

low sandy point, we were not without fears of being drifted upon it. Presently, however, six or eight men came off in a boat, and after much bargaining, and great ingenuity in the art displayed on both sides, agreed to pilot us into Messina. The calm continuing, they took us in tow; and singing Sicilian airs in concert, dragged along our little bark cheerily. As it was a beautiful moonlight evening, nothing could exceed the majestic appearance of the dark high land on both sides, separated by a glittering current which reflected the beams of the moon. Before mid-night we were safely anchored in the Port of Messina.

2d.—After being inspected at the Health Office, and examined by the governor, we were left at liberty to range about Messina. The houses appeared to me diminutive in height, after just leaving the lofty buildings of Naples; but a little time reconciled me to them; and they are certainly better adapted for the terrible casualties to which these countries are subject. Mes-

sina, even now, appears to be only beginning to rise from a heap of ruins, such as it was left by a dreadful earthquake in the year 1783. Along the water, for nearly a mile in length, are the remains of a noble front to a pile of public buildings, and being the first objects which present themselves to the eye of the stranger, they give him the idea of some great recent calamity; nor can he easily believe that such has been their situation for upwards of twenty years. This first impression is never thoroughly removed; and the town always retains a mournful appearance. The principal church, like all the rest, is built in a very bad taste, although the roof has probably once been interesting. Since the arrival of the English here from Naples, it is said, however, that an unusual alacrity has pervaded all ranks; the ruins begin to be cleared away; new houses are rapidly rising; and even new streets planned out; yet so long as a great pile of ruin is the principal object which must

necessarily strike the eye in the public walk along the water, so long will Messina present to a stranger the melancholy idea of destruction.

As to the port, subsequent views serve only to strengthen the first impression of its excellence. It may certainly be ranked among the finest in Europe; both on account of its admirable situation for commerce with every part of the Mediterranean, and its natural internal advantages. It is capable of sheltering a thousand vessels; and is formed by a tongue of land which runs out from the island, describing the segment of a circle concave to the N. N. W. Upon this is built the citadel, a pentagonal fortress, well situated for defending the harbour, within which ships of the line may be moored all along the shore, and at ten yards distance from it. In the centre of the harbour the water is of immense depth; and in the middle of the straits it is said to be unfathomable. When we look on the opposite high moun-

tains of Calabria, from a low situation, across the tongue of land which hides the strait between, it appears incredible that an almost insuperable barrier should there separate a host of Frenchmen from a little band of seven thousand of their most determined enemies.

3d.—Made an excursion of three or four miles along the northern shore, as far as a small temple or chapel, whence there is a fine view across the straits towards Scylla, on the opposite shore; where the French are said to be now employed in erecting batteries. On my return, see the captain of the bark, who informs me that I shall not have time to go to Syracuse, as was my intention, and return before his departure. Adieu, then, my hopes in that quarter! I shall not behold the city besieged by Marcellus.

4th.—Walked upwards of seven miles along the southern shore, until I had passed the point opposite to Rhegium. Here the road led me close to the sea, of

which I took advantage, and bathed on a fine gravelly bottom, and the water deepening rapidly. The mountains on my right very steep and romantic, and now beginning to be covered with verdure to their summits; but the people, as in the kingdom of Naples, poor and miserable in their appearance. It did not occur to me till my return, that this was Good Friday; a day, which in my early years I was always accustomed to dedicate to friendship; and now, alas! to mournful remembrance. Such was it on the present occasion.

Towards the evening there was a grand religious procession, in which were carried a number of figures of the human size, representing the Saviour in various situations, the best calculated to affect the imagination or the feelings of the Sicilians. In the first figure Christ was represented kneeling down in the garden, praying that the cup (presented by a silver angel, fastened by wires to a tree) might pass away. In the second, bound to the pillar.

The third represented the mockery of the Jews. The fourth shewed Christ stooping under the weight of his cross. The fifth displayed the crucifixion. The sixth figure was the weeping mother. In the seventh the dead body appeared laid out. This figure was followed by an immense crowd. Lastly, under a canopy, was borne the sacred wafer, and as it passed, all the faithful threw themselves on their knees. Each figure was carried by four men; many noblemen, cloathed in white from head to foot, mingled in the procession, with tapers in their hands; and several companies of Sicilian soldiers, with inverted arms and muffled drums, preceded and closed the whole. In the evening I heard a dispute between two Italians, one of them an officer of cavalry, whether the business had been badly or well conducted. They talked of the management of the procession as they would of a play or a review. —

Saturday, 5th.—The captain of the bark

still continued to say he will go to-morrow. By this means he effectually prevents my venturing far from town. About this time the King of Naples, who had hitherto resided in Palermo, since leaving Italy, made his public entrance into Messina; which is henceforth to be his principal place of residence. It had been generally imagined that many of the Sicilians were disaffected to his government; but of this no symptoms appeared on the occasion of his entry; vast crowds assembling in the streets, and along the roads, and welcoming him with every demonstration of joy and loyalty. There was something catching in the enthusiasm of this great multitude, pressing upon each other, and stretching out their hands, were it only to touch the bridle of their king's horse, or the hem of his garment. How enviable appears the lot of those in power, who can so easily make themselves beloved; for Ferdinand is certainly a man of no talents. He resembles his brother the King of Spain in

the lineaments of his face, but he is neither so tall nor so stout; nor has he so much the look of a king. Illuminations and fire-works were displayed as soon as it became dark, and continued for several successive nights. Perhaps the fire-work most grateful to the eyes of the king was the blaze of cannon of the English ships of war in the harbour, and of their musketry on shore. In them he beheld the firmest supports of his Sicilian throne.

Monday, 7th.—Walk along the shore to the north of the town, and after some time, turned off to the left, among the hills, which I soon began to ascend. An hour and a half brought me from the first ascent to the highest ridge; whence there was a clear view on one side of the town and harbour of Messina, the Light-house, the Straits, and the opposite shore and mountains of Calabria; and on the other, Melazzo, with the intervening vallies and ridges, and at a distance Stromboli, and the other Lipari Islands. After wandering



about for some time, a thick mist began to collect on the tops of the mountains, and I made the best of my way down. The bare summit on which I stood was surrounded at a less elevation by conical hills, thinly covered with pine trees, and furrowed by deep vallies which led down towards the sea on both sides. These vallies are generally with steep sides and level at the bottom, gradually opening out towards the sea, the soil either sandy or covered with large smooth stones in the vallies running eastward, or towards Calabria; but they are narrow and more fertile towards Melazzo, on the west. In a word, the whole of these mountains bear the impression of the mingled operations of fire and water; which at some very distant period in the history of our globe, have been the powerful subordinate agents in furrowing the face of the earth. On, or near the highest summits are specimens of lava; as well as near the bases of some of them; but the lower hills are generally

composed of gravel and smooth stones, imbedded either in sand or a kind of dry friable mud, and of which I had never before seen such immense beds. Cultivation is carried in spots high up these hills, chiefly of the vine, which is kept low as at the Cape of Good Hope; and the different patches enclosed with hedges of euphorbium. There are several romantic situations in the steep vallies among the mountains; but except on some of the cones, trees are every where wanting to clothe and give a richness to the bare outline of ridges and peaks. To my great disappointment, all the island towards Mount *Ætna* was obscured; and indeed since my arrival I have never been able to obtain a view of that celebrated mountain.

Tuesday, 8th.—Spent in little excursions about the town; the captain of the brig still continuing to say he will go to-morrow.

9th.—Climbed the hills again to the north-west of the town, ascending by a

different valley from that which I had previously followed. In addition to my former views, I saw a little cannonading of the English gun-boats, upon a fort which the French had erected on the heights of Scylla, but which appeared to have been previously silenced, as they did not return a gun. I plainly heard the sound of the cannon, and saw all the manœuvres of the gun-boats, from the very highest pinnacle of the mountains. Three or four Goat-herds, of a wild appearance, and with leathern dresses, stood around me, leaning upon their long staffs, and looking with amazement at the distant smoke, and at me by turns. The distant scenery, joined to that upon the tops of the mountains, produced a striking effect.

Thursday, 10th.—The captain of the brig still continued to swear pardi he will go to-morrow. This evening the King was present in great state at the theatre; where I see him for the third, and, I hope, last time.

Friday, 11th.—Am called early in the morning by my fellow-passengers, who inform me that the captain allows us an hour to be on board. After packing up, paying our bill on shore, and swallowing our breakfast in a hurry, meet the captain still on shore, who informs us, that perhaps we may go in the afternoon. This day again lost; carry our trunks, however, on board, and sleep there.

Saturday, 12th.—The captain, after going on shore returns and informs us, with great coolness, that he has altered his voyage; and shall not proceed directly to Zante. By this conduct, besides the time already gone, I lose also the whole of this day, as also of Sunday, 13th, and Monday 14th.

On Tuesday 15th agree with the master of a Sparonara or Maltese boat to carry one of my American friends and myself to Malta, for twenty ducats, of ten carlines each. A Spanish dollar is worth twelve carlines and two-tenths. Convey our bag-

gage from the brig on board of the boat. Pardi will sail to-morrow.

Wednesday, 16. — Fine north west breeze. Cannot possibly sail to-day; but, *Si Dio vuole* (if God be willing) will certainly go to-morrow.

Thus disappointed, we go to the citadel, and from the ramparts see a review of all the troops along the shore, to the southward of the town, as if to oppose an enemy in landing. The fineness of the day, the high hills on the right hand, the strait in front, the opposite shore, and hills of Calabria on the left, and the good appearance of the troops; but above all, the idea that this might one day be a reality, all tended to give an interest to the scene. As if to increase it a Brig and Cutter got under weigh, and stood through the straits, and to our great mortification we are informed that they are bound for Malta. How came we not to hear of this? Pardi I am very unfortunate!

Thursday, 17th.—The wind still conti-

ning fair for Malta, early in the morning the padrone or master of the Sparonara came to awaken us; and by eight o'clock we were under weigh and standing out of the harbour. Fresh breeze and a charming sail along the coast of Sicily; which for fifteen or twenty miles from Messina is generally high and steep, close to the water's edge, with villages or little towns placed at intervals in romantic and almost inaccessible situations, upon the tops and along the edges of hills. Towards mid-day we for the first time have a clear view of Mount *Ætna*, which had hitherto to me been obscured. Upon this side it does not shew itself detached from the ridges of mountains which connect with it, sufficiently to form a great and separate object, equal to the idea which I had formed of it. This no doubt arose from our being on the water close to the shore; and of course too near to see it in all its greatness. The whole of this afternoon we continue to sail along the base of *Ætna*,

(the Catanian shore) which presented a delightful prospect, being highly cultivated and fertile, intermingled with towns, villages, and houses, gradually rising towards the summit of the mountain, which was buried in thick clouds. At sun-set we pass at a distance the town of Catania; situated towards the bottom of a large and deep bay at the foot of *Ætna*. With great persuasion our *Padrone* was induced to continue under sail after dark; and the wind still continuing to blow fresh, by nine o'clock we arrive and anchor in the port of Syracuse. The rowers stretch themselves out among the benches; and my companion and I fall asleep, filled with the idea of seeing something of this town, once so famous, in the morning.

Friday, 18th.—Before day-break we were awakened by the noise of the boat rowing out of the harbour of Syracuse; and although we would willingly have paid all the expense of stopping a few hours, the master determined to proceed;

The breeze being fresh, we were off Cape Passero, the southern point of Sicily, before ten o'clock. Here, while we were expecting the Padrone to leave off creeping along the coast, and stretch over for Malta, to our great mortification, he ran into a small bay, open to the southward, and came to anchor close to the shore, declaring that it was too late in the day to think of leaving the land. All our expostulations proving in vain, we went ashore; and, after walking about half a mile over a sandy tract, came to a village of about three hundred souls, where we fixed our head-quarters while at Cape Passero. This place was founded by a nobleman, who conceived the idea of perpetuating his memory by erecting two or three rows of stones and mortar, and a manufactory. But he is dead; the manufactory is in total ruin; and the village, miserable as it ever must have been, is going still farther to decay. To form a village here with advantage, it should be on the small bay



already mentioned, under Cape Passero. This Cape of itself is a low point; but at little more than a mile's distance inland behind it, the land rises to a moderate height, and is visible for many leagues off at sea. Near the Cape is a small island connected with Sicily by a ledge of rocks, overflowed at high water. On this island are a castle and a light-house. In the afternoon I took a solitary walk along the coast to the northward, and after passing the ruined manufactory, soon came to some cliffs, which excited all my curiosity. Upon a deep stratum of solid stone I noticed another, varying in thickness from two to four and five feet. This layer was full of petrified fish, shells, and plants; and although I had often seen specimens of similar productions in the museums, yet this being the first time that I had seen them in their natural bed, I was much pleased with my discovery. Upon farther examination, I found that the layers, both above and below, in many

places, bore evident marks of fire, and I came at length to a part where this singular bed had all the appearance of having been once a volcanic mud. Here all the plants or fish in the lower part of the layer appeared black, as if burnt, and were so friable that they crumbled to powder, with a moderate touch. Above, on the contrary, they were as hard as the body of the stone itself. But principally in a little cave I broke off large portions of a cindery stone, which, when broken, exhibited specimens of sulphur, almost as bright in colour, and in every other respect nearly the same, as those which I had picked up or broken off in the crater of Vesuvius. Such a sight naturally fills the mind with many meditations upon the great revolutions which our globe must have undergone in past ages; and considering the nature of that extent of country over which we have lately passed, from Leghorn to Rome and Naples; and from Naples, by Stromboli still burning, to

Messina, Mount Ætna, and the coast of Sicily, to Cape Passero, I could not but feel my mind impressed with a belief, amounting almost to conviction, that the whole was of volcanic origin. It was Italy that first suggested to Buffon his idea that the whole globe was originally a mass of melted matter. Buffon was an atheist; and I am a firm believer in the power and wisdom of One Almighty God; yet I begin to be half tempted to form the same opinion; and to think that the solid and uniform texture of the Alps arises probably from their having been once in a state of fusion.

Sat. 19th.—Return to my discoveries in company with my fellow-passenger; and having provided ourselves with hammers, we set to work to break off specimens with great diligence, and which sufficiently employed us till three or four o'clock, when we returned loaded with our spoils. A warm dispute, however, arose between the two philosophers; one asserting the speci-

mens to be mostly of petrified fish; the other, of a peculiar marine plant; and although we had discovered some shells and one small crab embedded in the stone, where even the colours of the shell were preserved; each remained of his own opinion. The fact is, neither of us being a botanist or naturalist sufficiently to decide positively, we had liberty to conjecture whatever we pleased. In the evening, however, I again stumbled on another curiosity, a little to the right hand of the path leading from the bay where our boat was anchored, to the village. This was a petrified bone; which appeared to me one of the lower vertebræ of a whale, or very large fish. New ground of dispute again, however; for when I brought my companion to see it, he determined it to have been the skull of some large terrestrial animal, with tusks. It was, when I first saw it, like a large stone, all the holes being filled up with a black earth, which I easily pushed out with a stick. When

struck, it rang like a piece of metal; and on my hammering it with a small stone, a piece chipped off in the manner of glass. I would willingly have taken this curiosity with me to Malta, but the boat is already deeply laden, and the wind being high, and the sea rough, I should have to squabble with the Captain for its admission; and if we arrive safe at Malta, what shall I do with it there; where I have not a single friend? Once more I lie in the village, but am prevented from sleep the whole night long by the noise of the winds, and the terrible roaring of the sea along the shore. This is a wearisome night for many a poor fellow at sea.

Sunday, 20th.—The sea still too rough, and the wind, although fair, too high to allow our little bark to venture out. In addition to this, it began to rain; which, although affording a prospect of the wind and sea calming, yet allowed us no pleasure out of doors. In the afternoon it cleared up, and I enjoyed my solitary walk

by the cliff of shells. This cliff is now upwards of fifty feet above the level of the sea. In the evening I attended the small chapel of the place; where the women shed easy tears, and the men beat their breasts with more than usual devotion.

Monday, 21st.—We are awakened this morning by a sailor from the boat, with intelligence that the master only waited for us, in order to sail. We accordingly rose; and having settled with our host, and taken a draught of milk, ran down to the boat, and in a few minutes were under weigh. We left the land at half past six o'clock; and though the air was foggy, yet the wind being favourable, the passage across was sufficiently pleasant. When about fifteen miles from Malta, the mist cleared away, and we enjoyed a fine view of that island, and of Gozzo, a small one adjoining to it. So much has been already written concerning this celebrated island, that had my stay upon it even been longer than it proved to be, I should not

conceive myself entitled to digress upon its history and situation. As we approach near, not only the admirable harbour, but the whole island, appears as if fortified by rows of entrenchments, one above another. By degrees, however, we discovered these to be merely the stone walls, used as inclosures, and which assume that appearance from the gentle slope of the land. In other parts, on the contrary, especially towards the harbour, the sandstone rocks rise perpendicularly from the sea; and have a whiteness which, when the sun shines bright, almost dazzles the eyes. As we enter the harbour we behold on each side the steep heights, crowned with those impregnable fortifications, and batteries which forbid all access to an enemy's fleet; and might indeed, like Gibraltar, defy the united navies of Europe. By four o'clock our little vessel was anchored near the Wharf, having performed the passage from Cape Passero in somewhat less than ten hours; and after no long delay,

we were cleared at the health office, and permitted to go ashore. A great crowd of Maltese awaited our coming, and before we could land many of them jumped into the boat, and struggling with one another, carried off our baggage in spite of blows. No sooner did we force one man to let a parcel drop than another snatched it up, till weary with the strife, we left the matter to be decided among themselves, and then followed those who had been so fortunate as to bear away the booty. This eagerness, which exceeded all that I had ever seen in any country on similar occasions, would appear at first sight to denote great misery in the lower classes of Maltese, were this idea not belied by their strong and healthy appearance, and by the well known fact, that they have never been so happily situated. From the water side we ascend most of the streets by steps, which soon fatigues a stranger in his rambles about this singular place.



Tuesday 22d.—Find out a public room, where there are English newspapers, that indescribable treat to an Englishman abroad, who wishes to know the truth. After long turning over, find a translation of the French account of the battle of Austerlitz, the first and only one which I have hitherto been able to obtain. If this account be just, it appears to me shameful, that in these days a great army should be beaten by the French, on nearly the very same principles, that fifty years ago the French were beaten by the King of Prussia, at Rosbach. Pass the rest of the day in viewing the fortifications of La Valetta, and in making an excursion of several miles into the country. This appears to be every where highly cultivated. Not a spot of ground is lost, and even the roads are little wider than what may be strictly necessary. As the fields, however, are all divided by stone walls, we look in vain for the rich effect produced in a landscape by the green hedges of England. To atone for this, the people whom I met

in great numbers on the road, (it being a holiday) wore all a cheerful aspect. Some were on foot, and many women in chaises drawn by a single horse or mule, the driver running along-side with great swiftness. They often saluted me, calling out "good night, John"; this being a common name for Englishmen in many countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

Wednesday 23d.—This morning I am informed that a convoy is appointed for proceeding to the eastward. No signals however are made all this day for preparing to sail, nor have any of the Captains as yet received their instructions. I, however, speak to Captain Wheatley, of the ship *Success*, for my passage to Constantinople. In the evening go to the Maltese theatre. The performers are still more despicable than those of Messina, and here, as on all the theatres of Spain and Italy, paltry jokes upon the female sex are received with unmanly applause. The play was called the *Duke of Burgundy*; the story the same as

that on which Shakspeare has founded his Measure for Measure, but oh, what a difference between the English and the Italian Bard!

Thursday 24th.—This morning the ships in the harbour are in motion, and the convoy destined for the eastward have loosed their sails. At three o'clock I repaired on board with my baggage, and in less than three hours all the convoy are out of the harbour and under way. The evening being fine, we enjoy a fine view of Malta till dark. It gives pleasure to observe, that although there are seven or eight English vessels in the fleet, some of them of considerable value, it is thought sufficient to send them under convoy of the Renard Schooner. It appears from this that the English apprehend little danger in the Levant seas.

Friday 25th, Saturday 26th, Sunday 27th.—All these three days the wind continues steady and favourable, and nothing is talked of but a speedy passage to Smyrna and Constantinople.

Monday 28th.—About ten in the morning make the high lands of the Morea, the ancient Peloponnesus, which we continue to approach fast. This being my first view of Greece, I noticed with eagerness its every peak and slope. Early in the afternoon we distinguished Monte Vitullo, resembling Etna in shape and almost in height, and its summit covered with snow. By degrees we leave this mountain behind on our left, and having neared the island of Serigo (the ancient Cytherea) just as we were preparing to enter the strait between that island and the Main, the wind suddenly fell, and soon afterwards came directly against us.

Tuesday 29th, Wednesday 30th, Thursday 1st May.—All these three days the wind still remaining contrary, we kept beating about between Serigo and the Main. This island, with its name, has also changed its appearance, and Serigo no longer recalls the idea of the ancient Cytherea. It is bare on every side towards the sea, presenting generally a bleak ridge,

with few, or no romantic varieties of outline. This, to be the first, is indeed a melancholy specimen of the islands of ancient Greece.

Friday, May 2d.—Are carried to leeward, to near the island of Milo, but do not endeavour to enter the harbour till the ensuing morning,

Saturday, 3d.—When tired with beating about, our Commodore bore away, and about mid-day the whole fleet was safely anchored in the harbour. In the afternoon I go ashore, and for the first time touch Grecian ground.

Sunday 4th.—A party is formed from the several ships, and having landed we find half a dozen asses ready saddled, with two or three drivers waiting for us on the beach. The greater part of us being mounted on these, the cavalcade set forward for the town of Milo, situated on the top of a lofty conical hill, on the eastern side of the harbour. There we were hospitably entertained by a Greek, calling

himself English Consul, and who spoke tolerably good English. After, and during dinner, we were served with a sweet, but not unpleasant wine, the produce of the island.

Monday 9th.—A signal from the Commodore to get under weigh, although the wind be still very doubtful. We are accordingly employed all day in tacking about; but at night, after having worked out of the harbour, the wind still remaining contrary, we return and anchor on the western side of the bay,

Tuesday 6th.—Go on shore with my gun, and find great numbers of water fowl on a small lake, formed by warm springs, between the foot of a lofty mountain and the sea beach. This water is salt as it issues from the ground. I noticed afterwards from the top of a rock several other springs in the sea, gushing up from the bottom, in a part where there was eight or nine feet water.

Wednesday 7th, Thursday 8th.—Still

in harbour. On Wednesday ascend the lofty mountain on the western side of the bay. Its summit is a cone surmounted with bare rocks, and covered, especially towards the base, with loose stones, which give way under the feet. In my descent visited the Convent of St. George, situated about half way up the mountain, where the fathers cultivate their gardens in peace from all, but the annual visits of Turkish oppression, and grow that good wine which I had tasted in the town of Milo. Although used to walking, and to clamber hills, it took me up nearly two hours to ascend from the beach to the summit. Thence I had a fine view of many islands all round; and here I had an opportunity of making my final observations on Milo, which are as follows.

It is one of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, lying nearest to the westward, excepting Serigo. Its greatest length is from N. E. to S. W. ten or twelve miles, and a line so drawn would

form a diagonal to its general shape. Its breadth is about six or seven miles. This includes the harbour, which makes so deep an indent towards the S. E. that from the bottom of the bay across to the sea, the Isthmus is little above a mile in width. This harbour is one of the finest in the Archipelago, of about four miles diameter, and capable of affording shelter to an almost innumerable navy, being equally convenient for ships bound either up or down the Mediterranean, when taken aback near to Milo by contrary winds. It is of a circular form, and at no great distance from the shore, the water is deep, say twenty or twenty-five fathoms, bottom sandy. On the eastern side of the entrance of the harbour are several high and very steep hills, on the summit of the loftiest of which the town of Milo is built. It contains about nine hundred souls, and the houses are so placed as that their back walls form the defence of the town; a defence sufficient against the only ene-



mies which they have at present to dread, namely, Pirates from the Morea, or from the neighbouring islands. These houses are miserable in their appearance, both outside and inwards ; but the inhabitants, though poorly dressed, have not the haggard and assassin look of many of the lower class of Spaniards and Italians. There is also another town or village, situated in a plain at the bottom of the bay, and containing about five hundred inhabitants ; but bearing the appearance of having been formerly far more populous : farther on are the remains of a very ancient town, now deserted, and of which I was not informed till it was too late to visit the spot. On the western side of the harbour is a high hill, the top part of which (as already mentioned) is a regular cone. At the foot of this mountain and close to the beach, is a small lake or marsh, formed by a number of warm salt springs, and indeed all along the bay there are spots where the warm water oozes up

close to the sea. Whilst on this mountain every thing reminds us of Vesuvius; on the other side of the bay on the contrary, we may pick out of the sides of the hills, sea shells embedded in a calcareous earth, at an elevation of more than three hundred feet above the level of the sea. What apparent contradictions!

In other respects, there are few very picturesque views about Milo. The best in my opinion is from the bottom of the harbour, looking towards the entrance, and the high rock of Ante-Milo without;—also where anchored well in shore on each side the view from the deck of a vessel on a fine moonlight night is beautiful, the entrance being shut in by a small white promontory, and the bay appearing like a circular lake sheltered by high lands from every wind. I reserve my opinion of the inhabitants until I have seen more Greeks. From Milo may be seen the islands of Argetera, Sifanto, Nixia, Zira, and many other small islands.

Friday, 9th.—Get under way and stand out of the harbour, with a favourable but slight breeze, and which failed us before night. After this we had a great deal of calm weather, or very light airs, which detained us long among the islands, a circumstance which I must say I did not exceedingly regret. These islands were chiefly Argetera, Sifanto, Thermio, Andros, Tino, Negroponte, besides the high main land of the Morea. They uniformly present a bare and rugged aspect, seldom adorned, even in spots, by trees, villages, or even houses. On Monday, 12th, we made the island of Scio, which also has its lofty peak, and presents an agreeable variety of mountains and vallies, being reckoned the most delightful and best cultivated island of the Archipelago. In the evening are becalmed between Scio and Mytelene, also a fruitful but mountainous island.

## CHAP. VII.

*Smyrna, and the Passage to Constantinople.*

ON the 13th of May we entered the gulph of Smyrna, having several small islands on our right, and on Wednesday, 14th, came to anchor off the town. As there are here no quarantine laws or restrictions upon the communication between vessels and the shore, we were not long in availing ourselves of this freedom, and for the first time I found myself in Asia. As I may again return to Smyrna, I shall not at present say any thing concerning this town, until after having examined it more attentively. One circumstance however occurred during my stay, which tended to give me an idea of the indifference with which the Turks regard the life of a fellow creature.

Monday, 19th.—This afternoon in the street a crowd passed me in a great hurry, and an Italian exclaimed, “there is a man going to be executed.” At the corner of another street I again met the procession. The executioner and the criminal with his arms bound down to his sides, and a Janissary on each side walked in front; other Janissaries followed, and then the crowd. The whole went at a brisk, and indeed a hurried pace, and as it passed through the Greek quarter of the town, the windows were soon crowded with female spectators. I hurried to one side, but meeting with a man whom I knew, “what,” said he, “do you not wish to see a Turkish execution?” Prompted by curiosity I again turned back to see the ceremony, but in this short interval the man was dead, so that I only beheld for the second or third time in my life, what has always been to me one of the most shocking objects in human life, a miserable victim to his own crimes. The pre-

ceding day he had murdered his companion near the very spot where he was executed. A cord was passed over the projecting beam of a house, and the poor wretch was hanging about three feet from the ground, without any covering to his face, and his shirt open at the breast, so that the last convulsive heavings of the bowels were visible. His long black hair, his large whiskers, and his strangled countenance, formed one of the most horrible and disgusting sights that can be conceived. The Turks stood round and laughed at the Tiniot Dog, (a Greek from the isle of Tino.) I was informed that the body must hang there for three days, although it was at the end of one of the principal streets of the town, and the weather very sultry; and that even at the end of that time the neighbouring inhabitants would be obliged to purchase at a high rate the permission to remove it. Thus by these summary methods of executing justice, by going about loaded with

pistols and daggers, and by the long habits of domineering on the one side, and of slavery on the other, a handful of undisciplined, lazy, and ignorant Turks, keep in subjection the descendants of the ancient Grecians, in the very seats of their former learning and power. For Smyrna lays claim to the honour of being the birth place of Homer, and not far from the town is shewn a garden which still goes by his name. This however is a most dubious honour; and from the general testimony, Scio appears to have the fairest claim to be deemed the native island of that immortal poet.

On the evening of this day we repaired on board, and again weighed anchor for Constantinople, but scarcely had we got clear of the shipping when the wind fell, and we were obliged to anchor.

Tuesday 20th.—In the evening got again under way, but made little progress through the whole night, except getting a few miles below the Castle of Smyrna.

The 21st and 22d were employed in beating between Mytelene and the main land, until the 23d, when by dint of tack- ing we found ourselves close up with the island of St. Estrada, with Mount Santo (the Athos of the Greeks) on the main land a head, and the island of Lemnos on the starboard bow. Whilst the Captain was meditating how he should steer to make this latter island, I regarded it with more curiosity, as being the spot where poor Vulcan fell and broke his leg. Lemnos in proportion to its extent appears to be one of the lowest islands in the Archipelago, so that a notable fall he must have had of it, when

“ Thrown by angry Jove

Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements ; from morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day, and with the setting sun  
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star  
On Lemnos, th' Ægean Isle.”

MILTON, P. L.

About sun-set we anchored in the mid-



channel between Tenedos and the Main, by which means, on the morning of

Saturday, 24th, I had a clear view of that island immortalized by ancient Poets, as a cover to the pretended retreat of the Greeks, and of the opposite coast, once the site of the far famed Troy. Tenedos is a low island of small extent, and lying nearly North and South. It has a pretty deep bay on its eastern side, at the bottom of a conical hill of no great height, but which is the only one in the island, and on the rocky side of which the castle and town are built; the former commanded by neighbouring heights, and the latter of moderate extent. The distance between the Island and the Main is nearly the same as that between Italy and Sicily, being about five miles in the narrowest part.

Sunday, 25th.—Went ashore on the Trojan side, at the bottom of a small semicircular bay, and bent our way towards a house which we had seen about two miles off to our left. On our road we noticed two fountains of fine water, and

after passing through extensive fields of wheat and barley fully ripe, arrived at a rapid brook, conjectured to be the ancient Scamander, on the opposite bank of which stood the house to which we were bound. Crossing the narrow bridge which lay over the brook I noticed two pieces of an ancient pillar or pillars, which composed part of the bridge. They were of a basaltic stone, and from the rim round one of them appeared to have been of the Doric order. On the rising grounds on each side of the small bay, were several conical hills, apparently formed by man, resembling tumuli or barrows, and which, perhaps, cover the remains of Homer's Heroes, Patroclus, Achilles, or of my favourite Hector. On our return along the beach I picked up a number of pieces of brick worn smooth by the waves, although at present there is only one house to be seen for many miles round, and that is built entirely of rugged wood and stones.

After we had reached the ship, a favour-

able breeze sprang up, and our anchor was immediately weighed, but scarcely had we proceeded three or four miles when it failed, and we brought up near a small village on the heights, called by our Italian pilot, Villa Nova.

Monday, 26th, Tuesday, 27th. The wind still remaining contrary we renewed our visit to the shore, and provided ourselves at the village with fowls, eggs, and bread at a cheap rate. This village is miserably built, and appears to be inhabited chiefly by Greeks. Roaming about, my attention was attracted by a small pillar, inserted into a low wall round a house, where it was huddled together with common loose stones. On examination I found it to be of basalt, and exactly similar to the pieces which I had noticed in the bridge over the brook a few days before. At a little distance from it, forming a portion of the same wall, was the base of a pillar of white marble. By the door of the house was also a block of white marble, to serve as a seat, and I remarked

with eagerness that it had an inscription upon it. It had formed part of a vault or private burying ground, being thus inscribed in beautiful characters.

C. MARCIVS. MARSVS

V. F. SIBI. ET. SVIS.

I could obtain no intelligence whence this had been taken, nor, after a long search did I observe any other remains of ancient times in or about the village. From a little height I had a clear view of the fine plain which I had been on a few days before, and which is said to be the site of ancient Troy. On it, at a great distance, I observed the village of Bournabashi, adorned with a square tower and a minaret, but none of my companions were willing to go with me so far; and being unarmed I did not chuse to venture alone.

Wednesday, 28th.—Early this morning got under weigh, and after several tacks reached over to the European side of the Hellespont, and anchored close under a castle, near to which was a small town. The castle seemed in a most neglected

condition, and though in one part thickly planted with cannon, yet the one-half of them were only laid upon blocks of wood, and the rest mounted upon miserable carriages that could not bear three discharges. Some of them however were of a very large bore, with piles of stone bullets lying near them; but few symptoms of any garrison, except here and there a Turk sitting crosslegged and smoking his long pipe. About nine o'clock in the evening, being clear moonlight, they began on shore to cry out very loud, always in the same tone, at the same time blowing their shrill Moorish pipes, and beating their drums, and this noise they continued throughout the whole of the night, until nearly day-break. Whether this was a religious ceremony, or merely an amusement, I know not.

Thursday, 29th.—Again weighed anchor and stretched across the mouth of the Hellespont, not being able to beat up on the European side, the current running so strongly down. When we had reached

the Asiatic shore, we found an eddy or counter current running to the North East, and extending about a mile from the coast. This counter current enabled us to beat up to within a few miles of the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, where the stream formed no eddy, and where we again anchored in ten fathoms water. In the afternoon I went ashore and climbed some of the low hills near the water. I found the soil every where fertile and susceptible of the highest improvements; at the same time that nothing could exceed the beautiful diversity of the ground formed into gently rising hills, and terminating from the sea in long ridges of considerable height, but fertile, and clothed with trees to their summits. Here and there spots were cleared away and cultivated, and formed now most promising fields of wheat and barley. To add to the interest of the scene, the sun was about setting, and as he slanted his golden beams among the bushes, a thousand birds greeted his departure with songs of a melody to which

I had hitherto been a stranger. When I beheld the sun sink behind the mountains of Europe, I then for the first time formed some idea of what the enlightened Asiatics must formerly have conjectured of the barbarous nations of the west, in whose country, to them unknown, the light of day was lost.

Friday, 30th.—The wind still continuing contrary, I again went on shore in the afternoon, carrying with me a musket and a few charges of ball ; and after wandering a little way along the coast, turned off to the right, and made for the high lands. In about two hours time, during which I did not meet a single soul, I arrived at a miserable village, situated far up in the mountains, and commanding a most romantic and beautiful view of the whole entrance of the Hellespont, the adjacent coasts of Europe and Asia, besides Tenedos, Imbro, and other islands of the Ægean Sea. This village, although ornamented with two or three minarets, ap-