

"I am well paid for my work, which is very filthy and disagreeable, and afterward I cleanse myself and take mine ease."

"But what did you mean when you said: 'Persevere, my soul, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this?'"

The man trembled, knowing that at a word his head might be smitten from his shoulders.

"Speak!" said the Sultan. He answered that a man often says in anger what his heart will not acknowledge.

"But what dost thou mean?"

He hesitated, and the Sultan reiterated his command: "What dost thou mean? What deeper filth is there than that in which thou dost work?"

He still hesitated. The Sultan assured him that no harm should come to him, and the man then replied:

"My work is disagreeable, and I was almost tempted to leave it when I thought, 'I am still free;' I am obliged to flatter no one; if I give up this work I may be compelled to take service under the government, to live by flattery and falsehood, and so I said to my soul, 'Persevere, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this.'"

The Sultan, according to the story, was so pleased with this answer that he gave him a handsome present and allowed him to go away unmolested.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Flight through Eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, and Vienna, to Paris and New York.

Adrianople—Philippopolis—Government of Eastern Roumelia—Convention of Protestant Mission Workers—Sofia—Bulgarian Church—Picturesque Costumes—Buda-Pesth—The National Museum—Vienna—Emperor Franz Josef—Paris Exposition.

Soon after leaving Constantinople we entered a charming country of undulating ridges, already covered with the vegetation of early spring. Previous to the treaty of Berlin, Eastern Roumelia was under the direct authority of the Sultan of Turkey. Since that time it has been removed therefrom, and is a tributary principality, enjoying the right of self-government. It is formed of the old provinces of Slivno and Philippopolis, with part of that of Adrianople, and occupies the upper basin of the Maritza River, which is navigable as far as Philippopolis. The view as we rode along was wonderfully beautiful. Villages and towns are far apart, and one might easily have fancied himself traveling through a succession of parks connected with some ancestral estate, his only perplexity that he saw no house or castle, and few persons. Sheep and cattle were grazing, and we saw some fine horses.

Adrianople, one hundred and thirty-seven miles to the northwest of Constantinople, was the first important city through which we passed; next to Constantinople its rank was the highest in European Turkey. For nearly a hundred years, and until they gained possession of Constantinople, the Turks made it the seat of government.

Higher up, on both banks of the Maritza, is Philippopolis, now the capital. This region was part of ancient Thrace, and Philippopolis was founded by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. Since 1360 the Turks have held it. Immense masses of granite surround and underlie the city; at the base

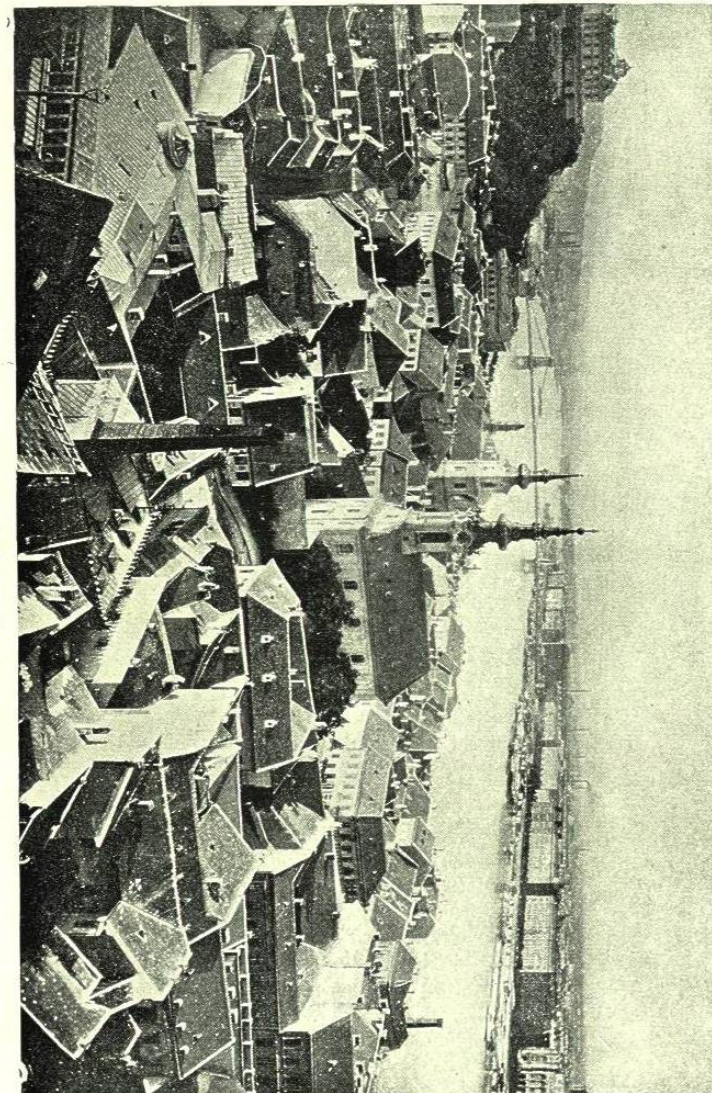
of these eminences the country is perfectly level, and the ground so low that rice is cultivated there. The independent existence of Eastern Roumelia, now a self-legislating province, gives it much more interest to Western travelers than it would have if still a province of Turkey. It sustains its own army, makes its own laws, and has a Christian Governor General, appointed indeed by the Sultan, with the consent of the European powers. Notwithstanding its independence, the Turkish government retains the right of occupying certain strategical positions for the defense of its empire.

I had the good fortune to be at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, during a convention of all the native workers in the Protestant missions for the whole region under the control of the American Board, and to meet Dr. Riggs, that venerable missionary whom Dr. Long assisted in translating the Bible into the Bulgarian tongue. The church, which would seat five or six hundred, was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, who were addressed by energetic, original, and thorough speakers, according to the testimony of the missionaries of the American Board.

The Bulgarian Church is a very low form of Christianity. The principles of the Gospel are concealed under a mask of superstitions; no intelligible instruction is given; pomp, ceremony, priestcraft, support the religion, which exerts little influence over the daily lives of the people, and can afford little or no comfort in their experiences of privation and toil.

Were it not for the palace, one or two elaborate hotels of an Eastern style, and the foreign names on the signs, it would be easy to mistake the place for an American prairie town already endeavoring to put on the airs of a city. In traveling through the country I was struck with its fertility, with the number of rivers which flow to the Danube, and with the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. The general aspect, however, is not one of prosperity, and a primitive scene was that of buffaloes drawing carts. Many of the Bulgarians are striking-looking men.

After leaving Sofia we rode for hours in full view of the Balkans, and we traversed Servia, which is about as large as Switzerland, and lies between the western Balkan and the Illyrian Mountains. For many a long year these brave



Buda-Pesth.

mountaineers fought for the right of self-government, and are worthy successors of the Servian monarchy which after the fourteenth century fell before the Turks. In 1829 it gained the right of self-government, but was nominally subject to Constantinople until 1877, when its freedom was confirmed by the Treaty of Berlin.

Mountains, hills, and forests were interspersed with fields surrounded by hedges and meadows. Hogs are the most valuable product of the country. The landed nobles of Servia are great pig-dealers, and it may be said of much of the region, as it was of Cincinnati some years ago, that the aristocrats are those whose fathers packed pork for a living, and the democrats are those who pack it themselves.

The people so hate the Turks that their best wine is called "Turks' Blood." A recent traveler says that whenever a bottle of it is opened the first who tastes it affects surprise and asks, "What is this?" A second, having tasted, replies, solemnly, "Turks' Blood." Whereupon the first rejoins, "Then let it flow freely."

The villages are straggling; fifty or sixty houses "are spread over a space as large as that occupied by Vienna." We passed through the capital, Belgrade, situated at the union of the Danube and the Save, in the midst of grand scenery. The costumes of the men and women were picturesque. Towle's description in his little book, *The Principalities of the Danube*, is literally correct: "The men wear drab-colored short jackets lined with red, and caps and sashes of red, and their belts are provided with pistols and poniards. Their legs are covered with big trousers to the knee, below which point they fit close to the calves and ankles." The women affect bright colors; their dresses are trimmed with embroidery; wide sashes are worn with long fringed ends, and on their heads are red leather caps wrought in silver and gold lace; every woman wears gold earrings.

Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, is one of the handsomest cities in Europe. It lies on both sides of the Danube; and has a population of above four hundred thousand, being the second in numbers in the Austrian empire. Buda is upon the Danube side of a range of hills, and above it is an imposing

castle. Pesth is on the other side. The hills are covered with vineyards wherein grow the grapes which make the famous Tokay wine. The city is full of monuments and abounds in churches; among its beautiful features are the bridges which connect Buda with Pesth. Great use is made of Turkish baths, and also of hot mineral baths, some of which date from the time of the Romans.

There are numerous art galleries in the city, which already considers itself a rival of Vienna, and in them I saw the finest collection of the Spanish masters outside of Spain.

The National Museum contains many curiosities, among them a piano made by Broadwood and given to Beethoven; by him it was some years afterward given to Liszt, and by him to the museum. Striking a few chords I evoked sounds of peculiar sweetness, but of less depth and brilliancy of tone than is expected from the instruments of famous makers of the present day.

One of the curiosities is Luther's will, which has been declared authentic by a committee of experts.

Another was a note signed by Louis Kossuth, the style of which was imitated in the Confederate notes of a dozen years later.

\$100. No. A. Hungarian Fund.

This will entitle the holder to One Hundred Dollars at the rate of four per cent per annum from this date, the principal payment in ten equal annual installments from the date of the establishment in fact of the Independent Hungarian Government, and the interest thereon payable half-yearly from the last above date and at the National Treasury of such Government, or at either of its authorized agencies in London or New York. L. KOSSUTH.

Dated at New York, July 1, 1852.

In the very year and month of the date of that note, with a crowd of other boys, I followed the Hungarian patriot about the streets of an American city, not fully understanding his aims, but perceiving, when he spoke, the peculiar pathos and power which made him so famous.

I inquired of various officials in the museum and elsewhere as to his standing with the Hungarian people. He was considered to be patriotic, courageous, disinterested, and eloquent, but visionary, and in his old age peevish and incapable of adapt-

ing himself to what has proved a satisfactory adjustment of the two peoples which now constitute the great empire of Austria-Hungary—two distinct kingdoms united under a common ruler of the German House of Hapsburg, and maintaining a common policy in military and diplomatic affairs.

From Buda-Pesth we went direct to Vienna, where I had the pleasure of seeing the Emperor of Austria when he appeared for the first time in public after the horrible suicide of his son, the Archduke, to review the Austrian troops. For three hours I saw the flower of the Austrian infantry and cavalry perform its evolutions.

The Emperor Franz Josef, with his staff, passed within a few feet, giving me the opportunity of looking upon his face. The traces of anxiety, disease, and sorrow were plainly visible. When we look upon kings on state occasions, we do not have a fair representation of their natural expression; for self-consciousness and an artificial gravity rob the eyes and the other features of their light and animation. Even American Presidents and their wives, with the limited amount of display in which they participate, show the effects of the situation, and either a stolid aspect or a meaningless smile takes the place of the changing lights and shadows which in ordinary social intercourse are perpetually charming.

Having arranged to sail for New York on the tenth of May, on this occasion I made little stay in Vienna, but hastened to Paris, arriving on the day of the opening of the Exposition, in which we spent three days delightfully.

With my face once more turned toward home the voyage seemed long, although *La Champagne* made a shorter trip than usual at the season; and after so many months of wandering I contentedly took my place once more with those who sing:

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest."