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GREECE REVISITED

AND

SKETCHES IN LOWER EGYPT

IN 1840

WITH

THIRTY-SIX HOURS OF A CAMPAIGN IN GREECE

IN 1825.

BY

EDGAR GARSTON,

Vol. I
KNIGHT OF THE R. M. GREEK ORDER OF THE SAVIOUR, ETC.



LONDON:

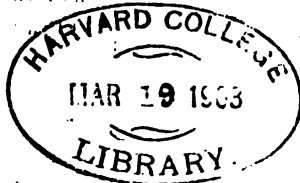
SAUNDERS & OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1842.

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A. C. Coolidge
(1-2)

Li

TO

HIS FATHER,

AS A TESTIMONY OF VENERATION AND

AFFECTION,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

Are Inscribed,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

IN the hope of conciliating the indulgence of the reader in favour of the contents of the following pages, the author begs to lay before him the reasons which have delayed their appearance until the present day, as also those which have now induced him to submit them to his notice.

A long and depressing illness, which attacked him at Cairo, prevented his further progress eastwards, and subsequently detained him in the south of Europe, disabling him alike, until recently, from returning to his own country, and from preparing his notes for the press. His reasons for now trespassing on the public attention require a longer explanation or apology.

At the time when Greece, rich only in the hardihood and stern resolve of her sons, and in the good wishes of the philanthropist, stood forth single-handed to work out her own destinies, and to wrest her freedom from the hands of the Moslem, the author was a sojourner in that land. His good fortune permitted him to witness and to appreciate the daring gallantry of some of those sons, and the patient endurance of others,—nay, of all, at that period of the war of independence, when the Morea was nearly overrun by the disciplined troops of the Pacha of Egypt, and when, of the cities and villages of Northern Greece, Missolonghi alone had not been profaned by the foot of the invader. Circumstances threw him into constant and intimate association with the leading Moreote chiefs, with the members of the Provisional Government, and with the most distinguished of those gallant islanders, who have earned to themselves an undying name in the marine “guerilla” warfare, which during years was waged by their tiny vessels with the leviathans of the Porte. He was a spectator of the desolation which the Turk and

the Arab had successively scattered over the land,—its rich plains laid waste,—the olive-trees, vineyards, and woods, cut down or destroyed by fire,—the homes and the altars of Greece involved in one common ruin,—her sons in arms, contending at the same time with the Turk and the Arab, and with the severest privations,—and her fair daughters seeking that shelter which their homes could no longer afford, in the recesses and caverns of the mountains, or crowded together in huts, under the walls of the very few of her cities which still held out against the enemy.

He had witnessed all this, and if he wept over the woes of the unhappy country, should it be registered against him as a weakness? Be this as it may, he was compelled to quit these scenes by the fever, which under similar circumstances was fatal to so many of his countrymen, and would, perhaps, have been fatal to him, if he had not at the time been received with almost parental kindness by the distinguished commander of the British naval forces in that quarter.

Peace to the manes of that gallant sailor ! Splendid in person and noble in mind, his hand and his heart were open to the unfortunate, and many were they who blessed his name for relief from misery, and not a few those to whom it was hallowed for life and for honour preserved. Respected himself, even by those whom duty compelled him to chastise, he enforced respect to the flag, under which he sailed ; and over him it waved, stainless and absolute, as the beacon of justice among the intrigues of contending powers.

The author returned to Greece, after having been during some weeks the guest of Captain Hamilton, on board the *Cambrian*, but was immediately compelled again to quit the country by a severe return of the same malady ; nor did he make any further effort to bear up against the climate which had proved so unfriendly to him.

The varied fates of the country during the following years were, as may be supposed, watched by him with deep interest, and his reminiscences often carried him back from the gay haunts of civilized life, to the companions of his

youthful rambles on the mountains of Greece, and of his cruises among the islands of the Archipelago.

Circumstances having induced him to turn his steps towards the scene of those rambles in the early part of last year, it struck him that the change which has been since wrought in the political and social state of the country would offer many contrasts with the past, and matter for much interesting observation. Under that impression he determined on keeping a journal during his visit, without precisely deciding at the time whether he would reserve it for the perusal of those who were acquainted with the circumstances of his former residence in Greece, or whether he would submit it through the press to those who had interested themselves in the protracted struggle of the Greeks, and in the political intrigues, through the influence of which they were eventually enabled to occupy a place among the civilized states of Europe.

The assurances of his friends have induced him to believe that his journal may be read with satisfaction by both : in confessing such belief,

he must however state, that his original intentions have by no means been carried out. The statistical notes, which, together with some details as to the administration of the government, and of the courts of justice, he collected during his stay at Athens, with a view to establish a comparison between things as they *are*, and things as they *were* before the revolution, are not sufficiently comprehensive to permit him to undertake this task. The effects of the changes which have taken place were prominently and agreeably brought home to himself in many ways, and he would have wished to have made them also evident to those who have not been spectators of the different "phases" of the country. Illness, which checked his course eastward, prevented, also, a second visit to Greece, which was to have closed his journey, and thus prevented his completing his collection of the requisite materials.*

* He has felt less regret on this score, since the announcement of a statistical work, entitled, "Greece as a Kingdom." The long residence of the author at Athens in an official capacity has afforded him the best opportunities of rendering his work in every way complete.

This is his apology for publishing so much of his journal as refers to Greece, and at the same time, for its not being more comprehensive on certain subjects.

The sketch of the incidents of Thirty-six Hours in Greece, in 1825, is added, as bringing into view, under different circumstances and in more stirring scenes, some of those who are named in the journal.

With respect to that portion of his journal which refers to Egypt, the author's apology will be much more laconic : he doubts even whether an apology be absolutely necessary. Whatever he has written respecting the monuments of ancient Egypt, applies to them now as it did then, and probably will equally apply to them one thousand years hence. The hand of Time rests harmlessly and inactively upon them,—neither shaking their solidity, nor lifting up the veil of mystery in which they are shrouded. If, therefore, there be any merit in his observations, the delay in bringing them forward will not have diminished it.

Such part of the journal as relates to the poli-

tical state of the country, he even flatters himself may have acquired additional value, if value it would have possessed before, from this delay, as, owing to the changes which have taken place in the interim, it now describes a state of things which no longer exists, or exists only in a very modified form.

If the reader deems a sufficient cause has been assigned for the publication of the journal, he will wade through the first pages with patience, and possibly, as he progresses, "his condescension may increase."

That such may be the case, and that "his shadow may never be less," is the earnest desire of

THE AUTHOR.

Liverpool, 1842.

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GREECE REVISITED,

ETC.

IN 1840.

CHAPTER I.

Corfù—Beauty of the island—Works of the Venetians in the Levant—Philorthodox Conspiracy—Missolonghi—Patras—Navarino—Modon—Hydra and its inhabitants—Temples of the Hellenes—Arrival at the Piræus.

Corfù, Feb. 20.—I arrived in this harbour yesterday-evening, at nine o'clock, having embarked at Ancona, on board the Austrian steamer "Giovanni Arciduca d'Austria," at five P.M. on the 17th instant.

My last visit to the island was in 1825. The town appears to me to have been embellished in the interim, but there is an air of poverty in the

inhabitants which I do not remember then to have remarked. Some of my fellow-passengers are disposed to ascribe this to the defective government of the protecting power; but it may, with more justice, be attributed to a cause independent of her control—the failure of the olive crops during several seasons. This fruit is of immense importance to the inhabitants of the island, and upon it their resources in a great measure depend. It is computed that fully three-fifths of the soil which is cultivated, or admits of cultivation, are planted with olive trees, and that of the remainder about one-third is in pasture, one-third in tillage, and one-third laid out in vineyards. This unequal distribution of the soil renders the island dependent on foreign supplies for a portion of the grain necessary for its consumption, and is the result of the policy of its former protectors, the Venetians. Those so-called republicans, in order to render the Corfuites as much as possible dependent upon themselves, encouraged, if they did not compel, the cultivation of the olive in preference to every other crop, and at the same time prohibited, under

penalties, the extirpation of the tree when once planted. The consequence is, that it abounds to an undue extent in every part of the island, although the prohibitory statutes are no longer in force. Whether this preference be for the advantage of the island in a statistical point of view is doubtful; but it unquestionably contributes much to the beauty of the scenery, this favourite tree being here not only a rival of the tree of the forest in its dimensions, but displaying also a rich and dark foliage, which tempts one to doubt its affinity to the parched and dusty-looking olive tree of lands more to the westward.

Short as my present visit to Corfù has been, it has sufficed to confirm the impression left by a residence of some duration in the year 1825—that it is a spot on which nature has lavished her choicest gifts, and where the lover of the picturesque and beautiful will find spread out before him more rich and varied scenes than are perhaps to be found elsewhere within the limits of Europe. The vaunted “isles of the Egean” are but grey rocks when compared with it. Its outline is

not less graceful, and it is at the same time clothed in profusion with woods and rich verdure, which on the former are either sought for in vain, or are found only in isolated valleys. It is true that the "grey rocks" of the Egean abound more in classic reminiscences; but even of these Corfù is by no means barren. The scholar may amuse himself either by establishing the localities of the exploits of the Corcyreans, as recorded by Thucydides, or by tracing the footsteps of that most unlucky of all navigators, the hero of the *Odyssey*. He will find no difficulty in fixing upon the scene of his shipwreck, and of his encounter with the fair *Nausicaa*. The descriptions of the poet will satisfactorily prove that his powers of vision were in full vigour when he visited the island, and that, when he sung or wrote, his memory retained untarnished the treasures with which it had been stored before the bright face of nature had been veiled from them.

When I was last here, it was impracticable to travel in the interior of the island otherwise than on horseback or on foot. A carriage-road lead-

ing from the capital had been commenced, but was completed to the distance of only a few miles. The island is now intersected by excellent roads in various directions. Since then has also been conveyed into the interior of the town an abundant supply of excellent water—a boon which in this climate is beyond all price. For both these works, of such vital importance to their comfort and welfare, the inhabitants are indebted to their former excellent governor, Sir Frederick Adam, whose name is justly held in high veneration by them. When he presided over their destinies, they appeared at times to think that he curbed them rather too severely; but they now acknowledge that he was their best friend and protector, and that he had warmly at heart the welfare of the islands committed to his care. The works which he left behind him will remain as lasting testimonies of the wisdom of his views, and of his vigour in carrying them into effect.

The government is now occupied in the construction of works of a very different nature—viz., of fortifications on the island of Vido; *in*

the island would perhaps be a more correct expression, for the very bowels of the rock are converted into a fortress. As the island commands every approach to the city by sea, as well as the city itself, it will be equally efficient to protect or to overawe, as the case may require. Part of the landward defences of the city, raised by the Venetians, are in progress of demolition. Whether this be not a hasty measure, as there are many parts of the island where a landing might be effected, or whether it be not one rendered imperative by the great extent of the fortifications, to man which would have required a much more numerous garrison than England has ever retained here, is a question which I am not competent to discuss. However this may be, the casual visiter will scarcely contemplate the work of demolition without a feeling of regret. The defences of the Venetians have been so solidly put together, that to dismantle them appears to require an expenditure of labour almost as great as that which must have been bestowed on their construction.

I do not remember anything which strikes a tra-

veller in the Levant more forcibly than the extent and solidity of the fortifications which have been left by these " republicans " on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean. Those which still exist in this island, in Candia, and in the Morea, would seem to have been created by the resources of a great empire, rather than by those of a state of such limited extent as was that of Venice, even in her most prosperous days. They will excite his admiration yet more if he has visited that " lone city of the waters " in its present melancholy state of decay ; and possibly, though he may not approve all the deeds which were sanctioned by the Lion of St. Mark, in the days when the Venetian banner scarce brooked a rival on the waters of the Mediterranean, these monuments of her past grandeur and enterprise may excite some sympathy for her fallen condition.

Before I left Italy, it was well known that an extensively ramified conspiracy had been discovered in Greece, the ostensible object of which was the conversion of the sovereign to the Greek faith ; hence its title of Philorthodox Con-

spiracy. And it was predicted to me by my friends that I should find that country in a state of anarchy and confusion. I am informed here that, in consequence of its timely discovery, no outbreak has taken place, and that its chief promoters have been placed in arrest. Among them are named a Capo d'Istria, an Ionian physician named Mavrojanni, and my old commander, Colocotroni. I am informed also that many of the Septinsulars have been discovered to be affiliated to the "Hetareia" by which (probably the unconscious instrument of foreign projects) this ill-advised plot was concocted. Certain restrictions have in consequence been laid upon the intercourse with the neighbouring kingdom, and arrests have taken place in several of the islands. At Zante, the papers of Count Roma were seized by the resident in a very summary manner, and subjected to rigorous scrutiny. In Cephalonia, four priests, who, in their sermons, had held out that it was the intention of the government to change the religion of the people, were arrested, and afterwards exiled to a neighbouring rocky island. The arrest, at

Athens, of Mavrojanni, who is accused of being deeply implicated in the conspiracy, renders it probable that the precautionary measures taken here were not uncalled for. Speaking the same language, and professing the same religious faith as the inhabitants of Greece Proper, it is not surprising that the Ionians should have sympathized with designs which they were taught to look upon as sacred, however pernicious or impracticable they might in reality be.

There exists among the Ionians a longing, if not a lingering hope to be one day united under the same government with their brethren in the Morea. Whether they would be gainers by the exchange at present is somewhat questionable; but it is to be hoped that the lapse of a few years will work such changes at Athens as will justify this "longing," on the score of policy and good government, not less than on that of identity of religion and of language. I confess that as a quondam Philhellene, I myself entertain a "lingering hope" that, at some not very distant period, it may enter into the policy of Great Britain to countenance such an acqui-

sition of territory and power by the monarchy created under her auspices, as will not merely enable it to lighten the burdens which now press heavily on a scanty and impoverished population, but place it in a position to become an effective ally in opposing aggressions from the north. Greece, whatever may be the personal sympathies of its rulers, must of necessity court the alliance of the maritime power which is paramount in the Mediterranean.

Corfù was taken possession of by the Venetians, in 1401, in virtue of its cession to the Republic by Ladislaus, king of Naples. Vigorous efforts were made to dispossess them in 1537-8, by Sultan Solyman, and in 1716 by Achmet the Third, which they successfully resisted. The French took possession of the island in 1797, and were replaced by the allied Turks and Russians in 1798. The following year, the Turks, under General Berthier, became masters of it, and so remained until 1814, when it was surrendered to the British.

Patras, Feb. 21.—We had a splendid sail yesterday-afternoon through the canal of Corfù and

between the island of Paxos and Parga, of heroic but "untoward" celebrity. Night closed in before we were in sight of the Cape which the ill-fated Sappho chose as an antidote to her unrequited passion. At daybreak we were paddling across the waters on which the great battle of Lepanto was fought, and had in view the small town of Missolonghi—a name which will be scarcely less venerated for its connexion with the closing scene of the life of the great poet of modern times, than for the brilliant exploits of the band of devoted patriots of which it was the theatre. The battle of Lepanto was fought in 1571, and the united navies of southern Europe, led by a hero, and manned by veterans in whose bosoms military ardour was exalted by religious zeal, were then a barely efficient barrier to the progress of Ottoman conquest. Three centuries and a half afterwards, the armies and the fleets of the same power were baffled by a small body of resolute men, sheltered only by mud walls! At this period, after several ineffectual attempts to carry Missolonghi by assault, the commander of the Ottoman forces sent a flag of truce to treat

for the surrender of the place, proposing not only that the garrison should march out with their arms and baggage, but that a large sum of money should be paid down to them on its evacuation. The answer is deserving of record:—
‘Η γη του Μισσαλογγιου είναι ζημομένη με αιμα και δια παραδες δεν αγοραζεται — “ The soil of Missolonghi is kneaded with blood, and is not to be purchased with gold.”

I ask pardon for a digression suggested by a view which embraces at once the scene of the exploits of Don John of Austria, and of the more humble but not less heroic champions of Suli and of Modern Greece.

Our approach to Patras was retarded by a stiff breeze from the eastward, and by the current which sets out of the Gulf of Lepanto, the entrance of which was shrouded from us by a heavy bank of clouds, stretching from shore to shore, and so dark and massive as to seem a portion of the mountains on which they rested. We did not come to anchor in Patras Road until about eleven A.M., and for an hour or two were prevented going on shore by a deluge of rain.

Even under such unfavourable circumstances the town had a cheerful and pleasing appearance, the white buildings, of which the streets near the landing-place are composed, forming an agreeable contrast with the dark walls of the castle, which stands on an eminence behind. The castle is an irregular, rambling pile of fortifications, in which bastion and turret are mingled in a manner which is more consistent with picturesque effect than with the precepts of Vauban. It is in a very dilapidated state, and being commanded by the heights beyond, could not be long held out against a regular attack. During the revolutionary war, it was, however, for a considerable time, maintained by the Turks against the desultory attacks of the irregular soldiery of the Morea. The Greeks made themselves masters of the town at the outset of the struggle, and afterwards made more than one attempt to carry the castle by assault. Being unsupported by effective artillery, they were driven back with heavy loss. Subsequently they were also more than once obliged to abandon possession of the town, which thus, being the

scene of renewed contests, was reduced to a heap of ruins. The castle was taken by escalade in 1378, by the united forces of the Venetians and of the Knights of St. John, under the command of the Grand Master Juan Fernandez de Herrera. The Grand Master, when attempting subsequently to obtain possession of Corinth, was made prisoner by the Turks, and detained in captivity three years.

On landing, I was gratified to find that the town realized, on a nearer approach, the promise which it held out at a distance. The streets are wide and well-drawn, and many excellent houses have already been built, and others of the same class are in progress of construction. The streets, it is true, are not yet paved, and the houses recently built or building are mixed up with cabins and huts which barely shelter their inmates from the inclemency of the weather ; but there is, notwithstanding these inconsistencies, an air of prosperity about the whole, and of activity and industry in the bazaars, which cannot fail to be consolatory to those who have been spectators of the scenes of misery and desolation which this

and every other town of the Morea exhibited during the revolutionary struggle. The flourishing aspect of this town is more particularly gratifying when it is borne in mind that its heroic archbishop (Germanos) was the first captain of the Sons of the Hellenes. The rich plains which lie between it and Cape Papa have furnished the materials for its rapid restoration.

Near to the Mole are two very respectable inns.

Feb. 22.—Having taken in a supply of coals, we got out to sea at 9 P.M. yester-evening. At daybreak this morning we encountered sharp squalls and a heavy sea off Cape Corella. Several sail were in sight, standing to the southward under press of canvas, all of which were soon left far astern by the steaming Arciduca. The weather being bright and clear, we had an excellent view of both entrances of the port of Navarino, and of the island Sphacteria, which, as its name indicates, has so often been the field of combat and of slaughter. This island, Σφακτήριον, “a slaughter-house,” is derived from σφαζῶ-ξαι, “to slay.” It has been a human σφακτήριον

from the earliest ages of Greece down to the present time. B.C. 425, it was the theatre of a bloody and protracted combat between the Athenians and Lacedemonians. (Thucydides, book iv. year 17.) A.D. 1768, the unhappy Moreotes, who had been urged to insurrection by the intrigues of Russia, and were shortly afterwards basely abandoned by Orloff and Dolgorouki, sought refuge on it in great numbers, and were relentlessly butchered by the Turks. It was on this rock of ill-omened name that the gallant and accomplished Santa-Rosa, a distinguished member of the short-lived provisional government of Piedmont, in 1821, closed his eventful career, whilst vainly opposing the landing of the Egyptians.

Our course lay between the island of Sapienza and the city of Modon, on the walls of which neither sentinel nor inhabitant was visible. No sound or symptom of life was sent forth in reply to the signal of the steamer, and but for the rich cultivation of the plains beyond, the city might have been deemed uninhabited. Unimportant as is the rank which Modon at this time holds

among the cities of modern Greece, it will be viewed with interest by the passing traveller, not only as having been one of the strongholds of Turkish tyranny, but as having been at one time selected as a place of refuge by the most inveterate foes of the Moslem. After their expulsion from the island which they had so heroically defended, the Knights of St. John projected the conquest and occupation of this city; but the Christian powers, though willing enough that the attempt should be made, refused to promote its success by the loan of either ships or money. The project of making it the seat of the Order was therefore abandoned, but that of its conquest was resumed afterwards when the knights were in possession of Malta. A few of the knights, accompanied by a small body of chosen men, succeeded in gaining admission into the town, while the galleys, bearing the main strength of the expedition, lay concealed under cover of the island of Sapienza; but many of the soldiers, having rashly dispersed for the purposes of plunder, were cut off in detail by the Turks, who had thus an opportunity of recovering from

their panic, and of rallying round their banners. Before the main body could come up to the support of their comrades, they with their leaders were beaten back to the port, whence but few of them succeeded in effecting their escape.

It is characteristic both of the age and of the Order, that the fortress, first selected by the knights as a harbour of refuge, was in the hands of their conquerors and implacable foes at the time when they besought the Christian powers to countenance their establishment therein.

Feb. 23.—At sunrise we were between Bello Poulo and Cape Malea. The day was brilliantly clear, and as we glided over the bright Egean, we had a lovely view of its picturesque shores, and of the many isles with which it is studded. Not without feelings of veneration and many reminiscences of the past did I contemplate that island, which may truly be called the Rock of Liberty, and in days not yet very distant was fondly designated by its inhabitants as the England of the Archipelago. Is it necessary that the name of Hydra should be given? During the war of independence the Hydriotes were proud

of tracing a resemblance between their native island and its potent prototype of the west. Its dependence on its maritime resources, and the devotion of those resources to the cause of liberty, were the points of resemblance on which they insisted. I was a guest here in the autumn of 1825, when it was expected that the Ottoman and Egyptian fleets would attempt to carry into effect the "sublime" decree of the Porte, which awarded to the Hydriotes the fate of the gallant Ipsariotes and of the unresisting inhabitants of Scio; and also when, the dread of immediate invasion being passed, their tiny vessels went forth to court encounter with the huge leviathans of the Moslem. When they were awaiting the foe on their native rocks, but one voice was heard among them—"Victory or the grave!"—and when they sought him on their *own* element their spirit was not less determined. Nor were their hardihood and unflinching resolution the only merits of the island chiefs: among them were many who were animated by as pure and chivalrous a spirit of patriotism as was ever breathed by the illustrious of any age or of any clime,—

men who devoted at once their persons and their fortunes to their country's cause. If some there were of a less magnanimous temper, and a few who sought to aggrandize their fortunes through the convulsions of the time, their sins should be as dust in the balance when weighed against the many bright and gallant deeds which grace the annals of these island champions of liberty ! Are the bright examples offered by the career of such men as the Miaulis, Kriezis, Tombasis, Sachtouris, and other less distinguished, but perhaps scarcely less devoted patriots ; or are the efforts of a people to be depreciated in the page of history, because the historian has also to record the piratical excesses of a Jacca ? Rather let it be remembered that not a few of the powerful families have sacrificed their wealth on the altar of their country, and that all have freely offered their lives at the same shrine ; nor should it be forgotten that the inhabitants of this rocky isle, supported only by those of the smaller islands of Ipsara and Spezia, braved for a time the united navies of Turkey and Egypt ! If these remarks should appear uncalled for at the present mo-

ment, I must plead as an apology a warm discussion as to the merits of the Hydriotes, which took place on the quarter-deck of the "Archduke."

I shall also, perhaps, be pardoned for here relating a trifling anecdote personal to myself. When I was in Hydra, in the autumn of 1825, and the Hydriotes were in daily expectation of the appearance of the Egyptian fleet, an English ship of war, passing through the straits, sent a boat into the harbour to communicate and receive intelligence. Seated on the terrace of a *café* which overlooks the port, and which was at that time the general resort of the captains and principal inhabitants, I observed that the young officer sought in vain to make himself understood by those who crowded round him, and I went down to the water-side to offer my assistance as interpreter. He and his boat's crew were not a little astonished when I addressed him in English, for I was accoutred as a *Pallekar*, and, having recently come over from the Morea, my petticoat was not of dazzling whiteness. After interchanging news, we came to an

interchange of names, when, to the equal surprise of both parties, we found that we were natives of the same city : he was a member of the well-known family of the M. . . . y's, of Chester.

As we sailed between Egina and Attica, the temples of Jupiter Panhellenius, of Minerva Suniades, and of the Parthenon, rose successively to view, the white columns of the two latter glancing brightly in the evening sunshine. These three temples are lasting monuments of the exquisite judgment with which the Greeks were wont to select the sites of their most hallowed shrines. They are all so placed as to exhibit their splendours from afar to the devotee or returning mariner, while he who bent the knee at the shrine itself saw stretched out before him the most glorious evidences of the power of the Divinity whom, " albeit under a veil," he worshipped. I have stood within each of these temples at sunset, and remember well how surpassingly beautiful are the views which they embrace at that hour. As the sun's last and lingering rays fall on cape, on mountain, and on island, they glow with such rich and rosy tints

as are only dreamed of in the far island of the West. In such a spot and at such an hour the rapt worshipper would see, "mirrored" in the Egean, the beneficence of his Divinity. If a storm passed over it, awe struck he would behold, imaged therein, the wrath of his God !

CHAPTER II.

Piræus—Approach to Athens—Theatres—Contrasts—Colocotroni—Gennaios Colocotroni—Kriezis—Mr. Masson—Trial of the Poet Soutzo for libel—Rev. Mr. Hill.

Athens, Feb. 24th.—At four P. M., yester-afternoon, we came to anchor in the harbour of the Piræus, in which were lying two other steamers, and several cutters and vessels of war of various powers. I quitted the Archduke with regret, and can bear testimony to the excellence of the boat, and to the comfortable accommodations and abundant table which passengers find on board.

Although what I had seen at Patras had, in some measure, prepared me for the change, the contrast which the present state of the Piræus pre-

sents with its appearance in 1826 did not fail to produce a lively impression upon me. When I was there, at that time, a half-ruined monastery, and a few cottages and huts in an equally dilapidated state, were the only buildings which occupied the shores of the harbour, while in the harbour itself were anchored only a few caiques and mysticos. Now, besides a crowd of small craft and merchant vessels of other nations, are anchored in the harbour ships of war of almost every European power, and on its shores are ranges of handsome houses, and a town of no inconsiderable extent. Instead of the ruin and desolation, and almost solitude, which I left at that time, I have found a scene of activity and prosperity, and a numerous and busy population, mixed up with sailors of various nations. The lazaretto, the dogana, the caffés, the carriages drawn up at the landing-place, were all so inconsistent with my reminiscences of a spot, where, as an invalid, I had with difficulty found a roof which could protect me from the rain, that for a moment I felt as if under the influence of a dream. I should, indeed, have accused of dreaming him

who, fourteen years ago, would have told me that I should one day find myself at the Piræus, bargaining in my best Romaic for a conveyance to Athens in a good britscha, or that I should be driven from the one place to the other by a coachman in full Albanian costume. Such was the case with me yester-evening; and I confess that it was no disagreeable contrast, to be conveyed at a round pace, and along an excellent road, over the same ground which it then required some caution to traverse on horseback.

This *modern* mode of travelling permitted me to luxuriate in the beauty of the approach to Athens, which to be appreciated must be seen, and seen, too, at the hour when the Acropolis is gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and every outline of the rock, the walls, and the columns is defined with the delicacy of an etching. When I first visited Athens, I acknowledged to be unrivalled in beauty and in splendour the approach to the city, under such circumstances; but the scene of yester-evening seemed to me yet richer than the picture treasured up in my memory. As I called to mind that many an exile had

wept as the same sacred columns receded from his view, I should have pronounced the tribute of tears to be justly paid to the beauty of the objects they were compelled to quit, independent of the associations which, at such a moment, patriotism and religion would summon in array before them. Even to a "barbarian," a divine halo seems to float around them.

From the windows of my present quarters (the "Hotel Royal,") I have a view of the Acropolis; but, being near to the base of the rock on which it stands, the walls form a mask between me and the buildings in its interior. It therefore presents itself to me this morning rather as some half-dismantled fortress of a remote age than as the repository of the works of Phidias, or the Holy of Holies of the blue-eyed goddess. The fragments of columns embedded in the walls remind me, however, that I have before me the defences which were hastily thrown up after the retreat of the Persians.

The view I have of the modern city is most gratifying, as it extends, in every direction, over spacious and well-built mansions, indicating the

presence of w... of old monarchies
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 blackened by... prevail in another par-
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The medley... the right hand slowly up
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ledge the drama or the opera to be a not despicable assistant to the "schoolmaster" in his progress, he finds some difficulty in reconciling himself to the frivolity of the scene on a spot, for him, associated with recollections only of a grave and exalted character. Yet will he scarcely repress a smile, when he sees grim old pallekars, perhaps the comrades of his younger days, applauding to the very echo the cavatina of a *prima donna*!

The theatre is small, but well proportioned, and not overloaded with ornament. It is of very recent construction, and externally has no pretensions to architectural merit. The orchestra was good, and the "corps dramatique" respectable. Madlle. Bassi, who played the part of Lucia, has a voice of much sweetness and some power, and the applause lavished upon her was not unjustly bestowed. To one accustomed to the etiquette of the opera in Italy, it is a novelty to see the actors applauded, and repeatedly called forth to receive the greetings of the audience without the sanction of the royal personages who are present. Perhaps

it is as well that the etiquette of old monarchies should not be introduced in this respect, but I should wish to see it prevail in another particular—that of enjoining the male part of the audience to remain uncovered in the presence of the sovereigns. The Queen, as a beautiful woman, has a double claim to this token of homage. I would have this prescription to apply merely to those in Frank costume, and by no means to the wearers of the national dress. It is decidedly “heterodox” for the latter to uncover their heads, and I am too much of an Oriental to desire any departure from ancient usages in this respect. It was with regret that I observed many of the Greeks substitute the European salute, of taking off the cap, for the more simple and graceful salutation of other days, that of bringing the right hand slowly up to the heart.

Near to the theatre is an isolated marble column, which, by the superstitious, is believed to have been gifted by some holy man with anti-febrile virtues. Fever, however, prevails in the autumn amongst the poorer classes of the

inhabitants of the capital, notwithstanding the frequent visits to the column for the purpose of attrition.

Feb. 24 to 29.—The weather has been very severe and wet ; and Mounts Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, are covered with snow. As the streets are not yet paved, and the houses, even in the best quarters of the modern city, are intermingled with ruins, there is not much temptation in such weather to perambulate by day, and by night it is somewhat dangerous. However, I have contrived to pay my devoirs to many of those whom I have known in less peaceful times.

I made my first visit to my old commander, Colocotroni, whom, notwithstanding the report as to his arrest, which was circulated at Corfù, I found living in tranquillity in the city, surrounded by his family. He is little changed by the fourteen summers which have passed since I last saw him. His tall and erect form is apparently as vigorous as ever, and neither his intrigues, nor the campaigns and imprisonments which he has subsequently gone through, seem to have added a wrinkle to those which had then

established themselves on his broad and commanding forehead. I could not refuse him a mental tribute of admiration and respect, although conscious that his escutcheon as a patriot has been too often sullied by his intrigues as a political partisan, and that, on more than one occasion, his personal ambition may have blinded him to the true interests of his country. Still he has fought gallantly and endured much in the sacred cause, and in its behalf several times effectually rallied the sinking energies of the Peloponnessus. It is well understood that he is now a supporter of Russian influence, and it is suspected that he was more or less implicated in the Philorthodox conspiracy. I was rather disappointed not to be immediately remembered by him, though, looking at the change which years may have made, and dress must make, I ought not to have expected it. I received rather an amusing proof of it in my own person, in 1826, when on the eve of quitting Greece. I was a passenger on board H. M. frigate *Seringapatam*, then lying-to off Hydra, and was requested by the captain to go on shore, for the purpose of negotiating with the

primates respecting the surrender of an Ionian brig, which had been made prize of by a Hydriote vessel, (commanded by Jacca,) and was supposed to be then in the harbour. As it seemed to me advisable that I should make my appearance as a negotiator in the same garb in which the Hydriotes had always known me, I went below to equip myself accordingly. When I came up, Captain S. was below ; but he also came upon deck shortly afterwards, whilst I was in conversation with one of the officers. As soon as his eye fell upon me, he stopped short, and addressing the officer of the watch, "How is it," said he, "that you allow *these people* to come on board without reporting it to me?" He had taken me for one of the *natives*, and the error (?) caused no little amusement.

By the son of Colocotroni, the Gennaios, (the "generous," or "well-born:" a title bestowed upon him after some dashing exploit in the early part of the revolution ; his baptismal name of *Janni* being completely superseded by that of Gennaios,) I was at once recognised, and most cordially received, and without my reminding

him of the past, he went back to the "when and the where" of our having been companions in arms in the Morea. He is now one of the aides-de-camp of his Majesty, and, his turn of service having just expired, is on the point of departure for the estates of his family, near Corinth and Caritene. He proposed to me to accompany him, and, finding that it is my intention to remain at Athens for the present, afterwards kindly offered to supply me with letters to the demarchs and chiefs of departments in the Morea, whenever I should be disposed to visit the interior. As they are, for the most part, intimately connected with him by friendship or by blood, the proposal was highly appreciated by me, and received as a convincing proof of his regard for an old comrade ; more especially as at the present juncture, when the British and Russian parties may be said to be in presence, it might be deemed inexpedient for him that an Englishman should travel among his partisans as a friend of the family. From some observations made to him in an under tone by the old man, I inferred that such was the opinion of the latter ; notwithstand-

ing which, the son repeated his offers with much warmth. "Old man," is a title of especial honour, according to the ancient usages of the country. When Colocotroni was commander-in-chief in the Morea, he was more frequently addressed as the "Old Man," than by the titles appertaining to his military dignity. At that time he was young in constitution, and in vigour of mind and of body, though he had numbered fifty-six years before the war commenced ; still he was *the Old Man par excellence*. It is generally reported here, that in his feelings the Gennaïos is as thoroughly Philo-Russian as his father, although more chary in the display of them. I may, and must regret the political sympathies now attributed to him ; but this does not render it less gratifying to me to have been met by him with so much cordiality. I do not know him as a Russian partisan, otherwise than by report, but I have *seen* him do his devoir right gallantly as a patriot soldier and captain, and have been at his side when, in that capacity, by his decision of character and influence over the

feelings of his followers, he has repaired the errors of older commanders.

I called upon my old commander, Captain Antonio G. Kriezis, with whom I was for some time a volunteer on board his eighteen-gun brig, the Epaminondas. He is now Minister of Marine, having, it is said, been especially recommended to the king for that office by the gallant and single-minded Miaoulis a short time before his death. During the war he was ever to be found at the side of the Navarchos, and was his firmest supporter in his endeavours to establish subordination and discipline among the vessels of the Hydriote fleet. To say that he was always to be found at the side of the noble old admiral, is to say that he was ever in the van when the enemy was near, and when duty summoned. It was Kriezis who, in 1825, shortly before I joined him, conducted, conjointly with Canaris, the attempt to burn the Egyptian fleet in the harbour of Alexandria; and he it was who covered the retreat of the Hydriote squadron after its failure, when Mohammed Ali, frantic with rage, put to sea in person, in pursuit of it. The pacha had the mor-

tification of seeing one of his own brigs sunk in his presence, while the Hydriotes, by superior seamanship, effected their retreat, comparatively uninjured. It is well known that the Egyptian fleet, on that occasion, was saved from destruction by a sudden change of wind, which took place just as the gallant crew of the fireship had luffed her helm and taken to their launch, at what may be called the *elbow* of the harbour. Had the wind held as it was blowing at that time, the fireship must have drifted into the centre of the fleet, but, veering suddenly to the northward, she was forced on shore opposite to the entrance of the port, where only a few insignificant craft were endangered by her. It is not uninteresting to reflect that, but for so slight a circumstance the entire policy of Europe, as regards the East, and the relative position of Turkey and of Egypt, might have been the reverse of what they now are. Had the attempt succeeded, the Egyptian fleet would have been destroyed; and that of the Porte, which did not enter the harbour of Alexandria until three days afterwards, would have remained powerful; the battle of

Navarino would not have filled a page in history ; and the plains of Adrianople would most probably have still been untrodden by the foot of the northern invader,—but “ it was not so written.”

During the short-lived command of Lord Cochrane, Kriezis, like his noble uncle, placed himself unreservedly at the disposal of that admiral, and supported his authority among his co-insulars both by precept and example, and occasionally by measures of necessary severity. He was the companion of the gallant Captain Hastings in some of his most brilliant exploits, and speaks with much feeling of his untimely fate, and with unqualified eulogium of his hardihood and skill, and of his devotion to the cause for which he bled. Kriezis has since recounted to me that on one occasion, (I think it was at Trikali,) when he was a sharer with Captain Hastings in a successful attempt to cut out and destroy several Turkish vessels, he was surprised to see the steamer commanded by the captain increase its distance from the enemy, while the signal for him to engage closely remained flying. “ I could not understand,” said he, “ that an English-

man could turn his back upon danger, or leave the honour of the affair to another." The mystery was soon explained, by the blowing up of the vessel which Hastings had honoured with his especial attention. Finding that when engaging her too closely his red-hot shot went right through her, he backed off, and, at the same time diminishing his charge, succeeded in lodging his shots in the body of the vessel, and, in consequence, very soon set her on fire. It is scarcely necessary to state that, as soon as this was accomplished, he paid his addresses to another of the enemy's fleet. In later years, Kriezis has been the resolute opposer of despotic power ; and when the frigate *Hellas* was blown up at Poros, in order to prevent her falling into the possession of the Russians acting under the orders of Agostino Capo d'Istria, the match was lighted by him. Be it said, however, that, as regards the extremity of this measure, he yielded his own opinion to that of Miaoulis ; his counsel having been that the frigate, and the other vessels lying in that port, should merely be so far disabled as to prevent their being immediately

employed against the constitutional party. He, however, took upon himself the risks (present and prospective) of executing a command to which his own opinion was opposed; and to this proof of his devotion to the naval hero of the revolution, he subsequently added that of protecting his person from danger, at the imminent hazard of his own, whilst passing with him in an open boat through the canal between Poros and the main. He then interposed his own powerful form between a heavy fire of musketry from the pallekars of Capo d'Istria, stationed along the shore, and the aged admiral,—a shield worthy him it protected, and an act of devotion which does honour alike to him who performed and to him who inspired it,—to the patriot leader, and to his patriot follower,—to the heroic uncle, and his not less heroic nephew.

My reminiscences of Kriezis being of the same tone as the preceding observations, I sought him with feelings of unqualified respect and esteem; and I could almost have pardoned the minister, if I had found him less cordial in his reception of me than a quondam volunteer

with the captain had perhaps a right to expect. Such, however, was not the case, and I had the pleasure of being met by him with all the warmth and cordiality which I could desire. I have smoked more than one chibouque with him, whilst our discourse has gone back to the stirring scenes of passed years, not, of course, forgetting the incidents of my own cruize under his command. He has abandoned his Hydriote costume ; and as I had never the same admiration for the ample *brachia* of the islanders which I entertain for the *fustanella*, or “ white camise ” of the mountaineers, I am by no means disposed to criticise this departure from the fashions of his fathers ; more especially as the present naval uniform well becomes his somewhat portly form, and sits upon him as easily as if it had been adopted in early life. Madame Kriezis (a daughter of Giorgio Bulgari, whose name I shall perhaps have occasion again to mention) adheres to her island costume even at court. She is a noble specimen of the Hydriote matron ; and her commanding figure and lofty style of beauty bespeak her descent from a fearless race. I remember

her, a beautiful creature, nursing her first child ; she is now surrounded by a numerous group of burly sons and gentle daughters, and I know not a more lovely or interesting picture than the family of the patriot minister presents when assembled in an interior, where the fashions of the East are modified by the comforts of the West, and the whole is characterized by an almost patriarchal simplicity.

The integrity and patriotism of Kriezis are so generally recognised, that, in the midst of the cabals and rivalries of parties, only one of the journals has had the courage or inclination to attack him. The attack was refuted by the other journals of all parties, and no repetition of it has been ventured upon. On several occasions he has risked his position by uttering unpalatable truths in the presence of his sovereign. He is held in high esteem by most of the foreign diplomats resident in Athens, and by more than one I have heard him quoted as a model of what a minister of the "infant" kingdom ought to be.

I was much gratified to find established here

as an advocate, my old friend, Mr. Edward Masson, who, in 1825 and 1826, was residing at Hydra, as a "civil" Philhellene, and on my visits to that island always received me with the most hospitable kindness. Since then he has figured at various times in a less pacific capacity, and during several months officiated as secretary to Lord Cochrane. He has been faithful to Greece through good report and evil report, and still glows with enthusiasm in her behalf. He has filled public offices of high responsibility, and among them that of attorney-general: as such, in 1834, he was the accuser of Colocotroni before the criminal court of Nauplia. Subsequently, when young Mavromichali was arraigned before a military commission, for the deed which closed the mortal career of Capo d'Istria, he was his advocate, and built an eloquent, but fruitless defence, upon the incompetency of the tribunal by which he was tried. He was allowed to communicate with him up to his last moments, the details of which I have listened to with much interest. From them it would appear that young Mavromichali died the death of a martyr, being

thoroughly imbued with a conviction that he had fulfilled a sacred duty to his country.

On the 26th, I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Masson exercise his vocation as a Greek advocate, under peculiar circumstances. I went with him to the Correctional Court, to hear the trial of the poet Soutzo, for a libel on the Government—a poetical libel—which had been printed in a work, the copies of which, during a temporary absence of the poet, were deposited with one of his friends. The work had not been previously published, and, when given into the custody of the friend of the poet, the copies were made up in a case, carefully secured. Curiosity, or some less pardonable motive, caused the *friend* (whose name I withhold) to violate the trust reposed in him, and he threw into circulation one or more copies of the work in which the “*corpus delicti*” was to be found.

The poet read a brilliant defence of his own in reply to the accusatory pleading of the King’s Attorney, and was followed by two advocates—viz., Argyzopoulo, brother-in-law to the Prince Mavrocordato, and Pezzali, editor of the “*Age*,”

(ο Αισωv.) It seemed to my friend Masson, who like myself was present merely as a spectator, that the fact of the non-publication of the libel was not sufficiently insisted upon, either by the advocates or by the poet himself ; and he communicated his opinion to that effect to the latter, who, in reply, earnestly pressed him to conclude the defence himself. This he was prevailed upon to do, and stepped down among the lawyers by whom the poet was surrounded. There was immediately what is called a *sensation* among the audience, and his opening address was awaited in profound silence, and evidently with peculiar interest. After having duly and severely discussed the point of law, as regarded the non-publication, citing with much effect the case of Algernon Sydney, whose name, to use his own expression, “ tyrants hear, and tremble,” he claimed in behalf of his impromptu client the privileges of the creative brotherhood, in a lighter, but a not less effective manner, inasmuch as it called a smile across the countenances of the judicial triumvirs, who had previously sat in gloomy severity. He concluded his address

by a brilliant appeal to the feelings of the judges in behalf of a poet, whose works have recorded the heroic efforts of the vindicators of the liberties of their common country, and will remain a lasting testimony that the first years of its independence have not been devoid of the milder glories of literary distinction.

His audience was so much carried away by his eloquence, and sympathized so strongly in the arguments brought forward, and in this appeal to the feelings of his judges, that they several times gave utterance to their approbation in the most unequivocal manner ; indeed, so loud and general was this applause, that it was utterly inconsistent with the severe decorum of a criminal court, and called forth reiterated and menacing repression on the part of the tribunal. When Mr. Masson had concluded, an impression prevailed that he had assured the acquittal of the accused ; and this impression happily proved to be in conformity with the decision of the court, the poet being acquitted by the unanimous voice of the three judges. It is a circumstance of high interest to me to have been present when an

Englishman was pleading in Greek before a Greek tribunal, and in so triumphant a manner.

After relating this anecdote, it is scarcely necessary for me to state that Mr. Masson is profoundly versed in the language of his adopted country ; it is as familiar to him as that of his native land, and the Hellenic is scarcely less so. He is now occupied in translating into the purest Romaic (which differs from the Hellenic much less than is generally supposed, and is gradually more and more assimilating itself to it) choice specimens of British eloquence, both ecclesiastical and parliamentary ; and the fruit of his labours will, I doubt not, prove of much interest and utility to his fellow-citizens. He has undertaken also the compilation of an English and Greek Lexicon, in which formidable work he has already made considerable progress. Judging from the specimens of it which I have seen, I should think it calculated to drive out of the field all those which are at this time in use with us, in which a third language is so injudiciously made the medium of interpretation between the language of the student and that which he is seeking to acquire.

Since the above was written, Mr. Masson has defended the editor of the "Minerva," (ἡ Ἀθηνᾶ,) who was brought before the Criminal Tribunal of First Instance, accused of a libel on the judges. Notwithstanding a very eloquent defence, the accused was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment, and a fine of 150 drachmas. Mr. Masson appealed from this sentence, which was revoked by the Areopagus.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Masson defended the editor of the "Age," (ο Αἰών,) accused of a libel on M. Rigny, the Intendant of Finances. The accused in this instance was condemned to the minimum of punishment. The maximum would have been a serious affair—viz., five years' imprisonment.

Mr. Masson's pleading in these cases was based upon the necessity of the freedom of the press for the wellbeing of the Greeks, of whatever opinions or party they may be, and has been the subject of general admiration. His exertions in behalf of the accused were the more highly appreciated, because in their editorial capacities they had been by no means friendly to him.

He has been requested by Capo d'Istria and

Nikitas to undertake their defence in the affair of the Philorthodox conspiracy, which, as his anti-Russian and constitutional feelings are notorious, is a high tribute to his integrity and talent.

Early in the year 1841, an Athenian friend of mine wrote to me, while at Naples, as follows, respecting him :—“ Il Masson continua a far le sue lezioni di Filosofia Baconica nel Πανεπιστήμιον tre volte la settimana come professore onorario. Trascura i proprii suoi interessi e come avvocato i suoi guadagni per avere il piacere d'istruire la gioventù Greca. Ha sempre un grande auditorio di discepoli. E troppo adoratore della verità e non teme di esporla quando si tratta d'istruire gli altri. La stima generale della gioventù Greca comincia a suscitare l'invidia contro di lui e a fargli de' nemici nascosti. Ο φωτισισταί non possono vedere la luce.”

By M. Masson I was introduced to the Rev Mr. Hill, an American missionary of the Episcopal church, who has been many years resident in Greece, and who established his domicile at

Athens when the modern city was little more than a heap of ruins. He is held in high respect by men of all parties ; and the public and private schools which are under his control, and of which I shall have to speak hereafter, promise to be of lasting utility to the country.

CHAPTER III.

Bey of Maina—Offerings of the Mavromichali family on the altar of their country—Present and former political position — Giorgio Psylla — Political career, and various modes of government in which he took part—Political parties—Philorthodox conspiracy—Glarakis—Cairis.

March 1st to 8th.—Accompanied by my friend Mr. Masson, I called to pay my respects to Pietro Mavromichali, the ex-Bey of Maina. We found the aged chief stretched on a bed of sickness, and suffering severely from acute rheumatism. He gave my friend a most cordial welcome, and reproached him with the rarity of his visits ; repeating several times the simple expression, *δεν μ' αγαπας—δεν μ' αγαπας*, (“Thou lovest me not.”) As soon as he was informed that an English Philhellene had come to pay his respects to him, he insisted upon being raised up in his

bed ; and, supported by pillows and enveloped in a fur cloak, he was quickly absorbed in the recollections of past events, and the discussion of the politics of the day. I do not remember to have witnessed a more striking example of the power of mind over body than on this occasion. When we entered the room, the Bey was groaning under the intense suffering of his disorder ; but as soon as he became engaged in the discussion of subjects to which the energies of his eventful life had been devoted, his pain was forgotten, and the languor attendant upon prolonged sickness was replaced by all the animation of health ; his cheek glowed, and his eye brightened with the enthusiasm of his feelings. The fine old man at that time would have been a noble study for an artist, and has left in my memory a picture which will not speedily be effaced. The pillows by which he was supported, his whitened hair, and long gray moustachios, (which I remember as black as jet,) told a tale of suffering and of years ; while the energy of his language and the brilliancy of his glances, bespoke a soul which neither time nor sorrow had

been able to subdue.* He has, indeed, suffered much ; for exclusive of the son and brother, who paid the forfeit of their lives for the assassination of Capo d'Istria, he has seen a host of his nearest blood relatives cut off since the banner of independence was first raised in Greece. The latter fell before the sword of the invader or oppressor, and died bravely and nobly in the van of battle ; and as the old chief well said, have rendered the name of Mavromichali immortal in the annals of their country, and among those who have sympathized in its struggles for liberty. He has need of this reflection to console him in his declining years ; for the outbreak of the revolution found him an independent prince, in the vigour of manhood and of power, surrounded by a numerous offspring, and by a powerful body of devoted brothers and relatives, and ruling over a warlike and attached race of mountaineers. Of his line few now remain, and his

* For a personal description of the Bey, see Poucqueville's "History of the Regeneration of Greece," book v., chap. v. It is by no means *poetical*, as are too many of his descriptions and details.

power is not only departed from him, but transferred to an alien, a Bavarian officer, who rules almost despotically over his former subjects, and is the avowed enemy of himself and of his family.

Among those who have played a part in the revolution, none would seem to have been moved thereto by less interested motives, none to have sacrificed so much during its progress, or to have participated so little in its results. So far from being especially cherished by the present government, as might reasonably be expected, he is an object of its peculiar jealousy, on account of the bias of his political feelings, which are known to be highly constitutional, and opposed to Russian ascendancy in the cabinet. If the nomination of the Bey as an honorary councillor of state ; of his son the Beyzadeh, as aide-de-camp to the King ; and of his brother, as colonel, were quoted as adequate compensations for the sacrifices made by the family, the remark would be met with a smile of derision from any one whose experience enables him to compare what *is* with what *has been*—its present

“ fallen estate ” with its power previous to, and during the first years of the revolution.

Let it not, however, be inferred from these remarks that I have heard any expression of repining from the lips of the Bey ! On the contrary, he appears to forget his own sacrifices in his hopes and anticipations of the future increased prosperity and happiness of his fellow-countrymen. I will not, however, assert that he does not mourn over the present fate of those who were once his subjects.

Maina was merely tributary to the Porte, and the light tribute paid by that province was collected by the officers of the Bey, without the interference of Turkish agents : no Turkish soldiers were permitted to enter his territory. Previous to the revolution, the Bey had brought this district into comparative tranquillity and order, by the severe repression of private feuds, which for centuries before had been fostered by the “ vow of blood ; ” transmitting vengeance, as a sacred duty, not only from father to son, but through every branch of the hostile families.

The troops of Ibrahim Pasha suffered most

severely when they attempted to overrun Maina, in 1826. The resolute valour of the inhabitants was seconded by the wild and mountainous character of the country, and by the peculiar construction of their habitations. The latter (at least, those of persons of any property) are built of stone, and are accessible only on the first story, the approach to which is by a staircase, terminating in a platform on a level therewith, upon which a sort of drawbridge is lowered at pleasure from the house. Before these houses, or *Πυργοι*, the Arabs, unprovided with artillery, except such light pieces as could be transported over the mountains on the backs of mules, fell in great numbers.

M. Tricoupi, whose history, as connected with the revolution, is too well known to admit of any recapitulation by me, I found living in comparative retirement at Patissia. The house in which he resides was built by Admiral Malcolm, from whose hands it passed into those of its present distinguished occupant. It stands on the spot where Kiutahi Pacha pitched his tent during his siege of the Acropolis, and as it com-

mands an exquisitely beautiful view of that citadel, as well as of the city itself, the site is not less appositely chosen for the *temporary* retirement of a cabinet minister, than it was for the head-quarters of an invading general. The former may contemplate from it the arena of his future labours for his country's welfare, and find in the beauty of the view an additional stimulus to his desires to repossess himself of office ; as the latter, no doubt, imagined that he beheld from the same spot, at once the theatre and the prize of a future victory.

M. Tricoupi was for some time in bad odour with the government, and, subsequently to the resignation of his appointment as ambassador at Constantinople, remained until recently without office. He is now a member of the Council of State. His political sympathies are generally understood to be with the English party, and the quasi-disgrace of a minister who played so distinguished a part during the vicissitudes of the revolution, at a time when Russian influence has been decidedly in the ascendant, confirms this general impression ; which, moreover, is further

borne out by the friendly intimacy of his intercourse with the British minister. He is known as a warm Constitutionalist, and is much respected by a numerous party ; and as recent events appear to have weaned the court, in some measure, from its devotion to Russia, and to have disposed it to become more liberal in its views, it is to be hoped that, before long, M. Tricoupi may again be placed at the head of one of the departments of the government. His accomplished and beautiful lady has brought with her from England impressions and reminiscences which are highly gratifying to an Englishman. She is a sister of the celebrated Prince Mavrocordato.

The distinguished part enacted by the Prince, as a statesman, in the great drama of the revolution, is well known. I do not, however, remember to have seen mentioned the following anecdote of him as a pallekar. In 1825, when the brig of war of Sachtouris, of which Tsamados had taken the command, fought its way so gallantly out of the harbour of Navarino, through the midst of the Turkish fleet, Prince Mavroc-

dato was on board ; and at his suggestion it was resolved to blow up the vessel in the event of the Turks making themselves masters of her. To him was entrusted the duty of setting fire to the powder magazine. The Turks attempted several times to board, but happily were repulsed with great slaughter. In the meanwhile, the Prince sat at the entrance of the magazine, pistol in hand, waiting the announcement of the fatal moment. His enemies endeavoured to represent his having volunteered to perform this awful duty as the effect of his anxiety to escape the dangers of the deck ; but leaving out of the question the trying nature of the duty itself, and of the suspense in which he was compelled to remain, (far more fearful than the stir of the fight above,) the active part taken by the Prince in the military operations of the first years of the revolution, both in the Morea and in Northern Greece, was sufficient to vindicate him from so strange an accusation.

I found my old friend, M. Giorgio Psylla, also living in comparative retirement, his only connexion with the present government being such

as results from his nomination as honorary member of the Council of State. He is known as a zealous Constitutionalist, and as such, entertains an affection for the influence of England and of France, in preference to that of Russia. When I was in this city in 1825-6, he was editor of the "Εφημερίς των Αθηνών," the only journal then published here, and having studied in the universities of Jena and Gottingen, was peculiarly fitted for discharging the duties of Literary Dictator of the Epoch. His journal was remarkable, not less for the simplicity of its style, than for the spirit of devoted patriotism which breathed through its pages. He had previously fulfilled, with high reputation, the duties of member of more than one national assembly, and since then he has been called upon to fill similar and other offices of high civil trust. He has, moreover, during the many changes in the destinies of his native city, which have taken place in the interval, on various occasions done his devoir, as a good *pallekar*. To him and to some others of his fellow-labourers, in the vineyard of independence, might be applied,

with some slight variation as to its exclusiveness, the distich which was written for Tasso—

“Colla penna e colla spada
Nessun val quanto Torquato.”

M. Psylla is married to a daughter of the well-known Athenian physician, Vitali, in whose house I had the good fortune to reside when invalided from the fleet; in 1825. She was then a beautiful little creature of nine or ten years of age, and, with a sister equally interesting, contributed by her presence to sooth the tedium of many an hour of pain. They are both now invested with all the honours of matronship, and surrounded by infant props of the infant kingdom. The elder sister is married to M. Palli, a native of Joannina, a physician, in high repute here.

A catalogue of the various offices which have been filled by my friend since the outbreak of the revolution will, I trust, be found not devoid of interest; more especially when it is borne in mind that others, whose career has been distinguished by the same activity and variety in times

of danger, are, like him, now laid on the shelf by the government. This catalogue will also present a tolerably complete picture of the many changes which the internal government of the country underwent before it was settled in its present form by the interference of the European powers ; what may appear wanting to that effect, I will endeavour to supply from other sources.

In 1821, M. Psylla was Ephore, or member of the Municipality, “ *Δημογεροντία*,” of Athens.

In 1822, Deputy, or member of the province of Attica, at the first National Assembly of Epidaurus.

In 1823-4, member of the National Assembly held at Astros ; Professor of the Public School of Athens, and Editor of the “ *Ephemeris* ;” as also member of the Supreme Court of Judicature of Attica.

After the convocation of the first National Assembly of Epidaurus, the government, entitled the Provisional Government of Greece, (*ἡ Προσωρίνη Διοίκησις τῆς Ἑλλάδος*) was delegated to an executive, (*Ἐκτελεστικὸν Σώμα*), composed of five members, under the control of a legislative body,

(*Βουλευτικὸν Σῶμα*,) composed of delegates or deputies from each province of revolutionized Greece, some of the more important of which, as Hydra, Spezia, Psara, Livadia, &c., sent two members. Under this form the government continued until April, 1826, when the second National Assembly of Epidaurus was convoked.

The fall of Missolonghi took place whilst this assembly was sitting, and no doubt had considerable influence on its deliberations. To it may be ascribed the resolution taken by the assembly to solicit the interference of the great powers in behalf of the country, then almost overrun and exhausted by the armies of the Porte and of the Pacha of Egypt, and, alas ! torn also by internal dissensions. An executive commission, (*Διοικητικὴ Ἐπιτροπὴ*,) composed of eleven members, was in consequence appointed, and entrusted with the provisional government ; and a further commission of eleven was nominated, and styled the Commission of the Assembly, (*Ἐπιτροπὴ τῆς Συνελεύσεως*,) to which were confided, not the legislative powers of the assembly, but especial power and authority to treat for a pacification through the

medium of the European powers, and more particularly through that of England. To the latter power the Greeks still were more disposed to turn for protection than to any other, although, in 1825, they had in vain sought for it in the same quarter. On this point I can speak from personal knowledge, having been at that time in intimate and continued intercourse with many of the Moreote chiefs, as well as with the most distinguished of the Hydriote captains. In 1825, after the arrival of the first Egyptian expedition in the Peloponessus, the hopes of all were turned almost exclusively to Great Britain, and both Islanders and Moreotes would have joyfully and unconditionally accepted her protection. Their overtures to that effect were either rejected or unheeded. Among those who were then the warmest advocates of British protection are now to be found some of the most zealous partisans of Russia.

In 1827, M. Psylla was member of the National Assembly of Træzene. By this assembly the government was restored, in a great measure, to the same form as that established by the first

National Assembly of Epidaurus, being confided to two bodies—viz., an Executive Commission, (*Κυβερνήτικη Επιτροπή*), and a Legislative Assembly, similar to that which was then instituted. There was, however, this difference, that Capo d'Istria was named President, or Governor, (*Κυβερνήτης*), and on his arrival was to replace the Executive Commission in its functions.

In 1828, Capo d'Istria arrived, and, having dissolved the legislative body, reinstated by the Assembly of Træzene, undertook to carry on the government of the country, assisted or controlled only by the Council of State,¹ called the Panhellenium, (*Πανελλήνιον*), the members of which were appointed by himself. The government remained on this footing until the convocation of the Assembly of Argos, in 1829, when the Panhellenium was replaced by a Senate, (*Γερουσία*),² to be composed of members chosen by the President, from a list presented to him by that assembly. He continued to carry on the government, with the assistance of this body, until the time of his death.

By Capo d'Istria, M. Psylla was appointed

member of the Panhellenium, and also Governor of Lower Messenia, a province comprising twelve divisions or departments, six of which constitute Eastern Maina. In 1829 he was elected member of the National Assembly of Argos; and in 1830, was nominated Judge of Appeals for the islands of the Egean. This appointment he did not accept; but the nomination was a distinguished proof of the esteem in which he was held by the President; while his having been deputed by his former constituents again to represent them in the National Assembly was a pledge of *their* esteem, and of his having exercised with sound discretion the extensive authority which had been previously entrusted to him by the head of the state. I have been informed, by those who had an opportunity of appreciating the details of his administration whilst Governor of Maina, that it was distinguished as much by moderation as by firmness, and that he won "golden opinions" from the inhabitants of that wild district, causing the government to be respected, and quelling the petty but bloody feuds by which the province

was disquieted, almost without the assistance of the armed force which was placed at his disposal. The term of his first appointment having expired, and his health being in a precarious state, he solicited his recall; but the wishes of the President, backed by those of the Mavromichali family, induced him to continue in his office for a further period. The close of his administration was distinguished by the same firmness and moderation which had characterized the early part of it. The *reign* of the present Governor has been of a very different tenour!

Towards the close of 1831, Agostino Capo d'Istria was named President. In 1832 he was deposed by the constitutionalists; and at the National Assembly of Pronea was replaced by an executive commission composed of five members, by which the government was carried on until the arrival of the regency, in 1833. His present Majesty took the helm of state from the regency in 1835, and may be said to have governed hitherto as an autocrat; the only body which can exercise any control over his acts being the

Council of State, the members of which are nominated by himself.

Subsequently to the death of Capo d' Istria, M. Psylla was chosen member of the National Assembly (the last) of Pronea. In 1833 he was appointed Governor of Negropont, and very shortly afterwards received the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, which he retained but for a short time. In 1834 he was Nomarch of Attica and Bœotia, and was named Councillor of State Extraordinary. In 1835 he was Nomarch of Eubœa, with which appointment his active and varied career as a public man terminated, the title of Councillor of State Extraordinary, which he still preserves, not entailing any active duties on its possessor.

I have chosen M. Psylla as the subject of a sketch of the career of a patriot, during the stirring years of revolution, because his name has been comparatively little noticed by those of my countrymen who have visited Greece. It is a humble tribute which I offer to one who appears to have found the reward of a life of unwearied usefulness in the conscientious performance of

his duties, rather than to have sought for it in the acquisition of fame among his contemporaries ; as such, I trust it will support the assertion which I unhesitatingly make, that, besides the Miaoulis, the Kriezis, the Bozzaris, the Canaris, &c., whose names *must* be encircled with a halo of glory in every clime where the eventful tale of late years shall be told, the revolution produced many whose devotion to their country might be triumphantly compared with that of the most distinguished patriots of ancient or modern times, but whose names, unfortunately, are but little known out of their own immediate sphere of action. If, notwithstanding the various and important duties discharged by him, the name of M. Psylla be comparatively so little known beyond the limits of Greece, it will not appear surprising that other patriotic names have not been bruited beyond the frontier.

As in the foregoing remarks repeated allusions have been made to British and Russian influence, it will not be out of place here to observe, that the former is supposed to be actively employed both among the leading men of the state, and at

the foot of the throne itself, (I beg Sir Edmund Lyon's pardon for the expression !) in the support of constitutional principles, as applied to the spirit of the government, and perhaps also as applied to the form itself of the government ; while the latter is thought to be exerted with equal activity in upholding the present unconstitutional " status quo," and in preventing what his Excellency the Russian minister would no doubt style " innovations." French influence has at times appeared to waver between the two ; but of late, and more particularly since the discovery of the Philorthodox Conspiracy, it has lent its decided support to constitutional principles : when a contrary tendency has existed, it may be supposed to have arisen from a jealousy of the predominance of British influence, *quoad* British, rather than from any sympathy with the principles of the rival party.

The parties and politics of Athens have been rendered so very complicated by the various foreign intrigues of which, since her independence was recognised, Greece has been made the arena, that to analyze them would be a task of

most difficult accomplishment. I shall therefore confine myself, for the present, to a few passing remarks on the subject.

The two leading parties, into which the others more or less merge, are the "Constitutionalists," (*Συνταγματικοί*), and the "Absolutists," commonly called Napists. The former are supposed to be fostered and supported by the cabinets of England and of France, — the latter, by those of Russia and of Austria, and more especially by the former. The Constitutional phalanx, it is gratifying to observe, is the more numerous of the two; and foremost in its ranks are very many of those who have distinguished themselves during the vicissitudes of late years. Among the Absolutists are a few of the same class; but their numerical strength consists in men who, possessing no merits as patriots upon which to repose, can only hope for distinction through the influence of the throne. The latter, as regards the possession of political power, are unfortunately the "ins" of the present day.

The title of Napists (*Ναπιστοι*) was, I believe, first bestowed upon this party in derision, and may be said to have descended to them as a sort

of heir-loom from the partisans of Count Agostino Capo d' Istria, whose political principles and partialities they have also inherited. The partisans of Capo d' Istria acquired it in consequence of that of Napa having been bestowed upon their leader. The *real* Napa was a sort of half-cracked, half-wily, and wholly drunken Corfiote, who used to frequent the cafés at Nauplia, and hold forth on political subjects. He was not deficient in talent, and had, I am informed, "done the state some service," as a pal-lekar, during the war; but his devotion to the wine-cup had marred the promise of a proper man. Whether there was any personal resemblance between him and the Count, or whether the name fell to the share of the latter merely because he was also a Corfiote, I am not prepared to state. However this may be, M. Napa, for the nonce, is in some sort immortalized.

The Napists are supposed to have been deeply implicated in the Philorthodox Conspiracy, and those who have been arrested on the score of participation in the plot are notoriously of that party.

It is difficult to collect, from the various con-

tradictory reports which are afloat, the real views of the conspirators, or even to understand with precision what means it was their intention to employ in order to carry their views into effect. The professed object of the conspiracy ; as its title denotes, was to bring the church of this kingdom again under the control of the patriarch of Constantinople ; and this object was probably the only one which was made ostensible to such members of the association as had joined it on principles merely religious, or (as they supposed) purely patriotic. To others, a lure of a more personal nature was held out. Besides the scheme of renewed national submission to the former head of the Greek church, the Hetarists entertained projects of political aggrandizement, and of acquisitions of territory on the northern frontier of Greece : of the provinces to be so acquired, some of those who were nominally the leaders, but virtually the tools, of the conspiracy, were induced to believe that they should be appointed tributary or federative chieftains.

The immediate means to be employed for attaining the professed object of the conspiracy

was the conversion of the king to the Greek faith. This conversion was to be summarily exacted from his Majesty on new year's day, when, according to custom, the king was to go in state to the church of *St. Irene*. Happily, the plot was discovered before the day appointed for the mad attempt, and such precautions were adopted as must have rendered futile any attack upon the head of the government. The procession took place, and the day passed away without disturbance. It is almost superfluous to observe, that the projected attempt at the conversion of the king must have caused tumult and bloodshed, if not a temporary subversion of all government, and the extinction of royalty itself.

By a singular coincidence, at the time the attempt was to have been made there were several Russian ships of war at anchor in the Piræus—more than had previously ever been collected in that port at one time. This circumstance may have been merely fortuitous, but it lends an air of probability to the surmises which I have heard expressed by Athenians, that the whole affair was known beforehand to the Russian govern-

ment, and that the ships of war were sent there either to support the Hetarists, or to offer the protection of the imperial flag to the royal family, as the aspect of events might render advisable.

If the government had acted with common energy and promptitude at the time the conspiracy was discovered, all its ramifications must have been brought to light, and its partisans made known. It would appear, however, that the government was fearful of having the full extent of it made public; for so dilatory were the proceedings adopted for the discovery of those implicated, that, with few exceptions, they had ample time to take measures for their own protection. The arrests made were very few, and the only persons of mark thrown into prison were, George Capo d'Istria; Nikitas (surnamed, for his exploits as a pallear, Turcophagus); a Speziote, whose name I forget; and Mavrojanni, an Ionian physician. These individuals, even up to the present time, have not been brought to trial; so that, as regards the public, the affair is still enveloped in mystery: the prevailing belief, however, is, that the Hetaria was not confined

to the Grecian territory, but had extensive ramifications in Asia Minor, Epirus, and the Ionian Islands. Glarakis, who was Minister of the Interior at the time the discovery took place, is suspected of having been personally implicated; but no positive proof to that effect has hitherto been brought to light. The presumptions against him are founded on the prolonged concealment of an association so widely extended and entertaining projects of so perilous a nature, not less than on the extreme dilatoriness of the measures taken for the discovery of the leaders of it.

This minister—or rather ex-minister, for he has been very justly dismissed from office—is by profession a physician, and during the revolution was known only in that capacity. He did not step forward as a candidate for the honours of public life until the storm had passed by; and the qualities for which his co-insulars are more particularly distinguished might be supposed to be more useful in the attainment of them than the loftier qualifications of courage, moral and physical, which were indispensable even for the civilian of an earlier epoch. He is

known as a devoted partisan of Russia, and for that reason, whilst in office, was distinguished in the constitutional journals by the appellation of "Glarakoff;" in like manner as was Tricoupi, in the Napist journals, qualified as "Lord Tri-coupington," in order to mark him as an English adherent. It may seem irrelevant to mention that he is known also as a devout worshipper of Bacchus; my excuse must be sought for in a practical witticism of his fellow-citizens, in which his downfall was celebrated, at once as minister, as a Russian partisan, and as a votary of the rosy god. When his dismissal from office was made public, some of the wits of the capital placed a wine-cask upon a tumbril, covered it with a pall, and, surrounding the carriage with lighted torches, after the fashion of a bier, went in procession to the house of Glarakis, and recited over it the offices of the dead, mingling the name of "Glarakoff" with their lugubrious (and perhaps unholy) chaunts.

He is a Sciote. The Sciotes are the most educated, and at the same time the most intriguing, of the islanders of the Archipelago.

Their reputation for courage is in inverse proportion to that accorded them for intrigue. To tell a palleskar that he is as brave as a Sciote is a mortal offence. Young M. recounted to me, as an instance of the slight estimation in which they are held by the more warlike islanders, that on one occasion a Hydriote captain, on his return to his native island, reported that he had on board as passengers " nine men and one Sciote." Their deficiency in courage, or in warlike habits—the effect, probably, of their peculiar position, as vassals of the Sultana—was, alas ! most bitterly chastised by the horrible massacres perpetrated upon the inhabitants of Scio in the early part of the revolutionary war. Be it remarked, in justice to these islanders, that several of them distinguished themselves greatly in the principalities under Ypsilanti. Sciote merchants, established in Europe, contributed largely to the expenses of the war.

One of the acts of despotic power ascribed to Glarakis is the banishment of the Professor Cairis, without a regular trial, which took place not very long before his dismissal from office.

Cáiris is a man of profound learning and extensive acquirements, who, in the early part of the revolution, played the part of a good soldier in various encounters with the enemy, but was at length disabled from further active service by a severe gun-shot wound, from which the surgeons failed to extract the ball. He afterwards devoted himself to the service of his country in a more pacific capacity, and made the tour of Europe for the purpose of collecting voluntary contributions for the establishment of schools. To this holy purpose were allotted not only the fruits of his peregrinations, but such private means as he himself possessed, and he instituted a sort of college in the island of Andros. This establishment was so constituted as to offer to the students the means of acquiring a thorough education, and was under the immediate guidance and control of Cáiris. The youth both of Continental Greece and of the Islands flocked to Andros ; the sons of the wealthy paying according to their means, and those of the poorer classes receiving the same instruction free of expense ; and the director of their studies was

looked up to by the generality of his countrymen as a public benefactor. This afflux to Andros of young candidates for the acquirement of knowledge probably excited the jealousy and fears of the party opposed to the extension of education, which was then (and is yet to a certain extent) in the possession of power; for under its influence, on the strength of a vague accusation of having instilled into his pupils dangerous and atheistical doctrines, Cairis was banished to the rocky island of Skiatho, and his institution closed. He is still under sentence of banishment from the theatre of his patriotic and philanthropic labours; but has been transferred from Skiatho to the more genial isle of Santorino.

CHAPTER IV.

Ball at the Palace—Presentation to their Majesties—Usages of Athenian society in 1826—First day of Greek Lent—Masks—Picturesque pic-nics around the Temple of Jupiter.

March 8th and 9th.—On the 8th, being the last day of the Greek carnival, a ball was given at the palace, to which I had the honour of being invited. I had not yet been presented to their Majesties, the king having, a few days previously, fixed the evening of the ball for the presentations which the British minister might have to make. In such cases, etiquette requires that they should be made immediately after the appearance of their Majesties in the ball-room.

At the appointed hour, I was disconcerted not a little by the arrival of the driver of my hired conveyance in woful plight, and without his vehicle, which he had contrived to upset, and to render unserviceable for the evening. Before it could be replaced, more than an hour elapsed, so that I did not enter the ball-room until long after active operations had commenced.

From two to three hundred guests were present, among whom were the corps diplomatique, the members of the government, several well-known English Philhellenes, and many of the captains or chiefs distinguished during the revolutionary war. Of the latter, some few have adopted the European dress; but the far greater number still adhere to the picturesque Albanian costume, which may be rendered gorgeously rich, without detriment to its martial character. These were, to my taste, the most brilliant ornaments of the ball-room. Among the "renegades," now equipped in the uniform of the regular troops, and bedizened with crosses and stars, I recognised several with whom I had held companionship in scenes of a very different

character. On some, their honours and their dress sat so gracefully that they would have passed muster at any court of Europe; others evidently were not at ease in their Frank habiliments, and exhibited in their persons no very favourable contrast with the free-limbed mountain chiefs of by-gone days.

Among the guests, was the ex-President Condouriotis, differing in costume and appearance from the President of the Executive of 1825-6, only in having discarded his colombajo, or rosary, and in being decorated with the star of the Saviour. The slightness of the change in his personal appearance rendered yet more striking the contrast between the scene of my last interview with him and that of my present encounter. The former was a small room in a partially dilapidated Turkish mansion, at Nauplia, on the divans of which the Executive sat cross-legged; and, with chibouque in one hand and rosary in the other, discussed with Oriental gravity the affairs of the nation. The countenance of Condouriotis is expressive of good feeling and honesty of purpose; but it is heavy and

unintellectual, and by no means such an one as indicates an aptitude for the performance of the important duties which were assigned to him. During his presidency it was said that the duties of the office were virtually discharged by his brother, Lazaro Condouriotis, and that the president never came to any determination upon matters of importance without consulting him. Lazaro Condouriotis remained in the meanwhile, to all appearance, a merely passive spectator of the stirring drama which was enacted around him, and did not move from his native island. He was recognised generally by his countrymen as fully capable of supplying the deficiencies of his brother, and by some of them was rather quaintly compared, in his retirement at Hydra, to a spider in the midst of his web.

To return, however, to the ball-room, which I have, perhaps, already absented myself from too long. The "antecedents" of many of the guests called up reminiscences, and offered contrasts, which for me invested the assemblage with a peculiar interest; and the variety of costumes must, even in the eyes of a passing spec-

tator, have lent to the scene a picturesque and, as it were, a poetic character, which would in vain be sought for in the saloons of any other capital. I regretted to observe that but few of the ladies are faithful to their national costume ; most, however, of those who were present, are Constantinopolitans, by birth and education ; the ladies of Greece Proper being rather shy of appearing in assemblages of this description, in which the habits of their early years have not fitted them to take an active part.

First in beauty and in grace, as in rank, among the fair denizens of the saloon, was the Queen ; who, as she glided through the mazes of mazourka, waltz, and quadrille, was literally and deservedly the cynosure of every eye. Her countenance beams with kindness and good feeling ; and altogether, she is a princess for whom, in days of yore, belted knights would right joyously have splintered their lances and jeopardized their limbs, and their *hearts*. Wherever she addressed a passing remark, whether to young or old, a glow of gratification suffused the countenance of the favoured individual, evi-

dently a tribute spontaneously offered rather to the graceful and lovely woman than to the sovereign.

My presentation to their Majesties was rather a nervous affair for one all unused to courtly ceremonial. Owing to my late arrival in the rooms, I had to go through the ceremony unaccompanied, except by Sir Edmund Lyons, who did me the honour of being my godfather on the occasion. It took place in the centre of the saloon, during a pause between the dances, and I was thus necessarily converted into a target for the critical eyes of the surrounding circle. I thought, at the moment, that I should have preferred again taking my chance, in the same capacity, in a mountain onslaught. A most gracious reception on the part both of the King and of his fair Princess speedily convinced me that the latter selection would have been an injudicious one, and rendered me proof against the "artillery" by which I was, or imagined myself to be, surrounded.

During the short conversation with which I was honoured by the Queen, she questioned me

as to the changes which I had remarked at Athens, in such a manner as to give me to understand that the circumstances of my former residence in the country were not unknown to her. This I mention, not as a matter from which to draw any self-gratulation, but as an instance of tact in the exercise of the " *métier de prince* ;" for I believe it to be generally admitted that a sovereign ought, in order the more effectually to win " golden opinions," to shew a degree of acquaintance with the history of every one by whom he is approached. When the sovereign is a beautiful woman, sentiments of grateful loyalty will be lavishly poured out in return for such semblance of personal interest ; for the strongest of us are weak when our vanity is assailed by beauty alone, and still more so when that beauty is encircled by a royal diadem.

The body of English Philhellenes was worthily represented by Sir Richard Church, General Gordon, and Major Finlay ; that of northern Europe, once so numerous, by Major Hahn alone—a host, however, in himself, as regards

perils encountered, and devotion displayed, in support of the good cause.

If these remarks, suggested by a ball, be found more diffuse than so commonplace a topic would seem to authorize, I have to allege in my defence that, though balls be commonplace enough, a ball at Athens is still somewhat of a novelty. When I was before here, the etiquette or prejudices of the East prevailed so far, that such a promiscuous association of the sexes would have been considered highly indecorous. At that time, on the birth-day or saint's-day of any lady of mark, it was customary for her female friends to offer their congratulations in the morning, and for her male acquaintance to present their homage in the afternoon, in order that no such association might take place.

On one occasion, (if I remember rightly, it was on the birth-day of Madame Nakos, wife of the Deputy of Livadia,) I feigned ignorance of this custom, and made a point of paying my devoirs to the heroine of the day in the forenoon, knowing that the most distinguished beauties of Attica and Livadia would be assem-

bled around her at that time. After I had sent in my name, a consultation was held by the household, and perhaps also by the lady and her fair guests, before I was admitted ; but I *was* admitted into the *presence*, where I found a bevy of mortal houris seated in not ungraceful confusion on the divans and carpets of a wainscoted and latticed chamber, as oriental in its character as were the dresses and attitudes of its fair inmates. The scene was one not to be soon forgotten, and the contemplation of it well repaid the risk of a pistol-shot, which some of the pallekars in the suite of Madame Gourrha (wife of the Roumeliote Chief of that name, then Governor of the Acropolis) seemed disposed to bestow upon me as I stalked through them. The greetings of the fair assemblage within were less hostile in their character, but perhaps not less perilous to the intruder. My apologies, in which professions of ignorance of the usages of the country were curiously mixed up with confessions of my desire to see assembled together the distinguished beauties of Greece, were most graciously received, and I was placed in the

centre of the lovely group, whilst the chibouque, coffee, sweets, (τὸ γλυκὺ,) and water, were successively presented to me by the fairest of hands ! I might *then* (fifteen years ago) have been pardoned imagining myself for the moment a young Pacha, encircled by an exquisitely selected Harem ! This innovation upon long-established usages was much talked of and criticised at the time ; but before many days had passed it was generally admitted, even by the benedicts, that the adoption of it would be an improvement upon the unsocial fashion of the day. In truth, it was full time that the ladies of Greece should reap some advantages from the national independence, and be released more fully from the seclusion which, by the expulsion of the Turks, had been rendered unnecessary as a measure of protection (alas ! too often had it been found inefficient !) to the sanctity of their homes.

Whilst on this subject, I may, perhaps, be excused for recalling another anecdote, which may set in a stronger light the change which has taken place in the national feelings on this head.

In the early part of 1826, a distinguished

Roumeliote Chief, Mavrojanni, was married at Athens. The marriage was in some sort a public one, and the guests were very numerous. Among them were, Colonel Fabvier ; Renaud de St. Jean d' Angely, who commanded the regular cavalry ; Count Porro Lambertenghi, of Milan ; and two or three other officers of the regular troops : I also was invited. After escorting the bride in procession, from the house of her father to that of the bridegroom, and assisting at the marriage ceremony—or “ crowning,” (στεφάνωμα,) as it is called, from the circlets or crowns which are placed alternately on the heads of the bride and bridegroom ; a ceremony which in the Greek church is very tedious, but which on this occasion, being performed in an orange garden, and in the midst of a brilliant assemblage, lighted up by the rays of a vernal sun, was not found so by us—the guests were summoned to partake of a dinner, provided for them by the bridegroom. To my amazement, the ladies moved off to one side the house, and we were marched off in an opposite direction, where we devoured our meal unblessed by their presence. The dinner was most profuse, and was followed

by toasts, proposed and drunk pretty nearly in the English fashion. The variety of the former, and the patriotic tone of the latter were, in my eyes, but indifferent compensations for the absence of the bright glances which had coruscated among the orange trees in the early part of the day ; and I inquired from my neighbour when we should "join the ladies." "Not at all," said he ; "they are dancing in their quarter, and we must drink in ours." I doubted the necessity of so doing, and, making my escape quietly, speedily found myself a spectator of the terpsichorean feats of the fair Athenians, whose sanctuary, however, I did not presume to invade, remaining confounded with the inquisitive crowd which surrounded the entrance. My modesty was before long rewarded by an invitation from the mistress of the ceremonies, to approach the queen of the evening, at whose feet I was accordingly installed, chibouque in hand, the only male of the numerous assemblage. On the carpets near me were sprinkled some very interesting specimens of Grecian beauty. Whether my successful intrusion were reported or not in the dining-room I do not remember ; but I had

not been long settled on my "carpet of contentment," when Fabvier, Renaud de St. Jean d'Angely, and Count Porro, successively made their appearance at the gates of the Paradise, and were bidden within its precincts. Their example was again followed by others, and, before the evening concluded, the assemblage became almost as much mixed as an European one; quadrilles were attempted, and with the assistance of one or two of the dames who had visited France, even a waltz was perpetrated, to the amaze, and almost horror, of their less sophisticated countrywomen. What is now the established fashion of the day was then an unexampled innovation!

The first day of the Greek Lent fell upon the 9th instant. It is not distinguished from the days which close the carnival otherwise than by a general abstinence from animal food, the maskers still retaining their carnival attire. It is somewhat curious for a Frank,* to see worn as

* The name bestowed indiscriminately upon Europeans not Greeks.

masquerade dresses the every-day costume of his own country. Among the masks of this day, which in general were badly dressed and without meaning, I observed one group which was by no means deficient in character. It was composed of two individuals dressed as Europeans of fashion, attended by a third in the Turkish dress, carrying an umbrella, camp-stool, &c.—representing two European travellers and their dragoman. From time to time the Franks would make a halt, take out their portfolios, and be seemingly intently occupied in taking a sketch, or in drawing the portrait of some one whom they would stop for that purpose. Anon they would enter into conversation with another of the passers by, through the medium of their attendant, as if themselves ignorant of the country, and affecting to be much struck with some remark or reply, would take out their note-books and set it down therein, with an air of infinite satisfaction. It was really a good practical satire upon the bearing of many European travellers.

About two, P.M., accompanied by my friend

K——, I strolled out of the city in the direction of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, in the neighbourhood of which it is customary for the Athenians to congregate on this day, and to partake in public of their first Lenten meal. The spectacle which awaited us was of a most animated and interesting character, and distinguished by peculiarities which would in vain be sought for elsewhere than on Attic soil.

The day was brilliantly clear, and the greater part of the population of Athens had quitted the city, and was collected on the plain around the ruins of the temple, along the banks of the Ilissus, on the Eleusinium, and on the rocky sides of the hills which rise abruptly beyond the bed of the river. Several thousands of people, of both sexes, and of all ages, were thus assembled in a sort of natural amphitheatre of about a third of a mile in diameter. Some, like ourselves, were there merely as spectators ; but by far the greater number were active partakers in the occupations of the day, which were by no means those of a day of fasting.

Here was to be seen a family group seated in a circle on the turf, tranquilly discussing their bread and olives, and washing down with wine their otherwise abstemious fare ; there was a more numerous band, already slightly exhilarated by the juice of the grape, linked hand-in-hand, and threading the mazes of the albanitika—their movements regulated by the simple notes of the mandolin, or not unfrequently by the cadences of their own voices ; hard by, a party of a more grave character stood listening to the song or recitation of some Homer of modern times ; on the outskirts of the assemblage were horsemen, both gentle and simple, in point-de-vice European uniform, and in flowing Albanian camise and capote, skirring across the plain in quest of admiration ; bright eyes glancing from many of the groups, and bestowing the desired meed ; and a general air of joyousness and contentment pervading alike among actors and spectators. Such was the character of the scenes of animated life, with which the distant view of the Egean and its isles, glowing in sunshine, but

undimmed by the haze which accompanies intense heat, was in perfect harmony. Meanwhile the monuments of the Athens of other ages,—the silent Stadium,—the stately and palm-like columns of the Olympium,—the Acropolis, severe in beauty,—were thrown into bolder relief by the contrast which their desolate aspect offered to the gay and brilliant groups which thronged in their vicinity.

The King and Queen, with a brilliant suite of attendants, among whom was the lovely Madlle. Bozzaris, made their appearance on the ground in the course of the afternoon, and mingled with the crowd, so far as a band of equestrians might do so without danger to their neighbours. They were greeted from all quarters with acclamations of “*Ζήτω ὁ Βασιλεὺς—Ζήτω ἡ Βασίλισσα*” (Long live the King—long live the Queen,) and the King accepted the invitation of more than one group, to partake of their wine-cup. The Queen declined the proffers of the same nature which were made to her, but her refusal was expressed with so much sweetness as to draw

forth yet more enthusiastic expressions of loyalty. The King wore the Albanian garb, and, with hand at the bridle-rein of his fair princess, charged the rocky hills beyond the Ilissus as became a good pallekari.

CHAPTER V.

Public Schools—Rev. Mr. Hill and his lady—Temple of Jupiter Olympius—Causes of disappearance of ancient ruins—Power of those who raised them, and prospects of their descendants.

March 10th to 15th.—In company with one or two other Englishmen, I have been admitted into the schools which are under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Hill and his lady.

The public establishment, in which children are educated without charge, is supported by funds supplied by the American Missionary Society, augmented by the voluntary contributions of European Philhellenes. It affords the means of gratuitous instruction to about five hundred children of the poorer classes. The private establish-

ment is devoted to the education of the children of persons in the higher walks of life, who can pay for their instruction, and to that of children who are brought up at the charge of the Government. Of these classes, there are about one hundred and twenty, nearly two-thirds of whom are resident in the house, under the immediate care of the amiable directress of the institution. The school-rooms of the private establishment exhibited a series of gratifying and beautiful pictures of infantine life. The pupils are, for the most part, very young girls, distinguished, with few exceptions, by an air of extreme intelligence and vivacity, and in many instances by countenances of singular delicacy and beauty. When we were admitted into the rooms, they were pursuing their studies in classes, and it was evident that their occupations were regarded by them rather as an enjoyment than as a task—a pledge, I should think, of future proficiency on the part of the students. Having observed that several very young damsels had produced drawings of no inconsiderable merit, as also that the musical pupils were less numerous and apparently less advanced in their

studies, although under the guidance of an accomplished musician, I was tempted to inquire whether this difference arose from a preference accorded to the former study by the parents, or from a peculiar taste for it on the part of the pupils, and was informed in reply that, among the latter, a decided talent for design is of frequent occurrence, whilst a taste or talent for music is comparatively rare. Mrs. Hill numbers among her pupils the daughters of many of the first Greek families of Constantinople, as well as of the most distinguished of Greece Proper. The names of Kriezis, Mavrocordato, Grivas, &c., fall oddly, but pleasingly, on the ear, in this scene of youthful loveliness and simplicity.

The impression which remains with the visitor who has the gratification of seeing Mrs. Hill in the midst of her flock, is, that she possesses that "jewel beyond all price" to the instructress of youth—the talent of winning the heart, while she forms the mind. Madame Tricoupi, who is well acquainted with such part of the establishment as does not admit of the inspection of a male visitor, speaks of it as perfect throughout.

and of its inmates as a happy family, of which Mrs. Hill is the centre.

Besides the public school under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, there is a Greek school established by voluntary contributions, and supported by subscriptions of the same nature. The building devoted to it is spacious and handsome. I have not visited the interior; but, as the entrance to it is immediately opposite to my windows, I have had frequent opportunities of observing that it is numerously attended. It is, I am informed, conducted exclusively by Greeks, and extremely well managed. In the first instance, it was established as a rival to that of the Americans, by parties who were jealous of the influence and reputation acquired by them; but so far were they (the Americans) from looking upon it in that light, that they assisted the conductors of it by every means in their power, and eventually gave them teachers formed in their own establishment.

The Rev. Mr. Hill and his lady have since supplied the schools in Hydra with teachers, and thus may be said to be pouring the blessings of

education into Greece through a variety of channels. I have already remarked, that when they first took up their residence at Athens, scarcely a house of the modern city had been rebuilt; the commencement of their career of usefulness must have been attended with many privations, but they have since been compensated by the consciousness that those privations have not been suffered in vain, and by the respect and approval of all those who can or will appreciate the influence which the education of the rising generation must have upon the fates of the country. It is gratifying to know that the youth of Greece, both male and female, display as much ardour as capacity for the acquisition of knowledge.

There has hitherto been little mention made in my journal of the monuments of ancient Greece, and the objects which usually form the leading topic of wanderers in these lands would seem to have been neglected by me. Such, however, has been by no means the case; and I can safely appeal to Mr. De V. . . , Capt. Wilf. . d, and Mr. B. . . n C. . . ke, and claim their testimony (if ever this work should fall into their

hands, and the writer be remembered by them) to the frequency and fervency of my pilgrimages to the shrines of antiquity, many of which, happily for me, have been performed in their society. The shrine which I have most frequented is that of Jupiter Olympius ; my favourite evening lounge being among the ruins of the temple dedicated to that deity. To stroll towards them a little before sunset became a habit with me when I was before in Athens, and it has been renewed and confirmed during my present visit. Among those who have sojourned in this country, many, I doubt not, have accorded the same preference ; and those who may follow our example will admit that there is good and sufficient reason for it.

In this climate, the sun rarely sinks below the horizon otherwise than in splendour and beauty ; and there is no spot near Athens from which his setting can be contemplated more advantageously than from this one : its splendour is enhanced by the solemnity of the surrounding objects. The worshipper of the departing luminary turns his back upon the living city, and sees only the vestiges of a race whose power and whose exploits

have mingled with the dreams of his boyhood, and as his glance ranges from the citadel, in which they devoutly worshipped and stoutly fought, to the rocky hill which is honeycombed with their tombs—from the Phalerum to Salamis, and from Salamis to Egina—the shadows of the illustrious dead seem to pass dimly before him, and the evening breeze, sweeping round the lofty columns near which he stands, sounds like a solemn dirge.

If it be objected that there is more of imagination than of reality in these inducements to a lounge among the remains of the Olympium, I must appeal to those who have visited them at my favourite hour. Leaving out of the question the *shadows*, (and they are more readily called up than “spirits from the vasty deep,”) my description is mere matter of fact; for the breeze wails and laments among these columns when it is scarcely perceptible elsewhere, and in the gloom and silence of evening with an effect almost unearthly. The loneliness and stillness of a spot where once stood a temple, with the vast extent and magnificence of which every one is familiar,

renders the ground holy ; and the visitor who may have strayed thither merely to cast a glance of admiration at the exquisite finish and colossal proportions of the columns, finds himself, when reposing at their feet, impressed with feelings of melancholy, if not of religious awe. As to the columns themselves, at whatever hour, and under whatever accidents of light and shade they may be seen,—in the blaze of noon, and in the pale moonlight,—they are always surpassingly beautiful, and the group is one of the most striking features in the landscape around Athens. Most devoutly is it to be desired that the desecration of the immediate vicinity of the temple by the construction of any modern buildings should be prohibited by the government !

It has often been a matter of marvel that of the massive walls of the Olympium, and of the other 104 gigantic columns which decorated its exterior, not a fragment should remain. The excavations and the pulling down of the ruins, which the rebuilding of the modern city has of late rendered necessary, have in a great measure cleared up the mystery, by exhibiting fragments of columns,

capitals and architraves of the most elaborate style of workmanship, which had been imbedded in the walls of the meanest buildings of the city of the middle ages. Similar fragments may still be observed in the walls and pavements of the churches now in ruins. If the remains of the ancient monuments were used for private purposes, and in the construction of Christian temples with so little ceremony, it is fair to infer that they were also applied with a lavish hand to the construction of the walls and fortifications, which, owing to the ever-changing fates of the country, must have required constant repairs, if not occasional renewal. It is also notorious that it was customary to break up the marble for the fabrication of lime. So recently as in the year 1825, in one of the islands of the Archipelago, (I think Naxos,) I saw columns of Parian marble broken up for calcination. They were the remains of a temple, from which, twenty or thirty years previously, many perfect columns had been carried off to be used in adorning an adjoining monastery. Used as a quarry by successive governments, and by private individuals during a series of

ages, it is not surprising that these remains should at length have disappeared. Many others have no doubt undergone the same fate, and, under such circumstances, it becomes almost a matter of surprise, that in the vicinity of populous towns any should have been preserved. The Greeks themselves, in the demolition of the monuments of their progenitors, appear to have been, for a time, not less "barbarous" than their oppressors; and their church, in more senses than one, may be said to have been built on the ruins of Paganism. But an European traveller has borne away the palm from all competitors in the work of wanton destruction, as is recorded on a tablet, deposited, together with a defaced inscription, at the foot of the Propylæa. It is recorded, also, by the "barbarian" himself, who, in his correspondence with the *savans* of his age (reign of Louis XV.), boasts not only of having destroyed inscriptions, but of having effaced the remains of several ancient towns, Sparta, Hermione, Træzene, &c., "Je les ai fait non pas raser mais abattre de fond en comble." The reason assigned is, "Je n'avais que ce moyen là pour

rendre illustre mon voyage.” Both Turkish and Romaic barbarism sink into insignificance when compared with that of him who sought thus to render himself “illustrious”—M. L’Abbé Fourmont !

It would appear, however, that the barbarians, both native and foreign, of the middle and latter ages, entertained either a superstitious dread of being the leaders in the work of destruction, or a certain respect for the monuments, the beautiful proportions of which remained uninjured ; and under the influence of the one or the other feeling, confined their ravages to those which had been partially overturned by the barbarians of a more remote age, or by the hand of time ! Otherwise, why should the very fragments of the Olympium have been carried away, whilst other monuments of less extensive proportions have remained uninjured ? In the Acropolis, the Erectheum, which was perfect, (saving the rape of the Caryatides, by Lord Elgin,) until crushed in by a shell during the last siege, offers an argument in support of this belief, as does the Theseum in the plain below. The Parthenon

would seem to have remained inviolate until the fatal explosion, which overthrew so many of its glorious columns during the siege of Morosini. The disjointed fragments have remained undisturbed where they fell, having probably been exempted from the fate of the ruins of other monuments by the peculiar position of the monument itself, and by the enormous bulk of the materials. The Propylæa, in addition to the same causes of preservation, has been protected by having been imbedded in the modern defences of the citadel.

On the walls and columns of the Theseum are many traces of cannon shot, which are commonly stated to be the effects of attempts made by the Turks wantonly to destroy it. I am more disposed to ascribe them to the chances of war. There are similar traces on the columns of the Olympium, which are vulgarly ascribed to the same cause as those on the Theseum ; but these also, I am inclined to think, have been received during some of the many struggles which have taken place for the possession of the city. Both the platform of masonry on which the Temple of

Jupiter has been built, and the mound on which that of Theseus stands, may very well have been chosen as positions, from which the approach to the city, in the respective directions, might be defended. I do not know whether it has been before remarked, that on both these monuments are visible the effects of a more mighty agent of destruction than any which man can wield,—those of an earthquake, or of a succession of earthquakes. The blocks, of which the columns are composed, are in some of them so far displaced, that the profile of the column is converted into a jagged, irregular line ; many of the blocks have also been more or less twisted, so that the grooves of the flutings do not correspond with those of the blocks above or below. This is much more observable in the columns of the Theseum than in those of the Olympium, and can only have been produced in either by the shock of an earthquake.

It appears, then, that the convulsions of nature, as well as the outrages of war, have by turns assailed these monuments ; in despite of which, and of the corroding touch of time, during

a lapse of more than twenty centuries, they still excite our wonder and admiration, as much by perfection of detail as by grandeur of design. While seated in their shade, it would be difficult to refuse to those by whom they were raised the tribute of our veneration, or to dispute the veracity of the historians who record their prowess ; and we must confess, that works of so much grandeur and beauty could have been undertaken and executed only by a people both morally and physically powerful. The contemplation of them will scarcely fail to excite or to increase our sympathy in the fates of their descendants !

Give to the latter a fair chance, and they will, I doubt not, prove themselves as worthy of their illustrious progenitors in the possession of independence, as they have already done in their protracted struggle for the acquisition of it. Those who vilipend the modern Greek, would do well to retrace the history of their own country, whether it be England, France, or Germany, and to mark therein the slow progress of moral and political improvement : with it before their eyes, they will,

perhaps, become less hasty in the judgments they pass upon the inhabitants of this country, nor look upon them as irreclaimable, because the space of twenty years has not sufficed to realize among them visions of Utopian perfection,—twenty years, the half of which was spent either in a war to the knife with their former oppressors, or in a struggle for political existence, amid the intrigues and jealousies of civilized Europe. We sympathize with Turkey now, because she lies prostrate before a Power more formidable than herself, and whose policy is not less opposed than her own to the progress of civilization; but it is not to be forgotten that, as mistress of Greece, she ruled her unhappy vassals with a rod of steel. Held in cruel bondage by a barbarous race, it is marvellous that the Greeks did not themselves fall into a state of irreclaimable barbarism and ignorance; and it is scarcely less surprising that in the short space of time, during which they have enjoyed the blessings of peace and of national independence, they should have been able to assume

among the civilized nations of Europe, so respectable a position as that which they now occupy. The progress of education, their public institutions, their courts of law, and their press, vindicate their title to such position !

CHAPTER VI.

Theatre of Herodes Atticus—Death of Gourrha—Review of present state of the Acropolis, compared with that of 1826, — Propylæa — Temple of Victory — Parthenon — Erechtheum—Galleries of Antiques—Cause of selection of Acropolis as site of the Sanctuary.

I do not know whether the remarks which I have already made respecting the present condition of the monuments of ancient Greece, will suffice to persuade my readers that I am alive to their beauties, or will induce them to grant a perusal to my further observations on the subject.

As it is by no means my intention to play the part of a topographer, nor to make an attempt at archaiological dissertations, I refer those who are desirous of being versed in the topography of the ancient city to the valuable work of

Colonel Leake. Colonel Leake's work has been my companion and my guide, both recently and in former years, and I have found that the discoveries which have been made since he was on the spot, have served only to demonstrate the correctness of the conclusions which he then drew. Although by him and by others the results of much profound learning and research have been applied to the description of the monuments which remain, and to the elucidation of doubts respecting those which have fallen before the scythe of the destroyer, or the sacrilegious hand of the barbarian, I may perhaps, without laying myself open to the charge of presumption, be permitted to offer some observations as to the present state of the former, more especially as compared with that in which they were found by them: the changes which are to be remarked, are more or less the consequence of the political vicissitudes which have taken place during the interval.

These observations I will transcribe nearly verbatim from my journal. They were intended for the perusal of a friend, to whom the descrip-

tions of Colonel Leake are familiar ; my reader is probably equally well acquainted with those descriptions, and he will, I trust, permit me to consider him also as friend for the while, and grant me his pardon both for the freedom of the tone in which I address him, and for the authority of cicerone which I assume.

First, then, let us visit that cynosure of all ages, the Acropolis.

As we approach the citadel from the south, we are struck by the dilapidated condition of the walls of the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, which during the last siege by the Turks suffered severely from the fire of a battery established by them on the hill of Philopapus. The theatre has been literally "peppered" with shot, and its south-west angle has evidently been shaken to its base. Within the theatre was a favourite outwork of Gourrha, and he received his death-wound whilst visiting it during the night. He imprudently fired a shot at one of the Turkish outposts, and the flash of his own piece guided the reply from that which was fatal to him ; the shot, I am told, was accompanied by a shrill cry of, " For Gourrha !"

As we climb the tortuous path which leads towards the Propylæa, the battered condition of the outworks raises melancholy anticipations as to the state of the monuments on the summit of the hill. As regards the Propylæa, these anticipations will be in part realized; but when we first stand at the foot of the rocky ascent to that "most glorious of gates," we are too deeply impressed with admiration to mark the ravages which have been made on the columns by the shot of the besiegers. Such, indeed, is their massiveness and solidity that the injury inflicted is but superficial, and until brought to light by a nearer approach, is lost in the grandeur of their proportions. The iron shower has rained heavily, but almost idly, upon this magnificent monument! It is now entirely cleared of the rude masonry which, in 1826, blocked up the entrances, and in great part concealed the columns, and stands forth in severe majesty and simplicity, to command the veneration of all who approach it. The solidity of the structure supports the theory which supposes the Propylæa to have been intended as a defence, as well as an ornament, to the Acropolis—a theory which is

borne out also by the manner in which the ancient approaches to it have been carried across the face of the hill.

To the right of the Propylæa, (to our right as we ascend towards the entrance,) is the square marble tower assigned to the Venetians; but probably of a much earlier date than their domination; in which the Ulysses (*Ὀδυσσεύς*) of the revolution was confined by the government of the day, and from the summit of which he was either flung, or fell in an attempt to effect his escape.

This tower is now commonly called the Tower of Ulysses. The body of that chieftain, celebrated both for good and for evil, (vide Poucqueville and others,) but perhaps more for the former, was found lifeless at its foot, about the time when an attempt was made to gain possession of his fortified cave, in Mount Parnassus, through the assassination of his friend, Mr. Trelawney. A broken cord was attached to the body, and a rumour was circulated by his quondam friend and follower, Gourrha, that he had fallen when attempting to escape; but marks of

strangulation about his neck, and other indications of a mortal struggle, led to a conclusion that he had been slain first, and then thrown down from the top of the tower. It was rumoured in Athens, at the time, that a messenger from Northern Greece had brought to the Acropolis, the day previous, a divided orange or pomegranate, and that this mysterious token indicated that the capture of the stronghold of the imprisoned chieftain was assured to those implicated in the conspiracy against his friend Trelawney. The tower being within the fortifications of the Acropolis, his escape from it would by no means have assured his liberty.

Considerably in advance of this, on a platform of ancient masonry, is the exquisitely beautiful little Temple of Victory without wings (*Νίκη ἀπτερά*), which was seen and described by Pockocke; but was afterwards thrown down and remained hidden from subsequent travellers. The columns and capitals and the materials of the Cella were found embedded among the rude works of defence constructed around the platform upon which the temple had stood, and upon

which, thanks to the restoring care of the present government, it now again stands. They have suffered comparatively little during the vicissitudes to which they have been subjected ; from which circumstance it may be inferred that the soldier, who found the demolition of the temple to be necessary for the completion of the defences of his stronghold, was not insensible to its beauty, and looked forward to the possibility of its re-erection. At all events it is pleasing to suppose that such a feeling existed in an age of barbarism ! Had not this beautiful fabric been for a while entombed, the slender and graceful columns with which it is adorned, as well as the walls of the Cella, must have been broken to pieces by the shot which rebounded idly from the Propylæa.

The Venetian tower, and a lofty pedestal of marble which stands in advance of the left wing of the Propylæa, have been battered with shot as furiously as the angle of the Theatre of Herodes, and it is a matter of surprise that they have not both fallen. As they are built in a style which is by no means in harmony with that of their

mighty neighbour, their fall would scarcely have been regretted.

As we ascend to the Propylæa, we cannot fail to remark broad and deep traces of wheels on the rock on which we tread, nor to feel surprised that chariots should have been driven up such an acclivity ; however adventurous may be the charioteers of modern days, they would shrink from the attempt. These traces terminate at a short distance below the gateway, where the precipitous rock has probably been covered with steps of marble. Passing onwards, we tread upon the pavement which has echoed to the footsteps of the heroes of our youthful reveries ; and within the Propylæa find pedestals ranged on either side of our path, which we may suppose to have supported statues dedicated to them. The statues are no longer there, and the pedestals were hidden during many centuries. It is to be regretted that this assemblage, so admirably calculated to exalt the patriotism and devotion of those who were on their way to offer their trophies and their thanksgivings to the blue-eyed Protectress of the State, should not have

been preserved for the admiration of after ages.

Ascending towards the Parthenon, we continue to tread on the veritable platform of the Acropolis, which, between the Propylæa and the Temple, and also along the greater part of the northern side of the latter, has been relieved from the mean constructions and from the accumulation of soil and fragments with which a few years ago it was encumbered to the height of several feet. You will observe that a numerous gang of labourers are now actively employed in the prosecution of this "good work," and that they exercise infinite care while carrying on their excavations among the pile of immense fragments which were projected beyond the basement of the temple by the fatal explosion of 1687. Among these are many precious *morceaux* of the frieze and metopes.

However long we might linger among the ruins of this most majestic and beautiful of temples, I should expect you to pronounce our stay far too brief, and should be much disappointed if you did not declare that no description

has yet done justice to its grandeur and beauty. In any anathema you might utter against the builders of the unsightly structure, by turns mosque and church, which cumpers the precinct of the holy of holies, I should most heartily sympathize; and not less so in any tribute of admiration, however extravagant, you might be disposed to offer to the lordly citizen in whose brain the beauteous fabric first was reared.

Before turning away from the Parthenon, I should point out to you a broad space near to its south-east angle, covered with huge half-hewn masses of marble, and with unfinished columns of the same dimensions as those of the temple, which lie confusedly together, as if the workmen employed in fashioning them had just quitted their labours. The ground in the vicinity is strewn with the fragments which have been struck off from them. The adjoining basement of a temple, or other extensive building, which the workmen are at this time occupied in clearing, might perhaps assist our speculations as to the uses to which they were destined; but those in which we might indulge as to the means

used for conveying blocks of such weight and size from the bowels of the mount Pentelicus to the summit of the hill of the Acropolis, must, of necessity, be very inconclusive. I should then lead you to the Erectheum.

After allowing you to decide, if possible, to your satisfaction, to which deity each of the several compartments of this triple temple has been dedicated, and what part of it has been shaded by the sacred olive of Minerva, or watered by the fountain of Neptune, I should call your attention to the melancholy catastrophe which has converted the northern portico (to use the nomenclature of Leake) into a heap of ruins. When I was last here, it was in a more perfect state of preservation than any other monument of the Acropolis, which was perhaps owing as much to its exquisite beauty as to the causes suggested in the preceding chapter. An examination of the Ionic capitals, and of the broken cornices which protrude themselves from among the ruins, will enable you to form an adequate estimate of the extreme delicacy of its details. As specimens of the power of the chisel, and of

the ductility of marble, they are excelled only by the works of the statuaries of the same age. It is the intention of government to attempt to restore this beautiful little temple ; and as it seems to have been borne down by the weight suddenly added to that of the other objects laid upon the roof for its protection, rather than to have been dissevered by the explosion of the shell, it is probable that its restoration will be fully as effective as that of the Temple of Victory. Such a consummation would have been utterly unattainable, had it been applied by the Greeks to the same uses to which it was devoted by the Turks. The latter, notwithstanding the warning given by the explosion of the powder magazine in the Parthenon, had converted it into a storehouse of the same description. At the time of its fall, the widow of Gourrha, her children, her servants, and several of her friends, had sought in it a refuge from the fire of the besiegers, and were crushed to death in its ruins. I was much struck by a remark as to their fate, made to me by a Greek of the old school, who had been one of the followers of Gourrha—"Gourrha be-

trayed the man *whose bread he had eaten*, and himself and his family paid the forfeit of his treachery.”

In my double capacity of cicerone and quondam Philhellene, I should point out to you the ruins of some buildings which were the residence of this fair victim, when, in the zenith of her husband's power and of her own youth and beauty, she was in some sort the queen of Athens ; and I should not fail to tell you that within those now desolate walls I have been welcomed with coffee and sweetmeats from her fair hands.

In the same twofold character I should call your attention to that pile of human skulls and bones, which our veteran guide will tell us are the remains of those who have fallen in defence of the citadel, assuring us that within that narrow space more than fifteen hundred of the former are collected. It will probably suggest itself to you, that these relics ought before now to have been honoured with a grave or a trophy, or with both ; our guide, however, will inform us that they are destined to bleach in the wind and sun until the pile be completed, by the addi-

tion of those which yet lie scattered among the rubbish on the uncleared part of the platform. The remains of Græek and Turk, of Christian and Mussulman, will then be deposited in the same sepulchre. The clearance of the platform will necessarily be a work of time, the accumulated mass on its surface being in some places from eight to ten feet in depth, and rarely less than six ; it is a mixture of soil, stones, bricks, fragments of earthenware, cement, and sculptured marble, among which are interspersed human bones, and shot and shells of enormous size—a melancholy illustration of the history of the spot. If curious in such matters, you may remark that many of the skulls are distinguished by the lofty Roumeliote forehead, and that not a few bear traces of the wound by which the “human capital and column” were laid prostrate among the ruins of loftier but less wondrous fabrics.

With or without my guidance, you will, without fail, be conducted into the vaults of the Casemates, which now serve as deposits for the fragments of sculpture which are discovered in clearing away the above accumulation ; as also

to the ex-mosque of the Parthenon, and a spacious chamber attached to the north wing of the Propylæa, which are applied to the same uses. The latter, if I mistake not, was used as a pœcile, or gallery, when visited by Pausanias.

In these temporary galleries of sculpture you will find many specimens of almost ideal beauty, at the head of which by many is placed a basso-relievo of Victory (winged), in the act of loosening or fastening her sandal. The head and such part of the bust as is not covered by the drapery, are "breathingly" beautiful, and the drapery itself seems to flutter in the breeze; but it is difficult to bestow the palm, when it is contended for by a crowd of claimants of indisputable merit. Some of the recently-discovered fragments of the frieze of the Parthenon, representing the Panathenaic procession, are so highly finished that they might be supposed to have been destined for microscopic observation, rather than for the decoration of a part of the building so far above the level of the spectator. The same remark may, with equal justice, be made as to the Metopes of

the same building, which have been disintombed during the progress of the excavations on the northern side of the temple. The veins and muscles of the horses seem to quiver under the eyes of the examiner. It is almost superfluous to point out that the extreme delicacy of the details, which a close examination discloses, does not in any way detract from their vigour of effect, when contemplated at a distance. A very small portion of such of the bassi-rilievi as have been mutilated, suffices to bring before you the story which the group when complete has told.

In these museums, are also preserved various other objects which have been brought to light by the excavations around the Parthenon : vases of terra-cotta and of glass ; armour, arms, and ornaments of bronze ; skulls, reputed to be Hellenic, &c. Among the vases are several of peculiar form and of singular beauty, and the collection altogether is highly interesting, as connected with the history of the surrounding localities, although as yet in a very confused state, and but insignificant in point of extent,

when compared with others which exist in European* capitals. Among the relics which have been collected from the ruins of the temple are numerous small blocks or wedges of cedar-wood, which have been used instead of metal to bind together the masses of which the columns are composed; they are still perfectly solid, though somewhat shrunken from their original shape and dimensions, probably since the prostration of the columns has exposed them more or less to the action of the atmosphere. In one of the casemates, an Italian artist is busied in preparing a caryatid of marble, to replace that which was carried away by Lord Elgin. Allowing you to make what reflections you please on the delegation of this duty to an Italian, in the very *studio* of Phidias, I should point out to you how much the southern portico of the Erechtheum is disfigured by the plaster column, which for the present occupies the post of the fugitive

* I have to apologize if, here and elsewhere, I speak of Athens or Greece, as distinct from Europe. This distinction has, of course, reference only to the Asiatic character of its inhabitants.

lady. You will also remark how grievously the south-west angle of the Parthenon is defaced by the absence of the metopes carried away at the same time, and by the traces of the violence used in the abstraction of them ; and, however charitably disposed you may have been towards the “ Pict” and his motives, before contemplating these monuments, on quitting them you will scarcely fail to class him with those barbarians, from whose destroying hand he professed to rescue the treasures which he bore away to his own land.

It should, however, in justice, be remarked, that probably at the time he carried them away he was justified in believing that he did so rescue them. Whether the expediency of destroying the Hellenic monuments had then been discussed by the Turks, I know not ; but not very long afterwards, the destruction of them was certainly contemplated as a means of rendering the Greeks less mindful of the power and independence of their progenitors. I have been asked more than once by Greeks, whether it be

not the intention of the British Government to restore them !

Before leaving the Acropolis, I should point out to you a passage hewn out of the rock, which led down, from the interior of the citadel, to the Agraulium, the discovery of which illustrates several incidents of Athenian history. I should also invite you to ascend the winding staircase, constructed within the south-west angle of the portico of the Parthenon, and leading out upon its roof, whence you will command a magnificent and extensive view, which embraces a great portion of Attica, many of the islands beyond its southern promontory, the isles and opposite coasts of the Saronic Gulf, the Plain of Athens, Hymettus, Pentelicus, Parnes, &c. As the view from this point is uninterrupted in every direction, it is probable that the staircase had been constructed during the lower ages to serve the purposes of a watch-tower. The external masonry is of Pentelican marble, and is well put together, from which it may be inferred that it is the work of an artist who was not insensible to the vandalism of making any

addition to the sacred fabric, and was desirous of rendering his work as unobtrusive as might be. It is evidently of a far earlier date than any of the modern buildings of the Acropolis, excepting only the Tower of Ulysses. The buildings raised by the Turks were invariably of the rudest materials and workmanship, planned and executed without reference to their incongruity with the beautiful monuments around them. The church, or mosque, in the interior of the Parthenon, which is quite of this character, is destined to be removed altogether.

If the beauty of surrounding objects enhance our feelings of devotion, no spot could be more judiciously selected for the site of a temple than that on which the Parthenon stands ; and you will probably ascribe to some impression of this nature, prevailing alike with the refined, and with the barbarian lords of the city below, both its first selection as a "high place" by those who transported hither the worship of the blue-eyed goddess from the banks of the Nile,* and

* From Sais, where she was worshipped with great devotion under the name of Neth or Neith, ΝΗΘ.

the alternate adoption of it, in the same capacity, by the worshippers of the true Jehovah, and by the followers of Mahomet.

It would be ungracious for lovers of the antique and beautiful to turn away from the Acropolis, without expressing their admiration of the exertions made by the present government to free this hallowed spot from the accumulations by which so many of its beauties have been concealed during a series of ages. The progress made may have been somewhat slow, but in appreciating what has been done, and what is now doing, for the attainment of this object, it must not be forgotten that the means which the government has at its disposal are very limited, and the claims upon it very numerous.

CHAPTER VII.

Temple of Theseus—Areopagus—Pnyx—Monument of Philopappus—Turkish batteries—Ilissus—Long walls and defences of the three harbours—Temple of the Winds—Agora—Street of Kings—Lantern of Demosthenes—State of the streets and buildings of modern Athens—Site chosen unfavourable to further discoveries of remains of antiquity.

FROM the citadel, I should conduct you to the Temple of Theseus, the inspection of which will interest you almost as deeply as that of the Parthenon. The shrine of the hero of Paganism, at the time I last visited it, was consecrated to one of the heroes of Christianity—to St. George. This monument, in which severe simplicity and beauty are so happily blended, has withstood (as before observed) the shocks of earthquakes and the outrages of war, and is still in a comparatively perfect state. It is now used as a gallery

of sculpture, and you will remark therein several figures and groups, the perfection of which bears witness to their being the production of the golden age of the art, whilst others are not less evidently of a date greatly anterior to it, approximating very much in their outline and attitudes to those of Egyptian creation. The gallery is rich also in inscriptions of high historical interest, among which are to be observed, lists of the citizens who fell in some of the most celebrated battles of the republic.

From the Temple of Theseus it would be well to retrace our steps towards the Acropolis, and to ascend the hill of the Areopagus as far as the Grotto of the Furies. Clambering over some masses of rock, the disruption of which from the parent hill has laid open the inmost recesses of the cavern, we shall have no difficulty in approaching the "dark waters" within. Thence we will pass round to the southern side of the hill, and reach its summit by the staircase, which, of old, was reserved for the members of that inflexible and mysterious tribunal which sat and judged only in darkness. The staircase,

being hewn out of the body of the rock, remains unchanged. Not so the summit of the hill, on which are now strewn the remains of a battery, or earthwork, thrown up during the last siege.

Notwithstanding this change in its aspect, we certainly shall not quit the spot without calling to mind, that from it the great Apostle of Christianity declared unto the Athenians who was the *unknown God* whom they ignorantly worshipped, and told them, in a discourse glowing scarcely less with the poetical influence of the surrounding objects than with the divine inspiration of his mission, that "he dwelleth not in temples made with hands." To tell the Athenians *this*, when in the midst of their beautiful and beloved fanes, was a duty, from the performance of which the hardy soldier might have shrunk back, but from which the Apostle of Truth did not recoil.

Descending from the hill of Mars, I should direct your steps towards Mount Lycabettus, (sec. Leake,) more commonly known as the Hill of Philopapus, and crossing the valley, where once stood a populous quarter of the city, and

where now is the promise of a rich crop of grain, I should lead you to the Cyclopean wall, beneath the Pnyx. As this work has been but little noticed by those who have described the situation of the Pnyx, I should point out to you that it has been carried from one rocky side of a ravine to another, in order that the hollow beneath that monument might be filled up and converted into a semi-circular plain, slightly rising towards its outward boundary, and so as to permit the assemblage of a numerous audience in close proximity with the orator. It would scarcely be necessary for me to call your attention to the unwieldy proportions of the roughly-fashioned blocks of which the wall is composed : laid together without cement, their immense weight has sufficed to preserve them in sullen stability, whilst cities and temples have risen and fallen around them, and will probably so preserve them until the grand consummation of all things. The Pnyx itself is equally unchanged ; hewn out of an elevated portion of the rocky ridge, the Βημῶν, with the steps or seats by which it is encircled, save in the accessories of the orator and his entranced auditory, wears

the same aspect, "simple and severe," as in the days of Demosthenes. It is turned towards the city, of which, of the Acropolis, and of the plain of Athens, with the mountains beyond, it commands an admirable view. On the reverse side of the ridge, but at a very short distance, is another *Βημα*, also hewn out of the rock, which has been partially destroyed. The latter looks towards the Phalerum, commanding a view of Salamis and the Egean. The two may have been used, as it suited the purpose of the orator, to awake either the naval or military reminiscences of his audience, or, as is more probable, they may have belonged to different epochs of Athenian history.*

At a short distance from the Pnyx, we shall find a small ruined chapel, which occupies the site of an ancient postern, and during the last siege was occupied as an advanced work by the Turks. A few minutes walk thence, along the cityward face of Mount Lycabettus, will bring us to the chambers excavated in the rock, which

* Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, states that the *Βημα* was originally built to front towards the sea, and by the Thirty Tyrants turned towards the land.

are styled the prison of Socrates. Issuing from the gate, we can visit, in an equally short space of time, the spacious tomb in which the illustrious victor of the Olympic games and his favourite horses were buried, and pursuing our walk to some distance, we shall find, in the seaward face of the same mount, other repositories for the dead, some of which are simple excavations in the rock for the reception of one body, and others excavated chambers of ample dimensions, in which several may have been deposited. On the hills adjoining, which slope gently towards the sea, you will observe terraces formed in the rock, and excavations evidently made to receive the foundations of buildings; also cisterns, many of them very spacious, hollowed out of the rock; these vestiges being very numerous, and scattered over a wide surface, will lead you to infer that a crowded extra-mural population has existed in this quarter.

Retracing our steps to the ruined chapel, we can thence follow the walls of the city as far as the monument of Philopapus, observing, by the way, that the line of defence of the ancient city was converted by the Turks into a line of offence

against the Acropolis. The same circumstance would strike you if we traced the line of the walls on the crest of the hills in the opposite direction, towards the temple of Theseus, the remains of the Turkish batteries being very evident also on that side of the citadel. As the monument of Philopapus crowns the summit of the hill, it became the centre of the most formidable of the batteries thrown up by the Turks, and has, in consequence, suffered greatly from the fire of the besieged. The shot has literally rained upon it, and the dimensions of the blocks of marble, of which it is composed, alone have preserved it from entire destruction. As it is, the solidity of the monument has been shaken, and its dimensions are considerably reduced from what they were some years ago—a circumstance which is to be regretted rather because, owing to its situation, it forms one of the peculiar features of Athenian landscape, than because it possesses any intrinsic architectural merit.

From the summit of the hill, acting as your guide, I should follow the line of the ancient walls and of the Turkish trenches, down its precipitous flank, and across the plain below, as

far as the banks of the Ilissus. Your further progress to the northward and westward, which would include the Olympium, the Arch of Hadrian, the Stadium, and perhaps the classic grounds (no longer shades) of the Lyceum and Academy, would be pursued more profitably under the exclusive guidance of Colonel Leake than under mine, no change either for better or for worse having been wrought therein by recent events. If, on reaching the banks of the Ilissus, you had expressed your surprise at the miserable dearth of water in the bed of a river so celebrated by the city poets, and your indignation at their misrepresentations respecting it, I should volunteer my guidance as far as the Fountain of Callirhoë, in order to be assured that you did not pass unnoticed the traces which the rocks above retain of the passage of a powerful stream of water over them. The poets are not to be held responsible if the waters by which they loved to wander, and whose delicious coolness they sung, have either been allured from their native bed for the purposes of husbandry, or affrighted from it by some convulsion of nature. My last act

of ciceroneship in this quarter, would be to call your attention to the stone-quarries on the sides of Mount Anchesmus, and to claim your concurrence in the ban which I should pronounce against those who have thus rudely invaded the beauty, if not the identity, of that classic hill, by destroying the graceful outline of its base.

This sketch of my progress as a cicerone may have been found somewhat tedious, and therefore, as regards the monuments within the limits of the modern city, I shall confine myself to merely noting down the discoveries or changes which have been effected of late years.

First, however, let me recommend to those who are desirous of appreciating the power and enterprise of the ancient Athenians, not to confine their researches to the limits of the city, ancient or modern, but to direct them to the walls which united the city with the Piræus, and to those by which that port, and the adjacent harbours and promontories, were defended. Of the former, the remains are but insignificant, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the Piræus ; but enough still exists near to that port

to demonstrate the strength and solidity of the work. The latter are in a much better state of preservation, and, commencing operations at the north tower of the Phalerum, it is a task of not very difficult accomplishment to trace them throughout their full extent. The wall which connected the defences of Port Phalerum with the southernmost (or Phaleric) of the long walls may be followed without difficulty to the point where the junction took place. The sea-walls of the port itself, and the towers by which the entrance was protected, are yet above the level of the sea, and the seaward defences on the hill above, which, following the line of coast, connect the fortifications of the Phalerum with those of Port Munychia, although much dilapidated, are easily to be traced. Crossing the neck of Port Munychia, and following the shore of the Promontory of Alcimus, the wall and the towers by which it has been defended will be found in a much better state of preservation. They have been constructed of large hewn blocks of stone, several layers of which, with occasional interruptions, have remained undisturbed throughout the whole

length of the wall. No cement has been used in putting them together, but the masonry is excellent; and if the walls had been attacked only by time, the solidity of the materials would probably have preserved them in nearly the same state as they are described to have been in the time of Thucydides. In breadth and style of construction, the remains correspond with his description. The towers are of frequent occurrence throughout the whole line, which, following the irregularities of the coast to the entrance of Port Piræus, completes and connects the defences of the three ports. It is computed that from the north point of the Phalerum to the entrance of Port Piræus, the length of the wall is about seven miles, or sixty stadia. The length of the long walls conjointly was seventy-five stadia; the northern one, or Pieraic, being forty stadia, and the southern, or Phaleric, thirty-five stadia. Looking at the extent of these accessories to the defences of the city, and having in view the solidity and masterly style of their construction, and the disregard to obstacles of every description with which the seaward portion of

them has been carried perseveringly along the line of coast, we cannot fail to draw conclusions favourable to the energy and enterprise of the citizens, which we may have been previously disposed to think were lavished to an undue extent on their temples and their theatres.

In appreciating these works as monuments of the power of the Athenians, it should not be lost sight of that they were erected in haste, and at a time when the resources and population of the state were comparatively exhausted by the recent irruption of the Persians. They are also lasting monuments of their ingratitude towards him who, scarcely less by his skilful diplomacy than by his naval and military exploits, had vindicated his right to be styled the saviour of his country. I scarcely need remind my readers that they were constructed by the counsel of Themistocles.

On the enclosed promontories may be observed several quarries, from which the materials for the walls have doubtless been taken, as also the remains of two theatres, and other indications that a numerous population has at one time been collected upon them.

Praying pardon for this digression, I return to the monuments within the limits of the modern city.

An excavation has been made round the Tower of Titus Andronicus, commonly called the Temple of the Winds, by which the basement of that building, as well as a portion of the aqueduct by which the Clepsydra within it was supplied, has been laid open to the inspection of the antiquarian.

The Gate of the Agora has been cleared in the same manner, and the ancient pavement in its vicinity laid bare. Many other portions of the Agora, which had been blocked up and concealed by Turkish buildings, have also been brought to light; and in various other parts of the city have been discovered walls and foundations of ancient buildings, which will much assist future visitors in their researches respecting the topography of the Hellenic city.

The exact line of the Street of Kings or of Heroes, which led from the Agora to the Temple of Theseus, has been indicated by the discovery of one of the statues by which it was ornamented.



The statue is that of Erichthonius. It is of colossal dimensions, and is more remarkable on that account than for expression or high finish. On a casual glance, its attitude appears to be that of kneeling ; but further inspection will shew that the limbs from the knee downwards terminate in fins, which are doubled up behind. This statue was brought to light by the demolition of a Turkish house, of which it formed the principal support, being the centre where the four main walls of the building met. The line of the street is still encumbered with the ruins of houses, among which, besides the above statue and its pedestal, two pedestals suitable for statues of similar dimensions have been released from their modern superstructure of brick and mortar. As they are in a line with the statue of Erichthonius, and at equal distances from it ; they sufficiently indicate the direction of the street, and of the goodly array of heroes by which this approach to the temple of a hero was decorated.

The convent adjoining the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, more commonly known as

the Lantern of Demosthenes, has been left in a very ruinous state by the vicissitudes of the late wars, but that delicate monument has happily escaped uninjured.

The hollow of the hill of the Acropolis, in or against which the great theatre of the Odeum was constructed, has been in some measure disfigured by the rubbish thrown down from the citadel ; but it will nevertheless be a work of no great difficulty to clear the original site of that monument. The sweep of the upper seats, which are formed out of the rock, together with the indentation of the hill below, suffice to indicate to the visiter who clammers to its summit the vast extent of this theatre. The Odeum is, in fact, at a considerable distance from the modern city ; but as a military hospital has been built in the plain immediately below it, it may be considered as virtually within its limits ; at least, sufficiently so to excuse my mention of it in this place.

The specimens and fragments of statuary and sculpture which have been brought to light by the removal of ruins actually within the limits of

the city are very numerous ; they already crowd the temporary galleries before alluded to, and hold out the promise of a museum of unrivalled interest. Besides these objects of intrinsic excellence, are daily discovered others, which are chiefly valuable as having formed parts of monuments which no longer exist, and as illustrating their fate,—I mean, the portions of columns, architraves, &c., of Pentelican marble, which are found enclosed in buildings formed of the roughest materials, or laid down as the foundation stones of houses and churches. Hellenic foundations and portions of walls are also brought to light from day to day.

Those who build on the site to be occupied by the modern city are bound to make known, in an appointed quarter, any discoveries of ancient foundations, or of works of art, which may be made whilst clearing away the ruins preparatory to building. They are also under obligation to build after a plan which has been laid down by government architects, for the streets and squares of the new town.

The present aspect of Athens is more pic-

turesque than beautiful. The street of Hermes, (*ἡ ὁδὸς τοῦ Ἑρμοῦ*), which intersects the city, east and west, running in a right line from the palace towards the road to the Piræus, is the only street which has yet been brought into regular form, and even its sides are not quite cleared from houses in ruins. The other streets, which have been laid down in the government plans, are all more or less incomplete; and a ramble through the city, in any direction, must be pursued through a confused assemblage of well-built houses of recent construction, of miserable hovels raised among the ruins of former habitations, for the purposes of temporary shelter, and of ruined churches and houses, the desolation of which has not yet been intruded upon by the present inhabitants. In the midst of the latter you may frequently observe some half-buried column or massive fragment of antique wall or foundation, thrown into bolder relief by the mean and insignificant proportions of the remains strewn around them. This anomalous association of two epochs of the past with a present so widely different from both, is a peculiarity which

will awake the imagination of the least speculative.

The ruins of the Athens of the last century will, in all probability, entirely disappear before many years are gone by ; for the present inhabitants raise up houses with a rapidity which would seem almost fabulous. It is to be feared, however, that many vestiges of the ancient city will, at the same time, be irrecoverably buried. There is, it is true, a prohibition on the part of the government against building where such vestiges are discovered ; but the interest and convenience of those who build, and the superficial nature of the excavations made by them, compared with the depth of the soil and fragments of all sorts which have accumulated on the site of the old city, will, no doubt, in very many instances, render such prohibition nugatory.

It is greatly to be regretted that the present site should have been selected for the modern town. If the Piræus were considered an ineligible situation for the capital, and, on the score of associations with the past, it had been resolved to make Athens the seat of government, the object might have been accomplished with-

out running the risk of burying much of what remains of the old city; on the contrary, with the assurance of bringing it more effectually to light. Had the ground between the present town, Mount Anchesmus, and the Ilissus, been chosen, or that between the extreme limit of the former and the academy, the modern capital would have been not less completely identified as to its position with the Athens of Pericles, and the ruins of the Athens of the lower ages being used as a quarry to furnish materials for its construction, that portion of the ancient city would have been released from the ignoble superstructures by which it has so long been concealed, and have remained an accessible and rich field for antiquarian research, and a fit appendage to the glorious citadel above.

Of my visit to Phyle and Mount Pentelicus, my ride to the field of Marathon, and my expedition to the caverns of Hymettus, it is unnecessary to give the details, the ground having been trodden by so many, and no perceptible changes having taken place since other pilgrims have recorded their observations. I cannot help, however, remarking a rude statue, probably of

the presiding deity of the place, which is seen in the caverns of Mount Hymettus, and which is evidently of a date far more remote than any preserved in the temporary museums of Athens. This figure is clothed, and the dress is an exact counterpart of the Albanian garb of the present day, petticoat or fustanella included. To the lover of classic lore who visits the field of Marathon, the "moving accidents" of that glorious fight,—thanks to the graphic page of the historian, and to the marked features of the scene,—will be as vividly present as, to the erudite in modern despatches and bulletins who visit *them*, are those of Marengo, Waterloo, or of any other battle-field where the soil is yet rank with the blood of the slain. How few of the latter are there where the victims of the fight command our unmixed sympathy and admiration, like the devoted patriots who fell at Marathon!

In 1826, I visited every corner of Attica, and it is an example which every one who has leisure should follow. The eastern shore of the province offers much matter for antiquarian research, not only in ruins coeval with those of the capital, but in remains of an epoch much anterior, re-

sembling those still existing in the province of Argos, some of which are incontestably of an age more remote than the Trojan war. In the villages of Eastern Attica, the manners of the inhabitants are, or were, marked by a simplicity and hospitality truly patriarchal. They are descendants of the fugitives from North Greece, and both their language and their countenances bear witness to their mountain origin.

The remains of the temple and citadel of Sunium would make a fit centre for an excursion in this province, provided the season were such as would permit a bivouac in the open air, or under a tent. There is now no fear of molestation from pirates on that coast. In rainy or cold weather, the traveller will be received with hospitality and kindness in the villages on the eastern coast. Some of the ruins in that quarter have yet to be described; and the peasants of the district will be better guides than any handbooks, or even than the classical reminiscences of the traveller. I remember to have myself explored, in the midst of an extensive thicket of myrtle, or arbutus, the ruins of a temple, of which I could find no notice in

the records of Gell, or of any previous topographer. If the traveller proceed direct from Athens to Sunium, he can return along the eastern coast to Marathon, and thence either move onward to Thebes or return to Athens across the flank of Mount Pentelicus, taking the celebrated quarries of marble in his way. In 1826, I narrowly escaped being laid hold of by pirates in a small village on the verge of the plain of Marathon; and a few hours afterwards, the band, of which I was one, was welcomed by a discharge of fire-arms from the inhabitants of another village at no great distance, who had been alarmed by intelligence of the piratical descent, and had mustered to give battle *pro aris et focis*. They had mistaken us for a detachment of marauders, and it was not until we had caught a wandering peasant, and dispatched him with a flag of truce to the village, that we were admitted within its limits. Our friendly reception was then as warm as the hostile one would doubtless have been: all the stores of the village were placed at our disposal. There is now neither fear nor hope of adventures of this description.

CHAPTER VIII.

Embark on board government schooner, Nauplia—Arrival at Milo—Harbour—Proposal of Knights of Malta—Visits on board—Ride up to the Castro—Sepulchral chambers—Calls upon the governor, the French consul, and Madame Tataraki—The Castro—Pilots—Beauty of the women—Hellenic city—Theatre—Venus of Milo.

SINCE I have been resident here, I have had occasion to communicate personally with the heads of some of the public offices, and have been gratified by their accessibility, and interested by the simplicity of the style in which business appears to be conducted in the various departments.

The result of these communications rendered it advisable for me to make an excursion to the Island of Milo, and the Minister of Marine had the kindness to afford me the means of doing so

by placing a government schooner at my disposal. I shall take the liberty of offering the notes taken by me during this excursion, from day to day, in their original form of a journal.

March 16.—I left Athens, accompanied by my old friend, A. D. Kriezis, and in the evening embarked on board the *Nauplia*, a beautiful schooner, commanded by the *Σημαιοφόρος*, Hadji Anargyro. The evening being perfectly calm, we were obliged to wait the springing up of the land-breeze before attempting to get to sea, and it was past midnight before we weighed anchor. It being a bright moonlight night, the interval passed away very agreeably, under the soothing influence of the chibouque, and of a selection of music, with which we were regaled by the band of a Dutch frigate moored close to us.

The land-breeze left us soon after we got out of the harbour, and day-break found us at the distance of five or six miles from Cape Alcimus, Salamis and Egina on the one hand, and the bold coast and mountains of Attica, with the Acropolis in the foreground, on the other, presenting a panorama of extreme beauty and interest, but which, under the circumstances, was not appre-

ciated by us so highly as it otherwise might have been. A light breeze sprung up early in the afternoon, and whilst we were beating out of the gulf, we had ample opportunity of examining the details of the various views.

We were off the island of Agios Giorgios (St. George d'Arbora) about eight P. M., when the wind freshened and veered round some points in our favour ; and from thence we had a beautiful run down to this island, and came to an anchor in its magnificent harbour about six o'clock this morning (March 18.) A French two-decker is moored at a short distance from us, and we are informed that two other ships of war of that nation and an English ship of the line were at anchor here in quarantine a few days ago. As yet, on account of the heavy rain which is falling, we have communicated only with the captain of the port. Abreast of us is a small village, bearing the lofty title of *Αδάμαντος*, "the invincible,"* which, possibly, it may have inherited from some strong-hold which formerly

* *Αδάμαντος* is a Hellenic word, signifying alike "adamant" and "invincible;" *αδάμος-μαντος*, and *αδαμντος-ον*, were used, I think, indiscriminately in a substantive sense.

existed on the conical hill above it. A more unpretending name would better suit the present village, which consists of only thirty or forty humble habitations, with a small church, grouped together at the back of the residences of the directors of the customs and of the quarantine ; the latter are close to the shore of the harbour, and though sufficiently modest, are of a much superior character to the houses above.

The harbour is land-locked, and appears to be about five miles in length, and to vary from two to three miles in breadth, except at the entrance, where it is much narrower, and commanded by bold rocky hills on either side. There is great depth of water, and space enough for the united navies of Europe to ride in safety, so that the possession of the island would be of infinite value to a maritime power desirous of controlling the navigation of the Archipelago.

At an early period of the Greek revolution, the Knights of Malta proffered to assist the Greeks with arms and money, on condition that this island and Anti Milo, with one of the neighbouring Cyclades, should be ceded to them in

absolute sovereignty. The Order made a judicious choice, and the Greeks did well to look upon such a proposal with suspicion. Scattered and impoverished as the Order then was, it was more than surmised that the proposals originated with the diplomatists of St. Petersburg, where the grandmastership has been, nominally at least, long resident. Towards the close of the revolution, the French displayed an especial affection for this island.

March 19th.—The heavy rain which was falling when I wrote my notes of yesterday continued throughout the day. It did not, however, prevent the governor from coming down to visit us in reply to the letters which we had sent up to his residence at the Castro. He is a fine, intelligent, old man, having still much of the vigour and vivacity of youth, and speaks both French and Italian with fluency. He was accompanied by one of his sons, an ex-scholar of the banished Cairis, and a perfect model of youthful eastern beauty, as also by the superintendent of the quarries and mines.

We received them with such hospitable ap-

pliances as our sea store afforded, seasoned with the inevitable chibouque and coffee, and afterwards accompanied them on shore to the house of the director of the Dogana, Capt. Hadji* Andrea, by whom we were regaled with the same eastern pledges of welcome. He is a maternal cousin of the governor, and a fine specimen of the Hydriote of the revolution; with features strongly marked, but handsome, and expressive of indomitable resolution, he possesses the frame of a Hercules. He and his whole family retain the Hydriote dress and customs; and under his roof, for the first time since my return to Greece, I had my coffee and sweetmeats (*τὸ γλυκὺ*) presented to me by the hand of the eldest daughter of the family, according to ancient usage. On paying a visit to the adjoining village, we found the houses, so unpromising without, to be exceedingly clean within.

At about ten o'clock this morning, the weather became bright and propitious, and we set

* The title of Hadji is assumed by those who have visited the Holy Sepulchre, and is inherited by the eldest son, with whom it terminates.

out for the Castro. The road, or bridle-path, winds among hills, covered with volcanic remains. For some distance before approaching the town, the hills abound in excavations, many of which are used as storehouses, or as places of refuge for shepherds and their flocks ; others are partially choked up ; but those which have been recently opened, and they are numerous, are free from rubbish, and by their internal arrangement, shew for what purpose they have been originally formed. They are quadrangular, and on either side and at the extremity of the excavations are tiers of sarcophagi, hollowed out of the rock, and disposed with architectural regularity. Some of the chambers contain six, some nine, or even more, of these resting-places of the departed. Over the entrance of one of those recently opened had been found a marble tablet, with an inscription, indicating that the sepulchre had been prepared for himself and his descendants by an inhabitant of the neighbouring city. The entrance had been protected by large hewn stones, laid horizontally over the top of a staircase cut in the rock, which led down

to the chamber of repose. The inscription has been removed to a cottage hard by, where it was shewn to us. We were guilty of an omission in not taking a copy of it.

After visiting several of these family tombs, we went to pay our respects to the governor, whose residence is situated at the foot of the hill on which the Castro stands. In his house we were received with the same pleasing, but almost obsolete, etiquette which had been exercised to us the day preceding at that of the director of the customs. His government includes the islands of Siphno, Argentiére, Siphanto, and Polycandro. Notwithstanding so respectable an extent of rule, he seems disposed to look upon his government as a sort of exile, inasmuch as it debars him from giving to his children the education he would wish. On my inquiring what armed force he had to support his authority in the island, he told me that he had one phalangide,* and that even of his assistance he

* The phalangides were a body of irregular infantry, formed of the veteran pallekars of the revolution. The staff still exists in an organized form, but the soldiers have been, for the most part, disbanded.

had little need, his subjects being very orderly, and, moreover, so docile, that when any irregularity occurred, he had only to send an order to the culprit to go to prison, and forthwith to prison he went.

From the house of the governor, accompanied by him, we went to that of the French consul, by whom we were received with much kindness and politeness. The honours of his house were performed by a daughter of great beauty, who acquitted herself of the duty with a simple grace, which could scarcely be excelled among the most accomplished of the fair daughters of my own country. In those parts of the Levant where the light of woman's countenance is not hidden within the precincts of the harem, there is an extreme gentleness and almost submissiveness in the deportment of the sex, which, when accompanied by grace and beauty, tell forcibly upon the feelings of the wanderer from western climes. Whether it be as a tacit acknowledgment of his lordly superiority, or as a silent appeal to him for the protection and indulgence which the strong owes to the weak, that this eastern peculiarity so interests him, I do not pre-

tend to say ; but that so it is, my own experience and the observations made to me by other "wanderers," enable me to state. Let it not, however, be supposed that this perilous humility of the eastern fair has ever for a moment tempted me from my rightful allegiance to the surpassing beauty of my own countrywomen, or that I should presume to recommend to them to comport themselves in the same style, which perhaps would be an unfitting accompaniment to their mental accomplishments and moral power. I return from this digression to the visits of the day, and to the house of the Chevalier Brest.

Though of French descent, and the representative of that nation, he can hardly be looked upon as a Frenchman, having been born in one of the islands of the Archipelago, and educated at Constantinople. He is also wedded to a Greek lady, the mother of our beautiful friend, and of three other daughters celebrated for their personal charms, who are married and established elsewhere, so that he may be considered as thoroughly naturalized. M. Brest has been resident

here since 1816 ; and while the island was yet under Turkish rule, and such *exports* were not forbidden, he had the gratification of embarking the beautiful Venus of Milo for the land of his fathers. During the revolution, his house afforded shelter to the ladies of more than one distinguished family, and his assistance was freely extended to the unfortunate Sciotes and Moreotes who sought refuge here. I visited him in 1825, when the Greek fleet was lying off the south coast of the island, and it was not without pleasure that I found myself recognised by him as an old acquaintance, despite of the lapse of years and the substitution of a palletôt for a fustanella. M. Brest's house is situated on the verge of a lofty perpendicular cliff, which overlooks the entrance of the port.

Pursuing our round of visits, in which we were now accompanied by the Consul, we went to call upon Madame Tataraki, widow of a primate, who had extensive possessions in this island, and in those of Serpho and Siphanto ; her son is affianced to the fair damsel whose grace and beauty suggested the foregoing observa-

tions respecting the ladies of the Levant. She received us with the same pledges of Eastern hospitality with which we had been met elsewhere, with, however, this difference, that her unmarried daughters, who are said to be very beautiful, did not make their appearance to do the honours of the house. I saw them, however, taking stealthy glances at the strangers; and, notwithstanding the care they took to avoid observation, I had ample opportunity of assuring myself that they well deserve their reputation as to beauty. The mother possesses the remains of equal or greater loveliness, and notwithstanding the peculiarity of her Serphiot costume, which is rather opposed to the acquirement or display of graceful carriage, is altogether lady-like and aristocratic in her bearing. She was clad in deep mourning, which she has not quitted since the death of her husband, who perished in a squall between this and one of the neighbouring islands about five years ago. Though the exterior of Madame Tataraki's residence be very unpretending, compared with the houses of persons of the same rank elsewhere, the interior is

spacious, and fitted up with much elegance, and at the same time with extreme simplicity.

After paying our respects to her, we ascended by a sort of half streets, half staircases, to the highest point of the Castro, which is one of the stations whence the pilots look out for vessels entering the Archipelago. There are various other stations around the town, from which a constant look-out is kept by them; and when any one of them observes a vessel, he makes all haste to arrive the first at a certain stone in a central part of the Castro; if he set his foot thereon, and announce the appearance of the vessel before any other of the brotherhood has done so, he is entitled to serve on board her as pilot, if she require one. Such, at least, was the report we received as to their internal regulations from the pilot whom we found on the look-out, and from whom we made inquiries on the subject. From this station the eye has an immense range, embracing the shores of the Morea and the island of Cerigo to the west, Candia to the south, and Argentiere, Serpho, Siphanto, Thermia, and Syra, besides

other islands, to the east and north-east, and commanding in detail the bays, headlands, and harbour, of Milo itself. With the aid of a glass we could distinguish villages, and even isolated houses, on islands which, we were informed by the pilot, are forty miles distant.

The houses at the Castro are very unpretending in their outward appearance, but are models of neatness and cleanliness within. The seafaring portion of the inhabitants is a fine manly-looking race, and, judging from the specimens which we saw, the women are remarkable for beauty. During our ascent and descent through the town we noticed ten or twelve heads, which in delicacy of outline realized the beau-ideal of Greek sculptors, and scarcely less the dreams of eastern poets, in the softness of the eyes and the fine pencilling of the eyebrows. Two of these beauteous heads we saw bending over an occupation of a very humble nature—that of plying the shuttle. The noise of a loom attracted our attention, and having had occasion to observe, in the course of our previous perambulations, the simple manner in which the islanders card

and spin their native cotton, we were desirous of seeing also their process of weaving, and asked permission to enter the house from which the sounds proceeded. This was granted with alacrity, and we were absolutely startled by the beauty of the countenances which were raised to pass us in review as we stepped over the threshold; they were for an instant suffused with a blush, and brightened by a smile, which, as I cannot adequately describe, I shall leave to your imagination to paint, referring you to the face you love best as a prototype.

The costume of the women is very peculiar: for a description and drawing of it I refer the curious to the work of M. Tournefort, merely begging to correct him as regards the length of the petticoat, which, at all events now, is much more ample than represented to be in his drawings. I by no means refer to the same writer with respect to their moral qualifications, for, so far as I can judge from my own observations, and from the reports made by others, he is decidedly wrong on that head. They do not appear insensible to the admiration they excite; but this

very venial degree of sensibility does not authorize the conclusions which he has drawn.

From the Castro we descended to the site of the ancient city. On visiting the theatre, I found it to be completely cleared of the soil and rubbish in which it was half buried when I was last here. It is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, and the spectators, on looking beyond the scene, would command a view of a portion of the harbour, and of the coast beyond. The seats of the theatre are for the most part perfect, as is also their sheathing of white marble. Altogether it is in a better state of preservation than any other Hellenic theatre which has been discovered. The Venus of Milo was found at a very short distance from it, and probably other treasures of the same description are still lying buried in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants hold in a sort of superstitious awe the statues which they discover when excavating. They look upon them as personifications of the genius of the spot, and consider it unlucky to meddle with them. The superstitions of the Hellenes may be traced to this belief in an intermediate race between men and angels, which prevails

both in the islands and among the mountains of Attica and of the Peloponnesus.

The presumed site of the ancient city is strewn with fragments of marble and of terra cotta in great profusion; and in various directions on the slope of the hill are massive piles of ancient masonry, which, by their solidity and style of architecture, remind one of the defences of the Piræus. There are also two masses of wall which resemble the Cyclopean walls of the citadel of Mycensæ. They are formed of blocks irregular in shape, but fitted to each other so as to present a perfectly compact and regular face. These are, no doubt, the remains of some buildings of a higher antiquity than those which have stood in their vicinity, to which the piles first mentioned have belonged, the latter being composed of regular quadrangular blocks, the faces of which are rough-hewn. The profusion with which marble has been used in fitting up the theatre, and the abundance of that material which is scattered in fragments over the site of the city, are no slight evidences of its ancient importance, marble not being found in its native state in any part of the island.

In the neighbourhood of these ruins is an isolated rocky hill, commanding the entrance of the harbour, on which are the remains of a church. Built into its walls are several blocks of marble, a fluted column laid horizontally, and portions of the architrave of a building corresponding in style and materials with the column, which is of Parian marble.* Here probably stood a temple, the position being precisely such as the Greeks preferred for their holy places. The hill evidently has been fortified, there being on its sides considerable remains of walls, of a construction similar to those which are found on the site of the city. On the summit is a large cistern, which appears to be coeval with the walls, and at its foot are several spacious caverns ; but whether the latter be the work of nature or of art it is difficult, in their present half-choked-up state, to judge. Between the foot of this hill and the site of the ancient town

* The marble of Paros is distinguishable at a glance from that of Pentelicus. It is of a more brilliant white, and wants that appearance of softness and ductility which is peculiar to the latter.

is the basement of a square tower, formed of massive quadrangular stones, like the walls before described. The ground slopes gently from it towards the foot of the hill; and it is conjectured that here was the Gymnasium of the city, and that on the basement in question was a building, from which the citizens of distinction contemplated the sports. Hard by may be traced the remains of an amphitheatre.

After exploring the ruins of the city, we visited various sepulchral excavations in its vicinity, all of which we found to contain several sarcophagi, arranged with the same regularity as in the sepulchres visited by us earlier in the day. Many of them open out on the side of the hill, and are entered from it without any descent. In the sarcophagi, when the chambers are first opened, are found small statues, and vases of earthenware and of opaque glass, and not unfrequently, rings and other small ornaments of fine gold. This tempts many of the peasantry to employ, in researches among the tombs, and in disturbing the bowels of the earth, time and labour which would be bestowed more profitably to themselves in turning over its surface.

After visiting these catacombs, we separated from our friends, they taking their way back to the Castro, and we wending down to Adamantos, by a bridle-road, winding among hills of the same description as those which we had skirted in the morning.

During our day's ramble, I observed continued indications of the industrious habits of the scanty population of the island, the men being everywhere employed in out-door labours, while in the cottages the women were busied either in carding, spinning, or weaving cotton, or in knitting. Both the dress of the women and the interior of their cottages are remarkable for extreme neatness and cleanliness.

CHAPTER IX.

Deserted city—Kriezis' captivity in Algiers—Hellenic remains—Excursion to Cape Firlingo—Palæochori—Extinct crater—Candiote refugee—Amulet and vestige of Pagan superstitions—Salt springs—Natural bath—Palace of Zopiros—General remarks as to Milo.

March 20.—The day opened very unfavourably; however, about eight o'clock it cleared up, and shortly afterwards, the governor and the director of the mines made their appearance at the port, and mounting our mules and asses, we set forth on our day's excursion—a numerous and rather grotesque cavalcade. We followed the shore of the harbour nearly to its extreme point, when, leaving the ruins of the old city (not Hellenic) on our left, we turned inland to avoid the marshy lands which surround the saliné, or reservoirs in which salt is crystalized by solar heat.

Thence, passing over some hills of no great height, and winding through ravines and dells totally destitute of wood, we crossed over to the southern side of the island.

On a rocky promontory, called Calamos, we visited the crater of an extinct volcano, from many crevices of which smoke still issues. The surface is hot to the tread, and on digging to the depth of a foot or a little more, the matter thrown up is almost of a boiling heat, and abounds in crystals of sulphur. The mountain rises considerably higher than the level of the crater, and almost at its extreme elevation, where we caused an excavation to be made, we found the same heat and the same materials. The sides of the mountain, both inland and towards the sea, are covered with short, fine grass, and aromatic herbs, and the volcanic phenomena are confined to its summit and to the immediate vicinity of the crater, around which the strata of rock are heaped together in the utmost confusion.

Proceeding thence eastward, and winding about half an hour among a succession of rude and barren hills, covered with volcanic cinders and

lapilli, we found another crater, of from fifteen to twenty paces in breadth, and about fifty in length. It is distant about half a mile in a direct line from that of Calamos, and is near to a small church, or chapel, called St. Domenica, (*Αγία Κομμανή*), from which it takes its name. The heat below its surface is much greater than that of the crater of Calamos. There is no oral tradition in the island of any eruption from either of these craters.

The sides of the hills below the latter, in the direction of the sea, are studded with almost countless tombs, which have been opened by the islanders in their search after Hellenic antiquities. The greater number of them are simply excavations in the rock, of the size and form suited for the reception of a human body; but there are others which have been formed in a more elaborate style, and are lined with masonry. Mixed up with the soil thrown out of such as have been recently opened, I found fragments of vases of earthenware and glass, and human bones in a fossil state. The tombs found on this side of the island are very different from those in the

neighbourhood of the Castro, being merely receptacles for one, whilst the latter are spacious family dormitories. Our guide quaintly observed to us, whilst we were pursuing our researches of to-day—"These are the beds of the poor devils,—those near the Castro are the houses of the Archontes;" following up his observation by informing us, that ornaments of gold are very rarely found in this quarter.

There is no town or village on this side of the island, and even isolated houses and cottages are of very rare occurrence, and from St. Domenica none are to be seen. To find so extensive a "city of the dead" where no habitations of the living are in view is a peculiarity of a very melancholy and striking character. Not less strange does it appear that there should be so scanty a population in an island where these cities of the dead are so numerous. Looking at its present population, (between two and three thousand souls,) one might be tempted to treat as a fable the accounts given by historians of the bloody vengeance taken by the Athenians upon the inhabitants of Milo, and utterly to disbelieve the extent of the massacres described by them; but a

ramble among these tombs will go far to convince us of their veracity,—proving to us, at least, that there was food for slaughter at those remote epochs, without reference to the traces which exist of an abundant population in the intermediate time.*

From St. Domenica we re-crossed the hills in the direction of the harbour, taking in our way a scene of desolation of another description, and ruins of a much more recent epoch—the deserted city, called by the islanders, *ἡ Χώρα*, *The City*.

This city is of considerable extent, and in its days of prosperity is reported to have contained nearly twenty thousand inhabitants. I am not quite certain as to dates, for the answers given to my inquiries were very contradictory, and I have been able to find no written account of the matter; but from such information as I have been able to collect, it appears that the abandonment

* The first expedition of the Athenians, under Nicias, is mentioned by Thucydides, book 3, year 6; the second, under Cleomedes, is recounted in detail by him, book 5, year 16, B.C. 416. On the first occasion, the island was laid waste; and on the second, all the inhabitants capable of bearing arms were put to the sword, although, after a vigorous resistance, they had capitulated to the Athenians. Melos had previously governed itself during seven centuries as an independent state.

of this capital took place towards the close of the last century. Some years previously, the plague, or a disorder equally rapid in its progress, and equally fatal in its effects, broke out, and carried off, in a very short space of time, one-half of the inhabitants. It was followed by an epidemic, which reappeared from year to year, and either swept away the remainder, or compelled them to quit their homes in search of a less noxious climate. When I visited the city in 1825, the churches were uninjured, the walls nearly so, and the houses, which are of stone, were in so perfect a state that it seemed as if the streets had been but a short while previously the haunt of a busy multitude. There was then something fearful in its silence and desolation, comparable only with the impressions produced by a solitary ramble among the ruins of Pompeii. Since that time a great change has taken place, and the larger part of the town is converted into a heap of ruins. The walls and houses have been thrown down, and the materials carried away to contribute to the modern cities of Athens, the Piræus, and Syra. It has been a quarry of stone prepared to the hand of the

builder. Notwithstanding this, as the cathedral is still perfect, and many of the churches have suffered but little, at a certain distance the town appears to be yet flourishing. The highly-cultivated state of the land in its immediate neighbourhood strengthens this illusion, which a nearer approach of course dispels; a few lofty palm trees, which tower above the ruins, add to the picturesque character of the scene. Of late years a few families have established themselves within the walls; they are, for the most part, Candiotes, who were driven out of their native island towards the close of the revolutionary war by the barbarous and indiscriminate vengeance taken upon the inhabitants by the soldiers of Mehemet Ali. Their pale and haggard countenances bear testimony to the unhealthiness of the climate, and as they stood grouped around us in the Piazza, which forms the centre of the city, went far to destroy the relish of the simple meal which we had ordered to be prepared for us. The Piazza is in front of the cathedral, and still exhibits some remains of its former splendour, in the shape of broken columns and benches of marble.

The vegetation in the district around “*η Χορρα*” is highly luxuriant, and all animals, man excepted, thrive well in the climate; these peculiarities are to be remarked in many other localities in which malaria prevails.

In the course of our day's excursion, I was informed by the governor that he had been a captive in Algiers, in 1811, as also that his brother, the Minister of Marine, was made prisoner at the same time. Notwithstanding my long and intimate intercourse with the latter, I had never heard him allude to the subject, although the circumstances connected with it are scarcely, if at all, less honourable to him than the most brilliant of his exploits in his public career. The two Kriezis were made captives, together with many others of their countrymen, and, at the commencement of their captivity, all were employed indiscriminately in the naval arsenal and in other public works, and were treated with much severity. The Dey, however, having observed the deference with which the younger Kriezis was treated by his countrymen, and the influence which he exercised over them, relieved him

from all manual labour; and appointed him superintendent over the works in which they were employed. The elder brother continued to be occupied at task-work as before, but his fate, as well as that of the other Hydriotes, was alleviated in no inconsiderable degree through the influence which the younger Kriezis had acquired with the Dey. They had been in captivity about a year, when an order was received from Constantinople, enjoining the Dey to release all the Hydriote captives. The Dey partly complied with and partly evaded the order, by setting at liberty a limited number of them, among whom was the present Minister of Marine. He, however, besought the Dey to release, in his stead, his elder brother, who had a wife and family at Hydra, proposing to take upon himself his labours in the arsenal. The Dey complied with his prayer, but did *not* liberate him in reward of so noble a sacrifice. He remained in slavery nearly three years longer, after which, a further and more peremptory order from Constantinople caused him and the other Hydriotes to be set free without ransom. His

family, in the interim, had sent to him, through a Jewish merchant at Algiers, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, in order that he might negotiate his liberation. Instead of applying it to that purpose, he devoted the entire sum to the relief of his poorer countrymen and companions in captivity. Such actions need no comment—they deserve to be recorded in letters of gold, rather than in so humble a page as mine!

March 21.—The equinox has been ushered in by a heavy gale from the southward, which, although our anchorage be completely landlocked, has rendered our communication with the shore somewhat difficult. The French consul came down to the port, in order to join us in an excursion to a district on the southern coast of the island, which abounds in natural curiosities and mineral treasures; but the weather was so much overcast, and the gale so violent, that it was judged by the “conclave” to be not prudent to set out upon a ride of eight or ten hours, over hills and along ravines where no shelter is to be found. We contented ourselves, therefore, with a second excursion to the Castro, where we laid

the Consul and the Governor under contribution for chibouques and coffee.*

On a rocky ridge, between the Castro and the site of the Hellenic City, I observed the remains of walls which on my former visit had escaped my notice, or, if noticed, had been supposed by me to be part of the ridge on which they stand. On ascending the hill, the summit of which is enclosed by them, I found them to be constructed, in great part, in the roughest Cyclopean style, resembling more the walls of Tyrinthus than those of the citadel of Mycenæ, but interspersed with masses of masonry evidently of a less remote date. The size of the displaced blocks, of which they have been composed, leads to an inference that violence has been used in dismantling the citadel or fortress of which they, no doubt,

* I must, once for all, apologize for the frequent mention of the *chibouque* in the course of my narrative. As the pledge of welcome and respect throughout the East, the chibouque is a sort of talisman in the eyes of the traveller, and his inseparable companion, and the mention of it should meet with indulgence from those who interest themselves in his wanderings.

formed the outer defences,—possibly the work of the vengeful Athenians !

March 22.—The morning being fine, and the son of the French Consul having kindly offered his services as cicerone, we carried into effect our project of the preceding day.

Again following the shore of the harbour, and passing through the ruined city, we crossed the mountains in a south-east direction, and, after a laborious ride of about three hours, reached the south shore of the island at Cape Firlingo. This cape is the extremity of a ridge of hills, from ten to twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, which terminates in a nearly perpendicular white cliff, of about five hundred feet in height. Both from the appearance of the hill above the cliff, and from that of the irregular shallows at its foot, it is easy to perceive that large masses of rock have been from time to time detached from it, and hurled into the waters beneath ; immense fragments seemed to be, as it were, on the point of separating themselves from the mountain whilst we were on its summit. It was not, therefore, without a feeling of horror that,

from a jetty of rock which commands a full view of the cliff, I saw one of the attendants of our party hanging on its face, with a pickaxe on his shoulder, and dwindled, by the distance and the immensity of the objects above and below him, to a very pigmy. He had been dispatched thither for the purpose of bringing up some specimens of crystals and concretions which are found in grottoes about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, but to which there is no access from the water. The approach from above is fearfully difficult, the steps formed in the face of the cliff being barely perceptible at any time; and, after such heavy rains as had fallen before our visit, being slippery and insecure in the extreme. While we were anxiously watching the progress of the cragsman, he seemed to sink suddenly within the cliff, and remained hidden from us so long, that even those of the party who were acquainted with the localities were alarmed for his safety. When he re-appeared he climbed the rock with much difficulty, and when he reached us he was pale and almost breathless. This he accounted for, by

informing us that he had found the interior of the cavern much hotter than usual, and so full of sulphureous vapour, that it was with difficulty he could breathe, and that, whilst he was striking off from the sides the specimens which he went to seek, some large fragments had fallen from the roof, their fall being accompanied with such stunning sounds as made him suppose that the rocks were falling in over his head. His alarm did not prevent him bringing away either his implements or the specimens he had struck off. He told us, but not until his return, that after heavy rains the abundance of the sulphureous exhalations makes it dangerous to penetrate into the interior of the grottoes. The islanders, at some risk, draw from these caverns their supplies of sulphur, which mineral is found in them in a highly purified state.

After breakfasting very comfortably, not far from the edge of the precipice, we set our faces westward, and, travelling for about an hour over irregular and hilly ground, intersected by deep ravines, arrived at Palæochori, where, as the name indicates, has been the site of a town or

village of which some slight ruins may still be traced. Not far from them is an extinct crater, of about the same dimensions as that of St. Domenica, and presenting precisely the same phenomena, when the surface is disturbed. This crater, or solfatara, is on a sort of platform, about half-way up the mountain, the sides of which are strewn with volcanic matter. From among the rocks, above the solfatara, are seen to issue, in various directions, light streams of vapour or smoke; and on the sea-shore below are many natural caverns, from which a sulphureous vapour of great pungency exhales. With so many evidences of the internal activity of the volcanic matter, it surprises one to find that there is no record of an eruption, other than such as are scattered here and elsewhere on the surface of the island in the shape of scoriæ, lava, lapilli, &c., which, unfortunately for the naturalist, bear no date.

Palæochori is at the western extremity of a nearly semi-circular basin, having the sea-shore for the chord of the arc; the sides of the hills or mountains, which form this basin, abound in such

mineralogical phenomena as in Sicily are received as indications of the existence of sulphur mines beneath. If the attention of government or private enterprise were directed to the subject, in all probability abundant stores of this mineral would be found to exist in the island. It abounds in alum, fuller's earth, and mill-stones of excellent quality, and rich specimens of lead-ore and iron-stone have been, from time to time, picked up in different parts of it; so that there is ample field for speculative enterprise. The scantiness of the population is the most serious obstacle to the development of its mineral treasures.

From Palæochori we re-crossed the hills, and again passing through the Deserted City, and refreshing ourselves with an "al fresco" chibouque and cup of wine in the Piazza, we regained our floating residence about sunset, pretty well knocked up by our day's excursion.

On the road between the old city and Adamantos, our friend and guide, M. Brest, stopped for a few minutes to converse with a singularly fine-looking man, dressed in the most simple peasant garb, who apparently was returning

home after the out-door labours of the day. On my making some remark as to the discrepancy between the person and bearing of the man and his dress, M. Brest informed me that he is a Candiote refugee, who in his native island was a man of some substance, but is here compelled to earn a scanty livelihood by the sweat of his brow. He fled from Candia, and sought refuge here, after slaying with his own hand two Mahomedan soldiers who had brutally insulted the females of his family. He is both patient and proud in his poverty, and declares that the fullness of his vengeance is almost equivalent to the wealth he has lost.

March 23.—We spent the greater part of the day in calls upon our friends at the Castro, and a second visit to the Hellenic city. I was amused, when we landed, by a request which was brought to us on the behalf of a lady who is as “ladies love to be,” &c. It was, that we would be pleased to let her have some of the fresh butter, which she had heard we have on board, and to which she had taken a “fancy.” These fancies are here considered as sacred; and we treated

that of the lady in question as such, and sent orders on board accordingly. An antique was offered to me for sale which has reference to ladies in the aforesaid interesting situation. It was a small hexagonal lozenge of fine agate, engraved on one of the faces, and pierced through its entire length, so as to be worn suspended round the neck. When so worn, it becomes an amulet, the virtue of which is to insure the safety of the young descendant of Adam before he makes his appearance in this world of woe, and to insure him also ample supplies of nourishment when he has entered it. This is, I believe, a superstition which has descended from the Hellenes to the Greeks of the present day; and the virtues of the pagan amulet are not the less efficient because the wearer is a Christian.

Vases of glass and of earthenware, rings and intaglios, are daily brought down and offered for sale by the peasants. The ornaments and stones of the greatest value, among those which have recently been found, have unfortunately been forestalled by an Italian dealer in antiques, who asks enormous prices for them.

March 24. — The weather continuing to be boisterous and rainy, we were compelled to confine our exploratory excursions to the neighbourhood of the harbour.

We first visited the hot springs, which rise in the sea, at the distance of a few yards from the shore. They are at the upper end of the harbour, and in calm weather are easily distinguished by the bubbles which rise to the surface of the water, and the vapour which is thrown off from it. Such was the report made to us by our guide, and though the breaking of the surf on the beach prevented us from observing these phenomena to-day, we were well convinced of its correctness by the warmth of the rock and sand in the vicinity of the springs. The sand, at a few inches below the surface, is of almost a boiling heat. The stones on the beach and a ledge of rock which runs into the harbour, near to the springs, are covered with a ferruginous deposit.

Not far from this spot are the inland hot salt-springs which supply the salt-pans near to the head of the harbour, and also some natural baths, which have long been held in great esteem for

medicinal purposes. These baths are in "*statu naturæ*," at least the appearance of the grotto in which they are found is such as to indicate that art has not been called in to assist nature in her arrangements. The grotto is a rude cavern in the hill-side, in the inmost recess of which is a deep reservoir, or very slow stream of tepid mineral water. As this bath has been known and esteemed from a very remote date, and was much resorted to when the "*Xoçá*" existed as a populous city, it is surprising that the grotto should not have been arranged so as to facilitate the approach of patients to the waters of health,—which, be it said, *en passant*, in their present state more resemble the "waters of Lethe." They can only be reached with the aid of torches. Before quitting them, we set fire to a quantity of brushwood, which we had taken in with us, and the glare of light thrown upon the dark water and among the irregular masses of rock, as well as upon the varied costumes of the visitors, produced an effect which would have been precious to a painter, but which the heat of the place would scarcely have allowed him to do more than appreciate.

After visiting several excavations near to the shore, which may have served as places of refuge for pirates, when this island was a favourite resort of that daring and lawless race, we ascended the hills to one of much greater extent, which is called by the islanders the Palace of Zopiros, and, as the story goes, was the stronghold of a chief, or sovereign, of that name, who had fallen into disfavour with his subjects.

I will not pretend to say whether this Zopiros be the same who had a palace near the ancient Hellenic Theatre, as appears from an inscription which was found there, or whether he be a chief or freebooter of less remote ages ; or even to offer an opinion as to whether the excavation has been made by a Zopiros, ancient or modern. What I can affirm is, that the excavation in question has been formed by some one who had abundance of men at his beck, and who had strong reasons for isolating himself from the crowd of his fellow-men. It will be very difficult to give an idea of it by description ; however, I will make the attempt.

Close below the summit of a rocky hill is a suite of lofty and spacious chambers, hollowed

out of the rock, which are entered from a platform on the hill side. From one of the inner chambers, a narrow corridor, not sufficiently lofty to allow a man of moderate stature to pass along it without stooping, leads downwards for some distance into the bowels of the hill, opening from time to time into small chambers on either side. The corridor is then carried for a space in an upward direction, turning, as it were, on itself; so that the chambers, with which the latter part of it is flanked, command through small apertures the former part of the passage. At its extremity is a long flight of steps, which again leads downwards, and communicates at the lower end with a few steps in an ascending direction, from the top of which you rise into a suite of chambers almost as spacious as those nearer to the surface. This entrance has evidently been secured by a long, horizontal trap-door, resting upon ledges, and fastened within by cross-bars let into the rock. At intervals, in the corridors, are places for establishing perpendicular barriers, secured in the same manner. The whole is excavated and finished with much

skill and nicety, more particularly the lower chambers. When in the latter our torches were almost extinguished by the closeness of the atmosphere; and though we continued our researches quite as long as our safety would permit, we could not discover any apertures by which fresh air could be conveyed to the inmates of them. Such, however, must have existed, as probably also some downward outlet; but the danger of being left without light in the recesses of this confused labyrinth compelled us to beat a retreat with our curiosity unsatisfied.

This "Palace of Zopiros" is altogether a most curious specimen of subterranean architecture; and the means of protracted (though it would seem hopeless) defence which the planner of it has assured to himself correspond with the popular tradition, which ascribes its formation to the fears of a man of violence, prince or pirate. There are no remains of external works on the summit of the hill, but such may have existed, and the "palace" may have been at once the keep and the treasury of the fortress.

On our return from our day's ramble we

found a comfortable dinner prepared for us at the Dogana, and had the pleasure of entertaining one or two guests to the best of our appliances.

March 25.—During the night, it blew a heavy gale from the south-west, accompanied by a deluge of rain. Our schooner dragged her anchor about one, A.M., and drifted close in shore before she was brought up by a second anchor which had been dropped. She had changed her moorings the day previously, and the anchor was unadvisedly let go in a part of the harbour where the alga marina grows in great abundance—forming a sort of submarine forest—and prevents light anchors from taking hold. The rain continued without intermission until nearly noon, when a gleam of sunshine tempted us to set out on an excursion previously arranged, but which we were not destined to accomplish. At the distance of a few miles from the port, we were overtaken by a pelting shower, which compelled us to seek refuge in one of the natural caverns which abound in the island, and kept us prisoners for nearly three

hours, until it was too late in the day to carry our plans into execution. The time would have crept by very tediously had we not been armed with our chibouques, and, moreover, found an occupation in endeavouring to dispel with a blazing fire the damps which hung round the sides of the cavern. We flattered ourselves whilst pursuing this occupation, the correct performance of which is no slight accomplishment for a traveller, that we formed an extremely picturesque group.

On our return on board our lady-like craft, it was resolved to put to sea as soon as the weather permitted.

The Harbour of Milo runs so deep into the island as almost to divide it into two equal parts. On a conical hill, nearly at the western extremity of the northern division, is situated the town or village of Castro, which is now its capital. The ruins of the Hellenic city, theatre, &c., are about a mile from it, nearer to the entrance of the harbour. The city of more modern date, now in ruins, is about the same distance from the most inland point of the harbour, and

is situated, as nearly as may be, in the centre of the island. The north division of the island is very bare of wood, exhibiting only a few widely-scattered olive and fig trees. In the narrow valleys, (if the dry hollows between the hills deserve such a title,) and where there is any extent of plain, there are spots of land cultivated with much care; and both near to the Castro and to the ruined city is a considerable extent of ground, which is highly productive. Near to Adamantos, and in the valleys between the Hellenic City and the harbour, the soil is also rich and productive. The extent of land so cultivated is, however, very limited, compared with that which lies waste. Much of this waste land is well adapted for vineyards, and judging from the vigorous appearance of the few olive-trees which are met with, they also would succeed well in most districts. In the southern division of the island, where there is more wood, this tree abounds in a wild state, and, when grafted, thrives and yields well. The scanty population of the island is inadequate to the development of the many resources offered by its surface,

without taking into account those which are supposed to be concealed in its bosom ; and it is much to be regretted that the vicissitudes of the revolutionary war did not drive hither the busy and enterprising crowd which, under their influence, has established itself on the barren rocks of Syra.

Strangers who visit Milo must make up their minds to submit to the privation of most of the enjoyments of civilized life, and be content with very homely fare and homely quarters, unless they partake of the hospitality of some of the "archontes," of whom mention has been made ; without they have a claim to such hospitality, they will do well to establish their head-quarters on board the craft which may have brought them here, or at all events to be provided with bedding and cooking utensils. When I visited the island in 1825, the English vice-consul (since dead) insisted on my taking up my quarters at his house in the Castro. There is now no English consul to offer similar hospitality to English visitors.

CHAPTER X.

Departure from Milo—Gulf of Salamis—Agios Giorgios—Hydriote patriarch—Rencontre with royalty—Ruins of Pieraic walls—Tomb of Miaoulis—Tomb of Themistocles,—Abstinence of Greek sailors—Dinner to Athenian friends, and toasts thereat—Visit to Piræus, and the steamer Otho—Visit to Captain of Nauplia—Monument of Karaiskaki—Funeral of Karaiskaki—Cross of Merit—Feast of our Lady of Tinos—Conversazione at British minister's—Heart of Miaoulis—Royal palace—Lyceum of modern Athens—Audience of the king—Opera—Military music, and royal and picturesque attendance thereupon—Rencontre with an old comrade.

March 26, (at sea.)—The life of a sailor, and of those who entrust their persons to the caprices of the great deep, is certainly a life of rapid vicissitudes, and of strong contrasts.

The state-room of the *Nauplia* is at this time

a scene of quiet, oriental enjoyment; the passengers (ourselves and the son of the French Consul at Milo) are lazily extended on their mattresses, or capotes, whilst the captain awakes with much skill the notes of a mandolin, and our bark glides swiftly, with a favouring breeze and over a sunny sea, between the island of Egina and the coast of Attica. At one o'clock this morning the scene was very different. We had just got clear of the capes which form the entrance of the Port of Milo, and found outside a heavy, tumbling, confused sea, left by the storms of the preceding days, which tormented our little frigate most pitilessly, and ejected us very summarily from our berths, mingling passengers, capotes, mattresses, and baggage in utter confusion. The sea, meanwhile, was sweeping the deck, and our cabin was not quite free from its inroads. The scene was anything but agreeable to a landsman, and the remembrance of it heightens, by comparison, the enjoyment of that which is now around me. At about eight, A.M., we were close in with the island of Agios Giorgios. Since that hour the breeze,

which had been very fresh during the night, has much moderated, and we shall probably not be in the Piræus before the evening.

Agios Giorgios is a rocky island, of about two and a half miles in length, and a mile in breadth, to the south-west of Cape Colonna. It has no port, but there is a beach, off which, in calm weather, is an anchorage for small craft.

This island is inhabited by one family only—that of a Hydriote, who is also the proprietor of it. It was bestowed upon his father by a Capudan Pacha, to whom he had rendered some signal service, and who commanded him in return to name such reward as it might be in his power to grant. The Hydriote asked the grant of this island, which was then uninhabited, and his prayer was forthwith accorded by the Pacha, who also expressed his surprise at his moderation. The grant was confirmed by the Porte, and has remained unquestioned through subsequent political changes. The son of the original grantee has brought great part of the island into cultivation, and it now yields grain, wine, and figs in abundance, besides supporting four or five hundred head of sheep

and goats. The lambs and the cheese of St. George are esteemed for their excellent quality, and in these and other produce the proprietor carries on an advantageous traffic with his native island.

This "Lord of the Isle" has a wife and a numerous family of children, so that his existence must be rather that of a patriarch than of a recluse. During the winter months, his opportunities of communicating with the mainland, or with the neighbouring islands, are very rare. In that season he inhabits a house which he has built in a sheltered situation on the east side of the island; during the summer, he takes up his quarters in a spacious-looking building on the highest point of it. Near to the latter is a very small chapel, and when we were off the island, with the aid of the glass, we could distinctly perceive the patriarch and his family passing from the chapel to the house, probably returning from the performance of his morning devotions. How much more pure and exalted must or *may* be the devotion of a man so situated than that of the inhabitant of a crowded city!

Agios Giorgios, by some of the commentators

of Lord Byron, has been selected as the scene of the "Corsair." There are many points of the island from which Medora may be supposed to have gazed on the departing Conrad until

"The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy;"

but the distance between it and Coron is much too great to allow the departure and arrival of the corsair to have taken place as represented in that exquisite poem. The visiter of these days must therefore be satisfied with the romance which the history of the present possessor of it offers.

On shore.—As we were rounding the promontory to the southward of the entrance of the Piræus, we met the royal steamer *Otho* conveying their Majesties and the court on a visit to the French admiral in the bay of Salamis. Her gay decorations gave us notice of the illustrious freight she bore; but she came upon us so suddenly, that we had barely time to prepare for rendering the accustomed honours as she swept by. It was, however, accomplished in good

style. The harbour wore a very gay appearance, the vessels of every nation, lying at anchor there, being decorated with all their colours. They fired a royal salute on the return of their Majesties, and from the deck of the *Nauplia* I had the pleasure of doing homage to the Queen of Beauty and to her fair Suliote attendant, as the royal barge floated from the *Otho* to the landing-place.

I had passed the interval in making the circuit of the ancient defences of the Piræus on the northern shore of the harbour, and in revisiting the tombs of Miaoulis and Themistocles, on the south promontory.

The remains of the former are even more massive than those on the south peninsula, and, though comparatively of very limited extent, are, like the latter, striking monuments of the power and enterprise of those who raised them. At the extreme point of the north promontory, and at the outer entrance of the harbour, is the basement of a tower, about seventeen yards square, which, although swept by every wave when the least sea is running, is as com-

pact and perfect as when it was laid down. It is much to be regretted that these ancient relics, as well as those to the southward, have been despoiled in favour of the modern town of the Piræus. There is now a prohibition of such sacrilegious pilferage ; but before it had attracted the attention of government, much mischief was already done, and great quantities of stone had been carried away from the walls in the immediate vicinity of the port.

The tomb of Miaoulis is near to the southern entrance of the harbour. The site of his grave is for the present marked only by an unpretending stone column, or pyramid, on which is the following simple inscription :—“ *Ὡδε κεῖται ὁ Ναυάρχος Ἀνδρέας Μιαούλης, 1838.*” It is the intention of the government to erect a splendid monument on the spot ; but no such record is required to render it hallowed in the eyes either of his countrymen or of those who have watched with interest their struggles for independence. A monument, however splendid, could not increase the respect in which his name is held, but it will reflect honour on the government and on his

country. The heavy debt of neither has been discharged by the distinguished honours which were rendered to his remains when deposited in their present resting-place. To those who have had an opportunity of appreciating personally the unpretending, yet dignified simplicity of the man, the lofty disinterestedness of the patriot, and the calm and undaunted resolution of the naval chieftain, this resting-place of his mortal remains must be thrice hallowed.

The sarcophagus in which the remains of the hero of Salamis are said to have been deposited is at a short distance to the southward, outside the walls which were raised by him. It is hollowed out of the rock, and nearly on a level with the sea, from which it is distant but a few paces, so that when the waters are at all agitated, each rising wave washes over it—no unfit emblem of the troubled close of the career of him whose ashes were laid within it. Disjointed columns are scattered around, and altogether it is a melancholy memorial of the tardy repentance of his countrymen. I must confess, however, that I have been more moved when standing by the

simple column which is inscribed with the name of the modern patriot than by the classic reminiscences which hover round the tomb of Themistocles.

Before taking leave of my gallant bark, I must not omit to notice the extreme abstinence of Greek sailors during the fasts appointed by their church, nor to mention that its commander distinguished himself by his gallantry during the revolutionary war, and, in acknowledgment of his services, is decorated with the Silver Cross of the Order of Merit. He is a Speziote. We are now in the heart of Lent, and during the ten days I have been on board the *Nauplia* the fare of the crew has consisted only of bread, olives, onions, and caviar, not even eggs or oil being permitted. Notwithstanding this abstinence from solid food, they are hale and strong, and when equipped in trowsers and jackets and low round hats, after the model of British sailors, would be no unfit mates for our own dashing tars. I have been amused to observe that when out at sea, and especially when the weather is such as to call for more than usual activity,

they resume their seemingly cumbrous Hydriote breeks, or brachia. I took my leave of Capt. Hadji Anargyro with regret, having been made as comfortable on board his schooner as if she had been my own yacht.

Athens, March 27 to 31.—On the 30th, I had the pleasure of entertaining at dinner some of my oldest Greek friends. My party consisted of the Minister of Marine, his cousin, A. D. Kriezis, two Miaoulis, the younger sons of the Navarchos, M. Psylla, Mr. Masson, and M. Palli; and its sitting was protracted to a late hour, and enlivened by a series of *toasts*, proposed and drank in the English style. The campaign was opened by Mr. Masson, who introduced a national toast by a speech which came home to the feelings and seized the fancy of my Greek guests so effectually, that they caught the spirit of the moment, and emulated his example in excellent style. The toasts were numerous, and various in character. Among those proposed by the guests were, the “memory of Captain Hamilton,” and the “memory of Canning,”—the former was introduced by Kriezis, in a speech

full of feeling and of just acknowledgments of the interest taken by that distinguished officer in the welfare of the rising nation, and of the services which, even in his severity, he had rendered to it. These sentiments are common to men of all parties and professions, but from no one could the expression of them come with so much grace and effect as from the nephew and bosom friend of Miaoulis. The "memory of Miaoulis" was not forgotten among the toasts which proceeded from the chair.

On the 31st, I went down to the Piræus, accompanied by my friend, A. D. Kriezis, and by the elder of the young Miaoulis, who had served as a midshipman on board an English frigate. At the Piræus we met the nephew of the latter, a distinguished looking and handsome young man about his own age, four or five and twenty. Both uncle and nephew speak English with much fluency, and, I am happy to say, have inherited from their venerable progenitor his feelings of predilection for England and Englishmen. The nephew is lieutenant of the royal steamer *Otho*, and, accompanied by him, we went on board

that vessel. She is a fine boat, carrying four 42-pounder carronades and two half-guns, which, I believe, are called cannonades. The machines (of 120 horse power) are English, but the boat was built at Poros. Her crew consists of from fifty to sixty men and boys. She has been fitted up for the express use of the King, and as his propensities are unfortunately by no means maritime, she lies at anchor in the Piræus much more frequently than suits the taste of the officers, or than is conducive to habits of discipline among the crew. Her head engineer is an Englishman; his assistant, to my extreme surprise, I found to be a Bavarian, placed on board to learn what he ought to be qualified to teach—the management of the machinery. He is a theoretical machinist, who, on his arrival in this country, professed himself able to effect the propulsion of small vessels at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour without the assistance of steam; and, being patronised by some of his countrymen then in office, wasted not only his own money, but that of the government, in futile experiments to that effect.

Accompanied by my friends, I paid a visit to the captain of the *Nauplia*, and was much struck with the extreme simplicity and neatness of his little household. We were regaled with sweets and coffee from the hands of his wife, a fair and tall Speziote matron, fit to be the mother of soldiers. At the time of her marriage, she was fourteen years of age, and her husband nineteen!

On our way back to the capital, we visited the monument erected to the memory of Karaiskaki, on the spot where he received his death-wound. He was mortally stricken in a skirmish a few days previous to the battle of Athens, which was fought the 6th May, 1827, and breathed his last in Salamis. His bones were brought over from that island soon after the arrival of King Otho in Greece, and are deposited in a small cell formed in the base of the monument. On one side of it is an inscription to his honour, and on the other are the names of his most distinguished companions in arms who fell in the same skirmish and in the subsequent battle. The slaughter of the Greeks at the battle of Athens was

very great, the irregular infantry having been brought down into the open plain, and exposed to the attacks of the Turkish horse in an ineffectual attempt to relieve the Acropolis. Close by the monument is a small inclosure, surrounded by a wall, in which are collected the bones of those who fell on that fatal day. So to collect them was an act of religious duty on the part of their surviving countrymen, or of the government; but, alas! the feeling which dictated it appears to have been but transitory, for the earth with which they were then covered having been in part washed away by the winter rains, the bones are now permitted to bleach in the wind and sun.

The day on which the remains of Karaiskaki were deposited in their present resting-place was distinguished by a ceremony which will not easily be effaced from the memory of those who took part in it. The King and court, accompanied by the garrison, attended in state at the Piræus, to receive the *convoy*, which was landed under a salute from all the vessels in the harbour, and escorted by the sovereign and the

military to the receptacle prepared for it. In the plain around were assembled, as spectators, the entire population of Athens and of the surrounding district, together with a host of visitors from distant parts of Greece and from the islands of the Egean. A funeral oration was pronounced by the Minister of the Interior, and the daughters of the deceased warrior were declared to be adopted by the country. The daughters were present, veiled and in deep mourning, and their sobs told of heartfelt emotions, which found an echo in the bosom of every true Greek who stood around.

Crowns of laurel were thrown over the tomb; the Grand Cross of the Order of the Saviour was deposited upon it, and declared to be an heirloom in the family of the deceased; and the artillery and musketry rolled forth their incense to his manes.

In our northern lands, some of the accessories of the ceremony would appear a little theatrical, but in this land of susceptibility and sunshine no such impression would be conveyed, more especially as on the very spot where the funeral

honours were thus rendered, he to whom they were offered had fallen fighting the battles of his country ; and among the spectators were many who had fought by his side on the day he fell, and shared his perils in a hundred former fights.*

The name of Karaiskaki may be interpreted, "Iska, the Black," the concluding "ki" being a diminutive. Kara is, in Turkish, "black," either physically or morally, and is usually added to the name of such as are placed under the ban of the Porte. Thus Ali Pacha, of Jannina, was at one time styled, Kara Ali. Kara Iska's parentage was, I believe, unknown except on the side of the mother, who was, or had been, a nun. His uncertain extraction, his gallant exploits, and high reputation as a soldier of the revolution,—his influence over his companions in arms, and over a beautiful woman, who was one of the most constant of them, being ever at his side, offer food for romantic story.

April 1.—I have had to-day the gratification of receiving through the office of the Minister of

* Literally—for he had been a regular "fire-cater," and was ever to be found the foremost in the fray.

Marine the silver National Cross of Merit. This cross is conferred only on those who have seen actual service during the war of independence; and for that reason is here more prized than that of the Saviour. The inscription on the one side is, “Ὁθων βασιλεὺς τῆς Ἑλλάδος;” on the other, “Τοῖς ηρώικοῖς πρωτομάχοις τῆς Πατρίδος.” There are three descriptions or grades of this cross,—that of iron, that of bronze, and that of silver, which are bestowed according to the rank or services of him on whom it is conferred.

There has been throughout the day a great afflux of travellers of both sexes towards the Piræus, bound on a devout pilgrimage to our Lady of Tinos, (ἡ Παναγία, or “all holy.”) A religious fête takes place there on Monday next, and, I am informed, offers a most interesting spectacle, being attended by crowds from the Peloponessus, as well as from Attica and the neighbouring islands. The devotees of the fair sex are usually very numerous; and among them are invariably to be found many choice specimens of island loveliness. Tinos itself is rich in beauty.

An ex-cicerone of mine called upon me to make his bow before setting out on this pilgrimage, and on my making him a trifling present in acknowledgment of services he had rendered me, he assured me that he should apply it to the purchase of a massive taper, which he would light before the Panagia in my behalf. This uncalled-for promise may or may not be kept; in the meanwhile it explains to me the destination of the tapers with which I have observed most of the pilgrims to be provided, varying in size according to the means of the devotees, or to the ardour of their devotion. Some which I saw were fully four feet long, and from three to four inches in diameter, and gaily ornamented with ribands of various colours. The fête has been described to be so brilliant and so peculiarly national, that I should have made a point of being a spectator of it, were not the anniversary of the outbreak of the revolution (ἡ Επανάστασις) to be celebrated on the same day in this city.

I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the "Maid of Athens," so cele-

brated by Lord Byron. She is still a fine woman, and must have been very beautiful when he addressed to her the outpourings of his fervid imagination. Being now surrounded by a fine family of children, though interesting as a matron, she is, of course, no longer the poetical personage of days of yore. She is the wife of Mr. Black, (son of the professor of that name,) who was for some time director of the police in Athens, and to whom I am indebted for much kind assistance in my communications with the government offices.

April 2.—The day was rainy and chill, and I did not leave my rooms at the Hotel Royal until the evening, when I exchanged them for the hospitable salon of the gallant officer who, after having supported the honour of Great Britain on his *own* element, is charged with the protection of her interests in this quarter. All the foreign ministers were present, except those of Russia and the Porte; and there was no peculiarity to indicate that the conversazione was in Athens, (excepting always the *attic* salt with which the guests seasoned their conversation,)

saving the presence of an aide-de-camp of Sir Richard Church in his national costume. This costume, as now worn by the military, is not quite orthodox, collars being added both to the vest and shirt, and shoes substituted for the zarouchia of the "olden time." The former interfere with the freedom of the movements of the head and neck, and are not in keeping with the rest of the dress ; and the shoe is neither congruous to it, nor, on the rocky mountains with which the country abounds, is it half so efficient a protection to the foot as the old-fashioned and picturesque zarouchia ; the latter, in case of need, can be re-soled by the soldier himself in the course of a few minutes.

I had a good deal of desultory conversation with Captain Mostra respecting the brigands, who have recently made their appearance in several parts of the Morea, and more particularly in Messenia, and was gratified to find from him that the national, or rural guard, has displayed much enthusiasm for the re-establishment of good order, and great courage and perseverance in following "to the death" the disturbers of it.

It appears that the rumours of disaffection, and connivance with the brigands on the part of the peasantry, by which the capital has of late been alarmed, are absolutely without foundation. Two of these brigands were guillotined half-way between the city and the Piræus some days ago. The manacles having been taken off, one of them, before his head was laid on the fatal block, attempted to make his escape, and a long and desperate struggle took place between him and the executioner before he could be secured. The scene is reported to me to have been of a very horrible description : no native Greek could be found to undertake the office of headsman, and the one employed had been accepted on the strength of his own report as to his skill. A Greek, who had acted as executioner on a former occasion, was shot in a café of the Piræus, although under military protection at the time.

The claims of our countrywomen to pre-eminence in beauty were well supported by more than one of those present in Lady Lyons' drawing-room.

April 3.—I called at the office of the Minister of Marine, to offer my acknowledgments to him

for having conveyed to me the National Cross, and at the same time to “do homage” to the noble heart of the gallant Miaoulis, which, as I have before mentioned, is preserved there. It is deposited in a silver urn, and the urn is kept in an oaken case, formed out of one of the timbers of the navarch’s favourite vessel, which stands in the private audience-chamber of the minister,—the key being in his possession. The present minister requires no such solemn memento to incite him to the performance of his duty; but were he other than he is, in its presence he *could* not betray the interests of his country. On the urn are the following inscriptions:—

ΧΑΙΡΕ Η ΚΑΡΔΙΑ ΤΟΥ ΝΑΥΑΡΧΟΥ ΜΙΑΟΥΛΗ.
 ὍΘΩΝ Ο ΑΒΑΣΙΑΕΥΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ ΑΝΑΤΙΘΙΣΙ
 ΤΩ ΕΝ ΥΔΡΑ ΝΑΩ ΤΗΣ ΥΠΕΡΑΓΙΑΣ ΘΕΟΤΟΚΟΥ
 ΤΑΥΤΗΝ ΤΗΝ ΦΙΑΛΗΝ ΠΕΡΙΚΛΕΙΟΥΣΑΝ
 ΤΟΥ ΜΙΑΟΥΛΗ ΤΗΝ ΗΡΩΙΚΗΝ ΚΑΡΔΙΑΝ.

Εγεννήθη ο Ανδρέας Μιαούλης ἐν Ὑδρᾷ τὴν 20 Μαΐου, 1769.

Ἀπέθανε δὲ τῇ 11 Ἰουνίου, 1835.*

* Hail to the heart of the Navarch Miaoulis! Otho, the first King of Hellas, deposited in the Church of the Most Holy Virgin (Mother of God), in Hydra, this Urn, containing the heart of Miaoulis. Andrea Miaoulis was born in Hydra, the 20th May, 1769, and died the 11th June, 1835.

On leaving the Admiralty, I applied at the palace for permission to return thanks to his Majesty for the grant of the National Cross. The aide-de-camp of service, Sahini (a Hydriote), informed me that my application being made so short a time before the reception of to-morrow, could not, according to usage, be complied with, but promised that he would mention my request to the King, and endeavour to have the matter arranged according to my wishes. Since then I have received a note from him, to intimate that the King will receive me at five, P.M. to-morrow,—an exception being thus made in my favour, which indicates, perhaps, that Englishmen are now in better odour at the palace than they were a few months ago.

In the course of my afternoon walk I met the King twice, attended only by his aide-de-camp. He was inspecting the works at the new palace and the university, in the progress of which buildings he takes much interest. I have before met him in the same quarter, which is at a short distance from the outskirts of the city, and always with the same slight attendance, and have

been gratified to observe that the recent plots, and rumours of plots, have not caused him to exhibit any symptoms of distrust in the mass of his subjects.

The new palace is beautifully situated on a gentle eminence between the city and the Ilissus, the ground sloping gradually downwards from it in both directions. The centre of the palace is opposite to the upper extremity of the street of Hermes, which, as before mentioned, traverses the city from east to west. The front, consequently, looks upon the Acropolis, the city, and the great plain of Olives ; to the left are the columns of the temple of Jupiter, and to the right the rocky heights of Anchesmus. The palace itself is a very extensive building, much larger than a King of Greece can require for his residence, or than his household can fill. It is an oblong square, about ninety paces by seventy. I have not seen the plans, but for the present it looks as if rather intended for a barrack than for a royal palace, and threatens to be little in accordance, as regards architectural beauty, with what remains of the works of the ancient Athe-

nians : the architect is a Bavarian. It is generally stated that the cost of this building will be defrayed out of the private estate of the King ; even if this be the case, it is to be regretted that a portion of the fund should not be otherwise applied. A smaller royal residence would have harmonized better with the extent of the kingdom, and have permitted the King to lend his aid to works of national utility in such a manner as to increase his hold upon the affections of his subjects.

April 4.—About noon I made my appearance in the square before the palace. It is laid out as a garden and planted, and at that hour, when the guard is relieved, is the favourite resort both of strangers and of the Athenians,—some attracted by the military music, and some, perchance, by the hope of a glimpse of certain fair maids of honour, who usually shew themselves whilst the band is playing. The King and Queen also generally make their appearance ; but the neighbourhood of the royal windows is decidedly less popular with the loungers, military and civil, than that of the windows of the aforesaid

maids of honour. The square is, however, not the resort of the lovers of music and worshippers of beauty exclusively, for at the same hour may be seen within its precincts ex-ministers of state, ministers in "esse," and ministers in "posse," and not unfrequently some of the members of the corps diplomatique. It is a sort of neutral ground, on which news may be collected, and interviews with political friends or opponents arranged, and where, possibly, under the cover of a lounge, a good deal of political intrigue is carried on. It is the Lyceum of the Peripatetics of modern Athens.

In the afternoon I had a private audience of the King, who, after receiving my acknowledgments, made inquiries as to my intended route on my departure from Athens. On being informed that my destination is Egypt, he made such remarks as to the monuments which exist in that country and as to the extraordinary man who rules it, as were calculated to leave an impression that he had made them the objects of his peculiar study. He afterwards questioned me as to the changes which I had remarked in

the aspect of Athens and its vicinity; and in reply to the comparisons which I drew, he observed, very justly, “Ce sont les bienfaits de la paix,”—a proposition to which I most devoutly assented. The rejoinder suited to the atmosphere of an audience-chamber would have been—“Et du gouvernement paternel de votre Majesté;” but, owing either to unreadiness of wit or to want of conviction, I allowed the opportunity of playing the courtier to escape me.

From the palace I adjourned to the hospitable board of M. de Sartiges, the French Chargé d’Affaires, and thence to the opera, where Mademoiselle Bassi played the part of Norma with much taste, feeling, and science. The music of this opera, and the spirit with which the *prima donna* represents the jealousy and sorrows of the sinning and betrayed priestess, have turned half the young heads in Athens, and the theatre, in consequence, is in extreme disfavour with some of the severe patriots of the revolutionary school, who look upon it as a channel through which corruption is poured into the arteries of “la jeune Grèce.” By some it is regarded as a field

of innocent amusement, and by others as a means of hastening the progress of civilization, and also, by being a centre in which men of all parties meet and communicate, of increasing the value of public opinion on matters of greater importance. The royal party, probably without reference to other motives than the amusement of the passing moment, patronizes the opera very frequently, and this evening was attended by the young Archduke Frederic, whose frigate arrived at the Piræus yesterday. He appeared to be very animated and amusing in his conversation with his fair and royal neighbour, and in that offered a striking contrast to the bearing of the royal visiter who preceded him — Prince Henry of Orange, whose appearance in public was reserved and chilling in the extreme. The young archduke has gathered "golden opinions" from all who have approached him, whilst the young prince failed in rendering himself popular, either with the men or the ladies of Athens; by the latter, his reserve was ascribed to insensibility to the charms of the sex, (no venial offence!) and by the former, to extreme

hauteur. A Greek friend of mine observed to me, "It is a pity (εἶναι κρίμα) that here, where all that is constitutional should be fostered, the scion of a race of constitutional kings should have shewn himself so much less affable than a nephew of the emperor!" Those who know the young prince well, say that he is full of instruction and good feeling, and that his reserve is the effect of diffidence,—an inconvenient quality for one who has to enact so distinguished a part on the stage of life.

April 5.—I received an invitation from the Minister of Marine, to accompany him to the celebration of the anniversary of the outbreak of the revolution, which is to take place to-morrow at the church of St. Irene. It had been apprehended that the plot of the 1st of January (O.S.) might serve as a pretext for abandoning, on the present occasion, this national ceremony.

In the afternoon I walked out in the direction of the Academy, or rather of Patissia, between which place and the slope of Mount Anchesmus a military band usually plays on Sundays and holidays. Near the music was collected a goodly

assemblage of Athenian beauty, in which were mingled several groups of English and other *European* ladies, whilst, attracted either by the sounds which filled the ear, or the sights which charmed the eye, was in attendance a crowd of loungers of various nations and in varied costumes. On the outskirts of the crowd hovered several groups of horsemen, escorting the lady of the British minister and her daughter, both accomplished horsewomen, as it becomes Englishwomen to be, and the Greek ladies of Gen. Gordon and Major Finlay, who worthily emulate the fashions of their adopted country; these were the "observed of all observers," until the court rode briskly across the plain to the edge of the circle, and fixed for a while the attention of all. The group was exceedingly picturesque; the King, (who rides admirably,) dressed as an Albanian,—the Queen, flushed with exercise, and looking lovely,—the young Archduke, sitting his beautiful steed like a Templar,—the suite, some in Eastern, and some in Frank dresses, formed altogether a gallant array, which harmonized well with the motley assemblage of pedestrians.

I have been present on the same ground when it exhibited scenes of a very different character. It was made use of as a "place d'armes" when the head-quarters of the regular troops (*οι τακτικὸι*) were at Athens; and in 1826 I was frequently a spectator when Colonel Fabvier passed his young legion in review, or formed them into square, precisely where the loungers of this afternoon were collected. On the same spot I saw the colours of the Tactikoi, which had been wrought by the fair hands of the ladies of Athens, consecrated and entrusted to the corps by the Bishop of Talandi, now Bishop of Attica, and the venerable head of the independent Greek church.

Whilst musing on these contrasts and changes, I was addressed by a fine-looking man, in a rich Hydriote dress, whose countenance at once struck me as one which had been familiar to me years ago. I soon found that we were old acquaintances, he having commanded a beautiful schooner belonging to one of the gallant patriot brothers, Tombasi, at the time I was with the Greek fleet. When captain of that vessel, he

distinguished himself as one of the most dashing officers of the fleet, and as one of the firmest supports of then avarch and of discipline in all critical circumstances. A distich, currently sung by the people of Hydra, though not very poetic, was strongly indicative of his high merit :—

Ἡ γολλέττα του Τομΐάσι

*Τὴν ἀρμάδα τὴν τρομάξι.**

His name is Rafellià, and he now holds the rank of full captain in the Greek navy. These rencontres with men known under such different circumstances, and known, too, as deserving of admiration and esteem, are highly interesting.

* Which, after the doggerel style of the original, may be translated—

“ Tombasis’ schooner in the fight,
Doth the hostile fleet affright.”

CHAPTER XI.

Anniversary of *Εκανάστασις*—Te Deum at church of St. Irene — Absence of certain Foreign ministers — Levee at Kriezis'—Sir R. Church—Bey of Maina's circle—Gen-naios Colocotroni—Bishop of Attica a vassal of Ali Pacha—Chronicles—Greek beauty and toilette—Illuminations—General Church—Passport missing — Turkish bath—Farewell visits—Capitano Salafattino—Giorgio Bulgari, governor of Hydra—Slaughterer of the Mam-louks — Sir E. Lyons — Farewell to Athens—Veteran gunner of Miaoulis—Reduction of the navy.

April 6.—The day opened most inauspiciously, the rain having fallen in torrents from midnight until about seven o'clock in the morning. At that hour a temporary cessation took place; but the sky remained overcast with heavy clouds, threatening us with a day by no means in harmony with the feelings of the inhabitants.

At nine o'clock I went down to the Minister of Marine, whom I found surrounded by officers of the navy, assembled to offer their congratulations to their chief. We went in a body to the church of St. Irene, and although the building was already crowded to repletion, I very shortly found myself occupying an excellent post, close to the dais on which the seats of the royal couple were placed. Over it was a canopy of crimson velvet, on which were laid the crown and other insignia of royalty. Most of the ministers and military chiefs were already in the church ; but, in consequence of a deluge of rain which commenced just as we crossed the threshold, converting the streets into torrents, the arrival of the leading personages was delayed, and the court did not make its appearance until nearly eleven o'clock. The interim, however, was by no means tedious to me, for it was well employed in conversing with those who were near to me. General Church stood at the right hand of the dais, and in a group behind him and at his side were Condourioti, Zaimi, Delejanni, two Mavromichalis, Londos, Tzavellas, Grisiotti, and the two Grivas, besides several of

the members of the first National Assembly of Astros, distinguished by a medal appended to a green riband. To the left of the dais stood Sahini, Gennaios Colocotroni, the young Demetrius Mavromichali, and Prince Michael Soutzo, aides-de-camp to the King. The maids of honour stood near to their royal mistress ; opposite to the dais were the ministers of state and the representatives of foreign powers. I am wrong, perhaps, in saying *the* representatives, for neither the Russian, Austrian, nor Prussian minister was present. The King and Queen were both in the national dress, which becomes the latter exceedingly ; as an adopted daughter of Hellas, her subjects might justly be proud of her.

On the arrival of the sovereigns, they were met at the threshold of the church and conducted to the dais by the bishop of Attica, in mitre and pontificals, at the head of his clergy. The ceremony was very short, consisting simply of the Te Deum, sung by the ecclesiastical body, and of a benediction, pronounced by the bishop. The first strains of the Kyrie Eleison were greeted by a bright gleam of sunshine, which suddenly

illuminated the church, producing an effect almost electrical. The benediction was accompanied by the roar of artillery in the capital, and in the church was succeeded by cries of *Ζήτω ὁ Βασιλεύς—Ζήτω ἡ Βασίλισσα*; to which was added, from the group behind me, that of *Ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς*.* Outside the church, as the King got into his carriage, *τὸ Σύνταγμα—τὸ Σύνταγμα*, “The constitution!—the constitution!” was repeated by several voices mingled among the crowd.

From the church we adjourned to the house of Kriezis, where were speedily added to his particular cortège, Sahini, Gardikiotti Grivas, and the Beyzadeh of Maina; and over chibouques and a cup of right moka the ceremony of the morning was duly discussed. Both among this party and elsewhere, subsequently in the course of the day, I heard the absence of the recreant ambassadors commented on as it deserved,—i. e., as an insult to the nation, and as a slight virtually offered to the King himself, the event, in the celebration of which they have refused to take part, having laid the foundation of the throne which he now

* “Long live the King”—“Long live the Queen—May Greece flourish!”

fills. Without that event, neither King nor ambassadors would be at present in existence at Athens.

From Kriezis' we progressed to the house of the commander-in-chief, Sir R. Church, where I met my quondam strategos (General) Londos. He has now the rank of colonel in activity, wears the Frank uniform, and is one of the most determined "appassionati" of Madlle. Bassi, offering, in person and pursuits, a singular contrast with the petticoated chieftain of the revolution.

At the Bey's, where I afterwards presented myself, I found a collection of the gallant pallekaria of the old school, and among them had the pleasure of meeting some of the companions of my youthful adventures in the Morea. One of these, Capt. Salafattini, is now a grim old warrior of sixty, with beard as black, teeth as white, and step as firm, as when I scrambled over the mountains with him in 1825. He is still the true Mainote pallekar, and knows only his God, his country, and his chief. Among other circumstances of a less trifling nature which he recalled, my efforts to keep my dress

cleaner and more free from *inhabitants* than that of my comrades, were not forgotten.

Later in the day, I went to offer my congratulations to young Colocotroni, who is just returned from his excursion to Corinth, Caritene, &c. My visit was returned by him whilst I was "journalizing" the scenes of the morning—an occupation which I willingly exchanged for a long and interesting conversation with him, in the course of which he informed me that he had taken notes of all the military and civil events of the revolution, in which he had been personally engaged. The perusal of them would be highly interesting, and the possession of them most valuable to any one who might undertake the compilation of a detailed history of the times. I may, without violating the confidence of private intercourse, which (perhaps to the prejudice of the interest of my journal) I have endeavoured on all occasions to avoid, state, that my quondam commander disclaims the connexion with the Russian party which is generally imputed to him, and more especially with the Philorthodox conspiracy, the leaders of which he treats as men

without head, “*χωρίς κεφάλι*,” and whose views embraced merely a personal aggrandizement to which they are unsuited. He declares himself to be of no *foreign* party, but moved by patriotic feelings and views alone, professing that he has the same personal and national esteem for Englishmen which distinguished him when I was before in this country, albeit he is no personal friend of the British minister.

With reference to the cries of “*Constitution!*” which had been heard in the morning, he observed, that the desire of a constitution pervaded all classes and all parties, without distinction; and that, ultimately, the general wish must be complied with by the sovereign. Although he professes to be a soldier, and no politician, I could perceive that he is fully alive to the political influence which a representative form of government would give to himself and his family, through their wide territorial possessions, and their extended relationship with the influential families of the Morea. When speaking of his present pursuits, he said, “*I have now changed my sword for a ploughshare, and am as actively*

employed in planting currant and mulberry trees as ever I was in uprooting Turks and Egyptians on the same ground."

It gratified me to hear him admit the good quality and capacity of several leading men whom he knows to be neither friends nor eulogists of himself, and, by this token of generous feeling, he has effaced from my memory many reports to his disadvantage which I have heard during my stay here, dictated possibly by political animosity. It would be displeasing to me to remember him otherwise than as the gallant patriot; though, alas, years too frequently convert gallant soldiers into wily political intriguers! The Gennaios Colocotroni is married to a sister of Tzavellas, who holds so distinguished a rank among the heroes of Missolonghi.

In the evening, accompanied by M. Psylla, I went to pay my respects to the Bishop of Attica, now the highest dignitary of the Independent Greek Church, whom, in 1826, I had known as the warlike Bishop of Talandi. His house was at that time the evening resort of all the distin-

guished patriots whom their public duties assembled in Athens. I found the venerable old man little changed by the intervening years; and, though he has been going through the trying ordeal of the Greek Lent, he appeared as vigorous in mind and body as ever, and as capable, if need were, of taking up the cross, and leading his flock to the combat, as he shewed himself to be at the outset of the revolution. Whilst I smoked a chibouque "ecclesiastical" in company with several long-bearded and saintly-looking personages, the bishop entertained us by recounting various anecdotes of that extraordinary man, Ali Pacha, whom, during twenty years, he visited twice a-year as the spiritual pastor of a numerous body of his subjects, and as intercessor in their behalf in temporal affairs. When detailing some of his conversations with him, the object of which was to prevent the effusion of blood, he gave the replies of Ali with an expression of countenance and a change in the tone of his voice so much in accordance with the recorded acts of the man, that I almost imagined the old Pacha to be seated at my side *in propria*

persond. He spoke of him as a man of great intellect, “*μεγάλο πνεῦμα*,” but utterly destitute of all human feeling ; and cited the last act of his life—which gave him up to the tender mercies of his bitter personal enemy, and was so opposed to the dictates of common prudence, much more to those of the profound cunning and depth of purpose which had distinguished his previous career—as an especial dispensation of Providence. In reply, I quoted the old saw : “*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*,” with which his “*despotship*” (*Δεσπότης* is the title given to bishops) seemed not a little pleased. He told me that he left Jannina only five days before the death of Ali, ascribing also to the wise purposes of Heaven the inspiration which made him foresee the final catastrophe, and turn away his face from the den of the tyrant before it became an arena of indiscriminate slaughter, thus preserving him to be useful to his country. He has noted down, from day to day, all the incidents of his life, both as connected with that of the Pacha of Jannina, and with the Greek revolution. How replete with interest must these “*chro-*

nicles" be, and what a strange contrast would their details present to those of my chivalrous and clerkly friend, Sir John Froissart !

During the day the shops were closed throughout the city, and the inhabitants, both male and female, exhibited themselves in festal attire. The dresses of the old *pallekars* were especially brilliant, throwing into the shade those of the "renegade" Hellenes, and of the Frank visitors. Among the fairer part of the population were visible many lovely countenances, which on ordinary days are seldom exposed to the public eye. Their ample tresses plaited round the head, and interwoven with bright-coloured kerchiefs, or wreaths of flowers, display the profile to great advantage. The only part of their dress which calls for reform or modification, is that which ought to conceal and support the regions adjacent to the heart, but does not perform that duty so effectually as the advocates of the mystery of female delicacy would wish. This remark applies only to the matrons,—the unmarried fair are as reserved as the matrons are lavish in their display. It is not in Athens that the finest spe-

cimens of Greek beauty are to be sought. Certainly, on a day like this, many are to be found by the observer curious in such matters, (and what wanderer of good taste is not curious therein ?) but for the most part they are strangers here. It is in the islands of the Archipelago that the purest blood is to be found ; and both among them and in Livadia, the curiosity of the most curious will receive ample gratification in this particular.

In the afternoon the Queen drove through the city, attended by one of her maids of honour, and was greeted in all quarters, by all classes, and by both sexes, with demonstrations of devoted loyalty and affection.

In the evening there was a state dinner at the palace ; and, in the city, the government offices, and the residences of such of the foreign ministers as had assisted at the ceremony of the morning, were brilliantly illuminated. The theatre also was lighted up, and the court, ministers, &c., attended " en grande tenue." On the walls of the Acropolis were rows of immense torches, the fitful light from which, glancing on the

monuments within, produced a most picturesque effect.

I should have treated as a "dreamer of dreams" any one who, fourteen years ago, might have told me that I should ever be a spectator of such ceremonies and scenes, and pass the day in the manner I have described at the foot of the Acropolis!

I devoted the morning of the 7th to a farewell circuit of the Acropolis, and to a visit to the building which, for the present, does duty as the University of Athens.

In the lecture-room I found M. Landerer, the royal professor of chemistry, surrounded by an attentive audience, composed of both middle-aged and young pupils, to whom he was delivering a lecture on mineralogy. He is a Bavarian, but is a perfect master of the language of the country, in which his lecture was delivered. I have thus heard an Englishman plead, an American preach, and a Bavarian lecture, in Greek, all apparently thoroughly versed in the delicacies of the language.

My day was agreeably closed at the table of

General Church, whose career is too well known to require any record from me. He is held in high esteem by men of all parties, and, even by those who are opposed to him in opinion upon political subjects, is recognised as one of the most ardent and enthusiastic of the adopted sons of Greece. Years do not seem to have damped the ardour of his feelings, nor to have tarnished the brightness of his chivalry. The unfortunate result of the battle of Athens has been laid to the charge of General Church, who has been taxed with imprudence by more than one "chronicler" of the affairs of Greece, for having opposed the irregular soldiery under his command to the Turkish horse in the open plain. That it was imprudent and hazardous so to expose them, unsupported by cavalry, or by efficient artillery, there can be no doubt; but I do doubt whether the blame has been laid upon the right shoulders. I have had an opportunity of discussing that disastrous affair both with Greeks and Philhellenes who were present, and they all concur in stating that General Church was forced into it against his better judgment, and under a threat of the

withdrawal of the fleet. It is said that even taunts were employed by those who were eager for the fray—taunts which it is difficult for a soldier to tolerate, but which the previous career of General Church authorized him to meet with disdain; unfortunately, he permitted them to move him from his purpose, and surrendered his judgment to that of others of less experience in the warfare of the country. He narrowly escaped being made prisoner by the Turkish horse; himself and a few pallekars, whom he had kept together after the rout took place, having been beaten back to the sea-shore, and been compelled to wade or swim to the boats, which were lying off, under a heavy fire from their pursuers.

On the 8th, I commenced my preparations for departure, and was not a little disconcerted to find, on application at the police office, that my passport was missing. I was assured that it had never made its appearance at the office, as also that it was not necessary that English passports should be deposited there. On my arrival at the Piræus, the captain of the Austrian steamer had informed me that it was delivered

by him to the police of that port, and would be duly forwarded to the capital, such being the regular course of proceeding ; and, confiding in his information, I allowed myself to be separated from it without further inquiry. I could find no trace of it either at the police or the health office of the Piræus, but was more fortunate in my inquiries at the bureau of the Austrian steamers, where it had been, in the interval since my arrival, exposed to the claims of all comers. I was too happy to resume possession of it to feel disposed to enter into any investigation as to the cause of the irregularity, which I mention merely as a caution to those who may hereafter be invited, like myself, to separate themselves from so important a document. It is far from agreeable to suppose that the possession of one's passport by another may be entailing a responsibility for follies or misdemeanors in which we have no share.

I had caught a severe cold at the national festival of Monday, and being on the eve of my departure, I was tempted to try the effects of a Turkish bath, as offering the chances of a more

prompt cure than any other remedy. The result was fortunately successful; and I should not hesitate again to employ the same remedy under similar circumstances, or to recommend it to others, although I was afterwards informed that at this season of the year it is rather a dangerous experiment. I was stewed, kneaded, half dissolved in perspiration, deluged with soap-suds almost to suffocation, then half drowned in hot water, and by the time the operation was completed, found myself a "new man." The stewing process was, I confess, rather trying, for, during the first quarter of an hour which I passed in the heated chamber, the feeling of oppression at my chest, which, together with a dry cough, constituted my malady, increased almost to suffocation. I was, however, then relieved by torrents of perspiration, by which the oppression was gradually, sensibly, and entirely carried off. A chibouque and a long sleep completed the cure.

The baths, or "loutro," at Athens, are in the old Turkish establishment, but are much inferior in their arrangements to the establishments of

the same nature at Smyrna and Constantinople. They are indifferently fitted up, and the chambers in which the patient is stoved are very gloomy, being dimly lighted by small glazed apertures in the domes, by which they are surmounted. If the patient be rather an invalid, and his bath be taken in the evening, his imagination will become almost as heated as his person. The imperfect light, — the mistiness created by the steam,—the long, hollow reverberations of his own voice, and of that of the operator, as he cheers himself in his various occupations of kneading and cracking of joints, —the intense heat in which he is enveloped, form a combination which affects the nerves to a certain extent, and transforms for the moment the naked and swarthy attendants into ministers of evil !

April 9.—The day passed away in paying and receiving farewell visits, in the course of which I received, and willingly believed, many assurances that my return to Athens would afford pleasure to those who have contributed to the enjoyment and interest of my present visit to

the capital. That many of these assurances were sincere I have a thorough conviction; but even if the belief in them were an illusion, it is one of those illusions which are the sunshine of life, and without which our pilgrimage would be but a weary journey, and sorry should I be were they dissipated.

Among my visiters was the young Mavromichali, by whom I was favoured with many interesting particulars respecting those members of his family who perished during the revolution. These will form no unfit appendage to a sketch of the state of the province of Maina prior to, and since the revolution, which one who has long resided in that wild and primitive district, and for a while ruled its destinies, has promised to supply me with. The young Beyzadeh also recounted to me many anecdotes of my old comrade, Captain Salafattini, of whom mention is made in the details I have given respecting the anniversary of the *Επανάστασις*.

That fine old man was in active service from the outbreak of the war until its close, and on many occasions, both in the Morea and in

Roumely, distinguished himself as a dauntless and indefatigable soldier. In the early part of the revolution, as an acknowledgment of some signal act of successful daring, the provisional government awarded to him the title of "Strategos," together with a sum of no inconsiderable magnitude. He refused the former, saying that he might be a good captain, but should make a bad general; and declined receiving the latter, alleging that his country had greater need of money than his family. This took place at a time when the love of money, and the desire of military titles, were the besetting sins of many of his fellow soldiers. Previous to and during his military career, his favourite amusement was to listen to the History of Ancient Greece, whilst read aloud by any of his more erudite companions or comrades. Since the country has been at peace, he has taught himself to read, and he now passes his time in studying the same history, or the Bible, and in attendance upon his sick chief. He has been attached to the Mavromichali family since his earliest infancy, and, except during the war, has been the constant

companion of the Bey. During the war he attended other members of the family wherever the struggle promised to be most severe, and several of them died in his arms. His life offers a bright example of disinterested devotion to his country and to his chief.

During a visit to Kriezis, the conversation fell upon the political position of Egypt, and from that reverted to the early career of Mehemet Ali, and to the pachas who had preceded him in the government of that country, Hussein and Khosref. These topics led to the history of the father of Madame Kriezis, Giorgio Bulgari, a Hydriote. He held high rank in the fleet of both those pachas, was mainly instrumental in crushing the power of the Mamlouk beys under Hussein, and when Omer Vrionis (whose name is so frequently mentioned in the history of Poucqueville) was driven from, or negotiated out of, his share in the government of the country by Mehemet Ali, he conveyed him and his immense treasures in safety to Salonica, first having insisted on his embarking, accompanied only by a small suite of personal attendants, in

acknowledgment of his implicit reliance on the honour of himself and his Hydriote followers. Subsequently he was appointed by the Porte to the command of a division of the Turkish fleet which was despatched on a cruise against the pirates of Tripoli, and afterwards (in 1804) was named governor of his native island, where he died in 1812. Whilst he was governor of Hydra, a Russian fleet made its appearance off the harbour, and summoned, or invited, the inhabitants to hoist the imperial flag in place of that of the Porte, holding out to them the promise of efficient protection against the power of the Sultan. Several of the most influential primates were desirous that the summons should be complied with, but Bulgari wisely rejected it, and laying before his countrymen the conduct of Russia on former occasions, when the Greeks had been incited by that Power to throw off the Turkish yoke, and afterwards abandoned to the vengeance of their enraged "Suserain," he endeavoured to convince them that on that occasion also they would be abandoned as soon as the purposes of Russia should be served. His views of the

matter drew down upon him the enmity of the philo-Russian primates, and they formed a conspiracy, the object of which was to obtain possession of his person, and to deliver him into the hands of the Russian admiral. Bulgari having a strong party among the islanders, by the mass of whom he was both beloved and feared, the plot was discovered, and failed, and the Russian admiral in consequence withdrew his fleet without accomplishing his object. The withdrawal of the fleet did not, however, put an end to the projects of the dissentient primates, and violent feuds arose between their partisans and such of the islanders as supported the authority of the governor, menacing the island with civil strife and bloodshed. Partly to prevent this, and partly to satisfy the wishes of his friends, who undertook to maintain his authority in the meanwhile, Bulgari withdrew for a time to Athens. On his return to Hydra, a Turkish squadron (manned in part by Hydriotes, as was then the custom) made its appearance off the island, and the governor received orders to inflict signal punishment on the rebellious primates. Far, however,

from lending a prompt obedience to this command, which offered him the means of taking vengeance on the men who had sought his destruction, he connived at the escape or concealment of the offending parties, and, becoming himself the mediator between them and the Porte, eventually screened them from all punishment. After giving me a sketch of the adventurous life of his father-in-law, my host remarked, that if he had lived, the Greek revolution would not have wanted a native chief capable of moulding into system its heterogeneous materials; adding the very characteristic observation, that "he was a man of head and of heart, and who, with two words, could make his companions walk through fire."

There is a strange inconsistency in the character and deeds of men of these climes at the epoch to which this sketch refers. The same Giorgio Bulgari, who, as governor of Hydra, so nobly interfered to protect his personal foes from the consequences of their conspiracy against himself, when he was in the service of the Egyptian Pacha, relentlessly issued the mandate

which consigned to destruction a body of gallant soldiers, the Mamlouk beys, who had come in all amity to visit the Pacha's yacht, then commanded by him. For this act he had simply the command of his chief; at the beck of an infidel he slew infidels, and possibly in so doing he imagined himself to be acting the part of a good Christian as well as of a faithful soldier. Be this as it may, unfortunately for his otherwise untarnished reputation, Bulgari was the chief actor in a deed of political vengeance and treachery, which, only in the number of its victims, was surpassed by that of which subsequently the citadel of Cairo was the theatre, and the Mamlouk beys also the victims.

The beys had visited the Pacha (the Pacha of the Porte, not Mehemet Ali, who at that time held only a subordinate military rank) under a pledge of safety guaranteed to them by the commander of the British fleet. They were received courteously, and after being regaled with the customary tokens of Eastern welcome and hospitality, were dismissed by the Pacha with smiles and assurances of friendship. On quitting his

presence they were induced by his followers to visit the yacht, alongside of which they were received with a discharge of musketry. Sixteen of the beys were killed or mortally wounded, and the persons of the remainder secured, after a vigorous but confused resistance. The English admiral interfered as soon as the affair came to his knowledge, and obtained the immediate release of the latter. The Pacha alleged that it had arisen from a sudden quarrel between the beys and the Greek sailors, and promised that the offenders should be given up to condign punishment. In the meanwhile he had ordered Bulgari and his sailors (who, I *fear*, were also Hydriotes) to make their escape, and to remain in concealment until the matter should be forgotten. Thus the first blow aimed at the power of the beys was inflicted by a native of that island which was destined, in after years, to send forth the bitterest enemies of the exterminator of that fated race.

After devoting the day to my Greek friends, I passed the evening at the hospitable board of his excellency the British minister, where I met

a thoroughly European, and almost English, circle. Among the party were several of the restless tribe of wanderers, which England sends forth in so much greater number than any other nation, who here are welcomed by their national protector with a liberality and hospitality which in some of the western capitals of Europe are become merely traditional. Sir Edmund Lyons will, I trust, pardon this observation from one who carries away from Athens a grateful remembrance of his personal kindness, as well as of his valuable counsel and assistance in matters submitted to the government. To the latter, in my quality of Englishman, I might suppose myself to have some claim,—the former I acknowledge as purely “octroyé,” and my gratitude has been awakened accordingly. I trust, also, that Sir E. Lyons will pardon the occasional reference which I have made to his political bias and to the exercise of his political influence. I have abstained from such reference excepting on points on which he is supposed frankly to avow them; and whereupon their frank avowal is perhaps the most astute diplo-

macy. Both as an Englishman and as a Philhellene do I devoutly wish that his zealous efforts may be crowned with success ; nor am I without sanguine hopes that such will be their result, seeing that he has assured himself of the sympathy and co-operation of men who have given, in their past career, undeniable pledges of their disinterested patriotism and devotion to the public weal.

On the 10th, I bade adieu to my beloved Acropolis, and at six, P.M., embarked on board the French steamer *Eurotas*.

The last moments I spent on Attic soil were passed in the society of my friend A. D. Kriezis, and of the grandson of Miaoulis, who softened the regrets of my departure by many kind wishes for my safe and speedy return. They were distinguished by one of those rencontres which bring the past and present of the political position of Greece in forcible contrast. Whilst smoking a farewell chibouque under a picturesque shed, which forms part of the principal café on the shore of the harbour of the Piræus, a tall, gaunt, but vigorous old man, in the uni-

form of a petty naval officer, was pointed out to me by the young Miaoulis, who inquired whether I did not remember him. I had a sort of dreamy recollection of his features, but was unable to connect them with time or place, until my inquirer asked me whether I had not seen him on board the Navarch's vessel. I then at once remembered him as a favourite follower of the admiral, at whose side he had fought from the commencement of the war. He had a smattering of gunnery, and was for that reason a man of some importance among his companions. By Miaoulis himself he was greatly esteemed, and in return was devotedly attached to him, and was most exemplary in his performance of the duties which devolved upon him as gunner of the admiral's ship. After the close of the war, he adventured his all in the purchase of a small vessel, which unfortunately was wrecked, and he was thrown upon the world in his old age, with a numerous family of daughters depending upon him for support. In consideration of his past services, the same rank which he held in the service of Miaoulis was granted to him in the

Royal Navy in 1833, and has been since held by him. Recently, however, he was on the point of being again thrown destitute upon the world, the vigorous remonstrances of the Minister of Marine having alone prevented the government from making such a further reduction of the naval force of the country (already far more reduced than gratitude for past services, or policy warrants) as would have involved the dismissal of this old veteran, and of many others scarcely less deserving.

I would willingly have closed the memoranda of my visit to Athens with anecdotes indicative of a desire on the part of the present government to discharge the debts of the revolution, through which it has been called into existence, but unfortunately such instances are rare, more especially as regards the "England of the Archipelago," and probably will so remain until northern influence be less predominant around the throne.

CHAPTER XII.

Hydra—Origin and antiquity—Rise—State of, at commencement of war of independence—Fleet—How armed, and manned—Government under Turks—First naval expedition—Second idem—Miaoulis joins the fleet—His gallantry at Patras—Named Navarch—Battle off Spezia—Gallantry of Kriezis—Effects on position of Morea—Defeat and slaughter of Dramali Pacha's army—Hydriote families—Kriezis—Blowing up of Nereus, and massacre of prisoners at Hydra—Miaoulis—Anecdotes of the admiral,—Condouriotis—Zamados—Tombasis—Giorgio Bulgari—Administration of justice—Knout given by members of council—Bastinado administered by Colocotroni—Present condition of Hydra—Causes of decay—Character of Hydriotes—Spezia—Inhabitants—Hospitable reception of the author—Calojeros Procopio—Present state of Spezia—Amazon Bobolina—Ipsara—Character of inhabitants—Giorgio D'Apostoli—Ipsariote admiral—Lamentations over wife and daughter.

BEFORE turning my back upon Athens, I may, perhaps, be permitted to devote a chapter to the past and present condition of those islands which supplied and manned the fleets, and without the

co-operation of which the efforts made by the inhabitants of continental Greece to shake off the Turkish yoke would only, as in time past, have served to rivet their chains more firmly.

These remarks will be compiled chiefly from the notes with which I have been supplied by a member of a Hydriote family, which has suffered and sacrificed much for the public weal ; but I shall take the liberty of mingling therewith the substance of some memoranda taken by myself, whilst living in daily intercourse with the leaders and captains of the fleet in 1825, as also a few anecdotes which may appear to me to throw light either on the character of individuals, or on the manners of a country less known to us, until late years, than those of parts of the globe infinitely more distant.

I commence with Hydra.

According to the most approved local authorities, the island, if inhabited at all, has been inhabited to a very limited extent during little more than four centuries, and until nearly the middle of the last century, was one of the most insignificant of the Archipelago. Within the memory of a few of its most aged inhabitants, (in

1825,) the town of Hydra was composed of only between two hundred and three hundred houses, built of wood, and roofed with shingles. At that time the mountains of the island were covered with olives, and with such trees as find nourishment on a rocky soil, and its caiques built of timber of native growth. The late Antonio Miaoulis, in his work on the origin of Hydra, endeavours, however, to prove, that the island has been inhabited from the most remote antiquity.

This is a point of little moment ; for it is not to any exploits of their ancestors, but to the stalwart deeds of the Hydriotes of the present day that the island owes its celebrity. Their annals during late years would have borne comparison with those of the most brilliant days of Greece, and they have no need to produce the chronicles of their fathers to entitle them to our respect. In this, how much more fortunate are they than the inhabitants of certain islands and cities, both eastward and westward, who perhaps glory in the history of the past, while it ought only to call to their brow the blush of shame for their present degeneracy.

It may not, however, be uninteresting to trace in the sources from which the island has successively derived its increase of population, the origin of the spirit of enterprise and of hardihood by which, since they have become known as a distinct race, these islanders have been distinguished.

The first settlers in Hydra from a distance, of whom there is any certain record, were from the mountains of Albania. They were a portion of the followers of that gallant patriot chief, Scanderbeg. When his career of brilliant exploits, achieved with scanty forces, in the face of the then mighty power of the Porte, was terminated by his untimely death*—a career which is yet the subject of martial ditties and tales of wonder in the wild mountains of Albania—many of his hardy followers sought refuge in this island from the Turkish yoke, which, deprived of their leader, they had no longer the means of avoiding at home.

The population of the island was subsequently,

* Scanderbeg, otherwise Giorgio Castrioles, died in the year 1467.

from time to time, augmented by refugees, driven thither from the mainland by causes of a similar nature, but it did not assume any numerical importance until the fatal attempt to throw off the Turkish yoke, which was made by the inhabitants of the Peloponessus at the instigation of Catherine of Russia, and which, having received only the semblance of support from her fleet under the command of her minion, Orloff, drew down upon them the bloody and unsparing vengeance of their enraged masters.

Many of the inhabitants of Argolis and of Laconia, at that time, sought refuge in Hydra, and the island thenceforward made rapid increase in population and in wealth. The soil being, for the most part, arid and unproductive, and the land susceptible of cultivation being barely sufficient to supply the wants of the former inhabitants, the new comers necessarily turned their attention to the resources which its insular position offered.

The caiques and barks, which had hitherto constituted the maritime strength of the island, were gradually replaced by vessels of larger size, and

the enterprise of those by whom they were manned extended itself in proportion. From being mere traders to the neighbouring islands of the Archipelago, they became frequenters of the coast of Africa and of Asia Minor, and carried on a traffic of some importance between those districts and Constantinople. It was, however, destined that the trade and importance of Hydra should again receive an impulse from a revolution, not such an one as had before advanced its prosperity, but a revolution, the vibrations of which were to be felt, for good and for evil, beyond the limits of Europe, but which, for the Hydriotes, was productive only of good—that of France. It opened for them a carrying trade in grain from the Black Sea to the ports of Italy, of France, and of Spain, which was successfully carried on by them for years, and rapidly increased their capital. Their enterprise kept pace with their increase of means, and at the commencement of the present century their commercial navy was not greatly inferior in number and strength to that which they possessed at the outbreak of the revolution of

Greece, though prior to the French revolution they had few vessels exceeding in burthen from a hundred to a hundred and thirty tons.

At the commencement of the war of independence, Hydra counted nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, of whom between four and five thousand were able-bodied seamen; in fact, with the exception of the very young and very old, few of them were not seamen. These were barely sufficient to furnish her yearly tribute of men to the Porte, (two hundred,) and to man her commercial navy, which had then increased to ninety vessels, varying from two hundred to five hundred tons in burthen, the greater number being of a size between the two extremes. Most of these vessels were built at Hydra and by Hydriote builders, some few at Venice and Leghorn.

When these vessels were converted into ships of war, they were armed with from ten to fourteen guns, and manned with from fifty to eighty men, according to their tonnage. Some of them, but these were very few, carried eighteen or twenty guns, and were manned in proportion. The larger vessels, for the most part, had four long

brass guns amid ships. The older and less seaworthy and smaller craft were converted into fire-ships. It is estimated that thirty-two of their own vessels were disposed of in this manner by the Hydriotes in the course of the war, and that eighteen of those belonging to other islands were set fire to by them in the same capacity. With what success many of them were consumed is matter of history. With few exceptions, the vessels, as ships of war, were under the immediate command of their owners. Where the ownership extended to several vessels—as with the Tombasis, Kriezis, &c.—the owners were represented in their command of the smaller ones by confidential captains, some of whom distinguished themselves not less than those whose all was at stake in the struggle.

A word as to fire-ships may be not misplaced. I do not know in what manner the fire-ships of nations more experienced in naval warfare are managed; those of the Greeks were thus constructed and conducted:—The body of the vessel was filled with combustibles of every description; under each of the hatches was placed a certain

quantity of powder, communicating with which were trains or quick-burning matches, laid in pipes to, and along each side of the vessel, and having openings outward which were stopped with plugs. The captain of the "doomed" vessel was aided by his crew in carrying her as near as might be to the enemy. When so near that the fire of the enemy rendered the deck no longer tenable for the crew, they got down into the launch, which was towed under cover of the least exposed side of the vessel. The captain, however, kept his post at the helm until the moment for setting fire to the craft was arrived. He then lashed the helm, and joining his comrades in the launch, set fire to the train, and every nerve was strained by the crew to get away from the fire of the enemy and beyond reach of the explosion. The fire running along the pipes, the hatches were blown up, and the vessel before its final explosion became a mass of flame. Great as was the terror of the Turks on the approach of these vessels, the service was one of no common danger, and these devoted brûlotiers, holding on their lonely way under a storm of

shot, are certainly entitled to our admiration. Many of the most daring, and among them Canaris, however, repeatedly escaped uninjured from these acts of devotion. The Speziotes distinguished themselves less than either the Hydriotes or Ipsariotes in the management of fire-ships. One of their fire-ships, which for several years had remained unconsumed, was quaintly styled by their confederates, τὸ ἀθάνατον πυρβολικόν, “the immortal fire-ship,” or, literally, “thrower of fire.” If I remember rightly, it belonged to the primate Botassi.

Under the Turks, Hydra had been exempted from receiving a Turkish governor—a privilege which was granted in exchange for the yearly contribution of sailors with which it supplied the Turkish fleet. They were esteemed by the Turks as the best and bravest of their galiongis, and had many privileges secured to them, whence their title of “Chamesli,” or the privileged. The island was first under the protection of the Sultana Validé, and afterwards under that of the Capudan Pacha. The yoke of the Turk, consequently, pressed more lightly upon its inhabi-

tants than upon those of any of the other islands of the Archipelago, (for the conscription was scarcely looked upon as a hardship by men who often made a brilliant career on board the Turkish fleet,) and such being the case, they are the more entitled to our admiration for having been the first to devote themselves and their hardly-earned wealth on the altar of patriotism and liberty.

The result of the first naval expedition was not very brilliant. The fleet was composed of a hundred and twenty vessels, of which about the half were Hydriote, and the remainder Speziote and Ipsariote. The Hydriote division was under the joint command of Giacomaki Tombasi, Anastasio Tzamados, and Lazaro Lalecos, as navarchs. The various captains not being yet accustomed to act in concert, the commanders effected little in the way of annoyance to the enemy, and their efforts were almost exclusively confined to offering succour and an asylum to the less warlike inhabitants of the other islands, more particularly of Scio.

The second expedition was conducted much in the same manner, and with similar results, the

Greek vessels venturing to do little more than to exchange distant shots with the enemy, in order to cover the attack and retreat of their fire-ships. The attacks made with the latter, compared with those which took place in the ensuing year, (1823,) were mere trials, or lessons.

During these two expeditions, Miaoulis had remained a mere spectator. He had previously endeavoured to dissuade his countrymen from entering upon the war, on account of the enormous superiority of the naval forces with which they would have to contend, and it was not until after the return of the second expedition that he decided on joining the combined fleet of the three islands. During his first cruise he acted merely as captain of his own vessel—a beautiful brig of sixteen guns—and in the council of captains was distinguished rather for his extreme caution than for any spirit of enterprise; so much so, indeed, that he was even reproached by his comrades with timidity.

It would appear, however, that the future hero was at this time studying both the weak points

of the enemy and the resources of his own countrymen, with a view to future action ; for so soon as an opportunity presented itself of bringing them to the proof, and, at the same time, of setting a brilliant example in his own person, he effectually demonstrated to his comrades that, although he could calculate and reason upon the disparity of forces, he was insensible to fear. This opportunity offered itself in the waters of Patras. He had boldly pressed forward on the rear of the Turkish fleet, which was making all sail from the dreaded fire-ships, and his was the headmost vessel of the squadron, when the wind lulled, and he was becalmed between two of the enemy's frigates. He continued for some time in that perilous position, and the three vessels being enveloped in the dense smoke from their own guns, which the calm allowed to hang lazily over them, his consorts lost sight of him, and supposed him to be sunk. Such must necessarily have been his fate had he to deal with any other than the disorderly and unskilful crews of Turkish vessels, deprived of the assistance of those (the Hydriote galiongis)

to whom the working of their ships had been heretofore entrusted. At length a slight breeze sprung up, and discovered the two frigates much crippled in their rigging, and the gallant brig comparatively uninjured, under the complete command of her crew, and pouring repeated (Lilliputian !) broadsides fore and aft of her now unwieldy antagonists. This chastisement, thanks to the confusion of the enemy, she was enabled to continue for more than an hour, when the approach of other vessels compelled her to make her retreat, which she effected without suffering severe loss. This brilliant affair, achieved in view of his countrymen, who were at too great a distance to afford him effectual assistance, won all their confidence, and obtained for him his commission as supreme navarch of the combined fleet. The old admiral has since confessed that whilst in this critical situation he had given himself up as lost, but was determined to punish the enemy as severely as possible before going down. When the clearing away of the smoke shewed the crippled state of their rigging, he saw and availed himself of his advantage.

The next naval affair of note took place in the waters of Spezia, and between that island, Hydra, and the Main. The Turkish fleet was composed of seventy ships of war (of which four were three-deckers) and thirty transports, and was destined for the bombardment of Hydra and Spezia, and for the relief of Napoli di Romania, at that time closely invested by land. The Greek fleet consisted of about seventy sail. Notwithstanding the advantage which their knowledge of the currents, shoals, &c. of those narrow seas afforded to the Greeks, and the difficulty which the Turks experienced in availing themselves, in such a situation, of their immense superiority in strength and number, the first onset was unfavourable to the islanders, and several of their vessels were driven on shore, and many others sought safety in a confused flight. Kriezis, on this occasion, greatly distinguished himself, and prevented a general rout. He successively engaged the pursuing vessels between Hydra and the small island of Docos, and by his superior seamanship contrived to throw broadside after broadside into ships of double and treble his

strength, with comparatively slight damage to his own vessel, (the *Epaminondas*, carrying eighteen heavy guns.) Meanwhile he had signalled to one of the most dashing brûlotiers to carry his vessel into the thickest of the pursuing squadron, which was gallantly effected, Kriezis protecting the retreat of the launch. Though the fire-ship unfortunately burnt without setting any of the enemy's vessels on fire, the panic she created threw them into confusion, and gave his flying countrymen time to resume the defensive, and also afforded Miaoulis, who had been becalmed on the outside of Spezia, time to come up with several vessels of his division, and to take his share in the fight. This was done so effectively that the enemy made the best of his way into the Gulf of Napoli, leaving two Austrian transports in the possession of the Greeks. The *Epaminondas* received many shots in her hull and rigging, and suffered severely in killed and wounded. Among the latter was her gallant commander, who was struck by a musket-shot in the heel whilst standing on the elevated poop of his vessel, cheering and directing his

however, they effected before another detachment of Greeks had time to occupy a position (formerly fortified by the Venetians) at the extremity of the defile towards Corinth. At Corinth famine fought the battles of the Greeks, and subsequently a pestilence, brought on by the stench of the bodies of the camels and horses, which had perished for want of food, was a still more effective ally.

Dramali Pacha retreated northward, through a mountain-pass of ill-omened name, *κακή σκάλα*, "the evil pass." He was followed by barely four thousand men, the miserable remains of an army of thirty thousand, chiefly horsemen, and the flower of the troops of the Porte, which he had led into the Morea a few months previously.

When I was at Corinth, in 1826, the silent streets were strewn with the bones of men, horses, and camels, and the roofless churches and houses were encumbered with similar memorials of the fate of the army of Dramali. The pass of Lykokuri was also still white with the bones of the Osmanlis. At that time, there was not a single inhabitant in the once-populous city of Corinth, and our quarters for the night were established

anxiously to Napoli and to the fleet for a supply of their wants. On the retreat of the Capudan Pacha, Dramali broke up his camp, and led his dispirited troops, chiefly cavalry, in the direction of Corinth. This movement having been observed by the besiegers of Napoli, Colocotroni and Nikitas* made a forced march across the mountains, and established themselves on the rocks above the gorge of Lykokuri, "the pass of the wolves," at some distance from its opening into the plain of Corinth, and where the pass between the rocks is so narrow that it is scarcely possible for two horsemen to ride abreast. Here they awaited in ambuscade the approach of the enemy; and not until the defiles were crowded and blocked up with horsemen and camels did they commence the attack. The helpless cavaliers were then shot like dogs, or crushed with fragments of rock rolled down from the heights above. A frightful slaughter took place before the Turks succeeded in forcing the pass, which,

* The same who is more or less implicated in the Philorthodox Conspiracy. During the war, he earned for himself the title of Τουρκοφάγος—"the devourer of Turks." I believe it to be first bestowed upon him after the affair of Lykokuri.

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in a church, a portion of the roof of which had not fallen in. I remember offering hospitality to a band of half-starved pallekars, who were on their way from Missolonghi to the camp of Argos. Even to this day I have before me the half-famished group, devouring with their eyes the carcass of a lamb, whilst it was undergoing the process of roasting, after the slow and primitive fashion of the time. This was effected by its being held over the glowing embers, and, with the aid of a stick or stone, passed horizontally through it, turned by two of the party, who were relieved, until it was fit for the table. (?) When set before them, the yataghans and knives of the party speedily relieved the bones of their teguments, and before the meal was completed many of the smaller bones had also disappeared, and the more massive ones were reduced to a state of fit companionship for those already scattered on the pavement of the church. Elevated by this comparatively sumptuous fare, washed down by raki, the poor pallekars danced round our fire (lighted in the church) the greater part of the night, presenting themselves to me, each time I awoke from my chill and comfortless slumbers,

as a band of demons enacting some unholy mysteries.

The following day they volunteered their escort as far as the camp of Argos, whither I also was bound, and right faithfully did they perform their duty, though I and my slender suite would have been an easy and not valueless prey for men so denuded,

After the preceding brief sketch of the first naval efforts of the islanders, and of their influence on the fates of the Morea, (my Corinthian reminiscences are an episode for which I crave indulgence,) a short notice of some of the leading Hydriote families will probably not be thought misplaced.

The eldest Hydriote families are, I believe, the Ghionis, the Anagnostis, and the Anastasis, but they were not among the most wealthy at the commencement of the revolution. I remember, however, a member of the last-named family, a tall, noble-looking veteran, as commander of a beautiful brig whilst I was with the fleet. He was in high esteem with the navarch.

The Kriczis may also be considered one of the

old Hydriote families, having been established in the island for four generations. They are originally from the island of Negropont, from a district which is still called "Κριζότιμα." It lies at the foot of a mountain, the name of which is "Κριτζί," a Romaicized Albanian word, signifying "black-head, or crest." This name was probably given by the Epirote settlers in Negropont.

The founder of this family in Hydra was Dédde Kriezis ; and a brother of his originated a family of the same name in Poros. Four generations have sufficed to render both branches of the family very numerous, but more especially that of Hydra, which the exploits of the present Minister of Marine have also rendered far the more illustrious of the two. The Kriezis have freely expended their blood and their fortunes in the furtherance of the good cause. In the spring of 1825, a catastrophe took place which plunged all the members of this family into deep affliction. The *Nereus*, a fine sixteen-gun brig, belonging to an uncle of the minister, and officered by two of the sons of the owner, young men of high promise, and in great esteem with their country-

men, was blown up whilst at anchor off one of the southern ports of the Morea. The two Kriezis, (brothers of my fellow-pilgrim to the island of Milo,) and the greater part of the crew, perished in the explosion. There was reason to believe that the fatal match had been applied by a Turkish prisoner; and an impression having gained ground that a conspiracy existed among the prisoners, to work out similar effects on board other vessels, and at Hydra, the inhabitants of the island rose *en masse*, and massacred the prisoners who had been deposited there, in number about two hundred. It was a horrible affair, for the poor wretches were dragged down to the edge of the port, and shot or stabbed, and thrown into the sea one by one by the infuriated mob. The primates remonstrated in vain, and it is to be remarked, that no one of them was so persevering in his efforts to protect the victims as the father of the two young commanders of the *Nereus*. He and his family, in fact, succeeded, at great risk to themselves, in withholding from the popular fury two prisoners who were employed as household slaves at their residence, and even-

tually in getting them away from the island. A few months afterwards I became intimately acquainted with this family. The father and mother were fine specimens of venerable simplicity of manners, and of devout resignation to the will of the Most High. Patriotism was with them a religious feeling, and their regret seemed to be, not that their two promising sons had fallen, but that they had *so* fallen.

“ Δόξα τῷ Θεῷ—ἔτι, ηἰεὶ ὁ Θεός ”—

“ Glory to God—so God willed it.” I have heard the father more than once say, “ But had it pleased Him that they should fall in battle, I should have mourned less.”

It is probable that the destruction of the *Nereus* was owing to the despair of a Turkish prisoner ; but it is not impossible that it was the effect of mere accident, for in those days the powder magazine opened by a trap-door into the commander’s cabin, where the chibouque was more or less in activity from morning until evening. Many a chibouque have I heedlessly smoked similarly situated.

The Miaoulis family is also very numerous. Like that of the Kriezis, it is of Eubœan origin, but is of much more recent establishment in Hydra than the latter. The original family name was Vocos, (Βῶκος, Hellenic, "a herdsman,") and that of Miaoulis, which has since been rendered so illustrious, was assumed as a distinctive surname by the late navarch at the commencement of the present century. He adopted it from a Candiote vessel which he purchased, and with which he made many very successful voyages. The name of the vessel, when purchased by him, was *Miaul*, a Turkish word, which, if I mistake not, signifies "strong," or "fierce."

When on board this vessel, laden with grain, and bound for a Spanish or French port, Miaoulis fell in with a division of the British fleet under the command of Nelson. He made desperate efforts to get away, but they were fruitless, and he was summoned on board Nelson's ship. After answering, with the frankness by which, even as an old man, he was distinguished, various questions which were put to him respecting the vessels he had fallen in with, he declared,

with equal candour, whither it was his intention to carry his cargo, and that it was his own property. Whether his previous information had been valuable to the admiral, or whether by a secret freemasonry the latter recognised in him a man of his own heroic mould, I will not pretend to say ; but Miaoulis and his vessel were permitted to pass on their way unmolested.

When the navarch recounted to me this anecdote, he told me that Nelson laughed heartily when the answers which he gave respecting his ship and himself were translated to him. Before passing on to another of the Hydriote families, I beg permission to relate one other short anecdote of this gallant and good old man.

After having been dispersed in a heavy gale of wind, a part of the Greek fleet was at anchor off Kimolo, waiting to be joined by the fire-ships and other heavy sailers, (Oct. 1, 1825.) I had gone to pay my respects to the admiral, and whilst I was smoking a chibouque in his cabin, some of the inhabitants of the island, who had brought off presents of fruit and game, were admitted into his presence. They approached the

venerable navarch in the true style of Oriental vassals, bowing and touching the plank with their hands, which were then carried humbly to their foreheads, and then pressing forward to kiss his hand. Miaoulis drew back his hand, and looking somewhat sternly upon them, gravely exclaimed, "I came not here to receive such tokens of homage as you were wont to offer to the Turks, but to war in your behalf." The disconcerted yeomen were not, however, dismissed without counter offerings of amity. The following day a council of captains was held on board the admiral, which I attended with my friend and commander, Kriezis. The council being concluded, the navarch went for a time upon deck. On his return into the cabin, the captains rose to offer him the seat of honour. He bowed his thanks, but declined the proffer, and seating himself upon the nearest vacant spot on the divan, said "εἴμεθα ὅλοι ἐλεύθεροι—ὅλοι ἀδελφοί,"—"We are all freemen—all brothers."

The Condouriottis are of Attic descent, the grandfather of the ex-president having migrated from Κτοῦντρα, a village not very distant from

Athens. Their true origin is perhaps Albanian, for the natives of many parts of Attica still speak a dialect of the language of that country. The ex-president George, and his brother Lazaro, inherited some property from their father, and instead of dividing it, as is usual in Hydra, traded with it conjointly. They were so very successful in all their undertakings that, prior to the revolution, they were owners of thirteen vessels, and were supposed to possess from four hundred to five hundred thousand dollars in effective, and in European securities. Their claim upon the government exceeds a hundred and eighty thousand dollars. There have been no fighting men of this family; but Lazaro is universally regarded as a man of powerful mind and of extensive practical knowledge; when George Condouriotis was president, (as elsewhere observed,) on all critical matters he deferred blindly to his judgment. Lazaro has lost an eye; his countrymen were used to say, that the one which remained was worth a score of pairs of ordinary optics.

The Tzamados are originally of Cranidi, a village near to Hermione. The name has been

distinguished in the annals of the revolution, through the gallantry of both brothers, Anastasio and Demetrio. Demetrio was owner of five or six vessels, and his present claims upon the government amount to seventy-five thousand dollars.

The Tombasis are of Anatolian origin, the grandfather of the first Greek navarch having migrated from Vourla. The name of Tombasi was assumed by the son of the Vourliote under circumstances similar to that of the assumption of Miaoulis by Vocos. He was a man highly respected by his countrymen, and also by the Turks, with whom his singularly frank and open character, and his personal strength and lofty stature, rendered him popular. Under the protection of the Capudan Pacha he amassed a considerable fortune. His sons were in person and character worthy of their sire, and were, moreover, distinguished by scientific acquirements much more extensive than were then to be found among the generality of their countrymen. Their example and instructions effected great improvements, both in the naval and domestic architecture of the Hydriotes. Their vessels were perfect

models, and the interiors of their residences were worthy the merchant princes of Florence or Genoa. Giacomaki was the first Greek navarch, and Manoli, in 1823-4, was commander-in-chief of the Greek army in Candia, where, by his judgment and bravery, he for a long time made up for the numerical deficiencies of the troops under his command.

To sketch the history of the Cochinis, Boudouris, Orlandos, and the various other families which, in person or in purse, have contributed to the rescue of Greece from the Turkish yoke, would require more time and space than in a work of this kind it would be safe to devote thereto ; nay, I already fear that my readers may think I have been too diffuse as regards the origin &c. of the families I have brought before them. I shall therefore close my notes, as to individuals, by the further mention of a man whose history is a remarkable specimen of the career of a master-spirit in these climes, during the epoch which preceded the revolution. The hero of my tale is George Bulgaris, whose name has been already brought forward in connexion

with the family of Kriezis, and some of his extraordinary deeds noticed at the same time.

He was of comparatively humble origin, being one of four sons of a continental yeoman, or small landholder, who tended his own sheep. His three brothers were men of no common stamp, for, though so humble was their birth, and so unsuited their education, for fitting them for their future career, they all became owners and commanders of vessels of considerable burthen. George Bulgaris quitted his paternal home and flocks at a very early age, and enrolled himself among the galiongis, who from year to year went forth from Hydra to serve on board the Turkish fleet, which he entered as a cabin-boy. He was distinguished even as a boy, by great activity both of mind and body, and by extraordinary resolution; the first indications of which were his readiness, in all moments of danger, to perform, as a sailor, duties which others hesitated to undertake, and, in moments of leisure, to exhibit feats of activity and daring on the rigging of the ship of the Capudan Pacha. This attracted the notice of the admiral, and he rose rapidly in

rank, and in the course of a few years was appointed to the command of all the Hydriotes and Speziotes serving on board the Turkish fleet. He filled this rank when he was employed at Alexandria in the destruction of the Beys, as also when he was entrusted by the Porte with the command of a division of the Turkish fleet despatched on a cruise against the pirates of Tripoli, as stated in the preceding pages.

Some time afterwards he was sent as Governor to Hydra, armed with the firman of the Sultan, and decorated with the title of Bey. After the temporary absence from his government, which was the consequence of the intestine divisions among his countrymen, brought about by the appearance of the Turkish squadron, and the intrigues of its commander, before adverted to, he was sent back to Hydra, armed with authority and instructions to restore the island to order, and for that purpose to burn, kill, and destroy. The Pacha by whom he was conveyed to Hydra wished him to land, accompanied by a body of troops, sufficiently powerful to enable him to carry these commands into effect, and to crush

all opposition from his personal enemies, and from the partisans of Russia, (the Condouriottis, Cochinis, &c.,) but the proffered assistance was declined by Bulgaris, who contrived to persuade the ex-Pacha that he could effect the purposes of the Porte aided only by a body of Hydriote gali-ongis. On landing, he resumed possession of the government, in virtue of the authority delegated to him by the Porte, and formed a council, composed of the primates who had previously given proofs of their attachment to him. The council advised him to make himself master of the persons of his enemies, and of the avowed partisans of Russia ; but this he declined doing, and contented himself with indirectly giving them to understand that they would do well to withdraw themselves for a while from the island. The suggestion was not thrown away.

Bulgaris remained in possession of the supreme authority over his adopted country until 1812, when he died of malaria fever, caught whilst visiting a farm near Hermione, which he had purchased not long before. He had been " autocrat" of the island nearly eight years,

during which time (with the exception of the attempt at co-operation with the Turkish fleet) he maintained internal tranquillity undisturbed. Prior to his accession, if I may be allowed the term, the inhabitants were divided into factions, and bloody feuds and contests were of daily occurrence. Among his decrees (*Διαταγαί*) are one which prohibits the carrying weapons of any description, — one which prohibits all citizens from walking in the town after dark without a lantern,—one which orders that strangers (*ξένοι*) shall not be ill-treated or molested,—one which regulates the prices of provisions,—*cum multis aliis*, which indicate that he had to deal with subjects who had not yet made great progress in civilization.

As an example of the simple and semi-barbarous usages of the time, and as a contrast with the manner in which justice is administered at the present day, it may be stated that culprits were tried and judged by the Bey, or Governor in council, in a summary manner, without consulting any other statutes than his own decrees, and that, as soon as sentence was passed, it was

carried into effect in a manner equally summary. The councillors were four, each of whom held in his possession a fourth part of the seal of the council, which when complete represented the Παναγία, or “Virgin,”—the “All Holy.” In the impressions of her image affixed to these decrees may yet be observed traces of this primitive mode of testifying that they were published with the concurrence of each of the members of the council. The avengers of the law were the councillors themselves, and the instrument of chastisement was a very formidable sort of cat-o’-nine-tails, with which stripes were inflicted by them on the prostrate patient, while the Governor told off the count on his combolajo, ~~or rosary~~. It is said, but I know not with what degree of truth, that instances have occurred of the culprit expiring after the infliction of this “knout.” It may appear strange that within the limits of Europe, and in the present century, usages should have existed so little in accordance with European ideas of civilization. Hydra, however, was not behind the adjoining continent of Greece as regards these matters, for so recently as the year 1825, I saw, on more than one occasion, the bastinado

administered to soldiers by the *Στράτηγοι*, or Generals Londos and Delejanni, and even by the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the Morea, with their own hands. When I inquired why so unpleasing a duty was not committed to other hands, Colocotroni told me, that when administered by him the punishment would be regarded merely as a punishment, and a well-deserved one ; but that, if administered by a person of the sufferer's own rank, it would be looked upon as a deadly insult, which could be washed out only by the blood of the inflictor.

I have already mentioned, that at the commencement of the war Hydra contained about twenty thousand inhabitants ; the houses were from four thousand five hundred to five thousand, all inhabited. Things remained in pretty nearly the same state until 1833, since which year the place has rapidly diminished in population as in wealth, and at the present time it barely contains ten thousand souls. Many families have migrated to the Continent and to Negropont ; and of the island sailors, no inconsiderable portion has sought employment in the fleets of the Porte and of the Pacha of Egypt, where their superior

seamanship and known hardihood assure them of a ready welcome. The harbour is encumbered with the gravelly deposit of the mountain torrents, which empty themselves into it during the autumnal and winter rains ; and in place of the fleets of by-gone days, are to be seen therein merely such barks and scampa-vias as are suited to trade with the islands of the Archipelago and the coast of Asia Minor. Hydra now does not own more than fifteen or sixteen vessels, of from two hundred and fifty to five hundred tons. The greater number of those which constituted the Hydriote navy during the war were taken or bought for the Royal Navy, but have not yet been paid for. The authenticated claims of the Hydriotes, on account of disbursements during the war, over and above the portion of the loan which was paid to them, amounted to 1,500,000 Spanish dollars, no part of which, as far as I can learn, has been repaid. Certainly, no compensation for these disbursements is offered by the present state of the island !

The decay of Hydra cannot, however, fairly be attributed *in toto* to the jealousy of the government, which is said to have mistrusted the indo-

mitable love of freedom which prevailed among all classes of its inhabitants. Such jealousy may have had some influence in bringing it about, but more direct causes are to be found in the long-continued general peace, which permits the vessels of the north of Europe to rival those of the Greeks as carriers from the Black Sea,—in the rapid rise of Syra during the later years of the war as a depôt for Eastern trade,—and perhaps more than all in the expected and direct consequences of the revolution itself which render it no longer necessary or desirable for the Greeks to seek an asylum on a rocky and sterile isle.

The resources of all the leading Hydriote families have more or less suffered from the depreciation in the value of their property brought about by this change, and those of many of them were already nearly exhausted by the losses and expenditure which they incurred in the public service during the war of independence ; the consequence is, that not a few of them are now living in comparative penury. This ought not to be !

The Hydriotes are an athletic and handsome race. The women are generally tall and well

formed, and distinguished by regularity of features, the character of their beauty resembling much that of the women of Albano and Velletri. Marriages are usually contracted at a very early age, and the vices which enervate the youth of more civilized lands, and, be it said, also of some of the neighbouring islands of the Archipelago, are scarcely known in Hydra. The language is a dialect of the Albanian, which was probably first brought hither by the Epirotes, who made Hydra their asylum after the death of their heroic chieftain.

Most of the wealthier inhabitants, however, speak Romaic. They are much less voluble than the Moreotes, and, like their Lacedemonian progenitors, generally contrive to express much in few words.—“*Ε, λίγα λόγια και πολύ δουλειά,*” “Come, little talk and much business,” is, or was, a common proverbial expression among them. I have heard the following specimen of a pithy epistle, quoted by them as worthy of imitation. It was addressed by a Turkish Governor of Egina to Kara Ali, a Capudan Pacha, from whom he had received an order to supply the fleet with pitch

or tar : *Από 'μενα τον 'Αλλη εις εσένα Καραλλῆ. Τό κατραμ
εἶναι χαζῆρι, στῆλλε τ 'ἄσπρα νά το πάρης,* " From me,
Ali, to thee, Kara Ali (Black Ali.) The pitch is
all ready; send the money, and take it." Whether the original letter were written in Turk-
ish or Romaic I will not pretend to say, but such was its pithy and laconic form as quoted to me.

The island of Spezia is about fifteen miles distant from that of Hydra. Its wealth and importance are to be ascribed to the same causes, and may be traced to the same epochs, as those of its more powerful neighbour. The Speziotes speak the same language as the Hydriotes, and much resemble them in person; they are, however, generally taller and more fleshy. The same simplicity of manners distinguishes the inhabitants of both islands, but the Speziotes, of the two, are (or were) the less civilized. As far as my own experience goes, however, I must affirm that they are hospitable and kind; for during a stay of some days which I made in the island, when formerly a pilgrim in these lands, the primates assigned me rooms in the government house, sent an ample supply of provisions for

my attendants, and entertained me alternately at their own houses. The Secretary of the Council of Primates, the Calojeros Procopio, was my dragoman and cicerone, and no English village pastor could have displayed more genuine kindness to one of his own flock, than did this good father to me, an alien in faith and in country. We had many discussions on religious matters, on which there was necessarily considerable difference of opinion between us, notwithstanding which, when he gave me his parting benediction, he smilingly added, " We shall meet again in heaven if not on earth."

At the commencement of the revolution, Spezia contained about eight thousand inhabitants, and possessed from fifty-five to sixty vessels, generally of smaller burthen than those of Hydra. The most numerous Speziote fleet I have seen at sea at one time consisted of fifteen sail, (exclusive of Brulôts,) one only of which was three-masted, or carried so many as eighteen guns. Spezia has continued to prosper, whilst Hydra has been falling into decay. Its present population is estimated at nearly fourteen thousand souls, and

its mercantile fleet at eighty vessels of two hundred and fifty tons burthen and upwards. The islanders have extensive possessions on the opposite coast of Argolis. The unsatisfied claims on the government amount to 800,000 dollars.

The Amazon Bobolina, so celebrated in the first years of the revolution, was a native of this island, and was owner of three vessels, which she armed for the service of the infant state. On many occasions during the war, especially at Argos and Tripolitza, she displayed a courage which would have done honour to a veteran pal-lekar. Her end was characteristic of the semi-barbarous manners of the time. Her son was enamoured of a fair island Helen, who had been promised in marriage to another. Notwithstanding the jealous restrictions under which the intercourse between the sexes was then carried on, the two lovers found means to communicate, and to arrange an elopement from the island, which was successfully effected. The father of the fair one, on discovering her flight, went with all speed, escorted by his three sons, to the castle-like mansion of the Bobolina, and claimed the

surrender of his daughter. The lady had received some notice of hostile intentions on his part, and on his arrival he found the house barricadoed. A parley took place between the Bobolina, at one of the upper windows, and the claimants for the fugitive, who had drawn up armed in front of the house, below. Protestations on the part of the amazon that neither the fugitive nor her son was in the house, and that she was totally ignorant of the circumstances of the elopement, if elopement there were ; professions of disbelief on the part of the besiegers, and claims to be admitted to make search in the house ; these were met by a haughty defiance from the amazon, in answer to which shots were fired, and she fell dead, pierced by a pistol-ball in the centre of the forehead. The fugitives had, in fact, quitted the island, or further blood-shed would no doubt have ensued.

Strange to say, at the time of my visit to Spezia (1825), peace had been restored, and the son of the heroine was living on terms of amity with his father-in-law and brothers-in-law, one

of whom must have been the slayer, not to say the murderer, of his mother.

Ipsara (*Ψαρά*) is also an island of the same rocky character as Hydra and Spezia, and its rise and importance are to be ascribed to nearly the same causes as those which augmented the wealth and population of the latter. The men are smaller in stature than their confederates of the other islands, but robust, active, and resolute. They are of a gay and talkative disposition, and somewhat given to boasting; resembling in those qualities the inhabitants of the less warlike islands of Mycone, Tinos, &c. ; but as sailors and *pallekars* they do not yield the palm either to the Hydriotes or the Speziotes. As captains of fire-ships, whose duty is certainly not child's play, they have especially distinguished themselves. Canaris is a native of this island. The women are graceful in person, animated, and fond of admiration, of which the island descendants of the Epirotes are, or appear to be, careless. When the Turks wreaked their vengeance on the inhabitants of this devoted island, (1824,)

many of them, gay and graceful though they be, preferred death to captivity, and sought refuge from the loathed caresses of the conquerors in the burning ruins of their homes. The heroic but vain defence of the island is well described in General Gordon's work. Since then, Ipsara may be said no longer to exist, though the Ipsariotes, justly proud of the fearful sacrifices they have themselves made, and of those which they exacted from their invaders in the defence of their homes, are still Ipsariotes wherever they may have taken up their abode. In 1825, however, Ipsara was virtually transferred, together with the remnant of her gallant sons, to the Ipsariote division of the combined fleet. Such was the feeling of its aged commander, Giorgio D'Apostoli, whom I have more than once heard exclaim, as he surveyed the vessels of which it was composed,—*Αυτή είναι ἡ πατρίδα μου*—"This is now my country." If I remember rightly, the Ipsariote division at that time was composed of only five or six ships. The wife and a daughter of D'Apostoli were carried into captivity when the island was sacked, and the uncertainty in which

he then remained as to their fate; appeared to prey upon him deeply and unceasingly. "Would to God," he would say, "that they had been taken from me to Him, I could then have submitted without a murmur; but the hope of vengeance alone enables me to bear the burden which is thus laid upon me!"

The Ipsariotes are now established in various parts of the modern kingdom of Greece, but more particularly, I believe, in Negropont and Syra. They settle as much as possible in the vicinity of each other, and, as before observed, always distinguish themselves as *Ipsariotes*. Their claims upon the government have been rated at eight hundred thousand dollars—certainly not an excessive estimate, merely in a pecuniary point of view, of the losses which they have sustained.

Poros is the naval port of modern Greece; it is about fifteen miles distant from that of Hydra. The port is excellent, but the climate of the island, as also of the opposite shore of the mainland, is unhealthy. For that reason, perhaps, the population has not kept pace with its im-

portance as a naval station. It does not exceed three thousand or four thousand souls.

As in this and other chapters I have more than once made allusion to the friendly footing on which I was accustomed to associate with the chiefs of both the sea and land forces during the war of independence, I annex in the Appendix a copy of a letter with which I was furnished by the executive government of the day, for the commander of the camp at Salona, a brother of the renowned Marco Bozzaris. It may serve as a specimen of those which were addressed, in my behalf, to the commander of any other camp or expedition which I wished to join. Thanks either to such introduction, or to my quality of Englishman, or to both conjointly, my reception was, in every instance, highly gratifying to my feelings.

END OF VOL. I.

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