

**JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE
PRINCIPALITIES, CRIMEA, AND
COUNTRIES ADJACENT TO THE
BLACK SEA IN THE YEARS 1835-
36**

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Journal of a Tour in the Principalities, Crimea, and Countries Adjacent to the Black Sea in the Years 1835-36 by William Lennox Lascelles De Ros

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WILLIAM LENNOX LASCELLES DE ROS

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YEARS 1835-36

BY
LORD DE ROS

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PREFACE.

CONSIDERABLE jealousy having arisen in this country, in the years 1834 and 1835, as to supposed designs of Russia against the Porte, and rumours having reached the Government of preparations for war in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea, it was determined by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to fathom the truth of these reports by sending two officers—one naval and the other military—to make a tour in those regions, personally to ascertain whether unusual preparations were perceivable in fortresses, military stations, ports, and arsenals. The consent of the Emperor himself was absolutely necessary for the attainment of these objects; and there was good ground for an application to the Emperor to this effect, because the British Government had recently, at his request, permitted a complete inspection of all our naval establishments and arsenals by a captain of the Russian navy. The Earl of Durham was at this time (July, 1835) leaving England in a frigate to visit Constantinople, and then to proceed by Odessa

and Moscow to Petersburg, as our Ambassador. This appeared a favourable opportunity for the mission of these officers, who were to remain in his suite till he should reach Odessa, the seat of government of Count Woronzow, Viceroy of Southern Russia. They were then to receive from his Excellency any further instructions he might deem necessary after conference with Lord Ponsonby, the Ambassador at Constantinople. Captain Drinkwater and I were appointed for this service. He had already left England to meet Lord Durham at Constantinople, and I accompanied Lord Durham from England in the *Barham*. I did not fail to keep a regular journal of so interesting a voyage and journey, independent of official reports which I sent home from time to time. The manuscript lay for eighteen years in a drawer, nor would it now have seen the light but for the interest revived as to those countries by recent events. The reader will find it pretends to no merit beyond a faithful and plain narrative of the expedition. My companion was an officer of much general observation and talent in his own profession, and assisted me much, by comparing his notes with my own, during the most interesting parts of our journey.

A JOURNAL,

ETC. ETC.

JULY 27th, 1835.—Sailed from Southampton in H.M.S. *Barham*, with a fair wind, our party consisting of Lord Durham, Hon. A. Kinnaird (Lord Durham's secretary), Right Hon. Edward Ellice, going out for pleasure, and myself.

July 30th.—We got out of the Channel yesterday, and are now, twelve o'clock, half way across the Bay of Biscay, having had a fine north-east wind since yesterday, and going at eight or nine knots an hour, straight for Cape Finisterre, which is considered to be rather more than two hundred miles from us. To-day I learnt from Lord Durham that we are to visit King Otho, at Athens, but that we are not to stop anywhere else, as the season is so late, and he is anxious to arrive at Petersburg before the approach of winter.

Aug. 1st.—To-day we are off Oporto, but at the distance of one hundred miles out at sea, for fear of losing our wind, which continues steadily from north-

east, and carries us along, with very little rolling, at a rapid rate.

Aug. 2nd.—We continue to keep our fine north-east wind, and we go eleven or twelve knots an hour; but as we are now changing our course more for the land, Cape St. Vincent being within ninety miles, the vessel lays more in the trough of the sea, and several washes which have come dancing in at the ports oblige me to keep mine shut, which is not so pleasant, although the weather is not oppressive.

Aug. 3rd.—This afternoon we came abreast of Cadiz, and though we were ten miles off, yet with the long glasses we could plainly distinguish the public buildings and houses. The want of wind prevented our going nearer, unluckily, for so beautiful a city I never saw, as far as the distance allowed one to judge. It is now past six o'clock, and we are sailing along the coast, direct for Tariffa lighthouse. All along the cliffs there are towns and villages, with the country looking green and beautiful behind. It has been very interesting to make out by the chart all the places, as we passed along with a gentle breeze and all sail set. Several vessels and fishing-boats, of the most picturesque sort, are crossing near us, but not near enough to speak. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the weather, for the heat has no sultry feel accompanying it, and the fresh air off the sea is delightful. I had

never understood what sailors meant by smelling the land, but to-night it is quite perceptible, though I should be puzzled to describe it. We are just going over the spot where was fought the battle of Trafalgar, which has led to plenty of remark among our officers, especially the captain of marines, who was in the action. His name is Marley; he has all the activity and energy of a young officer, although nearly sixty years old—without hope of promotion, and contentedly resigning himself to a three years' absence from his wife and several children, whom he leaves existing on his pay of 16*l.* a-year.

Aug. 4th.—The whole of this day has been a sort of moving panorama of great interest. At daylight we came in sight of the lighthouse at Tariffa, the day bright and beautiful, with a light air of wind, and smooth water. We passed near the African side of the Straits, and had a good view of Tangier, with its old Moorish walls and fortifications, rising up from the sea, with high mountains behind it. At nine o'clock we were abreast of Tariffa, and so near, that with our glasses we could distinguish the soldiers in their barracks. It appeared to be a most curious place, with a grand lighthouse on a rocky island in front. The town, like Tangier, is on the rise of the hill; and besides the old walls, there are the ruins of an ancient Moorish castle of vast size, at the upper