



KARNAC.

EÖTHEN,

OR

TRACES OF TRAVEL

BROUGHT HOME

FROM THE EAST.

Πρὸς ἠῶ τε καὶ ἡλίου ἀνατολὰς ἐποιέετο τὴν ὁδόν.

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P R E F A C E

ADDRESSED BY

THE AUTHOR TO ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

WHEN you first entertained the idea of travelling in the East, you asked me to send you an outline of the tour which I had made, in order that you might the better be able to choose a route for yourself. In answer to this request, I gave you a large French map, on which the course of my journeys had been carefully marked ; but I did not conceal from myself, that this was rather a dry mode for a man to adopt, when he wished to impart the results of his experience to a dear and intimate friend. Now, long before the period of your planning an Oriental tour, I had intended to write some account of my Eastern Travels. I had, indeed, begun the task, and had failed ; I had begun it a second time, and failing again, had abandoned my attempt with a sensation of utter distaste. I was unable to speak out, and chiefly, I think, for this reason—that I knew not to whom I was speaking. It might be you, or, perhaps, our Lady of Bitterness, who would read my story ; or it might be some member of the Royal Statistical Society, and how on earth was I to write in a way that would do for all three ?

Well—your request for a sketch of my tour suggested to me the idea of complying with your wish by a revival of my twice abandoned attempt. I tried, and the pleasure and confidence which I felt in speaking to you, soon made my task so easy, and even amusing, that after a while

(though not in time for your tour), I completed the scrawl from which this book was originally printed.

The very feeling, however, which enabled me to write thus freely, prevented me from robing my thoughts in that grave and decorous style which I should have maintained if I had professed to lecture the public. Whilst I feigned to myself that you, and you only, were listening, I could not by possibility speak very solemnly. Heaven forbid that I should talk to my own genial friend, as though he were a great and enlightened Community, or any other respectable Aggregate!

Yet I well understood that the mere fact of my professing to speak to you rather than to the public generally could not perfectly excuse me for printing a narrative too roughly worded, and accordingly, in revising the proof sheets, I have struck out those phrases which seemed to be less fit for a published volume than for intimate conversation. It is hardly to be expected, however, that correction of this kind should be perfectly complete, or that the almost boisterous tone in which many parts of the book were originally written should be thoroughly subdued. I venture therefore, to ask, that the familiarity of language still possibly apparent in the work, may be laid to the account of our delightful intimacy, rather than to any presumptuous motive; I feel, as you know, much too timidly—too distantly, and too respectfully, towards the Public to be capable of seeking to put myself on terms of easy fellowship with strange and casual readers.

It is right to forewarn people (and I have tried to do this as well as I can, by my studiously unpromising title-page*)

* "Εἶπεν" is, I hope, almost the only hard word to be found in the book; it is written in Greek εἶπεν,—(Atticé with an aspirated ε instead of