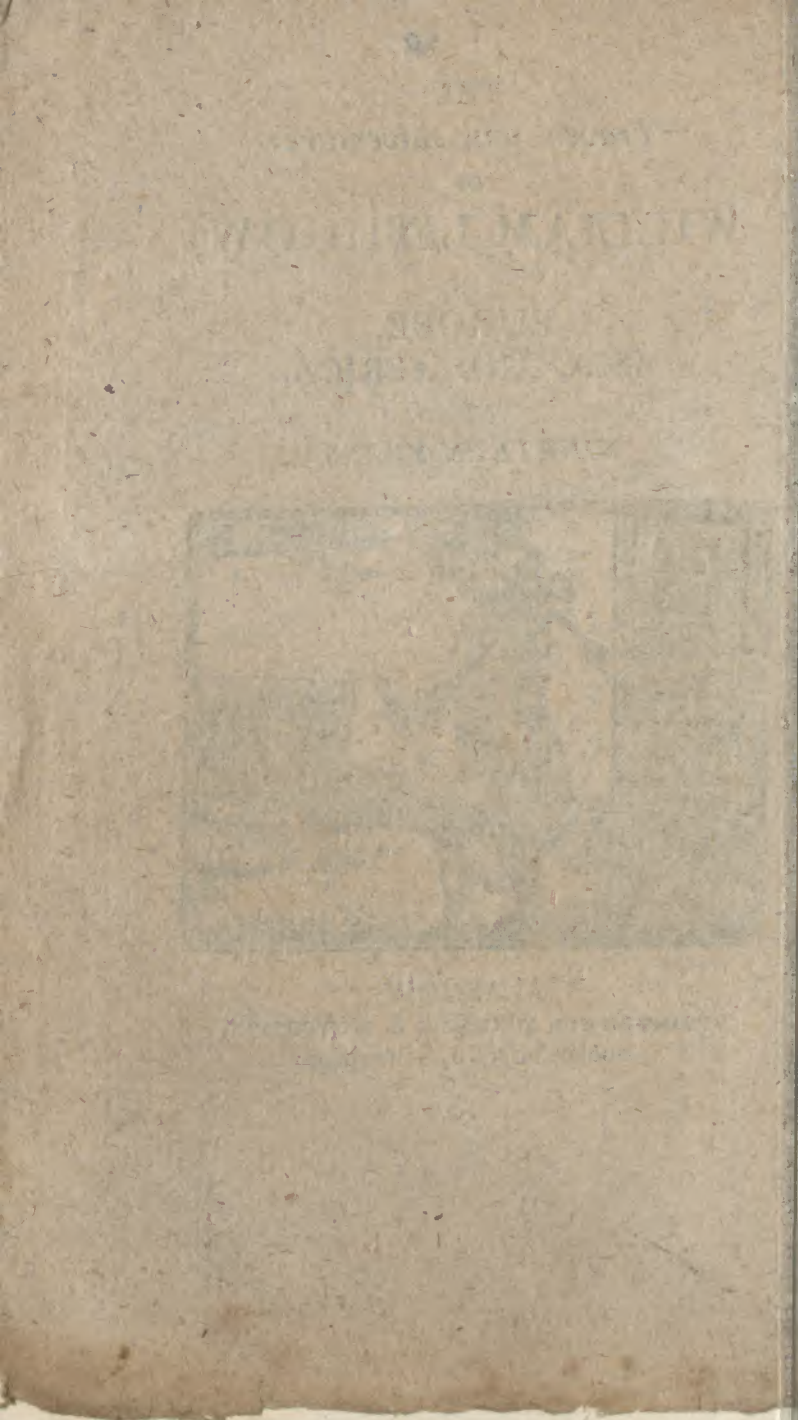


THE
Travels and Adventures
OF
WILLIAM LITHGOW,
IN
EUROPE,
ASIA, AND AFRICA,
DURING
NINETEEN YEARS.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR M'KENZIE & HUTCHISON,
Booksellers, 16, Saltmarket.



THE
TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF

William Lithgow.

THE sufferings and perigrinations of this Scotsman, who far out-walked the late famous Coryate, "seem," says Mr Granger, "to raise him almost to the rank of a martyr, and a hero." His book being very scarce, and little known, a short abridgment may be acceptable; in which we shall, in general, omit his descriptions, and insert only his adventures. After making two voyages to the Orkney and Shetland islands, and walking all over Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, and the Low Countries, our author visited Paris, where he resided ten months.

From thence, on March 7th, 1609, he set out on foot for Italy, and in forty days, passing through Savoy, and over the Alps, arrived at Rome. There probably being too free and unguarded in his speech, and not observing the advice given to Milton by Sir Henry Wotton, *I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto*; after a stay of twenty-eight days he could not have escaped the "blood-sucking inquisitors," most of whom were his own countrymen, had it not been for the assistance of Robert Meggat, a Scotsman also, then resident in *Burgo di Roma*, with the old Earl of Tyrone, who concealed him three days at the top of his lord's palace, and on the fourth at midnight, when all the streets and gates were watched for him, conveyed him away, and leapt the wall with him. He then visited Naples, Virgil's tomb, &c; Having walked four times from one end of Italy to the other, viz. from Vallais, the first town in Piedmont, to Cape Blanco in Calabria, he affirms it to be 900 Italian miles in length, and in breadth 240, from the Adriatic coast to the Riviera of Genoa, by the sea-side, Campagna di Roma, and the duchy of Spoleto, he returned to Loretto. Here he met with a countryman named Mr James Arthur, whose company was most acceptable to him. One day, as they were viewing the image of the virgin, a lusty young woman, busy at her beads, overpowered by the

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heat of the throng, fainted away; at which the women near her exclaimed, that "our blessed lady had appeared to her." Immediately she was carried out, and laid on the steps that lead from the chapel to the church floor, some hundreds more saluting her with "Saint, saint, O ever-blessed saint!" This being Friday, the woman having travelled all night, to save the expence of fish, had privately eaten a bit of her own cold meat, and drank half a buckale of red wine in a tavern. At last, said our author, "Brother Arthur, I will go and open that woman's bosom." He did so, and raising up her head, a flood of *vingarba*, or sour wine, sprung down the alabaster stairs, mixed with lumps of indigested meat; at which the people being amazed, from a saint they swore she was a devil, and, had not our travellers carried her in haste from the church to a tavern, they would doubtless have stoned her to death. Embarking in a frigate at Ancona, Arthur and Lithgow in three days arrived at Venice, where, as soon as they landed in St Mark's Place, perceiving a great crowd of people, and in the midst of them a large smoke, inquiring the cause, they were told, that a grey-friar of the Franciscan order was burning alive at St Mark's Place, for debauching fifteen noble nuns, and all within one year. Pressing forward, they came to the pillar,

just as half his body and his right arm fell into the fire. This friar was forty-six years old, and had been confessor of that nunnery of Sancta Lucia five years. Most of these nuns were Senator's daughters.—Fifteen (all pregnant) were sent home to their father's palaces: the lady prioress and the rest were banished for ever: the nunnery was razed to the ground: the revenues were given to the poor, and the church converted to an hospital. Here our travellers separated, Arthur returning homeward, and Lithgow proceeding to Greece and Asia; but first visiting Padua, Verona, and Ferrara. At Padua he staid three months, learning Italian of one of his countrymen, Dr John Wedderburn, an eminent mathematician, who afterwards settled in Moravia. At his return to Venice, he embarked in a carmoesalo for Zara Nova in Dalmatia; but meeting with a violent storm, they were driven for shelter into the port of Parenzo, in Istria. Thence sailing by the isles Briani, the ruins of Pola, the isles Sangego, Osero, &c. on the 8th day they arrived at Zara, where our traveller got a passage into a Greek carmoesalo for Lesina, the largest island in the Adriatic. He afterwards sailed successively to Ragusa and the island of Corfu. Near the island of St Maure the vessel was attacked by a Turkish galley of Biserta, from which, after a long and doubtful fight,

They escaped by favour of a storm, and took shelter in Cephalonia, (formerly Ithaca,) having seven of the crew killed, and eleven wounded; among the latter our traveller, in his right arm. Over this island he travelled, and on the second day hired a small boat to carry him to Zant, (anciently Zacynthus), twenty-five miles distant, where a Greek surgeon cured his wound. He there embarked in a frigate for Peterasso, or Patras), the capital of the Morea, where quitting the sea, he joined a caravan of Greeks bound for Athens, passing through Laconia, and the hilly and (now) barren country of Arcadia, encamping one night in the uninhabited villages of Argos and Mycenæ; and finding, in short, no remains of ancient Greece but the name. In seven days he arrived at Athens, from whence he took shipping for the isle of Serigo, (of old Cythera) where, during his stay at Capsalo, the captain of that fortress having killed a priest, whom he had found one night in a brothel, the governor of the island deposed and banished him. In the same boat Lithgow also embarked, and sailed to Candia, or Crete. Through this whole island he travelled twice, which no traveller in Christendom had done before. On setting out for Canea, being informed of the danger of robbers, he put his money in exchange, and had scarce got twelve miles when

he was beset by three Greeks and an Italian, who beat him cruelly, robbed him of all his clothes, and stripped him naked, adding many threats; till at length the Italian perceiving he was a stranger, and could not speak the Cretan tongue, asked him in his own language, where was his money? He replied he had only eighty *byzantinos*, which scarce amounted to eightpence English. Not crediting these words, the robbers searched all his clothes and budget, but found nothing except his linen, and recommendatory letters from several princes, particularly the Doge of Venice, whose subjects they were. This moved the Italian to compassion, and he earnestly intreated the others to save our traveller's life. At length, they restored to him, his pilgrim's clothes and letters, but kept his blue gown and *byzantinos*, and as a passport gave him a stamped piece of clay, to shew to any of their companions, if he met them, the band consisting of twenty; travelling that day thirty-seven miles, he reached at night the miserable village of Pickehorno, where he could find neither meat, drink, lodging, nor any refreshment. The Candiots, a barbarous people, thronged round him, seemed amazed at his wanting both company and their language. A compassionate female having privately made him signs that his death was concerted, he stole away from them in the night,

and lay till morning in a cave by the sea-side, hungry and thirsty, and his heart fainting in him.

At sun-rising, he quitted his lurking place, and about noon reached Canea, the second city of Crete, anciently Cydon. While he was there, six gallies arrived from Venice, in one of which was a young French gentleman, a protestant, born in Languedoc, who had been condemned by the senate to the gallies for life, for being accessory to the death of a young noble Venitian, in a quarrel concerning a courtezan. Having leave from his captain to come on shore with a keeper, wearing an iron bolt on his leg, our author commenced an acquaintance with him, and greatly compassionating his misfortune, (being at Venice when the accident happened), contrived his escape at the hazard of his own life, by means of an old Greek woman, his laundress, who lent him an old gown and a black veil for a disguise. Accordingly Lithgow invited the keeper to the tavern, where, with deep draughts of Leatic, he intoxicated this Argus, and left him asleep. Then disburdening his friend of his irons, he clothed him in a female habit, and sent him out of the town, conducted by the Greek woman, and when past the guard and gate, our traveller followed him with his clothes, and in-

terchanging, directed him over the mountains to a Greek convent, where he might be entertained till the Maltese gallees or men of war should touch there, on their way to the Levant.

In his way back, our author was met by two soldiers of his nation, Smith and Hargrave, who were coming to inform him, that the officers of the gallees and several soldiers, were searching the city and the fields for him. Advising with them how to reach the Julian monastery, St Salvador, where he lodged, they conducted him in at the eastern (the least frequented) gate of the city, where three other Englishmen (of the garrison) were that day on guard, and with them happened to be eight French soldiers, their friends, who also agreed to escort him. Near his lodgings, four officers and five galley soldiers ran to sieze him, when the English and French drawing their swords, desperately wounded two of the officers. Meantime a reinforcement coming from the gallees, Smith leaving the rest engaged, ran with Lithgow to the monastery. At length, the officers of the garrison relieved their own soldiers, and drove back the others to the gallees. Soon after, the general of the gallees came to the monastery, and examining our traveller concerning the fugitive, he made such a defence

that nothing could be proved against him. Nevertheless, he chose to remain in safeguard in the cloister till the gallies were gone. Being disappointed of a passage to the Archipelago, Lithgow resolved to visit the city of Candia; and in his way passed by the famous haven, and through the pleasant valley of Suda, by the city of Rethimos, the labyrinth of Dædalus, and mount Ida; near which he disproved the assertion of there being no venomous creature in Crete, by killing two serpents and a viper. Being disappointed at Candia, he was forced to return to Canea the same way he went, where, soon after an English renegado, named Wilson, arrived from Tunis, in his way to Rhodes; and after some conversation with his countrymen, (the English soldiers), hearing that Lithgow was a Scotsman, he spoke as follows: "My elder brother, the master of a ship was killed at Būrtisland in Scotland, by one Keere; and though he was beheaded, I have long since sworn to be revenged on the first Scotsman I should see or meet, and therefore I am determined to stab this man to night as he goes home to his lodging;" desiring their assistance, which two of them promised, but the other three refused. Meantime, Smith found him at supper in a sutler's house, where, acquainting him with the conspiracy, he was escorted to his lodging by Smith and three

Italian soldiers, passing by the ruffian and his confederates, who, seeing his treachery discovered, made his escape.

Smith having thus most eminently served him twice, first in freeing him from the danger of galley-slavery, and now in saving his life, Lithgow resolved to return the obligation, by discharging his debt to the captain, which was only forty-eight shillings sterling, and thereby procuring him his liberty, after having served three captains fifteen years. This our traveller happily accomplished, and embarked him for Venice. Lithgow staid in Canea near a month, before he could procure a passage for the Archipelago, and at last left the monastery (he says) with regret, as the four friars his hosts, gave him frequent and large draughts of malmsey, though often against his will. Every night too, they forced him to dance with them; but their music was drunkenness, and these beastly swine were every night so drunken, that they had not power to go to their beds, but where they fell, they lay till next morning. In short, during the twenty days of his being there, he never saw any one of them truly sober.

In this island, he travelled on foot about 400 miles, and after a stay of fifty-eight days

he embarked in a fishing-boat for Milo, one of the Cyclades, distant 100 miles.

From Milo our traveller proceeded to Zephano, another small island, from whence Lucullus first transported marble to Rome; and to Angusa, where he was wind-bound sixteen days, and all that time was never in bed; but lodged on the stones in a little chapel, the Greeks entreating him not to enter their sanctuary, because he was not of their religion; however, as the nights were long and cold, he was forced every night to creep into the midst of it to keep himself warm. From thence he went to Mecano, anciently Delos, the chief of the fifty-four Cyclades, where the custom still continues of never suffering men to die, or children to be born in it; but when the men are sick, and the women big bellied, they are sent to Rhena, two miles distant. Zeo, Tino, and Palmosa, once Patmos, where St John wrote his Revelation, were the next islands which he visited; and thence sailing to Nicaria, his vessel in sight of it was chased by two Turkish galliots into a bay, where leaving the loaded boat, he and eight more fled to the rocks, from whence they annoyed the Turks with huge stones. The master and two other old men were taken and made slaves, and the boat and goods siezed. In his way

from Nicaria to Sio, they were driven by a storm into a creek, between two rocks, where the shore being shelvy, and both the anchors coming home, a great leak was made, and seven of the crew drowned. The other eleven, just before the boat sunk, by hasty rowing reached a cave within the mountain. Lithgow disembarked last, as the rest had sworn, if he pressed to escape before they were all in safety, they would throw him into the sea. Nothing was saved but his coffer made of reeds, in which he carried his papers and linen, and held it always in his arms. In this cave, which was thirty paces long, they abode three days without meat and drink, till, on the fourth, the tempest ceasing, some fishing boats relieved them. Seventeen other boats were cast away on this coast, and not a man saved. Through this island Lithgow travelled with a thankful heart to Sio, the capital, where, passing by an old castle, he was told that Homer's sepulchre was still extant there; and being desirous to see it, he descended by sixteen steps into a dark cell, and through that to another square room, where he saw an ancient tomb, on which were engraven some ancient Greek letters, which he could not understand. By Mitylene or Lesbos, he next sailed in a carmoesalo to Negropoint. (of old Eubœ) and in their way they were chased by

two Turkish galliots into a long creek, where the Turks were deterred from attacking them, by bonfires made by the Greeks for six succeeding nights; our traveller, as a stranger, being exposed every night to stand sentinel, in the midst of frost and snow, on the top of a high promontory, which, however, invited his muse to bewail his toilsome life, his solitary wandering, and his long distance from his native country.

On the 7th day, two Venetian gentlemen, who had been ten years banished for murder, came down to see them with two servants, all well armed; and hearing our traveller's complaints against the Greeks for detaining his budget, and forcing him to endanger his life for their good, they soundly drubbed the master, and forced him to restore Lithgow's things: carrying him within five miles of the town where they then resided, kindly entertaining him ten days, and at his departure made him a present of forty gold sequins: the first gift he ever received in all his travels.

From thence he proceeded to Salonica in Macedonia, and then sailing along the Thessalian shore, saw the "two-topped hill" Parnassus, and a little ruinous village and castle, once the city of Thebes. In three

days, from Ralonica he arrived at Tenedos, where meeting with two French merchants of Marseilles bound to Constantinople, he and they resolving to view Troy, hired a janizary for their conductor and guard, and a Greek for their interpreter. Landing there, they saw many relics of old walls, and many ruined tombs, some of which were pointed out to them as the tombs of Hector, Ajax, Achilles, Troilus, &c. and also those of Hecuba, Cressida, and other Trojan dames. *Credat Judæus!* They were shown also the ruins of King Priam's palace, and where old Achilles dwelt. On a piece of a high wall at the N. E. corner of Troy, our author found three pieces of rusted money; two of which he afterwards gave to the younger brothers of the duke of Florence, then studying at Prato-lina; the third and fairest, with a large picture on one side, he bestowed, at Aix, in Provence, on his countryman Mr Strachan, then mathematician to the Duke of Guise, who had presented it to his Lord.

“Where the pride of Phrygia stood (says our author), it is a most delectable plain, abounding now in corns, fruits, and delicate wines, and may be called the garden of Natolia, yet not populous, for there are but only five scattered villages in all the bounds. The length of Troy hath been, as may be

discerned by the fundamental walls yet extant, about twenty Italian miles, lying along the sea-side, between the three papers of Ida and the furthest end eastward of the river Simois, whose breadth all the way hath not out-stripped the fields above two miles." This we give as a specimen of his style.

On discharging their covenant with the janizary, who was not contented with the former condition, the Frenchman objecting to pay the same that Lithgow did, the Turk belaboured them both with a cudgel till the blood sprang from their heads, and compelled them to double his wages. Such is the extortion of those rascals, who regard Christians no more than dogs; and it is always best for a traveller to content them at first, or he will be forced with blows to pay twice as much. At Sestos and Abydos, so famed for the loves of Hero and Leander, but now called the castles of Gallipoli (at present the Dardanelles,) they arrived in a small frigate, where, two days after, eighty Christian slaves having murdered their captain, and the other Turks, and ran away with the galley, passed the straits at midnight, with little hurt, though the cannon thundered incessantly for two hours; and at last arrived in the road of Zante. Another galley attempting the same the year following, the poor

slaves, in passing, were so wounded and galled with the great shot, and the galley ready to sink, that they were forced to run on shore, where, being apprehended, they were miserably put to death.

Leaving the Frenchman with a Greek barber, Lithgow embarked in a Turkish frigate for Constantinople, "a little world, which he describes as yielding, at a distance, such an outward splendour to the amazed beholder of goodly churches, stately towers, gallant steeples, &c. that the world cannot equal it." At his landing, however, he "had a hard welcome;" for on leaving the boat, the master saying Adio Christiano, four French renegadoes standing on the quay, and hearing these words, fell desparately upon him, blaspheming the name of Jesus, and throwing him down, beat him cruelly, so that had not his friendly Turks leaped out of their boat and relieved him, they would doubtless have murdered him, the other infidels standing by, said to him, "Behold what a Saviour thou hast, when those that were Christians, now turned Mahometans, cannot abide nor regard the name of thy God!" Entering into a Greek lodging, he was much eased of his blows by their anointing him with divers oils, and kindly received and refreshed gratis, because he had suffered so much for Christ's sake. Next

day he went to pay his duty to Sir Thomas Glover, the English ambassador, who courteously entertained him three months in his house.

“ A more complete gentleman (he says), he never met with, nor one in whom true worth did more illustrate virtue ” His mother was a Polish lady, who coming from Dantzick to London, was delivered of him at sea. Afterwards he was brought up at Constantinople, and spoke and wrote the Sclavonian tongue perfectly; and thence returning to London, he was the first ambassador sent there by king James I. after his coming to the crown of England. The duke of Moldavia being deprived of his principalities by Achmet, was received and chargeably maintained by Sir Thomas in his house, for two years, but his embassy being expired, and Sir Paul Pindar being expected in his place, this prince stole away from him, turned Turk, and was circumcised, receiving only, for his dukedom, a palace, and a yearly pension of 12,000 gold sequins for life. He owed the ambassador about 15,000, half of which, in half a year, he recovered, the other half he was forced to forego.

The winter being expired, Lithgow sailed in an English ship to Smyrna, and thence to

Rhodes, where he saw the remains of the Colossus, and to Lemisso in Cyprus, from whence he went with an interpreter to visit Nicosia, the capital; and, on his return, meeting four Turks, they would have his mule to ride upon, which his interpreter refusing, they pulled him off its back, beat him pityfully, and left him almost dead. His companion fled and escaped, and had not some Greeks accidentally come by and relieved him, he must have perished. He sailed from thence to Tripoli, in Syria, and while he waited there for a caravan to Aleppo, being mindful to visit Babylon, he agreed with three Venetian merchants to go a day's journey to see the cedars of Libanus. Ascending the mountain, their guide mistaking their way amidst the intricate path of the rocks, two of their asses fell over a bank, and broke their necks; and had they not met by chance with a Christian Armaronite, they must have been lost among the rocks, heaps of snow, and violent torrents. At the place where the cedars grow they saw but twenty-four in all; and nine miles westward, there are seventeen more. He was there shewn the tomb of Joshua, all of one stone, seventeen feet long, and was kindly entertained by the Bishop, or Patriarch, at Eden, and the Armaronites, or Nazaritans of the other villages.

Returning to Tripoli, he set out with a caravan of Turks for Aleppo, but before his arrival there, the caravan for Babylon, to his great grief, was departed. But being told that it staid at Beershacke on Euphrates, on account of some Arabs who way-laid them in the desarts, he hired a janizary and three soldiers to overtake them. But though they had staid, they were gone three days before he got there. Beershacke is by some supposed to be Padanaram. To Aleppo, therefore, he was forced to return. While he was there, the Bashaw, having the year before revolted against the grand Signior, he sent him a chiaux and janizaries on an embassy, proffering, that if he would acknowledge his rebellion, and for that treason send Achmet his head, his eldest son should inherit his possessions and Bashawship; otherwise the Sultan would come in person, and utterly e-
 1 The messengers met the Bashaw on horseback, accompanied by his two sons and 600 horsemen. Hearing this, he dismounted, consulting with his sons and friends, he and they concluded that it was best for him, being an old man, to die to save his race from destruction, and preserve his son in his authority and inheritance. This done, he went to prayer; and taking leave of them all, and sitting down on his knees, the chiaux struck off his head,

and put it into a box to carry to Constantinople. The corpse was honourably buried at Aleppo, of which Lithgow was an eye-witness. And immediately the chiaux, by proclamation, fully invested the son in his father's lands, offices, &c.

Being disappointed going with the caravan to Babylon in the autumn, as has been already related, our traveller returned to Aleppo, where he staid till the spring, when he joined a caravan of Armenians and Turks, well guarded, bound to Jerusalem, hiring a mule from a Turk to carry his victuals. Their number was about 600 Armenians, Christian pilgrims, men and women, 600 Turks trafficking for their own business, 100 soldiers, three chiauxes, and six janizaries. The confusion of this multitude he describes as most grievous, on account of the extreme heat and scarcity of water, and narrow stony passages, in which they often fell one over another in great heaps, and the Christians were often well beaten by the conducting Turks. The owner of his mule was for three days very favourable to him, in order to have a share (he found) of his tobacco, of which he freely gave him a pound which he always carried with him, to procure the good-will of the Turks. At his walking, which he often did at dismounting, to stretch his legs, that were stif-

fened by a stumbling beast, they laughed and mocked him, it being their custom, at alighting, to sit down immediately, and fold their feet under them. On the ninth day they arrived at Damascus, and were lodged three days in a great *khan*, at the grand Signior's expence; a privilege allowed to all strangers who come with a caravan.

On Palm Sunday, in the morning, 1612, the caravan entered Jerusalem, and at the gate they were all searched for arms and ammunition. The Armenians were obliged to deliver up their weapons, and Lithgow's name was written in the clerk's book, that his tribute for the gate, and for seeing the sepulchre, might, before his departure, be paid together. The gates were of iron outwardly, and above each gate was planted brazen cannon.

Taking his leave of his companions, who lodged with their own Patriarch, our author was met, and received in the streets, by the guardian and twelve friars, each carrying a lighted wax candle, and one for him also, and singing *Te Deum* all the way to their monastery, they greatly rejoicing that a Christian had come from such a far country as Scotland to visit Jerusalem. But when they knew afterwards that he was no Popish

Catholic, they sorely repented of their labour. He found there ten Franks, just come from Venice, six of them Germans, and also good Protestants, who were wonderfully pleased to hear him flatly tell the guardian, that he was no Roman Catholic, nor ever thought to be so. After staying some days at Jerusalem, and seeing every thing worthy of his notice, he made the best of his way to Joppa, where, after seeing the remains of the house in which Peter fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened, he embarked in a small vessel for Alexandria. He arrived there in safety, and soon after sailed for his native country.

FINIS.