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A. & B. Turkish Lancers.

C. & D. The Dishes holy thorn.

E. & F. Greek Bishops in full costume.

G. & H. Arab Pilgrims.



**TRAVELS**  
IN THE  
**ISLAND OF CRETE,**

IN THE YEAR 1817.

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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# TRAVELS

IN THE

## ISLAND OF CRETE.

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THE long wished for day of my departure from Trieste at length arrived, on the 22d December, 1816. The wind having become favourable, we were requested to put our luggage on board, and hastened with it to the Lazaretto, to pass through it to our ship, which before the time of its quarantine was expired, had already obtained a fresh cargo, and was ready to sail. The guardian, or superintendent, led us through the magazines to a grate door, through which we saw our captain and his people ready to receive us. As soon as it was opened, the guardian made a sign to the sailors to retire, the porters laid down our luggage, and when they withdrew, the sailors took it into their boats to convey them on board. We might still have returned; but when the captain had given us his hand, we were subject to the laws of quarantine, having touched a person liable to suspicion of having the plague.

The following morning we were opposite Pola, the southern point of Istria: the weather was fine; the fog soon dispersed, and unveiled to our view the magnificent amphitheatre built in the time of Augustus. By the aid of good telescopes, we had the pleasure of observing all the details, and likewise other ruins situated in the vicinity. But a tempestuous wind blowing from the bay of Guarnero, soon obliged us to go below deck. The destruction of the crockery and glasses, the dancing about of every piece of furniture in the cabin, the vain efforts of the cabin boy to save some articles, while he himself was thrown from side to

side, would have appeared ludicrous enough, had not the increasing sea sickness damped our mirth; nor were we much consoled when the cabin boy came tumbling in with a burning lamp, which he hung up before the image of the Virgin, upon which he closed the shutters, and carried two candles in lanterns upon deck, while the crew commenced a most disharmonious litany in the Italian language, intermixed with loud lamentations and various prayers, which made us feel our forlorn situation. The boy came back, and the lamentation had ceased; but the sea raged with still greater fury. When I took courage to ask the boy how matters stood, I found, to my sorrow, that he understood only the Maltese language; but the captain soon came and removed our apprehensions, wishing the storm might long continue, if the wind would only blow half a quarter more northerly.

The Guarnero was passed; the wind changed as the captain wished; the sea became more calm; and the following morning we were off the coast of Spalatro, but did not see the ruins of the celebrated palace of Diocletian.

We kept along the Dalmatian coast, passing by the numerous islands; and on the fourth day, at sun-set, the weather being very fine and serene, came in sight of Monte Gorgano in Apulia, where I had spent some agreeable days a few years before, in the month of May, in studying its very rich Flora. The fine oak forests (*Querceta Gargani*) which Horace celebrates, do not now exist. The coast of Dalmatia affords a very interesting prospect, on account of the numerous groups of islands, which divide at Spalatro into two great branches, consisting of narrow, long, and parallel islands. Few of them indeed have any wood, and they are chiefly covered with shrubs and bushes; but this affords a constantly varying view of those lying beyond, which is peculiarly agreeable. Most of them are deficient in population, on account of the danger arising from the pirates that infest these seas. Travelling on the coast is very difficult, from the mountainous nature of the country, and because the facility of the communication by water causes the roads to be neglected. The soil is very fruitful, and the climate, especially that of Ragusa and Cattaro, excellent. The Dalmatians are skilful sailors, and all the considerable towns have owed their former and present prosperity to navigation. It would be as easy immediately to man a large fleet with the ablest seamen, as to raise a good body of troops on the continent. The common Dalmatians are rather rude, but this is chiefly applicable to the mountaineers of the interior, those on the coast having most of them travelled. They are robust and well made, patriotic, peaceable and honest. the maxims of administration pursued



by the present government are eminently calculated to raise them in a short time to a state of civilization, more on a level with that of the provinces nearer to the capital.

Off the most southerly point of the coast of Dalmatia, near to the first Turkish town, Antivari, the horizon was again overcast and the sea troubled. An unsteady variable wind, accompanied with slight showers, seemed to indicate something uncommon; the horizon all round looked as if it were twilight, and heavy dark clouds, with an edge as even as if they had been cut, sank lower and lower, and seemed suspended over us. It was about noon, but very dark, when all at once a point, and then another, seemed to issue from the cloud like a hanging dagger, and so on in succession, all differing in thickness and length, to the number of twenty perhaps, when the sea itself assumed a singular appearance. As the tapering clouds descended lower, the surface of the water became agitated, a vapour appeared to come from the sea, which suddenly rose with a spiral motion, like dust in a whirlwind. Through our telescopes we saw the surface foam and boil, and rise spirally with incredible rapidity, drawing up more and more water from the bottom, the black points of the clouds becoming also thicker and longer, till they united with the water below, appearing like an hour-glass. Thus we were surrounded with water-spouts (the name of which is a terror to the mariner), which advanced nearer and nearer to the vessel, while not a breath of wind was stirring. The captain looked serious, and the pilot went into the cabin and fetched a book. The sailors leaned against the ropes and masts, and we, anxiously expecting what was to come, looked alternately at the captain and the pilot. The latter opened the book, turned towards the nearest water-spout, and read some sentences to himself, while no one spoke a word. The captain pointed to the cloud, and observed that the water-spout began to disperse; in fact, I thought it seemed to diminish; and the pilot repeated several times the blessing of St. John. In less than half an hour the wind rose, the water-spouts gradually dissolved, the black cloud itself dispersed, and the wind blowing stronger, accompanied with heavy rain, we quickly proceeded on our voyage, to the great joy of our captain, who was happy to have escaped such imminent danger.

In the neighbourhood of Corfu I made an interesting observation.—A sailor having taken up some sea water in a pail, which I had asked for to wash my face and hands, at a time when a cold wind was blowing, I was much surprized to find it quite warm, as if it had been taken from a warm spring. I convinced myself that this warmth was diffused over the whole surface of the sea on which we were sailing, and that it was not merely

relative, as contrasted with the coldness of the atmosphere, but proceeded from the violent agitation of the waves. The sailor told me, that after a violent storm the seamen preferred bathing amongst the rocks on the coast, because the water was there warmer than in the open sea. This confirmed my observation, that the water is in fact heated by motion and the dashing of the waves, and that this increase of temperature really proceeds from the friction of the water; for soon after a storm, the warmth of the sea water is often three or four degrees above what it is on calm days. This is, however, true only to a certain depth, for below forty-five feet, the sea is always tranquil, even during the greatest storms, as divers and pearl fishers unanimously agree, and as experiments have proved. I fetched my thermometer, and found the warmth of the atmosphere to be twelve degrees and a half (Reaumur), and that of the sea water fourteen and one third, or nearly two degrees more. It is incredible how much the water is heated by the beating of the waves; for when the cold, and violent north wind, called Bora, blows at Trieste, (which we found by experiment to pass over at least forty feet in a second) and according to the laws of evaporation ought to cool the sea, which is in the most violent commotion, we on the contrary find the water to be more heated the longer the storm continues. This warmth cannot be communicated to the water from the atmosphere, but is to be ascribed to the friction of the parts of the water against each other, and against the various obstacles on the coasts. The saltness of the sea water, and its greater specific gravity, may likewise tend to increase the friction, and consequently the production of heat. Unfortunately I had not afterwards a favourable opportunity of examining the increase of the warmth of the sea water after a storm, its decrease below the surface, and the relative warmth of the part of the surface further from the sea shore, which had remained less agitated, because such experiments always attract attention in Turkey.

A glorious night, in which the agreeable motion of the gently agitated vessel had lulled me in the fairest dreams, the consequences of the cheerful recollections of a day passed in enjoyment, connected the departing eventful year with a new one pregnant with hopes, the accomplishment of which every passing day was to favour; when I awoke from a half slumber, and the first ray of the sun falling on my couch, joyfully saluted me with the new year. I was soon dressed, and hastened upon deck.

If ever any thing struck me with surprise, it was the scene that awaited me. The sun had just risen in his usual splendour. Not a cloud obscured the azure sky, and no vapour diminished its lustre. The lofty mountains of Greece, now covered with

snow, from Pindus to the remote Taygetus, were stretched out before our view. Long steep ridges ran in parallel lines to the south, in uninterrupted succession; here and there a side branch diverged, divided again, and ran into the sea, forming a steep promontory. On examining some maps of ancient Greece, I was convinced that what lay before us comprehended the whole continent of Greece. We beheld, with delight, Achaia and Elis, Naupactus and Phocis, the district of Olympia, through which the Alpheus flows, and the mountains of Arcadia, where it rises. On the left, the Island of Cephalonia, and on the right Zante, terminated this unrivalled picture. At length we descried Parnassus, (the situation of which was easily found in the map) and a moderate north-wind allowed us long to enjoy this fine scene. The further we removed from the island, the more indented did the coast appear, and the more beautiful was the appearance of the branching mountains of the Peloponnesus. The Taygetus came nearer; the Pentedactylon rose, declining towards Messenia and Sparta, and convinced us of the propriety of its name. Mount Pylon appeared near Methone, and the lofty snow-covered Alps of Thessaly and Bœotia sunk lower and lower in the horizon. It is a peculiarity of our nature rapidly to pass from pleasing to melancholy feelings. The past had furnished the memory with nations, events, persons, and deeds. Fancy had ordered them, and pleased herself with the variety of the passing images, and now she imperceptibly came nearer to the present times, which unhappily deprived these scenes of great part of their charm.

Towards noon, an extremely gentle wind seemed to be dying away into a perfect calm. I was leaning on the stock of the anchor, contemplating the beautiful country before me, when, all at once, the ship trembled violently, and a hollow sound proceeded from the hold. The captain, who stood near me, was embarrassed, and knew not what to think. I fancied that some small quantity of powder, perhaps a musket, had gone off in the hold, when a second and a third weaker shock succeeded, and put an end to our silence; the sailors declaring it was only an earthquake, and we had nothing to fear. We were besides too far from land to dread a shoal or sand bank; and the phenomenon was scarcely over, when the wind violently increased, which proves that this slight earthquake had some influence on the atmosphere. This circumstance gave rise to much conversation on board, and reminded me of the revolutions which volcanoes and earthquakes have produced, in ancient and modern times, on the coasts of the Mediterranean, from Asia Minor to Portugal.

We had the Oenusian islands (now Le Sapienze) in sight, and

descried Cape Matapan, the most southern point of Europe. A simple mountain chain, with an almost even ridge, branched out from Taygetus, which appeared on the north-east, and imperceptibly lost itself in this point, beyond which lies the island of Cythera, now Cerigo.

The Mainotes, a rude quarrelsome people of Greek origin, constantly engaged in petty feuds with each other, but closely united in common danger, always armed, rapacious, dangerous to merchant ships during a calm, are said to be the only genuine descendants of the ancient Spartans, which, however, may be doubted as far as personal descent is concerned, and almost wholly denied with respect to their moral character. Implacable enemies to the Turks, they have never yet been subdued in their fastnesses in Mount Taygetus, and pay no tribute. Travellers, however, who have resided among them, praise their hospitality and other good qualities. They are detested by the other Greeks, who in their turn are contemned by the Mainotes.

The mean heat at noon since our departure from Trieste, had been always 14° of Reaumur in the shade in the forenoon, never below 12°, and in the evening nearly the same as at noon. The following days in this month were rainy, with little sun-shine; the nights calm; the rain water which was caught uncommonly warm, viz. 11° R. It is remarkable that the seamen are acquainted with certain points in the Mediterranean, in which there are either violent winds or total calm. As soon as you have passed them opposite winds are met with. A ship may be for days in such a point, and either not advance at all, or run the greatest danger; but the first is the most common.

The wind became again unfavourable, and in the afternoon wholly died away. At twilight, while we were all on deck, and the captain had complained of the calm, and was walking up and down in a very ill mood, the crew set up a cry of joy. He had scarcely looked up when he gave the word of command, and they immediately began to set the sails as if they had a good wind, though there was a perfect calm. The captain, with a cheerful countenance, shewed me an almost violet-coloured misty cloud, sweeping along the surface of the sea from the north-west, saying—"There is wind." I went to the stern, and it rapidly approached like a black circle; the sea was ruffled before it rose in small waves, which soon increased, and before they reached the ship a favourable wind swelled the sails. It however soon ceased: the night was calm. At five in the morning the wind rose again; but as it was south-east our progress was slow, not above three miles an hour; yet if it had continued the night through, we should certainly have descried this fine morning the lofty mountains of Crete. Precautions were now

taken, as they had been before, on account of the vicinity of the Mainotes. A double watch was placed on deck, that we might not be taken by surprize. I offered, in case of an attack, to place myself by the sand basket, proving that we might much better defend ourselves by throwing sand in the eyes of our assailants, than with rusty sabres and muskets.

On Saturday the 4th of January, (the 12th day of our voyage) in the morning, we still saw the Island of Cythera (Cerigo) and Cape Matapan. The clouds that hung round Mount Taygetus sunk down, and the weather soon became gloomy and rainy. In a short time, however, the horizon was clear—the mists and clouds vanished, and we again approached the island of Cythera, which rose majestically from the waves. Previously, only, the tops of its mountains were visible, and formed on the water so many single and separate islands, but as we approached these islets became higher and broader, till their bases united and formed one large island. This is a deception not uncommon at sea, when you fancy you have an archipelago of little islands before you, which, on a nearer approach, are found to be only one. I looked up to the eminence, where the fine temple of Cythera once stood, but which had been ruined with the progress of barbarism.

On Sunday, January 5, 1817, we passed the channel of Cerigo and Cerigotto, or rather of the two rocky islets (Scogli) Ovo and Pori, and sailed close by the latter, the surface of which was already clothed in the finest verdure, with flocks of sheep and goats, that are brought thither with their shepherds, and find green pastures during the winter. We were soon opposite a mass of clouds, which at length rose, and shewed us Cape Spoda, till we beheld before us the colossal snow-covered Alps of Crete, the Leucaori or white mountains, called by the modern Greeks *Asprowuna*; which, when viewed from the sea, presented a most striking appearance, the clouds dispersing at once, as if they had withheld this majestic prospect, only to heighten our pleasure, by shewing it in the most favourable light.

The Leucaori grew lighter, clearer, and more defined, and at last old father *Ida* shewed his head, covered, like the others, with snow. I was astonished at its height, and comparing it with mountains on the continent, which I knew to be 1200 or 1300 toises high, I estimated that *Ida* could not be lower. This explained why Crete was so rich in plants, for its mountains were far higher than all those of Greece that we had hitherto seen. The barometrical measurements made in the sequel confirmed the previous estimate. By means of the Octant, I took the altitude of the mountains, endeavoured to measure the distance on the map, and fixed the height at 7800 feet.

We approached Cape Grabusa, and then Cape Spoda. I thought the captain would put into Canea, according to our agreement; but he endeavoured to raise a quarrel, to find a pretext to refuse me something to which he felt himself bound. As I perceived, however, that it would cost him two or three days, and detain him from his business in Candia, I would not insist on his putting into Canea; and on the whole, I was not sorry first to view a considerable part of the island from on board the ship. I took Homann's map, the most complete that we hitherto possess, turned over Tournefort's travels, and looked with pleasure through the telescope at the verdant spots, which every where appeared upon the promontories.

The whole night, from eleven o'clock till day-break, the ship tacked. Though the situation was not favourable, Cape Sassoso at length showed us the great and extensive city of Candia (called in Greek Castro, or the Fortress) in the morning dawn.

Above the vapour that involved the houses of the town, only the minarets and a few lofty date trees rose; on our right the summit of Ida (now called *Psiloriti*, the high mountain) was tinged with red, while Dicta, on the left, was still dark, which is a proof that Ida is higher; for Dicta is besides more to the east, and its top should therefore be sooner illumined by the sunbeams.

The island of Dia lay before us. It is now called Standia. We cast anchor in the most convenient place, and soon made an excursion to this beautiful island, which, though apparently deserted, was covered with verdure, and afforded me a rich harvest of rare plants; two ferns were particularly remarkable, one of which was quite covered with a silky wool, namely, Desfontaine's *Acrostichum lanuginosum*. The island is bounded on the north side by perpendicular inaccessible walls of rock, but gradually declines to the south. It is about four English miles in length, and a quarter of a mile broad in the broadest part. We were obliged by the contrary wind to lie some days near this island, and it was not till the 9th of January that we were able to enter the harbour, which is not above sixty or seventy fathoms in breadth, defended on one side from the waves by a mole, with a castle on it, and on the other by a long wall, with a round tower, which stands opposite the castle.

Every where we see the winged lion, the arms of Venice, and the figure of St. Mark on the old buildings still in perfect preservation, as a proof that all this is the work of the industrious Venetians. The Turks have taken no pains to efface these evident testimonies of the former government of the Venetians; they have only mutilated the heads and faces, and left the arms, dates, &c. untouched, while the works themselves go to ruin. The

Turks love to boast of their victories, and of having taken those possessions from the powerful Venetians. They even preserve entire the arsenal and all the trophies, the armour and weapons of the Venetians; and a Greek smith is paid to keep them constantly in good order; nay, even the corn, salt, and in short, every thing that the Venetians left, is preserved by them in their childish pride at their good fortune. Cannon of the largest size, nearly two hundred and fifty in number, lie on the ramparts without carriages; but they are now quite unserviceable, and the Mahometans smile at these proofs of their own ignorance.

Our ship had been observed when she fired a salute, and hoisted the flag on our arrival off Candia, and a crowd of people now came to see us land. The various Mahometan dresses were an agreeable sight to me; and as the Jews have a peculiar physiognomy, so I found in the same manner a characteristic feature in all these heterogeneous faces, which was so distinctly marked, that I ever after was able to recognise a Musselman.

The captain and the pilot went to the house of a Mr. Domenico, whither I followed them, curious to learn what they intended; for I plainly perceived that they were plotting something together. Their agent, M. Domenico di St. Antonio, a native of Messina, the son of an apothecary, physician to the Pacha of Candia, received me in a friendly manner, urged me to remain with him, caused all my effects to be brought to his house, and shewed more civility than I liked. He forbade a Maltese captain, with whom I chiefly conversed, to take me to the houses of the French consul and other Europeans. On my asking him (the captain) whether there was an Austrian consul here, he gave me an evasive answer; and an European, with a white cockade, spoke to me at the gate, where I was walking with Domenico's brother, and seemed to reproach me for not having applied to him, but offering his assistance if I should want it,—he merely said he was from the house of the French consul. He took an opportunity, however, of informing me in an indirect manner, of the prohibition laid upon him. I immediately suspected Domenico, for whom our captain had brought many articles from Trieste. The next day my remaining effects arrived; when Domenico, assuming a very friendly manner, asked me if I had any written agreement about my passage? I replied that I had the bills of lading in my trunk on board the ship, and would shew them to him as soon as I opened it. The captain, convinced by this that I had only bills of lading, asked the double of what we had agreed for, besides the freight for the bales, to which my bills of lading referred. He grew insolent, and fancied he had outwitted me; but I had perceived, before I left Trieste, that he was a rogue, and had taken the precaution, the evening before

I sailed, to obtain from the merchant who recommended him, a written statement of the agreement he had made with him for me, of which transaction the worthy captain knew nothing. Having learnt from the Maltese Captain, Vincenzo, that the European above-mentioned was a Mr. Booze, secretary and interpreter to the French consul, to whom the Austrian consul at Canea usually confided what he had to do, and that he would therefore, without doubt, assist any Austrian traveller, I slipped out of Domenico's house, where I was watched like a prisoner, and proceeded to the French consulate, where I met Mr. Booze, to whom I stated the case in a few words, saying, I feared to show my agreement with the merchant at Trieste, unless he was present, as the captain might deny the signature or destroy the paper. I was soon missed in the house of Domenico, who rightly guessing where I was, hastily came with his brother to seek me, and endeavoured to find out what conversation had passed, by artful questions, but which appeared very singular to the consul to whom I had been talking of the object of my visit to Crete, but who knew nothing of my conversation with Mr. Booze. I smiled; Booze frowned; and Domenico was on thorns. Making a sign to Mr. Booze to follow me presently, I took leave of the consul, and withdrew with Domenico. As soon as Mr. Booze arrived at Domenico's, I opened my trunk which had been brought from on board, took out the bills of lading, and gave them to Domenico, but handed the written declaration to Mr. Booze. He read it half aloud; Domenico looked confused; the captain grew pale; and Mr. Booze handing the paper to Domenico, who read it over with much attention, said coolly, I had better give the captain the money immediately, as he had many purchases to make. I cheerfully counted down the dollars required; for I paid only half of the demand so unjustly made. The worthy captain seemed ready to burst; swore, cursed, and implicated Domenico. I, however, threw over the whole affair the cloak of Christian charity, and took no further notice:—But to do my duty to travellers who might have to do with this captain, I drew up a concise statement of the transaction, had it certified by the consul at Canea, and, as the captain had taken a cargo for Trieste, sent it by a Turkish vessel bound to the same port, to his Excellency Count Von Chotek, the governor, who, on the arrival of the captain, caused him to be properly reprimanded for his illegal conduct.

The same evening I took a walk with Domenico on the ramparts, where I found the *Palma Christi* as thick as a man's body, from twenty to twenty-five feet high, the bunches of flowers from two to three feet in length, and uncommonly large: on heaps of rubbish in the town ditch was the *Physalis somnifera* in full blossom, and *Hyosciamus aureus* on all the walls; but what



most pleased me, was a branch of the *Capparis Egyptiaca*, without leaves or flowers indeed, but which I recognised to be a *Capparis* by the wood, and by the two gold coloured bent thorns, to be of the Egyptian kind, the existence of which in Europe was not before known. On the way Domenico tried to persuade me send my firman to Canea, and not to go with it myself, fearing, as I thought, that I should complain about my captain.

On Sunday the 13th of January, the New Year's Day of the Greeks, Mr. Domenico, who had married a Greek woman, gave an entertainment, by which he intended to distinguish himself; besides some Greek merchants and relations, he had invited the French consul and his lady. Our pilot was also present, but not our captain, who said that he did not like such fine company, and preferred dining off a pickled herring on board his own ship. The truth was, that he was afraid his bad conduct would have been mentioned in my presence. A square table was laid with plates, knives, and forks, as with us, which is the custom of the Greeks when they are in company with Europeans, and are not obliged to conform to the manners of the Turks.

Before dinner was brought up, a servant went round to each guest, holding in his left hand a basin, which had a conical lid with holes in it, upon which lay a soap ball, which he wetted, while the servant at the same time washed his hand, the dirty water running through the lid into the basin. After this ceremony a prelude was played upon the admirable lyre which the captain had brought with him, and some Greeks sung to it. The entertainment, with a few differences, was entirely European; but what struck me the most, were the nosegays, which I at first supposed to be artificial, considering the season of the year, and the more so as the hyacinths and narcissuses were remarkable for their size and beauty, but their perfume convinced me they were natural, and I was told that the neighbouring peasants brought them to market at this time, and cultivated them in their gardens, without particular care. Among them were jessamine, orange and lemon flowers, and the *ornithogalum Arabicum*, a very beautiful liliaceous flower.

After dinner dances were executed first in the European and then in the Candiot manner. In the latter, a performer on the guitar took his station in the middle of the room, and the spectators seated themselves on the low sofas next the wall. A row of twelve or thirteen Grecian women, with one man at their head, joined hands, and moving their bodies backwards and forwards, advanced at every note, half a step in the circle. The playing on the guitar was a monotonous recitative, which at last became tiresome. The strictness of etiquette did not allow any

other dance; but in the islands of the Archipelago there is less constraint. I here became acquainted with the Missionary of Canea, who intended soon to return to that city. He is uncommonly well skilled in the Grecian jargon of this country, and offered to bear me company to Canea, which I gladly accepted, and approved of his advice to go in my boat instead of going by land.

Another entertainment, which Mr. Stephanaki, a rich Greek merchant, who with his father, an old man of eighty, was afterwards a sacrifice to the popular fury, gave to our captain, who had brought him Styrian planks and other timber from Trieste, was remarkably well arranged and agreeable. On this occasion I became acquainted with the principal native physician, Mr. Giovanni Eleothero, a very well-informed man, who spoke Italian and French with great ease, and Latin (which is very rare,) with fluency and elegance; and was perfectly well acquainted with ancient Greek. He also spoke Persian and Arabic uncommonly well, and it was generally allowed that in the Turkish, nobody in the whole island excelled him, for which reason he was often sent for, to explain the meaning of the firmans from Constantinople, and many obscure passages in the language of the Divan. He received his education from his father, who took his degree at Padua. He possessed the works of Fr. Hoffman, Frank, Haller, Morgagni, &c.; and it was surprising what accurate anatomical knowledge he had acquired by means of copper-plates, without ever having dissected a body, which is considered as a great crime in this island. He communicated to me much interesting information.

At table every one was called upon to repeat a distich, the final syllables of which frequently rhymed, and which was to be in honour of the host or any other person. On the following day Domenico took me to see the gardens of some Turkish inhabitants, who, as he was the Pacha's physician, and also theirs, admitted him as soon as possible after they had shut up the women. The gardens were simply laid out; roses, hyacinths, narcissuses, tulips, some imperial-crowns, the jessamine which blossoms the whole year, rivalled the perfume of the orange and lemon trees, which were loaded at the same time with flowers and fruit. In each garden there were one or two large moss-rose trees, the cypress stood in one corner, and a date tree generally overshadowed the favourite seat. In the middle of the garden there was, for the most part, an open summer-house, with a basin and fountain in the centre of it, and couches all around. The great scarlet-bean climbed up it; the vine and blue violet were common, and the whole garden was surrounded by a wall. On a sudden I heard the Muezin proclaim the hour of noon from a high

minaret. His cry did not appear to me so inharmonious and disagreeable as the noise of the Turkish music, which began to play in the neighbourhood. The beauty and size of the oranges in one garden excited my astonishment. On a single stem there was a cluster of seven oranges which weighed four pounds. The trees with their golden fruit shone in the sun, and I seemed to be in the gardens of Hesperia. The loaded trees bent to the ground, and heaps of the fallen fruit lay scattered on the earth. The finest oranges may be bought for a penny a dozen. There were also sweet lemons, with a peculiar taste of raspberries, sweet oranges, with thick and thin rinds, large rough bitter ones, large citrons weighing five or six pounds, and many varieties of oranges, about twelve on the whole, all equally excellent. At the end of the garden stood a wild prickly citron tree, with small fruit. In the whole Archipelago, there is no island which produces such fine oranges and lemons as Crete. A thousand of the latter often cost less than a dollar.

On leaving the garden I perceived marjoram in pots, and the *jasminum sambac*. I here first saw the Egyptian goat, (*capra mambrica*,) which differs from our goat, by its pointed head, short horns bent backwards, and extremely long hanging ears, resembling those of the European hound. It comes from Egypt, whither it was probably brought from some other country, and is much esteemed on account of its fecundity and excellent milk, and preferred to the common goat.

Having visited with Domenico, several gardens which nearly resembled each other, we made an excursion out of the gates. We found many rare plants and fine insects. Here, for the first time, I saw the Lepers, who occupy a separate suburb, before the fortress of Candia, and are never permitted to enter the town. I shuddered at the sight of so much misery; most of them had lost their hands and feet, and showed their crippled stumps, soliciting compassion and alms, in a squeaking voice, or in almost unintelligible words spoken through the nose. I had afterwards an opportunity of making important observations, which I shall mention in the sequel. We viewed the excellent fortifications of the City of Candia, the fruitless siege of which, cost the Turks so many lives, till it was surrendered to the Porte by capitulation. All my motions were watched by the idle Turks, and I scarcely dared to look up at the walls, but while I was gathering plants, I was able to look sideways at them.

Nothing is more agreeable to the traveller than the sight of the date-palm when it has a high stem, its rustling in the wind is peculiar, and very pleasing to hear. The long leaves crowd together on one side, and when the wind abates, they extend in a picturesque manner on every side, resuming their former position.

The crown bends with the stem and again rises majestically. If it is in flower the male trees are surrounded by a white dust which flies to the female trees, and the most delightful smell of violets perfumes the air. Even the smoke in the cities is odoriferous and surprising to the stranger, not like the burning resinous smell of our pine and fir, or that of sea-coals; here they burn nothing but sage, thyme, cistus, cypress wood, marjoram and lavender; bundles of these articles, brought by the country people for sale, are piled up in all the streets, and if in our country we guard against the morning fog, here we willingly open the windows to admit the perfume of the wood just lighted in the kitchen, and await, with the more appetite, the excellent breakfast.

It is in truth a happy country, in whose pure balsamic air flowers blossom during the whole year, and which even the fog and smoke render more agreeable. However, the smoke of tobacco is not unwelcome even in Candia, to the lovers of that excellent plant. It is indeed frequently cultivated in this island, but the best comes by way of Cyprus, from Beirout, and Saida, in Syria.

Dealers in tobacco sit in the market, having before them a block of wood, and a large knife, with which they cut the tobacco as fine as down, and pile it up so neatly that it tempts one to purchase. Whole bales lie in the magazines. It is smoked out of low wide clay bowls with long tubes, which come from the north of Turkey; the longer the tube of the pipe, the greater is its value. Most of them are said to be made of cherry tree, jessamine, and Turkish hazel. The length of the tube and the ornaments upon it are in proportion to the rank of the possessor, but the poor man never smokes out of a tube less than two feet long. The bowls of the pipes are of clay, burnt to a dark red colour, pretty, not durable, and are the same for rich and poor.

The Turk sets the highest value on the mouth-piece, which is composed of one, or at the most, of three pieces of amber, and often costs from twenty to fifty dollars; in smoking it is not even taken between the lips, but only put to the mouth. The smoke is said to taste more agreeable out of long pipes. They hate short tubes, and therefore asked my servant to lay aside his short pipe, and use theirs.

On visits the handsomest pipe is offered to the guest, ready filled, and a small brass plate set before him, upon which the head of the pipe is laid. The servant then brings a burning coal, having previously taken off his slippers, lets it lie on the pipe till the tobacco is kindled, and then takes it away. Politeness requires you to accept a pipe, and take some whiffs, and then return it to the servant; it would be unpolite to have a second pipe

filled, and still more so to refuse the first. The tobacco pouches are made of silk, or other materials, and sometimes of leather; but at home they use tin boxes to keep it in. Tobacco pays only a moderate duty, and the cultivation, as well as the trade, is free. Women smoke but little, and boys often before they are twelve years of age. The Turks do nothing but smoke all the day long, and it would be interesting to know how they passed their time before the discovery of tobacco.

The Ecclesiastic of Canea was not yet inclined to depart, and Domenico detained me. He employed me as he could. Sicilian good-nature could not be denied him; I was formally settled in his house, he carefully sought to avoid further misunderstanding, in order to give me a good opinion of himself. He wished to have a barometer and a thermometer; I gave them to him, also the chart of the Archipelago; but this I very unwillingly parted with; he plundered my library,—I looked on patiently. He made excursions with me almost every day, and visited many patients; he also spoke to me of a dropsical patient, of high rank, whom he promised to show me, but never did. He had much practice, especially as he was physician to the Pacha; from whom he received a considerable salary and many emoluments. He had his laboratory in his house, and the medicines were made up either by himself or his brother, a goldsmith. This connection gave him many advantages. He was *Magister Chirurgiæ*, and had served in the army; he had moderate knowledge, but was very superficial, and had not studied much. He gave me but little information. He had a fine Latin edition of Matthioli, and requested me to write under the wood-cuts, the Linnean and common names. I examined his stock of medicines, and in the walks which he took with me, made his servant gather the plants he wanted, such as thyme, mint, &c.; but particularly great quantities of the fruit of the *Palma Christi*, which he intended to use for making castor oil.

On Sunday, the 19th of January, we visited the Greek Metropolitan Church, the largest in the whole island of Candia; it resembled a large room with an antichamber. Silver lamps and candlesticks, reflected the lights in the chapel, which was black with smoke. It was extremely crowded. Nobody was able to kneel; one papa or priest after the other pressed forward with great difficulty, with his large silver dish, to collect oblations; each following dish was smaller, and less valuable than the preceding one. There was no end to the rattling of the money, for thirteen dishes past me. When the first dish came, Domenico kindly advised me not to give too much, because many others would follow, when I should have nothing left. These fine dishes were meant to attract silver, and I lamented that they

could not be made magnetical to increase the effect. Every body threw in their para, and only a woman, who was quietly praying, laid it without noise on the edge of the plate; it fell in, and put me in mind of the poor widow in the Gospel. Not one of the dishes was filled, and perhaps the whole sum collected, on all the Sundays and Holidays in the year, may not equal the intrinsic value of the dishes. On account of the crowd, and confined space, no regard could be paid to propriety. The metropolitan sat in the first seat, and saw the service performed; Domenico was in the second seat, and I occupied the third. Soon after, a priest brought a large silver basin, quite piled up with little square pieces of bread, which he handed about; first to the metropolitan, who took three pieces; and, to my surprise, very politely gave one to Domenico, and the third to me. This is, however, not the holy supper, but only a ceremony of the Greek church. Where the priest could not reach, he gave the nearest person a handful, who immediately distributed it to those behind. A deacon read the Gospel and the Epistle; he had a fine countenance, his hair hung down in curls before, and floated over his shoulders, and his appearance exactly resembled that of St. John the Evangelist, as he is usually painted. I preferred looking at him when he was silent. He spoke in a constrained nasal tone, drawled out the close of every period, contracting his nostrils, and for want of example and instruction, had no declamation; and the comment, which was shorter than the Gospel itself, had neither introduction nor conclusion. He had but little action, and seemed only to repeat by rote. The singing of the congregation, which echoed in the walls, was entirely destitute of harmony, expression, and regularity. There were no instruments; for though the organ is a Greek invention, they hate that noble instrument, without knowing that they depreciate themselves; and this merely from their inveterate hate to the Latin church, which uses it. They have no bells, except hand-bells. The people in the church were continually making the sign of the cross, and bowing; but very few were absorbed in silent prayer.

When service was over we followed the metropolitan, and Domenico requested me to kiss his hand. I perceived the reason of this request—remained a little behind, and entered a short time afterwards. The ceremony of kissing hands was over, and I respectfully saluted a man, of a dignified appearance, becoming his rank. As usual at visits, we took our seats round the room on the divan. Small cups of black coffee, with the grounds, and no sugar, were handed round by a servant. The saucer is generally of thin silver plate: the cups, called *flizani*, are hardly a third part the size of a large coffee-cup. Whoever comes in, if he is invited to sit upon the divan, is entitled to a cup of coffee.

It is drank without sugar, on the pretext that it is not agreeable, when tobacco is smoked with it!

The pipes were filled with Syrian tobacco, and after a few whiffs, the servant took them away again, upon a sign being given him. None but deacons were employed to do all this, as the metropolitan has nobody else in the room. We took leave in the expectation of meeting the whole company in the evening at the French Consul's, who gave an entertainment.

He appeared, attended by his clergy, at a splendid repast of forty-eight covers, and as many dishes, as Metropolitan of Gortyna, though his See was at Candia. He was accompanied by the Bishop of Gnossus, a venerable old man, and the Bishop of Girapetro, his nephew. His health was drank by the whole company with a couplet (Brindisi). They choose two words which rhyme, and endeavour to connect them together: on this occasion the poetic talent of every guest shewed itself at the second bottle of the good Arcadian wine. Thus, for instance, a Brindisi may be made upon the words *Creta* and *Metropolita*. The Missionary forgot all religious differences, and said—

Tanto celebre che è fra tutte le isole la isola Creta

Tanto più vien stimato fra tutti i Vescovi, il venerabile Metropolita.

Every one endeavoured to shew, in the same manner, his regard for the esteemed guest. After midnight the Grecian ladies present executed a national dance, which unfortunately only shewed more evidently their constrained and affected behaviour. A young Greek sat down in the middle, with a two-stringed guitar, with which he marked triple time, for I cannot call it music. The women, nine in number, who with their hands alternately joined behind, moved slowly in a circle, were led by a man, always taking two steps forwards and one backwards. This unvaried dance, and monotonous music, seemed to amuse them extremely, and considered as a Grecian custom, is the only free motion which their notions of propriety allow the women in the presence of the men, but which is very different from the free dances of ancient Greece. Thus half the night was passed, and the company broke up. The metropolitan mounted, in the court-yard, a small Cretan horse, and rode home by torch-light, attended by two Janissaries.

These two entertainments at Domenico's and the French Consul's, for which preparation had long been making, being now over, there was nothing to hinder me and the Missionary from setting out on our journey. Mr. Booze had the kindness to order a small vessel for us, which was to take us and our effects by way of Cape Sassoso and Maleca to Canea; but the Turk repented

of his bargain, and refused to take us. However, the next day we found a better and more reasonable captain, and embarked on the 20th of January, in high spirits. The Capuchin followed us, and it was agreed that we should lodge in his roomy convent.

I had provided myself with bread, excellent wine, cheese, lemons, oranges, &c. In the gate, I saw two uncommonly large sheep; the wool was very long, fine and silky, and as white as snow. The Janissaries on duty were playing with these sheep, which they seem to keep for pleasure. They were quite at their ease, smoking their pipes, and did not even look at my things, to see if there were any prohibited goods among them, but took my word, and let all pass untouched.

With a faint north-east wind, we sailed slowly towards Cape Sassoso, or the Stony Cape, which has this name from the fine scattered groups of masses of stones, smooth rocky walls, projecting banks of earth, covered with shrubs and trees, which have been burst, sunk, and undermined by the storm and fury of the waves. The whole presented, in the moonlight, an enchanting scene, heightened by the snowy top of Ida at a distance: this incomparable prospect affected us all; and even the Turks seemed to feel it, for they remarked, with pleasure, the interest we took in it.

Among the many charts of Candia all are very faulty; yet, in spite of all the pretended improvements, the old one of Homann is the best; but it can hardly be otherwise, because it is difficult correctly to determine local positions, merely by observations made on board, and no nation has ever been permitted to make a chart of the Archipelago. We shall scarcely obtain an accurate topographical knowledge of it, till Greece falls into the hands of a civilized nation.

After midnight, the thermometer was at  $12\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  R., a degree of warmth superior to many summer nights in Germany. We slowly approached Rettimo, and saw, in the morning twilight, the beautiful environs of that place. Ida lay on the east, and on the right the White Mountains. The wind was faint. Towards evening we reached Cape Drepano, and steered towards the Bay of Suda by moonlight. We had seen no spot so striking as this; enclosed by steep grotesque cliffs, projecting rocks, mountains piled upon mountains, and the Leucaori rising in the background, the whole was worthy of the pencil of a Poussin, a Claude, a Hackert, or a Salvator Rosa.

A pretty strong west wind setting in, we were not able to double Cape Maleca till the following morning, when the wind becoming favourable, we soon reached the Port of Canea.

The line of snow on the White Mountains came down very low, bordered the terraces of the houses, and the mosques rose



above them on the white back-ground. The wind having died away, the swell of the water brought our boat into the mouth of the harbour, and a circle of houses, with balconies, terraces, and steps, surrounded us, among which we sought the residence of the Consul. The Capuchin invited us to come first to his convent, which lies in the middle of the city; on the right hand from the castle, to the palace of the Pacha, there stood round the port an uninterrupted row of the best houses, three or four stories high, and a broad footpath, which is the public walk of Canea, and was crowded with company.

The houses of the consuls are distinguished from the others by the wooden stage, with a high staff in the middle, on which the national standard is hoisted every Sunday and holiday, on the arrival of ships of their nation, or on other important occasions. The Turks are offended at the hoisting of the flag: the flag, they say indicates triumph, and the infidels have no right to either arms or flags. They do not like the French flag; they call it in ridicule a sheet, and say that the Consul once made use of it as such.

Our boat rowed towards a mosque, behind which lay the Custom-house, near which we afterwards lived: the terraces along the harbour were filled with Europeans, and we recognized every house in which a Frank lived, for they every where appeared at the windows. They are happy to see strangers arrive: at a distance from their country all intelligence is welcome. Wherever I landed, they all came to bid me welcome, as if I had been an old acquaintance of every one.

It was already known that Austrian travellers had arrived in Candia. The French were pleased that I visited the island in a botanical view, they being great lovers of natural history, and offered me their friendship; but I found it necessary to declare, upon every occasion, that I had not been sent by any government, for every one had read Tournefort, and thought that I must be similarly situated. They thought too, that it was not possible I could sacrifice my small property on a literary expedition. But this opinion caused my journey to be more expensive than it would have been, for they said that as the Expedition to Brazil was so liberally equipped, the same might be supposed of my enterprise: it was whispered that I only wanted to fill my purse, and lived in a meaner style than I ought to do.

I had scarcely landed when the Austrian interpreter came up to me, and informed me that the plague had appeared to-day for the first time, after an interval of several months, desiring me not to touch people in the streets, particularly peasants, as it still raged in the western part of the island, in the neighbourhood of Kissamo, and daily carried off above twenty persons. But the Turkish government had already adopted judicious precautions.

The peasants, on their arrival, were detained, and guarded out of the city gates: they were permitted to sell their provisions, and immediately sent home. This, however, only delayed the breaking out of the contagion.

My effects were permitted to pass without examination, on the assurance of the interpreter that they contained no merchandize; for in Turkey, which is so poor in manufactures, there are few or no forbidden goods. The convent, which is occupied only by one monk and a Roman capuchin, afforded us the best abode in the total want of an inn or other lodging. It was formerly, when under the French protection, inhabited by well educated and universally respected French ecclesiastics, but since the revolution it has been necessary to supply these missions from Rome, and since that time there are mostly Italians both here and in the Archipelago.

Father Agidius received us very kindly. Our things were unpacked; our cells assigned us; and on the following day I made an excursion with Mr. Serra-Longa and Mr. Balaste, French merchants, settled here, accompanied by Mr. Sonnerat, nephew of the celebrated French naturalist of that name. On this occasion I found many interesting plants; my attention was particularly attracted by the fields surrounded by prodigious aloes, several of which had ripe fruit. The leaves were about nine feet long, and the flower-stalk, on which more than two thousand blossoms could be counted, was a pyramid 5° or 6°\* high, which rises from the earth in a single year like a thick asparagus stalk, and blossoms; but is entirely exhausted by this effort.

The town has a fine harbour, which is more accessible than that of Candia, and six times as extensive. The entrance into it is rather dangerous, and part of it is much exposed to the swell of the sea. The whole island of Candia possesses only one natural, good, and safe harbour, for ships of every description; but it is a very fine one, namely, that of Suda, which runs very far into the land, by which the tongue of land, half a league long between Cape Maleca and Canea, is formed. Canea is only about a fourth or fifth part of the size of the city of Candia, but the streets, which have no shops, are broader and handsomer, with houses of two or three stories. It has only one gate on the land side, with a hornwork, and the entrance from the harbour on the sea-side. There are hardly any gardens within the walls, nor any market places. Candia is stronger, surrounded with towers and walls, with entrenchments: it has many market places, and large gardens: the houses being built on a larger surface, they have only one story, very seldom two, and the fronts are

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\* So the author writes; we know not whether he means feet or not, or what other measure.

turned towards the garden, so that the streets seem to consist of walls, with doors and gates at certain distances. The environs of Candia are beautiful. Close to the city is the favourite promenade of the Mahometans, their burying-ground, surrounded with low white walls, and each grave ornamented with a tombstone. Pines, cypresses, oranges, olives, and even mimosas (*Mimosa Farnesiana*) grow here.

I had scarcely returned with my companions to dinner, when the Consul, who had caused my firman from Constantinople to be presented to the Pacha by his interpreter, informed me that he had most unexpectedly received an answer, refusing the permission I solicited to visit the interior of the island. The Consul excused himself, by saying, that he had not read the firman, supposing that its contents were conformable to my intentions. The Pacha was in an ill humour when the interpreter waited upon him, because the Director of the customs had neglected to inform him of the arrival of foreigners, and received a severer reprimand, because the Pacha himself had accidentally witnessed our landing. He, however, listened calmly to the interpreter, and began to read the firman; but he soon appeared displeased, and gave it back, coldly saying, that the firman was not addressed to him, but to his subalterns; that it did not contain a word of my request to visit the island, and to follow my occupations, which required a special permission from the Porte. He was sorry, he said, that he could not comply with mine and the Consul's wishes, and that I had not taken care to procure a proper firman.

The interpreter returned trembling to the Consul with this answer, which the latter communicated to me. I formed various conjectures on the motives of the Pacha; but the sequel proved that he had acted in this manner on account of the presence of many Candiot Turks, and I afterwards, to my great surprise, found in him a more zealous friend and patron than I could have expected. Various plans were proposed to me; one was to go to Candia, and apply to the Seraskier of the island, to whom Domenico was physician, who out of vanity would certainly have done every thing for me, as really happened afterwards; but I judged it better to stay where I was and wait the event.

The following day a captain of a ship, who was mistaken for me, was hindered by the Turkish guard at the gate from going into the country, and I was just told of it, when the servants of the Pacha went to the Consul's to look for me, and told him that their master wished to speak to me, one of his women being ill.

I was sent for, and also the interpreter, who after the Consul had communicated his conjectures to me, accompanied me together with the two servants. The French were pleased, for they were really sorry for my situation, and requested me to take

particular notice of the Seraglio, which I should certainly see; and even the elder ones congratulated me on obtaining a sight of the Seraglio within a few days of my landing, whereas they had not found, in forty years, an opportunity to satisfy their curiosity.

The guards in the anti-chamber desired me to pull off my boots; but I observed that I could by no means comply, and the interpreter told him that I would not tread upon the carpet. The guards were satisfied with this promise. I certainly should not have complied. The Pacha seemed either to foresee this, or not to intend requiring it, for he did not sit in his usual place, in the back ground on the Divan, but near the railing, in order, as I must come near him, not to oblige me to tread upon the carpet. The Pacha received me very graciously, and enquired after my country and my intentions, of which I made no secret. But I found from his confused questions, that he had not much studied the geography of the land of the infidels. He soon rose, made a sign to the attendants to withdraw, and followed by me and the interpreter, who trembled from head to foot, passed through a secret door, (which he very carefully shut and bolted again) into his harem or seraglio. We went through passages, and up short stair-cases, which were all covered with the finest Persian carpets. A few lamps lighted the passage, till we arrived at a saloon, the wide entrance of which was hung with heavy carpets. A splendid branch of lamps of a peculiar appearance hung from the ceiling, which diffused a kind of sombre light: the Pacha took a large wax taper, lighted it, gave it to the trembling interpreter, and clapped his hands three times; meantime the saloon was lighted, which had only one lofty window, through which the moon shone: broad elegant sophas were raised all round, and the walls were hung with the richest tapestry. I surveyed this favourite apartment, when, at a signal given by the Pacha, a boy, eleven or twelve years of age, of uncommon beauty, dressed in a very becoming manner, in a wide robe in the ancient Greek fashion, appeared, and having received the Pacha's commands, gave with uncommon grace, an answer which sounded agreeably, and then vanished like a zephyr.

The Pacha took the light from the interpreter: his countenance, to which a long brown beard gave an expression very striking to an European, his well formed features, marked by calm prudence and dignity, illumined by the bright light of the taper, might have served an artist as a model of ideal perfection. In a short time the Genius appeared at the side of a Grace, held the long veil of this light ethereal being, who passed us and stopped, without speaking, in the middle of the room, opposite

the Pacha, and the little Genius looked smiling on the old man. The Pacha raised the veil, and we saw (properly speaking, only I, for the Jew was much too old and too timid, and did not look up) the most beautiful creature that Circassia, by the happiest union of art and nature, could ever have produced. The fine figure heightened the effect of her features, and a magical amalgam of an Apollo and a Venus, which I had once seen in the capitol, in marble, appeared to be here realized and animated, as if by enchantment.

With pleasure I let the Pacha speak without interrupting him. While the interpreter translated from the Turkish into the Italian, I had time to consider of my answers, and to attribute it to the unskilfulness of the interpreter if they were unintelligible. In truth I understood nothing of the stuff he spoke, for a physician has need of a well-educated interpreter. The conversation proceeded slowly: I spoke Italian to the interpreter; he translated it into Turkish for the Pacha; the Pacha then asked the girl, who answered him; the interpreter received the reply in Turkish and translated it into Italian. By the repeated translations I at length received answers, which might have puzzled an Oedipus. I remarked too that the girl was not sincere with us, for the answers did not correspond with the questions. It was all one; the disorder appeared to be a common inflammatory fever, which required proper treatment in the evening, when it was rather more violent: I found her forehead hot, the tongue not so dry, strong palpitation in the breast, but no pain: I made use of the opportunity to look at her more particularly, and pitied a being for whom nature had done so much, but whose mind was wholly uncultivated. The contradictory statements, various evasions and vague answers, gave me a suspicion which the hastiness of the Pacha, who was so eager to know the name and nature of the disease, further confirmed. I seemed to take no notice, called it a simple fever arising from a cold, till I perceived the increasing vexation of the Pacha, who at length exclaimed that she had had no natural relief for these four months, since the time that he had come here from Constantinople. This, however, was contradicted by the healthy appearance of the Circassian, and the kind of fever; it was but too probable that there was another cause, for I would not ask after the last sign of pregnancy, in order by no means to draw attention that way. My suspicion that violence had been used, was indeed confirmed; but I had no reason to communicate it to the Pacha, for I could never have thought of gaining, in this manner, his favour which I so much wanted, even if it had been attended with no dangerous consequences to the handsome girl. Though angry, he contained himself; and

after I had prescribed for this evening some rice water with a little lemon-juice, he put on her veil, and she withdrew with her little page. We took leave, promising to call again, as he wished, on the following day.

Meantime the Consul brought me acquainted with the city physician, Reynieri, a native, but descended of a Venetian family: he had studied for some years in an hospital at Marseilles, and now united the occupations of city physician and merchant. I communicated to him the wish of the Pacha, and my own conjecture, and the affair was cleared up. The Pacha had come from Constantinople on board his own ship, and had brought all his women with him. During the embarkation and landing, much confusion might have taken place on board the ship itself, especially from the cunning of the Greeks, who know how to carry on the most intricate love intrigues, by taking out part of the wooden partitions of the chambers. This and other details turned the scale on this side, so that in our visit the following day, when Reynieri, at my suggestion, asked the Pacha various questions tending that way, without seeing the girl herself, he received such confirmation in every respect, that he did not venture to look at me for fear of betraying himself. The Pacha asked him for medicines, and I relieved him from his embarrassment by whispering tamarinds, which he gave with tartar. The Pacha asked him what the disorder was, but he gave him the same answer; for the physician has need to know every thing, but he must never, by a suspicion of this kind, give cause for any thing unpleasant; and if prudence and caution are necessary, they are peculiarly so to a physician in Turkey. Though he was dissatisfied, he had coffee brought, and dismissed me very graciously. Thus I had receded from the attainment of my object: instead of acquiring the favour of the Pacha, I had lost ground, and the hopes that had been entertained were disappointed. The Consul seemed inclined to blame me, but I asked him what he would have done in my place? to this he returned no answer.

Meantime I acquired much useful information, and passed my time agreeably. Reynieri took me to see his sick daughter, who, in an insurrection which happened about ten years before, when the Turks stormed his house, had remained alone and concealed herself. The family fled, but forgot the little girl, who had hid herself, and whose fright brought on a dangerous illness. She was now eighteen years old, and generally allowed to be the handsomest girl in Canea. The diagnosis was easy, but relief hardly possible—the enlargement of the heart, the existence of a polypus in it, more probably an aneurism, and lastly,

a chronical dropsy in the pericardium, were the causes of the oppression and the other symptoms: her debility increased, and the swelling of her legs ascended: her pulse was weak, and thus, in the tenth year of her disease, art was vain.

It is a general prejudice that what comes from strange countries must afford relief; and for this reason I was applied to. I could not explain any thing to the women, but Reynieri knew the state of the case. Gentle stimulants, cautiously administered, procured her some relief, and ease, in breathing: that was all that we could venture to do. She lived only a few days, and six hours after her death she was already buried. How hard it is when one cannot give relief, but a comfort when one has done one's duty. *Woe to those to whom the health of mankind is intrusted, if they look upon it with indifference.* Unhappily this is the case with the physicians in the Levant, of which I shall have occasion to mention instances in the sequel. How humane is the custom in Europe, not to carry away the beloved deceased instantly, but to allow those whom they have left behind some days to part from them; their grief is far milder, for it has subsided, and the image of death is not immediately connected with the grave. But in the Levant, where, especially if the patient dies suddenly, they carry the still warm body to the grave, the despair of the relations rises to the highest pitch, because they see the soul departed, and the body taken from them. Silent consternation seizes the whole family; they caress the deceased with frantic gestures; all who knew him desire to see him once more; the whole house is crowded; all press to the grave; all are suddenly deprived of him. We in Europe, on the contrary, have more consulted our convenience; there it is fashionable immediately to leave the house in which a member of the family has died, to seek amusement, that our nerves may not suffer too much; for, says selfishness, of what use is lamenting and grieving—he is dead. The corpse is carried to the grave, attended only by strangers.

The opening of the dead body is not to be thought of in this country, where the living are not esteemed, but the dead are considered as sacred. The reproaches and the insults which he would have to bear, who by any means deprived a person of life, are trifling in comparison with those which would be the lot of him who should open a dead body, to learn the nature of the disease, for his instruction in similar cases. The Greeks seem to have learnt from the Turks, or rather it has descended to them from antiquity, to revere the dead as sacred. The Turks, particularly the Candiots, who are all descended from renegadoes, with the exception of a few, who have come

to fill the public offices, and, like proselytes in general, are the most zealous and enthusiastic adherents of their new doctrine, murder in cold blood a fellow-creature, who appears sacred to them as a corpse. The Turk seems to hold nothing sacred but the harem, the dead, and the insane; even the mob, in a state of insurrection, seldom violate the harem of their hated victim; and in general, most of the objects of their pursuit find an asylum in the apartments of their women. It is extremely seldom that women are ill treated, though the slightest suspicion is sufficient to put them to death. They consider an insane person as one favoured by God, and the Turk never allows himself to vex him, but only smiles now and then at his absurdities, and always gives him alms: hence the insane, instead of being confined, are always seen in Turkey at liberty in the streets; and eight or ten individuals whom I observed, were at all times calm and composed. I asked in vain after the period when their fits of madness returned in which it was necessary to confine them: but a very few are said to have a guard over them. The manner in which lunatics are treated, must therefore greatly contribute to their permanent state of composure; and here the Turk points out to the European physician the way, by unparalleled kindness, gentle treatment, and amusement, to prevent the effervescence of an exalted and confused brain: not a few gradually recover, and become more tranquil.

The precipitate burial of the dead is excusable in this country, as the plague often rages, and it is necessary to prevent the increase of contagion by their rapid dissolution, and in general, because in a hot climate exhalations are more injurious than in a cold one. Whether persons, only apparently dead, have been buried, cannot be known, because the Turks never open a grave, but always choose fresh places. Considering the possible danger of the production of plague by imprudent or precipitate opening of the graves, as many instances in ancient and modern history shew, the loss of fertile land is not to be attended to; but this custom is deserving of praise. On the other hand, it is a circumstance productive of serious danger, that the dead are not buried deep, and are less covered than is necessary, and that the Turks of both sexes, on all holidays, frequent the burying-ground, which looks more like a park than a mournful repository of the dead. To this may be added the situation of burying-grounds near the roads, particularly in the sandy tracts of Egypt, where the burning heat of the sun easily penetrates the thin layers of sand, and draws out the exhalation of the corpse in a state of decomposition. This is easily perceived on approaching such a place in a calm



summer evening; the lungs are sensibly affected by it. This is probably the foundation and origin of the Plague, which is not a little promoted by the carelessness and uncleanness of the Turks, with respect to shambles, manufactories, &c., and the entire want of regulations for removing filth in the cities. As a proof of what has been said, we may mention the origin of the Yellow Fever, which has become so formidable, and which owes its beginning and its malignity to the incautious opening of a new grave. The history of this disease shews that it always commences in Egypt, after an interval of some years, and then spreads itself to the chief cities, Alexandria, Constantinople, Smyrna, and Salonichi. The accumulation of filth, the crowded manner in which the people live, greatly promote the plague. Give to the East, European civilization and government, and the evil will lose, with its causes, its dangerous character, and the disease will come under the class of ordinary epidemic and endemic nervous fevers, the cure of which is not attended with any difficulty.

The Consul in vain exerted himself to induce the Pacha to let me travel about the island, representing that I came here to collect plants, which would go out of blossom, and I should lose a whole year. However, several patients applied to me, to whom, especially those belonging to the Pacha's household, I gave also the necessary medicines gratis. Reynieri had maintained his ground against many physicians, who had come from other countries. My presence, however, gave him some uneasiness, as he had never experienced any thing of the kind. It was necessary to go prudently to work, for it might have been a great disadvantage to him, if I relieved some patients whom he had given up. I accidentally mentioned to him one day, that I thought to stay here some months, and practice, and to send to Smyrna for the necessary medicines. He very artfully offered to procure them, and urged me to give him a list of what I wanted, because a ship would sail the following day. Perhaps he thought from my behaviour that I did not trust him, for I did not give him the list, because I was not serious about it; however, he was afraid that I saw through him, and had ordered them by another channel. I had now worked for my own advantage without knowing it. Reynieri wished to get the list of medicines from me, intending not to send it away, but to put me off from time to time, and to keep me from hurting him for want of medicines. Fancying that he had failed, and that I might soon receive them from Smyrna, it was his interest to procure me permission to travel through the island. He became my best friend, introduced me into the principal houses, procured me the best patients, in short, did

every thing possible, by solicitations to persons of consequence, to obtain the permission I requested through their influence, but in vain. This stratagem failing, he persuaded Turks of rank, who lived out of the town, to send for me: when, I objected, that I was not allowed to go out of the city, they answered, the Pacha had nothing to do with it, and the guard at the gate received notice beforehand to let me pass. He invited me to remain there, and to botanize at pleasure. I sent my plants into the city, and remained some days in the country. This was indeed some indemnity, but I could not venture upon more distant excursions. Though the Pacha knew all this very well, he took no notice; some months must pass before I could receive a new firman from Constantinople, and Reynieri, who was reported to have done so much for me, and of whose motives nobody, not even myself, had at first any notion, could do no more. Dispirited at the delay, I begged the Consul to send the interpreter to the Pacha on purpose, formally to request him in my name for permission. He came back unsuccessful, with an answer to this effect, that "the Pacha was surprized the doctor should ask a civility from him, after he had been unable to obtain one from his own countrymen; that if the doctor had but got somebody to read the firman to him, and convinced himself, that it contained nothing favourable to him, and if he had not shewn the firman, but only expressed his wish, the Pacha would have granted it with the greatest pleasure, but as he had shewn it, the Pacha could only follow his instructions." This was the worst of the business: this polite but very positive answer destroyed all my hopes. The scene, however, suddenly changed, and I obtained, through an accident, what all our efforts had been unable to procure. A Greek, who spoke pretty good Italian, and had been frequently requested to act as an interpreter to patients, came and asked me to visit the Iman of a neighbouring mosque. I went with him, and when I had questioned this hypochondriacal Iman, I declared, on his desire that I would give him medicines, that I had not yet obtained explicit permission to travel through the island. The verdant slopes of the snow-crowned mountains of Leucaori were just then to be seen free from clouds out of his window; I pointed to them, and said, "there alone grow the herbs which would cure him, and he must therefore obtain me permission to go thither." I had said this merely to satisfy him, and to get rid of a hypochondriacal old man, whom I could not relieve. The good old man looked at me for a moment, and seemed to be reflecting, when he called for pen and ink, wrote directly to the Pacha, sealed the letter, and sent it off in my presence. His expression, "that he must

write because he could not walk," did not give me any very great hopes, for it seemed to me, that he expected an effect from his paper, which, as matters stood, I did not think probable, even from his personal application. But about an hour afterwards, I called upon the Consul, who received me with the greatest satisfaction, and informed me, that the Pacha had sent about half an hour before for the interpreter, who, quite astonished at such an unusual circumstance, had gone with fear and trembling. The Pacha had received him in a most friendly manner, and given him the following message: "He sent his compliments to the Consul, and let him know that the doctor might go without any hindrance through his whole Pachalik; and if he wished to go into that of Rettimo, he would give him a letter to the Motsallem, that I might have the same freedom there. He knew that I wrote and drew. I should, however, pursue without interruption all my avocations, only not undertake any thing in the neighbourhood of fortresses and city walls, that the Candiot Turks might make no complaints to him about it; and he had already given orders to let me pass every where without obstacle."

I was really delighted at this generous proceeding, not merely because I had obtained the permission, but because the Pacha, whom I had always felt inclined to respect, had behaved with such kindness, and on the first written application appeared to take pleasure in granting my request, though he could not accede to verbal solicitations. Every body thought it was owing to Reynieri, and I did not contradict it. Our Consul was extremely delighted, as I was myself.

The following anecdote caused me to remove from the convent, and take a house for myself. An Albanian captain of the Pacha's guard wished me to prescribe for him, and came to the convent, accompanied by his interpreter. Two soldiers attended him. They remained in the hall, went afterwards into the missionary's kitchen, where they lighted their pipes, and then into his anti-room, where they were extremely struck with a picture of Susanna and the Elders; pictures not being allowed in Turkey, as contrary to their religion. They burst out into a loud laugh, a thing very uncommon with the Turks. The missionary, angry at their laughing, drew a sword which lay in a corner, and drove the Turks before him. We, astonished at the noise, were informed by the two soldiers, that they had committed a great fault, and had unknowingly entered the harem of the Capuchin, they therefore begged our intercession to obtain their pardon. This most ludicrous scene, the Capuchin with the drawn sword in his hand, the two athletic Albanians armed, and yet in an humble attitude, lastly,

the cause of the scene, which proceeded from a double mistake, excited a hearty laugh, especially when I saw the corpulent captain and the interpreter grinning aside at it; but the scene changed when the two Albanians learned that the Capuchin had no harem, and that his anger had been excited on account of the picture; they grew angry, and imputed it to him as a great fault to have a Susanna in his chamber. For this reason, and on account of the frequent visits, which I could not decline, I was induced to seek another dwelling, which was offered me by the worthy Ehmin Aga, at whose country house I had been. It was situated upon a rock which projected into the middle of the harbour, in a small quarter of the town, consisting of three houses, a mosque, and the custom house, but so exposed to the cold winds, being opposite the mouth of the harbour, that the effeminate Turks cannot live in it, especially in winter. We found it rather out of repair, but habitable, sent for some workmen, and put ourselves to a little expence. It had been empty for about two years, and Ehmin Aga considered himself as paid by the repairs we did. Here we enjoyed a much more agreeable liberty than when surrounded by a dead wall in a remote quarter of the city. No European must, however, venture to walk upon a terrace, (the flat roof of the house) if it is surrounded by Turkish houses, because you can see from it into their court-yards and apartments, where the women are employed without a veil in their usual occupations. If, therefore, you have any thing to do upon the terrace, you must choose an hour when they are not to be seen, otherwise they set up a cry, and even if they have not been seen, but have only perceived you, the men come up; and it has often happened, that merchants who were in the convent, going on to the terrace to enjoy the prospect, were saluted by balls fired at them. But in our new habitation we were quite detached, had cool air it is true, yet the thermometer hanging exposed on the balcony never fell below  $+6^{\circ}$  even in the rudest storms from the north during the winter: a very trifling degree of cold, resembling our weather in autumn. On the other hand, we had in summer constantly a refreshing sea breeze, and we owed it to this fortunate circumstance, that, during the plague, while all around us was in mourning, and every house visited by the infection, we remained perfectly free. We had the advantage of overlooking all the houses of the Franks, and the long terrace round the harbour. I removed to my new dwelling on the 30th of January, 1817. The last tenant was a Maltese architect, who had been sent for to repair some walls in the port. Four large apartments were fully sufficient for our convenience. In hot days we removed into the western

saloon: in the heat of the afternoon, when the wind began to blow from the sea, we removed to the north apartment; the balcony hung over the sea; the noise of the waves, which beat against the walls of the house, at first disturbed us, and was very disagreeable in the night, but we soon became used to it.

The country about Canea is very beautiful. On one side is the sea extending to the north; the eye perceives the island of Cythera and the lofty Taygetus in the distant horizon. The mountains of Cape Maleca, which are called Acrotiri, or the Promontory, (a word which serves the Greeks to designate all peninsulas and tongues of land) form an agreeable boundary of conical summits; the nearest place, Chalepo, is in a fine healthy situation, and several of the Franks have their summer residences there. The excellent harbour of Suda, formerly Amphimalla, runs into the land within a quarter of a league of the city. This natural harbour is frequented by all the vessels, which, during storms or in the night time, are justly afraid of entering the harbour of Canea. To the south, along the western limit of the Leucaori, extends a plain several leagues in length and breadth, entirely covered with olive trees, which far exceed in size and age all those I have ever seen in Italy. These olive trees, which are at the least a thousand years old, being protected from the frost by the mildness of the climate, make a very fine appearance. Among them rise lofty cypresses, which indicate the residence of Turks of distinction. The beautiful green of the trees, loaded with the finest lemons and oranges, makes a delightful contrast with the dead silver colour of the olive, and the climbing plants hang the various trees with garlands. The vine is every where distinguished generally climbing up the poplar, which watered by the streams from the White Mountains, rises to a great height. Here and there a palm-tree is seen, the lofty head of which is gently agitated by the wind, overlooking the low olive trees, while its foot is surrounded by the charming cistus rose, myrtle, and other odoriferous shrubs. A slight wind that agitates the trees, a breeze from the dark thickets where cool fountains spring, brings to the passenger the odour of the flowers and aromatic herbs. Aloes with their stiff leaves protect the corn-fields and plantations of cotton, while myriads of bees, which still furnish the finest honey of the old world, industriously gather their manifold nectarous juices.

Woody ridges of mountains, gradually declining westwards, border the fertile plains of this island, and dividing, fall into the two capes, which run under the sea into the Island of Cythera, and were formerly connected with the Peloponnesus. The country people are good-natured and religious. They

bear with patience their hard lot, and bountiful Nature lightens the labour to which they are condemned. They live in hope and expectation, and do not even know who their oppressors are. The dress of the Cretans, particularly the country people, is very pleasing to the eye. It is entirely of cotton, manufactured by the family. Short wide drawers, which leave the knee bare, a girdle to fasten them, a waistcoat and a short jacket of strong cotton, a bandage round the head, one end of which hangs down behind, lastly, coloured boots, the tops of which reach the ankles as a protection against the thorns, form an agreeable costume, especially on account of the dazzling whiteness of the stuff. When they come to the city, they look much better than the lazy Turks in their gay dresses bordered with gold.

On the 6th of February, a continued storm and high waves dashing over the whole wall of the harbour, did great damage. If the entrance of the harbour were not so exposed to the waves, it would long since have been choked up with sand, like that of Candia. The harbour of Canea is still navigable in the middle for large ships, but that of Candia purposely neglected. The creeks in the island of Standia afford the only secure anchorage for ships, which almost always repair thither. The works of the Venetians go to ruins, like those of the Romans after the invasion of the Goths, speaking evidences of a barbarous and uncivilized people. In the night of the 1st of March, there was another violent storm, with dreadfully high waves, which dashing against the walls of my house, shook the whole edifice, and would probably have caused the front, with the balcony, to fall, had it not been supported on the left by the Mosque, and on the right by a new built, very solid house, belonging to the customs.

The Mosque is the same mentioned by Tournefort, for its neatness; covered with several elegant cupolas, and surrounded with a pretty arcade, it is a pleasing object when you enter the harbour. Every Thursday evening the Turks have service performed there, and about eight o'clock they begin to howl: the people, after the manner of our litanies, respond with a dreadful noise, that makes the Mosque tremble. First comes a curse upon the infidels, who having lost the true light, are destitute of the knowledge of general wisdom. They then pray for our total blindness, and that we may destroy each other. Lastly, they beg Mahomet to open our obdurate hearts by the power of his sword. Thursday is the vigil of the Mahometans or Turks, who have chosen Friday for their day of rest, as the Christians have Sunday.

From the time I received permission to travel over the island,

I did not suffer a day to pass without taking advantage of it. On the 12th, I visited Chalepa, about a quarter of a league distant; a very pretty place, with many fine Turkish country seats in the environs. Tournefort, who came hither with exaggerated notions of the peculiarity of the Cretan Flora, was much grieved at finding so many plants common in France. Warned by his example, I expected less, and found more than I had hoped. Many rare plants escaped that celebrated traveller, which Sibthorp found in the Sphakiote Mountains. I had scarcely returned from my excursion, when I was fetched by a servant of Ehmin-Aga, to his country seat, which, as in the times of the Venetians, is still called a Bastilla. In the afternoon, I made an excursion to the convent of St. George, which is situated on a mountain, on the south of Canea. The way led through a garden of olives, lemons, and vines, among which were some of the finest plantain trees I ever beheld. A small stream, falling from a considerable height, turned a mill, of such rude construction, that had not the wheels been in motion, I should have thought that it could not go. The ravine from which it came, leads to the beautiful mountain village, Therrioso, and next to the ravine between, Stifo and Comitades, in the Sphakiote mountains, is the most interesting spot for botanists in the whole island. The monastery of St. George, is a convent in miniature. It is a chapel built in a square, on a terrace, with some dwellings for the monks. The chapel holds, at the most, forty persons, and the cells are without windows, so that the only door which leads to them, must constantly remain open. The convent lies very high, and hid between a dozen of the oldest olive trees, whence the three monks, sent from the great convent of the Trinity, on Cape Maleca, all suffer from the rheumatism and gout.

My Greek guide, from Ehmin's estate, conducted me still higher. We reached first the ruins of an ancient castle. The mortar was very hard. It is said to have been built by the Saracens, but I should rather suppose by the Venetians, who might well have used it as a watch tower, to observe ships. The elevation, to which we had now with difficulty ascended, between strawberry trees, and the arborescent apple bearing salvia, convinced me that the Leucaori, or White Mountains, were at least five times as high, and that the spot where we now stood was not above 300 toises above the surface of the sea. The ravines, precipices, masses of rocks, the sight of which alone was sufficient to give the Greek poets an idea of the giants attacking the gods, seemed, like genuine relations of Atlas, to bear the whole conical summits upon their shoulders. The verdant heights, with these masses of snow, reminded me of the

scenery of the north of Europe; but the country extended at their feet, called back the footsteps of the vanished gods of Greece, of whose former presence, the indestructible luxuriance of the plains bore incontrovertible testimony.

My guide put me in mind that it was time to turn back, which I resolved to do, to arrange what I had collected, and send it to the city. On the way he let me know that he was poor, and that if I thought to give him any thing, I must do it now, as the Subbaschi of Ehmin-Aga would afterwards be angry at it. I gave him a little piaster, but he demanded twice as much, and was not even satisfied when I gave him that. The reason was, that I had before asked him what I should give the monks for the breakfast, when he mentioned a very small sum, in order to gain my favour, and was much discontented when I gave three times the sum. Thus people seek to save the money of others, in order to reap the advantage themselves. He recommended to me one of his friends, named Manoli, a good-hearted honest Greek, whose excellent character was marked in his countenance. He begged me to look at his wife, who had lost all her teeth with the scurvy, and who had been advised by a merchant, to take lemon juice mixed with honey. The good people thought I was a conjurer, who could not only cure by the touch, but even restore what was lost. However, these people, used to such various misfortunes, do not apply to the physician, so much for relief, as to shew him their sufferings and excite his compassion. With a consolatory answer they are often more contented than with medicine, because the latter reminds them of frequent disappointments. This good Greek was one of the most worthy and indefatigable guides I ever had: he recommended to me the deep ravine near the mill which we had seen; we reached it the following day, in about half an hour; it leads in a straight line to the White Mountains, and to the village of Therisso, 1500 feet above the sea. No village in the whole country round Canea, is so romantically situated as Therisso. The inhabitants are very poor, they had no bread; they therefore made fire in a hole in the wall, and laid a flat potsherd upon it, and heated it. They then made a dough of flour and water, with a little salt, and baked it on the potsherd. I could scarcely look at them for pity, but they seemed so cheerful when they brought me the miserable bran-like cake, that I could not help tasting it, and thanking them. I returned through a valley on the other side, after having had an opportunity of observing the good-nature and beauty of the women.

Happily, the repair of my house was finished; for the rainy weather, which had kept off some weeks later than usual, now



set in with great violence. This weather was very welcome to the peasants, who were busy in their fields, for it causes the buds to swell without bursting, and keeps them back, perhaps to the end of March; after which they always expect a plentiful supply of oil: whereas, if the buds are brought too forward, a sudden cold north wind often blights them, and spoils the crop. The Turks, who are the landholders, keep a part of their last year's stock till this season; the merchants too, especially the French, guide themselves by it in their speculations, so that a sudden rise or fall in the price of oil is common. The Greeks cannot maintain a competition with them. The few olive-trees which they are suffered to have, as children have a few half-pence, have no influence on the prices; they profit by the rise, only as merchants, not as proprietors; yet they speak with more interest of their few olive trees, and are more grieved at the failure of the crop, than the indolent Turks, with their immense stores.

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of February, accompanied by a Janissary, I visited Cape Maleca, which the Greeks merely call Acrotiri, or Cape. Hitherto I had neither taken barometer nor thermometer with me, for even paper and pencil were prohibited goods, which I was obliged to smuggle in my excursions. It was hard for me to be forced for once to play the hypocrite. my Janissary however was a good fellow. I enquired the Greek name of every plant, and wrote against it what I liked. We went on foot to the convent of the Trinity, and amused ourselves on the road with gathering plants. We had passed many hills and vallies, when we saw at a distance a row of the finest cypresses that I ever met with. The stony way soon ended, and we came to the fertile plain on which the convent stands. This edifice resembles that of Arcadi, and we soon entered an avenue of dark cypresses leading to it. On both sides were vineyards and kitchen gardens, planted round with fruit trees, and a flight of steps at the end of this dark cool avenue, led to the entrance of the retreat, where melancholy self-denial was presumed to dwell. The convent stands on the ridge of mountains behind Cape Maleca, and was built by the Venetians; but the church was not completed. Formerly the convent was rich, because there were many monks to till the ground; but now they have scarcely hands enough to pick up the olives, shaken down by the winds in autumn, much less to sow the extensive grounds with corn; so that two thirds of their lands lie waste. In ancient times there were above one hundred monks; when Tournefort visited them only fifty, and now I found only eighteen, including the youngest novices. Their mode of life is quite patriarchal; even the superior of the convent prunes the vines, tends the bees, and digs the

garden. His hands are a proof, that labour is not accounted a disgrace here. After the morning prayers they go to their work, with spades, hoes, and rakes; one looks to the cows, another to the bakehouse: it is not merely hired servants who till the ground; the novices also are young peasants, who intend to follow this mode of life, and whose dress does not at all differ from that of other peasants; even the priests, who perform all the functions, wear a black coat only when they are not at work. The oldest novices, who are at the same time the most diligent, after they have learnt all the prayers, of which there are many, and can accurately perform what the priests do, are consecrated, at the proper age, in the presence of the bishop of Canea. Learning must not be expected from them, but they are not so malicious and crafty as they are generally represented; they rather approach the simplicity of the first brethren, who converted our barbarous ancestors to christianity, diffused knowledge in those times of ignorance by means of their colonies, softened the rude Germans, and lastly preserved no small number of the classical writings of antiquity. They are employed the whole day to let the best they have be devoured by the Turks, who visit their convent at pleasure, take what they like, and sometimes carry it away; and frequently, in particular when disorders take place, extort money by main force. The monks cultivate wheat, barley, and the *Secale Creticum*, which makes good black bread of a peculiar taste. They have also beans, lentils, vetches, of which they are very fond, and some lupines, but which are bitter and disagreeable; all kind of vegetables and kitchen herbs; wine, cotton, oil, a little honey, wax and fruit; also butter and cheese. They grind their corn in wind-mills, which are situated in Eastern Crete, on the highest mountain ridges, twelve or twenty together; but in the western parts, where there is plenty of water, they are seldom used.

Upon the promise of my Turk Ibrahim, that I would pay, every thing was produced. A round tea board was placed upon a small stool, and every monk set down a dish, which were produced, on a sign from the superior, from the hundred corners of the cloister. The finest Malmsey, yellow as gold and sparkling, was poured from the decanter. I poured out the first glass upon the board, and drank the second, in honour of the God of Wine; the third Ibrahim said might be taken, in spite of Mahomet, as a cordial; he declined to break his vow till the monks were dispersed; then he drank and said, he had not relished it very much—a rogue. He was a very good-natured fellow, a Janissary indeed, but cheerful, and good looking. But for his muslin turban, one might have taken him for a Greek of Chios, he had such an open countenance; in the

church he criticized the tinsel of the Greeks, who looked vexed, but said nothing, but afterwards very urgently begged me to visit the church when he was gone. The next day we went to the convent of St. John, which, as the consul informed us, is situated in such a healthy spot, that it is considered as the best residence for people who have the ague. From this convent there is a view of the sea, to which an almost perpendicular ravine opens, at the bottom of which, the foaming surf may be seen, and in fine weather some of the islands of the Archipelago. We descended into the ravine, and after proceeding some hundred steps, reached an uncommonly neat hermitage. The hermit, a cheerful old Caloyer, seemed to talk to my Turk as a good friend. I looked at the Stalactites in his cave and gave a few paras to the old man, at which my Janissary was much pleased, for he behaved quite differently from the Turks who have accompanied other travellers, and by whom all Greeks were usually treated like a herd of cattle. There was a noble pride in this young man, who, though a Turk, felt a satisfaction in accompanying a Frank, and instead of tormenting the Greeks, tried to obtain presents for them, and seemed always ready to put me in mind, in case I had forgotten it. He expressed particular pleasure that I had given the hermit something, and afterwards, when we were returning home from St. Trinity, he earnestly begged me for the two dollars which I had determined to give to the convent for my reception, took them, ran to meet the superior, and put them into his hand with a look, which seemed to say, "You take us for interested people, such as you may perhaps be yourselves, that we compel you to receive and treat us for the sake of the Franks, to get our services the better paid. Not on your account but on my own I give you this money." When I questioned him, on the way, why he had done so, he said, "the Greeks I know, every where speak ill of us; for the sake of one they abuse us all, to make the greater merit of their sacrifices, and to degrade us in the eyes of the Franks." Though he expressed this very confusedly and obscurely in Italian, I understood him very well, and I was happy that this excursion had given me a better opinion, both of the Greeks and the Turks.

On the way over the rock, we perceived some steps, said to be 135 in number, and the ruins of an ancient monastery, called *Catholico*, in a most romantic situation. Some parts were still entire; we did not find on the rock of the cave the rare Diptam of Crete, which Tournefort saw, but the tree pink, one of the most beautiful plants of this island. Besides this pink, (*Dianthus arboreus*,) *Gnaphalium orientale*, and *Prnanthes acanthifolia*, I found several other rare plants. The first far excels

when in flower all other pinks. Conceive a dwarf tree, with a stem as thick as a man's arm, and the crown of which is formed by a circle of thick branches, ending in tufts of pinks, which blossom during six months in the year. I gathered the best seeds of this beautiful flower, and fine plants have been raised from them in our greenhouses. The discovery of this plant was much more interesting to me than a narrow dirty cave, dangerous both to the guide and the traveller, which is said to be several hundred paces in length. My attention was more engaged by some defaced fresco paintings on the wall. This is the only point on the north side of Cape Maleca, at which a ship can land. On the beach we found a strong arch, under which a good boat lay dry, protected from the sun and from the waves, which dashed over it.

We hastened to reach home this day, and made the more expedition, as the sun approached the horizon, and the gates of every Turkish town are shut exactly at sun-set; so that the stranger is often obliged to return for the night, to the next village.

A ship from Tripoli arrived in the port, with nearly fifty Negro slaves on board, who were soon landed, and sold singly to Turkish inhabitants as house servants; the price was from three to five hundred piasters each. They seemed either not to feel their misfortune from insensibility, or by feigned cheerfulness to dispel the idea, that they are become merchandize, degraded, and placed on a level with the beasts. The Turks alone have the privilege of purchasing slaves—a melancholy privilege—to have the exclusive right of degrading their fellow-creatures, and consequently themselves. This ship soon sailed again for Tunis. Many Turkish merchants, who had waited for an opportunity, went with it. The firing of a gun, as a signal for the departure of the vessel, was answered from the castle, which drew me out upon the balcony. In a short time another vessel appeared in the horizon, which, as it approached, I perceived by the flag to be Russian. As it passed through the narrow entrance, the sails were lowered; but being lightly laden, it was in danger of striking on a rock, under our balcony. The Mahometans, who recognized the Russian flag, and who hate and fear the Russians more than any nation, rejoiced in the hope that it would run aground, but the dexterity of some Greek sailors saved it from destruction.

In the various excursions which I made in the environs of Canea, in March and the beginning of April, I became more acquainted with the beauty of this island, which increased my desire to visit the other parts of it: I had not yet been to the

district of the Sphakiotes, Rettimo, Candia, Lassiti, and the most easterly Stia. I first visited the country about Kissamo, ascended Mount Tytirus, but took care not to go too far, to enter houses, or to pass the night there, for the consul had advised me to avoid these places, because the plague had been there during the winter; many villages were half depopulated, and besides, all people coming from that quarter were stopped before the city. I saw no reason to deviate from his advice, and kept upon the Sphakiote mountains. At last I endeavoured to make some excursions towards Rettimo. I came towards Calives, where I was stopped by the rivulet of Apicorono, the ancient river Amphimela, now called Tchiliari. A Greek peasant unyoked his plough, and carried me over on his horse, sitting behind. This tract on the bay of Suda, was rich in vegetation; the fortress, which lay opposite to me upon an island, remained for a great many years, after the conquest of Crete by the Turks, in the hands of the Venetians, as well as Garbusa, at the western end of it, till they were both given up by a convention, and the latter, in consideration of a casket of ducats, which was paid to the Venetian governor, who afterwards lived at Constantinople upon the wealth thus acquired, known by the nick-name of Lord of Garbusa. I sent my guide Manoli back with plants, and took a Turk to accompany me. He was an old soldier, and could pronounce pretty distinctly the name of Laudon, of whom he spoke with much respect. He was recommended to me at Calives, because he spoke a little Italian. He had been at Belgrade, and had also been in other campaigns, and told me of his own accord, how difficult it was to withstand European powers; the close ranks, he said, the steadiness of the troops, the silence and regularity of their motions, and above all, the terrible cannons, nearly every ball of which takes effect, are the causes that the Turks must always give way. Then too, he said, every man regularly received his bread, his clothing, and all he required; in the Turkish army on the contrary, every man must provide his own clothing, arms, bread, and every other necessary; some part of the corps had abundance, while another suffered want: when they had a large supply, extravagance and disorder prevailed, but this was commonly succeeded by a general scarcity. Often they had nothing at all, many then dispersed for the purpose of plundering, no order, and no command was respected. The enemy had only to retire and weary the troops, they fell into confusion, and every thing was lost. His frank communicativeness made me smile, and ask him, if he had ever been taken prisoner by us. He confessed it, and spoke in high terms of the manner in which captives are treated, particularly now in Russia, and

the substance of his concluding remark was; "that it was better to be a prisoner to an European power, than a free soldier in the Turkish army."

At Calives I had called on the Papa, or Greek country priest, to obtain a mule to carry me to Rettimo, but none was to be had, and I was obliged to go on foot. I therefore set out with my Turk, who affirmed that he could carry as much as a mule, and this was the reason that I could obtain none; he said that he was both my porter and my Janissary. The Turks in Calives, who had been represented to me as very malicious, firmly believed that I had some other intentions, and because I enquired the way to the Sphakiotes, that I was going to induce them to revolt. They could not comprehend my business because I wrote so much; but they did not venture to do any thing against me, because I spoke of firmans, and in the evening gave consolation or good advice to the patients who crowded to consult me; I even visited their houses and harems, (because the women required it.) They were very well pleased with my prescriptions, for I did not ask any thing for my trouble, and I thereby obtained the advantage of observing the interior of their houses, their customs, and various diseases. If I met with any interesting case, I took pleasure in enquiring into it, made them describe accurately all the symptoms, and gave good words where no relief could be afforded. I hardly think that any hospital in Europe could produce in one or many years, such a variety of diseases as I had in one year the opportunity of observing in this island. All crowded round me and implored my help.

The worthy old clergyman was a man who had the most pleasing countenance perhaps that I had seen in the whole island; he was father of three amiable children, and a happy husband, whereas the Caloyers are never married, and lead a monastic life, according to the rule of St. Basil. He gave me up his room and his best bed, and entertained me as well as he was able. He informed me of the suspicions of the Turks, and that the object of their very frequent visits to him had been to watch me. I had unreservedly expressed my opinion to them, joked and conversed without embarrassment, so that in the end they did not know what to think. The priest conducted me to the bedchamber, and begged me, quite privately, with tears in his eyes, to confess to him, by the great God, when the hour of the deliverance of the Greeks from their dreadful slavery should come. The man really thought that I had come to the insignificant Calives with such intentions. He begged me so seriously and movingly, that I could not help telling him a falsehood, and said, "*that in two years much would happen*

*to their advantage, and that they had hopes of being united with the Seven Islands."*

Whatever might have been the consequences, I could not refuse to give this transitory satisfaction to this venerable man. Contented, and thanking God, with lifted arms, he bowed his head, and profound feeling animated his countenance. As events have turned out, I shall certainly pass in his eyes for an emissary connected with the League. In the morning I settled my account with this good man, who afterwards visited me at Canea, and continued my journey to Rettimo with Mustapha, my Turk. We arrived there the next day at noon, where I found several Europeans. I prepared the residence to which I intended shortly to remove. Among a crowd of persons collected to see the vessels enter the harbour of Rettimo, I perceived a person in an European dress, who came up to me and introduced himself as the physician of the place. He spoke pretty good Italian, said that he had been some years in the hospital at Moscow, and that he had Russian certificates and protection: I thought this probable, because he spoke Russian very well, and otherwise could not have worn an European dress. He was very polite, and convinced me, by his local knowledge and accurate conception of my plan, that he would be extremely useful to me. He had good medical attainments, knew the local Greek, Official, and even some Linnean names of some of the most important plants. What particularly pleased me was, his having procured, at great expense from Constantinople, good vaccine matter, and introduced the cow-pox into Crete, in spite of all obstacles. He was now in Rettimo for this purpose, and taught his brothers to perform this simple operation. I the more readily accepted his proposal to accompany me through the whole island, as he said he had no business to hinder him, and only requested me to communicate to him occasionally all useful information, and merely provide for his board and lodging and some trifles. With all his good qualities I could not help feeling that he was disagreeable to me, which prevented me from placing full confidence in him, which was the more unpleasant, as I could not do without him; however, the real attachment and constant proofs of his sincere friendship, made me overlook many unfavourable observation which I heard respecting him. He lived at Melidoni, where Tournefort, when collecting the Laudanum, was hindered from visiting the remarkable caverns with inscriptions. There was now no difficulty in examining these caverns; the owner of the estate being represented as one of the most worthy Turks in the island.

Out of the city walls I found some miserable huts in which  
VOYAGES and TRAVELS, No. XLVIII. Vol. VIII. G

the lepers lived. They requested alms, but not relief; for of this they have long renounced all hope. Their wretchedness is not to be described; and the notion attached to the word leprosy, by which a disorder of the skin is understood, is extremely incomplete. I now returned to Canea.

My new attendant, Georgi, requested me to come back to Rettimo, where he would wait for me. The vegetation was not very forward on the 20th of March, and as I could soon arrange my affairs at Canea, I consented. After I had reached my residence at Canea, I showed Mustapha my firman from Constantinople, to satisfy his scruples respecting my undertaking. It is true he could not read it, but he admired the thickness and smoothness of the paper, more than the Turkish characters, which he could not comprehend.

The more I became acquainted with the country round about Canea, the more unwilling I was to leave that city. The delay became still more considerable when the Pacha himself wrote me a letter of recommendation to the Musselim of Rettimo, which his secretary lost. He begged us to have a little patience, and not to offend the Pacha, who thought that I had long since set out. This cost two weeks; at last, however, he was obliged to ask the Pacha for a second letter, which he obtained with great trouble and vexation. Meantime our excellent Consul, Paul Barbieri, daily urged my departure—the plague having already shown itself near the city. He often visited me to see the plants I collected, many of which he greatly admired, and lamented that he was born in a barbarous country, where the conversation of Europeans was the only indemnity for the want of other means of obtaining scientific knowledge. He visited me in the beginning of April, but seeing country people in my anti-room, immediately retired, after seriously representing to me the danger of the plague. But what could I do with people who came to me imploring advice, consolation, or medicine. I did what I could; every one was allowed to come, and I had no want of visits. At last, however, I was obliged to yield to the remonstrances of the Consul, and shut my house.

The day before my departure, Nicoletto, a Cephalonian by birth, came dressed in his best clothes and begged me to follow him; the bishop, he said, had sent him to me, to ask me to attend his sick brother. I represented to Nicoletto that this was an absurd request, at this time, when persons had died of the plague near the city, and the Franks had already shut themselves up in their houses. This he could not deny; but observed, that he exposed himself to the danger, if there was any; but that it was not probable the plague would break out first



in the house of the bishop; besides, I was acquainted with the patient, and it was only an attack of his usual cholic. I replied, that I was not satisfied with the symptoms of his disorder, especially at this time. However, the recollection that he who may one day need help himself, must not deny it to another, prevailed. I went unwillingly, indeed, but I did go, for I might use precautions. The Bishop of Canea, a very well-informed polite man, received me in the manner of the country, and invited me to sit down by him on the divan. Pipes and coffee were brought, as usual, but I shortened my visit by enquiring for his brother. The deacon, a young man, conducted us to the small room in which the patient lay. I immediately looked for the symptoms which are said to accompany the plague, carefully remaining in the middle of the room. I did not find them; but his answers were so confused, that I became uneasy. I perceived, too, that he told falsehoods. I addressed him roughly, and told him I knew by the symptoms that he had not the cholic; on which, quite confounded, he shewed me that he had the swellings which accompany the plague. I asked him why, if he knew his situation, he had dared to send for me, and expose me to a danger which might be more fatal to me than to himself? He did not venture to answer, and I went away. Nicoletto and the other persons in the house had not understood the conversation. I asked plainly if he had ever had the plague, which he had formerly refused to confess, and they told me that he had had it four times, but imperfectly. I therefore was not quite certain, and in my confusion, as also not to spread alarm in the city, I avoided giving warning of the approaching danger. I feared, too, that it had already broken out in several places, and conjectured that they had understood me in the house of the bishop. I was equally uncertain about my own fate, for I could not possibly recollect whether I had touched the patient or not. The bishop, and almost every body in his house, had been about him, and had touched me and my clothes. Nicoletto asked me for medicines, and I was obliged to prescribe. Reynieri made them up, and I advised the Cephalonian to be careful, because I was not certain whether it was the plague. My situation was unpleasant; when I arrived at the consul's, he offered me his hand, but I drew back, and likewise refused to sit down. Happily I soon learnt the reason why the consul seemed so pleased, when he produced in triumph, the lost letter of the Pacha, and delivered it to me. I had scarcely put it into my pocket when he wanted to read it, but I turned it off with a joke. To avoid taking leave of him, and perhaps touching him, I hastened away, pretending I had forgotten something,

and would soon return. I looked for horses or mules in order to escape by flight the very next day, when luckily two of my good friends from Rettimo, whither I intended to go, arrived on mules, which were to go back, and I immediately ordered them for the next day. One of the mules smelt at me, and leaped aside terrified; but I did not ascribe it to the true cause. I likewise appointed the Janissary to come, and engaged Ali, the brother of Ibrahim, who was accustomed to accompany travellers through the island. When I returned home, and found my attendant, I could hardly refrain from tears; but I was soon filled with anger at the worthless patient, who, though I had often spoken to him of his illness before, concealed that he had already had the plague. I informed my gardener of what had passed, and told him my suspicion, and that I did not know what to do with him, as nobody would receive him; many of our things could not be removed; various circumstances obliged us to return to our house in the town, and I did not know whether the plague would spread. I charged him not to come near me; but he endeavoured to make me easy, and did not make any difference in his conduct. I represented to him the necessity of taking precautions, and prescribed to him minutely what he should do, all which he promised to observe, but could not be induced to entertain any fear. For me nothing remained but flight, and in the morning I had the mules loaded, and sent them out of the town, not wishing to ride through the streets. It was on the 23d of April when I left Canea, with painful feelings, as I foresaw that the plague would inevitably break out; but which I did not venture to say in the city, as I should have increased the alarm; and besides, all the Europeans and Greeks were already on their guard. I desired my gardener to go, if he pleased, to the mountains, and botanize in the Sphakiote district, and left him a considerable sum, to be prepared against all events.

When I got out of the gate, where the countryman and the Janissary waited for me, and I approached the handsome mule intended for my use, it again began to snort and to start. I did not regard this, held it fast, and thought it would be quiet when I was mounted; but it became furious, threw me violently, and my foot hanging in the stirrup, it would have dragged me over the stony ground, and dashed me to pieces with its hoofs, had not the bystanders stopped it, when my Janissary disengaged my foot from the stirrup. All ascribed the violence of the mule to the fear of my European dress; but I remained silent, because I guessed the true cause. For why had it, only the evening before, quietly carried my Greek friend Baleste, who wore the same dress? I felt as if a dagger pierced me, from

the conviction that the mule smelt the infection of the plague, which many mules are known to do. I dared not express my anxiety, and mounted the other, which was an old mule. Rain coming on, I took leave of my gardener with tears, communicated to him my melancholy thoughts, and authorized him, in an Italian letter, in case of a bad issue, to take my property and return to Europe. The fine mule which the Janissary mounted, galloped on, snorted, and fled from me. We were overtaken by the rain, which wetted me through, and we took shelter in a chapel, built by a pious Turk, for the protection of travellers. The shower was soon over, and the wind and sun dried our clothes. The black clouds hung over the snowy mountains, and made a beautiful contrast with the silver cones of the Spkakiote chain, shining in the sun.

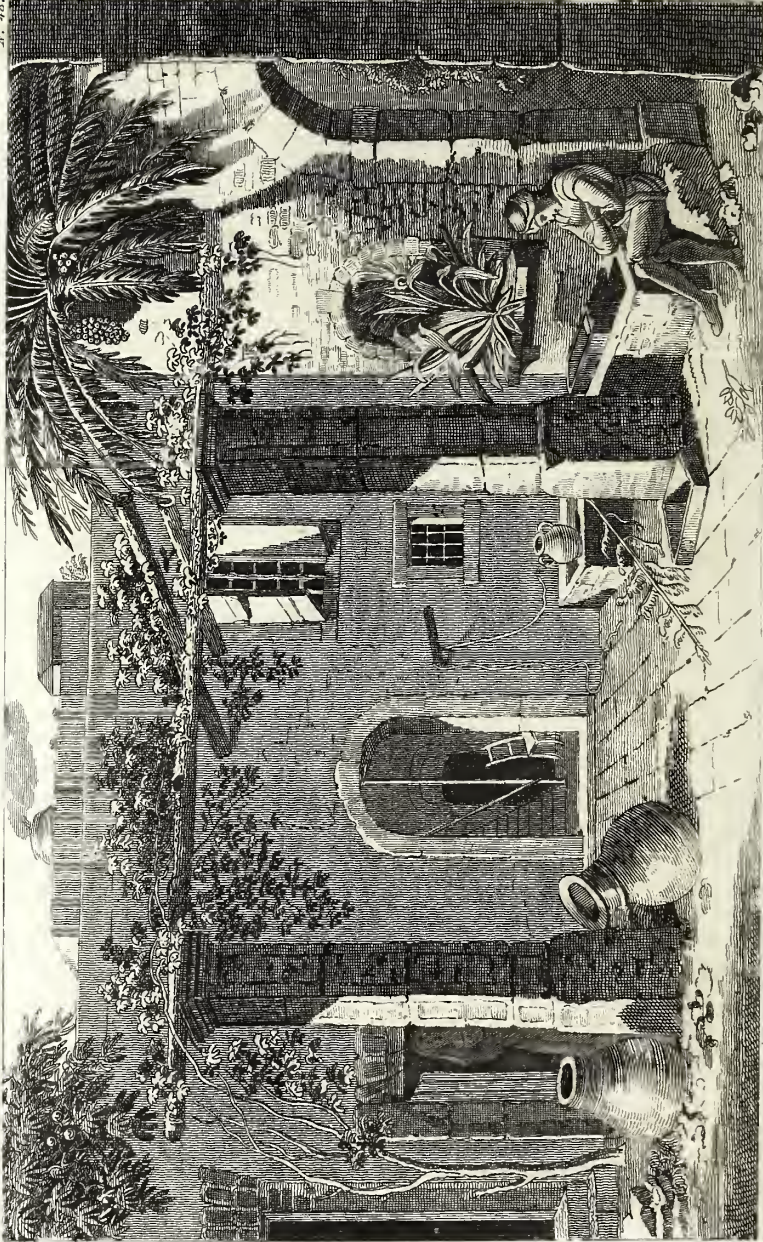
If the fear of the mule had at first appeared singular, its manner was now still more inexplicable. On my coming near it trembled, snorted at first, then smelt, and snuffed up the air without starting, and probably not smelling any thing more, became quite gentle, and its fear had vanished. Without desiring to impose my opinion upon any one, I conceived that the rain had washed off the infectious smell that probably hung about my clothes, and if we may trust to the succeeding quietness of the mule, the contagious matter also, as we know that infected clothes may be entirely purified by washing in clean water, nay, even by exposure to the open air.

We rode past the harbour of Suda, formerly Amphimalla. In Niochorio, the Timavian springs were smoking, which I looked at with great attention. The water rushing from the rocks appeared to be boiling hot. Near this village we dined, and in the next inn paid three piasters for nothing, for the very good reason, that just before a Turk demanded of the landlord, a Greek, "a present of twenty-four piasters." The barbarous Turks are often guilty of such extortions in this island, since the time of Osman-Pacha, the present Pachas being seldom able to employ severity.

The road in this pleasant valley now led over the Armiro, a rivulet which falls into the sea beyond Cape Drepanum. Fine olive gardens have replaced the thick forests which lately lined the road, and were infested by robbers, who were so daring, that it was necessary to travel in whole caravans well armed. These banditti are now destroyed, the woods cut down, and the trees are every where a musket-shot distant from the road. We then passed over a bridge, called Palacocamara, or the old bridge. Thence on the right hand, towards the mountains, is the only pass which leads to the high land Sphakia, towards which my Janissary turned to call upon a

Greek, who lived in a village called Masa. I was astonished at the road which we now entered; it was like another Appian way, for it was nearly two fathoms broad, consisting of large flat stones, closely joined, so that it perfectly resembled an ancient causeway. It led to Masa, a miserable village, the walls of which must belong to an ancient city, for their appearance evidently shewed them to be antique. Masa seems much to resemble the Matium of Pliny, no other name of any antient city of Crete agrees with it. Matium cannot, however, be here; and Mycene, built by Agamemnon, seems alone to correspond with this Masa. We passed the night here, and on the following day reached Rettimo, by way of Armiro. We rode in at a different gate, because the guard always stops European travellers, and demands a present. Greeks not being permitted to ride in at the city gate, but always obliged to dismount, while the Europeans are allowed only on payment of a present; and the Turks alone, whether rich or poor, are free. The Janissary who had foreseen it, wished to avoid it by choosing another gate; but here, too, notwithstanding his remonstrances, the guards seized my mule's bridle, demanded a present, and threatened to pull me off if I attempted to force my way. I gave no present, the guard being so unreasonably as to demand a Spanish dollar; but hastened with my letters of recommendation, and my firman, to the Motsallem of Rettimo. He was very angry, and ordered the hot young fellow to be put for six hours into a cool chamber, having first read my firman, which stated that no tribute or the like was to be demanded of me. This had its effect; as I made frequent excursions, I should have been obliged to pay a dollar every time I rode out or in, or else be forced to the humiliation of going on foot. The soldier, indeed, did not forget it, and seized my mule by the bridle the next time; this he did, however, only as a trial, thinking to frighten me, like the oppressed Greeks; but well knowing the satisfaction which had been given me, I scolded him heartily, snatched the bridle out of his hand, and asked him, if the Sultan had no authority in this island, as the Pacha of Canea had told him? Here an old Turk very prudently interfered, and led the soldier off, to spare him the disgrace of yielding. However, I sometimes sent to the guard a small present of one or two piasters; for if we are bound not to sacrifice our national honour, it is yet not good to make the people your enemies, and it is often only necessary to shew that we need not if we will not. The Greek metropolitan alone is the only person of his nation in the island, who has the legal right to enter the city gate, either on a horse or a mule; even bishops and abbots, which dignities, however, are





Journal de M. de S. Bernard

THE COURT YARD OF MY RESIDENCE AT RETIMO.

W. H. Stiles del.

of little signification here, are obliged to dismount without the gates, and give their mules to their servants. This is one of the most sensible mortifications to the Greek nation. In general, a Greek is not allowed in the city to ride in the streets. A countryman, who had for sale a quantity of toys, little baskets, &c. being unable to lead his ass with both his hands full, remained sitting upon it in the city; on which a troop of Turks immediately collected, who struck the animal on the hind legs; so that it stumbled, and the poor peasant fell into the deep mud, and had all his goods broken. As the poor fellow began to cry, I waited till he passed me in order to give him something.

The Greeks would willingly put up with many extortions, if only these wretched barbarians did not at all times make them feel their dependence in so mortifying a manner. Nothing is more intolerable than when the well-educated man has to ask anything of a rude upstart, or when one who has fallen into unmerited poverty, has a Jew creditor; the situation of both, indeed, is lamentable; but the condition of the Greeks is far more oppressive, the richest of them not being secure from the insults of the poorest Turkish beggar. When any thing at all disagreeable happened to me, I immediately related it, by my interpreter, on my visits to the sick. I told my grievances to some one of the rich and distinguished Turks, whom I consented to visit for some imaginary or fashionable sickness; this succeeded, and I had no further trouble. If I rode out alone, the Greeks begged me to mount at my own house, and so to ride out as if without thinking of it. This appeared to them some indemnity, and I readily did it to oblige the good people. I took up my lodging, as represented in the annexed plate, in the house of the merchant Stehlianaci, from whom the Pacha had forcibly taken his convenient house, situated on the harbour, for a third part of the value, because it pleased him, and who now dwelt in the house belonging to the Convent Arcadi. My residence was extremely agreeable and pleasant, and it would have been difficult to have found one more suitable for me. In this house I met with some Austrian merchants and captains, from Bocche di Cattaro, who were here to purchase oil, and to take it to Venice. They are very partial to Austria, because, since the cession of Dalmatia to the Austrian government, their trade, which was before very confined, has become extensive and flourishing.

Rettimo has a small harbour, which was some years ago improved, cleansed, and rendered fit to receive small vessels, a circumstance which deserves an honourable place in the annals of the Turkish government. The fortress lies upon a rock, at

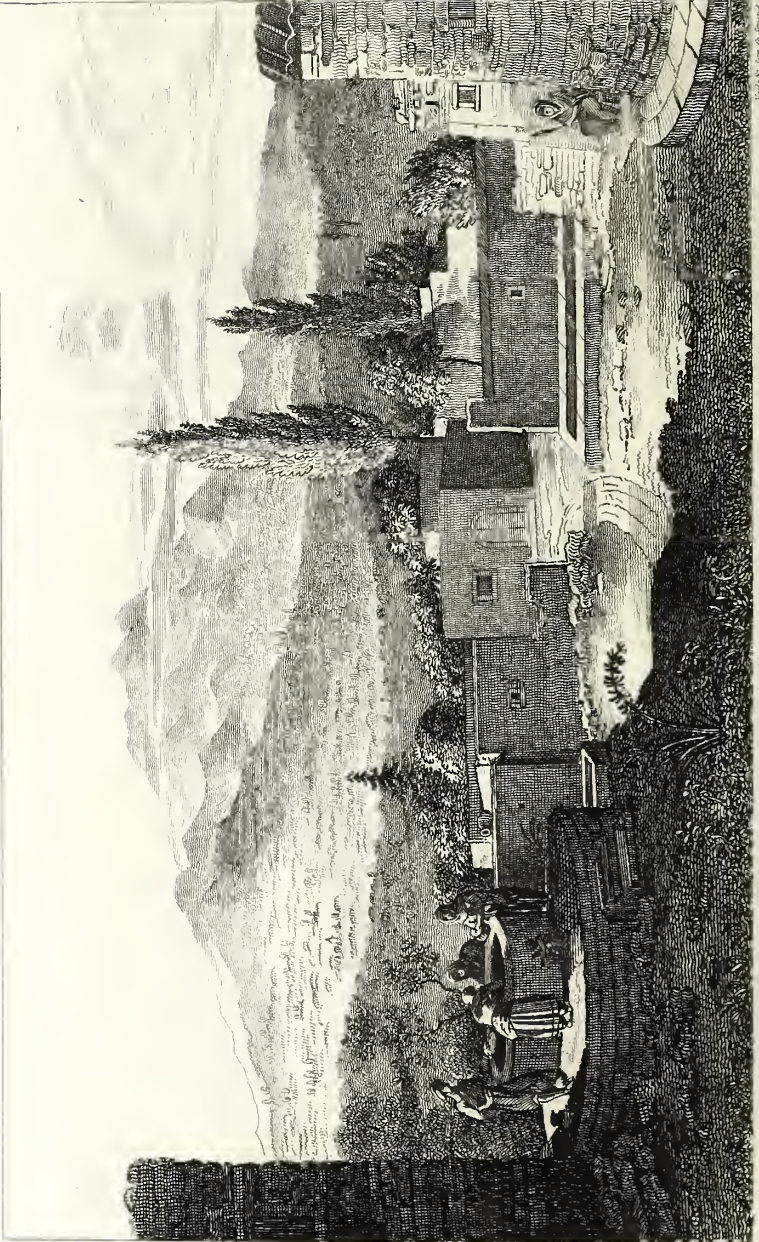
the west side of the town, and is the best fort of the three cities of this island. The town is pretty, less than Canea, with about four thousand inhabitants. The streets are almost all adorned with wooden booths or shops; the market-place in the middle of the town is lively; the by-streets consist of walls, with doors, and a few small lattice windows; the fronts being turned the other way. The town probably stands on the site of the ancient Rithymna. The inhabitants are reputed to be the most obliging in the whole island; even the Turks of Rettimo are less barbarous. The Greek women are said to be the handsomest and mildest, which every traveller must confirm. The conversation is not so dull as in other places, the women being allowed much more freedom in their behaviour in the agreeable private gardens. The environs of the town, however, are desolate; only the road to Arcadi is picturesque and beautiful, and the neighbouring district of Milopotamo makes up for all. They have ripe grapes already, in the first half of July, just when cherries go out.

Rettimo was taken by the Turks in 1647, and has not now a Pacha of its own, as in Tournefort's time; but a Motsallem, who depends on the Pacha of Canea, who is again under the Chief Pacha of Candia, but never obeys him. About half a league on the road to Candia, begin the gardens which are called Perivoglia; they are the finest in the island, and furnish many kinds of very excellent vegetables. I had scarcely arrived when Georgi found me out, and advised me to dismiss the troublesome Janissary. I approved of his advice, because it would save me considerable sums, and I should become better acquainted with every thing, as the Greeks are not so alarmed, and are more communicative, when one travels without a Janissary. It is therefore better, if it can be done, to take a Greek servant. My Janissary accordingly returned to Canea, for which the Consul blamed me; but he could not afford me more protection than my hat did, which is much more respected in Turkey since the bombardment of Algiers. The Janissary is, besides, a burden, because it is necessary every where to pay double in order to gratify his vanity. Georgi had attained his object by the dismissal of the Janissary, but I was very sorry to part with him, because he had a very good disposition, behaved alike to Greeks and Turks, and excited in me a suspicion that he was secretly attached to Christianity.

In one of our excursions, passing through a village, I was surrounded by a crowd of country people, who conducted me to the Papa of the place, who was much afflicted with the gout, a disorder pretty common here, and his very handsome and







VIEW OF MELIDONI AND OF MOUNT IDA.

London: J. G. & J. S. 1848.

modest daughter had unfortunately a defect in the eye, which deprived it of its lustre. I satisfied both with good advice. I had scarcely left the village, when I met another group of country people, who had a youth of eighteen in the midst of them; and I unhappily saw, at first sight, that he had the leprosy in a high degree. As soon as he perceived me, he began to weep bitterly, clasped his hands, and implored me to help him, vowing to be eternally my slave. He seemed even disposed to humble himself on his knees before me, and I felt in that moment how hard it was not to be able to relieve him; but the divine word, "go, thy faith hath made thee whole," could alone have saved him, and so I departed, even more grieved in my soul than himself. He was still allowed to remain some time in the village; but, as the country people told me, when his skin was covered with scurf, and his fingers began to drop off, he would be obliged to depart, and join the company of the unhappy sufferers in the huts before Rettimo. This was the cause of his melancholy, and of his importunate entreaties.

On Sunday the 27th of April, a Sirocco wind set in, raised the sand and dust, and darkened the air. A relaxing heat, as in the neighbourhood of a kiln, oppressed the lungs. I was at an entertainment, at one of the richest Greek merchants, but did not approve of their mode of provoking the appetite by *liqueurs* before dinner. The table was handsomely set out, and the dinner very well dressed; it ended with fruits and confectionary. Wine from the Archipelago, particularly the excellent Malmsey, called to mind the Nectar of the gods, who were born in this island. The Sirocco damped the enjoyment of this select company, and when we had taken coffee on the Divan, all eyes were closed by the dull tones of a two-stringed mandoline. I felt quite exhausted when I reached home, and was surprised to find the thermometer, in the shade, only +22° Reaumur, a heat which ought not to have been so oppressive as it was. On the following day, a refreshing rain cooled the air, and it was proposed to take an excursion to Melidoni, the native place of Georgi. On the way, about ten miles behind Rettimo, I found the beautiful *Phlomis*, first discovered by Tournefort. We gathered this plant, which had begun to blossom, and took it with us to Melidoni. This village lies in a small hollow in the mountain Panorma. The Bishop of Melidoni, a worthy old man, shewed me his performances in black chalk and oil. He painted altar pieces, as presents to neighbouring churches, and had applications enough to find him employment, his works being more valued, because a dignitary of the church painted them for nothing. He copied after the engravings of

Italian masters, but was obliged, for fear of offending his flock, to retain the customary ornaments, the brown colouring and stiff attitudes of his Madonnas, and other images of saints. I related what difficulties Tournefort had, a hundred years before, to see the caves, with the inscriptions. They were shewn to me from the window, and I continued, saying that he was chiefly hindered by the Subbaschi. The present Subbaschi, who happened to be in the room, obligingly said, he would be happy to attend me thither. The cave lies towards the west, in a mountain; they call it the old cave *Gerospilos*, but there are in fact two. The inscriptions are in good preservation, but of no historical importance, and some lines are already covered with stalactites.

We staid till midnight in the bishop's house. As we crossed over the church yard, the monuments in which were illumed by the bright light of the moon, we were regaled by the perfume of the orange trees, now in full bloom, gently agitated by the wind. The lofty Ida seemed to touch with its snowy summit the gold fringed clouds that hung over it, while heavy masses rolled down the steep sides of the mountain, and formed a wreath round its woody region, increasing the effect of a Colossus, whose feet extended to the ends of the island; the cypresses around it, added to the beauty of the scene, and, sacred to the divinities of the lower world, disposed the soul to sensations, suitable to the midnight hour.

At home, Georgi's mother was anxiously expecting us. At the foot of my bed I found a large cloth spread with a heap of orange blossoms, the smell of which was at first agreeable, but affected me so much during my sleep, that in the morning I could scarcely open my eyes, and was so dizzy, that I was hardly able to get out of bed. A festival invited us to the church, where we found a number of country people, with cheerful faces, in their national dress of white calico, who very civilly made way for us. After divine service, to which I paid great attention, two attendants waited for us at the church door, who with little watering pots, filled with the strongest orange water, all at once deluged my face, head, and breast, and all my clothes, expecting that the present I should make would be liberal in proportion. Though this kind of baptism was not very agreeable, I however put on a cheerful countenance, and laid on the silver salver, which they presented to me, a heap of about one hundred and fifty paras, which, to judge by their looks, was more than they had expected. As during my residence at Melidoni I inhaled nothing but the perfume of oranges, it happened in the sequel, that every smell of oranges made me involuntarily fancy myself in my former

agreeable dwelling at Melidoni. The rain hindered me from departing before eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for Rettimo, where we arrived on the first of May, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

The two last days of the week were spent in arranging my plants. I also visited some Turkish gardens, and became acquainted with a very remarkable Turkish woman, who is quite a phenomenon in the East. While I was busy in examining my plants, I was told Signora Rosako had come to see me: I looked up, and saw a woman of a masculine appearance and dignified carriage, standing before me unveiled, who said, "Good day," adding "Your servant." She was marked with the small-pox, had regular features, but without any pretensions to beauty, was about forty years of age, rather corpulent, but of a very engaging appearance. I have never met with so much sound judgment, with so many singular expressions, so much decorum with less ceremony, in a woman, even an European, as in her, and still less among the reserved muffled up statue-like Turkish women. She brought me a nosegay, without which it is not common to pay a visit, and which is generally offered as a token of friendship on entering. If she had been educated in the European fashion, she might have been displeased that I spent so much time in viewing the nosegay, for besides beautiful slips of jessamine, orange flowers, the white musk rose, &c. my attention was particularly attracted by a kind of white narcissus, and the Arabian ornithogalum: but she was pleased at the honor bestowed upon her present. She had raised herself above the weakness and littleness of her countrywomen, and could pretend, if not to beauty, to more estimable qualities. Neither her brother, nor any other, had been able to hinder her in her youth from frequenting the society of men. She was of moderate stature, her dress tasteful, her hair hanging down in ringlets, her head dress simple, and her bosom partially covered. In another place I should have found her less interesting, but as a Turkish woman, she naturally appeared something extraordinary. It was easily to be guessed, that she came to consult me about her health. The conversation I had with her, served to confirm the good opinion which was universally entertained of her.

On the Sunday morning I intended to take an excursion, to avoid troublesome visits: but I was so importuned, that I was obliged to give up my plan. One reason why they kept me from my business, and were so fond of drawing me into company was, that the sight of an European seemed to animate their hopes of speedy emancipation; for the germ of the freedom of Greece was even then prepared. The anniversary of one of the principal Saints of Greece happened on the fourth

of May. The day was consumed in eating and drinking. People whispered to each other about the plague, which was not very agreeable to me. The sound of the vesper bell induced me to go out to view the picturesque groups of well-dressed country people. On returning home, we found a whole company assembled in the middle of the court yard, round a brazier of burning coals, who looked at each other with alarm. In the middle was a man with a long Talar, whom I immediately knew to be the Bishop of Rettimo, who, with a pair of iron tongs, was holding a letter, already black with smoke, over the coals. This sight confounded me, for I knew better than they, that the letter must come from the Bishop of Canea. Thus it appeared, that the plague had certainly broken out, on the 1st of May, at Canea, in the house of the bishop, and was now raging in that city. The letter was in the bishop's own hand, he having nobody to write it for him, for he alone was left alive in his house. First the deacon had died, who presented me the coffee and pipe, then the two servants who had touched me, then the female servants, and last of all, my worthy patient, the bishop's brother. This put my resignation and equanimity to the proof; but the prognosis of my mule consoled me, for I had nothing but superstition to call to my aid, and I considered the rain, which had wetted my clothes through, as an interposition of Providence, to secure myself and others from danger.

On the following day I went to the convent Arcadi, for a priest had just come, to inform the superior, who was at Rettimo on business, that some Turks had broken into the convent, seized upon the stores of bread, meat, and wine, in order to supply their wants, while they were impatiently expecting the approaching harvest. Every common Turk thinks himself master of the property of the convent, and though the Greek clergy are highly esteemed by the Turks, yet the meanest Mahometan frequently takes great liberties with individuals of the body. A short time before, while I was cheerfully conversing with the excellent Bishop at Melidoni, a common Turk came without ceremony into his room, demanded something to eat, lighted his pipe at leisure, threw himself awkwardly on a seat, mixed in the conversation, behaved like the master of the house, and at last went to sleep. Yet this was not a premeditated insult, but mere habit. As I clearly perceived that the Bishop was much vexed, because I was present, I was very near desiring him to be gone, as I had done more than once before; for these Turks do not venture to say much to the Franks, but a Greek, of whatever rank he may be, must put up with every thing from them. The Abbot of Arcadi sent

the priest back with orders, and not choosing to go himself to the convent, I mounted the mule that was brought for him, and rode away with the priest, who took me through bye-roads well known to the mules, amidst groves and arcades, and fountains and flowering shrubs, which diffused the sweetest perfume, while the melody of nightingales resounded on every side. Turning round the corner of a rock, we saw a very patriarchal group. A handsome peasant, dressed in the national costume, with a stick in his hand, led a mule by the bridle, on which his wife, who had quite the face of a Madonna, was sitting with a little child. The whole resembled the flight into Egypt, and was worthy the pencil of an Italian master. We passed by an old wall, which was evidently the remains of lately abandoned dwellings of oppressed Greeks. The roofs had fallen in, the oil presses were broken, and the doors carried away. A number of smooth pebbles, placed on purpose in regular order under the oil press, and several egg-shells fastened to the end of a stick, over the entrance, expressed symbolically the feelings of the departing owners, as if they had said, "You have pressed the marrow from our bones, now press the pebbles; you have plundered our houses, take now the empty shell." On account of the rain, the priest stopped at a hut, where we were regaled with cheese, wine, fruits, &c. which we should not have looked for in this poor cottage. The wine loosed their tongues, and they enquired of me the hour of their emancipation, as if I had to distribute the parts, or could foretell the changes of the political horizon, as the almanack does the weather. The balm of words cost little, I therefore drank to them for their consolation, *patience and hope*. Night approached before we reached the convent. Our mules crossed a bridge, as I perceived from the noise of the stream that rolled beneath. We turned round a rock, the moon broke through the clouds, and we discerned the noble convent, surrounded by a wood of pines and cypresses.

The trampling of the mules on the pavement brought out the inmates of the convent, whose surprise at the sight of an European, none having been there for fifteen years, was the greater, as they expected the abbot himself. There were no Turks in the convent, they having gone away, after they had plundered it, and my reception was the more joyful. The Greeks thought that more must follow; and an old Monk said, "Why did not your brethren come with you?" Ida was not visible the whole of the following day; and light misty clouds (for Arcadi is 202 toises above the level of the sea) enveloped the whole monastery; the walls were damp, and it seemed as if I had arrived in the coldest season; for though all was in blossom in

the valley, hardly a flower had unfolded its leaves at Arcadi. The considerable level on which the convent of Arcadi lies, was the site of the ancient city of Arcadia. It was probably not very large, for this mountainous tract could hardly support so numerous a population as the European generally attaches to the idea of a city. Among the ancient cities, it may be supposed, that only Gortyna, Gnossus, Cydonia, Hierapytna, Lyetos, Prasos, Aptaera, Rithymna, and a few others, really deserved the name; if Crete, therefore, was ever called Hecapropolis, or the island of a Hundred Cities, the smallest towns must have been included, which perhaps were called cities, only because Crete being constantly involved in internal feuds, every place, however insignificant, was surrounded with walls. However high we estimate the population of the island, it could hardly have amounted to half a million, even in the most flourishing times, and if we suppose two thirds to have been country people, each city would have, on an average, 1500 inhabitants, and even this seems too much, since it may be doubted, whether they fetched from Egypt every year as much corn again as the island can produce, to say nothing of those years when the crops failed. It appears from Polybius, and other writers, that the island was not more populous formerly than at present.—When Metellus began to conquer the island, he was opposed by only 10,000 Cretan youths, who seem to have been all that could carry arms. But if we take the number of men bearing arms in those times to have been 25,000, the remaining population, taken at five times the number, make only 150,000 in all. It is not less now than formerly, but rather greater, for the city of Canea can furnish at any time one thousand resolute soldiers. In the year 1610, the Venetians reckoned 270,000 souls in Crete. Savary, Sonnini, and others, who always look at the past with a magnifying glass, and for the sake of some ruins, which the all-destroying hand of time has spared, too much extol the ancient inhabitants, who lived in happier circumstances at the expence of the present generation, have been guilty of partiality.

The monasteries of Crete are most delightfully situated; it is therefore no wonder that the ruins of the ancient Arcadia were employed for building a handsome convent. It was erected by Venetian settlers, about 235 years ago. The chapel is dark, and stands in the middle of the paved yard, surrounded by cypress trees. Most of the cells are converted into hay magazines; the refectory, intended for a great number of persons, stands empty, with its fine table. Tournefort reckoned about one hundred priests in this convent, and about two hundred monks, employed in the



labours of the field and the vineyard; at present there are not above eight priests and twelve monks. They have very fine and roomy cellars, and the best wine in the whole island, which is called after the village of Malevisi, near Candia. When the Venetians were masters of the island, great quantities of this wine were produced about Rettimo and Candia, and it was made by boiling in large coppers, as I myself observed in this convent, but it is now very scarce, only a little being made at Arcadi, the vineyards of which lie very high, and produce the finest grapes; none is now made, even at Malevisi, near Candia. The best is sold at the convent at eighteen piasters, or four florins, the barrel of eighteen gallons. A great deal of wine and corn is produced, for the ground about the monasteries is in general the best cultivated; all the labours of the field and garden are conducted with much regularity, the crops are abundant, and yet the convent is involved in debt. Its domain extends to the foot of Ida, and in the valley of Rettimo, nearly to the sea. The superior of the convent is obliged to reside almost always at Rettimo, to prevent or to satisfy all demands and pecuniary extortions.

The Ogumenos, or superintendent, had mentioned to me the remains of a library, which the convent preserved in an old lumber room without windows: he spoke in such terms of it, that I desired to see it. The melancholy remains of the convent library were chiefly classics, but in a very bad condition, amounting in the whole to about five hundred volumes. Never did I see old volumes so worm eaten; most of them were entirely useless; besides the books of divinity, there were Pindar and Petrarca, Virgil with Dante, Homer and Strabo, Thucydides and Diodorus, confusedly mixed together. Aristophanes and Euripides were hardly to be distinguished; and the finest editions of these and other classics lay in the most deplorable condition. I arranged what was still fit for use, and had some trouble to get together fourteen volumes of Aristotle, which, singular enough, had been wholly spared by the moths, perhaps owing to some ingredient in the size employed in the manufacture of the paper. The Abbot was offended at my considering the collection as destroyed, for he valued the ruins of his library at a price which, if it were printed, would certainly be thought a gross erratum. Ptolemy Philadelphus did not perhaps set a higher value on his Alexandrian library.

On the 10th I at last set out from Rettimo for Candia. Jensi Aga requested me to take a letter to the Pacha of Candia, with whom he was on very intimate terms. In this man I found one instance among many, of the bad consequences arising from the immoderate use of drastic medicines. In the

beginning of May the inhabitants, old and young without exception, are let blood, as if they had too much, and habit allows of no omission of this injurious custom; scarcely has the body of the industrious peasant recovered from the rigorous fast, when the first of May claims the little blood he has left. I readily took the letter, as he who has one to deliver has admittance as a stranger ever after. We rode by way of Perivoli, Melidoni, Damasta, to Candia. On the long road through this village of gardens, Perivoli, we rode entirely under arbores of vines, which were in full bloom, and diffused a peculiarly delightful odour, which we never meet with in our northern countries. Near a village, a league beyond Rettimo, twenty peasants were digging up liquorice root, which grows wild in great quantities, and is sent as an article of trade to Cairo.

Soon after we met a good-natured Turkish lad, whom Georgi, contrary to his custom, saluted very cordially, then stopped his mule, and began to feel in his pockets: ten paras appeared to him too little for a present, and he therefore asked me for twenty more. I could not comprehend his hurry and joy. The conversation, full of affection and friendship, lasting rather long, I asked him, in Italian, who this bosom friend might be, on which he begged me to have patience. The other Greeks, for no Turk was present, stood still and listened with evident pleasure to the conversation, which I thought would never come to an end. I rode on, Georgi at last overtook me, and surprized me by a strange speech, saying, "*This young Turk is my godson.*"—"Turk, and godson, you dream."—"Ah, no! he is indeed my godson, I myself christened him, together with his mother, who is sixty years old, about a year ago, having previously instructed them in the Christian religion." The animated rapid narrative of a number of connected circumstances convinced me of the truth of his assertions, though I affected to be incredulous, in order to satisfy myself respecting the causes and motives of all these inexplicable and mysterious statements. I was extremely surprised, for I knew that the slightest suspicion which a Turk excites against himself respecting his faith, is usually punished by instant death. How could a conversation on a subject of such importance, and so dangerous to the life of the convert, be held in the presence of several Greeks, who, especially those of Crete, have not the good sense to observe silence, be kept secret in the long run from so many Turks? How do these Turks perform their prayers and religious exercises as Christians? And how do they avert the suspicion of their very mistrustful countrymen, which must necessarily be excited, by omitting for so many years the practice of the

Mahomedan religious ceremonies? Not only Georgi, but the Austrian Consul, and several other persons worthy of credit, confirmed these inconceivable circumstances by various examples, even quoting instances of such secret Christians who had remained undiscovered for forty and fifty years or more, and who, though well-known and supported by all the Greeks, were never betrayed. I cannot, therefore, sufficiently praise the scrupulousness and the discretion of the Greek nation on this point, being convinced by what I heard from them, that out of love to their religion, to which they are greatly attached, they would rather suffer all manner of persecutions than betray such a secret Christian.

Georgi was not a little proud of having instructed and converted this young Turk. He did not tell me his name or his place of abode, and begged me never to make any allusion, or ask any question on the subject, because his own life and that of many others was at stake. He told me that there was a great number of secret Christians not only in Crete but in many other parts of Turkey; and I myself became acquainted with whole families, who, I was told confidentially, and after long intimacy, were Christians, which I did not doubt for a moment. Thus it happened once, on my returning from a walk to dinner, that meat was served up which nobody would touch, saying, we have done dinner: but at length I perceived, that on the Greek fast days, they went aside and took Lent food. Another time as I was eating meat, as well dressed as I ever met with, the master of the house, a Turk, who sat next me, asked for a knife to cut bread, but would not take mine because I had cut meat with it; afterwards eating some butter and cheese, I drew back my knife quickly, and as if by accident, threw a piece of meat into his plate: he frowned, and as if I had thrown in poison, he took it out again, wiped it carefully, and did not consider that this might lead to the discovery of his secret. These new converts believe that to abstain from meat on certain days is the main point of their religion. I know not whether any traveller has remarked this circumstance, but I much doubt it: for almost all travelled with janissaries, and in pomp, full of the splendour of ancient times, the obscure remoteness of which favours optical deceptions, and pay less regard to the Greek sunk in slavery than he really merits. By this means the inhabitants are kept at a distance and rendered reserved. Travellers may also be accused of having paid too little regard to the relative situation of the Turks as masters, and of the Greek clergy and the Greeks as subjects.

It is certain that the situation of the Greeks would be much

more deplorable, were not a certain, though small number of Turks in Crete secretly Christians, or at least inclined to Christianity; who not only procure them all possible relief, but even put to death malicious Turks who treat the Greeks too ill, of which I likewise possess incontrovertible proofs. When the secret Christian is suspected by the Turks, he may help himself; for according to the Koran, he is free if he draws his sabre and demands that his accuser shall be produced. But the latter, whether Greek or Turk, would risk his life, and draw on himself the hatred and the vengeance of the rest, and rather preserve silence. The custom of young Turks to choose handsome Greek women, or to carry them off by force to make them their wives, is a principal cause that Christianity has found its way into many Turkish families, not only in Candia, but in other parts; not to mention that Venetian families, whose origin is not doubtful, assumed the mere appearance of Mahometanism, to secure their property during the conquest of the island. The Turk who has thus become connected with the relatives of his wife, and in constant intercourse with them, governed by the beauty and talents of his wife, is often inspired by her warm attachment to her religion, with increasing indifference to his own. The children, more attached to the mother, are prepared for the part they will have to act as Turks, and Islamism is easily undermined in the heart of the child by turning it into ridicule. Thus a foundation is laid for an approximation to Christianity. It is not difficult to recognize a Turk who is inclined to Christianity; his manner is entirely changed, and betrays him.

We reached Melidoni by moonlight, and ordered mules for the next day; but my departure was rather delayed by a multitude of sick people, most of whom believed that if I did but look at their children it would suffice to cure them. In the evening we reached Damasta, where I advised Georgi to procure us a lodging in a private house, because the only wretched inn being frequented by travellers of every description, there was some danger of the plague. The good-natured, but poor Greek peasant, who received us, sold us a lamb for about seven-pence. I had never seen so pretty a lamb, and resolved to content myself with some butter and eggs, make the peasant a present of the money, and return him the lamb, for I could not think of having it killed. But while I went to take a walk in the village they had slaughtered it, and when I returned, the Greek was roasting one half at the fire. As if human flesh had been set before me, I looked at the half-roast piece of the lamb, and was hardly able, with the greatest repugnance, to put a morsel in my mouth, which I naturally found very dry

and insipid. A disagreeable feeling pervaded me when I thought of the pretty innocent lamb, I lost my appetite, and had a very restless night. It is strange how a common object can by accidental circumstances acquire extraordinary power over our minds.

The following day the peasant accompanied me on an excursion. In the evening he spoke to me of a tree which he said formed an entire wood, was not far off, and was called Adrachla. I immediately recognized it by the name to be the *Arbutus Andrachne*, and hastened to view this wood before sun-rise. The sight of it exceeded all imagination. A whole forest of it lay before me, and covered all the eminences far and near about this narrow valley. Between the hard, light green leaves shining like varnish, like those of the laurel, and which never fall off, appeared the most beautiful bunches of innumerable milk-white flowers resembling white thorn; the bark was as red as cinnamon, peeled off from the stem in large flakes, and every where covering the ground, crackled under the feet. A number of insects, which I had never observed before; the most beautiful *ateuchus sacer*, *pius*, *variolosus*, *semipunctatus*, &c. swarmed on the way, with a number of *Copris*, *Prionus*, *Cerambyx*, *Carabus*, and other kinds of beetle. Among them I found a large violet-coloured insect, which engaged my whole attention, it being a most singular compound of *Blaps* and *Carabus*, forming a distinct and most important species; but I could not afterwards find it in my collection. We went along a disagreeable, rough-paved road, alternately ascending and descending till we reached a level, at the end of which the way suddenly declined towards the plain of Candia. This level looked like the bed of a lake enclosed on both sides by chains of mountains; on the right side was a conical mountain, now called Strubula or Strugula, and was, perhaps, called by the Venetians Stromboli, as it is in Italian accounts of Crete. In the time of the ancient Greeks it was, however, called Strongyle. We rested in the chapel, and a few steps from it went to the edge of the level, between large blocks of stone, and looked down with surprize upon Candia, and the extensive plain below. I cannot compare this prospect with any other, so well as with that of Trieste from the heights of Obschina. To the left we had an unbounded view of the sea; Scarpatus and Rhodes, and the coasts of Asia Minor, were dimly visible in the remote horizon: on the right we looked over a mountain-ridge adorned with groves of olives, which stretched to Lassiti, down into the fertile valley of Gortyna, now called Messarah: on every side the golden harvests waving in the wind invited the labour

of the husbandman; the north coast, rent by the storms of thousands and thousands of years, extended in innumerable capes into the sea, which was studded with islets and projecting rocks. In the back-ground rose the high and remarkable mountains of Lassiti. The ruins of Gnossus and Gortyna, the most powerful cities of this once flourishing island, awakened agreeable recollections of the past, to heighten the lovely picture with charms that are now no more.

We soon reached the plain, where the ground began to be chalky; but after the strictest examination, I am convinced that the notion that Crete possesses chalk hills is wholly groundless, and that all works treating of Crete, and almost all mineral systems, must be corrected, by stating, "that there is not any real chalk in Crete:" on the contrary, it is imported into that island from the north of Europe, by way of Trieste and Leghorn.

We came to a large fountain, a work of the Venetians, as is evident from the style; though the Turks, on occasion of some repairs, have taken out one stone, and replaced it by another, bearing Arabic or Turkish inscriptions. It was here that Tournefort, whose authority I usually quote, out of respect for that great naturalist, took up his station with his faithful friend and medical companion, Gundelsheimer; and here was sketched the valuable, though defective view of Candia, given in the original edition of his work. The heat increased considerably in the valley, and we were forced to rest several times before we could reach the city. Here, too, the unhappy lepers implored alms. The country round the town is very naked; for the olive groves, which were totally destroyed during the thirty years siege by the Turkish army, have not been replanted in the interval of a century.

The city, with its houses without roofs, and the slender minarets, looks at a distance like a church-yard with tombstones. The ramparts are high, and the same as under the Venetians; but to conquer the city now, only days would be required, and not thirty years, which was the time the Turks spent in the siege. Under the Venetians it was well defended, rich, and the seat of the Governor of the island; now it is half in ruins, and far from recovering since the siege: it was visited about ten years ago by a dreadful earthquake, that destroyed a great number of the finest buildings, which I still saw in ruins. The city of Candia makes a very fine appearance from the north or sea side, rising gently towards the fortifications; on the land side the walls are too high. The population may amount to 15,000 at the most, of which the Greeks constitute one half, and the Turks the other; there are not

above five or six families of Jews. No Greek at Candia is allowed to carry a walking-stick, if he did, he could hardly escape insult or ill-usage; and only the right of hospitality protects the European when he carries a stick. The Pacha has a few Albanian soldiers as a body guard: all other duty is done, negligently enough, by the native Janissaries.

The environs of Candia are chiefly arable land, where the corn is reaped about the middle of May. What renders Candia particularly agreeable, and more lively than Turkish cities in general, is, that not only the shops and magazines of the merchants and trades-people, but even those of the artisans and mechanics, are in wooden booths, erected against the fronts of the houses in the principal streets. These booths are of equal height, built in a peculiar manner, and without them the city would have a most miserable and dull appearance, because no windows are allowed on a level with the street, and those in the upper stories are generally turned towards the inner court. The streets are planted with vines, which are led over laths from one side to the other, and form in summer the closest and most agreeable arcades, under which you may walk through all the principal streets. Before the coffee-houses there is a crowd of idle Turks, and one sees that there are coxcombs even here, who endeavour to distinguish themselves in their fashion, by taste in dress and politeness; and like our European coxcombs, do nothing, and pretend to understand every thing. Mr. Booze was so good as to hire me a lodging beforehand, to which I now removed. By his advice, as Austrian Consul or Agent, it was resolved to go the next day to the Pacha of Candia, to ask his permission to travel through the island. Domenico, whom I visited in the evening, was against it, knowing, as he said, that the Pacha very much disliked Mr. Booze, and my firman besides, as he had learnt from Canea, was not in proper form; from which he would certainly take occasion to refuse my request. He used many arguments to persuade me to let him present me to the Pacha, at length he said, that he was physician to the Pacha, and all physicians who came to Candia must be presented by him: I observed that I had not come here to practise, and, as an Austrian subject, could not neglect Mr. Booze, to whom I was referred by the Consul at Canea.

The next day I was presented to the Pacha. Georgi went with me, being well known to the Pacha, who had been at Rettimo some years before. I observed too that he appeared to be in great favour. When we arrived at the palace, we found a great crowd of Turks, in various costumes, mingled with the servants, Albanians and Greeks. In the hall a num-

ber of Turks were sitting on a mat, with a great many dishes before them, on which they were regaling. At length we were announced to the Chasinadar, or private secretary of the Pacha, who, with three persons of distinction, was also at dinner. When they had finished, we presented the firman. He read it attentively, shook his head, and observed it contained nothing of what we had said; he returned it, but said he would go to the Pacha and inform him. We were soon summoned into the audience chamber. Georgi pulled off his boots, but kept his hat in his hand. A light saloon, built upon pillars, projecting from the main building, with windows on three sides, and a fountain in the back ground, enabled us to see the rich decorations of the walls. The Pacha, formerly Grand Vizier, was a man of a grave and noble countenance, with a long white beard. He was richly dressed, and in his girdle, which consisted of a Cachmere shawl, there was a dagger with a long diamond hilt. The firman being presented to him, he opened it, but seemed dissatisfied with the contents. Then Georgi kneeling, and kissing his caftan, presented the letter from Jensi-Aga, his friend at Rettimo, which he also read and laid aside. On his refusal to grant my request, Mr. Booze observed, that I had already visited one half of the island, namely the two Pachaliks of Canea and Rettimo, with the permission of the Pacha of Canea. He seemed surprised at this, and desired to see the permission. Georgi presented to him that of Rettimo, but he demanded that of Canea, which the cautious Pacha had never given me, saying, that he would give me permission to go wherever I pleased, if we only gave him the licence of the Pacha of Canea. At length we convinced him that we had never had it, but this was of little advantage to us; and matters were made worse by the brother of the Pacha's interpreter, who, instructed by Domenico, did every thing to hinder the Pacha from granting the request, and to vex Mr. Booze. We returned unsuccessful. Domenico's vanity was gratified. The following day he brought me in triumph, a written note from the Pacha, allowing me to go to whatever part of the district I pleased. Thus he had undermined Mr. Booze's endeavours, merely to attribute to himself the honour of my protection. In point of fact it was the same to me through whom I obtained the permission; but as this affair caused a coolness between the French Consul (to whom Mr. Booze was secretary) and Domenico, I was placed in rather an awkward situation, because I wished to be upon good terms with both. On a walk, Domenico urged me to dismiss Georgi, and proposed an awkward fellow of a Turk in his stead; but I would not agree, unless he procured me one who could speak Greek and Italian, well-knowing that such a one was not to be



found in the whole island. He told me, that he was soon to perform two operations; one, an amputation of the left hand, and the other for the dropsy, upon a woman whom the ignorant Candiot physicians declared to be pregnant. I was very glad he did not ask me to be present; he added however, that he wished soon to introduce me to a Turk of distinction, who had the dropsy; that I should have no occasion to speak, but merely confirm what he, Domenico, would say. Not suspecting any deceit, I answered smiling, he might perhaps ask whether the patient would die in two days, and then I must likewise confirm it. He looked grave, was embarrassed and silent. I found afterwards that my answer had induced him to suppose that I was acquainted with the person and the particulars of his case.

On the 30th of May, I resolved to visit Mount Jukta, that is, the east side of it, (I had visited the other side before) near to Achanes, a populous place of about two thousand souls. A young Sphakiot, who had fled from his mountains, and had settled in the city of Candia, offered himself as my attendant. Like all these mountaineers, he was tall and slender, with an agreeable countenance, not so humble and timid as the inhabitants of the valley: the Turks used to excuse his behaviour by saying, he was a Sphakiot. This province then belonged to the Sultana Valide, had a governor of its own, by birth a Sphakiot, paid merely a tribute to her treasurer at Candia, and was free from any other impost, whence these people enjoy elsewhere more freedom and consideration.

On enquiring why he had left his own country, he replied that he had had the misfortune to kill one of his friends and companions in a quarrel, and was hardly safe, even in Candia, from the revenge of blood; and as he had a wife and two children, he could not expose himself to the danger. I pitied him, for his mild countenance did not look like that of a murderer. I had just returned home in the evening, and was going to rest, when some persons knocked at my door, and demanded admission. A number of well dressed Turks filled my room, and begged me to go to a patient of distinction. I supposed it was some sudden attack of apoplexy, or suffocation, and made a sign to Georgi to ask a few questions, that I might have some preliminary notion of the case. But when we got to the house, it appeared that the Kiaja Bey, a man sixty years of age, who was ill of a dropsy, had sent for me at that hour, that Domenico might not be informed of his having applied to any body else for advice. I found the patient lying on a couch: he gave me his hand, and asked me to sit down. After the first question, he replied in Turkish, which Georgi translated into Italian, "Three years ago I had the plague," of which he shewed me

the scars. Since that time he had grown weaker, his feet had swelled, and in a few months he had a decided dropsy. On my asking how he had been treated, he said Domenico had applied blisters to the calves of his legs, and when they were healed had put on others: I begged him to shew them to me, for I could not have suspected Domenico of such wickedness or ignorance: he complied, and shewed me the discoloured places. I asked how the medicines had tasted; he said they had all been sour, sharp, or sweet; and had the cupboard opened, where I saw the phials, with the remainder of the medicines; they were brown, yellow, or dyed red with kermes; but they were all preparations of squills. I expressly asked if any had been rough, bitter, astringent, or aromatic; and all this he positively denied, and said, "He plagues me with nothing but insipid sweet things, which I do not like!" This then was the dropsical patient to whom I was to confirm all Domenico's lies. He knew the cause of the disease, and yet he gave nothing that he ought to have done; and what could he intend by his blisters, but as the dropsy did not proceed quick enough, to attain his object the sooner by an artificial inflammation. I was indignant at such maliciousness. The patient, whose case was evidently desperate, begged me to visit him privately, that Domenico might not know it, and the Pacha, whose physician he was, be offended. I could not accede to this, as I was convinced I could not do him any good, nor had I any medicines; and as it could not be long concealed, in the probable case of his death, Domenico would have been excused, and the blame would have been laid on me. Instead of relief, I gave him comfort, and promised to visit him again. The French consul, to whom the case was known, had a right to be informed how matters stood. The Chasinadar, the favorite and relation of the Pacha, wished for the place of the old Kiaja Bey, and therefore gave Domenico a good word not to be too conscientious in promoting the cure. Domenico was informed of my visit the same evening, and the next morning he appeared offended. I answered his reproaches merely by saying that I had only visited a great man, but did not know who he was, because nothing but Turkish was spoken in the house. Now he was quite different, reckoned what he had cost him in bark, valerian, &c. &c., adding, "the old man had emptied his shop." I then alluded to the blisters: he said to this that when the Kiaja Bey had sent for blisters, he was not at home, and that his brother the goldsmith had done it. He knew very well what ought to have been done, but did not think I had examined the medicines. I saw through the whole tissue of deceit and wickedness, and no longer

doubted of his deliberate villainy. The poor Kiaja Bey sent to me a few days afterwards. He was in a most deplorable condition: I saw his end was near, and gave him consolation when I took leave—for ever. On the 12th day, while I was again in the country, he died. Woe to the country where the physicians do not keep their conscience pure; and dreadful is the state of things in the Levant, where there is no medical police. The Candiot physicians, whose curiosity I gratified in a manner very interesting and instructive to myself, were very well disposed towards me. They often asked me about things which the most indifferent physician would have thought foolish, and surprised me by remarks that would have done honour to the most experienced. These physicians, about twelve in number, had their shops in the streets, and were rather apothecaries, preparing the medicines themselves. They often came, one after the other, to see the plants I had collected, and were glad when they heard or saw any thing new. One of them who visited us, related to Georgi a case, which he said had lately occurred, and of the truth of which I was the more convinced, as Domenico had already let fall something about it. I subjoin part of the narrative, to shew how things are managed in the Levant, and what scandalous practices are there carried on without scruple. The wife of a rich Greek, whose health was bad, had felt for some time an indication of water in the belly, and considered herself also to be in the eighth month of her pregnancy. The Candiot physicians advised her to take patience, as this dropsical state would end at her delivery. But it was resolved to consult Domenico. He came, declared the swelling to be Ascites, and assured the woman, in spite of her own feelings, that she was not pregnant. As she insisted on it, he examined more attentively, and said she had moles. He insisted on an operation, painted the danger as so urgent, and the operation as so difficult, that he made them pay down immediately the half of the stipulated sum of two thousand piasters, for nobody dares to decline the offices of the Pacha's physician when he has once been applied to, even though property and life are at stake. The unfortunate day arrived, he made a puncture; but no water appeared, no serum and no lymph; surprised, he caused a bandage to be put round the belly, and drawn tight by two men; but no water came. He therefore thought he had not gone deep enough, and tried again. Now there came water enough, and having applied a slight bandage, went home in triumph. He was scarcely gone, when violent pains ensued; and the poor woman, after incredible suffering, was delivered of a dead male infant, on which the marks of the bandage were visible: it had every appearance of a foetus of

eight months, and completely refuted the assertion of this quack. On the seventh day the woman died.

Though I justly presumed that the Candiot physicians hated Domenico, it was a fact, for I had it from himself, that he had an operation to perform on a woman, whom *ignorant persons* declared to be pregnant. In another case I was requested by Giovanni, the most esteemed physician of Candia, to go with him to the house of a Turk of distinction, offering to be my interpreter. Two other physicians, the oldest in Candia, were present to ask my opinion on an important case. They concealed the name of the physician, and related what had happened to the wife of this Turk, who had been ill three years. Their account was not very intelligible. I therefore again enquired the cause of the disorder, and was astonished at the wickedness of these people, which placed the nature of Mahomedanism in the fullest light.

“I have,” said she, “two grown up daughters, whom you see here, and as many sons. After an interval of thirteen years, I happened to become pregnant again; as this vexed me, I begged my husband to let me procure abortion, which he did.” I thought I had misunderstood her, and looked at the woman, then at her husband, then at the Turks. But the husband confirmed it, and Giovanni replied to my side look by shrugging his shoulders. After this confession, during which I suppressed my astonishment, she related the whole history of the illness again, adding, that she had had for the last fortnight a fever, with sudden heats and oppression. During the conversation she let fall the name of Domenico. The physicians were embarrassed, because it had been agreed not to mention him till the very last, that I might give an impartial opinion. My proposal, a thing unheard of in Turkey, was approved, and I found a pear-shaped, half-suppurated polypus. My astonishment was infinite; the inability to perceive and distinguish a polypus was surely a proof of unpardonable ignorance. I was urged to undertake the cure of the patient, for which they offered me 600 piasters; but I was deterred by the length of time required, and my attendance was besides unnecessary. By the application of proper remedies which were prescribed, her health was fully recovered, and when I returned three months afterwards, the polypus had fallen off, and all was over. This case was instructive to me, as I learnt from it that in Turkey a woman may desire her husband to let her procure abortion. Of what practices may the Turks and Mahomedans be guilty to their slaves, the Greeks, if they do not even spare their own children in the womb—what barbarism, what horrors are these!

The physicians made me acquainted with other very remarkable cases, among which those were considered as the most complicated, the diagnosis of which were the easiest. Here I was first made sensible of the infinite prejudice that arises from the neglect of anatomy. I at the same time became acquainted with all the master-pieces of Domenico, which were not a few. Thus in a barbarous country, where there is no superintendance, and the government sets no value on the health and life of its subjects, the greatest cruelties are exercised by greedy vagabonds.

Without interfering in all these matters, I continued on good terms with Domenico, for in the Levant you cannot decline an acquaintance with every body, even if you wish it; though he did not any further exert himself to obtain for me permission to visit the distant part of the island, I attained my object in another way. I had desired Georgi to pay particular attention to every thing that might be useful to us, on our tour to the eastern part of the island: it happened that a rich Turk, who had the most extensive possessions in that part, (Effendaki Chalil Aga was his name) begged us to visit him, his only son, a child three years of age, being ill. I perceived that he had externally water in the head, and discovered on enquiry, that he had had an eruption, which had been checked by the application of a salve procured from an old woman. Besides the necessary internal remedies, I prescribed luke-warm baths, rubbing, fomenting with wine, and slight fumigations, on which the eruption manifested itself again in a few days, the disorder was removed, and the child recovered. This caused him to give me several letters of recommendation, which were directed as well to friends as to his Subbaschis (or Stewards). He was a well-informed and upright man, with an open countenance, and possessing much prudence and energy of character; the poor and destitute of every religion found in him a friend and protector. He told us that he had particular reason to be obliging to foreigners, especially Europeans, which gratitude imposed upon him as a duty. He explained this by the following narrative:—"On the recovery of Egypt by the English and the Turks, after the battles at Aboukir and Cairo, and when Buonaparte had returned to France, I was at Cyprus. A part of the Turkish army had come back, and a young French officer, who was a prisoner among the rudest of our nation, had a quarrel, was pursued, and fled to my house. I defended him against his pursuers, concealed him, gave him a Turkish dress, and sent him to my estate in Candia, whence he returned in safety, with some French merchants, to his native city, Marseilles."—"Immediately after this Genoa

was blockaded by the Austrians and Russians by land, and by the English by sea, and famine prevailed within the walls. Being then at Constantinople, I resolved to make an attempt to go with my two ships, laden with corn, to the relief of Genoa. I cleared out for Leghorn, but deviated from the course, kept near Corsica, and steered towards Toulon, thus to reach Genoa. I at length perceived the English fleet of eighty sail cruizing before that city, and made directly towards it. The English flag was hoisted by the signal ship, and I hoisted the Turkish colours. Being asked whither I was bound, I said to Leghorn. Why had I gone so far out of the way? I had missed my course. I requested the English to let me pass the night near the fleet. They laughed at me," said Chalil-Aga, "because I seemed to be an ignorant Turk; sailed backwards and forwards, and purposely manœuvred in an awkward manner not to excite suspicion. I always kept a little back, held to the coast, and a favourable wind suddenly rising, spread all my sails, and entered in the twilight, with the rapidity of an arrow, the harbour of Genoa. I was already out of cannon-shot when the nearest ship began to fire at me. I sold 14,000 chilos of corn at eighty piasters each, but could not obtain permission to embark with the money. I however met with my friend, the French officer, whom I had saved at Cyprus. He was overjoyed at meeting, and introduced me to his uncle, a French Colonel. By his intervention alone, I obtained my money; and, at length, permission to embark with it. When I returned to Constantinople, and the success of my speculation was known, I was poisoned, with the view to divide my property; but my life was preserved by Dr. Lorenzo, physician to the Austrian Legation, who, as long as he lived, was the most celebrated in Constantinople; grateful for his services, I hastened to my estates, which are now cleared of debts. You see by this," said Chalil-Aga, "why I serve travellers who require any assistance, and I confess with pleasure that I am under obligations to your nation also, because I was saved by an Austrian physician."

He had scarcely concluded, when some officers of the Janissaries entered, who, learning the object of my journey, said that I could not go without a guard of honour, i. e. an idle Janissary—because they were answerable for my safety. It was necessary to get rid of so expensive and useless an attendant, in which Georgi succeeded. Every obstacle was thrown in our way to make us engage a Janissary; but a happy chance came to our assistance when we had already given up all hope. A rich Turk, of the beautiful valley of Mirabello, who they said was ill of a peculiar disease, had desired his

brother in the city to persuade the physician who had just arrived there, to come and see him. Georgi cunningly answered, that he must pay for the Janissary whom they wanted to force on us. Now as the Turks always try to save, he said he could send for a Subbaschi, from his estate, to accompany us. "I must report this," said Georgi, "to the Aga, and beg him to give up his intention of sending one of his people with us." "That is unnecessary," said the Turk angrily, "I will speak to him myself." Georgi immediately informed me of the state of the case, and already on the evening of the second day a Subbaschi arrived from his estate, a day's journey distant, brought us horses, waited till we were ready to accompany us thither, and then to Lacida, the ancient Lycastus, in the valley of Mirabello, the end of our second day's journey, and the place of our destination. The Aga of the Janissaries even gave us a letter of recommendation to the commander of the little fort of Girapetro, though he was evidently discontented at being prevented from sending one of his people to accompany us.

The day before my departure, I took leave of the master of the school of Candia, Gregorios Megalovrissanos, a man well versed in the ancient Greek classics, and equally respectable for his age and character. At his house I met with one of his old friends, a native of Crete, who had resided for above twenty years, as a merchant, at Tripoli in Syria. He highly praised the Druses, who are distinguished for their probity, but whose religion and institutions, notwithstanding all accounts that have been given of them, are still, he said, an impenetrable secret. In general he spoke in such high terms of the mountaineers of Libanon, that I could not doubt that he had some extraordinary motive for such commendations. The anecdote which he related, seems to have occurred to himself. He said, in an enthusiastic tone, "if it should ever please God to revoke his promise to the race of Noah, and to punish the degenerate world with a second deluge, the surface of the earth would be re-peopled by Libanots, preserved to be the founders of a better race." This assertion was founded on a circumstance which he said had happened to one of his friends. On the way from Tripoli to Saide, he lost a large sum of money, did not miss it for some time, rode back, but could not find it. As he was on the territory of Libanon, he went to the neighbouring residence of the Emir, whom he informed of his loss. The prince comforted him, and advised him to stay some days, as he would answer for it, that if one of his subjects had found it, he would certainly deliver it to the prince himself, within three days, after which enquiry should be made if necessary. Four days had already passed, and nobody had appeared; but on the fifth day, a

mountaineer came to the prince, and gave him the money, saying, he might return it to the owner. The prince looked at him sternly and said, "how many days have passed since you found the money?" "Five," replied the man. "You have therefore," said the prince, "let five days pass before you would resolve to return it." "Sir," answered the mountaineer, "you wrong me; only hear me: I had been in the field, and on my return home, perceived this money; I took it up, and seated myself in a thicket on the road side, to wait till the owner should come back. Nobody came; meantime I received a message, desiring me to hasten home to see my father, who was dying. I took the money with me, forgot to send it to you by somebody else, and after having buried my father, I now come to excuse myself to you." "You did not know then that the owner is detained here on account of his loss." "No," replied the Libanot. "Go," said the prince, "and remember in future when you are in sorrow, that you are bound to shorten the affliction of others." The merchant being informed that this was the honest finder, offered him a suitable reward. "I shall take nothing from you," replied the Libanot with generous pride, "because it would seem as if I had designed by my delay, to increase your grief for the loss of your money, and your joy at its recovery, in order to obtain a recompense. I wish you could make good my loss as easily as I have your's! Farewell, and pardon the loss of time which I have occasioned you." Saying this, he departed; and the merchant received his property from the prince.

More company coming in, we retired. I went to look at some flowers in the garden of the metropolitan, and on entering the portico of his house, was witness to a slavish mark of respect which the inferior clergy are accustomed to pay him; I could hardly suppress my astonishment. A monk came, prostrated himself before the Metropolitan, touched the ground at his feet three times with his forehead, then rose and departed. His Janissary seemed to smile as if he thought to himself, "if I desired the metropolitan, he would do the same to me." Thus slaves demand, what as slaves they themselves practice.

We set out with the Subbaschi the next morning; it was the third of June, and since the end of April there had not been a cloud in the sky, much less any rain. The atmosphere was constantly serene, and every mountain in the Archipelago was visible. The sultry heat of the day is followed by a refreshing sea breeze, which constantly sets in towards evening. We soon had the city of Candia behind us, happy to have left this abode of rude barbarians. Towards evening we reached Caves, where we stopped at the house of the Subbaschi. While



we were at supper the whole village assembled, and the crowd stood in groups at various distances. The scanty dress of the country girls shewed, with the simplicity of their manners, that they were deficient in Sunday clothes, I however observed much fine needle-work, and embroidery on linen; the handkerchiefs for the head, and the towels in particular, were very pretty. When we set out the next morning, the whole village seemed to be abandoned, for they all went out to reap their corn. We turned our eyes from the stubble fields, because we saw the level banks of the Aposelemi covered with a grove of oleander in blossom. As far as the eye could reach, this shrub, which with us is cultivated in green-houses, was in full flower. From the foot of Mount Lassiti to the mouth of the Aposelemi, the whole country seemed covered with a scarlet cloth: the finest poppy field does not afford such a sight.

We dined at Maglia, another country seat of the same owner, where half ripe almonds were offered us; they bloom here about the middle of January, and peaches full six weeks later. It is nothing extraordinary to have ripe almonds at the end of May. Soon after I saw some peasants, upon a rocky eminence, employed in gathering the fruit of the St. John's bread-tree. In 1816 and 1817 there was a great demand for this fruit, which did not use to be the case in Crete; because the crop had failed in Apulia, whence it was exported to Trieste. This fruit is used here only for feeding cattle, and in times of scarcity.

We soon came to a cleft, which separates the valley of Mirabello from the territory of Maglia. To the right lay high mountains, but not so extensive or lofty as the White Mountains; for here we every where saw windmills, because the mountains are too low to receive such a quantity of snow, as would be sufficient, by its melting in summer, to turn water-mills till rain commences in autumn. We saw a line of wind-mills, which particularly struck me, because the body was immovable, and consequently they were adapted only for one wind; unless it blew due east they could not grind, if it was violent it was necessary to take off the sails. Clumsily built, but simple in their construction, they were remarkable enough to induce me to take a drawing of them. They were the work of uneducated peasants, each of whom builds both his water-mill and wind-mill. We reached the eminence and looked down into the beautiful valley of Mirabello, as it was called by the Venetians. Unfortunately the present inhabitants know little of the ancient names of their valleys and cities; only here and there you hear a name which calls to mind the times of the Greek history. The first place that we came to was Lacida, the place of our destination, which is undoubtedly the ancient Lycastus. We were extremely well received and

lodged. Our patient was just making a terrible noise, and in his raving was going to kill one of his best friends. He was held back, and told that the European physician had come to cure him. The people there believe that the cure depends on the will of the physician. He grew immediately calm, and received us very kindly, and with tears begged me to relieve him, as his situation was extremely distressing. He introduced his little boy to me, whose mother was a Greek woman, and told me to have pity for the sake of the child, because he well knew that I believed him a Musselman, unworthy of such a favour. From the account of the sickness I learned, that an immoderate use of wine, and a cold, had caused this state of half-insanity, but it was rather an affection of the nerves, which narcotics could relieve, but not remove. Being told that he took opium, and could not sleep easy unless he had taken a pill, I desired to see them, and was shown a box, large enough to contain a pound and a half of opium, which was two-thirds empty, and then another box of the same size, quite full. Each pill weighed about two scruples, a third part was aloes, but two-thirds opium! On my asking who had given it to him, I was told that when he was in the city Domenico had given it him to take to Lacida. Now I discovered why Domenico was angry when he learnt that this rich patient wished to speak to me, and why he had refused me some insignificant medicines, which I wished to take with me. To accustom a patient to such an immoderate dose, and do nothing else for him, really made me angry, and he had made him pay four hundred piasters for two such boxes, in order, as he told me, to get rid of him for a whole year. It was not possible, at present, to refuse him his pill in the evening, for he fell into convulsions, and his look was frightful. He could bear nothing that affected the nerves but narcotics; these, however, could not effect a cure, and had been already tried. I therefore forbade him, though he was a Turk, wine, rum, and arrack, and instead of his breakfast made him take the bitterest decoctions of centaury, drove him out of the house, made him ride, pay visits in the neighbourhood, and ordered him a cold sea-bath three times a week. This regimen was so successful, that I was able in a few days to order his secretary to cut off one-third of the pill, to leave it off by degrees. He was one of the richest individuals in the island, every body, even the Pacha, felt interested for him. This induced Domenico, without my knowledge, to report, and even to tell the Pacha that I was not able to cure him; adding, which was really the case, that I had no medicines. Unhappily for him a friend and relation of the patient was at Lacida, who was astonished at his composure and improved health. He afterwards went to Candia, where the Pacha, by chance asked him, in the presence of

Domenico, how the Aga did, and the answer being favourable, the Pacha asked his physician, how it happened that I could perform a cure without medicines? Domenico was confounded. Thus strangers have always justified me. I desired Georgi to proceed in the same course, and left him for a few days, to visit the celebrated mountain of Lassiti.

A poor Papa offered to conduct me thither upon his mule, while he walked by the side. I was astonished to hear those we met salute him by the titles of *Despota*, and even *Hagiasu*—Your Holiness. The road was steep, over rocks and precipices and past a deserted church, into a pleasant wood. About noon, the air blowing very cool, as we ascended higher my worthy priest could go no farther. A rigid fast of forty days, called the fast of the Apostles, had just set in, during which period a Greek is not allowed to taste either milk, eggs, butter or cheese. He confessed, half weeping, that he had eaten nothing to-day, and had not given any thing to his mule. I pitied him, he looked so hungry, and so wishfully at my provisions. I gave him some bread and wine, which cheered his spirits; but he still kept looking at the cheese, and asked if it was sinful to taste it. “God forbid,” said I, “I consider it as no sin, and if you think as I do, help yourself.” He had probably expected this consolation, for he did eat the cheese, and with much appetite. His mule browsed the shrubs, had taken nothing, and was to ascend the steep mountains; I was vexed at this, as we might reach the village too late, and it was mere stinginess in this priest, who had grudged his mule a handful of hay. We however reached the summit, and the level country lay before us. It is a large mountain lake surrounded by rocks, which has been drained and cultivated these thousand years, and has subterraneous vents for its waters. On the left appeared the strangely formed valley of Lassiti. At an elevation of at least four hundred toises above the sea, it has vineyards and corn, but no olive trees. A circle of alps piled on each other, on one of which I stood, enclosed an oval plain, covered with fruitful corn-fields, about seven English miles in length and four in breadth. Round the mountain were villages built on the declivity, the principal of which are Mangula and Zermiade. The drain is very remarkable. On the west side there are two deep mouths, into which the whirlpool of the mountain torrents runs off foaming. As these cavern-mouths are obstructed with whole trunks of trees, the lower half of the plain is changed in the spring into a lake, which inundates it, but promotes its fertility by depositing the slime of the torrents. There are two of these mouths, the waters which they receive appear again beyond the mountain, low down in the valley, at a distance of several leagues, and form the river Aposemeni. Unfortunately

we find no trace of this remarkable valley in ancient writers, and the Lyktians could not possibly have had their capital here, though the name Lassiti may be derived from Lyctos; and Lytton, as Strabo observes, signifies something in an elevated situation.

I came to Zermiade, the nearest village, and took up my lodging in the house of Chadsî-Georgi, the chief of the village. Every pilgrim is called Chadsî, who, as a Christian, has been to Jerusalem, or as a Mahometan, to Mecca. This is a title of honour, a kind of spiritual nobility. The Turks however acquire it on easy terms. As the pilgrimage to Mecca is attended with many dangers, so that of those who travel by land, sometimes less than two-thirds return; the rich generally send one of their clients at their own expence to Mecca, and when this deputy returns, the patron receives from him, by a cession, legally drawn up, the title of Chadsî, (or Hadgi); the pilgrim is not permitted to bear it in public, but if he dies he is buried with all the honours due to the title.—Our Chadsî, Georgi, as we soon perceived, had travelled into many countries, and possessed considerable information. We took a walk together, in which I met with many rare plants, and called in at the neat convent of St. George. The oldest Caloyers mentioned that no European or Frank had ascended Lassiti for the last twenty-seven years. They were very inquisitive after news, and especially when and where the dominion of the Turks would end? I, on the contrary, praised the government of the Turks, and observed that the Greeks were free from military service, and if a father had five sons, he had the happiness to have them all about him; the taxes were but a fifth part of those of the Europeans, and they might protect themselves from oppression by concord. Lastly, I observed, “that the present evil was often not so bad as the desired good.” I was obliged to speak in this manner, as well to reconcile them to their situation, and to point out to them many advantages, as to give no occasion to any misinterpretation of my visit, which already caused some surprise.

After a slight repast, at which my Papa would not drink out of my wine glass because I had eaten meat, I set out with this hypocrite, and returned by the same road to Lacida, where we arrived safe towards evening. My patient was much better, I did not suffer him to want exercise, and even made him work in the garden, which he set about, pretty much as the Emperor of China, when he ploughs once a year, with his officers of state; it however agreed very well with him. He had no want of amusement as soon as it was found to be of service to him; guests were invited, visits paid, and parties made to chase the Turkish partridges, which abound at Candia. The day passed

in music and dancing, and nobody disturbed me in my retreat. On the 9th and 10th of June I arranged what I had collected on Lassiti, and went along the valley of Mirabello to Critza, the ancient Crissus. I no where saw so many churches and chapels which stood desolate as here. Every Turk who pronounces, in a Christian church, *There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet*, profanes it, and Christian service can no more be performed, without offending Mahometansim. The Turks are said to have diminished, in this manner, the very great number of churches and chapels. The valley of Mirabello is said to be very fertile. In Critza the Subbaschi received me in a very polite manner, in his master's country house. He was a sensible man, and his interesting conversation was calculated to reconcile me with his nation. At my request he ordered a Turk to accompany me, in the morning, over the rocks of which Tournefort speaks so highly, on account of their rare plants. On returning home I gave him some money, which being observed by the Subbaschi, who just came up, he reprimanded him severely, and asked him, when I had retired, whether he was not ashamed to take money from a guest and a stranger. After this, to my great astonishment, nobody in the house would accept of any thing. I heard a strange remark, namely, that they were not sorry for the ague; another was more important, that the fever might be thoroughly cured after the fifth or sixth fit.

A Turk splendidly dressed, anxiously looking for me, galloped after us, and asked, in a voice of entreaty, whether I was going to Girapetro; that his only son was sick, and he begged me to help him. I the more readily promised to comply with his request, as I was much pleased with the frankness of his manner. Even in wildernesses, on the sea-shore, in solitudes, and on mountains, I was not a moment sure not to be looked for and solicited to afford aid. May a humane government one day provide for these numerous unfortunate people, who are destitute of all medical assistance. In the morning I went to visit my old patient, who was very well; my worthy priest, who had accompanied me to Lassiti, with two of his Monks, was with him, to my great astonishment employed in exorcising. The patient lay on the Divan, with his eyes closed, while the three monks, with large folio volumes, were exorcising with all their might, the unclean spirit in him. This lasted nearly an hour: before this the Turkish Imams and Dervises had been trying to expel it; but as this had no effect, they supposed it was not a Turkish devil, but a Greek one. I now learnt that his wife was a Greek woman, and had induced him to this step, in order to have the triumph of ascribing his recovery to the priest of her village. I do not

know whether it was their work, that the patient could bear strengthening remedies, which he could not before.

Having sent my papers and plants to my residence at Candia, I hired a horse and mules, and set out for Girapetro on the 16th of June, leaving Lacida, with the happy consciousness of having done as much good as the circumstances permitted. Georgi, who had been very attentive to the patient, did not receive any present, which vexed him the more, because he pretended something had been promised him. I consoled him as well as I could, because it was necessary for me to make friends in this barbarous country. Georgi, however, vowed that he would never again undertake any thing unless he knew what he was to have for it. I gave him to understand, that it must not be in my presence. Unfortunately for me he kept his word, as will presently appear.

I had never seen so beautiful a situation, or so picturesque a country as Critza; and our ride along a road, which wound up one of the ridges, seemed to have raised us from a terrestrial paradise into an ethereal one. Innumerable large and small waterfalls, rippled, and rushed foaming down the shady rocks; the zephyrs, which fanned the agitated leaves of plantains a thousand years old, mingled with the sound of the falling waters, and amidst the oleander bushes, adorned with the most splendid red flowers, countless springs united to form little brooks, which wetted the feet of our mules. To heighten the impression made upon us by this Eden, protected from the scorching rays of the sun, by the solemn gloom of lofty plantains and sacred oaks, we did not meet the care-worn form of the oppressed countrymen, but only the cheerful countenances of the contented Cretans.

The village on the eminence, where we intended to pass the night, seemed like Lyctos in ancient times, nearly abandoned by its inhabitants. The sight of a crown which I produced, convinced them that we were not come to take up our abode in the manner of the Gnoossians. Their mistrust, or rather timidity, entirely vanished when the men returned from the field in the evening; wine, bread, fowls, eggs, and fruits, were set before us, and the moderate prices did not deter us in our demands. In the morning, when the sun had scarcely risen, we hastened to view the south side of the island, and the Lybian Sea, which we beheld for the first time. As we went along the north side, I had been unable to see it, even from the Lassiti Mountains, because the summits were covered with deep snow. I longed to visit the south side; of our approach to which we were made sensible, by the warm south wind that came up from the valley. We now hastened down into the valley, till the heat increased to 22°, and

halted, quite exhausted, to take our dinner at the side of a well, near the ruins of ancient buildings. It was the 17th of June, and the harvest on the south side had already been reaped in May. The bare stubble only remained to cover the stony fields; and we had passed, in a few hours, from spring on the north side, to autumn on the south. No fountains, no verdant meadows, or fine plantains, attracted the eye as on the other side; the dead appearance of a plundered corn country, was not improved by the pale olive, whose scanty shade alone offered some indemnity to the weary traveller. At length, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we perceived the ruins of the ancient Hierapytna; then the white castle on the sea-shore, and the city of Girapetro, which has now become an insignificant town.

The transition from a paradise to the arid sea-coast, was too sudden, added to the oppressive heat, not to have some influence on our good-humour. We rode between the terraces of the fields into the town; and I was obliged carefully to guide my mule over the mutilated statue of a Minerva, of white marble, which is not found in the island, and which I perceived to be Parian. We were looking for a lodging, when the Dascalos, a Greek, equivalent to the secretary and steward of the estates belonging to the owner of Girapetro, and with the Subbaschi (who is always a Turk) his representative, the principal person of this poor town, came to meet us, and assign us a good apartment in the owner's house, where we could repose after our fatigues. This very extraordinary politeness made me imagine Georgi was acquainted with him; but the latter assured me he had never seen him before, and did not know how we had gained his friendship. In a moment he returned, and asked us to supper, just as we were preparing for it. I then naturally conjectured one of the family were ill; and in fact, I remarked his eldest son, a lad of fourteen years of age, who had an intermitting fever, common in the summer in the unhealthy situation of Girapetro: but a look of indifference at his son, shewed me that he had some other request. We had a cheerful and frugal repast, consisting of stewed meat, ragouts, chicken (very tender), pillaw, and fruit, with genuine Malmsey wine. An amiable old man, who was welcomed as the physician of the place, came in and entertained us with agreeable narratives of his travels in Syria and Egypt.

In the morning, Georgi came to me, saying that he had something to communicate to me, but begged me not to disclose it,—which I promised to do, if I could, and no other obligations arose from it. He then told me, that the Dascalos though he had a wife living, and four children, had fallen in love with a Turkish girl, the only daughter of aged parents: and that the

consequences of this connection were indubitable. His friend the Dascalos was in despair lest it should become public. For, should the parents of the girl discover it, the dreadful consequence would be his murder, and the sacrifice not only of his wife and children, but of all his nearest relations: the inevitable demolition of his house, not to mention that from the rage of the savage Candiot Turks, inflamed in the highest degree by this outrage, the fate of the other Greeks in this city would be very precarious! If he were not married, he might, to avoid this dreadful fate, go over to the Mahometan religion, and ask the parents to give him their daughter in marriage: but, as the case stood, there was no possibility of saving all those persons from the most shameful death. But ——— here Georgi stammered, and could not proceed; especially as it probably had not escaped him, that I guessed his purpose at the very commencement. I interrupted him in a manner which left no doubt of my resolution; strictly forbade him even to mention another word on the subject, (on pain of being dismissed my service) or to have any further connection with these bad people; and to take care not to let himself be seduced by them, as I should then be obliged to take steps which my duty would prescribe, and the more so, as he was in my service, and any bad action committed by him, would throw suspicion on me. He vowed and protested, that he had been obliged to tell it me, by the violent importunity of the Dascalos, though he had, at first, refused to have any thing to do with it; but this case was so important, that it was absolutely necessary to tell it me, in order to endeavour to avert it. This dreadful approaching catastrophe affected me extremely,—for, according to what I knew of the fanatic Turks, I could not but foresee the most terrible vengeance; but I could not, and dared not, attempt to guide or to avert the wonderful course of events, and the mysterious concatenations of fate, however threatening and awful they may seem, because these inconceivable intricacies frequently proceed to a solution equally wonderful and unexpected. It is not for man to sanctify the means by the end. Georgi thanked me for my serious admonition, and went to his usual employment. The next morning, as I was going out, there was a great bustle in the courtyard, and several mules ready laden, were on the point of departing. The country people were putting on a few trifles, when I came down the steps, and saw the Dascalos below. He came up to me, with suppressed anger,—bade me a good morning, and told me, with emphasis, that “His people were going to the city of Candia, and if I had need of any thing, he was ready to procure it for me.” I replied, carelessly, “that I had just come from the city, and wanted nothing.” I was now sorry that I had



not deceived him, and given him something that would do no harm, for he was undoubtedly going, in consequence of my refusal, to seek in the city more obliging physicians. However, I was, on the whole, glad to have no more to do with him; hastened to abridge my stay as much as possible, and resolved the next day to visit the eastern part of the island (Stia) in order to leave as soon as possible a place, where some accident must soon lead to the discovery, and to a horrible catastrophe. I desired Georgi, during my absence, to visit the opposite island to collect the rare plants, and to have every thing ready before my arrival, that we might be able to depart without delay.

I was obliged, indeed, to stop a few days;—visited several important places, collected rare plants, and found the Flora of north coast, different in many respects from that of the southern: at length, however, I set out for Stia, visited the principal places of this fourth government of Crete, and did not return from my excursion till the 30th of June. Just as I was about to depart thither, Georgi brought me the impression of an antique ring, in black wax, asking me whether I liked it: it belonged, he said, to a Papa, who had already had thirty piasters for it, but still retained it. I, of course, declined, as I did not collect antiques, and wanted my money for travelling; and this little stone, besides, which appeared by the impression to be damaged at the edge, did not deserve to be made an exception. Georgi, however, after I was gone, bargained for this trifle for himself; and was so imprudent as to take it out of its ancient setting, in order the better to examine it:—and the fisherman coming to fetch him, because the wind was favourable to sail to the island, he rashly put them both into his pocket, but lost the stone; whether on the way, on board the ship, or on the island, he could not tell; and so he had only the setting. Meantime I had concluded my excursion, and he had long since returned from the islands, when he was thrown into no small embarrassment, as the antique was demanded of him, for which he was not now inclined to pay so high a price. On the eighth day of my absence, I was again near Girapetro, when a young Turk galloped up to me, crying, “Doctor, hasten to the town, somebody,” so I understood him, “is poisoned, hasten! or you come too late!” Sitting on my mule, very much fatigued by my journey, ill humoured, and, from an accidental circumstance, just then very angry with the Ottomans, besides, thinking it was a Turk, I confess I thought it very strange at the moment, and was not disposed to give credit to it, and on the other hand I could have wished that all the Turks together were at the last gasp. I therefore did not spur my mule as I should have done, but reached the town, however, soon enough. All the streets were empty

where I came, and a death-like silence prevailed. I alighted at my own house, but found nobody there. On a sudden Georgi rushed in out of breath, and exclaimed, "Help! help! he has poisoned himself!" I, still thinking it was a Turk, endeavoured to pacify him, saying, "It is probably not so bad, do not you know what poison he has taken?" "Ah! yes," said he, "it is two grains of sublimate that he has taken." I quickly took my medicines, and hastened away; the narrow street was so crowded with people that I could scarcely pass; but what was my astonishment, when they led me to the house of the Dascalos, and I learnt that it was he who had taken poison: when I entered the room, I found him in the most dreadful state of agony, writhing on the sofa; his countenance was of a purple red, all his gestures indicated despair; the skin of the lips hung loose, being burnt off by the poison, his mouth foamed, his inside burnt like fire, and he had a rattling in the throat as he drew his breath. Three Turks were sitting by him. Scarcely half an hour before my arrival he had taken the poison, which he had received from the city some days before, when, by a wonderful coincidence, I arrived almost at the same moment as Georgi. The latter had already given him soap dissolved in water, which had perfectly succeeded in acting as an emetic. As continued vomiting might bring on apoplexy, I endeavoured to decompose the remainder of the poison by liver of sulphur, had him blooded, and quickly gave the necessary directions to save his life. When I entered the room, and full of astonishment could not comprehend the meaning of all this, he endeavoured to take my hand, and stammering, begged pardon, saying, "that in despair at my refusing his request, he had procured poison, to put an end to his existence." I was seized with horror at these words. But how happened it that the cause of this rash act should not be known, and that he, (for I saw the Turks sitting quietly by him), together with all his family, had not long since been victims of the fury of these barbarians? I had been most scandalously imposed upon: only I do not even now know whether Georgi was sensible of the deceit; in order the more certainly to induce me to this wicked action, they had pretended that the person with child was a Turkish girl, the only daughter of aged parent, that the vengeance would be terrible, and twelve persons would be in imminent danger of losing their lives. Thus they sought to persuade me, "in order to preserve the lives of so many persons, to sacrifice the precarious existence of one unborn infant." What a dreadful trial! I shuddered at the snare which had been laid for me, and the more so as this person was a common Greek prostitute of the worst character, and the Dascalos only feared being publicly disgraced through her, as he had a wife and four

children grown up. He satisfied the Turks by paying some hundred piasters, and according to the Turkish laws took this prostitute to wife, by making a declaration before the Cadi. Hence nothing took place of all the frightful scenes with which they had endeavoured to delude and mislead me. I called Georgi to account, and required from him a statement of the affair. He said, that since that time he had had nothing to do with him, and had this day returned from an excursion, almost at the same time as myself; the fresh plants which lay about the room confirmed this statement. He had been immediately sent for, and urged to give assistance; for the city physician, after administering milk, had declared he could afford no relief, and advised them to apply to us. Death-like fear had seized the unfortunate family, because they knew I was absent. The wife tore her hair, and their house was a scene of despair; a crowd of people filled the house, when Georgi happily arrived. The strong constitution of the patient allowed the necessary time; but nothing could equal my surprise, when Georgi informed me, that he had not proceeded to administer relief, till they had fixed the sum of three hundred piasters as the reward for effecting a cure, and bound themselves to the payment, by giving hands, in the presence of the Subbaschi and two witnesses: that this had taken ten minutes; and so half an hour had elapsed, after his taking the poison, before the emetic operated. "What," said I, "you could so long behold him struggling in the most dreadful agony, and bargain for his life? Are we even now certain that he will not die; and will not you, in consequence of this delay, have to bear, in a great measure, the blame of his death? Unworthy, wicked man!"—"It is true," said he, "that I delayed, but if I had not made this agreement, which is besides usual in this country, I should now receive nothing. You will see that, in spite of the promise confirmed by witnesses, and even though the man's life is saved, I shall have trouble enough to get my money. I beg you to stand by me and declare, that I, as your servant, asked the money in your name; that you pay my board and travelling expences, and that the money is your's. I earnestly intreat you to do it; you know my poverty, and that I however supply my younger brother with means to pursue his studies; that I have to support the whole family, and must take advantage of every favourable opportunity. Even you will have trouble to procure the money, for it appears to me that the Turks have already demanded it of the poor Dascalos. I intreat you not to forsake me!"

If I had by decisive measures given relief to the patient before it was too late, I was now desired to justify what I disapproved, to tread upon slippery ground, bid defiance to the Cadi and Subbaschi; and even force them to restore the money which belonged

to a Greek, one of their oppressed subjects and slaves. It was a difficult situation. Georgi now declared that I demanded my money; the Dascalos informed him that the Turks had already taken it from him; when they learnt that I had claimed it, they became servilely polite and disgustingly civil, and tried to persuade me to be satisfied with the half! Georgi begged me for heaven's sake not to do it, but to insist upon my firman, which being drawn up in the language of the Divan, was fortunately not well understood by any body. This business was disagreeable, but it was facilitated by the fear into which all the Turks were thrown; for the brother of the proprietor of Girapetro, their master, had been, by command of the Sultan, enticed by the Pacha of Candia into his chamber, and strangled. This uncommon example spread terror through the whole island. My remark that I was going to Candia, whence I should find means to get the sum paid, immediately brought them to reason, and the money was given up. The Turks plainly saw that it was only a pretext in me, that the money really belonged to him, and reproached him with the beautiful mule of which I had made him a present. They breathed revenge, and did their utmost to find means to ruin him.

The day before, I had in vain advised Georgi to settle his difference with the Papa respecting the lost gem, to go immediately, and as it was hardly worth more than ten piasters, give him fifteen for it. The Papa, when he heard that he had got the money, being instigated by the opposite party, violently insisted on payment; the Turks ordered him to demand three hundred piasters for it, which the old man did with trembling, and the Cadi, who was concerned in the affair, urged Georgi for instant payment. Georgi was now in fresh trouble, and wished me to assist him. I hastened to the house of the Papa, who intreated me to settle the dispute as I pleased, that he renounced all claim, as the remuneration for the gem, whether it were large or small, would be seized upon by the Subbaschi. I now shewed the Turks the impression in wax, said that I would have it valued in Candia by expert judges, or by order of the Pacha, and that the remainder of the three hundred piasters, which I was now prepared to pay, must be remitted for me to the Consul in Candia, who would defend my rights. This had some effect, particularly when I added, that besides the treaties with which they were acquainted, and the protection of my Consulate, I was likewise placed by my firman under the special protection of the Sultan, which of course extended to my interpreter as long as he was in my service; and as the owner of the signet had formerly been willing to part with it for something more than thirty piasters, the difference could hardly be ten piasters; how-

ever, to put an end to the dispute, I offered fifty piasters. I took out ten dollars, of five piasters each, and offered them to the Papa, who just came in. The Subbaschi was so imprudent as to take them from me, instead of the Papa. Georgi was free, but told me that I had given too much, and though I was so good and would take the twenty piasters on myself, he could not afford to lose the thirty. The mean Subbaschi, he said, had taken them from me in my very sight, that the Papa would receive no part, and he would not rest till he had obtained the money back again. I strictly enjoined him to let the matter pass; saying, he might be glad he had escaped so well. But the triumph of having reduced a number of Mahometans to silence by my means, was not sufficient to satisfy the hatred which he, as a Greek, felt towards the Turks, and notwithstanding my express order, he would not refrain from mortifying the Subbaschi in the most sensible manner, and extorting from him his miserable thirty piasters, which I had long since made good.

He went to the Subbaschi, affected friendship towards him, thanked him for his intervention, and told him in confidence that I was very angry at the bad treatment which I had met with here and no where else; that I intended to set out to-morrow by way of Lassiti, to make a serious complaint against him to the Pacha, on account of the fifty piasters, because he had evidently betrayed himself by being in such a hurry to take them. Nothing could save him but an apology and restitution of the money, for the least that could happen to him, if I should make it known in Candia, would be the immediate loss of his office as Subbaschi, and the inevitable displeasure of his master.—I was employed in arranging my papers and journals, when the door was suddenly opened, and the Subbaschi, a haughty Turk, throwing himself at my feet, held up the fifty piasters in a supplicating manner, imploring my forgiveness; and in fear of his life endeavoured to soften me by his exclamation of Allah! My surprise continued long enough to make the Subbaschi suspect that I perhaps knew nothing of it: I however recollected myself in time to cover this trick of Georgi, though contrary to my express order, but refused his money, saying, that what I had given was paid voluntarily, and as an equitable indemnity for the lost ring. He however laid the money upon the table, and was going out, but on my repeating that he must take it back, he turned to Georgi, who could not conceal his malicious joy, and seemed to beg him to take it. He was so imprudent as to take up the money in the presence of the Subbaschi, instead of letting it lie on the table, by which he betrayed himself as the other had done before. The Subbaschi was in the highest degree incensed at such an humiliation: his Mahometan pride had been forced to bend before that

of a Frank, and he, deceived by a Greek, had disgracefully begged upon his knees, his life, which he feared was forfeited. Nobody could deny me his esteem; even the Mahometans gave me their hands when I took leave; never had circumstances so happily concurred to prove the innocence of a man as they had done mine. I was not sorry to see that I had gained the regard of the mothers, and the esteem of the men; at least, I did not leave an enemy in this town. Georgi, on the other hand, whom I could not now do without, nor abandon, but resolved to dismiss in the city of Candia, was mortally hated, and new plots were contrived to ruin him. Not to interrupt the narrative of this affair, I pass over, for the present, my departure for Stia and the Mountain of Lassiti, the examination of it, and my return to Candia.

We had been some weeks in Candia, when we prepared to visit Mount Ida, having been detained, both by the Ramadan, or Turkish Lent, and by the necessity of repose after the fatigues we had undergone. The report of what had happened at Girapetro soon reached Candia, and the Consul was so kind as not to attach any blame to my conduct, so that nobody in Candia was ill-disposed towards me. He even excused Georgi in many respects, and was fully aware of the reasons for which he was persecuted, particularly by the Greek clergy. The Austrian agent, Mr. Booze, had resigned his situation, and Mr. Lafschelle, a native of Paris, had arrived from Constantinople to act as secretary and interpreter to the French Consul. He was a very worthy and agreeable man. Though I had a residence of my own near the palace of the Pacha, I was generally at the Consul's, where I had the advantage of making use of his library. My visit to the Bishop of Girapetro, a young man of about thirty-three years of age, and nephew of the Metropolitan, was for the purpose of making some agreeable observations to him on the fertility of his country, and the numerous antiquities, and to ask him occasionally for some explanations. He spoke of the late affair, and made Georgi relate it in my presence, and concluded with the suspicious words, '*That I should rather have left the wicked Dascalos to die!*' I avoided all explanation of the causes of this remark. Our friendly relations were soon disturbed by a letter from the Papa of Girapetro, who, at the instigation of the Turks, who were eager for revenge, complained of Georgi to the bishop of the diocese, the same we have just mentioned, who on account of illness now resided at Candia, and demanded the fifty piasters back. I do not know what means had been employed to irritate the Bishop of Girapetro against Georgi. It was said that when he was at Girapetro he had threatened the Papa, that if he demanded the fifty piasters from him, he would

accuse him to the Pacha of having found a great treasure, and the rich Papa would be punished for his rapacity, by having to pay thousands of piasters: Perhaps Georgi really said so; but he had been ill used. This remark, however, was sufficiently refuted by the sequel of the story; but an old grudge was revived, and but for me he would have been in great danger. The Greek clergy, who were much esteemed and protected by the Turks, took part in it; for Georgi had had the misfortune several years before, involuntarily to offend this same Bishop of Girapetro.

The council was held in the house of this bishop; and it was said, "It is better that one should die for the people, than that the whole nation should be destroyed." Georgi had brought with him from the continent, some notions respecting *superstition, the despotism of the Greek clergy, abuses, &c.* and had the imprudence to attempt to introduce, not only the vaccine, but some reasonable principles. I was invited, through the physician Giovanni, of whom I have before made honourable mention, to be present at the meeting. Alarm was painted on the countenance of Georgi; he begged me to go back with him to the house of the schoolmaster, which he would not leave without me. I foresaw the storm which began to darken the horizon. The proceedings of these miserable people were directed to the destruction of this imprudent man, who had brought other notions from foreign countries. The whole accusation was reduced to this:—"That Georgi was a wicked man, and did not deserve my protection." I calmly submitted to them, that the whole business for which this meeting was called was already terminated; stated what I had done, and that the Papa and Subbaschi had voluntarily renounced the sum. Lastly, I produced an impression of the antique, and said, that if it could have been of any use I would certainly have bought it myself; that it was in no case worth the eighth part of the sum demanded; observing that Georgi had drawn upon himself their displeasure upon other accounts. I requested them at least to wait till I had left the island, and he was out of my service; they might then proceed against him as he deserved, and punish him according to justice. He was now innocent; and if he was to blame, the fault lay with me, for I had decided the whole affair according to my own sincere conviction. I could not possibly comply with their desire to declare him not in my service, because he stood in need of my assistance, and I must both fulfil my duties towards him as a fellow creature, and maintain the articles of the treaties in a barbarous country. What I could not accomplish, the French Consul, who had taken me under his protection, would provide for. I added that I would enjoin him to be more

cautious, and I should besides soon leave Candia. This last point was the worst of all: "now or never," they thought. They made no reply to my observations, and appeared to be pacified, but said that he was a disgrace to me, that he improperly assumed the European dress, without being under protection, and lavished every art and flattery, to draw from me even a verbal declaration, or merely a single word, which might indicate that I would not keep him, or was dissatisfied with him, or even that I would yield to their entreaties. But all their arts failing, for they aimed at his life, and I could not betray him, the meeting began to separate; the more moderate and less eager retired, and the others thought of new plans. I however resolved immediately to send Georgi away, when on a sudden the Bishop of Girapetro, weeping for rage, rose, and implored me with uplifted hands to yield him up to him that he might destroy him. I shuddered, the blood rose into my face, and I said indignantly, as I retired, "Wretched man, you know not the pride of a Frank, and the magnanimity of the Europeans!" I was required to give up a man, that he might destroy him. What strange proofs of friendship people here demand! all this is a consequence of the moral corruption introduced by the despotic tyranny of the Turks. Hence I saw that I alone could protect him, and accordingly resolved not to forsake him.

I endeavoured, therefore, to send Georgi as soon as possible out of the city, and reprimanded him for having neglected the opportunity which he had had two days before to go to Melidoni, and wait for me there. He wept, and said, he could not possibly leave me now, because he was watched, and would be arrested. I seriously represented to him how he had already hurt himself by his obstinacy, and sensibly offended his enemies, who, in a barbarous country, had it at all times in their power to ruin him; for he had really been so incautious as to speak in many places in the city of the weaknesses, the faults, and the crimes of various persons, whose dignity, if not their persons, claimed some regard. His imprudence hurt him the more, as he had no party in his favour, and nobody excused his language and actions. I placed before him his previous conduct, and reminded him that he had occasioned me nothing but vexation, and that to save his life I was unfortunately obliged to keep him, which he did not deserve, because he paid no regard to my health. Among his enemies, he mentioned the Girapetrite, the interpreter of the Pacha, and Domenico. He had made the latter his enemy by refusing him the vaccine which he had acquired by purchase. Domenico required it from him because he was a new comer, and pretended, as usual, that he had



brought a better sort with him, by which he would have monopolized the whole practice, and Georgi would certainly have lost this little income, with which he supported an indigent mother and sister. Georgi, therefore, enjoined the mothers of the inoculated children not to shew them to Domenico, especially when the pock was filled with matter. This innocent means to secure his just advantages, so provoked Domenico, that he conceived an inveterate hatred against him, and joined his other enemies. Georgi, notwithstanding all his faults, had deserved well of his countrymen, because, as I have said, he was the first who procured vaccine matter in Crete, and had thereby saved many thousand children from perishing by the small-pox, which so frequently rages there; and was probably sensible of the state of slavery by which his country made such a contrast with the Ionian Islands: not to speak of other similar motives.

His enemies, as I learnt, again met, and resolved not to let their victim escape. First, they endeavoured to incense the Pacha against Georgi, in which they succeeded, by mentioning his threat to the Papa in Girapetro about the treasure, by which they touched the Pacha in a very sensible part. They added, that in the war against the Turks Georgi had fought in the ranks of the enemies, and had shewn himself at Chios and Smyrna stained with Turkish blood. Whether true or not, this did not fail to produce a terrible effect! It was immediately forgotten that Georgi had formerly cured the same Pacha of an intermitting fever, and had done him many services. They now sought to prevent me, and particularly the French Consul, from acting, and for the execution of their wicked design, chose the favourable opportunity of the Ramadan, which happened this year in July, when the Turks sleep and fast by day, but after sun-set pass the whole night in amusements. They therefore fixed the hour of eleven at night for dragging him out of my lodging by the guard of Janissaries, and executing the sentence which the Pacha had passed upon him.

The night approached, I waited long for Georgi in the house of the Consul, where he was to call for me to go home. At length he came, very melancholy, but the French Consul comforted him, saying he had nothing to fear, because in this manner his enemies could not so easily injure him. We returned home about ten o'clock, and heard the deafening sound of the Turkish music in the streets, which were now lively and lighted up.

I had just gone to bed, when Georgi, in constant anxiety, pale as death, walked silently up and down the room. I exhorted him to go to rest, but he said, in a piteous voice, "I

cannot go to sleep, I forebode to-day no good." I urged him to tell me his reason; he said the behaviour of various persons towards him, their cold silence, and many other changes which he had remarked, caused him to apprehend something dreadful, which was evidently contriving against him. I endeavoured to dispel his fears, and desired him to go to rest, because the candle burning in the chamber hindered me from sleeping; when presaging his impending fate, he implored with uplifted hands a short delay. I likewise apprehended no good, when suddenly there was a noise on the stone steps before the house, and several Turks began violently to knock at the gate, which was strongly secured. Georgi terrified, hastened to it, and perceived that there were seven Janissaries of the Pacha's guard. I had raised myself up in bed, when he rushed in pale as death, told me what was the matter, and exclaimed, "I am undone, help me, help, I am undone." "But what aid can I afford you? Unhappy man, in what a situation have you placed yourself," answered I, while I leaped out of bed, and hastened to dress myself.

"I know of no remedy," said I, trembling, "but for me to hasten to the Consul, inform him of the case, and come to your assistance, for flight is impossible, every outlet is guarded." "Ah, God!" groaned he, "what shall I do? To go to the Consul is in vain. I am already condemned, and before Laflechelle comes, I shall be sacrificed; my enemies have chosen this time when the Consul and all the Europeans are asleep—and I am undone!" "Courage," said I, "all is not yet lost," the Janissaries still loudly demanding admittance. "Collect yourself: does no means occur to you, as you are so well acquainted with the country and every thing? do not ask it from me, but I will help if I can."

I had scarce said this when his eye rolled, his lips trembled, and his tongue refused its service. At length he stammered; "I know only one way to save me!" "What?" answered I. "Ah, God! you desire to know it: if you—he hesitated—if you suffer yourself to be taken in my stead." Groaning and weeping he fell at my feet, and endeavoured to soften me, while I stood almost petrified with horror at such a demand.

I then gave vent to my feelings, and loaded him with merited reproaches. "What have you done to deserve that I should sacrifice my life for you? I have but one, and that you require of me. How can you venture to make such a request to any human being? Was it not enough that I did so much for you? Unworthy as you are, who have so often brought me into the greatest embarrassments, and caused me so much vexation; now you demand even my existence? Am I

here merely to atone for your follies with my life? why have you not already fled to Melidoni? Now that sentence has already passed upon you, shall I suffer myself to be arrested in your place, and to be cruelly executed? I am unacquainted with the language; whither will they take me? how shall I defend myself? Justice is here rapid and inexorable!" He was scarcely able to speak. "Ah, spare me, pity me, my sad fate is at hand! Ah, God! I have foreseen it—only you are able to save me; otherwise I am for ever undone. What will my poor mother, my sister, and my brother say, when they hear that I am no more? who will support them? who will comfort them? Oh, dreadful fate—I die innocent, the victim of cruel malignity! I must die if you will not save me; you may and will save yourself; have pity!" In an agony of despair he threw himself on the ground, and in his anguish called upon heaven for a deliverer. His fear rose to a terrible degree; for the guard, who apprehended that he would escape, violently insisted on the opening of the gate. A cold shuddering seized me, and I stood over him pale and speechless with terror. I could not fly to procure help, and no resource was left. A terrible conflict raged within me. I trembled at the thought of giving him up without making an attempt to save him. He did not deserve it, but I saw in him only a helpless and unfortunate creature. I could not bear the thought, and it would have been a source of reproach to me through life, if I should afterwards be convinced that I might have saved him by a small effort, and yet had not done it. But it was night, the sentence pronounced, the execution immediate, and the love of life strongly affected me; the probability of being recognized was indeed great, but in such a moment who will depend upon probabilities? Yet I trembled at the painful consciousness not to be able to do what I would, for if I did not love him, I had yet done enough for him to venture this also. I was most sensibly offended; his enemies were to triumph; I should see him snatched from me, and the French Consul outwitted; this roused my pride. I had said to them, "you know not the pride of a Frank, or the magnanimity of an European." I wished to redeem my pledged word; but the annihilating thought of death and mutilation unmanned me anew. All this passed before me with the rapidity of lightning, while the noise grew louder, and no further delay was possible. He hoped nothing further from me. While I, in the midst of conflicting emotions, called to mind the deeds of generous men and their sacrifices, and was unable to take any resolution, he broke out in a transport of despair, in the terrible heart-rending words of our Saviour on the cross, and exclaimed

with a dreadful voice: "*Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani.*" (My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!) I stood as if annihilated, and without consciousness. All idea of saving my life was vanished, and I saw inevitable fate approach; for it seemed to demand my life. I said with a tremulous voice, "Open the gate, I go." Should then man be at no moment of his life capable of any thing better than merely pious feelings? Should we be only sensible of the oppressive supernatural greatness of our Divine Master, and not be able to do for one, what he did for all? This humiliating feeling decided. I cannot describe what I felt: for there is an earthly annihilation, beyond which, when the mind has overcome it, every thing terrestrial vanishes, as something common and contemptible. My self-denial, however, cost me dear; I tottered to my table, for my feet could not support me; a dizziness seized me, I was fainting; and in the anguish of death, which was felt even by the body, I heard the echo of the well-known words: "*It is finished.*" Thus half-inanimate, I awaited my approaching fate.

Georgi rushed out, opened the gate, and soldiers filled the apartment. Fear winged his steps, and love of life gave him words for its preservation. The Turks had orders to take prisoner the servant, the interpreter, who spoke Greek and Turkish; they knew him, and yet did not take him. With affected cheerfulness, while fear of death raged within him, he told them I was the person whom they sought, that I did not speak, because I was going to meet my fate. Observing my weakness, he ran and fetched some water, sprinkled me, and trembling, made me drink, for his life hung on a slender thread. My wretched appearance, and total insensibility, contrasted with his presence of mind, confounded them. Besides, how should it occur to a Mahomedan to conceive what a Christian can do! Georgi supported me, implored me in a low and supplicating voice to take courage, and begged the soldiers to treat me with mildness. I forgave him all that he said in his own favour, for I gave him a right. I recovered myself; the guards desired me to depart; they had waited, they said, long enough, and led me away in the midst of them. I whispered to him as I left him—"Fly! that I may at least have the consolation of having saved you." He fled. On the way I pretended to turn into another street, and desired to be taken to the residence of the Consul; this I did, lest my submitting without resistance might create suspicion among seven soldiers, some one of whom might return and look for him. Thus I went full of resignation to meet my destiny.

An infinite number of people, who had collected at the fes-

tival, surrounded the entrance of the palace, and the report was speedily spread that a Frank was to be judged by the Pacha. Insult, ridicule, and abuse resounded on every side, and only the guard protected me from ill-usage, thinking to make me suffer in a far more terrible manner. I proceeded with an unsteady step, and it was necessary to clear the entrance of the mob, who pressed to be spectators of my punishment. I advanced and saw the preparations, but what I saw I cannot tell, for the sight confounded me, and I stood motionless as a corpse. My conjecture, however, that I should be recognised and set free, was confirmed, for it might justly be presumed that his enemies were present. At once a cry was raised—"That is the physician, and not his servant, what have you done?" The Janissaries looked at each other with surprize, knew not what to say, and immediately hastened away, while an ugly red-headed Jew, who now appeared like an angel of light, came up to me, and told me, what I knew before, that not I, but Georgi was wanted, and that I might withdraw.

I hastened, almost unconscious of what I did, to the house of the Consul, for it was necessary to complete my work, after having already done so much. I intended to request the Consul to have the Pacha informed and pacified, and to prevent Georgi being pursued; for I thought that he had got over the low part of the rampart near the harbour, and had fled to Melidoni. Happily I found the gate of the Consulate open, where lifting up my eyes, I was astonished to perceive by the lights on the steps Georgi standing quite lost in thought, for how could he shew himself to the Consul before I came. "Unhappy man," said I; he looked at me terrified; "what have you done? why have you not fled?" "Ah!" said he, "I have always found pity, and I shall find it again. Even in Melidoni I should not be safe." I hastened to the Consul, but was told that he had retired to rest. I found his chamber open, entered softly, and made a sign to him without speaking, not to disturb his wife. He made a sign that he would come, and I returned into the drawing-room. In a few words I told him what had passed, and called Georgi to relate it more particularly. The Secretary, Mr. Laflechelle, was sent for, while the Consul was considering how he should proceed with the Pacha.

I sunk down upon the Divan, but was not able to rise again; my faculties seemed benumbed. I heard every thing as if in a dream, but took no interest in it, for my health was undermined, and I was incapable of thinking: so I was found by the Candiot physicians.

Mr. Laflechelle went with the instructions of the Consul to the Pacha ; and Mr. de Vasse (the Consul) remained almost the whole night in the-drawing room, to give Laflechelle, when he returned, new answers to what the Pacha said, and Georgi impatiently awaited the issue. The guards having learnt that he had fled to the Consulate, came to the gate, as they did not dare to enter, and required that he should come out. As the dwellings of the consuls are an inviolable asylum, they can, in times of necessity, afford refuge to different fugitives, even if they do not belong to their nation, where they remain months together ; only they must not go out of the house.

Mr. Laflechelle, accompanied by a Janissary, went to the Pacha, with the articles of the treaty, in the Turkish language, in his hand, to refresh his memory. He there met with the Defterdar, chief treasurer of Candia, who is entirely independent of the Pacha, and was universally esteemed for his benevolent character. Mr. L. gave him a short account of the business, to which he replied, " I will go with you and do my utmost ; he is not the first whom I have saved from the fangs of the Dragomans, the scourge of your nation." The Defterdar jeered the old Pacha for having without reason, (that is without getting any money by it, which in Turkey is the regular cause of every judicial proceeding) been prejudiced against a poor devil by calumnies ; while Laflechelle freely represented to him, that he had acted illegally, in ordering his guard to enter the house of a Frank, and arrest one of his servants. The Pacha replied, it was only a hired house, and the servant a Greek, and deserving of punishment : as for the arresting of the physician, it was without his order. He now insisted that Georgi should be given up : Laflechelle however persisted that he was wrong in suffering his guard to enter even the hired house of a Frank, and that if he had any complaints to make, he might apply to the Consul, who would give him satisfaction ; but the Consul saw no fault in Georgi, and would not suffer any thing to be done against him till he was convinced of his guilt. The Pacha accordingly brought forward his grounds of complaint, which afforded an opportunity to correct his false notions, to convince him of the malice of the accusers, and at length, with the aid of his friend the Defterdar, to pacify him. The next point was, as the people still expected a show, and the whole affair had become known, to support the dignity of the Pacha, and give some kind of satisfaction in the eyes of the people. The Pacha demanded that Georgi should be given up, promising to punish him but slightly. It appeared, however, that he would condemn him to receive only ten strokes on the soles of his feet. But Laflechelle declared, that the French Consul

would not consent that he should receive corporal punishment. At last the Defterdar, who was pleased with Mr. Laflechelle's conduct, proposed, smiling, to deprive Georgi of his European dress, and thus to finish the business, for this was the Ramadan, when every body should be merry as long as the night lasted, and a masquerade was quite in season. The Pacha yielded, and solemnly promised to Laflechelle that nothing more should be done to him. Georgi was brought from the house of the Consul accompanied by Mr. Laflechelle, deprived of his dress, and obliged to put on a Greek habit, and thus ended the whole affair. Georgi was at liberty, only he was obliged to pay the fifty piasters himself to the Papa, in Girapetro. His brother hastened to Melidoni, to fetch papers for Georgi, who embarked on board a ship bound for Constantinople, in order to leave, as quickly as possible, a place where he had experienced nothing but trouble. He got on board the third day, till which time he did not leave the house of the Consul; and even then, it was necessary for Mr. Laflechelle to accompany him. I heard nothing more of him, but that he had arrived safely at Constantinople.

This history may teach future travellers, for whom I have chiefly written it, to be careful in the choice of their attendants in the Levant, and that it is not always possible to make a choice, as one is often embarrassed on account of the language, which is there an indispensable necessity. For the rest, I have never in the three years since my return related this story, even to my relations and most intimate friends, and would have suppressed it, for several reasons, in this account of my travels, or have only slightly touched upon it, merely to preserve the connection, were I not compelled and called upon to shew by this example, that mean self-interest is not the motive of my actions.

I will now return to the narrative of my travels. On the 20th of June and the three following days, a hot south wind arose at Girapetro, which came from the Lybian desert. It seemed as if it would kindle what it had dried up, and yet the thermometer was not above 24°.—Girapetro, where I arrived on the 17th of June, offered but few attractions. Degraded to a poor market town, but lately desolated by a violent earthquake, it did not put to shame the ruins of Hierapytna, which lay to the west; surrounded on the south by the sea, and on the land side by two salt lakes, it appeared to be entrenched within walls, which had been collected together from the ruins. The low houses with flat roofs, and jars placed upon them, with the bottoms knocked out to serve for chimnies, gave the whole place a comical appearance. From three to four narrow lanes

with a few shops, which are indeed open, but might as well be closed, as nothing is to be had in them, with a little square before the mosque, are the chief streets of the place. The other streets are formed by garden walls, with doors, for all the windows look inwards, and many apartments too have no windows; the door is kept open, and serves to admit air and light, as in many wretched places in Italy. The only minaret, formerly perhaps a pretty tower, had been half destroyed by the earthquake. Before the town, on the west of a fort which had been white-washed, to give it a neat appearance, if it wanted solidity, there is a long wall extending from the land into the sea, which was probably a mole built by the citizens of Hierapytna. The bounds of the former city may be traced by the various antiques which are dug up in various places. It would be interesting if some experienced person would accurately determine the limits of the ancient town.

The old Girapetro was called in the remotest ages, Hierapytna, but was perhaps subsequently called, according to Ptolemy, Hierapetra, for it had several names, as Cyrba, Pytna, and Camirus. A few capitals of the Corinthian and composite orders, mostly of Parian marble, which Crete does not seem to produce, afford a striking proof of its former splendor; they are now hollowed out for bowls and troughs for domestic use. Polished and fluted marble pillars of various colours are still standing here and there, and some used in building the houses. The remains of brick walls look like some ruins in Italy. The most ancient inhabitants of this city were perhaps the first Egyptian fugitives. The complexion of the Girapetrians is darker than that of any other inhabitants of the island, (the name of Egyptians is also given to them,) and their features are thought to differ from those of the ancient Cretans.

Swallows build in Turkey in all their rooms, the windows being purposely left open for them. At Girapetro they stay through the winter, which is a great happiness for the Turks, who are very fond of them. Nothing can equal the blindness of the flies in very hot weather: I could not dip my pen in the inkstand without first brushing them away. While I was reading, I was obliged to keep them off with my hand; but while writing, it was necessary to have somebody to drive them away with the fly-flap. The nights were very sultry, even more unpleasant than the days, and I could not recover my strength. It seemed necessary to set out on my journey to the mountainous district of Stia, and on the 23rd of June I left the town, with a Greek of the name of Marcus. At noon we stopped at a little stream, twelve miles from Girapetro, under a plantain tree. Here is the best water of Stia. Towards



evening I was passing by a solitary country house, intending to reach Etea, but a servant came out and invited us, in his master's name, to enter; the latter, a young man, received me in the most friendly manner, and shewed me his fine gardens, which contained the only orange and lemon trees I had seen since I left the north side of the island. He gave us an excellent supper, and the following morning accompanied me to Etea, which belonged to him.

We soon reached Armenues, where the mountain plain, with a few inequalities, extends to the end of the island. The convent which lies towards the south side is in ruins, and much resembles the abbeys of the middle ages. The following morning I hastened by way of Voila, where beautiful plants were in blossom on the rocks; at Chandra I saw very fine buildings, by Venetian masters; in Catalana, which I passed, the heat rose to 25° Reaumur. A number of people suddenly called to me to come into the next village, Sitano, and Turks came to meet me, and took me off my mule. They wished me to see a lunatic, who was raving in this hot weather, and was obliged to be confined in irons. Not to be detained, I advised bleeding, warm baths for the feet, and cold bandages upon his bare head.—I had reached Itano, the extreme eastern end of the island, which, from the situation and other circumstances, I must declare to be the ancient Itanum, as Etea appeared to me to be the birth-place of Myson, one of the Seven Sages of Greece. When we reached the mountain ridge I again saw the north coast, especially the great Cape Acrotiri, otherwise called Capo Sidero, but by the Greeks Cabo Drapano.

Lost in the enjoyment of this beautiful prospect, we gradually descended towards the wretched village of Caradi. If ever I saw poverty and content together, it was here; it seemed doubtful whether the inhabitants had ever put on a new or whole garment, for their rags appeared to have descended from their great great grandfathers, but their cheerful countenances made up for it. I rested under a tree out of the village, where they brought me eggs and butter, some cheese and coarse bread, for these poor people never separate the bran from the flour. A poor lad who had lost his sight by the small-pox came with a very neat *dactylayra*, he tuned the four strings very well, but played very ill; however the compassion he inspired hindered me from damping his cheerfulness by asking him to cease playing, and I bore the discord not to deprive him of the pleasure of thinking that he amused me. When I offered to pay, they seriously refused to take any thing, I doubled the sum I intended to give, and forced it on them; I was affected with this disinterestedness united with their poverty, and was convinced of the truth of the position,

that man is commonly liberal in proportion as he is poor. I wished the blind musician the recovery of his sight, the inhabitants the preservation of what they possessed—content—and departed. A red clay, which covered the Flotz lime-stone, and ceased a little below the village Caridi, gave the country a singular appearance. I had now travelled through Crete to seek chalk, and at the end of my journey found ruddle, a proof that there are lies a thousand years old. We descended to Mangasa, and had opportunity to admire the patience and industry of the inhabitants, who had turned to advantage every hand-breadth of land that was found among the rocks. This appeared to me the roughest and most stony part of the island. A steep wall of rock afforded a fine prospect, but made me despair of getting down into the valley. The last beams of the setting sun were fading away before we found the way down. The groups of small vessels which were in sight seemed not disposed to come a-shore; we learnt that they came from the Archipelago, to collect sponge, which is very abundant on this part of the Cretan coast.

Casho, Scarpantho, Rhodes in the remote distance, further to the left Stalimene, Namphio, and to the west Santorin, with the singularly indented coasts of Crete, afforded an interesting prospect. We reached the valley late in the evening, and took up our lodging with the Subbaschi of Chalil Aga, whose possessions extend thus far. When he had read his master's letter, he laid his hand upon his head to signify that I was recommended to him, and as dear to him as his own head. In the afternoon I was going to set out in order to reach the rich convent of Acrotiriani or Panagia, when the Superior came upon business, and ordered a monk, who was going back, to accompany me, that I might experience the best reception. We had an agreeable ride to the convent, which is called by way of eminence *Toplumonastiri*, the rich convent, hence it is obliged very often to act consistently with its name; for every new Pacha, as soon as he arrives, demands proof that it is entitled to it. The monastery is of moderate extent, with a detached church and a small chapel within the walls. Being built by the Venetians it is now much out of repair. It has every where a dirty appearance, for it is not usual to white-wash the walls, which is a privilege of the Turks. A convent which should new white-wash any part without permission, would have to pay a considerable fine. The Mosques are always clean, white, and neat; but Greek churches must look dirty within and without; if any chapel were handsomely white-washed, even though permission had been purchased at a high price, it would be a perpetual cause of extortion, and would expose the convent to endless vexations from individual Turks, and

to their hatred. To paint a church with colours would be the greatest crime that could be committed.—The youngest priest in the convent acted as my guide, and attended to me in every respect. He shewed me a bas-relief of the Madonna, made by the Venetians, and regretted that the portal, likewise of Parian marble, had been taken away by the Turks, and used for another building in Candia. The church, which is a very low dark chapel, dirty with smoke, possessed a very large altar-piece, of the Byzantine School, divided into many compartments, the finest performance of that school I have ever seen. Each compartment was painted with separate historied subjects from the Bible, which, after the manner of the Greeks, embraced almost the whole of the Old and New Testaments. In parts it was not destitute of merit as a work of art; but clearly shewed how difficult it had been for the ingenious, but ill-informed artist, to depart from the prescribed manner: I was surprised at the sight of the steeple. The earthquakes in 1815 had burst the upper half, the dome lay broken and on one side, with part of the cornice fixed in a rent, like a wedge. It was in imminent danger of falling and destroying the main building, a breath of air seemed sufficient. On my asking why the convent did not repair the steeple, as it was rich enough, and in danger of being buried under it, he replied, that a very expensive firman from the Pacha was necessary, which might perhaps go to the Porte, and lead to the disbursement of large sums; that besides they did not want the steeple, because, since the time of the Venetians, they must make shift with hand-bells. I said then, they should take down the steeple half way, by which they would save the expence of repairing it, since they did not want it; but he answered, that two firmans would be necessary, one for leave to take down the steeple, and the other to rebuild it, and these might cost more than the repairs; if they wished only to take it down, without rebuilding it, as they were not allowed any bells, they must however pay for both. He added, that the Superior had made an accurate examination of every part, and hoped that the steeple, if it fell in, would not fall upon their heads, but in the opposite direction; and told me in confidence, that to prevent accidents, they had placed beams and wedges in the inside, in such a manner, as to make it fall in the direction they desired. Any reason, however insignificant, suffices for the Pacha or any rich Turkish neighbour to call the convent to account. Some time ago a Turk was killed, by an enemy who lay in wait for him near the convent; he was found, the convent was made responsible, and without listening to any arguments, sentenced to pay twenty-five purses, of five hundred piasters each, on the whole about five hundred pounds sterling.

The road gradually declined towards the cleft, which separates Cape Sidero from the continent; and we came to a uniform sea-beach, covered with dwarf shrubs. Our way led through a plain, which was crossed by a rivulet; on the other side are the ruins of the town of Setia, which, in all probability, is the ancient Cytæum. Under the Venetians it was the capital of this province, but it is now a heap of rubbish. If an antiquarian tour were undertaken in Crete, for the express purpose, all the hundred cities might be found out.

I came to Piskocephalo, a pleasantly situated village, and gave my letter to the Subbaschi, a Turk. Hearing that I wished to have his young mule, he already devoured in imagination the money of a Frank. I had seen many a miser, but never before such a greedy looking rogue. The young mule was shewn me, it was certainly a handsome animal, but not quite fit for my use; however, I thought if Georgi kept it well for a year, (it being intended as a present to him) it would do him good service for fifteen or twenty years. I asked my guide, the Greek Marcus, what he thought it was worth, but he would not venture to give an answer for fear of the Turks. The Subbaschi demanded an exorbitant price, and trembled for fear, when I rose to go away. At length we agreed for two hundred and fifteen piasters. But I was really vexed, when I took out my purse with Venetian ducats, which the Subbaschi seemed ready to snatch out of my hand. He clamoured for a pair of scales; and the slightest deficiency in weight gave him a wide field to cheat at pleasure. His covetousness amused me; and I looked on quietly to see how far he would carry it. In the end he deducted from some ducats from Constantinople, the eighth part of the value, and six gold coins from Egypt, worth eight and a quarter piasters, he estimated at six. I looked at him in silent contempt, and only lamented that I had not the talent of a Hogarth to immortalize this group of greedy Turks. At the end, however, I spoke—took the paper out of his hand—corrected his calculation—and took some pieces of money back again. His grief at this was extreme; but he was obliged, though with sorrow, to acknowledge the bargain concluded.

We proceeded along the mountain from rock to rock, through clefts and defiles, till we arrived at Trebisonda and Turtuli. I had not yet found any part so abundant in springs, which surprised me the more, as the mountains of Stia are not considerable. A hollow valley, surrounded by aged forest trees, with the finest fruit trees growing on the declivities, appeared like a Paradise, enclosed by a circle of lofty and steep rocks. The deep valley was cleared of the corn; the sun burnt upon the stubble; but on the eminence, every beam was intercepted by the most beau-

tiful oaks; and streams, which increased the coolness, flowed on every side. The village lay in the middle, each house being surrounded by orange groves. These charms were enhanced by a great number of nightingales, which, even at this advanced season, poured forth their song. The Venetians must have been acquainted with this beautiful spot, for they called it Turtuli, which name it still bears from the number of turtles that frequent it. The ground, protected from the sun, was every where moist; the crystal water flowed into basins hewn in the rocks, pomegranates, lemon, citron, and orange trees, richly laden with their dazzling fruit, invited the stranger. The slender dark green cypress shot up amidst the oak forest, and the date, with its fans and its rustling crown waving in the breeze, contrasted with the surrounding masses of rocks, altogether afforded a surprising picture. The Subbaschi of this place, a good tempered and extremely honest man, was esteemed and beloved by the villagers.

I now sent my Greek Marcus before me, with some hundred lemons, by way of Litines to Girapetro, and told him the persons to whom they were to be delivered. I had been urgently requested to purchase some in Turtuli, because they are scarce at Girapetro. Here I purchased from twelve to sixteen for a penny. The Subbaschi himself gathered them for me with great care, and procured me a man from the village to guide me over the mountains to Girapetro. This man had been fifteen years in the laboratory of an European apothecary at Smyrna, where he acquired sufficient knowledge to set up for a physician in his own country. He told me that he the more readily accompanied me, because he was expected in several places. He carried a bag with various boxes of medicines, powders, &c. and for ten para, he was ready to draw off as much blood as you pleased. About three hundred paces beyond Turtuli, I overlooked from the eminence the whole south coast, and the Libyan Sea. As we went along the ridge of the mountain, I perceived an old ruined castle upon a rock, which my guide assured me had been built, in former ages, by a certain Adiomenes; the outward walls were in good preservation, and it was probably built by the Saracens to watch the Eastern Sea. A steep descent led to the village Cria. A fountain near the village, protected by rocks, and surrounded by lofty plantains, tempted me to stop and drink the water, which was the coolest I had tasted for a long time. A Turk accosted me in a very friendly manner, politely enquired from what country I came, and invited me to his house. Without suffering me to be troubled with patients, he set before me every thing his house afforded, even wine, to which he helped me himself. I could scarcely venture to give the servants some trifling pre-

sent: he accompanied me some distance from the village, thanked me for the honour I had done him, and would not allow me to make him any acknowledgments for his kind reception. Upon urgent intreaty, he had before taken me to a single patient who lay in a fever, caused by ill treatment of a dangerous wound, and was at the point of death. I could not comply with his repeated request to tell him whether the patient would recover, because death appears much less terrible to the Turks, on account of their fatalism, and on his return he would certainly have called upon the patient and told him the good news, that he would soon die. The sick people had run before, and waited for me behind a bush, because the Turk had sent them all away, telling them not to trouble me with useless questions. The whole group now surrounded me, each took pleasure in telling me his misfortune, and all went away comforted. After a very picturesque ride through Hagio-Mama, Riso, Mezzo-Mujana, and Oxo-Mujana, we turned round the mountains, and arrived at the mountain village of Turloti, which is built above two of the largest ravines of this mountain, and affords one of the finest prospects of the sea. I slept this night in the open air upon the terrace. The brilliancy of the stars, the serene horizon, and the calmness of the night, interrupted at times by the gentle breeze, refreshed me so much, that I felt new life in me, notwithstanding the fatigue I had undergone in traversing the almost impassable mountains. I rose at day-break, and took a little excursion, on which I found the *Linum arboreum* upon the rocks, so uncommonly large, that I could with justice call it arboreous.

On my return I found my attendant, with his boxes arranged before him, with a number of people asking for medicines. I wished each of them that it might do him good, and my apothecary plenty of custom. I then engaged another guide, a lively pleasant fellow, who chattered as if he had been an apprentice to a Roman Cicerone, had something to say of every village, laughed at the Greeks, cursed the Turks, and talked till he was out of breath.

I have already related my return to Girapetro; and the events which happened there. There was now nothing to detain me from visiting the Lassiti mountains; besides I intended to ascend Mount Ida at the end of July, and to visit the Leucaori in August; but before I left Girapetro, the city physician invited me to his house; he had observed to Georgi, that we had fared very ill at Girapetro, and seemed obliged to us for having saved the life of a person to whom he was physician. He was a good-humoured old man, and pleased me very much. He called to take us to his house. We had already been in the

worst streets of Girapetro, but we had not conceived there could be a house so difficult of access, and so filthy. The physician stopped at a door, which we could not possibly think led to a dwelling-house. On his knocking it was opened. A small court-yard in front, as narrow as the door, afterwards only twice as broad, surrounded with such high walls as scarcely to admit the day-light, afforded few materials for consideration. At the farther end was a single door standing wide open, through which there was a prospect of a complete lumber-room. Where will this lead to, thought I? The dark, smoky, dirty apartment, was not lighted by a single window: the floor was uneven, consisting only of rubbish; the threshold very high, so that we had to descend about half a yard at the first step, with imminent danger of breaking our necks. The open door admitted the only light into this half subterraneous apartment, which served for kitchen, sitting-room, wine cellar, and poultry yard. The hostess, dressed like a cook, came from the fire to meet us, and placed some three-legged stools, on which wood, meat, and tobacco were by turns chopped. At length the doctor said, "Are you ready, my dear." "Yes," answered his wife, "we can serve up". Now, thought I to myself, we shall no doubt have an excellent dinner, burnt soup, mouldy biscuit, and sour wine. But what a metamorphosis! The hostess first ordered the servant to shut the door. This she did, and barred it. Hereupon both he and his wife dressed themselves; he fetched a handsome Persian caftan; a carpet covered the ugly furniture; a small table was brought, upon which they placed a large handsome plated tea-board; Chinese porcelain covered the table; decanters of beautiful polished glass, gilt, were produced; the Cyprian wine was set before us in cut-glass jugs; silver knives, forks, and spoons, were laid upon the table; and dinner was served up. I could not speak for surprize. It was well dressed, consisting of more than ten dishes, besides confectionary which our hostess herself had made. The richest individual need not have been ashamed to set before his guests such a repast. But we had scarcely done dinner, when every thing was cleared away and concealed, so that no trace of all these handsome and valuable things remained; and when the doctor had again put on his ragged morning gown, the greatest appearance of poverty prevailed; the door was again opened by the maid; and every one who had come in would have sworn that we had nothing better than Rumford Soup.

This short account proves how great is the oppression and barbarism in this country; God grant we might say *was*. If any person possesses the least thing, he shews it to strangers rather than to natives. Wealth is a crime; and he that possesses

any thing is exposed, on every trifling occasion, to persecutions which never cease till the Turk knows that he has nothing more to lose. It cannot be believed to what a degree a distrustful, slavish, and inhuman treatment degrades the nation; takes from it all sense of honour, confidence and respect for the laws, where the people are every where surrounded and watched by informers, spies, and hirelings, who, that they may the more easily fatten on the labour of the peaceable citizen, must prove, by fictitious and false statements, that they do not receive their blood-money for nothing. The strength of the Porte, (not to speak of shocks from without) consists—it cannot depend on its soldiers—in exciting discord among the inhabitants, in frequently removing the Pachas, that they may not have time to make themselves independent, and in favouring alternately different parties in the state. The Porte swarms with informers, spies, and wretches ready to execute any order: for Islamism sanctifies any deed.

We applied to a rich Turk in Girapetro, who procured us five mules, and, as soon as they were laden, left the town, riding over shafts and capitals, till in a short time we were in valleys between the rocks, where streams flowed down on every side, and put me in mind of Turtuli. I soon came to Calamata, a fine well-watered district, which was visited by Tournefort, who ascended to the left into the lofty mountains, where he first found the *Prunus prostrata*, which he so highly praises for its beautiful flowers. Labillardière found it afterwards on Lebanon, and gave it the above name. It is probable, therefore, that many of Sibthorp's and Smith's plants of the Flora Græca, may be in the still unarranged Herbal of Tournefort. Calamatta seems, from its favourable and elevated position, to be not far from the ancient Lyctos. The houses are scattered, and as it happened to be Sunday, the inhabitants were sitting before the entrance, and saluted us in a very friendly manner. I had no where seen so much composure and content, simplicity of manners, and neatness of dress. Their ingenuous countenances pleased me so much, that I would have entrusted my life to any of them.

Great praise was bestowed on the steward of the place, an elderly, good-tempered man, and, as usual, a Turk. He had heard we were coming, and was expecting us. It was to be presumed that he wished to ask for advice, and in fact he mentioned his wife, and, finding I did not want an interpreter, introduced me to her; there was nothing the matter with her; but it gave her pleasure that she was able to complain to me. When I returned dinner was ready; the wine was excellent, and the charges extremely moderate. Though I would willingly have staid, it was necessary to depart, because it was nearly four o'clock, the mules



were heavily laden, and we had twenty-five Italian miles to go, above half the way up hill. The country through which we passed was uncommonly pleasant: instead of the noise which the wind makes in the plain, as it drives the sand and dust before it, a profound silence, interrupted only by the murmuring of the streams, prevailed here. The air was thinner upon these mountains, which are seven hundred toises perpendicular above the sea, and afforded a prospect which became more extensive as we advanced. At length we began to descend, but the road was extremely fatiguing and disagreeable. It was a dark night, and the last rays of the setting sun had long since departed from the lofty summits of Mount Dicta. The last steep declivity was passed; we reached the valley, and had only three miles to Mangula, where we arrived at eleven o'clock at night. The next morning I opened my window, and was astonished at the beauty of the mountain valley of Lassiti, which is the most lovely spot in the mountainous region of Crete.

On Monday the 7th of July, I reposed, and took a view of our landlord's house. The building formed a square, and stood on a considerable elevation above the valley; the sitting rooms were on the edge of a rock in the middle of the village. Behind the house was a fountain which bubbled out of the naked rocks, surrounded with elms and walnut-trees. This was a charming seat, commanding the whole of the valley and extensive corn-fields. One day as I returned from an excursion, I enquired for fowls and eggs; an old woman asked, for what? I gave her to understand that I would let her know: she brought eggs, and showed me the fowls, and again asked for what? I did not leave her in doubt, but she was quite shocked and said, "if I was a Christian, how could I ask for any such thing?" I represented to her that it was not a fast-day with me, but she answered, with good-natured simplicity, that she would not be the cause that any one should break the fast, and then be damned for it. She thought I wanted them for my Janissary, and in that case she would have given them to me. I asked the price of these articles, which she indeed told me, but carried them away as fast as she could. A remedy was soon found; the Subbaschi took the money from me, and sent his servant, a Turk, to procure what I wanted. To fast and to believe are, in Crete, synonymous terms; he who does not fast, does not believe.

On the 8th of July, I visited the foot of the mountain, or rather Alp, Dicta. A perpendicular wall of rock towards the north met our astonished eyes, after we had ascended two hours. I rode on a mule, and my guide, a peasant of Mangula, walked by my side. The Cretans, with their boots without heels, climb as easily as the Chamois hunters with their irons. Large fields of

snow lay under the wall, which might be at least six hundred toises to the summit. The good-natured peasants gave me milk and cheese, but did not partake of any themselves: I invited my guide to take some, as he was tired, but in vain. The shepherds said that if they were at the top of the mountain, they would do it, as it was permitted there; here they were obliged to fast with the others in the village. Without enquiring the reason of this strange expression, I asked the way to the summit; my guide was ready to go immediately, in order to profit by this agreeable permission; but to his great sorrow I resolved to return home. On the way, however, I promised to ascend it the next day. We set out early in the morning upon this expedition, which afforded me an ample collection of rare plants. From the summit I beheld the valley of Lassiti at my feet; the Archipelago extended in boundless distance, and countless islands floated on the horizon. This was the first considerable elevation in Crete I had ascended; it appeared to me as if the two ends of this island formed a bridge to pass over from Europe to Asia. On the south side are two other summits, nothing inferior in height to the one on which I stood, and which was called Effendi (Lord), or Stauro (Cross.) I returned home in the evening well satisfied with the fruit of my expedition, and hastened through the broad cleft by the side of the rocky wall, while my guide took the shortest way home. The harvest was to commence the next week, and this induced me to abridge my stay that I might be able to procure a sufficient number of mules to convey my collection to Candia. One day, meeting an old man leading a mule laden with charcoal, I asked him if he ever went to Candia? he replied in the affirmative, and said that in two days he should go there with charcoal. The sum which he expected to receive was so small, that he would in fact have made his journey for nothing, as the charcoal could not be cheaper in Lassiti itself. I proposed, laughing, to buy his charcoal on the spot, at the price he would receive in Candia, on condition of his conveying an equal weight of my baggage for nothing; the good old man said he was quite satisfied, and took the charcoal to my house, where I exchanged it with the Subbaschi for wood. Far, however, from desiring to take advantage of the poor fellow, as, in the literal sense of the expression, he would have carried my baggage for nothing, I surprised him with the same payment as I had agreed to give the other country people; paid for his provisions on the road, and gave him wine, which filled him with joyful astonishment, but made me melancholy to see so much poverty united with so much disinterestedness. My last visit was to the back-ground of the valley between the rocky walls, through which the largest ravine winds. Frightful was

the appearance of the masses as I advanced into this ravine; prodigious blocks of stone were piled upon one another, and standing on their edges seemed to need but a slight touch, at once to fill up the whole ravine which they overhang. The botanist enters with fear and shuddering this awfully sublime spot, but passes through it with pleasure, and leaves it gratified.

On the 15th of July we set out, and loaded five mules with our baggage; for all that we had collected at Stia, Girapetro, and on Lassiti, was now together, and had to be sent to Candia.

We found in the capital all the Turks in consternation. A secret order of the Sultan had been received to seize Bedri Effendi, the richest landholder in the island—a proud, insolent, and very artful man—to kill him, and confiscate his property. This order was not easy to execute; the Pacha's troops were few, and open violence evidently impossible. The arrival of a Capidgi Baschi had excited attention; but it was reported that the Sultan had sent orders to repair the fortresses of the island, especially Candia, and the great men of this province were to bear the expence. This afforded a pretext for calling an assembly of the principal Turks of the island, at which Bedri Effendi was present. The first sitting was passed in reading the firman, and in the necessary enquiries and discussions. The second was likewise ended, when the Pacha rose and took Bedri Effendi aside, on pretence of important business. They walked up and down, till the Pacha brought him into the garden, where he pretended that he was obliged to retire for a moment. A signal being given, eight servants rushed out, seized Bedri Effendi, who resisted furiously, bound and strangled him. The Pacha then returned to the assembly, who were alarmed at such a noise, coldly produced the secret firman, and read it aloud to the astonished meeting: the Sultan commanded Bedri Effendi to be strangled on account of his disobedient conduct, and his notoriously wicked character. His corpse was produced, and delivered to his unhappy family. The assembly thus mocked, broke up: the Capidgi Baschi confiscated and sold the whole property, and so reduced the whole family to beggary. Thus the Pacha made himself formidable, and obtained great influence in the affairs of the island; and the fortifications, though it was clearly seen that they had been only a pretext, were however required to be completed.

The fine spring weather was passed; the oppressive heat deprived the fields of their verdure; my health was weak, and I had need of repose. About this time, the affair of Georgi occurred, which completely undermined my health,

so that it was not till the 14th of August that I could depart, accompanied by Elias, a brother of Georgi, whom the latter had recommended to me on his departure.

When we reached Anoja, the highest mountain village on the way to Ida, all the inhabitants ran out to see me, as they had never seen a Frank before. After we passed Anoja, the road was very fatiguing: we had to pass three great clefts or ravines; once we had to descend to the very bottom, and then to clamber up again, by which much time was lost. After going a long way about, we approached a large open place, which we called *is tin Ida*. It is said to have been inhabited during the time of the Venetians, which is confirmed by the numerous dwelling-houses, and even a chapel, though quite in ruins. The snow, which never falls in the valley, lies here till the month of March. We passed the night in the open air, having happily procured a lamb from a shepherd, part of which was roasted for supper. My guide kept up the fire, the warmth of which was very agreeable in the coldness of the evening on this mountain, while I went to sleep. The prospect in the morning, as Ida was gradually illumined by the rising sun, was beyond description striking and magnificent. We ascended this colossus but slowly, and it was not till two o'clock that we reached the summit. The number of peculiar and rare plants detained me till it was absolutely necessary to set out on our return, that we might reach Anoja before evening. On Saturday towards evening I went from Anoja to Hagio Jani, a beautifully situated mountain-village, which we reached at sunset. It was surrounded by innumerable trees. The *Agave Americana*, with stems six or seven fathoms in height, adorned with the finest blossoms, stood on the ridges of the fields, and in the clefts of the rocks; thousands of bees buzzed around it, and every stem bore hundreds of thousands of blossoms. I then proceeded to Piscopi, which I thought was even more beautiful than Hagio Jani. When I rode on, the following day, a number of persons waited for me at the village below, to seek comfort by uttering their complaints. I hastened on, for I saw no sickness, but only the melancholy consequences of the neglect of a people erased from the list of the free nations of Europe.

At Rettimo I found my old lodging, and my old friends. Here I reposed for some days; and on the 31st August set out for Canea. When I had got within eight miles of it, my mule suddenly became restive. I saw nothing which could make it shy, but turned back and then rode forward again. With much difficulty I brought to the same place, when it

became very unruly, and, in spite of my efforts, threw me—happily without causing me any injury. Two peasants caught it, and one leading it, while the other urged it on with blows, we got into the valley of Cicaleria: there it was quiet, but so melancholy, that it would not look up. On my asking the countrymen what they thought might be the reason of its suddenly becoming shy, they coolly answered, “*It smells the plague,*” which convinced me that this must be a frequent occurrence. When I entered, the whole city appeared to be dead: knowing that my gardener had observed no quarantine, I did not go to my own house, but to the Consul’s. M. Barbieri was delighted to see me safe; my German gardener, he told me, had caused him great alarm; for he went out two or three times every day; if he happened to meet a funeral, he followed, and yet by a miracle he had escaped. While we were speaking, the gardener came out on the balcony of my house, which was on the opposite side of the harbour, and seeing me, hurried to come over to me. The Consul, after a moment’s consideration, allowed him to come up; tears flowed from the poor fellow’s eyes, and also from my own; for we seemed to meet beyond the grave.

I resolved to wait for the vessels bound to Egypt, to view, meantime, the Sphakiote side of the island, to ascend, once more, the Leucaori and Ida, to examine the Labyrinth, in company with M. de Vasse, the French consul at Candia, and then to embark, with all my collections, for Alexandria. My first excursion was to the Leucaori, and thence to Sphakia. The road was stony and very steep. On an eminence we met with a Sphakiote shepherd fully armed, who showed us a more convenient road, and towards evening we came to a lofty ridge, from which we looked down into the valley of Schtifo. We were just going to descend when a piece of rock gave way under my feet, and I slipped off it, happily on the side, while it rolled thundering down the precipice. I was severely stunned, but happily broke no bones. Supported by my good-natured guide, I managed to reach Schtifo, half a league distant. There was far more animation in Sphakia; and I forgot what had happened to me. The country people, more free, cheerful, and open, came joyfully to meet me—astonished to see a Frank make his way among the masses of rock. I had long been known to them. The papa of Amudari, which was nearer than Schtifo, insisted on my going to his roomy house. He had a brother, he said, to whom, before the breaking out of the plague, I had given some medicines which had done him much good; but he had not been able to bring me the promised plants, because the plague hindered him

from going to Candia. I could scarcely recollect all this. He sent for his brother, who was delighted.

Sphakia, the Tyrol of Crete, is the only part of the island where the inhabitants are free from the direct yoke of the Turks. This province, as I have already observed, is the property of the Sultana Valide, and not under any Pacha, but under the Defterdar or treasurer of Candia. The land produces a sufficiency of good wine, corn, honey, &c.; they have considerable flocks, and not being oppressed by the Turks, are in prosperous circumstances. They even possess ships, by which they export their produce to Malta, Smyrna, Constantinople, or Alexandria. Sphakia is pretty well peopled, and the chief captain told me he could bring 2000 men into the field; but half the number is probably nearer the truth. Each village has its own captain, who is always a Greek, and not a Turk or Subbaschi. They hate this word, and cannot bear the sight of a Turk. They are tall, well-made, and have a dignified gait. Their manners have become much milder within this half century. They have a high opinion of their country, and are passionately attached to it.

I left Amudari early in the morning, but the heavy rain forced me to stop at Petra, where the Papa received me kindly in his house. I had always hired beasts of burden from village to village, and on my enquiring for some at Petra, four or five Sphakiotes with handsome mules, came and disputed which of them should convey me and my effects to Nibro. I could not put in a word, to ask what each demanded, and to make my choice. At last two went with me; but when we reached Nibro, I could hardly make them take the usual payment; they were glad, they said, to have done me a service. I knew not how I came to this honour, but found that they had conceived a regard for me, because I had got up from my dinner to listen to the complaints of an old woman, the mother of one of them, and to give her some good advice. I was inexpressibly pleased with the ravine of Nibro. You cannot get down, except when the water has flowed off. At this season the plants hang from all the rocks in the most luxuriant vegetation. I must not omit to recommend this dell, as one of the most remarkable, to future botanists. The excellent botanist, Alpinus, when he visited Crete two hundred years ago, made a drawing of a rare plant, which he called *Eryngium tryphyllum*: this plant, which nobody had since seen, all at once met my eye. I regretted that it was run to seed; but I gathered it carefully, brought it home, and the seed, collected in 1817, succeeded to perfection in 1820. The plant grew with the greatest luxuriance, and even blossomed in the garden of Count Caspar Von Sternberg.

We came to the town of Sphakia, the castle of which lies in ruins; and were obliged to pass the night in a wretched house, all the inhabitants being absent on the mountains. My servant Elias (Georgi's brother) took my baggage to Anopoli, and I hired a Sphakiote for my guide, who conducted me over the mountains to Muri and Anopoli. It is agreeable to see that the richer inhabitants in Sphakia, wore on Sundays and Holidays turbans of the finest muslin, which would not be allowed in the low country. In the towns I have seen rich Greek merchants, who wear in the house turbans made of Cachmere shawls, take them off when they went out, and put on a blue handkerchief. If a Greek should happen, out of forgetfulness, to go out of the house with such a handsome head-dress, and be seen by a Turk, a fine of from five hundred to two thousand, and even of three thousand piasters, would be exacted as a thing of course. On my asking a Sphakiote, whether if Franks came they would adopt their dress? he answered "we should do it with pleasure, that nothing might remind us of our former slavery."

I left Anopoli, sent Elias with the mule to Melidoni, gave him a few dollars, and dismissed him. A Sphakiote took my papers and collections to Canea, to which I proceeded by another road, through Agia, Rumelia and Lago Omalo, which I determined to pass the next day to go to Canea. Though accustomed to the Alpine scenery of southern Germany, all that I had seen before vanished from my memory, in comparison with what I here beheld. The ravine always full of water, so that one could scarcely clamber by, along the rocky wall, and so narrow, that one could hold with the hand on the opposite side, rose to the perpendicular height of nearly 500 toises. Darkness reigned in the valley, which was increased by the dark foliage of lofty cypresses and hard leaved oaks. Suspended masses of rock, which every moment threatened to fall, and wholly to close the ravine, made the way dangerous and frightful; nothing in the Alps of Salzburg and Tyrol, that I have visited, presents such an awful prospect as the ravine of Agia Rumelia. After five hours most fatiguing exertions, amidst ruins, blocks, and fallen masses of rock, I was surprised by the beautiful mountain village of Samaria. It is hardly possible to think how they could venture to build it here, only they have nothing to fear from avalanches, as they would, in a similar situation, in the north of Europe. It lay towards the west, under such a high wall of rock, that the sun did not yet shine upon it, at two o'clock in the afternoon. From this place I proceeded to Stine, whence we soon reached Canea. After reposing a few days, during which I had the pleasure of

receiving the first news from home, after ten months absence, I went with my guide by way of Apicorono, to measure the elevation of Cignestosoro, the highest summit of the white mountains, which I found by barometrical observation, to be about 1100 toises. Curiosity, an hereditary failing of the Cretans, tormented them to know what the barometer was. One thought it was a travelling instrument to shew which way I ought to take; probably he had heard something similar of the compass; another, who pretended to be wiser, affirmed that it was an arithmetical machine, because there were figures upon it; but the third laughed at the rest, saying "you know he is a doctor, who collects herbs, consequently it is a medical instrument, upon which all diseases are written:" he even gave it the name of *Jatrosoph* (medical talisman); I listened without interrupting them, and on their asking what the barometer was, I answered, not to excite any suspicions, that I used it to measure the gravity and also the goodness of the air. On this the last exclaimed triumphantly, "did I not say that the instrument was a *Jatrosoph*?" But now they wanted me to foretell their diseases by the barometer. These people must be treated like children, the slightest ambiguity of expression, leads to the most absurd misconceptions, for their imagination always runs away with their judgment. The gate was shut when I got to Rettimo, and I therefore passed the night at Perivolia. From Rettimo, I hastened to the convent of Arcadi, where the Superior received me with his usual kindness. The following morning at four o'clock, I set out for the purpose of ascending Mount Ida, which is most easily approached from Arcadi: having brought my barometer with me, I found the elevation to be 1200 toises above the level of the sea. The monk who accompanied me, had brought bread, cheese, meat, and wine with him, and called to a shepherd boy, who was below, to bring us a large piece of ice, which I formed into a kind of goblet, and drank out of it the delicious wine, while the ice froze to my lips: I could scarcely take my eyes from the noble prospect around me: I overlooked the whole plain of Mes-sarah on the south side, as far as Girapetro, the plain of Candia, Mount Strongyle, Panorma, to Rettimo on the north; Mount Cedros, the Sphakiot mountains, Cape Maleca, to the distant Spada, and Cape Grabusa, to the west; and to the east Lassiti as far as Stia. In the northern horizon, the view extended from Mount Taygetus to the Island of Rhodes, and the coast of Asia Minor; including Milo, Paros, Nio, Naxos, Santorin, and other islands of the Archipelago. The sky was still clear and serene, but the sun was going down, it was four o'clock and we had far to go. I took a last farewell of this



summit, and, grieved at the loss of this transitory pleasure, began to sing to a well known tune, Schiller's sublime hymn to the Gods of Greece.

On my return to Candia, I was received with the greatest kindness by the French Consul, for I had given up my former lodging. We made preparations to visit the labyrinth, as I had come to Candia, for the purpose of examining it in his company. Our departure was, however, delayed by various circumstances, chiefly by the affairs of the Consulate, but I spent the interval very agreeably in the library of the Consul, and in drawing my map of the island.

On the 14th of October, in the afternoon, at about five o'clock, the missionary, Padre Tomaso, chaplain to the French Consulate, visited me in my room, and while we were conversing together, the whole building trembled, and the looking-glass shook. "An earthquake," cried the Missionary, "let us fly into the garden, the shock will be repeated;" but this not happening, we thought somebody had shut the door violently. Unhappily, we learnt too soon, that two barrels of gunpowder, weighing six cwt. had blown up in the magazine of a merchant, in the middle of the city, and destroyed twelve buildings, with a mosque, and killed or wounded above a hundred persons. The whole city was in commotion, and the Turkish mob demanded the heads of those to whom the powder belonged. A mosque, together with a minaret, were damaged by powder belonging to the Greeks; this called for vengeance: that it had destroyed some of their magazines, and killed many of their own countrymen, was not taken into consideration. Domenico was concerned in this affair. He had persuaded a merchant to buy this quantity of powder, and contrary to the existing regulations, which allow only small quantities in the city, to deposit it in the warehouse of a foreign merchant. As it had been landed in a very careless manner, the powder that fell out of the casks, as they were rolled through the streets, to the warehouse, had formed a train, which was fired by a Turk, knocking the tobacco out of his long pipe. Thus a whole quarter of the town was injured, a great many persons were taken out of the ruins, more or less wounded, the number of the killed was fifty. A very intelligent Greek merchant of the name of Fundakaki who had given up the business to the eldest of his four sons, freighted every year five or six ships, and received as many, which excited the envy of the rich Turks, who freighted at the most, one ship a year; they therefore resolved to put him out of the way. I must confess that I have seldom seen a man, so affable, with such dignified manners, and a probity quite unusual in these countries, as Ste-

phanaki, the eldest son of this old merchant, but this only accelerated his ruin. At the instigation of the great men, the mob was persuaded that the powder belonged to Stephanaki, and that he must die. He fled with his aged father, threw himself at the Pacha's feet, and implored protection. The Pacha promised it, and for appearance sake imprisoned him. The fermentation among the mob was kept up, but nobody ventured to attempt any thing against the Pacha, who had made himself much dreaded, by the manner in which he had put to death Bedri Effendi. Unfortunately the Captain of the Police brought in a young man, who had already committed six murders, but had always been redeemed by paying money to the Pacha, he being the son of rich parents, and inscribed in one of the Ortas, or regiments of the Janissaries. The present Pacha, convinced that he was incorrigible, assembled the Divan, caused his sentence of death to be signed by the Cadi and Mufti, and resolved, according to the Mahometan fashion, to have him strangled in the tower of the harbour, in the evening, on a signal being given, by firing a cannon. Scarcely were the Ortas and Aga of the Janissaries informed of it, when all the soldiers ran to the tower, which they stormed, and brought the prisoner in triumph to the city; to the entreaties and remonstrance of the council, the Pacha gave the just and resolute answer, "he must die." The insolent troops now besieged the residence of the Pacha, who shut himself up: supported by all the Janissaries they demanded that the three merchants who had taken refuge with him, should be given up; they were Fundakaki, an old man of 84, his eldest son, and the son of the merchant in whose warehouse the powder had blown up. The Pacha refused. The crowd now uttered furious cries, attempted to break open the gate, and fired pistols and muskets, till the Pacha promised to sacrifice the three unfortunate victims to their fury. At six o'clock in the morning the whole city was in motion, the Janissaries assembled, and the three unhappy men were conducted to death. The old man was the only one who shewed any presence of mind; his son, and the third, a fine youth of twenty-two years of age, were almost inanimate, and were obliged to be supported. The first is said to have held terrible language, and to have called down upon the Turks the most dreadful imprecations. He announced to them the judgment of God, the speedy dissolution of their empire, and inevitable vengeance for their unbounded barbarism. He cursed Mahomet, called him an impostor, a madman, a cheat, and a blasphemer; but this hastened his death, he was hung first in the front of his magazine, and then the two others. The town was now tranquil, for envy and hatred

had obtained their object. The unhappy victims hung, exposed to view, three whole days, when they were taken down and delivered to their relations. Their family was condemned to a large fine, which the Pacha, though he had been unable to protect them, obliged them to pay. A miserable man! He obliged all the Ortas to leave the capital, and banished the 14th regiment, which had taken the greatest share in the insurrection, to the fortress of Spina-Longa. Every one of the Janissaries, went to some friend in the country; only the camp kettles, which like the colours in Europe, are the insignia and marks of honour of the Ortas, were taken by some old Janissaries, into banishment to Spina-Longa, and their return, with that of the whole regiment, was obtained a few weeks afterwards, of the Pacha, by fifteen thousand piasters, which they collected and presented to him as an atonement. If he had executed his threat of going away, the Captain Pacha would probably have been ordered by the Sultan to chastise them for it, to strangle some, and confiscate their property. They escaped better from the Pacha, and purchased their return at a cheaper rate; they chose the least evil, and the Pacha, like a true Jew, profited on both sides. Domenico shut himself up three days in his house in great fear, because his brother-in-law, a Greek, had procured the powder and had the greatest share in it. On the third day about noon, when tranquillity was restored, I resolved to go and see the unhappy victims. I could not persuade myself, that my friends had really been sacrificed to popular fury; I therefore went with a native of Smyrna to the Bazar, to convince myself, and perceived the three corpses still hanging, surrounded by a great crowd. We approached, and I cast a look at the dreadful scene, which made an impression upon me that I had not expected. I took the hand of my companion, and passed along, while a rude Turk called after us, "the same may happen to you." Severely punished for my incredulity I returned home.

The ill-usage which the Greeks had to endure in this island before the time of Osman Pacha, is almost incredible, a couple of instances will suffice; even now a Greek on horseback, if he meets a Turk of distinction, must alight, and not proceed till he has passed. Two Turks on horseback once met a Greek riding on a mule. "Halt!" cried one of them, "and descend." "Keep your seat," exclaimed the other, "or else I shall shoot you." The first repeated his command, and his companion the contrary. The Greek remained with one foot in the stirrup, and put the other on the ground, thinking to

pass it off as a joke; but the Turks were offended at this, both fired at once, left him dead on the road, and continued their journey. Before the time of Osman Pacha, troops of idle Turks used to assemble in the towns, posted themselves before the coffee-houses, and ill-treated the Greeks. During the festival of Bairam in particular, the latter must be upon their guard, because it is the custom to go about with fire-arms, and to discharge them in the streets. An old priest one day passing by a coffee-house, one of these cruel Turks called to him to take off his cap and put it on a post, that he might try his gun. The priest obeyed, trembling. The Turk, instead of aiming at the cap, shot the old man, and said, laughing, that he had missed his mark. But urgent representations being made to the Porte, by the Patriarch at Constantinople, Osman Pacha was sent in 1812 to Canea; who by extraordinary energy, resolution, and stratagem, seized all the disturbers of public tranquillity, and without further ceremony, had them all strangled in the castle. Since that time the roads in all Candia are very safe, so that during my year's stay I was not once warned of robbers. The son of a Turk complained to my attendant that the present festival of Bairam was a miserable one. "Only think," said he, "not a single Greek has been shot, formerly it was better, the fellows tumbled down, that it was fun to look at." The ancient Spartans, however, were still worse than the Turks, for the Ephori ordered public Helot or slave hunts; young Spartans received secret orders to go into the fields with daggers to hunt and kill the Helots, who were indeed warned, but only to exercise the Spartan youths in stratagems to surprise the enemy. There, too, the Argives and unhappy Messenians were employed in arts, trades, and agriculture, and to give up a part of what they gained, just as the Turks now require from their Helots, the Greeks; thus the debt of blood, incurred by the ancestors, is transferred to their posterity.

At length my business was completed, and on the 1st of November we set out for Gortyna to examine the subterranean Labyrinth. A clue so long, that we might have measured the breadth of the Island of Crete with it, lay in one of the saddle-bags, the other being filled with wax tapers. I seated myself between them, and waited impatiently for the French Consul, whose affectionate wife could not even part with him for this short time. Mr. Lafschelle joined the party, but Giovanni, one of the most honourable, and undoubtedly the best-informed of the natives, could not keep his promise to accompany us. Gadem-Aga, the Janissary of the Consulate, rode before us through the city. The road proceeded winding up the moun-

tain, through Daphnedes, Avienici, and other pleasant villages on the ridge, which extends from Ida to the Lassiti Mountains; we had scarcely reached the summit about three in the afternoon, when the extensive plain of Gortyna lay before us. Our way then led down upon a declivity to Agius-Deca (the ten Saints), a small village, built on the eastern part of the ruins of Gortyna. At the entrance of this village the Consul found some marble pillars, attached to an old building; on examination we found a temple, with an antique pavement and columns, supporting a stucco roof. It soon appeared that this was the church of the place, the door of which consisted of hurdles. The greatest poverty, with the utmost care to conceal it, was evident. To our astonishment we now saw the poor priest, who perfectly corresponded with the wretched condition of the building. While we were conversing about the ruins before us, some Turks approached, and addressed us in Greek; as we did not immediately answer, they said—"They are all English, who do not understand our language." The principal man of the village received us into his house without speaking, convinced that he must wait for the Janissary, who was gone to put up the horses. Mr. Lafschelle embarrassed him still more, by addressing him in Turkish, which he, though a Turk, did not well understand. At last somebody was expressing his opinion in Arabic respecting the object of our visit, but was corrected by the French Consul, who had been a pupil of the Oriental Institute at Paris. This obtained for us a more distinguished reception, and a compliance with all our wishes. In the evening we took a walk in the neighbourhood to look at the ruins of Gortyna. Several walls are still standing, which now serve for garden walls, but the site of the buildings is converted into arable land. Only one gate is now standing. The columns of granite, porphyry, serpentine, and marble have been carried away by the Turks, who have employed them in the neighbouring country-houses. Flat stones are readily purchased, and many of the inscriptions, which were formerly seen by Belon, Tournefort, and Pococke, have disappeared. There are still to be found fragments of antique glass, signet rings, silver coins of Rhodes, Gnossus, Delos, and Athens, which may be easily known by the reverse, also pieces of green porphyry, red Egyptian porphyry, called *porfido rosso antico*, and other kinds of stone, which the ancients procured at great expense to adorn their public buildings. Parian marble is common; the city may have been one of the most considerable in antiquity, and was the most powerful in the island. However, the descriptions of its extraordinary splendour are exaggerated.

On the following day we resolved to visit what is called the Labyrinth. The genuine Labyrinth was undoubtedly at Gnossus, built upon a regular plan by Dædalus, and according to the orders of Minos, as is evident from the testimony of Diodorus, book 1, chap. 61, and this Labyrinth is certainly destroyed. That which we were now going to examine was declared by Belon, and after him Poccoke, to be nothing but a stone quarry, cut in a hill of sand-stone under ground, forming a number of passages, chambers, niches, &c. the walls of which every where retained traces of square stones having been cut out of them, and which has been honoured by most travellers with the name of Labyrinth. We examined it with the utmost care, made a survey of it by means of the compass, and drew a plan, in which all the windings, chambers, &c. are distinguished by names given them by the French Consul. The result of our observations confirmed the opinion of Belon that it is merely a stone quarry, notwithstanding the contrary opinions of Tournefort and Savary.

On the 5th of November, in the morning, I took leave of the French Consul, who, with Mr. Lafleche, his secretary, took the shortest way to Candia. I parted with regret from this excellent man, for whose attention to me I shall always feel grateful. I could not leave Agius Deca that day, as neither horses nor mules were to be had. With much difficulty and paying a high price, I at length procured a handsome horse, with a young Turk to accompany me, who conducted me by way of Novi Castelli to Dibaci, a village on the sea side near the ancient Metallum, or Matala, the sea-port of the ancient city of Gortyna. My companion told me that a Frank was living in a village called Visari, near Assomatos, that he had lately arrived from Vienna, where he had been a rich merchant, but had been reduced by misfortunes.

At Assomatos I was led into a room on the ground-floor which was so miserable that I declined sitting down, expecting to be shewn into a better apartment; but to my surprise it was the room of the Superior of the convent himself. Some years ago it seems, an earthquake had destroyed the convent, which was a magnificent edifice built by the Venetians; and the Monks, about eighty in number, dwelt in a wretched building which was formerly perhaps the stable. Though it rained the whole day, I went to Visari to seek the merchant. His dress was mean and shabby, and his appearance made a great contrast with his account of having possessed great wealth. He invited me to dinner and gave me what he had; beans with oil, roots and fruit seemed to me a more agreeable repast than I could have enjoyed at the most splendid table. He felt relief at having related his misfortunes. After our frugal meal he took me to see the ruins

of an ancient city, which he said was called Visari. The extent was easily to be distinguished, and was fully equal to that of Macrodicto; he pointed out to me the foundation of a temple, a bath, water pipes, &c. Having taken leave of him, I hastened to Assomatos, and set out the next morning early for Rettimo. On the road we were informed by many persons that the plague was in Rettimo, but that did not stop us. Many of our acquaintance were said to have died of it. But the greatest misfortune was, that three ships had stranded on the north coast, one at Candia, another at Rettimo, and the third afterwards at Canea. On the second and third of November, while we were examining the Labyrinth, a violent storm raged on the north coast, when a vessel at anchor off Candia broke from her moorings, and was dashed against the rocks. The house of Domenico was situated on an eminence above: he heard the cries of the crew, and by his resolution saved the lives of twelve men. He hurried down, urged the Janissaries quickly to open the harbour gate, collected the other sailors with torches, and, at the hazard of his life, saved these unfortunate people, whose vessel was a complete wreck by the morning. As this is the last time that I have to mention Domenico, I am happy to have an action to record which does him honour, and to cover all the rest with the mantle of Christian charity, I soon came in sight of the sea, and descended the mountains into the valley. There was no end of stories of the plague, and in the town itself they were not certain whether it was there or not. At Rettimo I put up in my old quarters, and travelling by way of Gongga, Caroti and Nichorio, where I slept the second night, I arrived at Candia on the third day, the 10th of November, 1817, about noon.

The most active preparations were now made for my departure, that I might be ready, if a favourable opportunity offered, to go to Alexandria; for the cold, unpleasant weather, deterred me from a longer stay, and I wished for a more cheerful country and a milder climate. Before my departure, I made another excursion to Cape Maleca, and unfortunately passed the night at Galangado, in a chamber newly plaistered, in which there was a heap of lime but just slaked. The next morning I felt myself quite faint with head-ache, giddiness, and want of appetite; yet I exerted myself to overcome the indisposition, ascended Mount Skloka, on account of the map which I had to draw, visited on my return the convent of the Trinity, and reached Canea on the 18th, in the evening, before the gates were shut, in the midst of storm, rain, and hail. I was, however, seized with a violent Tertian ague, which threatened serious consequences. During the fit I was delirious, walked about like one raving, in a most painful situation, for I well knew that I was

speaking incoherently, yet was unable to command myself. I was, however, relieved by emetics taken several hours before the fit. I had no Peruvian bark, and could not procure any. I sought therefore to go to sea as soon as possible, for the benefit of the pure air, which, as well as the motion of the ship, is highly salutary to persons afflicted with the ague. I accordingly agreed with the captain of a ship from Corfu, to take me to Alexandria. We sailed on the 26th of November, coasted along the north side of the island, and on the following morning, put into the harbour of Nio, which, next to that of Milo, is the safest and most convenient in the whole Archipelago. Nio is a pretty island, steep, rocky, and almost inaccessible, the inhabitants of which support themselves chiefly by knitting stockings, gloves, &c. the cotton for which they themselves cultivate. Men, women, and even children, who can hardly move their fingers, were employed in this work. A goldsmith shewed me a considerable number of gems and signets found there; but he asked such high prices, that he could not expect any but English travellers to purchase. Nio is also remarkable, because Homer died there. Our captain having many acquaintance in this island, we remained there till the 1st of December. On the 4th we felt the Sirocco winds, which shewed that we were near the coast of Egypt. It was night when we approached it; the sea run very high, and some persons on board were afraid we might run ashore before day-break. The captain, however, did not shew any alarm, but depended on the accuracy of his calculation, which was in fact so correct, that without sounding, he knew his distance from the shore, which was fully confirmed, to our astonishment, by the first dawn of day. We hoisted our flag, and steered towards the entrance of the harbour. At sunrise the celebrated column appeared, and the crew exclaimed joyfully, "*La Colonna, la Colonna di Pompeo si vede!*" An Arabic pilot soon came on board, and carried us safely into the harbour of Alexandria.

THE END.

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