then the season was over.

At about five o'clock we reached a plain surrounded by mountains to the north, west and east. A long straight arm of the sea bathes the plain to the south, and looks like the string to the mountains' bow. The other side of this strait is bordered by the shores of a lofty island; the eastern extremity of the island is close to one of the promontories of the mainland: a narrow passage can be seen between the two points. I decided to halt at a

village built on a hill, near the sea, at the western terminus of the circle of mountains that I mentioned.

In the plain, the remains of an aqueduct could be distinguished; and a host of ruins scattered in the midst of the stubble left from recent harvesting; we dismounted at the foot of the hill, and climbed to the nearest house: we were shown hospitality.

While I was at the door, advising Joseph about something, I witnessed the arrival of a Greek who greeted me in Italian. He immediately told me his story; he was from Athens; he was occupied in making tar from the pine-trees on the Geranian Mountains; he was a friend of Monsieur Fauvel, and I was sure to see Monsieur Fauvel. I replied that I was carrying letters for Monsieur Fauvel. I was delighted to meet this man, hoping to draw from him some information about the ruins surrounding me, and the sites among which I stood. I knew the identity of those sites, but an Athenian who knew Monsieur Fauvel would be an excellent guide. So I asked him to tell me a little about what I saw around me, and explain my location. He put his hand over his heart, in the Turkish manner, and bowed humbly: 'I have often listened to Monsieur Fauvel's explanation,' he said, 'though I myself am ignorant, and I do not know if this is quite correct. Firstly, to the east, above the hill, you can see the summit of a yellowish mountain: that is Telo-Vouni (greater Hymettus); the island on the other side of the strait is Koulouri: Monsieur Fauvel called it *Salamis*. Monsieur Fauvel says that in the strait opposite you, there was a great battle between the Greek and Persian fleets. The Greeks occupied the strait; and the Persians were on the far side, towards the Lion harbour (Piraeus): the king of the Persians, whose name I cannot remember, was seated on a throne at the end of the Cape. As for the village where we are now, Monsieur Fauvel calls it *Eleusis*, and the rest of us *Lepsina*. Monsieur Fauvel said there was a temple (the Temple of Demeter) below the house where we are standing: if you take a few steps, you can see the place where the damaged statue from the temple (that of Eleusinian Demeter) stood; the English have taken it.' (*The statue was appropriated by Edward Clarke in 1801, and is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, England*)

The Greek, departing in order to attend to his tar-making, left me gazing at a deserted shore, and a sea, where the only vessel to be seen was a fishing boat moored to the rings of a ruined pier.

Every modern traveller has visited Eleusis; all the inscriptions have been noted. The Abbé Fourmont alone copied twenty. We have a very learned dissertation by Monsieur de Sainte-Croix (*Guillaume de Sainte-Croix*) on the Temple of Eleusis and a plan of the sanctuary by Monsieur Foucherot. Warburton (*Bishop William Warburton*), Saint-Croix, and the Abbé Barthélemy, have said everything of interest regarding the mysteries of Demeter, and the last has described the external ceremonies. As for the mutilated statue, carried away by two travellers, Chandler takes it to be a statue of Persephone, and Spon a statue of Ceres (*The caryatid, now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, is probably a statue of a priestess).* This colossal bust, according to Pococke (*Richard Pococke*), is five and a half feet from shoulder to shoulder, and the basket (*probably a ritual cista*) with which it is crowned is over two feet tall. Spon claims that the statue might be by Praxiteles: I am unsure upon what that opinion is founded. Pausanias, out of respect for the mysteries, does not describe the statue of Demeter (*I.38.8*); Strabo maintains the same silence. We read, in

fact, in Pliny (*36.23*) that Praxiteles sculpted a marble Demeter and two bronze Persephones: the first, of which Pausanias also speaks (*I.2.4*), having been transported to Rome, cannot be the one seen for many years at Eleusis; the two bronze Persephones are irrelevant. Judging by the features of this statue that remain, it may simply portray a canephore (*basket-carrier*) (Guillet takes it to be a caryatid.) I rather think Monsieur Fauvel told me that this statue, despite its reputation, was of inferior workmanship.

I have nothing to tell then of Eleusis, following so many descriptions by others, except that I walked amidst the ruins, I went down to the harbour, and I stopped to contemplate the Strait of Salamis. The glory and the pomp had passed; the same silence possessed both land and sea: no more cheers, no more chanting, no more ceremonies on the shore, no more warlike cries, no more clashing of galleys, no more tumult on the waves. My imagination was scarcely adequate, now to conjure up the religious procession to Eleusis, now to clothe the shore with that innumerable army of Persians, spectators of the naval conflict at Salamis. Eleusis is, in my view, the most venerable site in Greece, because there the unity of God was taught, and because that place witnessed the greatest effort men have ever made on behalf of liberty.

Who would believe it! Salamis is now almost completely erased from the Greek memory. You have read what my Athenian said. 'The Island of Salamis has not retained its name,' Monsieur Fauvel says in his *Memoirs*; 'it is forgotten with that of Themistocles.' Spon recounts that he stayed at Salamis with the priest Ioannis, 'a man' he adds, 'less ignorant than his parishioners, since he knew that the island was formerly named *Salamis*; and was told so by his father.' This indifference the Greeks show concerning their homeland is as shameful as it is deplorable, not only are they unaware of their own history, but they virtually ignore (there are notable exceptions, everyone has heard of Adamantios Korais, Panagiotes Kodriakas, etc.) the ancient language which is their glory: we have seen an Englishman, urged by a holy zeal, who wished to settle in Athens to give lessons in ancient Greek.

Night alone drove me from the shore. The waves raised by the evening breeze broke on the strand and were dying at my feet, I walked a while beside the sea which bathed the tomb of Themistocles (*at Piraeus, according to Pausanias I.1.2*); in all probability, I was at that moment the only person in Greece thinking of this great man.

Joseph had bought a sheep for dinner; he knew that we would arrive next day at the French Consulate. Sparta, which he had seen, and Athens which he was about to see, held no interest for him; but filled with joy, as he was, at reaching the end of his tribulations, he regaled our host's household. Women, children, husband, all were in motion; the Janissary alone remained calm amidst the general excitement, smoking his pipe and nodding his turban at all these efforts, which he hoped to profit from. There had not been such a feast at Eleusis since the extinction of the mysteries by Alaric. We sat to table, that is to say we sat on the ground around the meal; our hostess had baked bread that was not very good, but was soft and fresh from the oven. I would have gladly renewed the cry of *Long Live Demeter! Χαῖρε Δημήτερ!* This bread, which derived from the recent crop, showed the falseness of a prophecy reported by Chandler. At the time of his travels, it was said at Eleusis that if the mutilated statue of the goddess were ever removed, the plain would cease

to be fertile. Demeter went off to England, and the fields of Eleusis have nevertheless been rendered fertile by the true Divinity, who calls all men to the knowledge of His mysteries, who is not afraid of being dethroned,

Qui donne aux fleurs leur aimable peinture;
Qui fait naître et mûrir les fruits;
Et leur dispense avec mesure
Et la chaleur des jours et la fraîcheur des nuits;

Who gives the flowers their pleasant hue;
Who nurtures and matures the fruit;
Dispenses them in measure too
With days of heat, and nights that cool.

(*Adapted from: Racine: Athalie: Act I Scene IV lines13-16*)

This good cheer and the peace that we enjoyed were all the more enjoyable to me since we owed them, so to speak, to French protection. Thirty to forty years before, all the coast of Greece, especially the harbours of Corinth, Megara and Eleusis had been infested with pirates. The good order established in our ports of the Levant had gradually destroyed this piracy; our frigates policed them, and Ottoman subjects breathed freely under the French flag. The recent revolutions in Europe have led at certain times to other variations in control; but the corsairs have not reappeared. So we drank to the renown of those arms that protected our feast at Eleusis, as the Athenians had Alcibiades to thank when he conducted the procession of Iacchus to the Sanctuary of Demeter in safety. (*Plutarch: Alcibiades:34.3*)

At last, the great day of our entry into Athens dawned. On the 23rd of August, at three in the morning we all mounted; we began to ride, in silence, along the Sacred Way: I can assure you that the most devout initiate of Demeter never experienced as lively a joy as mine. We had donned our best clothes for the feast; the Janissary had re-wound his turban, and, unusually, the horses had been curried and groomed. We crossed the bed of a torrent called *Saranta-Potamo* or *the Forty Rivers*, probably the Eleusinian Cephisus (*Kephisos*): we saw the ruins of some Christian churches: they must occupy the site of the tomb of Zarex whom Apollo himself instructed in the art of singing (*Pausanias I.38.4*). Further ruins announced to us the monuments of Eumolpus and Hippothoon (*I.38.2 and 4*); we found the Rheitoi or saltwater stream (*I.38.1*): it was there that, during the rites of Eleusis, the common people insulted passers-by in memory of the insults an old woman had once inflicted on Demeter. From there passing to the end or extreme point of the Strait of Salamis, we entered the gorge formed by Mount Parnes (*Parnitha*) and Mount Aegaleo (*Egaleo*), this part of the Sacred Way was called the *mystic*. We saw the Monastery of Daphni, built on the ruins of a Temple of Apollo, whose church is one of the oldest in Attica (*11th Century, Byzantine*). A little further on, we noticed the ruins of a Temple of

Venus. Eventually the defile began to widen; we rounded the 'Painted Mountain' (*Pausanias I.37.3*) obstructing the road as if to hide the view; and suddenly saw the plain of Athens.

Travellers who visit the city of Cecrops usually arrive by the Piraeus or by road from Negropont (*Chalcis, Chalkida*). They thus lose part of the spectacle, since one only sees the citadel when approaching from the sea and Mount Anchesmos (*Lykavittos? See Pausanias I.32.2 for the only classical mention*) blocks the view if you come from Euboea. My star had led me on the true path to view Athens in all its glory.

The first thing that caught my eyes was the citadel lit by the rising sun: it was immediately in front of me, across the plain, and seemed to rest against Mount Hymettus, which formed the background of the picture. It presented, in a confused mass, the capitals of the Propylaea, the columns of the Parthenon and the Temple of Erechtheus, the embrasures of a wall filled with cannon, Christian Gothic ruins and Muslim hovels. Two small hills, Anchesmos, and the hill called the Museum, rose to north and south of the Acropolis. Between these two hills at the foot of the Acropolis, Athens revealed itself to me: flat roofs, interspersed with minarets and cypresses, ruins, and isolated columns; the domes of its mosques surmounted by large nests of storks formed a pleasant aspect in the sunlight. But though one could still recognize Athens from its ruins, one could also see from the overall architecture and the general character of the monuments, that the city of Athene was no longer inhabited by the same people.

A circuit of mountains, which terminates on the coast, forms the plain or the Athens basin. From the point where I first saw this plain near the 'Painted' Mountain, it appeared divided into three bands or regions, running in a parallel direction from north to south. The first of these regions, nearest to me, was barren heath-land; the second offered a ploughed terrain whose crops had just been harvested; the third consisted of a stretch of olive groves, which extended in a slight curve from the sources of the Ilissus, passing the foot of the Anchesmus towards the harbour of Phaleron. The Cephisus flows into these groves which, by their age, seem to be descended from the ancient olive tree that Athene caused to spring from the earth. The dry bed of the Ilissus is on the other side of Athens, between Mount Hymettus and the city. The plain is not perfectly smooth: a little chain of hills detached from Mount Hymettus rises from the level ground forming the different heights on which Athens gradually erected its monuments.

It is seldom during the first experience of a profoundly vivid emotion that one enjoys the deepest feeling. I approached Athens with a species of pleasure which deprived me of the power of reflection; and not because I felt anything like what I felt at the sight of Sparta. Sparta and Athens retain their differing character even in their ruins: those of the former are grave, sad and solitary; those of the latter are pleasant, bright, inhabited. At the sight of the home of Lycurgus, all thoughts become serious, masculine, profound; the soul, strengthened, seems elevated and broadened; in front of the city of Solon, one is enchanted by the marvels of genius; one experiences the idea of the perfection of man considered as an intelligent and immortal being. The higher sentiments of human nature acquire something elegant in Athens that they lacked at Sparta. The love of country and freedom for the Athenians was not a blind instinct, but an enlightened sentiment, founded on that

taste for beauty in all its forms, that the sky had so liberally disposed; finally, in passing from the ruins of Sparta to those of Athens I felt that I would have wished to die alongside Leonidas, but live alongside Pericles.

We progressed towards this little city, whose territory extended fifty or sixty miles, whose population did not match that of a Paris suburb, and yet whose fame in the world equals that of the Roman Empire. My eyes fixed on the ruins I applied to them these verses of Lucretius:

> *Primae frugiparos fetus mortalibus aegris*
> *Dididerunt quondam praeclaro nomine Athenae,*
> *Et recreaverunt vitam legesque rogarunt;*
> *Et primae dederunt solatia dulcia vitae.*
>
> Athens of illustrious name first gave
> Fruitful harvests to weak humankind,
> Enriched existence, laid down the laws;
> And first granted life's sweet consolations.
>
> (*Lucretius: De Rerum Natura: VI:1-4*)

I know nothing that is more to the glory of the Greeks than those words of Cicero: 'Remember, Quintus, that you command among the Greeks who civilized the nations, by teaching them sweetness and humanity, and to whom Rome owes the enlightenment it possesses.' (*This is a free paraphrase of part of Cicero's letter, of December 60BC, to his brother Quintus: Ad Quintum Fratrem BookI:Letter I:IX.27*). When one thinks of what Rome was at the time of Pompey and Caesar, and what Cicero himself was, one finds in these few words a fine eulogy. (Pliny the Younger wrote almost the same thing to Maximus, proconsul of Achaia. *See letter XCV*)

From the three bands or regions before us which divided the plain of Athens, we passed rapidly through the first two of these, the uncultivated and cultivated regions. One can no longer see on, this part of the road, the Monument of the Rhodian or the Tomb of the Courtesan (*Pausanias I.37.4*); but one does find the ruins of various churches. We entered the olive groves: before coming to Cephisus, there are two tombs and an altar of Placated Zeus (*I.37.3*). We soon made out the bed of the Cephisus between the trunks of the olive trees that border it like ancient willows: I dismounted to salute the river and to drink the water; I found just what I wanted in a hollow under the bank, the rest had been diverted higher up to water the olive groves. I have always enjoyed drinking from the famous rivers I have passed on my travels: thus I have drunk the waters of the Mississippi, Thames, Rhine, Po, Tiber, Eurotas, Cephisus, Hermus, Granicus, Jordan, Nile, Tagus and Ebro. Let men on the banks of these rivers say with the Israelites: *Sedimus et flevimus*! *We sat down and wept* (*Vulgate: Psalm 137, Greek numbering 136*)

I saw, some distance away on my left, the remains of the bridge Xenokles of Lindos (*or Sphettos, see Antagoras: Palatine Anthology 9.147*) built on the Cephisus. I re-

mounted, and did not try to view the sacred fig tree, the altar of Zephyr (*Pausanias I.37.2-3*), or the column of Anthemokritos (*I.36.3*) since the modern road does not follow the old Sacred Way here. Leaving the olive grove, we found a garden surrounded by walls, which roughly occupies the area outside the Kerameikos. It took us half an hour to get to Athens, through wheat stubble. A modern wall newly-repaired and resembling a garden wall encloses the city. We entered the gate, and penetrated the small country lanes, fresh and quite clean: each house has a garden planted with orange and fig trees. The people seemed lively and curious, and lacked the downtrodden aspect of the Moraites. The Consul's house was pointed out to us.

I could have addressed no one better than Monsieur Fauvel regarding what to see in Athens: it is known that he has lived in the city of Athene, for many years; he knows every last detail, much better than Parisians know Paris. He has produced excellent descriptions, to him are owed the most interesting findings regarding the site of Olympia, the plain of Marathon, the tomb of Themistocles at Piraeus, the Temple of Aphrodite in the Gardens (*Pausanias I.19.3*), etc. In charge of the Consulate at Athens, which is no more than a courtesy title as far as he is concerned, he has worked and still works, as a painter, on the *Voyage pittoresque de la Grèce*. The author of this fine work, Monsieur de Choiseul-Gouffier had been so good as to give me a letter to this talented individual, and I also brought the consul a letter from the Minister (Monsieur Talleyrand.)

Doubtless, no one expects me to give a complete description of Athens here: if one wishes to know the history of that city from the Romans down to our day, there are various accounts. If it is the monuments of ancient Athens one wishes to learn about, the current translation of Pausanias, flawed though it is, will satisfy a host of readers and the *Voyage du jeune Anacharsis* leaves little to be desired. As for the ruins of this famous city, the letters from the collection of Martin Crusius; Père Babin; Guilletiere, despite his falsehoods; Pococke; Spon; Wheler; and particularly Chandler and Monsieur Fauvel, have made them so perfectly known, that I would merely be repeating them. Is it plans, maps, views of Athens and its monuments one seeks? They are found everywhere: it is sufficient to recall the work of the Marquis de Nointel (*Charles Marie François Olier*), Leroy, Stuart (*James 'Athenian' Stuart*), and Pars (*William Pars*); and Choiseul, completing the work that so many misfortunes have interrupted, will serve to set all Athens before our eyes. The subject of the manners and government of modern Athens is also well covered in the authors I have mentioned, and as customs do not change in the East as they do in France, all that Chandler and Guys (*Pierre-Augustin*) have said of the modern Greeks is still completely accurate today (though the latter should be read with mistrust, and caution regarding his methods).

Without pretending to erudition at the expense of my predecessors, I will report my excursions around Athens and my sentiments, day by day and hour by hour, following the plan that I have followed heretofore. Again, this *Itinerary* should be regarded less as a travel book and more as a memoir of a year of my life.

I descended to Monsieur Fauvel's courtyard and had the good fortune to find him at home: I gave him, at once, the letters from Choiseul and Monsieur de Talleyrand. Monsieur Fauvel knew my name, I could not say to him: *son pittore anch'io: I too am a painter*

(*supposedly Correggio's exclamation on first viewing a painting by Raphael*): but at least I was an amateur full of zeal, if not talent; I had so great a willingness to study the antique and do good work, I had come so far in order to produce such wretched drawings, that the master saw in me a docile pupil.

At first there were a host of questions on either side regarding Paris and Athens, which we gladly answered, but Paris was soon forgotten, and Athens completely predominated. Monsieur Fauvel, his love of the arts stirred by a disciple, was as eager to show me Athens as I was to see it: he advised me, however, to let the heat of the day abate.

Nothing in my host's house indicated the Consul, but everything there announced the artist and the antiquary. What a pleasure to be housed in Athens in a room full of plaster casts of the Parthenon! Round the walls were hung views of the Temple of Theseus, plans of the Propylaea, maps of Attica and the plain of Marathon. There were pieces of marble on one table, medals on another, with small busts and terracotta vases. The venerable dust was swept away, to my great regret; a camp-bed was erected in the middle of all these wonders; and like a conscript arriving on the eve of a skirmish, I slept on the field of battle.

Monsieur Fauvel's house possessed, like most of the houses in Athens, a courtyard at the front, and a small garden at the back. I toured all the windows to see something at least of the streets, but it was in vain. Yet one could see, between the roofs of the neighbouring houses, a small corner of the citadel; I stood glued to the window which looked in that direction, like a schoolboy whose break has not yet arrived. Monsieur Fauvel's Janissary had taken charge of my Janissary and of Joseph, so that I no longer had to bother about them.

At two o'clock dinner was served, which consisted of lamb stew, and chicken, half in the French manner, half Turkish. The wine, a heavy red like our Rhone wines, was of good quality; but it seemed so bitter to me that I could not drink it. In almost all the regions of Greece they steep pinecones in the barrels, to some degree; this gives the wine a bitter and aromatic flavour to which one has some difficulty accustoming oneself. (Other travellers attribute this taste to the pitch they mix into the wine: this may be partly true, but they also infuse the wine with pinecones.) If this custom dates back to antiquity, as I presume it does, that would explain why the pinecone was sacred to Dionysus. They brought me honey from Mount Hymettus: I found it had a medicinal taste I disliked; the honey from Chamounix seems much preferable. I have eaten an even more agreeable honey, at Kirkagac, near Pergamum (*Bergama*) in Anatolia; it is as white as the cotton-flowers from which the bees collect the pollen, and it has the strength and consistency of marshmallow. My host laughed at the grimace I made on tasting the wine and honey of Attica; it was as he had expected. As something was needed in compensation, he pointed out the clothing of the woman who served us: it was the drapery of the ancient Greeks to perfection, especially in the horizontal and undulating folds that formed above the breast and met the perpendicular folds which marked the border of the tunic. The coarse cloth in which this woman was dressed also contributed to the likeness; since, judging by their sculpture, fabrics among the ancients were thicker than ours. It would be impossible, given the chiffons and silks of modern women, to produce the sweeping lines of antique drapery: the silks of Ceos (*Kea,*

though Kos was more famous for its Coan silks), and the other gossamers, that the satirists called 'clouds', were never reproduced by the chisel.

During dinner, we received compliments from what in the Levant is termed the 'nation': this nation is composed of French merchants or the dependents of France living in the various Ports of Call. In Athens there are only one or two houses of this kind: they trade in oil. Monsieur Roque did me the honour of a visit: he had a family, and he invited me to visit, accompanied by Monsieur Fauvel, then he began to speak of Athenian society: 'A foreigner settled for some time in Athens seemed to have felt or inspired a passion that was the talk of the town ... There was gossip about the House of Socrates, and chatter concerning the gardens of Phocion ... The Archbishop of Athens had not yet returned from Constantinople. No one knew if they would receive justice from the Pasha of Negropont (*Chalcis*), who threatened to exact a levy on Athens. To maintain a defence against sudden attack, the perimeter wall had been repaired; however everything was to be hoped for from the leader of the black eunuchs, the governor of Athens, who certainly had more credit with His Highness than the Pasha. (O Solon! O Themistocles! The leader of the black eunuchs as governor of Athens, and all the other cities of Greece envying the Athenians that emblem of happiness!) '….For the rest, Monsieur Fauvel had done well to drive out the Italian priest who inhabited the Lantern of Demosthenes (one of the most beautiful monuments in Athens), and give his place to a French Capuchin. The latter possessed good manners, was affable, intelligent, and received hospitably those foreigners who, according to custom, intended to visit the French monastery...' Such was the gossip, and the subject of conversation in Athens: one can see that the world was continuing as usual, and a traveller who let it go to his head too much might be somewhat confused by meeting his village concerns on arriving in Tripods Street.

Two British travellers had just left Athens when I arrived: a Russian painter was still there, but lived quite alone. Athens is very popular with lovers of antiquity, because it is on the way to Constantinople, and easily reached by sea.

About four o'clock in the evening, the heat having abated, Monsieur Fauvel summoned his Janissary and mine, and we left preceded by our guards: my heart beat with joy, and I was ashamed at finding myself still so young. My guide pointed out to me, almost at his door, the remains of an ancient temple. From there we turned right, and we walked through heavily populated little streets. We went to the bazaar, well-stocked with fresh meat, game, herbs and fruit. Everyone saluted Monsieur Fauvel, and everyone wished to know who I was, but nobody could pronounce my name. It was as it was in ancient Athens: '*Athenienses autem omnes*,' said St. Luke (*Vulgate*: *Acts 17:21*), '*…ad nihil aliud vocabant nisi aut dicere aut audire aliquid novi: for all the Athenians…spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing'*; as for the Turks, they cried: *Fransouse! Effendi!* and smoked their pipes: which was what they preferred to do. The Greeks, seeing us pass by, raised their arms above their heads and shouted '*Kalos ilthete, archondes! Bate kala eis palaeo Athinam!* Welcome, gentlemen! Enjoy the ruins of Athens!' And they looked as proud as if they had told us: 'You are going to see Phidias or Ictinus (*the architect*).' I lacked eyes enough to look: I saw antiquities everywhere. Mr. Fauvel pointed out to me here and there pieces of sculpture that served for boundary stones,

walls or pavements: he told me what the dimensions of these fragments were in feet, inches and fractions of an inch; what kind of buildings they belonged to; what could be deduced about them from Pausanias; what the opinions of the Abbé Barthélemey, Spon, Wheler, and Chandler were concerning them; to what extent these views seemed to him (Monsieur Fauvel) well or ill-founded. We stopped at every step, the Janissaries and the local children who led the way, stopped wherever they saw a moulding, a cornice, a capital; they tried to determine from Monsieur Fauvel's face if it was good; when the Consul shook his head, they shook their heads, and went to stand four steps further on in front of another fragment. We were thus conducted out of the centre of the modern city, and reached the western parts which Monsieur Fauvel wanted me to visit first, in order that we might carry out our researches in an orderly manner.

On leaving the centre of modern Athens, and walking directly west, the houses became more separated then large open spaces appeared, some within the enclosing wall, and others outside this wall: it is in these vacant areas that the Temple of Theseus, the Pnyx and the Areopagus are found. I will not describe the first, which is well-known, and not unlike the Parthenon; I will include it in the general thoughts I will shortly permit myself to make regarding Greek architecture. This temple is, moreover, the best preserved of those in Athens; having long been a church dedicated to Saint George, it now serves as a warehouse. The Areopagus was built on an eminence to the west of the citadel. One can scarcely comprehend how a monument of such extent could be built on the rock on which the ruins appear. A small valley called in ancient Athens, *Coele* (the Hollow), separates the hill of the Areopagus from those of the Pnyx and the Citadel. In the Coele, are shown the tombs of the two Cimons, Thucydides and Herodotus. The Pnyx, where the Athenians first held their public meetings, is an esplanade built on a steep rock, at the back of Lycabettus. A wall made of huge stones supports this esplanade on the north side, on the south stands a podium carved into the rock itself, mounted by four steps also carved in the stone. I mention this, because previous travellers have not seen the Pnyx in this form. Lord Elgin has been clearing the hillside for a number of years, and it is to him that we owe the discovery of the steps. Since one is not quite at the top of the rock there, one can only glimpse the sea by climbing the rostrum: people were thus denied sight of Piraeus, so that factious speakers would not launch foolhardy enterprises, through realising Athen's naval power. (Histories vary regarding the matter. According to another version, it was the tyrants who forced the orators to turn their back on Piraeus.)

The Athenians were ranked around the esplanade between the circular wall that I indicated to the north, and the rostrum to the south.

It was in this forum then that Pericles, Alcibiades, and Demosthenes made their voices heard; that Socrates and Phocion spoke to the most thoughtless yet most intelligent nation on earth! It was here then that so many injustices were committed, so many cruel and iniquitous decrees proclaimed! This was the place perhaps that saw Aristides banished, Melitus triumph, the entire population of a city condemned to death, an entire people subjected to slavery? Yet it was here also that great citizens shouted their generous speeches against the tyrants of their country; that justice triumphed; that the truth was heard. 'They are a people, 'said the delegates of Corinth to the Spartans, 'a people who

breathe only novelties; prompt to conceive, prompt to execute, whose daring exceeds their strength. Faced with danger, into which they will often plunge without reflection, they never lose hope; naturally restless, they seek to expand abroad; in victory they advance and follow up their victory; defeated, they are not discouraged. To the Athenians, their life is not something that belongs to them, so they sacrifice it readily for their country! They believe they have been deprived of their rightful property whenever they fail to obtain the object of their desires. They replace a failed plan with a fresh expectation: their projects are scarce conceived when they are already executed. Incessantly pre-occupied with the future, the present eludes them: a people that knows no rest, and cannot tolerate it in others.' (*An edited paraphrase of Thucydides: Peloponnesian War: I.70*)

And what has become of that people? Where shall I find them? I, who was translating this passage amidst the ruins of Athens, gazed on Muslim minarets and heard Christian voices. It was in Jerusalem that I would find the answer to my questions, and I already knew in advance the words of the oracle: *Dominus mortificat et vivificat; deducit ad inferos et reducit*: *the Lord killeth and maketh alive: he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up*. (*Vulgate: 1 Samuel 2:6*)

The day was not yet at its end: we passed from the Pnyx to the Museum hill. We know that this hill is crowned by the tomb of Philopappus, a monument to bad taste, but it is the occupant here and not the tomb that deserves the attention of the traveller. This obscure Philopappus, whose tomb can be seen from so far away, lived under Trajan. Pausanias (*I.25.6*) does not deign to name him, and simply calls him a *Syrian*. It can be seen from the inscription on his statue that he was from Besa, a deme of Attica. Well, this Philopappus was named *Antiochus Philopappus*: he was a legitimate heir to the throne of Syria! Pompey brought to Athens the descendants of King Antiochus, and there they became ordinary citizens. I do not know whether the Athenians, the recipients of many gifts from Antiochus, sympathized with the troubles of his dethroned family; but it seems that Philopappus was at least designated Consul. Fortune, by making him a citizen of Athens and a Consul of Rome at a time when these two titles were worth nothing, seemed to wish to toy with this disinherited monarch further, to console him for a dream with a dream, and show, in a single person, that it mocks equally at the majesty of nations and of kings.

The monument to Philopappus served us as an observatory from which to contemplate further vanities. Monsieur Fauvel pointed out to me the various places through which the walls of the old city passed; he showed me the ruins of the Theatre of Dionysus, at the foot of the citadel, the dry bed of the Ilissus, the sea without ships, and the deserted harbours of Phaleron, Munychia and Piraeus.

We then returned to Athens: it was night; the Consul sent a message to the commander of the Citadel saying we would ascend the next morning, before sunrise. I bade good night to my host, and I retired to my apartment. Overcome with fatigue, I had been in a deep sleep for some time, when I was awakened suddenly by Turkish bagpipes and tambourines whose discordant sounds came from the heights of the Propylaea. At the same time a Turkish priest began to sing the hour in Arabic to Christians in the city of Athene. I can scarcely describe what I felt: the imam had no need to mark the flight of the years on

my behalf; his voice alone, in that place, was sufficient to announce that centuries had passed.

This changeability in human affairs is all the more striking because it contrasts with the immobility of the rest of nature. As if to mock the instability of human society, wild animals experience no alteration in their empires or change of habits. I saw, when we were on the Hill of the Museum, storks forming their battalion and taking flight for Africa. (See, for a description of Athens in general, most of the XV book of *Les Martyrs*, and the notes.) For two thousand years they had made the same journey, and were as free and happy in the city of Solon as they are in the city of the commander of the black eunuchs. From the heights of their nests, that revolution cannot reach, they have witnessed the race of mortals altering beneath them: while impious generations were raised over the graves of religious generations, the young stork has always supported his aged father (*see Aristophanes: Birds: 1355*). Let me halt these reflections by saying that the stork is beloved by travellers; she, like them 'in the heavens knoweth her appointed times' (*Jeremiah 8:7*). These birds were often the companions of my travels in the wilds of America; I often saw them perched on the Indian wigwams; finding them in a different kind of wilderness, the ruins of the Parthenon, I could not help but talk a little of my old friends.

On the next day, the 24th of August, at half past four in the morning, we ascended the citadel: its summit is surrounded by walls, part ancient, part modern; while other ancient walls encircle its base. In the space enclosed by these walls are firstly the remains of the Propylaea and the ruins of the Temple of Victory (The Temple of Victory formed the right wing of the Propylaea. *Pausanias I.22.4*) Behind the Propylaea, on the left towards the city, one then sees the Pandroseum and the double temple of Poseidon-Erechtheus and Athene-Polias; finally, on the most prominent point of the Acropolis stands the temple of Athene; the rest of the space is obstructed by the rubble of old and new buildings, and by the tents, barracks and weapons of the Turks.

The rock of the citadel at the summit is perhaps eight hundred feet long by four hundred wide; its shape is roughly that of an oval whose ellipse takes in the flank of Mount Hymettus: one might call it a pedestal cut on purpose to bear the magnificent buildings which crown it.

I will not enter into a specific description of each monument: I refer the reader to the works that I have so often mentioned, and without repeating what one can find elsewhere, I will content myself with some general observations.

The first thing that strikes you regarding the monuments of Athens is their beautiful colour. In our climate, in an atmosphere full of smoke and rain, stone of the purest white soon becomes black or greenish. The clear sky and bright sun of Greece merely grant the marble of Paros and Pentelicos a golden hue similar to that of ripe ears of corn or autumn leaves.

Their rightness, simplicity and harmony of proportion then attract your admiration. Here is no order after order; column after column; dome after dome. The Temple of Athene, for example, is or rather was a simple elongated parallelogram, adorned with a peristyle, a pronaos or portico, and raised on three steps or levels all round. The pronaos occupied almost a third of the total length of the building; the interior of the temple was

divided into two aisles separated by a wall, only receiving daylight through the doorway; in one aisle a statue of Athene was once to be seen, the work of Phidias; in the other, was the Athenian treasury. The columns of the peristyle and portico rested directly on the steps of the temple, they were without bases, fluted, and of the Doric order; they were forty-two feet tall and seventeen and a half feet in diameter near the ground; the space between the columns was seven feet four inches; and the monument was two hundred and eighteen feet long and ninety-eight and a half feet wide.

Triglyphs of the Doric order marked the frieze on the peristyle; metopes or small moveable marble tablets between them separated the triglyphs. Phidias or his pupils had carved the battle of the Centaurs and Lapiths on these metopes. The top of the main wall of the temple, or the frieze of the cella, was decorated with a bas-relief perhaps representing the Panathenaic festival. Excellent pieces of sculpture, but of the century of Hadrian, an epoch of renewal in the art, occupied the two pediments of the temple. (I cannot persuade myself that Phidias left the two pediments of the temple bare, while decorating the two friezes with such care. If the emperor Hadrian and his wife Sabina are represented on one of the pediments, they may have been introduced in place of two other figures, or perhaps, as often happened, they merely changed the heads of the statues. Besides, this was not an unworthy flattery on the part of the Athenians: Hadrian deserved the honour as a benefactor of Athens and a restorer of the arts.) Votive offerings, and shields taken from the enemy in the course of the Median war, hung outside the building: one can still see the circular marks that the latter imprinted on the architrave of the pediment facing Mount Hymettus. This is what led Monsieur Fauvel to presume that the temple entrance could well have been oriented in that direction, contrary to general opinion, which places the entry at the opposite end. (The idea is ingenious, but the evidence is not very solid: besides a thousand other reasons might have led the Athenians to suspend the shields on the Hymettus side, perhaps they did not want to spoil the wonderful facade of the temple, by loading it with foreign ornamentation.) Between these shields, inscriptions were mounted: they were probably made of bronze, judging by the marks of the nails that attached the letters. Monsieur Fauvel thought that these nails might have been used to hold wreathes; but I swayed him to my opinion, by pointing out to him the regular arrangement of the holes. Similar marks were sufficient to restore and decipher the inscription on the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. I am convinced that, if the Turks would permit, one could also manage to decipher the inscriptions on the Parthenon.

Such is the temple that has rightly been taken as the greatest masterpiece of architecture among both ancients and moderns; the harmony and strength of all its sections are still visible in its ruins; for one would acquire a very false idea of it if one were merely to imagine it as a fine building, but rather small, and festooned with carving in our manner. There is always something slender in our architecture, when we aim at elegance; or heavy, when we pretend to majesty. See how calculated the whole Parthenon is! The order is Doric, and the limited height of the columns of that order instantly communicates the concept of strength and solidity; but the columns, which are moreover without a base, would be too heavy: Ictinus has recourse to his art: he makes the columns fluted, and heightens them by degrees: by this means he almost brings the lightness of the Corinthian

to Doric gravity. For sole ornament you have two gables and two carved friezes. The frieze of the peristyle consists of small marble tablets regularly divided by triglyphs: in truth, each of these tablets is a masterpiece, the frieze of the cella stretches in a band along the top of a solid unified wall: that is all, absolutely all. How far we are from this wise economy of ornamentation, this blend of simplicity, strength and grace, in our profusion of indentations; square, long, round, or lozenge-shaped; our frail columns, raised on huge bases, or our vile cramped porches we call *porticoes*!

We should not conceal from ourselves the fact that architecture considered as an art is in its principles predominantly religious: it was invented for the worship of the Deity. The Greeks, who had a multitude of gods, were led to invent different styles of building, according to the ideas they attached to the differing powers of their gods. Vitruvius even devotes two chapters to this beautiful subject, and teaches us how one ought to construct temples and shrines of Minerva, Hercules, Ceres, etc. We, who adore the sole Lord of nature, also possess, strictly speaking, a single natural architecture, Gothic architecture. One senses immediately that this style is ours, it is original, and was born, so to speak with our altars. With regard to Greek architecture, we are only more or less ingenious imitators (Under the Valois, a charming blend of Greek and Gothic architecture was created, but it lasted only a moment), impersonators of work whose principles we denature, by transporting into the dwellings of men ornamentation fitted only for the house of the gods.

Besides their general harmony, their relationship with place and situation, and especially their appropriateness for the uses to which they were destined, what should be admired in the buildings of Greece is the degree of finish throughout. Objects not made to be seen are executed with the same care as the external composition. The jointure of the blocks that form the columns of the temple of Athene is such that the greatest attention is required to discover it, and it has not the thickness of the finest thread. To achieve that rare perfection, the marble was first cut perfectly straight with the chisel; then they would roll the two pieces round on top of one another, adding a grinding agent of sand and water between them. Their alignment, through this process, achieved an incredible straightness: the straightness in the vertical trunk of these columns was achieved by a square pivot of olive wood. I have seen one of these pivots in the hands of Monsieur Fauvel.

Rosettes, plinths, mouldings, astragals, all the details of the building, offer the same perfection; the lines of the capitals and the grooves of the columns of the Parthenon are so fine that one is tempted to believe that the entire column was turned on a lathe; carved ivory could not be more delicate than the Ionic ornamentation of the temple of Erechtheus: the caryatids of the Pandroseum are paragons. Finally, if after seeing the monuments of Rome, those of France seemed coarse to me, the monuments of Rome in turn seem barbaric now I have seen those of Greece: I would even include the Pantheon, with its disproportionate pediment. The comparison can be made easily in Athens, where Greek architecture is often placed in close proximity to the Roman.

I fell moreover into a common error regarding the Greek monuments: I thought them perfect *en masse*, but I considered they lacked grandeur. I was brought to realise that the genius of their architects had given grandeur to the monuments in proportion to whatever lack of size they might possess; and besides Athens is filled with prodigious works. The

Athenians, lacking great riches, lacking great numbers, moved gigantic masses: the stones of the Pnyx are veritable extents of rock, the Propylaea demanded vast labour, and the marble slabs that covered them were of a size the like of which has never been seen; the height of the columns of the Temple of Olympian Zeus may surpass sixty feet, and the entire temple was half a mile in extent: the walls of Athens, including those comprising the three harbours and the long walls, covered a distance of nearly twenty-three miles (two hundred stadia, according to Dio Chrysostom); the walls that joined the city to Piraeus were wide enough for two chariots to pass, and every fifty paces they were flanked by square towers. The Romans never raised higher fortifications.

By what fatality have such masterpieces of antiquity, which modern travellers will journey so far and with so many hardships to admire, owed their destruction in part to modern times? (We know how the Colosseum in Rome has been damaged, and we also know the Italian pun on 'Barberini' and 'barbarians'. Some historians suspect that the Knights of Rhodes destroyed the famous Mausoleum of Halicarnassus; that was, it is true, in order to defend Rhodes and fortify the island against the Turks; but though that is some sort of excuse for the knights' actions, the destruction of that wonder is no less unfortunate for us.) The Parthenon survived in its entirety until 1687: the Christians first converted it into a church; and the Turks, through jealousy of the Christians, changed it, in turn, into a mosque. The Venetians came in the midst of seventeenth-century enlightenment, to bombard the monuments of Pericles; they fired red-hot cannon balls into the Propylaea and the Temple of Athene; an incendiary fell on the latter building, shattered the arch, set fire to barrels of gunpowder, and blew up part of a building that honoured less the false gods of the Greeks and more the genius of man. (The invention of firearms has been a fatal thing for the arts. If the barbarians had discovered gunpowder, not one Greek or Roman building would remain on the surface of the earth; they would have blown up the pyramids, if it had only been in search of treasures. A year of our warfare destroys more monuments than a century of fighting among the ancients. It seems that everything opposes perfection of the arts among the moderns: our nations, manners, customs, dress and even our inventions.) The city having been taken (*in 1687*), Morosini (*Doge Francesco Morosini*) whose intention was to beautify Venice with the ruins of Athens, wished to remove the sculptures from the pediment of the Parthenon, and break them up. Another modern has just completed, for love of the arts, the destruction that the Venetians began. (They established a battery of six guns and four mortars on the Pnyx. One cannot conceive how at such close range they failed to destroy all the buildings of the citadel. See Francesco Fanelli, *Atene Attica*).

I have had occasion to speak of Lord Elgin a number of times in this *Itinerary*: we owe to him, as I have said, a more perfect knowledge of the Pnyx and the tomb of Agamemnon; he still maintains an Italian, in Greece, in charge of conducting excavations, who discovered, while I was in Athens, various antiquities which I have not seen. (They were discovered in a tomb: I believe that this tomb was that of a child. Among other interesting things, they found pieces of a previously unknown game, whose main item was, as far as I recall, a ball or globe of polished metal. I do not know if there is any evidence of this game in Athens. The state of war existing between France and England prevented

Monsieur Fauvel contacting Lord Elgin's agent for me; so that I failed to see this ancient toy which consoled an Athenian child in the grave.) But Lord Elgin has lost the merit of his laudable undertakings by ravaging the Parthenon. He wished the bas-reliefs of the frieze removed: to achieve this, Turkish labourers first shattered the architrave and threw the capitals down, and then, instead of sliding the metopes out, these barbarians found it quicker to shatter the cornice. In the Temple of Erechtheus, they have removed the corner column; so that the whole entablature has now to be supported by a pile of stones, threatening it with ruin.

Englishmen, who have visited Athens since Lord Elgin's time there, have themselves deplored the disastrous effects of such thoughtless love of the arts. It is claimed that Lord Elgin excused himself by saying that he was merely imitating us. It is true that the French have taken statues and paintings to Italy; but they have not mutilated temples to appropriate the bas-reliefs; they have simply followed the example of the Romans, who despoiled Greece of masterworks of painting and sculpture. The monuments of Athens, torn from the locations for which they were created, will not only lose their beauty in a relative sense, but they will be materially diminished. Only light reveals the delicacy of certain lines and colours: now, this light is lacking beneath English skies, these lines and colours will vanish, or remain hidden. However, I will confess that though the interests of France, the glory of our country and a thousand other reasons might justify the transplantation of monuments conquered by our arms, the arts themselves, being of the party of the defeated, and among the captives, may well possess the right to grieve.

We spent the whole morning visiting the citadel. The Turks had formerly built the minaret of a mosque next to the portico of the Parthenon. We climbed the half-ruined stair of the minaret, sat on a broken part of the frieze of the temple, and cast our eyes around us. We had Mount Hymettus to the east; Pentelicus to the north; Parnes to the north-west; Mount Icarius and Mount Cordyalus, or Aegaleo, to the west, while above the former one saw the summit of Cithaeron; to the south-west and to the south the sea was visible; the Piraeus; the shores of Salamis, Aegina, and Epidaurus; and the citadel of Corinth.

Below us, in the basin whose circumference I have just described, could be seen the hills and most of the monuments of Athens; to the south-west, the hill of the Museum with the tomb of Philopappus; to the west, the rocks of the Areopagus, of the Pnyx and of Lycabettus; to the north, the little mountain of Anchesmus; and to the east the hills that overlook the Stadium. At the foot of the citadel, we saw the ruins of the Theatre of Dionysus and the Odeon of Herodes Atticus. To the left of these ruins were the great isolated columns of the Temple of Olympian Zeus; further away, turning towards the north-east, we saw the walls of the Lyceum, the course of the Ilissus, the Stadium, and a Temple of Artemis or Demeter. In the west and north-west towards the groves of olive trees, Monsieur Fauvel pointed out to me the site of the external Ceremaicos (*Kerameikos*), the Academy, and the path lined with tombs. Finally, in the valley formed by the Anchesmus and the citadel, we could see the modern city.

You must now conceive of a landscape, sometimes naked and covered with yellow heath, sometimes occupied by clumps of olive trees, by patches of barley, by the furrows of vineyards; you must imagine trunks of columns, and stumps of ruins, ancient and modern,

emerging from amidst these cultivated areas; the whitewashed walls and fences of gardens traversing the fields: you must populate the countryside with Albanians drawing water, or washing the clothes of the Turks, beside the wells; peasants coming and going, driving donkeys, or carrying produce to the city on their backs; you must imagine all those mountains whose names are so beautiful, all those ruins so celebrated, all those islands, all those seas no less famous, lit by a brilliant light. I saw, from the top of the Acropolis, the sun rising between the twin summits of Mount Hymettus; the crows that nest all around the citadel, but never fly across its summit, hovered below us, their wings black and glossy were iced with pink by the first reflections of dawn; columns of smoke ascended blue and slender among the shadows along the flanks of Hymettus, proclaiming the territories and hives of its bees; Athens, the Acropolis, and the ruins of the Parthenon were coloured with the most beautiful hues of flowering peach; the sculptures of Phidias, struck horizontally by the golden rays, were vivified, and seemed to move as the shadows flickered, in relief; far off the sea and Piraeus were all white with light; and the citadel of Corinth, reflecting the brightness of the new day, shone on the western horizon like a fiery purple rock.

From the place where we stood, we might have seen, in the great days of Athens, the ships leaving Piraeus to encounter the enemy, or sailing to the festivals at Delos; we might have listened to the woes of Oedipus, Philoctetes or Hecuba sounding from the Theatre of Dionysus; we might have heard the citizens applauding the speeches of Demosthenes. But, alas, no sound struck our ears! A few sparse cries escaped from the populace of slaves exiting at intervals from those walls, that echoed for so long to the voices of a free people. I said, to console myself, what one must ever say: Everything passes, everything ends in this world. Where were they fled, those divine spirits who erected the temple on whose ruins I was seated? That sun, which may have lit the last sighs of the poor girl from Megara (*Simaetha?*), witnessed the death of the brilliant Aspasia. This tableau of Attica, this spectacle I contemplated, had been contemplated by eyes closed for two thousand years. I will depart in turn; the same reflections on the same ruins will be made by other men as transient as I. Our lives and our hearts are in the hands of God: let Him then dispose of the one as the other.

I took, in descending the citadel, a piece of marble from the Parthenon; I also collected a fragment of stone from the tomb of Agamemnon; and since then I have always stolen something from the monuments I passed. Mine are not such beautiful souvenirs of travel as those carried off by Choiseul and Lord Elgin, but they are sufficient for me. I am also careful to preserve the small tokens of friendship I receive from my hosts, including a case made of bone that Père Munoz gave me at Jaffa. When I see these trifles, I immediately recall my journeys and my adventures. I say to myself: ‘I was there, such and such a thing happened to me.’ Odysseus returned home with large chests full of rich gifts the Phaeacians had made him; I came back with a dozen pieces of stone from Sparta Athens, Argos, and Corinth, three or four small terracotta heads that I had from Monsieur Fauvel, various rosaries, a bottle of water from the Jordan, another from the Dead Sea, some reeds from the Nile, a piece of marble from Carthage, and a model, in plaster, of the Alhambra. I spent fifty thousand francs along the way, and left behind as presents my linen and my weapons. If my journey had lasted any longer, I would have returned on foot, with

a white stick. Unfortunately, I would not have found on my arrival a good brother who would have said, like the old man in the *Thousand and One Nights*: 'Brother: here are a thousand sequins: buy camels, and journey no more.' (Adapted from the *Story of the Second Old Man, and of the Two Black Dogs*)

We dined on leaving the citadel, and the same evening took ourselves to the Stadium, on the far side of the Ilissus. This Stadium retains its original shape; one can no longer see the marble steps with which Herodes Atticus adorned it (*Pausanias I.19.7*). As for the Ilissus, it is devoid of water. Chandler departs on this occasion from his customary moderation, and protests at the poets who give the Ilissus a limpid wave, and border its course with bushy willows. Behind his ill-humour, one sees that he wishes to attack a drawing of Leroy's which represents a view of the Ilissus. I am like Dr. Chandler: I hate descriptions lacking truth; and when a stream is devoid of water, I wish to be told so. You will see that I have not exaggerated regarding the banks of the Jordan, and transformed that river into a great flood. However, there I might have been expected to support a lie. All travellers, and Scripture itself, justify the most grandiose description of it. But Chandler has taken his ill-humour too far. Here is a curious fact that I got from Mr. Fauvel: if one digs in the bed of the Ilissus one finds water at a very shallow depth: this is so well known to the Albanian peasants, that they make a hole in the bed of the gorge whenever they want to wash clothing, and immediately strike water. It is very likely therefore that the bed of the Ilissus has gradually been filled with stones and gravel washed down from the nearby mountains, and the water flows at present between two layers of sand. That is sufficient to excuse those poor poets who have met the fate of Cassandra; they sing the truth in vain, nobody believes them; if they had been content to speak it, they might have been more fortunate. They are supported here, also, by the witness of history, which attests to the waters of the Ilissus: why was there a bridge over the Ilissus if it never held water even in winter? America spoiled me a little with its host of rivers, but I could not help trying to defend the honour of that Ilissus, which gave a name to the Muses (Ilissiades: they had an altar at the edge of the Ilissus) and from whose banks Boreas abducted Oreithyia (*Pausanias I.19.6*)

On returning from the Ilissus, Monsieur Fauvel took me over broken ground, where one must seek the site of the Lyceum. Then we came to some large isolated columns, located in the area of the city known as *New Athens*, or the *Athens of the Emperor Hadrian*. Spon considered these columns to be the remains of the portico of the hundred and twenty columns (*Pausanias I.18.9*), and Chandler assumed they belonged to the temple of Olympian Zeus. Monsieur Lechevalier and other travellers have spoken of it. These columns are well represented in the various views of Athens, and especially in the work of Stuart, who recreated the entire building from the ruins. On a portion of the architrave which surmounts two of these columns, there is a hovel, once the dwelling place of a hermit. It is impossible to understand how this hovel could have been built on the capitals of these prodigious columns, whose height may be more than sixty feet. Thus that vast temple, that the Athenians laboured over for seven centuries, that all the kings of Asia wanted to finish, that Hadrian, master of the world, had the glory of completing; that temple has succumbed to the efforts of time, and the cell of a hermit remains perched on its

ruins! A wretched mud hut is supported in the air by two columns of marble, as if fortune had wanted to expose to all eyes, on this beautiful pedestal, a monument to its triumphs and caprices.

These columns, though much higher than those of the Parthenon, are far from possessing beauty: the degeneration of the art makes itself apparent, but since they are isolated and scattered on bare ground, they have a surprising effect. I stopped at their feet to hear the wind whistling round their heads: they resemble those solitary palms that can be seen here and there amidst the ruins of Alexandria. When the Turks were threatened with some calamity, they brought a lamb to this place and forced it to bleat, while raising its head to the sky: unable to find a voice of innocence among men, they employed a new born lamb to appease the anger of heaven.

We returned to Athens by the portico whose well-known inscription reads:

THIS IS THE CITY OF HADRIAN
AND NOT THE CITY OF THESEUS

We went to return the visit Monsieur Roque had made to me, and we spent the evening with him; I saw several women. Readers who are curious about the clothing, manners and customs of the Turkish, Greek and Albanian women in Athens, might read the twenty-sixth chapter of Chandler's *Travels in Greece* (*1776*). If it were not so long, I would have transcribed it here entire. I would say only that the Athenian women seemed less tall and less beautiful to me than those of the Morea. The custom whereby they paint the rims of their eyes blue, and their fingertips red, is disagreeable to a foreigner; but since I had seen women with pearls in their noses, which the Iroquois found very striking, and I was tempted into quite liking this fashion myself, there shall be no disputing taste. The women of Athens were, moreover, never much renowned for their beauty. They were accused of loving wine. The proof that their empire held little sway is that almost all the famous men of Athens were attached to foreigners: Pericles, Sophocles, Socrates, Aristotle and even the divine Plato.

On the 25th of August, we were on horseback early in the morning; we left the city and took the road to Phaleron. Approaching from the sea, the land rises, and ends in heights whose bays form, to east and west, the harbours of Phaleron, Munychia and Piraeus. Among the dunes of Phaleron, we found the foundations of the walls that surrounded the harbour, and other ruins completely worn away: they were perhaps those of the Temples of Zeus and Demeter (*Pausanias I.1.4*). Aristides' little field and tomb were near here (*Plutarch: Aristides XXVII.1*). We went down to the harbour: it is a semi-circular basin where the sea flows over fine sand; it could contain some fifty vessels: that was just the number that Menestheus led to Troy.

τω δ᾽ άμα πεντήκοντα μέλαιναι νηες έποντο.

And with him came fifty black ships.

(*Homer: Iliad II:556*)

Theseus also left from Phalereon on his way to Crete.

> *Pourquoi, trop jeune encor, ne pûtes-vous alors*
> *Entrer dans le vaisseau qui le mit sur nos bords?*
> *Par vous aurait péri le monstre de la Crète…*
>
> Why could you, still so young, not be aboard
> The ships that brought him once to our shores?
> The Cretan monster would have perished there…
>
> (*Racine: Phaedra: ActII:SceneV. Lines 647-9 of the play*)

It is not always mighty vessels and vast harbours that grant immortality: Homer and Racine have prevented the record of a small bay and a little boat from fading.

From the harbour of Phaleron we arrived at that of Munychia. The latter is oval in shape, and slightly larger than the former. Finally, we rounded the extremity of a rocky hill, and riding from cape to cape, we proceeded towards Piraeus. Monsieur Fauvel stopped me, in the arc made by a spit of land, to show me a tomb dug in the rock; it has no roof, and is level with the sea. The waves, by their regular movements cover and reveal it, and it fills and empties by turns. A few paces away, you can see the remains of a monument on the shore.

Monsieur Fauvel considers this the place where the bones of Themistocles were deposited (*Plutarch: Themistocles 32.4*). This interesting discovery of his has been contested: it is argued that the ruins scattered nearby are too fine to be the remains of the tomb of Themistocles. In fact, according to Diodorus Siculus the geographer, quoted by Plutarch, the 'tomb' was merely an altar.

The objection is weak. Why bring to the original discussion another matter unrelated to the subject in question? Could not the fragments of white marble, which are mentioned as a difficulty, have belonged to a tomb quite other than that of Themistocles? Why, when animosities had abated, could the descendants of Themistocles not have adorned the tomb of their illustrious ancestor, whom they had previously interred modestly, or even in secret, as Thucydides says? Do they not dedicate a painting representing the history of this great man? And was not this painting, in the time of Pausanias, on public display in the Parthenon? (*Pausanias I.1.2*) There was also a statue of Themistocles in the Prytaneum (*I.18.3*).

The site where Monsieur Fauvel found this tomb is in fact Cape Alcimus, and I will give a stronger proof of it than that of the tranquility of the water in that place. There is an error in Plutarch; Alimos should be read instead of Alcimus, according to a remark by Meursius (*Johannes Meursius*), noted by Dacier (*André Dacier?).* Alimus was a demos or village of Attica, of the tribe of Leontidis, situated to the east of Piraeus. Now, the ruins of this village are still visible in the vicinity of the tomb of which we are speaking (I do not

wish to conceal any difficulties, and I know that Alimos has also been placed to the east of Phaleron. Thucydides was of the village of Alimos.) Pausanias is quite confused in what he says of the position of this tomb. But Diodorus Periegetes is very clear, and the verses of Plato the comic poet, quoted by the said Diodorus, point absolutely to the place and the tomb found by Monsieur Fauvel:

'Set in an open place, the sailors entering and leaving port salute your tomb; and if they offer battle on the sea, you will be witness to the clash of vessels.' (*Plutarch, quoting Plato the comic poet: Themistocles 32.5*).

If Chandler was astonished at the solitude of Piraeus, I can assure you I was no less surprised than he. We travelled a deserted shore; three harbours were presented to us, and in those three harbours we saw not a single boat. The only spectacle, ruins, rocks and the sea: the only sounds, the cry of sea-birds, and the murmur of the waves that, breaking on the tomb of Themistocles, emitted an eternal sigh from the depths of eternal silence. Washed away by the sea, the ashes of the conqueror of Xerxes repose beneath that same sea, joining the bones of the Persians. I searched for the Temple of Aphrodite, the Long Colonnade, and the symbolic statue of Demos, representing the people of Athens, without success (*Pausanias: I.1.3*): the image of that inexorable people was toppled forever beside the well where exiled citizens came, in vain, to re-claim their homeland (*see Xenophon, Hellenica: 2.4:24-43*). Instead of those great arsenals; those boat-sheds where the galleys were moored; those Agorae echoing to the sailors' voices (*I.1.2*); instead of those buildings which resembled *en masse* the overall appearance and beauty of the city of Rhodes, I could see only a dilapidated monastery and a warehouse. The sad sentinel of the shore and a model of dumb patience; a Turkish customs man is seated there, all year round, in a miserable wooden hut: months on end pass without him seeing a boat. Such is the deplorable state today of those ports, once so famous. What can have destroyed so many monuments of gods and men? That hidden force that overturns all things, and is itself subject to the unknown God whose altar St. Paul saw at Phaleron: Ἀγνώστω Θεω: *Deo Ignoto (see Acts:17:23)*.

The port of Piraeus describes an arc, whose two ends, close together, leave a narrow passage; it is called the Lion Port nowadays, because of the marble lion formerly to be seen there, which Morosini transported to Venice in 1687. Three basins, the Cantharus, the Aphrodisus, and Zea, divided the inner harbour. One can still see a half-filled basin, which could well have been the Aphrodisus. Strabo (*Geographica IX.15*) says that the large harbour of the Athenians was able to hold four hundred ships; and Pliny increases the total to one thousand (*a misreading of Pliny: Naturalis Historia 17:XXXVII/125*). Fifty of our ships would fill it entirely, and I am not sure two frigates could lie alongside, especially now they are moored on a long cable. But the water is deep, the anchorage good, and Piraeus in the hands of a civilized nation could become a major port. As for the rest, the only warehouse that we see today is of French origin; it was built, I believe, by Monsieur Gaspari (*Joseph Dimitri Gaspari*), former consul of France at Athens. So it is not long since the Athenians were represented in Piraeus by the people who most resemble them.

After we had rested for a while beside the Customs house, and the Monastery of Saint Spyridon, we returned to Athens following the Piraeus road. We saw remnants of the

long wall everywhere. We passed the tomb of the Amazon, Antiope (*Pausanias I.2.1*), which Monsieur Fauvel had excavated: he gave an account of the excavation in his *Memoirs*. We rode through vineyards, like those of Burgundy, whose grapes were beginning to redden. We stopped at public water-troughs, under the olive trees: I had the mortification of finding that the tomb of Menander, the cenotaph of Euripides (*I.2.2*), and the little temple dedicated to Socrates, no longer existed, at least they have not yet been found. We continued our journey, and, on approaching the Museum, Monsieur Fauvel pointed out to me a track that wound up the flank of that hill. He told me that the path had been worn by the Russian painter who every day, from the same spot, painted views of Athens. If genius is simply patience, as was claimed by Buffon (*Georges-Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon*) the painter must have possessed a full measure of it.

It is scarcely four miles from Athens to Phaleron, three or four miles from Phaleron to Piraeus, following the windings of the coastline, and five miles from Piraeus to Athens: so that when we reached the city, we had ridden approximately twelve miles, or four leagues.

As the horses were hired for the whole day, we hurried our dinner, and recommenced our ride at four in the evening.

We left Athens in the direction of Mount Hymettus; my host took me to the village of Angelo Kipos (*Perivole*) where he believes he has found the Temple of Aphrodite in the Gardens, for the reasons he gives in his Memoirs. Chandler's opinion, which places the temple at Panagia Spiliotissa, is equally plausible, and in its favour is the authority of an inscription. But Monsieur Fauvel produces in favour of his sentiment two old myrtle trees and some pleasant ruins of the Ionic order: a fine reply to any objections. That is how we are, we amateurs of antiquity: we use everything as evidence.

After seeing the sights of Angelo Kipos, we turned due west, and passing between Athens and Mount Anchesmus we entered the olive groves; there are no ruins in this direction, and we did no more than take a pleasant ride among the memories of Athens. We found the Cephisus, which I had already greeted lower down, on arriving from Eleusis: at this location it flowed with water; but the water, I am sorry to say, was a little muddy: it serves to irrigate the orchards, and is sufficient to cool the river-bank, which is all too rare in Greece. We then retraced our steps, still traversing the olive groves. We passed on our right, a little mound covered with rocks; it was Colonus, beneath which the village to which Sophocles retired could once be seen, and where that great tragedian shed his last tears for Antigone's father (*Oedipus*). We followed the Bronze Road for a while; one sees there the vestiges of the Temple of the Furies: from there, on approaching Athens, we wandered for quite a while in the vicinity of the Academy. There is no longer anything there to identify that retreat. Its original plane-trees fell under Sulla's axe (*86BC*), and those that Hadrian may have ordered to be re-planted there failed to escape the later barbarians. The altar of Love, that of Prometheus, and that of the Muses have disappeared; (*Pausanias I.30.1-2*) all divine fire is extinguished in the groves where Plato was so often inspired. Two comments suffice to show what charm and grandeur antiquity found in the lessons of that philosopher: on the eve of that day when Plato received Socrates among his disciples, he dreamed that a swan settled on his breast; death having prevented Plato from finishing his *Critias*, Plutarch

(*Life of Solon:32*) deplored that misfortune, and compares the writings of the Head of the Academy to the temples of Athens, among which that of Olympian Zeus was the only one not completed.

It was already an hour after dark, when we thought of returning to Athens: the sky was bright with stars, and the air of an incomparable softness, transparency and purity, and our horses ambled at a slow pace, and we fell silent. The road we were following was probably the old road from the Academy, bordered by the tombs of those who died for their country, and those of the greatest men of Greece; there lay Thrasybulus, Pericles, Chabrias, Timotheus, Harmodios and Aristogeiton (*Pausanias I.29.2-16*). It was a noble idea to gather in one place the ashes of those famous individuals who lived in different centuries, and who, like the members of an illustrious but long-scattered family, had come to rest in the bosom of their common mother. What variety of genius, greatness and courage! What variety of manners and virtues could be seen there at a glance! And those virtues tempered by death, like those happy wines, Plato says, that we mix with a sober god (*water*, *see Plato: Laws: VI*), no longer offend the eyes of the living. The passer-by who read, on a funeral column these simple words:

PERICLES OF THE TRIBE OF ACAMANTIS
OF THE DEME OF CHOLARGOS

felt only admiration, without envy. Cicero represents Atticus to us as wandering amidst those tombs, seized with holy reverence at the presence of those venerable ashes (*De Finibus: V: 1-2?*). He could no longer paint the same picture for us today: the tombs have been destroyed. The illustrious dead whom the Athenians placed outside their city, as an advanced guard, have not risen to defend it; they have been trampled beneath the feet of the Tartars. 'Time, violence, and the plough' Chandler said, 'have levelled all'. (*See Travels in Greece, Chapter XXII/Page 109, Clarendon Press 1776*)' The plough is not needed here, and that remark better evokes the desolation of Greece than any thought which I could deliver.

It still remained for me to see the still theatres and monuments within the city of Athens: to that I devoted the 26th of August. I have already said, and everyone knows, that the Theatre of Dionysus was at the foot of the citadel, in the direction of Mount Hymettus. The Odeion (*Pausanias I.20.3*), begun by Pericles, completed by Lycurgus son of Lycophron; burnt down by Aristion and Sulla (*86BC*), restored by Ariobarzanes (*Ariobarzanes II of Cappadocia*), was close to the Theatre of Dionysus; they may have been linked by a portico. It is likely that a third theatre existed in the same location, built by Herodes Atticus. The tiers of the theatre were built on the slope of the mountain that served as their foundation. There is some controversy about these monuments, and Stuart locates the Theatre of Dionysus where Chandler locates the Odeion.

The ruins of the theatre are unimpressive; I was not taken with them, because I had seen monuments of that kind in Italy, much larger and better preserved; but a sad thought occurred to me: under the Roman emperors, at a time when Athens was still schooling the world, gladiators mounted their blood-stained games in the Theatre of Dionysus. The

masterpieces of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides were no longer played; assassination and murder had taken the place of the dramatic arts, which gives us a fine idea of the human spirit, and the noble amusements of civilized nations. The Athenians flocked to such cruelties with the same zeal with which they had flocked to the Dionysian rites. How could a people that had once mounted so high, stoop so low? What was become of that Altar of Pity once seen in the middle of the market-place in Athens (*Pausanias: I.17.1*), round which supplicants hung sacrificial bands? If the Athenians were the only Greeks, according to Pausanias, who honoured Pity, and regarded it as the consolation of life, they have changed greatly! Certainly, it was not for its gladiatorial contests that Athens was named the *sacred home* of the gods. Perhaps nations, as well as individuals, are cruel in their decrepitude as in their childhood, perhaps the spirit of a nation exhausts itself; and when it has created everything, traversed everything, tasted everything, filled with its own masterpieces, and unable to produce new ones, it becomes brutalized, and returns to purely physical sensation. Christianity will prevent the modern nations from ending in such a deplorable old age; but if all religion were extinguished among us, I would not be surprised if the cries of dying gladiators were to be heard on those stages which today echo to the grief of Phaedra or Andromache.

After visiting the theatres, we re-entered the city, where we cast a glance on the Portico, which perhaps formed the entrance to the Agora. We halted at the Tower of the Winds, which Pausanias does not speak of, but which Vitruvius (*De Architectura: I.6.4*) and Varro (*De Re Rustica: III.5.17*) have made known. Spon (ii. Page 135 Amsterdam 1675) gives full details with an explanation of the winds; the entire monument has been described by Stuart in his *Antiquities of Athens* (*Chapter III*); Francesco Giambetti had already drawn it in 1465 (*manuscript on vellum in the Barberini Library*), during the renaissance of art in Italy. At the time of Père Babin in 1672, this Tower of the Winds was thought to be the tomb of Socrates. I pass over in silence some ruins of the Corinthian order, that have been taken to be the Stoa Poikile (*the Painted Porch*), the remains of the Temple of Olympian Zeus; or the Prytaneion; and which may not belong to any of those buildings. What is certain is that they are from the time of Pericles. One senses the grandeur but also the Roman inferiority; everything the Roman emperors touched in Athens is recognizable at first glance, and shows a significant disparity with the masterpieces of the century of Pericles. Finally, we went to the French monastery to return the visit that the priests of this unique order had paid me. I may have already said that the monastery our missionaries inhabit contains within its dependencies the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates; it was at this last monument that I finished paying my debt of admiration to the ruins of Athens.

This elegant work of Greek genius was known to early travellers as the *Fanari tou Demosthenis*. ‘In the premises which the Capuchin monks recently purchased,’ said the Jesuit, Babin, in 1672, ‘there is a very remarkable antiquity, which has remained intact since the time of Demosthenes: it is commonly called *The Lantern of Demosthenes.*’ (It seems that there was another monument in Athens in 1669, called the Lantern of Diogenes. Guillet invokes, regarding this monument, the testimony of Père Barnabé and Père Simon, and Messieurs Monceaux and Lainez.)

It has since been recognized (by Riesdel, Chandler, etc.) and first by Spon, that it is the Choragic Monument raised by Lysicrates on Tripods Street. Monsieur Legrand (*Jacques-Guillaume Legrand*) exhibited a model in terracotta in the courtyard of the Louvre a few years ago (the monument has since been re-created at Saint-Cloud), which was very like, only the architect, probably to give more elegance to his work, removed the circular wall that fills the space between the columns of the original monument.

It is certainly not one of the least astonishing quirks of fate that has lodged a Capuchin in the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates; but what may seem odd at first glance is touching and fitting when one thinks of the beneficial effects of our missions, when you consider that a French priest showed Chandler hospitality at Athens, while other French priests were assisting travellers in China, Canada, in the deserts of Africa and Tartary.

'The French in Athens,' said Spon 'have only the chapel of the Capuchins, which is at the *Fanari tou Demosthenis*. When we were in Athens only Père Séraphin was there, a very honest man, from whom one day a Turk from the garrison stole a cord belt, either out of malice, or as a result of drunkenness, having met him on the road to the Lion Port, from which he was returning, simply having gone to see some Frenchmen from a *tartane* that was moored there.

The Jesuits were established at Athens before the Capuchins, and were never driven out. They only retired to Negropont because they found more occupation there, and more French than at Athens. Their hospice was almost at the extremity of the city, near the archbishop's palace. As for the Capuchins, they have been established in Athens since 1658, and Père Simon bought the Fanari and the adjoining mansion in 1669, there having been other priests of his order in the city before him.'

It is to these missions then so long disparaged that we owe our initial notions about ancient Greece (One can read, in the Jesuit *Lettres édifiantes,* of the missionaries' work in the islands of the Archipelago). When travellers left home to visit the Parthenon, already the priests, religious exiles among those famous ruins hospitable to new gods, awaited the antiquary and artist. Scholars wondered what had become of the city of Cecrops while in Paris, at the novitiate of Saint-Jacques, there was Père Barnabé, and at Compiègne Père Simon, who could have brought them news of it; but they did not parade their knowledge: kneeling at the foot of the cross, they hid, in the humility of the cloister, what they had learned, and above all what they had suffered for twenty years, amidst the ruins of Athens.

'The French Capuchins,' said La Guilletière, 'who were called to their mission in the Morea by the congregation *Propaganda Fide* of the Holy See*,* have their principal residence in Naples, because the galleys of the Beys (rulers, vassals of the Sultan) over-winter there; and are usually present from November until the feast of St. George, which is the day they return to sea: they are full of Christian slaves who need to be educated and encouraged; which is what Père Barnabé of Paris, presently the superior of the mission in Athens and the Morea, occupies himself in doing, with as much success as zeal.'

But if these priests, on their return from Sparta and Athens, were so modest among the cloisters, perhaps it was because they lacked any feeling that their memories of Greece contained wonders, perhaps they also lacked the necessary understanding. Listen to the Jesuit, Père Babin: we owe him the first description of Athens we possess.

‘You can find,’ he said, ‘in several books, a description of Rome, Constantinople, Jerusalem or the rest of the world’s most significant cities, as they currently exist: but I know of no book which describes the Athens I have seen, and no one could find the city if they searched for it as portrayed in Pausanias and the other ancient authors; but here you will find it in the very state it is in today, which is such that even in ruins it cannot fail to inspire a certain respect, as much in the pious who view its churches, as the scholars who recognize it as the womb of the sciences, and warlike, generous people who see it as a field of Mars, and a theatre where the greatest conquerors of antiquity demonstrated their worth, and revealed with brilliance their power, courage and industry; and these ruins are useful finally in marking its original nobility, and showing it was once the object of universal admiration.

Personally, I confess that when, from afar, I saw the city, in my telescope, rise from the sea, and I saw a host of marble columns in the distance, testifying to its former glory, I felt touched by feelings of respect.’

The missionary then proceeds to describe its monuments: happier than us, he saw the Parthenon in its entirety.

Finally, that pity for the Greeks, those philanthropic ideas that we boast of carrying with us on our travels, were they unknown then to the priests? Listen again to Père Babin: ‘What Solon once said to one of his friends, on regarding this great city from a mountain top, and seeing its host of magnificent marble palaces: that he considered it as no more than a large but wealthy hospital, filled with as many wretches as the city had inhabitants, I would again wish to speak of it in that way, and say that this city rebuilt from the ruins of its former palaces, is no more than a large and impoverished hospital which contains as many wretches as Christians.’

You will forgive me for expanding on this subject. No traveller before me, except Spon, has done justice to these missionaries in Athens who are so interesting to a Frenchman; I ignored them myself in my *Génie du Christianisme*. Chandler hardly speaks of the priests who showed him hospitality, and I am not sure that he even deigns to name them once. Thank God, I am above such petty scruples. When I am under an obligation, I say so, and blush not at all for art, and do not consider Lysicrates’ monument dishonoured because it is part of a Capuchin monastery. The Christian, who preserves that monument by dedicating it to works of charity, seems as respectable to me as the heathen, who raised it in memory of a victory won by a chorus of music.

So I end my review of the ruins of Athens: I examined them in an orderly manner and with the intelligence and familiarity that ten years of residence and labour have granted to Monsieur Fauvel. It saved me all those hours we lose in groping, doubting, and searching, when we find ourselves alone in a new world. I gained a clear idea of the monuments, sky, sun, prospects, land, sea, rivers, woods, and mountains of Attica; I could now correct my impressions, and give a local colour to my written descriptions of these famous places (see *Les Martyrs*). It only remained for me to continue my journey: my aim above all was to reach Jerusalem; and what miles still lay before me! The season was advancing, and I might miss, by lingering further, that boat which every year carries the pilgrims, bound for Jerusalem, from Constantinople to Jaffa. I had every reason to fear that

my Austrian vessel would not be waiting for me at the tip of Attica; that not seeing me re-appear, it would have sailed for Smyrna. My host shared my concerns, and traced the path I should follow. He advised me to go to Keratea, a village of Attica, situated at the foot of Laurium (*Lavrio*), at some distance from the sea, opposite the island of Zea (*Kea*). 'When you arrive in the village,' he said, 'they will light a fire on the mountain; the boats off Zea, accustomed to the signal, will make immediately for the coast of Attica. You can then embark for the harbour of Zea, where you may find the ship from Trieste. In any case, it will be easy at Zea to charter a felucca for Chios or Smyrna.' I was not one to avoid the adventurous course; a man who, from the sole desire of rendering his work a little less defective, has undertaken the journey I had undertaken, cannot be fussy about chance and accident. I had to depart, and I could only leave Attica in that way, since there was no boat from Piraeus (The disturbances in Roumeli rendered the overland journey to Constantinople impracticable.) I immediately decided to execute the plan suggested to me. Monsieur Fauvel wanted me stay a few days longer, but the fear of missing the season for sailing to Jerusalem prevailed over all other considerations. The northerly winds had no more than six weeks longer to blow, and if I arrived in Constantinople at too late a date, I ran the risk of being trapped by the westerlies.

I dismissed Monsieur Vial's Janissary after paying him and giving him a letter of thanks to his master. On a fairly hazardous journey, we do not part easily from the companions with whom we have lived for some time. When I saw the Janissary mount his horse, wish me a safe journey, take the road to Eleusis, and depart on the road exactly opposite to that which I was to pursue, I felt moved despite myself. I followed him with my eyes, thinking he would one more see, alone, the deserts we had seen together. I also thought that, by all accounts, that Turk and I would never meet again; that we would never even hear talk of each other. I imagined the fate of this man so different from my own, his sorrows and pleasures so different from my pleasures and my sorrows, and all to arrive at the same place; he among the vast and beautiful and cemeteries of Greece, I, on the paths of the world, or in the suburbs of some city.

Our separation took place in the evening of the same day on which I visited the French monastery; for the Janissary had been warned to prepare for his return to Coron. I left at night for Keratia, with Joseph and an Athenian who was visiting his parents on Zea. This young Greek was our guide. Monsieur Fauvel accompanied me to the city gate: there, we embraced, and wished each other a speedy reunion in our mutual homeland. I undertook to deliver the letter he gave me to Monsieur de Choiseul: to send Monsieur Choiseul news from Athens was to send him news of his own country.

I was glad to leave Athens by night: I would have felt too many regrets, if I had left those ruins in the light of day: at least, like Hagar (*Genesis: 16*), I would not see what I was losing forever. I put the bridle on my horse's neck, and following the guide and Joseph who rode ahead, I gave myself over to my reflections; all the way, I was haunted by a strange dream. I imagined that I was given sovereignty over Attica. I advertised throughout Europe that whoever was weary of revolution and wished to find peace might come and console themselves amidst the ruins of Athens, where I promised them security and repose. I built roads, I opened hostelries, I provided all sorts of amenities for travellers; I bought a harbour

on the Gulf of Lepanto, in order to make the crossing from Otranto to Athens, shorter and easier. As one will readily appreciate, I did not neglect the monuments: the masterpieces of the citadel were raised again as they were designed, in accordance with their ruins; and the city, surrounded by strong walls, was protected from its being looted by the Turks. I founded a university, where students from all over Europe might come to learn Greek, both ancient and modern. I invited shipping agents from Hydra to settle in Piraeus, and I possessed a navy. The bare mountains I clothed with pine-trees to restore water to my rivers; I encouraged agriculture; a host of Swiss and Germans mingled with my Albanians; every day new discoveries were excavated, and Athens rose from the tomb. Arriving at Keratia, I emerged from my dream, and found myself the same *Gros-Jean as before* (*see La Fontaine: Fables: La laitière et le pot au lait, where the name is adapted from Rabelais' 'Gros Jan'*)

We rounded Mount Hymettus, passing to the south of Pentelicus, and cutting back towards the sea entered the Laurium range, where the Athenians once mined their silver. This part of Attica has never been particularly well-known: several towns and villages were sited between Phaleron and Cape Sunium, such as Anaphlystos, Azenia, Lamptrai, Anagyrous, Alimuse, Thorai, Aenone, etc. Wheler and Chandler explored these abandoned sites with scant success, and Monsieur Lechevalier crossed the same wilderness when he landed at Cape Sunium on his way to Athens. The interior of the country is still less known and less inhabited than the coast, and I am not sure of the origins of the village of Kératia. (Meursius in his treatise *De Populis Atticae* speaks of the village or deme of *Κειριάδαί* of the tribe of Hippothoontides. Spon mentions *Κυρτίαδαι* of the tribe of Acamantides; but gives no description, and simply relies on a passage from Hesychius.) It is located in a fairly fertile valley, amidst the mountains which overlook it on all sides, and whose flanks are clothed with sage, rosemary and myrtle. The bottom of the valley is cultivated, and the properties are divided from one another, as they used to be in Attica, by hedges planted with trees (as they are in England and Brittany). Birds abound throughout the countryside, and especially the hoopoe, wood pigeon, red partridge, and hooded crow. The village consisted of a dozen neat houses set well apart. We saw flocks of goats and sheep on the mountains; and in the valley, pigs, donkeys, horses and some cows.

On the 27th of August we descended to the house of an Albanian known to Monsieur Fauvel. On arriving, I immediately climbed a hill to the east of the village, trying to locate the Austrian boat; but saw only the sea and the island of Zea. In the evening, at sunset, a fire of myrtle and heather was lit on the summit of a mountain. A goatherd posted on the shore would bring news of the vessel from Zea as soon as it became visible. This use of signal fires dates back to antiquity, and furnished Homer with one of the finest similes of the Iliad:

> *ώς δ ʹότε καπνος ιων εις ουρανον ευρυν ικηται,*
>
> As smoke reaches the sky from a burning city,
>
> (*Homer: Iliad: XXI.522*)

That morning, on my way to the beacon summit, I had taken my gun with me, and amused myself with hunting: it was full noon; I was badly sunburned on one hand and part of my head. The thermometer had been constantly around 28 degrees during my stay in Athens (Monsieur Fauvel told me that the temperature often mounted to 33 or 34 degrees Centigrade.) One of the oldest maps of Greece, that of Sophianus (*Nicholas Sophianus, 1552*), places the latitude of Athens at 37 degrees, and between 10 and 12 minutes; Vernon increased it to 38 degrees 5 minutes, while Monsieur de Chabert (*Joseph Bernard Marquis de Chaubert*) has finally determined the latitude of the Temple of Athene to be 37 degrees 58 minutes 1 second. (One may read a learned dissertation regarding its latitude inserted in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des inscriptions*.) One concludes that at noon, in August, at this latitude, the sun's heat must be very great. That evening, as I lay down on a mat, wrapped in my cloak, I perceived that my head was aching. Our hotel was not very convenient as regards illness; lying on the ground in our host's single room, or rather shed, our heads were ranged against the wall; I lay between Joseph and the young Athenian; the household utensils were hanging above my bed, so that my host's daughter, my host himself, and his servants, trampled us underfoot while adding something to, or removing something from, the hooks on the wall.

If, in my life, I have ever had a moment of despair, I think it was then, when seized with a violent fever, I felt that my thoughts had blurred, and that I had fallen into delirium: my impatience intensified my illness. I found myself suddenly arrested in my journey by this accident! To be kept by fever in Keratia, in an obscure location, in an Albanian hut! If only I had stayed at Athens! To die in a decent bed, gazing at the Parthenon! But even if the fever was nothing, if it incapacitated me for a few days, was my passage still not lost? The pilgrims for Jerusalem would be gone, the season over. What would I do in the East? Travel overland to Jerusalem? Wait another year? France, my friends, my projects, my work that I had left unfinished, were recalled to memory in turn. All night Joseph continually brought me large jugs of water that failed to quench my thirst. The ground on which I lay was, literally, drenched in sweat, and that was the very thing that saved me. I was truly delirious at times: I sang the song '*Vive, Henri Quatre!*' (*Traditional, but popularised, as a monarchist song, by Charles Collé's comedy: La Partie de chasse de Henri IV*); Joseph lamented, and said: '*O Dio, che questo? Il Signor canta! Poveretto!*'

The fever abated on the 28th of August, at about nine in the morning, after having prostrated me for seventeen hours. If I had experienced so violent an attack for a second time, I doubt I would have survived. The goatherd returned with the sad news that no boat had appeared from Zea. I made an effort: I wrote a note to Monsieur Fauvel, and begged him to send a caique to the place on the coast nearest the village, to take me to Zea. While I was writing it, my host told me a long tale, and asked for me to put in a good word for him with Monsieur Fauvel: I tried to satisfy him, but my head was so weak, I could hardly see to trace the words. The young Greek departed for Athens with my letter, charged with obtaining a boat himself if one were to be found.

I spent the day lying on my mat. Everyone had gone to the fields; even Joseph had vanished; and only my host's daughter remained. She was a girl of seventeen to eighteen

years old, quite pretty, walking around on bare feet, her hair loaded with medals and small pieces of silver. She paid no attention to me; she worked as if I had not been not there. The door was open, the sun's rays entered, and it was the only part of the room that was illuminated. From time to time I fell asleep; I would wake again, and always saw the Albanian girl occupied with something new, singing softly, or arranging her hair or some aspect of her dress. I sometimes asked her for water: *Nero!* She brought me a jug full of water: crossing her arms, she waited patiently until I had finished drinking, and when I had drunk, she said: *Kalo?* 'Enough?' and returned to work. In the silence of noon, nothing was audible, but the insects buzzing in the hut, and a few roosters calling outside. I felt light-headed, as one does after a long bout of fever; my weakened eyes saw a host of sparks and patches of light around me; I had only vague thoughts, but sweet ones.

The day passed thus: the evening was much better; I rose; I slept well that night, and on the 29th of August, in the morning, the Greek returned with a letter from Monsieur Fauvel, quinine, Malaga wine, and some good news. They had found a boat, by the merest chance in the world: the boat had left Phaleron with a fair wind, and awaited me in a small cove about six miles from Keratia. I forget the name of the cape where we did, in fact, find the boat. Here is the letter from Monsieur Fauvel:

To Monsieur DE CHATEAUBRIAND

At the foot of Laurium

At *KERATIA.*

Athens, August 28, 1806.

'My very dear guest,

I received the letter, which you have done me the honour of writing to me. I was sorry to read that our country's trade winds have detained you on the slopes of Laurium; that the signals went unanswered; and that fever, together with the winds, has added to the inconvenience of your stay in Kératia, situated near the sites of various villages that I leave to your sagacity the leisure of finding. To counter one of your discomforts, I send you some doses of the best quinine I know of; mix it in a glass of Malaga wine, which is not the worst known, and take it when you are empty, before food. I would almost guarantee your recovery, if the fever were a disease: though the Faculty considers that as yet undecided. Moreover, whether illness or an imbalance of essential humours, I advise you not to journey with it to Kea. I have chartered for you, not a trireme of Piraeus, but a *quadrireme*, for forty piastres, having received a pledge of five and a half piastres. You will pay the captain forty-five piastres twenty: the young compatriot of Simonides will deliver them to you: he will depart after the music which often filled your ears. I will consider the matter of your protégé, who, however, is a brute; he should never beat anyone, especially young girls; for myself, I found nothing in him to praise on my last visit. Assure him, however,

dear sir, that your representations on his behalf will meet with all the success he ought to expect. I am sorry that excessive fatigue, and enforced insomnia, gave you the fever and have delayed everything. We could have visited Athens and its environs in tranquillity, while the trade winds held your ship, God knows where, without your seeing Keratia, its goats and mines; you could have sped from Piraeus to Kea, in despite of the wind. Send me your news I pray, and be sure to return to France via Athens. Come with offerings for Athene, to guarantee your safe return; be assured you can never grant me a greater pleasure than to visit us, and adorn our solitude.

Accept, I pray you, the assurance, etc

FAUVEL.

I had taken such an aversion to Keratia that I longed to escape. I felt a chill, and anticipated the return of my fever. I did not hesitate to swallow a triple dose of quinine. I have always been convinced that French doctors administer this remedy too cautiously and timidly. Horses were brought, and we left with a guide. In less than half an hour, I felt the symptoms of this new attack abate, and I regained all my hopes. We were heading west through a narrow valley that ran between barren mountains.

After an hour's ride, we descended to a beautiful plain, which seemed fertile enough. Then changing direction, we rode directly south, over the plain; we came to some hills, which formed, without my realising it, the coastal promontories; for after passing through a gorge we suddenly saw the sea, and our boat moored at the foot of a cliff. In sight of this vessel, I considered myself delivered from the evil genie who wished to entomb me in the Athenian mines, perhaps because of my contempt for Plutus.

We gave the horses over to the guide: we clambered into the boat, manoeuvred by three sailors. They unfurled the sail; and favoured by a southerly wind, we set course for Cape Sunium. I am not sure whether the bay we departed from was the one which, according to Monsieur Fauvel, bears the name of *Anaviso*; but I failed to see the ruins of the nine towers, Enneapyrgoi, where Wheler rested on his way from Cape Sunium. Ancient Azinia should be near to that place. About six in the evening we passed in front of the Island of Donkeys, once the island of Patroclus (*Gaidouronissi, or Patroklos*); and at sunset we entered the harbour of Sunium: it is a creek sheltered by the cliffs that support the ruins of the temple. We leapt ashore, and I climbed the headland.

The Greeks excelled as much in the placement of their buildings as in the architecture of the buildings themselves. Most of the promontories of the Peloponnese, Attica, Ionia and the islands of the Archipelago were marked by temples, memorials, and tombs. Those monuments, surrounded by woods and rocks, seen in all aspects of light, sometimes amidst clouds and lightning, sometimes lit by the moon, the setting sun, or the dawn, rendered the Greek coastline of incomparable beauty: the earth thus adorned presented itself to the eyes of the mariner in the guise of ancient Cybele, who, crowned with towers and seated on the shore, commanded Poseidon her son to spread his waves at her feet.

Christianity, to whom we owe the sole architecture conforming to our morality, also taught us where to place our true monuments; our chapels, our abbeys, our monasteries were scattered in the woods and on the tops of mountains; not because the choice of sites always followed a premeditated plan of the architect, but because an art which is related to the customs of a people, naturally knows what will best express it. Notice, on the contrary, how our modern buildings imitating the antique are, for the most part, badly placed! Have we ever thought, for example, of adorning the only height which overlooks Paris? Religion alone has thought on our behalf. Modern Greek monuments resemble the corrupt language spoken today in Sparta and Athens: one would be hard put to argue that it is the language of Homer and Plato, a mixture of gross words and foreign constructions betraying barbarism at every turn.

I experienced these thoughts in sight of the ruins of the Temple of Sunium: This temple is of the Doric order, and from a fine period of architecture. I saw far off the sea of the Archipelago with all its islands: the setting sun reddened the coast of Zea and the fourteen beautiful columns of white marble, at whose feet I sat. The sage and juniper trees spread their aromatic scent amongst the ruins, and the sound of the waves barely reached me.

As the wind had dropped, we had to await a new breeze to enable our departure. Our sailors threw themselves down in the bottom of their boat, and slept. Joseph and the young Greek remained with me. After eating and talking for some time, they settled themselves on the ground, and fell asleep in turn. I wrapped my head in my cloak to protect me from the dew, and, leaning against a column, I alone remained awake, gazing at the sky and the sea. To the most beautiful sunset had succeeded the most beautiful of nights. The firmament, reflected in the waves, seemed to rest in the depths of the sea: the evening star, my constant companion during my travels, was about to disappear below the horizon; no more of it could be seen than the long rays that it shed from time to time over the waves, like the light of a flickering lamp. At intervals, the passing breeze disturbed the sky's reflection in the sea, stirred the constellations, and expired among the columns of the temple with a low murmur.

However, this spectacle seemed sad when I considered that I gazed at it among ruins. Around me were tombs, silence, destruction, death, while our Greek sailors slept without anxiety and without dreams amidst the remains of Greece. I was leaving this sacred soil forever: my thoughts filled with its past greatness and its current abasement, I retraced the images that came to trouble my eyes.

I am not one of those intrepid admirers of antiquity to whom a line of Homer brings consolation for everything. I could never understand the sentiment expressed by Lucretius:

> *Suave mari magno, turbantibus aequora ventis*
> *E terra magnum alterius spectare labourem.*
>
> It is pleasant, from shore, to watch the struggles of others,
> On a swelling sea, when the winds are churning the deep.

(*Lucretius: De Rerum Natura II: 1-2*)

Far from enjoying the contemplation from the shore of others' shipwreck, I suffer when I see men suffer: the Muses have no power over me, if they fail to show pity for the unfortunate. God forbid that I should descend now to one of those tirades which have done so much harm to our country! Yet if I had ever thought, with those whose character and talents I otherwise respect, that absolute government is the best form of government, a few months' sojourn in Turkey would have completely cured me of that opinion.

Travellers who simply wander through civilized Europe are happy: they are not driven to visit those countries once famous, where the heart is blighted at every step, where living ruins divert the attention at every moment from ruins of marble and stone. In Greece, one indulges in illusions in vain: sad truth pursues one. Huts of dried mud, more suitable as the dens of animals than the homes of men; women and children in rags, fleeing at the approach of stranger or Janissary; even the goats frightened, scattering over the mountainside, and only the dogs left behind to welcome you with howls: such is the spectacle that robs you of memory's charms.

The Peloponnese is a desert: since the Russian War, the Turkish yoke has weighed on the Moraites; the Albanians massacred a portion of the population. One sees only villages destroyed by fire and steel: in the towns, such as Misitra, entire districts have been abandoned. I often rode for forty or fifty miles through the countryside without encountering a single dwelling. Blatant insults, outrages of all kinds, destruction of all means of cultivation and livelihood; driving a Greek peasant from his hut, abducting his wife and children, killing him on the slightest pretext; all this is a mere game for the Agha of the smallest village. Brought to the last degree of misery, the Moraite tears himself from his country to seek in Asia Minor a fate less harsh. Vain hope! He cannot escape his destiny: once more he finds the cadis and the pashas, amidst the sands of Jordan and the deserts of Palmyra!

Attica, with a little less wretchedness, offers no less servitude; Athens is under the immediate protection of the head of the black eunuchs of the Seraglio. A *disdar*, or commander, represents that monstrous protector amidst the people of Solon. This disdar inhabits the citadel, filled with masterpieces by Phidias and Ictinus, without asking what people have left these fragments behind, without deigning to leave the hut he has had built beneath the ruins of the monuments of Pericles: very occasionally the tyrant crawls mechanically to the door of his den; sitting cross-legged on a dirty carpet, while the smoke of his pipe ascends between the columns of the Temple of Athene, he casts his gaze stupidly over the shores of Salamis and the Sea of Epidaurus.

It is as if Greece itself wished, by her sadness, to proclaim the misfortunes of her children. In general, the country is uncultivated; the ground is bare, monotonous, savage, and of a yellow withered hue. There are no rivers properly speaking, but merely small streams and torrents that are dry during the summer. You see no farmhouses, or hardly any, amongst the fields; you see no labourers; you encounter no carts or teams of oxen. Nothing is as sad as failing to discover any trace of a modern wheel in places where you can still see the marks of ancient wheels in the rock. Farmers in tunics, heads covered with red caps,

like the galley slaves of Marseilles, offer you in passing a sad *kali spera* (good evening). They drive donkeys and small ponies, with dishevelled manes, in front of them, that suffice to carry their meagre rural tools, or the produce from their vines. Border this wasteland with a sea almost as solitary; set on a shelf of rock a dilapidated boat, or an abandoned monastery; let a minaret rise from the depths of solitude to proclaim slavery; let a herd of goats or sheep graze on a headland among ruined columns; let the turban of some Turkish traveller put the goatherds to flight, and render the path more desolate, and you will have a true idea of the picture Greece presents.

The causes of the decline of the Roman Empire have been well-researched: there is interesting work to be done on the causes that precipitated the downfall of the Greeks. Athens and Sparta did not fall for the same reasons that led to the ruin of Rome; they were not dragged down by their own weight and the grandeur of their empire. We can not say either that they perished through their riches: the gold of their allies, and the abundance that trade brought to Athens were, in the last result, quite insignificant; those colossal fortunes that announce a change of morals, were never seen amongst its citizens (Great fortunes at Athens, such as that of Herodes Atticus, only appeared under the Roman Empire.); and the state was always so poor that the kings of Asia Minor hastened to nourish it, or contribute to the cost of its monuments. As for Sparta, Persian money corrupted some individuals; but the republic itself was never anything but poor.

I therefore assign as the primary cause of the decline of Greece, the war waged between those two republics after they had defeated the Persians. Athens, as a State, no longer existed from the moment she was captured by the Spartans. An absolute conquest puts an end to the destiny of a people whatever name that people leaves to history. The vices of Athenian government prepared the way for the victory of Sparta. A purely democratic State is the worst when it comes to fighting a powerful enemy, and when a unified will is necessary to save the country. Nothing is as deplorable as the squabbles of the Athenian people, while the Spartans were at their gates: exiling and recalling in turn the citizens who could have saved them; obedient to the voice of factious orators, they suffered the fate they had earned by their follies, and if Athens, was not utterly razed, it owed its preservation to its conquerors respect for its ancient virtues.

Lacedaemonia triumphant found, in turn, like Athens, the primary cause of ruin in its own institutions. Modesty, which a unique law deliberately trampled underfoot, in order to preserve modesty itself, was finally overthrown by that very law: the women of Sparta, who had presented themselves half-naked to the eyes of men, became the most corrupt women in Greece: from all those unnatural Spartan laws came only debauchery and cruelty. Cicero, a witness to the games of the Spartan children, describes those children tearing each other with tooth and nail. And what did these brutal institutions achieve? Did they ensure the independence of Sparta? It was hardly worth raising men like wild beasts in order to obey the tyrant, Nabis, and become Roman slaves.

The best of principles have their excesses and their dangerous side: Lycurgus, by eradicating ambition within the walls of Sparta, thought to save the republic, and thereby lost it. After the subjugation of Athens, if the Spartans had reduced Greece to a series of provinces of Lacedaemonia, they might have become masters of the earth: this conjecture is

the more likely in that, without claiming so high a destiny, they shook, weak as they were, the dominion of the great King of Asia Minor. Their successive victories would have prevented the rise of a powerful monarchy, neighbouring on Greece, from invading the republics. Lacedaemonia, incorporating within it the peoples conquered by its arms, would have crushed Philip in his cradle; the great men who were its enemies would have become its subjects, and Alexander, instead of being born in a kingdom, would, like Caesar, have emerged from the heart of a republic.

Far from showing that spirit of greatness, and self-preserving ambition, the Lacedaemonians, content with setting up thirty tyrants in Athens, soon returned to their vales, through that desire for obscurity that had inspired their laws. With nations it is not as it is with men; moderate wealth and love of ease, which may be fitting for a citizen, will not take a State very far. Doubtless one should never undertake an impious war; one should never purchase glory at the cost of injustice; but not knowing how to take advantage of one's position to honour, expand, and strengthen one's country is rather a defect of spirit in a people than a sense of virtue.

What followed from this Spartan behaviour? Macedonia soon dominated Greece; Philip dictated laws to the assembled amphictyons (*deputies*). Meanwhile, the feeble empire of Laconia, which merely retained its reputation for warfare, and failed to show real strength, vanished. Epaminondas appeared: the Spartans, defeated at Leuctra, were obliged to justify themselves at length before their conqueror; they heard these harsh words in reply: 'We have put an end to your brief eloquence! *Nos brevi eloquentiae vestrae finem imposuimus*.' (*Attribution unknown*) Only then did the Spartans realize how advantageous it would have been to them to have formed a single State from all the cities of Greece, to have counted Epaminondas among the number of their generals and their citizens. The secret of their weakness once known, all was irretrievably lost, and Philopoemen completed what Epaminondas had begun.

Here we should note a memorable example of the superiority that literature grants one people over another, when that people has also demonstrated its warlike virtues. We may say that the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea erased the name of Sparta from the earth, while Athens, taken by the Spartans, and ravaged by Sulla, still retained an empire. She saw hastening to her breast the Romans who had conquered her, and who made a glory out of passing for her sons: one took the surname of Atticus; another (*Cicero*) called himself a disciple of Plato and Demosthenes. The Latin poets, Lucretius, Horace, and Virgil, sang of that Queen of Greece incessantly. 'I grant the dead the salute of the living,' cries the greatest of the Caesars, forgiving guilty Athens (*attributed not to Augustus but to Sulla by Plutarch: Sulla:14.5*). Hadrian chose to join to his title of Emperor that of Archon of Athens, and add masterpieces to the land of Pericles; Constantine the Great was so flattered that the Athenians had erected a statue to him, he filled the city with gifts; Julian shed tears on leaving the Academy and, in victory, believed he owed his triumph to the Athene of Phidias. Chrysostoms, Basils, Cyrils came, like Cicero and Atticus, to study eloquence at its source; as late as the Middle Ages, Athens was known as the *School of Arts and Sciences*. When Europe woke from barbarism, its first cry was for Athens. 'What has

become of her?' was asked on all sides, and when it was learnt that her ruins still existed men hastened there, as to the ashes of their mothers.

How different that renown to one achieved by arms alone! While Athens is a name on everyone's lips, Sparta is completely forgotten; one barely glimpses her under Tiberius, pleading, and losing, a petty claim against the Messenians; one reads the passage in Tacitus (*Annals IV.43.3*) twice over, to assure oneself that it does indeed speak of the famous Sparta. Several centuries later, we find Caracalla with a Spartan cohort (*Herodian IV.8.2-3, 9.4*); a dubious honour, which seems to indicate that the children of Lycurgus had retained their ferocity. Sparta is finally transformed, under the Lower Empire, into a ridiculous principality, whose leaders adopted the name *despots*, a name that became a title for tyrants. Some brigands, who call themselves the true descendants of the Lacedaemonians, are now all the glory of Sparta.

I have not seen enough of the modern Greeks to dare have an opinion on their character. I know it is very easy to vilify the wretched, nothing is easier than to ask, far from danger: 'Why do they not shatter the yoke under which they groan?' Everyone may, own to such noble sentiments and energetic pride, at their own fireside. Moreover, such trenchant opinions abound in a century where one is unsure of nothing except the existence of God; but as the judgments generally made of nations are often contradicted by experience, I will offer my opinion. I still think that there is plenty of spirit left in Greece; I even believe that our masters in all genres are still there: just as I believe also that human nature retains its superiority in Rome; which does not mean that there are superior men now in Rome.

However, I am convinced that the Greeks are not likely to break their chains in the near future. If they were freed from the tyranny that oppresses them, they would not immediately lose the mark of their irons. Not only have they been crushed under the weight of despotism, but for two thousand years they have existed as an obsolete and degraded people. They have not been renewed, as the rest of Europe has, by barbarous nations; the very empire which has conquered them has contributed to their corruption. That empire has not brought them the harsh and savage customs of men of the North, but the voluptuous customs of those of the South. Not to mention the religious crime the Greeks would have committed in renouncing their altars, they would have gained nothing by submitting to the Koran. There is in Mohammed's book, neither civilized principle nor precept to elevate the character; the book preaches neither the hatred of tyranny, nor the love of liberty. By following the religion of their masters, the Greeks would have renounced literature and the arts, to become soldiers of Fate, and blindly obey the whim of an absolute ruler. They would have spent their days ravaging the world, or sleeping on a mat in the midst of women and perfumes.

The same impartiality that obliges me to speak of the Greeks with the respect that is due to misfortune, would have prevented me from treating the Turks as severely as I do, if I had not seen among them those abuses all too common among conquering nations: unfortunately, the soldiers of a republic are no better masters than the satellites of a despot; and a proconsul proved no less greedy than a Pasha. (The Romans, like the Turks, often reduced those they conquered to slavery. If I am to say everything I think, I consider that

system one of the causes of the superiority that the great men of Athens and Rome possessed to the great men of modern times. It is clear that one cannot exercise all the faculties of one's mind except when one is freed from the material cares of life; and one is totally free of such cares only in countries where the domestic skills, trades and tasks are left to slaves. The service of a hired hand, one who leaves you when he pleases and whose negligence and defects you are obliged to endure, cannot be compared to the service of man whose life and death are in your hands. It is also clear that habit of command elevates the mind; and grants manners that nobility we never find in the bourgeois equality of our cities. But let us not regret this superiority of the ancients, since it was bought at the expense of freedom of the human race, and let us bless Christianity forever, that broke the fetters of the slave.) Yet the Turks are not common oppressors, although they have found their apologists. A proconsul could be a monster of immorality, greed, cruelty; but no proconsul delighted, through design and religious belief, in destroying the monuments of civilization and art, felling trees, while annihilating the very crops and whole generations: now, that is what the Turks do every day of their lives. Could anyone believe that there are in the world tyrants absurd enough to oppose any improvement in the barest necessities? A bridge collapses, no one rebuilds it. A man repairs his house, he is abused. I saw Greek captains with torn sails expose themselves to shipwreck, rather than mend the sails; so afraid are they to reveal their affluence or their industry! Finally, if I knew the Turks to be free and virtuous citizens in their own country, though lacking in generosity to the nations they have conquered, I would remain silent, and rest content to groan inwardly at the imperfection of human nature; but to find in one man both the tyrant of the Greeks and the slave of the Grand Seigneur (*the Ottoman Emperor*), both the executioner of a defenceless people and a servile creature whom the Pasha can strip of his property, tie up in a leather bag, and hurl into the depths of the sea; that is unsupportable; and I know of no brute beast I would not prefer to such a man.

One can see that I did not give myself up to romantic ideas, on the tip of Cape Sunium, ideas that the beauty of the scene might yet have given birth to. On the point of leaving Greece, I naturally retraced the history of that country; I sought to discover in the ancient prosperity of Sparta and Athens the reason for their present misery, and in their current fate the seeds of their future destiny. The sea breeze, which gradually increased in force, as it swirled against the cliffs, had informed me that the wind was rising, and it was time to continue my journey. I woke Joseph and his companion. We descended to the boat. Our sailors had already made preparations for departure. We set sail, and the breeze, which blew from the mainland, carried us rapidly toward Zea. The further we travelled, the more beautiful the columns of Sunium seemed above the waves; we saw them perfectly against the azure sky, because of their extreme whiteness, and the serenity of the night. We were already quite far from the headland, and our ears were still filled with the seething of the waves at the foot of the cliffs, the murmur of wind in the junipers, and the singing of crickets that alone today inhabit the ruins of the temple: those were the last sounds I heard from the mainland of Greece.

Part Two: The Archipelago, Anatolia and Constantinople

I entered on a change of scene: the islands I was about to voyage through were, in ancient times, a kind of bridge over the sea linking Greek Asia Minor to the true Greece. Free or dependent, tied to the fortunes of Sparta and Athens, the destiny of Persia, the fate of Alexander and his successors, they fell under the Roman yoke. Attached to the Later Empire by, in turn, the Venetians, Genoese, Catalans, and Neapolitans, they had their own princes, and even dukes, who took the overall title of the Dukes of the Archipelago. Finally, the sultans of Asia Minor descended on the Mediterranean; and as if to proclaim its future destiny, they took away sea-water, sand and an oar (*see the Battle of Hyelion c1177*). The islands though last to be subdued finally suffered the common fate, and the Latin banner, driven hither and thither by the Crescent, only halted on the shores of Corfu.

This struggle of the Greeks, Turks and Latins resulted in the islands of the archipelago becoming well known in the Middle Ages; they lay along the path followed by all the flotillas of soldiers or pilgrims sailing to Jerusalem, Constantinople, Egypt, and the Barbary Coast; they became ports of call for all those vessels which revitalized Genoese and Venetian trade with India via the port of Alexandria; one also finds the names of Chios, Lesbos, Rhodes, on every page of *La Byzantine* (*Charles du Fresne's: Historia Byzantina 1680*) and while Athens and Sparta were forgotten, we know the fortunes of the smallest reef of the Archipelago.

Moreover, the voyages to these islands are numerous, and date as far back as the seventh century: there is not a pilgrimage to the Holy Land begins without a description of some Greek cliff. In 1553 Belon (*Pierre Belon*) published, in French, his *Observations de plusieurs singularités retrouvées en Grèce* (*revised 1555*); Tournefort's *Voyage du Levant* (*Joseph Pitton de Tournefort, 1718*) is in everyone's hands; the *Description exacte des îles de l'Archipel* by the Fleming, Dapper (*Olfert Dapper, 1703*), is an excellent work; and everyone has seen Monsieur de Choiseul's prints.

Our voyage was fortunate. On the 30th of August at eight in the morning, we entered the harbour of Zea: it is vast, though its aspect is desolate and sombre, because of the high cliffs which surround it. On the rocky shore, only a few ruined chapels and customs warehouses are to be seen. The village of Zea is built on the mountain, three miles east of the harbour, and occupies the site of ancient Carthea. On arrival I could only see three or four Greek feluccas, and gave up all hope of meeting with my Austrian vessel. I left Joseph at the harbour, and went up to the village with the young Athenian. The ascent is rugged and wild: my first sight of an island of the Archipelago failed to charm me overmuch; but I was accustomed to disappointment.

Zea, built like an amphitheatre on an uneven mountain slope, is merely untidy and unpleasant but quite well-populated; donkeys, pigs, and chickens dispute your passage of the streets; there are such a vast multitude of roosters there, and they crow so often and so loudly, that it is truly deafening. I went to see Monsieur Pengali, the French Vice-Consul in Zea; and I told him who I was, where I came from, and where I wanted to go, and begged him to charter a boat to take me to Chios or Smyrna.

Mr. Pengali received me with the greatest possible cordiality: his son went down to the harbour; there he found a caique which was returning to Tinos, and was due to set sail the next day; I decided to take advantage of it: it would take me a little further on my way.

The Vice-Consul offered me hospitality, at least for the rest of the day. He had four daughters, and the eldest was about to marry; they were already preparing for the wedding; thus I passed from the ruins of the Temple of Sunium to a feast. The traveller's fate is a singular one. In the morning he leaves one host in tears, by nightfall he joyfully discovers another; he becomes the repository of a thousand secrets: in Sparta Ibrahim told me all the details of his Turkish child's illness; at Zea I learned the history of Monsieur Pengali's son. Truly, is there anything more delightful than simple hospitality? Are you not happy indeed that someone desires to welcome you warmly thus, to places in which you would fail to obtain the least assistance? The confidences you inspire, the openness of heart revealed to you, the pleasure you seem to give, and indeed do give, are the sweetest of pleasures. Another thing moved me still more; it was the simple trust they showed in charging me with various commissions to France, Constantinople, and Egypt. I was asked to do them a service just as they performed mine; my hosts were convinced I would not forget, and that they were my friends. I at once relinquished the ruins of Ioulis, which I had initially determined on seeing, in favour of Monsieur Pengali, and determined, like Ulysses, to take part in Aristonous' feast (*see Fénelon: Les Aventures D'Aristonous*, *1699*)

Zea, the former Ceos, was famous in antiquity for a custom which also existed among the Celts, and which is found among the savages of America: the old men of Ceos put themselves to death. Aristaeus, whose bees Virgil celebrated (*Georgics IV. 554*), or another Aristeas, the King of Arcadia, retired to Ceos. It was he who obtained the Etesian winds from Zeus, to moderate the heat of the dog-days. Erasistratus the physician and the philosopher Ariston were from the city of Ioulis, as were Simonides and Bacchylides: there is a deal of bad poetry by the latter in the *Poetae Graeci Minores*. Simonides was a true genius, though his mind was nobler than his heart. He sang of Hipparchus, who bestowed many favours on him, and again he sang the murderers of that prince. It was apparently to set this example of virtue that the just gods of paganism saved Simonides from a falling house (*Cicero: De Oratore 2.86.353*). One must accommodate oneself to one's times, said that wise man: the ungrateful soon shake off their feelings of gratitude, the ambitious abandon the defeated, and the cowards join the winning side. Wondrous human wisdom, whose maxims, always superfluous to courage and virtue, serve merely as a pretext for vice, and a refuge for cowardly hearts!

Zea's commerce now consists of acorns from the *velanidia* (oak-tree) which are used in dyes. The silk fabric in use among the ancients was invented in Ceos (I am of the common opinion, but it is possible that Pliny and Solinus were mistaken. According to the testimony of Tibullus, Horace, etc., silk fabric was fashioned in Cos, and not Ceos); the poets, to illustrate its transparency and delicacy, called it the *fabric of the wind*. Zea still produces silk: 'The citizens of Zea usually gather together to spin silk,' Tournefort says (*Voyage du Levant, Amsterdam, 1718 p.129*), 'and they sit on the edges of their terraces, in order to let their spindles drop down to the street, then draw them back while winding the thread. We found the Greek Bishop amongst them: he asked who we were, and told us that

our occupation was very frivolous, if we merely sought plants and old marble. We said we would be more edified to see him handling the works of Saint Chrysostom or Saint Basil than a spindle.'

I had continued to take quinine three times a day: the fever had not returned, but I remained very weak, and my hand and one cheek were still badly sunburned. So I was a guest with a very light heart, but cutting a very sad figure. So as not to look like an unhappy relative, I enjoyed myself at the wedding. My host offered me an example of courage: he was suffering at this moment from a cruel illness (Monsieur Pengali was unfortunately suffering from gallstones); and in the midst of his daughters' singing, the pain sometimes made him cry out. All this made for an extremely odd mixture; the sudden transition from the silence of ruins to the noise of a marriage felt strange. So much commotion at the gates of eternal rest! So much joy after the general grief of Greece! One idea made me laugh: I imagined my friends in France thinking of me, I saw them following me in imagination, exaggerating my weariness, troubled by my peril: they would have been astonished if they could suddenly have caught sight of me; my face half-burned, attending a village wedding in the Cyclades, applauding the Mademoiselles Pengali's songs, as they chanted in Greek:

Ah! Vous dirai-je, maman, etc.

Oh! I'll tell you, mama, etc.

(*A French nursery rhyme, c1761, the tune is 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star'. Mozart's variations on its theme form K. 265/300e*)

while Monsieur Pengali vented his groans, the roosters crowed themselves hoarse, and all thoughts of Ioulis, Aristeas, and Simonides, were completely erased. It is thus, that in landing later in Tunis, after a passage of fifty-eight days, which was a kind of continuous shipwreck, I descended on Monsieur Devoise (*Jacques-Philippe Devoise, the French Consul*) in the midst of a carnival; instead of going off to meditate on the ruins of Carthage, I was obliged to hasten to a ball, to dress in Turkish clothes, and lend myself to all the follies of a troop of American officers, filled with youth and gaiety.

The change of scene, on my departure from Zea, was as abrupt as it had been on my arrival in that island. At eleven at night, I left the happy family: I went down to the harbour; I embarked in the darkness, in bad weather, in a caique whose crew consisted of two ship's boys and three sailors. Joseph, very courageous on dry land, was not so brave at sea. He made many pleas to me in vain: he had to follow me and attend my path of fate. We cast off; our skiff, bowed over by its weight of the sail, was awash, and the shock of the waves was violent; the currents from Euboea made the seas rougher still; the sky was overcast; we sailed to the accompaniment of lightning flashes and the phosphorescence of the breakers. I have no wish to boast of my troubles, which were very slight; yet I hope that when you see me torn from my country and my friends, enduring fever and fatigue, crossing the seas of Greece in small boats, suffering rifle-fire from the Bedouin, and all this out of respect for

the public, and in order to offer the public a less imperfect work than the *Spirit of Christianity* (*Le Génie du Christianisme*), I hope, I say, my efforts will gain some appreciation.

Despite the popular fable of the Eagle and the Raven (*La Fontaine: Le corbeau voulant imiter l'aigle*), there is no finer happiness than to imitate a great man, I had played Caesar: *Quid times? Caesarem vehis: Why fear? You bear Caesar: (a Latin translation of Plutarch: Caesar:38.5)*; and arrived where I wished to be. We touched at Tinos on the 31st of August at six in the morning; at that very instant, I perceived a Hydriot felucca bound for Smyrna, which merely needed to stop at Chios for a few hours. The caique set me on board the felucca, without my even setting foot on land.

Tinos, once Tenos, is only separated from Andros by a narrow channel: it is a lofty island resting on a rock composed of marble. The Venetians held it for a long time; it was only famous in antiquity for its snakes: a species of viper takes its name from the island (A kind of viper named *taenia* originally came from Tenos. The island was once called *Ophiussa*, or *Hydroessa*, because of its snakes). Monsieur de Choiseul has made a charming drawing of the women of Tinos, his views of the harbour of San-Nicolo struck me as of rare accuracy (*1782, extant*).

The sea, as sailors say, had fallen, and the sky had cleared; I lunched on the deck until we weighed anchor, I could see all the Cyclades at various distances: Scyros where Achilles spent his childhood; Delos, famous for the birth of Diana and Apollo, its palm-tree, and its festivals; Naxos, which recalled Ariadne, Theseus, Dionysus, and some charming pages of the *Studies of Nature* (*Études de la Nature, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, 1784*). But all these islands, whether smiling once, or perhaps embellished by the imagination of poets, only offer today, arid and desolate coastlines. Sad egg-shaped villages rose, above the cliffs; they were overlooked by yet sadder castles, sometimes enclosed by double or triple walls: they live in perpetual fear of the Turks and the pirates. As these fortified villages, however, fall into ruin, they give rise, at once, in the traveller's mind to thoughts of untold misery. Rousseau says somewhere that he would have liked to have been exiled to an island in the Archipelago. The eloquent sophist would soon have repented of his choice. Separated from his admirers, relegated to the company of coarse and treacherous Greeks, he would have found, in valleys scorched by the sun, neither flowers, nor streams, nor shade; he would have seen around him only clumps of olive-trees, and reddish rocks, covered with wild sage and balsam: I doubt he would have liked to continue his walks for long, to the sound of wind and sea, along an uninhabited shore.

We set sail at noon. The north wind carried us fairly quickly to Chios, but we were obliged to tack between the island and the coast of Asia Minor, in order to enter the channel. We saw headlands and islands all around us, some round and tall like Samos, others long and low like the capes of the Gulf of Ephesus: the headlands and islands were variously coloured, depending on their degree of remoteness. Our felucca, very light and elegant, carried a large and unusual sail, shaped like the wing of a sea-bird. This little vessel was owned by a single family: the family consisted of father, mother, brother and six sons. The father was the captain; the brother, the pilot; and the sons were the sailors: the mother prepared the meals. I have not seen any crew happier, neater or sprightlier than this

crew of brothers. The felucca was washed, cared for, and adorned like a beloved dwelling; she had a large rosary on the stern, with a picture of the Panagia surmounted by an olive branch. In the Orient, it is quite a common thing to see a family invest their entire fortune in a boat, experience a change of scene without leaving their home, and escape slavery by leading, at sea, the life of Scythians.

We anchored for the night at Chios, 'the fortunate land of Homer,' as Fénelon said in *Les Adventures d'Aristonous*, a masterpiece of harmony and classical taste. I was deeply asleep, and Joseph did not wake till seven in the morning. I was lying on the deck; when I opened my eyes, I felt I had been transported to the land of faerie. I found myself in the midst of a harbour full of vessels, a delightful town before me, overlooked by mountains whose ridges were covered with olive-trees, palm-trees, mastics (*pistacia lentiscus*) and turpentine trees (*pistacia terebinthus*). A crowd of Greeks, Frenchmen and Turks were scattered about the docks, and we could hear the sound of bells (It is only the Greek peasants on Chios who have, among the Turks, the privilege of bell-ringing. They owe this privilege and several others to their cultivation of mastic. See the note by Monsieur Galland, in Monsieur de Choiseul's work.)

I went ashore, and enquired whether there was a consul of our nation on the island. They directed me to a surgeon who dealt with the affairs of France: he lived by the harbour. I went to visit him; he received me very politely. His son acted as my cicerone for a few hours, as I viewed the town, which is much like a Venetian town. Baudrand (*Michel Antoine Baudrand*), Ferrari (*Filippo Ferrari*), Tournefort, Dapper, Chandler, Monsieur de Choiseul, and a thousand other geographers and travellers have spoken of the island of Chios: I refer the reader to their works.

I returned to the felucca at ten; I breakfasted with the family: they sang and danced on the deck around me, drinking the wine of Chios, which was not that of the days of Anacreon. A not too harmonious instrument animated the steps and voices of my hosts; the ancient lyre has only been retained in name, and has degenerated like its masters: Lady Craven (*Elizabeth, Baroness Craven*) has described it.

We left port on the 1st of September, at noon; the north wind began to rise, and quickly became quite violent. We tried first to take the western passage between Chios and the Spalmodores (now Oinousses) Islands, which block the channel when one sails for Metelin (*the port at Lesbos*) or Smyrna. But we could not double Cape Delphini: we wore to the east, and sailed along the coast to the harbour of Tschesme (*Cesme, Turkey*). From there, returning to Chios then heading towards Mount Mimas, we finally succeeded in reaching Cape Cara-Bouroun (*Karaburun*), at the entrance to the Gulf of Smyrna (*Gulf of Izmir*). It was ten at night: the wind failed us, and we spent the night becalmed off the coast of Asia Minor.

On the 2nd of September, at daybreak, we set sail, to take advantage of the *imbat* (*a cool dry northerly wind*) as soon as it began to blow: it appeared at an earlier hour than usual. We soon passed the islands off Dourlach (*Urla*), and skimmed past the castle which commands the end of the gulf or the harbour of Smyrna. I then saw the city in the distance, through a forest of masts: it seemed to rise from the sea, as it is placed on a low flat site, which overlooks a mountain range of barren aspect to the southeast. Joseph was beside

himself with joy. Smyrna was a second home to him: this poor lad's pleasure almost affected me, first by making me think of my own native land, then by showing me that the axiom, *Ubi bene, ibi patria: where I am happy, there is my country*, is only too true for most men.

Joseph, standing beside me on the deck, named for me everything I saw, as we advanced. Finally, we struck sail, and leaving our felucca to run on for a while, cast anchor in six fathoms, beyond the first line of vessels. I looked for my boat to Trieste, and recognized its flag. It was anchored near the French steps, or European wharf. I embarked, with Joseph, in a skiff that came alongside, and was transported to the Austrian vessel. The captain and his second-in-command were ashore; the sailors recognized me and greeted me joyfully. They told me the boat had arrived in Smyrna on the 18th of August; that the captain had tacked for two days between Zea and Cape Sunium, so as to wait for me; and that the wind had then forced him to continue his journey. They added that my servant, by order of the French Consul, had arranged accommodation for me at the inn.

I saw with pleasure that my former companions had been as fortunate as I had in their journey. They wanted me to set foot on land, so I climbed into the boat's skiff, and we soon reached the quay. A crowd of porters hastened to give me a hand in climbing ashore. Smyrna, where I saw a multitude of hats (the turban and the hat form the main distinction between the Turks and the French and, in the language of the Levant, one counts hats and turbans), had the look of a seaside town in Italy, an area of which was populated by Orientals. Joseph took me to Monsieur Chauderloz's residence, which served as the French Consulate in this vital port. I have often repeated my praise of the hospitality I received from our consuls; I beg my readers to forgive me: for though these repetitions are wearisome to them, I however cannot avoid being grateful. Monsieur Chauderloz, the brother of Monsieur de la Clos, received me politely; but did not offer me lodging, because he was ill, and moreover Smyrna possesses the resources of a major European city.

We arranged the rest of my journey on the spot: I had resolved to travel to Constantinople overland, to obtain firmans, and then embark with the Greek pilgrims journeying to Syria; but I preferred not to follow the direct route, and my plan was to visit the plains of Troy by crossing Mount Ida. Monsieur Chauderloz's nephew, who had just travelled to Ephesus, told me that the gorges of Gargarus (*the Turkish Mount Ida*) were infested with robbers, and held by aghas who mere more dangerous than brigands. As I held to my plan, they sent for a guide who had been hired to conduct an Englishman to the Dardanelles by the route I wished to take. This guide agreed, in fact, to accompany me and provide the necessary horses, for a considerable sum of money. Monsieur Chauderloz promised to loan me an interpreter and a tried and proven Janissary. I then realised that I would be forced to leave some of my luggage at the consulate and content myself with the bare necessities. The day of departure was fixed for the 4th of September, that is to say two days after my arrival at Smyrna.

After promising Monsieur Chauderloz to return to dine with him, I went to my inn, where I found Julien, happily established in a very clean apartment, furnished in European fashion. The inn, run by a widow, enjoyed a very fine view of the harbour: I can no longer remember its name. I have nothing to say regarding Smyrna, after the descriptions by

Tournefort, Chandler, Peyssonel (*Charles de Peysonnel, French Consul at Smyrna 1747-57*), Dallaway (*James Dallaway, physician to the Porte: Constantinople ancient and modern 1797*), and many others, but I can not deny myself the pleasure of quoting a passage from Monsieur de Choiseul's *Voyage*:

'The Greeks, leaving the area of Ephesus called *Smyrna,* only built villages at the end of the Gulf, which have since borne the name of their original homeland. Alexander sought to gather them together, and had them build a city near the River Meles. Antigonus began this work at his command, and Lysimachus completed it (c.*290BC*).

A site as fortunate as that of Smyrna's was worthy of the founder of Alexandria, and was to ensure the prosperity of the town established there. Admitted by the cities of Ionia to share in the benefits of their confederation, the town soon became the centre of commerce for Asia Minor: its wealth attracted all the arts; it was decorated with beautiful buildings and filled with a crowd of foreign visitors, who came to enrich it with the products of their countries, admire its wonders, sing with its poets, and learn from its philosophers. A tuneful dialect lent new charm to that eloquence which appeared an attribute of the Greeks. The beauty of its climate seemed to affect that of its individuals, who offered, to artists, models, by whose aid they made known to the world nature and art, wedded in all their perfection

It was one of these cities that claimed the honour of being the birthplace of Homer: on the banks of the River Meles was shown the place where Critheis, his mother, gave birth to him, and the cavern to which he retired to compose his immortal verse. A monument to his glory, which bore his name, displayed in the midst of the city huge colonnades under which the citizens gathered; lastly, their currency bore his image, as if they recognized as their sovereign the genius they honoured.

Smyrna retained the precious remnants of this prosperity until the epoch when the empire had to fight against the barbarians: it was taken by the Turks; retaken by the Greeks; continually plundered, frequently destroyed. At the start of the thirteenth century, only ruins existed, and also the citadel, which was repaired by the Emperor John III Ducas Vatatzes, who died in 1254; the fortress could not withstand attack by the Turkish princes, of whom it was often the residence, despite the Knights of Rhodes, who, seizing a favourable opportunity (*1343*), managed to build a stronghold there, and hold it; yet Tamerlane (*Timur*) in fourteen days (*1402*) took that place which Bajazet (*Bayezid I*) had blockaded for seven years.

Smyrna only began to emerge from its ruins when the Turks finally became the masters of the empire: then its situation conferred upon it the advantages that war had lost, it became once more the storehouse of trade for those countries. The people, re-assured, abandoned the mountain-tops and built new houses at the edge of the sea: these modern buildings were constructed utilising marble from the ancient monuments, of which scarcely a fragment now remains; and only the sites of the stadium and theatre are known. One searches in vain for evidence of their foundations, or the sections of wall that apparently lay between the fortress and the location of the current city.'

Earthquake, fire and pestilence have ravaged modern Smyrna, as the barbarians destroyed ancient Smyrna. The last of those scourges I mentioned led to an act of devotion

that deserves recognition among the many acts of devotion carried out by missionaries; the story is beyond doubt: it is related by an Anglican minister. Brother Louis of Pavia, of the Order of Récollets (*Franciscans*), superior and founder of the Saint-Antoine Hospital, at Smyrna, was attacked by the plague: he vowed that, if God preserved his life, he would dedicate it to helping the victims of that pestilence. Miraculously snatched from death Brother Louis fulfilled the terms of his vow. He has cared for innumerable sufferers, and it has been said that he saves about two-thirds of the unfortunates he has treated (See Dallaway. The main treatment used by Brother Louis is to wrap the patient in a shirt soaked in oil).

There was nothing to see in Smyrna, except that River Meles, which nobody knows of, and whose name is disputed by three or four gullies. (Yet Chandler, *in his Travels in Asia Minor Chapter XX*, gives a rather poetic description, having elsewhere mocked at poets and painters who provided the Ilissus with water. He finds the Meles flowing behind the castle. Monsieur de Choiseul's map of Smyrna also marks the river, whose river-god was Homer's father. How is it that with all the imagination attributed to me I failed to see, in Greece, what so many illustrious and serious travellers have seen? I have a confounded love of truth, and a fear of saying what is not, that in me outweighs all other considerations).

Yet one thing which struck me, and surprised me, was the extreme mildness of the air. The sky, less clear than that of Attica, possessed the colour which painters call a *warm tone*; that is to say, it was filled with dispersed vapour a little reddened by the light. When the sea breeze dropped, I felt the onset of a languid weakness: I recognized gentle Ionia. My stay at Smyrna forced me to undergo a fresh transformation; I was obliged to resume the aspects of civilization, to receive and pay visits. Those traders who did me the honour to visit me were wealthy; and when I went to visit their residences in turn, I found elegant women there, who appeared to have received the latest fashions that morning from the House of Leroy (*Louis-Hippolyte Leroy*). Situated between the remains of Athens and the ruins of Jerusalem, this other Paris which I had reached on a Greek ship, and which I was about to leave with a Turkish caravan, separated the theatres of my journey in a piquant manner: it was a kind of oasis of civilization, a Palmyra in the midst of wildernesses and barbarities. I confess, however, that being somewhat uncivilised by nature, it was not what we call society that I had come to the East to seek: I longed to see camels and hear the cry of the mahout (*elephant-driver*).

On the 5th of September, in the morning, all the arrangements having been made, the guide departed with the horses: he would await me at Menemen-Iskelesi, a small harbour in Anatolia. My last visit in Smyrna was to see Joseph: *Quantum mutatus ab illo*: *how changed he was from himself!* (*Virgil: Aeneid II: 274*) Was this really my illustrious dragoman? I found him in a miserable shop, beating and smoothing his pewter vessels. He had on the same blue velvet jacket he wore amidst the ruins of Sparta and Athens. What use to him were those symbols of glory? What benefit to him in having seen men and cities, *mores hominum et urbes*? (*See Horace, quoting Homer: Ars Poetica, 141*) He was not even the owner of the shop! I saw the proprietor, of surly aspect, in a corner, who spoke rudely to my old companion: was this what so delighted Joseph on his arrival! I only regret two

things from my voyage: that I was not wealthy enough to establish Joseph at Smyrna, and also to redeem a captive at Tunis. I made my last farewells to the poor fellow: he wept, and I was scarcely less moved. I wrote my name for him on a piece of paper, in which I wrapped sincere tokens of my gratitude, in such a manner that the proprietor of the shop saw nothing of what passed between us.

That evening, after thanking the Consul with due civility, I embarked in a boat with Julien, the dragoman, the Janissaries, and Monsieur Chauderloz's nephew, who wished to accompany me to Menemen. We were soon on land. The guide was on the shore: I embraced my young host, who returned to Smyrna; we mounted our horses and departed.

It was midnight when we arrived at the Menemen caravanserai. From afar I saw a host of scattered lights: it was the caravan at rest. As we approached, I made out the camels, some lying down, others standing; the latter, carrying their burdens, the former stripped of their baggage. Horses and donkeys, without bridles, ate barley from leather buckets; several riders were still on horseback, and the women, veiled, had not yet descended from their dromedaries. Sitting cross-legged on carpets, Turkish merchants were grouped around the fires, used by the slaves to prepare pilau; other travellers were smoking their pipes at the door of the khan, chewing opium, and exchanging stories. Coffee was roasting in pans; food-sellers roamed from camp-fire to camp-fire, offering cakes made from wheat-flour, fruit, and poultry; singers entertained the crowd; imams made their ablutions, prostrated themselves, rose, invoked the Prophet; camel drivers slept, stretched out on the ground. The dust was strewn with bales, bags of cotton, and panniers of rice. All these objects, some distinct and brightly lit, some confused and drowned in semi-shade according to the colour and movement of the flames, offered a true scene from the *Arabian Nights*. It only lacked the caliph, Harun al-Rashid, the vizier, Giaffar (*Ja'far*), and Mesrour, the chief eunuch.

I realised then, for the first time, that I was treading the plains of Asia Minor, a part of the world which had not yet seen my footprints! Nor those sorrows, alas, that I share with all men! I felt imbued with respect for that ancient land where civilisation began, where the patriarchs lived, where Tyre and Babylon rose, where Eternity summoned Cyrus and Alexander, where Jesus Christ accomplished the mystery of our salvation. An alien world opened before me; I would encounter nations unknown to me, other ways of life, other customs, strange creatures, and plants, fresh skies, and new fields of nature. I would soon cross the Hermus and the Granicus; Sardis was not far off; I would journey towards Pergamum and Troy: history would unroll another page of its cycles of human existence for me.

I left the caravan behind with great regret. After a two hour ride we reached the banks of the Hermus, which we crossed in a ferry. It is still the *turbidus Hermus: the turbid Hermus* (*Virgil: Georgics II:137*). I know not if it yet carries gold within in its flow. I gazed at it with pleasure, since it was the first river, properly speaking, I had encountered since leaving Italy. At daybreak we entered a plain surrounded by low mountains. The countryside offers an aspect quite different from that of Greece: green cotton, yellowing wheat stubble; and the varied hues of watermelons, produced a pleasantly dappled landscape; camels were grazing here and there alongside water buffalo. We left behind us

Magnesia and Mount Sipylus (*Spil*): thus we were not far from those battlefields where Agesilaus humbled the power of the Great King, and where Scipio won the victory over Antiochus that opened to the Romans the road to Asia.

We saw, on our left in the distance, the ruins of Cyme, and we had Neon Tichos to our right: I was tempted to dismount and travel on foot, out of respect for Homer, who had passed through this same region.

'Some time later, the poor state of affairs led him to travel to Cyme. Setting out, he crossed the plain of the Hermus, and arrived at Neon Tichos, a colony of Cyme: it was founded eight years after Cyme. It is claimed that, in this city, at an armourer's, he recited these verses, the first he had composed: "O, citizens of this sweet daughter of Cyme, you who live at the foot of Mount Sardine, its summit shaded by trees that spread their coolness, you who drink of the divine Hermus, whom Zeus fathered, pity the misery of a stranger who has no house in which he may find shelter!"

The Hermus flows by Neon Tichos, and Mount Sardine overlooks both. The armourer was named *Tychius*: these verses pleased him so much he decided to welcome the man to his home. Full of pity for a blind man reduced to begging for his bread, he promised to share with him what he had. Melesigenes (*Homer*) having entered his workshop, took a seat and, in the presence of a handful of the citizens of Neon Tichos, offered a taste of his poetry: from the expedition of Amphiaraus against Thebes, and the Hymns in honour of the gods. Everyone expressed their sentiments, and Melesigenes having passed judgement on them, his listeners were lost in admiration.

While he was at Neon Tichos, his poetry furnished him with the means of subsistence: even in my time they still showed the place where he used to sit when reciting his poems. This place, which was still held in great reverence, was shaded by a poplar tree which had begun growing at about the time he arrived there' (from the *Vie d'Homère*, *the Life of Homer by Pseudo-Herodotus: IX-X*, translated by Monsieur Larcher).

Since Homer had been the guest of an armourer at Neon-Tichos, I no longer blushed at having as interpreter a pewter-seller from Smyrna. Would to heaven that the resemblance had been as complete in total, and I might have acquired Homer's genius merely by experiencing all the misfortunes by which the poet was overwhelmed!

After several hours ride, we had passed one of the ridges of Mount Sardine, and reached the banks of the River Pythicus. We halted to allow a caravan that was crossing the river to pass by. The camels, linked by their tails, one to another, resisted entering the water; they stretched out their necks, and were dragged forwards by a donkey walking at the head of the caravan. Merchants and horses halted facing us, on the far side of the river, and a Turkish woman could be seen, seated to one side, hidden behind her veil.

We then crossed the Pythicus, below a wretched stone bridge; and at eleven we reached a khan, where we let the horses rest.

At five in the evening we resumed our journey. The land was elevated, and quite well cultivated. The sea was in sight to our left. I came across Turkoman tents, for the first time: they were made from black sheepskins, which reminded me of the Hebrews and the Arab herders. We descended to the plain of Myrina, which extends to the Gulf of Elea. An old castle, called Guzel Hissar, topped one of the summits of the mountain we had just left.

We camped at ten at night, in the midst of the plain. A blanket that I had bought in Smyrna was spread on the ground. I lay down on it, and fell asleep. When I awoke a few hours later, I saw the stars shining above my head, and heard the cry of the camel driver leading a distant caravan. On the 5th of September, we mounted before dawn. We rode across a cultivated plain: we crossed the River Caicus (*Bakircay*) three miles from Pergamon (*Bergama*), and at nine in the morning we entered the city. It is built at the foot of a mountain. While the guide led the horses to the khan, I went off to visit the ruins of the citadel. I found the remains of the walls to three enclosures, the ruins of a theatre and a temple (perhaps that of Athene of the Victory Gate). I noticed some fine pieces of sculpture, including a frieze adorned with garlands surrounding heads of oxen and eagles. Pergamum lay beneath me towards the south: it resembled a camp with red-walled barracks. To the west is a wide plain extending to the sea; to the east is another plain, bordered by distant mountains; on the south, and at the foot of the city, I saw, firstly, cemeteries planted with cypress-trees, then a length of cultivated land planted with barley and cotton; and then two large *tumuli*: after that came a strip planted with trees; then finally a long, high hill, which arrested the eye. I also located, to the north-east, various bends of the Selinus and Cetius rivers, and, to the east, the amphitheatre in the hollow of a valley. The city, when I had descended the citadel, revealed the remains of an aqueduct and the ruins of the *Lyceum*. The country's scholars claim that the famous library occupied the latter monument.

But if ever a description were superfluous, it is that which I have just given. Scarcely five or six months has passed, since Monsieur de Choiseul published further details of his *Travels*. That second volume, in which one recognizes the progress of a talent that work, time, and misfortune have perfected, gives the most accurate and interesting details regarding the monuments of Pergamon, and the history of its princes. I will thus allow myself only a solitary thought. The name of Attalus, dear to art and literature, seems to have proved fatal to kings: the third of that name (*Philometor Euergetes*) died mad; and bequeathed his possessions to Rome: *Populus Romanus bonorum meorum haeres esto*: *let the people of Rome be heirs to my estate* (*Florus:I.35.2.20.2*). And those Republicans, who apparently considered the people as possessions too, seized the kingdom of Attalus. There is another Attalus (*Priscus Attalus*), a puppet of Alaric's, whose name became proverbial to express the illusion of royalty. If one does not know how to wear the purple, one should not accept it: a coarse tunic of goat's hair is then more fitting.

We left Pergamon at seven in the evening; and, heading north, we stopped at eleven to pass the night in the midst of a plain. On the 6th of September, at four in the morning, we resumed our journey, and continued to ride through the plain which, from the nearby trees, resembled Lombardy. I was seized with a fit of drowsiness so profound that it was impossible to overcome: and I tumbled over my horse's head. I might well have broken my neck; instead I escaped with a slight contusion. About seven we found ourselves on uneven ground, formed by low hills. Then we descended into a lovely hollow planted with mulberries, olive-trees, poplars and umbrella pines (Pinus pinea). In general, the whole terrain of Asia Minor seemed far superior to that of Greece. At a fairly early hour, we arrived at Soma, a vile Turkish town, where we spent the day.

I no longer understood anything of our route. I was no longer journeying on the track of the travellers, who all, when going to Bursa or returning from that city, pass much further to the east by way of Constantinople. On the other hand, to tackle the other side of Mount Ida, it seemed to me that we should have headed for Adramyttium (*Edremit*) from Pergamon, whence, by following the coast or crossing the Gargarus, we could have descended to the plain of Troy. Instead of following this road, we had ridden along a line passing exactly between the road to the Dardanelles and that to Constantinople. I began to suspect some trickery on the part of the guide, especially as I had often seen him chatting with the Janissary. I sent Julien to find the dragoman; I asked by what chance we found ourselves at Soma. The dragoman seemed embarrassed; he replied that we were going to Kircagac; that it was impossible to cross the mountain; that we would inevitably be killed, that our numbers were not sufficient to attempt such a journey, and that it was more expedient to go on and rejoin the road to Constantinople.

His reply angered me, and I saw quite clearly that the dragoman and the Janissary, either out of fear or for other reasons, had entered into a conspiracy to divert me from my route. I summoned the guide, and rebuked him for his disloyalty. I told him that since he thought the road to Troy was impassable, he should have told me so at Smyrna; that he was a coward, being Turkish; that I would not give up my plans thus, because of his fears or whims; that he was contracted to take me to the Dardanelles, and that I would go to the Dardanelles.

At these words, which the dragoman translated quite faithfully, the guide became furious, crying out: ‘Allah! Allah!’ his beard shaking with rage; said that no matter what I said or did, he would lead me to Kircagac, and we would see which of Christian or Turk, was right, in the presence of the Agha. If Julien had not been there, I think I would have struck the man.

Kircagac being a large and wealthy city, nine miles from Soma, I hoped to find a French agent who would make this Turk see reason. On the 7th of September, at four in the morning, our whole company was on horseback, in the order I have previously given. We arrived at Kircagac in less than three hours, and alighted at the door of a beautiful khan. The dragoman inquired that very hour whether there was a French consul in the city. He was directed to the dwelling of an Italian surgeon: I was conducted to the house of this so-called vice-consul, and explained my case. He went immediately to report to the commandant: the latter ordered me to appear before him, with the guide. I went to the court of His Excellency; I was preceded by the dragoman and the Janissary. The Agha was half-recumbent in the corner of a sofa, in the depths of a fine moderately large room, the floor of which was carpeted. He was a young man from a family of viziers. There were weapons suspended above his head; one of his officers sat near him; he puffed at a large Persian pipe, disdainfully, and from time to time burst into immoderate laughter while gazing at us. This reception displeased me. The guide, the Janissary and dragoman took off their sandals at the door, according to custom: they went to kiss the hem of the Agha’s robe, and then returned to sit by the door.

Things did not go quite so quietly in my regard: I was fully armed, booted and spurred; I had a whip in my hand. The slaves wished me to leave behind my boots, whip,

and weapons. I told them, via the dragoman, that a Frenchman always follows the customs of his own country. I advanced swiftly into the room. A spahi grabbed me by the left arm, and dragged me back by force. I gave him a lash of the whip across his face which forced him to let go. He put his hand on the pistols he wore at his belt: ignoring his threatening aspect, I sat down next to the Agha, whose astonishment was risible. I spoke to him in French: I complained of the insolence of his people; I told him it was only out of respect for him that I had not killed his Janissary; that he should know that the French were the premier allies of the Grand Seigneur and the most loyal; that the glory of their arms was widespread in the East, enough so for their hats to be respected, as they respected the turban without fear; that I had drunk coffee with pashas who had treated me like their son, that I had not come to Kircagac in order for a slave to pretend to teach me how to behave, and one moreover who was not worthy to touch the hem of my jacket.

The Agha, amazed, listened as if he understood me: the dragoman translated my speech for him. He replied that he had never seen a Frenchman; that he took me to be a Frank, and certainly he would do me justice: he had coffee brought to me.

Nothing was more curious to observe than the startled recumbent figures of the slaves, who saw me sitting in my dusty boots on the couch, beside their master. Peace having been restored, my situation was explained. After hearing both sides, the Agha issued a decree, which was totally unexpected: he condemned the guide to return part of my payment; but declared that, the horses being tired, five men on their own could not venture to cross the mountains; and that, in consequence, according to him, I must quietly take the road to Constantinople.

In that there was a remarkable degree of Turkish common-sense, especially when one considers the youth and inexperience of the judge. I did tell His Excellency that his decision, though very just, was wrong for two reasons: firstly, because five well-armed men could travel anywhere; secondly, because the guide should have expressed his reservations at Smyrna, and not undertaken a commitment he had not the courage to fulfil. The Agha agreed that my last remark was reasonable but that since the horses were tired and unable to endure such a long journey, *fate* obliged me to pursue another route.

It would have been useless to resist fate: all were privately opposed to me; the judge, my dragoman, and the Janissary. The guide wished to create difficulties regarding the money, but was told that a hundred strokes of the cane awaited him at the door if he did not return a portion of the sum he had received. He extracted it, painfully, from the depths of a small leather bag, and approached me to return it; I took it then gave it back it to him, while reproaching him for his lack of good faith and fair dealing. Self-interest is the great vice among Muslims, and generosity is the virtue that they most esteem. My action seemed to them sublime; all the cries were of: ‘Allah, Allah!’ I was reinstated with all the slaves, and even the spahi I had struck: they anticipated what they called a *treat*. I gave two gold coins to the Muslim I had beaten; I thought at that price he would not make the kind of difficulties that Sancho made about disenchanting the Lady Dulcinea (*See Cervantes: Don Quixote II.XXXV*). As for the rest of the crew, they were told on my behalf that Frenchmen do not receive or give presents.

Such were the cares that Ilium and Homer's glory brought me. I told myself, as consolation, that I would of necessity pass Troy by sailing with the pilgrims, and that I could engage the captain to set me ashore. I thought of nothing then but a prompt continuation of my journey.

I went to visit the surgeon; he had not appeared during all this business about the guide, either because he lacked the power to support me, or because he feared the commandant. We walked together through the city, which is fairly large and well populated. I saw what I had not encountered elsewhere, young Greek girls without veils, lively, pretty, winsome, and in appearance daughters of Ionia. It is strange that Kircagac, well-known throughout the Levant for the superiority of its cotton, is not mentioned by any traveller and is missing from the maps (Monsieur de Choiseul is the only one who names it. Tournefort speaks of a mountain called *Kirkagan*. Paul Lucas, Pocock, Chandler, Spon, Smith, and Dallaway, say nothing of Kircagac. D'Anville passes over it in silence. Peyssonel's Memoirs do not speak of it. If it is to be found in one of the countless voyages to the East, it is in a manner most obscure, and which completely escapes my memory. Kircagac is said to appear on a map of Aaron Arrowsmith's). It is one of those towns which the Turks designate as *sacred*: it is attached to the great mosque of Constantinople; the pashas cannot enter. I have spoken of the goodness and uniqueness of its honey, when mentioning that of Mount Hymettus.

We left Kircagac at three in the afternoon, and took the road to Constantinople. We were heading north, through a land planted with cotton We climbed a small mountain, we descended into another plain, and arrived, at half past five in the evening, to spend the night at Kelembe khan. This is probably the same place Spon calls *Basculembei*; Tournefort, *Baskelambai*; and Thévenot (*Jean de Thévenot*), *Djelembe*. Turkish geography is quite obscure in the travel journals. Each voyager followed the orthography his ear dictated to him; there is still infinite trouble involved in reconciling ancient and modern names in Anatolia. D'Anville is incomplete in this regard, and unfortunately the map of Propontis commissioned by Monsieur de Choiseul, only depicts the shores of the Sea of Marmara.

I walked round the village; the sky was cloudy, and the air as cold as in France. It was the first time I had noted this sort of sky in the Orient. Such is the power of one's homeland: I felt a secret pleasure in contemplating that grey, mournful sky, instead of the clear sky that had so long been above my head.

Oui, dans sa course déplorée,
S'il succombe au dernier sommeil
Sans revoir la douce contrée
Où brilla son premier soleil,
Là son dernier soupir s'adresse;
Là son expirante tendresse
Veut que ses os soient ramenés:
D'une région étrangère
La terre serait moins légère
A ses mânes abandonnés!

Yes, if on his mournful journey
To that last sleep he yields
Without sight of that sweet country
Of memory's first bright fields,
There his last sighs express;
His last dying tenderness
Would see his bones returned:
The earth of a foreign shore
Would weigh less lightly on
His shade lost for evermore!

(*Jean-Baptiste-Louis Gresset: Odes II: Sur L'Amour de La Patrie: Verse 8*)

On the 8th of September, at daybreak, we left our lodging, and we began to climb a mountainous terrain which would have been clothed with a fine forest of oak, pine, phillyrea, andrachne, and terebinth, if the Turks allowed anything to grow; but they set fire to seedlings and damage the larger trees. These people destroy everything, and are a veritable scourge. (Tournefort said they set fire to these forests to increase the amount of pasture, which is quite absurd of the Turks, as wood is in short supply throughout Turkey, while pasture-land is abundant.) The villages in these mountains are poor, but herds of animals are common enough, and quite varied. In the same courtyard you can see oxen, water-buffalo, sheep, goats, horses, donkeys, and mules, sharing the space with hens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. Various wild birds, such as storks and skylarks, live familiarly amongst these domestic animals; in the midst of these peaceful hosts the camel reigns, the most peaceful of all.

We dined at Geujouck; then, continuing our journey, we drank coffee on the heights of Mount Zeybec; we slept at Chia-Ouse. Tournefort and Spon mention a place en route called *Courougoulgi*.

On the 9th of September, we crossed more elevated mountains than those we had traversed on the previous day. Wheler claims they form the Mount Timnus range. We dined at Manda-Fora. Spon and Tournefort write it as *Mandagoia*. There are a few ancient columns to be seen. It is usual to sleep there, but we went further on, and stopped at nine in the evening at the coffee-house of Emir-Capi, an isolated house in the woods. We had been on the road for thirteen hours: the owner of the place had just expired. He lay on a mat; he was quickly removed to make it available to me: it was still warm, and all the dead man's friends had already quit the house. A sort of valet, who alone remained, assured me fervently that his master had not died of an infectious disease; I therefore unrolled my blanket on the mat, lay down and slept. Others in turn will sleep on my last bed, and will think no more of me than I of the Turk who had yielded his place: 'they throw earth on your head and that's it forever.' (*Pascal: Pensées 165/210*)

On the 10th of September, after a six hour ride, we arrived for lunch at the charming village of Souseverle. It may perhaps be Thévenot's *Sousurluck*; and is almost certainly the

Sousighirli of Spon, and the *Sousonghirli* of Tournefort, that is to say, the village of Water-Buffalo. It was located at the end, and on the reverse side, of the mountains we had just passed. Five hundred paces from the village is a river, and across the river a vast and beautiful plain. This river of Sousonghirli is nothing else but the Granicus, and this unknown plain is the plain of Mysia (I do know from what memoir or traveller D'Anville took the name *Ousvola* to bestow on the Granicus. The manner in which my ear interpreted the name of this river, Souseverle, is closer to the name as written by D'Anville than Sousonghirli or Sousurluck. Spon and Tournefort like me take the Sousonghirli to be the Granicus.)

Where then is the enchantment of glory! A traveller is about to cross a river that is unremarkable; he is told that this river is called the Sousonghirli; he passes by and journeys on; but if someone calls out to him: 'It's the Granicus!' he recoils, opens his eyes in astonishment, casts his gaze on the flow of water, as if that water possessed magical powers, or as if some extraordinary voice had sounded from its shores. And one man thus immortalized a little river in the wilderness! Here a vast empire fell; here rose an even greater empire; the Indian Ocean heard the fall of a throne collapsing beside the waters of Propontis; the Ganges witnessed the advent of the leopard with four wings (Daniel:*7:6*) which triumphed on the banks of the Granicus; Babylon, that the king built by the might of his power (Daniel:*4:30*), opened its doors to receive a new master; Tyre, queen of vessels (see Isaiah:*23*) fell, and a rival emerged from the sands of Alexandria.

Alexander committed crimes: his mind could not withstand the intoxication of success; but with what magnanimity he purchased his life's errors! His crimes were forever expiated by his tears; all, as regards Alexander, emerged from his innards. He began and ended his career with two sublime comments. Leaving, to fight Darius, he distributed his territory to his generals: 'What then shall you keep?' the latter cried in amazement – 'Hope!' – 'To whom do you leave the empire?' those same captains asked as he lay dying – 'To the most worthy!' Let us set between those two comments the conquest of the world, achieved with thirty-five thousand men in less than ten years, and let us agree that if any man seemed as a god among men, it was Alexander. His untimely death even added something divine to his memory; because we always see him as young, beautiful, triumphant, with none of those infirmities of body, with none of those reversals of fortune that age and time bring. The divinity vanishes, and mortal men cannot sustain the burden of his work. 'His empire,' says the prophet 'is given to the four winds of heaven' (Daniel:*11:4*)

We stopped for three hours at Sousonghirli, and I spent the whole time contemplating the Granicus. It is deeply incised; its western bank is steep and rocky; the water, bright and clear, flows over a bed of sand. The water, in the place where I saw it, was little more than forty feet wide, by three and a half deep, but it rises during the spring, and flows impetuously.

We left Sousonghirli at two in the afternoon; we crossed the Granicus, and advanced into the plain of Mikalicie (Tournefort writes it *Michalicie*), which was within ancient Mysia. We slept at Tehutitsi, which may be Tournefort's Squeticui. We found the khan full of travellers; we established our camp under large willows, planted in a quincunx.

On the 11th of September, we started at daybreak, and leaving the road to Bursa on our right, we continued to ride through a plain covered with dry reeds, where I noted the remains of an aqueduct.

We arrived, at nine in the morning, at Mikalitza, a large Turkish city, sad and dilapidated, situated on a river to which it gives its name. I am uncertain if this is the river that emerges from Lake Abouillona: what is certain is that a lake is visible on the plain. In this case, the river near Mikalitza would be the Rhyndaque, formerly the Lycus (*Pliny: Natural History:V:XLI*), which had its source in the Stagnum Artynia, especially as, exactly at its mouth, is the small island (Besbicos) indicated by the ancients. The city of Mikalitza is not far from the Lopodion of Nicetas (*Choniates*); which is the Loupadi of Spon; the Lopadi, Loubat and Ouloubat of Tournefort. Nothing is more tiresome for a traveller than this confusion in the nomenclature of places; and if I make errors, in this regard, which is almost inevitable, I ask the reader to remember that more knowledgeable men than I have been mistaken therein. (Even as I make such speculations, there may be some geographical or other work, in which the issues I consider are clarified. It is not that I have neglected what I ought to know. The main authorities are essential: but am I required to read the new works printed in Europe every year? I have unfortunately read too many. Among the modern works on geography, I must note, however, the *Précis de la géographie universelle*, of Conrad Malte-Brun, an excellent work exhibiting very rare scholarship, wise criticism, fresh insights, and a clear intelligent style which always conforms to the subject.)

We left Mikalitza at noon, and descended, following the eastern bank of the river, towards the high ground forming the coast of the Sea of Marmara, formerly Propontis. To my right I saw a vast plain, a large lake and, far-off, the Olympus range: the whole of that region is magnificent. After riding for an hour and a half, we crossed the river on a wooden bridge, and reached the gorge cutting through the heights before us. There we found the landing-place or harbour of Mikalitza; I dismissed my rogue of a guide, and secured my passage on a Turkish boat about to depart for Constantinople.

At four in the afternoon, we began to descend the river: it is forty-eight miles from the landing-place at Mikalitza to the sea. The river had become a flood, as wide as the Seine; it ran between green slopes that bathed their feet in its waters. Our galley's ancient nature; the passengers' oriental clothing; the five half-naked sailors who dragged us along on a rope; the beauty of the river, and the solitude of the hills, rendered the journey pleasant and picturesque.

As we neared the sea, the river made a long canal behind us, at the end of which we could see the hills we had left behind us, their slopes dyed by the setting sun which was hidden from sight. Swans floated in front of us, and herons sought their usual retreats along the banks. It reminded me, strongly, of the rivers and scenery in America, when at evening I would quit my bark canoe, and light a fire on an unknown shore. Suddenly the hills between which we floated withdrew to right and left, and the sea opened before us. At the foot of the two promontories lay half-drowned lowland, formed by the river's alluvial deposits. We moored alongside this wet marshy land, near a hut, the last khan in Anatolia.

On the 12th of September, at four in the morning, we weighed anchor; the wind was gentle and favourable, and in less than half an hour we found ourselves at the end of the

estuary. The view deserves to be described. Dawn was to our right beyond the continental heights; to our left stretched the Sea of Marmara; the bow of our boat pointed towards an island; the sky to the east was bright red, turning paler as the light increased; the morning star shone amidst this purple light and, beneath that lovely star, the crescent moon could just be seen, like the slenderest of strokes made by a brush: the ancients would have said that Aphrodite, Artemis and Eos, the Dawn, came to announce the brightest of gods. The scene changed as I watched; soon rays of pink and green, emanating from a single centre, ascended from the east to the zenith: the colours faded, renewed; faded again, until the sun, appearing on the horizon, blended all the shades of sky in a universal lightly-gilded whiteness.

We sailed north, leaving the coast of Anatolia to our right; an hour after sunrise, the wind died, and we progressed by the use of oars. The calm lasted all day. The sunset was cold, red, and without any variation of light; the opposite horizon was grey, the sea leaden and free of birds; the distant shores seemed azure, but lacked brightness. Dusk was not prolonged, and was suddenly replaced by the night. At nine, an easterly wind rose, and we made good progress. On the 13th of September, as dawn returned, we found ourselves on the coast of Europe, opposite the harbour of Saint-Etienne: the coast was low and barren. It was two months to the day, almost to the hour, that I had left the capital of a civilized nation, and was now about to enter the capital of a barbarous people. How many things had I not witnessed in that short space of time! How those two months had aged me!

At half-past six, we passed the powder-magazine, a long white building, Italianate in style. Behind this monument lay Europe: the land appeared flat and uniform. Villages, proclaimed by a few trees, were scattered here and there; it was a landscape like that of Beauce after the harvest. Beyond the tip of this land, which curved in front of us as we passed, we saw a few of the minarets of Constantinople.

At eight, a caique came alongside: as we were almost becalmed, I left the felucca and embarked with my people in the small boat. We rounded the tip of Europe, where stands the Castle of the Seven Towers (*Yedikule*), an old Gothic fortress crumbling to ruins. Constantinople, and especially the coast of Asia Minor, were both drowned in fog: the minarets and cypresses I could see through the mist had the appearance of a despoiled forest. As we neared the headland of the Seraglio, a northerly wind rose, and within a few minutes blew spreading mist across the scene; I suddenly found myself amongst the palaces of the Commander of the Faithful: at a stroke of a genie's magic wand. Before me the Black Sea Canal wound between smiling hills like a resplendent river. To my right lay the soil of Asia Minor, and the town of Scutari (*Uskudar*); Europe was on my left: forming, as it widened, a wide bay full of large ships at anchor, and traversed by innumerable small boats. This bay, enclosed between two shores, presented opposite one another, as in an amphitheatre, Constantinople and Galata. The immensity of these three cities, juxtaposed one with another; Galata, Constantinople and Scutari; the cypress-trees, the minarets, the elevated masts of vessels jostling together; the verdure of the trees; the red and white of the houses; the sea extending its blue cloth below these objects, and the sky unrolling another field of azure above; all this I admired. It is no exaggeration to say that Istanbul offers some of the most beautiful views in the world (though I prefer the Bay of Naples).

We landed at Galata: I remarked on the continuous bustle along the wharves, and amongst the crowd of porters, merchants and seamen: the latter proclaiming by the varied colours of their faces;, the differences in their language; their clothes, robes, hats, caps, and turbans, that they had come from all the regions of Europe and Asia Minor to inhabit this frontier of two worlds. The almost total absence of women, the lack of wheeled vehicles, and the packs of masterless dogs, were the three distinctive features that first struck me on entering this extraordinary city. Since the people hardly ever walk except in slippers, since there is no sound of carts or carriages, since there are no bells, and hardly any tradesmen employing hammers, the silence is unbroken. You see around you a crowd of mutes who seem to wish to pass by without being noticed, and have the air of escaping the gaze of their masters: you pass without a break from a bazaar to a cemetery, as if the Turks are only there to buy and sell, and to die. The cemeteries, without walls, and set in the streets, enclose beautiful groves of cypress-trees: doves nest in these cypresses, and partake of the peace of the dead. Here and there, one finds ancient monuments, which bear no relation either to the modern humans, or to the new buildings, by which they are surrounded: they appear as if transported to this eastern city by the power of some talisman. No sign of joy, no appearance of happiness reveals itself to your eyes: what you see are not people, but a herd that an Imam leads and a Janissary slaughters. There is no pleasure, but debauchery; no punishment, but death. The sad sounds of a mandolin sometimes emerge from the depths of a coffee-house, and you see wretched children performing shameful dances in front of various species of monkeys, sitting around them, on small tables. From the midst of prisons and bath-houses rises the Seraglio, the Capitol of servitude: it is there that a sacred guardian carefully preserves the germs of plague, and the primitive laws of tyranny. Pale worshippers prowl constantly around the temple, bearing their lives to the idol. Nothing can restrain them from self-sacrifice; they are drawn there by a fatal power; the despot's eyes attract slaves, as the eyes of a snake fascinate the birds which it preys on.

There are so many descriptions of Constantinople it would be folly for me even to speak of it (you may consult Stephen of Byzantium; Petrus Gyllius's *Topographia Constantinopoleos*; Charles Du Fresne Du Cange's, *Constantinopolis Christiana*; Sir James Porter's *Observations on the religion of the Turks*; Ignatius Mouradgea d'Ohsson's, *Tableau Général de l'Empire Othoman*; the Reverend James Dallaway's *Constantinople Ancient and Modern*; Paul Lucas, Thévenot, Tournefort; and finally Antoine Ignace Melling's *Voyage pittoresque de Constantinople et des rives du Bosphore*). There are several inns in Pera (*Beyoglu*) which resemble those of the other cities of Europe: the porters who took possession of my baggage took me to one of these inns. I went from there to the French Embassy. I had formerly had the honour, in Paris, of meeting General Sébastiani (*Horace Sébastiani*), Ambassador of France to the Porte: he not only desired to insist that I eat every day at the Embassy, but it was only on my earnest prayer that he permitted me to remain at the inn. The brothers Franchini, the premier dragomans at the Embassy, obtained, by order of the General, the firmans I needed for my trip to Jerusalem; the ambassador added letters addressed to the Custodian of the Holy Land (*the head of the Franciscans there*) and our consuls in Egypt and Syria. Fearing that I might run short of money, he allowed me to draw on him bills of exchange payable on sight, wherever I might

need them; finally uniting to these services, of the first magnitude, his polite attentions, he wished to show me Constantinople himself, and took the trouble to accompany me to see the most remarkable monuments. His aides and the entire legation showered me with so many civilities, that I was really quite overcome: it is my duty to witness here my gratitude to them.

I do not know how to speak of one other person whom I ought to have mentioned first. Her extreme kindness was accompanied by a sad and moving grace which seems to have been a premonition of the future: as of then, she was still happy, and a special circumstance further increased her happiness. I myself took part in that joy, which should now be changed to mourning. When I left Constantinople, Madame Sébastiani (*Fanny Franquetot de Coigny*) was full of health, hope and youth; and I had not yet returned to our country, before she could no longer read my expression of gratitude:

> *…….Troia infelice sepultum*
> *Detinet extremo terra aliena solo.*
>
> ...unhappy Troy holds your grave,
> in the furthest soil of an alien land.
>
> (*Catullus:68b:lines 57-58*)

There was, in Constantinople, at that very moment, a deputation of priests from the Holy Land; they had come to claim the protection of the Ambassador against the tyranny of the governors of Jerusalem. The priests gave me letters of recommendation for Jaffa. By another fortunate chance, I found that the vessel that carried Greek pilgrims to Syria was about to leave. It was in the roads, and set to sail with the first fair wind; so that even if my journey via the Troad had succeeded, I would have missed my connection for Palestine. A bargain was soon concluded with the captain. The Ambassador himself brought on board the most sought-after provisions. He gave me as interpreter a Greek named *John*, a servant of the Messieurs Franchini. Showered with attentions, prayers and wishes, on the 18th of September, at noon, I was conducted aboard the pilgrim ship.

I confess that I was sorry to leave hosts of such rare sympathy and politeness, yet I was glad to leave Constantinople. The feelings one experiences in that city, despite oneself, spoil its beauty; when we consider that those shores were once inhabited only by Greeks of the Later Empire, and are now occupied by the Turks, one is shocked by the contrast between people and place; it seems that such vile slaves and such cruel tyrants ought never to have dishonoured so wonderful a sojourn. I had arrived in Constantinople on a day of revolution: the rebels of Rumeli had reached the gates of the city. Obliged to bow before the storm, Selim III had dismissed, and exiled, those ministers unacceptable to the Janissaries: every moment the sound of cannon was expected, announcing the fall of those proscribed. As I contemplated the trees and buildings of the Seraglio, I could not help pitying the master of this vast empire (Selim's unhappy end justified that pity only too well.)

Oh, how wretched despots are in the midst of their happiness, how weak amidst their power! How pitiful it is that they cause so many to shed tears, while never being certain of not shedding their own; without being able to enjoy that sleep of which they deprive the unfortunate! My stay in Constantinople weighed on me. I only like to visit places embellished by the virtues or the arts, and I could find, in that land of Phocas and Bajazet neither the one nor the other. My wishes were soon fulfilled, since we weighed anchor on the same day I boarded, at four in the afternoon. A northerly wind filled our sail, and we set out for Jerusalem under the banner of the cross, which floated from the mast of our vessel.

Part Three: Rhodes, Jaffa, Bethlehem and the Dead Sea

About two hundred of us passengers were aboard, old and young; men, women, and children. A host of sleeping-mats were visible, ranged along both sides of the deck. Strips of paper, stuck to the bulwarks, indicated the names of the mats' owners. Each pilgrim hung their staff, their rosary, and a small cross, by their bed. The captain's cabin was occupied by the priests leading this band of pilgrims. At the entrance to this cabin, two ante-chambers had been constructed. I had the honour of utilising one of these black holes, about six-feet square, with my two servants; a family occupied the other apartment opposite. In this species of republic, each household arranged things as they wished: women nursed their children; men smoked or prepared their dinner; priests chatted together. The sounds of mandolins, violins and zithers were heard on all sides. They sang, danced, laughed and prayed. Everyone was full of joy. They cried: 'Jerusalem', at me, pointing southwards, and I answered: 'Jerusalem!' Indeed, had it not been for our fears, we would have been the happiest people in the world; but at the least wind, the sailors hauled at the sheets, and the pilgrims shouted: '*Christos, kyrie, eleison!*' The storm past, we recovered our daring.

I failed, moreover, to note the chaos of which some travellers speak. We were, on the contrary, very decent and orderly. On the first evening of our departure, two priests conducted prayers, which everyone attended with great reverence. The ship was blessed, a ceremony renewed after every storm. The chanting of the Greek Church possesses considerable sweetness, but lacks gravity. I noted something singular: a child would begin the verse of a psalm in a high tone, and sustained it on a single note, while a priest sang the same verse to a different tune, in canon, that is to say commencing the phrase when the child had already passed the middle. They perform an admirable *Kyrie eleison*: it is simply a single note held by different voices, some bass, others treble, executing *andante* (*slowly*) and *mezza voce* (*at half-volume*), the octave, fifth and third. The effect of this *Kyrie* is overwhelming in its sadness and majesty: it is doubtless a remnant of the ancient singing of the primitive Church. I suspect the other psalms belong to this singing style introduced to the Modern Greek liturgy around the fourth century, and of which St. Augustine had good reason to complain.

The day after we left, I was again seized with a quite violent fever: I was forced to remain on my bed. We swiftly crossed the Sea of Marmara (Propontis). We passed the peninsula of Cyzicus (*Kapu-Dagh*) and the mouth of the Aegospotamos. We rounded the headlands of Sestos and Abydos: Neither Alexander and his army, Xerxes and his fleet, the Athenians and the Spartans, nor Hero and Leander, could overcome the headache that overwhelmed me, but when, on the 21st of September, at six in the morning, I was told that we were about to double the castle of the Dardanelles, the fever was driven off by memories of Troy. I crawled on deck; my first glance took in a high promontory crowned by nine wind-mills: it was Sigeus. At the foot of the promontory I could see two *tumuli*, the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus. The mouth of the Simois was to the left of the modern castle; farther off, and behind us, towards the Hellespont, the headland of Rhaetaeus

appeared, and the tomb of Ajax. In the dip rose the Mount Ida range, whose slopes, as seen from the point where I stood, seemed gentle and harmonious in colour. Tenedos rose in front of the ship's bows: *Est in conspectu Tenedos* (*Virgil: Aeneid II.21*).

I walked about with my eyes on this scene, and my gaze returned, despite myself, to the grave of Achilles. I repeated these verses of the poet:

'And on a headland thrusting into the wide Hellespont we, the great host of Argive spearmen, heaped a vast flawless mound above them, so it might be seen far out to sea by men who live now and those to come.'

ἀμφ' αὐτοίσι δ' ἔπειτα μέγαν καί ἀμύμονα τύμβον
χεύαμεν Ἀργείων ἱερός στρατός αἰχμητάων
ἄκτη ἔπι προύχούση, ἐπί πλατεί Ἑλλησπόντόω,
ὡς κεν τηλεφανής ἑκ ποντόφιν ἀνδράσιν εἴη
τοὶς οί νυν γεγάασι καὶ οί μετόπισθεν ἔσονται.

(*Homer: Odyssey:XXIV:80-84*)

The pyramids of the Egyptian Pharaohs are of little consequence, compared with the glory of the mounds of turf that Homer sang, and that Alexander ran around (*Plutarch: Alexander 15.8*).

At that moment, I felt the remarkable effect of the power of our feelings and the influence of the soul over the body. I had arrived on deck filled with fever: my headache suddenly vanished; I felt my strength revive, and, what is more extraordinary, all my mental faculties. True, twenty-four hours later the fever had returned.

I had nothing with which to reproach myself: I had formed the intention of travelling through Anatolia to the plain of Troy, and you have seen what compelled me to abandon my project; I wanted to reach it by sea, but the captain of our vessel stubbornly refused to land me there, though our agreement obliged him to do so. At the time, these annoyances caused me much grief, but now I console myself. I had made so many errors in Greece, that the same fate perhaps awaited me at Troy. At least I have retained all my illusions regarding the Simois; moreover I have had the good fortune to salute that sacred soil, to have seen the waves that bathe it, and the sun that lights it.

I am surprised that travellers, in speaking of the plain of Troy, almost always fail to mention the Aeneid. Yet Troy has been Virgil's glory as much as Homer's. It is a rare destiny for a country to have inspired the fnest verse of two of the world's greatest poets. As I watched the shores of Troy recede, I sought to recall the verses that so beautifully depict the Greek fleet, emerging from Tenedos, and advancing, *per silentia lunae:through the silent moonlight* (*adapted from Virgil: Aeneid: II: 255*), towards those solitary shores passing one after another before my eyes. Once awful cries succeeded to the silence of the night, and flames from Priam's palace illuminated the sea, where our ship sailed peacefully.

The Muse of Euripides, also capturing that pain, prolonged the scenes of mourning on those tragic shores.

THE CHORUS.

Hecuba, see you Andromache there, riding a foreign chariot? Her son, the son of Hector, the young Astyanax, hangs at her breast.

HECUBA.

O ill-fated woman! Where are they leading you, amidst Hector's weapons and the spoils of Phrygia? ...

ANDROMACHE.

O grief!

HECUBA.

My children!

ANDROMACHE.

Ill-fated one!

HECUBA.

And my children! ...

ANDROMACHE.

Hurry, my husband! …

HECUBA.

Yes, come, scourge of the Greeks! O, first of my children! Grant to Priam in death that to which on earth he was so tenderly united.

THE CHORUS.

We have only regrets and tears to shed upon these ruins. Grief yields to grief... Troy suffers the yoke of slavery.

HECUBA.

So the palace where I gave birth has fallen!

THE CHORUS.

O my children! Your land is become a wilderness…

(*a free adaptation from Euripides: The Trojan Women*)

While I was occupied with Hecuba's grief, the descendants of the Greeks aboard our vessel looked as though they were still rejoicing at Priam's death. Two sailors danced on deck, to the sound of tambourine and zither: they performed a kind of pantomime. Sometimes they raised their arms to heaven; sometimes they set one of their hands to their side, extending the other like an orator haranguing a crowd. They then raised that same hand to their breast, forehead, and eyes. All this was interspersed with poses, more or less odd, of a vague character, and quite akin to the contortions of savages. One may read on the subject of Modern Greek dance, the letters of Monsieur Guys and Madame Chénier (*See Pierre Augustin Guys: Voyage Littéraire de la Grèce*, *and Elizabeth Santi-Lomaca Chénier: Lettres Grecques)*. To the pantomime, succeeded a round-dance, where the line, passing and re-passing various points, recalled the subjects of those bas-reliefs depicting the dances of ancient times. Happily, the shadow of the ship's sails hid the figures and

clothing of the actors to some extent, and I could transform my unkempt sailors into shepherds of Sicily or Arcady.

The wind continuing to blow favourably for us, we swiftly crossed the channel that separates the island of Tenedos from the mainland, and skirted the coast of Anatolia as far as Cape Baba (*Bababurnu*), formerly *Lectum Promontorium*. We then sailed west to double, at nightfall, the tip of the island of Lesbos. It was on Lesbos that Sappho and Alcaeus were born, and to which the head of Orpheus floated, repeating Eurydice's name:

Ah! miseram Eurydicen, anima fugientes, vocabat.

He with ebbing breath, cried out: 'Ah, poor Eurydice!'

(*Virgil:Georgics IV:525-526*)

On the morning of the 22nd of September, the north wind rose with extraordinary violence. We had to anchor at Chios, to take on board more pilgrims; but through the captain's fear and poor seamanship, we were obliged to go and anchor in the harbour of Tchesme (*Cesme*) on a dangerously rock-strewn bottom, not far from the wreckage of a large Egyptian vessel.

There is something fateful about this port of Asia Minor. The Turkish fleet was burned there in 1770, by Count Orlov (*Aleksey Grigoryevich*); and the Romans destroyed the galleys of Antiochus there, in 191BC, assuming the Cyssus of the ancients is the modern Tchesme. Monsieur de Choiseul has produced a plan, and depicted a view, of the harbour. The reader may recall that I almost entered Tchesme when bound for Smyrna, on the 1st of September, twenty-one days before my second passage through the archipelago.

Throughout the 22nd and 23rd, we waited for pilgrims from the island of Chios. Jean went ashore, and provided me with an ample supply of Tchesme pomegranates: they have a great reputation in the Levant, although they are inferior to those of Jaffa. But I have mentioned Jean, and that reminds me that I have not yet spoken to the reader of this new interpreter, successor to the excellent Joseph. He was the most mysterious man I ever met: two little eyes sunken in his head and as if hidden by a very prominent nose, two reddish moustaches, a habit of constantly smiling, and something flexible in his bearing, will give an initial idea of the person. When he had something to tell me, he began by advancing alongside, and, after a long detour, almost crept up on me, to whisper in my ear the least secret thing in the world. As soon as I saw him, I would cry: 'Walk straight and speak loudly'; advice worth giving to many people. Jean had an understanding with the head priests: he told strange things about me; he brought me compliments from pilgrims who remained below decks, and whom I had failed to notice. At mealtimes, he had no appetite, as he was above such vulgar necessities, but as soon as Julien had finished eating, poor Jean went down into the shallop where they kept my provisions, and under the pretext of putting the baskets in order, swallowed pieces of ham, devoured a bird, drank a bottle of wine, all with such rapidity that one could see no movement of his lips. He then returned with a sad visage to ask if I had need of his services. I advised him not to indulge in grief,

and to take some food, otherwise he ran the risk of falling ill. The Greek thought I was his dupe, and it gave him so much pleasure I allowed him to believe so. Despite his small faults, Jean was basically a very honest man and deserved the trust his masters placed in him. All in all, I have drawn this portrait, and a few others, to satisfy the tastes of those readers who like to know something of the characters whose lives they are asked to follow. For my own part, if I have shown some talent for this kind of caricature, I work hard to stifle it; everything that makes a mockery of the nature of man seems unworthy of esteem: obviously I exclude from that judgement, a good joke, subtle raillery, the grand irony employed by the oratorical style, or high comedy.

On the night of the 22nd of September, the vessel slipped its anchor, and we thought we would foul the wreckage of the vessel from Alexandria, marooned nearby. The pilgrims from Chios arrived on the 23rd at noon: they were sixteen in number. At ten in the evening we sailed, the night being fine, with a moderate easterly wind, which changed to a northerly at dawn on the 24th.

We passed between Nicaria and Samos. The latter island was famous for its fertility, its tyrants, and above all the birth of Pythagoras. That fine episode in *Télémaque* (*Fénelon, Les Aventures de Télémaque: XIV*) has surpassed all that the poets have said regarding Samos. We entered the channel formed by the Sporades, Patmos, Leria, Cos, etc. and the shores of Asia Minor. There the Meander pursued its winding course, there stood Ephesus, Miletus, Halicarnassus, Cnidus: I saluted, for the last time, the homeland of Homer, Herodotus, Hippocrates, Thales, and Aspasia, though I failed to see the temple at Ephesus, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, or the Venus of Cnidus, and without the work of Pococke, Wood, Spon, and de Choiseul, I would not, under its modern inglorious name (*Samsun Dagi*) have recognized the promontory of Mycale.

On the 25th of September, at six in the morning, we dropped anchor at the port of Rhodes, to take on a pilot for the Syrian coast. I went ashore, and was conducted to the residence of Monsieur Magallon (*Charles Magallon*), the French Consul: ever the same reception; the same hospitality, the same politeness. Monsieur Magallon was ill; he chose, however, to introduce me to the Turkish commandant, a fine man, who gave me a black goat, and allowed me to wander wherever I wished. I showed him a firman which he placed on his head, declaring that this is how he supported all the friends of the Grand Seigneur.

I longed to forsake this audience, to at least take a glance at this famous Rhodes, where I would spend only a moment.

Here, for me, commenced that antiquity which formed a transition between Greek antiquity which I was leaving, and Hebrew antiquity whose remains I went to seek. The monuments of the Knights of Rhodes revived my curiosity, somewhat wearied by the ruins of Sparta and Athens. Wise laws regarding trade (one may consult Johanne Leunclavius's *Traité du droit maritime des Grecs et des Romains*. That splendid decree of Louis XIV regarding the Navy retains several provisions of the Rhodian laws); a few verses of Pindar (*Olympian Ode VII*) on the Sun's marriage with Venus's daughter (the nymph, Rhodos); comic poets; painters; monuments more grand than beautiful; that, I think, is all that reminds the traveller of ancient Rhodes. The Rhodians were brave: it is somewhat singular that they were rendered famous in warfare for enduring a siege gloriously (*305BC*), like the

knights who were their successors (*1522AD*). Rhodes, honoured by the presence of Cicero and Pompey, was sullied by the residence of Tiberius (*6BC*). The Persians seized Rhodes (*Chosroes II, in 620AD*) in the reign of Pope Honorius I. It was then taken by the generals of the caliphate, in 647AD, and re-taken by Anastasius II, Emperor of the East (*715AD*). The Venetians settled here in 1203, John II Doukas Vatatzes took it from the Venetians (*1232AD*). The Turks conquered the Greeks. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem seized it in 1309. They held it for almost two centuries, and yielded it to Suleiman I (*The Magnificent*), on the 25th of December, 1522. Regarding Rhodes, one can consult Vincenzo Coronelli, Dapper, Savary, and Monsieur de Choiseul.

At every step Rhodes offered me evidence of our way of life and memories of my homeland. I found a tiny France in the middle of Greece:

> *Procedo and parvam Trojam simulataque magnis*
> *Pergamon...agnosco…*
>
> I walked on, and saw a little Troy, and a copy of the great citadel…
>
> (*Virgil:Aeneid III:349-351*)

I traversed a long road, still called the Street of the Knights. It is lined with Gothic buildings; the walls of these houses are lined with Gallic emblems and the arms of our ancient families. I noted the royal lilies of France, as fresh as if they had just left the sculptor's hand. The Turks, who have everywhere mutilated the monuments of Greece, have spared those of chivalry: Christian honour astonished the brave infidel, and Saladin has shown De Coucy respect.

At the end of the Street of the Knights, three Gothic arches lead to the palace of the Grand Master. The palace now serves as a prison. A half-ruined monastery, served by two monks, is all that reminds Rhodes of the religion that performed so many miracles there. The priests conducted me to their chapel. A Gothic Virgin, painted on wood, is displayed holding the child in her arms: the arms of the Grand Master D'Aubusson are engraved at the foot of the painting. This curious antiquity was discovered some years ago, by a slave who was attending to the monastery garden. There is a second altar in the chapel dedicated to Saint Louis, whose image is found throughout the East, and whose death-bed I saw at Carthage. I left some alms beside the altar, begging the priests to say a Mass for my safe journeying, as if I had already foreseen the dangers I would run on the coast of Rhodes on my return from Egypt.

The commercial port of Rhodes would be secure enough if the old defensive works were restored. Walls with twin towers flank the harbour. These two towers, according to local tradition, replaced the two rocks that served as the base for the Colossus. It is known that ships did not pass between the legs of this Colossus, and I only mention this so as not to neglect anything.

Quite close to the main harbour is the dock for the galleys and their construction site. They were currently building a thirty gun frigate from pine-trees felled on the island's mountains, which seemed to me worth noting.

The shores of Rhodes, towards Caramania (Doris and Caria), are roughly at sea level, but the island rises in the interior, and a high mountain is clearly prominent, flattened at its peak, mentioned by all the geographers of antiquity. At Linda there are remains of the Temple of Athene. Camira and Ialyssos have disappeared. Rhodes once supplied oil to the whole of Anatolia, and now does not produce enough for its own consumption. It still exports some wheat. The vines yield a very good wine, which resembles those of the Rhone: the vine-stocks may have been brought from the Dauphiné by the knights of that region, especially since they call the wines, as in Cyprus, *vins du Commanderie*.

Our geographers tell us that in Rhodes they weave velvets and tapestries which are much esteemed: various coarse fabrics, which they use to cover equally coarse furniture, are the only products of Rhodian industry, of that kind. These people, whose colonists long ago founded Naples and Agrigento, today barely occupy a corner of their desert island. An Agha with a hundred degenerate Janissaries is sufficient to control a herd of slaves. It is inconceivable that the Order of Malta has never tried to return to its ancient domain; nothing would have been easier than to seize the island of Rhodes: it would have been a trivial task for the Knights to renew the fortifications, which are still quite sound: they would not have been expelled again, since the Turks, who were the first to employ trench warfare against the towns of Europe, are now the last people in the art of sieges.

I left Monsieur Magallon on the 25th of September at four in the evening, after having left letters with him, which he promised to dispatch to Constantinople, via Carmania. Taking a caique, I re-joined our vessel, which was already under sail with its coastal pilot on board: the pilot was a German who had lived at Rhodes for many years. We set our course for the cape at the tip of Carmania, once the promontory of the Chimaera in Lycia. Rhodes offered in the distance behind us, a length of bluish coastline, under a golden sky. Within that extent two squared-off mountains could be distinguished, which seemed as if carved to be foundations for castles, and resembled in their form the Acropolis of Corinth, or those of Athens and Pergamon.

The 26th was an unfortunate day. We were becalmed alongside the mainland of Asia Minor, nearly opposite Cape Chelidonia, which forms the tip of the Gulf of Satalia (*Antalya*). I saw on our left the elevated peaks of Mount Cragus (*Babadag*), and I remembered the verses of poets regarding chilly Lycia. I was unaware that one day I would curse the summits of that Taurus range, which I was pleased to gaze at, and would count them among the famous mountains whose tops I have seen. The currents were very strong, and carried us off, as we realised the next day. The vessel which was in ballast, rolled wearily: the head of the mainmast snapped, and the yard of the second sail of the foremast. For such inexperienced sailors it was a great misfortune.

It is truly an amazing thing to watch the Greeks navigating. The pilot sits, legs crossed; his pipe in his mouth; he grasps the tiller, which, in order to act at the same level as the hand that guides it, scrapes the stern planking. Before the pilot, who is half-reclining, and therefore possesses little leverage, is a compass, of which he knows nothing, and which

he fails to consult. At the slightest appearance of danger, French and Italian charts are deployed on the bridge; the whole crew lie flat, the captain at their head; they examine the chart, tracing its lines with their fingers, trying to establish where they are; everyone gives his opinion: they end up by understanding nothing at all of this arcane parchment of the Franks; they re-fold the map; they bring the sails about, or sail downwind: then pipes and rosaries are taken up once more; we recommend our lives to Providence, and await events. There are vessels that veer two or three hundred miles off course, and land in Africa instead of arriving in Syria; but that does not stop the crew dancing at the first ray of sunlight. The ancient Greeks were, in many respects, mo more than delightful credulous children, who passed from sadness to joy with extreme fluidity; the modern Greeks have retained aspects of that character: happy at least in having recourse to levity to combat their misery!

The northerly wind resumed blowing at about eight in the evening, and hopes of swiftly reaching the end of our voyage revived the pilgrims' spirits. Our German pilot told us that we should see Cape St. Epiphanius, and the island of Cyprus, at daybreak. We thought only of celebrating being alive. All our provisions were carried on deck; we divided into groups; each passed to his neighbour something his neighbour lacked. I adopted the family who had the berth opposite me, next to the captain's cabin; it consisted of a wife, two children and an old man, the father of the young pilgrim. This old man was performing his third voyage to Jerusalem, he had never seen a Latin pilgrim, and the good man wept for joy, as he gazed at me: So I supped with the family. I have scarcely witnessed a scene more delightful and picturesque. The wind was fresh; the sea; splendid; the night, serene. The moon seemed to sway amidst the masts and rigging of the ship; sometimes it appeared beyond the sails, and the whole ship was illuminated; sometimes it was hidden by the canvas, and the groups of pilgrims were again plunged into darkness. Who could not bless religion, whilst reflecting that these two hundred pilgrims, so happy at this moment, were nevertheless slaves bowed under an odious yoke? They were travelling to the tomb of Jesus Christ to forget the lost glories of their homeland, and find solace from their present evils. What secret sorrows were they not about to set down beside the Saviour's manger! Each wave that drove the ship towards the holy shore bore one of our troubles.

On the 27th of September, in the morning, much to the surprise of the pilot, we were at sea, and out of sight of land. We were becalmed: there was general consternation. Where were we? Were we north of, or still west of the island of Cyprus? We spent all day in this one debate. Talking of taking bearings, or soundings, would have been like speaking Hebrew to our mariners. When the breeze got up towards evening, there was a further difficulty. What course should we take? The pilot, who believed himself beyond the Gulf of Satalia (*Antalya*), and off the northern coast of the island of Cyprus, wanted to head south to reach the latter, though it would yield the consequence that if we were still west of the island, we would sail, on that compass bearing, straight towards Egypt. The captain claimed we must wear northwards, to reach the coast of Carmania: that would mean retracing our course, and indeed, in that respect the wind was contrary. I was asked my opinion, because, in difficult situations, the Greeks and Turks always have recourse to the Franks. I advised them to sail east, for an obvious reason: we were west or north of the island of Cyprus: now, in either case, by heading east we would be on a beneficial course.

Moreover, if we were west of the island, we could not fail to see land to port or starboard, in a very short time, either Carmania's Cape Anamur, or Cyprus's Cape Kormakittis (*Korucam Burnu*). We would be free to double the eastern tip of the island, and descend along the coast of Syria.

This advice appeared best, and we turned the bows east. On the 28th of September, at five in the morning, to our great joy, we sighted Cape Gata, on the island of Cyprus; it lay north of us, about twenty-five to thirty miles away. Thus, we were south of the island, and on the right course for Jaffa. The current had previously carried us well to the south-west.

At noon, the wind dropped. The calm continued the rest of the day, and lasted until the 29th. We received three new passengers on board, two wagtails and a swallow. I have no idea what could have led the former to leave their haunts; as to the latter, they were on their way to Syria perhaps, and may have come from France. I was tempted to ask them for news of the paternal roof I had left so long ago (See *Les Martyrs*, XI). I remember, in my childhood, spending hours of indescribably melancholic pleasure, watching the swallows' flight in autumn; a secret instinct told me that I would, like those birds, become a voyager. They gathered at the end of September, above the reeds of a large pond: there, emitting their cries and executing a thousand evolutions above the water, they seemed to be trying out their wings, and preparing for lengthy pilgrimages. Why, of all the memories of existence, do we prefer those that recall our birthplace? The pleasures of self-love, the illusions of youth, fail to charm our memory: on the contrary, we find in them aridity or bitterness; but the most trivial of circumstances awake in the depths of the heart the emotions of childhood, and always with a new attraction. By the shores of the American lakes, in an unknown wilderness that has little to say to the traveller, in a land that possesses nothing but the grandeur of its solitude, a swallow sufficed for me to retrace scenes from my life's earliest days, as it now recalled them to me on Syrian waters, in sight of an ancient land, echoing to the voice of the centuries and historical tradition.

The currents thus brought us to the Island of Cyprus. We reached its sandy, low-lying, and seemingly arid shores. Mythology has set its most happy fables there (see *Les Martyrs*:XVII.)

> *Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit*
> *Laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo*
> *Thure calent arae, sertisque recentibus halant.*

She herself soars high in the air, to Paphos, and returns to her home
with delight, where her temple and its hundred altars
steam with Sabean incense, fragrant with fresh garlands.

(*Virgil: Aeneid I:415*)

It is better, as regards the island of Cyprus, to keep to poetry rather than history, unless one takes pleasure in recalling one of the most glaring injustices of the Romans and that shameful expedition led by Cato the Younger (*58BC, see Plutarch: Cato the Younger: 36*). Yet it is a strange thing to imagine the temples of Amathus and Idalia converted to prisons in the Middle Ages. A French gentleman was king of Paphos (*Guy de Lusignan, ruled 1192-1194*), and barons dressed in doublets were ensconced in the sanctuaries of Eros and the Graces. One may read the whole history of Cyprus in Olfert Dapper's *Archipel*: while the Abbé Mariti (*Giovanni Mariti: Viaggi per l'isola di Cipro e per la Soria e Palestina, 1792*) has described the revolutions of modern times, and the current status of the island, still important today because of its situation.

The weather was so beautiful, and the air so mild, that all the passengers remained on deck at night. I had disputed possession of a corner of the quarter-deck with two large Greek Orthodox monks who had grudgingly yielded it to me. It was there that I was sleeping on the 30th of September, when I was awakened, at six in the morning, by the sound of loud voices: I opened my eyes, and saw the pilgrims who had been keeping watch at the prow. I asked what the matter was; they cried: *Signor, il Carmelo!* Carmel! The wind had risen before eight the previous evening, and during the night we had arrived in sight of the coast of Syria. As I had been sleeping fully dressed, I was quick to rise to my feet, while asking about the sacred mountain. Everyone was eager to point it out to me, but I could see nothing, as the sun was rising ahead of us. The moment had something religious and august about it; all the pilgrims, rosary in hand, remained quietly in the same attitude, awaiting the appearance of the Holy Land; the head priest prayed aloud: we listened to the prayer and the sound of the ship's passage, as a favourable wind drove the vessel swiftly over a shining sea. From time to time a cry rose from the bow as Carmel again became visible. Finally I caught sight of that mountain myself, like a round stain under the sun's rays. I fell to my knees in the manner of Latins. I felt a different kind of emotion to that which I had felt on first seeing the shores of Greece; but the sight of that cradle of the Israelites, and homeland of Christians, filled me with awe and respect. I was about to reach a land of wonders, the source of the most astonishing poetry, places where, even speaking of mankind alone, the greatest of events occurred, that changed the world forever, I mean the coming of the Messiah; I was about to land on those shores visited by Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond de Saint Gilles, Tancred the Brave, Hugh the Great, Richard the Lion Heart, and that Saint Louis whose virtues were admired by the infidels. An obscure pilgrim, how did I dare to tread a soil consecrated by so many illustrious ones?

As we advanced, and the sun rose in the sky, the land unrolled before us. The furthest point we could see in the distance, to our left, towards the north, was the tip of Tyre; followed by Cape Blanc (*Rosh Hanikra*), Saint Jean d'Acre (*Akko*), Mount Carmel

with Haifa at its foot; Tantura, the ancient Dor; Château-Pèlerin (*Atlit, Castle Pilgrim*), and Caesarea, whose ruins were visible. Jaffa ought to have been beneath the very prow of the vessel, but we could not see it yet, then the coast dropped gradually to a last headland in the south, where it seemed to vanish: there the shores of ancient Palestine commence, which join with those of Egypt, and are almost at sea level. The land, which was twenty-five to thirty miles away, seemed generally white, with dark undulations produced by shadows; there were no salient features on that oblique line traced from north to south: not even Mount Carmel projected from the background: everything was uniform and mottled. The overall effect was almost that of the mountains of the Bourbonnais (*Allier*/*Cher*), when viewed from the heights of Tarare. A line of white jagged clouds on the horizon followed the line of the land, and seemed to repeat its appearance in the sky.

The wind failed us at noon; it rose again at four, but through the pilot's ignorance, we overshot our destination. We were heading full sail towards Gaza, when the pilgrims realised, by an inspection of the coastline, our German's error; we had to tack; all this caused lost time, and night fell. However, we were still approaching Jaffa; we could even see the lights of the city, when the wind from the northwest beginning to blow with fresh force, fear seized the captain; he dared not seek the roads at night: suddenly he swept the bows round, and returned to the high seas.

I was leaning over the stern, and watched the land disappear with a real feeling of grief. After half an hour, I saw what looked like the distant reflection of a fire on the summit of a mountain range: the mountains were those of Judea. The moon, which produced the effect with which I had been struck, soon revealed its broad reddened disc over Jerusalem. A beneficial hand seemed to have raised this beacon on the heights of Sion to guide us to the holy city. Unfortunately we did not, like the Magi, follow the helpful star, and its light only served to help us flee the harbour we so longed for.

On the next day, Wednesday, the first of October, at daybreak, we found ourselves floundering offshore, almost opposite Caesarea: we needed to return south along the coast. Fortunately the wind was favourable, though light. In the distance rose the amphitheatre of the mountains of Judea. At the foot of these mountains, a plain sloped to the sea. It showed barely a trace of cultivation, and its only structure was a Gothic castle in ruins, surmounted by a crumbling and abandoned minaret. On the shore, the land ended in yellow cliffs, speckled with black, which overlooked a beach where we saw and heard the waves breaking. Arabs, wandering the coast, followed, with a covetous eye, our ship passing by on the horizon, anticipating the spoils of shipwreck on the same coast where Jesus Christ commanded us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

At two in the afternoon, we saw Jaffa at last. We had been observed from the city. A boat detached itself from the harbour, and advanced to meet us. I took advantage of this boat to send Jean ashore. I handed him the letter of recommendation that the Custodians of the Holy Land had given me in Constantinople, which was addressed to the priests at Jaffa. I wrote, at the same time, a word to them.

An hour after Jean's departure, we came to anchor before Jaffa, the city lying to the south-east, and the minaret of the mosque to the east-southeast. I note the compass directions here for an important reason: the vessels of the Latins usually anchor farther

offshore; they are then moored above a layer of rocks that may well sever the cables, while the Greek ships, on approaching land, find a less hazardous anchorage, between the basin of Jaffa and the line of rocks.

Jaffa presents itself as no more than a wretched cluster of houses gathered together, and arranged in an amphitheatre, on the slope of a tall hill. The misfortunes that this city has so often experienced have multiplied its ruins. A wall that at its two ends reaches the sea, envelopes it on the landward side, and protects it from attack.

Various caiques soon arrived, from all sides, to transport us pilgrims to shore: the clothing, features, complexion, facial appearance, and language of the owners of these caiques, immediately proclaimed the Arab race, and the proximity of the desert. The disembarkation of the passengers was achieved without fuss, though with a justifiable eagerness. This crowd of men, old men, women, and children on setting foot in the Holy Land uttered no such cries, tears, and lamentations as painters are pleased to depict in creating their imaginary and ridiculous works. They were quite calm; and of all those pilgrims I was certainly not the least moved.

I finally saw a boat coming towards us, in which I made out my Greek servant, accompanied by three monks. They recognized me in my French clothing, and waved their hands, in a kindly manner. They were soon on board. Although these monks were Spanish, and spoke an Italian which was hard to understand, we shook hands like true compatriots. I descended with them into the shallop; we entered the port through a convenient opening in the rocks, dangerous even for a caique. The shore Arabs walked through water up to their waists, in order to carry us on their shoulders. Rather an amusing scene took place: my servant was wearing a white greatcoat; white being the colour of distinction among the Arabs, they decided that my servant was the sheikh. They seized him, and carried him off in triumph despite his protestations while, dressed in my blue coat, I was borne away in obscurity, on the back of a ragged beggar.

We went off to the monks' hospice, a simple wooden house built beside the harbour and enjoying a fine view of the sea. My hosts initially conducted me to the chapel, which I found well-lit, and where they thanked God for having sent them a brother; they are most touching, these Christian institutions through which the traveller finds friends and succour in the most barbarous of countries; institutions I have mentioned elsewhere, and which are never sufficiently admired.

The three monks who came to find me on board were named *John Truylos Penna*, *Alexandre Roma* and *Martin Alexano*; they comprised the entire hospice, their priest, Dom Juan de la Concepcíon, being absent.

On leaving the chapel, the monks installed me in my cell, where there was a table, bed, ink, paper, water and fresh white linen. One needs to have disembarked from a Greek vessel loaded with two hundred pilgrims, to appreciate the value of all this. At eight in the evening, we went to the refectory. We found two other priests who had come from Rama (*Ramla*) and were leaving for Constantinople; Father Manuel Sancha and Father Francis Munoz. We sang the *Benedicite* together, preceded by the *De Profundis*; a remembrance of how Christianity mingles death with all the events of life to render them more serious, as the ancients mingled it with their banquets to render their pleasures more piquant. I was

served poultry, fish, and excellent fruit; pomegranates, watermelons, grapes, and mature dates; at a small, clean and separate table; I drank a discreet amount of Cypriot wine and Levantine coffee. While I filled myself with this excellent fare, the monks ate some fish without salt or oil. They were lively but modest; familiar but polite; no pointless questions, no idle curiosity. All was directed to my trip, on the measures needed for me to complete it in safety, 'For,' they told me, 'we now owe a responsibility to your country with regard to yourself.' They had already dispatched a message to the sheik of the Arabs of Mount Judea, and another to the pastor of Ramla. 'We welcome you', Father Francis Munoz told me, 'with a heart *limpido e bianco*.' It was unnecessary for this Spanish monk to assure me of the sincerity of his feelings; I would have guessed them readily, from the pious frankness of his brow and his gaze.

This reception, so Christian and so charitable, in the land where Christianity and charity had their birth; this apostolic hospitality, in a place where the first apostles preached the Gospel, touched me to the core: I remembered how other missionaries had received me with the same cordiality in the wilds of America. The monks of the Holy Land possess yet more merit, in demonstrating to pilgrims travelling to Jerusalem the charity of Jesus Christ, they have guarded on their behalf the Cross that was planted on those shores. That monk, with his heart *limpido e bianco,* assured me that he still found the life he had led for fifty years *un vero paradiso*. Would you like to know what that paradise is like? Daily affronts, the threat of beatings, shackles, death! This monk, on the previous Easter, having washed the altar cloths, water, impregnated with starch, flowed out of the hospice and whitened a stone. A passing Turk, seeing the stone, reported to the cadi that the monks were repairing the building. The cadi, arriving at to the scene, decided that the stone which was black, had become white; and without hearing the monks' testimony forced them to pay ten bags of coin in reparation. On the very eve of my arrival at Jaffa, the pastor of the hospice had been threatened with the rope by a servant of the Agha, in the presence of the Agha himself. The latter was content to stroke his moustache tranquilly, without deigning to speak a word in favour of the *dog*. Such is the veritable paradise experienced by the monks who, according to some travellers, are petty sovereigns in the Holy Land, and enjoy the highest honours.

At ten in the evening, my hosts led me down a long corridor to my cell. The waves broke with a crash against the rocks of the harbour: with the window closed, it sounded like a tempest, with the window open, a beautiful sky was visible, a tranquil moon, a calm sea, and the pilgrim ship anchored offshore. The monks smiled at the surprise I experienced at this contrast. I said, in poor Latin: *Ecce monachis similitudo mundi; quantumcumque mare fremitum reddat, eis placidae semper undae videntur: omnia tranquillitas serenis animis. Behold, how like this is to the monks of this world; no matter how the sea roars, to them the waves seem always calm: all is tranquil to the tranquil mind*.

I spent part of the night contemplating the Tyrian Sea that Scripture calls the *Great Sea*, which bore the fleet of the prophet-king on his way to the cedars of Lebanon and the purple of Sidon; that sea where Leviathan makes the deep to boil (*Job:41:31*); that sea that the Lord shuts up with doors (*Job:38:8*); that sea that saw God and fled (*Psalms 114:3*). Here was neither the savage Ocean of Canada, nor the smiling waves of Greece. To the south lay Egypt, where the Lord had entered on a swift cloud, to dry up the channels of the

Nile, and overthrow idols (*Isaiah: 19:1-30*); north rose the queen of cities, whose merchants were princes (*Isaiah 23:8*): *Ululate, naves maris, quia devastata est fortitudo vestra...Attrita est civitas vanitatis, clausa est omnis domus nullo introeunte...quia haec erunt in medio terrae...quomodo si paucae olivae, quae remanserunt, excutiantur ex olea; et racemi, cum fuerit finita vindemia* (*Vulgate: Isaiah 23:14 and 24:10,13*): 'Howl, vessels of the sea, because your power is destroyed ...The city of vanity is razed, all its houses are closed and none may enter ... What remains of men in these places shall be left as the handful of olives on the tree after harvest, as grapes hanging from the vine when the harvest is done.' Here other antiquities are revealed by another poet: Isaiah succeeds to Homer.

And that is not all, for the sea I gazed at bathed, to my right, the land of Galilee and, on my left, the plain of Ascalon: the former recalled the early traditions of the life of the patriarchs and the Nativity of the Saviour; the latter, memories of the Crusades and the shades of the heroes of the *Gerusalemme*:

> *Grande e mirabil cosa era il vedere,*
> *quando quel campo e questo a fronte venne:*
> *come, spiegate in ordine le schiere,*
> *di mover già, già d'assalire accenne:*
> *sparse al vento ondeggiando ir le bandiere,*
> *e ventolar su i gran cimier le penne:*
> *abiti e fregi, imprese, arme e colori*
> *d'oro e di ferro al sol lampi e fulgori.*
>
> It was a great, and a wondrous sight,
> When, face to face, those armies met:
> How in every troop rode every knight
> Prepared to fight, catch glory in his net:
> Free in the wind waved, those banners bright,
> On their helms the quivering plumes were set;
> Brave arms and emblems, smiling, in the sun,
> Colours of gold and steel, glittering shone.
>
> (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata XX:28*)

Jean-Baptiste Rousseau has depicted for us the success of that day:

La Palestine, enfin, après tant de ravages,
Vit fuir ses ennemis, comme on voit les nuages
Dans le vague des airs fuir devant l'aquilon;
Et des vents du midi la dévorante haleine
N'a consumé qu' à peine
Leurs ossements blanchis dans les champs d'Ascalon.

Palestine, at last, after such great devastation,
Saw its foes flee, as clouds are seen to run,
Through wastes of air, the northerly drives on;
While the south wind's hot devouring breath
Has scarce consumed as yet
Their bones that bleach on the fields of Ascalon.

(*J-B Rousseau: Odes III:5, Aux Princes Chrétiens*)

It was with regret that I tore myself from the spectacle of that sea which awakens so many memories, but it was necessary to snatch some sleep.

Father Juan de la Concepcíon, the curé of Jaffa and head of the hospice, arrived the next morning, the 2nd of October. I wanted to explore the city, and visit the Agha, who sent me his compliments; the curé deterred me from executing this plan:

'You do not know these people,' he said, 'what you take for politeness is merely malicious curiosity. They only welcome you to find out who you are, whether you are wealthy, whether you can be despoiled. Do you wish to see the Agha? You must first give him presents: he will not fail to give you an escort to Jerusalem, regardless of your wishes; the Agha of Ramla will add to this escort; the Arabs, seeing that a wealthy Frenchman is going on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, will raise the amount of the *caffaro* levy, or attack you. At the gate of Jerusalem you will find the camp of the Pasha of Damascus, who has come to levy contributions, before leading the caravan to Mecca: your trappings will give umbrage to the Pasha, and expose you to insult. Arriving in Jerusalem, you will be asked for three or four thousand piastres to pay for the escort. The people, informed of your arrival, will lay siege to you, such that if you possessed millions, you could not satisfy their greed. The streets will be blocked to obstruct your passage, and you would not enter the holy places without running the risk of being set upon. Trust me, tomorrow we will disguise ourselves as pilgrims and we will travel to Ramla together; there I will receive a response to my message; if it is favourable, you can leave at night, and you will reach Jerusalem safely, and cheaply.'

The priest supported his reasoning with a thousand examples especially that of a Polish bishop, whose air of excessive wealth had cut short his life, two years previously. I mention this only to show to what degree corruption; greed for gold; anarchy and barbarism have been taken in that country.

So I yielded to the experience of my hosts, and confined myself to the hospice, where I spent a pleasant day in peaceful conversation. I received a visit from Monsieur

Contessini, who aspired to the vice-consulate of Jaffa, and the Damiens, father and son, of French origin, formerly living under Djezzar *(Cezzar Ahmet Pasha*), at Saint-Jean d'Acre. They told me singular tales of recent events in Syria; they spoke of the reputation that the Emperor Napoleon and our armies had won in the desert. Men are more sensitive to the reputation of their country when far from it, than they are at home, and we have seen the French emigrés claim their part in victories that appeared to condemn them to eternal exile (James II, who lost a kingdom, expressed the same sentiment at the battle of La Hogue, *in 1692*).

I spent five days in Jaffa, on my return from Jerusalem, and I examined it in minute detail; I ought therefore to speak of it at that time; but in order to follow the sequence of my travels, I will set down my observations here; moreover, after a description of the holy places, it is likely that readers would find Jaffa less interesting.

Jaffa was formerly called *Joppa*, which signifies beautiful or comely, *pulchritudo aut decor*, as Adrichomius (*Christianus Crucius Adrichomius: Theatrum Terrae Sanctae et Biblicarum Historiarum, 1590)* said. D'Anville derives the current name from a primitive form, Japho (I know it is pronounced *Yafa* in Syria, and Monsieur de Volney writes it thus, but I know no Arabic: I have no other authority for altering D'Anville's orthography which is that of so many other learned writers.) I note that, in the land of the Hebrews, there was another city named *Jaffa*, which was taken by the Romans; this name may then have been transferred to Joppa. If we are to believe the translators, and even Pliny (*V:XIV.69*), the origin of this city dates back to antiquity, since Joppa was built before the flood. They say it was at Joppa that Noah entered the ark. After the retreat of the waters, the patriarch gave Shem, his eldest son, as his share, all the dependent territories of the city founded by his third son Japheth. Finally Joppa, according to the traditions of the country, guarded the tomb of the second father of the human race.

According to Pococke, Shaw and perhaps D'Anville, Joppa fell to Ephraim's share, and formed the western part of this tribe, with Ramla and Lidda. But other authors, among them Adrichomius, and Roger (*Eugène Roger: La Terre Sainte, 1664*), allocate Joppa to the tribe of Dan. The Greeks extended the setting of their myths to these shores. They said Joppa took its name from a daughter of Aeolus. They located the tale of Perseus and Andromeda in the vicinity of that city. According to Pliny (*IX:IV:11*), Marcus Aemilius Scaurus brought the bones of the monster created by Poseidon to Rome, from Joppa. Pausanias (*IV:35:9*) claimed a fountain was to be seen near Joppa where Perseus washed off the blood with which the monster had covered him: hence the fountain acquired a red tinge. Finally, Saint Jerome (*Letter CVIII: To Eustochium:8*) says that in his time they still showed the rock at Joppa, with the ring to which Andromeda was fastened.

It was Joppa where Hiram's fleeted landed, laden with cedar for the temple, and from which the prophet Jonah sailed when he fled from the face of the Lord. On five occasions Joppa fell into the hands of the Egyptians, Assyrians and the various peoples who made war against the Jews, before the Romans arrived in Asia Minor. It became one of the eleven toparchies (administrative districts) in which the idol Ascarlen was worshipped. Judas Maccabeus burned this city, whose inhabitants had massacred two hundred Jews (*II Maccabees 12:3-7*). Saint Peter resurrected Tabitha there (*Acts 9: 36-42*),

and received the men from Caesarea, at the house of Simon the tanner (*Acts 10: 5-23*). At the beginning of the troubles in Judea, Joppa was destroyed by Cestius (*Josephus: The Jewish Wars:2.18.10*). Pirates having rebuilt the walls, Vespasian sacked it once more, and garrisoned the citadel (*Josephus:3.9.3 427*).

We have seen that Joppa existed about two centuries later, at the time of Saint Jerome, who called it *Japho*. It passed with all of Syria under the Saracen yoke. It is found in the histories of the Crusades. The anonymous eyewitness who began the *Dei Gesta per Francos* (*re-worked by Guibert de Nogent*) said that, the crusader army being beneath the walls of Jerusalem, Godfrey of Bouillon sent Raymond Pilet, Achard de Mommellou, and Guillaume de Sabran, to guard the Genoese and Pisan ships which had arrived at the port of Jaffa: *qui fideliter custodies homines and naves in portu Japhiae*. Benjamin of Tudela speaks of it at about at that time under the name Gapha: *Quinque abhinc leucis est Gapha, olim Joppa, aliis* Joppe *dicta, ad mare sita: ubi unus tantum Judaeus, isque lanae inficiendae artifex est*: *eight miles hence to Gapha, formerly Joppa, otherwise the* Joppe *of Scripture, on the coast; one Jew only, a dyer by profession, lives here*. Saladin re-took Jaffa from the Crusaders, and Richard the Lion Heart took it from Saladin (*1192*). The Saracens returned and massacred the Christians. But at the time of Saint Louis' first voyage to the East it was no longer in the power of the infidels; since it was held by Gautier de Brienne, who assumed the title of Count of Japhe, according to the spelling of the Sire de Joinville. 'And when the Count of Japhe saw that the king was come, he went and put his castle of Japhe in such case, that it resembled a well-defended town. For on every battlement of his castle he had fully five hundred men, every one with a shield and a banner showing his arms. Which thing was very beautiful to behold. For his arms were pure gold, with a cross-patee gules, very richly worked. We camped in the fields all around this castle of Japhe, which was sited at sea-level, on an island. And the king began to enclose and build a fortification all around the castle, from one inlet to the other, on whatever ground was there.'

It was in Jaffa that the Queen, the wife of Saint Louis (*Marguerite of Provence*), gave birth to a daughter named Blanche (*in 1253*); Saint Louis had also received the news of the death of his mother (*Blanche of Castile, in 1252*) in that same city. He had thrown himself on his knees and cried out: 'I thank my God, that you lent me my dear lady mother, so long as it has pleased your will; and that now, according your pleasure, you have taken her to you once more. It is true that I have loved her above all the creatures of the world, which she well merited; but since you have removed her from me, may your name be eternally blessed.'

Jaffa, under the domination of the Christians, possessed a suffragan bishop of the See of Caesarea. When the knights had been forced to abandon the Holy Land entirely, Jaffa with the rest of Palestine fell under the yoke of the Sultans of Egypt, and then under Turkish rule.

From that epoch, until our own time, we find Joppa or Jaffa mentioned by all voyagers to Jerusalem; but the city we see today has existed for little more than a century, since Monconys (*Balthasar de Monconys*), who visited Palestine in 1647, found a castle at Jaffa, and three caves carved from the rock. Thévenot says that the monks of the Holy Land

built wooden huts in front of the caves, and that the Turks forced the priests to demolish them. That explains a passage in the diary of a Venetian monk. The monk says that on arrived in Jaffa, pilgrims were shut in a cave. De Brèves (*François Savary de Brèves*), Opdam, Deshayes (*Louis Deshayes de Cormenin*), Nicole le Huen, Barthélemey de Salignac; Duloir (*Le Sieur du Loir: Voyages*), Zuallart (*Jean Zuallart*), Père Roger (*Voyage de la Terre Sainte*) and Pierre de La Vallé are unanimous on the limited extent and wretchedness of Jaffa.

One can read in Monsieur de Volney (*Constantin François de Chassebœuf, Comte de Volney*) an account of modern Jaffa, the history of the sieges it suffered during the wars of Daher el-Omar and Ali Bey Al-Kabir, and other details about the excellence of its fruit, the adornment represented by its gardens, etc. I will add a few remarks.

Apart from the two fresh springs at Jaffa, cited by travellers, there are freshwater sources all along the coast, towards Gaza; one only need dig with one's hands to strike fresh-water, even at the very edge of the waves: I myself, in the company of Monsieur Contessina, experienced that curious phenomenon, which can be replicated from the southern corner of the city as far as a hermitage, visible some distance away on the coast.

Jaffa, already ravaged in Daher's assaults, has suffered greatly from recent events. The French, commanded by the Emperor, took it by storm in 1799. When our soldiers returned to Egypt, the English, with the help of the Grand Vizier's troops, built a bastion at the southeast corner of the city. Abu-Marak (*or Abou-Marak, the self-styled Pasha of Palestine*), a favourite of the Grand Vizier, was appointed commander of the city. Djezzar, (*variously Achmed Pasha, Jezzar, or Ahmed al-Jazzar*) the Pasha of Acre, the enemy of the Grand Vizier, laid siege to Jaffa after the departure of the Ottoman army. Abu-Marak defended it valiantly for nine months then found an opportunity to escape by sea. The ruins visible to the east of the city are the results of that siege. After the death of Djezzar (*1804*), Abu-Marak was appointed Pasha of Jeddah, on the Red Sea. The new Pasha set out to cross Palestine; due to one of these uprisings so common in Turkey, he halted at Jaffa, and refused to enter on his pashalik. The Pasha of Acre, Suleiman Pasha, the second successor of Djezzar (the immediate successor of Djezzar was Ismael Pasha, who seized authority at Djezzar's death), was ordered to attack the rebels and Jaffa was besieged again. After limited resistance, Abu-Marak took refuge with Mahamet Pacha-Adem, then appointed to the pashalik of Damascus.

I hope I will be pardoned the aridity of these details, because of the importance that Jaffa once possessed and that which it has acquired in recent times.

I waited, with impatience, for my moment of departure for Jerusalem. On the 3rd of October, at four in the afternoon, my servants dressed themselves in goat-hair tunics, made in Upper Egypt, such as the Bedouins wear; beneath my coat I had on a robe similar to those of Jean and Julien, and we mounted on small horses. Our packs served us as saddles; and ropes acted as stirrups. The head of the hospice walked in front of us, like an ordinary monk. A half-naked Arab showed us the way, and another Arab followed behind, driving before him a donkey laden with our baggage. We left from the rear of the monastery, and attained the city gate, on the south, through the ruins of houses destroyed in the last siege. At first we rode through gardens, which were once delightful: Père Néret (*Charles Néret*)

and Monsieur de Volney praise them. These gardens have been ravaged by the various armies that have disputed the ruins of Jaffa, but there are still pomegranates, Pharaoh figs (*ficus sycomoros*), citrus-trees, palm-trees, clumps of prickly-pear (*opuntia ficus-indica*), and apple trees, which are also seen in the Gaza area, and even at the monastery of Mount Sinai.

We advanced into the Plain of Sharon, whose beauty is praised in Scripture (see *Les Martyrs XVII*). When Père Néret passed by here in April 1713, it was covered with tulips. 'The variation in their colours,' he says, 'forms a pleasant garden.' The flowers that clothe this renowned landscape in the spring include pink and white roses, narcissi, anemones, white and yellow lilies, stock, and a species of fragrant immortelle. The plain extends along the coast, from Gaza in the south to Mount Carmel in the north. It is bounded on the east by the mountains of Judea and Samaria. It is not level throughout: it forms four plateaux, separated from each other by bands of bare, weathered stone. The soil is thin and coarse, white or reddish in colour, and, though sandy, appears to be extremely fertile. But thanks to the despotic Muslims, the ground on all sides offers only thistles, and dry withered grasses, interspersed with stunted patches of cotton, dura (*doura*: *sorghum vulgare*), barley and wheat. Here and there villages appear, always in ruins, with a few clumps of olive trees and sycamores. Halfway from Ramla to Jaffa, is a well, noted by every traveller: the Abbé Mariti (*Giovanni Mariti: Viaggi per l'isola di Cipro e per la Soria e Palestina, 1760-68: Vol II: Chapter XVI)*) mentions it, in order to have the pleasure of comparing the charity of a celebrated Dervish, who lived there, to the reclusive life of the Christian monk. Near the well a grove of olive trees is visible, planted in a quincunx, whose origin the tradition traces to the time of Godfrey of Bouillon. Rama, or Ramla, is found to be located on a charming site, at the extremity of one of the plateaux or folds of the plain. Before entering, we left the path, to visit a cistern, the work of Constantine's mother (if we believe the local traditions, Saint Helen must have built all the monuments in Palestine, which is hardly consistent with the great age of the Empress when she made her pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Nevertheless, it is certain, according to the unanimous testimony of Eusebius, Saint Jerome and all ecclesiastical historians that Helen contributed greatly to the restoration of the holy places). One descends it by means of twenty-seven steps; it is thirty-three paces long by thirty wide; it is composed of twenty-four arches, and receives the rainfall through twenty-four openings. From there, through a forest of prickly-pears, we returned to the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, today the minaret of an abandoned mosque (*the White Mosque*), once the bell-tower of a monastery, of which the delightful ruins remain; the ruins are of covered arcades of a type similar to the Stables of Maecenas at Tibur (*Tivoli*); they are full of wild figs. One imagines that Joseph, and the Virgin and Child might have halted at such a place during the flight into Egypt: it would certainly prove a delightful setting for a depiction of The Rest of the Holy Family; Claude Lorrain's genius seems to have divined this very landscape, judging from his admirable version in the Doria Palace in Rome (*Galleria Pamphilj, 266*).

On the door of the tower is an inscription in Arabic described by Monsieur de Volney: close by is a ruin, described by Muratori (*Ludovico Antonio Muratori*) and associated with a miracle.

After visiting these ruins, we passed an abandoned mill: Monsieur de Volney mentions it as being the only one he had seen in Syria; there are several others today. We descended to Ramla, and arrived at the hospice of the Monks of the Holy Land. This monastery had been sacked five years ago, and they showed me the tomb of one of the brothers who had perished on that occasion. The monks had finally obtained permission, after a great deal of trouble, to make most urgent repairs to their monastery.

Good news awaited me at Ramla: I found a dragoman there, from the monastery in Jerusalem, whom the Custodian had sent to meet me. The Arab chieftain of whom the fathers had informed me, and who was to serve as my escort, was waiting some distance away in the countryside, since the Agha of Ramla did not allow the Bedouin to enter the city. The tribe, the most powerful in the mountains of Judea, made their residence in the village of Jeremiah (*Abu Ghosh*); they open and close the Jerusalem road to travellers, at will. The Sheikh of the tribe had died a short time previously; he had left his son Utman under the guardianship of his uncle Abu Ghosh: the latter had two brothers Djiaber and Ibraim Habd-el-Rouman, who both accompanied me on my return.

It was agreed that I would leave in the middle of the night. As the day had not yet ended, we dined on the terraces that form the roof of the monastery. The monasteries of the Holy Land are like fortresses heavy and overwhelming, and not in any way reminiscent of the monasteries of Europe. We enjoyed a delightful view: the houses of Ramla are mud huts, topped by a small dome like that of a mosque or a saint's tomb; they appear set in a grove of olive, fig and pomegranate-trees, and are surrounded by large prickly-pears which take on strange shapes, their thorny palettes piled one upon another in disorder. From the midst of this confused group of trees and houses, soared the loveliest palm-trees of Idumea. In the courtyard of the monastery, there was one, in particular, that I never tired of admiring: it rose in a column to a height of more than thirty feet, where its gracefully curved branches unfurled, below which its half-ripened dates hung like crystals of coral.

Ramla is the ancient Arimathea, home of that just man who had the glory of burying the Saviour. It was at Lod, also known as Lydda, or Diospolis, a village three miles from Ramla, that Saint Peter worked the miracle of the healing of the paralytic. For the situation of Ramla with regard to trade, one may consult the *Memoirs* of Baron de Tott (*Louis, Baron de Trott*) and Monsieur de Volney's *Travels*.

We left Ramla on the 4th of October, at midnight. The head priest took us by a circuitous route to the place where Abu Ghosh was waiting, and then returned to his monastery. Our group was composed of the Arab chieftain, the dragoman from Jerusalem, my two servants, and the Bedouin from Jaffa, who was driving a donkey, loaded with baggage. We held to the robes and countenances of poor Latin pilgrims, but we were armed beneath our robes.

After riding for an hour over uneven terrain, we arrived at some huts at the summit of a rocky hill. We crossed one of the ridges of the plain, and after another hour's ride reached the first undulation of the Judean Mountains. We turned, through a rugged ravine, around an isolated and barren mound. On the top of this hillock a ruined village could be seen, and the scattered stones of an abandoned cemetery: this village bears the name of Latroun, or Latron: the home of the criminal who repented on the cross, and by so doing

drew from Christ his last act of mercy (*Luke 23:40-43*). Three miles further on, we entered the mountains. We followed the dry bed of a stream; the moon, diminished by a half, scarcely illuminated our progress through those depths; wild boars could be heard around us uttering strange wild cries. I understood, given the desolation of these hills, why Jephthah's daughter wanted to weep among the mountains of Judea (*Judges 11:37*), and why the prophets went to lament in the high places. When daylight came, we found ourselves in the midst of a labyrinth of conically-shaped mountains, somewhat similar to each other, and linked to each other at the base. The rock which formed the foundation of these mountains pierced the soil. Its bands or parallel ridges were arranged like the levels of a Roman amphitheatre, or like those stepped walls that support the vineyards in the valleys of Savoy (they were once supported in the same manner in Judea). On each bulge of rock grew clumps of scrub-oak, boxwood, and oleander. In the ravines olive-trees lifted their heads; and there were sometimes whole groves of these trees on the mountain slopes. We heard the calls of various birds, including jays. Arriving at the highest point of the range, we saw behind us (to the south and west) the plain of Sharon as far as Jaffa, and seawards the horizon to Gaza; ahead (to the north and east) opened the valley of Saint-Jeremiah (*Abu Ghosh*), and in the same direction, on a rocky height, we saw in the distance an old fortress called the *Fortress of the Maccabees*. It is believed that the author of *Lamentations* was born in the village which retains his name, in the midst of these mountains (though the local tradition does not stand up to criticism). It is certain that the sadness of the place seems to breathe throughout the hymns of the sorrowful Prophet.

However, on approaching Saint-Jeremiah, I was somewhat consoled by an unexpected sight. Herds of goats with pendant ears, long-tailed sheep, and donkeys, that reminded me by their beauty of form of the onagers of Scripture, were leaving the village at daybreak. Arab women were drying grapes in the vineyards; some had their faces covered with a veil; and bore a vase full of water on their heads, like the daughters of Midian (*Exodus 2:16*). Plumes of white smoke rose from the hamlet, in the first rays of dawn; you could hear muffled voices, chants, shouts of joy: this scene formed a pleasant contrast with the desolation of the place and the memories of the past night. Our Arab chieftain had received in advance the permission which the tribe grants to travellers, and we passed without hindrance. Suddenly I was struck by these words pronounced distinctly in French: 'Forward; march!' I turned my head and saw a troop of little naked Arabs who were drilling, with palm-wood sticks. I do not know if some old memory of childhood torments me; but when I hear mention of French arms, my heart beats; and to see little Bedouins in the mountains of Judea imitating our drill and maintaining the memory of our valour; to hear them utter words that are, so to speak, the watchwords of our armies and the only ones our grenadiers know, would have been enough to touch a man less enamoured of the glory of his country than I am. I was not as startled as Crusoe when he heard his parrot speak (*Defoe: Robinson Crusoe: X*), but I was no less delighted than that famous voyager. I gave a few medins (*silver coins*) to the little battalion, saying: 'Forward; march!' and so as to neglect nothing, called out: 'God willing! God willing!' like the companions of Godfrey and Saint Louis.

From the valley of Jeremiah we descended to that of Elah (*the valley of terebinth*). It is deeper and narrower than the former. You find vines, and stands of sorghum there. We arrived at the river from which young David took the five stones with which he struck the giant Goliath (*1 Samuel 17:2, 19*). We crossed the river-bed over a stone bridge, the only one you encounter in those desert places: the river still retained a little stagnant water. Nearby, to our left, in a village called *Kaloni* (*Colonia*), I noticed among more recent ruins the remains of an ancient building. The Abbé Mariti attributed this monument to unknown monks. For an Italian traveller, the error is startling. If the architecture of this monument is not Hebrew, it is certainly Roman: the self-assurance, the dimensions, and mass of the stones can leave no room for doubt on the matter.

After passing the river, you come to the village of Keriet-Lefta at the edge of another dried-up river-bed that looks like a wide dusty track. El-Biré (*al-Bireh*) is visible in the distance on the summit of a high mountain, on the road to Nablus, Nabolos, or Nabolosa, the Shechem of the Kingdom of Israel and the Neapolis of the Herods. We continued to advance into a wilderness, where a scattering of wild fig trees extended their blackened leaves to the south wind. The earth, which until then had retained some green, was laid bare the mountainsides grew broader, and took on an appearance at once grander and more sterile. Soon all vegetation ceased; even the mosses disappeared. The amphitheatre of mountains was dyed a fiery red. We progressed through this desolate region for an hour, to reach an elevated pass visible in front of us. Reaching this pass, we rode for a further hour over a bare plateau, strewn with loose stones. Suddenly, at the end of this plateau, I saw a line of gothic walls flanked by square towers; behind which rose the spires of various buildings. At the foot of the walls, a camp of Turkish cavalry appeared, in all its eastern pomp. The guide exclaimed: 'El-Kuds! The Holy City (Jerusalem)!' and took off at full gallop (Abu Ghosh, though subject to the Grand Seigneur, was afraid of being humiliated and beaten by the Pasha of Damascus, whose camp we could see).

I now understand what historians and travellers have related, as to the deep emotion felt by crusaders and pilgrims alike on first catching sight of Jerusalem (*See Robert le Moine: Histoire de la Première Croisade:IX, also Baldric of Dol: Historiae Hierosolymitanae:IV, and Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata:III.5, 7*).

I can assure you that anyone who has, as I had, the patience to read the nigh on two hundred modern accounts of the Holy Land, the Rabbinical compilations, and the passages in the classical writers regarding Judea, still has little idea of that emotion. I halted gazing at Jerusalem, measuring the height of its walls; recalling in a moment episodes of history, from Abraham to Godfrey of Bouillon; thinking how the whole world was altered by the mission of the Son of Man; seeking in vain that temple of which *not one stone is left upon another* (*see Luke:19:44*). If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget that desert which seems to breathe again the greatness of Jehovah and the terror of death (our old French Bibles call death *the king of terror*).

The cries of the dragoman, who told me to close rank since we were entering the camp, roused me from the stupor into which the sight of the holy places had thrown me. We passed amongst the tents; the tents were of black sheep-skin: there were a few pavilions of striped cloth, among them that of the Pasha. The horses, saddled and bridled, were

picketed. I was surprised to see four horse-drawn guns; they were well mounted, and the carriage-work looked English to me. Our slender numbers and pilgrims' robes excited the soldiers' derision. As we approached the city gate, the Pasha was leaving Jerusalem. I was immediately obliged to remove the handkerchief which I had thrown over my hat, to protect me from the sun, for fear of incurring an embarrassment like that of poor Joseph at Tripolitsa.

We entered Jerusalem through the Pilgrims' Gate (*the Jaffa Gate, Bab el Khalil: the Gate of the Friend*). Near to this gate stands the Tower of David, better known as the Tower of the Pisans. We paid the tribute, and followed the street that lay before us: then turning left, between buildings of plaster like prisons that they call houses, we arrived, at twenty-two minutes past noon, at the monastery of the Latin fathers. It had been invaded by the soldiers of Abdallah (*Azamzade Abdallah, Pasha of Damascus*), to whom was given anything they found to their liking.

One would have to be in the same situation as the Fathers of the Holy Land to understand the pleasure my arrival caused them. They believed themselves rendered safe by the presence of only a single Frenchman. I delivered, to Father Bonaventura da Nola, Father Superior of the monastery, a letter from General Sébastiani. 'Sir,' said the Father Superior, 'Providence brings you here. You have firmans for the journey? Allow us to send them to the Pasha; he will know that a Frenchman has arrived at the monastery; he will believe that we are under the special protection of the Emperor. Last year he forced us to pay him sixty thousand piastres; according to tradition, we only owed him four thousand, and even then simply as a gift. This year he wants to take the same amount from us, and threatens to force us to the last extremity if we refuse. We will be obliged to sell the sacred vessels; for the past four years we have no longer received alms from Europe: if this continues, we will be forced to abandon the Holy Land, and relinquish the tomb of Jesus Christ to the Muslim.'

I was only too happy to render the Father Superior this slight service. However I begged him to let me visit the Jordan, before sending the firman, so as not to add to the difficulties of a trip which is always dangerous: Abdallah could have me assassinated en route, and blame it all on the Arabs.

Father Clément Pères, procurator of the monastery, a highly educated man, with a fine, gracious and pleasant spirit, took me to the room of honour for pilgrims. My luggage was deposited there, and I prepared to leave Jerusalem a few hours after entering it. However, I was more in need of rest than of waging war with the Dead Sea Arabs. I had been travelling by sea and land for a goodly length of time in order to reach the holy places: I had barely attained the purpose of my trip, when I was off again. But I felt obliged to make some sacrifice on behalf of those monks who themselves make perpetual sacrifice of their property and their lives. Besides, I could reconcile the interests of the fathers and my own safety by abandoning a visit to the Jordan, and it was my responsibility alone to set bounds to my curiosity.

While I waited for the moment of departure, the monks began singing in the monastery church. I asked the reason for these songs, and learned that they were celebrating the feast of the patron of the order. Then I remembered that it was the 4th of

October, the feast of Saint Francis, the day of my birth and my birthday (*Chateaubriand's actual birthday was on the 4th of September, but he long believed the October date to be correct*). I ran to the choir, and offered prayers for the repose of she who had once given birth to me on this day: *Paries Liberos in dolore: in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children* (*Genesis 3:16*). I consider it a blessing that my first prayer in Jerusalem was not for myself. I contemplated those monks with respect, as they chanted their praise of the Lord, three hundred paces from the tomb of Jesus Christ, I felt moved by the sight of this small but invincible militia, left alone to guard the Holy Sepulchre, which kings have abandoned;

> *Voilà donc quels vengeurs s'arment pour ta querelle,*
> *Des prêtres, des enfants, ò Sagesse éternal!*
>
> See then who arm themselves to champion your cause!
> Priests and children, O eternal Wisdom!
>
> (*Racine: Athalie: Act III, Scene VII*)

The Father Superior sent for a Turk named Ali-Aga to take me to Bethlehem. This Ali-Aga was the son of an Agha of Ramla, who had been beheaded under the tyranny of Djezzar. Ali was born in Jericho, today Er Riha, and described himself as the governor of this village. He was a man of intelligence and courage, in whom I had much to congratulate myself. He started by making my servants and I divest ourselves of our Arab clothing and don French dress: such clothing, once so despised by the Orientals, now inspires respect and fear. French valour has regained possession of the reputation it once held in this country: it was the knights of France who re-established the Kingdom of Jerusalem, just as it is the soldiers of France, who have gathered the latest Idumaean palms. The Turks will show you both the *Tower* of Baldwin and the *Camp* of the Emperor: at Calvary, Godfrey de Bouillon's sword is to be seen, still in its old sheath, seemingly guarding the Holy Sepulchre.

At five in the evening, three fine horses were brought to us. Michel, dragoman to the monastery, joined us; Ali placed himself at our head, and we set off for Bethlehem, where we were to sleep, and obtain an escort of six Arabs. I had read that the Father Superior of Saint-Sauveur was the only Frenchman who had the privilege of riding through Jerusalem, and was a little surprised to find myself galloping along on an Arabian mare; but have since learned that any traveller may do so for money. We left Jerusalem by the Damascus Gate (*the Schechem Gate; Bab-al-Amud, the Gate of the Column*); then turning left, and crossing the ravines at the foot of Mount Sion (*the western hill*), we climbed a mountain plateau where we walked for an hour. We left Jerusalem behind us, to the north, having the mountains of Judea to our west, and in the east, beyond the Dead Sea, the mountains of Arabia. We passed the Monastery of Saint Elias (*Elijah*). One could not fail to notice, under an olive tree on a rock by the roadside, the place where the prophet rested on his way to Jerusalem. Three miles further on, we entered the field of Ramah (*Jeremiah 31:15, though the biblical Ramah, modern Er-Ram, is north of Jerusalem*), where the tomb of Rachel is to

be found. It is a square building topped by a small dome: it enjoys the privileges of a mosque; the Turks and Arabs honour the families of the patriarchs. Christian tradition agrees in placing the tomb of Rachel at this spot: historical criticism is favourable to this view, but despite Thévenot, Monconys, Roger and so many others, I could not identify what they now call the *Tomb of Rachel* as an ancient monument; it is obviously of Turkish origin and dedicated to one of their saints.

We saw amidst the mountains (since night was falling) the lights of the village of Ramah. The silence around us was profound. It was probably on such a night that the voice of Rachel was suddenly heard: *Vox in Rama audita est, ploratus et ululatus multus; Rachel plorans filios suos, et noluit consolare, quia non sunt*: *a voice was heard in Ramah, weeping and loud lamentation; Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted, because they are no more* (*Vulgate: Mathhew 2:18*). Here the mothers of Astyanax (*Andromache: Homer's Iliad:XXII:477*) and of Euryalus (*Diomede, the wife of Pallas:Virgil's Aeneid:IX:482*) were vanquished; Homer and Virgil yielded the palm to Jeremiah's portrait of grief.

We arrived in Bethlehem by a narrow and rugged track. We knocked at the monastery door; alarm was aroused among the monks, as our visit was unexpected and Ali's turban inspired terror at first; but all was soon made clear.

Bethlehem was named by Abraham (*Genesis:48:7*), and signifies the *House of Bread*. It was also called *Ephratah* (fruitful), after the wife of Caleb, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem (*Beit-Lahm, near Haifa*) belonging to the tribe of Zebulun. Bethelehem Ephratah belonged to the tribe of Judah. It also bore the name of the *City of David*; it was the birthplace of that king, and he guarded the flocks there in his childhood. Abesan (*Ibzan*), seventh judge of Israel, Elimelech, Obed, Jesse and Boaz were born, like David, in Bethlehem, and there we must place Ruth's wonderful eclogue. Saint Matthias, the apostle, had the good fortune to see the light of day in the town where the Messiah was born.

The first Christians erected an oratory over the manger of the Saviour. Hadrian razed it and planted a grove of Adonis (*Tammuz*) there (*Saint Jerome: Epistle 58, to Paulinus: 3*) Saint Helen destroyed the grove, and built a church (*the Church of the Nativity*) at the same place, whose architecture blends today with other parts added by the Christian princes. Everyone knows that Saint Jerome retired to Bethlehem (*388AD*). Bethlehem, conquered by the Crusaders, fell, with Jerusalem, under the infidel yoke; but has always been the object of veneration for pilgrims. Holy saints, dedicating themselves to perpetual martyrdom, have guarded it for seven centuries. As for modern Bethlehem, its soil, its produce, its people, we may read Monsieur de Volney. Yet I have not noticed in the valley of Bethlehem the fertility attributed to it: it is true that under Turkish Government the most fertile land becomes desert in a few years.

On the 5th of October, at four in the morning, I began a tour of Bethlehem's monuments. Although these buildings have often been described, the very subject is so interesting that I cannot refrain from entering into some details.

The monastery in Bethlehem is attached to the church by an enclosed courtyard with high walls. We crossed the courtyard, and a small side-door gave us entry into the church. The church is certainly of great antiquity, and though often damaged and often repaired, it

retains the marks of its Greek origin. Its form is that of a cross. The long nave, or, if you wish, the foot of the cross, is adorned with forty-eight columns of the Corinthian order, set in four lines. These columns are two feet six inches in diameter near the base, and eighteen feet high, including base and capital. As the vault of the nave is missing, the columns only bear a wooded plank which serves as the architrave, and takes the place of the whole entablature. An open framework has been constructed on top of the walls, and rises in a dome, to carry a roof that no longer exists, or has never been finished. They claim that the frame is of cedar-wood; but that is an error. The walls are pierced by large windows: they were once adorned with old portraits in mosaic and passages from the Scriptures written in Greek and Latin: traces of these can still be seen. Most of these inscriptions were recorded by Quaresmius (*Franciscus Quaresmius*). The Abbé Mariti notes, sourly, an error of that religious scholar, regarding a date: even a very clever person can make mistakes, but whoever advises the public of it without consideration, and without politeness, attests less to their knowledge than their vanity.

The remains of the mosaics that can be seen, here and there, and a few paintings on wood, are of interest to the history of art: they generally show figures full face, upright, stiff, motionless and without shading; but the effect is majestic, and their character noble and severe. While examining these paintings, I could not help thinking of the venerable Monsieur D'Agincourt (*Jean Baptiste Louis George Seroux D'Agincourt*), who has been writing, in Rome, a *History of the Art of Pictorial Design in the Middle Ages* (we are finally now enjoying our first sight of this excellent work, the fruit of thirty years' labour, and the most interesting research) and found much to assist him in Bethlehem.

The Armenian sect of Christians is in possession of the nave I have just described. This nave is separated from the other three arms of the cross by a wall, so that the church no longer has unity. When you pass beyond the wall, you find yourself in front of the sanctuary or choir, which occupies the head of the cross. Three steps raise the level of the choir above that of the nave. An altar dedicated to the Magi is visible. On the pavement at the foot of the altar a star is inlaid in marble: tradition claims that this star corresponds to the point in the sky where the miraculous star hung, which acted as a guide to the three kings. What is certain is that the place where the Saviour of the World was born lies directly below the marble star, in the subterranean Crypt of the Nativity. I will discuss this in a moment. The Greeks occupy the shrine of the Magi, as well as the other two naves formed by the two ends of the crossbar of the cross. These last two naves are empty and without altars.

Two winding staircases exterior to the church, each composed of fifteen steps, open out on both sides of the choir, and descend to the subterranean crypt, beneath the choir. This is the site, ever to be revered, of the Saviour's Nativity. Before entering, the Father Superior placed a candle in my hand, and gave me a short exhortation. This holy grotto is irregular because it occupies the irregular area of the stable and manger. It is thirty-seven and a half feet long, eleven feet three inches wide, and nine feet high. It is carved from the rock: the rock walls are lined with marble, and the stone floor of the cave is also of precious marble. These embellishments are attributed to Saint Helen. The church receives no daylight from outside, and is illuminated by the light of thirty-two lamps donated by

various Christian princes. Deep inside the cave, on the east side, is the place where the Virgin bore the Redeemer of Mankind. The site is marked by a slab of white marble inlaid with jasper and surrounded by a circle of silver, in the form of a radiant sun. Round it, one reads these words:

HIC DE MARIA VIRGINE
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

A marble table, which serves as an altar, leans against the rock, and rises above the place where the Messiah saw the light of day. This altar is lit by three lamps, the most beautiful of which was donated by Louis XIII.

Seven paces away, toward the south, past one of the staircases that ascend to the upper church, you find the manger. You descend to it by two steps, because it is not level with the rest of the cave. It is a low arch, sunk in the rock. A block of white marble, raised a foot above the ground and carved in the form of a crib, marks the very spot where the ruler of heaven was lying on the straw.

'And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)
To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.
And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.
And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn'. (*Luke:2:4*)

Two steps away, opposite the manger, is an altar occupying the spot where Mary was sitting when she presented the child of sorrows to the adoration of the Magi.

'Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,
Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.
……and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.
When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.
And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh.' (*Matthew:2:1*)

Nothing is more pleasant and more devout than this subterranean church. It is enriched with paintings of the Italian and Spanish schools. These paintings represent the mysteries of the place, images of the Virgin and Child after Raphael, of the Annunciation, of the Adoration of the Magi, of the Coming of the Shepherds, and all those miracles

imbued with grandeur and innocence. The commonplace ornaments of the crib are of blue satin embroidered with silver. Incense burns incessantly before the birthplace of the Saviour. I heard an organ, which was very well played, accompanying the mass with the sweetest and most tender airs of the finest of the Italian composers. These concerts charm the Christian Arabs who, leaving their camels to graze, come, as the ancient shepherds of Bethlehem did, to worship the King of Kings in his crib. I saw the desert dwellers communing at the altar of the Magi with a degree of fervour, piety, religiosity unknown to Christians in the West. 'Nowhere in the universe,' writes Père Néret (*Charles Néret: Lettre du Père Néret au P. Fleuriau*) 'inspires more devotion...the constant arrival of caravans from all Christian nations...the public prayers, prostrations...the very richness of the gifts that Christian princes send...all this excites emotions in one's soul that are felt much more readily than they can be expressed.'

Let me add that an extraordinary contrast renders these things even more striking; for on leaving the cave where you found richness, the arts, the religion of civilized nations, you are transported to a profound solitude, amidst Arab hovels, among half-naked savages, and infidel Muslims. These places are still the very ones where so many wonders occurred, yet this holy ground dares not proclaim its joy outside, and the memories of its glory are enclosed within its breast.

We descended from the Cave of the Nativity to the underground chapel where tradition places the burial of the Innocents. 'Then Herod……slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, saying, *Vox in Rama audita est*: in Rama was there a voice heard.' (*Matthew:2:16*)

The Chapel of the Innocents leads to the Cave of Saint Jerome; there one sees the tomb of that Doctor of the Church, also that of Saint Eusebius, and the tombs of Saint Paula and Saint Eustochium.

Saint Jerome spent most of his life in this cave. From there he saw the fall of the Roman Empire: it was there that he received those fugitive patricians who, having possessed the palaces of the earth, considered they were now fortunate to share the cell of a hermit. The peace of the holy, contrasted with the troubles of the world, produces a wonderful effect in the letters of that learned interpreter of Scripture.

Saint Paula and Saint Eustochium, her daughter, were two great Roman ladies descended from the Gracchi, and the Scipios. They left the delights of Rome to live and die in Bethlehem, in the practice of religious virtue. Their epitaph, composed by Saint Jerome, is not distinguished enough, yet is already too well known, for me to give it here:

Scipio, quam genuit, etc.

In the Oratory of Saint Jerome a painting can be seen in which the saint displays the facial appearance with which the brushes of the Carraccis and Domenichino imbued him. Another painting offers images of Paula and Eustochium. These two descendants of Scipio are represented dead and lying in the same coffin. Moved by a touching idea, the painter

gave the two saints a perfect likeness, the daughter being distinguished from her mother only by her youth and her white veil: the one took longer over life, the other progressed more swiftly, yet they arrived at their destination at the same time.

In the numerous paintings to be viewed at the sacred sites, and which no traveller has described (though the Seigneur de Villamont was struck by the beauty of a Saint Jerome), I sometimes thought I detected the mystical touch and inspired tone of Murillo: it would be quite singular if some unknown masterpiece by a great master was to be seen at the crib or tomb of the Saviour.

We returned to the monastery. I examined the countryside from the heights of a terrace. Bethlehem is built on a hill overlooking a long valley. This valley extends from east to west: the hill to the south is covered with a scattering of olive trees growing in reddish earth, studded with pebbles; the hill to the north bears fig trees in a soil similar to that of the other hill. Here and there, various ruins are apparent, including the remains of a tower called the *Tower of Saint Paula*. I re-entered the monastery, which owes a portion of its wealth to Baldwin I, King of Jerusalem, the successor to Godfrey of Bouillon: it is a veritable fortress, and its walls are so thick, they would easily resist a siege against the Turks.

The Arab escort having arrived, I prepared to leave for the Dead Sea. While dining with the monks, who formed a circle around me, they told me there was a French priest in the monastery. They sent for him: he came with downcast eyes, his hands in his sleeves, walking with a serious air, and gave me a brief and cold salute. I never hear the sound of a French voice abroad, without deep emotion:

> *ω φίλτατον φώνημα! φευ το χαι λαβείν*
> *πρόαφ&εγμα τοιονδ' ανδρός εν χρόνω μαχρω!*
>
> Oh, happiness to hear! After so many years
> of dreadful silence, how welcome was that sound!
>
> (*Sophocles: Philoctetes: 234-5*)

I asked several questions of the monk. He said he was called Father Clement, and was from the neighbourhood of Mayenne; that, finding himself in a monastery in Brittany, he had been deported to Spain, with hundreds of priests like himself; that having received hospitality in a monastery of his order, his superiors had then sent him as a missionary to the Holy Land. I asked him whether he had any desire to revisit his homeland, and whether he wished to write to his family. Here is his response, word for word: 'Who still remembers me in France? Do I still have brothers and sisters living? I hope to obtain, through the grace of the Saviour's crib, the strength to die here without bothering anyone, and without dreaming of a country where I am now forgotten.'

Père Clement was obliged to withdraw: my presence had awakened feelings in his heart he was trying to extinguish. Such is human destiny: today a Frenchman bemoans the

loss of his country on the same shores where memories once inspired the most beautiful of all songs about love of country;

Super flumina Babylonis, etc.

By the rivers of Babylon, etc.

(*Vulgate: Psalm 136, King Jame's Bible: Psalm 137*)

But not all those sons of Aaron, who hung their harps on the willows of Babylon, returned to the city of David; not all those daughters of Judea who cried out, beside the Euphrates:

O rives du Jourdain! ô champs aimés des cieux! etc.

O banks of the Jordan! O beloved fields of heaven! etc.

(*Racine: Esther: Act I, Scene 2*)

not all those companions of Esther saw Emmaus or Bethel again: several left their ashes in the fields of their captivity.

At ten in the morning, we mounted our horses, and left Bethlehem. Six Bethlehemite Arabs on foot, armed with daggers and long matchlocks, formed our escort. Three of them rode in front of our horses, and three behind. We had added a donkey to our cavalry, to carry the water and provisions. We took the road from the monastery of Saint Sabbas (*Mar Saba*), from which we would then descend to the Dead Sea and return via the Jordan.

We first followed the valley of Bethlehem, which lies to the east, as I said. We crossed a ridge of mountains, from which we saw, on the right, a newly planted vineyard, something rare enough in that country for me to remark upon it. We arrived at a cave called the *Cave of the Shepherds* (*Shepherd's Field*). The Arabs call it *Bayt-Sahour*, the Site of the Night-Watch. It is claimed that Abraham grazed his flock in this place, and the shepherds of Judea were alerted, in this same place, to the Saviour's birth.

'And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' (*Luke 2:8-14*).

The piety of the faithful has turned the cave into a chapel. It must once have been highly ornate: I noticed three pillars of the Corinthian, and two of the Ionic order. The discovery of the latter was a veritable marvel, because little is found after the age of Helen except the eternal Corinthian.

On leaving the cave and riding further, east by south, we left the Red mountains to enter a chain of whitish mountains. Our horses sank into soft chalky ground, consisting of fragments of limestone rock. The ground was so badly denuded that it lacked even a layer of moss. The only growth we saw was, here and there, a clump of thorny plants as pale as the soil that produces them, seemingly clothed with dust like the trees on our highways during the summer.

Turning one of the flanks of these mountains, we saw two Bedouin encampments; the first consisting of seven tents of black sheep-skin arranged in a rectangle, and open at the eastern end; the other was composed of a dozen tents pitched in a circle. Some mares and camels were wandering nearby.

It was too late to retreat: it was essential to put a good face on it, and traverse the second camp. Everything went well at first. The Arabs touched the hands of the Bethlehemites, and stroked Ali-Aga's beard. But no sooner had we passed the last tent, than a Bedouin stopped the donkey carrying our food. The Bethlehemites sought to push him away; the Arab summoned his brothers to the rescue. The latter leapt to their horses; armed themselves; and surrounded us. Ali managed to calm the tumult by offering them money. The Bedouins demanded right of passage: apparently they take the desert for a highway; everyone is his own master. This was merely the prelude to a more violent scene.

Three miles farther on, in descending the flank of a mountain, we saw the tops of two tall towers rising from a deep valley. It was the monastery of Saint Sabbas. As we approached, a fresh crowd of Arabs, hidden in the depths of a ravine, threw themselves yelling on our escort. In a moment we saw stones flying, daggers gleaming, muskets being aimed. Ali rushed into the fray: we ran to his aid: he seized the Bedouin chieftain by the beard, dragged him under the belly of his horse, and threatened to crush him if he did not quell the feud. Amidst the tumult, a Greek monk, shouted and gesticulated from the top of a tower, for his part, trying in vain to make peace. We all arrived at the door of Saint-Sabbas. The brothers inside, turned the key, though somewhat tardily, fearful lest amidst the disorder the monastery was pillaged. The Janissary, weary of the delay, fell into a rage directed against the monks and the Arabs. Finally, he drew his sword, and sought to beat the Bedouin chieftain around the head, grasping him by the beard with surprising force, as the monastery door opened. We all rushed pell-mell into a courtyard, and the door closed behind us. The affair grew more serious: we were not in the interior of the monastery; there was another courtyard to negotiate, and the door to this courtyard was shut. We were confined in a narrow space, where we might wound ourselves with our weapons, and where our horses, disturbed by the noise, had become unmanageable. Ali claimed to have diverted a dagger-thrust from an Arab lurking behind me, and showed me his blood-stained hand; but Ali, though a very brave man, loved money, like all Turks. The last door of the

monastery opened; the Father Superior appeared; said a few words, and the noise ceased. We then learned the cause of the protest.

The Arabs who had attacked us latterly belonged to a tribe who claimed the sole right to conduct travellers to Saint-Sabbas. The Bethlehemites, who desired their fee for providing the escort, and who had a reputation for courage to support, had refused to yield. The Father Superior of the monastery had promised that I would meet the Bedouins' claim, and the matter was settled. I did not wish to give them anything, so as to punish them. Ali-Aga suggested to me that if I held to this resolution, we would never reach the Jordan; that these Arabs would summon the other tribes; that we would inevitably be massacred; that for this very reason he had not wanted to kill the chieftain; because once blood had been shed, we would have no choice but to return promptly to Jerusalem.

I doubt that the monasteries of Scetes (*the Natron Valley, Egypt, the refuge of the Desert Fathers*) were sited in sadder or more desolate locations than the monastery of Saint Sabbas. It is built in the very river-bed of the Kidron, which may be three or four hundred feet deep at this place. The river is dry, and only flows in spring, as a reddish, muddy stream. The church occupies a small mound in the depths of the river-bed. From there the monastery buildings rise in perpendicular flights, and passages dug into the rock, up the side of the ravine, and so reach the mountain ridge, where they end in two square towers. One of these towers is outside the monastery; it once served as a watchtower for keeping an eye on the Arabs. From the heights of these towers the sterile summits of the mountains of Judea can be seen; below, one's gaze plunges to the dry river-bed of the Kidron, where one can see caves once inhabited by the first anchorites. Blue rock doves (*columba livia*) nest in the caves today, as if to recall by their moans, their innocence, and their gentleness, the saints who once inhabited these rocks. I must not forget a palm tree growing in a wall on one of the terraces of the monastery; I am convinced all travellers would have noticed it as I did: one must be surrounded by a quite terrible barrenness to feel the value of a single clump of verdure.

As for the historical role of the Monastery of Saint-Sabbas, the reader may refer to Père Néret's *Letter* and the *Lives of the Desert Fathers*. In the monastery, they now display three or four thousand skulls, those of monks massacred by the infidels. The monks allowed me fifteen minutes alone with these relics: they seemed to have guessed that my intention was one day to describe the spiritual situation of those hermits of the Thebaid. But I still cannot recall without painful emotion that one monk wanted to talk politics with me, and tell me the secrets of the Russian court. 'Alas,' father, 'I said, 'where can you seek peace, if you cannot find it here?'

We left the monastery at three in the afternoon; we ascended the Kidron valley; then, crossing the ravine, we resumed our journey to the east. We could see Jerusalem through an opening in the mountains. I knew only too well what I was seeing; I perceived the place as a heap of shattered stone: the sudden apparition of that city of desolation, in the midst of a desolate solitude, had something fearful about it; she was truly the Queen of the Desert.

We progressed: the mountains appeared ever the same, that is to say white and dusty, without shade, trees, grass or moss. At half past four, we descended from the higher chain of mountains to a less elevated range. We rode for fifty minutes over a fairly level plateau.

Finally we reached the last row of mountains bordering the Jordan Valley and the waters of the Dead Sea, on the west. The sun was near setting; we dismounted to rest the horses, and I contemplated the lake, valley, and river, at leisure.

When one speaks of a valley, one imagines either a cultivated or and uncultivated valley: if cultivated, it is covered with crops, vineyards, villages, and herds; if uncultivated, it offers grassland or forest; if it is watered by a river, the river has curved stretches; the hills that form this valley have themselves windings whose pleasant prospects attract one's gaze.

Here, there was nothing like that: imagine two long mountain ranges, running parallel from north to south, without detours, without curves. The eastern chain, called the *Arabian Range*, is the highest; seen at a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, it looks like a vast perpendicular wall, similar to the Jura in its shape, and azure colour: no peaks were distinguishable, not the least summit; one saw only slight inflections here and there, as if the hand of the artist who drew that horizontal line on the sky had trembled in various places (All my descriptions of the Dead Sea and the Jordan can be found in *Les Martyrs*, Book XIX, but as the subject is important, and I have added several features here to these descriptions, I have not avoided repeating them).

The western range belongs to the mountains of Judea. Less elevated and uniform than the eastern range, it also differs in its nature: it displays huge mounds of chalk and sand which imitate the shapes of heaped weapons, curved banners, or the tents of an encampment sited at the edge of a plain. On the Arabian side, on the contrary, are black vertical rocks, whose shadows extend over the waters of the Dead Sea. The smallest bird, flying by, would not find a blade of grass to eat among these rocks; everything proclaims the land of a condemned people, everything seems to breathe the horror and incest from which Ammon and Moab emerged.

The valley enclosed between these two mountain ranges offers soil like that from the bed of a sea that has long ebbed away; salt flats, dried mud, quick-sands furrowed like the waves. Here and there stunted shrubs grow on this land painfully deprived of life; their leaves are covered with the salt that nourishes them; their bark has the taste and smell of smoke. Instead of villages, one sees the ruins of a few towers. In the midst of the valley a discoloured river flows; it drags itself reluctantly towards the tainted lake that swallows it. One can only distinguish its course in the midst of the sand by the willows and reeds that fringe it: Arabs conceal themselves in the reeds, to attack travellers and plunder pilgrims.

Such are those places, made famous by the blessings and curses of Heaven: the river is the Jordan; the lake is the Dead Sea; it seems to sparkle, but the guilty cities it hides in its breast seem to have poisoned its waters. Its solitary depths fail to nourish any living being (I am of that general opinion. We may see perhaps that it is not well-founded); no vessel has ever ridden its waves (Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and Pliny speak of rafts which the Arabs use when collecting bitumen. Diodorus describes these rafts: they were made of bundles of interlaced reeds: *Diodorus Siculus, XIX:99*. Tacitus mentions a ship in *Histories:13.6*, but he is obviously in error); its shores are devoid of birds, trees, and verdure; and its waters, which are dreadfully bitter, are so sluggish, that the most impetuous winds can barely raise them.

When you travel through Judea, a vast ennui seizes the heart at first; but when, in passing from solitude to solitude, space extends its boundaries before you, little by little boredom disappears; one experiences a secret terror, which, far from depressing the spirits, grants courage and sparks the imagination. Extraordinary views reveal, in every direction, a land wrought by miracle: the burning sun, the mighty eagle, the barren fig tree, all the poetry, all the scenes of Scripture are there. Each name contains a mystery; each cave proclaims the future; each summit resounds with the voice of a prophet. God himself has spoken on these shores: the dried up streams, the shattered rocks, the open tombs, attest to miracles; the desert still seems mute with terror, and seems as if it has not dared to break the silence since it heard the voice of the Eternal One.

We descended the mountain ridge, in order to spend the night beside the Dead Sea, before remounting to visit the Jordan. On entering the valley, our little band gathered together: our Bethlehemites readied their muskets, and rode forward cautiously. We found ourselves on the paths of the desert Arabs, who gather salt from the sea, and wage pitiless war on the traveller. Bedouin morality has begun to deteriorate through too much traffic with the Turks and Europeans. They now prostitute their daughters and their wives, and slaughter travellers, whom they were once content merely to rob.

We rode for two hours, with gun in hand, as if in enemy country. We followed, among the sand dunes, fissures that had formed in mud baked by the sun's rays. A crust of salt covered the sand, and looked like a field of snow, from which rose a few stunted shrubs. We suddenly arrived at the lake; I say suddenly, because I had imagined we were still some distance away. No sound or coolness announced our nearness to water. The shore, strewn with stones, was burning hot; the surface was motionless and absolutely lifeless against the shore.

It was quite dark: The first thing I did on dismounting was to enter the lake to my knees, and dash water to my mouth. It was impossible to retain it. Its salinity is much higher than that of the sea, and it produces the effect on the lips of a strong solution of alum. My boots were scarcely dry, before they were covered with salt; in less than three hours, our clothes and hands were impregnated with the mineral. Galen (*of Pergamum*) has noted these effects, and Pococke has confirmed their existence.

We set up camp at the edge of the lake, and the Bethlehemites lit a fire to prepare coffee. There was no lack of wood, since the shore was littered with branches of tamarind brought there by the Arabs. Besides the salt which they find readily available in this place, they extract further quantities from the water by boiling it. Such is the force of habit; our Bethlehemites had ridden with great caution through the countryside, yet did not fear to light a fire that could very easily betray them. One of them helped the fire to take hold by a singular method: he mounted the pyre and lay across the fire; his tunic was inflated by the smoke; then he rose abruptly: the air sucked up by this species of pump caused the fire to burn brightly. After drinking coffee, my companions slept, and I alone stayed awake with the Arabs.

Towards midnight, I heard a noise from the lake. The Bethlehemites told me that it came from swarms of small fish leaping near the shore. This contradicts the generally accepted opinion that the Dead Sea harbours no life. Pococke, while in Jerusalem, heard

that a missionary had seen fish in Lake Asphaltites (*the Greek name for the Dead Sea*). Hasselquist (*Fredric Hasselquist:Voyages and Travels in the Levant*) and Maundrell (*Henry Maundrell*: *Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem*) discovered shells on the shore. Monsieur Seetzen (*Ulrich Jasper Seetzen: Journals*), who is still on his travels through Arabia, found neither marine-snails nor mussels in the Dead Sea, though he did find some land-snails on its shores.

Pococke made an analysis of a bottle of water from the Dead Sea. In 1778, Messieurs Lavoisier (*Antoine Lavoisier*), Macquer (*Pierre-Joseph Macquer*), and Sage (*Balthazar Georges Sage*) repeated this analysis; they showed that, per hundredweight, the water contained forty-four pounds six ounces of salt, in total: consisting of six pounds four ounces of common sea-salt, and thirty-eight pounds two ounces of sea salt with an earthy base. Recently Mr. Gordon (*Colonel John Gordon of Cluny, 1776-1858, in Palestine in 1804*) has recently had the same experiment repeated in London. 'The specific gravity of the water (Conrad Malte-Brun says in his *Annals*) is 1.211, while that of fresh water is 1,000: the water is completely transparent. Reagents demonstrate the presence of hydrochloric acid and sulphuric acid; there is no alumina; the water is not saturated with salt; it does not change the colour of, say, litmus paper or syrup of violets. It contains in solution the following substances, in the proportions indicated:

Calcium Chloride …….3.920 %
Magnesium Chloride...10.246 %
Sodium Chloride…… 10.360 %
Calcium Sulphate……. 0.054 %
……...Total 24.580 %

These foreign substances are therefore about a quarter of the weight in a state of perfect desiccation; but dried at only 180 degrees (Fahrenheit), they comprise 41%. Mr. Gordon, who brought back the bottle of water subjected to analysis, has himself found that one floats in it, without needing to know how to swim.'

I have a tin can filled with water that I myself took from the Dead Sea. I have not yet opened it; but from its weight and sound I imagine that the fluid has slightly decreased. My plan was to try an experiment Pococke proposes, that is to say, placing small marine fish in the sea's water and seeing if they live; other tasks have prevented my attempting this experiment ant sooner, I trust now it will not be too late.

The moon, rising at two in the morning brought a stiff breeze that failed to refresh the air, but stirred the lake a little. The salt-laden waves soon diminished under their own weight, and scarcely beat against the shore. A mournful sound came from that lake of death, like the muffled cries of people sunk in its waters.

Dawn appeared above the mountains of Arabia facing us. The Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley were dyed a marvellous colour, but so rich an appearance only served to make the desolate nature of the landscape more evident.

That famous lake, which occupies the site of Sodom and Gomorrah, is called the *Dead Sea* or *Salt Sea* in the Scriptures, *Asphaltites* by the Greeks and Romans; *Almotenah*

(*Al Buhairah al Muntinah: the Stinking Lake*) or *Bahar Loth* (*Bahr-Lut*: *the Sea of Lot*) by the Arabs; and *Ula-Degnisi* (*Olu-Deniz*) by the Turks. I do not share the sentiment of those who suppose that the Dead Sea is simply the crater of a volcano. I have seen Vesuvius, Solfatara, Monte Nuovo in the Fucine Lake, Mount Pico in the Azores, Mamelife (*Hammam-Lif*) vis-à-vis Carthage, and the extinct volcanoes of the Auvergne; I recognised the same features everywhere, that is to say, funnels formed in the mountain slopes, lava, and ash denoting the unmistakable effects of fire. The Dead Sea, on the contrary, is quite a long lake, curved in an arc, enclosed between two mountain ranges that have no similarity in shape between them, and no uniformity of soil. They do not meet at the ends of the lake; they continue, on the one side, to fringe the Jordan Valley, towards the north, as far as Lake Tiberias; and on the other, to spread away southwards, and lose themselves in the sands of Yemen. It is true that one finds bitumen, hot springs, and phosphoric rock in the Arabian mountain chain; but I have seen none in the range opposite. Besides, the presence of thermal waters, sulphur, and asphalt is not enough to prove the prior existence of a volcano. That is as much as to say that, as regards the destruction of the cities, I hold to the explanations of Scripture, without summoning physical phenomena to my aid. Though, by adopting the ideas of Professor Michaelis (*Johann David Michaelis*) and the scholar Busching (*Anton Friedrich Büsching*) in his *Memoir on the Dead Sea,* physical phenomena may still be invoked in the catastrophe of the condemned cities, without hurting the tenets of religion. Sodom was built over an asphalt pit, as is known from the testimonies of Moses (*an interpretation of the 'slime-pits' in Genesis 11:3, 14:10*) and Josephus (*Jewish Wars VIII.4*), who speak of the bitumen pits of the Vale of Siddim. Lightning lit that gulf; and the cities were plunged into the underground fires. Monsieur Malte-Brun conjectures, with great ingenuity, that Sodom and Gomorrah may themselves have been constructed of bituminous stone which was ignited by the fire from heaven.

Strabo (*XVI:2.44*) speaks of thirteen cities drowned in Lake Asphaltites; Stephen of Byzantium (*Ethnica*:*I:260*) mentions eight; Genesis places five cities *in valle Silvestri*: *in the woodland vale*: namely Sodom, Gomorrah, Adama, and Bala or Segor (*Vulgate: Genesis:14:8*), but only denotes the first two as having been destroyed by the wrath of God; Deuteronomy cites four: Sodom, Gomorrah, Adama and Seboim (*Vulgate: Deuteronomy:29:23*); The Book of Wisdom claims five without designating them: *descendentem ignem in Pentapoli: when the fire came down upon the five cities* (*Vulgate:Sapientia:10.6*).

Jacobus Cerbus notes that seven major rivers fall into the Dead Sea, according to Reland (*Adriaan Reland*) who concluded that the excess water must leave that sea through underground channels; Sandys (*George Sandys: A Relation of a Journey etc.),* and various other travellers expressed the same opinion, but it has now been abandoned, following Dr. Edmund Halley's observations regarding evaporation, observations accepted by Dr. Shaw (*Thomas Shaw: Into Syria and the Holy Land*), who found however that the Jordan pours six million and ninety thousand tons of water a day into the Dead Sea, without considering the waters of the Arnon, and seven other rivers. Several travellers, among them Troilo (*Franz Ferdinand von Troilo: Oriental Travels*) and the Chevalier D'Arvieux (*Laurent D'Arvieux: Voyage dans la Palestine*), claim to have seen ruined walls and palaces in the

waters of the Dead Sea. This report seems to have been confirmed by Maundrell (*Henry Maundrell: Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem*) and Père Nau (*Michel Nau: Voyage nouveau de la Terre Saint*). The classical writers are more positive on the subject: Josephus, who makes use of a poetic expression, says that one can see the *shadows* of the ruined cities in the lake (*Josephus: Jewish Wars: IV.8.4*). Strabo (*XVI:2.44*) attributes a circuit of sixty stadia to the desolation of Sodom; Tacitus speaks of the ruins (*Tacitus*: *Histories: V:7*): I do not know if they still exist, I saw nothing of them; but as the lake rises and ebbs with the seasons, it may perhaps hide or reveal the skeletal remains of those condemned cities.

Other wonders mentioned regarding the Dead Sea vanish under closer examination. We now know that bodies floated or sank in it according to the density of those bodies and the density of its water. Pestilential vapours that rose from it were attributable to a strong smell of brine, to the fumes that announced or followed the emergence of bitumen, and to mists, unhealthy indeed as all mists are. If the Turks ever permitted it, and one were to transport a boat from Jaffa to the Dead Sea, curious discoveries would certainly be made concerning the lake. The ancients knew it better than we do, as witnessed by Aristotle, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, Tacitus, Solinus (*Gaius Julius Solinus: Polyhistor*), Josephus, Galen, Dioscorides, and Stephen of Byzantium. Moreover the ancient charts also reproduce the shape of the lake in a more satisfactory manner than our modern maps. No one has made a circuit of the lake up to now, except perhaps Daniel the Abbot, from Saint Sabbas (*See: The Pilgrimage of the Russian Abbot Daniel of Kiev 1106-1107*). Père Nau has preserved the monk's commentary, in his *Travels*. We learn from this commentary 'that the Dead Sea, at its end, is as if divided in two, and there is a path where one may cross, the water being only knee-deep, at least in summer; that the land rises there, and surrounds another small lake, of a fairly oval shape, surrounded by salt flats and salt mounds; that the country round about is populated by numerous Arabs etc.' Nijenburg (*Johannes Aegidius van Egmond van der Nijenburg: Travels*) said approximately the same thing, the Abbé Mariti and Monsieur de Volney made use of these documents. When we have the travel journals of Monsieur Seetzen (*Ulrich Jasper Seetzen)* we may be better informed.

There is hardly any reader who has not heard of the famous tree of Sodom: that tree (*calotropis procera*) bore an apple pleasing to the eye, but bitter to the taste and filled with ashes. Tacitus, in the fifth book of his *History*, and Josephus in his *Jewish Wars* (*Josephus: Jewish Wars: IV.8.4*), are, I believe, the first two authors who have mentioned this strange fruit of the Dead Sea. Fulcher of Chartres, who was travelling in Palestine around the year 1100, saw the deceptive apple, and compared it to worldly pleasure. Since that time, some travellers, like Ceverius de Vera (*Jean or Joannes Ceverius de Vera: Itinerario Hierosolymitano*), Baumgarten (*Martin Baumgarten zu Breitenbach: Travels*), Pietro Della Valle (*Viaggi*), Troilo, and various missionaries, confirm Fulcher's comments; others, like Reland, Père Néret, and Maundrell, are inclined to believe that the fruit is simply a poetic symbol of our false hopes, *mala mentis gaudia: ill pleasures of the mind (Virgil: Aeneid VI:278)*; still others, such as Pococke, Shaw, etc., absolutely doubt of its existence.

The botanist Amman (*Johann Amman*) seems to resolve the problem; he describes the tree, which he says is like a hawthorn. 'The fruit,' he says, 'is a small apple with a beautiful colour, etc.'

Hasselquist (*Fredric Hasselquist*) arrives on the scene; he disagrees with all of that. The apple of Sodom is not from a tree or a shrub, but is the fruit of the *solanum melongena* of Linnaeus (*eggplant*). 'One finds,' he said, 'a quantity of them near Jericho, in the valleys that are close to the Jordan River, in the vicinity of the Dead Sea; it is true that they are sometimes filled with powder. But this only occurs when the fruit is attacked by an insect (tenthredo: *sawfly*), which converts the whole interior to powder, leaving only the skin entire, without its losing any of its colour.'

After that, who would not consider the matter settled, given the authority of Hasselquist, and the even greater authority of Linnaeus and his *Flora Palaestina* (*1756*)? Not at all: Monsieur Seetzen, also a savant, and the most up-to-date of all these travellers, as he is still travelling in Arabia, does not agree with Hasselquist regarding the *solanum Sodomaeum*. 'I saw,' he says, 'during my stay in Karak (*Kerak*), at the house of the Greek priest in that city, a sort of cotton-like silk. This cotton, he told me, comes from the plain of Al-Gor, on the eastern shores of the Dead Sea, and grows on a tree like a fig-tree, which bears the name of *Aoescha-ez* (*the Osher plant, calotropis procera*); it is found within the fruit which resembles a pomegranate. I consider that these fruits, which have no internal flesh, and are unknown in the rest of Palestine, might well be the famous apples of Sodom.'

I am now somewhat embarrassed, for I believe I too have found the desired fruit: the shrub which bears it grows eight or nine miles from the mouth of the Jordan; it is thorny, and its leaves are thin and slender; it looks much like the shrub described by Amman; its fruit is very similar in colour and shape, to the small Egyptian lemon. When this fruit is not quite ripe, it is swollen with a salty and corrosive sap; when dried, it yields a blackish seed, which might be compared to ashes, and which tastes of bitter pepper. I picked half a dozen of these fruits; I still have four dried specimens, well preserved, which may merit the attention of naturalists.

I spent two whole hours (on the 5th of October) wandering along the Dead Sea shore, despite the Bethlehemites, who urged me to leave that dangerous place. I wanted to see the Jordan River at the point where it empties into the lake, an essential location which has only been reconnoitred by Hasselquist; but the Arabs refused to take me there, because the river makes a detour to the left, about three miles from its mouth, towards the mountains of Arabia. So I had to content myself with riding round the nearest bend of the river to us. We broke camp, and we rode for an hour and a half, with great difficulty, through fine, white sand. We progressed towards a small grove of balsam-trees (*balsamodendron opobalsamum*) and tamarind (*tamarindus indica*), which to my great astonishment I saw rising from the midst of the barren soil. Suddenly the Bethlehemites stopped, and pointed out to me, deep in a gully, something I had failed to notice. Without being able to say what it was, I noted a kind of movement of sand over the solid ground. I approached this singular object, and saw a yellow stream that I could barely distinguish from the sand of its two banks. It was deeply incised, and rolled along with a dense and sluggish flow: it was the Jordan.

I have seen the great rivers of America with the pleasure that nature and solitude inspires; I have visited the Tiber with eagerness, and have searched out the Eurotas and Cephisus with a like degree of interest; but I cannot say what I felt at the sight of the Jordan. Not only did the river recall a renowned antiquity, and one of the loveliest names that the finest poetry has confided to the memory of mankind, but its banks still offered me a theatre of miracles belonging to my religion. Judea is the only country on earth that retraces for a traveller the history of both human affairs, and the things of heaven, and gives rise, in the depths of the soul, through this admixture, a feeling and thoughts that no other place can inspire.

The Bethlehemites undressed, and plunged into the Jordan. I dared not imitate them, because of the fever that still troubled me, but I knelt on the bank with my two servants and the dragoman of the monastery. Having forgotten to bring a Bible, we could not recite the passages from the Gospel appropriate to the place where we were; but the dragoman, who knew the rituals, intoned the *Ave Maris Stella*. We responded to it, like sailors at the end of their journey: the Sire de Joinville was not more skilful at it than us. I then drew water from the river in a leather jug: to me it did not seem as sweet as sugar, as a good missionary has said; I found it, instead, somewhat salty; but though I drank a large quantity, it did me no harm; I think it would be very agreeable if it was purged of the sand it carries.

Ali-Aga performed his own ablutions; the Jordan River is sacred to the Turks and Arabs, who uphold several Hebrew and Christian traditions, some derived from Ishmael, whose land the Arabs still inhabit, others introduced to the Turks through the legends of the Koran.

According to D'Anville, the Arabs give the Jordan the name *Nahar-el-Arden* (*Nahr al-Urdun*); according to Père Roger, they call it the *Nahar-el-Chiria* (*Nahr al-Shari'a*). The Abbé Mariti used for its name the Italian form *Scheria*, and Monsieur de Volney writes it *El-Charia*.

Saint Jerome, in his *Liber de Situ et Nominibus Locorum Hebraicorum*, a kind of translation of the *Onamasticon* of Eusebius, claims that the name of the Jordan is a combination of the names of two of the sources, *Jor* and *Dan*, of that river; but elsewhere he deviates from this opinion; others reject it, on the authority of Josephus, Pliny and Eusebius, who locate the only source of the Jordan at Paneades (*Banias, Caesarea Philippi*), at the foot of Mount Hermon, in the Anti-Lebanon Mountains. La Roque (*Jean de La Roque*) discusses this question in depth in his *Travels through Syria and Egypt*; the Abbé Mariti merely reiterates it, while quoting an additional passage from William of Tyre (*Historia*), to prove that Dan and Paneades were the same city, as we know. It should be noted with Reland (*Adriaan Reland*: *Palaestina Ex Monumentis Veteribus Illustrata*) that, contrary to the opinion of Saint Jerome, the name of the sacred river is not *Jordan* in Hebrew, but *Jorden*; though, even assuming the first construction, Jordan means the *River of Judgement*: from Jor, which Saint Jerome translated as *ρέεθρον*, *fluvius*, and Dan, which is rendered by *judicans, sive judicium*: an etymology so appropriate that it renders improbable the idea of the two sources, Jor and Dan; if the local geography left the matter in any doubt.

About six miles from the point where we halted I saw, higher up, along the river, a large grove of trees. I wanted to visit it, because I calculated that it was somewhere there, before Jericho, that the Israelites crossed the river, that manna ceased to fall, that the Hebrews tasted the first fruits of the promised land, that Naaman was cured of leprosy (*2 Kings:5:14*), and finally that Jesus Christ received his baptism at the hands of Saint John the Baptist. We rode towards the place for some time, but as we approached, we heard men's voices in the grove. Sadly, the sound of a human voice, which is meant to reassure, and which you should be pleased to hear beside the Jordan, is precisely what alarms you in the desert. The Bethlehemites and the dragoman wished to leave, on the instant. I told them that I had not come so far simply in order to return so soon; that I agreed not to go further, but that I wanted to view the river from where we were.

They agreed, reluctantly, to my wishes, and we returned to the Jordan, which was some distance away on the right, after a detour. I found it possessed the same width and depth as it had three miles lower down, that is to say, it was six or seven feet deep below the banks, and about fifty yards wide.

The guides urged me to leave; even Ali-Aga complained. After taking notes on what seemed to me most important, I yielded to the wishes of our caravan; I saluted the Jordan the last time; I filled a bottle with its water and gathered some reeds from its shore. We set out to reach the village of Ariha (It is remarkable that this name, which means 'fragrant', bears some similarity to that of the woman who welcomed the spies from Joshua's army to Jericho, *see Joshua:2:1-7*. She was called Rahab), the ancient Jericho, below the mountains of Judea. Hardly had we gone a mile into the valley, when we saw the traces of a host of men and horses in the sand. Ali proposed that we close ranks in order to prevent the Arabs counting our number. 'If they take us,' he said, 'by our formation and dress, for *Christian soldiers*, they will not dare attack us.' What great credit that does our armies!

Our suspicions were well-founded. We soon detected, behind us and beside the Jordan, a troop of some thirty Arabs who were studying us. We set our *infantry*, that is to say our six Bethlehemites, to march ahead of us, and covered their retreat with our *cavalry*; we placed our luggage in the middle: unfortunately the donkey that carried it was restive and would only advance by dint of blows. The Dragoman's horse having trodden on a hornets' nest, the hornets set on him, and poor Michel, run away with by his horse, emitted pitiful cries; Jean, being wholly Greek, put a brave face on it; Ali was as courageous as a Janissary of Mahomet II (*Mehmet II*). As for Julien, he was never surprised; the world passed before his eyes without his paying any attention; he believed himself still to be in the Rue Saint-Honoré, and said to me with the greatest sang-froid in the world, as he kept his horse to a walk: 'Monsieur, are there no policemen in this country to reprimand these people?'

After gazing at us for some time, the Arabs made a move towards us; then, to our great surprise, they re-entered the bushes bordering the river. Ali was right: they doubtless took us for Christian soldiers. We arrived without incident in Jericho.

The Abbé Mariti has done a fine job of gathering together the historical facts regarding this famous city (He neglected a few however, such as the gift Antony made to Cleopatra of the territory of Jericho etc., *see Josephus: Antiquities: XV:4:1-2*); he has also

spoken of Jericho's produce, how to extract oil from the Zacum (*Jericho Balsam: balanites aegyptiaca*), etc: it is therefore unnecessary to repeat it, other than to make, as so many do, a set of Travels from all the other Travels. We also know that the neighbourhood of Jericho was adorned with a spring whose waters, once bitter, were sweetened by Elisha's miracle (*2 Kings 2:21*). This source is located two miles above the town, at the foot of the mountain where Jesus prayed and fasted for forty days. It divides into two branches. On its banks one sees a few fields of sorghum, clumps of acacias, trees that give the balm of Judea (*terebinth*, not to be confused with the famous balsam trees of Jericho, which no longer exist, and seem to have died out in the seventh century, as Bishop Arculf could not locate them. *See the Venerable Bede's Historia Ecclesiastica, which quotes Saint Adamnan's: De locis sanctis*), and shrubs that by their leaves resemble lilacs, but whose flowers I have not seen. There are no longer roses or palm-trees at Jericho, and I was unable to dine on the Nicolaus dates which Augustus so liked (*named for Nicolaus of Damascus, his ambassador to Herod*): these dates, had degenerated greatly by the time of Belon (*Pierre Belon, the naturalist*). An old acacia shades the source, another tree a little further down leans over the stream that flows from that source, and forms a natural bridge.

I have mentioned that Ali-Aga was born in the village of Ariha (Jericho), and that he was its governor. He conducted me to his dominion, where I could not fail to be well received by his subjects: indeed, they came to pay homage to their sovereign. He wanted me to enter an old hut he called his *castle*: I declined the honour, preferring to dine on the banks of Elisha's spring (*Ein-al-malcha*), now called the *King's Spring*. While passing through the village, we saw a young Arab seated alone, dressed as if for a feast, his head adorned with feathers. All who passed by stopped to kiss his cheeks and forehead: I was told he was newly married. We stopped at Elisha's spring. A lamb was slaughtered, and roasted whole over a large fire at the edge of the water: an Arab toasted sorghum-heads. When the meal was ready, we sat around a round wooden tray, and each tore off part of the victim with their hands.

It is pleasing to recognise in this way of life some trace of the customs of ancient times, and recall the memory of Abraham and Jacob, among the descendants of Ishmael. The Arabs, wherever I saw them, in Judea, Egypt, and even in Barbary, struck me as tall rather than short. They display a proud bearing. They are well made and slender. They have an oval head, a high arched brow, an aquiline nose, and large almond-shaped eyes, yielding a moist and singularly sweet gaze; nothing about them indicates savagery, so long as their mouths are closed; but as soon as they begin to speak, you hear loud and strongly aspirated speech, you see long teeth of dazzling whiteness, like the jackal or lynx: differing in this manner from the American savage, whose ferocity is in the gaze, and the more human expression of the mouth.

Arab women are taller than the men. Their manner is noble, and in the regularity of their features, the beauty of their form, and the arrangement of their veils, they are somewhat reminiscent of the statues of priestesses or the Muses. This ought to be qualified by one reservation: these beautiful statues are often draped in rags; an air of wretchedness, poverty, and suffering degrades their pure forms, a coppery hue hides the regularity of their

features; in a word, to view these women as I have just suggested, one should see them from a distance, and be content to see the whole, and not inspect the detail.

Most Arabs wear a tunic tied at the waist with a belt. Sometimes they remove one sleeve from the tunic, and are then draped in the ancient way; sometimes they cover themselves in a blanket of white wool, which serves as robe, cloak or veil, according to whether they wrap it around themselves, throw it over their shoulders, or use it to cover their heads. They walk barefoot. They are armed with a dagger, a spear, or a musket. Tribes travel in caravans; their camels walk in line. The lead camel is attached by a rope of palm fibre to the neck of a donkey, who acts as guide to the whole troop: the donkey, as head of the train, is free from any burden, and enjoys various privileges; amongst the wealthiest tribes their camels are adorned with fringes, tassels, and feathers.

Mares, according to the nobility of their breed, are treated with more or less honour, but always with the utmost rigor. Horses are never rested in the shade; they are left exposed to the full heat of the sun, all four legs tied to stakes in the ground, in such a way as to render them immobile; their saddles are never removed; often they only drink once, and eat a little barley, in a twenty-four hour period. Such harsh treatment, far from debilitating them, encourages sobriety, patience and speed. I have often admired some Arab horse, tethered amidst burning sand, his straggling mane hanging down, his head bowed between his legs to seek a little shade, casting a sidelong glance from a savage eye at his master. If you loose the bonds from his legs, and spring upon his back*, he foameth, he quivereth, he swalloweth the ground, when he heareth the trumpet, he saith: Ha!* (*Vulgate: Job:39:24*: *fervens et fremens, sorbet terram, ubi audierit buccinam, dicit: Vah!*), and you recognize the horse from the Book of Job.

Everything they say about the Arab passion for tales is true, and I will cite an example: during the night we had just spent on the Dead Sea shore, our Bethlehemites sat around their bonfire their muskets lying on the ground at their side, the horses tied to stakes, forming a second circle beyond. After drinking coffee and speaking a while together, the Arabs fell silent, except for the sheikh. By the light of the fire, I saw his expressive gestures, his black beard, his white teeth, the various flourishes of his robes as his story progressed. His companions listened with rapt attention, all leaning forward, their faces over the fire, sometimes giving a cry of admiration, sometimes repeating, with an emphasis, the gestures of the narrator: a few horses leaning their heads over the group, and looming in the shadows, served to grant this tableau the most picturesque of characters, especially when fringed by the landscape of the Dead Sea and the mountains of Judea.

I had studied the American hordes, on the banks of their lakes, with deep interest; what even more interesting species of savage was I not gazing on here! I had before me descendants of the ancient tribe of mankind; I was watching them living the same existence they had lived since the days of Hagar and Ismael; I was seeing them in the same desert that was assigned them by their God as their portion; *moratus est in solitudine, habitavitque in deserto Pharan; he lived in solitude…and dwelt in the wilderness of Pharan* (*Vulgate: Genesis 21:20-21*). I met them in the Jordan Valley; at the foot of the mountains of Samaria; on the roads of Hebron; in the place where the voice of Joshua halted the sun

(*Joshua:10:13*); in the fields of Gomorrah still smouldering from Jehovah's wrath, that the merciful wonders of Jesus Christ then soothed.

What most distinguishes the Arab peoples from those of the New World is that despite the coarseness of the former we nevertheless feel something delicate in their manners: one feels they were born in that Orient from which has emerged all the arts, all sciences and all religions. Hidden in the far west, in a region divorced from civilisation, the Canadian inhabits valleys shaded by eternal forests, watered by immense rivers; the Arab adrift, so to speak, on the high-ways of the world, between Africa and Asia, wanders in the glowing fields of dawn, in a land without trees or water. Among the tribes of the descendants of Ishmael, masters, servants, domestic animals, freedom must be subject to the law. Among the American hordes, man is always alone in a proud and cruel independence: instead of a woollen blanket, he has a bear-skin; instead of a spear, a bow and arrow; instead of a dagger, a club; he knows nothing of, and would scorn, watermelons, dates, camel milk: for his feasts he requires flesh and blood. He has no fabric made of goat hair to make tents in which to shelter: an elm, fallen into decay, provides the bark for his huts. He has not tamed the horse in order to pursue the gazelle: he takes the moose while pursuing it on foot. He cannot trace his origin to great and civilized nations; one finds no mention of his ancestors' names in the annals of empire: his forefathers' contemporaries were ancient oaks which still stand today. Monuments of nature, not history, the tombs of his ancestors rest unknown in uncharted forest. In a word, in the Americas everything proclaims the savage who has not yet reached the state of civilization; amongst the Arabs all proclaims the civilized man fallen once more into a state of savagery.

We left Elisha's spring on the 6the of October, at three in the afternoon, to return to Jerusalem. On our right we passed Mount *Quarantania* (*Jebel Quarantul*), which rises above Jericho, immediately in front of Mount Abarim (*Deuteronomy 34:1, Numbers 33:47,48*) from which Moses, before dying, saw the Promised Land. On re-entering the mountains of Judea, we saw the remains of a Roman aqueduct. The Abbé Mariti, dogged by his memories of the monks, would like this aqueduct to have belonged to an ancient community, or to have been utilised for irrigating the surrounding land when sugarcane was cultivated on the plains of Jericho. If a swift inspection of the structure was not sufficient to destroy this bizarre idea, one may consult Adrichomius (*Christian Kruik van Adrichem*: *Theatrum Terrae Sanctae*); the *Historica, Theologica et Moralis Terræ Sanctæ Elucidatio* of Quaresmius (*Franciscus Quaresmius*); and most of the travellers already cited. The path we followed through the mountains was broad, and sometimes paved; perhaps it is an ancient Roman road. We passed a mountain once crowned by an old gothic castle which defended, and secured the road. Beyond this mountain, we descended into a dark deep valley, known in Hebrew as *Adummin,* or *the place of blood* (*Joshua 15:7*). There was a small town there belonging to the tribe of Judah, and it was in this lonely place that the Samaritan rescued the wounded traveller. There we met the cavalry of the Pasha, who was leading an expedition, of which I shall have occasion to speak, to the far side of the Jordan. Fortunately night hid us from the sight of the soldiery. We passed Bahurim where David fleeing from Absalom, was stoned by Shimei (*2 Samuel 16:5-8*). A little further on, we dismounted at the fountain (*the Fountain of the Apostles*) where Jesus Christ

and the Apostles used to rest, when returning from Jericho. We began to climb the slopes of the Mount of Olives; we passed the village of Bethany, where they show you the ruins of Martha's house, and the tomb of Lazarus. Then we descended the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem, and crossed the brook Kidron, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. A track that runs by the southern foot of the Temple rock, and rises to Mount Sion (*the western hill, not the Jewish Zion, which is the eastern hill*), took us to the Pilgrim Gate, completing the entire circuit the city. It was midnight. Ali-Aga was allowed in. The six Arabs returned to Bethlehem. We returned to the monastery. A thousand sorry rumours had already spread concerning us: they said that we had been killed by Arabs or by the Pasha's cavalry; I was blamed for having undertaken the journey with so feeble an escort, a thing set down to the reckless nature of the French. Subsequent events proved, however, that if I had not so decided, and so profited from the first hours of my arrival in Jerusalem, I would never have reached the Jordan (I was told that an Englishman dressed as an Arab, had gone two or three times, from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, alone. That is quite credible, and I even believe that there is less risk in so doing than with an escort of ten or twelve men).

Part Four: Jerusalem

I occupied myself for several hours scribbling notes on the places I had seen; a manner of proceeding which I pursued during my entire stay in Jerusalem, exploring by day and writing by night. The Father Procurator visited me, early in the morning of the 7th of October; he told me the outcome of the disagreement between his Father Superior and the Pasha. We agreed what we must do. My firmans were sent to Abdallah. He lost his temper, shouted, threatened, but finished however by demanding a slightly lower amount from the monks. I regret being unable to give here a copy of a letter written by Father Bonaventura da Nola to General Sébastiani; I received the copy from Father Bonaventura himself. It contains, along with the tale of the Pasha, comments which are as much to the credit of France as they are to General Sébastiani. But I could not publish the letter without the permission of the person to whom it is written, and unfortunately the general's absence robs me of all means of obtaining that permission.

It took all my desire to be as helpful as possible to the Fathers of the Holy Land to occupy myself with anything other than visiting the Holy Sepulchre. I left the monastery that very day, at nine in the morning, accompanied by two monks, a dragoman, my servant and a Janissary. I went on foot to the church that contains the tomb of Jesus Christ.

Every traveller has described this church, which is the most venerable on earth whether one considers the matter as philosopher or simply as a Christian. Here I encounter a real embarrassment. Should I give an exact description of the holy places? But then I will merely be repeating what others have said before me: never was a subject perhaps less well known to modern readers, and yet never was a subject more utterly exhausted. Should I omit a portrait of those sacred places? But would that not remove the most essential part of my journey, and defeat its end and purpose? After considering the matter for a long time, I am determined to describe the principal Stations of Jerusalem, for the following reasons:

l. No one reads about former pilgrimages to Jerusalem nowadays; and what was once very familiar is likely to appear quite new to most readers;

2. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is no more; it was burned to the ground (*in 1808*) since my return from Judea: I am, so to speak, the last traveller to have seen it; and can act, for that very reason, as its last historian.

But as I have no ambition to retouch a picture that has already been very well painted, I will profit from the works of my predecessors, taking care only to clarify them by means of my own observations.

Among these works, I would have preferred to choose those of Protestant travellers, because of the spirit of the age: we are always ready to reject these days what we believe as originating from an overly religious source. Unfortunately I have not found anything satisfactory on the Holy Sepulchre in Pococke, Shaw, Maundrell, Hasselquist and others. Quoting scholars and travellers who have written in Latin concerning the antiquities of Jerusalem, such as Adamannus, Bede, Brocard (*Burchard of Mount Sion: Descriptio Terræ Sanctæ, 1284*), Willibaldus (*Saint Willibald, Bishop of Eichstatt*), Breydenbach (*Bernhard von Breydenbach: Peregrinatio in Terram Sanctam, 1486*), Sanut (*Marinus Sanutus Torcellus: Liber Secretorum Fidelium Crucis super Terrae Sanctae*), Ludolph (*Ludolph of*

Saxony), Reland (His book*, Palaestina ex monumentis veteribus illustrata,* is a miracle of erudition), Andrichomius, Quaresmius, Baumgarten, Fureri (*Christoph Furer von Haimendorff: Itinerarium*), Bochart (*Samuel Bochart*), Arias Montanus (*Benito Arias Montano*), Reuwich (*Erhard Reuwich*), Hese (*Johannes Witte de Hese: Itinerarius*), or Cotovicus (*Johann van Kootwyck*: his description of the Holy Sepulchre gives almost all the hymns sung by the pilgrims at each station) would oblige me to translate passages, which, in the last result, would teach the reader nothing new (there is also a description of Jerusalem in Armenian, and one in Modern Greek: I have seen the latter. Ancient descriptions, like those of Sanutus, Ludolph, Brocard, Breydenbach, and Willibaldus; or those of Adamannus, or rather Arculf, and the Venerable Bede, are interesting, because in reading them one can judge of the alterations since made to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; but they would be useless as regards the building as I saw it). I am therefore obliged to French travellers (Juan Cerverio de Vera, in Spanish, is very concise, yet very clear; Giovanni Zuallardo, in his *Il Devotissimo Viaggio di Gerusalemme, 1586*, writing in Italian, is confused and vague; Pierre de La Vallée is charming, due to the unusual grace of his style, and his singular adventures, but is not authoritative) and, among these latter, I prefer the description of the Holy Sepulchre by Deshayes (*Louis Deshayes, Baron de Courmenin*), and this is why:

Belon (*Pierre Belon du Mans*: 1546-49), celebrated enough otherwise as a naturalist, says hardly a word concerning the Holy Sepulchre: his style also is extremely antiquated. Other writers, even older than he, or his contemporaries, such as Cachermois (*Jean de Cachermois*, 1490), Regnault (*François Regnault*, 1522), Salignac (*Barthélemey de Salignac*, 1522), Le Huen (*Nicolas Le Huen*, 1525), Gassot (*Jacques Gassot*,1536), Renaud (*Antoine Renaud*, 1548), Postel (*Guillaume Postel*, 1553), and Giraudet (*Gabriel Giraudet*, 1575), also use a language too remote from that which we now speak (some of these authors wrote in Latin, but there are old French versions of their works). Villamont (*Henri de Villamont*, 1588) drowns in detail, and has neither method nor judgement. Père Boucher (1610) is so exaggeratedly pious, it is impossible to cite him. Bénard (*Nicolas Bénard*, 1616) writes with wisdom enough, although he was only twenty years old at the time of his journey, but he is diffuse, flat and obscure. Père Pacifique (*Père Pacifique de Provins,* 1622) is vulgar, and his narrative is too concise. Monconys (*Balthasar de Monconys,* 1647) deals only with medical prescriptions. Doubdan (*Jean Doubdan*, 1651) is clear, knowledgeable, worthy of being consulted, but long, and prone to dwell on little things. Frère Roger (*Eugène Roger*, 1653), attached for five years to the service of the holy places, has knowledge, judgment, and a lively and animated style: his description of the Holy Sepulchre is too long, that is what led me to exclude him. Thévenot (*Jean Thévenot*, 1656), one of our best known travellers, has described the Church of Saint-Saveur to perfection, and I urge readers to consult his book (*Voyage au Levant*, *XXXIX*), but he is quite close to Deshayes: Père Nau, the Jesuit (1674), combines his knowledge of Eastern languages with the advantage of performing his journey to Jerusalem with the Marquis de Nointel (*Charles-Marie-François Olier*), our ambassador to Constantinople, the same to whom we owe the first drawings of Athens: it is a pity that the learned Jesuit is of an intolerable prolixity. The letter from Père Néret in the *Lettres édifiantes*, is excellent in many ways,

but omits too much. I would say the same of Du Loiret de La Roque (*Jean de la Roque*). As for the modern travellers, Müller (*Angelo Maria Müller*: *Reise nach Jerusalem, 1735*), Venzow (*Heinrich Venzow: Reise nach Jerusalem 1740*), Korte (*Jonas Korte, or Kortens: Travels, 1751*), Bscheider (*Fr. Gratus Bscheider: Das Heilige Land, 1792*), Mariti (*Giovanni Mariti: Travels, 1792*), De Volney (*Constantin François de Chassebœuf, Comte de Volney: Travels,1787*), Niebuhr (*Carsten Niebuhr: Travels, 1792*), and Browne (*William George Browne: Travels, 1799*), are almost entirely silent on the holy places.

Deshayes (*Baron Louis Deshayes de Courmenin: Voyage du Levant*, 1621), sent by Louis XIII into Palestine, seems to me deserving of his narrative being adhered to: 1. Because the Turks were themselves eager to show the ambassador around Jerusalem, and he could have entered the mosque on the Temple mount if he had so wished; 2. Because his secretary's slightly antiquated style is so clear and precise, which Paul Lucas (*Voyage du Sieur Paul Lucas au Levant, 1704*) has copied word for word, without risk of plagiarism, according to his usual practice;
3. Because D'Anville (and this is the most compelling reason), used Deshayes' map as the subject of an essay that is perhaps our famous geographer's masterpiece (such was the opinion of the learned Monsieur de Sainte-Croix, *Guillaume, Baron de Sainte-Croix*. D'Anville's dissertation is entitled *Dissertation sur l'étendue de l'ancienne Jérusalem*). Deshayes will thus provide us with material regarding the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to which I will add my comments.

'The Holy Sepulchre, with the majority of the holy places, are cared for by the Franciscan monks (*Cordeliers*), who are sent there for three year periods; and though all nations are represented among them, they nevertheless all pass for Frenchmen, or Venetians, and only survive because they are under the protection of our king. For nigh on sixty years they dwelt outside the city, on Mount Sion, at the very place where our Lord partook of the Last Supper with his apostles, but their church having been converted into a mosque, they have dwelt ever since within the city on Mount Gihon, the site of their monastery, known as *Saint-Sauveur*. That is where the Custodian lives, with the bulk of the order, providing monks to all the sites in the Holy Land as they are needed.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not two hundred paces from the monastery. It includes the Holy Sepulchre, Mount Calvary, and several other holy places. It was Saint Helena who built a portion of it to cover the Holy Sepulchre; but the Christian princes who followed augmented it to include Mount Calvary which is only fifty paces from the Holy Sepulchre.

In ancient times, Mount Calvary was outside the city, as I have mentioned; it was the place of execution for condemned criminals; and in order that all the people might be present there was a large open space between the mountain and the city wall. The rest of the mountain was surrounded by gardens, of which one belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, a covert disciple of Jesus Christ, and in which he had made a tomb for him, in which was placed the body of Our Lord. It was not the custom among the Jews to bury a corpse as we Christians do. Each person, according to their means, carved, in some rock or other, a small room in which the body was placed, laid out on a platform of the same rock, and then they

closed the cave, with a stone placed before the door, which was usually no more than four feet tall.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is of very irregular shape, dictated by the sites it was desired to enclose within it. The Church is roughly in the form of a cross, being one hundred and twenty paces long, not including the descent to the Chapel of the Discovery of the Holy Cross (*Cave of the Cross*), and seventy paces in width. There are three domes of which that which covers the Holy Sepulchre is the nave of the church. It is thirty feet in diameter, and is open at the top like the rotunda of Rome (*the Pantheon*). It is true that there is no vaulting; the dome is supported only by large rafters of cedar, which were brought from the Mountains of Lebanon. The church was once entered by any of three doors; but today there is only one, the keys of which the Turks guard jealously, lest the pilgrims enter without paying the nine *zecchinos*, or thirty-six livres, entrance fee which is owed, I mean those who come from Christendom, since Christian subjects of the Grand Seigneur pay less than half that amount. The door is always closed, and has only a small window divided by an iron bar, through which those outside supply food to those inside, who are of eight different nations.

The first nation is that of the Romans or Latins, the Cordeliers of the Franciscan Order. They maintain the Holy Sepulchre, the site of Calvary where our Lord was nailed to the cross, the cave where the Holy Cross was found, the Stone of Anointing (*Stone of Unction*), and the chapel where Our Lord appeared to the Virgin after his resurrection (*Chapel of Mary Magdalene).*

The second nation is that of the Greeks, who maintain the choir of the church, where they officiate, in the middle of which is a small circle of marble (*the compas*), which they believe marks the centre of the earth.

The third nation is that of the Abyssinians; they maintain the chapel (*of the Blessed Sacrament*) which contains the *Impropere* pillar (*the Pillar of the Flagellation*).

The fourth nation is that of the Copts, who are the Egyptian Christians, they have a small chapel (*the Coptic Chapel*) near the Holy Sepulchre.

The fifth is that of the Armenians, they maintain the Chapel of Saint Helena, and one where the clothes of our Lord were shared out, and they cast lots for them.

The sixth nation is that of the Nestorians or Jacobites, who come from Chaldea and Syria; they have a small chapel near the place where Our Lord appeared to the Magdalene, whom she took for a gardener, and it is therefore called the *Chapel of the Magdalene*.

The seventh nation is that the Georgians who live between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea; they maintain the site of Calvary, where the cross was erected, and the prison where Our Lord remained, while the hole was dug in which to set it.

The eighth nation is that of the Maronites, who live in the Mountains of Lebanon; they recognize the Pope as we do.

Each nation, in addition to those places that all within can visit, has another special place in the vaults, and corners of the church to serve them as a retreat, and where they perform their offices according to their custom: for the priests and monks who visit usually remain for two months or so, without leaving the building, until the monastery in the city sends others to serve in their place. It would be impossible to remain there long without

becoming ill, because there is very little fresh air, and because the arches and walls produce a quite unhealthy coolness, however we found a good hermit there, who had taken the habit of Saint Francis, and lived twenty years in the place without leaving, though he had so much work to do maintaining the two hundred lamps, and cleaning and adorning all the holy places, he was unable to rest for more than four hours per day.

On entering the church, we see the Stone of Unction, on which the body of Our Lord was anointed with myrrh and aloes, before being placed in the tomb. Some say it is of the very rock of Mount Calvary, while others hold that it was brought to that place by Joseph and Nicodemus, secret disciples of Jesus Christ, who rendered him that pious office, and that it is of a green hue. Be that as it may, because of the indiscretion of some pilgrims who damaged it, they were forced to cover it with white marble, and surround it with a small iron rail, to prevent anyone walking on it. It is seven feet nine inches long, and one foot eleven inches wide, and above it are eight lamps which burn continuously.

The Holy Sepulchre is thirty feet from the stone, exactly beneath the middle of the great dome of which I have spoken: it is like a small cave that has been excavated and shaped in solid rock with a chisel. The door facing east is only four feet high and two and a quarter wide, so that one must bow very low to gain entry. The interior of the sepulchre is almost square. It is six feet one inch long, five feet ten inches wide, and from floor to roof, is eight feet one inch high. There is a solid platform of the same stone, which remained after excavating the rest. It is two feet four and a half inches high, and occupies half the tomb, being five feet eleven inches long, and two feet eight and a half inches wide. It was on this table that the body of Our Lord was laid, with the head towards the west and the feet towards the east, but because of the superstitious devotion of the Orientals, who believe that having laid His head on the stone, God would never abandon them, and also because the pilgrims broke off pieces of it, it became necessary to cover it with the white marble on which the Mass is now celebrated. Forty-four lamps continually burn in this holy place, and to allow egress to the smoke, three holes have been made in the ceiling. The outside of the sepulchre is covered with marble tablets, and several columns, with a dome above.

At the entrance door of the tomb, there is a stone which is a foot and a half square, and is raised a foot, which is of the same rock, and which served to support the large stone that closed off the entrance; it was from this rock that the angel spoke to the two Marys (*Matthew:28*); and on account of this mystery, and lest one entered prematurely into the Holy Sepulchre, the early Christians created a small chapel in front, which is called the Chapel of the Angel.

Twelve paces from the Holy Sepulchre, in turning towards the north, one encounters a large stone of grey marble, which is about four feet in diameter, set there to mark the place where Our Lord appeared to the Magdalene, she supposing him to be the gardener (*John:20:15*).

Further on is the Chapel of the Apparition (*the Franciscan Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament*), where tradition holds that Our Lord first appeared to Mary after his resurrection. This is the place where the Franciscan monks perform their offices and to

which they repair: since from there they enter rooms that have no other access except by way of the chapel.

Continuing our tour of the church, one encounters a small vaulted chapel, which is seven feet long and six feet wide, otherwise known as the Prison of Our Lord, because he was confined in this place until they had dug the hole in which to set up the cross. This chapel is opposite Calvary, so that the two locations are aligned to the crucifix-form of the church, since Calvary is to the south and the chapel to the north.

Quite close to this is another chapel, five paces long and three wide, which is the very place where Our Lord was stripped of his clothes by the soldiers before being nailed to the cross, and where his clothes were shared out and they cast lots for them (*John:19:24*).

Leaving the chapel, we find a grand staircase to our left, which pierces the wall of the church and goes down to a kind of cave carved in the rock. After descending thirty steps, there is a chapel on the left which is commonly called the Chapel of Saint Helena, because she prayed there while seeking the Holy Cross. We descend a further eleven steps to the place where it was found along with the nails, the crown of thorns and the blade of the spear, which had been hidden in this place more than three hundred years.

Near the top of this level, turning towards Calvary, is a chapel four paces long and two and a half wide, under the altar of which is visible a column of grey marble, inlaid with black markings, which is two feet high and one foot in diameter. It is called the *Pillar of the Impropere* (*the Pillar of the Flagellation*), because there Our Lord was made to sit to be crowned with thorns.

At ten paces from the chapel, we encounter a little narrow stair, the steps of which are of wood at the beginning and stone at the end. There are twenty in all, by which one mounts to Calvary. That place, once so heinous, being sanctified by the blood of Our Lord, was given great attention by the early Christians; and, after removing all the dirt and earth covering it, they enclosed it with walls; so that it is now like a tall chapel, enclosed within the greater church. It is clad in marble inside, and split in two by an archway. To the north is the place where our Lord was nailed to the cross. There are always thirty-two lamps burning there, maintained by the Franciscans, who also celebrate Mass daily in this sacred place.

In another part, to the south, the Holy Cross was erected. One can still see the hole which was dug about a foot and a half into the rock, beneath the earth that covered it. The place where the thieves' crosses stood are close by. That of the good thief was to the north, and the other to the south, so that the former was on the right hand of Our Lord, who had his face turned to the west, and his back to Jerusalem, on the east. Fifty lamps burn continually to honour this sacred place.

Below the chapel are the tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon and his brother Baldwin I, where these inscriptions may be read:

HIC JACET INCLYTUS DUX GODEFRIDUS DE
BULION, QUI TOTAM TERRAM ISTAM AC-
QUISIVIT CULTUI CHRISTIANO, CUJUS ANIMA
REGNET CUM CHRISTO, AMEN.

BALDUINUS REX, JUDAS ALTER MACHABAEUS,
SPES PATRIAE, VIGOR ECCLESIAE, VIRTUS UTRIUSQUE,
QUEM FORMIDABANT, CUI DONA TRIBUTA FEREBANT
CEDAR ET AEGYPTUS, DAN AC HOMICIDA DAMASCUS,
PROH DOLOR! IN MODICO CLAUDITUR HOC TUMULO.

Here lies the famous Duke Godfrey
Of Bouillon, who won all this land
For the Christian faith, may his soul
Reign with Christ, Amen.
King Baldwin, a second Judas Maccabeus,
The hope of his country, the strength of the Church, the pride of both,
Feared by all, to whom gifts were brought
By the tribes of Kedar and Egypt, Dan and man-slaying Damascus,
Is enclosed, alas, in this narrow tomb!

(Besides these tombs are four others half-destroyed. On one of these tombs can be read, though with much difficulty, an epitaph reported by Cotovicus.)

Calvary is the last station of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; for twenty paces from it we again find the *Stone of Unction*, at the entrance to the church.'

Deshayes having thus described the holy stations of so much of the site in order, it only remains for me to reveal those places to the reader in their entirety.

We see, firstly, that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is composed of three churches: that of the Holy Sepulchre, that of Calvary, and that of the Discovery of the Holy Cross. Properly speaking, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is built in the valley of Mount Calvary, and on the terrain where we know that Jesus Christ was buried. The Church forms a cross: the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself is in fact the great nave of the building: it is circular like the Pantheon in Rome; and is lighted only by the dome, beneath which is found the Holy Sepulchre. Sixteen marble columns adorn the perimeter of the rotunda; they support, on seventeen arches, an upper gallery, also composed of sixteen columns and seventeen arches, smaller than the former columns and arches that bear them. Niches, corresponding to the arches, rise above the frieze of the upper gallery, and the dome rises from the circle of niches. These were once decorated with mosaics depicting the twelve apostles, Saint Helena, the Emperor Constantine and three other unidentified portraits.

The choir of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (*the Choir of the Crusaders*) is to the east of the nave of the tomb: it is double, as in other ancient basilicas, that is to say, there is first an area with stalls for the priests then a secluded sanctuary, raised above the former by two steps. Around this double sanctuary, run the twin wings of the choir, and in these wings are placed the chapels described by Deshayes.

From the right wing, behind the choir, two staircases also run, one to the Chapel of Calvary, the other to the Chapel of the Discovery of the Holy Cross: the first ascends to the summit of Calvary, the second descends beneath Calvary itself; indeed, the cross was erected on the summit of Golgotha, and found beneath that mount. Thus, to summarize, the

Church of the Holy Sepulchre is built at the foot of Calvary: it touches that summit on its eastern side, beneath which, and above which, two other churches were built, which are attached by walls and vaulted staircases to the main building.

The architecture of the church is obviously of the age of Constantine; the Corinthian order prevails everywhere. The pillars are heavy or slender, their diameter almost always being out of proportion to their height. Various linked columns which support the frieze to the choir, however, are of a fine style. The church is tall and expansive, its cornices strike the eye with sufficient grandeur; but in the past sixty years they have lowered the arch separating the chancel from the nave, the horizontal line is broken, and one can no longer enjoy a view of the whole vault.

The Church has no porch; it is entered by two side doors; and there is never more than one of them open. Thus, the building appears to have no external decoration. It is also masked by the huts, and the Greek monastery, attached to the walls.

The small marble monument that covers the Holy Sepulchre takes the form of a catafalque, decorated with connected semi-gothic arches on the blank sides of this catafalque; it rises elegantly below the dome which illuminates it: but is spoilt by a bulky chapel that the Armenians were granted permission to build at one of its extremities. The interior of the catafalque reveals a plain tomb of white marble, attached on one side to the wall of the building, and serves as an altar for the Catholic faith: it is the Tomb of Jesus Christ.

The origins of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are of some antiquity. The author of the *Epitome* of the holy wars (*Epitome Bellorum Sacrorum*) claims that, forty-six years after the destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian and Titus, the Christians obtained permission from Hadrian to build or rebuild a temple over the tomb of their God, and to enclose in the new city other places revered by Christians. He adds that the temple was enlarged, and repaired, by Helena, mother of Constantine. Quaresmius contests this account, 'because', he says, 'until the reign of Constantine the faithful were denied permission to erect such temples.' This scholar of religion forgets that before Diocletian's persecution, the Christians owned to many churches, and celebrated their mysteries publicly. Lactantius and Eusebius attest to the wealth and happiness of believers at that time.

Among other trustworthy authors, Sozomen, in the second book of his *History* (*Historia Ecclesiastica*), Saint Jerome in his *Epistles* to Paulinus and Rufinus; Severus (*Sulpicius Severus*: *Chronica*) in Book II, Nicephorus (*Nicephorus of Constantinople: Historia Ecclesiastica*) in Book XVIII, and Eusebius in his *Life of Constantine*; tell us that the pagans surrounded the holy places with a wall; that they erected a statue of Jupiter over the tomb of Jesus Christ, and another statue of Venus on Calvary; and that they dedicated a grove to Adonis over the birthplace of the Saviour. These testimonies also demonstrate the antiquity of the true faith in Jerusalem by the very profanation of previously sacred places, and show that Christians had sanctuaries in those same places.

Regardless of that, the foundation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre dates back to at least the reign of Constantine; we still have a letter from that emperor, commanding Saint Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem (*312-335AD*), to erect a church on the site where the

great mystery of the salvation was accomplished. Eusebius preserved this letter. The Bishop of Caesarea then describes the new church, the dedication of which lasted eight days. If Eusebius's narrative needs to be supported by the testimonies of others, we possess those of Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem (*c350AD: Catecheses: 1,10,13*), Theodoret (*of Cyrus*), and even the *Itinéraire de Bordeaux à Jérusalem,* of 333: *ibidem, jussu Constantini imperatoris, basilica facta est mirae pulchritudinis: in that very place, by order of the Emperor Constantine, a basilica was built of wondrous beaut*y.

That church was destroyed (*614AD*) by Chosroes II, King of Persia, nearly three centuries after it was built by Constantine. The Emperor Heraclius restored the true cross (*629AD*), and Modestus, Bishop of Jerusalem, rebuilt the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Not long afterwards, the Caliph Omar took Jerusalem (*c638AD*), but left the Christians free to exercise Christian worship. In 1009, the Caliph Hequem or Hakem (*Al-Hakim bi-Amr Allah*), who ruled Egypt, brought desolation on the tomb of Jesus Christ. Some say the mother of this prince, who was a Christian, had the walls of the ruined church rebuilt; others, that the son (*Ali az-Zahir*) of this Caliph of Egypt, at the solicitation of the Emperor Argyros (*Romanos III Argyros*), allowed the faithful to enclose the holy places in a new building. But since, in the reign of Hakem, the Christians of Jerusalem were neither rich enough nor skilful enough to erect the building that now covers Calvary (it is said that Mary, wife of Hakem, and mother of the new Caliph, built it anew, and she was assisted in this pious enterprise by Emperor Constantine IX Monomachos); and since, despite a very dubious passage in William of Tyre's *Historia*, there is no indication that the Crusaders built a church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, it is likely that the church founded by Constantine has always existed much as it is, at least as regards the walls of the building. Inspection of the architecture alone of this edifice would suffice to demonstrate the truth of what I say.

The Crusaders having captured Jerusalem, on the 15th of July 1099, snatched the Tomb of Jesus Christ from the hands of the infidels. For eighty-eight years it remained under the control of the successors of Godfrey of Bouillon. When Jerusalem fell once more under the Muslim yoke, the Syrians ransomed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre for gold, and the monks came, to defend with their prayers the sites entrusted in vain to the weapons of kings: it is thus, that despite a thousand vicissitudes, the faith of the early Christians preserved to us a temple that it was given to our century to see destroyed.

The first travellers were extremely fortunate; they were not obliged to enter into all these details: firstly, because they found in their readers a religion that never disputes the truth; and secondly, because all were convinced that the only way to see a country as it truly exists is to view it with all its customs and memories. It is, indeed, with the Bible and the Gospel in our hands that we must travel to the Holy Land. If one wishes to bring to it a spirit of contention and argument, it is not worth the trouble of making the long journey to Judea. What would we say of a man who, in travelling through Greece and Italy, spent his time merely contradicting Homer and Virgil? Yet that is how we travel nowadays: the real result of our own self-esteem, which encourages us to appear clever by expressing our disdain.

Christian readers may well be wondering what feelings I experienced on entering this redoubtable place; I can not really say. So much presented itself simultaneously to my mind that I failed to hold on to any specific thought. I remained for about half an hour on my knees in the little chamber of the Holy Sepulchre, my gaze fixed on the stone, unable to look elsewhere. One of the two monks who was guiding me, remained prostrate beside me, his forehead against the marble; the other, Gospel in hand, read to me, by lamplight, the passages relating to the holy tomb. Between each verse he recited a prayer: *Domine Jesu Christe, qui in hora diei vespertina de cruce depositus, in brachiis dulcissimae Matris tuae reclinatus fuisti, horaque ultima in hoc sanctissimo monumento corpus tuum exanime contulisti*, etc: *O Lord Jesus Christ, who in the evening hour of the day, brought down from the cross, lay in the arms of your most sweet Mother, and whose lifeless body at the last hour was bestowed in this sacred place, etc.* All I can state, is that in sight of that victorious tomb I felt only my own feebleness; and when my guide exclaimed with Saint Paul: *Ubi est, Moria, victoria tua? Ubi est, Moria, stimulus tuus*? *Death, where is thy victory? Death where is thy sting?* (*Vulgate: 1 Corinthians 15:55*), I listened as if Death might respond that he had been conquered, and was enchained in that monument.

We walked round the stations as far as the summit of Calvary. Where might one find anything as moving in all antiquity, anything as wonderful as the last scenes of the Gospel? Here are not the bizarre adventures of some deity alien to mankind: here is a story filled with pathos, a story that not only causes one to shed tears at its beauty, but of which the consequences, applied to the universe, have changed the face of the earth. I had just visited the monuments of Greece, and was still filled with their greatness; but they were far from inspiring in me what I felt at the sight of the holy places!

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, composed of several churches, built on uneven ground, lit by a multitude of lamps, is singularly mysterious; darkness reigns there favourable to piety and soulful meditation. Christian priests of various sects live in different parts of the building. From the heights of the arches, where they nestle like doves to the depths of the chapels and underground vaults, the emit their chants at all hours of day and night; the organ-music of the Latin priest, the cymbals of the Abyssinian, the voice of the Greek, the prayer of the Armenian solitary, the plaint-like chant of the Coptic monk, strike alternately or simultaneously on your ear; you do not know from whence these sounds arise; you breathe the smell of incense without seeing the hand that ignites it: you only see the pontiff passing by, vanishing behind the pillars, losing himself amongst the shadows of the temple; the pontiff, who will celebrate the most redoubtable mysteries in the very places where they were enacted.

I could not leave those sacred precincts without pausing at the monuments to Godfrey and Baldwin: they face the door of the church and are attached to the wall of the choir. I saluted the ashes of those royal knights, who deserve to rest near to the great sepulchre they had delivered. Those ashes are French, the only ones buried in the shadow of the tomb of Jesus Christ. What a badge of honour for my homeland!

I returned to the monastery at eleven o'clock, and went out again at noon, to follow the *Via Dolorosa*: so the route is called that the Saviour of the World traversed from the house of Pilate to Calvary.

Pilate's house (the governor of Jerusalem once lived in this house, but now only his horses lodge among the remains) is a ruin from which one can see the vast foundations of Solomon's temple, and the mosque built on those foundations.

Jesus Christ having been scourged, crowned with thorns, and clothed in a purple tunic, was presented to the Jews by Pilate: *Ecce Homo: Behold the Man'* (*Vulgate: John: 19:5*) cried the judge, and we may still see the window from which he uttered those memorable words.

According to the Latin tradition in Jerusalem, the crown of Jesus Christ was made from the thorny shrub *lycium spinosum*. But Hasselquist, knowledgeable botanist that he is, believes that the *nabka* of the Arabs was employed for this purpose. The reason he gives is worth mentioning:

'There is every indication,' the author says 'that nabka (*Paliurus spina-christi*) provided the crown placed on the head of Our Lord: it is common in the East. One could not choose a plant more suited to this purpose, because it is armed with prickles; its branches are flexible and pliant, and its leaf is dark green, like ivy. Perhaps the enemies of Jesus Christ chose it, to add insult to his injuries, a plant similar to that used to crown emperors and military generals.'

Another tradition, found in Jerusalem, preserves the sentence pronounced by Pilate on the Saviour of the world:

'*Jesum Nazarenum, subversorem gentis, contemptorem Caesaris, et falsum Messiam, ut majorum suae gentis testimonio probatum est, ducite ad communis supplicii locum, et eum in ludibriis regiae majestatis, in medio duorum latronum, cruci affigite. I, lictor, expedi cruces: conduct to the common place of execution, Jesus of Nazareth, seducer of the people, scorner of Caesar, and, according to the testimony of the elders of his people, false Messiah; crucify him between two thieves, with the derisive title of King. Go, lictor, prepare the crosses.*'

A hundred and twenty paces from the *Ecce Homo*, I was shown the ruins, on the left, of an old church dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows. It was in this place that Mary, driven away at first by the guards, met her son burdened by the cross. This fact is not reported in the Gospels, but is generally believed on the authority of Saint Boniface and Saint Anselm. Saint Boniface says that the Virgin fell like one half-dead, and could not utter a single word: *Nec verbum dicere potuit*. Saint Anselm assures us that Christ greeted her with these words: *Salve, Mater*! As we find Mary at the foot of the cross (John:*19:25*) this account by the Fathers is more than probable, faith is not contrary to these traditions: they show how the marvellous story of the Passion was etched in the memory of mankind. Eighteen centuries rolling by, persecutions without end, revolutions eternal, ruins ever falling, could not efface or hide the traces of a mother come to mourn her son.

Fifty paces farther we came to the place where Simon of Cyrene helped Jesus carry the cross.

'And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear *it* after Jesus.' (Luke*:23:26*)

Here the path, which was heading east-west reached a bend and turned north, and I saw, on the right hand, the place where Lazarus the beggar lay, and opposite, on the other side of the street, the house of the rich sinner.

'There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;

And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.' (*Luke 16:19-23*)

Saint Chrysostom, Saint Ambrose and Saint Cyril believed that the story of Lazarus and the rich sinner was not simply a parable, but a true and established fact. The Jews themselves have preserved the name of the rich sinner, whom they call Nabal (*see 1 Samuel:25*).

After passing the rich sinner's house, one turns right, and takes a westerly direction. At the entrance to the street that ascends towards Calvary, Christ met the holy women, weeping.

'And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him.

But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.' (Luke:*23:27-28*)

A hundred and ten paces from there is the site of the house of Veronica, and the place where that pious woman wiped the face of the Saviour. The woman's original name was Berenice; it was subsequently changed to *Vera-Icon*, a true image, by the transposition of two letters; moreover, the transmutation of B to V is quite common in ancient languages.

After a further hundred paces one reaches the Judicial Gate: this was the gate through which criminals emerged who were executed on Golgotha. Golgotha, now contained within the new city, was outside the walls of ancient Jerusalem.

From the Judicial Gate to the summit of Calvary one takes about two hundred paces: there the Via Dolorosa ends, being about a mile in length. We have seen that Calvary is now included within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. If those who read the Passion in the Gospel are struck with holy sadness and profound admiration, imagine what it is like to recall those scenes, at the foot of Mount Sion itself, in sight of the Temple, and the very walls of Jerusalem!

After the description of the Via Dolorosa and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, I will say only a few words regarding the other places of worship found within the precincts of the city. I will simply name them in the order that I visited them during my stay in Jerusalem.

1. The house of Annas the High Priest, near to the Gate of David (*Jaffa Gate*), at the foot of

Mount Sion, inside the city wall: the Armenians maintain the church built on the ruins of this house;
2. The site of the Saviour's appearance to Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Mary Salome (*Mark:16:1*), between the castle and the gate of Mount Sion;
3. The house of Simon the Pharisee (*Luke:7:36*); the Magdalene there confessed her sins; it is a church, wholly in ruins, on the east of the city;
4. The monastery of Saint Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin; and the Grotto of the Immaculate Conception, beneath the monastery church; the monastery has been converted into a mosque; but you can enter by paying a few coins (*medins*). Under the Christian kings, it was inhabited by nuns. It is not far from the house of Simon.
5. The Prison of St. Peter, near the Calvary; it consists of old walls, where they show iron clamps;
6. The house of Zebedee, not far from the Prison of Saint Peter, is a large church that belongs to the Greek Patriarch;
7. The house of Mary, mother of John Mark, where Saint Peter stayed when he had been delivered by the angel (*Acts:12:12*), is a church maintained by the Syrians;
8. The site of the martyrdom of Saint James the Greater (*Acts:12:1-2*). It is the Armenian monastery; the church within is very rich and elegant. I will speak of the Armenian Patriarch a little later.

Readers now have a complete picture of the Christian monuments of Jerusalem before their eyes. We will now visit the exterior of the holy city.

I had taken two hours to traverse the Via Dolorosa on foot. I took care each day to revisit this sacred path, and the church of Calvary, so that no essential detail might escape my memory. It was two o'clock then, on the 7th of October, when I finished my first review of the holy places. I next mounted my horse, and was accompanied by Ali-Aga, Michel the dragoman, and my servants. We left via the Jaffa Gate to make a complete circuit of Jerusalem. We bristled with weapons, were dressed in the French manner, and were very determined not to suffer any insult. One can see how much times have changed, thanks to the renown of our victories, since Deshayes, Louis XIII's ambassador, had the greatest difficulty in obtaining permission to enter Jerusalem armed with his sword.

We turned left on leaving the city gate; we rode south, and passed the pool of Beersheba, a wide deep ditch, but devoid of water; then we climbed the mount of Sion, part of which lies outside Jerusalem.

I assume that the name Sion awakens profound memories in the minds of my readers; and that they are curious to know about this mount so mysterious in Scripture, so celebrated in the songs of Solomon, this object of the prophets' blessings and tears, and whose misfortunes Racine has lamented (*see Racine's Esther: Act I Scene I*).

It is a hill of a yellowish barren aspect, opening out in a crescent-shape towards Jerusalem, about the height of Montmartre, but more rounded at the top. The sacred summit is marked by three monuments or rather by three ruins: the house of Caiaphas; the Holy Cenacle (*the site of the Last Supper*); and the tomb or palace of David. From the heights of the mountain you can see the Valley of Ben Hinnom (*Gehenna*) to the south; beyond that valley is the Field of Blood (*Akeldama*), bought by Judas for thirty pieces of silver, the

Mount of Evil Council, the tombs of the judges and all the desert towards Hebron and Bethlehem. To the north, the walls of Jerusalem, which stretch towards the summit of Sion, prevent you from seeing the city; the latter slopes down to the valley of Jehoshaphat.

Caiaphas's house is now a church maintained by the Armenians; the tomb of David is a little vaulted room where there are three tombs of blackened stone; the site of the Holy Cenacle is now occupied by a mosque and a Turkish hospital, which were formerly a church and monastery occupied by the Fathers of the Holy Land. This latter shrine is equally famous in both the Old and New Testament: David built his palace and his tomb there, and there he watched over the ark of the covenant for three months (*2 Samuel:6;11*), Jesus Christ partook of the last Passover, and instituted the sacrament there of the Eucharist; he appeared to his disciples there on the day of resurrection; there too the Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles. The Holy Cenacle became the first Christian church that the world had ever seen; there Saint James the Lesser was consecrated as the first bishop of Jerusalem, and Saint Peter held the first council of the Church there; finally it was from there that the apostles were ordered, poor and naked as they were, to mount the thrones of the earth, and: *Docete omnes gentes: teach all the nations* (*Vulgate: Matthew:28:19*)!

The historian Josephus has left us a magnificent account of the palace and tomb of David (*Jospehus: Antiquities:VII*). Benjamin of Tudela (*Itinerary:Jerusalem*) tells a curious tale regarding the discovery of the tomb.

Descending the mountain of Sion, on the east, one reaches, in the valley, the fountain and pool of Siloam, where Jesus Christ healed the blind man (*John:9:1-7*). The spring emerges from a rock, it goes softly, *cum silentio*, according to the testimony of Isaiah (*Isaiah:8:6*), which contradicts a passage of Saint Jerome (*Commentary on Isaiah:III.VIII:119*); it has a kind of ebb and flow, sometimes pouring forth its waters like the fountain of Vaucluse, sometimes retaining them so that they barely flow. The Levites sprinkled the water of Siloam on the altar at the Feast of the Tabernacles, singing: *Haurietis aquas in gaudio de fontibus Salvatoris: with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of Salvation* (*Vulgate: Isaiah:12:3*). Milton cites that stream, at the beginning of his poem, instead of the Castalian Fount:

> '…….....Or if Sion Hill
> Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd
> Fast by the Oracle of God, etc.

Delille (*Jacques Delille: Paradise Lost, 1805 translation*) has rendered these fine verses marvellously well.

Some say this fountain emerged suddenly from the earth to quench Isaiah's thirst when the prophet was sawn in half with a wooden saw by order of Manasseh (*Talmud: Mishnah: Yevamot, fol. 49,2*); others claim they saw it appear in Hezekiah's reign, from which we have the wonderful song recorded in Isaiah (*Isaiah:38:9, and see Jean-Baptiste Rousseau's: Ode tirée du Cantique d'Ézéchias, whose first two lines Chateaubriand now quotes*).

J'ai vu mes tristes journées
Décliner vers leur penchant;

According to Josephus, this miraculous spring flowed for the army of Titus, and refused its waters to the guilty Jews (*Josephus: Jewish Wars: IX:4*). The pool, or rather the twin pools of the same name, is quite near the source. They serve now as before for washing clothes, and we saw women there who shouted abuse at us as they fled. The water of the fountain is quite salty and unpalatable to the taste; people bathe their eyes there in memory of the healing of the blind man.

Nearby is shown the place where the prophet Isaiah suffered the punishment of which I spoke. There is also a village there called *Siloan*; at the foot of this village is another fountain, that the Scriptures call *Rogel* (*En-Rogel: the Fountain of the Fuller*): facing this fountain, at the foot of Mount Sion, is a third fountain, which bears the name of Mary. It is believed that the Virgin came to fetch water, as the daughters of Laban came to the well from which Jacob rolled the stone: *Ecce Rachel veniebat ovibus patris sui cum*: *Rachel came with her father's sheep, etc.* (*Genesis 29:9*). The Fountain of the Virgin mingles its waters with those of the pool of Siloam.

Here, as noted by Saint Jerome, we are at the base of Mount Moriah beneath the walls of the Temple, almost opposite the Gate of Sterquilinus (*god of fertilisation, hence manure: this is the Dung Gate, Bab al-Maghariba).* We proceeded towards the eastern corner of the city wall, and entered the valley of Jehoshaphat. It runs from north to south between the Mount of Olives and Mount Moriah. The Kidron River runs through it; the river is dry for part of the year; in storms, or during the spring rains, it yields a reddish coloured water.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat is also called in Scripture the *Valley of Shaveh*, the *Valley of the King*, the *Valley of Melchizedek* (regarding all this there are different opinions. The Valley of the King may well have been nearer the mountains of Jordan, and that location is more appropriate to the story of Abraham). It was in the Valley of Melchizedek that the king of Sodom sought Abraham to congratulate him on his victory over the five kings (*Genesis:14:17*). Moloch and Belphegor (*Baal-Peor*) were worshipped in that same valley. It later took the name Jehoshaphat, because the king of that name erected his tomb there. The Valley of Jehoshaphat seems always to have served as a cemetery for Jerusalem; one meets there with monuments of the remotest ages, and of recent times: Jews come there to die from the four corners of the world; a stranger sells them, for their weight in gold, a little ground in which their corpse is to be buried, in the fields of their ancestors. The cedars which Solomon planted in this valley (Josephus relates that Solomon clothed the plains of Judea with cedars: *Josephus: Antiquities: VIII.7.4*), the shadow of the temple with which it was covered, the river that flowed through it (Kedron is a Hebrew word which signifies darkness and sadness; one notes that there is an error in the Greek text, and hence in the Vulgate, *of verse XVIII:1* of the Gospel of Saint John, which calls it the river of cedars; the error derives from an incorrect letter, omega for omicron, *χεδρων* instead of *χεδρον*), the songs of mourning that David wrote there, the lamentations that Jeremiah gave tongue to

there, rendered it fitting for sadness, and the peace of the tomb. In commencing his passion in that solitary place, Jesus Christ consecrated it again to sorrow: the innocent David there poured out, to wash away our sins, the tears that a guilty David shed to atone for his own errors. There are few names that rouse the imagination to thoughts at once more moving and more formidable than that of the valley of Jehoshaphat, a valley so full of mysteries that, according to the prophet Joel, all men will one day have to appear there before the redoubtable judge: *Congregabo omnes gentes, et deducam eas in vallem Jehoshaphat, et disceptabo cum eis ibi*: *I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there* (*Joel: 3:2*). 'It is reasonable,' says Père Nau, 'that the honour of Jesus Christ should be publicly restored in the place where He was robbed of it with such insults and indignities, and that He shall judge men justly in the place where they so unjustly judged Him.'

The Valley of Jehoshaphat has a desolate aspect: the western side is a high chalk cliff that supports the gothic walls of the city, above which one can see Jerusalem; the eastern side is formed by the Mount of Olives and the Mountain of Offence, *Mons Offensionis*, so named from Solomon's idolatry (*Vulgate:2 Kings: 23:13*). These two mountains, which are connected, are almost bare, and of a red and sombre colour: on their deserted flanks one sees, here and there, black scorched vines, a few clumps of wild olive-trees, wasteland covered with hyssop, chapels, oratories and ruined mosques. At the bottom of the valley is a bridge, a single arch, thrown across the ravine of the River Kidron. The stones of the Jewish cemetery seem like a mass of debris, at the foot of the Mountain of Offence (*also the Mountain of Scandal*), below the Arab village of Siloan: it is hard to distinguish the village hovels from the graves with which they are surrounded. Three ancient monuments, the tombs of Zechariah (*ben Jehoiada*), Absalom and Jehoshaphat, rise from this field of destruction. Given the sadness of Jerusalem, from which no smoke rises, from which no sound emerges; given the solitude of the mountains, where no living being can be seen; given the ruins of those broken, damaged, half-open tombs, it is as if the trumpet of Judgement had already sounded in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and that the dead were about to rise.

At its rim, and close to the source of the River Kidron, we entered the Garden of Olives; it belongs to the Latin Fathers, who bought it with their own money: there, eight large olive trees of extreme decrepitude are to be seen, The olive tree is virtually immortal, because it is reborn from its roots: on the citadel of Athens, they care for an olive tree whose origin dates back to the founding of the city. The olive trees, of the garden of that name, in Jerusalem date from at least the time of the Late Empire; here is proof: in Turkey, any olive tree found by the Muslims when they invaded Asia, is taxed at one piece of silver (*medin*), while half the crop from any olive tree planted since the conquest is owed to the Grand Seigneur (this law is as absurd as most others in Turkey: how bizarre to spare the vanquished from a time of conquest, when violence may bring injustice and overwhelm the subject in peace-time!): thus, the eight olive trees we are speaking of are taxed at eight *medins*. We dismounted at the entrance to the garden to visit the Stations of the mountain on foot. The village of Gethsemane is some distance away from the Garden of Olives. These days it is identified, in error, with the garden itself, as noted by Thévenot and Roger.

We first entered the sepulchre of the Virgin. It is a subterranean church, which you descend by fifty quite beautiful steps: it is shared among all Christian sects: the Turks themselves have a chapel in that place; the Catholics maintain the tomb of Mary. Although the Madonna did not die in Jerusalem, she was (in the opinion of several Fathers of the Church) miraculously buried at Gethsemane by the apostles. A certain Euthymius tells the story of the wonderful happenings at the funeral. Saint Thomas having opened the coffin, nothing was found but a virgin's robe, the poor and simple clothing of that Queen of glory whom the angels had lifted to heaven (*See Saint John Damascene: Homily on the Dormition*).

The tombs of Saint Joseph, Saint Joachim and Saint Anne are also to be seen in this underground church.

Emerging from the tomb of the Virgin, we went to see the cave, in the garden of Olives, where the Saviour sweated blood, saying: *Pater mi, si possibile est, transeat a me calix iste: O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me* (*Vulgate: Matthew: 26:39*).

The cavern is irregular; altars have been erected there. Outside, some few paces distant, one may see the place where Judas betrayed his master with a kiss. To what kind of humiliation did Jesus Christ not consent to descend! He experienced those terrible degradations in life that virtue itself finds difficulty in overcoming. And the moment an angel is obliged to descend from heaven to support Divinity, faltering under the burden of human misery, that merciful Divinity is betrayed by Mankind!

Leaving this cave of the cup of bitterness, and climbing a winding path strewn with pebbles, the dragoman halted us near a rock where it is claimed Jesus Christ looked upon the guilty city, weeping over the impending desolation of Sion. Baronius (*Cardinal Cesare Baronio: Ecclesiastical Annals*) observes that Titus erected his tents in the place where the Saviour had foretold the destruction of Jerusalem. Doubdan, who disagrees with this suggestion, without citing Baronius, believes that the Sixth Roman Legion camped on the summit of the Mount of Olives, and not on the slopes of the mountain. His opinion is excessively critical, while Baronius's remark is no less beautiful or just.

From the Rock of Prediction we climbed to the caves which are to the right of the path. They are called the *Tombs of the Prophets*; they are unremarkable, and little is known as to which prophets were supposedly buried there.

A short distance above the caves we found a kind of cistern, composed of twelve arches; it was there that the apostles created the first embodiment of our belief. While the world worshipped a thousand false deities under the sun, twelve fishermen, concealed in the bowels of the earth, uttered their profession of faith on behalf of the human race, and recognized the unity of God, the creator of those stars beneath which they dared not, as yet, proclaim his existence. If some Roman of Augustus's court, passing that subterranean place, had seen the twelve Jews who composed that sublime work, what contempt he would have shown for that superstitious band! With what contempt he would have spoken of those first believers! And yet they would overthrow that Roman's temples, destroy the religion of his fathers, alter the laws, politics, morality, reasoning, and even the thoughts of mankind. Let us never despair then of the salvation of nations. Christians today mourn the

waning of faith; who knows if God has not planted in some neglected place that grain of wild-mustard seed that multiplies in the fields? Perhaps we are unable to keep that hope of salvation before our eyes, perhaps it appears to us as ridiculous and absurd. But who could ever have conceived the folly of the Cross?

Climbing a little higher, one encounters the ruins, or rather the abandoned site, of a chapel: a continuous tradition teaches that Jesus Christ in this place recited the *Lord's Prayer*.

'One day Jesus was praying in a certain place. When he finished, one of his disciples said to him, "Lord, teach us to pray, just as John taught his disciples." He said to them, "When you pray, say: 'Father, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, etc.'" (*Luke:11:1-2*)

Thus were composed, at almost the same place, that profession of faith on behalf of all mankind, and a prayer capable of being spoken by all mankind.

Thirty yards away, a little towards the north, is an olive tree at whose foot the Son of the Almighty Judge predicted the universal judgement.

Finally, about fifty yards across the mountain-side, one arrives at a small mosque, octagonal in shape, the remains of a church once built on the spot where Jesus Christ ascended into heaven after his resurrection. One can distinguish in the rock a man's left footprint; traces of that of the right foot were once visible too: the majority of pilgrims claim that the Turks removed the second imprint, to adorn the Temple mosque, but Père Roger positively asserts that it is not present in that place. I bow silently, out of respect, while as yet remaining unconvinced, before the considerable weight of authority: Saint Augustine, Saint Jerome, Saint Paulinus, Sulpicius Severus, the Venerable Bede, tradition, and all ancient and modern travellers, assure us that it is the footprint of Jesus Christ. Examination of the footprint led to the conclusion that the Saviour's face was turned toward the north at the time of his ascension, as if to reject a southerly direction infested with errors, to summon to the faith those barbarians who were to overthrow the temples of their false gods, to create new nations, and plant the banner of the cross on the walls of Jerusalem.

Several of the Fathers of the Church believed that Jesus Christ rose to heaven amidst the souls of the patriarchs and prophets, delivered by him from the chains of death: his mother, and one hundred and twenty disciples, bore witness to his ascension. He stretched out his arms like Moses, says Saint Gregory of Nazianzus, and presented his disciples to the Father; then he crossed his powerful hands while lowering them over the heads of his beloved friends (Tertullian), and it was in this way that Jacob blessed the sons of Joseph; then, leaving the earth with wondrous majesty, he ascended slowly to the eternal realms, and vanished in a glowing cloud (Ludolph).

Saint Helen ordered a church built where the octagonal mosque now stands. Saint Jerome tells us that the vault of the church where Jesus Christ ascended through the air could never be roofed over. The venerable Bede assures that in his day, on the eve of the Ascension, the Mount of Olives appeared covered with lights, throughout the night. Nothing requires us to believe these traditions, which I record solely to illuminate history

and tradition; but if Descartes and Newton had maintained philosophical doubts regarding these wonders, Racine and Milton would not have repeated them in poetry.

In this way, evangelical history is illustrated by means of its monuments. We have seen it begin in Bethlehem, progress to its denouement before Pilate, arrive at the catastrophe of Calvary, and end on the Mount of Olives. The actual scene of the Ascension is not quite at the top of the mountain, but two or three hundred feet below its highest summit.

We descended the Mount of Olives, and, remounting our horses, continued our journey. We left behind us the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and rode by steep tracks to the northern corner of the city; from there turning west and along the wall that faces north, we arrived at the cave where Jeremiah wrote his *Lamentations*. We were not far from the tombs of the kings, but we renounced seeing them, because it was too late in the day. We returned to the Jaffa Gate, through which we had left Jerusalem. It was precisely seven o'clock when we reached the monastery.

Our outing had taken five hours. On foot, and following the walls of the city, it only takes an hour to make the circuit of Jerusalem.

On the 8th of October, at five in the morning, I set out with Ali-Aga and the dragoman Michel to view the interior of the city. It is necessary to digress here to glance at the history of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem was founded in the year 2023, by the high priest Melchizedek: he named it *Salem*, that is to say Peace; it then occupied only the two mountains of Moria and Acra.

Fifty years after its founding, it was taken by the Jebusites, descendants of Jebus, son of Canaan. They built a citadel on Mount Sion, to which they gave the name of Jebus, their father; the city then took the name of *Jerusalem*, which means *Vision of Peace*. All Scripture praises it magnificently: *Jerusalem, civitas Dei…Luce splendida fulgebis:et omnes fines terrae adorabunt te: Jerusalem, City of God…Thou shalt shine with a glorious light: and all the ends of the earth shall worship thee.* (*Vulgate: Tobias: 13:11,13*) etc.

Joshua took the lower city of Jerusalem, on the first year of his entry into the Promised Land: he killed the king Adonizedek, and the four kings of Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish and Eglon (*Joshuah: 10:1-3*). The Jebusites remained masters of the city, or the high citadel, of Jebus. They were not driven out until the time of David, eight hundred and twenty-four years after their entry into the city of Melchizedek.

David added to the fortress of Jebus, and gave it his own name. He also built, on Mount Sion, a palace and a tabernacle, in which to place the Ark of the Covenant.

Solomon added to the holy city: he built that first temple whose wonders Scripture and the historian Josephus describe for us, and for which Solomon himself wrote songs of great beauty.

Five years after the death of Solomon, Shishak, king of Egypt, attacked Rehoboam, and took and plundered Jerusalem (*1 Kings:14:25*).

It was sacked again, one hundred and fifty years, later by Joash king of Israel (*2 Chronicles:25:23*).

Again invaded by the Assyrians, Manasseh, king of Judah, was taken captive to Babylon (*2 Chronicles:33:11*). Finally, during the reign of Zedekiah, Nebuchadnezzar

razed Jerusalem to the ground, burned the temple, and transported the Jews to Babylon (*2 Kings:25*). *Sion quasi ager arabitur*,' said Jeremiah, '*et Hierusalem in acervum lapidum erit*: *Sion shall be plowed like a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps* (*Jeremiah 26:18*). Saint Jerome, in order to paint the loneliness of this desolate city, said one could not see a single bird flying there.

The first temple was destroyed, four hundred and seventy years, six months and ten days after its foundation by Solomon, in the year 3513 about four hundred years before Christ: four hundred and seventy seven years had elapsed from David to Zedekiah, and the city had been ruled by seventeen kings.

After seventy years of captivity, Zerubbabel began to rebuild the temple and the city. This work, interrupted for several years, was completed by Ezra and Nehemiah. Alexander passed through Jerusalem in the year 3583 (c*332BC*), and offered sacrifices in the temple.

Ptolemy I Soter (*Lagides*) became master of Jerusalem (*320BC*); and the city was treated well under Ptolemy II Philadelphus, who endowed the Temple with magnificent gifts.

Antiochus III, the Great, recaptured Judea from the kings of Egypt (*c201BC*), and then handed it over to Ptolemy VIII Euergetes. Antiochus IV Epiphanes sacked Jerusalem again, and set up the image of Olympian Zeus in the temple (*167BC*). The Maccabees freed their country, and defended it against the kings of Asia.

Unfortunately Aristobulus and Hyrcanus disputed the crown; they had recourse to the Romans, who at the death of Mithridates had become the masters of the East. Pompey advanced to Jerusalem; entering the city, he besieged and took the temple (*63BC*). Crassus lost no time in pillaging that august monument, which Pompey had treated with respect.

Hyrcanus II, protected by Caesar, was maintained in the high priesthood. Antigonus II, the son of Aristobulus II, embittered by the Pompeians, made war on his uncle Hyrcanus, and summoned the Parthians to his aid. The latter, descending on Judea, entered Jerusalem, and took Hyrcanus prisoner (*40BC*).

Herod the Great, son of Antipater, a distinguished officer at the court of Hyrcanus, seized the Kingdom of Judea with the support of the Romans. Antigonus, whom the fortunes of war had allowed to fall into Herod's hands, was sent to Mark Antony. The last descendant of the Maccabees, the rightful king of Jerusalem, was bound to a stake, beaten with rods, and put to death, by order of a Roman citizen.

Herod, remaining sole master of Jerusalem, filled it with beautiful monuments, of which I will speak later. It was during his reign that Jesus Christ was born. Archelaus, the son of Herod and Mariamne, succeeded his father (*4BC*), while Herod Antipas, also a son of Herod the Great, held the tetrarchy of Galilee and Peraea. It was he who beheaded John the Baptist, and sent Jesus Christ to Pilate. This Herod the Tetrarch was banished to Lyon by Caligula (*39AD*).

Herod Agrippa, the grand-son of Herod the Great, obtained the kingdom of Judea, but his brother Herod V, King of Chalcis, had power over the temple, the sacred treasure and the high priesthood.

After Herod Agrippa's death, Judea was reduced to a Roman province. The Jews having rebelled against their masters, Titus besieged and took Jerusalem. Two hundred thousand Jews died of starvation during the siege. From the 14th of April until the 1st of July of the year 70AD, one hundred and fifteen thousand, eight hundred and eighty corpses were carried through just a single gate of Jerusalem (is it not strange that a critic has reproached me regarding all these calculations, as if they were mine, as if I were doing anything else than following the historians of antiquity, including Josephus? The Abbé Antoine Guenée and several other scholars have shown, moreover, that these calculations are not exaggerated). The people ate the leather of their shoes and shields, they were reduced to feeding on hay, and ordure found in the sewers of the city: a mother ate her dead child. The besieged swallowed their gold; the Roman soldiers, witnessing this, slaughtered their prisoners, and then sought the treasure hidden in the entrails of those unfortunates. Eleven hundred thousand Jews perished in the city of Jerusalem and two hundred and thirty-eight thousand, four hundred and sixty in the rest of Judea. I exclude from this number women and children, and the elderly who died from hunger and the flames of sedition. Finally there were ninety-nine thousand, two hundred prisoners of war; some were sentenced to labour at public works; the rest were reserved for Titus's triumphs: they appeared in the amphitheatres of Europe and Asia, where they killed each other to amuse the populace, throughout the Roman Empire. Those males who had not attained the age of seventeen years were auctioned along with the women; they sold for thirty to the penny. The blood of the Righteous had been sold for thirty pieces of silver in Jerusalem, and the people cried: *Sanguis eius super nos et super filios nostros: His blood be on us and on our children* (*Matthew:27:25*). God heard that desire of the Jews, and for the last time he granted their prayer, after which he averted his eyes from the Promised Land and chose a new people.

The temple was burned thirty-seven years after the death of Jesus Christ; so that many who heard the Saviour's prophecy could witness its accomplishment.

The remnant of the Jewish nation rose again. Hadrian finished the destruction of what Titus had left standing of ancient Jerusalem. He raised on the ruins of the city of David another city, to which he gave the name *Aelia Capitolina*; he forbade entry to Jews on pain of death, and had a hog sculpted over the gate leading to Bethlehem. Saint Gregory of Nazianzus, however, assures us that the Jews were allowed to enter Aelia once a year to wail there; Jerome adds that for their weight in gold they were granted the right to shed tears over the ashes of their homeland.

Five hundred and eighty-five thousand Jews died, according to Cassius Dio (*Cassius Dio: Roman history: 69.13.2-3*), at the hands of the soldiers in Hadrian's wars. A multitude of slaves of both sexes were marketed at the fairs in Gaza and Mamre; fifty castles were razed and nine hundred and eighty-five towns.

Hadrian built his new city, in exactly the same place that it now occupies; and by a special providence, as Doubdan observed, he enclosed Mount Calvary within the city walls. At the time of the persecution of Diocletian, the very name of Jerusalem was so completely forgotten, that a martyr having replied to a Roman governor that he was from Jerusalem, the Governor imagined that the martyr was talking about some factious town, built secretly

by the Christians. Towards the end of the seventh century, Jerusalem still bore the name *Aelia*, as seen in Arculf's *Travels* in Adamannus's version, or in that of the Venerable Bede.

Various changes seem to have taken place in Judea, under the emperors Antoninus, Severus, and Caracalla. Jerusalem, having become pagan in her old age, at last recognized the God she had rejected. Constantine and his mother threw down the idols erected over the Tomb of the Saviour, and re-dedicated the holy places with buildings that are still visible.

It was in vain that Julian, thirty-seven years later, gathered the Jews again in Jerusalem to rebuild the temple: the men laboured at this work with baskets, spades and shovels of silver; the women carried earth in the folds of their finest dresses, but globes of fire emerging from the half-dug foundations scattered the workers, and prevented the completion of the project.

There was a Jewish revolt under Justinian, in the year 501AD. It was also under that emperor that the Church in Jerusalem was elevated to patriarchal dignity.

Destined to struggle continually against idolatry, and to vanquish false religions, Jerusalem was taken by Chosroes, king of Persia, in the year 614AD. The Jews, spreading throughout Judea, bought ninety thousand Christian prisoners from that prince, and slaughtered them.

Heraclius defeated Chosroes in 627AD, recaptured the True Cross which the Persian king had removed, and returned it to Jerusalem.

Nine years later, the Caliph Umar, the third successor of the prophet Mohammed, took Jerusalem, after besieging it for four months: Palestine and Egypt fell under the yoke of the conqueror.

Umar was assassinated in Jerusalem in 644AD. The establishment of several caliphates in Arabia and Syria, the fall of the Ummayad dynasty and the rise of that of the Abbasid, filled Judea with disorder and misery for more than two hundred years.

The Turk, Ahmad Ibn Tulun, who from governor of Egypt rose to become its ruler, conquered Jerusalem in 868AD; but his son being defeated by the caliphs of Baghdad, the holy city was subject once more to the rule of the caliphs, in 905AD.

Another Turk, named Muhammad bin Tughj Al-Ikhshid, having in turn taken possession of Egypt, extended his domains, and subdued Jerusalem in 936AD.

The Fatimids, emerging from the sands of Cyrenaica in 968AD, drove the Ikhshidids from Egypt, and conquered several cities in Palestine.

Another Turk, by the name of Ortok, favoured by the Seljuks of Aleppo, became master of Jerusalem in 984AD, and his children reigned after him.

Al-Aziz Billah, Caliph of Egypt, forced the Ortokids to leave Jerusalem. Hakem or Hekem (*Al-Hakim bi-Amr Allah*), successor to Al-Aziz and the sixth Fatimid caliph, persecuted the Christians of Jerusalem from the year 996, as I have already recounted, when speaking of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This caliph died in 1021.

Malik Shah (*Jalal al-Dawlah Malik-shah I*), a Seljuk Turk, took the holy city in 1077AD, and ravaged the whole country. The Ortokids, who had been driven from Jerusalem by the Caliph Al-Aziz, returned, and held it against Redouan (*Fakhr al-Mulk*

Radwan), prince of Aleppo. But they were expelled again by the Fatimids in 1077AD: they still reigned when the Crusaders appeared on the borders of Palestine.

The writers of the eighteenth century were content to represent the Crusades in an odious light. I was one of the first to speak out against this ignorance or injustice (See *Le Génie du Christianisme*). The Crusades were not follies, as some affect to call them, neither in principle, nor in their result. The Christians were not the aggressors. If the subjects of Umar, leaving Jerusalem, eventually descended, after ranging through Africa, on Sicily, Spain, and even France itself, where Charles Martel destroyed them (*Battle of Tours, 732AD*), why should the subjects of Philip I, emerging from France, not range through Asia Minor, as far as Jerusalem, to take vengeance on the descendants of Umar? Doubtless it was a great spectacle to see those two armies, of Europe and Asia, advancing in opposite directions around the Mediterranean and, under the banner of their respective religions, attacking the legacy of Mohammed and Jesus Christ in the midst of their worshippers. But to see the Crusaders as simply armed pilgrims seeking to deliver a tomb in Palestine is to reveal a very limited view of history. It was not only a question of the holy tomb, but also about which should prevail on earth, a religion which was an enemy of civilization, systematically maintaining ignorance, despotism, and slavery, or a religion that revived the spirit of ancient knowledge in the modern world, and abolished slavery. It suffices to read the speech of Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont (*1095AD*) to become convinced that the leaders of those warlike enterprises were not as narrow-minded as one might suppose, and that they thought to save the world from a further flood of barbarians. The spirit of Islam is persecution and conquest; the Gospel, however, only preaches tolerance and peace. Hence the Christians endured, for seven hundred and sixty-four years, all the evils that Saracen fanaticism obliged them to endure; they merely attempted to interest Charlemagne in their favour: and neither Spain's submission, nor the invasion of France, nor the ravaging of Greece and the two Sicilies, nor the whole of Africa enchained, could persuade the Christians to take up arms throughout almost eight centuries. If, ultimately, the cries of so many slaughtered victims in the East, and the barbarian advance to the very gates of Constantinople, awakened Christendom and roused it to its own defence, who would dare claim that the Crusaders cause was unjust? Where would we be if our fathers had not met force with force? Contemplate Greece, and one sees what happens to a nation beneath the Muslim yoke. Those who applaud the progress of enlightenment today, would they then wish to see a religion prevail among us that burned the library of Alexandria (*642AD*), considers it a merit to trample mankind underfoot, and wholly despises literature and the arts?

The Crusades, by weakening the Mohammedan hordes at the very heart of Asia Minor, prevented us from becoming prey to the Turks and Arabs. They did more: they saved us from our own revolutions; they suspended, through the *peace of God*, our civil wars; they provided a means of expansion for the excess population that sooner or later causes the ruin of States; a remark which Père Maimbourg (*Louis Maimbourg*) made, and that Monsieur de Bonald (*Louis Gabriel Ambroise de Bonald*) has developed.

As for the other results of the Crusades, one begins to see that those warlike enterprises were favourable to the advancement of literature and civilization. Robertson

fully treated this subject in his *Historical Disquisition Concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India* (*William Robertson, 1791*). I would add that we should not in these calculations omit the renown that European armies gained in their overseas expeditions. The era of these expeditions represents the heroic age of our history; it is the age that gave birth to our epic poetry. All that cloaks a nation with wonder ought not to be despised by that nation itself. It is in vain that one might seek to hide it; there is something in our hearts that makes us love glory; human beings are not simply composed of precise calculations regarding their own good and ill, that would be to demean them far too excessively; it was the Romans championing of the *eternal nature* of their city that led them to conquer the known world, and leave an eternal name to history.

Godfrey appeared then, on the borders of Palestine, in the year 1099AD; he was accompanied by Baldwin, Eustace, Tancred, and Raymond IV of Toulouse; by the Counts of Flanders and Normandy; by Lethalde (*of Tournai*), who was the first to surmount the walls of Jerusalem; by Guicher, already famous for having cut a lion in two; by Gaston de Foix, by Gerard de Roussillon, by Raimbaud d'Orange, by Saint-Pol, and by Lambert: Peter the Hermit marched with his pilgrim's staff at the head of these knights. First they took Ramla (*1099AD*); they then entered Emmaus, while Tancred and Baldwin de Bourg penetrated to Bethlehem. Jerusalem was soon besieged, and the banner of the cross floated above its walls on Friday the 15th of July, or some say on the 12th of July, 1099, at three in the afternoon.

I will speak of the siege of this city when I turn to the scenes of *Jerusalem Delivered* (*Tasso: La Gerusalemme liberata*). Godfrey was elected king of the vanquished city by his brothers in arms. It was an age when simple knights leaped from the breach in a wall to a throne: the helmet learned to wear the tiara, and the wounded hand that grasped a pike was nobly wrapped in purple. Godfrey refused to set the glittering crown offered to him on his head, 'not wishing,' he said, 'to wear a crown of gold where Christ wore a crown of thorns.'

Nablus opened its gates; the Army of the Sultan of Egypt was beaten at Ascalon (*on the 12th of August, 1099*). Robert, a monk, who described the defeat of that army, used precisely the comparison used by Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, a comparison borrowed from the Bible:

> *La Palestine, enfin, après tant de ravages,*
> *Vit fuir ses ennemis, comme on voit les nuages*
> *Dans le vague des airs fuir devant l'aquilon;*
>
> At last, Palestine, after such great devastation,
> Saw its foes flee, as clouds are seen to run,
> Through wastes of air, some northerly drives on;
>
> (*J-B Rousseau: Odes III:5, Aux Princes Chrétiens*)

It is likely that Godfrey died at Jaffa (*in July 1100*), whose walls he had rebuilt. He

was succeeded by his brother Baldwin I, count of Edessa. He expired in the midst of his victories and, in 1118AD, left the kingdom to his nephew Baldwin de Bourg. Melisende, the eldest daughter of this Baldwin II, married Fulk of Anjou, and brought her husband the kingdom of Jerusalem, about the year 1130AD. Fulk died after a fall from his horse in 1140AD, and their son Baldwin III succeeded him. The Second Crusade (*1145-1149AD*), preached by Saint Bernard, led by Louis VII and the Emperor Conrad, took place during the reign of Baldwin III. After having occupied the throne for twenty years, Baldwin left the crown to his brother Amaury (*Almaric I*), who wore it for eleven years. Amaury was succeeded (*in 1174AD*) by his son Baldwin, the fourth of that name.

Then Saladin appears, who first defeated but then victorious, finally wrested the holy places to their new masters.

Baldwin IV had given his sister Sibylla, widow of William Longsword (*of Montferrat*), in marriage to Guy of Lusignan. The nobles of the kingdom were divided in their jealousy at his choice. Baldwin IV, dying in 1185, was succeeded by his nephew Baldwin V, the son of Sibylla and William Longsword. The young king, who was only eight years old, succumbed, in 1186, to severe illness. His mother Sibylla had the crown bestowed on Guy of Lusignan, her second husband. The Count of Tripoli (*Raymond III*) betrayed the new monarch, who fell into the hands of Saladin at the Battle of Tiberias (*The Horns of Hattin*, *July 4th 1187AD*).

After completing his conquest of the maritime towns of Palestine, the Sultan besieged Jerusalem; he captured it in 1188AD. Each man was obliged to pay ten gold bezants in ransom: fourteen thousand people remained slaves being unable to pay the sum demanded. Saladin would not enter the mosque of the Temple, converted into a church by the Christians, without having the walls washed with rosewater. Five hundred camels, Sanutus says, were barely sufficient to carry all the rosewater used on that occasion: a tale worthy of the East. Saladin's soldiers pulled down a cross of gold that rose above the Temple, and dragged it through the streets to the summit of Mount Sion, where they broke it to pieces. One church alone was spared, and that was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre: the Syrians ransomed it for a large sum of money.

The crown of the lost kingdom went to Isabella, the daughter of Amaury I, sister of the deceased Sibylla, and wife of Humphrey IV of Toron. Philip II Augustus, and Richard the Lionheart, arrived too late to save the holy city, but they captured Ptolemais, or Saint Jean d'Acre. Richard's valour was so renowned that, long after the death of that prince, when a horse trembled without cause, the Saracens said it had glimpsed Richard's shadow. Saladin died shortly after taking Ptolemais (March, *1193AD*): he ordered that a shroud be carried on the point of a spear, on the day of his funeral, and that a herald cry aloud:

SALADIN
TAMER OF ASIA,
FROM ALL THE RICHES HE HAS WON,
BEARS ONLY THIS SHROUD AWAY.

Richard, Saladin's rival in glory, having left Palestine, was confined to a tower in Germany. His imprisonment gave rise to the tales of adventure history rejects, but the troubadours recalled in their ballads.

In the year 1240AD, the Emir of Damascus, As-Salih Ismail, who made war on Najm al-Din (*As-Salih Ayyub*), Sultan of Egypt, and who had entered Jerusalem, gave the city into the hands of the Latin princes. The Sultan sent the Khwarezmians to besiege the capital of Judea. They recaptured it, and massacred all the inhabitants (*in 1244AD*); they pillaged it again the following year before handing it over to the Sultan.

During the course of these events, the crown of Jerusalem had passed from Isabella to Henry II Count of Champagne, her new husband; and from the latter to Amaury I of Cyprus, brother of Guy of Lusignan, who wedded the same Isabella; her fourth marriage. He had a son who died in infancy. Maria, daughter of Isabella and her second husband, Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, became heir to a non-existent kingdom. John, Count of Brienne, married Maria (*1210AD*). They had a daughter, Isabella II, or Yolande, who married the Emperor Frederick II. He had arrived in Tyre, and made peace with the Sultan of Egypt. The conditions of the treaty (*1229AD*) were that Jerusalem would be divided between Christians and Muslims. Frederick II, in consequence, had assumed the crown of Godfrey at the altar of the Holy Sepulchre, placed it on his head, and swiftly returned to Europe. It is probable that the Saracens did not keep the commitments they had made to Frederick, since fifteen years later, in 1244AD, Najm al-Din (*As-Salih Ayyub*) caused Jerusalem to be sacked, as I mentioned above. Saint Louis arrived in the East five years after this latter disaster. It is remarkable that this prince, as a prisoner in Egypt (*1250AD*), saw the last of the family of Saladin's heirs (*the Ayyubids*) massacred before his eyes.

It is known that the Mameluke Bahris, after dipping their hands in the blood of their master, thought, for a moment, of striking off Saint Louis' fetters, and making him their Sultan, so struck were they by his virtues! Saint Louis told the Sire de Joinville he would have accepted the crown if the infidels had bestowed it upon him. Nothing is more revealing of that prince, who had no less greatness in his soul than piety, but in whom religion did not exclude the concept of royalty.

The Mamelukes decided otherwise: Al-Mu'izz (*Izz ad-Din Aybak*), Al-Mansur Nour ad-Din Ali, and Al-Muzaffar Saif ad-Din Qutuz, in turn succeeded to the throne of Egypt, and the famous Baibars al-Bunduqdari became Sultan in 1260. He ravaged that part of Palestine which had not yielded to his army, but had Jerusalem re-built. Al Mansur Qalawun, inherited the Sultanate from Al-Said Barakah, and in 1281 harried the Christians, Al-Ashraf Khalil, his son, winning Tyre and Ptolemais; finally, in 1291, the Christians were driven from the Holy Land, utterly, having been in power there for a hundred and ninety-two years, and having reigned in Jerusalem for eighty-eight of those years.

The empty title of King of Jerusalem was bestowed on the House of Sicily by the brother of Saint Louis, Charles, Count of Provence and Anjou (*Charles I of Naples*), who united to his crown the entitlements of the King of Cyprus and of Princess Mary, daughter of Frederick, Prince of Antioch. The Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem, who became the Knights of Rhodes and Malta, and the Teutonic Knights, conquerors of northern Europe and founders of the Kingdom of Prussia, are now the only remnants of those crusaders who made Africa and Asia tremble and held the thrones of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Constantinople.

There are still some people who are persuaded on the authority of a few stale pleasantries that the Kingdom of Jerusalem was a wretched little valley, unworthy of the pompous name with which it was adorned: it was in fact a large and substantial territory. The entire Scriptures; pagan authors such as Hecataeus of Abdera, Theophrastus, Strabo himself, Pausanias, Galen, Dioscorides, Pliny, Tacitus, Solinus, and Ammianus Marcellinus; Jewish writers, such as Josephus, and the compilers of the *Mishnah*, and *Talmud*; Arab historians and geographers, such as Masudi (*Abu al-Hasan Ali ibn al-Husayn al-Masudi, 'the Arab Herodotus'*), Ibn Haukal, Ibn al-Quadi (*Ahmad Ibn al-Qadi*), Hamdullah, (*Hamdullah al-Mustaufi al-Qazwini*), Abulfeda (*Abu'l-Fida*), Idrisi (*Muhammad al-Idrisi*) etc; and travellers in Palestine, from the earliest times until ours, testify unanimously to the wealth of Judea. The Abbe Guénée (*Antoine, Canon of Amiens*) has discussed these authorities with admirable clarity and judgement (in the four *Memoirs* of which I shall speak). Is it any surprise that a fertile country was turned to a wasteland after such devastation? Jerusalem was taken and sacked seventeen times; millions of men were slaughtered within its confines, and the results of that massacre still endure, in a manner of speaking; no other city has experienced a similar fate. That punishment, so lengthy and almost supernatural, proclaimed a crime without rival, and one which no punishment could expiate. In that land, a the prey to flame and the sword, uncultivated fields lost the fertility they owed to human labour; springs were buried under landslides; mountain slopes, no longer buttressed by the vine-growers' efforts, slid into the depths of the valleys; and hills, once covered with sycamore-trees, offered merely barren summits.

The Christians, having lost the kingdom thus, in 1291, the Bahri Sultans remained in possession of their conquest until 1382. At that time the Circassian Mamelukes usurped power in Egypt, and brought a new form of government to Palestine. If it was the Circassian Sultans who established a system of carrier-pigeons, and founded relay-stations to bring snow from the Mountains of Lebanon to Cairo, we are obliged to admit that, for barbarians, they were fully acquainted with the amenities of life. Selim I put an end to various rebellions by seizing Egypt and Syria, in 1516.

It is this Jerusalem of the Turks, this seventeenth shadow of the original Jerusalem, which we shall now examine.

On leaving the monastery, we proceeded to the citadel. Previously no one was allowed to visit it: now it is in ruins, you can enter for a few piastres. D'Anville proves that this castle, called by Christians the *Castle* or the *Tower of the Pisans* (*the Tower of David*) is built on the ruins of the ancient fortress of David, and occupies the site of the Psephina tower. It is unremarkable: it is a gothic fortress, such as exists everywhere, with interior

courtyards, ditches, covered ways, etc. I was shown an abandoned room, filled with old helmets. Some of these helmets were shaped like Egyptian caps; I also noticed various iron tubes, the length and size of a gun barrel, whose use I am ignorant of. I tried to buy two or three of these antiquities secretly; I am unsure what caused the negotiation to fail.

The castle keep commands a view of Jerusalem from west to east, as the Mount of Olives does from east to west. The landscape that surrounds the city is hostile: there are barren hills everywhere, rounded at the top, or terminating in a plateau; several of them, some distance away, bear the crumbling ruins of towers or mosques. The mountains are not so closely packed as to preclude openings through which the eye may seek other scenery, but these openings merely reveal rocks beyond as arid as those in the foreground.

It was from the heights of the Tower of David that the prophet-king caught sight of Bathsheba bathing in the gardens of Uriah the Hittite (*2 Samuel:11*). The passion he conceived for this woman later inspired in him the beautiful *Psalms of Penitence*:

'O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure (*Psalm 38:1*)…Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness (*Psalm 51:1*)...For my days are consumed like smoke...I am like a pelican of the wilderness (*Psalm 102:3,6*)...Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord (*Psalm 130:1*) etc.'

It is unclear why the castle of Jerusalem is known as the *Castle of the Pisans*. D'Anville, who formed various conjectures regarding it, quotes a rather curious passage of Belon's:

'Everyone who wants to enter the Sepulchre has to disgorge nine ducats, and no one rich or poor is exempt. Also he who farms the levy for entry to the Sepulchre has to pay eight thousand ducats to the Seigneur; which is the reason why the tenants fleece the pilgrims, on entry. The Franciscans, the Greek monks, and the other Christian orders, pay nothing to enter. The Turks hold it in high reverence, and enter with great shows of devotion. It is said that the Pisans imposed this levy of nine ducats when they were lords of Jerusalem, and that it has been maintained so since their day.'

The Tower of the Pisans (it also bore the name *Neblosa* in the late thirteenth century, as noted in a passage of Brocard) was guarded, when I saw it, by a sort of semi-Negroid agha: he kept his wives in seclusion there, and was doing well, judging by the warmth they showed for that sad ruin. Apart from that, no cannon were visible, and I am not sure if the discharge of a single gun would not topple all those ancient crenellations.

We left the castle after viewing it for an hour; we took a street that runs from west to east, called the *Street of the Bazaar*; it is the main street and the finest quarter in Jerusalem. But what desolation and wretchedness! It failed to match the usual description. We met not a soul, since most of the inhabitants had retreated to the mountains on the Pasha's arrival. The doors to a few deserted shops were open; through the doors you could see a few small rooms, seven or eight feet square, where the owners, who had currently fled, ate, lay down, and slept on their mats, which composed the only furnishings.

To the right of the Bazaar, between the Temple and the foot of Mount Sion, we entered the Jewish quarter. The Jewish population, fortified by their poverty, had braved the Pasha's assault: they were clothed in rags, seated amongst the dust of Sion, looking for insects which they devour, their eyes fixed on the Temple. The dragoman took me into a

kind of school; I wanted to buy the Hebrew *Pentateuch* with which a rabbi was teaching a child to read; but the rabbi would not, on any account, sell it to me. One notes that foreign Jews who settle in Jerusalem do not live long. As for those of Palestine, they are so poor that they send each year for alms from their brothers in Egypt and Barbary.

I had begun extensive research on the status of the Jews in Jerusalem since the destruction of that city by Titus until our day; I had entered on an important discussion regarding the fertility of Judea: on the publication of the recent volumes of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions*, I ceased work. In those volumes are to be found four *Memoirs* by the Abbé Guénée, which leave nothing to be desired regarding the two subjects I had intended to cover. The *Memoirs* are true masterpieces of clarity, judgement and scholarship. The author of the *Lettres de quelques Juifs Portugais* is one of those men whose fame, during his lifetime, literary cabals stifled, but whose reputation has subsequently increased. I refer the interested reader to these excellent *Memoirs*; they are easy to come by, being only recently published, in a series that is not unknown. I have no ambition to outdo the experts; I know enough to burn the fruit of my studies and recognize the fact, when someone else has wrought better than I. (I could have pillaged the Abbé Guénée's *Memoirs*, without saying anything, following the example of so many authors who seem to have drawn water from the source, when they have merely despoiled the experts whose names they have been silent about. Such frauds are very easy to perpetrate these days; since there is much ignorance in this age of enlightenment. People start writing without having read anything, and continue thus for a lifetime. Real men of letters groan at the sight of a host of young authors who would show talent perhaps if they studied a little. It should be remembered that Boileau read Longinus in the original and that Racine knew the Greek of Sophocles and Euripides by heart. May the Lord return us to the age of pedants! Thirty Vadius's could never do as much evil to literature as a schoolboy in a teacher's mortar-board. (*For the scholar Vadius, see Molière's play Les Femmes Savantes*.)

From the Jewish quarter we went to the House of Pilate, in order to view the mosque of the Temple through a window; it is forbidden to all Christians, under pain of death, to enter the square that surrounds the mosque: I will describe it later when I talk about the monuments of Jerusalem. At some distance from Pilate's praetorium, we found the Probatic Pool and Herod's Palace: the latter is a ruin whose foundations belong to antiquity.

A former Christian hospital, today dedicated to the relief of the Turks, attracted our attention. We were shown a huge cauldron called the *cauldron of Saint Helena*. Every Muslim who formerly presented themselves at this hospital received two small pieces of bread with vegetables cooked in oil; on Fridays a distribution of rice was added dressed with honey or preserves: all this no longer takes place; there is scarcely any trace left of such evangelical charity, whose emanations, as it were, remain attached to the walls of this hospital.

We traversed the city again, and returning to the Sion Gate, Ali-Aga had me climb the walls with him: the dragoman did not dare to follow us. I found some old twenty-four pound cannons, fitted to wheel-less carriages, set at the embrasures of a gothic bastion. A

guard who was smoking his pipe in a corner threatened to call out; Ali threatened to throw him into the ditch if he did so, and he kept silent: I gave him a piastre.

The walls of Jerusalem, which I circled three times on foot, present their four faces to the four winds; they form a rectangle of which the long sides run roughly east to west, at two compass points to the south. D'Anville showed, from local measurements and alignments, that ancient Jerusalem was not much larger than the modern city: it occupies almost the same site, except that it encloses the whole of Mount Sion, and that Calvary is now outside the walls. Josephus's text should not be taken literally, where that historian assures us that the city walls stretched northwards as far as the tombs of the kings: the distance in stadia is in conflict with that; though one might say that the walls still reach those sepulchres, because they are no more than five hundred paces distant from them.

The walls that encircle the city today are the work of Suleiman I, the son of Selim I (*they were restored between 1536 and 1541*) as evidenced by Turkish inscriptions set in the walls. It is claimed that Suleiman's intention was to include Mount Sion within the circuit walls of Jerusalem, and that he had the architect executed for not following his orders. These walls, flanked by square towers, are about thirty feet wide at the base and a hundred and twenty feet high; there is no moat other than the valleys that surround the city. Six twelve pound cannon, mounted on a defensive platform, by employing only a few gabions and without digging a trench, would force a practicable breach in a single night; but the Turks, lodged behind walls, defend themselves effectively, as we know, by means of breastworks. Jerusalem is overlooked on all sides; to make it defensible against a regular army, large advance works would be required to the west and north, and the construction of a fortress on the Mount of Olives.

In this pile of rubble, called a city, it pleases the locals to give street names to abandoned thoroughfares. These streets are quite curious, and merit description, especially since no traveller speaks of them; however Père Roger, Père Nau, etc., give the Arab names of some of the gates. I will start with these:

Bab-el-Kzalil, the Gate of the Beloved; it leads westward. One leaves by this gate to travel to Bethlehem, Hebron and the Monastery of Saint John in the Desert. Nau writes it as *Bab-el-Khalil* (*the Gate of the Friend*), and translates it as the Gate of Abraham: it is Deshayes' Jaffa Gate, the Pilgrims' Gate and is sometimes called by other travellers the Damascus Gate.

Bab-el-Nabi-Dahoud (*Bab an-Nabi Dawud*), the Gate of the Prophet David: this is on the south, at the summit of Mount Sion, almost opposite the tomb of David and the Holy Cenacle. Nau writes it as *Bab-Sidi-Daod*. It is called the Sion Gate by Deshayes, Doubdan, Roger, Cotovicus, Bénard, etc.

Bab-el-Maugrarbhe (*Bab el Mogharibeh*, or the *Mograbi Gate*) the Gate of the Maugrabis, the people of Barbary: this lies between the east and south, above the valley of Hinnom, near the corner of the Temple, opposite the village of Siloam. Nau writes it as *Bab-el-Megarebe*. It is the Gate of Sterquilinus, or the Dung Gate, through which the Jews led Jesus Christ to Pilate, after having taken him captive in the Garden of Olives.

Bab-el-Darahie, the Golden Gate; this is on the east and gives on to the forecourt of the Temple. The Turks have walled it up: a prophecy told them that Christians would one

day take the city via this gate; it is believed that Jesus Christ entered Jerusalem through this same gate on Palm Sunday.

Bab-el-Sidi-Mariam (*Bab Sitti Mariam, the Gate of Saint Mary*); this is the Gate of the Holy Virgin, to the east, opposite the Mount of Olives. Nau calls it, in Arabic, *Heutta*. All the descriptions of the Holy Land call it the gate of Saint Stephen, or of Mary, because it witnessed the martyrdom of Saint Stephen and leads to the Tomb of the Virgin. From the time of the Jews, it was called the Sheep Gate.

Bab-el-Zahara (*Bab a-Zahara*), the Gate of Dawn, or Gate of the Hoop, *Cerchiolino*: this faces north, and led to the cave of the Lamentations of Jeremiah. The better maps of Jerusalem concur in calling it the Gate of *Ephraim* or *Herod's* Gate. Cotovicus identifies it instead with the Damascus Gate, he writes it as: *Porta Damascena, sive Effraim* but his map, excessively tiny and defective, cannot compare with that of Deshayes, still less that of Shaw. The Spaniard Vera's map of his travels is very beautiful, but over-full and inaccurate. Nau does not give the Arabic name of the Gate of Ephraim; he is perhaps the only traveller who calls it the Gate of the Turkomen. The Gate of Ephraim and the Gate pf Sterquilinus, or the Dung Gate, are the smallest gates of Jerusalem.

Bab-el-Hamoud (*Bab al-Amud*) or *Bab-el-Cham*, the Gate of the Column or of Damascus: it faces north-west, and leads to the tombs of the kings, Nablus or Shechem, Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and Damascus. Nau writes it *Bab-el-Amoud*. When Simon of Cyrene met Jesus Christ carrying the cross, he came from the Damascus Gate. Pilgrims formerly entered by this gate, now they enter by that of Jaffa or Bethlehem, which has occasioned the transfer of the name of the Damascus Gate to the Jaffa or Pilgrims' Gate. This observation has not yet been reported, and I record it here in order to explain a confusion of place names which sometimes muddles visitors' descriptions.

Now we come to details of the streets. The three principal ones are called:

Harat-Bab-el-Hamoud, the Street of the Gate of the Column: it crosses the city from north to south.

Souk-el-Kebiz, the Street of the Grand Bazaar: it runs from west to east.

Harat-el-Allam, the Via Dolorosa: it starts at the Gate of the Virgin, passes Pilate's praetorium, and ends at Calvary.

There are several other small streets to be found:

Harat el Mulsmin, the Street of the Turks.

Harat al-Nassara, the Street of the Christians: it runs from the Holy Sepulchre to the Latin monastery.

Harat-el-Asman, the Street of the Armenians, east of the castle.

Harat-el-Youd, the Street of the Jews: the city's butchers occupy this street.

Harat-bab-Hotta, the Street of the Temple.

Harat-el-Zahara. My dragoman translated this for me by these words *strada Comparita*. I have no idea what they mean. He assured me repeatedly that wicked and rebellious people lived in this street.

Harat-el-Maugrarbey, the Street of the Maugrabins. These Maugrabins, as I said, are Occidentals or people of Barbary. Among them are to be found descendants of the Moors expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. These exiles were welcomed to the holy

city as a major act of charity: a mosque was built for them: and they still receive a distribution of bread, fruit and a little money. The heirs of the proud Abencerages, the elegant architects of the Alhambra, have become concierges in Jerusalem, sought out for their intelligence, or couriers valued for their fleetness of foot. What would Saladin and Richard the Lion Heart say if, suddenly returning to earth, they found those Moorish knights transformed into gate-keepers of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Christian knights represented by the monks of some charitable order?

At the time of Benjamin of Tudela's journey that is to say, under the French kings of Jerusalem, the city had three circles of walls and four gates, which Benjamin calls *Porta Somnus Abrahae* (*the Gate of Abraham's Sleep*), *Porta David*, *Porta Sion*, and *Porta Jehosaphat*. As for the triple walls, that description fails to agree with what we know about the site of Jerusalem, at the capture of the city by Saladin. Benjamin found a number of Jews living in the neighbourhood of the Tower of David; they had exclusive rights to the dyeing of linen and wool, in return for a levy paid annually to the king.

Readers who wish to compare modern and ancient Jerusalem may have recourse to D'Anville, in his *Dissertation sur l'ancienne Jérusalem*; to Reland, and to Père Lami's *De Sancta Civitate* (*Bernard Lami*: *De Tabernaculo foederis, de Sancta Civitate Jerusalem, et de Templo ejus*).

We returned to the monastery at nine o'clock. After lunch I went to visit the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs, who had sent me greetings via their dragoman.

The Greek monastery adjoins the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. From the terrace of the monastery a fairly large enclosure is to be seen, where two or three olive-trees and a few palm-trees and cypress trees grow: the house of the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem once occupied this abandoned ground. The Greek Patriarch seemed a very good man. At that time he was being oppressed by the Pasha, in the same manner as the Father Superior of Saint-Sauveur. We spoke of Greece: I asked him if they possessed any manuscripts; they offered me a sight of the Rituals and Treatises of the Church Fathers. After drinking coffee and receiving three or four rosaries, I went on to the house of the Armenian Patriarch. The latter is named Arsenios, and is from the city of Caesarea in Cappadocia; he was the Metropolitan of Scythopolis, and Patriarchal Procurator of Jerusalem; he wrote his own name and titles in Syriac characters for me on a slip of paper that I still possess. I did not find that air of suffering and oppression about him, which I had noted among the unfortunate Greeks, everywhere slaves. The Armenian monastery is pleasant; the charming church was of a rare cleanliness. The Patriarch, who resembled a wealthy Turk, was wrapped in silk robes, and seated on cushions. I drank excellent Mocha coffee. They brought me preserves, fresh water, and white napkins; aloe wood was burning, and I was assailed by the scent of essence of roses to the point of discomfort. Arsenios spoke contemptuously of the Turks. He assured me that the whole of Asia awaited the arrival of the French; that if a single soldier of my nation were to arrive in his country, there would be a general uprising. One cannot conceive what ferment afflicts the Oriental spirit (Monsieur Seetzen, who spent several months in Jerusalem a little before me, and who later travelled in Arabia, said in his letter to Monsieur de Zach (*François Xavier, Baron de Zach*), that the locals spoke to him of nothing but our French armies (*Annales des Voyages*,

by Monsieur Malte-Brun). I witnessed Ali-Aga, in Jericho, lose his temper with an Arab who mocked him, and who told him that if the Emperor had wanted to capture Jerusalem, he would have entered it as easily as a camel a field of sorghum. The people of the East are much more familiar than we with the ideas of invasion. They have witnessed the passage of all those men who have changed the face of the earth: Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Mohammed, and the recent conqueror of Europe (*Napoleon*). Accustomed to follow the destiny of some master or other, they have no code binding them to concepts of order and moderation; to kill when you are the stronger seems to them a legitimate proceeding; they submit to it, or exercise it, with a like indifference. They belong, essentially, to the sword; they admire all the prodigies of action it brings about: the blade is to them the wand of a genie that elevates and destroys empires. Freedom, they do not know; rights, they have none: force is their god. When they exist for any length of time without seeing some conqueror appear, some executor of the lofty justice of heaven, they are like soldiers without a leader, citizens without a law-maker, or a family without a father.

My two visits lasted about an hour. From the last, I went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; the Turk who opens the door had been warned to be ready to receive me: I paid my levy to Mohammed again for the right to worship Jesus Christ. I studied a second time, and in a more leisurely manner, the monuments of that venerable church. I ascended to the gallery, where I met the Coptic monk and the Abyssinian bishop: they were very poor, and their simplicity recalled the blessed age of the Gospels. Those semi-wild priests, their skin burnt by the fires of the tropics, wearing as sole sign of their dignity a robe of blue cloth, and having no other shelter than the Holy Sepulchre, moved me more than the Head of the Greek monks, and the Armenian Patriarch. I defy the imagination of the least religious not to be moved at the meeting of so many nations at the tomb of Jesus Christ, at the prayers uttered in a hundred different languages, in the very place where the apostles received from the Holy Spirit the gift of speaking every tongue on earth.

I left the Holy Sepulchre at one o'clock, and we returned to the monastery. The Pasha's soldiers had invaded the hospital, as I have already said, and lived there as they wished. On returning to my cell, traversing the corridor with the dragoman Michel, I met two young *spahis* armed head to toe, making a strange noise: it is true that they were hardly formidable; since, to Mohammed's shame, they were roaring drunk. As soon as they saw me, they blocked the way, laughing raucously. I stopped to await the result of their jest. Up to this point they had done me no harm, but soon one of these Tartars, getting behind me, took my head, and bent it forward with force, while his comrade, dragging down the collar of my coat, struck my neck with the back of his naked sword. The dragoman began to bellow. I struggled free of the *spahis'* grasp; I leapt at the throat of the one who had seized my head and, gripping his beard with one hand and choking him against the wall with the other, turned his face as black as my hat; after which I let him go, having returned him jest for jest, and insult for insult. The other *spahi*, loaded with wine and stunned by my actions, did not seek to revenge the greatest affront that can be offered a Turk, that of taking him by the beard. I retired to my room and prepared for every eventuality. The Father Superior was not troubled by my having chastised his persecutors; though he feared some catastrophe, a Turk once humiliated is never dangerous, and we heard nothing more of it.

I dined at two o'clock, and left at three with my little band as usual. I visited the tombs of the kings; from there, making a circuit of the city on foot, I stopped at the tombs of Absalom, Zechariah, and Jehoshaphat, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. I have said that the tombs of the kings are outside the Gate of Ephraim, to the north, three or four stone's-throws from the Cave of Jeremiah. Now let me speak of the monuments of Jerusalem.

I distinguish six types: firstly, purely Hebrew monuments; secondly, Greek and Roman monuments from pagan times; thirdly, Greek and Roman monuments from the Christian period; fourthly, Arab or Moorish monuments; fifthly, Gothic monuments from the age of the French kings; and sixthly, Turkish monuments.

Turning to the first of these:

One finds scant trace of them at Jerusalem, except for the Probatic Pool, since I attribute the tombs of the kings, and the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, and Zechariah, to the list of Greek and Roman monuments constructed by the Jews.

It is difficult to obtain a clear idea of the first, or even the second Temple, as described by Scripture and the writings of Josephus; but one discerns two things: the Jews had a taste for the grand and sombre in their buildings, like the Egyptians; they loved fine detail and recherché ornamentation, in both their carving in stone and their wooden decoration, of bronze or gold.

Solomon's Temple was destroyed by the Assyrians; the second Temple, rebuilt by Herod I, the Ascalonite, was of the order of those half-Jewish, half-Greek works which I will soon speak of.

Nothing is left to us then, in Jerusalem, of the primitive architecture of the Jews, except the Probatic Pool (*the Pool of Bethesda*). One can see it still near Saint Stephen's Gate, and it bordered the Temple to the north. It is a cistern, one hundred and fifty feet long and forty wide. The excavated pool of the reservoir is supported by walls, and these walls are composed as follows: a bed of large stones joined by iron clamps; a coating of masonry applied to these large stones; a layer of pebbles cemented to the masonry; and a final layer covering these pebbles. The four layers are perpendicular to the ground, not horizontal: the final covering was on the water's side; and the large stones leaned and still lean against the earth.

The pool is now dry, and half-filled; a few pomegranate-trees and a species of wild tamarind, with bluish-green foliage, grow there; the eastern corner is filled with prickly pears. On the western side there are two arches which give birth to two vaults: perhaps there was an aqueduct there that carried water to the interior of the temple.

Josephus calls this pool *Stagnum Salomonis* (*Josephus: The Jewish Wars: 5.4.2*), the Gospels call it the Probatic Pool (*John 5:2*), because they purified the sheep there before sacrifice. It was beside this pool that Jesus Christ said to the paralysed man:

'Rise, take up thy bed, and walk' (*John 5:8*).

This is all that remains today of the Jerusalem of David and Solomon.

The monuments of Greek and Roman Jerusalem are more numerous, and form a new and quite singular mode of art. I begin with the tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Valley of Siloam.

After crossing the bridge over the Kidron River, the tomb of Absalom is to be found at the foot of *Mons Offensionis* (the Mount of Offence). It is a square mass, measuring eight paces on each side; it is formed from a single rock, which was carved from the nearby mountain, which it is separated from by only fifteen feet. The decoration of the tomb consists of twenty-four columns of the Doric order, without fluting, six on each side of the monument. These columns are half-embedded and form an integral part of the block, having been cut from the original thickness of its mass. Above the capitals stands a frieze with a triglyph. Above the frieze is a plinth bearing a triangular pyramid, too tall for the total height of the tomb. This pyramid is of another piece to the body of the monument.

The tomb of Zachariah is very similar: it is carved into the rock in the same way, and ends in a slightly curved point, like a Phrygian cap, or a Chinese monument, the tomb of Jehoshaphat is a cave of which its door, in fairly good taste, is the chief ornament. Finally the tomb that received the apostle Saint James presents its satisfying portico to the valley of Siloam. The four columns that comprise this portico do not rest on the ground, but are placed at a certain height on the rock, like the colonnade of the Louvre above the first floor of that palace.

Tradition, as we may read, assigns names to these graves. Arculf, in Adamannus (*De Locis Sanctis*, lib. I, cap. X); Vilalpandus (*Juan Bautista Villalpando*: *Antiquae Jerusalem Descriptio*); Andrichomius (*Christiaan Kruik van Adrichem: Sententia de Loco Sepulchri Absalon*); Quaresmius (*Historica*: Vol. II, cap. IV and V), and several others, have either spoken of these names, or exhausted their historical learning on them. But if tradition were not refuted by the facts here, the architecture of these monuments alone would prove that their origin does not date as far back as the primary Jewish antiquity.

Were it absolutely necessary to fix the epoch when these mausoleums were built, I would place them at about the time of the alliance of the Jews and Spartans, under the first of the Maccabees. The Doric order was still predominant in Greece: the Corinthian order did not invade architecture until a half-century later, when the Romans began to expand their territory in the Peloponnese and Asia (also we find, in this later period, a Corinthian portico in the Temple rebuilt by Herod, columns with Greek and Latin inscriptions, doors of Corinthian bronze, etc. (Josephus, The Jewish Wars, VI, cap. XIV).

But in naturalizing the architecture of Corinth and Athens within Jerusalem, the Jews mingled with it forms derived from their own style. The tombs of the Valley of Jehoshaphat and especially the tombs of which I am about to speak offer a visible alliance between the taste of Egypt and the taste of Greece. From this alliance, a class of indecisive monuments results, which forms, so to speak, the transition between the Pyramids and the Parthenon; monuments in which one distinguishes a genius, sombre, bold, gigantesque, and an imagination, happy, wise and moderate (it is thus that, under Francis I, Greek architecture and the Gothic style intermingled, to produce delightful works). One may see a fine example of this truth in the royal sepulchres.

Leaving Jerusalem by the gate of Ephraim, one walks for half a mile on a bed of reddish rock, where a few olive trees grow. One then comes upon an excavation, in the middle of a field, closely resembling the abandoned workings of an ancient quarry. A wide gently sloping path leads you to the bottom of this excavation, which is entered by an

archway. One finds oneself in the middle of a bare room carved from the rock. This room is thirty feet long by thirty feet wide, and the walls of rock are between twelve and fifteen feet in height.

At the centre of the south wall, a large square door is visible, of the Doric order, dug several feet deep into the rock. A somewhat fanciful frieze, but of an exquisite delicacy, is carved above the door; there is first of all a triglyph, followed by a metope adorned with a simple circle; next comes a bunch of grapes between two crowns, and two palms. The triglyph appears again, and indeed the series is reproduced in the same manner for the length of the rock; but is now virtually effaced. Eighteen inches from the frieze, there is a carving of foliage, interspersed with pine cones and a fruit that I could not recognize, but which resembles a small Egyptian lemon. This latter decoration runs parallel to the frieze, and then descends perpendicularly on both sides of the door.

In the recess, and in the left corner of this main door, a passage opens through which one once might have walked in an upright position, but through which you glide today, in a crouching position. It ends, via a steep slope, as in the Great Pyramid, in a square room, carved from the rock with hammer and chisel. Various holes, six feet long and three feet wide, are cut in the walls, or rather the rock faces of this room, to receive coffins. Three arched doorways lead from the first room to seven other chamber tombs of unequal size, all carved in the rock, whose design is difficult to understand, especially by torchlight. One of these caves at a greater depth than the others, and which one descends to by six steps, seems to have contained the main burials. These were usually arranged in the following manner: the most significant was at the end of the cave, opposite the entry, in a niche or in a receptacle prepared for it; on either side of the door two small vaults were reserved for the less illustrious dead, and as guardians for the kings, who no longer needed their help. The coffins, of which only fragments remain, were of stone and were decorated with elegant arabesques.

What are most admirable in these tombs are the doors of the burial chambers; they are of the same stone as the caves themselves, as are the hinges and pivots on which they turn. Almost all travellers believed they had been carved from the rock itself, but that is obviously impossible, as Père Nau clearly proved. Thévenot ensures us that ‘that by scraping away a little of the dirt, one can see the joints in the stones which were set there after the doors had been set on their pivots in the cavities.’ However, I brushed away the dust, and failed to find any such marks at the base of the one door still standing: all the others were broken, and the fragments had been thrown into the caves.

Entering those palaces of the dead, I was tempted to liken them to those baths designed by Roman architects, such as those of the Sibyl’s cave beside Lake Avernus. I speak here only of the general effect, you understand; I was perfectly well aware that I was in a tomb. Arculf (according to Adamann), who described them with great accuracy (Sepulcra sunt in naturali collis rupe: *the hill-tombs are of natural rock*), found bones in the tombs. Similarly, several centuries later, Villamont found ashes which one looks for in vain today. This subterranean monument was marked on the outside by three pyramids, of which one was still standing at the time of Vilalpandus. I am not sure what to believe as

regards Zuellard (*Jean Zuallart: Giovanni Zuallardo*) or Appart, who describe external buildings and peristyles.

A question arises concerning these graves named the *Tombs of the Kings*. Which kings might they have been? According to a passage from Chronicles and a few other places in Scripture, it is apparent that the tombs of the kings of Judah were within the city of Jerusalem: *Dormivitque Achaz cum patribus suis, et sepelierunt eum in civitate Jerusalem: and Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem.* (*Vulgate: 2 Chronicles:28:27*). David had his tomb on Mount Sion; moreover Greek chisel-work is evident in the ornamentation of the tombs of the kings.

Josephus, to whom we must make recourse, cites three famous mausoleums.

The first was the tomb of the Maccabees, raised by their brother Simon: 'It was', says Josephus, 'of white polished marble, so tall that it could be seen from afar. All around it were arches, forming porticos; each of the columns supporting them being fashioned from a single block, a sight wonderful to see. And to commemorate each of his parents and brothers, he added seven pyramids of great height and wondrous beauty' (*Josephus: Antiquities of the Jews: 13.6.6*).

The first book of Maccabees gives almost the same details regarding this tomb. It adds that he built it at Modin (*Modi'in: see I Maccabees 13:27-30*), and that it could be seen by all who sailed on the sea: *ab omnibus navigantibus mare*. Modin was a city built near Diospolis (*Lod*), on a mountain belonging to the tribe of Judah. In the days of Eusebius, and even those of Saint Jerome, this monument to the Maccabees still existed. The tombs of the kings, at the gate of Jerusalem, despite their seven funeral chambers and the pyramids which crowned them, cannot therefore have belonged to the Hasmonean princes.

Josephus tells us further that Helena, Queen of Adiabene, had erected, at two stadia from Jerusalem, three funeral pyramids, and that her bones and those of her son Izates were buried there, thanks to Monobazus (*Josephus: Antiquities of the Jews: 20:4:3*) The same historian, in another work (*Josephus: The Jewish Wars 5:4:2*) in tracing the boundaries of the Holy City, said that the walls reached to the north over against the tomb of Helena. All this fits the tombs of the kings perfectly, which were adorned, according to Vilalpandus, with three pyramids, and which are to be found to the north of Jerusalem, at the distance stated by Josephus. Saint Jerome also speaks of the tomb. The scholars, who occupy themselves with this monument I speak of, neglect to mention a curious passage in Pausanias (I have since seen that the Abbé Guénee notes it, in his excellent Memoirs which I have spoken of. He says that he intends to examine the passage in another Memoir: so he indicates, but unfortunately fails to return to it.) True, one scarcely thinks of Pausanias in regard to Jerusalem. However, here is the passage; the text and Latin version published by Gédoyn (*Nicolas Gédoyn: 1731*) are accurate:

'The second tomb is in Jerusalem...it is the grave of a Jewish woman named Helen. The door of the tomb, which is of marble like all the rest, opens by itself on a certain day of the year, and at a certain hour, by means of a mechanism, and closes again shortly afterwards. At any other time if you wanted to open it, you would have to break the door down first.' (*Pausanias VIII:16:4-5*)

This door that opened and closed itself by means of a mechanism would seem to recall, exceptionally closely, the extraordinary doors of the tombs of the kings. Suidas and Stephen of Byzantium, speak of the records of a journey to Phoenicia and Syria written by Pausanias. If we possessed that work, we would no doubt be greatly enlightened regarding the subject we are considering.

These passages from the Jewish historian and the Greek traveller when taken together would seem, therefore, to provide sufficient proof that the tombs of the kings are simply the tomb of Helena; but that conjecture is affected by knowledge of a third monument.

Josephus speaks of various caves which he calls the *Caverns of the Kings* (*Josephus: The Jewish Wars 5:4:2*), according to Robert Arnaud d'Andilly's literal translation; unfortunately he fails to give their description: he places them to the north of the Holy City, quite close to the tomb of Helena.

It remains to be seen who the prince was that had these caves of the dead excavated from the rock, how they were ornamented, and which king's ashes they contained. Josephus, who documents, with such care, those works attempted and completed by Herod the Great, does not number the tombs of the kings among them; he even tells us that Herod, who died in Jericho, was buried with great magnificence at Herodium (*Josephus: The Jewish Wars: 1:33:9*). Thus, the royal caverns are not the place of burial of that prince, but a further word that escaped the historian may shed some light on this discussion. In speaking of the wall that Titus erected to encircle Jerusalem more effectively, Josephus says that this wall, stretching to the north, encompassed the tomb of Herod (*The Jewish Wars 5:12:2*). Such is the location of the 'caverns of the kings'.

These would therefore have borne the names, equally, of the Caverns of the Kings and the *Tomb of Herod*. In that case the Herod referred to would not have been Herod I, the Ascalonite, but Herod the Tetrarch (*Herod Antipas*). This latter prince was almost as magnificent as his father: he built two cities, Sepphoris (*Tzippori*) and Tiberias; and though he was banished to Lyon by Caligula (*Josephus: Antiquities of the Jews: 18.7.2*), he may well have had a tomb built for himself in his homeland; his brother Philip provided him with a model for these mortuary edifices.

We know nothing of the monuments with which Agrippa embellished Jerusalem.

This then, is the most satisfactory account I can give of the matter; I felt obliged to treat it fully, because it has hitherto been confused by the critics rather than illuminated. The pilgrims of ancient times who viewed the tomb of Helena confused it with the Caverns of the Kings. Modern travellers, who have not found the tomb of that Queen of Adiabene, have bestowed the name of her tomb on the sepulchres of the princes of the House of Herod. The result of all these reports has been to produce an unusual degree of confusion: a confusion augmented by the erudition of pious writers, who wished the kings of Judah interred in the Caverns of the Kings, and did not lack for authorities.

Art criticism as well as historical fact obliges us to include the tombs of the kings among the Greek monuments of Jerusalem. These tombs were very numerous, and Herod's posterity endured only a brief while; so that many tombs awaited their masters in vain: nothing more is needed, for us to perceive the utter vanity of the human predicament, than

to view tombs reserved for those not yet born. Nothing, moreover, provides a more singular contrast than the sight of a charming frieze carved by a Greek chisel on the door of those chambers where the ashes of the Herods reposed. The most tragic of thoughts are attached to the memory of those princes; they are well known to us on account of the murder of Mariamne, the massacre of the Innocents, the death of John the Baptist, and the condemnation of Jesus Christ. One cannot expect their tombs, therefore, to be adorned with frivolous garlands, at the awe-inspiring site of Jerusalem, not far from the Temple where Jehovah issued his dread oracles, and near the cave where Jeremiah composed his *Lamentations*.

Monsieur Cassas (*Louis-François Cassas*) has represented these monuments most effectively in his *Voyage Pittoresque de la Syrie*: I am not familiar with the more recent work of Monsieur Mayer (*Luigi Mayer*). Most editions of voyages to the Holy Land are accompanied by engravings and vignettes. Those of Père Roger's narrative are to be singled out, which may well be by Claude Mellan.

The rest of the buildings from Roman times, in Jerusalem, such as the theatre, the amphitheatre, and the towers of Antonia, Hippicos, Phazael and Psephinus, no longer exist, or at least we only know their shapeless ruins.

We now turn to the third class of monuments in Jerusalem, the monuments of Christianity before the invasion of the Saracens. I have nothing more to say about them, having described them in my account of the holy places. I will only make this one remark: since these monuments owe their origin to Christians who were not Jews, they retain nothing of that character, half-Egyptian, half-Greek, which I observed in the works of the Hasmonean princes and the Herods; they are simply Greek churches from an age of artistic decadence.

The fourth group of monuments in Jerusalem is that of the monuments that belong to the period when the city was taken by the successor to Abu Bakr, the Caliph Omar (*Umar*), whose heir Uthman founded the Ummayad dynasty. The Arabs who followed the banners of the Caliphs seized Egypt; thence, advancing along the coast of Africa, they crossed to Spain, and filled Granada and Cordoba with enchanted palaces. It is then to the reign of Omar that one must trace the origin of this Arabic architecture of which the Alhambra is the masterpiece, as the Parthenon is the greatest miracle of the Greek spirit. The Mosque of the Temple, begun in Jerusalem by Omar, enlarged by Abd-el-Malek (*Abd al-Malik*) and rebuilt on a new plan by El-Oulid (*Al-Walid I*) is a monument of great interest in the history of art among the Arabs. No one knows yet upon what model those houses of the genies were erected, of which Spain offers us the ruins. The reader may perhaps be grateful for my saying a few words on a subject so new, and so little studied till now.

The first Temple, that of Solomon, was overthrown in the sixth century (*587BC*) before the birth of Jesus Christ, it was rebuilt after seventy years of the Captivity, by Jeshua, son of Jozadak, and Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel (*Ezra:3:8*). Herod the Ascalonite rebuilt the whole of this second Temple. Eleven thousand workers were employed on it for nine years. The labour involved was prodigious, and it was not completed until long after the death of Herod. The Jews, having filled in the ravines and

sliced the top from a mountain, finally created that vast space, in which the Temple stood, on the eastern side of Jerusalem, above the valleys of Siloam and Jehoshaphat.

Forty days after he was born, Jesus Christ was presented in the second Temple; and the Virgin Mary was purified (*Luke:2:22*). At twelve years old, the Son of Man taught the learned there (*Luke:2:46*); he drove out the merchants (*Matthew: 21:12-13*); he was tempted by the devil there, to no avail (*Matthew:4:5-7*); he forgave the adulteress her sins, there; and there, he offered the parable of the Good Shepherd (*John:10:6*), that of the Two Sons (*Matthew 21:28-32*), that of the Labourers in the Vineyard (*Matthew: 20*:*1-16*) and that of the Wedding Feast (*Matthew 22:1-14*). It was this same temple which he entered amidst palms and olive branches on Palm Sunday (*John:12:12-19*); and finally, he pronounced the *Reddite ergo quae sunt Caesaris Caesar; et quae sunt Dei Deo: render therefore unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, and unto God that which is God's* (*Matthew 22:21*); and, there he praised the widow's mite (*Mark:12: 41-44*).

Titus having taken Jerusalem in the second year of Vespasian's reign (*70AD*), not one stone of the Temple was left standing, in which Jesus Christ had enacted so many glorious things, and whose ruin he had predicted. When Omar took Jerusalem, it seems that the area of the Temple, with the exception of one very small part, had been abandoned by the Christians. Sa'id ibn Batriq (that is, Eutychius, Patriarch of Alexandria: we have his *Annales*, printed at Oxford, with a Latin translation, *by Pococke in 1659*), historian of the Arabs, says that the Caliph turned to the patriarch Sophronius, and asked him what would be the most proper site in Jerusalem on which to build a mosque. Sophronius led him to the ruins of Solomon's Temple.

Omar, happy to establish his mosque in so famous a place, cleared the ground, and revealed a large rock where God is supposed to have spoken to Jacob. The new mosque was named after this rock, Gameat-el-Sakhra, (*The Dome of the Rock*, *Masjid Qubbat As-Sakhrah*) and became almost as sacred to Muslims as the mosques of Mecca and Medina. Caliph Abd-el-Malek (*Abd al-Malik ibn Marwan*) added to the buildings, and enclosed the rock with walls. His successor, the Caliph El-Oulid (*Al-Walid I*), further embellished El-Sakhra, and covered it with a dome of gilded copper, stripped from a church in Baalbek. Later, the Crusaders converted the temple of Mohammed to a shrine of Jesus Christ; when Saladin took Jerusalem, he returned this shrine to its former use.

But what is the architectural composition of this mosque, the primitive type or model of that elegant architecture of the Moors? That is quite difficult to know. The Arabs, according to their despotic and jealous ways, reserved their decoration for the interior of their monuments; and any Christian who merely set foot in the area surrounding Gameat-el-Sakhra, much less entered it, would do so on penalty of death. What a pity that Ambassador Deshayes, through a vain diplomatic scruple, refused to view the mosque when the Turks offered to allow him to do so! I will describe the exterior:

One can see the great platform of the mosque, formerly the site of the Temple, through a window of the House of Pilate.

This platform forms a courtyard perhaps five hundred paces long by four hundred and sixty wide. The walls of the city enclose the platform to the east and south. It is

bounded on the west by Turkish houses and on the north by the ruins of Pilate's praetorium and the palace of Herod.

Twelve porticos, set at unequal distances from each other, and fairly irregular in nature, like the cloisters of the Alhambra, give entry to this courtyard. They are composed of three or four arches, and sometimes these arches support a second series; which almost gives the effect of a double aqueduct. The largest of these porticos corresponds to the ancient *Porta Speciosa* (*the Gate 'called Beautiful'*), known to Christians by a miracle of Saint Peter's (*Acts:3:2*). There are lamps beneath the porticos.

In the middle of this enclosure there is a smaller courtyard, about six to seven feet high, like a terrace without balustrades, above the first. This second courtyard is, according to the general opinion, two hundred paces long by one hundred and fifty wide; it is approached on all four sides by a marble staircase; each staircase is composed of eight steps.

At the centre of this courtyard stands the famous Dome of the Rock. Quite close to the mosque is a cistern, which receives water from the ancient Sealed Fountain (Fons Signatus), and is where the Turks make their ablutions before prayer. Several old olive-trees and cypresses are scattered here and there over the two courtyards.

The mosque is octagonal: a lantern, equally eight-sided, pierced by a window on each face, crowns the monument. This lantern is covered with a dome. The dome was once of gilded copper, today it is of lead; a tasteful arrow, terminated by a crescent, surmounts the edifice, which looks like an Arab tent raised in the midst of the desert. Père Roger estimates each side of the octagon at thirty two paces, and the exterior circuit of the mosque at two hundred and fifty-two paces; while he gives the height of the whole monument as a hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirty feet.

The walls are covered externally with small tiles or bricks painted in various colours; these bricks are covered with arabesques and verses from the Koran written in gold lettering. The eight windows of the lantern are decorated with stained glass in coloured circles. Here we already find some of the original features of the buildings of Moorish Spain: the slender porticos of the courtyard and the painted bricks of the mosque recall various parts of the Generalife, the Alhambra, and the Cathedral of Cordoba.

As for the interior of the mosque, I was unable to see it. I was tempted to risk all to satisfy my love of the arts, but a fear of causing harm to the situation of Christians in Jerusalem stopped me. William of Tyre and Deshayes say a little regarding the Dome of the Rock, Père Roger gives a highly detailed description and probably a very accurate one.

However it is insufficient to prove that the interior of the mosque in Jerusalem has similarities with the interior of Moorish monuments in Spain. That depends entirely on how the columns within the monument are arranged; and that is what Père Roger fails to tell us. Do they bear small arches? Are they linked, grouped, isolated, as at Cordoba and Granada? Yet if the outside of the mosque bears so much resemblance to parts of the Alhambra, is it not to be assumed that the interiors witness the same taste in architecture? I would have thought it the more likely, in that the marble and columns of this building have been stripped from Christian churches, and that they must surely present the combination of order and proportion that one remarks in the cathedral of Cordoba.

Let us add an observation to these conjectures. An abandoned mosque to be seen near Cairo seems to be in the same style as the mosque at Jerusalem: now, the mosque at Cairo is obviously the model for the mosque at Cordoba. This latter was built by the last princely descendants of the Ummayad dynasty; and Omar, a caliph of that family, had founded the mosque in Jerusalem.

These genuine monuments of the Arabs really belong therefore to the first dynasty of caliphs, and the genius of that people in general; they are not, as was previously believed, the fruit of the particular talents of the Moors of Andalusia, since I find the models for these monuments in the Orient.

This proven, I would go further. I think I see in Egyptian architecture, so weighty, so majestic, so vast, so durable, the germ of this Saracen architecture, so light, so smiling, so minute, and so fragile; the minaret is an imitation of the obelisk; the Moorish arabesques are hieroglyphic designs rather than hieroglyphic carvings. As for those forests of columns that compose the interior of Arab mosques, and which carry a flat roof, the temples of Memphis, Dendera, Thebes, and Meroe, still offer examples of this type of construction. Placed on the borders of Mizraim (*ancient Egypt*), the imaginations of the descendants of Ishmael were necessarily struck by the wonders of the Pharaohs: they borrowed nothing from the Greeks, whom they did not know; but sought to copy the arts of a famous nation constantly before their eyes. A wandering tribe of conquerors and travellers, they imitated enduring Egypt, as they went: they made obelisks of gilded wood and plaster hieroglyphs, which they could carry with their tents on the backs of their camels.

I know that this theory, if it amounts to one, is subject to various objections, and even some of a historical nature. I know that the palace of Zehra (*Madinat al-Zahra, the Brilliant City*), built by Abdoulraham (*Abd al–Rahman III*), near Cordova, was built to the design of an architect from Constantinople, and that the columns of the palace were cut in Greece; I know there is an architecture born from a corruption of that art, which might be called *Justinian architecture*, and that this architecture has some connection with the works of the Moors; I know, moreover, that men of excellent taste and great learning, such as the venerable Monsieur d'Agincourt and the author of those wonderful *Travels in Spain*, Monsieur de Laborde (*Comte Louis-Joseph-Alexandre de Laborde*), believe that all architecture is the daughter of Greece; but regardless of these difficulties and such powerful authorities, I confess they do not alter my opinion. A plan submitted by an architect from Constantinople, columns carved on the shores of the Bosphorus, Greek workers labouring on a mosque, prove nothing: we can not draw a general consequence from a specific fact. I saw Justinian architecture in Constantinople. It has, I admit, some resemblance to the architecture of the Saracen monuments, such as the narrowing of the vault in the arcades, etc. However, it preserves a reason, coolness, solidity which appears absent from the Arabic imagination. Moreover, this Justinian architecture seems to me itself a re-emergence of Egyptian architecture within the Greek. That new invasion of the art of Memphis was the result of the establishment of Christianity: the solitaries who populated the deserts of the Thebaid, whose opinions would govern the world, introduced to churches, monasteries, and eventually palaces, those degenerate porticos termed *cloisters*, through which breathes the spirit of the East. Let us note, in support of this, that

the true deterioration of Greek art begins precisely at the moment when the seat of Roman Imperial power was transferred to Constantinople; which proves that Greek architecture did not give rise to oriental architecture, but that oriental architecture merged with Greek architecture through proximity of location.

Thus I am inclined to believe that all architecture came out of Egypt, even Gothic architecture; since nothing came from the North but warfare and devastation. But this Egyptian architecture was modified according to the spirit of each nation: it hardly changed at all among the early Hebrews, where it merely eschews the monsters and gods of idolatry. In Greece, to which it was introduced by Cecrops and Inachus, it was purified, and became the model for every type of beauty. It reached Rome via the Tuscans, Egyptian colonists. It retained its grandeur there, but never reached perfection, as in Athens. Apostles, arriving from the East, carried it to the barbarians of the north: without losing, among those nations, its religious and sombre character, it rose among the forests of Gaul and Germany; it presented a singular union of strength and majesty, of melancholy in the whole, and the most extraordinary lightness in its details. Finally, among the Arabs, it revealed the traits we have spoken of, the architecture of the desert, enchanted like the oases, magical as the stories told among the tents, but which the winds can blow away with the sand that first served as its foundation.

I could support my opinion with a thousand historical facts; I could show that the first temples of Greece, such as that of Jupiter at Onga (*now accepted to be an invention of the Abbé Michel Fourmont's*), near Amyclae, were genuine Egyptian temples, that sculpture itself was Egyptian at Argos, Sparta, Athens, at the time of Daedalus and in the heroic period. But I fear I have taken this digression too far, and it is time to move on to the Gothic monuments of Jerusalem.

These latter are reduced to four tombs. The monuments of Godfrey and Baldwin are two stone coffins, borne on four small pillars. The epitaphs we read in Deshayes description are inscribed on these coffins in Gothic lettering. All this in itself is of little note, but I was quite struck by the appearance of these tombs, on entering the Holy Sepulchre: their foreign form, on foreign soil, proclaimed other men, other customs, other lands; I thought myself transported to one of our ancient monasteries: I was struck like the Tahitian (*in 1770*) when he recognised, in France, a tree from his own country. I gazed with reverence at these Gothic mausoleums, enclosing the remains of French knights, pilgrims who became kings, the heroes of *Gerusalemme Liberata*; I recalled the words that Tasso placed in Godfrey's mouth:

> *Chi fia di noi ch'esser sepulto schivi*
> *Ove i membri di Dio fur già sepulti?*
>
> Was it for us to shirk our tombs,
> Where the body of God was entombed?
>
> (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: II:86*)

As for the monuments of the Turks, the last witnesses testifying, in Jerusalem, to the rise and fall of empires, they are not worth the trouble of a visit: I only mention them in order to issue a warning that one should not confuse the works of Tartars with the works of the Moors. Basically, it is truer to say that the Turks ignore architecture completely: they have only served to burden Greek and Arab buildings, in crowning them with massive domes and Chinese pavilions. A few bazaars and oratories of the saints are all that the new tyrants of Jerusalem have added to that unfortunate city.

The reader now knows something of the various monuments of the Holy City.

Returning to visit the tombs of the kings, which gave place to the preceding descriptions, I passed through the valley of Jehoshaphat. The sun was setting behind Jerusalem; it was gilding with its last rays that mass of ruins and the mountains of Judea. I sent my companions back via Saint Stephen's Gate, and retained only the Janissary. I sat at the foot of the tomb of Jehoshaphat, my face turned toward the Temple. I took from my pocket a volume of Racine, and re-read *Athalie*.

At its opening lines:

Oui, je viens dans son temple adorer l'Eternel, etc

Yes, I come to his temple to worship the Lord, etc.

it is impossible for me to say what I felt. I thought I heard the Song of Solomon and the voice of the prophets; ancient Jerusalem stood before me; the shadows of Jehoiada, Athaliah, and Jehosheba rose from the tomb; it seemed to me that it was only at that moment that I understood Racine's genius. What poetry! Since I found it worthy of the place where I then was! One may be unable to conceive what *Athalie* read on the tomb of the *saintly king Jehoshaphat*, beside the River Kidron, and before the ruins of the Temple. Yet what has become of that Temple itself, *adorned with lovely festoons everywhere*?

Joad:

Into what vile lead is pure gold altered?
Who killed the pontiff in this holy place?
Weep, Jerusalem, weep, perfidious city,
At the foul murder of a divine prophet:
Your God's despoiled of his love for you;
Your incense in his eyes is incense tainted…
Where do you lead these women and these children?
The Lord has destroyed the Queen of Cities:
Its priests are captive, and its kings rejected;
God wishes us not at his solemnities:
Temple, fall now; cedars throw out bright flame.
Jerusalem, the object of my sorrow,

Whose hand despoiled your charms, in a day?
O, who will change my eyes to founts of tears,
To weep your wretchedness?

Azarias:

O, Holy Temple!

Josabet:

O, David!

The Choir:

God of Sion, recall,
Recall your favours, your ancient kindnesses.

(*Racine: Athalie: Act III:Scene VII*)

The pen falls from my hand: one is ashamed to be scribbling at the paper still, when a man has written such verses.

I spent part of the 9th of October at the monastery, to acquaint myself with the details of private life in Jerusalem; I had nothing essential left to see, either inside or outside the city, except the well of Nehemiah (*Nehemiah 2:13*), where they hid the sacred fire at the time of the Captivity; the graves of the judges, and a few other places; I visited them on the evening of the 9th. As there is nothing remarkable about them, except the names they bear, they hardly merit detaining the reader further.

I come then to those little details that pique the curiosity, because of the grandeur of the places we speak of. One cannot but imagine life in Athens and Sparta as unlike our own. Jerusalem, especially, whose name recalls so many mysteries, daunts the imagination; it seems that all must be extraordinary in this extraordinary city. Let us see it as it is, and let us begin with a description of the monastery of the Latin Fathers (*Saint-Sauveur*).

One enters through a vaulted passage which leads to another vaulted passage, quite long and very dark. After this one encounters a courtyard formed by the wood-store, the wine-press, and the wine-cellar of the monastery. One perceives, in this courtyard, on the right, a staircase of twelve to fifteen steps; the staircase ascends to a cloister that runs above the cellar, the wood-store and the wine-press, and therefore overlooks the entry-yard. To the east of this cloister a vestibule opens which communicates with the church: which is quite attractive, and has a choir adorned with stalls, a nave, lighted by a dome, a Roman-style altar, and a small set of organ-pipes: it is all enclosed in a space twenty feet long by twelve wide.

Another door, on the west side of the cloister of which I have spoken, leads to the interior of the monastery. ‘This monastery,’ said one pilgrim (Doubdan: *Le Voyage de la Terra-Sainte: LXIV*) in his description, which is as accurate as it is simple, ‘this monastery

is very irregularly built, in the ancient style, consisting of several sections, high and low, the offices small and concealed from view, the rooms poor and obscure, a few small courtyards, two small gardens, the largest being about eighty or ninety paces, and adjoining the ramparts of the city. On the west side, there is another courtyard and a few small apartments for pilgrims. The only recreation to be had in this place is to ascend to the terrace of the church, where one enjoys a view of the whole city, which descends continuously to the valley of Jehoshaphat; the Church of the Holy Sepulchre can be seen, the forecourt of the Temple of Solomon, and also further to the East, the Mount of Olives; to the south the city fortress, and the road to Bethlehem, and to the north the Cave of Jeremiah. That, in a few words, is the plan and description of the monastery, which reflects, in the extreme, the simplicity and poverty of One who, in that very place, *propter vos egenus factus esset, cum esset dives*; *though he was rich, yet for your sakes, he became poor* (*Vulgate: 2 Corinthians:8:9*)'

The room I occupied was called the *Grand Chamber of the Pilgrims*. It gave onto a solitary courtyard, surrounded by walls on all sides. The furniture consisted of a hospital bed with curtains of green serge, a table and a chest; my servants occupied two cells some distance from me. A jug full of water, and a lamp in the Italian style, completed my furniture. The room, which was quite large, was dark, and only received daylight through a window opening onto the court I mentioned. Thirteen pilgrims had written their names on the door, inside the chamber: the first was called *Charles Lombard*, who was in Jerusalem in 1669, the last was *John Gordon*, and the date of his visit was 1804 (apparently this was the same *Lieutenant* Gordon, *of Cluny,* who had a bottle of water from the Dead Sea analyzed in London). I only noted three French names among the thirteen travellers.

The pilgrims do not eat with the Fathers as in Jaffa. They are served separately, and spend as they wish. If they are poor, they are fed; if they are rich, they pay for what is bought for them: the monastery does not retain a penny. Accommodation, a bed, linen, light, and a fire, are always free, and regarded as simple hospitality.

A cook was assigned to fulfil my requests. I hardly ever dined before nightfall, on my return from my wanderings. I was served soup first with lentils in oil, then veal with cucumbers or onions, roasted goat's meat, or lamb on rice. They do not eat beef, while water-buffalo meat has a savage taste. For roasting, I had pigeons, and sometimes partridges, of the pale species, called the Sand Partridge (*ammoperdix heyi*). Wild game is very common on the plains of Ramla and in the mountains of Judea: it consists of partridge, woodcock, hares, wild boars and gazelles. The Arabian quail (*coturnix delegorguei Arabica*) that nourished the Israelites is almost unknown in Jerusalem; however a few birds are found in the Jordan Valley. For vegetables, I was continually supplied with lentils, beans, cucumbers and onions.

The wine of Jerusalem is excellent: it has the colour and taste of our wines from Roussillon. The hillside vineyards that provide it are still those of Engaddi (*Ein-gedi*), near Bethlehem. As for fruit, I ate, as in Jaffa, large grapes, dates, pomegranates, watermelons, apples, and figs from the second harvest: that of the sycamore or Pharaoh figs (*ficus sycomorus*) was over. The bread, made at the monastery, was good and tasty.

Let us arrive at the cost of these various foodstuffs.

The *quintal* weight, in Jerusalem, is composed of a hundred *rolts* (*or rotls*), the *rolt* is nine hundred *drachms* (*dirhams*).

The *rolt* equals two and a quarter *oques* (*okas*), which amounts to about eight French pounds (*livres*) in weight (*Ottoman weights and measures varied widely but the standardised late-Ottoman oka, of 400 dirhams, was about 2.6 French livres or about 1.28 kilograms, making a rolt, or rotl, on this basis about 6 livres rather than 8*).

A sheep sells for two *piastres* ten *paras* the rolt (*40 paras equalling 1 piastre*). The value of the Turkish piastre, continually varied by the beys and pashas of Egypt, does not amount in Syria to more than thirty-three *sous* four *deniers* (*12 deniers equalling 1 sou*), and the *para* to more than ten *deniers*. Now, a rolt being about eight pounds, a pound of mutton, in Jerusalem, costs nine *sous,* four and a half *deniers*.

Veal costs only a piastre a rolt; a young goat, a piastre and a few paras.

A very large calf sells for thirty to thirty-five piastres; a large sheep for ten to fifteen piastres; an adult goat for six to eight.

The price of a measure of wheat varies from eight to nine piastres.

Oil costs three piastres a rolt.

The vegetables are very expensive: they transport them to Jerusalem from Jaffa and the neighbouring villages.

This year, 1806, the price of the grape harvest rose to twenty-seven piastres per quintal.

Let us pass on to a few other details.

Anyone who prefers not to stay at a caravanserai, or lodge with the Fathers of the Holy Land, might rent one or more rooms in some house in Jerusalem; though their life would hardly be secure. According to the size, or value of the house, each room would cost, per month, from two to twenty piastres. A whole house where they would find a fairly large living-room, and fifteen or so holes called chambers, would cost five thousand piastres a year.

A skilled worker, a mason, joiner, or carpenter, earns two piastres per day, and his food: a boy-labourer costs a piastre a day.

There is no fixed measure for land; usually one buys the area one wants on sight: the price is estimated based on what the patch can produce in fruit, wheat or vines.

The ploughs have no wheels, and are fitted with a small blade that barely scratches the earth: the ploughing is done with oxen.

They grow barley, wheat, sorghum, maize and cotton. They sow sesame in the same fields in which they cultivate cotton.

A mule costs between one or two hundred piastres, depending on its quality; a donkey costs from fifteen to fifty piastres. One pays eighty to a hundred dollars for an ordinary horse, less well-regarded in general than a donkey or mule, but a horse of a well-known Arab breed is beyond price. The Pasha of Damascus, Abdullah Pasha, had just purchased one for three thousand piastres. The history of a mare is often a topic of general conversation. When I was in Jerusalem, they spoke of the prowess of one of these wonderful mares. The Bedouin who rode her, pursued by the governor's minions, precipitated himself, on her back, from the summit of the mountains overlooking Jericho.

The mare descended at full gallop, almost perpendicularly, without flinching, leaving the soldiers filled with admiration, and the terror of the previous chase. But the poor gazelle broke down on entering Jericho, and the Bedouin, who would not abandon her, was captured while weeping over the body of his companion. This mare has a brother in the desert; he is so famous that the Arabs always know where he has been, where he is, what he is doing, and how he fares. Ali-Aga religiously showed me in the mountains near Jericho, the marks the dead mare's hooves had made, while trying to save her master; a Macedonian would have gazed with no more respect on the hoof-prints of Bucephalus.

Let us now speak of pilgrims. Modern accounts somewhat exaggerate the amount that pilgrims must spend on their travels to the Holy Land. And firstly, who are these pilgrims? They are hardly Latin pilgrims; since they no longer exist, as is generally agreed. In the space of the last century, it may be that the Fathers of Saint-Sauveur have seen less than two hundred Catholic travellers, including the monks of their order, and missionaries to the Levant. That Latin pilgrims were never numerous, we can prove from a thousand extracts. Thévenot relates that in 1656 he found himself the twenty-second visitor to the Holy Sepulchre. Very often the number of pilgrims did not amount to twelve, since they were forced to include the monks to complete that number for the ceremony of the washing of feet, on Maundy Thursday (Thévenot: XLII:391) Indeed, in 1589, seventy-nine years before Thévenot, Villamont met only six French pilgrims in Jerusalem (Villamont*:* II:XIX:250). If, in 1589, in an era when religion was flourishing, no more than seven Latin pilgrims in total were to be seen in Palestine, judge how many there may have been in 1806! My arrival at the monastery of Saint-Saveur was a real event. Monsieur Seetzen, who found himself there at Easter of that year, that is to say, seven months before me, says he was the only Catholic (*Annales des Voyages*, by Monsieur Malte Brun, Volume II:343).

The wealth with which the Holy Sepulchre supposedly overflows, not being brought to Jerusalem by Catholic pilgrims, was it conveyed there by Jewish, Greek and Armenian pilgrims? Even in that case, I think the calculation very inflated.

The largest expense for pilgrims consists of the levy they have to pay the Turks and Arabs, whether for entry to the holy places, or whether for *caffari,* or passports. Now all these things together only amount to sixty-five *piastres* twenty-nine *paras*. If you take the piastre at its maximum value, at fifty French *sous*, and the para at five *liards* or fifteen *deniers*, that gives one hundred and sixty four livres, six sous, three deniers; if you take the piastre at its minimum value that is to say thirty-three French sous and four deniers, and the para at three liards and a denier, you have a hundred and eight livres, nine sous, six deniers. Here is the summary which I had from the Father Procurator of the monastery of Saint-Saveur (*Saint Saviour*). I reproduce it in the Italian, which everyone understands these days, with the proper names of the Turks, etc; original characteristics that attest to its authenticity (the following statements of account are somewhat erratic in their totals, since the *piastre* is subject to daily fluctuation in Syria, while the *para* remains fixed: hence it follows that the piastre is not always worth the same number of paras, *though there are nominally forty paras to the piastre, as shown in the accounts*. Note also: Arava for Arabo, a change of letters quite common in the language of the Franks, in modern and in ancient Greek):

Spesa solita che fa un pelerino en la sua intrata da Giaffa sin a Gerusalemme, e nel ritorno a Giaffa.

		Piast.	Par.
Caffari. In Giaffa dopo il suo sbarco, caffaro		5	20
-------- In Giaffa prima del imbarco al suo ritorno		5	20
Cavalcatura sin a Rama, e portar al Aravo, che accompagna sin a Gerusalemme		1	20
Pago al Aravo che accompagna	5 »	10	30
Al vilano che accompagna da Gerasma	5 30		
Cavalcatura per venire da Rama, ed altra per ritornare		10	»
Caffari nella strada 1 16 cadi medni 20 »		1	16
Intrata nel SS. Sepulcro. Al Meheah governatore. E stader del tempio		26	38
Intrata nella città Ciohadari del cadi e governatore. Sbirro. E portinaro		»	15
Primo e secundo drogomano		3	30
		65	29

If the pilgrim travels to Jordan, twelve piastres should be added to these costs Finally, I thought that while discussing these facts the reader might be pleased to see the details of my own expenses in Jerusalem. If you consider that I had horses, Janissaries, and escorts to order; that I lived as I do in Paris with regard to food, meal times, etc; that I constantly visited the Holy Sepulchre at unusual hours of the day; that I re-visited the same places ten times, paid the fee ten times, and the caffari, and a thousand other atrocities of the Turks, you may be surprised that I escaped so cheaply. I show here the original accounts with the orthographical errors of my dragoman, Michel: they have this curiosity, that they retain almost an air of that country. My repeated visits are evident, the proper names of several persons, the prices of various items, etc. Finally, these accounts are faithful witnesses to the sincerity of my tale. It is obvious moreover that I neglected a great deal in my description of events, and investigated Jerusalem even more thoroughly than I have said.

Expenditure at Jaffa:

	Piast.	Par.
Per un messo a Gerusalemme	7	20
Altro messo a Rama	3	»
Altro per avisare agli Aravi	1	20
Orso in Rama per gli cavalli	2	»
Per il cavallo del servitore di Giaffa in Rama	2	20
Gaflaro alli Aravi	2	36
Al cavaliero che adato il gov^{re} di Rama	15	»
Per il cavalle che porto sua Ecc^{a} à Gerusalemme	15	»
Regallo alli servitorj de gli cavalli	3	»
Regallo al Mucaro Menum	5	»
Tutto p^{s}	57	16

Expenditure at Jerusalem:

Spesa fatta per il sig. dal giorno del suo arrivo a Gierusalemme ali 4 di ottobre 1806.

	Piast.	Par.
Il giorno del suo arrivo per cavaleria da Rama, a Gierusalemme	015	»
Compania per li Arabi, 6 isolite per testa	013	20
Cad…. à 10 M^{i}	000	30
Al Muccaro	001	20
Cavalcatura per Michelle andare e ritornar da Rama	008	20
4 cavalli per andare a Betlemme e al Giordano	080	»
Al portinaro della città	001	25
Apertura del S. Sepolcro	001	25
Regallo alli portinari del S. Sepolcro 7 persone	030	»
Alli figlio che chiamano li Turchi per aprire la porta	01	25
Al Chavas del governatore per avere accompagniato il sig. dentro della città, e fuori a cavallo	008	»
Item. A un Dalati, cioe, guardia del Zambarakgi	004	»

Pari		
Per 5 cavalli per andare al monte Olibette, e altri luoghi, et seconda volte al Potzo di Jeremia, e la madona	016	30
Al genisero per companiare il sig. a Betlemme	003	20
Item. Al genisero per avere andato col sig. per la città	001	35
12 ottobre per la apertura del S. Sepolcro	001	»
Tutto p^{s}	189	10

Spese fatte da Michel, per ordine del Sig.

	Piast.	Par.
In vari luoghi		
In tabaco per li villani, et la compania nel viagio per il Giordano, e per li villani di S. Saba	006	20
In candelle per S. Saba, e servitori	006	»
Per li sacrestani greci, e altri	006	20
Regallo nella casa della Madona, e serolio, e nella casa di Simione, e nel convento dell Suriani, e nel spitale di S. Elena, e nella casa di Anas, e nella singoga delli Ebrei	009	10
Item. Regallo nel convento delli Armeni di S. Giacomo, alli servitori, sacrestino e genisari	028	»
Regallo nel Sepolcro della Madona alli sacrestani, e nel monte Olibette	005	10
Al servitore del governatore il negro, e nel castello	005	20
Per lavare la robba del sig. e suoi servitori	003	»
Alli poveri in tutto il giro	005	15
Regallo nel convento delli Greci in chiesa al sacrestano, e alli servitori, et alli geniseri	018	»
4 cavalcature per il sig., suo dragomano, suo servitore, e Michelle da Gierusalemme fino a Giaffa, e quella di Michelle per andare, e ritornare la seconda volta	046	»
Compania a 6 isolote, ogni persona delli sig.	013	20
Villano	003	»
Cafarro	004	24
Regallo alli geniseri	020	»
Regallo a Goch di S. Geremia	050	»
Regallo alli dragomani	030	»
Regallo al communiere	010	»
Al portinaro Malia	005	»
Al spenditare	005	»
In Bellemme una cavalcatura per la provisione del Giordano, orzo 4 Arabi, due villani : regallo alli capi e servitori	172	»

Ali-Agha figlio d'Abugiahfar	150	»
Item. Zbirri, poveri e guardie nel calare al S. Sepolcro l'ultimo giorno	010	»
	612	19
A Mechele Casar 80 : Alcuesnaro 20	100	»
	712	19

We are obliged then to limit the grand total of pilgrims, as far at least as Catholic pilgrims are concerned, to little or nothing at all; since seven, twelve, twenty, thirty, even a hundred pilgrims, scarcely count. But if the dozen pilgrims or so, who appeared at the Holy Sepulchre annually, over a century or two, were impoverished travellers, the Fathers of the Holy Land could hardly have grown rich on their leavings. Let us listen to that honest writer, Doubdan:

'The monks who live there (at the monastery of Saint Saviour), the rank and file under the rule of Saint Francis, maintain strict poverty, and live only on alms and charity sent to them from Christendom, or donated to them by pilgrims, each according to his means; but as the pilgrims are far from their countries, and know what great expense they will yet incur to pay for their return, so they do not leave much in the way of alms, which does not prevent them being welcomed and treated with great charity' (Chapter XLVII:p376)

Thus the pilgrims to the Holy Land who leave treasure behind in Jerusalem are not Catholic pilgrims; and thus the portion of that treasure which has become the property of the monasteries does not pass into the hands of the Latin monks. If the monks do receive alms from Europe, those alms, far from enriching them, are insufficient to preserve the holy places, which are everywhere in decay, and will soon be abandoned due to lack of maintenance. The poverty of these monks is shown by the unanimous testimony of travellers. I have already spoken of their suffering; if further proof is needed, here it is:

'Thus,' said Père Roger, 'it was a French priest who had possession of the holy places of Jerusalem, also the first priest who suffered martyrdom was a Frenchman named *Brother Limin*, from the province of Touraine, who was beheaded in Cairo. Shortly afterwards, Brother Jacques and Brother Jérémie were killed outside the gates of Jerusalem. Brother Conrad d'Alis Bartholémy, of Mont-Politian, in the province of Tuscany, was severed lengthways, in Cairo. Brother John d'Éther, a Spaniard from the province of Castile, was cut to pieces by the Pasha of Casa. Seven monks were beheaded by the Sultan of Egypt. Two monks were skinned alive in Syria.

In the year 1637, the Arabs martyred a whole community of brothers who lived on sacred Mount Sion, twelve in number. Later, sixteen religious clerics and laymen, were taken from Jerusalem to prison in Damascus (this was at the time when Cyprus was taken by the king of Alexandria), and remained there five years, one after another dying of starvation. Brother Cosme de Saint Francis was killed by the Turks at the door of the Holy Sepulchre, where he was preaching the Christian faith. Two other brothers, in Damascus,

were beaten so savagely with sticks that they died on the spot. Six monks were put to death by the Arabs one night, when they were at Matins in the monastery built at Anathot, in the house of the prophet Jeremiah, which the Arabs then burnt. It would try the patience of the reader to describe in detail the suffering and persecution that our poor monks have suffered while they have been guarding the holy places; suffering which has continued to increase since the year 1627 when our monks were first established here, as can be seen by the events that follow etc.' (*Eugène Roger*: *Description de la terre sainte, 1664*: p436)

Ambassador Deshayes uses the same language regarding the persecutions that the Turks have visited on the Fathers of the Holy Land:

'The poor priests, who maintain them, are also constantly reduced to such dire extremities, if not assisted by Christendom, that their condition is deplorable. Their only income is the alms sent to them, which is insufficient to support half the expenditure they are obliged to make; for, besides their food, and the large number of lamps they maintain, they must continually pay a levy to the Turks, if they wish to live in peace; and when they have not the means to satisfy the Turks' greed, they must suffer being imprisoned.

Jerusalem is so far from Constantinople, the King's ambassador who resides there receives no news of this oppression of them until long after. However, they suffer and endure, if they have not the money to free themselves, and often the Turks are not content simply to work against their persons, but they also convert their churches into mosques.' (*Deshayes: Voyage du Levant*: p409)

I could compose entire volumes of similar evidence, reported by the various travellers in Palestine; I will only produce one more extract, and it is unanswerable.

I found this testimony, in a monument to iniquity and oppression which may be unique on this earth, a monument of even greater authority, since it was fated to rest in eternal oblivion.

The Fathers allowed me to examine the library and archives of the monastery. Unfortunately these archives and the library were dispersed almost a century ago: a pasha clapped the monks in irons, and took them as captives to Damascus. Some papers escaped the devastation, especially the firmans which the Fathers had obtained, either from the Porte or from the rulers of Egypt, to defend themselves against the oppression of the people or their governors.

This curious paper is titled:

Registro delli Capitolazioni, Cattiscerifi, Baratti, Comandamenti Ogetti, Attestazione, Sentenze, Ordini dei Bascia', Giudici e Polizzi, che si trovano nell' Archivio trovano di questa Procura generale di terra santa.

Under the letter H, No. 1, p. 369, we read:

Instrumento del re saraceno Muzafar contiene: che non sia dimandato del vino da religiosi franchi. Dato alli 13 di della luna di Regeb del anno 414.

Under No. 2:

Instrumento del re saraceno Matamad contiene: che li religiosi franchi non siano molestati. Dato alli 2 di Sciaval del anno 501.

Uner No. 5, p. 370:

Instrumento con la sua copia del re saraceno Amed Ciakmak contiene: che li religiosi franchi non paghino a quei ministri, che non vengono per gli affari dei frati ... possino sepelire i loro morti, possino fare vino provizione ... non siano obligati a montare cavalli per forza in Rama; non diano visitare loco possessioni: che nessuno pretenda d'esser drogloromanno, se non alcuno appoggio. Dato alli 10 di Sefer 609.

Several firmans begin:

Copia autenticata d'un commendamento ottenuto ad instanza dell'ambasciadore di Francia, etc.

Thus one sees the unfortunate monks, guardians of the tomb of Jesus Christ, uniquely occupied, for several centuries, in defending themselves, day by day, against all kinds of insult and tyranny. They need to obtain permission to eat, to bury their dead, etc; sometimes, they are forced to mount a horse, to no purpose, except to make them pay for the privilege; sometimes a Turk declares himself their dragoman, and demands his salary of the community. They exercise, against these unfortunate monks, the most bizarre inventions of Oriental despotism (they once attempted to kill two monks in Jerusalem because a cat had fallen into the cistern of the monastery. Roger: p. 330.) In vain do they obtain, at a price, orders that seem to protect them from such insults; the orders are not obeyed: every year sees some new oppression, and requires some new firman. The commandant, who prevaricates, and the prince, their apparent protector, are two tyrants who concur, one in exercising injustice under a law not yet enacted; the other in selling, for gold, a judgement under a law not enacted until after the 'crime' has been committed. The register of the Fathers' firmans is a very valuable asset, worthy in all respects of the library of these apostles who, in the midst of tribulations, maintain with invincible constancy the Tomb of Jesus Christ. The Fathers did not realise the value of this evangelical catalogue; they did not think it would interest me; they saw nothing unusual in it: their suffering is so natural, that they were astonished by my astonishment. My admiration for such misfortunes so bravely borne was great and sincere; but I confess also how moved I felt by finding this one phrase again and again: *Copy of a firman obtained through the solicitations of the Ambassador of France etc!* Honour to a European country which labours, in the depths of Asia Minor, to protect the wretched, and defend the weak from the mighty! My country never seemed to me more beautiful and more glorious than when I discovered a record of her acts of charity hidden in Jerusalem, in a register in which were inscribed the unknown sufferings, and the un-revealed inequities, of the oppressed and of the oppressor.

I hope my personal feelings never blind me to the point of ignoring truth: there is something that takes precedence over all opinion; and that is justice. If some philosopher today were to write an excellent work; if they were to achieve something finer, a virtuous action; if they displayed noble and elevated sentiments, I, a Christian, would freely applaud them. Why should a philosopher not do so, as well as a Christian? Because a man wears a robe, sports a long beard, has a cord for a belt; is that a reason not to take account of another's sacrifice? As for me, I would seek virtue in the bowels of the earth, among worshippers of Vishnu, or the Great Lama, in order to achieve the happiness of admiring it: generous actions are all too rare today not to honour them in any guise in which one finds them, nor to regard too closely whether they appear in a priest's robe or in the cloak of the philosopher.

Part Five: Jerusalem - Continued

On the 10th of October, at daybreak, I exited Jerusalem by the Gate of Ephraim, accompanied as ever by the faithful Ali, with the intention of examining the battlefields immortalized by Tasso. Reaching a point north of the city, between the Cave of Jeremiah and the Tombs of the Kings, I opened *Jerusalem Delivered*, and was struck at once by the truth of Tasso's description:

Gierusalem sovra due colli è posta, etc.

I will employ a translation rather than the original:

'Jerusalem sits on two opposing hills of unequal height and a valley separates and divides the city: it has three sides of difficult access. The fourth rises in a gentle and almost imperceptible manner; it is the northern side: deep moats and high walls surround and defend it.

Within are cisterns, and springs with running water; the outside offers only a bare and barren land; no founts, no streams water it; none ever saw flowers bloom there; never did a tree, with its lovely shade, form a refuge there against the sun. Yet more than six miles distant is a wood whose deep shadow spreads despair and sadness.

On the side where the sun casts its first rays, the Jordan rolls its illustrious and happy waves. To the west, the Mediterranean Sea sighs, against the sand that halts and captures it. To the north is Bethel, whose altars were raised to the Golden Calf, and infidel Samaria. Bethlehem, the cradle of a God, is on the side that rains and storms sadden.' (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: I:55-57*)

Nothing is finer, clearer, or more precise than this description; if it had been written in sight of the city it could not be more accurate. The wood, located six miles from camp, in the direction of Arabia, is no invention of the poet's: William of Tyre speaks of the wood where Tasso set so many marvels. Godfrey found timber there for the beams and joists used in constructing his siege-engines. We shall see how closely Tasso studied the original sources when I translate the history of the Crusades.

E 'l capitano,
Poi ha ch'intorno mirato, ai suoi discende.

'But the general (*Godfrey*) having viewed and examined all, rejoined his men: he knew he could not attack Jerusalem by a steep-sided, and difficult approach. He placed his tents opposite the northern gate, and the plain it overlooked; from there the camp extended to a site below the corner tower.

In this space was contained almost a third of the city. He would never have been able to embrace the whole circuit, but he closed it off from access to aid, and occupied all the passes.' (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: I:64-65*)

One is at the very place described. The plain runs from the Damascus Gate to the corner tower, at the source of the Kidron, and the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The land between

the city and the camp is such as Tasso represents, quite level, and suited to acting as a field of battle at the foot of Jerusalem's walls. King Aladine sits, with Erminia, on a tower, built between two gates, from which they can see the fighting in the plain, and the Christian camp. The tower, among several others, exists between the Damascus Gate and the Gate of Ephraim.

In the second canto, we recognize, in the episode of Olindo and Sofronia, two very accurate descriptions of the location:

Nel tempio de' cristiani occulto giace, etc.

'In the temple of the Christians, in the depths of a secret underground chamber, is an altar; on that altar is the image of one whom the people revere as a goddess, and the mother of a God dead and interred.' (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: II:5*)

Such is the church now called the *Tomb of the Virgin*; it is in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and I have spoken of it earlier. Tasso, with the privilege accorded to poets, sites this church within the walls of Jerusalem.

The mosque where the image of the Virgin is placed, on the advice of the mage, is obviously the mosque of the Temple:

Io là, donde riceve
L'alta vostra meschita e l' aura e 'l die, etc.

'At night, I climbed to the summit of the mosque, and through the opening that receives the light of day, I made myself a path unknown to any other.' (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: II:29*)

The first battle of the adventurers, the combat between Argante, Otho, Tancred, and Raymond of Toulouse, takes place before the Gate of Ephraim. When Armida arrives from Damascus, she enters, the poet says, at the extremity of the camp. Indeed, it was near the Damascus Gate on the western side, that the tents of the Christians were to be found.

I place the wonderful scene of Erminia's flight at the northern end of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. When Tancred's lover has traversed the gate of Jerusalem, with her faithful squire, she *descends among the valleys, and takes oblique and wandering paths* (VI: 96). She did not therefore leave by the Gate of Ephraim, since the path that leads from this gate to the Crusader camp runs over level ground. She chose to escape by the eastern gate, a gate less open to suspicion and less well guarded.

Erminia reaches a deep and solitary place. *In solitaria ed ima parte*. She halts, and orders her squire to go and speak to Tancred: that deep and solitary place is clearly marked at the top of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, before rounding the northern corner of the city. There, Erminia can await in safety the return of her messenger; but she cannot withstand her impatience: she ascends the slope, and gazes at the distant tents. Indeed, in emerging from the ravine of the Kidron River, and walking north, one would have seen the Christian camp, on the left. Then we have those admirable stanzas:

Era la notte, etc.

'Night had fallen, no clouds obscured its face, charged with stars: the rising moon shed its soft light: the amorous beauty holds heaven witness to her love; silence and the earth are the silent confidants of her pain.

She gazes at the Christian tents: O Latin camp, she cries, dear object to my eyes! What air they breathe there! How it revives my senses and restores them! Ah! Should heaven ever provide a sanctuary to my troubled life, I should find it there in that place: no, peace cannot await me in the midst of weapons!

O Christian camp, receive the sad Erminia! May she obtain in your depths the pity Love promises her; the pity that once, a captive, she found in the soul of her generous vanquisher! I do not ask the return of my realms, or the sceptre taken from me: O Christians! I would be more than content if I might only serve beneath your banners!

Thus speaks Erminia. Alas, she cannot foresee the ills that fate prepares for her! Rays of light reflected from her weapons, strike the eye: her white robes, the silver leopard glittering on her helmet, proclaim her as Clorinda.

Nearby, a troop advances: at its head two brothers, Alcander and Polyphernes.' (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: II:103-107*)

Alcander and Polyphernes would have been located somewhere near the Tombs of the Kings. It is regrettable that Tasso has not described those underground chambers; the character of his genius summoned him to describe some like monument.

It is not as easy to determine where the fugitive Erminia meets the shepherd beside the river; however, as there is only one river in the landscape, and as Erminia left Jerusalem by the eastern gate, it is probable that Tasso intends this charming scene to be set beside the Jordan. It is hard to understand, I agree, why he did not name the river, but it is apparent that this great poet was not sufficiently taken by his memory of those Scriptures of which Milton has portrayed so many beauties.

As to the lake and castle where the sorceress Armida imprisons the knights she has seduced, Tasso says himself that this lake is the Dead Sea:

Al fin giungemmo al loco, ove già scese
Fiamma dal cielo, etc.

(*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: X:61*)

One of the most beautiful passages in the poem is the attack on the Christian camp by Soliman. The Sultan is riding at night through the deepest shadows, for, according to the sublime expression of the poet:

Votò Pluton gli abissi, e la sua notte
Tutta versò dalle Tartar e grotte.

For Pluto there disgorges the abyss,
And all the dark of Tartarean depths.

(*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: IX:15*)

The camp is attacked from the western side; Godfrey, who occupies the centre of the army to the north, is not informed for some time of the battle enveloping the right wing. Soliman is unable to hurl himself at the left wing, although it is closer to the desert, because there are deep ravines on that side. The Arabs, hidden during the day in the Valley of Elah, emerge from its shadows to attempt the relief of Soliman. Soliman, defeated, takes the road to Gaza, alone. Ismeno meets him, and has him mount a chariot, which he veils in cloud. They traverse the Christian camp together and reach the mountain of Suliman. This episode, otherwise admirable, complies with the locality as regards the exterior of the Tower of David, near the Jaffa or Bethlehem Gate; but is in error as regards the rest. The poet has confused, or chosen to confuse, the Tower of David with the Antonia Tower: the latter was built some distance from there, at the far end of the city, at the northern corner of the temple.

When one walks the ground, one can almost see Godfrey's soldiers issuing from the Gate of Ephraim, turning east, descending the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and wending their way, like pious and peaceful pilgrims, to pray to the Lord on the Mount of Olives. Let us note that this Christian procession recalls, to an appreciable degree, the Panathenaic pomp displayed at Eleusis, by the soldiers of Alcibiades. Tasso, who had read everything, who constantly imitates Virgil, Homer and the other poets of antiquity, here presents in fine verse one of the finest scenes of history. Add that this procession was also a historical fact, as related by the Anonymous author of the *Gesta Francorum*, by Robert the Monk, and by William of Tyre.

We come to the first assault. The siege-engines are planted before the northern wall. Tasso is here scrupulously exact:

Non era il fosso di palustre limo
(Che nol consente il loco) o d'acque molle.

The ditch there was not of marshy silt
(quite alien to that ground) nor flowing streams.

(*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: XI:34*)

That is quite true. The ditch to the north is a dry moat, or rather a natural gully, like the other ditches near the city.

For the circumstances of this first assault, the poet has followed his genius without relying on history, and as it suits him not to progress as swiftly as the chronicler, he assumes that the original siege-engine was burned by the infidels, and that Godfrey had to

begin again. It is true that the besieged set fire to one of the besiegers' towers. Tasso has developed this incident, according to the needs of his tale.

Soon the terrible battle between Tancred and Clorinda begins, a fiction possessed of more pathos than emerged from the brain of any other poet. The location of the scene is easy to find. Clorinda cannot return with Argante through the Golden Gate; she is therefore below the Temple in the Valley of Siloam. Tancred pursues her; the battle begins; the dying Clorinda requests baptism; Tancred, more unfortunate than his victim, goes to fetch water from a nearby spring; this spring determines the location:

Poco quindi lontan nel sen del monte,
Scaturia mormorando un picciol rio.

Not far away, from out the mountain side,
There tumbled a little murmuring stream.

(*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: XII:67*)

This is the fount of Siloam, or rather Mary's spring, which gushes from the foot of Mount Sion.

I am not sure that the depiction of drought in the thirteenth canto is not the finest passage of the poem: Tasso here is the equal of Homer and Virgil. The passage, penned with great care, has a firmness and purity of style sometimes lacking in other parts of the work:

Spenta è del cielo ogni benigna lampa, etc.

'Every benign star in the sky is quenched…sunrise is ever veiled with blood-red vapour, sinister omen of an evil day; it never sets but reddened stains threaten as sad a day tomorrow. Always present evil is embittered by the dread certainty of ill to follow.

Under the burning rays, the withered flower dies, the leaf turns pale, the grass altered languishes; the earth cracks and the springs run dry; all feels heavens' anger, and barren clouds, spreading in the air, are no more than burning vapours.

The sky resembles a black furnace; the gaze no longer finds a place to rest; the breeze is silent, chained in darkened caves: the air is still; sometimes a mere burning breath of wind, blowing towards the Moorish shores, agitates and inflames it further.

The shades of night are scorched by the heat of day: its veil is on fire with comets, charged with deadly fumes. O wretched land! The sky refuses you its dew; the dying herbs and flowers await in vain the tears of dawn.

Sweet sleep no longer comes on wings of night to pour its juice of poppies on languishing mortals. With fading voice, they implore its favour, none is forthcoming. Thirst, the cruellest of all evils, consumes the Christians: the tyrant of Judea has infected all the founts with lethal poison, and their deadly waters offer only disease and death.

The Siloam that, always pure, once offered them the treasure of its waves, now depleted, flows slowly over sand it scarcely moistens: no source, alas, whether overflowing Eridanus, Ganges, or Nile itself when it breaks its banks and covers Egypt with its fertile waters, could remotely quench their desires.

In the ardour which consumes them, their imagination recalls those silver streams they once saw flowing through the grass; those springs they have seen burst from the rock: these once smiling scenes serve only to nourish their regrets, redouble their despair.

These hardy warriors, who vanquished nature's obstacles, who were never bowed beneath their heavy armour, undaunted by the sword or death's machinations, now weak, devoid of courage and of strength, burden the earth with useless weight: a hidden fire flows in their veins, undermines them, and burns.

The horse, once so proud, languishes, amongst the dry and tasteless grass, his legs falter, his superb head falls, negligently bowed; he no longer feels the spur of glory, no longer recalls the palms he won: those rich spoils, of which he once was proud, are now for him a vile and odious burden.

The faithful dog forgets his master, and his refuge; he languishes, lying in the dust, and, ever panting, tries in vain to quench the fire with which he burns: the heavy scorching air weighs on the lungs he would refresh.'

(*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: XIII:53-63*)

Behold great and noble poetry. This picture, so expertly imitated in *Paul et Virginie* (*the novel, by Jacques-Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre*), has the double merit of reflecting the skies of Judea, while possessing a historic basis: the Christians experienced a similar drought during the siege of Jerusalem. Robert the Monk has left us a description of which I would like to inform my readers.

In the fourteenth canto, we seek a river that flows from Ascalon, at the end of which dwells the hermit who reveals, to Ubaldo and the Danish knight, the fate of Rinaldo. This river is that of Ascalon, or another stream further north, only known at the time of the Crusades as evidenced by D'Anville.

As for the journey of the two knights, the geography is marvellously exact. Starting from a port between Jaffa and Ascalon and sailing south towards Egypt, they are made to view successively Ascalon, Gaza, Raphia and Damietta. The poet indicates their course as to the west, though it runs south at first; he is unable to enter into such details. In the end, one realises that all the epic poets were highly educated men; above all they were nourished on the works of those who preceded them in the epic strain: Virgil translated Homer; Tasso, in every stanza, imitates some passage of Homer, Virgil, Lucan, or Statius; Milton adapts from everywhere; and joins to his own riches the riches of his predecessors.

The sixteenth canto, which contains a description of the gardens of Armida, adds nothing to our subject. In the seventeenth canto we find a description of Gaza, and an enumeration of the Egyptian army: an epic subject handled by the hand of a master, in which Tasso shows a thorough knowledge of geography and history. When I travelled from Jaffa to Alexandria, our saïque (*ketch*) sailed southwards opposite Gaza, the sight of which recalled these lines from the *Gerusalemme*:

‘At the borders of Palestine, on the road to Pelusium, Gaza sees the sea in its anger expire at the foot of her walls: around her stretch immense solitudes and barren sands. The wind that rules the waves also exerts its influence over the shifting sand, and the traveller sees his uncertain path float away and vanish at the mercy of the storm.’ (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: XVII:1*)

The final assault, in the nineteenth canto, is absolutely consistent with history. Godfrey attacked the city in three places. The old Count of Toulouse shattered the walls between west and south, opposite the castle of the city, near the Jaffa Gate. Godfrey forced the Gate of Ephraim on the north. Tancred attempted the corner tower, which later gained the name of the *Tower of Tancred*.

Tasso follows the chronicles, in a similar manner, regarding the events and outcome of the assault. Ismeno, accompanied by two sorceresses, is killed by a stone hurled from a siege-engine: two witches on the battlements were indeed crushed at the capture of Jerusalem. Godfrey looked up and saw heavenly warriors fighting for him on all sides. It is a fine imitation of Homer and Virgil, yet it is also a tradition of the Crusades: ‘The dead entered with the living,’ says Père Nau, ‘for many of the illustrious crusaders who had died at various times before reaching Jerusalem, among others Adhemar, that virtuous and zealous Bishop of Puy-en-Velay, in the Auvergne, appeared on the walls, as if the glory they might possess in the heavenly Jerusalem still lacked the glory of a visit to the terrestrial one, to worship the Son of God beside the throne of his ignominy and suffering, as they might worship him beside that of his majesty and power.’ (*Michel Nau: Voyage nouveau de la terre-sainte, II:p69*)

The city was taken, as the poet recounts, via bridges extended from the siege-engines and dropped onto the battlements. Godfrey and Gaston de Foix had planned these siege-machines, which were constructed by Pisan and Genoese sailors. So in this assault, on which Tasso has deployed the ardour of his chivalrous spirit, all is true, except as regards Rinaldo: since that hero is pure invention, his actions are of course invented. There was no warrior named Rinaldo d’Este at the siege of Jerusalem; the first Christian who launched himself onto the battlements was a knight named not Rinaldo, but Lethalde (*of Tournai*), a Flemish gentleman of Godfrey’s suite. He was followed by Guicher and by Godfrey himself. The stanza in which Tasso depicts the banner of the cross casting its shadows on the towers of a liberated Jerusalem is sublime.

‘The triumphant banner flutters in the air; the winds blow more softly, with respect; the sun, more serene, gilds it with his rays, the arrows and the bolts, deflected, fail at the sight. Sion and its hill seem to bow and offer it the homage of their joy.’ (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: XVIII:100*)

All the historians of the Crusades speak of Godfrey’s piety, and Tancred’s generosity, and of the justice and prudence of the Count of Saint-Gilles; Anna Comnena (*Anna Komnene*) herself praised the latter: thus the poet depicted heroes we know of. When he invents characters, he is at least faithful to their characteristics. Argante is a true Mameluke:

L’altro è Circasso Argante, uom che straniero...

‘The other is the Circassian, Argante: an unknown adventurer at the court of Egypt, seated there among the satraps. His courage has borne him to war’s highest honours; impatient, relentless, fierce, indefatigable, invincible in battle, contemptuous of all gods, his sword is his reason and his law.’ (*Tasso: Gerusalemme Liberata: II:59*)

Soliman is a true sultan of the early days of the Ottoman Empire. The poet, who neglects nothing, makes this Sultan of Nicaea, an ancestor of the great Saladin, and it is obvious that he intended to depict Saladin himself with the traits of that ancestor. If ever Dom Berthereau’s work sees the light of day, we shall learn more about the Muslim heroes of the *Gerusalemme*. Dom Berthereau (*George François Berthereau*) has translated the Arabic writers who have dealt with the history of the Crusades. These valuable translations will become part of the library available to French historians.

I could not determine the place in which the fierce Argante is killed by the generous Tancred; but it must be sought in the valleys to the north-west. It cannot be placed to the east of the corner tower besieged by Tancred; since Erminia would not then have met the wounded hero, when she returned from Gaza with Vafrino.

As for the final action of the poem, which, in reality, took place close to Ascalon, Tasso, with exquisite judgement, has transported it beneath the walls of Jerusalem. In history the action was insignificant, in the poem it is a battle superior to those depicted by Virgil, and equal to the greatest in Homer.

I will now give the siege of Jerusalem, as portrayed in our old chronicles: readers may compare the poem to the histories.

Robert the Monk is the most quoted of all historians of the Crusades. The Anonymous writer of the collection *Gesta Dei per Francos* is earlier; but his style is too dry. William of Tyre perpetrates the opposite crime; we must therefore rest content with Robert: his Latin style is affected. He adopts the mannerisms of the poets; but, for that very reason, with all his affectations and conceits (for example *Papa Urbanus urbano sermone peroravit* or *Vallis speciosa and spatiosa*. Such was the taste of the age. Our old hymns are filled with like mannerisms: *Quo carne carnis conditor*, etc.), he is less barbaric than his contemporaries; he possesses moreover a degree of critical judgement and a brilliant imagination.

‘The army deployed in the following order before Jerusalem: the Count of Flanders and the Earl of Normandy pitched their tents to the north, near the church built on the place where Saint Stephen, the first martyr, was stoned (the text reads: *Juxta ecclesiam sancti Stephani Martyr*, etc. I have translated *juxta* as near, because the church is not to the north, but to the east of Jerusalem, and all other historians of the Crusades say that the Counts of Normandy and Flanders pitched camp between north and east); Godfrey and Tancred pitched camp to the west; and the Comte de Saint-Gilles pitched camp in the south, on Mount Sion (the text reads: *Scilicet in monte Sion*. This proves that the Jerusalem rebuilt by Hadrian did not enclose Mount Sion in its entirety, and that area of the city remained exactly as we see it today), around the Church of Mary, Mother of Christ, formerly the house where Our Lord partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. The tents being arranged thus, while the troops, wearied by their journey, rested and constructed siege-

engines appropriate for the battle, Raymond Pilet (Piletus, we read elsewhere Pilitus and Pelez) and Raymond de Turenne, left the camp with several others to inspect the surrounding area, fearing that the enemy might surprise them before the Crusaders were prepared. They met three hundred Arabs on their travels, of whom they killed several, while taking thirty horses from them. On the second day of the third week, June the 13th, 1099, the French attacked Jerusalem; but were unable to take it that day. However, their work was not unsuccessful: they overthrew the masking-wall, and applied scaling ladders to the main wall. If they had attacked in sufficient force, this first effort would have been the final one required. Those who mounted the scaling-ladders fought long with the enemy, with sword and spear. Many of our people perished in that attack; but the loss was greater on the side of the Saracens. Night put an end to the action, and gave rest to both parties. However, this first attempt occasioned our army much work and trouble, because our troops remained without bread for the space of ten days, until our ships had arrived at the port of Jaffa. In addition, they suffered excessively from thirst; the Siloam spring, at the foot of Mount Zion, was scarcely adequate to provide water for the troops, and it proved necessary to water the horses and other animals six miles from camp, accompanied by a large escort…

However, the fleet, arriving in Jaffa, procured food for the besiegers, but they suffered no less thirst; it was so great during the siege, that the soldiers dug in the earth and pressed the damp clods to their mouths; they licked dew from the rocks too; they drank fetid water that had been freshly stored in the skins of water-buffalo and other animals; many men refrained from eating, hoping to dampen their thirst with hunger…

During this time the generals had large pieces of wood brought from a great distance with which to construct siege-engines and towers. When these towers were completed, Godfrey sited his to the east of the city; the Comte de Saint-Gilles established another similar one to the south. Their dispositions thus made, on the fifth day of the week, the Crusaders fasted and distributed alms to the poor; on the sixth day, which was the twelfth of July, dawn rose brightly; the leading warriors ascended the towers, and placed their scaling-ladders against the walls of Jerusalem. The illegitimate children of the holy city shuddered in amazement (*stupent et contremiscunt adulterini cives urbis eximiae*. The expression is fine and true, because not only were the Saracens, as foreigners, *illegitimate citizens*, imperfect children of Jerusalem, but they could also be termed *adulterini* because of their adulterous mother Hagar, and relative to the legitimate offspring of Israel, through Sarah. *Note*, *this seems invalid; see Genesis XVI for the legitimacy of Hagar and Abraham's offspring*), at being besieged by so great a multitude. But as they were threatened with death on all sides, and the fatal sword was suspended above their heads, and as they were certain to succumb, they resolved to sell their lives dearly. However, Godfrey stood at the summit of his tower, not as a soldier, but as an archer. The Lord directed his hand in the battle; and all the arrows he launched pierced the enemy through and through. Beside this warrior stood his brothers Baldwin and Eustace, like lions beside a lion; they received terrible blows from stones and darts, and returned them on the enemy with interest.

While they fought for the city walls thus, a procession wound round those same walls, carrying crosses, sacred relics and altars (*sacra altaria*. This seems to portray no more than a pagan ceremony, but there were apparently portable altars in the Christian camp). The advantage remained uncertain for some time; but at the hour when the Saviour of the World gave up his spirit, a warrior named Lethalde, fighting from Godfrey's siege-tower, was first to leap onto the ramparts of the city: Guicher followed, that Guicher who had slain a lion. Godfrey was the third to leap, and the other knights all followed in his wake. Then bows and arrows were abandoned; the sword reigned supreme. At this sight, the enemy fled the walls, and flung themselves into the city; the soldiers of Christ pursued them with loud cries.

The Comte de Saint-Gilles, who had been trying to bring his siege-engines to bear on the city, heard the clamour. "Why", he asked his soldiers "are we waiting here? The French are masters of Jerusalem; the city resounds with their voices and their blows." Then he advanced swiftly towards the gate which is near the Tower of David; he called to those who were in the tower, and demanded their surrender. As soon as the Emir recognized the Comte de Saint-Gilles, he opened the gate, and placed his trust in that venerable warrior.

But Godfrey, and the French, attempted to avenge Christian blood spilled in the precincts of Jerusalem; he desired to punish the infidels for the taunts and insults they had caused pilgrims to suffer. Never had he seemed so terrible in battle, not even when he fought the giant (a Saracen of gigantic size, whom Godfrey split in two with one stroke of his sword) on the bridge at Antioch. Guicher, with several thousand choice warriors cleft the Saracens from head to waist, or sliced them through the midst of their bodies. None of our soldiers showed themselves timid, since none of the enemy was in a position to resist (a singular reflection! *Note by Chateaubriand*). The enemy only sought to flee, but escape was impossible; rushing about in panic, they became entangled one with another. The few who managed to escape locked themselves in the Temple of Solomon, and defended themselves there for a long time. As the day began to decline, our soldiers invaded the Temple; full of fury, they massacred all those they found there. The carnage was such that the mutilated bodies were carried on rivers of blood into the courtyard; severed hands and arms floated on the pools of blood, as if to unite with corpses to which they did not belong.' (*Robert the Monk: Historia Hierosolymitana:IX)*

In completing this description of scenes celebrated by Tasso, I am delighted to become the first writer to render that immortal poet the same honour that others before me have rendered to Homer and Virgil. Anyone who is sensitive to beauty, art, and the interest of poetic composition, richness of detail, fidelity to character, and generosity of feeling, must make *Gerusalemme liberata* his favourite reading. It is above all a poem for soldiers; it breathes valour and glory; and as I have said in *Les Martyrs*, it seems as if written in the midst of a military camp on the surface of a shield.

I spent about five hours examining Tasso's theatre of war. That theatre occupies little more than a half-mile of terrain, and the poet has indicated the various sites of his action so well, it takes only a glance to recognize them.

As we were returning to the city via the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we met the Pasha's cavalry returning from their expedition. Nothing could describe the air of triumph and joy

shown by this troop, conquerors returning with the sheep, goats, donkeys and horses of various poor Arabs of Jordan.

This is the place to speak about the system of government in Jerusalem.

Firstly, there is:

1. A musallam or sanjakbey, the military governor;
2. A mullah-cadi or minister of justice;
3. A mufti, a religious leader and head of the legal profession;

(When this mufti is a fanatic or a wicked man, like the one found in Jerusalem during my visit he is the most tyrannical of all the authorities as regards Christians.)

4. A muteleny or customs-officer of the mosque of Solomon;
5. A sub-basha or city provost.

These subordinate tyrants all belong, except the mufti, to a tyrant in chief, and that tyrant in chief is the Pasha of Damascus.

Jerusalem is attached, no one knows why, to the pashalik of Damascus, unless it is on account of the destructive system that the Turks follow naturally and as if by instinct. Separated from Damascus by the mountains, and even more so by the Arabs who infest the desert, Jerusalem cannot always make its complaints known to the pasha, when governors oppress it. It would be simpler if it was a dependency of the pashalik of Acre, located in the same neighbourhood: the French and the Latin Fathers would be under the protection of resident consuls in the ports of Syria; the Greeks and Turks could make their voices heard. But that is precisely what the powers that be seek to avoid; they want dumb slavery, not insolent bearers of oppression, who would dare those powers to crush them.

Jerusalem is thus handed over to a governor who is virtually independent: he can perpetrate whatever evil he pleases, so long as he accounts for it later to the pasha. Every superior in Turkey, as we know, has the right to delegate his powers to an inferior, and those powers extend to control over property and life. For a few bags of silver, a Janissary may become a petty agha, and this agha, at his pleasure, might kill you or allow you to buy your life. The number of executioners is increasing in all the villages of Judea, The only thing one hears in this country, the only justice enacted is: *he must pay ten, twenty, thirty bags of silver; he must receive five hundred strokes of the cane; off with his head*. An act of injustice prompts a greater injustice. If a peasant is robbed it is essential to rob his neighbour; in order to preserve the Pasha's hypocritical integrity, there must be a second crime in order for the first to go unpunished.

One might think that the pasha, in carrying out the processes of government, would remedy these ills and avenge the people: in fact, the pasha is himself the greatest scourge of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. His visits are feared like those of an enemy general: the inhabitants close their shops; they hide in underground caverns; they pretend to be at death's door, or they flee to the mountains.

I can attest to the truth of these facts, since I found myself in Jerusalem at the time of the Pasha's arrival. Abdallah is driven by sordid avarice, like almost all Muslims; in his capacity as head of the caravan to Mecca, and under the pretext of levying money to better protect the pilgrims, he feels entitled to perpetrate all forms of abuse. There are no means

he has not pursued. That which he most often employs is to set a very low maximum price on foodstuffs. The people applaud, in wonder, but the merchants close their shops. A famine commences; the Pasha makes a secret deal with the merchants; he grants them permission, for a certain number of bags of silver, to charge whatever they wish. The merchants seek to recover the money they gave to the pasha; they bring in food at extraordinary prices, and the populace, dying of hunger for a second time, are forced, in order to live, to strip themselves to their last garment.

I saw this same Abdallah perpetrate an even more ingenious harassment. I have said that he had sent his cavalry to plunder the Arab farmers, on the far side of the Jordan. These good people, who had paid the *miri* (*land tax*) and did not think themselves to be at war, were surprised in the midst of their tents and flocks. Two thousand two hundred goats and sheep, ninety-four calves, a thousand donkeys and six mares of the finest breed were stolen from them: only the camels escaped (however, twenty-six were captured); a sheik called to them from afar, and they followed him: those faithful children of the desert had brought their milk to their masters in the mountains, as if they knew that those masters had no other food.

A European would scarcely imagine what the pasha did with these spoils. He set a price on each animal exceeding twice its value. He assessed each goat and sheep at twenty piastres each, each calf at eighty. The animals, thus priced, were sent to the butchers in the various districts of Jerusalem, and to the leaders of neighbouring villages; they were forced to take and pay for them, on pain of death. I confess that if I had not seen this double iniquity, with my own eyes, it would have seemed to me quite incredible. As for the donkeys and horses, they were left to the cavalry; since, by a singular convention among these thieves, cloven-footed animals among the spoils belong to the pasha, and all the other animals are shared among the soldiers.

After exhausting Jerusalem's resources, the pasha withdraws. But in order to avoid paying the city guards, and to augment the escort accompanying the caravan to Mecca, he takes the soldiers with him. The Governor remains alone with a dozen henchmen who are inadequate to police the city, much less the countryside. The year before that of my trip, he was obliged to hide in his house to escape gangs of thieves who haunted the walls of Jerusalem, and who were ready to pillage the city.

The pasha has scarcely disappeared before another evil, resulting from his oppression, begins. The devastated villages rise up; they fight with each other to exact hereditary vengeance.

All communication is interrupted; cultivation ceases; the farmer goes off at night to ravage his enemy's vines, and fell his olive trees. The pasha returns the following year, he exacts the same levy from a country whose population has decreased. He is obliged to redouble his oppression, and exterminate whole tribes. Gradually the desert spreads further; in the distance, as far as the eye can see, are ruined hovels; and at the doors of these hovels ever-extending cemeteries: every year sees another hut, another family perish; and soon nothing remains but the cemetery to mark the place where a village stood.

Returning to the monastery at ten in the morning, I completed my inspection of the library. Besides the register of *firmans* I mentioned, I found an autograph manuscript of the

learned Quaresmius. This Latin manuscript takes as its subject, like all the books published by that author, his researches in the Holy Land. Various other boxes contained Turkish and Arab papers relating to the affairs of the monastery; letters from the Congregation; assorted writings, etc; I also saw treaties by the Church Fathers, various records of pilgrimages to Jerusalem, the Abbé Mariti's book, and the excellent *Travels* of Monsieur de Volney. Father Clément Peres thought he had discovered some minor inaccuracies in this latter work; he had marked them on loose sheets, and presented me with his notes.

I had seen everything I wished in Jerusalem; I now knew the city internally and externally, and better even than I know the inside and outside of Paris. I began then to think about my departure. The Fathers of the Holy Land wished to honour me in a manner I neither asked for nor deserved. In consideration of the negligible services that, according to them, I had rendered the religion, they begged me to accept the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. This order, of great antiquity within Christendom, even without its origin being attributed to Saint Helena, was once quite common in Europe. It is scarcely met with today except in Poland and Spain: the Custodian of the Holy Sepulchre has the sole right to confer the honour.

We left the monastery at one, and went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We entered the chapel, which belongs to the Latin fathers; the doors were carefully closed, lest the Turks saw the arms we had with us, a sight which would cost the monks their lives. The Custodian donned his pontifical robes; the lamps and candles were lit; all the brothers present formed a circle round me, their arms folded on their chests. While they softly sang the *Veni Creator*, the Custodian approached the altar, and I knelt at his feet. The sword and spurs of Godfrey of Bouillon had been brought from the treasury of the Holy Sepulchre; two monks stood by my side, holding these venerable relics. The priest recited the usual prayers and asked me the usual questions. Then he buckled on the spurs, and struck me three times on the shoulder with the sword, so granting me the accolade. The monks chanted the *Te Deum*, while the Custodian uttered this prayer above my head:

'Almighty God, pour out your grace and blessings on this thine servant, etc.'

All this ritual is only a remembrance of customs that no longer exist. But when one remembers that I was in Jerusalem, in the Church of Calvary, at twelve paces from the tomb of Jesus Christ, thirty from that of Godfrey of Bouillon; that I had just put on the spurs of the Liberator of the Holy Sepulchre, touched that iron blade, long and broad, that so noble and fair a hand had wielded; when one recalls these circumstances, my adventurous life, my travels on land and sea, one will easily conceive how greatly moved I must have been. The ceremony, moreover, was not all vanity: I was French, Godfrey of Bouillon was French: his former weapons, in touching my body, communicated to me a new love for the glory and honour of my country. I was not doubtless *sans reproche*; but every Frenchman may declare himself *sans peur*. (*Bayard was the knight deemed to be: sans peur et sans reproche: without fear and beyond reproach.*)

I was handed my brevet, signed by the Custodian and sealed with the monastery's seal. Together with this gleaming diploma of knighthood, I was given the humble certificate attesting to my pilgrimage. I keep them as mementoes of my time in the land of Jacob, that traveller of ancient times.

Now I am about to leave Palestine, my readers must imagine themselves beside me outside the walls of Jerusalem, so as to take a last look at that extraordinary city. Let us begin at the Cave of Jeremiah, near the Tombs of the Kings. This cave is quite large, and the roof is supported by a pillar of stone: it is here, they say, that the Prophet uttered his Lamentations; they seem as if composed before modern Jerusalem so naturally do they portray the state of this desolate city!

'How doth the city sit solitary, *that was* full of people! *how* is she become as a widow! she *that was* great among the nations, *and* princess among the provinces, *how* is she become tributary!

…The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts: all her gates are desolate: her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she *is* in bitterness.

…*Is it* nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,

…The LORD hath purposed to destroy the wall of the daughter of Zion: he hath stretched out a line, he hath not withdrawn his hand from destroying: therefore he made the rampart and the wall to lament; they languished together.

Her gates are sunk into the ground; he hath destroyed and broken her bars: her king and her princes are among the Gentiles: the law is no more; her prophets also find no vision from the LORD.

…Mine eyes do fail with tears, my bowels are troubled, my liver is poured upon the earth, for the destruction of the daughter of my people; because the children and the sucklings swoon in the streets of the city.

…What thing shall I take to witness for thee? what thing shall I liken to thee, O daughter of Jerusalem?

…All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call: The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole earth?' (*Lamentations: 1:1,4,12 and 2:8-9,11,13, 15*)

Viewed from the Mount of Olives, on the far side of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, Jerusalem presents an inclined plane on ground that descends from west to east. A crenellated wall, fortified by towers and a gothic castle, encloses the whole city, excluding however a part of Mount Sion, which it hitherto embraced.

In the western area and the central parts of the city, close to Calvary, the houses huddle quite closely together; but to the east, along the Kidron Valley, one sees empty spaces, among others the enclosure around the mosque built on the ruins of the temple, and the well nigh deserted terrain, in which stood the castle named Antonia (*from Mark Antony*) and Herod's second palace.

The houses of Jerusalem are heavy square masses, very low, lacking chimneys or windows; they are roofed with flat terraces or domes, and look like prisons or tombs. To the eye all would seem level, if the steeples of the churches, the minarets of the mosques, and the tops of some cypress-trees and prickly pears, did not break the uniformity of the view. Gazing at these stone houses, enclosed by a stony landscape, one questions whether they are not the confused monuments of some cemetery in the midst of the desert.

Entering the city, nothing will console you for its melancholy exterior: you wander through small unpaved streets, which rise and fall on uneven ground, and you walk amidst clouds of dust or among boulders. Canvas awnings flung from one house to another increase the gloom of this labyrinth; vaulted and vile bazaars serve to mask the light from the desolate city; a few miserable shops display their wretchedness to your gaze; and often these same shops are closed for fear of a *cadi* passing by. No one in the streets, no one at the gates of the city; sometimes a lone peasant slips by in the shadows, hiding the fruits of his labour under his clothes, for fear of being robbed by a soldier; in an out of the way corner, an Arab butcher slaughters a beast suspended by its feet from a ruined wall: given the fierce and haggard air of the man, and his blood-stained arms, you might imagine him about to slay his fellow man rather than sacrifice a lamb. The only noise you hear in the deicidal city is, now and then, that of some mare galloping over the desert: she bears the Janissary who brings the head of some Bedouin, or who is off to rob the fellahin.

In the midst of this extraordinary desolation, one must stop a moment to consider something more extraordinary still. Amongst the ruins of Jerusalem, two races of independent people find in their faith that which is needed to overcome such horror and misery. Here, Christian monks live, while nothing can force them to abandon the Tomb of Jesus Christ; neither robbery, nor abuse, nor threats of death. Night and day, their chants ring, around the Holy Sepulchre. Robbed, in the morning, by the Turkish governor, evening finds them at the foot of Calvary, praying at the place where Jesus Christ suffered for the salvation of men. Their foreheads are serene, their mouths smiling. They welcome the stranger with joy. Without strength, lacking weapons, they protect entire villages against injustice. Driven on by swords and sticks, the women, children, and flocks take refuge in the cloisters of these solitaries. What prevents the armed oppressor pursuing his prey and toppling such feeble defences? The charity of the monks; they deprive themselves of the last resources of life to save their supplicants. Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Christians, schismatics, all throw themselves under the protection of a few poor brothers, who cannot defend themselves. Here we must recognize, with Bossuet: ‘that hands raised to heaven conquer more battalions than hands dealing blows.’ (*Bossuet: Oraison funèbre de Marie-Thérèse d'Autriche*)

While the New Jerusalem emerges thus *from the desert, shining with light* (*Racine: Athalie:ActIII:Scene7*), cast your gaze between Mount Sion and the Temple; look on that other little tribe who live separated from the rest of the inhabitants of the city. Ever a particular object of contempt, they bow their heads without complaint; they suffer every indignity without demanding justice; they allow themselves to be overwhelmed with blows without a groan; if their heads are required, they present them to the scimitar. If any member of this proscribed society dies, his companions will bury him secretly, at night, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, in the shadow of the Temple of Solomon. Penetrate the dwelling places of that people, and you will find them in abject poverty, reading a mysterious book to their children which will be read, in turn, to their children. What they performed five thousand years ago, this race still performs. Seventeen times they witnessed the fall of Jerusalem, yet nothing can discourage them from turning their eyes toward Zion. When one sees the Jews dispersed throughout the earth, according to the word of God, one is indeed

surprised; but to be struck by supernatural astonishment, one must encounter them again in Jerusalem; one must see the legitimate rulers of Judea, slaves and foreigners in their own country: one must see them still awaiting, despite all oppression, a king who will deliver them. Crushed by the cross that condemns them, which is planted on their heads; hidden beside the Temple, of which not one stone rests on another, they dwell in their deplorable blindness. Persians, Greeks, Romans, have disappeared from the earth, and a little tribe, whose origin antedates that of those great peoples, still lives without admixture among the ruins of its country. If anything, among the nations, possesses the character of a miracle, that character, I believe, is here. And what is more marvellous, even to the philosopher, than this meeting of Old and New Jerusalem at the foot of Calvary: the one grieving at the sight of the tomb of the resurrected Jesus Christ; the second consoling itself beside the only tomb that will yield nothing at the final judgement, at the end of the centuries!

I thanked the Fathers for their hospitality, I sincerely wished them that happiness they scarcely expect here below; about to leave them, I experienced a veritable sadness. I know no martyrdom comparable to that of those unfortunate monks; the state they live in is similar to that of France during the Reign of Terror. I was about to return to my homeland, to embrace my relations, see my friends once more, regain the comforts of life; and those monks, who also possessed parents, friends, a homeland, remained exiled in that land of slaves. Not everyone has the fortitude that makes one immune to grief; I comprehended a regret that made me understand the extent of their sacrifice. Did not Jesus Christ find a cup of bitterness in this land? And yet he drank it to the dregs.

On the 12th of October, I took to the saddle, accompanied by Ali-Aga, Jean, Julien and Michel the dragoman. We left the city at sunset via the Pilgrims' Gate. We traversed the Pasha's camp. I halted, before descending into the Valley of Elah, to gaze again at Jerusalem. Above its walls I could see the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It will no longer be saluted by pilgrims, since it no longer exists (*after the fire of 1808 which virtually destroyed the building, it was restored but in an unsatisfactory manner, much being lost, including the tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin*), and the Tomb of Jesus Christ is now exposed to damage. Formerly the whole of Christendom would have hastened to repair that sacred monument; today no one contemplates doing so, and the smallest contribution to that meritorious undertaking would seem a product of ridiculous superstition. After contemplating Jerusalem for some time, I plunged into the mountains. It was a minute short of six-thirty p.m. when I lost sight of the holy city: thus the traveller marks the moment when a distant land which he will never see again fades from view.

At the far end of the Valley of Elah, we found the leaders of the Arabs from Jeremiah, Abu Gosh and Giaber: they were waiting for us. We arrived at Jeremiah around midnight: it was obligatory to eat a lamb that Abu-Gosh had ordered to be prepared. I wanted to give him some money; he refused and merely asked me to send him two panniers (*couffes*) of rice from Damietta when I reached Egypt: I promised him wholeheartedly that I would, but only remembered my promise at the moment I was embarking for Tunis. As soon as our communications with the Levant are restored, Abu Gosh will certainly receive his rice from Damietta; he will discover that a Frenchman's memory may be deficient, but

not his word. I hope the little Bedouin lads in Jeremiah will mount guard on my gift, and will cry once more: ‘Forward; march!’

I arrived at Jaffa on the13th of October at noon.

Part Six: Egypt

I found myself extremely discomforted on my return to Jaffa: there was not a single vessel in the harbour. I wavered between the idea of embarking at Saint Jean d'Acre, and of travelling to Egypt overland. I would have much preferred to carry out the latter project, but it was impracticable. Five armed groups disputed the Nile region at that time: Ibrahim Bey in Upper Egypt; two other small independent beys; the pasha to the Porte in Cairo; a band of Albanian rebels; and Muhammed Alfi Bey in Lower Egypt. These different parties infested the roads, and the Arabs, profiting from the confusion, succeeded in closing them all.

Providence came to my rescue. The day after I arrived in Jaffa, as I was preparing to leave for Saint Jean d'Acre, a saïque (*ketch*) was seen entering the port. This saïque, from the port of Tripoli in Syria, was in ballast, and seeking a cargo. The Fathers sent for the captain: he consented to transport me to Alexandria, and we soon came to an agreement. I have retained this petty contract, written in Arabic. Monsieur Langlès (*Louis-Mathieu Langlès*), known for his erudition in Oriental languages, deemed it worthy of being placed before the eyes of scholars, because of its various peculiarities. He was kind enough to translate it himself, and I had the original engraved:

TO HIM (GOD).

'The purpose of this writing, and the motive for which it has been drawn up, is that on the day and date shown below (the 'day and date', '*el-youm wa tarikh'*, have been left out. Apart from this omission, I noted several quite serious spelling errors, whose correction can be found at the bottom of the *facsimile* of the Arabic original: Note by Monsieur Langlès) we the undersigned have hired out our vessel to the bearer of this contract, the signor Francesko (*François*), to travel from the port of Jaffa to Alexandria, on condition that he does not enter any other port, and sails straight to Alexandria unless he is forced by bad weather to take shelter somewhere. The cost of chartering this vessel is four hundred and eighty *esedi gurush* (*the* '*lion' gurush*, *or Dutch thaler*), which are each worth forty paras (though the Arabic word *faddah* is used, whose strict meaning is *silver*, here it means the very small coin known in Egypt as the para or medin, valued at eight and four sevenths deniers, in the Yearbook of the French Republic, *l'Annuaire de la république française*, published in Cairo in the year IX. According to the same book, page 60, the Turkish piastre, the *gurush* of forty *paras*, is worth one livre, eight sous, and six and six sevenths deniers: Note by Monsieur Langlès). It also agreed between the parties that the aforesaid price for chartering the vessel shall be paid only when it reaches Alexandria. Decided and agreed between the parties, and before the undersigned witnesses. Witnesses:

Sidi (Lord) Moustapha El Baba: Sidi Hhosein Chetma. – Ra'is (Captain) Hhanna Demitry (John Demetrius), of Tripoli in Syria, affirms the truth of the contents of this writing.

Ra'is Hhanna has in his hands, out of the charge for the charter of the vessel in the above statement, the sum of one hundred and eighty *esedi gurush*; the rest, that is to say the

three hundred *gurush* more, will be paid to him in Alexandria, and since it serves as insurance for the above vessel from Jaffa to Alexandria it remains in the possession of signor Francesko for that reason alone. It is further agreed that the captain will provide, at a fair price, water, fuel for cooking, and salt, with any provisions lacking, and food.'

It was not without genuine regret that I left my venerable hosts on the 16th of October. One of the Fathers gave me letters of recommendation for Spain; for my plan was, after seeing Carthage, to complete my travels by visiting the ruins of the Alhambra. Thus the monks, who remained exposed to every indignity, still thought to be useful to me beyond the seas and in their own homeland.

Before leaving Jaffa, I wrote the following letter to Monsieur Pillavoine (*André Alexandre Pillavoine*), the French Consul in Saint-Jean d'Acre:

Jaffa, the 16th of October, 1806.

'Sir,

I have the honour to send you the letter of recommendation that the French Ambassador in Constantinople has granted me. The season being already well advanced, and my affairs recalling me to our mutual homeland, I find myself obliged to leave for Alexandria. I regret losing the opportunity of meeting you. I have visited Jerusalem; I have witnessed the harassment that the Pasha of Damascus inflicts on monks in the Holy Land. I have counselled resistance, as you have. Unfortunately they learnt too late of the deep interest the Emperor takes in their fate. They have therefore partially conceded to Abdallah's demands; it is to be hoped that they will exhibit more fortitude next year. However, it seems to me that they have shown no lack of prudence or courage this year.

You will find, Sir, two other two letters accompanying that of the Ambassador: one was given to me by Monsieur Dubois, a merchant; I had the other from the dragoman belonging to Monsieur Vial, the French Consul at Modon.

I take a further liberty, Sir, in recommending Monsieur D… to you, whom I met here. I was told he was an honest man, poor and unfortunate; those are the three main titles to the protection of France.

Accept, Sir, I beg, etc.'

F.A. de Ch.

Jean and Julien having carried our luggage on board, I embarked on the 16th of October, at eight in the evening. The sea was high, and the wind unfavourable. I remained on deck as long as I could still see the lights of Jaffa. I confess I felt a certain sense of pleasure, in considering that I had accomplished the pilgrimage I had meditated for so long. I hoped soon to bring to an end this sacred adventure, of which the most hazardous portion appeared complete. When I thought I had crossed almost the whole continent and the seas of Greece,; that I found myself all alone still in a small boat in the depths of the

Mediterranean, after visiting the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and Jerusalem, I regarded my return to Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, as the easiest thing in the world: I was wrong, however.

When the lights of Jaffa were lost to sight, and I had saluted the shores of the Holy Land for the last time, I retired to the captain's cabin; but the next morning at daybreak we found ourselves still opposite the coast of Gaza, as the captain had set a southerly course. Dawn brought us a strong breeze from the east, the sea was fine, and we set course for the west. So I followed the same path that Ubaldo and the Danish knight had traversed to rescue Rinaldo. My boat was scarcely larger than that of the two knights, and like them was driven on by fate. My journey from Jaffa to Alexandria took only four days, and I have never enjoyed a swifter or more delightful passage over the waves. The sky was constantly clear, the wind favourable, the sea glittering. The sails barely needed trimming. Five men made up the crew of the saïque, including the captain; men less lively than my Greeks from the isle of Tinos, but seemingly more skilful. Fresh food, excellent pomegranates, Cyprus wine, coffee of the highest quality, granted us an abundance of joy. This excess of prosperity should have given me cause for alarm; and if I had owned Polycrates' ring, I would have been well advised not to throw it into the sea, on account of that cursed sturgeon.

There is in the sailor's life something adventurous which delights and attracts us. The continual passage from calm to storm, the rapid change of land and sky, stimulate the voyager's imagination. It is, in its unfolding, the very image of man here below; forever promising himself to remain in port, and forever spreading his sails; seeking enchanted islands which he will never reach, and where if he landed he would only experience ennui; speaking only of repose, yet delighting in the tempest; perishing in the midst of some shipwreck, or dying an old pilot on the shore, unknown to the young voyagers whose vessels he regrets being powerless to follow.

On the 17th and 18th of October we crossed the Gulf of Damietta: that city more or less occupies the site of ancient Pelusium. When a country offers a wealth of significant history, memory, in order to rid itself of an overwhelming weight of images, focuses on a single event, which is what happened to me on traversing the Gulf of Pelusium: I began by recalling the early pharaohs, and ended by only being able to think of the death of Pompey, which is, in my opinion, the finest passage of Plutarch, and of his translator Amyot (*Jacques Amyot: Vies des hommes illustres 1559-1565: his translation of Plutarch's Lives: Pompey:78-80*)

On the 19th of October, at noon, after two days without seeing land, we glimpsed a moderately high promontory, called Cape Brulos (*Burullus*), forming the northernmost point of the Delta. I have already noted, regarding the Granicus, that the hidden significance of names is a wonderful thing: Cape Brulos revealed itself to me as a little mound of sand; yet it was the extremity of that fourth continent (*Africa*), which it alone remained to me to explore; it was a corner of that Egypt which was the cradle of the arts, the mother of religion and law: I could not turn away my gaze.

That same evening we had cognizance, as sailors say, of several palm trees that appeared in the south-west, and seemed to emerge from the sea; the land that bore them

could not be seen. To the south, a dark and confused mass was visible, accompanied by a few isolated trees: this was the remains of a village, a sad sign of the fortunes of Egypt.

On the 20th of October, at five in the morning, I saw a line of foam on the green and wrinkled surface of the sea and, on the far side of this bar, pale calm water. The captain came and tapped me on the shoulder and said, in the lingua franca of the Levant: '*Nilo!*' Soon after, we entered and sailed among those famous waters, which I wished to drink of, and found salty. Palm trees and a minaret announced the location of Rosetta to us, but the surface of the land was still invisible. These shores resembled the lagoons of Florida: their aspect was quite different from the coasts of Greece and Syria, and recalled the appearance of horizons in the tropics.

At ten, we saw at last, below the tops of the palm trees, a line of sand that extended west to the promontory of Aboukir, before which we had to pass in order to reach Alexandria. We were then facing the true mouth of the Nile at Rosetta, and were about to traverse the Bogas (*a mouth of the Nile, and the sand-bar across it*). The river water was in this place a reddish-purple, the colour of heather in autumn; the Nile, whose flooding was over, had been declining for some time. Twenty or so *djerms*, the boats of Alexandria, were anchored in the Bogas, awaiting a favourable wind to cross the bar and ascend to Rosetta. In continuing to head west, we reached the extremity of the outflow from this vast lock. The edges of the river-water and the sea did not merge; they were distinct, separate; they foamed on meeting, and seemed to attend jointly on the shoreline (for a description of Egypt see the whole of the eleventh book of *Les Martyrs*).

At five in the evening, the coast, which we had kept on our left, changed its appearance. The palm trees seemed aligned to the shore, like the avenues with which the chateaux of France are adorned: nature was thus pleased to recall the creations of civilization in the country where civilization was born, and where today ignorance and barbarism reign. After doubling Cape Aboukir, we gradually abandoned ourselves to the wind, and we could not enter the port of Alexandria until nightfall. It was eleven o'clock when we dropped anchor in the commercial harbour, amongst the ships anchored before the city. I chose not to go ashore, and waited for daylight on the deck of our saïque.

I had plenty of time to devote myself to my reflections. To my right I could see vessels, and the fortress which replaced the tower of Pharos; to my left, the horizon appeared bounded by hills, ruins and obelisks, which I could barely see amidst the shadows; in front of me ran a confused line of black walls and houses: one could see only a single light, and there was no sound. Yet this was Alexandria, that rival of Memphis and Thebes, which boasted three million inhabitants, which was the sanctuary of the Muses, and which echoed in the darkness to the noisy revels of Antony and Cleopatra. But I lent an ear in vain, a fatal talisman has plunged into silence the people of the new Alexandria; that talisman is despotism, which extinguishes all joy and allows not even a cry of pain. And what noise could a city raise, where at least one third is abandoned, where another third is devoted to sepulchres, and of which the living third, between these two dead extremities, is a sort of palpitating trunk, that has not even the strength, between the ruins and the tombs, to free itself from its chains?

On the 20th of October, at eight in the morning, the saïque's boat transported me ashore, and I had myself conducted to Monsieur Drovetti (*Bernardino Michele Maria Drovetti*) the French Consul at Alexandria. So far I have spoken of our consuls in the Levant with that gratitude I owe them; here I go further and say that I contracted with Monsieur Drovetti a relationship which became a real friendship. Monsieur Drovetti, a distinguished soldier born in beautiful Italy, received me with that simplicity which characterizes the soldier, and that warmth which is the influence of a happy climate. I do not know if, in the desert where he lives, these writings will reach his hands; I hope so, in order that he might learn that time has not weakened my feelings; that I have not forgotten the emotion he showed when I said my farewells on the shore: a noble emotion, when one wipes away the signs of it, as he must, with a hand mutilated in the service of his country! I have neither credit, nor patrons, nor fortune; but if I had, I would employ them for no one with more pleasure than for Monsieur Drovetti.

A description of Egypt will not be expected of me, I am sure: I spoke at some length regarding the ruins of Athens, because after all they are not well known to amateurs of art, I went into great detail concerning Jerusalem, because Jerusalem was the principal object of my journey. But what could I say of Egypt? Who, these days, is still unaware of it? Monsieur de Volney's *Travels* are a veritable masterpiece in every respect, in all matters except those of pure scholarship: that scholarship has been exhausted by Sicard (*Père Claude Sicard*), Norden (*Frederick Louis Norden*), Pococke, Shaw, Niebuhr and others; the drawings by Monsieur Denon (*Dominique Vivant, Baron de Denon*) and the large paintings at the Institute of Egypt have brought the monuments of Thebes and Memphis before our eyes; and besides, I have said elsewhere all I have to say myself regarding Egypt. That section of *Les Martyrs*, where I talk about this ancient land is more complete with respect to antiquity than the remaining sections of that same work. I will confine myself simply to following, without pause, the daily records of my journal.

Monsieur Drovetti granted me lodgings in the consulate, built almost on the seashore, within the commercial harbour. As I was in Egypt, I could not leave without at least having seen the Nile and the Pyramids. I asked Monsieur Drovetti to charter me an Austrian vessel bound for Tunis, while I went off to contemplate the wonders of the tombs. I found two very distinguished Frenchmen in Alexandria, attached to the legation of Monsieur de Lesseps (*Mathieu Maximilien Prosper, Comte de Lesseps, the father of Ferdinand de Lesseps*), who was then about to take over, I believe, as Consulate General of Egypt, and who, if I am not mistaken, has since transferred to Livorno: their intention being to travel to Cairo as well, we chartered a *djerm*, in which we embarked on the 23rd of October for Rosetta. Monsieur Drovetti took charge of Julien, who had a fever, and allotted me a Janissary; I sent Jean to Constantinople, on a Greek vessel which was preparing to set sail.

We left that evening for Alexandria, and arrived at night at the Bogas of Rosetta. We crossed the bar without incident. At daybreak we found ourselves at the entrance to the river; we landed on the headland, to our right. The Nile was in all its beauty; it ran full, without flooding the banks; along its course it revealed verdant rice-fields, planted with isolated palm trees which resembled columns and porticos. We re-embarked, and soon

reached Rosetta: it was then that I first had sight of that magnificent Delta, where all that is lacking is free government and a happy people. But no country is beautiful that lacks liberty: the most serene of skies is odious, if one is chained to the earth. The only thing I found worthy of those beautiful plains was the memory of my country's glory: I saw the remains of the monuments (several buildings erected by the French are still to be seen in Egypt) of a new civilization created by French genius on the banks of the Nile; at the same time, I recalled that the lances of our knights and the bayonets of our soldiers had twice reflected the light of that brilliant sun; with this difference that the knights, who lost the day at Mansoura (*Al-Mansurah, 1250*) were avenged by the soldiers at the Battle of the Pyramids (*1798*). For the rest, though I was delighted to find a wide river and fresh vegetation, I was not greatly impressed, since here were my rivers of Louisiana and my American savannas, to a nicety: I would have liked to have found those forests too where I set the first illusions of my life.

Monsieur de Saint-Marcel (*Pierre-Emmauel de Mazières de Saint-Marcel*), the French Consul at Rosetta, received us with great politeness; Monsieur Caffe, a French merchant, and the most obliging of men, wished to accompany us to Cairo. We made an agreement with the captain of a large vessel; he allotted us the cabin of honour; and for greater security, we were accompanied by an Albanian chieftain. Monsieur de Choiseul has described these soldiers of Alexander perfectly:

'These proud Albanians would always be heroes, if they had a Skanderbeg (*George Kastrioti Skanderbeg, known to the Turks as Iskender Bey, Lord Alexander*) at their head; but they are nothing more than brigands, whose exteriors announce their ferocity. They are all tall, lithe and intense; their clothing consists of ample breeches, a short skirt, and a jacket adorned with steel plaques, chains, and several rows of large silver beads; they wear boots attached with straps sometimes rising to the knees, in order to attach moulded steel-plates to their calves, to protect them from becoming sore while riding. Their cloaks, slashed and trimmed with braid in several colours, serve to render this mode of dress extremely picturesque; they have no other head-covering than a red cloth cap, though they remove that when charging into battle' (*Voyage pittoresque dans l'Empire ottoman, en Grèce, dans la Troade, les îles de l'Archipel et sur les côtes de l'Asie-mineure*, *du Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier Volume I, Chapter 1*. The hems of Albanian garments are white and the stripes red).

The two days we spent at Rosetta were employed in visiting that lovely Arab city, its gardens and its groves of palm-trees. Savary exaggerated the amenities of the place somewhat; but he did not distort the truth as much as some would have us believe. The pathos his descriptions seek to arouse has undermined his authority as a traveller, but it is fair to say that his style is more lacking in truth than his descriptions.

On the 26th of October, at noon, we embarked on our vessel, aboard which were a large number of Turkish and Arab passengers. We set sail, and began to ascend the Nile. On our left stretched verdant marshland as far as the eye could see; on our right a cultivated strip bordered the river, and beyond it the desert sands could be seen. Palm trees scattered here and there indicated villages, like the trees planted round huts on the plains of Flanders. The houses in these villages are made of clay, and raised on artificial mounds: a vain

precaution, since there is often no one in these houses to defend from the Nile flood. Part of the Delta lies fallow; thousands of fellahin were massacred by the Albanians; the rest have migrated to Upper Egypt.

Opposed by a contrary wind, and the speed of the current, we spent seven long days travelling upriver from Rosetta to Cairo. Sometimes our crew pulled the vessel along with ropes, sometimes we sailed with a northerly wind that blew for no more than a moment. We often halted to take Albanians on board: four of them arrived on the second day of our voyage, and commandeered our cabin: we had to suffer their brutality and arrogance. At the slightest noise they climbed on deck, picked up their muskets, and, like madmen, feigned to make war on some distant enemy. I saw them lying down to aim at the children who ran along the shore begging: the little wretches ran to hide behind the ruins of their huts, as if accustomed to these terrifying games. During that time our Turkish merchants went ashore, squatted quietly on their heels, turned their faces towards Mecca, and surrounded by fields performed their species of religious rite. Our Albanians, half Muslim, half Christian, called out: 'Mahomet, and the Virgin Mary!' hauled rosaries from their pockets, uttered obscene words in French, gulped down large jugs of wine, loosed musket-shots into the air, and trampled on the bodies of Christians and Muslims alike.

Is it possible then that the rule of law can make so much difference between men! What! Can these hordes of Albanian brigands, these foolish Muslims, these fellahin so cruelly oppressed, live in the same land where so industrious, so peaceful, so wise, a people once lived, a people whose customs and morals Herodotus and above all Diodorus Siculus were pleased to describe for us! Is there a more beautiful picture drawn in any poem than this one?

'In the early days, the life which the Egyptian pharaohs lived was not like that of other men who enjoy autocratic power, who do just as they please in all things without being held to account, rather all their actions were regulated by rules set out in laws; not only their administrative acts, but also those to do with their daily life, and with the food they ate. In the matter of servants, for example, none were slaves, such as had been acquired by purchase or born in their household, but all must be sons of the most distinguished priests, all over twenty years old and the best educated of their fellow-countrymen, in order that the king, by virtue of his having the noblest men to care for his person, and attend him day and night, might follow no base practices; since no ruler descends far on the road of evil unless he has those about him who minister to his passions. And the hours of day and night were laid out according to plan, and at the specified hours it was absolutely required of the king that he should do what the laws stipulated and not what he thought best. For example, in the morning, as soon as he was awake, he had first to receive the letters which had been sent to him, in order that he might be able to despatch all administrative business and perform every act fully, being thus accurately informed about everything that was being done throughout his kingdom. Then, after he had bathed and decked his body with rich garments and the insignia of his office, he must sacrifice to the gods. When the victims had been brought to the altar it was the custom for the high priest to stand near the king, with the people of Egypt gathered round, and pray in a loud voice that health and all the other good things of life be given the king if he maintained justice

towards his subjects. And an open confession had also to be made of each and every virtue of the king, the priest declaring that he was piously disposed towards the gods and most kindly towards men; for he was self-controlled, just, magnanimous, truthful, and generous with his possessions, and, in a word, superior to every desire, and that he punished crimes less strictly than they deserved and rendered his benefactors gratitude exceeding the benefaction. And after reciting much more in a similar vein he concluded his prayer with a curse concerning things done in error, exempting the king from all blame, and asking that both the evil consequences and the punishment should fall on those who served him, and had taught him evil things. All this he would do, partly to lead the king to fear the gods and live a life pleasing to them, and partly to inure him to a proper manner of conduct, not by harsh warnings, but through that praise most agreeable and conducive to virtue. After this, when the king had performed divination from the entrails of a calf, and had found the omens good, the sacred scribe read from the sacred books, before the assembly, various edifying counsels and acts of their most distinguished men, in order that he who held the supreme leadership might first contemplate in his mind the best general principles and then turn to the prescribed administration of his several functions.' (*Diodorus Siculus:Bibliotheca historica: I.70.1-9*)

It is a pity that the illustrious Archbishop of Cambrai (*Fénelon*), instead of painting an imaginary Egypt (*see Les Aventures de Télémaque*), did not borrow this description, giving it the colours which his happy genius would have known how to apply. Faydit (*Abbé Pierre-Valentin Faydit: Télémachomanie, 1713*) is correct on this one point, if one may be correct while lacking all decency, good faith, and taste. But it was quite essential that Fénelon retained, at all costs, that setting for the adventures he invents, and recounts in the style of the early ancients: the Termosiris episode alone *is worth a long poem* (*see Nicolas Boileau: L'art poétique*: *'Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poème'*).

'I plunged into a gloomy forest, and suddenly saw an old man holding a book in his hand. This old man had a large bald head, a little wrinkled; a white beard hung to his waist; his figure was tall and majestic; his complexion was still fresh and ruddy, his eyes were bright and piercing, his voice soft, his words plain and friendly. I have never seen such a venerable old man; his name was *Termosiris*…' (*Fénelon*: *Les aventures de Télémaque: II)*

We sailed along the Menouf Canal, which prevented me from viewing the beautiful palm grove on the main branch to the west, but Arabs infested the western edge of that branch which borders the Libyan Desert. On exiting the Menouf Canal, and continuing upriver, we saw on our left, the peak of Mount Mokattam, and on our right, the tall sand dunes of Libya. Soon, in the empty space created by the two separate chains of hills, we saw the summits of the pyramids: we were still more than twenty miles away. During the remainder of our journey, which lasted almost a further eight hours, I stood on deck, to gaze at those tombs; they seemed to mount the sky as we approached. The Nile, which was by then like a small sea; the mingling of desert sands with the freshest verdure; the palm trees, sycamores, domes, mosques and minarets of Cairo; the distant pyramids of Saqqara, from whence the river seemed to flow as if from its vast reservoirs; all of this formed a tableau which has no equal on earth. 'But whatever men may do,' said Bossuet, 'their nothingness appears everywhere: those pyramids were tombs! The kings who built them

lacked the power even to be buried in them, and had scant joy of their sepulchre.' (*Bossuet: Discours sur l'histoire universelle:III*)

Yet I confess that at the first sight of the Pyramids, I felt only admiration. I know the philosopher may well smile or groan at the thought that the greatest monument built by human hands is a tomb; but why see in the pyramid of Cheops only a heap of stones and a skeleton? It is not through a feeling of his own nothingness that man built so tall a sepulchre, but the sense of his own immortality: that sepulchre is not the boundary marker that proclaims the end of a transient existence, it is a monument that marks the entrance to life without end, it is a species of eternal portal built on the edge of eternity. 'For the inhabitants of Egypt,' as Diodorus Siculus says, 'consider the span of this life to be of no importance whatever, but place the greatest value on the time after death, when they will be remembered for their virtues, and while they give the name of *lodgings* to the dwellings of the living, so indicating that we inhabit them but a brief time, they call the tombs of the dead *eternal homes*, since the dead spend endless eternity there; consequently they give little thought to the furnishings of their palaces, but with regard to their burial they display every zeal.' (*Diodorus Siculus:Bibliotheca historica: I.51.2*)

Nowadays, people would prefer to believe that all the monuments had a material purpose, and no one dreams that nations might possess a moral purpose of a far superior order, which the laws of antiquity served. Does the sight of a tomb teach us nothing? If it signifies something, why complain that a pharaoh sought to render that lesson eternal? The great monuments are an essential part of the glory of all human society. If we do no more than maintain that a nation has the right to leave or not leave a name to history, we are prevented from condemning those edifices that sustain the memory of a people beyond its own existence, and makes it live contemporaneously with the generations who come to dwell in its abandoned fields. What matters it then whether the buildings were amphitheatres or tombs? Everything becomes the sepulchre of a people that is no more. When a man is dead, the monuments of his life are vainer even than those of his death: his mausoleum is at least useful to his ashes; do his palaces retain anything of his pleasures?

Without doubt, to take it to its extreme, a little grave does for all, and six feet of earth, as Matthieu Molé once said, will suffice the greatest man in the world. God can be worshipped beneath a tree as well as under the dome of Saint Peter; one can live in a cottage as well as the Louvre. The flaw in this method of reasoning, however, is to confuse one order of things with another. A nation is not as happy when it lives in ignorance of the arts, as when it leaves behind glorious witnesses to its genius. We no longer believe in those societies of shepherds who spent their days in innocence, taking their sweet pleasure in the depths of the forest. We know those good shepherds warred with each other, to steal their neighbours' sheep. Their caves were not hung with vines, nor fragrant with the perfume of flowers; there one was stifled by smoke and suffocated by the smell of curds and whey. In poetry and philosophy, an insignificant semi-barbarous people can enjoy every virtue, but pitiless history submits the rest of humankind to its calamities. Those who cry out so against glory are they not desirous of even a little fame? For myself, rather than regarding as foolish that pharaoh who built the Great Pyramid, I take him instead as a monarch possessed of a magnanimous spirit. The idea of vanquishing time by means of a

tomb, of forcing the sea of generations, customs, laws, ages to break against the foot of a coffin, could never have arisen from a common mind. If it is merely pride, at least it is magnificent pride. A vanity such as that of the Great Pyramid, which lasts for three or four thousand years, may eventually be said to count for something.

Moreover, the pyramids reminded me of less grandiose monuments, which nevertheless were also sepulchres, I mean those turf monuments that cover the ashes of Indians on the banks of the Ohio. When I saw them, I was in a state of mind very different from that in which I contemplated the mausoleums of the Pharaohs: then I was beginning a journey, and now I was finishing it. The world, at these two periods of my life, presents itself to me in the image of two wildernesses, in which I saw those two species of tomb: that of smiling solitude, and that of the arid sand.

We landed at Boulaq, and hired horses and donkeys to Cairo. The city, overlooked by the Babylon Fortress and Mount Mokattam, presents a picturesque aspect, due to the multitude of palm trees, sycamores and minarets that rise from its enclosure. We entered via a network of roads, and a ruined suburb, amidst vultures devouring their prey. We descended to the district of the Franks, a kind of cul-de-sac to which the entrance is shut every night, like the external cloisters of a monastery. We were received by Monsieur ….. (by the greatest of ill-luck, the name of my Cairo host, in my journal, has faded, and I am doubtful of having remembered it correctly, so I dare not repeat it. I would not forgive a like misfortune if my memory proved as unfaithful to the services, helpfulness and politeness of my host, as it has to his name) to whom Monsieur Drovetti had entrusted the care of the affairs of the French in Cairo. He took us under his protection, and sent notice to the Pasha of our arrival: at the same time he advised the five French Mamelukes, in order that they might accompany us on our trip.

The Mamelukes were attached to the service of the Pasha. Grand armies always leave behind them a few stragglers: ours had lost two or three hundred soldiers, who remained scattered throughout Egypt. They took service under the various beys, and soon became renowned for their bravery. Everyone agreed that if these deserters, instead of remaining divided, had met and appointed a Frenchman as Bey, they might have taken control of the country. Unfortunately they lacked leadership, and almost all perished in the service of the masters they had chosen. When I was in Cairo, Muhammad Ali Pasha (*the Wali of Egypt from 1801*) was still mourning the death of one of these brave men. The soldier, who had once been a little drummer-boy in one of our regiments, had fallen into the hands of the Turks through the fortunes of war; as a man, he found himself enlisted in the army of the Pasha. Muhammad, who did not know of him as yet, seeing him charge a host of enemies, exclaimed: ‘Who is this man? He can only be French,’ and it was indeed a Frenchman whose actions he had witnessed. From that moment he became his master’s favourite, and nothing was spoken of but his valour. He was killed shortly before my arrival in Egypt, in a skirmish where the other five Mamelukes lost their horses.

The latter were from Gascony, Languedoc and Picardy; their leader admitted to being the son of a shoemaker of Toulouse; his second-in-command acted as interpreter for his comrades. He knew Turkish and Arabic quite well and in French always said: *I were*, instead of *I was*. A third, a tall young man, thin and pale, had lived in the desert with the

Bedouins for some time, and greatly regretted that way of life. He told me that when he was alone on a camel amongst the sands, he felt transports of joy which overmastered him. The Pasha took such notice of these five Mamelukes he preferred them to the rest of his spahis: they alone recalled and surpassed the fearlessness of those terrible horsemen destroyed by the French army at the Battle of the Pyramids. We are in the age of marvels; every Frenchman, these days, seems called upon to play an extraordinary role: five soldiers, taken from the lowest ranks of our army, were in 1806 almost the masters of Cairo. Nothing was as amusing and singular as to see Abdullah from Toulouse take lengths of cord from his caftan, strike the faces of Arabs and Albanians who importuned him, and thus open a wide path for us through the most populous streets. Moreover, these kings of exile had adopted, like Alexander, the customs of the people they had conquered; they wore long robes of silk, beautiful white turbans, superb weapons; they had a harem, slaves, thoroughbred horses; everything their fathers in Gascony and in Picardy lacked. But amongst the mats, carpets, sofas that I saw in their house, I noticed a reminder of their homeland: it was a uniform slashed by sabre cuts, which covered the foot of a bed made in the French style. Perhaps Abdullah reserved those honourable remnants for the moment when he woke from his dream, like the shepherd who became a minister of justice:

Le coffre étant ouvert, on y vit des lambeaux,
L''habit d'un gardeur de troupeaux,
Petit chapeau, jupon, panetière, houlette,
Et, je pense, aussi sa musette.

Opening the chest, they found a tattered smock,
The clothing of a guardian of the flock,
A cap, a jacket, food-bag, shepherd's crook,
And out of it a knapsack too, they took.

(*La Fontaine: Fables: Le berger et le roi*)

The day after our arrival in Cairo, on the 1st of November, we entered the Citadel, in order to view Joseph's Well, the Mosque, etc. The Pasha's son occupied that fortress at the time. We presented our respects to His Excellency, who was about fourteen or fifteen years old. We found him seated on a carpet, in a dilapidated room, surrounded by a dozen obliging servants who hastened to obey his every whim. I have never seen a more hideous spectacle. The father of this child was barely master of Cairo, and controlled neither upper nor lower Egypt. It was in this state of affairs that a dozen wretched savages nurtured a young barbarian, imprisoned for his safety in a dungeon, on a diet of the most extravagant flattery. Behold the master the Egyptians waited on, after such misfortune!

In one corner of the fortress, then, they degraded the soul of a child destined to lead men; in another corner they minted currency of the basest alloy. And in order that the inhabitants of Cairo should receive, without a murmur, the debased gold and the corrupted leader prepared for them, the guns were aimed at the city.

I preferred to view the scene outside and admire, from the heights of the Citadel, the wide spectacle there revealed of the Nile, the cultivated fields, the desert and the Pyramids. We almost seemed able to reach out and touch them, though we were twelve miles away. With the naked eye, I could see the foundation stones perfectly, and the head of the Sphinx emerging from the sand; with a telescope I could count the steps at the corners of the Great Pyramid, and I could see the eyes, mouth and ears of the Sphinx so prodigious are those masses!

Memphis existed in the plain that stretches from the far bank of the Nile to the desert where the Pyramids stand.

'The Meadows, the mythical dwelling-place of the dead, is….close to the lake which is called Acherousia, which is near Memphis, and around it are fairest meadows, and marsh-land covered with lotus and reeds. It is not without cause that the dwelling-places of the dead are said to be in these regions, since the most numerous and largest of the Egyptians tombs are situated there, the dead being ferried across the Nile and Lake Acherousia, and their bodies placed in the vaults there.

And other myths about Hades, current among the Greeks, also correspond with customs practised even now in Egypt. For the boat which receives the bodies is called *baris*, and the passenger's fee is handed to the boatman, who in the Egyptian tongue is called *charon*. And near these regions also, they say, is The Shades, which is a Temple of Hecate, and the Gates of Cocytus and Lethe, which are covered with bands of bronze. There are, moreover, other Gates, namely, those of Truth, and near them stands a headless statue of Justice.' (*Diodorus Siculus:Bibliotheca historica: I.96.7-9*)

On the 2nd of November, we went to Djizé and the Island of Roda (*Rawdah, or Al Manyal ar-Rawdah*). We examined the Nilometer (the name given to columns placed at different locations in Egypt and used to measure the flood waters of the Nile) in the ruins of the house of Murad Bey. We were thus quite near the Pyramids. At that distance they seemed of immense height: as one viewed them, over the green rice fields, the river, the tops of palm trees and the sycamores, they looked like colossal structures built in a magnificent garden. The sunlight, with a delightful gentleness, coloured the arid Mokattam range, the Libyan sands, the horizon towards Sakkarah, and the plain of the Tombs. A fresh wind was driving little white clouds towards Nubia, and wrinkling the vast sheet of the Nile's waters. Egypt seemed to me the most beautiful country on earth: I even loved the deserts that surround it, and open immense fields to the imagination.

On our journey back, we saw the abandoned mosque which I spoke about in relation to the Dome of the Rock (*Qubbat As-Sakhrah*) in Jerusalem, and which seems to me to be the architectural source for the Cathedral of Cordoba.

I spent a further five days in Cairo, hoping to visit the tombs of the Pharaohs; but this proved impossible. By a singular fatality, the Nile's waters were not low enough to ride across to the Pyramids, and not high enough to approach them by boat. We had the fords probed and the terrain investigated; all the Arabs agreed in saying that it would be necessary to wait another three weeks to a month before attempting the trip. Such a delay would have obliged me to spend the winter in Egypt (since the westerly winds were about to rise); now that suited neither my business affairs nor my finances. I had already had too

many delays en route, and I would have exposed myself to never seeing France again, by wishing to remain in Cairo. I was therefore obliged to resign myself to fate, return to Alexandria, and rest content with having seen the Pyramids with my own eyes, thought not having touched them with my hands. I instructed Monsieur Caffe to carve my name on those great tombs, according to custom, at the earliest opportunity: one must fulfil all the little duties of a pious traveller. Do we not delight in reading, on the ruins of the statue of Memnon, the name of the Romans who listened to its sigh at the break of dawn? Those Romans were, like us, *strangers in the land of Egypt* (*Exodus: 22:21 et al*), and we too will pass on as they did.

As for the rest, I would have been quite happy to stay in Cairo; it is the only city that appeared to me to resemble an Oriental city as usually represented: for example, in the *Thousand and One Nights*. It still retains many traces of the passage of the French; the women show themselves with less reserve than before; one is absolute master with respect to coming and going wherever one wishes; European dress, far being an object of insult, is a title to others' protection. There is a very pretty garden, planted with palm-trees in circular alleys, which serves as a public promenade: it is the work of our soldiers.

Before leaving Cairo, I presented Abdullah with a double-barrelled shotgun manufactured by Lepage (*Jean Le Page*). He promised to use it at the earliest opportunity. I parted from my kind host and my travelling companions. I went to Boulaq, where I embarked with Monsieur Caffe for Rosetta. We were the only passengers on the boat and we sailed on the 8th of November at seven in the evening.

We descended with the current: we entered the Menouf Canal. On the 10th, in the morning, on leaving the canal and returning to the wide Rosetta branch of the river, we saw that the western bank was occupied by an Arab encampment. The current carried us towards that side despite ourselves and forced us to close with the shore. A sentry hidden behind an old wall called to our captain to approach. The latter replied that he was anxious to get to his destination, and besides he was no enemy of theirs. During this interchange, we came within pistol shot of the shore, and the tide was running in that direction for a distance of a mile. The sentry, seeing that we were continuing with our journey, fired at us; this first ball almost killed the pilot, who retaliated by discharging his blunderbuss. The whole camp was then alerted, the Arabs rushed along the shore, and we encountered their line of fire. We were travelling very slowly, because the wind was contrary; to crown our luck, we ran aground for a while. We were unarmed; as I have said, I had given my gun to Abdullah. I wanted Monsieur Caffe to descend to the cabin, whose concern for me was exposing him to this unpleasant adventure, but though a father and already elderly, he insisted on remaining on deck. I noticed the unusual swiftness of one Arab: he fired his gun, reloaded while running, and fired again, all without falling one step behind the boat. The current finally carried us to the other side; but saddled us with an encampment of Albanian rebels, more dangerous to us than the Arabs; since they had cannon, and a single cannon-ball would sink us. We saw movement on the shore, but fortunately nightfall intervened. We lit no fire, and maintained complete silence. Providence conducted us, without further accident, through the midst of these hostile parties, to Rosetta. We arrived there on the 11th of November, at ten in the morning.

I spent two days with Monsieur Caffe and Monsieur de Saint-Marcel, and left on the 13th for Alexandria. I saluted Egypt, on leaving, with those beautiful lines:

Mère antique des arts et des fables divines,
Toi, dont la gloire assise au milieu des ruines
……
O grandeur des mortels! O temps impitoyable!
Les destins sont comblés: dans leur course immuable,
Les siècles ont détruit cet éclat passager
Que la superbe Egypte offrit à l'étranger.

Ancient mother of the arts and myths divine,
You, whose glory rests in ruins sublime,
……
O mortal grandeur! O time's pitiless force!
The Fates combine: immutable in their course,
The centuries destroy the transient splendour
That majestic Egypt offered to the stranger.

(*Joseph Alphonse Esménard. La Navigation: Canto I*)

I arrived on the same day, the 13th, at Alexandria, at seven in the evening. Monsieur Drovetti had chartered an Austrian vessel for Tunis. This vessel, of a hundred and twenty tons, was commanded by a Ragusan; the first mate was named Francesco Dinelli, a young Venetian very experienced in his role. Preparations for the voyage and storm-winds confined us to harbour for ten days. I employed the ten days in repeated exploration of Alexandria.

I mentioned in a note to *Les Martyrs*, a lengthy passage of Strabo (*Geographia: 17:1:6-10*), which gives the most satisfactory details regarding ancient Alexandria; the modern city is no less known, thanks to Monsieur de Volney (*Travels in Syria and Egypt: I:1*): that traveller has drawn a most complete and accurate picture of it. I invite the reader to revisit that picture: there is no better a passage of description in our language. As to the monuments of Alexandria; Pococke, Norden, Shaw, Thévenot, Paul Lucas, Tott (*François Baron de Tott: Memoirs*), Niebuhr, Sonnini (*Charles-Nicolas-Sigisbert Sonnini de Manoncourt: Travels to Upper and Lower Egypt*), and a hundred others have examined, counted, and measured them. So, I will content myself here with giving the inscription from Pompey's Pillar. I believe I am the first traveller to publish it in France (I am wrong: Monsieur Jaubert has done so before me. An expert, Jean-Baptiste Gaspard d'Ansse de Villoison, has analysed it in an article for the *Magasin encyclopédique*, Year VIII, Volume 5, page 55. The article is worth citing. The learned Hellenist proposes a reading somewhat different from mine.) The scientific world owes the transcript to some British officers; they managed to take a copy by applying to its surface, and peeling from it, a coat of plaster.

Pococke copied various letters of the inscription, and several other travellers have seen it; I myself clearly deciphered several features, with the naked eye, among others, the beginning of this word...Δίοχ, which is decisive. The plaster cast has furnished these four lines:

ΤΟ. ΩΤΑΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ
ΤΟΝ ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΝ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΙΑΣ
ΔΙΟΚ. Η. ΙΑΝΟΝ ΤΟΝ. ΤΟΝ
ΠΟ. ΕΠΑΡΧΟΣ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΥ

We must first supply, at the head of the inscription, the word ΠΡΟΣ. After the first full stop, Ν ΣΟΦ; after the second, Λ; after the third, Τ; to the fourth, ΑΥΓΟΥΣ; finally, to the fifth we must add ΛΛΙΩΝ. We see that nothing is arbitrary here except the word ΑΥΓΟΥΣΤΟΝ, which is however of little importance. Thus we read:

ΠΡΟΣ
ΤΟΝ ΣΟΦΩΤΑΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ
ΤΟΝ ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΝ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΙΑΣ
ΔΙΟΚΛΗΤΙΑΝΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΓΟΥΣΤΟΝ
ΠΟΛΛΙΩΝ ΕΠΑΡΧΟΣ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΥ

That is to say:

‘To the wisest of Emperors, the Protector of Alexandria, Diocletian Augustus: Pollio, Prefect of Egypt.’ (*Modern variants suggest Postumus or Publius, for Pollio*).

Thus, a great deal of confusion regarding Pompey’s Pillar is dispelled (that is, as to the text; the column itself being much older than its dedicatory inscription). Yet is history, in fact, silent on the subject? In the life of one of the Desert Fathers, written in Greek by a contemporary, I seem to read that, during an earthquake which took place in Alexandria, all the columns collapsed except that of Diocletian.

Monsieur Boissonade (*Jean François Boissonade de Fontarabie*), to whom I owe so many obligations, and whose kindness I have so often and so extensively proved, suggested that I should suppress the ΠΡΟΣ of my reading, which is only there to govern the accusative, and of which there is no trace on the base of the column. What is therefore implied then, as in a host of inscriptions reported by Chandler, Wheler, Spon, etc, is *ἐτίμησε, honoravit* (*to the honour of*). Monsieur Boissonade, whose erudition is intended to console us for the loss or retirement of so many distinguished scholars, is clearly right.

I was to experience in Alexandria one of those little feelings of pride of which authors are so jealous, and which had already aroused my self-esteem in Sparta. A wealthy Turkish traveller and astronomer, named Ali Bey el Abassy, having heard my name, claimed to know my works. I went to visit him with the Consul. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed: *‘Ah, mon cher Atala, et ma chère René!’* Aly-Bey seemed to me worthy at that moment of being descended from the great Saladin. I was even somewhat persuaded that he was the wisest and politest of Turks in the world, even if he was not fully acquainted with

the use of adjectival gender in French; since *non ego paucis offendar maculis: I am not offended by trivial faults* (*Horace: Ars Poetica: 351*). (Note to third edition. So much for glory! I am told that Ali Bey was a Spaniard by birth, and he holds some office in Spain today. A suitable lesson for my vanity! *Ali Bey was the pseudonym of Domingo Badía y Leblich, a Spanish explorer, and supposed spy*)

Though I may have delighted in Egypt, Alexandria seemed the saddest and most desolate place on earth. From the high terrace of the Consul's house, I saw only the naked sea, which broke on a low shoreline which was even more naked, harbours well-nigh empty, and the Libyan desert sinking below the southern horizon: this desert seemed, so to speak, to augment and extend the yellow flattened surface of the waves: one seemed to be gazing at a single ocean, one half agitated and sounding, the other motionless and silent. Everywhere the new Alexandria mingling its ruins with those of the ancient city; an Arab on a donkey, galloping through the debris; a few skinny dogs devouring carcasses of camels on the beach; the flags of the European consuls floating above their residences, deploying among the tombs, their alien colours: such was the spectacle.

Sometimes Monsieur Drovetti and I took to our horses, and went to walk in the old town, at Necropolis, or in the desert. The plant (*salsola soda*) which yields soda ash (*sodium carbonate*) sparsely clothed the arid sands; jackals fled before us; a species of grasshopper raised its shrill importunate sound: it painfully recalled the labourer's hearth, in that solitude where no rural column of smoke ever rises to summon you to an Arab tent. Those places are all the more sad now that the English have flooded the vast basin that served as a garden to Alexandria: the eye no longer meets anything but sand, water, and Pompey's eternal pillar (*the British, under General Sir John Hely-Hutchinson, had breached the dike or isthmus between Mareotis and Lake Aboukir on the 12th of April 1801, in order to cut off the freshwater supply to the French garrison in Alexandria*)

Monsieur Drovetti had a tent-shaped aviary, built onto the platform of his house, where he fed quails and partridges of diverse kinds. We spent hours walking through this aviary, talking of France. The conclusion of all our conversations was that it was necessary at the earliest opportunity to seek some little place of retreat in our own country, there to enclose one's wide-reaching hopes. One day, after a long discussion regarding repose, I turned towards the sea, and pointed out to my host, the ship, tossed about by the winds, on which I would soon embark. It is not, after all, as if the desire for rest is not natural to mankind, but the goal which seems to us least ambitious is not always the easiest to attain, and the cottage evades our wishes as often as the palace.

The sky was always cloudy during my stay in Alexandria; the sea dark and stormy. I fell asleep and woke to the constant sigh of the waves that broke almost at the foot of the Consul's house. I might apply to myself those reflections of Eudorus, if one is allowed to quote oneself:

'The sad murmur of the sea is the first sound, in life, that struck my ear. On how many shores since have I not viewed those same waves crashing, which I see today! Who would have thought, all those years ago, that I would hear the waves, which I saw rolling towards the fair sands of Messenia, sigh against the coast of Italy, on the shores of the Batavians, the Bretons, and the Gauls! What shall be the end of my pilgrimage: fortunate if

death had surprised me before I started my voyage on this earth, and had no adventures to recount?' (*Chateaubriand: Les Martyrs: X*)

During my enforced stay in Alexandria, I received several letters from Monsieur Caffe, the brave companion of my Nile voyage. I will quote only one; it contains various details regarding the affairs of Egypt at that time:

Rosetta, the 14th of February, 1806.

'Sir,

Although it is the 14th already, I have the honour to write to you again, convinced that the receipt of this letter will find you yet in Alexandria. Having completed my missives for Paris, four in number, I take the liberty of recommending them to you, hoping you will be so kind, on your safe arrival, as to see them delivered to their address.

Muhammad Aga, now treasurer to Muhammad Ali, the Pasha of Cairo, has moved south: they say that he is demanding five hundred purses of silver as a levy on the recent rice-crop. See, my dear Sir, how matters go from bad to worse.

The village where the Mamelukes defeated the Albanians, which both despoiled, is called *Nekle*; the one where we were attacked by Arabs bears the name of *Saffi*.

I shall always regret not having had the satisfaction of seeing you before your departure; you have deprived me by that of much solace, etc.

Your most humble, etc.'

L. - E. Caffe.

On the 23d of November, at noon, the wind blowing favourably, I went aboard the vessel with my French servant. I had, as I said, sent my Greek servant home to Constantinople. I embraced Monsieur Drovetti on shore, and we promised each other mutual friendship and remembrance: now I am paying my debt.

Our ship was at anchor in the great Port of Alexandria, where French vessels are admitted today just as the Turkish vessels are; a change due to our display of arms. I found, aboard her, a rabbi from Jerusalem, a native of the Barbary Coast, and two penniless Moors from Morocco, descendants perhaps of the Abencerages, returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca; they begged their passage-money of me in the name of charity. I welcomed the children of Jacob and Mohammed in the name of Jesus Christ: in fact, it showed no great merit in me, because I got it into my head that these unfortunates would bring me good luck, and my fortunes would be smuggled through, hidden amongst their miseries.

We weighed anchor at two o'clock. A pilot saw us out of port. The wind was light and blowing from the south. We remained for three days in sight of Pompey's Pillar, visible in the distance. On the evening of the third day, we heard the sound of the evening gun from the port of Alexandria. That was the signal for our final departure; since a northerly wind arose, and we set sail for the west.

We attempted to cross the Libyan Gulf at first, but the north wind, which was not too favourable by this time, veered northwest on the 29th of November and we were obliged to tack between Crete and the African coast.

On the 1st of December, the wind, settling in the west, absolutely barred our course. Gradually it shifted to the south-west, and turned into a storm which only ceased on our arrival at Tunis. Our voyage was merely a kind of continuous forty-two day shipwreck, which is rather lengthy. On the 3rd, we brought the sails about, and began to flee before the waves. We were thus carried, with extreme violence, as far as the coast of Carmania. There for four whole days, I gazed at leisure on the high and melancholy peaks of Mount Cragus (*Babadag*) veiled in cloud. We battled with the sea, from time to time, endeavouring, at the slightest variation of the wind, to distance ourselves from land. We thought at one moment to enter the harbour of Chateau Rouge (*Tripoli*), but the captain, who was extremely timid, dared not risk anchoring. The night of the 8th of December was very troublesome. A sudden gale from the south drove us to the island of Rhodes; the waves were so rough and close together, they placed great strains on the ship. We came upon a small Greek felucca half-submerged, to which we could give no assistance. She passed us, a cable-length from our stern. The four men who were sailing her were kneeling on deck; they had hung a lantern from their mast, and the wind brought us their cries. On the following morning, we could no longer see the felucca.

The wind having swung to the north, we set the foresail, and endeavoured to maintain position off the southern coast of the island of Rhodes. We sailed close to the island of Scarpanto (*Karpathos*). On the 10th, the wind returned to the west, and we lost all hope of continuing our journey. I wanted the captain to renounce the Libyan Gulf, and take refuge in the Archipelago, where we might hope to find more favourable winds; but he was afraid to venture among the islands. We had already been seventeen days at sea; to occupy my time, I copied and set in order my travel notes and various descriptions intended for *Les Martyrs*. At night I walked the deck with the first mate, Dinelli. Nights spent amidst the waves, on a ship battered by storm-winds, are not barren as regards the soul, for noble thoughts are born of great spectacles. The stars, showing fleetingly between broken clouds; the waves glittering around you; the blows of the breakers forcing a dull note from the vessel's hull; the wind moaning in the masthead; all announce to you that you are beyond the power of man, and that your life depends only upon God's will. The uncertainty of your future sets objects at their true worth; and the land, contemplated from the surface of a stormy sea, appears like life as viewed by a dying man.

After traversing the same tract of sea twenty times, we found ourselves on the 12th of December close to the Island of Scarpanto. This island, formerly called *Carpathos* and, by Homer, *Krapathos*, gave its name to the Carpathian Sea. Some verses of Virgil are today its only claim to fame:

> *Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates.*
> *Caeruleus Proteus, etc.*
>
> A seer, Proteus, lives in Neptune's Carpathian waters,
> who, sea-green, travels the vast ocean in a chariot
> drawn by fishes and two-footed horses.
> Even now he is revisiting the harbours of Thessaly,

and his native Pallene. We nymphs venerate him,
and aged Nereus himself: since the seer knows all things,
what is, what has been, what is soon about to be:
since it's seen by Neptune, whose monstrous sea-cows
and ugly seals he grazes in the deep.

(*Virgil Georgics IV:387-395*)

I would not go, even if I could, and inhabit the isle of Proteus, despite those lines from the Georgics, beautiful in Latin or French. I still seem to see those sad villages of Anchinates, Horo, and Saint Helia, visible through a telescope amongst the mountains of the island. I have not, like Menelaus or Aristaeus, lost my kingdom or my bees; I have nothing to hope for from the future, and I leave to the son of Neptune secrets that hold no interest for me.

On the 12th of December, at six in the evening, the wind veering to the south, I persuaded the captain to pass to the north of the island of Crete. He consented, grudgingly. At nine he exclaimed, in accord with his usual custom: '*Ho paura!*' then went away to sleep. Monsieur Dinelli took it upon himself to navigate the channel formed by the island of Scarpanto (*Karpathos*) and that of Coxo (*Goxo, now Casos, or Kasos*). We entered it to a strong gust of wind from the southwest. At daybreak we found ourselves in the midst of an archipelago of islands and foaming reefs all around. We set a course to reach the port of the island of Stampalia (*Astypalaia*), which lay before us.

This melancholy harbour had neither vessels in its waters, nor houses on its shore. We saw only a village hanging, as usual, from the summit of a rock. We anchored off the coast; I went ashore with the captain. While he climbed up to the village, I examined the interior of the island. I saw everywhere only heather, wandering streams that flowed among the moss, and the sea which broke on a fringe of rocks. Yet the ancients called this island, the Table of the Gods, *Θεων τράπεζα*, because of the flowers with which it was sprinkled. It is better known under the name of *Astypalaia*; a Temple of Achilles was located there. There may well be a few very happy individuals in the wretched villages of Stampalia, people who perhaps have never left their island, and have never heard of progress. I asked myself if I did not wish for such happiness; but I was already nothing but an old navigator incapable of responding affirmatively to such a question, and whose dreams are the children of the winds and storms.

Our sailors took on water; the captain returned with some chickens and a live pig. A Cretan felucca entered harbour; no sooner had she dropped anchor near us, than the crew began to dance about the wheel: *O Graecia vana!*

The wind still continuing to blow from the south, we sailed on the 16th at nine in the morning. We passed to the south of the island of Namfi (*Anafi*), and in the evening at sunset saw Crete. On the following day, the 17th, setting a course for the north-west, we saw Mount Ida: its summit, shrouded in snow, looked like an immense dome. We reached the island of Cerigo (*Kythera*), and were fortunate enough as to pass it on the 18th. On the 19th of December, I saw the mainland of Greece once more, and saluted Taenarus (*Cape*

Matapan). A storm arose from the south-east to our great joy, and in five days we arrived in the waters off the island of Malta. We saw it on Christmas Eve; but on Christmas Day itself, the wind, veering west-north-west, drove us south of Lampedusa. For eighteen days, we floated off the east coast of the kingdom of Tunis, between life and death. I shall never, in all my life, forget the day of the 28th. We were in sight of Pantelleria: a deep calm ensued at noon; the sky lit by a dim light, was threatening. Towards sunset, so profound a blackness fell from the sky it justified, to my eyes, that beautiful expression of Virgil: *Ponto nox incubat atra*: *dark night rests on the sea* (*Virgil: Aeneid:I:89)*. Then we heard a dreadful sound. A storm burst upon the ship, and whirled it round like a feather in a basin of water. In an instant the sea was so troubled its surface was nothing but a layer of foam. The vessel, which no longer obeyed the helm, was like a black dot in the middle of this terrible whiteness; the vortex seemed to lift us and snatch us from the waves; we spun in all directions; the stern and bow plunging alternately in and out of the waves. The return of daylight revealed our danger to us. We were almost aground on the island of Lampedusa. The same gale, striking the island of Malta, sank two English warships, as the daily newspapers reported. Monsieur Dinelli considering our shipwreck inevitable, I wrote a note conceived thus: 'F.–A de Chateaubriand, shipwrecked on the island of Lampedusa, on the 28th of December, 1806, while returning from the Holy Land.' I placed the note in an empty bottle, intending to throw it overboard at the last moment.

Providence saved us. A slight change in the wind carried us to the south of Lampedusa, and we found ourselves in open sea. The wind veering again to the north, we ventured to set sail, and traversed the Lesser Syrtis (*Gulf of Gabes*). The bed of this gulf continually rose towards the shore, so that by progressing with the sounding-lead in hand one could anchor in whatever depth one wished. The shallowness of the water renders the sea calm in the midst of high winds; and this shore, so dangerous for the barques of the ancients, is a kind of open-water harbour for modern vessels.

We dropped anchor off the Kerkennah islands, close to the fishing grounds. I was so weary of this long voyage, that I would have liked to land at Sfax, and travel from there by land to Tunis, but the captain did not dare attempt the harbour of Sfax, whose entry is indeed dangerous. We remained eight days at anchor in the Lesser Syrtis, where I saw the year 1807 commence. Under how many stars, and with what varied fortunes, had I witnessed the birth of years, the years that pass so swiftly or last so long! How distant are those days of childhood when I received parental blessings and gifts, my heart beating with joy! How each New Year's Day was longed-for! And now, on a foreign vessel, in the midst of the sea, in sight of a barbarous land, this day arrived for me without witnesses, without pleasure, without the embrace of family without those tender wishes of happiness for her son that a mother utters with such sincerity! This day, born in the womb of storm-winds, brought to my brow only worries, regrets and white hair.

Nevertheless, we thought we should honour the day, though not as the birthday of an agreeable guest, yet like that of an old acquaintance. We slaughtered the rest of the chickens, with the exception of a brave rooster, our faithful alarm-clock, who had never ceased to keep watch and crow in the midst of the greatest perils. The rabbi, the native of Barbary, and the two Moors emerged from the hold of the ship, and came to receive their

presents at our banquet. This comprised my family dinner! We drank to France: we were not far from the island of the Lotus Eaters, where Ulysses' companions forgot their homeland: I know no fruit delightful enough to make me forget mine.

We almost touched on the Kerkennah islands, the *Cercinae* of the ancients. In Strabo's time there were fishing-grounds close to these islands, as there are today. The *Cercinae* were witnesses to two great blows of fortune, as they saw in turn Hannibal and Marius pass by as fugitives. We were close enough to Africa (*Turris Annibalis*), from which the first of those two great men was forced to sail to escape the ingratitude of the Carthaginians. Sfax is a modern city: according to Doctor Shaw, it takes its name from the word *sfakouse*, because of the great quantity of cucumbers grown in its neighbourhood.

On the 6th of January 1807, the storm having finally subsided, we left the Lesser Syrtis, sailed up the coast of Tunis for three days, and on the 10th rounded Cape Bon, the object of all our hopes. On the 11th, we anchored below the headland of Carthage. On the 12th we anchored in front of La Goulette, the port or harbour of Tunis. The boat was sent ashore; I wrote to Monsieur Devoise (*Jacques-Philippe Devoise*), French consul to the Bey. I was fearful of having to undergo further quarantine, but Monsieur Devoise obtained permission for me to go ashore on the 18th. It was with real joy that I left the vessel. I hired horses for La Goulette; I made a tour of the lake, and arrived at five in the evening at the house of my new host.

Part Seven: Tunis and Return to France

I found, in the house of Monsieur and Madame Devoise, the most generous hospitality and the most amiable society imaginable; they had the goodness to allow me to remain for six weeks in the bosom of their family; and I finally enjoyed the repose for which I felt an extreme need. It was almost carnival time, and only laughter was countenanced, in spite of the Moors. The ashes of Dido, and the ruins of Carthage, were regaled with the sounds of a French violin. They would not have been troubled by the presence of Scipio, Hannibal, Marius, or even Cato of Utica, whom they would have forced to imbibe (since he liked wine) should he have taken it into his head to come and berate the gathering. Saint Louis alone would have received respect, in his capacity as a Frenchman, and that great and good king would not have taken it amiss that his subjects were amusing themselves in the very place where he had suffered so greatly.

The national character cannot be hidden. Our sailors say that in newly-founded colonies the Spaniards begin by building a church; the English, a tavern; and the French, a fort: and, I would add, a ballroom. In America, I found myself on the borders of Indian country: I learned that, on the first day, I should meet one of my compatriots amidst the Indians. Arriving among the Cayugas, a tribe that was part of the Iroquois Nation, my guide led me into a forest. In the midst of this forest we saw a kind of barn; I found in this barn a score of savages, men and women, daubed like sorcerers, bodies half-naked, ears pierced, raven-feathers on their heads, and rings through their nostrils. A little Frenchman powdered and curled in the old way, in an apple-green coat, and drugget jacket, with frilled shirt and cuffs, was scraping at a pocket violin, and playing *Madelon Friquet* (*a soldier's ballad: L'amante abandonnée*) to the Iroquois. Monsieur Violet (his name) was a dancing master among the savages. They paid for his lessons in beaver-skins and bear-haunches: he had been a kitchen-boy in the service of General Rochambeau during the American War. Remaining in New York after the departure of our army, he resolved to teach the finer arts to the Americans. His aims had expanded with his success; this latter-day Orpheus brought civilization even to the migrant tribes of the New World. In speaking of the Indians, he always said: 'These savage gentlemen, these savage ladies.' He praised the agility of his pupils extravagantly: indeed, I have never seen such antics. Monsieur Violet, holding his little violin between chin and chest, tuned the fateful instrument; he cried in Iroquois: '*To your places!*' And the whole party leapt about like a bunch of demons. Behold the genius of nations.

We also danced, therefore, on the ruins of Carthage. Having lived in Tunis just as one does in France, I will no longer pursue the daily record of my journal. I will discuss matters in general, and in the order in which they present themselves to my memory. But before speaking of Carthage and its ruins I must name the various people I met on the Barbary Coast. In addition to the French Consul, I often saw Monsieur Nijssen, the Dutch Consul (*Antoine Nijssen: his father Arnold Hendrik Nijssen had also been consul*); his brother-in-law, Monsieur Humbert (*Jean Emile Humbert, who had married Thérèse Nijssen*), a Dutch engineer-officer, was in command at La Goulette. It is with the latter that I visited the ruins of Carthage; I had much to praise myself for, regarding his kindness and

courtesy. I also met Monsieur Lear (*Tobias Lear*), Consul of the United States. I was once recommended to General Washington in America. Monsieur Lear had occupied a place beside the great man (*as Washington's personal secretary*): he was willing, in memory of my illustrious patron, to give me passage on a schooner belonging to the United States. This schooner landed me in Spain, as I will explain at the end of my itinerary. Finally, in Tunis, I met, as often at the legation as in the city, many young Frenchmen to whom my name was not entirely foreign. I must not forget the remainder of Monsieur Adanson's interesting family (*Jean-Baptiste Louis Adanson was dragoman and chancellor to the Consulate at Tunis. He had died in 1803. His brother was the eminent botanist Michel Adanson, who had died in Paris in August 1806*).

If the multitude of travel writings wearies the author who wants to speak of Egypt and Judea these days, he will find an opposite embarrassment regarding the antiquities of Africa, due to the scarcity of documentation. There is no lack of Travels to Barbary, and I know thirty narratives concerning the kingdoms of Morocco, Algiers and Tunis. However, these narratives are inadequate. Among former Travels, we should note the *Africa illustrata* of Grammaye (*Jean-Baptiste Gramaye*) and the learned work of Shaw. The Missions of the Fathers of the Trinity and the Fathers of Mercy contain miracles of charity, but they do not speak, and have no reason to speak, of the Romans and Carthaginians. The Memoirs printed after Paul Lucas' Voyages only contain the description of a civil war in Tunis. Shaw might have supplied what was lacking if he had extended his research to history, but unfortunately he only considers it in relation to geography. He barely touches, in passing, on the antiquities; Carthage, for example, occupies no more space than Tunis in his narrative. Among the travellers in more recent times, Lady Montague (*Mary Wortley Montague*), the Abbé Poiret (*the naturalist Jean-Louis Marie Poiret*), and Monsieur Desfontaines (*the naturalist René-Louiche Desfontaines*), mention a few words about Carthage, but without dwelling on the subject. In 1806, the year of my visit, a book with the title: *Ragguaglio di alcuni monumenti di antichità ed arte, raccolti negli ultimi viaggi da un dilettante antiquario* was published in Milan (*by the archaeologist and numismatist Felice Carònni*).

I think Carthage is dealt with in the book: I came upon the notice of it too late to obtain it from Italy. One might therefore say that the subject I am about to address is a new one; I will forge a new path; those who are more adept will follow.

Before speaking of Carthage, which is the sole object of interest here, we must first deal with Tunis. The city has almost retained its ancient name. The Greeks and Romans called it *Tunes*, and Diodorus adds the epithet *White*, *Λευχόν* because it is built on chalk hills: it is twelve miles from the ruins of Carthage, and almost at the edge of a lake whose water is salty. The lake communicates with the sea through a channel called *La Goulette*, and this channel is defended by a fort. Merchant vessels anchor beside the fort, where they can find shelter behind the pier of La Goulette, by paying a substantial anchorage fee.

The Lake of Tunis may have served as a port for the fleets of the ancients; today, one of our boats would find it difficult to cross without going aground. One must take care to follow the main channel, indicated by piles driven into the mud. Abulfeda (*Ishmail Abulfeda, the geographer and historian*) noted an island in the lake which now serves as a

lazaret (*quarantine area*). Travellers speak of the flamingos or phenicopters that animate this great pool of water, otherwise melancholy enough. When these beautiful birds fly in front of the sun, stretching out their necks before them and lengthening their legs behind, they look like arrows with rose-coloured fletching.

To reach Tunis, from the edge of the lake, one must cross terrain that serves the French as a promenade. The town is walled; and may be three miles in circumference, including the external suburb of Bled-el-Had-rah (*the El Kadrah district*). The houses are low; the streets, narrow; the shops, poor; the mosques, wretched. The people, who show themselves outside, infrequently, have something wild and haggard about them. Beneath the city gates one encounters those they call *siddi* or *saints*: they are Negroes and Negresses, quite naked, devoured by vermin, wallowing in their filth, and insolently eating the bread of charity. These vile creatures are under the immediate protection of Mahomet. European merchants, Turks enlisted at Smyrna, degenerate Moors, renegades and captives, compose the rest of the population.

The countryside around Tunis is pleasant: it reveals large plains planted with wheat and bordered by hills, shaded by olives and carob trees. An impressive modern aqueduct traverses a valley behind the town. The Bey has his country house at the end of this valley. From Tunis itself, one sees, to the south, the hills that I mentioned. To the east are the mountains of Mamelife (*Hammam-Lif*: *the mountains are Jebel Resass*): mountains singularly fractured, of a strange shape, at the foot of which lie the hot springs known to the ancients. To the west and north you can see the sea, the port of La Goulette, and the ruins of Carthage.

The Tunisians however are less cruel and more civilized than the people of Algiers. They received the Moors of Andalusia, who live in the village of Thuburbo, thirty-six miles from Tunis, on the Mejerdah River (the Bagrada of antiquity, beside which Regulus killed the famous snake.) The current Bey is a clever man: he is trying to extricate himself from dependence on Algiers, to which Tunis has submitted since the conquest the Algerians made in 1757. This ruler speaks Italian, talks spiritedly, and understands European politics better than most Orientals. For the rest, we know Tunis was attacked by Saint Louis in 1270 and captured by Charles V in 1535. Since the death of Saint Louis is part of the history of Carthage, I will speak of it elsewhere. As for Charles V, he defeated the famous Barbarossa, and restored the king of Tunis to his throne, while obliging him however to pay a tribute to Spain: in that regard, one can consult the work of Robertson (*William Robertson: History of Charles V: Book 5*). Charles V retained the fort of La Goulette, but the Turks re-took it in 1574.

I will say nothing of the Tunis of the ancients, because we will soon see it figure in the wars of Rome and Carthage.

One further thing; I was presented, at Tunis, with a manuscript that treats of the current state of this kingdom, its government, commerce, revenues, army, and caravans. I have no wish to profit from this manuscript; I am ignorant of its author; but whoever he is it is only just that he receives the honour due to his work. I will give this excellent *Memoir* at the end of the *Itinerary* (the memoir truly deserved to gain the attention of critics, yet none noticed it). I now turn to the history and ruins of Carthage.

In the year 883BC, Dido, forced to flee her native land, arrived in Africa. Carthage, founded by this wife of Sichaeus, thus owed its origin to one of these tragic events that mark the birth of nations, and which seem the seed and presage of future evil, the fruit more or less delayed of all human society. We know the happy anachronisms of the *Aeneid*. Such is the privilege of genius that the poetic woes of Dido have become part of the glory of Carthage. At the sight of the ruins of this city, we look for the flames of the funeral pyre; we seem to hear the imprecations of a woman rejected; we admire those powerful fantasies that occupy the imagination, in a place filled with the grandest memories of history.

Certainly, when a dying monarch calls from the walls of Carthage to those gods hostile to Rome, and to hospitality's divine avengers; when Venus, deaf to the vows of love, fulfils prayers of hatred, refusing Dido a descendant of Aeneas, yet granting her Hannibal; such wonders, expressed in fine language, can no longer be passed by in silence. History takes its place, then, among the Muses, and fiction becomes as weighty as truth.

After the death of Dido, the new colony adopted a form of government whose laws Aristotle praised (*Politics: 2:11*). The skilful balance of power between the two chief magistrates, the nobility, and the people, had this peculiarity that it endured for seven centuries without being destroyed: it was hardly shaken by popular insurrections and various conspiracies by the nobles. As civil wars, the source of public crime, are nevertheless the mothers of particular virtue, the republic gained more than it lost to these storms. If its destiny on earth was not as enduring as that of her rival, at least, at Carthage, freedom only succumbed when the motherland did so.

But as the freest nations are also the most passionate, we find that before the First Punic War the Carthaginians were engaged in shameful warfare. Carthage enchained those Spanish tribes whose courage was unable to defend their integrity; she allied herself with Xerxes, and lost a battle against Gelo, on the very day the Spartans perished at Thermopylae. Men, despite their prejudices, make such a fuss over noble sentiments that no one thinks of the eighty thousand Carthaginians slaughtered on the plains of Sicily, while the whole world speaks of those three hundred Spartans who died obeying the sacred laws of their country. It is the greatness of the cause, not the means, which leads to true fame, and honour has been in all ages the most enduring feature of glory.

After fighting in turn Agathocles of Syracuse, in Africa, and Pyrrhus, in Sicily, the Carthaginians took up arms against the Roman Republic. The causes of the First Punic War were trivial; but that war led Regulus (*Marcus Atilius Regulus*) to the gates of Carthage.

The Romans, not wishing to interrupt this great man's run of victories, refused to send the Consuls Flaccus (*Quintus Fulvius Flaccus, Consul 264BC, and Censor 231BC)* and M. Aemilius (*Marcus Aemilius Lepidus, Consul 232BC*) to take his place; ordering him to remain in Africa as Proconsul. He complained of this honour; he wrote to the senate and begged them to remove him from command of the army; a matter of importance, as far as Regulus was concerned, demanded his presence in Italy. He owned a seven-acre field at Pupinium: the man who farmed this field having died, the farmer's servant had fled with the horse and the agricultural implements. Regulus informed the senators that if his farm remained fallow, it would be unable to support his wife and children. The Senate ordered that Regulus's field be cultivated at public expense; that money should be granted from the

Treasury to replace the stolen goods, and that the Proconsul's wife and children should be fed, during his absence, at the expense of the Roman people. In rightful admiration of this simplicity, Livy cries: 'Oh, how preferable virtue is to wealth! The latter vanishes with those who possessed it; Regulus's poverty is venerated yet!'

Regulus, marching from victory to victory, soon seized Tunis; the taking of that city provoked consternation among the Carthaginians; they asked the proconsul for peace. This Roman farmer proved that it is easier to drive a plough after winning victories than to direct glittering prosperity with a firm hand: the truly great man is created above all to shine in adversity; in success, he seems lost, and a stranger to fortune. Regulus proposed such hard conditions to his enemies, that they were forced to continue the war.

During these negotiations, fate led an individual to cross the seas who changed the course of events: a Spartan named Xantippe arrived to delay the fall of Carthage; he gave battle to the Romans beneath the walls of Tunis, destroyed their army, made Regulus a prisoner, re-embarked, and disappeared without leaving any further trace of himself to history (some authors accuse the Carthaginians of having killed him, through jealousy of his fame, but that remains unproven).

Regulus brought to Carthage, experienced the most inhuman treatment; they forced him to expiate his country's harsh victories. Could those who, with such arrogance, paraded behind their chariots kings dragged from their thrones, women, and weeping children, hope that anyone should respect a citizen of Rome in chains? Carthage sued for peace once more; she sent ambassadors to Italy: Regulus accompanied them. His conquerors made him give his word that he would return in chains if the negotiations failed to achieve a fortunate outcome: it was hoped he would argue strongly for a peace that would return him to his native land.

Regulus, reaching the gates of Rome, refused to enter the city. There was an ancient law which forbade any foreigner to introduce the ambassadors of an enemy nation into the senate: Regulus, regarding himself as an envoy of the Carthaginians, revived the ancient custom on that occasion. The senators were therefore obliged to assemble outside the city walls. Regulus informed them that he came, by order of his masters, to ask for peace with the Roman people or an exchange of prisoners.

The ambassadors of Carthage, after stating the object of their mission, retired: Regulus wished to follow them, but the senators asked him to remain during their deliberations.

Pressed to give his advice, he expressed, forcibly, all the reasons why Rome should continue the war against Carthage. The senators, admiring his firmness, desired to save such a citizen: the Pontifex Maximus argued that he might be released from the oaths he had made.

'Follow the advice I gave you,' said the illustrious captive, in a voice which astonished the assembly, 'and forget about Regulus: I shall not remain in Rome, after being a slave in Carthage. I will not bring the wrath of the gods upon you. I promised the enemy to surrender myself into their hands once more if you reject peace; I will keep my oath. Jupiter is not deceived by vain expiations: the blood of bulls and sheep cannot erase a lie, and sacrilege is punished sooner or later.

I am not ignorant of the fate that awaits me; but a crime would destroy my soul: pain can only break my body. Besides, there are no ills for those who know how to suffer; if they exceed nature's powers of resistance, death releases us from them. Fathers Elect; cease to pity me: I dispose of myself, and nothing can make me change these sentiments. I shall return to Carthage; I will do my duty, and leave the rest to the gods.'

Regulus gave a finishing touch to his magnanimity; in order to diminish the interest taken in him, and to escape vain compassion, he told the senators that the Carthaginians had made him drink a slow poison before leaving prison. 'Thus,' he added, 'you will only be ridding me of a few moments of life that are not worth the trouble of being purchased by means of perjury.' He rose, and left Rome without uttering another word, his gaze fixed on the ground, evading his wife and children; either because he was afraid of being moved by their farewells, or because, as a slave of Carthage, he deemed himself unworthy of the embraces of a Roman matron. He ended his life in dreadful torment, if, that is, the silence of Polybius and Diodorus on the subject does not outweigh the account offered by Roman historians. Regulus was a memorable example of what a sacred oath and the love of country can work in a brave soul. What if masculine pride plays some part in the resolution formed by such a spirit; to punishing oneself for having been defeated, is to be worthy of victory.

After twenty-four years of fighting, a peace treaty ended the First Punic War. But the Romans were no longer a nation of farmers led by a senate of kings, erecting altars to Moderation and Lesser Fortune: they were men who felt they were made to command, men whom ambition drove incessantly to commit injustice. With a frivolous pretext, they invaded Sardinia, and congratulated themselves on achieving victory, despite the peace treaty, over the Carthaginians. They did not know that the avenger of violated faith was already at the gates of Saguntum, and that he would soon appear on the hills of Rome: here began the Second Punic War.

Hannibal seems to me to have been the greatest general of antiquity: if he is not the one we love most, he is the one who most astonishes us. He had neither Alexander's heroism nor Caesar's universal talent; but he surpassed both as a master of war. Ordinarily it is the love of country or glory that leads heroes to perform wonders: Hannibal was led solely by hatred. Possessed by the spirit of a new nation, he left the borders of Spain with an army composed of twenty different races. He traversed the Pyrenees and Gaul, subdued the enemy nations in his path, crossed rivers, and reached the foot of the Alps. Those mountains without roads, defended by barbarians, opposed their obstacles in vain to Hannibal. He descended, from their icy summits, upon Italy, crushed the first consular army on the banks of the Ticino, struck a second blow at Trebia, a third at Lake Trasimene (*Trasimeno*), and with a fourth stroke of his sword seemed to have obliterated Rome on the plain of Cannae (*216BC*). For sixteen years he made war, in the heart of Italy, unassisted; during those sixteen years, he revealed only a single fault, of the kind that decide the fate of empires, and which seem so alien to the nature of greatness, that one can reasonably attribute them to the designs of Providence.

Tireless among dangers, possessed of inexhaustible resources, subtle, ingenious, eloquent, learned himself, and the author of several books, Hannibal possessed all the

distinction that belongs to superiority of mind and strength of character, but lacked the noblest qualities of the spirit: cold, cruel, heartless, born to overthrow and not to found empires, he was much inferior in magnanimity to his rival.

The name of Scipio Africanus is one of the greatest in all history. The friend of the gods, the generous protector of misfortune and beauty, some of Scipio's traits resemble those of our former knights. With him begins that Roman urbanity, which ornamented the minds of Cicero, Pompey, and Caesar, and which in those illustrious citizens replaced the rusticity of Cato and Fabricius.

Hannibal and Scipio met on the field of Zama (*202BC*); the one famous for his victories, the other for his virtues; both worthy of representing their mighty nations, and of disputing the empire of the world.

On the departure of Scipio's fleet for Africa, the shores of Sicily were crowded with a vast host of soldiers and civilians. Four hundred transport vessels and fifty triremes filled the roads of Lilybaeum (*Marsala*). Three lanterns signalled the galley of Laelius, admiral of the fleet. Other vessels, depending on their size, carried one or two lamps. The world's eyes were fixed on this expedition designed to draw off Hannibal from Italy and decide the ultimate fate of Rome and Carthage. The fifth and sixth legions, who had been involved at the battle of Cannae, burnt with desire to ravage the homes of the victor. The general especially attracted attention: his devotion to the gods, his exploits in Spain, where he had avenged the death of his father and uncle, his plan to carry the war into Africa, a project that he had conceived alone, contrary to the opinion of the great Fabius; and lastly, the favour men accord to bold enterprises, to glory, beauty, and youth, made Scipio the object of all prayers and hopes.

The day of departure soon arrived. At dawn, Scipio appeared on the bridge of Laelius' galley, in full view of the fleet and the multitude clothing the heights ashore. A herald raised his sceptre and commanded silence:

'Gods and goddesses of the earth,' Scipio cried, 'and you, gods of the sea, accord this enterprise a fortunate outcome! May my plans reflect glory upon me and upon the people of Roman! Filled with joy, let us return to our homes one day, laden with enemy spoils; and may Carthage experience the ills with which she menaced my country!'

That said, they slew the sacrifice; Scipio threw its smoking entrails into the sea; the sails were unfurled to the sound of trumpets; and a favourable wind carried the entire fleet far from Sicilian shores.

The following day the coast of Africa was visible, and the promontory of Mercury (*Cape Bon: Watan el-kibli*)*;* night fell, and the fleet was forced to drop anchor. On the return of daylight, seeing the coast ahead, Scipio asked the name of the nearest headland. 'That is Cape Good,' replied the pilot. At this auspicious name, the general, welcoming Roman good-fortune, ordered the prow of his galley to head towards the place designated by the gods.

The landing was accomplished without difficulty; consternation spread throughout the towns and countryside; the roads were filled with men, women and children, fleeing with their herds: it must have seemed like one of these great migrations of peoples, when entire nations, through the wrath, or by the will, of heaven, abandon the graves of their

ancestors. Terror seized Carthage: there was a universal call to arms; the gates were shut; soldiers were assigned to the walls, as if the Romans were already prepared for an assault.

But Scipio had sent his fleet to Utica; he himself marched overland to that city, planning to besiege it: Massinissa joined him with two thousand cavalry. That King of Numidia, had at first allied himself to the Carthaginians, and had fought the Romans in Spain; after a series of extraordinary adventures, losing and regaining his kingdom several times, he found himself a fugitive at the moment when Scipio landed in Africa. Syphax, a prince of the Gaetuli, who had married Sophonisba, the daughter of Hasdrubal Gisco, had just taken possession of Massinissa's kingdom. The latter threw himself into the arms of Scipio and the Romans owed to him, in part, the success of their arms.

After a series of fortunate encounters, Scipio laid siege to Utica. The Carthaginians, commanded by Hasdrubal and Syphax, formed two separate camps in sight of the Roman entrenchments. Scipio managed to set fire to these two camps, whose tents were fashioned of reed mats in the Numidian manner. Forty thousand men thus perished in a single night. The victor, who on this occasion took a prodigious quantity of arms, immolated them in honour of Vulcan.

The Carthaginians were in no way discouraged: they ordered a vast military levy. Syphax, moved by the tears of Sophonisba, remained loyal to the vanquished, and offered his life again for the homeland of the woman he loved with passion. Ever favoured by the Heavens, Scipio defeated the enemy armies, took the towns dependent on them, captured Tunis, and threatened Carthage with utter destruction. Driven onwards by his fatal love, Syphax dared to reappear before the victors, with courage deserving of a better fate. Abandoned by his own on the battlefield, he threw himself alone upon the Roman squadrons: he hoped that his soldiers, ashamed of abandoning their king, would turn about and die alongside him: but the cowards continued their flight; and Syphax, whose horse was killed by a spear-thrust, fell alive into the hands of Massinissa.

It was a matter of great joy to the latter prince, to take prisoner the man who had stolen his crown from him; some time later, the fortunes of war placed Sophonisba, the wife of Syphax in Massinissa's power. She threw herself at the feet of the victor.

'I am your prisoner: such is the will of the gods and the effect of your courage and good-fortune; but by your knees, which I embrace, by this victorious hand that you allow me to touch, I implore you, O Massinissa, take me as your servant, save me from the horror of becoming the prey of some barbarian. Alas, it was but a moment ago that I, as you, was surrounded by the majesty of kings! Consider, you can not deny your race; you share the fact of being a Numidian with Syphax. My husband left the palace due to the gods' anger: may you enter it under happier auspices! As a citizen of Carthage, as a daughter of Hasdrubal, judge what I may expect from the Romans. If I cannot remain as a slave of a prince born in my own country, if death alone can free me from the stranger's yoke, then grant me that death: I will count it among your blessed gifts.'

Massinissa was moved by Sophonisba's tears and her fate: she was in the full bloom of youth and of incomparable beauty. Her supplications, says Livy (*History of Rome: 30.12*), were less prayers than embraces. Massinissa, vanquished, promised her everything,

and no less passionate than Syphax, made a wife of his prisoner. Syphax, in chains, was presented to Scipio. This great man, who had once seen enthroned the man whom he now contemplated at his feet, was touched with compassion. Syphax had been an ally of the Romans; he blamed his defection on Sophonisba. 'Those fatal wedding torches,' he said, 'reduced my palace to ashes; but one thing consoles me: the fury that destroyed my house will occupy my enemy's bed; she will guarantee Massinissa a like fate to mine.'

Syphax thus hid, beneath the guise of hatred, the jealousy that drew those words from him, for that prince still loved Sophonisba. Scipio was not without uneasiness; he feared lest this daughter of Hasdrubal possess the power over Massinissa that she had exercised over Syphax. Massinissa's passion seemed already violent in the extreme: he hastened to celebrate his marriage before he had relinquished his weapons; impatient to be united to Sophonisba, he lit the wedding torches before the household gods of Syphax, before those gods used to granting prayers against the Romans. Massinissa returned to meet Scipio; the latter, while praising the King of Numidia, issued a few minor reproaches regarding his conduct towards Sophonisba. Massinissa then recovered himself, and, fearful of incurring the displeasure of the Romans, sacrificed his love to his ambition. They heard him groaning in the depths of his tent, struggling against those generous feelings a man cannot wrest from his heart without violence. He summoned the officer charged with guarding the king's poison chest: poison was what African princes employed to deliver them from life when they had fallen into calamities without remedy: thus, the crown, which amongst them was not sheltered from the whims of fortune, was at least safe from scorn. Massinissa mixed poison in a cup and sent it to Sophonisba. Then, addressing the officer charged with his sad message, said: 'Tell the Queen that if I were the master, Massinissa would never be separated from Sophonisba. The gods of the Romans order otherwise. I have at least kept one of my promises: she shall not fall alive into the hands of her enemies, if she submits to her fate as a citizen of Carthage, daughter of Hasdrubal, and wife of Syphax and Massinissa.'

The officer went to Sophonisba, and communicated the king's orders. 'I welcome this nuptial gift with joy,' she said, 'since indeed a husband can grant his wife no other sort of present. Tell your master that in losing my life, I would at least have preserved my honour, if I had not married Massinissa on the eve of my death.' She then swallowed the poison.

It was in these circumstances that the Carthaginians recalled Hannibal from Italy: he shed tears of rage; he accused his countrymen; he reproached the gods; he blamed himself for not having marched on Rome after the battle of Cannae. Never did a man, leaving his country to go into exile, feel more pain than Hannibal, tearing himself from a foreign land to return to his own native soil.

He landed on the coast of Africa, with those veteran soldiers who had, as he had, traversed Spain, Gaul, and Italy; who displayed more rods and axes (*fasces*) snatched from praetors, generals, and consuls, than all the magistrates of Rome had carried before them. Hannibal had been away from his homeland for thirty-six years: he left as a child, and had returned at an advanced age, as he himself told Scipio. What must the thoughts of that great

man have been when he saw Carthage again, whose walls and people were almost strangers to him! Two of his brothers were dead; the companions of his childhood had vanished; generations had succeeded them; the temples filled with the ashes of the Romans were probably the only places Hannibal could recognize in that new Carthage. If its citizens had not been blind with envy, with what admiration would they have beheld that hero, who for thirty years had shed his blood for them in distant lands, and brought them inextinguishable glory! But when services rendered are so exceptional they exceed the bounds of understanding, they reap only ingratitude. Hannibal had the misfortune to be greater than the people amongst whom he was born, and his fate was to live and die on a foreign soil.

He led his army to Zama. Scipio pitched camp close to that of Hannibal. The Carthaginian general had a presentiment of the inconstancy of fortune; as he asked for an interview with the Roman general, in order to propose peace. A place for the rendezvous was agreed. When the two captains met, they remained silent, filled with admiration for one another. Hannibal finally spoke:

'Scipio, the gods have willed that your father was the first enemy general, in Italy, to whom I showed myself, weapons in hand; those same gods have ordered me today, to come here, unarmed, to request peace of his son. You have seen Carthaginians camped at the gates of Rome: the sound of your Roman camp is now heard within the very walls of Carthage. Leaving my country when only a child, I return full of days; long experience of good and evil fortune has taught me to judge things by reason and not by circumstance. The youth and happiness that have not yet forsaken you render you perhaps an enemy to repose: in prosperity one does not consider its opposite. You are the age I was at Cannae and Trasimene. See what I have been and, by my example, know the inconstancy of fate. He who speaks to you as a suppliant is that very Hannibal who, camped between the Tiber and the Teverone (*Anio*), and ready to storm Rome, deliberated on what he would do with your country. I sowed fear in the fields of your fathers, and I am reduced to begging you to save my country from such misery. Nothing is more uncertain than military success: a single instant may rob you of your glory and your hopes. To consent to peace is to be yourself the arbiter of your own destiny; to fight is to place your fate in the hands of the gods.'

To this considered speech, Scipio replied with more candour, but less eloquence: he rejected the peace proposals made to him by Hannibal as inadequate, and only battle remained. It is likely that the interests of his homeland were not the sole reason that prompted the Roman general to break with the Carthaginian, and that Scipio could not resist the desire to measure himself against Hannibal.

The day after this meeting, two armies, composed of veterans, led by the two greatest generals of the two largest nations of the world, advanced to contest, not the walls of Rome and Carthage, but the empire of the world, the reward for winning for this last battle.

Scipio placed spearmen in the front row, the *principes* (*swordsmen*) in the second, and the *triarii* (*heavy infantry*) in the rear. He broke the lines, with equally sized spaces, in order to open a passage for the Carthaginian elephants. The *velites* (*light infantry*) stationed in these gaps, would, depending on events, fall back behind the heavy infantry, or launch a hail of arrows and spears at the elephants. Laelius covered the left wing of the army with the Latin cavalry, while Massinissa commanded the Numidian horse on the right.

Hannibal ranged eighty elephants along the front of his army, whose first line was composed of Ligurian, Gauls, Balearics and Moors; the Carthaginians were in the second rank; behind them, the Bruttians formed a kind of reserve, which the general considered of little account. Hannibal's cavalry faced the Roman cavalry; the Carthaginians, Laelius; and the Numidians, Massinissa. The Romans were first to sound the charge. They gave such a loud cry at that moment, that some of the elephants on the left wing of Hannibal's army bolted in fright, throwing the Numidian horsemen into confusion. Massinissa, seeing their disorder, fell upon them, and put them to flight. The rest of the elephants, that had charged the Romans, were thrust back by the *velites*, and caused the right wing of the Carthaginians the same problem as the left. Thus, after the first engagement, Hannibal was left without cavalry and open on both flanks: powerful reasons, hidden from history, probably prevented him from contemplating retreat.

The infantry now fighting hand to hand, the soldiers of Scipio easily broke the front rank of the enemy, which consisted only of mercenaries. The Romans and Carthaginians found themselves face to face. The front line, in order to reach the second, being obliged to traverse heaps of corpses, broke rank, and were on the point of losing the victory. Scipio saw the danger and changed his order of battle. He moved the *principes* and *triarii* to the front, and placed spearmen to right and left; by this means he overcame the ranks of Hannibal's army, he having already lost his cavalry, and the front line of his foot soldiers. The Carthaginian veterans sustained the glory they had acquired in so many battles. Among them, marked by their crowns, were common soldiers who had killed generals and consuls with their own hands. But the Roman cavalry, returning from pursuit of the enemy, charged these veteran companions of Hannibal from behind. Surrounded on all sides, they fought to the last breath, and only surrendered their colours with their lives. Hannibal himself, after attempting everything you might expect of a great general and an intrepid soldier, escaped along with a few horsemen.

Left as master of the field, Scipio gave high praise to the skill that his rival had shown during the combat. Was that from generosity or pride? Perhaps both, since Scipio was the conqueror and Hannibal the conquered.

The Battle of Zama ended the Second Punic war. Carthage sued for peace, and was only granted it on terms which foreshadowed her ruin. Hannibal, not daring to trust the good-faith of an ungrateful people, left his homeland. He wandered in foreign courts, seeking everywhere those where enemies to the Romans, and everywhere pursued by them: giving weak kings advice they were unable to follow, and learning by his own experience that to crowned hosts one should reveal neither glory nor misfortune. They say he met Scipio at Ephesus, and that in talking with his conqueror, the latter said: 'In your opinion, Hannibal, who was the greatest general ever?' – 'Alexander,' replied the Carthaginian, – 'And the second greatest?' Scipio asked. – 'Pyrrhus.' – 'And the third?' – 'Myself.' – 'What if you had conquered me, then?' Scipio asked, laughing. – 'I would then have been placed above Alexander,' said Hannibal: a comment which proves that the illustrious exile had learnt the art of flattery at the various courts, and possessed at the same time too much modesty and too much pride.

In the end, the Romans could not bring themselves to let Hannibal live. Alone, exiled and unhappy, he seemed to counterbalance the fortunes of the Capitol. They were humiliated to think that the world possessed a man whom they had conquered yet who was not afraid of their greatness. They sent an embassy, into the depths of Asia, to demand of King Prusias (*Prusias I Cholus, of Bithynia*) the death of his suppliant. Prusias had the cowardice to surrender Hannibal. Then that great man swallowed poison, saying: 'Let us deliver the Romans from the fear that an old exile, betrayed and helpless, causes them.'

Scipio experienced like Hannibal the ills associated with glory. He ended his days at Literum, in voluntary exile. It has been remarked, that Hannibal, Philopoemen, and Scipio died at almost the same moment, all three victims of the ingratitude of their country. The African had this well-known inscription engraved on his tomb:

UNGRATEFUL FATHERLAND,
THOU SHALT NOT HAVE MY BONES.

Yet, after all, proscription and exile, which may cause common names to be forgotten, attract the gaze towards illustrious ones: happy virtue dazzles us; persecuted, it charms our eyes.

Carthage herself did not long survive Hannibal. Scipio Nasica (*a cousin of Scipio Africanus*), and the wisest senators, wished to retain a rival to Rome; but one cannot alter the destinies of empires. The blind hatred of old Cato prevailed, and the Romans, under the most frivolous of pretexts, began the Third Punic War.

First they used flagrant treachery to deprive their enemies of weapons. The Carthaginians, having sued unsuccessfully for peace, resolved to bury themselves amidst the ruins of their city. The Consuls Marcius Censorinus and Manius Manilius soon appeared beneath the walls of Carthage. Before laying siege to the city (*148BC*), they had recourse to two formidable rites: the evocation of the tutelary deities of the city, and the dedication of Hannibal's homeland to the infernal gods.

'You, God or Goddess, who protects the people and the republic of Carthage, spirit to whom the defence of this city is entrusted, abandon your ancient dwelling place; come and inhabit our temples. Let Rome and our sacrifices be more acceptable to you than the city and sacrifices of the Carthaginians!'

Turning then to the rite of dedication:

'You, Pluto; you, baneful Jupiter; and you, divine Manes, strike the city of Carthage with terror; drag its people down to the underworld. I will devote the heads of our enemies to you, their goods, their towns, their fields; fulfil my prayer, and I will sacrifice three black ewes. Earth, mother of men, and you, Jupiter, I call on you to witness this.'

However, the consuls were repulsed with force. The spirit of Hannibal awoke in the besieged city. The women cut off their hair; they made bowstrings from it and rope for the military engines. Scipio, the second Africanus (*Scipio Aemilianus Africanus*), was serving at that time as a tribune in the Roman army. A few elderly men who had known the first Scipio in Africa were still alive, including the celebrated Massinissa. The Numidian king, who was over eighty years old, invited the young Scipio to his court; it is on the basis of

their assumed meeting (Scipio had met Massinissa before. The later interview did not take place, since Massinissa was already dead when Scipio arrived at the court) that Cicero wrote that fine section of his *De Re Publica*, known as the *Dream of Scipio*. He has Aemilianus speak thus to Laelius, Philus, Manilius and Scaevola:

'When I came to him, Massinissa, now an old man, embraced me with tears, and shortly afterward gazed at the heavens and said: "I thank you, sovereign Sun, and all of you lesser lights of heaven, that before I leave this life I have beheld, within my kingdom and beneath this roof, this Publius Cornelius Scipio, whose very name renews my strength, so utterly inseparable from my thoughts is the memory of that best and most formidable of men who first bore it." In my sleep, I suppose in consequence of our conversation; since often our thoughts and speech by day have in sleep an effect akin to that which Ennius describes in his own case, regarding his dream of Homer, about whom in his waking hours he was perpetually thinking and talking; Africanus appeared to me, with an aspect that reminded me more of a statue of him than of his real face. I shuddered when I saw him. But he said: "Retain your presence of mind, Scipio; have no fear, and commit to memory what I shall say to you:

Do you see that city, which through me was made subject to the Roman people, but now renews its old hostility, and will not stay quiet," – and from a high place full of stars, shining and splendid, he showed me Carthage – "against which you, being little more than a common soldier, are about to fight? In two years from now you, as Consul, will overthrow this city, and obtain in your own right the surname which up to this time you hold as an inheritance from me.... Know that for all who shall have preserved, nurtured, and enlarged their country, there is a fixed and sure place in heaven where they enjoy eternal happiness; for to the Supreme God who governs this whole universe nothing is more pleasing than those companies and unions of men called cities. Of these the rulers and preservers, going hence, return hither….I see you now, fixing your eyes on the dwelling-place and home of mankind, and if it seems to you small, as it truly is, then look always at heavenly things, and despise the earthly. For what reputation, what fame worth seeking, can you obtain from the speech of men? You will see that the inhabited places of the earth are scattered and of small extent, that between the spots – so to speak – that men inhabit there are vast solitary tracts interposed….To speak only of regions, known and cultivated, shall your name even cross the Caucasus, which you have in sight, or pass beyond the Ganges? Who, in those lands that lie to the extreme east or west, or under northern or southern skies, shall ever hear your name? All this determines, as you must see, within what narrow bounds your fame may seek to spread. Then, too, as regards the very persons who tell of your renown, how long will they speak of it? Even if the generations wished to transmit our praise from father to son, in unbroken succession, yet because of devastation by flood and fire, which will of necessity take place at fated intervals, we must fail of attaining not only eternal fame, but even that of very long duration…Therefore, were you to renounce the hope of returning to this place, where all things exist which are great and which excellent men can desire, of what worth would that human glory be which scarce extends to the smallest part of a single year? Determine to gaze on high, and behold continuously this dwelling-place, this eternal home, and you will neither give yourself to

the flattery of the people, nor place your hope of well-being on the rewards men can bestow. Let Virtue herself by her own charms lead you to true honour." Africanus fell silent, and I awoke' (*an edited version of Cicero's: The Dream of Scipio*).

This noble fiction written by a Roman consul, called *the Father of his Country*, does not trivialise history. If history is designed to preserve great names, and thoughts of genius, then great names and thoughts may be found here (the dream is an imitation of a passage from Plato's *Republic*).

Scipio Aemilianus, appointed Consul by the wish of the people, was commanded to continue the siege of Carthage (*which ended in 146BC*). He first took the lower city, which bore the name of *Megara* or *Magara* (I will describe Carthage when speaking of its ruins). He then sought to close off the outer harbour by means of a causeway. The Carthaginians opened another exit from the port, and appeared out at sea, to the great astonishment of the Romans. They might have set fire to Scipio's fleet, but the fatal hour had arrived for Carthage, and confusion seized the councils of that unfortunate city.

She was defended by a certain Hasdrubal (*Hasdrubal the Boeotarch*), a cruel man, who commanded thirty thousand mercenaries, and who treated the citizens as harshly as he did his enemies. The winter having passed in the manoeuvres I have described, in the spring Scipio attacked the inner harbour called the *Cothon*.

Soon mastering the walls of this port, he advanced into the great square of the city. Three streets opened on the square, and ascended the steep citadel known as the *Byrsa*. The people barricaded themselves in the houses along these streets: Scipio was obliged to besiege and capture each house in turn. The conflict lasted six days and six nights. One group of Roman soldiers forced the Carthaginians to retreat, while another group was occupied in dragging away, with hooks, the bodies crammed into the houses, or thrown into the streets. Many of the living were hurled, indifferently, into the grave-pits with the dead.

On the seventh day, a deputation appeared, dressed as supplicants; they merely sought the lives of those who had taken refuge in the citadel. Scipio granted them their request, with the exception of the Roman deserters who had gone over to the Carthaginians. Fifty thousand people; men and women, old and young, left the Byrsa.

At the summit of the citadel, stood a temple dedicated to Aesculapius. The deserters, numbering nine hundred in all, entrenched themselves behind the walls of this temple. Hasdrubal was in command; he had with him his wife and two children. The desperate band resisted the efforts of the Romans for some time, but driven out of the temple forecourt little by little, they shut themselves in the temple itself. Then Hasdrubal spurred on by love of life, secretly abandoning his companions in misfortune, his wife and children, went olive branch in hand, to embrace the knees of Scipio. Scipio promptly displayed him to the deserters. The latter, filled with rage, set fire to the temple, hurling dreadful imprecations at Hasdrubal.

As the flames began to emerge from the building, a woman appeared, dressed in her finest clothes, and holding the hands of her two children; it was Hasdrubal's wife. She cast her glance over her enemies surrounding the citadel, and recognizing Scipio cried: 'Roman, I do not ask Heaven to take revenge on you; you are merely following the rules of war: but I pray that you, and the gods of my country, may punish that traitor who has betrayed his

wife, his children, his country and his gods! And as for you, Hasdrubal, Rome is already preparing the punishment for your crimes! Unworthy leader of Carthage, you are set to draw the chariot of your conqueror, while this fire shall save me, and my children, from slavery!'

With that, she killed her children, threw them into the flames, and leapt after them. All the deserters followed her example.

Thus, the city of Dido, Hannibal, and Sophonisba perished. Florus (*Publius Annius Florus*) would have us judge the magnitude of the disaster by the fire, which lasted seventeen whole days. Scipio wept over the fate of Carthage. At the sight of the fire that consumed the once flourishing city, he contemplated the rise and fall of empires, and uttered these lines of Homer, applying them to Rome's future fate: 'A time will come when the sacred walls of Troy, and warlike Priam and all his people, will perish.' (*Homer: Iliad IV:163-165*) Corinth was destroyed the same year as Carthage, and a child in Corinth repeated, as Scipio had, a passage of Homer, on seeing his city turned to ashes. What was that man, whom all antiquity called to the fall of states and the spectacle of the calamity of nations, as if nothing could be great and tragic without his presence; as if all human suffering were under the protection and empire of that poet of Hector and Troy!

Carthage was not so ruined that a vengeful god failed to emerge from her ashes: Rome lost her way; she witnessed civil war in her midst; that corruption and discord began on the Punic shore. Firstly, Scipio, the destroyer of Carthage, was assassinated by those close to him; various children of King Massinissa, who had himself aided the Roman triumph, slew themselves on Sophonisba's grave; the spoils of Syphax served Jugurtha by corrupting and enthralling the descendants of Regulus. 'A city for sale,' exclaimed that African prince on leaving the Capitol, 'and doomed to swift destruction, if a buyer can be found!' (*Sallust: Jugurtha: 35.10*) Soon Jugurtha forced a Roman army to pass beneath the yoke, almost within sight of Carthage, and performed that shameful ceremony as if to delight the shade of Hannibal: he fell, at last, into the hands of Gaius Marius, and lost his life immediately after Marius's triumph in Rome (*104BC*). The lictors despoiling him, and tearing off his earrings, threw him naked into a pit, the king thus justifying, to his dying breath, all he had said of Roman greed.

But the victory obtained over that grand-son of Massinissa created that jealousy between Sulla and Marius that shrouded Rome in mourning. Forced to flee his rival, Marius sought refuge beside the tombs of Hanno and Hamilcar. A slave of Sextilius, the Prefect of Africa, brought Marius the order to leave the ruins that served as his retreat: 'Go tell your lord,' replied the formidable consul, 'that you have seen Marius, a fugitive, seated amidst the ruins of Carthage.' (*Plutarch: Marius: 40:3-4*)

'Marius and Carthage,' a poet and a historian claim, 'consoled each other for their fate; both fallen from fortune, they forgave the gods.' (*Lucan: Pharsalia: II, in Jean-François Marmontel's translation*)

Roman freedom finally expired at the feet of enslaved and ruined Carthage. Vengeance was complete: it was a Scipio (*Metellus Scipio*) who died, in Africa, after the battle with Caesar (*Thapsus, 46BC*), and his corpse was the sport of those waves that bore the victorious vessels of his ancestors.

But Cato was yet alive, in Utica, and with him Rome and freedom still stood. Caesar approached: Cato decided that the gods of the country had forsaken him. He asked for his sword; a child brought it to him; Cato drew it from its sheath, touched the point, and said: 'I am my own master!' (*Plutarch: Cato the Younger: 70.1*) Then he lay down, and after twice reading through Plato's dialogue on the immortality of the soul (*Phaedo*), fell asleep. The dawn chorus woke him: he though it the right moment to exchange a life lived for freedom for the life immortal: he dealt himself a wound in the stomach. He fell from his couch, struggling against death. They ran to him, they bound his wound: he recovered from his swoon, tore the bandage and rent his innards. He preferred to die for a sacred cause than live under the rule of a great man.

The destiny of republican Rome being accomplished, men and laws having altered, the fate of Carthage changed similarly. Tiberius Gracchus had already established a colony within the abandoned perimeter of Dido's city; but this colony can scarcely have flourished, since Marius found a Carthage of huts and ruins. Julius Caesar, when in Africa, had a dream: he thought he saw, in sleep, a large army, calling out to him and shedding tears (*Appian: Punic Wars: XX:136*). Accordingly, he conceived the project of rebuilding Corinth and Carthage, whose armies the dream had apparently offered him. Augustus, who partook also of the horrors of bloody revolution, entirely rebuilt them, so accomplishing Caesar's aim. Carthage rose from its ruins, and Strabo (*XVII:3:15*) assures us that by his day it was flourishing. It became the metropolis of Africa, and was famous for its courtesy and its schools. In turn it gave birth to great and fortunate spirits. To it, Tertullian addressed his *Apologeticus pro Christianis*. But, always cruel in her religion, Carthage persecuted the innocent Christians, as she had once burned children in honour of Saturn. She martyred the illustrious Cyprian, who oversaw a re-flowering of Latin eloquence. Arnobius (*of Sicca*) and Lactantius (*Lucius Caecilius Firmianus Lactantius*) distinguished themselves at Carthage: the latter earned there the nickname of the *Christian Cicero*.

Sixty years later, Augustine indulged, in the capital of Africa, a taste for pleasure which, like the prophet-king, he bemoaned the rest of his life. His fine imagination, touched by the fictions of poets, loved to seek out the remains of the Palace of Dido. The disenchantment that age brings, and the emptiness that follows pleasure, recalled Monica's son to graver thoughts. Saint Ambrose completed the victory, and Augustine having become the Bishop of Hippo, was a model of virtue. His house was like a kind of monastery where nothing was affected, either as regards poverty or riches. Dressed in a modest way, but neatly and agreeably, the venerable prelate rejected expensive clothes, which were suited, he said, neither to his ministry, his body broken by age, nor his white hair. No women entered his home, not even his sister, a widow and servant of God. Strangers found a liberal hospitality at his table, but for himself, he lived only on fruit and vegetables. His main occupations were attending to the welfare of the poor, and preaching the word of God. He was surprised in the exercise of his duties by the Vandals, who came to besiege Hippo, in 431AD, and changed the face of Africa.

The barbarians had already invaded the major provinces of the Empire; Rome itself had been sacked by Alaric (*410AD*). The Vandals, either driven on by the Visigoths or invited by Count Boniface (*Comes Bonifacius*), finally crossed from Spain to Africa. They

were, according to Procopius (*History of the Wars, Book III, chapter 3*), of the race of Goths, and combined natural ferocity with religious fanaticism. Converted to Christianity, but of the Arian sect, they persecuted the Catholics with unheard-of fury. Their cruelty was without precedent: when they were repulsed from a city, they massacred their prisoners outside the walls. Leaving the bodies exposed to the sun, they charged the wind, so to speak, with carrying plague beyond those walls that their rage had been unable to take. Africa was terrified of this race of men, half-naked giants, who made beasts of burden of those they conquered, drove them in herds before them, and cut their throats when they grew weary.

Genseric established the seat of his empire in Carthage (*439AD*): he was worthy to command the barbarians God had entrusted to him. He was a sombre prince, subject to fits of the blackest melancholy, and seems to have possessed grandeur amidst the general shipwreck of the civilized world, simply because he mounted on its ruins.

Despite its misfortunes, a final vengeance was allowed the city of Dido. Genseric crosses the sea and seized Rome: he delivered it over to his soldiers for fourteen days and nights. He then re-embarked; the fleet of this latter-day Hannibal brought the spoils of Rome to Carthage, as the fleet of Scipio had carried the spoils of Carthage to Rome. All Genseric's vessels,' says Procopius, 'arrived safely in Africa, except one that bore the statues of the gods' (*Procopius: History of the Wars: III.5.26*). Firmly ensconced in his new empire, Genseric emerged from it each year to ravage Italy, Sicily, Illyria and Greece. The blind conquerors of those days felt they were nothing themselves, but were merely the instruments of eternal counsel. Hence the names they gave themselves, *Scourge of God*, or *Ravager of Mankind;* hence the rage to destroy by which they felt tormented, that thirst for blood they could not extinguish; hence the manner in which all things conspired for their success, the baseness of men, the lack of courage, virtue, talent, genius: for nothing obstructed the fulfilment of these judgments of heaven. Genseric's fleet was ready; his soldiers were on board: where was he going? He did not know himself. 'Prince,' the pilot asked, 'what nations will you assault?' – 'Those,' the barbarian replied, 'that God is presently angered against.'

Genseric died thirty-nine years after having taken Carthage. It was the only city in Africa whose walls he had not destroyed. He was succeeded by Huneric, one of his sons. After a reign of eight years, Huneric was replaced on the throne by his cousin Gunthamund: he bore the sceptre thirteen years, and left the crown to his brother Thrasamund. Thrasamund reigned twenty-seven years in total. Ilderic, the son of Huneric and grandson of Genseric, inherited the Kingdom of Carthage. Gelimer, Ilderic's cousin, conspired against him and had him thrown into a dungeon (*530AD*). The Emperor Justinian came to the defence of the deposed monarch, and Belisarius crossed to Africa. Gelimer made almost no resistance. The victorious Roman general entered Carthage. He went to the palace, where, by the whim of fortune, he ate the very meal that had been prepared for Gelimer, and was served by the officers of that prince. Nothing had changed at court, except its master, and that mattered little since his fortune had waned.

Belisarius, indeed, deserved his success. He was one of those men who appear at long intervals in sinful ages, to interrupt the laws proscribing virtue. Unfortunately, those

noble souls who shine in the midst of baseness create no permanent change. They seem irrelevant to the affairs of their own day, exceptional but isolated in the present, they have no influence on the future. The world rolls over them without dragging them along; but they in turn fail to halt the world. In order for spirits of a higher nature to be useful to society, they must be born among a people who retain a love of order, religion and morality, and whose genius and character are relevant to its moral and political circumstances. In the age of Belisarius, events were great and men small: which is why the annals of that time, though filled with tragedy and destruction, revolt us and weary us. We seek, in history, not those revolutions that command and crush men, but those men who command revolutions, and are more powerful than fortune. A world thrown into chaos by barbarians inspires only horror and contempt; while we are forever fascinated by a petty quarrel between Sparta and Athens that took place in a tiny corner of Greece.

Gelimer, a prisoner in Constantinople, attended Belisarius' triumph. Soon afterwards the monarch was reduced to becoming a labourer. In like case, philosophy may console a man of common nature, but can only increase the regrets of a truly regal heart. We know that Justinian did not put out the eyes of Belisarius. It would, even so, have been only a very small event in the long history of human ingratitude. As for Carthage, she saw a prince emerge from her walls to go and seat himself on the throne of the Caesars (*610AD*): that was Heraclius, who overthrew the tyrant Phocas. In 647AD, the Arabs made their first expedition to Africa. This expedition was followed by four more in the space of fifty years. Carthage fell under the Muslim yoke in 696. Most of its residents fled to Spain and Sicily. John the Patrician, general to the Emperor Leontius, occupied the city in 697, but the Saracens returned, permanently, in 698, and the daughter of Tyre became the prey of the children of Ishmael: the city being taken by Hasan (*Hasan ibn an-Nu'man al-Ghassani*), during the Caliphate of Abd-al-Malik. It is claimed that the new masters of Carthage razed it to the ground. However there were still significant ruins at the beginning of the ninth century, if it is true that the ambassadors of Charlemagne discovered the body of Saint Cyprian there. Towards the end of the century, the infidels formed a league against the Christians, and at their head, so the story goes, were the *Saracens of Carthage*. We also know that Saint Louis found a town rising from the ruins of the ancient city. Be that as it may, it offers today only the ruins of which I will speak. They are known throughout the region as the Bersach, which seems to be a corruption of the name Byrsa. When, in Tunis, you wish to visit Carthage, you must ask for the tower or *torre* of Almenara or Mastinaces: *ventoso curru gloria: fame's airy chariot!* (*Horace: Epistles II.I:177*)

It is quite difficult to understand the plan of ancient Carthage, by following the accounts of historians. Polybius and Livy doubtless spoke at great length about the siege of that city, but we lack their descriptions. We are reduced to Latin abbreviators, such as Florus and Velleius Paterculus, who do not give details of the location. Later geographers only knew Roman Carthage. The most complete authority on the subject is the Greek Appian, who flourished nearly three centuries after the event, and whose declamatory style lacks precision and clarity. Rollin, who follows him, mingles his account inappropriately perhaps with that of Strabo, but spares me the trouble of translation.

‘It stood at the bottom of a gulf, surrounded by the sea in the form of a peninsula, whose neck, that is the isthmus which joined it to the continent, was a league and quarter in breadth (twenty-five stadia). The peninsula was eighteen miles round (three hundred and sixty stadia). On the west side projected a long point of land about twelve fathoms broad (half a stadium); which, advancing into the sea, separated it from a morass, and was fenced on all sides with rocks and a single wall. On the south side towards the continent, where stood the citadel called Byrsa, the city was surrounded by a triple wall thirty cubits high, exclusive of all the parapets and towers with which it was flanked all round at equal distances apart, each interval being fourscore fathoms. Every tower was four stories high, and the walls but two; they were arched, and in the lower part were stalls to hold three hundred elephants, with their fodder, and over these were stables for four thousand horses, and lofts for food. There likewise was room enough to lodge twenty thousand foot-soldiers and four thousand horsemen. All these were contained within the walls alone. In one place only, the walls were weak and low, and that was a neglected angle, which began at the neck of land above mentioned, and extended as far as the harbours, which were on the west side. Of these there were two, which communicated with each other, but had only one entrance, off seventy feet broad, and shut off with chains. The first was appropriated for the merchants, and had several distinct habitations for the seamen. The second or inner harbour was for the ships of war; in the midst of which stood an island called Cothon, lined, as the harbour was, with large quays, in which were distinct receptacles for sheltering from the weather two hundred and twenty ships; over these were magazines and storehouses wherein was lodged all that was needed for arming and equipping fleets. The entrance into each of these receptacles was adorned with two marble pillars of the Ionic order; so that both the harbour and the island represented on each side two magnificent galleries. In this island was the admiral’s palace; and as it stood opposite to the mouth of the harbour, he could from thence discover whatever was doing at sea, though no one, from thence, could see what was transacting in the inward part of the harbour. The merchants, in like manner, had no prospect of the men of war; the two ports being separated by a double wall, each having its particular gate that led to the city, without passing through the other harbour. So that Carthage may be divided into three parts: the harbour which was double, and called sometimes Cothon, from the little island of that name; the citadel, named Byrsa; and the city properly so called, where the inhabitants dwelt, which lay round the citadel and was called Megara.’ (*Charles Rollin: Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians etc: BookII: PartII: Chapter II: Article I: Section II, anonymous English translation: Boston, published by Samuel Walker, 1823*)

Virtually nothing remains of this first city other than the public and private cisterns; they are of surpassing beauty; and offer a fine idea of the monuments of the Carthaginians; but I have no idea whether the aqueduct that carried water to these cisterns ought to be assigned to the second Carthage. I rely, for the entire destruction of the city of Dido, on this passage from Florus (*Epitome rerum romanorum: I:XXXI=II.15:Section 18*): ‘*Quanta urbs deleta sit, ut de caeteris taceam, vel ignium mora probari potest. Quippe per continuos XVII dies vix potuit incendium exstingui, quod domibus ac templis suis sponte hostes immiserant; ut quatenus urbs eripi Romanis non poterat, triumphus arderet: how mighty*

the city was which was destroyed is shown, to mention a single fact only, by the long duration of the fire; for it was only after seventeen days of continuous effort that the fires were, with difficulty, quenched, fires which the enemy had themselves kindled in their houses and temples, in order that, as the city could not be saved from the Romans, the materials for their triumph might be burnt.'

Appian adds that what escaped the flames was demolished by order of the Roman senate. 'Rome,' says Velleius Paterculus (*Historia Romana: I.XII.7*), 'already mistress of the world, did not feel safe as long as the name of Carthage survived: *si nomen usquam stantis maneret Carthaginis*.

Strabo, in his short clear description, evidently confuses different parts of the ancient city and the new:

και Καρχηδων δε έπίχερρονήσου τινος ίδρυται, etc.

'Carthage is situated upon a peninsula, comprising a circuit of three hundred and sixty stadia, with a wall, of which sixty stadia of its length was across the neck of the peninsula, reaching from sea to sea. Here the Carthaginians kept their elephants, it being a wide open place. In the middle of the city was the acropolis, which they called *Byrsa*, a hill of tolerable height with dwellings round it. On the summit was the temple of Aesculapius, which was destroyed when the wife of Hasdrubal burnt herself to death there, on the capture of the city. Below the Acropolis were the harbours and the *Cothon*, a circular island, surrounded by a canal communicating with the sea (Euripus), and on every side of it (upon the canal) were situated sheds for vessels.' (*Strabo: Geography: XVII: 3.14*)

On the word *Karchedon* in the original text, I observe, with other writers, that, according to Samuel Bochart, the Phoenician name of *Carthage* was *Cartha-Hadath* or *Cartha-Hadtha*, in other words the new city. The Greeks turned that into Karchedon, and the Romans Carthage. The names of the three parts of the city were also taken from the Phoenician: *Magara* from *Magar*, a storehouse; *Byrsa* from *Bosra*, a fortress; and *Cothon* from *ratoun*, a cutting; since it is not clear whether Cothon was an island.

After Strabo, we know nothing more of Carthage, except that she had become one of the largest and most beautiful cities in the world. Pliny, however, merely says: *Colonia Carthago magnae in vestigiis Carthaginis; the colony of Carthago, amidst the ruins of mighty Carthage* (*Pliny: Natural History: V:24*). Pomponius Mela, before Pliny, seems no more favourable: *iam quidem iterum opulenta, etiam nunc tamen priorum excidio rerum quam ope praesentium clarior*: *now in fact opulent once more, yet even now more famous for the ruins of what was than for what exists in the present* (*De Chorographia: I:29*) Yet Solinus said: *alterum post urbem Romam terrarum decus: the glory of the world after the city of Rome* (*Gaius Julius Solinus: De Mirabilibus Mundi:XVIII*). Other authors call her great and blessed: *Carthago magna, felicitate reverenda.*

The new Carthage suffered a fire during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, for we find that Emperor busy restoring the damaged colony.

Commodus, who stationed a fleet at Carthage to transport African corn to Rome, wished to change its name from *Carthage* to *Urbs Commodianus*. This folly of the unworthy son of a great man was soon forgotten.

The two Gordians (*Marcus Antonius Gordianus Sempronianus, and his son, co-emperors briefly, in 238AD*), having been proclaimed co-emperors of Africa, made Carthage the capital of the world during their momentary reign. It seems, however, that the Carthaginians showed little gratitude for, according to Capitolinus (*Quintus Lutatius Catulus: Historia Augusta:Gordiani Tres:15*), they rebelled against the Gordians in favour of Capelianus. Zosimus (*Historia Nova:I*) says moreover that the Carthaginians recognized Sabinianus as their emperor, while the younger Gordian succeeded Balbinus and Maximinus Thrax in Rome. Though we may allow, following Zonaras (*Ioannes 'John' Zonaras: Epitome Historiarum*: *XII:16=577*) that Carthage was favourable to the Gordians, those emperors had little time to beautify the city.

Several inscriptions, reported by the learned Dr. Shaw, show Hadrian, Septimius Severus, and Aurelian erecting monuments in various cities of Byzacena, and they surely did not neglect the capital of that rich province.

The tyrant Maxentius carried fire and sword to Africa, and triumphed over Carthage as the ancient enemy of Rome. One cannot view without a shudder that long series of madmen who, almost without interruption, governed the world from Tiberius to Constantine, and were joined, after this latter emperor, by the monsters of Byzantium. The people were no better than their rulers. A dreadful compact seemed to exist between nations and sovereigns: the latter to dare all, the former to suffer all.

Thus, what we know of the monuments of Carthage in the centuries we have just traversed amounts to very little: we learn, from the writings of Tertullian, Saint Cyprian, Lactantius, and Saint Augustine, from the canons of the councils of Carthage and from the *Acts of the Martyrs*, simply that Carthage possessed auditoriums, theatres, baths, and colonnades. The city was never well fortified, as Gordian I was unable to defend it; and long afterwards, Genseric and Belisarius entered it without difficulty.

I have several coins of the Vandal kings which prove that the arts were utterly eclipsed during the reign of these kings: thus it is unlikely that Carthage received any embellishment from her new masters. We know, on the contrary, that Genseric razed churches and theatres; all the pagan monuments were destroyed, on his orders: among others are mentioned the Temple of Memory and the street dedicated to the Goddess Celesta. This street was lined with beautiful buildings.

Justinian, after taking Carthage from the Vandals, built porticos, baths, churches and monasteries, as seen in Procopius' *De Aedificiis*. The historian speaks, moreover, of a church built by the Carthaginians, on the shore, in honour of Saint Cyprian. That is all I have gathered concerning the monuments of a city that occupied such a high rank in history: let us pass now to its ruins.

The vessel on which I had left Alexandria having arrived at the port of Tunis, we anchored opposite the ruins of Carthage: I gazed at them without being able to make out what they were; I saw some huts of the Moors, a Muslim shrine on the tip of a headland,

and sheep grazing among ruins, ruins so little apparent that I could scarcely distinguish them from the land that bore them: this was Carthage.

> …… *devictae Carthaginis arces*
> *procubuere, jacentque infausto in litore turres*
> *eversae. Quantum illa metus, quantum illa laborum*
> *Urbs dedit insultans Latio et laurentibus arvis!*
> *nunc passim vix relliquias, vix nomina servans,*
> *obruitur propriis non agnoscenda ruinis.*
>
> The walls of conquered Carthage lie low,
> her towers shattered on the ill-fated shore.
> What fear, what labour this city once caused Rome,
> she that shamed Latium, and the Laurentian fields!
> Now, barely a stone of her, barely her name survives,
> razed, and unrecognized amidst her ruins.
>
> (*Jacopo Sannazaro: De partu Virginis:II.*)

To visit the ruins, it is essential to follow a methodical plan. I will assume therefore that the reader is leaving with me from the La Goulette fort, which as we know and I have said, is located on the canal through which the lake of Tunis disgorges into the sea. Riding along the shore, after a half hour journey, heading east-north-east, you come upon salt marshes, stretching west to a fragment of wall quite near the large cisterns. Passing between the salt-marshes and the sea, you begin to find jetties extending quite far into the waves. The sea and jetties are on your right; on your left you will see a heap of ruins on irregular terrain; at the foot of these ruins is a round basin, fairly deep, which once communicated with the sea through a channel of which traces are still visible. This basin must, in my opinion, be the Cothon, or inner harbour of Carthage. The remains of the immense works that can be seen in the sea would, in this case, represent the outer breakwater. It seems to me that one can still distinguish some of the piles of the barrier Scipio constructed to close off the port. I also noticed a second inner channel, which may, if you will, be the cut made by the Carthaginians when they opened another passage for their fleet.

This sentiment is directly opposed to that of Dr. Shaw, who places the ancient port of Carthage to the north and north-west of the peninsula, in the submerged marsh called El-Mersa, or the harbour. He assumes the port was silted up by winds from the northeast and the sediments of the River Bagrada. D'Anville, in his *Géographie ancienne*, and Bélidor (*Bernard Forest de Bélidor*), in his *Architecture hydraulique*, adopt his opinion. Travellers bow to these great authorities. I do not know what the opinion of the learned Italian is in this respect, I have not read his work (*Felice Carònni*: I mentioned the work above. His view seems similar to mine: see the preface to the third edition.)

I admit I am nervous at having to oppose men of merit as eminent as Shaw and D'Anville. The former has viewed the site, and the latter has divined it, if I may be forgiven the expression. One thing, however, encourages me: Monsieur Humbert, the engineer in charge of La Goulette, a very clever man, who has lived some length of time amidst the ruins of Carthage, absolutely rejects the hypothesis of the learned Englishman. One should certainly reject those alleged changes of place, those local accidents, by means of which people explain away the difficulties of a layout they do not understand. So I am uncertain if the Bagrada could have silted up the old port of Carthage, as Dr. Shaw supposes, or have produced on the shores of Utica all the changes he claims. The elevated portion of land north and north-west of the Isthmus of Carthage has not, either along the sea-shore, or in El-Mersa, the slightest indentation, which might provide shelter for a boat. To locate the Cothon in this position, we must have recourse to a kind of depression that, on Shaw's own admission, only occupies a hundred square yards. On the south-east, however, you encounter long embankments, arches which may have belonged to storehouses, or even docks for the galleys; you see canals dug by the hands of men, an internal basin large enough to have contained ancient vessels; and in the midst of this basin a small island.

History comes to my rescue. Scipio Africanus was busy fortifying Tunis, when he saw ships leaving Carthage to attack the Roman fleet at Utica (*Livy: Ab Urbe Condita: XXX:X*). If the port of Carthage had been to the north, across the isthmus, Scipio, located in Tunis, could not have seen the Carthaginian galleys; the terrain there hides the Gulf of Utica. But if we locate the port to the southeast, Scipio saw, as he was bound to see, his enemies appear.

When Scipio Aemilianus decided to close the outer harbour, he started his embankment at the tip of the cape of Carthage (*Appian:VIII:XVIII:121*). Now, the cape of Carthage is on the east, on the same bay as Tunis. Appian adds that this point of land was near the port; which is true if the port was in the southeast; false if the port was to the northwest. An embankment, leading from the furthest point of the isthmus of Carthage to enclose the area called El-Mersa on the north-west, is an absurd supposition.

Finally, after taking Cothon, Scipio attacked Byrsa, or the citadel (*Appian:VIII:XVIII 127*); the Cothon was therefore below the citadel: now, the latter was built on the highest hill of Carthage, a hill visible to the south-east. The Cothon if placed in the northwest would have been too far from Byrsa, while the basin that I indicated is precisely at the foot of the south-east hill.

If I labour this point more than is necessary for many readers, there are others who take a keen interest in the historical record, and who seek in a book only positive facts and knowledge. Is it not strange that in a city as famous as Carthage we have to search for the location of these same harbours, and that what constituted its greatest glory is precisely that which is the most forgotten?

Shaw seems to me to have been more fortunate with regard to the harbour indicated in the first book of the *Aeneid*. Some scholars believed that this harbour was a creation of the poet; others thought that Virgil intended to portray the harbour of Ithaca or that of Cartagena, or the Bay of Naples; but the singer of Dido was too scrupulous about painting

an authentic scene to afford himself such license; he describes, with the most precise veracity, a harbour some distance away from Carthage. Let us hear Dr. Shaw speak:

'Two leagues to the east-north-east of Seedy Doude (*Sidi Abioud*), and a little to the southward of the promontory of Mercury (*Cape Bon: Watan el-kibli*), is Low-hareah (*El Haouaria*), the Aquilaria of the Ancients, where Curio landed those troops that were afterwards defeated by Sabura. There are several fragments of antiquities at this place, but nothing remarkable: however, from the sea shore to this village, which is at half a miles distance, the interjacent mountain, from the level of the sea to the height of twenty or thirty foot, is all the way very artfully scooped and hollowed; small openings being carried up, in several places, to the surface, for the admission of fresh air; whilst large pillars and arches are left standing, at proper distances below, to support the mountain. These are the quarries which Strabo takes notice of (*XVII:16*); from whence the buildings of Carthage, Utica, and the many other adjacent cities, might receive their materials. Moreover, as the mountain above is all over shaded with trees; as the arches below lie open to the sea, having a large cliff on each side, with the island Aegimurus placed over against them; as there are likewise some fountains perpetually draining from the rocks, and seats for the weary labourer; we have little room to doubt (from such a concurrence of circumstances, so exactly corresponding to the cave which Virgil places somewhere in this gulf) that the following description is literally true, notwithstanding the opinion of some commentators who have thought it fictitious.' (*Shaw: Travels: Of the Sea Coast of the Zeugitania, or the Summer Circuit*)

Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum
efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur
in caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scaena coruscis
desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.
Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum,
intus aquae dulces vivoque sedilia saxo,
nympharum domus.....

There is a place there in a deep inlet: an island forms a harbour
with the barrier of its bulk, on which every wave from the deep
breaks, and divides into diminishing ripples.
On this side and that, vast cliffs and twin crags loom in the sky,
under whose summits the whole sea is calm, far and wide:
then, above that, is a scene of glittering woods,
and a dark grove overhangs the water, with leafy shade:
under the headland opposite is a cave, curtained with rock,
inside it, fresh water, and seats of natural stone,
the home of Nymphs.

(*Virgil: Aeneid: I: 159-168*)

Now that we know the harbours, the rest need not detain us long. I will suppose us continuing our journey along the coast to the place from which the promontory of Carthage emerges. This cape, according to Dr. Shaw, was never part of the city. Now we leave the sea, and turning left, we return south of the city ruins ranged round the amphitheatre of hills.

We first find the remains of a very large building that appears to have been part of a palace and a theatre. Above this building, ascending to the west, we come to the beautiful cisterns generally considered to be the only true remains of Carthage: they may have received the waters of an aqueduct the fragments of which one can see in the landscape. This aqueduct travelled a space of fifty miles, and ran from sources at Zawan (pronounced locally as *Zauvan*) and Zungar. There were temples built above the springs. The taller arches of the aqueduct were seventy feet high, and the pillars of these arches are six feet on each side. The cisterns are immense: they form a series of arches that spring one from another, and are bordered on their entire length by a corridor: it is truly a magnificent work.

To travel from these public cisterns to the hill of Byrsa, one follows a rough track. At the foot of the hill lie a cemetery and a wretched village, perhaps the *Tents* of Lady Montague (*Letter: Tunis: July 13th old style, 1718*). The *stables of the elephants* of which Lady Montague speaks are underground chambers, and are unremarkable.) The summit of the acropolis offers level ground, strewn with small pieces of marble, and which is clearly the surrounds of a palace or temple. If one opts for a palace, this is the palace of Dido; if one prefers the temple, it should be recognized as that of Aesculapius. There, two women rushed into the flames, one in order not to survive her disgrace, the other her city:

> "O Sun, you who illuminate all the works of this world,
> and you Juno, interpreter and knower of all my pain,
> and Hecate howled to, in cities, at midnight crossroads,
> you, avenging Furies, and you, gods of dying Elissa,
> acknowledge this, direct your righteous will to my troubles,
> and hear my prayer. If it must be that the accursed one
> should reach the harbour, and sail to the shore:
> if Jove's destiny for him requires it, there his goal:
> still, troubled in war by the armies of a proud race,
> exiled from his territories, torn from Iulus's embrace,
> let him beg help, and watch the shameful death of his people:
> then, when he has surrendered, to a peace without justice,
> may he not enjoy his kingdom or the days he longed for,
> but let him die before his time, and lie unburied on the sand.
> This I pray, these last words I pour out with my blood.
> Then, O Tyrians, pursue my hatred against his whole line
> and the race to come, and offer it as a tribute to my ashes.

Let there be no love or treaties between our peoples.
Rise, some unknown avenger, from my dust, who will pursue
the Trojan colonists with fire and sword, now, or in time
to come, whenever the strength is granted him.
I pray that shore be opposed to shore, water to wave,
weapon to weapon: let them fight, them and their descendants."
……..
She had spoken, and in the midst of these words,
her servants saw she had fallen on the blade,
the sword frothed with blood, and her hands were stained.

(*Virgil: Aeneid: IV: 608 et seq. Chateaubriand quotes from Louis de Fontanes free translation*)

From the summit of the Byrsa, the eye embraces the ruins of Carthage, which are more numerous than is generally believed: they resemble those of Sparta, having nothing well preserved, but occupying a considerable space. I saw them in February; the figs, olive-trees and carobs already showed their first leaves, and large angelicas and acanthus formed tufts of verdure amongst the vari-coloured marble remains. I cast my gaze on the far-off isthmus, on twin seas, distant islands, a cheerful landscape, blue lakes, and azure mountains; I could see forests, boats, aqueducts, Moorish villages, Mohammedan hermitages; minarets and the white houses of Tunis. Thousands of starlings, gathered in battalions, assembling among the clouds, flew over my head. Surrounded by the grandest and most moving memories, I thought of Dido, Sophonisba, and the noble wife of Hasdrubal; I contemplated the vast plains where are buried the legions of Hannibal, Scipio and Caesar; my eyes sought to locate the site of Utica. Alas, the remains of that palace of Tiberius at Capri still exist, yet, at Utica, one seeks the house of Cato in vain! Finally, the dreadful Vandals, the rash Moors, passed in turn through my memory, which offered me, as a final picture, Saint Louis dying amidst the ruins of Carthage. Let the tale of the death of that prince, end this *Itinerary*: happy to return, so to speak, to my country, via an ancient monument to its virtues, and to complete at the tomb of that king of blessed memory this long pilgrimage to the tombs of great men.

When Saint Louis began his second voyage overseas, he was no longer younger. His weakened health would not allow him to remain long on horseback, nor support a weight of armour; but Louis had not lost his strength of soul. He gathered in Paris the great men of his kingdom; he described to them the sorry state of Palestine, and declared his resolve to go to the aid of his fellow Christians. At the same time he received the cross from the hands of the legate, and gave it to his three elder sons.

A host of nobles joined with him: the kings of Europe were ready to take up the banner. Charles of Sicily, Edward of England, Gaston de Bearn, the kings of Navarre and Aragon. Women showed the same zeal: La Dame de Poitiers, La Comtesse de Bretagne, Iolande de Bourgogne, Jeanne de Toulouse, Isabelle de France, Amicie de Courtenay, left the distaff that queens then employed, and followed their husbands overseas. Saint Louis made his will; he left Agnes, the youngest of his daughters, ten thousand francs

as a dowry, and four thousand francs to Queen Marguerite; he then appointed two regents of the kingdom, Matthieu, Abbot of Saint-Denis and Simon, Sire de Nesle, after which he took up the *oriflamme*.

This banner, which made its appearance among our armies during the reign of Louis le Gros, was a silk ensign attached to the end of a spear: it was *ruby-red samite fashioned into a banner with three tails, with tufts of green silk about it* (*Du Cange: Glossarium mediae et infimae latinitatis:Auriflamma*). It rested, in time of peace, on the altar of the Abbey of Saint-Denis, among the tombs of the kings, as if to declare that, from generation to generation, the French were faithful to God, honour, and the king. Saint Louis received the banner from the hands of the Abbot, as usual. He received the *escarcelle* at the same time (a belt, *and purse*) and the *bourdon* (a pilgrim's staff), which was called, at that time, *the consolation and sign of voyage* (solatia et indicia itineris); a custom of the monarchy, so ancient that Charlemagne was buried with the golden *escarcelle* which he wore when he went to Italy.

Louis prayed at the tomb of the martyrs, and placed his kingdom under the protection of the patron saint of France (*Saint Denis*). The day after the ceremony, he walked barefoot, with his son, from the Palace of Justice to the church of Notre Dame. That same evening he left for Vincennes, where he bade farewell to Queen Marguerite, *a good, kind queen, full of great simplicity*, according to Robert de Sainceriaux (*Sermon sur Saint Louis*); then he forsook for ever the old oak-trees, venerable witnesses to his justice and his virtue.

'Many a time it chanced in summer, that he would go and sit in the forest of Vincennes, after mass, and all who had business would come and talk with him, without hindrance from ushers or anyone.... I have seen him sometimes in summer, when to hear his people's suits, he would come into the gardens of Paris, clad in a camel's-hair coat, with a sleeveless surcoat of tiretaine, a cloak of black taffety round his neck, his hair well combed and without a quoif, and a white swansdown hat upon his head. He would cause a carpet to be spread, that we might sit round him; and all the people who had business before him stood round about, and then he caused their suits to be despatched, as I told you before, regarding the forest of Vincennes.' (*Sire de Joinville. Life of Saint Louis: Part 1*)

Saint Louis sailed from Aigues-Mortes, on Tuesday the 1st of July 1270. Three courses of action had been suggested in the king's council before setting sail: to land at Saint-Jean d'Acre, to attack Egypt, or to make a descent on Tunis. Unfortunately Saint Louis chose the latter advice, for a reason that seemed logical enough.

Tunis was then under the dominion of a prince whom Geoffrey of Beaulieu and Guillaume de Nangis called *Omar el-Muley Moztanca*. Historians of the time do not say why this prince chose to embrace the Christian religion, but it is quite likely that learning of the Crusader army, and not knowing where the storm would fall, he thought to evade it by sending ambassadors to France, and flattering the holy king by a conversion which he valued not at all. This deception by the infidel was guaranteed to bring upon him the storm which he sought to avert. Louis thought he would give Omar a chance to declare his intent, and that much of Africa would then become Christian, following the example of its prince.

A political reason was involved as well as this religious motive: the Tunisians infested the waves; they prevented our sending aid to the Christian princes of Palestine;

they furnished horses, weapons and men to the sultans of Egypt; they were the centre of the communications that Baibars Bondoc-Dari (*al-Malik al-Zahir Rukn al-Din Baibars al-Bunduqdari; Sultan of Egypt 1260-1277*) entertained with the Moors of Morocco and Spain. It was important to destroy this nest of brigands, to facilitate expeditions to the Holy Land.

Saint Louis entered the Bay of Tunis in July 1270. At that time, a Moorish prince had undertaken to rebuild Carthage; several new houses already stood among the ruins and a castle stood on the hill of Byrsa. The Crusaders were struck by the beauty of the country covered with olive groves. Omar did not advance on the French; instead he threatened to kill all the Christians in his domains if a landing was attempted. These threats did not prevent the army disembarking; it camped on the isthmus of Carthage, and the chaplain of a king of France took possession of the site of Hannibal's city with these words: *I proclaim the rule here of our Lord Jesus Christ, and Louis, King of France, his servant*. This same place had heard declarations in Gaetulian, Tyrian, Latin, Vandal, Greek and Arabic, and ever the same sentiments in varying language.

Saint Louis resolved, before besieging Tunis, to take Carthage, which was then a rich town, a trading port, and well-fortified. He drove the Saracens from a tower which defended the cisterns: the castle was stormed, and the new city followed the fate of the fortress. The princesses who accompanied their husbands disembarked at the port, and in one of those revolutions that the centuries bring, the great ladies of France established themselves in the ruins of Dido's palace.

But fortune seemed to abandon Saint Louis once he had crossed the waves, as if fate had always intended him to show the infidels an example of heroism in adversity. He could not attack Tunis before receiving reinforcements from his brother, the King of Sicily. Forced to retreat to the isthmus, the army was attacked by a contagion that within a few days had carried off half his army. The African sun consumed men accustomed to live under a milder sky. To increase the misery of the crusaders, the Moors used machinery to raise burning sand dunes: releasing that arid dust to the south of the Christians, they created the effect of the *kansim*, the dreadful wind of the desert: an ingenious and terrible design, worthy of the wilderness that gave rise to the idea, and shows to what point mankind can take its genius for destruction. Continual fighting exhausted the army's strength; the living proved unable to bury the dead; they threw the bodies into the camp's moat, which was soon filled.

Already the Counts of Nemours, Montmorency and Vendôme were no more; the king had watched his darling son, the Comte de Nevers, die in his arms. He felt himself too struck by the disease. He realised from the first moment that the blow was mortal; a blow that would swiftly consume his body worn out by the fatigues of war, by the cares of the throne, and by those mortifications of religion that King Louis consecrated to his God and his people. Nevertheless he tried to conceal this evil, and hide the pain he felt at the loss of his son. Death visible on his brow, he was seen visiting the hospitals, as one of the Fathers of Mercy devoted, in that land, to the redemption of captives and the saving of plague victims. From holy works he passed to royal duties, saw to the safety of the camp, showed

a fearless face to the enemy, or, seated outside his tent, dispensed justice to his subjects as he had beneath the oak-trees of Vincennes.

Philippe, Louis' eldest son and heir, would not leave his father's side; his father whom he saw was close to death. The king was finally forced to keep to his tent; then, unable to be useful to his people himself, he tried to ensure their future happiness by addressing this instruction to Philippe, which no Frenchman can read without shedding tears. It was written on his deathbed. Du Cange speaks of a manuscript that appears to have contained the original statement: the writing was firm, but altered: it proclaimed the final failure of that hand which traced the expression of so valiant a soul.

'Fair son, my first injunction to thee, is that thou set thy heart to love God, for without this no man can be saved. Avoid doing aught which is displeasing to God to wit deadly sin. Rather shouldst thou suffer all manner of humiliation and torment than fall into deadly sin.

If God send thee adversity, receive it in patience, and give thanks to Our Lord, and think that thou hast deserved it, and that He will turn it all to good. If He give thee prosperity, thank heaven with humility; that through pride or otherwise thou mayest not be the worse for that which should make thee better. For one should not war against God with His own gifts.

Look that thou have in thy company good and true men, such as are not full of covetousness, be they men of religion or laymen, and talk often with them, and fly and shun the company of the wicked. Hearken gladly to the word of God, and treasure it in thy heart, and be zealous to procure prayers and pardons. Love thine own interest and good, and hate everything evil, wherever thou dost find it.

Be faithful and strict to maintain law and justice, and true towards thy subjects, turning neither to right nor left. Assist the right, and uphold the quarrel of the poor until the truth be made known. And if any man hath a suit against thee, do not prejudge it before knowing the truth; for thus shall thy councillors be more bold to judge according to truth, whether for or against thee. If thou dost hold anything that is another's, either from thyself or from thy predecessors, if the fact is certain, give it back without delay.

Study how thy people and thy subjects may live in peace and in honesty under thee. Thy good towns likewise, and the customs of thy realm, preserve them in the same estate and in the same liberties in which they were maintained by thy predecessors.

Beware of going to war with Christians save after great deliberation; but if thou must needs do so, then protect Holy Church and those who have no part in the quarrel. If wars and disputes arise among thy subjects, make peace between them as soon as thou canst.

Be diligent to have good provosts and good bailiffs, and frequently inquire into their behaviour, and into the behaviour of thy household, whether there be in them any vice, or over-great covetousness, or falsehood, or trickery.

And finally, my very sweet son, I charge thee to have masses sung for my soul, and prayers said throughout my kingdom, and allot me a full and special share in all thy good works.

Fair and dear son, I give thee all the blessings that a good father may give his son; and may the blessed Trinity and all the Saints guard and preserve thee from all evil, and

God give thee grace to do His will alway, so that He may be honoured through thee, and that thou and we after this mortal life may dwell together with Him, and praise Him without end. Amen.' (*Sire de Joinville, after Guillaume de Nangis: edited version*)

Every man about to die, disabused of the things of this world, may address wise instructions to his children; but; when those instructions are supported by the example of a life of complete innocence; when they issue from the mouth of a great prince, a brave warrior and the humblest of hearts that ever existed; when they are the last expression of a divine soul who is returning to the eternal mansions; then happy are those who can glory in that, and say: 'The man who wrote these instructions was my ancestral king!'

The disease progressing, Louis asked for extreme unction. He answered the prayers for the dying in a voice as strong as that with which he had given orders on the battlefield. He knelt at the foot of his bed to receive the holy sacrament, and they were obliged to support this latter day Saint Jerome, by the arms, in that communion. From that moment he ended all thoughts of this world, and considered himself free of his duty towards his people. Ah! What monarch had ever fulfilled those duties better! His charity extended to all men; he prayed for the infidels who had provoked the glory and misfortunes of his life, he invoked the patron saints of France; that France, so dear to his royal soul. On the morning of Monday the 25th of August, feeling that his end was nigh, he lay down on a bed of ashes, where he remained, his arms crossed on his chest, his eyes raised to heaven.

Such a spectacle, as was seen then, will never be seen again: the King of Sicily's fleet appeared on the horizon; the plains and hills were covered with the Moorish army. Amid the remains of Carthage the Christian camp offered a scene of dreadful grief: no sound was heard thence; dying soldiers emerged from the hospital, and crawled through the ruins, to approach their expiring king. Louis was surrounded by his weeping family, sorrowing princes, fainting princesses. The ambassadors of the Emperor of Constantinople were present at the scene: they could tell all Greece of a death which Socrates would have admired. From the bed of ashes on which Saint Louis breathed his last, one could see the shores of Utica: all could compare the death of the Stoic and the Christian philosophers. More fortunate than Cato, Saint Louis was not obliged to read a treatise on the immortality of the soul to be convinced of the existence of a future life: he found invincible proof of it in his religion, his virtues and his misfortunes. Finally, at about three in the afternoon, the king, giving a deep sigh, pronounced these words distinctly: 'Lord, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.' (*Psalm:5:8*); and his soul flew to that holy temple which he was worthy of inhabiting.

Then the trumpets of the crusaders from Sicily were heard: their fleet arrived full of joy and freighted with aid, but in vain. There was no answer to their signal. Charles of Anjou was surprised and suspected some misfortune. He neared the shore; he saw the guards, the reversed lances, expressing their grief less by this military device expressing mourning than by their downcast faces. He flew to the tent of his royal brother: and found him lying dead on his bed of ashes. He threw himself on the sacred remains, watered them with his tears, respectfully kissed the saint's feet, and showed those signs of tenderness and regret that might not have been expected of so lofty a soul. Louis's face still revealed all the colours of life, even on his lips which were yet crimson.

Charles carried away his brother's innards, which he deposited at Montreal near Salerno. The heart and the bones of the prince were destined for the abbey of Saint-Denis, but the soldiers were unwilling to let the beloved remains go, saying that the ashes of their sovereign were the army's defence. It pleased God to grant the tomb of the great man a power which manifested itself by miracles. France, which remained un-consoled at having lost such a monarch from the earth, declared him their protector in heaven. Louis, set among the saints, thus became a kind of eternal king of our country. The populace rushed to build churches and chapels more beautiful than the simple palaces in which he had spent his life. The elderly knights who had accompanied him on his first crusade were the first to recognize the fresh powers accorded their king: 'And I did build,' says the Sire de Joinville, 'an altar in honour of God and of Monseigneur Saint Loys'.

The death of Louis, so moving, so virtuous, so tranquil, with which the history of Carthage ends, seems like a sacrifice of peace offered in expiation of the fury, passion and crime for which this unfortunate city so long acted as the theatre. I have nothing more to say to my readers; it is time for them to return with me to my homeland.

I quitted Monsieur Devoise, who had shown me such noble hospitality. I embarked on the American schooner, on which, Monsieur Lear, as I have said, had obtained passage for me. We sailed from La Goulette on Monday, the 9th of March, 1807, and set course for Spain. We received instructions from an American frigate in the road of Algiers. I did not go on shore. Algiers is built in a delightful position, on a hill reminiscent of the lovely heights of Posilippo. We had sight of Spain on the 19th, at seven in the morning, not far from Cap de Gata, at the tip of the Kingdom of Granada. We followed the coast, and passed Malaga. Finally we dropped anchor on Good Friday, the 27th of March, in the bay of Gibraltar.

I disembarked at Algeciras on Easter Monday. I left, on the 4th of April, for Cadiz, arriving two days later, where I was received with great politeness by the Consul and Vice-Consul of France, Messieurs Leroi and Canclaux. From Cadiz I travelled to Cordoba: I admired the mosque, which is now the cathedral of that city. I traversed ancient Baetica where the poets located the abode of happiness. I went up to Andujar, and retraced my steps to view Granada. The Alhambra seems worthy of a visit, even after visiting the temples of Greece. The valley of Granada is delightful, and very similar to that of Sparta; one may well understand the Moors regret for such a land.

I left Granada for Aranjuez, and travelled the region of that famous knight of La Mancha, whom I consider the noblest, bravest, kindest and least crack-brained of mortals. I saw the Tagus at Aranjuez, and arrived in Madrid on the 21st of April. Monsieur de Beauharnais (*François, VI Marquis de Beauharnais*), Ambassador of France to the Spanish Court, overwhelmed me with kindness; he had once known my unfortunate brother, guillotined with my brother's illustrious grandfather-in-law (Monsieur de Malesherbes). I left Madrid on the 24th of April. I visited the Escorial, built by Philip II in the mountainous wilderness of Old Castile. The court comes and establishes itself each year in this monastery, as if to grant the monks dead to the world a sight of all the passions, and receive from them those lessons from which the passions cannot benefit. There you can still see the funeral chapel where the kings of Spain are buried in similar tombs, arranged in

ranks, such that all those ashes are labelled and stored in order, as in a museum of curiosities. There are empty sepulchres also, for rulers who have not yet descended to that place.

From the Escorial, I made my way to Segovia; the aqueduct of the city is one of the greatest works of the Romans; but we must leave Monsieur Laborde to describe those beautiful remains in his fine *Voyage* (*Alexander Laborde: Voyage Pittoresque et Historique*). At Burgos, a superb Gothic cathedral proclaimed that I was approaching my own country. I did not neglect the ashes of El Cid:

> *Don Rodrigue surtout n'a trait en son visage*
> *Qui d'un homme de cœur ne soit la haute image,*
> *Et sort d'une maison si féconde en guerriers,*
> *Qu'ils y prennent naissance au milieu des lauriers.*
> *. . . . . Il adorait Chimene.*
>
> Don Rodrigue above all: in his visage,
> Every trait reveals the heroic image,
> His house so rich in soldiers of renown,
> They seem born to wear the laurel crown.
> ……He loved Chimene.
>
> (*Corneille: Le Cid: Act I*)

At Miranda, I saluted the Ebro, which witnessed the first steps of Hannibal whose traces I had followed for so long.

I traversed Vittoria and the charming mountains of Biscay. On the 3rd of May, I set foot on the soil of France: I arrived in Bayonne on the 5th, having made a tour of the Mediterranean, in visiting Sparta, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, Rhodes, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Cairo, Carthage , Cordoba, Granada and Madrid.

When the ancient pilgrims had completed their journey to the Holy Land, they deposited their staff in Jerusalem, and took up that of a palmer for their return: I have brought back no such symbol of glory to my country, nor do I attach to my recent travels an importance they do not deserve. Twenty years ago I devoted myself to study in the midst of every misery and danger, *diversa exilia et desertas quaerere terras*: *seeking distant exile, and deserted lands* (*Virgil: Aeneid: III.4*); a host of pages in my notebooks have been traced in tents, in deserts, and amidst the waves; I have often grasped the pen without knowing how long my life might be prolonged; these are claims to indulgence, not entitlements to glory. I have said my farewells to the Muses in *Les Martyrs*, and I repeat them in these memoirs, which are simply the sequel to, or commentary on, the other work. If heaven grants me the rest I have never experienced, I will try to raise a monument, in silence, to my country; if Providence denies me that rest, I must think only of sheltering my latter days from those cares that plagued the earlier ones. I am no longer young, I no longer possess the desire for fame; I know that literature, whose commerce is so sweet when it is

private, draws only storms upon us from the outside world; in any case I have written enough if my name should live on; too much if it is fated to die.

The End of Chateaubriand's Itinerary