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COLLECTION ON THE HISTORY OF
THE UNITED STATES NAVY

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(CLASS OF 1877)
OF BOSTON

OCTOBER 22, 1915
SKETCHES
OF
NAVAL LIFE,
WITH NOTICES OF
MEN, MANNERS AND SCENERY,
ON THE
SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN,
IN
A SERIES OF LETTERS
FROM THE
BRANDYWINE AND CONSTITUTION FRIGATES.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOLUME II.

BY A "CIVILIAN."

NEW HAVEN:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY HEZEKIAH HOWE.
1829.
DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the seventh day of May, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, GEORGE JONES, of the said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:—

"Sketches of Naval Life, with notices of men, manners and scenery, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in a series of letters from the Brandywine and Constitution Frigates. In two volumes. By A 'CIVILIAN'."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

CHA'S. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

CHA'S. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.
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LETTER XLII.

To G. W. R.

Frigate Constitution,  
May 25, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

We left Poros on the morning of the 21st, with a light but fair breeze, and about noon entered the magnificent gulf of Napoli di Romania. As we proceeded, mountains and vallies, and golden colored plains, with ruinous castles, or well guarded battlements, each moment developed themselves, and each moment assumed new forms, as if for our pleasure. Thus we sailed on, in high enjoyment of the present and the past; and, on such an evening as I have described, while the sun went down behind some snow capped mountains, on the Morea, dropped our anchor a mile from Melos, a little town on the Western side of the gulf. The map will give you the outlines of its shores, and the relative position of Napoli, Argos, and Melos or the Mills. It is celebrated ground, and I will endeavor to give you some idea of the interior. Suppose a chain of mountains to commence at Napoli, to make a curve Eastward, and then proceed towards the North, a distance of eight or nine miles: they now form an-
other large curve to the Westward, and then proceed towards the South, throwing out three large spurs into the plain. At the Northern of these, and three miles from the gulf, is Argos: the next approaches within a mile of the shore, and, if you please, will be called Erasinus, for I want you to remember it: the Southern one comes nearly up to the gulf; and here are the Mills. South of this, the mountain, which is Mount Chaon, keeps near the coast. It has also a counterpart on the other side of the gulf. The whole ground between the range of mountains which I have described, and the head of the gulf is a plain.

Early one morning, I procured a horse at the mills, and a Greek for my guide, and started Northward for Argos and Mycenae. Nature was just waking from repose. The mists were beginning to move on the mountains, pearls began to sparkle in the grass, the little birds were chirping around me, and I whistled and sung till the hills echoed to my enjoyment. We made a large circuit inland, to avoid some marshes, and at the distance of four miles, came to the point Erasinus. I have named it so, from a large stream anciently of that name, which gushes up suddenly at the base of the mountain, and forms one of the most beautiful fountains I have ever seen. Immediately over it is a cave, sixty paces deep, with several branches, in one of which I found a chapel, with a lamp burning in it. It is attended by two monks: they sat on the rocks over the fountain, as I approached; and their singular dress, flowing beards, and striking features, with the cave and scenery around, would have formed a good picture for a painter. They called the fountain Kephelári, or the head. It passes among some marble
pillars, to several mills below, and then overflows the
plain, which is low and flat. Here a marsh is formed,
extending a mile to the Northward, and thrice that
distance to the South, doubtless the famous lake, or
rather marsh of Lerna. Some of our officers were led
into it, one evening, by an ignorant guide, and were
near standing in need of a Hercules to help them out.
The road still continued along the base of the moun-
tain, and was bordered on the right by rivulets, shaded
by fine spreading trees; it was filled, at this early
hour, by women carrying grain to the mills. A ride of
little more than an hour brought me to numerous an-
cient graves, which they are opening for the sake of
the marbles they contain. They shew the extent of the
city of Argos on the South, as the ancient Greeks always
buried without the walls: the graves are in shape like
those in our own country, but not so deep: I saw simi-
lar ones at Egina; and in both they discover vessels
of Terra Cotta, like those of the catacombs of Milo. A
short distance North of these, is the theatre: it is at
the base of the mountain, and advantage was taken of
a natural curve; so that it was necessary simply to cut
the seats into the rock of which it is composed. I
counted sixty-three: they would average one hundred
and seventy five feet each; and might thus accommo-
date seven thousand persons; but their length was
originally much greater. The hill ascends abruptly
in this direction, and is surmounted by a ruinous cas-
tle, which can be readily approached only on the
West. It was built by the Genoese; but the founda-
tions are Cyclopean, and the site is that of the ancient
citadel.
Argos, until the present war, contained eight thousand inhabitants. It was beautifully situated, and, with its venerable castle above, was a fine object from every part of its extensive plain: but the whirlwind of Turkish war swept over it, and left it a mass of ruins. It is now rising again, and though but a few streets have been built up, is thronged with an active population. A striking object among them, was an old blind man, led about by a boy with a guitar. He was singing to the crowds, and received a few paras in return: I stopped among them; they led him to my horse; and as he sung in soft Greek, about Greece and the Greeks, with such men about him as I have described, I thought of Homer, and almost felt myself realizing the visions I have had over the pages of the Iliad. I was in Argos too, Agamemnon’s city; and was going to Mycenae to see his tomb; and had only the day before been at Tirynthus.

Oξ δ’ Ἀργος τ’ εἶχον, Τίρυνθα ὑπὶ τῃ χώρᾳ,
Τῶν δ’ ἀεὶ ἵρμανες βῆμα ἰγαθὸς Ἀρμόδης.
Oξ δὲ Μυκῆναι εἶχον, ἑκτάριον ἄστατην, &c.—
Τῶν ἵκατον νηῦν ἔχει κρείων Ἄγαμέμνων
Ἀτριόδης.

Leaving the blackened ruins of Argos, and taking the road to Corinth, I entered on the large plain that stretches to the North, North West, and East of the city; and three miles from it, crossed by a stone bridge the channel of the Inachus; this is now dry, but is occupied by a swollen and turbulent stream in winter. At the same distance beyond it, I left the main road, and striking into a path on my right, ascended some low hills lying against a ridge, like them-
selves of no great elevation or extent. It starts from a break in the mountains, runs Westward a few hundred yards, and then stretches to the South West. On it stood Mycenæ, where ruled, you recollect, Perseus, Sthenelus, Atreus, Agamemnon, Orestes, and many other celebrated names. Apart from all these associations, it is a place of vast interest to the traveller. It was destroyed by the jealous Argives, five hundred and sixty eight years before the Christian Era. Pausanias speaks of its ruins, and describes them, many of them as they exist to this day: the knowledge of its position was soon after lost; and, in Strabo’s time, no trace of it could be discovered. Modern research has brought it to light again, and the remains of Mycenæ are to Greece, what Herculaneum is to Italy.

I ascended the ridge, and immediately after reaching its summit, observed on my right the monument that has so greatly puzzled antiquarians, and has received from them titles sufficient to satisfy a dozen modest antiquities. The names of Agamemnon’s tomb, the Heroum of Perseus, and the brazen treasury of Atreus, have been most usually applied; but all modern theories on the subject are overthrown by the recent discovery of another one, apparently similar to it, in all respects. The one I first noticed, is on the Eastern side of the ridge, in which it is partly imbedded. The entrance is on the East. A descent of thirty paces, along a wide alley, lined on each side with large stones, brings the visitor to the door way, where he stops in astonishment, at the immense size of the materials of which it is composed. It is fourteen feet high, and formed of solid blocks, of that length, with proportionate breadth and thickness: above is one
nineteen feet in length; and, just within this, is another, whose dimensions fill us with admiration at the bold and laborious enterprize of those times. It was originally twenty seven feet long, seventeen wide, and four and a half in thickness, but is now broken in the middle. Its vast size is seen only in the interior. The sides of the door way, which is eight feet wide, and twenty two in thickness, is composed of corresponding stones, some of them thirteen feet in length; all are regularly shaped. The edifice itself has been properly compared, in shape, to a bee-hive: it is forty five feet in diameter, about the same in height, and is lined with rectangular stones, all of large dimensions: the apex is formed by a circular stone, slightly ornamented. On the right, one fourth of the way round, is an entrance to a small cubical chamber, rude and cut simply from the natural rock; a very handsome breccia. In the stones coating the inside of the large chamber, are numerous brass nails, but their object is unknown, and indeed the whole is a mystery. Should the other monument be laid open, its character would probably be ascertained; and this we may expect to see done before many years. This one is about three hundred yards further north, near the summit of the ridge, and one hundred paces from the entrance of the citadel. The upper part has been excavated, and seven tiers of stone are laid bare, sufficient to shew that it is of the same character as the other, both in shape and dimensions: it was done, the natives informed me, by order of Veli Pasha, at the request of an English traveller.

Turning from this, towards the East, we have the citadel before us, and stand again amazed at the huge size of the materials, and the skill with which they
are fitted together. "There were giants in the earth in those days," is the involuntary exclamation: so thought the ancients, and these structures are attributed by early and grave writers to the Cyclops; whence the order takes its name of Cyclopean. The ridge at this part is precipitous on each side, and the walls of the citadel run along its edge: they are of vast rocks, without cement, but with their inequalities corresponding so exactly as to give the structure an impregnable character. The entrance is on the West: it is along an alley, commanded by the heights of the citadel, and then through a gate-way, over which are the two lions, in bas-relief, mentioned by Pausanias; Nemean lions, if it so please you, though they bear a much stronger resemblance to leopards or tigers. The gate-way is nearly filled with rubbish: but in the lower part of the huge lintel are the holes, in which the pivots of the gate worked, as fresh as if made but yesterday: they are six inches in diameter. The gate was folding, and must have been of immense thickness, as the sockets for the bar, which are also uninjured, are three and an half feet back of those for the pivots of the gate. We are now in the citadel, and find, that not content with the high massive wall, that guards its exterior, they here faced each rise of ground with a similar defence; and the assailant is met with new difficulties at every step. There are numerous reservoirs scattered through the interior, with their stucco firm and uninjured: they are sufficient evidence that the Cyclopean order was not the result of necessity, arising from their ignorance of mortar, as I have seen it somewhere asserted: near the Eastern end is a postern, similar to the great entrance, except in size.
The most interesting object I have yet to mention. I had noticed remains of an aqueduct passing over the ridge: it could be easily traced to the citadel, and along a narrow passage between its Northern wall and the edge of the precipice: from this, I followed it into the break of the mountain, on the East, and at the distance of four hundred yards, came to a breach, from which the water gushed out, and flowed into a glen on the South. It created singular feelings, when I found myself standing among such scenes; ruins of a city, that had risen, and gained a mighty name, and was destroyed, when Rome was yet little more than a village; and when I saw the water flowing in the channel formed for it, by the men of Agamemnon's time. The aqueduct is of the simplest character: it is of curved tiles, of no great depth, imbedded firmly in the earth, and covered with stones, over which earth was thrown. I think I am safe in giving it that age: it is of great antiquity, for the rocks, which formed its channel, at the citadel, are deeply worn, as are the sides of the precipice where the water overflowed: we have no notice of any ancient town here, after the destruction of the original city. It is carried along the ridge, and thence to a reservoir in the plain. There is a wall, also, proceeding from the citadel, and enclosing the ridge, not heretofore noticed by any traveller. The whole place deserves more attention than has hitherto been given it: no other remains of this age, are in such excellent preservation: if examined, it would probably throw light on a period of Grecian history, still involved in obscurity and doubt.

The citadel of Tirynthbus, is of the same age and character, as that of Mycenæ. It is on a small emi-
ence in the great plain, about three miles N. W. from Napoli: of the city itself, not a vestige remains, except some masses of brick work, from which nothing can be determined.

You have now the plain of Argos: in the days of its glory, it must have been a splendid place. The plain itself, with majestic mountains on one side, and a bright sea on the other, is a beautiful one; and when it had around it Argos, Mycenae, Tirynthus and Nauplia, with villages and groves and green fields between, while in all directions, the sun's rays gleamed from marble temple and portico and tower, or from the tombs of the mighty dead, it presented a scene that would yield only to Athens in interest, and scarcely to Athens. But how are the mighty fallen!

Adieu.

---

LETTER XLIII.

Frigate Constitution,}
May 26, 1827.}

DEAR GEORGE,

How are the mighty fallen! I turn now to the modern character of the plain. There are a few hovels at Mycenae, forming a village called Karväta: about three miles West, are two more villages; but all the rest is open and deserted, and in the whole extent of eight miles, from Napoli to Argos, there is scarcely a tree or cultivated spot. Much of this is owing to the visit of the Turkish army in 1825. Napoli, however, still retains much of its ancient character. It stands

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on a rocky peninsula, in shape and general appearance, like Gibraltar, though much inferior in size. The town is crowded, and exhibits all manner of wretchedness: the distress is, at present, heightened by quarrels between the two chiefs, Fontoumaris and Grivas. The former commands in the castle immediately above the town, and the latter in the Palamedes, a strong fortress on a bluff rising just back of them and overlooking both. Colocotroni is here, to settle differences, to collect an army, with which, to drive Ibrahim Pasha from Tripolitza, and to talk about making himself the bulwark and saviour of his country's weal. For that is the character of the man, vaporizing, clamorous, cowardly, and inefficient. He paid the ship a visit, one day, and came with a numerous train, himself armed to the teeth, with weapons too bright to see much service, his hair plaited and entwined in the folds of the rich shawl around his head, and his countenance expressing every dark and selfish feeling. No one has talked more and done less for his country, than Colocotroni. Of all their leading men, Miaulis and Canaris, appear alone to be instigated by any thing like patriotism, and, from the degeneracy and mismanagement of their rulers, are most of the evils that have befallen, or that threaten this most unfortunate people. But the Greeks and their character, I reserve to a future letter.

The Mills is a curious place: it consists of only fifteen or twenty houses, running along the shore, but is walled, or rather has a stone fence on the land side, not more than four feet in height. Yet, Ibrahim Pasha, in his advance on the country, two years since, could not take it. He sent two thousand men to make
an assault: it was defended by only two hundred Greeks, badly armed, and without cannon; but a detachment of eleven men, headed by our countryman Miller, threw themselves over the walls, and the cowards first fell into confusion, and then took to their heels. Probably, they thought the plunder of Argos, preferable to hard blows, for their countrymen were advancing on that town, and they started after them. The place takes its name from a long mill, which sets at nought the complicated machinery of such structures in our country. It has five sets of stones. The lower stone is raised but a few inches from the ground: the upper is attached to a spindle which turns on a small beam, and by putting a chip under this beam, or removing it, the flour is made coarse or fine, to their taste. To the spindle is attached a wheel, like a cart wheel, except that the spokes are more numerous, and flat instead of round. Back of the mill, and resting against its walls, is a large pond: holes are made in the wall, and the water being carried by a trough against the wheel, the stone spins round. When they want to stop it, a board is shoved into the trough, and the water sweeps over the wheel into the channel below. The flour is never bolted in this country, either among Greeks or Turks. The bread corresponds to your dyspepsia bread; but is much lighter and sweeter: it is always preferred by the natives, to that from white flour, and they often carry the flour which you send them, to their merchants, to exchange it for their own.

I was lounging among these houses, one evening, about supper time, when I observed a man attending a pot in which some rich broth was preparing: he was dropping lemon juice and other seasoning into it, and
as the rich fluid rose bubbling to the surface, I thought it had a most tempting look. I suppose I dare hardly tell you now, that I knew it to be a pot of snails. They are common food in this country: I have seen baskets of them for sale in the bazars, both of Greek and Turkish towns. They are larger than ours, and those who have tried them, call them excellent food.

*Wednesday*, 30.—You wish the scene to be changed, and it is done. We sailed on the 28th, and yesterday morning, reached our present anchorage, between the island of Spezzia and the main. A detachment of the Greek fleet is around us, waiting for the Hellas, (*alias the Hope*) which is now among the Ionian islands. Among them is Canaris with his brulottes. I went on board his ship, to-day, and had the pleasure of being shewn every part of it. A brulotte is usually an old ship; she must sail well, and this is all that is necessary. The deck is scuttled, at intervals of six feet in its whole extent, and under each hole is a frame, filled with some matter very combustible, usually furze. Below each frame is a basin for powder, and this communicates with a train, which passes through the cabin lockers, to a shallow box at the stern. The decks, masts, yards and cordage, are well tarred, turpentine is used freely, and every thing done to make her take fire rapidly. Grappling irons are attached to her lower yard arms, and at the bow are two wooden guns for discharging rockets against the enemies' sails, when a distant attack is necessary. When running for the enemy, the scuttle coverings are taken off, trains laid, and a boat dropped astern with a pan of coals: they grapple, spring into the boat, fire the train, and the whole is immediately in a blaze.
Cochrane's steam-boat came in yesterday, and anchored near us; she carries eight sixty eight pounders, and has astonished the Turks greatly by her motion, smoke, noise, and still more, by the hot balls she discharges among them. I was on board, to-day, to look at her machinery: the person who attends it, is a Yorkshire man, and told me they can eat [heat] a dozen balls in an hour. Fuel is scarce here, and her motions are crippled from the want of it. She was compelled from this, to leave the Hellas, and could scarcely reach her anchorage.

The Capitani of the Greek ships, have been to see us, and are fine looking men, as, indeed, are the Spezziotes generally. I have not met any where, with a more robust, muscular and hardy set of men, than in their town. Their trouses are unusually full; their dress clean; they let the hair fall down upon their shoulders; and this, with large mustachios, gives them a bold determined look, to which their character corresponds. The town is constructed without any regard to order: every one seems to have built just where he pleased; so there are no streets: generally, too, there are no courts or yards to the houses. The population is about twenty thousand, of which, about three thousand are sailors. Hydra can furnish a still larger number. That island, before the war, was the first in the Levant, in the activity and enterprise of its inhabitants; and although it is a bare rock, it was next only to Scio in wealth. They enjoyed peculiar privileges, for which a yearly stipend was paid to the Porte: no Turk was suffered to be seen among them; they appointed their own governor and Hydra, offers us a fair sample of the Greek character, in
prosperity and adversity. The Hydriote vessels were seen in every harbour of the Mediterranean; and people every where admired their fine model, their swiftness, and the skill and activity with which they were managed. The island itself, produced no articles of commerce; but they did the carrying trade of all other nations, became wealthy, as I have said, and one of the handsomest towns in the country, spread up the side of the sterile gray rock. The war put an end to all this, and we have now the dark side of the picture. Their enterprise has taken a different course, and the pirates of Hydra have become the dread of the whole Levant, where they plunder, indiscriminately, friend and foe. Their vessels have now hoisted the national flag, and a powerful squadron might be fitted out from this port: but they are private property; government cannot even pay for repairs, should any of them be injured; so when brought to face the Turks, as they sometimes are, each one decides that it is best "to live to fight another day." He keeps at a good distance, and there fires with all his might: the Turks do the same, and they separate, each applauding his own bravery, and claiming the honors of victory. This is the character of most of their naval battles: except when Canaris is among them. Miaulis is a Hydriote, a brave man, and devoted to his country, but has never been able to effect much, owing to the want of subordination, and of support from his capitanis.

The Greek squadron lowered their flags, this evening, with ours, probably, as a compliment to our ship. The Greek national ensign, is the same as the American, except that they use blue and white for the stripes, the
number of which is not limited, and for the stars, have a Greek cross on a blue field.

*Friday, June 1.*—We got under way, yesterday morning, and were proceeding to Hydra, when an express boat from Napoli, suddenly changed our course; and in the evening, we anchored close to that city. During our stay at the Mills, the Chancellor, an American ship, came in with provisions, and Mr. Miller, as agent for their distribution. He determined to leave part at Napoli, and carry the remainder to Poros; so depositing some in the town and a castle in the harbour, and authorizing Dr. Howe, to act for him, he sailed with the Chancellor, under our convoy. But, it seems, we were no sooner out of sight, than Grivas of the Palamede, and Colocotroni, voted themselves the main objects of the American people's charity, and as Dr. Howe, did not agree with them, laid violent hands on most of the provisions. We have settled the matter: Colocotroni had an eye on our motions, and we no sooner hove in sight, than he sent for Dr. Howe, and offered to restore them: "no," was the reply, "you seized on them publicly, and shall restore them publicly," which was done. The hero of the castle grinned at all this, and thought himself safe in his eyry; but he has a brig in the harbour: we threatened to cut her out, and this morning, sent a boat in to sound nearer the town; so he, too, began to feel uneasy, and all now is settled to Dr. Howe's satisfaction.

I have several times met with Dr. Howe, and have heard him spoken of by the natives, always in very high terms; he does our nation credit. His dedication to the cause is entire, and surprises our officers; for, philanthropy here, meets with little reward, ex-
cept the treasure of good feelings it produces in the breast of its owner. I asked him one day, if what he saw here, did not produce longings for his own country. "Yes," he replied, "he should like to see America again, and, perhaps, might visit it; but as for Greece, he had adopted the cause, and was determined to stand or fall with it." Mr. Miller is, also, high in the estimation of the Greeks.

Saturday, 2.—We are off once more. Captain Patterson had his seal put on the provisions, and all being safe, we steered South again. The Tontine and Chancellor, joined us near Spezzia, and are now under our convoy.

Friday, 8.—We carried them clear of the islands, and are now at Smyrna again, where we found the Warren sloop, just from America, with a good supply of letters and papers for us. They place vividly before us, the country of canals and steam-boats, and schools, and books, and young but bold and hardy enterprise, and we all feel proud, while we think that it is our country. We have around us, nations decaying or decayed, tottering relics of the past, nations marked in every lineament, with the decrepitude and the jealous and distorted feelings of old age; and it is pleasant to turn from them, to one shewing, as ours does, the vigor and warmth, and bold anticipations of youth. They may boast of the past, and are welcome to it; we have all the future, and I believe it is going to be glorious future. Adieu.
LETTER XLIV.

Frigate Constitution,  
Bay of Smyrna, July 4, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

This has been an interesting day. It is customary, when men of war of different nations are in port, to pay some attention to each others' holydays, and to those of the harbor they are in. We had around us, English, French, Dutch and Austrian ships, and were wondering how ours would be regarded by these stiff-necked monarchists, as it was an experiment never yet fully tried. In the morning, the American ensign was run up at each mast head of our two ships: no attention was paid to it by those of other nations. This we had expected; but it was a question of some interest, how the meridian salute would pass off. Towards noon, Commodore Hamilton came on board, and apologized to Captain Patterson for the inability he said he would lay under, to notice it: it might be contrary to the wishes of his government; and the end of his had once been heavily censured for shewing such attentions. He left us towards noon. Noon came, and we gave the usual salute: first our ship, and then the Warren:—our eyes were now all on a Dutch frigate, that had made preparations for firing, in the morning; but all was quiet there: a man came out, and removed the tompions from some of the Cambrian's guns; but they were soon after replaced. A half hour passed, and our feelings had taken an indignant character: "Never mind," said a midshipman near me, "we'll give them a lambasting some of these days for it; we'll give
them round shot instead of powder.” We turned and went to dinner, and a toast or two had passed, when the Cambrian’s guns were heard: we hoisted the English ensign, and returned it: the French succeeded, then the Austrian, and then the Dutch; each seeming to try who could salute the first. The Dutch gave us seventeen guns, the others fifteen: we gave the English sixteen in return, owing to a mistake in our gunner: towards evening, our flag was raised at the foremast-head of all the national ships in port; and when we gave our evening salute, the Cambrian returned the odd gun. The English have acted handsomely; but for the other nations—twenty years hence they will be glad of an opportunity of honoring our nation’s birth day.

Salutes are very frequent in the bay of Smyrna. There are seldom less than five nations represented here; visits from the higher officers, and days of national rejoicing, are usually honored in this manner; and the Austrians, in addition, receive a salute of one gun from each merchantman under their flag, when she arrives, which they return. The Turks neither give nor receive salutes.

I frequently amuse myself with watching the scenes on the water, in the evening, either from our ship or the city quay. There is always a great number of merchantmen in the harbor: their flags are of every color, from the pure white of his Most Christian Majesty, to the bloody red of the Moslem Turk: their little boats, at this time, are seen moving in every direction, usually with the captain and a sailor or two. Then come the more lordly double bankers of the men of war, with streamer in front, and pendant at
stern, the officers with chapeau and lace, and still more formidable looking articles at their side. The long ranges of oars rise and fall simultaneously; and then, at the order, or whistle, or perhaps a motion of the hand, are tossed into the air, and then adjusted in the boat, as it lays its broadside to the shore. All make way for these, except the magnanimous Turk, and he makes way for no one. His boat is of a different character, pointed, sharp, and rising, at each end, so as to approach very near the form of the ancient boat: it is heavy, but dry and safe, and the kind universally used in the Levant. Then comes another, similar in shape, with a bold helm and crowded sail; but a rapid turn, to give a wide birth to the other, draws the attention, and you find a Greek for its master, in this slight act telling the whole tale of his degradation.

A breeze, called the Inbat, sets in regularly from the West in the evening, and proves as great an annoyance to our boats, as it is an advantage to the city. There is no break-water, and the waves dash with great violence against the quay, often rendering an approach a matter of considerable difficulty.

The Austrian force on the Mediterranean station, consists of a sixty-gun ship, and a large number of brigs and schooners. They are more than suspected of secretly favoring the Turks, in the present war, and have brought an odium on their name, even among those who think lightly of the Greeks. I have seen little of the interior of their ships, and still less of their naval system; but enough to satisfy me that their ships are filthy and noisy, and their discipline lax: the good order and subordination of a "regular
built" man of war seems to be little understood, or at best little practised among them. The merchantmen under this flag, are very numerous, and have suffered more than any other from the pirates.

The French build handsome ships, fine models, fine sailors, tidy and neat, fit, as Charles V. said of the Campanile of Florence, "pour une échelle," but not fit for fighting. Their spars and rigging are so light that a broadside or two must bring them all to the deck. Their interior is kept clean; the brasses are polished and bright, and they shew, to a visitor, to great advantage. Their discipline, however, is wanting in rigor, and the consequence is, that insubordination, the very worst evil in a man of war, is a common evil in the French service. They scold, where we use the colt; and use the colt, where we apply the cats. From the want of severe discipline, and the slight texture of their ships, most of their misfortunes on the ocean have proceeded: nor will they be fortunate, till these are remedied. Their officers are always respected as individuals; but their Navy, among naval men, is not in high estéem. They have, you know, a large naval station at Toulon, and their active force is always fluctuating, but is always considerable.

The Dutch force here now, consists of a seventy-four, two frigates, a sloop, and two brigs. Most of their ships are rough and clumsy; some, however, are good models, and all are clean and in excellent order. Their discipline is severe, sometimes I believe to a fault: their men are exercised frequently, appear familiar with their duty; and the Dutch Navy, though small, is an active and effective one.
John Bull's character at sea, as well as on shore, is everywhere known, and a word or two about it will suffice. We received our naval system originally from England, and the resemblance to theirs is very strong: the terms, the customs, the discipline, are all nearly the same, and a stranger, passing from their ships to ours, would at first scarcely suspect himself to have changed the nation; unless he should observe that the starboard, instead of larboard, is now the side of honor; for in this respect our ships are just the reverse of theirs. The spars and rigging of our vessels are heavier, and managed with greater difficulty. It is perhaps a characteristic of our ships: our main-mast is eight inches more in circumference than that of the Holland, a Dutch seventy-four: it is an advantage in time of action, but adds nothing to the beauty of a ship, or the readiness and skill of her evolutions. In the latter, we are often excelled. On the other hand, there is more brass work and mahogany, and greater finish about our ships; all which, they tell us, would cease, had we more to provide for; and probably they speak the truth. Our discipline is perhaps stricter, but not greatly so. The other differences arise from the characters of the two nations. Our younger officers are better paid, the older ones worse: the former also are more respected in our ships; and what is of more consequence, in their long apprenticeship, have before them the sure prospect of rising in due time to the highest offices and highest honors in the gift of their country. The English system would be less defective, if sudden promotions were always the reward of merit; but they are not, and I can imagine no feelings more bitter than those of the faithful and worthy old officer,
who sees a stripling promoted over him, merely because he has more money, or more family influence. Their system may sometimes produce a greater number of brilliant officers: ours will produce a greater number of excellent ones.

I have a word to say on our squadrons in this sea, and I am done. We are accused of sending our best ships, with picked officers and crews, to the Mediterranean, for effect: it is a slander. A sufficient proof, as to the ships, is that our whole Navy is sent here in succession, except a few ships that are not sent any where, and, probably, will not be, except in case of war. With regard to the officers and men, every one at home knows, that no discrimination is ever made, and that, except as far as the difference between society in Italy and Peru may effect them, they are the same in the Mediterranean and the Pacific.

I spent the afternoon with a friend, on the banks of the Meles. A quarter of a mile from the city, where the road to Constantinople crosses the river, is a beautiful spot, a favorite resort of the Turks. The river is deepened there, by a dam below: it is overshadowed by spreading sycamores: mats, coffee and pipes, are furnished from some coffee-houses adjoining. On the opposite bank, is a large Turkish burying ground, called by the natives, "the city of the dead." A Turkish burying ground, is always a pleasant object: take this one as a specimen of them. It is planted thickly with cypresses, whose dark colour, with the murmuring of the breeze in their tops, and the constant cooing of doves in their branches, are fit asso-
ciates to such a place. The Turks bury as we do, and place marble slabs at the head and feet: on the former, is inscribed a verse from the Koran, and, if it be a male, the stone is surmounted with a Turban. The wealthier put over the grave a marble box, large enough to hold a body, and richly sculptured, which they fill with earth, for flowers: on all of them, gilding and red and green paint are profusely used. I love this retreat at the Meles. The family groups around; the great variety of costumes and languages; the tinkling of bells from the long lines of camels, that now and then pass; the city of the living on one hand, and of the dead, on the other, form an interesting picture, and I often go there, in the evening, to enjoy it. I found once a couple of Dervishes, in a small enclosure, on the Northern side of the bridge. They had a little box, and offered to shew me some serpents in it, for three piastres, (twenty-five cents,) which I gave them. The animals were turned out on the grass, and were about eighteen inches long, green and feeble: they put them in their bosom, and offered to put them in mine, but I begged to be excused.

We are making preparations for another little cruise, and shall soon have the Greeks in review once more. Till then,

Adieu.
LETTER XLV.

Frigate Constitution,
Straits of Salamis, July 16, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

Veni, vidi; come prepare for a visit to Athens with me, a short one, it is true, but still, perhaps, not without interest. Affairs there remained in the state in which we left them, till June 5th, when the garrison received orders from General Church, to surrender their post, and favorable offers from the Pasha, through the French Admiral de Rigny. The Piræus had been evacuated; General Church seemed to have abandoned them; their sufferings were becoming extreme, and they surrendered on conditions of a safe retreat, with arms and baggage, and a proper escort to the water.

Captain Patterson keeps a watchful eye on the course of events; so we sailed on the 12th, to note their progress, and the next evening, dropped anchor at our former station, in the straits of Salamis. On the way, we buried an old seaman, the first person we had lost by sickness, for thirteen months.

The Turks, we found, were at their old encampment, in the olive grove; a midshipman was despatched, on the 14th, to the Pasha; he returned with a pass-port to the Acropolis, and we have all been there. I did not go the first day, as it was Sunday: to-day, a second party was formed. We rowed into the harbour of the Piræus, where an Austrian man-of-war brig, had just anchored. The shore was all silent and deserted; not a living object was to be seen; but a skull, with a sabre cut in it, lay bleaching on the sands. The basin
of the Piræus, is a fine one: sloops may anchor in it, but the entrance is dangerous: it was originally narrow, and has been rendered still more difficult, by the ancient walls, which here run on each side into the water, and approach one another so near, as to leave a passage only about the width of a frigate. You recollect the history of these walls: they enclosed the city of Athens, and, extended thence, in a double line, to the Piræus, nearly five miles distant, not parallel, but receding from each other as they approached the harbour. The Southern struck the shores at the Northern side of the open gulf of Phalerus, then coasted it Westward, crossed the small port of Munychia, leaving only a narrow passage for boats, passed around to the Northern side of the Munychian peninsula, crossed there the entrance of the Piræan harbour, as I have described, and following its winding shores around to the Eastward, joined there the Northern, of the two long walls. We struck this one immediately after leaving the harbour; its foundations only remain, and the road to Athens, leads part of the way upon them: in some places, they are one or two feet above the ground, but mostly are level with it: they shew the hasty manner in which they were built, being composed of stones of no great size, cemented and forming a solid mass, yet apparently thrown together with haste. The country between the Piræus and the environs of the city, is a level plain, open and uncultivated at first, but afterwards covered with vineyards and olive groves. The Turkish horses were grazing in the former: the latter had suffered greatly by the axe and fire. We traversed the groves: passed a strip of open cultivated land; ascended a rocky and bare
ridge, and had Athens and the Acropolis just before us. O what a sight! The ridge I stood on, extended a little to my left; rose then into a low rocky peak, the ancient Lycabettus, and then sunk into the plain: just on my right, and cut into the Eastern side of the ridge near the summit, was the Pynx, where Demosthenes delivered his orations: beyond it, one fourth of a mile, was a high cone-shaped hill, the hill of the Museum, with the tomb of Philopappus, on its summit: before me, a little on the left, and separated from the ridge by a narrow valley, was a lower eminence, the hill of the Areopagus: the city was beyond, with the temple of Theseus on its Western side: a little towards my right, and half a mile distant, rose the pillars of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, just South of which, could be traced the dry channel of the Ilissus. I gave all these a hasty glance, and stopped again to gaze at the Acropolis. It was right before me, distant about a quarter of a mile. In its ruins, the world has nothing like it: what then must it have been in the days of its glory! And when we think of it, crowned with its marble battlements, above which rose portico and temple, standing out in relief against the bright blue sky; far above all these, the Parthenon, massy, grand and splendid, with the colossal statue of the goddess, in ivory and gold: when we think of the city below, with its altars, amid deep and glittering colonnades; its processions and solemn sacrifices, tempting the gods even from the Acropolis; when we think of the groves and their sages; of fountains and streams, where each nymph had a temple; theatres and palaestra, where Grecian genius was felt, and Grecian skill exhibited; —if to all this, we add his own late triumphs over
minds like these, and almost over the gods themselves, we no longer wonder that Demosthenes, in his exile, wept, when he thought of Athens.

The Pynx, I have said, was a short distance on my right: it was the place of popular assemblies; was of no great extent, and was formed artificially, the rock having been cut down so as to produce a level area. Its Western boundary, is a straight line of compact perpendicular rock: in the centre of this, is a recess, in which is a platform of four or five steps, extending, also, a little into the body of the Pynx: this was the orator's place. The ridge above, shut out the Piræus entirely from the view: on the East, the view was open and inspiring, taking in most of the city, the Acropolis, the temples, and the great plain around. The Turks had a battery on the hill of the Museum, and would not suffer us to ascend it; but I could see that the marble ruins which crown it, had not suffered during the siege. To the Christian, "Mars hill" is scarcely less an object of interest, than the Pynx: I have already described its position: we passed below it, in going from my first point of observation, to the Acropolis, but it had no ruins, and did not detain us. The Acropolis, you know, runs East and West: its Northern and Southern sides, in length, steepness and general character, bear a strong resemblance to the bluff of East Rock, at New Haven: its height is not quite so great. It is precipitous, also, on the East, and the only practicable ascent, is at the Western end. In ancient times, this was by a proud flight of marble steps: at the summit of these, the visitor came to the marble wall which lined the edge of the precipice, and here, passing among the columns of the Propylæa or vestibule,
entered the area, sacred to the gods, and covered with temples. But times are greatly changed. We commenced our ascent with a Turkish burying ground on our right, where marble turban and gilt inscriptions were scattered on the ground, among fragments of shells and cannon balls: this passed, we came to the first of the numerous defences that guard this end; were hailed by an officer, and told we could not enter. Some of our younger officers, the day before, had broken off some marbles above, and this was made the plea for our exclusion, though money was doubtless the object. They found none was coming, and after a little detention, admitted us. The ascent was through winding and narrow passages, secured by gates at proper intervals: we came at last, to what remains of the Propylæa, and soon after, making a turn, found ourselves within the enclosures. Still, they shewed great jealousy or avarice, I know not which: they formed a line around us, conducted us where they chose, stopped when they chose, and though not rude, still watched us closely. Still, the visit was invaluable, as it gave distinctness and permanency, to impressions before vague and unsettled. I got a little more liberty myself, too, and while the other officers were entertained, handsomely enough, at the house of the commandant, towards the Eastern end, wandered about under care of a guard, among the ruins. I had felt considerable anxiety about them. The hill of the Museum overlooks the Acropolis: the besiegers had planted a battery there, and the distance is not more than half a mile; and from a battery of the Venetians, on this hill, in their attack under Morosini, the Parthenon suffered considerably, in the sculptures of its Western front.
But I could not see that any material injury had been received: the little chapel of Pandrosos, stands as described by Hobhouse, even to the inscription in the mortar, complimentary to Lord Elgin—

QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTHI
HOC FECERUNT SCOTI.

The Propylæa is not altered, and though I could not count the columns of the Parthenon, I saw no blocks that looked as if lately fallen. Its shafts are marked in many places, with white spots, by the balls, but they have done nothing more than bruise them a little. The temples of Theseus and of the Winds, the Doric Portico, and the immense columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, are also untouched; although much of the city has been battered down; and the ground, around the second of these temples, has been cleared of the rude houses that formerly surrounded it; and it now stands all alone. I employed my time diligently, and visited every ruin or locality of note, except the monument of Lysicrates, which is in a part of the city where there was little fighting. I will attempt no description of all these: it would be mockery: I will only add, that no descriptions can exceed the reality.

The houses are nearly all in ruins and deserted: a soldier here and there, and one or two men with lemons in the bazar, were all the living objects I met with: our way was generally over heaps of rubbish, and no desolation can be more complete, than that of this city, so dear both to the scholar and artist. The inhabitants are now scattered over the islands, as in ancient times: they may return, but it will be long before
Athens and its beautiful plain, recover from the visit of those worse than Persian invaders.

I staid in the city, till I was left alone: the soldiers began to be insolent, and I decamped; our parties united on the road to the Piræus, and there was a general expression of indignation, at their surly treatment of us. Perhaps there is some excuse in their situation, and in the supplies the Greeks are now receiving from America, of which they have probably heard, and which they doubtless attribute to our government. The Austrian officers were in the city, and get their share of the odium for all this.

The shores about the marshy part of the Piræus, are sprinkled with salt: Captain Patterson brought some off, and I heard him jokingly boast afterwards, that he had laid in a good supply of "Attic salt."

Adieu.

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LETTER XLVI.

Frigate Constitution, 
Straits of Salamis, July 17, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

This morning, we saw a Turkish horseman on the shore, making signal to us: a boat was despatched for him, and he came on board. He brought a letter for the Captain, with titles on it sufficient for a Russian nobleman: it was from the Pasha, and after stating that his army was out of coffee and sugar, wanted to know whether we would not sell him some. To the letter,
a verbal reply was sent, "that powder and shot were the only articles we dealt in;" and accompanying it, was a written complaint, of the conduct of the officer, who had, yesterday, acted as master of ceremonies, in our visit to the city. The Pasha's note excited strong indignation in the ship, and an officer begged permission to board the Austrian brig, and see whether they had a finger in the business or not: he went, but they utterly disclaimed any share in it. Probably, it is to be attributed to the Pasha's ignorance: their intercourse is chiefly with the Austrians, and it is notorious, that the men-of-war of this nation, are little more than petty traders, in these seas at least: it is said, too, that the Turks have profited greatly by this commerce.

I went to Eleusis to-day. The map will shew you its position, and the character of the straits, and of the beautiful bay that opens before the town, so completely shut in, as to have the appearance of a lake. We rowed up the narrow straits, having on our left, a bare and mountainous coast, and on the right, a range of mountains, with strips of fine forests running up their ravines. We turned a point of land, and the bay I have spoken of opened upon us: the mountains on our right now left the coast, and formed an immense semi-circular sweep, enclosing one of the richest and finest plains in the country. Eleusis stands towards the Western side of this plain, about one fourth of a mile from the water. It is on the Eastern end of a low ridge, a kind of spur from the mountains, which are the Kerata of antiquity. But again we say, "Ilium fuit:" the houses were broken open; their timbers
half consumed; the churches profaned, and not an inhabitant was to be seen. All had fled: our sailors, in wandering about, found a half-starved wretch from the mountains: he had come down to the plain, to pluck a few ears of corn from the rich crop that covered it, but was under constant apprehensions of the Turks. The town however was a small one. Just on its skirts, are vast quantities of marble ruins, doubtless remains of the great temple of Ceres. I was surprised at their magnificence: they consist of fluted shafts, doric capitals, cornices and huge blocks of marble, all corresponding in character to what we know of that edifice. On one of these masses, were sculptured in relief, two blazing torches, crossing each other at an acute angle, with the letters MAIOI above: the mysteries, you recollect, were celebrated by torch light. There are numerous fragments of statues scattered over the ground: exceedingly rich in their drapery, but so small as to be of little value:—the soil has accumulated around, and if pains were taken, something might probably be discovered to repay the trouble, in a spot so rich as was this one. A large figure, in bas-relief, had been partly dug out: our men completed the work, and brought it into full view: it is a headless bust of a man (probably a Triton): colossal, and pretty well executed, but so outre in character as to remind one of the xoë of the Eleusinian mysteries—the free masonry of the ancients. I have a medal of the city, with a sow on the reverse, an animal you know sacrificed to Ceres in the festival. There is an inscription in the wall of a church, two hundred yards North East of the ruins of the temple, from which it was probably ta-
ken;* and not far from this, near an aqueduct, a headless figure in bas-relief, sitting, and of excellent sculpture: The aqueduct crosses the plain. I visited the flowery well, where Ceres rested; it is now half filled with rubbish. This, with the cave of Pan, in the side of the ridge, and remains of a pier at the landing place, complete the antiquities of Eleusis.

Wednesday, 18.—I have said that our anchorage is near the small island of Psyttalion, and on the spot where the Greek and Persian fleets first met. The Persian monarch had stationed a large force on this island, to act on any of the enemy that might escape to it: many of his own subjects swam to it on the loss of their vessels. The Greeks, when all was over, landed, and put every one of them to the sword: a trophy was afterwards erected there. I went to-day to see whether any remains of it exist: there are none: the island is about three furlongs in length, narrow, rocky, a few shrubs its only vegetation, and pigeons and owls

*I copied the following interesting inscription from a cubical block of marble in the court yard of a large square house in Eleusis, the former residence of the Turkish governor. The one noticed above is similar to it, but is imperfect.

HEXAPEIOTIAGOT
BOTANAKAIHPOSTH
TONephyKAIADHMOSE
OAOHNIAIOKALATAI
ANMENANAPANKLAT
DIOTHILIPPIPTOTOT
DADOTXIESANTOSOETAT
PA-KLAT. OMOETRATOTEG
GONON-AIA. PAEANOROTA
POGONONAPETHXENEKEN.
its only inhabitants. Our officers shot some of the last: they bear an exact resemblance to the owls on the Athenian coins. Immediately north of this, on the main, is a steep eminence, part of the chain of mountains that lines the strait: on its summit are some bare, perpendicular rocks, forming a striking object, as seen from the water; and here Xerxes is supposed to have had his throne; his army being stationed all along the coast, from the gulf of Phalerus to that of Eleusis. Thus they stood, and whichever way the eye turned, over shores, and rocks, and promontories, it met only a dark mass of beings and bright glancing spears: above all was the king, distinct and distinguishing: below, twelve hundred ships covered the waters, each in its place, and thus they waited for the sacrifice; for the vessels of the enemy amounted only to three hundred and eighty, and it was to be a sacrifice to the gods, rather than a battle. Nature too was quiet: the winds were hushed, and scarcely a wave rippled to the shore: but up the straits, there was a spot where men's hearts beat quick, and every passion was in dreadful agitation. That night, what would Greece be? or would it be at all? The breeze now blew down the straits: it grew strong: a few parting words were uttered, hoarse and thick, but in the hoarseness of determined feeling; the winds urged them on; they turned the point; caught a glimpse of the Acropolis, and came, not as victims, but avengers,—and avengers, till the sea was reddened with blood, and the faces of the spectators grew pale, and the tyrant started in horror from his seat.
I noticed the wind here in May, and found it very changeable, with frequent calms: in the evening it was from the Southward and Eastward; but in the morning, from seven to ten or eleven o'clock, it was regularly from the West-North-West, i.e. down the straits: about eight, it became strong, and on the last morning, it was accompanied with a sea that would have seriously incommode such vessels as were those of Xerxes. The battle was in October, but the fact may interest you.

Thursday, 19.—When I returned on board, I found all busy getting under way. We coasted the Southern shores of Salamis, which are hilly and barren, except a few strips of low pine forests; and anchored towards evening in a large and beautiful harbour on the Western side of the island, or rather in the island, for Salamis is only a belt of land around this harbour, generally not more than two miles wide. The harbour is capacious and secure; but there are sunken rocks in the entrance that make it dangerous. On its Southern end are bare and deserted. The town of Coúlouri is on
the Northern shore, a small place, but now crowded with starving refugees from the main. A vast number of them are living in caves, which they have scooped out from the banks near the water; and I have seen them crawl out in the morning, (for the places will scarce admit of sitting upright,) most pitiable looking objects. The ancient capital was on the Southern side of the island; but I was told, there are now no vestiges of it to be seen. We were offered a great many antique medals at Coûlouri: from among them, I purchased a leaden one, of a curious character. It has the body and legs of a fowl: the head of a horse: a man's face on the breast, and a serpent rising from the body.

The Captain formed a party to Megara, to-day: an invitation was sent me, to join them, but I was unfortunately ashore at the time. They found it in the same state as Eleusis, black and deserted: the Greeks have an outpost there, their main army being stationed in the defiles, by which the isthmus of Corinth is approached. They found there two colossal statues, with a smaller one; Captain Patterson purchased the last and one of the former,* from a Greek, who professed to be their owner. While making the purchase, another Greek passed into an adjoining church, dedicated to St. Demetrius, and soon after returned, greatly alarmed, saying, that tears were flowing down the face of the saint, who must, therefore, be unwilling to part with it.

I have met with no people, whose superstition is so childish and absurd. The largest church I have seen in this remarkable island, is the following:

* The larger is now in the Academy of Arts at Philadelphia, to which Captain Patterson has presented it. 1829.
An old woman of Tino, on which island it is situated, dreamed one night, that if she were to dig at a certain spot, near the water, she would discover a subterranean chapel, of the Panagia or Virgin, and that a church must be built over it. She reported her dream to the citizens; they dug, discovered the chapel, and have complied with all the requisitions of the dream. Hobhouse relates that the men employed by Lord Elgin, to carry his statues to the water, sometimes dropped them, and ran off, crying out, that the marble was complaining of its removal. Dr. Clarke had great difficulty in procuring the Cambridge Ceres, at Eleusis, from a superstitious regard to the statue, and a belief that its removal would bring sterility on their plain.

Adieu.

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LETTER XLVII.

Frigate Constitution,

July 23, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

On Friday, Captain Patterson made up a party to Corinth, about thirty miles distant from our anchorage: I had an invitation to join it, and never received one with greater pleasure, for it was an excursion that promised much enjoyment every way. He had made ample provision of cold fowls, wine, biscuit, &c.: the boat’s crew were ordered to lay in largely for two days: arms and ammunition were prepared, and the Captain’s barge, a fine large boat was got in readiness.
Just before we started, a messenger came with a letter, from the governor of the town. Two piratical boats, he said, were about starting on a cruise: he had endeavored to detain them, but his power was insufficient, and he begged us to interfere, till the morrow, when some of their own men of war would be in. Three suspicious boats were then standing out of the harbour: our third cutter was armed and dispatched after the first: a shot brought the second to, and our whale boat was sent for her: the third was run ashore and deserted. The middle boat was of peaceable character, and suffered to proceed: the foremost was filled with men well armed: they confessed their object, but "our families," they said, "are starving; they cry to us for bread, we have none for them, and can get none—what else can we do?" they stated that they intended to act only against the Turks, but we did not believe them; they were sent back to the town, and a boat from the ship was ordered to be armed, and to keep guard at the entrance of the harbour.

We left the ship at 2 P. M., and passing an island that nearly blocks up the Western entrance of the straits of Salamis, came soon after to a peninsula, which the Greeks have fortified, and where, as I have said, an advanced post is kept. Just West of it, was Megara, about a mile from the shore, and situated on a low eminence, with a large plain around. It is the last town till we cross the Isthmus: soon after leaving it, the traveller enters a range of mountains, called Dervenyi, which acts as a barrier to the Morea, and now keeps Kiutahi Pasha, at bay: the Greeks have a considerable force among its narrow passes. The mountains rise steep and bare from the water: heavy
clouds began to descend on them as we passed, rolling in much grandeur about their summits: dark masses advanced towards us, along the heights of Argolis: sea, rock and sky, took a lurid colour, and the scene became such as men look on in silence, feeling their littleness and the majesty of nature's God. We reached a more open country, as the storm came on, and with our sails, formed an excellent tent, under a tree, in a deserted vineyard. A large fire was kindled: we broke off the tender olive and wild lentisk branches, dried them, and throwing over them our cloaks, formed a comfortable bed. Lieutenant S—— made coffee: we had with it, cold fowl, bread, wine, good appetites, and a chat; and then, the officers, with the exception of the Captain, dividing themselves into watches, (for the country was a dangerous one,) and the arms well looked to, we stowed ourselves away: the rain and wind formed a lullaby, and I was soon asleep. My watch came on at two in the morning; the arms of my predecessor, were transferred to me, and I walked the rounds two hours, with a loaded pistol in my right hand, and a sword by my side. The storm had passed, and the dashing of the light waves against the boat, with the flickering flame of our watch fire, were fit accompaniments to reflection. I thought of my life, and its singular changes:—but no one can think long of himself in Greece. Athens had fallen: where would be the next blow? what was the destiny of this country, so long and often the theme of song and story, and so often swept over by the tempests of cruel war? There is scarcely a pass in its whole extent, that has not seen hard fighting, or scarcely a strong place in its mountains, from which its terrified inhabitants have
not looked down upon their smoking houses. Three religions have successively prevailed over it, and nations from the East and West have ruled it, yet still it has been a land peeled and worn; its cities have still been given to pillage, and its people to outrage and violence. Their condition for three hundred and fifty years previous to the present struggle, is well known, and their condition during the war, is, also, pretty well known; in the one case, a galling slavery, and in the other, a struggle for their very existence. And yet we look for high minded virtues among them, and cry out against them, because we meet with the reverse. I wish to say a few words on the subject: the more, because among those who see them, and who are, of course, supposed to be the best judges, the impression of their character is very bad; and this impression will go home to our country, to produce a chilling influence there. I am myself no great admirer of the Greek character; and shall give it no extravagant praise; but let us try not to do it injustice. There is great danger of this, though we are not apt to suspect it. Who in his youth has not heard of Greece, and Grecian magnanimity, and Grecian prowess; of gods, and heroes scarcely less than gods; and has not thought of them, till they became a part of the country, and identified with its name? So we grow up: we come to Greece, and find here what we might have expected, but what we were not disposed to expect; we find but men. The illusion vanishes, and we are disappointed. Perhaps we may not run into the other extreme, though it is human nature to do so; but we are, at least, disappointed. Set this down in your mind. We find them unfortunate, too. That is a sad
damper to admiration; it cools friendship every where, and then, to excuse our own shameful desertion of those whom fortune has first deserted, we find vices in them, which we never thought of before. This is, also, a part of poor human nature; and now set this down in your mind. We, perhaps, get among the Turks, a people whom we have always thought a compound of treachery, cruelty, and dark crime; we find them possessed of principle and honesty; hospitable and kind: we eat their bread and salt; our surprise turns to admiration; we conclude the Turk is the better of the two, and the unfortunate Greeks sink another degree in our estimation. Now in these three things, we only are concerned: the Greek character has nothing to do with them; and yet, from these alone, it suffers to no small amount.

We come to that character itself: but let us still guard against extremes. It is now more than three hundred and fifty years, since the Turks got possession of this country; for I will not go beyond the Turkish conquest and dominion. What has been its state? I refer you to travellers through the country. Has not every effort of their hard master, been aimed at their purse strings; and has not money been the only talisman in danger, often the only protection to life? Is it strange then, that the Greeks should put a high value on money? On this score, travellers complain most of them. In what country have travellers not suffered greatly in this respect. Those who come as far as Greece, have, generally, abundance of money: it often goes easily, and the actions are then justified for not having had the modesty to refuse it. After all, there is a blot in their character. It shows most now,
in their Capitani; but well may they turn to England and America, and say, "physician, heal thyself." I will deal only with my own country. Where is their other ship? They paid money enough for two; why did they get but one? Now, the Capitani in Greece, do not plunder on so large a scale; nor do they take words of pity in their mouths, while they plunder. Should they hereafter take thousands where they now take hundreds, and turn hypocrites in the bargain; let us remember where they got the example, and for the sake of our own dear country, let us not throw on the whole nation, a stigma that belongs only to individuals.

They are cowardly, it is said. That is a falsehood. Were the men of Botzaris or Karaiskakis cowards? They were not: nor did the Greeks shew cowardice at Missilonghi. Two things have been hard against them: they have not had confidence in their leaders, and have been badly provided with arms. Why have they selected officers in whom they could not have confidence? They have not selected: there can be no selection: their families are starving, and if Colocotroni gives them pay or food for their children, and a braver man cannot, is it surprising that they swell the ranks of Colocotroni? But they will not fight with him, and no wonder; for he does not stop to give them an opportunity. He has or gets money; he raises an army, because it flatters his pride, or enables him to get more: they join him, because he feeds them: he runs from the enemy, because he is a coward: and who wonders that they do not stand to fight? They are badly disciplined, according to our notions; but then, they have no bayonets to their guns; they cannot meet Kiutahi's horsemen, or Ibrahim's regulars in the plain,
and, therefore, they skirmish among the mountains; and for this, their mode of fighting is the best.

I have spoken of their superstitions: superstition is always the child of ignorance, and they are very ignorant. But a word or two on that subject. You recollect Rika's fate, perhaps. He was a learned Greek of the last century, and was preparing, at Vienna, an edition of Anacharsis, in modern Greek, with a dozen large maps, giving both the ancient and modern names of places. The Porte heard of it, and demanded him of the Austrian government; this was mean enough to give him up, and to save himself from a worse fate, he leaped into the Danube, on his way to Constantinople, and was drowned. Some of his maps made their way to Smyrna, and were immediately hunted up by the Turkish authorities, and burnt. A few copies escaped, one of which I have been fortunate enough to procure. Such were the governments over and adjoinning them, and now, who will wonder that the Greeks are ignorant or superstitious? The colleges at Scio and Hialvali, it is true, were on a liberal scale; but they had not been in existence long enough, to produce much general effect, before the tide of Eastern war swept by, and left not a relic behind. Let America be, for three centuries and a half, as Greece has been, and how much intelligence would be left, extensive and deeply rooted as it appears now to be?

Their piracies will tell bad in our country, and alienate from them many a warm friend. I mean not to excuse piracy any where, but I never knew a case where I should censure it less. The sufferings of the people are horrible: they are beyond description; and to persons accustomed to abundance, as our coun-
trymen are, almost beyond belief. It has been the custom of their enemy to spread over the country, just before harvest time, and the fields, on which fathers, and mothers, and prattling children, looked with happy hearts in the morning, were before night swept bare; their houses were a ruin; and they themselves were wanderers on the cold hearted world. This is the history of many hundreds of families. You have followed me through some of their seared and blackened country: the inhabitants are going from town to town for bread: they live in holes in the earth, and know not how long they may be suffered to occupy these: around the cities, the blind, and maimed, and sick, beg piteously as we pass. With their families crying for bread, is it strange that they board and plunder the rich ships in trade with their enemies' country? In this, violence is seldom used: I have not heard of one murder, and believe not one has ever yet been committed. Now call them pirates if you choose, for such they are; but think at the same time of their country, and wives, and children; and though you may condemn, you will also pity them.

This is then the sum of the whole. The Greeks are great lovers of money; their Capitani are enthusiastic admirers of it: they all care little as to the means of getting it, and their character here is very much in fault. They are not cowards, but will fight like other men, with equal advantages. They are ignorant, because they have had no way of being instructed. They are very unfortunate: let us pity and relieve the unfortunate; but not upbraid them.*

*I have since been in Italy, and have no hesitation in saying that the Greek character is far superior to the Italian. 1829.
They are unfortunate. The experiment they are trying is a most difficult one,—the establishment of a free and popular government. France, enlightened France tried it, and sunk first into anarchy, then into despotism. The South American states are trying it, and what is their history? Our own country succeeded, and why did it succeed? It was owing, next to the goodness of Providence, to a combination of causes and circumstances, never before nor since found in another nation. Our forefathers had been accustomed to self-government, to charters and constitutions; the war no sooner broke out, than there started up statesmen and orators, experienced, enlightened, liberal in views, and undaunted in purpose. The occasion called them out, but the energies of Jefferson, and Fisher Ames, and Patrick Henry, had all been prepared and exercised before. The nation, also, I do not hesitate to say, was virtuous and enlightened, as no people ever was before, or has been since. Washington, too, was at their head: and yet, with all this, how often was the fate of the young republic, trembling in the scales. I repeat it, the experiment is the most difficult that can be tried, and the wonder with me is, not that Greece is unfortunate, but that she exists at all,—that ambition and anarchy have not arisen to sweep off every vestige of a republic, whose rulers are, from necessity, ignorant and inexperienced, and whose people were, till yesterday, abused and hated "slaves, nay, the bondsmen of a slave."

I have sometimes employed myself with supposing them successful in their present struggle; and have tried to follow them in the new character, as a free and independent people. They have about them the
material of a highly interesting, though, perhaps, not of a great nation. A traveller among them, is constantly struck with the resemblance to the character of their ancestors. This, no doubt, is often fanciful; but after making due allowances for fancy, there is no people, except the Jews, whose internal character, the lapse of ages and political revolutions, have affected so little. "They are," if you choose, "the same canaille that they were in the days of Themistocles." I have often been a doubly interested observer of their character, in their dealings with me, and can discover the same inquisitiveness, the same keenness of perception, the same brightness of intellect, the same shrewdness, and the same duplicity, that formed the character of the ancient Greek. Their persons are, usually, tall and remarkably straight, a circumstance, probably, arising from the practice of swaddling their children, who, always, from the head down, bear a strong resemblance to an Egyptian mummy. Their dress shews their persons to the best advantage; the mustachoe, after a little time, appears natural, and certainly gives a manly character to the features. It is often adopted by travellers, and is no uncommon ornament to the faces of officers in foreign men of war, in this sea. Their features are strikingly expressive of their character.

In all this, I have reference to the men. The women are kind and amiable, and, I believe, virtuous; at least, I have never heard any thing to the contrary; and the maxims of the country are very severe on this subject. Among the islands, they are often handsome, and have, frequently, the peculiar physiognomy, we call Grecian; but on the main, this is rare: it is still more seldom found among the other sex. Few of them
can read, but they are cheerful and sociable, and by no means, uninteresting society. Their life is, usually, a laborious one: besides the drudgery of the house, many severe duties, in our country, performed by men, are assigned to them; for the present, like the ancient Greeks, are not at all distinguished for gallantry.

Their language, though changed, is still Greek, in all its characteristics, rich, soft, and mellifluous; and I am often a listener to the groups at their coffee houses, simply to enjoy the sounds. The words most in use have altered most: for ὁδός, they use νερό; bread is now ψωμί; wine, κρασί, &c.: many words have, also, been taken from the Italian, but, after all, a stranger is no sooner set down among them, than he feels that it is Greek. It is Greek; but he tries his ear in vain to catch the sounds so familiar to him. The difficulty arises from the change of accents, and the pronunciation, which you know, is far different from ours. Their literati pretend, that it is the pronunciation of the old Hellenic, and among other evidence, direct us to the universality of the present mode. It is a fact, I believe, that, although in some places, words of the ancient Greek, have grown obsolete, while they are still common in others, yet the pronunciation is everywhere the same. I am not able to enter into the merits of the case, but I should be sorry to think that Plato and Demosthenes, pronounced as the Greeks do now. It is the greatest defect in their language. They have five e sounds: η, ε, υ, ϵ, ο, are all sounded like e in me, and the consequence is a monotony inconsistent with the beauty, variety, and finish which we discover in all other parts of the ancient Greek. B is sounded like v: γ is more guttural than our g: δ has the sound
of th, in then; ə of the same in thin; ɛ of a in fate; the remaining letters have the sounds usually given them in our country. The diphthongs vary greatly, from our mode of pronouncing them: əw is either əf or əv; əv, əf əv; əv, is sounded like oo; ɔu, like their ɛ: the rest I have given above. This is, of course, an imperfect view of the subject; but I hope you will find it interesting. The ancient Greek is studied in most of their schools; and Greece still sends to other countries, as in the days of Cicero, skilful teachers of this beautiful language.

But my watch has expired. Mountain after mountain, has risen and stood out from the chaos of dark images; and a new day comes forth on Greece, to pass like others, "a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm."

It was the signal for our departure. I roused up the party; we struck our tent, and embarked in our boat once more. We sounded the gulf as we proceeded up, but could get no bottom at thirty two fathoms: the navigation, General Church afterwards informed us, is safe the whole way up, and the anchorage good. He had his quarters in a brig, near the scala or landing place of the isthmus, the site of the ancient Cenchrea, where his army was bivouacked among wigwams and caves. We ran our boat into a small pebbly no mile distant; made our toilet, and had a comfortable breakfast, with the aid of our former coffee; which, we rowed for the brig.

General Church was on board, and received us with great politeness. He presented Captain Patterson
with a passport, into all the fortified places in Greece; begged us to stay for breakfast, or return to tea with him, and offered us guides and horses across the Isthmus. The latter met us as we reached the shore, signal having, probably, been made for them. General Church, is, you know, commander in chief of the land forces: he is a gentleman in manners; is also, I believe, of tried bravery, and has attached the soldiers strongly to him. Still, I think it bad policy to raise a foreigner to the chief military command in any country, and particularly in Greece. The warfare here, requires a man who understands the character of the people well, and can accommodate himself to it: a man of enthusiasm, that will not shew itself in proclamations, so much as in action; who will bear all hardships; hang on the enemy with small parties, harass and cut them off; retreat, one moment, into a mountain defile, and the next, attack through another; most formidable when subdued, and taking victory by piecemeal. Such men were Botzaris and Karaiskakis; and such a man ought to fill the place of General Church. He complained greatly of being crippled by the want of provisions; “Give me bread,” he said, “give me only bread for my men, and I will soon have an efficient army about me,—I ask only bread.” His soldiers certainly looked famishing: our men dined in the boat, near shore, while we were gone, and gave an invitation to some of the Greek officers to join them, which was gladly accepted. The bones were picked bare, and after being thrown away, were caught up by those on shore, to undergo another picking. The boatmen had brought a large quantity of biscuit, for distribution, and scarcely left themselves a supper.
Of Cenchrea, nothing remains, except the foundations of some walls, which, indeed, occurred frequently in our ride, shewing the whole country from that to Corinth, a distance of six miles, to have been almost a continued town. We had a range of mountains on our left, commencing at the landing, and receding from us as we advanced: on our right, was the low isthmus, on which remains of the ancient wall connecting the two seas, and of the canal begun by Nero, may still be discovered: beyond it, rise the high mountains of Dervenyi. Half way across, we came to the deserted village of Hexamillia, and soon after, ascending an eminence, had the plain and gulf of Corinth before us. The latter was shut in by mountains, and had much the appearance of a lake. The plain was a beautiful one: it extends about six miles along the gulf, and is two in breadth, at the widest part. Towards its South Eastern side is the city of Corinth, and immediately back of this is the citadel or Acropolis, sometimes called Acro-Corinthus. To this we directed our course: it is seen at a great distance, even on the shores of Attica; and from its singular shape, forms a striking feature in the landscape. It is a rock of gray limestone, isolated, except a small ridge running from it, towards the West; in shape, very much like an inverted kettle, and about one thousand feet in height. The ascent commences near a beautiful fountain of water, on the North, and winds round to the Western side, where is the entrance. Very few travellers have been able to ascend it, as the Turks always guarded the place with great jealousy, and the Greeks are not less cautious. It is, indeed, an important fortress, commanding, as it does, the entrance
to the Morea, and is one of great natural and artificial strength. The walls run along the edge of the precipice, and are of sufficient height, so that a garrison, even of moderate numbers, with sufficient provisions, might defy any force, however strong.

It had just been sold. Its late commander had been killed at Athens: government was in arrears to the garrison, and these set it up at auction. Colocotroni, after an unsuccessful attempt to take the Palamede by force, had come on to buy Corinth on trust; but the place was sold to Djevelia, a Suliote chief, in connexion with others, for one hundred and thirty thousand piastres, in cash; and in his hands it remains. Our passport was examined at the gates, and we were admitted without difficulty.

The place has always been celebrated for its excellent water: we passed numerous rivulets on our ascent: there are several wells above, and to my enquiries whether it had any antiquities, they conducted me to a fountain towards the Eastern side. This is subterranean, and the water is drawn from it by a bucket and windlass: but there was formerly a descent by a handsome flight of steps: this passage is at present nearly filled up: I clambered down the walls, however, in company with a lad, and was going to step into a chamber that opened before us, when he saved me from a cooler to my antiquarian zeal. He caught me by the arm and pointed to my feet, where I now saw a body of water, so crystalline as to have escaped my notice before. The chamber was cubical, about twelve feet on each side, and opened by a pillared doorway into another, apparently larger, from which the water is drawn. They told me that the latter had
a long Greek inscription on the walls, and excited my curiosity greatly about it; but we had no Charon; the water was deep, and I was forced to return without seeing it. In the walls of the houses are fragments of pillars, probably remains of the temple of Venus, which formerly crowned the heights of the citadel. Besides these and the fountain, I saw no antiquities, nor could I hear of any. The rest of the citadel had little interest except as a military post; but the garrison was small, and though the country was open to them, they appeared to be already suffering from want. The country could furnish little, even for its famishing inhabitants. The plain was all bare, except a singed olive grove towards its Western end; the city was a heap of ruins below, and the scene of utter desolation to which we had now become accustomed, was here exhibited once more. But the view is very grand: Wheeler calls it "the most agreeable prospect the world can give." The two rival gulfs, with their winding shores, the isthmus, the city and plain, are just at your feet. A mountainous country, with every hue, is on the West and South; on the north, Parnassus rises high and peaked above numberless mountains around it: Helicon and Cithæron are in sight. You turn eastward, and have the bright sea, with Salamis, Egina and numerous islets, and beyond these Hymettus, the plain of Athens and the Acropolis. We stopped frequently to admire the grand and magnificent features of the view, and all agreed that it was the finest we had seen in the country.

The city is half a mile from Acro-Corinthus, but in former times it extended up to the rock. One is struck every where, through the country, with their care in
selecting the vicinity of strong places for their cities. Mycenae, Tyrinthus, Argos, Nauplia, Corinth, Megara, Eleusis, had each its adjoining heights, crowned with a citadel. Athens was built first on the rock, and hence the name Acropolis, or high city, when the plain around began to be inhabited. Was all this from jealousy of each other, or shall we infer from it that the country was previously inhabited by men who looked with suspicion and jealousy on the intruders among them? Rome was built on hills, not so much for purposes of beauty as defense. But I return. Among the prostrate ruins of Corinth, the pillars of an ancient temple were a striking object: picking our way among heaps of rubbish, we reached them at length. They are seven in number, five of which retain their entablature; and are fluted Doric, but clumsy looking; their height being not quite four diameters instead of six, the number proper for this order. The diameter, as measured by Wheeler, is six feet at the base. The material is gray limestone. It has received various names, as the Sisypheum, the temple of Juno, and the temple of Octavia; to the last of which it has perhaps the best claim, the position corresponding very well with what we know of that temple. A few yards from this is a large rock, in which several chambers have been cut: they are ancient but their character is unknown. We saw only two men in the city; its ruinous and deserted state presented a fine opportunity of searching for antiquities; and the numerous rich carvings, in the houses and courts, invited to the examination. I staid till my horse got entangled in the rubbish and the company had left me behind, when I extricated him as well as I could; turned
to give another and last look at Corinth, and then galloped over the plain.

We stopped a few minutes at Gen. Church's brig to thank him for his kindness, and then started on our return, as the sun went down behind Acro-Corinthus, and the whole rich landscape became covered with a flood of living light. A fine breeze arose: we had supper, wine, and cheerful thoughts, to give a zest to it, and then, gradually, each one wrapped himself in his cloak: we found a bed as we could; and about midnight were awaked by the heavy oars of one of our boats, the guard boat of the watch: they had hailed us, and receiving no answer, were pulling after us, with all their might.

Adieu.

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LETTER XLVIII.

Frigate Constitution, 7
July 24, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

My last was written in the gulf of Egina. The Captain sent a present of tea to General Church, on our return: we sailed on the 22d, and the next day, reached our present anchorage, in the straits of Poros. We are between the N. W. side of the island and the main, in a fine bay, but now very hot, owing to the reflection from the hills around. The East is always associated in our minds, with great heat. A thermometrical journal I have kept, gives for this month, at 1
P. M., a mean of 95°, of Fahrenheit, in the sun, and of 81°, by the cabin door: the greatest of the former, has been 112°, and of the latter, 85°. You must remember, that at anchor, the ship swings head to wind, and the experiment in the shade, is not a fair one. This is a high temperature; and yet, though I have been very much in the sun, I feel it much less here, than I did at home. It is clear and bright, but I am satisfied, has not the scorching and debilitating character, that it has in America.

We have learnt here, that the English, French, and Russians, are going to interfere for Greece: the intelligence is hailed with great joy by the people, for it comes at a time, when they have lost all hope in themselves.

7 P. M.—We are under way again, and whither now? you ask. I will tell you. We had rounded the Northern end of Poros, and were beginning to head South, when the attention of a group of officers, of which I was one, was drawn to a large Frigate, just coming to anchor in the straits of Egina. I went up to the officer of the deck: he saw I had some project in head, and, "Well, what now, Mr. Jones?" he asked. "Why, a large Frigate, with the Greek flag, has just anchored at Egina: if the Captain knew it, he would, perhaps, like to run up there, and see Lord Cochrane." He took a spy-glass; sent a midshipman down to the Captain, and in a few minutes, we were steering for Egina. Now, though I have no objection to the Captain’s seeing Lord Cochrane, which I know he wishes to do, I want much more, myself, to visit the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, on the island: I had not time to do this, when we were there before
it has often drawn my attention, since that, and a few evenings since, stood out in provoking beauty, as we passed, with the setting sun gilding its columns.

Wednesday, 25.—We anchored about 8 o’clock, near the Hellas, and were immediately boarded by Captain St. George, the only English officer, whom Cochrane has been able to keep with him. The rest have all left in disgust, at the Greeks, and in despair of doing any thing. All praise the ship, and she is, indeed, a noble vessel, but his Lordship says, he can place no dependence on his men. He ran along side a Turkish corvette, a few days since, gave her a broadside, and when the smoke cleared up, looked, expecting to see every spar and rope cut away. Not one was touched. The men had fired the guns without pointing them, and all had taken refuge on the other side of the vessel: it was with difficulty, that he got one division back again. This conduct is not usual to these seamen, and, I fear, it is partly owing to ignorance of the character and mode of managing the Greeks. Mialulis was admiral before his arrival, but resigned his place, and held a secondary rank in the ship: he is a popular, and amiable old man, but has left him: he says, Cochrane is too hot-headed and hasty, he could not get along with him. Captain Patterson went on board this morning, and offered a salute, if he would return it: he replied, he certainly should return it if given, but begged it might not: he was short of powder, and needed every grain he had. They weighed anchor early in the forenoon, and steered to the Southward.

I made the family of Canaris a short visit, and then started in search of a donkey. We soon procured one,
with its owner in a shed, close by: he was reclining on the ground, and the good wife was shaving his head; but she expedited the operation, and he soon rose with pate smooth and glistening, except a tuft on the crown, for that is à la mode, in some parts of Greece. The temple is on the N. Eastern side of the island. The road was along a valley, with cultivated spots on each side, but the general character was extreme aridity and barrenness. This was its character in the earliest times; but the inhabitants afterwards became so remarkable, both for their number and industry, as to be called auts, μυριάκος, and by a slight change of the word, myrmidons. The word comes, also, it is said, from their manner of living, which was in holes, in the earth. All this is recalled strongly, by a town called Castro, half way towards the temple. It is stuck against a conical hill, near its summit: the houses are ruinous, and of the colour of the earth, and the whole looks not unlike a gigantic ant-hill.

The temple which we reached in three hours, is the oldest, and, except the temple of Theseus, at Athens, the best preserved in Greece. It was built by Αeus, the second king of the island, to propitiate Jupiter in a season of drought. Αeus is supposed to have lived two generations before the Trojan war, which will give the temple an age of about three thousand and fifty years: it is said to be the first that was built in Greece. It had a yearly festival, when it was resorted to from all Greece; but its dimensions are small, and its materials, the common stone of the island, a porous sandstone, by no means rich. Still it was a pretty thing, and being seated on an eminence, with a varied country around, and the sea far below, the plain
of Athens and its Acropolis, in the distance, and mountain scenery on the West, it has much to recommend it, and I have seldom stood, in any of their temples, with greater pleasure, than I did among the ruins of this. The three steps of ascent, on each side, are still perfect: the lower measures ninety four feet by forty seven: it had a row of pillars all around, and a double one at the Eastern end or Pronaos: they were of fluted Doric, without base, two feet, four inches in diameter, and about sixteen in height, with the capital. There were originally thirty two, of which twenty three are now standing, the sixteen at the Eastern end, with their entablatures: some are of single pieces: others of blocks about two feet thick, but, even in this rough stone, joined together with great exactness. Part of the cell remains, and the peribolus may be traced around. Lord Elgin's agents have been digging here, and, I understand, met with considerable success: I stopped at a hole they had made: my guide came up, and asked, if it was for dollars: the Greeks find it hard, to conceive that men can trouble themselves about any thing else than money.

You will be struck with the prevalence of the fluted Doric, in the temples I have described: such were the temples at Sunium, at Eleusis, and at Corinth; such were the Parthenon, and the temple of Theseus; and one who examines the simple, yet graceful dignity of the style, will not wonder at the preference. The Corinthian temple of Jupiter Olympus, below the Acropolis, at Athens, with its marble columns, of sixty feet in height, and six in diameter, though it strikes one, at first, with its magnificence, does not excite such permanent admiration, as the simple little temple I have
been describing. The former fills you with wonder: on the latter you gaze with kindling feelings: you go all around, and every where discover new beauties, till it requires an effort to tear yourself away. But, from the resemblance in proportion and materials, the Parthenon would be a better subject of comparison with the Olympian temple—or rather, there is no comparison at all. I should like to say much on this subject, I mean architecture, in connexion with our own country, for it is one that interests me greatly; but this is not the place for it, nor have I time at present.

Pausanias speaks of two temples on the island; one dedicated to Jupiter Panhellenius, and the other to Venus. A single pillar of the latter is standing, just North of the Ipsariote town. Dr. Clarke saw two, and calls them Doric: this one has lost its capital, but is fluted, and of the same material as the temple of Jupiter; it is mutilated, and, probably, will fall before many years.

Near it, are numerous ancient graves, which the inhabitants have lately been opening. They are like those of Argos; but a short distance East of them, I am informed, are catacombs, similar to those of Milo, and of great extent. They procure from them vases of *terra cotta*, and lachrymatories of glass. Few things have interested me more than these funereal remains. Antiquity here comes fresh upon us: the tears seem scarcely dried up in the vases, and the blackened sockets of the lamps look as if the flame had just expired. There is a great variety, in the shape and material of the vessels, and their exact object is not understood. We only know that the ancients were extremely scru-
pululous in the performance of their duties to the dead: that they often shut themselves up in the vaults with the deceased, and mourned for many days: that under the belief that their departed relatives retained the same affections after death, which they possessed when alive, they offered them wine, milk, honey, blood and spices, to secure their good will: and that they had anniversaries, when the mourning and offerings were renewed. The vases, I speak of, were designed to hold those offerings: I send you a sketch of some of those in my possession.

No. 1. Glass lachrymatory from Milo. The glass is like our common window glass, but very thin.
2. Glass, from Milo. Glass, lighter in colour than the former, and not more than one fiftieth of an inch in thickness.
4. Glass, from Egina: darker coloured than the former, and beautifully irised. All the glass which I have from Egina, has the silvery and irised appearance.
5. Alabaster lachrymatory, from Milo.
6. A set of glass pateræ, from Milo. Glass like No. 1., but purer. They were found together, in a pile.
7. Glass, from Milo: qualities, like those of No. 1.
8. Glass, from Milo: in colour, like No. 2.
9. Glass, from Milo: qualities, like those of No. 3.
10. Glass, from Milo: colour, a very dark green.
11. Glass, from Milo: qualities, as in No. 3.: it is a beautiful little thing.
12. Lachrymatory of terra cotta, Milo. These are common.
13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Vessels of terra cotta, from Milo.
19, 20. Lamps, from Milo.
21. A copper vessel, from Milo: a beautiful article, though greatly rusted.

I have offered a large sum, to any one who would open a catacomb, and let me be the first to enter; but
they dig for them only in winter, when the earth is soft, and I have not yet succeeded. The terra cotta has been often described by travellers: but the glass, as I have said, I never heard of before. I have met with it, at Milo and Egina; and the natives in both, give the same account of it: most of it is unique in shape, and the trifle they ask for it, forbids the idea of its being imported, for deception: the silvery, irised glass, is different from all glass I ever saw or heard of before: respectable natives, tell us it is from the catacombs, and our Consul at Milo, sent us a quantity as a present, to be valued as antiques. This is the evidence for its antiquity: decide now for yourself.

Wednesday, Aug. 1.—We left Egina, on the 26th, and, in the evening, anchored at Milo. I have now been frequently at this island, and never without paying Calamo and the Stipsy cave several visits, where I always find something to reward me. I was at the further end of the latter, one day, with a Greek, and a single light, hammering at some Gypsum, when he brought the candle under my elbows, and in a moment we were in utter darkness, in an atmosphere, you will recollect, too, of one hundred degrees. I caught his arm in a moment, before I had time to get confused, and with some difficulty, reached the entrance, and then, day-light again. He gave a deep breathed exclamation at seeing it, the first sound he had uttered, since the accident.

There is a curious place at the South Eastern side of the island, which I visited one day: we passed the old deserted town on the plain, then over a rough country, and seemed, at last, almost beyond the limits of existence; when all at once, a deep chasm on the
sea shore opened before us, from which came sounds of hammering and human voices. The road passed zig-zag to the bottom, where occurred, every few yards, the entrances to deserted galleries. Most appear to be of great antiquity; but some of them are modern, and into one of these, we were taken by the Greeks. The rock is a hard tufa, light coloured, and, frequently, of a pure white, with small crystals lining the cavities. It is quarried for mill-stones, and a vessel was then lading for the mills opposite Napoli di Romania: from these quarries, the island doubtless took its ancient name Melos, whence comes the modern one of Milo. The gallery we entered, was ascending, about two hundred paces deep, with branching ones, and had nothing remarkable, except a strong current of air in our faces, as we advanced, probably, from some crevices in the mountain, as it appeared broken: with the tufa, are spots of red earth, used in these seas, to colour their sails. The earth called Cimolean, by the ancients, is found on the Eastern side of the island, and in Argentierra: it was used in ancient times, in fulling cloth, and is employed by the present inhabitants, as soap, when they wash with sea-water. It is white, and in consistency, like saponaceous clay.

The deserted galleries, serve as houses for the workmen’s families; and as the entrance is often narrow, the children’s voices, mingled with their mothers’ scolding, came with singular effect from the bowels of the earth. One old woman had her home under a large fig-tree: a road led that way, and our donkeys were taking it, when she jumped up, seized a pot stick, and both donkeys and riders seemed for a moment in no little peril: but she wagged her tongue first, as a rattle-snake does his tail, and we got out of
the way as soon as possible. The ground was certainly swept very clean; but had it not been for a kettle or two, and a little naked urchin playing near, we should not, for a moment, have suspected it to be a domicile. I called the boy to us; gave him a few paras; he kissed my hand, and we parted good friends with the nimble-tongued old dame.

But, to the ship again. The Ontario has been down to Mahon, for provisions: she then took a short cruise along the Italian coast, and is last from Messina. She came in to-day, with information that Commodore Rodgers has sailed for America, and with directions to our ship to hoist the broad pendant, as Captain Patterson is now the oldest commander on the station. This will be but a short time, as Commodore Crane will soon arrive with the Java, to take the command.

Thursday, 2.—Accordingly, at eight this morning, the swallow's tail, as it is nicknamed from its shape, spread itself out at our main-mast head, and our commander became Commodore Patterson, a title he had borne before, for many years, at the New Orleans station. The Ontario, and also a Dutch national sloop in port, saluted us with thirteen guns. We sailed soon after, in company with the former and two American merchantmen: our destination is Smyrna.

Tuesday, 7.—We passed Fort Sangiak yesterday morning, and approached the anchorage at Smyrna, where our broad pendant seemed to excite much speculation. The Warren was there: she finally ran up her number; we answered with ours, and immediately after received a salute. She was in difficulty with the French Admiral, De Rigny: two of her men had run away, and were taken up by the French as old de-
sentries from one of their ships. Captain Kearney was informed they were on board the Admiral’s frigate, and demanded them; but he answered that he knew nothing about them: in this state we found the matter. Commodore Patterson took it up: the Admiral came on board the Constitution and all was settled: the men were delivered up to us, then sent to the Warren, and afterwards put on shore as punishment, where the French will be ready to pick them up again.

Monday, 13.—There have been frequent interchanges of visits and salutes. The Porpoise came in from Mahon to-day, with news that the Java, Commodore Crane, and the Lexington, Captain Booth, have arrived in the Mediterranean, and may be expected in the Archipelago soon.

Tuesday, 14.—Have come down to Vourla to water ship: the holding ground at Smyrna is remarkably good: we can seldom start our anchor here without unusual helps, and frequently strand our messenger. The bottom is thick mud, and from the nature of the harbour, former travellers asserted that it would in time fill up, and Smyrna would lose its commercial character. This is not improbable, but the time is far distant: the Inbat blows regularly every day, and often brings thick clouds of dust over the harbour, from the flats below: those flats I believe are extending towards the city, and the city is certainly encroaching on the harbour. All that part between the bazar and the water, is made ground, of no great age, and in some parts, still trembles under the feet. Still the harbor is so deep, that such an event must be at an incalculably remote period, and Smyrna may see sadder revolutions before it arrives.
The wind was ahead, and we beat through the Narrows, at the castle, but found it a difficult operation. We were coming down one evening, a beautiful moonlight evening, with a light breeze and fair: I had seated myself on the gangway boats, to watch the mellowed and changing scenes, but sleep overpowered me, and I sunk down with my face to the moon. The master-at-arms came along soon after and waked me up: he asked pardon for his boldness, but said 'he never liked to see a person sleeping where the moon could reach his face. He had sailed in a schooner, in the West Indies once, he continued; the men were permitted to sling their hammocks on deck; the moon shone upon them, and a general inflammation of the eyes was the consequence, ending in a few cases with fevers and death: it was attributed by all to the moon. He added, he had seen other cases where inflammations had arisen from it. I went afterwards among the men, and found a general sentiment against it. You will recollect the passage of scripture, "The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

I am struck every day; in these countries, with the strong coincidence in scenery, facts and customs, with the descriptions, and still oftener with simple allusions of the Bible, giving force to the remark of Rousseau on that book, that the "marks of its truth are so striking and inimitable, that [if fiction] the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero." The Jews meet you everywhere, "an astonishment, a proverb and a by-word;" read Deut. xxviii, 65—67. I have seen them from Smyrna to Washington, and have never yet seen them, where these remarkable
words would not fully apply. Let me add another circumstance and I have done. In going through a field on the Troad, I saw some Turks thrashing with a singular instrument. It was a plank, about four feet long and two and a half wide, with the front curved upward a little, so as not to catch in the straw. The lower surface was stuck full of teeth, each about two inches and a half in length, with a curved and sharp edge, both for cutting the straw and thrashing. Read now Isaiah xli, 15:—were it to another, I should add, read the whole book often; for in beauty of diction, delicacy of sentiment, force of appeal, pathos, and, above all, in deep momentous interest, the whole world, beautiful as it is, has nothing like it.

Adieu.

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LETTER XLIX.

Smyrna, Saturday, August 18, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

I am back at Smyrna again, but without the ship, and "what now?" you will ask. I am now on the point of starting for Constantinople, to lose my head there perhaps; for the country is now in a hubbub about the late interference of the three powers, and I am going to fish in troubled waters, at the least. But let me begin at the right end of my story. I had seen considerable of Turkey and the Turks, but all only made me wish the more to see their capital; for, as Gibbon says of another matter, "the metropolis
alone counterbalanced the rest of the empire.” So I
applied to Commodore Patterson, a few weeks since,
for a short leave of absence, which was immediately
and kindly given, with orders to the Purser to advance
me money for the purpose. I am going by land, with
the post; and have made my arrangements, which are
as follows. To the courier I pay nineteen dollars,
for which he furnishes me with a horse, food and every
proper accommodation along the road. These cour-
iers form a distinct class of men, with peculiar dresses:
they answer exactly to our post-men, and are called
Tartars; not, from any Tartaric origin, but from their
being always on horseback. They are a trusty set,
and I believe are never molested along the road: that
to Constantinople is not considered peculiarly safe, yet
an American merchant here told me, that although
vast sums of money are often committed to their care,
not a para of it ever fails to reach its destination in
proper time. They may be hired also as private at-
tendants, and this is frequently done by persons wish-
ing to travel at their leisure: the post stops only for
refreshment and necessary rest, and they tell me I
shall suffer greatly from fatigue; but I have made up
my mind to it. They leave Smyrna the third and
eighteenth of every month: I shall have to travel on
Sunday, a thing I have so far avoided, and regret much
now; but I have an object in view, not necessary to be
mentioned here, which I think will warrant it.

I have procured a pair of Turkish saddle-bags, which
are much like our own, except that they are of cloth
like their rugs, and the slit is horizontal. In this, in
addition to my baggage, I have stowed half a dozen
boiled tongues, a bottle of lemon syrup, and a vial of
brandy. This is my travelling equipage. The Consul has given me a passport, and has procured one from the Turks, called by them a Tescareh. He sent his drogoman, a venerable Armenian, to procure the latter for me: we threaded several narrow and retired streets; he halted at last, and drew on a black cloth robe, open in front, which he had been carrying on his arm, "the robe of ceremony," as he called it. Soon after, we came to the house of the Ulema, or minister of the law, a plain building without any attempt at ornament. He was seated on a divan, in a small chamber, with some japanned boxes by his side. The drogoman dropped on one knee before him, kissed the border of his robe, and being invited, seated himself on a cushion on the floor: I was offered a seat on the divan. The Turks always smooth their paper before using it, with a piece of bone or horn: it is purchased so in the shops, where I have frequently seen them employed in the operation: he produced a piece of this, and using his left hand as a desk, (a universal practice,) wrote my Tescareh, giving me now and then a glance, from which, I discovered that he was describing my person and features. They write, as you probably know, from right to left. When this was done, he hollowed the palm of his left hand a little, struck it smartly with the fingers of the other, and, at the sound, an attendant instantly appeared, to whom it was given to be sealed. No compensation was received: the drogoman knelted again; kissed his robe, and, after we departed, congratulated himself on the case with which he obtained such favors. Our nation is high in favour here. There is a difficulty in getting passports for officers. The French Minister a
Constantinople, a few years since, became dissatisfied with his Janissaries, and expressed an intention of supplying their place with French soldiers; but was answered, that this was utterly inadmissible: he sent, however, for a company; they were stopped, on their way up the Dardanelles; made to return, and since that, military men have found it difficult to travel through the country. The Tescareh, with a draft on an English house at the capital, and letters of introduction, completes my outfit; simple enough, you will say, but all the better for that. We start to night: in my next, I hope to introduce you to the Grand Signior. Till then, Adieu.

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LETTER L.

Island of Principo, Thursday, August 29, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

The Tartar had engaged to leave me at this island, where I expected to find the Rev. Mr. Brewer, a college-mate, and a missionary, from a society in Boston. It is the largest of a group, as you will observe, ten miles S. W. of Constantinople, which is full in view. Mr. Brewer is packing up to leave this, and I seize the opportunity to give you an account of my journey.

We left Smyrna at midnight, and took the great Northern road: a guard stopped us at the bridge of the Meles, and examined our passports, after which,
we were allowed to proceed. Our road lay across the plain of Smyrna, which I have described, and morning broke upon us as we ascended the heights of Sipylus: I now took a view of my companions. They consisted only of the Tartar, and an attendant for the horses. The former had on the hat peculiar to his profession: it is about eighteen inches high, and looks just like a stove-pipe, stuck endwise on the head, except that it is white: a small border of black swells out at the upper edge, and a handkerchief is wrapped around at the lower one. Below this was a face, youthful and pretty good looking, but with a touch of ferocity, no ways lessened, by a huge pair of black and well curled mustachoes. His dress was a jacket, lined inside with furs; a sash with a bright attahan for its accompaniment, and a pair of heavy jack-boots reaching above his knees. A pair of horseman's pistols in holster, completed his appurtenances: he was the only armed person in company. The day after this, he gave me his saddle, as I had to be lengthening the stirrups every time a new one was brought to me: the pistols accompanied it, and his arms were then only the attahan, a circumstance that shews a consciousness of security, which I had not anticipated. One of our led horses, too, appeared to be loaded with money: the other had a larger baggage, but money seemed, also, to be most of his burden. The horses were good, the saddles easy and in European fashion, and I journeyed on agreeably enough, except that, towards morning, I suffered a good deal from the want of sleep. The Sipylus, where we crossed it, consists of two parallel ranges, with a beautiful valley between. We stopped a while at a coffee house among them, and I got a lit-
tle sleep. At eight o'clock, the celebrated plain of Magnesia, opened upon us. It extended to the right and left, a distance of twenty miles, and was then shut out by mountains: Westward, it probably stretches to the bay of Smyrna: it is twelve miles across, and perfectly level. We entered it through a gap in the mountains, and turning short to the Eastward, came in half an hour, to the city of Magnesia,—a beautiful city, I think the handsomest I had yet met with in this country. Its beauty is partly owing to its situation. It stands at the base of the mountains, here, of a most picturesque character, and in the lower parts, exceedingly fertile. The houses ascend the lower declivities, and as they rise tier above tier, with fine trees interspersed, and are succeeded by green vineyards, against which are contrasted the pure white of numerous minarets, the effect is the finest you can imagine. Magnesia has an unusual number of minarets: it must contain forty thousand inhabitants, and has an appearance of very great comfort. I was amused with a girl, who met us on the way to town: her face had been rather uncovered, when we first came in view; she drew her shawl rapidly over it, closing one eye, and then stood and gazed on us with the other, with all her might.

I met at the Caravansera, an English merchant from Constantinople, on his way to Smyrna. He cautioned me against using the water freely, the latter half of my journey, and kindly offered me a bottle of brandy, which I should have done well to accept; for the Turks along the road, soon emptied my little phial, and the Tartar quickly disposed of my lemon syrup; perhaps, after all, a proper punishment for my offer-
ing them what I did not want them to have. We left Magnesia at ten o'clock, and passing over the battle ground of Antiochus and the Romans, now producing an exceedingly rich crop of Indian corn, cotton and olives, came, in three fourths of an hour, to the first branch of the Hermus, the river, you know, famous among the ancients, for its golden sands. Alas, for these degenerate times, it now rolls only yellow mud! It has three channels, about one fourth of a mile distant from each other; the first, a rivulet; the second, twenty yards wide, but shallow; the third, much wider: it has been crossed by stone bridges, but their place is now occupied by wooden ones. In winter, it probably inundates the plains, for a high causeway, such as I noticed at Vourla, crosses them. Six miles from Magnesia, the cultivated region ends, and is succeeded by a bare and open waste. My friend, the Tartar, who had made his horse curvet through the city, till "the dogs did bark, the children screamed," was now overtaken with a fit of drowsiness, from which we found it impossible to rouse him. He yielded to it at length, laid his head on the saddle bow, and in a few minutes, rolled from the horse: our cries awoke him, and he seized the rain in time to save himself: but it did not cure him, and for an hour, I was in constant apprehension of a more serious accident. We stopped a moment at a Caravansera, on the Northern side of the plain, and then entered an undulating country, with the ancient Hyllus or Phrygius, a handsome stream, and now called the Aksar, on our right. It kept us company till evening. We were among these low hills an hour: next crossed a handsome plain: ascended an eminence, and had another plain before us,—
the plain of Thyatira. You cannot imagine a richer view. The Aksar here takes its rise, and the soil is abundantly watered: vegetation then, is crowded here, as if it took a pleasure in growing: over these rich green fields, were scattered comfortable farm houses and shady trees, and in all my travels, I have not seen a place so much American, as this. An evening sun threw its golden light upon it, and was reflected back from the minarets of Aksar, at its Eastern side. Aksar stands on the site of the ancient Thyatira. We reached it by a rough causeway, and then rode furiously along its streets, as is the custom, I find, with the post, the Tartar raising, at the same time, a long monotonous cry, which answers to the music of our stage horn. The city is finely situated, well supplied with fountains; and judging from the little I saw, must be a handsome one: it is something less than Magnesia. As to antiquities, I can only say that I saw a burying-ground, on its outskirts, strewed with a vast number of marbles and broken columns. I hoped to have a stroll there, for the Tartar had been promising to stop soon, I thought for the night: so I took a shave and a good wash, at the coffee house; after which, we had supper, on fried meat and bread, with good appetites for a relish.

"The dinner waits, and we are tired,
Said Gilpin—so am I."

"But yet his horse was not a whit,
Inclined to tarry there—."

Had I known what was coming, I should have slept all this time; for our supper was no sooner over, than fresh horses were brought out, and our baggage laid on. "What," I inquired, "do we not stop here, to
night?" "No." "Where then?" "Five hours from this."—So we mounted, and "Hyte,"* was again the cry. It was now an hour after dark: on we went, over hill and stream. Two hours after starting, I began to think I was getting sleepy: it was a horrible thought. Have you ever had to ride three hours, half asleep, on a trotting horse? If you have not, you will laugh at my strong expressions:—laugh away,—and I wish you the experience of it, as a punishment. I had felt a touch of it in the morning. You first try to banish the thought, as if with it, you could banish the thing itself. But it won't do: on it comes, stronger and stronger, and fears ripen into certainty. And now, that the enemy is upon you, you resolve to meet him bravely, and bear up against him. You might as well resolve to drain the ocean: your very resolution is mixed with vague, strange fancies, that show its weakness: you determine to shake them off, and to do it, seize on still wilder ones: you are ashamed of yourself: you begin to sing, but, in a little time, find with mortification, that you are silent, when you thought yourself still singing: whistling does no better. Curious figures now begin to be blended with the landscape: ugly faces stare upon you from the thickets: trees turn into bounding stags: strange forms, in black and white, are riding by your side, and holding converse with you,—and all without exciting wonder or alarm. Still you are not asleep;—it would be madness to sleep on a trotting horse: your eyes are wide open,—you know they are: but your horse takes a hard step; you catch yourself falling, and find you

* Turkish, for "push on."
have been dozing all the time. And your company, which you thought close by your side, are away ahead bawling for you. You gallop up, and the exercise rouses you for a moment;—but it comes again, and worse than before. You look for a Caravansera light, in hopes of driving it off, by fixing your attention on some certain object: lights start up on the landscape and disappear,—the creation of your own heated brain. The house, perhaps, may be in sight;—you look, and trees turn into houses, with windows and chimneys and roof, and again into trees. You hear the insects chirping in the bushes, and wonder they don’t go to sleep: you look up at the stars shining brightly upon you, and in the foolishness of your thoughts, catch yourself wondering, why they don’t go to sleep. In short, the whole world can produce nothing half so sweet as sleep.

Thus I rode for two hours, and then got over it a little. My eyes were full of dust, and I had just shut them, to know how they would feel, when I should really be able to close them in sleep,—(an experiment I had unintentionally made many dozens of times, that night,) when the horse made a short turn, and the true Caravansera light was before me. We were soon there: I threw myself on a mat, with my arm for a pillow, and in half a minute was asleep,

“But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there.”

They soon awoke me, and told me to mount again: I asked despairingly, where we were going to stop. “Bourda,” [there,] replied the Tartar, pointing a little to the right. I replied, though I know not why,
"bono," and getting up,—Hyte*—off we started again. The nap had done me good, and kept me up another hour, pretty well; but right glad was I, when we entered the streets of the little town of Galémbi, and the Tartar set up his single toned "Au" again. I could not help observing, however, that as the streets were dark, every beam of its covered bazar threatened us with a serious and lasting sleep. Here we stopped, at 1 A. M., having been more than nineteen hours on horseback, out of the twenty-five. We crossed a number of small streams during the night, probably, the sources of the Caicus.

20th.—We breakfasted on pilau and melons, and were off by six o'clock. Galémbi is about sixty miles from Smyrna, and is situated in a rich and well irrigated valley. The country immediately North, assumed more of a hilly character than any I had yet passed: the hills became covered, first with shrub oak, and afterwards with fine large trees; and when I lost sight of the company, as was often the case, I almost felt myself in America again. A nice looking and sociable old Turk had joined our convoy in the morning: now and then he would call me up, and jokingly tell me I should be robbed, if I did not keep with them: I pointed to the pistols at my saddle bow, and he then told me he would rob the Tartar. He left us in the afternoon, much to my regret. We had our ten o'clock repast near a solitary coffee-house, among the hills, and found there an old Turk, a traveller our way, with a black wife in company: she sat among the trees, at

*This has always been an unfortunate word to me. I first heard it from our polite guard in the Acropolis at Athens.
some distance from us. While we were eating, a young Moslem, a dandy from Constantinople, with his servant, joined us. My cold tongue furnished the repast: we all eat heartily of it, and I then had a nap. At half past eight, the rivulets began to take a northerly direction: we followed one of the streams, and at one o’clock emerged from the hills, into an open and level country. At two we passed a castle, probably of the times of the lower Greek empire, a mile on our right: the old Turk I first spoke of, informed me that remains of an ancient town, with excavations, are to be seen between it and the road. Soon after we reached the summit of a low hill, and had a pretty scene before us,—an extensive and rich plain, with several villages, and watered by a fine river, the Sousoughir as they called it, and doubtless the Sousoughirli of Tournefort. We descended into the plain, and after riding half an hour, stopped at a coffee-house, made, like most of those on the road, of rough stakes and branches of trees. A deserted dwelling was by, and behind it a warm bath, called by the Turks Ulidjah Sousoughir. They took me to see it, and spoke highly of its medicinal virtues: it has doubtless been a place of consequence: the bath is ancient, and consists of two apartments, the inner, where is the fountain, is twelve feet square, and lined with marble. The water, I should judge, was 130° of Fahrenheit: on the tongue it had nothing striking except the heat. It was the water North of this, that Mr. Black, the English merchant, had cautioned me against using: I found that of the plains disagreeable, but in the hills it was good. Our company left us here: the Sousoughir kept on our right: on a hill, a mile Eastward of it,
was the small town of Sousoughir. We passed Northward over the plain; then ascended an eminence, and had, on our right, the splendid range of Mount Olympus. West of it is a plain worthy to accompany it, and when I think of it now, as it spread before me—the plain with its spots of deep verdure, its towns and white minarets, its clumps of trees, constantly recurring, till objects could no longer be distinguished; the mountain, from its remoteness, blue and airy-like, of immense height, its outline finely curved, and the whole receding till it blended with the sky,—I have only one wish—that all the friends I have in the world could have a look at it. The range is called Mende Choura by the Turks: it runs North and South, and is highest towards the Southern extremity.

Towards the Northwest side of the plain, is Polikessar, which we entered towards evening: it is a considerable town, (I counted eleven minarets,) and is surrounded with an unusually fertile country. I noticed the following remarkable objects near the town; first, ancient paved ways branching to the right in different places; secondly, wells with single pullies and weight, quite a refinement in the arts for this country; and thirdly, mulberry groves, in which especial care is taken with the trees. They are planted in rows, about six feet apart, and never suffered to exceed three feet in height: most are not so high: from them proceed vigorous shoots, with large, juicy leaves, that must have considerable effect on the silk. The whole Turkish empire is supplied with this article from the neighborhood of Mount Olympus: this fact, as to the trees, is peculiar to this region: as you advance towards Constantinople they increase in height, till, on
the shores of Marmora, they have their full growth, which is the case also at Smyrna; how far this country owes its celebrity to the peculiar character of its mulberry trees, is an interesting question, which our hurry would not allow me to examine. The black mulberry alone is used: the white I believe is unknown in the East; at least I have not been able to hear of it.

We changed horses at Polikessar, and, as usual in such cases, their attendant also; and with our company increased by three new travellers, left its rich suburbs at sunset. The natives had just gathered in their harvest, and vast heaps of sheaves, grain and straw, covered a hill close by the town. The scene had been a busy one, but the numerous cattle, workmen and children, were preparing to retire, and the soft calmness of evening was falling on every object—except ourselves. On we went, first over a branch of the large plain, then over a stream, whose course I could not discover from the darkness, and then over a constant succession of hills. One of our new companions was an Armenian, from whom I received a great many kind attentions during the rest of the journey. My new horse was a lazy one, and I dropped behind: he saw this, and riding back offered to exchange with me: I declined, as the Tartar might not have liked it: half an hour after he pressed me again to exchange, and when he found I would not, insisted on my taking his nice whip. Then I must smoke with him, and then came the rum bottle, which I also declined. I suffered horribly again from the want of sleep; indeed my recollections of the whole ride that night, are all like a dream. I have a vague idea that one of the
company fell from his horse, I suppose while asleep, and that it took them a long time to catch the animal again. I recollect also hearing some jackals cry near a village: their cry is like that of a child in distress. We stopped at 2 A.M. having been seventeen hours on horseback, since leaving Galém bi, and having come about fifty four miles. They conducted us to a coffee house, already filled with company; I threw myself on a mat, in its porch, with my cloak around me and my saddle-bags for a pillow, and needed no rocking to put me asleep.

21st.—On waking, I found we were at a little village called Sousoughir, in size like its namesake, which we had passed the day before, and situated in a varied and pleasant country. We breakfasted and started at seven, and in half an hour came again to the Sousoughir river, here one hundred feet wide, and averaging a foot in depth. It crossed our road towards the West, and then sweeping round to the Northward, kept us company for an hour, giving freshness and beauty to the morning scene. We could trace its course all day, by the trees and verdure that lined its banks. Mount Olympus was in sight to the Southward, and far to the North was a range covered with snow. At nine we entered an immense plain, stretching as far before us as I could see, and at ten, stopped at the village of Squeti Keui, for refreshment. "The Khan," says Chateaubriand, "being full of travellers, we took up our quarters under some spreading willows, planted in quincunx order." We found the Khan empty; I laid down and had just fallen asleep, when I was waked again by the Armenian. I thought it was to ask me to smoke, for which he had repeatedly roused me up, since join-
ing us; and had just knit my brows at his ill-timed kindness, when he told me that he had an invitation from some Turks to dine with them under the willows. They were nice looking old men, travelling in some style, with good horses, red morocco saddles and servants. We sat, or rather squatted down, servants and all, around the table, which was a circular, colored skin, and was spread on a platform of earth between the willows. On this was cold mutton, with water melons, bread and salt: but there was neither knife, fork nor plate. I did not know exactly how to manage, and they probably took it for modesty, for one of the old gentlemen picked up a bone, tore the meat from it with his fingers, and when he had got a good handfull, laid it down before me: others followed his example, till I had marks of almost all the fingers at table on the meat before me, some of them black enough too. But I ate a hearty meal notwithstanding: I had by this time got accustomed to the Tartar’s fingers in our meat-dish, and had long before learned, in these countries, that one may suffer much more from squeamishness than from filth.

Our new friends kept us company: the sun was now in his zenith, and the roads exceedingly dusty, but Mahalitz, the end of all our troubles, was at the other end of the plain, and I rode on with a joyful heart. Delightful was the sight, as it first rose before us, and as its domes and minarets came into full view, for at Mahalitz we were to take boat for Constantinople; I was to have a wash in its river, a complete change of clothes, and then my fill of sleep. These were the ideas that had almost exclusively occupied my mind the last twenty four hours, and had often been the sub-
ject of my talk: none but persons in my situation can imagine how delightful they were. It was then with feelings open to enjoy it, that I gazed on the fine scenery around Mahalitz; the lake stretching to a great distance South of it; the immense plain; the spurs from Olympus, that bordered or projected into it; the river Rhyndicus, that was to carry us to the sea; and the Sousoughir, which after taking a wide sweep on the left, marking its course with large trees, now approached to discharge itself into the lake. On the plain was a large number of pillars, called Sou-terasi, such as are frequently met with in Turkey. They are in the line of their subterranean aqueducts, which are made of earthen pipes cemented together at the ends; and are nothing more than rude square pillars of stone or brick work. The pipe ascends on one side to the summit; is there open, and then descends on the other; so that the water is carried over every pillar. Each one is a little lower than its predecessor, and the object is said to be, to assist the water in keeping its summit level. I should rather think that, whatever use may be ascribed to them by the vulgar, the intention is to discover the situation of a breach whenever one may occur: when the water stops, they have only to ascend these pillars, and the nearest dry one to the source will show them where to look for the opening. The ancients were probably, after all, not so ignorant of hydrostatic principles as we have imagined: we draw our deductions from their aqueducts; but other immense structures show how cheap was human labor in those days; and the aqueduct to them was the cheapest and most convenient vehicle. It is certainly preferable to wooden pipes: cast iron
ones they could not procure, and earthen tubes were insufficient for the pressure.

We crossed the Sousoughir by a bridge, near which a buffalo standing with the cool stream to its neck, made me think of my own coming pleasure that way: I enquired the name of the stream as we crossed, and found I was right, as to its identity. This then is not the Granicus, as was supposed by Tournefort, and after him by Chateaubriand, since the Granicus discharges itself into the sea of Marmora, west of Cyzicus. I am sorry to spoil a page of pretty sentiment, from the latter, on the subject. The word sentiment, reminds me of an incident at home, so similar that you must let me relate it.

A young lady of New York, some years since, wished to travel South, and put herself under the protection of Bishop Moore, then about to return to his diocese in Virginia. At the capital, they met Judge Washington, and were invited by him to a dinner at Mount Vernon. They alighted there: the young lady was soon after missed from the company but no remarks were made: they set down to dinner, and she entered at last, her eyes red and her countenance very sad. So she continued. After the meal, a walk was proposed to the vault, and gladly acquiesced in by all: they went, and their host was preparing to unlock it, when she stepped hastily up, "This is not the vault?" she said. "Certainly, it is." "Is it possible!—then what is that building over there?" "Why that's the ice-house." "O dear me," she cried, "I've been weeping over the ice-house." She had enquired of the servants: they were busy, and could not accompany her; but gave her directions, such as blacks always
give: so she had taken the wrong path. She had broken a small branch from a tree over the ice-house, but I believe did not carry it further.

But Mahalitz, and the Rhyndicus, and the cool water and sleep, are before us. We ascended the hill on which the town is situated, and dashing at a hard gallop through its streets, were soon at the caravansera. There I had a shave; put out a clean suit of clothes from top to bottom, and then, for the first time, began to think my Tartar dilatory: I waited; still he did not move: I got impatient, and asked "when shall we start for the boat?" "The boat—there is none for us." "When will it come?" "Why there is none coming at all." "What are we to do then?" "Go to Mondania by land." "And how far is Mondania?" "Twelve hours from this." Another such a night!

Mahalitz has a handsome situation: Southward, at the distance of four miles, commences the lake Abouillona, the ancient Stagnum Artynia: it is about ten miles in length, and seven in breadth, and has in it an island called anciently Apollonia, from which the lake has its present name: this had a city called, also, Apollonia, and a temple to Apollo. It discharges itself by the Rhyndicus, which issues from its Northern point, and passing within a mile of Mahalitz, after a course of fifty miles, flows into the sea of Marmora. The usual course of travellers, is down this river, and so across the Marmora to Constantinople: in this case, their passports are examined at Mahalitz. The Sousonghir, as I have hinted, passes within two miles of the town, with an Eastern direction, and pours its waters into the lake. Mount Olympus is in sight, to the Southward, and twelve hours from this, and on the
Eastern side of that range, is Prussa, the capital of the Ottomans, before Constantinople was taken. It is still a large place, and is celebrated for its silks: a bazar at Smyrna, is entirely occupied with them.

We left Mahalitz at five P. M., the Armenian still in company, and towards sunset, reached Lopadi, on the Western shore of the Rhyndicus, about a mile from the lake. There is here a large castle, built by Commenus, in the early part of the twelfth century: it has towers and battlements, and was a place of some strength, but is now in ruins; and a single house is all that remains of a town that figured largely in the wars of the lower empire. There was formerly a stone bridge over the river at this place, and some of its piers remain; but travellers now cross by a wooden one, lower down. The river is of considerable depth. The lake was covered with flat-bottomed boats from Constantinople for melons, and their white sails looked pretty in the evening sun; but all else had a most dreary appearance. We entered a country hilly, bare and deserted, and so evening closed around us. I had found that imperfect sights have the same effect as imperfect sounds, and stayed the plague some, by not looking around, but keeping my eyes on the horse's head: but I found myself after a while, with eyes closed, when I thought I was still looking at the horse. We stopped, at midnight, at a little village called Derekū: the people were abed, but our Tartar procured a blanket; spread it on the ground within a circle of willows, and, with the heavens for a canopy, we slept soundly till morning. Such circles of willows, I found a common occurrence in this part of the country; they are a hospitable provision for the conven-
THE BOSPHORUS AND ITS VICINITY.

ience of travellers. We travelled fifteen hours, to-day, making about fifty miles.

22d.—Were off at day-break, but the villagers were already stirring. Derekú is in a deep valley, among fertile hills: in its neighborhood was a pile of grain, with one of the curious threshing instruments, I noticed on the Troad: I saw some, also, at Polikessar. Our road was over a succession of hills: we ascended a high one about seven o'clock, and the sea of Marmora lay before us, calm and glittering in the morning sun. The country now became cultivated and sprinkled with numerous villages: we rode on among vineyards, mulberry orchards, and groves of olive trees, the latter loaded with fruit, so as often to need supports.

Mondania is at the bottom of a steep hill, and has, I should judge, about fifteen thousand inhabitants: a few vessels were anchored along its shores, and among them, I noticed one, such as I had seen at Poros, where they were prizes from the Turks. They had a high curved bow and stern, and bore a strong resemblance to those on ancient coins: this one was ornamented, at the stern, with a vast profusion of heads, probably, a charm for the evil eye. The Turks are much afraid of the evil eye, an imaginary kind of witchcraft, and I observed the horses' bridles, along the road, had always a charm appended to them. It is generally a blue bead or two. They, also, attach them to their children's dresses, and to every thing, indeed, for which they have a particular anxiety.

My Tescareh was examined and countersigned, at Mondania: I had, also, a shave, à la mode Turque. They first wet the beard, rub it with hard soap, and then use the razor: all this is the common practice in Spain; Italy
and Greece: the Turks then, go over the dry face with the razor, and carefully remove every excrescence; after which, they extract the hairs from the nose with nippers. I had then a wash and clean clothes: we got into a long boat, rowed by five sturdy Greeks, and passing near the villages of Tzee and Terillia, rowed for the promontory opposite Mondania. One of the boatmen commenced a song, to which they all answered in chorus, but I had made for myself an awning and laid down, and was soon buried in deep forgetfulness. We coasted the promontory, stopped at a village called Arnout Keui to dine, and thence steered for the Princes islands. I awaked at midnight, and found the boat under a press of sail, near the largest one: we landed at its village; I gave them a supper, and a present, and then wished,

"To all, to each, a kind good night:

to you I add,

And slumbers sweet and visions bright."

Adieu.

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LETTER LI.

Pera, at Constantinople, ¶
Friday, August 24, 1827. §

DEAR GEORGE,

Come and view the lion in his lair, and the grand lair itself. Suppose yourself, then, in the ferry boat of Principo, at six o'clock in the morning, with a clear
sun throwing its brightness over the scene. On your left, is the sea of Marmora, smooth and clear, below which spreads another hemisphere, with clouds and rocks and trees, wooing your attention: the Princes islands are clustering near you, with their towns, and around these, green fields and gardens sending up their incense to nature’s God: the birds are in the trees, and their notes, the poetry of nature, follow your retiring boat; on the right are shores, over which song and history gather airy and moving pageants to court your notice. But on all these you scarcely throw a glance: you turn from them to gaze forward, and you gaze till your whole existence becomes one thought—Constantinople. You have before you a sweep of shore, with uneven ground beyond, but over all, on hill and in valley, one unbroken mass of houses, stretching to the left, till objects become dim and indistinct: they terminate at a spot where rises some bright colossal objects, the seven towers. As you approach, there is magic in the scene. The eminences become crowned with marble structures; vast domes rise high and glittering in the air; hundreds of white minarets stand out against the sky; palaces disengage themselves, and towers come into strong relief. The Bosphorus now opens upon you. Its steep banks are lined with villages and palaces, back of which, rise vineyards, gardens, and dark cypress groves, all contrasting beautifully with the white domes and minarets in their front. The troubled waters are enlivened by numerous boats, and in the little nooks, family parties, in gay dresses, give a home character to the scene. Each object takes a new form and shade, as you advance; and now the harbour spreads before you, with gilt wherries innumerable,
gay as butterflies, as small too, almost, and as lively. Your eyes turn successively from the city to its suburbs, from the suburbs to the Bosphorus, from this to the Marmora, and from the Marmora to Constantinople; and you rise and cry, that the whole world has not another scene like this. Nor has it.

We landed at Galatá; presented ourselves at the Chancelleria, as it is called, and had ourselves registered, after which we were at liberty to go where we pleased. Getting a place, as soon as possible, for our baggage, we hastened off to see the Grand Signior; for this is their Sunday, you know, and on this day he usually goes in grand cavalcade, to one of the public mosques. He is now living in a serai, or country house, a mile up the Bosphorus; and we found, on enquiring in the streets, was going to attend worship in a mosque, just beyond the walls of Tophanar. Thither we went; but the Seraglio guns gave notice of his entrance, just before we reached it. Without was a vast assemblage of courtiers, attendants, and horses, which we had time to observe, while waiting till the conclusion of the service. I have spoken of the dignified, but easy, manners of the Turks; and the meeting and greetings of the court officers are quite a treat to one who enjoys such things. Their dresses were of the richest silks, some green, some red; and, indeed, the whole seemed more like the pageant of a stage exhibition, than a scene of real life. The horses were different from the light graceful animals we usually meet with in Turkey, and corresponded more to a Pennsylvanian farmer's ideas of beauty. They were large and heavy, yet very
spirited: the housings, embroidered with gold lace, often covered their backs completely, and hung almost to the ground: a guard, or breast plate, set with precious stones, crossed the breast, and the bridles were also set with gems. The officers, by degrees, dropped into the mosque, or filled its porch, and there was quiet for nearly an hour. The services ended, and there was then a bustle through the court, a marshaling of guards, horses, officers, and attendants; but his highness preferred returning by water, and another disposition was necessary. The Chiaoux, or Constables, drew my attention chiefly: they were about thirty in number, and were dressed in green silk robes, fastened round by a sash: on their heads was a cap, from which rose a plume, in shape like an expanded peacock’s tail, only not quite so large: it was composed of white heron’s plumes, interspersed tastefully, with others of green. These were drawn up on each side, on the quay, twenty yards distant from the boat: the intermediate space was occupied by a double line of soldiers, without arms. Some distance back were armed troops and courtiers. A carpet was laid to the boat: all was now ready, and a gun at the Seraglio told that the Sultan had stepped from the mosque. I had taken a position near the ranks of unarmed soldiers, and saw him pass by an open doorway, when I lost sight of him, or rather, I soon lost sight of everything but him; for, in a short time, I found a soldier’s fist in rather strong contact with my ribs, and then discovered, that in my eagerness to see more of him, my head was thrust quite through their ranks. It was a black subaltern; he told me to stand back; I did so, and he returned to his place, eight or
ten feet distant. But I soon forgot myself again, and
the fellow seemed to take a malicious pleasure in
punching my sides, for he came up again and repeated
the operation. I may, probably, be grateful, how-
ever, that it was not with a sword; and no one could
have blamed him much if it had been so.

Sultan Mahmoud, I should judge to be about fifty
years of age: his person is about the middle size,
square shouldered, and heavy, but not corpulent; his
face was pale, and deeply wrinkled, and seemed to
express deep thought and care. Except this, I could
not discern any thing remarkable in his features. His
dress was of blue cloth, and was exactly similar to
that of any rich Turk, except the cap, or head-
dress. This was formed like that of the wealthier
class, in shape resembling the crown of our hats, but
of blue cloth, deeply plaited on the sides, and with a
rich white shawl folded round its lower edge. It had
in front, a large sprig of diamonds, over which was a
beautiful tuft of bird of paradise feathers. This is the
Grand Signior. After he had seated himself in his
barge, a covered turban, the "turban of state," was
brought by an officer into the court, where we stood,
and waved before the crowd, all of whom made
obeisance to it, except ourselves.

We have taken lodgings in a boarding house, kept
by a Greek lady, near the Stavro-dromo, or "cross
streets," in Pera, the most comfortable of the nume-
rous suburbs, and the residence of all the foreign
ministers. The English palace, erected by the Turk-
ish government, stands on the edge of Pera, and is in
a garden, surrounded by high strong walls; most of the
other palaces are close adjoining us. Each of us has
a room, for which, with board, we pay a dollar per day. Our quarters are comfortable enough, the fleas excepted, from which, however, there is no escape in this country; at least, every body seems to act on that principle. We have three fellow boarders; a French consul and merchant, from Tarsus, the ancient Tarsus; an Austrian consul, from Naxia, in the Cyclades, and an Armenian. The first is an intelligent man; he tells me that the Cydnus, which runs by Tarsus, is still as cold as in the days of Alexander.

In the afternoon we went over to the city, and to the Atmeidan, or public square, to see them play the Djerid, formerly a favorite sport among the Turks, on Friday, and practised in that place. But Constantinople has undergone a great change; we found not a horseman on the Atmeidan, and its surface was covered with cartridge papers, to which they pointed us, when we asked about the Djerid. One of the first things, indeed, that struck me, on both sides of the harbour, was the military character the place had assumed. I had been accustomed to the new soldiery in other parts; but here one meets them at almost every corner, standing, or oftener lounging guard; sometimes the soldier was giving himself the word of command, and was going through various evolutions; sometimes we met a small group of citizens, or perhaps new recruits, joining with him: their deep guttural voice, on such occasions, has a singular effect.

About nine, this evening, we ascended to the top of our house, to enjoy the breeze. There was just light enough to trace the general character of the panorama at our feet, the harbour, the Bosphorus, the mass of houses all around: many thousands of lights were glit-
tering among them, and the effect was the finest you can imagine. We had a long talk about Tarsus and America.

You have now my first day at Constantinople.

Adieu.

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LETTER LII.

Pera, August 30, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

I will now introduce you to the interior of the city, proudly called by its inhabitants, "the Refuge of the World:" but my descriptions here, must be those of a hasty traveller, as they have been in all other places.

For the position and general form of the city, I refer you to the map. It extends about five and a half miles along the sea of Marmora: five on the harbor, and four on the land side; so that the last side is the base of a nearly isosceles triangle. Its position has some resemblance to that of New York; the Marmora corresponding to the Hudson; the Harbor to East river; and the Bosphorus to the open bay. But here the resemblance ceases. The swelling dome and minaret, render the appearance of Eastern cities unique, and particularly Constantinople; for in no other place are they proportionally so numerous. I know of nothing so well calculated to give effect to a distant view.

The city is surrounded by a wall. That on the Southern, or Marmora side, rises immediately from
the water: it is ruinous, and has fallen down in many places. The N. Eastern passes along about forty feet from the harbour: the space is now filled with houses, and this wall, from being less exposed to the weather, is in better repair. On the Western, or land side, it is triple, with a fosse about twenty-five feet wide, now occupied with gardens. The whole range is flanked with twenty-four towers, alternately round and square, which are ornamented with a belt of white marble; on these were inscriptions in Greek, giving the name of the emperor by whom they were repaired. Many of the inscriptions, with the words ΕΝ ΧΩ, in Christ, with a Greek cross, still remain. The wall is the work of the emperor Theodosius, and of course is not calculated for defense against cannon. The Turks brought some to bear against it, for the first time, in their attack under Mahomet II., and although their ordnance was the rudest possible, soon made a breach. It is now utterly neglected, and the city may be said to be without any defense: there are a few cannon at Seraglio point; but they are intended for salutes, and are in open sheds: the foundery, at Tophanar, has also a formidable range, but they are for show, and equally exposed. The Turks seem not to fear an attack by land; and for the sea, they appear to consider Fate, with the batteries of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, a sufficient protection. At the apex of the triangle, and in a delightful situation, with the harbor on one side, the Marmora on the other, and the Bosphorus in front, is the Seraglio, distinguished at a distance by its groves, palaces, and gardens. The ground ascends on all sides from the water, and as you approach, you
may form an idea of its general character; but this
must satisfy you, for no one is suffered to set foot on
the point. We attempted to pass to it, one day, but
were hailed at the first cannon house, and ordered to
return. But the grounds have nothing inviting in
their appearance: they are laid out without taste;
the trees seem to grow wild and untrimmed, and the
long gray palace that rises behind them, with its
covering of little domes, is far below the ideas we
are apt to form of the Sultan's Seraglio. His summer
retreats, of which he has several about the city, are
far superior. It is only the danger attending a visit,
and the mystery that hangs over everything there,
that makes one wish to penetrate its recesses. It is
the site of the ancient Byzantium, and is said to occupy
one hundred and fifty acres of land. A high wall,
with towers, shuts it from the city. Half way along
this wall, is "the Sublime Gate," or entrance to the
Seraglio, with a recess on each side, for the heads of
noble culprits.

In front of this gate, is an irregular opening, with
a magnificent Persian fountain. At one corner of this
rude court, appears an angle of St. Sophia, but you
start when the name is pronounced; for you would
not have suspected, in the structure before you, the
wonder of all past ages, and the object of an Empe-
ror's boast, when he cried out, "Glory be to God, who
hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a
work; I have vanquished thee O Solomon!" It looses
much, no doubt, by its position, for it is shut in by
narrow streets; but after all, the merits of St. Sophia
have been greatly overrated. It has no grand façade,
no part to draw and fix the attention: you see a vast
number of buttresses, of unequal height, piled against it, destroying all pretensions to symmetry in the exterior; above these are numerous small domes, and when you look for the large one, "the heaven suspended vault," as it was boastingly called, you are greatly dissappointed. The dome, it is true, is one hundred and fifteen feet in diameter, but its height is only one sixth of this; and though it is a wonder in the arts, no one could expect to excite more than wonder by such a dome. The entrance is also descending, as if the artist wished to set all received rules of beauty at defiance. Its length is two hundred and sixty-nine feet; the breadth, two hundred and forty three; it was built, you recollect, by the Emperor Justinian; he was employed at it seven years, and appropriated to it the revenues, before given to the encouragement of literature. It now stands, the second wonder of the world, if people so choose, but a monument of the bad taste of the lower empire.

The Turks got their ideas of architecture from St. Sophia's, but have improved greatly on the original, and several of the mosques of Constantinople are far superior to this. There are fourteen Royal mosques, that is, built by Sultans; and of these, the mosque of Sultan Achmet is the most striking. The Sulymanié and Validea, are considered richer and in better taste, but the one I speak of, has the best position, and is the most imposing in its general character. It was built by the Sultan whose name it bears, and the royal founder, besides giving three aspers for every stone, is said to have labored at it an hour every Friday himself. It is about two hundred yards from St. Sophia, and stands on one side of the Atmeidan, from which it
is separated by a handsome white railing of fancy work. It is very large, and entirely of white marble; its colonnades are enriched with pillars of the most costly materials: it has a handsome swelling dome; six minarets, each with three galleries; and a row of fountains, below, in its whole extent. The court around it is extensive, and planted with large sycamores. I have frequently loitered in this court. Its trees are filled with doves; for this bird, like the stork, is never molested among the Turks: its cooings are a pleasant accompaniment to the gurgling of water from the fountains, and the sighing of the breeze in the sycamores; and then, above all, comes the soft voice of the Muezzin, from the gallery of the minaret, "God is Great! There is no other God but God! Come to Prayer! I summon you with a clear voice!" He passes around the minaret, repeating his call, four times: the Turkish voice is always soft, and the effect of the Muezzin's cry from the minaret, is very fine.

The minaret, I think, much handsomer than our steeple: those of the larger mosques, are about one hundred and thirty feet high, very slender, and perfectly white: they have, usually, two galleries of red stone work near the summit, and are surmounted by a leaden cone, with a crescent at its apex. In this city, the cone is frequently gilt. The crescent, now the emblem of this religion, was the symbol of the ancient Byzantium. The Byzantians thought themselves indebted, on a certain occasion, to the Moon, for the safety of their city, and erecting a temple to Diana, adopted the crescent for their medals, and other symbolic

* Tournefort.
representations: the Turks finding it employed frequently in the sculpture of the city, took it to themselves. But to return. Many of the royal mosques have four minarets: St. Sophia has four: the smaller ones in the city and suburbs have, generally, two; but beyond this region, I have never seen more than one to each place of worship. There were, in 1810, two hundred and twenty mosques, and three hundred private chapels: the number at present is, probably, about the same, and at the hour of prayer, the Muezzin's voices are heard all over the city.

We did not enter any of the mosques. Christians are no longer suffered to do it, and I was cautioned against even looking into them. But to this caution I paid no regard, and the views I caught of the interior, produced little inclination to examine them more closely. The marbles are rich, but except this, there is little attempt at ornament within: the floor is covered with mats: glass lustres and lamps are suspended from the ceiling, and these, with the pulpit, at the Eastern end, complete their furniture. It was formerly the custom for Ambassadors, immediately after their presentation, to get an order of admittance for themselves and suites; and the opportunity was seized on by others, desirous of visiting them; but even this has been discontinued. Some disturbances arose from the imprudence of visitors: the permit was obtained, at last, with difficulty, and they have become fearful of the mortification of an entire refusal. So no Christian has, for several years, been in their mosques. One of the last, was a young Englishman, a traveller then lately arrived: he stopped at the door of one of them, in a ramble through the city: an old man held out his
hand for alms; he thought it was for an admission fee, and, dropping a piece of money into the beggar's plate, entered. But the Turks rose on him: he fled with the "Tally ho" close on his heels, and saved himself, at last, by taking refuge in a private house. Some Russian ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the minister and his lady, were set upon in the same way, a few years previous, and escaped with difficulty, the ladies by flying to a neighboring harem.

The Atmeidan is the Hippodrome of the ancient city: its present name means, also, a course for horses; and it was, until lately, a favorite spot for playing the Djerid. This is an animated sport. The company forms itself into two parties: each individual is provided with a straight stick, about four feet in length, called the djerid; and the play consists in whirling these at each other, in avoiding the blow, catching the stick, and returning it against the antagonist. It is a dangerous sport, and requires great skill in avoiding the stick, and managing the horse; for it is all conducted on horseback. But the djerid, is now going rapidly out of fashion; and the present use of the Atmeidan, exhibits a wonderful change in the character of the people, a change, the importance of which, we are scarcely able to appreciate. I shall hereafter speak of it more at length. The Atmeidan is a level rectangular area, about two hundred and fifty yards in length, and as many in breadth. In the centre, is an Egyptian Obelisk, of Thebaic granite. This is of a single piece, covered with hieroglyphics, and is about fifty feet in height. It stands on a square marble base, on one side of which, is an inscription in Latin, stating that it was placed there by the Emperor Theodosius;
and on the other is a representation, in bas-relief, of the machines used in erecting it, with a view of the Hippodrome, as it was in those days. Towards the Southern end of the Atmeidan, is a square column, similar, in shape, to the Obelisk, and about ninety feet in height: it is of stone-work, and is now ragged in its exterior, but was formerly covered with brass plates, on which were some much admired bas-reliefs, if we may judge from a Latin inscription, still partly legible at the base—"The Emperor Constantine, now reigning, Father of Romanus, the glory of the empire, has made much more wonderful than it was before, this admirable square pyramid, which time had destroyed, and which was crowded with sublime things: for the incomparable Colossus was at Rhodes, and this surprising work [is] here."

Between these two obelisks, is the famous Delphic column: it is of bronze, about twelve feet in height; and is formed by three serpents twined together: its diameter at the bottom, is about fifteen inches; but this diminishes gradually, as it ascends to the summit, where the heads formerly projected and formed the base of the Golden Tripod, found in the camp of Mardonius, after the battle of Plataea, and then dedicated to Apollo, at Delphos. The heads have long been wanting; and, indeed, it is a wonder, that the rich column itself has been left, among the many revolutions of this city. These are all the ornaments of the Atmeidan: but it has been to me an interesting employment, to lean against the railing of Sultan Achmet, and watch the multitudes that may be seen in the

* Tournefort.
morning and evening, crossing it in all directions. A glance at them, particularly at the wealthier Turks, shews a person, at once, that he is in the capital of the empire: their dress is richer, their manner more consequental, than I had seen before. Among the crowd, are frequently seen the domestics of the Sultan's household, in fantastic yet tasteful dresses, of which there is an endless variety. Scarlet is the prevailing colour: there is one I have often met with: it is a scarlet gown, open in front, and fastened with a sash: the cap is a high tube, covered with scarlet cloth, which falls, also, in loose folds, about eighteen inches down the back. There is room for great variety and display of taste in the Turkish costume, and, I think, they are frequently happy in its exercise. The crowds of the Atmeidan, are certainly a beautiful sight. It is said, the Sultan himself often mingles with them, and passes through the streets, incognito. The system of espionage, in the present unsettled state of things, is certainly extensive and penetrating; and one of the first things a stranger here is advised to, is watchfulness over his tongue, while in their coffee-houses. I recollect, one day, being accompanied through Scutari, by an intelligent young Armenian, who was pointing out its curiosities: I put a question about the Janissaries, and he immediately drew up to my side, where his remarks were all in a voice scarcely above a whisper, though no company but our own was near.

On the Western side of the Atmeidan, is an ancient building, of substantial workmanship, said to have formerly been a Christian church, but now a menagerie. A few piastres procured us admittance, and we found a large collection of lions, lionesses, tigers and jack-
alls: the last is, in shape, much like our wolf, but is not quite so large.

A few hundred yards West of this, is the porphyry column, called frequently by travellers, the burnt pillar, from its blackened and cracked surface, caused by the frequent fires around it. It is now emphatically the burnt pillar; for a large portion of the city, I should think one fifth, including the district of this column, was destroyed by fire, last winter. Much of it has not yet been rebuilt, and we find it often difficult to make our way among the ruins. Constantinople is peculiarly exposed to such misfortunes: the houses are of frame work, filled in with bricks or stones below; the upper part is, usually, altogether of wood, the tiled roof excepted; and the streets are so narrow, that only five or six in the whole city, will admit the passage of carriages. Fires are consequently frequent, and rage with terrible violence, to which the passive nature of the inhabitants offers little resistance. They pull down a few houses to stop its progress, and fate must do the rest. I am told that an old house will always sell for more than a new one, as its age shews it to be in a district not subject to fires. To the frequency of this scourge, the Porphyry Column bears ample testimony: it is blackened so that the rich material of which it is composed, cannot be distinguished. The joints are covered by iron bands, which render it an unsightly object, though it is ninety feet in height: the base swells out like the roof of an Eastern pagoda; and we see, in the burnt column, how much Grecian taste had already degenerated in the days of Constantine, for it was erected by that emperor. Near it
stand the walls of a beautiful mosque of white marble, destroyed by the late fire.

Proceeding still Westward, through the city, we come, in half an hour, to the cistern of Binderik, or, "the thousand and one columns;" it has, however, only two hundred and twelve; but these are in double tier, so as to equal twice that number, and give it very great capacity. It is half filled with earth, but the arches still remain, and it is occupied by some dozens of half starved wretches, engaged in spinning silk. A dim light is let in from some holes above, and the effect is singular, when their wheels are all in motion, with their gaunt figures passing to and fro, among the columns. They followed us to day light, begging for paras; and when they left us, we fell among the dogs. You have heard that these animals divide the city into districts, and that each set must confine itself to its particular part. One seemed to have wandered into a strange section: its owners hunted out the intruder: his fellows came to his rescue, and as we passed them, while they stood in two lines, showing their teeth at one another, we had some apprehension that we should become common prey. They have a strong resemblance to a wolf, in their shape, and are gaunt and fierce looking. Formerly they were troublesome to strangers. An English gentleman, I am acquainted with, found it expedient, when he first came among them, to gain the good will of those in his district, by largesses of bread. They know him, and follow him now regularly, to the next baker's shop, where they still receive their bribe to be civil. But this animal seems also to have felt the change going on here, in all things, and we have never been
molested by them. They are very numerous, and I have frequently been awakened, at night, by their extensive and protracted howling. Their toleration forms another anomaly in the character of this singular people; for the dog is considered by the Turks, as an unclean animal, and no one may harbour one in his house: still, though they may be beaten off with a cane, if they make an attack, no one is allowed to wound them. The Grand Vizier of Achmet I., had courage enough to have the city cleared of them: he had them all carried to the Asiatic shore, and would have put them to death, but the Mufti put a stop to it, by declaring that every dog has a soul.

Strangers formerly, had, in the Janissariès, a much greater nuisance to contend with, than in the dogs. In the city itself they were not very troublesome; but it was different in the suburbs; and places have been pointed out to me, in Galatá, where they were in the habit of stopping people, in broad day, and demanding their money or watches. Matters have greatly changed, and I now feel more secure from violence or knavery, in my walks here, than I should do in either London or Paris. Our little company, consisting of Mr. Brewer, myself, and an interpreter, have been all over it, in its frequented and retired parts; we have been beyond the walls, and out into the country; in an excursion to the Black Sea, I got so far before, as to appear to be alone: in all this, we have carried nothing more formidable than walking canes; yet no one has ever molested us, except the black subaltern, with whose fist I became acquainted, the day of our arrival. A little fellow, one day, called us giaours; but a Turk would hardly have
fared better in New York. We are, of course, taken for Englishmen; and all this is at a time when England is a party in pressing on the Sultan terms, the most singular and unheard of, threatening him with war, if he refuses them, and when the subject is one of general conversation in the place.

Proceeding Northward, from the Binderik, we came, in half an hour, to the Bazars. I had often been a loiterer in those of Smyrna, and from the commercial character of that place, considered them respectable; but they will not compare, for a moment, with those of the capital. The extent of these, I cannot conjecture, for I have never entered them, without being immediately lost in their labyrinths; but it must be very great. I have described the general character of a Bazar, in that of Vourla: the chambers here, are of the usual size; but the whole is of stone, with stucco and arabesque paintings, and there is a neatness and cleanliness about them, I had not before seen. The arch is also of stone, with holes for the admission of light, and, where the streets are wide, with a row of pillars in the middle, to assist in supporting the arch. The goods are always arranged on the horizontal platform, in front of the shops, or suspended in frames, so as to show to the best advantage; and each street has its peculiar article. Suppose yourself, then, at the crossing of two such streets. You look down one, and in its whole extent, see nothing but jewelry: another presents arms of all kinds, pistols, guns, sabres, and shining attaghans; a third, morocco slippers, of bright colors, plain, or decked off with tinsel ornaments; and the other exhibits silks, or aromatic drugs, or fancy stuffs, or rich cloths. There is an-

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other striking character. The city, with its immense population, is almost as silent as the habitation of the dead: scarcely a sound of merriment, or grief, or labor, is heard; the stillness is broken only at night, by the long howlings of the dogs. This silence is most noticed in the Bazars. They are often crowded, but it seems to be with a voiceless multitude; except in the part occupied by the auctioneers. These make noise enough, and their agents, who run through the crowd, with the goods thrown over an arm or shoulder, jostling all in their way, and crying the last bid, give a livelier character to these parts; but in most of them, a voice is seldom heard. The women form a curious portion of these groups. They are not confined near as much at home, as is generally imagined, and seem fond of visiting the Bazars, where I observe, they are as troublesome customers as their sex are in some other countries. Here, however, they appear like moving automata: for you do not hear their voices; you see no part of their persons, except, perhaps, their fingers and yellow nails; and as to the rest, it looks as if a walking bundle of muslins. They are corpulent, or affect to be so; for their motion is a waddle rather than a walk. They usually come in companies of four or five, and without attendants: the gentlemen pay them no attention, and dare not; for even a bow would, probably, be followed soon by an involuntary prostration. I again ask, how would our American belles like all this?

You will expect some account of the seven towers; and will be disposed to ask, if the Franks, particularly some of the Ambassadors, are not now in fear of seeing the inside of them? I tried to gain admittance,
but was ordered to stand back, and found the plea of curiosity simply, inadmissible. Even the custom of imprisoning foreign ministers here, has, of late years, fallen into disuse; and in all the burst of rage and indignation, in the councils of the Porte, against the three nations, their representatives have no fears for their personal safety. The merchants, too, English, French, and all other, are transacting business as usual, laying in fruits, and selling on credit; as if nothing uncommon was transpiring; they say they have no apprehensions, and I believe have no cause for any.

The seven towers stand near the land wall, and about half a mile from the sea of Marmora: the city wall guards them on the West: another branches from this, and encloses them on the East, so as to form a large court around. The walls are high, and little more than their summits can be seen, when you are near, though they are striking objects, as you approach the city from the West. One is cased entirely with marble: some are square, others round: a few are covered with conical leaden roofs, and are in good repair, but most are ruinous. Still they are formidable looking objects. Here we left the city, and crossing the ditch, found ourselves in a country, bare and desolate, and so silent, that when we stood with our backs to the walls, it required quite an effort to realize that we were within a few yards of a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants. Not a sound was heard from it, and a few officers sauntering along our path, with a countryman or two, were the only living objects in sight. The country, too, looked fertile enough; its desolation is one of the anomalies of this singular nation. The Turks, though taciturn, are a
congregative people: I was struck with this fact, in the whole way from Smyrna to the Capital: here and there, in a fertile little nook, a farmer's house, with a few cultivated spots, may be seen, but generally the country is deserted. A belt of enclosed land, perhaps half a mile wide, encircles their villages: if a rich plain adjoins, parts of it also are, perhaps, cultivated, particularly if it is well irrigated; but, generally, the country is without enclosures, or a sign of human beings. You will ask how people live then; and I answer, that, in these countries, little is necessary. You must not judge of them by our own countrymen, for it is a fact, I believe, that more food is destroyed in America, than in any other country, and particularly animal food. People eat here, to satisfy nature: in America, often for the sake of eating.

The quarter adjoining the seven towers, is allotted to the Armenians: and as we passed, we found them at the patient and thrifty employment, that suits them so well—weaving silk. A large part of the silk trade of Turkey is in their hands, and at Smyrna, their shops, with this article, occupy one entire bazar. They are quiet, industrious, persevering, and pretty honest, but without much energy of character; so are regarded with much complaisance by their masters, and are more trusted than any other people. They are usually employed as drogomans, by foreign ministers, and consuls, in which office they are expert, and as faithful as men dare be in Turkey. Their persons are tall, and well formed, their manners dignified, and their appearance respectable. Their dress shows at once their Eastern origin: it consists of a
kind of chemise, and of full drawers, usually red: over this is a long full robe, with a slit below, on each side; it is usually of particoloured silk and cotton, and is fastened to the body by a sash. Over this is a loose cloth robe, open in front, with long sleeves, also very loose: they wear mustachoes, but no beard; and for the head dress,—take the frustrum of a cone; blacken and invert it; stick on its upper surface four knobs, about three inches in height; cover these, and all the upper part, with scarlet cloth, and you have the Armenian cap. The Persian monarch, Sha-Abbas the Great, when he laid waste a belt of their country fifty miles wide, bordering on his kingdom, that his enemies might not have ready access to it, did the Sultan a material service; for they are now scattered all over the dominions of the latter monarch, forming everywhere, a valuable part of the population. Their number at Constantinople is very great.

To the quiet and patient character of the Armenians, the strongest contrast is presented by the Greeks of the Phanar, a district on the harbour, corresponding nearly to that of these people on the Marmora. The usual interest of the Phanar, as the spot, where are gathered the remains of the former lords of this city, and as the place to which the Greeks every where still look with respect, as their legitimate head, is at present enhanced by the storm that seems to be gathering over it. If it does not burst, we may attribute the fact to the dangers that would arise from commotions in the capital at this time, while the new troops are imperfectly organized, the people used to bloodshed, and the Janissaries, though suppressed, yet not destroyed, rather than to any feeling of kindness.
on the part of their tyrants, and I may add, of any real interest in them on the part of their self-named protectors. They are considerably alarmed themselves: I was in their district two days since: the streets were quiet and nearly deserted; and the few who were to be seen, appeared to be ill at ease. When we meet them, now, in other parts, they look down-cast and timid, and hurry along as if they feared a lurking death in every scabbard. To-morrow is the day appointed by the powers, for the answer of the Divan: every one knows what it will be—a decided negative; and although well-judging people anticipate no violence, there is still some uneasiness, and people evidently wish the day was past. The Franks, in all cases, will be safe. They have their own ministers, or those of other nations, on friendly terms with the Porte, to whom they can fly: and powerful sovereigns, at home, to avenge them, should they be injured. But the Greeks have no one to look to: though scattered by thousands in the Turkish cities, in the eagerness of the three Powers, "to stop the effusion of blood," they are left completely at the mercy of their tyrants, now enraged by this treaty, and, perhaps, hereafter, to be wrought up to madness by its consequences. But the Greeks, both of Greece Proper and Turkey Proper, have, really, little share in the charities of courts; their condition, at present, is more like that of A, the apple pye, in the children's books: B bit it; C cut it; D divided it, and G got it.

They are now catching at every straw, and have just revived a prophecy, said to have been inscribed in the tomb of Constantine, by one of his contemporaries, which they are circulating through the Pha-
narr. It is, probably, not of the age to which it pretends, but it can be traced to the times of the Emperor John Palæologus, when the words were filled up; for the original presents only a portion of the letters, and, in itself, is utterly unintelligible. The following is a specimen of the letters, with the words which are formed from them.

ΤΡΙΤΗ ΤΗΣ ΕΒΣΑ ΤΙΜΑ ΟΚΑΜΝ ΜΑΘ ΜΑ Δ Ν ΤΡΙΠΟΣ ΓΝ Τ ΠΑ ΟΑΓ
μήλη δια να τροπωθε γενος των Παλαιωλογων, &c.

The whole translated is as follows——

In the first induction, or term, the kingdom of Ismael, which is called Moameth, shall overthrow the race of the Palæologi, shall become master of the seven-hilled city, shall reign therein; shall govern many nations, and shall lay waste many islands, as far as the Pontus Euxinus; shall depopulate the banks of the Danube: in the eighth term, shall subdue the Peloponnesus: in the ninth term, shall carry war into the regions of the North: in the tenth term, shall overturn the Dalmatians; and again, for a time, shall turn upon the Dalmatians, and shall excite great wars, and shall, in part, overwhelm them. Then the multitudes and tribes of the West, collected together, shall make war by sea and by land, and shall overturn Ismael: his posterity shall reign but for a little time; the Yellow-haired race, together with the first natives, shall overturn Ismael, shall take the seven-hilled city with its sway. Then shall they raise a civil war, until the fifth hour, and a voice shall exclaim thrice, Stand, Stand from your fear. Hasten speedily; on the right ye shall find a man, noble, wonderful and strong: him
TAKE FOR YOUR MASTER, FOR HE IS MY FRIEND; AND TAKING HIM, MY WILL SHALL BE FULFILLED.

The yellow haired race, they refer to the Russians, to whom, notwithstanding repeated disappointments, they still look with hopes of deliverance. The Porte is watchful and jealous, and has constantly four of their bishops confined as hostages: these are relieved yearly, and a new set has just been taken up.

We visited the Greek Patriarchal church, one day it is in a sort of court or thorough-fare, in the middle of the Phanar, and is a long but low and mean looking building, dedicated to St. George, with little attempt at ornament within. They shewed us a fragment of a black pillar with white streaks, to which, they said, our Saviour was bound, when delivered by Pilate to be scourged. The Roman Catholics shew the whole pillar in one of the churches at Rome. Near it were two boxes with relics, each with a small hole faced with silver, through which some white bones stared upon us: the silver is kept burnished by the lips of the devotees. On one side of this court, is the Patriarch's house, an old dingy building, as are all other houses of the Phanar.

The private edifices of Constantinople, have, indeed, little to recommend them. They seldom exceed two stories in height, are plain and simple, and the thick lattice work across the windows, whatever security it may give to the fair dames within, adds little to the beauty of the houses without. The second story frequently projects several feet over the streets, or rather narrow lanes, making them dark and gloomy; the traveller soon becomes lost, and wanders from one labyrinth to another, confused from their
sameness, and unable to extricate himself, unless by an occasional glimpse of the sun. The streets have no lamps, and at night, every body stays, or ought to stay at home. The number of houses as returned for the city, by the Stamboul Effendissy, in 1796, was 88,185, which, allowing six persons to each, will give 529,110, for the population of the city, a number, at present, coming, probably, pretty near the truth. The towns on the other side of the harbour, with Scutari, which is, also, reckoned one of its suburbs, will swell this number to about 700,000; which, I think, may be taken as the population of Stamboul, and its immediate vicinity.

The city is said to stand on seven hills: the ground is uneven, and adds greatly to the effect of a distant view; but I was not able to trace this boasted resemblance to Rome. The finest panoramic view, was formerly from a tower in the court of the Seraskier Pasha's palace. It was burnt down in the late troubles with the Janissaries, and they are now building one of stone. This is in the highest part of the city, and is the spot from which alarms are given in case of fire. The late palace was the former Eski Serâi, and

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*This word, the Turkish name for Constantinople, comes, you probably know, from the Greek εἰς τὴν πόλιν. It is an amusing employment to trace etymologies. There was formerly a family living in Massachusetts, called Whitefoot: they went to France, where the name was changed very naturally, to Blanc-pied: some of the descendants returned to their native state, and Blanc-pied was metamorphosed to Blumpy, a name they still bear. By a similar accident, I have heard of the name Peter Flint, going through Pierre A'fusil, and becoming Peter Gun. I wish some one would trace the etymologies of Sea terms. 1829.
was occupied by the females of the Sultan's family, whom it was inconvenient to have at the Seraglio: but the present incumbent of the spot, is our old friend, the late Capudan Pasha, now transformed, they tell me, to Seraskier Pasha, or secretary of State. A fine object from the harbour, is an aqueduct built by the Emperor Valens, crowning one of the city heights: it is draped with herbage, and stands out in fine relief, among domes and minarets.

Fountains are numerous through the city; and a pretty little object one frequently meets with, both here and in the suburbs, is the house for supplying passers by with water. They are usually of white marble, with fancy gratings of gilt iron about the windows, at the lower part of which, are disposed a number of brass cups, bright and clean, and attached by a chain to the interior. These are kept constantly filled with water, and every one is at liberty to stop and drink, for which no compensation is expected or given. They are endowed by legacies, and form a part of the religion of the people. Iced water is abundant, particularly in the suburbs, where it is vended by itinerant Greeks. They carry a skin of water slung across the shoulder, and a pewter basin with a lump of ice in the middle: the purchaser deposits a para or two, according to the draught he wishes: water is turned on the ice from a spigot; left to cool a moment, and then presented: and thus they proceed till the ice is consumed. This article is brought from the mountains bordering on the sea of Marmora, and is an important item in the comforts of this country. It gives to Sherbet its relish; for this drink, composed of one part of raisin juice to four of pure water, with a slight
tincture of rose water, is to me, at least, a nauseous drink, when warm: when it is cooled, I am fond of it, and wish we could have something to answer to it, in its cheap and innocent properties, in our own country. We have many things to learn there yet; and may get some useful lessons even from the Turks.

Adieu.

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LETTER LIII.

Pera, August 31, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

We were alarmed by loud outcries in our house, this morning, and our landlady came running up with a report, that the work of death had commenced in the capital, and a general massacre of the Greeks was going on. She had immediately despatched her son to the Prussian Ambassador's, the nearest to us, and he soon returned, with information that the report was untrue, and the city perfectly quiet. The Ambassadors have all come in from their country houses: in the morning, they sent their dregomans to the Divan, for a reply, and received a verbal one, a gruff and decided negative. Couriers were standing ready, and were immediately sent off with despatches to the different courts. It throws the politics of all Europe into a different form; but I wave the subject for a while, to continue my notices of the place: we will then take it up again, and understand it better.
We hired a boat, one day, to carry us to the Valley of Sweet Waters, a spot with a pleasant name, at least; but not less pleasant in itself. It is a valley about three miles from the city, and up one of the streams that discharge themselves into its harbour: the excursion will give us a glance at the vicinity of "the refuge of the world." We will begin, if you please, at the mouth of the harbour, where we have, on our left, Seraglio point; on the right, Tophanar or the cannon foundery, a large and splendid building, with an imposing display of ordnance in its front. On each side of it, is a long stretch of houses, passing, also, by that name: in the rear of these, the ground ascends rapidly, and is surmounted by an Armenian burying ground, planted with mulberry trees, and commanding a view of the Bosphorus and its villages, with the city, its environs, and the Marmora, one of the finest views in the district.

Passing on, we came first to a court, with a large Persian fountain, separating Tophanar from Galatá. You see, at once, a foreign hand in the large and substantial brick buildings of the latter, and are carried back to the times when the Genoese established themselves here, seized on the resources of the sinking empire, and grew into a power formidable to the city itself. It is walled, and the line of battlements, with its towers, can be traced from the harbour, nearly in its whole extent. This is the residence of the Frank merchants, and along its quays is the usual mooring of foreign ships. They lie two or three deep; a current from the Bosphorus frequently sets strong against them; it is influenced by the winds, and its changes often expose them to accidents, which the greatest
vigilance cannot avoid. I saw a boat, with flour, nearly crushed, one day, from a sudden change of the wind: a smaller one got hemmed in: its master bawled loudly for help; but it passed to atoms, and sunk beneath him; and he was saved, with difficulty himself. The streets of Galatá present a curious assemblage. In the capital itself, only Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews are suffered to reside: the suburbs are open to all nations; the resident and travelling merchants all congregate here, and there are few languages of note, that may not be heard, in half an hour's walk in Galatá. The black Persian cap is a conspicuous object; by its stately master, swaggers an English sailor in a tarpaulin; and then succeeds the Russian Pilgrim, perhaps, with no cap at all. I met a company of these last, a day or two since, clad in long gowns, which shone all over—with grease, to all of which, their persons corresponded exceedingly well. Our sailors, with a tub of hot water, and soap, might do them much more service than will be received from a journey to Jerusalem, for thither they were bound. The gates of Galatá are shut after nine at night; but an attendant is always by, and a few paras will open them again. In its North-Eastern part is a circular tower of great height, built by the Emperor Anastasius, from which is another fine view of the city and harbour, with the grounds adjoining. The streets ascend rapidly from the water; and on the summit of the eminence, is Pera, a place from which the Representatives of other European sovereigns are permitted to look over on the Capital; for no foreign minister has been permitted to reside in the city for more than a century.

Vol. II.

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An extensive burying ground, with its dark solemn grove of cypress, separates both these districts from Ters-hane, or the Navy-yard, whence have gone forth yearly, of late, their vast squadrons, to threaten the Greek islands, fly before the pigmy fireships of their enemy, and then return, to have the admiral ennobled for bringing all back again, in safety. The fleet is now out on service,* and little was doing in the yard: we counted four three-deckers, two seventy-fours, some frigates and sloops, in ordinary, and one three-decker on the stocks. The offices of Ters-Hane, are handsome looking buildings. On the heights, back of it, are Jewish villages, interspersed with their burying grounds, which have a singular appearance from below. The graves are covered with flat marble slabs, on a level with the ground; and these, shining in the sun, with the dingy and ruinous character of their houses, give the Jews' district a gloomy and melancholy character: their villages reach, with short intervals, nearly to the head of the harbour.

The harbour itself presents an animated scene. Their wherries, which are called Kirlangishes, or swallows, are the neatest boats I have anywhere seen. They are, in shape, like an egg-shell, bisected lengthwise, except that they are sharp at bow and stern: the former is tapered to a delicate point. They are so light, that great care is required in stepping into them; and when there, it is necessary to sit on the carpeted bottom, as the Turks do, as the least motion throws them out of trim. Flowers and arabesques are carved on their beams, and to this, lively coloured

* It had some, a short time after, at Navarino, 1829.
paint, or gilding, is frequently added. Their number, with the pleasure boats, in 1777, was 5700: it is still very great; their motion is rapid, and this, with the warning cries of the boatmen, to each other, gives to the harbor a cheerful and lively character, in strong contrast to the silence of the city. The dress of the boatmen consists, always, of white drawers, a chemise of a substance like gauze, and a red skull-cap, just sufficient to cover the crown of the head. Their legs from the knee down, arms, breasts, necks, and most of their shaved heads, are all bare, and their stout muscular forms show to good advantage, as they ply their oars. The Sultan's barge is similar in shape to these, but is richly ornamented with gilding, and has a canopy at the stern.

Our excursion was in a Kirlangish. We passed the city, and, immediately beyond its walls, an old summer-house, or Seräi, of the Sultan; soon after which, we came to a large building, just erected, and intended for a cloth manufactory for the soldiers. On a hill, a mile back of it, are large stone barracks, also of recent construction. The water now became fresh, and we entered the channel of the Lycus, with an open uncultivated country on each side. This river is formed by two small creeks, which unite just above the harbour, the Cydaris and Barbysses of the ancients. In the fork is an eminence, on which was a small wooden fort, with daubings of gay colours, below which, at some distance, some miners were at work.

They were preparing for a great display, which took place the day after, and which reminds one of the serpentine canal, only this had some real utility connected with it. Early in the morning, there was
firing all through the city, sometimes by companies, sometimes a running fire. This is common: they have general parade, on Monday and Thursday of each week, and one would think, at such times, that all Constantinople was only a vast parade ground; so constant and wide-spread are the reports of musketry. All were marched to the vicinity of this fort: the Sultan himself made his appearance, in a military dress, and put himself at the head of the cavalry, five thousand strong. The troops were now formed, and a body sent to assault the fort, where a number of Turks, in the Greek costume, now showed themselves upon the ramparts, as defenders. The assailants advanced against it, and were repulsed; advanced a second time, and took it by assault: the defenders were driven into one corner, taken prisoners, bound, and conducted to the Sultan; after which, the miner's train was fired, and the fort blown into the air. This was four days since, and every body knew from it, what would be the Sultan's reply to the Treaty: the Greeks considered it an attempt to irritate the people against themselves, and drew sad inferences from it, as to their own fate, in the approaching crisis.

Our boatmen took the Barbysses, the Eastern of the two streams, and we glided on, through a beautiful, though narrow valley, among shady trees, for half a mile, when a coffee house appeared before us, on the shore. We were going to stop a moment, and the boat had just reached the landing, when an attendant sprung out, and, with hasty gestures, motioned us off. "The Grand Vizier," he cried, and looking up the stream, we saw his lordship approaching. Our interpreter told us, we must not look at him, as he was
incognito; but we did look, and saw a countenance, such as would be set down, at once, as that of a "master spirit;" and such he is. His age, I should judge to be about fifty: his person is above the middle size, stout and powerful; while black hair, and a black beard, give a character of sternness to features, naturally dark, and expressing boldness and decision. His looks are altogether superior to those of the Sultan; and, among those who speak freely here, he stands higher, though his name is scarcely heard abroad. He has been longer in power, than is usual with Grand Viziers, and it is said, that the successes attendant on the late revolutions in the Capital, are owing principally to him. His name is Mehmed Selim Pasha.* We lay on our oars, and saw his attendants adjust his cushion and robe, for a smoke at the coffee house: he was richly, but plainly dressed, and had two oarsmen, and an attendant in the boat: another boat, with the same number followed immediately after, and this was all his train.

We were now in the Valley of Sweet Waters, called so from the stream we were navigating: the navigation ends nearly three miles from the harbour, in a spot where the hills recede on each side, and leave a beautiful, shaded lawn, called Kiat-Hana. Here is a palace of the Sultan, now deserted and ruinous, and a Kiosk or Summer house in good repair: they were airing it, as we passed, and we got a view of its interior, which is ornamented with gilding, and richly

* He was, a little more than a year after this, deposed and banished: probably, more because a victim to public feeling was needed, than from any dissatisfaction in the mind of his royal master.
furnished with cushions and silks. The stream above this, is made to flow in a straight canal bordered with trees, and at the Kiosk, is precipitated over marble steps, so as to form an indifferent cascade. We found here a long row of mounted cannon, used on days of rejoicing. At the upper extremity of the valley, is a village, with paper mills; and above this is another valley, where the Sultan's horses are turned loose to graze in the spring. We dined at the village, our appetites giving the best seasoning to the food. I have often admired the convenience of the Turkish coffee houses: there is one near St. Sophia, in the city, a favorite stopping place with us, where a clean and accommodating host gives a zest to every thing which he sets before us. The usual dish is kepah, and is formed by cutting mutton into small bits, and half frying it on skewers: it is then laid by for customers: when they come, the meat undergoes another frying; a cake, like a pan-cake, is then spread over the bottom of a dish, the meat poured on, spices added with gravy, and the cooking is completed over a slow fire. With bread and cool sherbet, and hunger to boot, it is quite a feast.

We hired a Kirlangish with two men, on the 27th, to carry us to the Black Sea, a distance of about eighteen miles. The current, usually, makes the ascent of the Bosphorus, if I may use the word, a laborious one; and the difficulty is increased by the wind, which is usually from the North East. It had, that morning, set round to the opposite direction, and a large number of foreign merchantmen, which had been
waiting a change, were taking advantage of it. We seized the opportunity, to make our contemplated visit, and add to our other matters of boast, the one, that we had stood on the Cysanean rocks, and bathed in the waters of the Euxine. As we passed up, the breeze brought from the city a continued roar of small arms; for this was one of the days of general parade.

The length of the strait, or Canal of the Bosphorus, as it is often called, is, as I have hinted, about eighteen miles: the breadth at the narrowest part, is said, by Tournefort, to be only eight hundred paces; the shores are indented by numerous bays, but their average distance is a mile and a quarter. Villages stretch in constant succession, a distance of ten miles, on the European, and six, on the Asiatic side. They form, usually, a line or two of houses, on the edge of the water, sweeping sometimes in handsome curve around the bays; palaces of the Sultan, and his ministers, are interspersed; the grounds rise steep behind them, with vineyards and gardens; ships, as we passed, were constantly opening upon us, or retiring behind the promontories; wherries were gliding rapidly over the rushing stream; and the Bosphorus, we thought, was inferior in interest, only to the city itself. "I have seen," says Gyllius, "the banks of the Peneus, and the shady dell between the Thessalian hills of Olympus and Ossa: I have seen, also, the green and fruitful borders of those streams which flow through the rugged mountains of the Median Tempes: ' but I have beheld nothing more lovely than the vale through which the Bosphorus rolls its waters, adorned on either side, by softly-swelling hills and gently-sinking dales, clothed with woods, vineyards and gardens, and rich
with a gay variety of shrubs, flowers, herbs and fruit-trees.' * We passed Tophanar, to this succeeded the palace of Dolma-Baktche, distinguished as the present residence of "the possessor of men's necks." † It is a long wooden building, much of it erected on piles: it is weather-boarded, painted white, with green casements, and has a comfortable, but not luxurious appearance. We were directed by the boatmen, to put down some maps, which we had, on our knees, as we approached it; and this was repeated, whenever we came near the residence of any great personage. Next came Beshik-Tash, celebrated as having the tombs of the famous Barbarossa, and of Bek Tash, the saint who blessed the corps of the Janissaries, at its first origin. Here is a Serāi, or palace of the Sultan's female household: some of them were coming out, with a number of black eunuchs in company, as we passed, and we were cautioned against even looking that way. We passed, on the way up, also, summer houses of the Grand Vizier's woman-kind, and of those of other great officers. They may always be distinguished by the close lattice work which covers the windows: in the centre of this, is a circular glazed hole, two inches in diameter, through which they may look out, and see what is going on in the world. To Beshik-Tash, succeeds the village of Arnout Keui, with a palace of the Grand Vizier, of wood, and painted red, an unsightly object. Here, at a promontory, the current became so strong that a rope was thrown us from the shore, and

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* Hobhouse.
† Hunkier, the possessor of men's necks, one of the titles of the Sultan.
we were towed a quarter of a mile, the water all the
time running as in a mill race. In a nook, around this
point, is another palace of the Sultan, and just behind
this, came the Old Castle, as it is called. Here is the
narrowest part of the straits, and at this place, Darius
sent over his 700,000 men, on a bridge of boats. Here,
too, Mahomet II, and his thousands crossed over and
fortified themselves, previous to marching to attack
Constantinople, which is seven miles distant. The
tower was erected or repaired by that Sultan, and is
still in good preservation: in the wall that surrounds
it, was pointed out a low door, where, formerly, noble
criminals were carried in, never to be seen again alive.
Here the tow-rope was again necessary. Opposite to
this, on the Asiatic shore, is a similar castle, but not
so conspicuous, as it is on lower ground. We next
came to Yeni Keui, beyond which the straits make a
sudden bend, a little to the West of North: a cape is
formed, against which the current sweeps with such
violence, that two men drew our boat against it with
great difficulty, though our party, with the boatmen,
consisted of but five: its violence has given it the
name of the Devil's current. Ships avoid all this, by
stretching from shore to shore, where they often find
eddies to assist them. This bend is two miles and a
half in length; after which, the canal again takes its
former direction to the North East. Half way along
is Terapia; and, in a deep bay, beyond, with a de-
lightful country of meadows and hills around it, is
Buyuk-dere, the summer retreat of most of the ambas-
sadors. The canal, here, is wide, and resembles a
lake with winding shores and rich mountain scenery
around, and Buyuk-dere must be a delightful residence.
Here the villages cease, and the batteries of the Bosphorus commence. Until a short time since, there were but four on each side, containing, altogether, about two hundred and twenty guns; but the late alarms have directed their attention more to the importance of this place, and small breast-works are now going up, on every commanding position, from Buyuk-dere to the entrance of the straits. I took note of the whole of them, but the paper is unfortunately mislaid. The additional number, however, does not, probably, exceed fifty or sixty guns: they are of good calibre, as are, also, those of the older works; but the rear is left altogether without defenses, and they are all commanded by adjoining heights.

A short distance above Buyuk-dere, we had our first view of the Euxine; but had scarcely time to glance at it, before our boatmen, whirled the little Kirlandish around, and were for returning. The wind had become strong; they were alarmed at the rough waves before us, and refused to proceed. So we made them carry us ashore; and had the rest of our excursion on foot. I soon left my companions out of sight, and was often among groups of natives or soldiers; but my salute, when I gave one, was always politely returned, and no one molested me. The scene was a beautiful one. On my right was the Bosphorus, like a noble river; its white-washed batteries in strong contrast with its dark waves, or the green hills above. On one of these, on the opposite shore, were large ruins of a Venetian castle, draped with vines, back of which appeared the skirts of a forest, the hunting ground of the Sultan. Before me was spread the Euxine, with light and shade flitting over its surface;
it was sprinkled with shipping, which had every sail spread to a breeze, such as ships seldom have in this sea. I counted fifty large vessels, most of them stretching off towards Odessa. Nearer, appeared the village of Phanaraki, its fort and light house; just South of it, the European Cyaneæ, and three miles distant, on the other shore, the Asiatic islands to correspond, with castle and light house adjoinging. For the fictions of poets, and scarcely less of historians, which add their interest to the place, I must refer you to poets and historians. I gave Phanaraki a glance, and then hired a boat to carry me to the islands, which are only twenty yards from the shore: they were called Cyaneæ, from their dark colour, and are nothing more than five masses of black coarse rock, traversed by veins of Chalcedony. This mineral, you probably know, takes its name from Chalcedon, which was situated at the lower end of the straits. They were, also, called the Symplegades, or "the dashers," probably, from the dashing of the current against them, in rough weather: I took a bath in their edge, and was near being drawn under by the heavy seas. The water of the Euxine is of a lighter colour, than that of the Mediterranean, and scarcely more than brackish in its taste: its name is, probably, taken from the dark storms that frequently sweep over it, and render its navigation dangerous. It makes one smile when he thinks of the Argonauts, in their exploring expedition: gaping in astonishment, when the broad waters of this sea opened before them: creeping along shore, and losing a rudder among the rocks in their alarm at its immensity; and when we afterwards hear the ancients calling it Ποσειδων, or "the sea," by way of pre-eminence. What would they
have thought of such a ship as the Constitution, and her broad sides, and of running out to sea for safety in a storm. The world has greatly changed since the days of the adventurous Jason; but human nature has not: the golden apples are still the objects of men's restless cupidity. A conspicuous object, on the highest of these rocks, was the base of the pillar mentioned by Tournefort, in a different position, however, from the one he describes: the shaft is no longer to be seen. The part still left is four and a half feet high, and two and a half in diameter, with rams' heads and festoons of laurel around it, shewing it to have been designed originally for an altar, not for the support of a column. The inscription spoken of by travellers, is no longer legible.

This was to be the Ultima Thule of my travels. I cast a wishful look to the North, and the East, and we set out on our return. We found our adventurous boatmen asleep, where we had left them, and arousing them, and embarking once more, were rowed to the Asiatic side of the Straits, along which we returned to the city. This shore is a counterpart of the other, and geologists think they find here, evidence of the convulsion, which first opened to the Euxine, a passage for its waters to the Propontis, and thence to the Mediterranean. The current, in calm weather, is about three knots, equal to that at the Straits of Gibraltar; and there is said also, to be a counter-current here, as well as at that place. "Procopius, of Cesarea, who lived in the sixth century, informs us, that the fishermen took notice, that their nets, instead of sinking perpendicularly to the bottom of the canal, were dragged from the North towards the South,
when they came to a certain depth; while the other parts of the same net, which descended beyond that depth, to the bottom of the canal, were bent a contrary way. * * M. Gilles speaks of it as a very extraordinary thing, and M. le Compte Marsilly observed it with great attention."* The reasoning is doubtless the same here as at Gibraltar: the waters of the Mediterranean are saltier, and consequently, having a greater specific gravity, take the bottom of the channel, in contrary direction to those of the Euxine. In this manner they preserve its saltness, which would be exhausted by its discharges through this canal, if the waste was supplied only by the large rivers which empty themselves into it.

The saltness of sea-water is an exceedingly interesting subject, which, I believe, has yet received little attention from men of science; and that little has been calculated to mislead, rather than inform us. Their inquiries have been directed to concealed treasures of salt, whence the constant influx of fresh water from numberless rivers is supplied; forgetting that the sources of these streams are supplied from the ocean, and that no saline particles are carried up by evaporation. But why is sea-water salt? and why have different seas different degrees of saltness? The Atlantic has tides to give continual motion to its immense depths: the Mediterranean has no tides, and nothing to affect its waters, except occasional storms, and the water here is saltier than in the Atlantic: the Euxine, has the discharges of vast rivers to set it in motion, and its waters are only brackish. Is the sub-

* Tournefort.
ject, then, connected with the motions of fluids? But I retreat from a matter beyond my depth, and say, with Tournesort, I hope "only to spur on the learned to search into the true cause of this phenomenon."

The Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus is less cultivated than the European, but not less picturesque. We passed, on our way down Kandlinge, the Old Castle called Anadoli-Hissar, Coulé-baktchesî, Tchen-gel-Keui, Stavros, and Cossourgé, with Royal palaces, and numerous gardens, and towards sunset approached the city. The Marmora was also covered with shipping, and the view, as the harbour opened upon us, we thought, even more magnificent than that from the opposite direction.

Adieu.

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LETTER LIV.

Pera, August 31, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

_Every traveller goes to see the Turning and Howling Dervishes; in like manner as travellers with you visit the establishments of the Shaking Quakers, to whom the former of these sects bears a strong resemblance. The Howling Dervishes reside in Scutari: the others have a Mosque in Pera, close by our boarding house, where they perform twice a week, at 2 P. M.: we repaired there on the 28th, to witness the exhibition.

The establishment is small, but handsome, and well endowed, and the dervishes are said to be learned and
intelligent men. We meet them frequently, and know them by their conical cap of white felt; they have a sedate look, and the mummery of their worship is perhaps meant only to impose on the vulgar, who look on it with wondering and credulous eyes. There is no doubt that this is the object of their brethren of the Howling order. The establishment in Pera has one of the marble fountains, which I have described, connected with it: it is the richest I have seen, and I have frequently stopped, in ascending the steep hill, to take a sip from the burnished cups in its window. Back of this is their chapel, an octagonal marble building: it has a gallery above for the musicians, with a latticed part for the ladies below, a narrow platform, or divan, passes around the room, and is separated by a railing from the floor, which is of oak and highly polished. We seated ourselves at the front of the divan, but were immediately ordered to a more retired part. The visitors were numerous, and took share in the early part of the worship, which was like that of other mosques, and was led by an old man the chief dervish, and an attendant, in the middle of the floor. It lasted three quarters of an hour, and was concluded with singing in the gallery, during which, the other dervishes, nine in number, dropped in and took their places around the room. They had on their high cap, with a robe that dragged on the floor and seemed to be thickly padded below. It was fastened just below the breast with a girdle: over all was a loose cloak which was now laid aside: their feet were bare.

The singing now ceased, and some lively music striking up, they all folded their arms across the
breast and followed the superior, in a slow march around the room, bowing to a coloured sheep skin on the floor, as they reached and left it, and also, in the same manner, to the door: the superior bowed only to the skin. They made the circuit of the room thrice, in this manner, and then the superior stopping at the skin, the foremost bowed, passed him, bowed again, and then began to turn. The remainder followed, and, in a short time, we had the whole nine whirling on the floor. Their arms were gradually unfolded, and their dress flew out below; the motion was rapid, but their countenances were calm and composed, and the turning seemed conducted with little effort: the perspiration, however, at last started into their faces, and handkerchiefs were applied. They turned on the left foot, using the right to give the motion. Thus they continued fifteen minutes, when at a signal given by the music, they all suddenly stopped and stood with their arms crossed, facing inward. This lasted six minutes, when four of them withdrew, and the remainder, passing their superior, as before, commenced turning anew. The music was now more lively and the whirling more rapid: it continued ten minutes, when there was another resting spell; a third turning, of the same length, followed, succeeded by another rest; and now, the music being extremely rapid, a fourth turning commenced, much more rapid than any of the former. It was evidently exhausting, and the sweat rolled from their faces: this lasted twenty minutes, when, at the signal, all stopped suddenly and prostrated themselves, with their faces inward; the attendants threw his cloak over each one; and a short prayer, by the principal, concluded this
singular service. During the whole of it, a man, without the dress of the order, walked among them and appeared to watch their motions with much anxiety. The principal was a venerable looking man, with a costume similar to theirs, except that his cap had a green shawl wrapped around its lower part.

We repaired, on the following day, to Scutari, and were fortunate enough to witness the performances of the Howling Dervishes. The service commenced at the same hour, but these exhibit only once a week. We were conducted to an old and mean looking house, near the skirts of the town, and were shown into an upper room, large but rude, with a latticed gallery, and a railed platform below, as in the other. Here, they received us with respect, and provided us with comfortable seats, all of which had a meaning, as we afterwards found. About the room were suspended tabourines, and other instruments of rude music, with swords, knives, and a large number of wooden spheres about five inches in diameter: around the last dangled a number of small chains, and through the poles was an iron about fifteen inches long, pointed very sharp at its longer end. The interior of the enclosed space was mostly covered with sheep-skins, and was occupied by the Dervishes. There were nine of these: they took the lead in the exercises, but were assisted by a much larger number of citizens, who joined and left them at will: the spectators were numerous. A savage looking Dervish of great height, and two youths of fifteen, came forward, and changed their dress for another that left their limbs more at liberty: a belt was drawn round over this, and girt very tight. Prayers now commenced, similar to those of the
mosque, except that all were seated, but one man, who appeared to watch the whole with very great interest. This continued forty minutes, when all rose, and a close line was formed reaching nearly around the room; the superior and some other old men being within. All now commenced singing in a deep guttural tone, bowing together sideways, alternately towards the right and left. The singing and motion became more rapid, and turbans and upper dresses were laid aside, and carried off by the attendants: during this, others came in, kissed the superior's hand, and joined the performances. The tune had now become rapid, and nothing could be heard, but the sounds

YALÁH! ILLÁH!

YALÁH! ILLÁH!

The last syllable of each word was sounded hard and spasmodically, and each line was accompanied with a bow to the right and left. Their faces grew flushed, and their eyes wild; and as their motion was not always uniform, their shoulders often came into violent contact, but this was not minded. Some, however, seemed to treat it as a farce, laughing, as they looked at the spectators, and those most deeply engaged, were easily recalled from their mad-like stare. I noticed an old blind man who was led in, and placed respectfully in the circle: his eyes were raised, and he appeared to be serious and sincere. The tall Dervish led the performers: when the motion slackened, he threw up his arms, became louder and more violent in his grunts, (for it had now got to be only a deep grunt, with stamping of feet,) and the whole started with
new animation. The old men in the centre assisted, but with less violence. This lasted half an hour, when all suddenly stopped, and a single voice sung for about five minutes: the grunt and stamping were renewed, and lasted a quarter of an hour, when we had the solo voice again: again the grunts; the solo a third time, and, when the fourth spell of bowing, which was now extremely violent, commenced, an old man came forward and took the superior’s place. The latter moved to one side, and a very young and sick child was laid on the floor, before him: he repeated a short prayer, and passed his right foot along the body, pressing it hard on the abdomen: he then stepped on its knees; rested the weight of his whole body there, and passing over, repeated all this with his left foot, praying all the time. Doubtless he had put something between the child’s knees to support his weight; but it was not seen. He returned, in the same manner; then breathed on the child, and it was removed. Five more sick children, and four men, were successively brought in, and treated in the same way, except that he stood, with his whole weight, on the abdomen of one of the men, a stout officer: there was no deception there. In the interval of their appearing, vessels of water, handkerchiefs, and clothes, were brought in; carried before the gruntings, who continued their operation all the time, and returned to the superior: he passed his hands over them, breathed on the clothes, and into the water jars, and all were carried hastily off, probably, to the sick. When this was over, the tall man and two boys separated themselves from the line, and the man and one boy stripped themselves to the waist. The principa.
took down six of the wooden globes; examined the sharp points, which he rubbed, muttering a prayer, turned them round in his mouth, and delivered two to each performer. Some tabourines and cymbals were taken down; the music struck up loud and quick; the grunting grew more violent, and the three, their eyes glaring and wild, and their faces distorted, began to brandish the globes on high, and bring the sharp points, seemingly with great force, against the abdomen: one was then driven into the flesh; the loose one returned to the superior, and the former drawn out with great pain. This was doubtless mere pretence; for they took care to strike below the line of their drawers, so we could only judge from their grimaces. One of the boys seemed then to faint, and was carried off in convulsions: the other soon retreated; and the man being left alone, tossed the ball into the air, and catching it, brought the pointed iron violently against his cheek: blood flowed: it was then thrust, in like manner, against the inside of the cheek, and this being repeated several times, he at last bored with it, into his cheek, so that the globe hung without support. He approached the superior, in this way, who treated it carefully, and extracted it with one hard pull. This was the end: the line of grun ters had by this time grown thin, and after a short prayer, all withdrew. The large man came over, and demanded a present of three dollars from our company, consisting of four persons, which we gave him. I examined his cheek, which he willingly offered to my touch: there was real blood on it, with a wound of good size, and what seemed to be a counterpart within: his cheek was also covered with scars; so this is not
jugglery, whatever may be the character of the rest. I have given you the whole scene, that, should you turn Moslem, you may know whether to become a Turning or a Howling Dervish.

Scutari is usually reckoned a suburb of Constantinople; for, though a mile and a half distant, and on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, the communication is constant, and the capital draws not only provisions and fruits, but even water from this place. Boats, however, have to make a large circuit upward, on account of the current. One is struck immediately with the large ferry-boats of the golden horn:* they may be seen leaving it at all hours, from the villages around; usually crowded, and presenting a strange mixture of costumes and physiognomy. Vast numbers ply between Scutari, among which may often be seen private Kirlangishes, with families. These boats go along this shore, which I observe are the usual resort of the Turks, on such occasions. They seem not to feel at home, in Europe; and you know a tradition has always prevailed among them, that the Christians are one day going to drive them out of it. Many of them consequently carry their dead to Asia, and the burying ground of Scutari, where they are deposited, has grown to the astonishing size of three miles in length; by about one in breadth. The whole is planted thickly with cypresses and covered with white monuments, among which groups of females may be constantly seen, on a visit to the graves of their friends. The

* Χρυσόκερος, or Golden Horn, one of the ancient titles of the harbour of Constantinople, taken from its shape, and the wealth that flowed into it.
deep silence and repose of this "city of the dead," as it is called, broken only by the soft cooing of doves, has a most imposing effect. The great road to the South lies through it, and while loitering here, we saw advancing through its shades a caravan of Pilgrims from Mecca. The foremost horses and camels carried on their backs oblong covered frames, in which were probably the females: they formed a long line and looked dirty and way-worn. At the edge of the burying ground, are numerous shops for manufacturing grave stones, and, intermingled with these, horses and Arabats kept for hire. The Arabat is a small light wagon, gaily ornamented with gold leaf and paint, but without springs or seats: instead of the latter is a mat, on which people squat when they wish to take a drive. Those for the ladies are surrounded with a box. I have frequently seen them taking an airing about the capital, the gilt Arabat drawn by two oxen, over which are suspended curved sticks, with variegated tassels dangling from them to keep off the flies. A footman precedes and follows, and thus they move on, at the rate of little more than a mile an hour.

Just West of the town, they are now finishing stone barracks for the new troops: they are three stories high, and form a square four hundred feet each way, with a balcony to each story on the inside, in its whole extent. The rooms will hold from thirty to sixty men each: it has a fine position, and is a striking object as you approach the capital, from the West.

The Greeks occupy the Eastern part of Scutari, the handsomest portion of the town; and have there a large fine looking church: near it is a celebrated
fountain, by which, on an iron grating, numberless little rags are tied. The Greeks dedicate their fountains to saints, and these rags are brought from the sick, with the expectation of receiving some medical qualities from their saintships. The Turks have the same superstition; and I saw, on the edge of their burying ground, a number of similar rags: close by them was a grave, over which a lamp is kept constantly burning. It is the grave of a saint of the Janissary order, and is the only relic I have seen, any where, of that body, lately so numerous, so powerful and formidable, even to the Sultan himself. It is not fifteen months since they filled his dominions, a distinct, overbearing and haughty race, with arms in their hands, and hearts ever prompt to use them: you may now travel all through the empire, and it is as if they had never been. Their name is never mentioned, and the memory of the Janissaries seem already fast passing into oblivion. Their whole history is strongly characteristic of this singular nation. Adieu.

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LETTER LV.

Pera, September 1, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

I have kept a close eye on the progress of events here, since my arrival, and on the parties concerned; and I give you my observations, with the conclusions I
have drawn from them. The latter however are offered with diffidence, and must be taken so.

The spectacle has been a singular one. A great nation had extended its conquests, and embraced in them a small extent of country, at that time little known. Its dominion over this had continued three hundred and sixty six years, during all which time no one suspected the legality of its power according to the established usages of nations, though some have deplored the hard fate of the governed. At the end of that time this people revolt: the Russians call it madness; the English declare to the Sovereign, that they will take no part in the contest, and wish to be considered as neutrals; and the French look quietly on. The war lasts six years; is disastrous to the rebels; they are about losing all hope, when these three powers step suddenly forward and present to the Sovereign the document I enclose for you.*

* Treaty for the Settlement of Greece.—In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity

"His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, His Majesty the king of France and Navarre, and His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russians, penetrated with the necessity of putting an end to the sanguinary contest which, by delivering up the Greek provinces, and the Isles of the Archipelago, to all the disorders of anarchy, produces daily fresh impediments to the commerce of the European States, and gives occasion to piracies, which not only expose the subjects of the high contracting parties to considerable losses, but besides render necessary burdensome measures of protection and repressions; His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty King of France and Navarre, having besides received on the part of the Greeks, a pressing request to interpose their mediation with the Ottoman Porte, and being, as
I rejoice in it all, as I sympathize deeply with the Greeks, and see the sun of hope once more rising in their country; but still it is a most extraordinary paper, and does little credit to the parties engaged in it. I wonder not that it produced a warm burst of indignation in the councils of the Porte, and join with all the Franks here, in applauding the Sultan for the firmness with which he has repelled such unwar-

well as His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, animated by the desire of stopping the effusion of blood, and of arresting the evils of all kinds which might arise from the continuance of such a state of things, have resolved to unite their efforts, and to regulate the operation thereof by a formal Treaty, with the view of re-establishing peace between the contending parties by means of an arrangement which is called for as much by humanity as by the interest of the repose of Europe.

"Wherefore they have nominated their Plenipotentiaries to discuss, agree upon, and sign the said Treaty.

"His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Hon. William Viscount Dudley, Peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Councillor of His Britannic Majesty in Privy Council, and his principal Secretary of State for the department of Foreign Affairs;

"His Majesty the King of France and Navarre, the Prince Jules, Count de Polignac, Peer of France, Knight of the Orders of His Most Christian Majesty, Major General of his armies, Grand Cross of the Order of St. Maurice of Sardinia, &c. &c. and his Ambassador to his Britannic Majesty;

"And His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, Christopher Prince de Lieven, General of Infantry of the armies of his Imperial Majesty, his Aid-de-camp General, Knight of the Orders of Russia, of those of the Black Eagle and of the Red Eagle of Prussia, of that of the Guelphs of Hanover, Commander Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword, and of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, his Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to his Britannic Majesty;"
ranted interference. His spirit has been caught by his subjects; for the whole character of the Treaty has been known among them, and has been the common subject of conversation. I have tried to feel the pulse of the people, and, among other things, introduced the subject to our boatmen, on the way to the Euxine, "Ha," answered one of them, "we do not fear them: we are going to finish this war with the Greeks pretty

"Who, after having communicated their full powers, and found the same in good and due form, agreed upon the following articles."

"ARTICLE I.—The Contracting Powers will offer to the Ottoman Porte their mediation, with the view of bringing about a reconciliation between it and the Greeks."

"This offer of mediation shall be made to this power, immediately after the ratification of the Treaty, by means of a collective declaration, signed by the Plenipotentiaries of the Allied Courts at Constantinople; and there shall be made, at the same time, to the two contracting parties, a demand of an immediate armistice between them, as a preliminary condition indispensable to the opening of any negotiation."

"ART. II.—The Arrangement to be proposed to the Ottoman Porte shall rest on the following basis:—The Greeks shall hold of the Sultan, as of a superior Lord; and, in consequence of this superiority, they shall pay to the Ottoman Empire an annual tribute (relief,) the amount of which shall be fixed, once for all, by a common agreement. They shall be governed by the authorities whom they shall themselves choose and nominate, but in the nomination of whom, the Porte shall have a determinate voice. To bring about a complete separation between the individuals of the two nations, and to prevent the collisions which are the inevitable consequence of so long a struggle, the Greeks shall enter upon the possession of the Turkish property, situated either upon the Continent or in the Isles of Greece, on the condition of indemnifying the former proprietors, either by the payment of an annual sum, to be added to the tribute which is to be paid to the Porte, or by some other transaction of the same nature."
soon, and then we shall take these nations to task for their officiousness. We shall begin with England, and, as for the Russians, we will leave it to the women to chastise them." This, of course, is mere vaporizing; but it shows the undaunted spirit of the people, and, pretty well, the general reception of the Treaty. The Ambassadors, indeed, appear to be

"Art. III. — The details of this arrangement, as well as the limits of the territory on the Continent, and the designation of the Islands of the Archipelago to which it shall be applicable, shall be settled in a subsequent negotiation between the High Powers and the two contending parties.

"Art. IV. — The Contracting Powers engage to follow up the salutary work of the pacification of Greece, on the bases laid down in the preceding articles, and to furnish without the least delay, their representatives at Constantinople, with all the instructions which are necessary for the execution of the treaty now signed.

"Art. V. — The Contracting Powers will not seek in these arrangements any augmentation of territory, any exclusive influence, any commercial advantages for their subjects, which the subjects of any other nation may not equally obtain.

"Art. VI. — The arrangements of reconciliation and peace, which shall be definitely agreed upon between the contending parties, shall be guaranteed by such of the signing Powers as shall judge it useful or possible to contract the obligation: the mode of the effects of the guarantee shall become the object of subsequent stipulations between the High Powers.

"Art. VII. — The present Treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged in two months, or sooner if possible.

"In faith whereof, the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed and sealed it with their arms.

"Done at London, July 1, 1827.

"DUDLEY,

"POLLIGNAC,

"LIEVEN."
thrown out of their calculations. It seems to have been expected, that this formidable array of the three most powerful nations in Europe would have frightened the Sultan into compliance. He met them, however, as soon as they presented their document, with a firm and spirited refusal to recognise any power in them to interfere between him and his subjects. His reply

_Additional and Secret Article._—“In case the Ottoman Porte does not accept within the space of one month, the mediation which shall be proposed, the High Contracting Parties agree upon the following measure:—

"1st. It shall be declared by their Representatives at Constantinople to the Porte, that the inconveniences and evils pointed out in the public Treaty as inseparable from the state of things subsisting in the East for the last six years, and the termination of which, through the means of the disposal of the Sublime Porte, appears still remote, impose upon the High Contracting Parties the necessity of taking immediate measures for an approximation with the Greeks.

"It is to be understood that this approximation shall be brought about by establishing commercial relations with the Greeks, by rendering to them for that purpose, and receiving from them Consular Agents, so long as there shall exist among them authorities capable of maintaining such relations.

"2d. If within the said term of one month, the Porte do not accept the armistice proposed in the first article of the public treaty, or if the Greeks refuse to execute it, the High contracting powers shall declare to that one of the two contending parties which shall wish to continue hostilities, or to both, if such become necessary, that the said High Contracting Powers intend to exert all the means which circumstances may suggest to their prudence, to obtain the immediate effect of the armistice, the execution of which they desire by preventing, in as far as may be in their power, all collision between the contending parties, and in fact, immediately after the aforesaid declaration, the High Contracting Powers will conjointly employ all their means in the accomplishment of the
was written, and was in energetic and manly style; and it was probably owing to this, that the Ambassadors reduced the time for deliberation, from thirty to fifteen days. They sent their Drogomans, as I have already said, on the 31st; and, during the day it became known, had received a verbal and gruff negative as the decision of the Divan, for which every one gave the Sultan credit. I dined, this evening, with a

object thereof, without, however, taking any part in the hostilities between the two contending parties.

"In consequence, the High Contracting Powers will, immediately after the signature of the present additional and secret article, transmit eventual instructions conformable to the provisions above set forth, to the Admirals commanding their squadrons in the seas of the Levant.

"3d. Finally, if contrary to all expectations, these measures do not yet suffice to induce the adoption by the Ottoman Porte of the propositions made by the High Contracting Powers, or if, on the other hand, the Greeks renounce the conditions stipulated in their favor in the treaty of this day, the High Contracting Powers will, nevertheless, continue to prosecute the work of pacification on the basis agreed upon between them, and, in consequence, they authorize from this time forward their representatives in London, to discuss and determine the ulterior measures to which it may become necessary to resort.

"The present additional and secret article shall have the same force and value as if it had been inserted, word for word, in the treaty of this day. It shall be ratified, and the ratification thereof shall be exchanged at the same time as those of the said treaty.

"In faith whereof, the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed it, and have thereto affixed the seal of their arms.

"Done at London, this 6th day of July, in the year of Grace, 1827.

"DUDLEY,
"POLIGNAC,
"LIEVEN."
gentleman of one of the Ambassadors' families, and find their purposes marked with a vacillation and uncertainty, that argue very badly for their cause. Sometimes they talk of sending off their families; sometimes of letting them remain, and seem to know not what to do. The whole forms a strong contrast to the firmness of the Porte.

Let us take a look at the Treaty. It gives two reasons for this extraordinary interference; one, "the desire of stopping the effusion of blood, and of arresting the evils of all kinds, that might arise [1] from the continuance of such a state of things;" the other, "the disorders of anarchy, producing daily fresh impediments to the commerce of the European States, and giving occasion to piracies, which not only expose the subjects of the high contracting Powers to considerable losses, but besides render necessary burdensome measures of protection and repressions." Now as to the cause of humanity, everybody knows that court politics have nothing to do with it; they shook hands long ago, and turned their backs one on the other. Piracies have been frequent, and a word about these. The Russians have not, probably, five ships of their own nation trading to the Archipelago: Italian vessels often carry the Russian flag; but it is because this nation has no men of war here, to give convoy, and they consequently receive it from those of all other powers; at least, this is the reason they give. The nation itself suffers not a sixpence worth from Greek piracies. The English and French do suffer; but these powers have always large squadrons there, and it is only necessary for them to come to an understanding, and establish a constant line of convoys from
Malta to Smyrna, and all this evil will be counteracted.

The reasons for the Treaty are all so inconclusive, as to induce us to examine further; and we find Russia still looking, as she has looked for half a century, with greedy eyes on the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. She saw the country enfeebled by intestine commotions; the old soldiery utterly extinct; a new order substituted, a set of youths, who have never smelt powder, without experience, without confidence in themselves, and under a system which must yet clog, without giving any efficacy to their motions. The serpent has just shed its coat; it is necessary only to put her foot on it, and it is crushed; but what would other powers say to all this? Much is to be feared from the jealousies and the navies of England and France; and to these she turns with cries of humanity, and the Greeks, and pirates, and languishing commerce; and then she comes to diplomacy, the fatal rock, on which the interests of England, and her honor too, have a thousand times been wrecked. France grins at all this outcry, but something may be gained in the mêlée, and she joins it too; and honest John Bull joins also, and cries loudest, because he does not know exactly what it means; and we have the Treaty of the 6th of July, as a consequence.

The Sultan has thrown it back on them; and it places two of the powers in an awkward predicament. Russia will have a war, if she can; and she will find a cat’s paw in some of her colleagues too, if she can: and now let us take a look at this state of things. Suppose that France finds it her interest to coincide, and that England is cajoled, till Russia has advanced
her armies, and has no longer aught to fear from their jealousies, what is her prospect of success? I answer, that there is but one method of succeeding, a bold and daring one; but there is no other. *She must send a fleet into the Marmora.* The passes of the Balkan have been often tried, and as often have their armies been driven back with shame and disgrace. It is dangerous to prognosticate; but I should hesitate little to say, that a similar attempt now would be met with similar defeat. It would certainly be the worst course that could be followed: Constantinople must be approached suddenly, or the effort is a desperate one. Turkey is feeble now, but will not be feeble long. An attack through the Balkan is just what the Sultan ought most earnestly to desire. Advances there must be necessarily slow: his troops are young, and can bear hardship; a slow approach will give them confidence in themselves and their new system; each day’s experience will be invaluable to them, and should the Russians succeed in crossing the mountains, they will still find before them, an army with all the furious and reckless bravery of the Janissaries, and all the order and unity of action that matured European discipline can give.

If the Turks are driven from Europe, it must be through the Marmora. The Russians have materials for immense fleets on the shores of the Euxine. The channel of the Bosphorus is deep and clear of rocks; the current, with a strong breeze down, is itself five or six knots; the Turks are wretched marksmen even by day light; let the Russians then take advantage of a stormy and dark night, with the wind fair, and their vessels will pass down the Bosphorus, almost without being
touched. Admiral Duchworth came up the Dardanelles, and returned in broad day, with but a trifling injury; and the Bosphorus might be passed with much greater ease. Once in the Marmora, they have every thing at command: there is not a single defense, I believe, on all its shores: they might bombard the city and its suburbs; threaten the numerous towns on the coast; make or threaten descents; and harass the Turks with marches, alarms and watching, till their country would be filled with confusion; then let the land army co-operate across the Balkan, and this loosely joined empire, will soon fall to pieces. The Turks, of all men, would suffer most from such a warfare: they are brave and patient: they will meet an enemy in the field without fear, and in assaulting a town or bearing the ennui of a siege, are inferior to no other soldiers, for both are consonant to their feelings. But such a warfare as this, is at variance with all their habits; and, I repeat it, would soon breed disorder and mutiny in their ranks. I should have little dread of their fleets: it would only be necessary to avoid engaging them at anchor. At sea, they are a mere name: their admirals know nothing of maneuvering, or, indeed, even of sailing ships; and the mismanagement and disorder that would prevail, would lay them open an easy prey to the ships of any other nation. The following account of Ali, Capudan Pasha, in 1810, is a pretty good specimen of their chief officers. "After the usual compliments, he told the Captain of the [English] Frigate he had never been at sea, but that he was very fond of it. He asked him if the wind was likely to continue long in the same quarter, and when he was answered that his Highness, from having
been accustomed to the climate, was more likely to know than a stranger, was unable to comprehend the deduction. He inquired, if the Captain had a man on board to manage the compass; and learning that every man in the ship was acquainted with that instrument, replied, pointing to a young midshipman in our company, 'What! does that boy know any thing of the compass?'* One of them, a few years since, dropped anchor off Rhodes, in sixty fathoms water, and then cut his cable, because he could not weigh it again. Another, as a gale came on, ran for a port of that island, where most of his fleet were at anchor; and finding he should not be able to gain it, before the storm commenced, made signal to those in port to come out, apparently determined that, if he must bear the storm, they should bear it with him. They did so, and a large portion of them were lost. This is the Turkish character at sea, and no one need fear any thing from them on that element. I believe there was not a man in our four ships, at Tenedos, that would have hesitated to engage the whole Turkish fleet of twenty five sail, or would have doubted the possibility of so manœuvring, and taking them in detail, as to have destroyed every one of them. I have never met a Russian man of war and know not their efficiency; but if they could not conquer, they would at least have nothing to fear from their enemies. Should the place however become too hot, the Dardanelles are open, with a current like that of the Bosphorus, and a wind almost always setting down.

* Hobhouse.
Every one here acknowledges that Turkey was never so weak before. The situation of the Sultan might well beget alarm. The late innovations have exhausted his treasury: the new troops in the capital and its vicinity, amount only to 40,000, the garrisons in the rest of the empire to little more than than half that number, and few of these can be spared from the posts they now occupy; the new system sits awkwardly on both officers and privates; the organization is yet incomplete; it is dangerous to call in the aid of any other than the regulars, as this will be an approximation to the Janissaries, and they may turn their arms against the hated innovators, instead of the enemy; the affections of his subjects have been alienated from the sovereign, and he now reigns only because he is the only individual of the royal blood remaining, except his son, a boy not yet fit for the government. Under these circumstances, he has thrown down the gauntlet to the three most powerful sovereigns of Europe. It is of a piece with his former acts, and they all shew him to be an extraordinary man. There is little doubt that, from the first, he planned, what he has accomplished, the total extinction of the Janissaries. They had become the Praetorian Cohort, the haughty masters of the empire: his predecessor Selim, had been deposed by them, and his own fate was in their hands. The efforts of Selim, though unsuccessful, had also drawn attention to the European mode of warfare, and he was convinced of its superiority; the successes of the disciplined Egyptians in the Morea, rendered it still more apparent; the Janissaries were sworn enemies to innovation, and if it was to succeed, it must be attended with their downfall. He resolved
on their destruction, and his plans, which were all directed to it, shew a foresight, and wisdom, and secrecy, rarely to be met with in the councils of sovereigns, and perhaps practicable only in those of a monarch absolute like himself. They lead us to expect vigour and probable success in the approaching crisis; unless the enemy should come suddenly upon him, and prostrate him at a blow; which their former operations do not lead us to expect.

Should the Turkish empire survive this conflict, (and of this there is little doubt,) it seems probable that still more important changes than any it has seen, are yet to follow. The pertinacity with which they have resisted innovation, has become proverbial: but the spell is broken. They have introduced European discipline, and find it succeed: it is one point gained. Mahmoud may not go as far as Selim: his character perhaps is averse to literature; perhaps he only thinks it inexpedient to innovate on too large a scale; but the way will be now at least open to succeeding monarchs; and we may expect to witness the introduction of European science and literature, following that of European tactics. They have felt their inferiority in one point: it is impossible to live so near more enlightened nations, and to think of them at all, without feeling their inferiority in others; and the same spirit that leads them to correct the deficiency in one case, will correct the other also. Turkey is already a different nation from what it was. You have seen with what security we have traversed the city and its suburbs, without guard or weapon, or appearance of any; taken everywhere for Englishmen, and this at a time when public indignation, is particularly strong against
the English, from their professions of neutrality at the commencement of the Greek war. Would an Englishman, known as such, have been as safe in New York under these circumstances? Bodily injury, few of them could have inflicted, for but few now carry arms; but insult was in the power of all, and yet we have never met with any thing like insult. The common Turks at present never go armed: they carry a knife in their girdle, but it is an article just as common in our country, and with a purpose not more innocent. The wealthier substitute for it a Hanjar, a broad dirk, with a highly polished handle. The attaghan and pistols are now seldom met with. I have already said that I felt just as much security, in my walks about Constantinople, as I should have done in Paris or London.

The soldiers themselves never carry arms except on duty. It is an important question, whether in substituting this man of rank and file; and stiff gait, and precision, for the loose swaggering Janissary, the spirit of the Turkish soldier will not be evaporated and leave us a starched poltroon instead of a hero? And the question is answered by pointing to the regulars of Egypt. The new soldier will have less ardour; he will assault with less fury; his operations will be marked by less of deadly hate: but the material of the Janissary's courage still remains. Fate still places her aegis before him: the houris still beckon him to deeds of daring. And there is another thing I have never yet seen noticed by any traveller. Life is not valued in this country, as it is in others: this is true not only of natives, but of those who come among them. It is owing probably to the nature of the government. This is absolute in toto: no man's life is his own: he knows...
not, at what moment, he may be called on by the Pasha or Aga to part with it; and this familiarity with danger; this daily jogging on hand and hand with death, makes it little thought of. Strangers feel it too, and what makes the blood curdle in America, an American in Turkey looks on, without the starting of a nerve. For this reason, I consider a massacre here as evincing far less barbarity, than it would do in any other country. Life is taken freely, and as freely given: both acts seem to be considered as a matter of course.

The character of the Turk is indeed a singular one: I ought rather perhaps to say, it is a mystery. He seldom acts; he seldom speaks; and of a silent and motionless being, one can learn but little. I have found them honest, and faithful, hospitable, and often kind: they are generally however averse to intercourse, and seem wrapped up in a kind of complaisant superiority. I put my hand on my breast, and bow; and the Turk does the same: I say bono to his goods, and he turns up his hand and lays his head a little to one side, and rolls his eyes at them, and says bono back; and then he smokes his pipe, as if he was a Solomon in wisdom, and a Cæsars in wealth: I look at him, and I wonder at his indifference, and indolence, and constantly sitting posture; and he looks at me, and probably wonders why I stand when I may sit, and why I am away at Constantinople, when I might be enjoying repose at home. And should a Hottentot pass by, he would probably have a laugh at both of us.

Adieu.
DEAR GEORGE,

Pera, September 1, 1827.

The question has been frequently put to me, since my arrival, Why has not your nation a Minister and a treaty? to which every one has added, "now is your time, if you desire them; you will never have a better." To all this I answer, "we have no treaty, because we have not wanted one; and as for time, it may be a good time for our interests, but it is a bad one for our honor. You tell me we shall get fair and handsome terms, because public indignation is now strong against those, from whose rivalship and intrigues we should have most to fear, and because the Porte is pleased with our uniform neutrality in the war with Greece. I am glad that they are pleased: so far is well: but as for intrigues, we do not fear them; and, for rivalship, I should be sorry to see our nation act as if she could be honored only when others are in disgrace: I am sure the Turks would esteem her none the better for it."

My notions may be too chivalric however; and I dismiss them, to treat the subject according to the received maxims of national politics.

The impression has gone abroad, I know not how, that the Porte has been unwilling to make a treaty with us, either because we were a nation too young, or too remote to be known, or from a dislike to the free principles of our government. All this is a mistake. Times have changed since the Turkish government sent off to Captain Bainbridge, when anchor-
ed at Seraglio Point, to know whether America was not the part of the globe called the New World. We are now well known, and I feel great pleasure in adding, are respected as a nation wherever we are known. You must let me dwell a moment on this topic; and I do it, not for the purposes of unmeaning congratulation, but to draw from it useful reflections and lessons for the future. There are fewer things more grateful to a patriot than to hear his country applauded, and to know that she deserves this applause. Such praise has our country; and how has she gained it? It is but half a century since she came into existence: until a few years past, she was scarcely known abroad at all. Now, the name of American, as I have often found, is the best and surest passport into society, it begets confidence, and never fails to receive respect. I have not obtruded it unwarrantably, but where there was proper opportunity, have always let people know that I am American, and have always fared the better for it. My landlady at Mahon said to me, a day or two after I had become domesticated, "if you had been a Spaniard, I should not have received you into my house: had you been a Frenchman, I should have first inquired into your character: but as you were an American, I took you without a question or a fear." Such talk is often, no doubt, what sailors call "soft soap" and landsmen flattery; but I have felt the proof, in so many different ways, as to be satisfied, that it is often sincere. The Turks on the way from Smyrna, would frequently ask me what countryman I was. I always answered Americano, and their "Ah! Americano!" in return, was always accompanied by a brightening of the countenance. The late war did
much for the character of our nation abroad: we were a people scarcely known, before. Our naval victories over a people, by all acknowledged brave, and till then considered invincible, astonished the world: we rose suddenly on their sight, and their surprise magnified our prowess, till in a short time the nation became a young Hercules in their eyes. The first question put by Pope Pius VI, to some of our officers, presented to him in 1817, was whether they were Catholics; the second, whether they belonged to the nation that had lately flogged the English at sea.

In another respect, we stood equally fair. Our foreign relations have all been supported by honorable means. We have never resorted to intrigue: the course of our public functionaries has been open, and uniform, and plain. "He who runs may read," is a fact, true in all our foreign intercourse. This has arisen from the simplicity of our relations with other powers: we have no petty foreign states for protegés, to clog the operations of our ministers, and fill them, first with uncertainty, and then with inconsistencies: we have no sovereign, with thirty-third cousins of himself or wife, on other thrones, to look after: we do not make a treaty to-day, and break it to-morrow, to gratify a new Premier, or bolster up the fortunes of an old one. This singleness in our foreign relations, is a characteristic of our government, and I hope will ever be so. It arises, in part, as I have hinted, from the nature of the government; in part, from our situation. We are far removed from the turmoil of European politics: the noise reaches us, but it has lost its treacherous interest by the way, and comes only to us as a voice of warning: dynasties, as they totter
with old age, or reel in drunken phrenzy, cannot catch
at us for support, to drag us with them in their fall:
an ocean rolls between their shores and ours, and
healthy winds sweep over it, as if for cleansing and
purifying, and political infection is swept away be-
fore it can reach us. I thank God for it: and I hope
our nation will always consult its interest best, by
meddling little with the interests of others.

But I return. The question is, why have we not a
Treaty with the Porte, and a minister in Constantino-
pole? and I answer, simply because we have not want-
ed them. There has been no difficulty in the way,
whatever. The following fact, on which you may
rely as authentic, will set that matter at rest. Our
Consul at Smyrna, Mr. Offley, is on terms of intimacy,
I believe of friendship, with the late Capudan Pasha,
of whom I have several times spoken. He was at
Constantinople a few years since, and was sent for, or
waited on, by the Pasha, who addressed him thus.
"You say you have come here for commercial pur-
poses, but why not speak out? We all know your
object is not commerce, but to open the way to a
Treaty: now I tell you, there is no difficulty in the
matter; speak freely, and you will get one." Mr. Of-
ffley replied, that they were very much mistaken: that
he had no instructions from the American Govern-
ment, and that his object was simply what he stated it
to be. But he found it impossible to satisfy the Pasha,
who still insisted that his purpose was a treaty, and
that there need be no hesitation in avowing it.

There is another thing, that has given rise to some
speculation. Our Consulate at Smyrna, unlike those
of other nations, hoists no flag. The Pasha of that city
has sent to the Consul to request him to do it; but Mr. Ossley replied, "No—I have no right to it, and will not hoist it as a favor," and he did well. This independent course with the Turks, will gain more than all the shuffling exercised among them by all the potentates on earth.

I have a word or two more on this subject. This is a good time for a Treaty, and we shall have one; perhaps soon; at all events, before many years: And I hope this same bold course of self-respect will continue to mark all our operations with them. In the first place, as our public functionaries will, probably, go there in a public vessel, I would insist, as a preliminary, that the vessel carry her guns with her. Ships of war are required to leave their guns at the castles of the Dardanelles: a requisition to which no people should submit. Let us come to them, as a great nation to a great nation. Is it a wonder that they despise the giaours? Who have courted them, and favoured their hauteur by ignoble submissions? I will draw the picture of an Ambassador before them, and will then ask you, who?

It is the last audience of which I have seen an account, and is that of his "Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary, or if you like a quotation from Dr. Clark better of the "Representative of the King of Great Britain." It took place in May, 1810, and is detailed at length in Hobhouse's Albania. On the 28th May, the Ambassadors, accompanied by the whole of the Levant Company, the officers of the Frigate, and about one hundred sailors and marines, the interpreter, and a long train of servants and Janissaries, waited in state on the Caimacam, the representative of
the Grand Vizier, in the absence of the latter from the Capital. The tenth of July was appointed for an audience with the Sultan himself, and accordingly, the Ambassador's "procession, in much the same order as on the former occasion, moved from the English palace to Tophanar, about half past four in the morning." After crossing the harbor, they visited the Chiaus-Bashe, or chamberlain, where they waited, till a salute from the Frigate to the Sultan, showed that he was passing to the city. "The salute was the signal for our departure, and mounting the horses which had been sent from the royal stables, we began our procession, headed by the Chiaus-Bashe himself, who was dressed in a superb robe and caftan of flowered gold. We rode slowly for half an hour, until we came to an open space, at a large tree, where we waited for the Caimacam, who soon arrived with a numerous train, on his way to the Porte, and passed before us towards the Seraglio." * * "A short time after the passage of the Caimacam, we moved forwards, and in nearly half an hour arrived at the entrance of the Seraglio." They entered the Sublime Gate on horseback, and dismounted a hundred yards from the second, the Baba-Salâm, or gate of Health, "on entering which, all our state vanished, for we were shown into a dirty chamber, on the left hand of the porch, where we remained in darkness for some time, all huddled together in this and another room, appropriated to very unsavory purposes. This is the executioner's lodge, and it seems we were detained here in order that we might enter the second court, at the instant that the Janissaries run for their pilau, which is placed in innumerable little pewter dishes,
and, at a given signal, scrambled for and seized upon by the soldiery, assembled for the occasion, to the number, generally, of four hundred.” They passed to the third gate, and entered the Divan, which is a small vaulted saloon, with three windows in the dome, which admit an imperfect light. “A cushioned bench, something like that of our Court of Chancery, ranges along the back of the chamber, and in the middle is the seat of the Grand Vizier, a little raised, and immediately under a small latticed casement, through which the Sultan himself inspects, or is supposed to inspect, the transactions of the Divan. On the left side of the room is another cushioned bench, and on the right, a lower bench, without any covering, attached to the wall. On entering we found the Caimacam in his seat; on his left hand, at a little distance, were the Cazy-askers of Romania and Natolia, and on the bench on the same side, were the Taftedar-Effendi, and two other officers of the treasury. On the small bench to the right was seated the celebrated Cheliby Nichandgi-Effendi, a minister of the first repute, and well known to all the foreign missions. He was employed with his hair-pencil, and the other implements of his office. A stool was placed for the Ambassador, near the keeper of the cypher, but the remainder of the company were obliged to stand, except, when sheltered behind the robes of the Drogomans of the mission, they ventured to rest themselves at the lower end of the bench near the corner of the room.”

“After the adjudication of a cause by the Caimacam, which consisted of reading several papers, and the affixing of his signature, the payment of the Janissa-
ries commenced, and continued till nine o'clock. The money was brought forward in yellow purses; after these had been told out the first time, they were again numbered aloud, and being carried out by fifties into the yard, in front of the Divan, were laid upon the pavement at a little distance from the door. As each of the fifties was so deposited, the teller exclaimed with a loud voice, "Oda, come!" mentioning the number of the chamber [company]; and instantly a body of Janissaries who were stationed at about a hundred yards distant, started at the same moment, and racing towards the money, fell one over the other in their scramble for the bags. * * This distribution of their payment to the Janissaries lasted so long, that we were heartily fatigued before the conclusion of the ceremony, which, according to an established usage, was, however, designed to captivate and astonish us by the display of Ottoman wealth.—An hour was passed in giving audience to some officers of the Janissaries; each of whom, on his name being called, came forward and kissed the hem of the Caimacam's garment, returning thanks for his respective corps.

"At ten the dinner was served, and the Ambassador, attended by the Prince Maroozi, [acting drogoman to the Porte,] sat at a table with the Caimacam. Some of the gentlemen of the embassy, with my fellow traveller [Lord Byron,] and myself, were placed at another table with Cheliby-Effendi. There were one or two other tables, and some seats, brought into the room, but the greater part of the company were obliged to stand. Any person may join an Ambassador's suit on these occasions, and there were several ragamuffins in the Frank habit amongst the crowd, who
seemed to have been collected purposely to disgrace the embassy. The table-furniture consisted of a coarse cloth, on which a wooden spoon, and a crump-let were set before the guest. Twenty-two dishes were served up. * * Rising from dinner, we were sprinkled with rose-water, and the Ambassador was served with an ewer to wash his hands."

"In a short time a message arrived from the Sultan, intimating that he would receive the Eltchi, whose arrival and humble request of an audience, had been before communicated by an officer of the Divan. The Ambassador accordingly, and the whole party, left the council-chamber, and were conducted towards the third gate of the Seraglio, but were directed to wait under a wooden shed at the right hand of the approach, where there was a dirty stone seat for the accommodation of his Excellency. Two common-looking, ill-dressed fellows brought two bags full of pelisses, which were distributed without ceremony to seventeen or twenty of the party, who at the same time took off their swords. We continued for some time under our shed, totally unnoticed and overlooked, until we saw the two Cazy-askers proceed from the Divan, through rows of Janissaries, and take their seat on a bench at the right of the third gate, where there was also a line of state officers. At this time the left of the gate was covered with a crowd of Bostanges, Hassekis, Baltages, and others of the body guard, without arms; and facing it, at some distance, there were three rows amounting to twenty-one, of the household soldiers, called Peiks, crowned with plumage. The Cazy-askers passed into the third gate, but soon returned, and at last the Caimacam marched from the Divan in
great state, preceded by two officers with large staves of silver and gilt, which, at each step, they rung upon the ground. The Janissaries, the guards, and the chamberlains, bent to the earth as he passed. After stopping for a few seconds, his Highness entered the porch, and in ten minutes an order arrived for the Ambassador to advance to the presence.

"Just as we entered the gate, there was much unseemly squeezing and jostling, and those who had not pelisses of fur were pushed away by the attendants. We afterwards moved forward with more regularity, each of us being accompanied and pressed upon the shoulder by one or two of the guard. My attendant was one of the White Eunuchs, a crowd of whom were standing within the gate. We went through a court, or rather a saloon, open on both sides, and passing on our right several rows of the Solak guards, in white robes and pointed caps of gold, mounted a low step into a passage, covered with rich carpets, which brought us into the presence chamber. The room appeared quite full when we entered, but my Eunuch pushed me quickly forwards within ten paces of the throne, where he held me somewhat strictly by the right arm during the audience. He had not forgotten the assassination of Amurath.

"The chamber was small and dark, or rather illuminated with a gloomy artificial light, reflected from the ornaments of silver, pearls, and other white brilliants, with which it is thickly studded on every side, and on the roof. The throne, which is supposed the richest in the world, is like a four-posted bed, but of dazzling splendour; the lower part formed of burnished silver and pearls, and the canopy and supporters encrusted
with jewels. It is in an awkward position, being in one corner of the room, and close to a fire-place.

"Sultan Mahmoud was placed in the middle of the throne, with his feet upon the ground, which, notwithstanding the common form of squatting upon the hams, seems the seat of ceremony. He was dressed in a robe of yellow satin, with a broad border of the darkest sable: his dagger, and an ornament on his breast, were covered with diamonds: the front of his white and blue turban shone with a large treble sprig of diamonds, which served as a buckle to a high straight plume of bird-of-paradise feathers. He, for the most part, kept a hand on each knee, and neither moved his body nor head, but rolled his eyes from side to side, without fixing them for an instant upon the Ambassador or any other person present.

"On each side of the throne was an embroidered cushion; that on the left supported a silver purse, containing the letter from the Grand Signior to the King of England, and near it was a silver inkstand, adorned with jewelry: a sabre, partly drawn from a diamond scabbard, was placed nearly upright against the cushion on the other side of the Sultan.

"It seems from Busbec, and other authorities, to have been the custom formerly, for Ambassadors and their suite to kiss the Sultan’s hand; and that their whole reception was more courteous than at the audiences of the present day: amongst other points, it was usual for the Sultan to address a word or two to the minister, which he now never deigns to do.

"The Ambassador stood nearly opposite, but a little to the left of the throne; and on his left was the Prince Maroozi, who acted as his interpreter. On
the right of the Sultan the Caimacam was standing, between the throne and the fire-place, with his head bent, and his hands submissively crossed in front of his vest. There were only a few feet of an open circular space between the Grand Signior and the audience, the rest of the apartment being completely occupied by the crowd. His Excellency laying his hand on his breast, and making a gentle inclination of the head, now addressed the Sultan, in a speech delivered in a low tone of voice, which was interpreted still less audibly by the Prince Maroozi. The Sultan then said a few words to the Caimacam, who proceeded to speak to the Ambassador, but hobbled repeatedly, and was prompted aloud, several times, by the Grand Signior. He seemed also to stop before he had concluded his oration, which, however, was a very immaterial circumstance, as the Drogoman was previously acquainted with it, and had learnt it by heart. The answer of the Caimacam being interpreted in French, there was some little hesitation in the proceedings, and his excellency seeming as if about to retire, the Sultan whispered something to the Caimacam, who began hobbling another speech, and was again prompted by Mahmoud. This address being also interpreted, and received like the preceding, with a bow, the Sultan taking the purse in his hands, and saying a few words, delivered it to the Caimacam, who, having first kissed the sleeve of his caftan, received the letter upon it, as it covered both his hands, and saluted also the purse with his forehead, bending humbly to the earth. He then spoke a short sentence, and presented the purse to Prince Maroozi, who repeated the rever-
ence of the Caimacam, and, interpreting the words, put it into the hands of the Ambassador.

"Immediately afterwards his Excellency bowed and withdrew, the audience having lasted twelve or fifteen minutes. On retiring, my attendant Eunuch hurried me briskly along, and dismissed me with a gentle push down the step of the anti-chamber. The embassy, and the whole suite, then passed through the third and the second gate of the Seraglio, where we mounted our horses, and waited for nearly an hour, under a scorching sun, covered with our fur robes; and were not permitted to move before mid-day, nor until the Caimacam, with his suite, had proceeded from the Divan, on his return to the Porte, and all the Janissaries had issued from the second court. They came out roaring and running, many of them being children, and all, in appearance, the very scum of the city."

Excuse this long extract. We see in these ceremonies, what, at first sight, seems an occasional attempt at honor to the Ambassador; but the whole turns out, on closer inspection, to be only a display of magnificence and luxury in themselves. This is coupled also with such a thorough and apparently studied contempt of the whole suite, Ambassador and all, that it is surprising that the representative of any nation would submit to it. One's indignation is roused, not against the Turks, but the nations, whose jealousies and policy "falsely so called," tempt them so to compromise their proper dignity. It is a deceptive policy. The Turks are good judges of character, and, as is the case with all other people, that which comes nearest their own pleases them best. Should we send a minister there, I hope that he will act with coolness and dignity; de-
fine his rights and honors, and insist on having them; shew decision and self respect in all his intercourse; never put himself and family in a blacksmith shop, amid "horse shoes, anvils, old iron, * * *," falling dust, cats, and sneering natives, to see the Sultan in magnificent cavalcade;* that he will not swell his train with sailors and ragamuffins, and part with his sword, to be dragged before a sovereign who will not even look at him: I hope he will bring no pier glasses or lustres, to be broken in a pet by the ladies of the harem; or if he brings presents, he will make it be understood that they are presents and not tribute: I hope he will remember that by subserving national honor, he will best subserve national interest; and I venture to predict kindness and respect to him on the part of the Ottomans, instead of contumely and insult.

The French have set us a good example on this head. The Baron Ferriol, in an audience in 1700, turned round, at the very entrance of the presence chamber, because they would not let him keep his sword, and withdrew, though the Sultan had come fifteen leagues to the Audience. They lately made another stand against old customs, and established, at Constantinople, a college for preparing interpreters and clerks of their own nation, to dispense with the necessity of employing the obsequious and timid Greek or Armenian. Their politics, however, are crooked and treacherous here, as in other parts, and they are by turns respected, hated and feared. The Turks are

* See Dr. Clarke's account of the procession at the opening of the Bairam.
a straight-forward people, and so should they be who wish to secure their permanent good will.

I beg pardon for these long letters on politics; but the crisis is an important one. Every thing depends on the stand we first take here, as a nation, and I want to see it a bold, dignified, and manly one.

This will be my last letter from Constantinople. I am about getting a Tescareh for my return, which will be through the Dardanelles, and of them anon. Adieu.

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LETTER LVII.

At Sea, September 3, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

I am out on the waves once more, and as I feel the rushing of our little ship, and breathe the pure free air, feel twice the man that I did when I wrote my last.

"Oh who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried
And dance'd in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?"

—A quotation again; but I can give you nothing of my own, that would express the feelings of a traveller on the waters, half so well.
I got my Tescareh, and finding a little brig, this morning, waiting only for its papers, engaged a passage, and was directed to join them at noon. So I tossed my saddlebags on board, and went over to give the city a last visit, and see how people were coming on. They appeared silent; each one hurried on in a straight-forward motion, apparently engrossed with his own business, and caring nought for that of others; he who smoked, and he who opened his wares in the Han, and he of the royal household who swept by in scarlet and high cap, as well as he who prepared sherbet and kepah, were all grave and thoughtful; but this is the character of the place, and we came to the conclusion, (a very wise one you will say,) that there was nothing extraordinary yet, and would not be for a while. A walk yesterday morning and in the evening, when the swarms of Pera and Galatá were all out in their Sunday dresses, confirmed my former impressions that nothing was feared.

The morning walk was to the Armenian burying ground, which I have already noticed back of Tophanar. Near it is an artillery barrack, and as we passed, a large company swept by us, resembling strongly, except in dresses, an artillery company of our own nation. It is difficult to realize a Sabbath in these countries. The Christian population, it is true, close their shops and abstain from labor; but they bear so small a proportion, that they are lost in the general mass, and business seems to take its usual course. On the other hand, the Christians pay no regard to the sacred days of the Turks: the Jews follow their own law and keep Saturday; so that three days of the week are sacred to this heterogeneous population. The
Greeks and Armenians have numerous holy-days besides.

The cemetery is covered with marble slabs raised just above the ground, and forming a rich pavement, which is shaded thickly with mulberry trees. We found one of the graves, apparently a fresh one, covered with a cloth: a female set at each side weeping bitterly; at intervals their tears were checked; a few words were said by one of them, and then the cries were renewed. It was a mere ceremony; for a family party set only a yard or two distant, cheerful and paying no regard to the mourners. Passing on a little further, we came to another group. A priest was praying over a grave, frequently changing his posture from the head to the feet: an old and a young man stood by, and tears were trickling over the cheeks of the latter. When the prayers were ended, a decrepit old man came up, from whom the youth purchased a cup of water, and giving it to the priest, it was poured over the grave. The mourner then wiped his eyes, and the company separated, the priest going to another grave.

Near this spot is the Frank cemetery, with some handsome monuments, but open and unshaded. Persons sleep there from all parts of Europe, and on their tombs, almost universally, is carved the name of that most horrible of diseases, the plague. As we returned, we met an Armenian funeral procession. The corpse was that of a child: it lay on an open couch, with the face uncovered: the body was covered with tinsel, and flowers, and a profusion of the latter was scattered around the head. The procession was small and moved rapidly on among the busy crowds, a striking com-
ment on the emptiness and vanity of the cares that distracted them.

At noon I bade adieu to my excellent friend Mr. Brewer, who will soon follow me, to settle in the Greek islands. We unmoored at four P. M., and dropping sails, shot rapidly by Seraglio point. Domes, minarets, towers and palaces, by degrees grew misty and indistinct; the whole became a broad gray mass on the horizon, and in a few minutes after, sunk from our view.

I now turned to look at our little brig. She carries Russian colours, but is from Ancona on the Adriatic, and has not a Russian on board. Her captain is an Italian, and the crew is from Italy and Greece. She is last from Odessa, and is deeply laden with wheat for the Smyrna market. Even the cabin is filled, to within eighteen inches of the beams; but with the mild sky and the shores of Asia near us, no one need care for the cabin. There are several passengers besides myself, Greeks principally, who have entered themselves on the books as sailors, to elude the Turks. No Greek is permitted to leave Constantinople: but the men get off in this manner, while the women and children are smuggled off in the hold. The sailors have a mandoline, and its prolonged and plaintive notes suit well to the evening scene.

Tuesday, 4.—Morning found us off the high rocky island of Marmora. It receives its name from the marble quarries it contains, a name they have extended also to the sea. The quarries of Proconnesus, as it was then called, were extensively wrought by the ancients, and nearly all the marbles of the Troad are from this place: at present they furnish the neighbor-
ing country: I saw it fresh hewn at Mondania and Constantinople, where it forms the material of their principal mosques. The white marbles of the Mediterranean and its vicinity, you know, are everywhere celebrated, and enter into the composition of most of those splendid buildings so deservedly praised. They may be divided into four great classes, the Marmora, the Parian, the Pentelican and the Carrara. The first of these is used around this sea and the mouth of the Hellespont: I have described its character, and need not add, therefore, that it is unfit for sculpture. The Parian marble was the most highly valued by the ancients: it was exported to all parts, and used for all costly purposes. The Labyrinths of Egypt were faced with it; the temple of Theseus at Athens, and other buildings in Greece, were composed of it, and the numerous pillars from ancient temples, now in the churches of Italy, attest its extensive use in that country. The Venus de Medicis, the Antinous, and some think the Belvidere Apollo, are of this, and numerous fragments in Greece shew that it was extensively employed in sculpture. It is a very firm marble, without a flaw or blot, and when fresh, of the most dazzling whiteness. For architectural purposes, however, I consider it inferior to the Pentelican. This marble is procured from a mountain of that name, which bounds the view Eastward from Athens, at the distance of thirty miles. It is not equal to the Parian in solidity and whiteness, but is remarkable for preserving its colour uninjured by time or exposure. White marble is a bad substance for exposed situations. It darkens with age, and most of the churches of Italy have, on this account, a dirty and tarnished look. The Parian is faulty
in this respect. It becomes yellow, a delicate golden yellow, it is true, but still giving a smoked and dingy appearance to an edifice. On the other hand, it is not worn by age: the columns of the temple of Theseus have their fluting as sharp, and the edges of the ornaments above are as square almost as the day they were formed: the present entire state of the temple is partly owing to this fact. But this freshness in the moulding is an injury to an ancient building: we wish it to look ancient, and the marbles of the Parthenon, though worn and rough, pleased me more than those of the temple of Theseus. They are worn, but are still perfectly white, and so is all of the Pentelican I have ever met with. The Pentelican however is not fit for statuary. It is traversed by veins of Cipolin, as it is called, that is of greenish Talc, and the injuries in the metopes of the Parthenon, which were thought to have arisen from rude visitors, have, on closer inspection, turned out to be the disintegration of the marble. The Parian is a handsome marble for sculpture; but even in this, I think it is surpassed by that from Carrara. These quarries were not opened till the times of Julius Cesar, but were extensively worked immediately after that period, as they are still. You never see the finest Carrara in America. It has a mellowness and translucency, that makes it resemble the best loaf sugar, and strongly tempts one to give it a bite. Masses of this excellence, however, are rare and seldom occur sufficiently large for a good-sized bust. The marble has the misfortune to be irregular in character, and much of it, fit only for architecture, is exported to France and different parts of Italy for that purpose. Still all modern sculptors are supplied from these quar-
ries. The material they get from them has a mellowness and fleshiness in its looks, when polished, that adapts it admirably to their purpose. The grain of the Parian, on the other hand, is too brilliant; the white is glaring, and there is a hard look in the marble that strikes one unfavorably. If I were to put the qualities of these three rival quarries in a sentence, I should say that the Pentelican marble is best for architecture; the Parian for in-door ornaments, and the Carrara for statues.

We entered the Dardanelles, or if you prefer the more classical name, the Hellespont, about eight in the morning, and again felt the current hurrying us on. The strait bears considerable resemblance to that of the Bosphorus, but the shores are not so abrupt and high, nor so generally cultivated. The length of the Hellespont is about sixty miles: two miles may be considered the average breadth. We passed Gallipoli about noon, a considerable town with a rich wine country behind: Lampsacus, now called Lampsáki, is a little lower down, and on the left: numerous villages occurred on the banks, and we glided down with cheerful feelings till evening, when we dropped anchor near the right shore, just below the site of the ancient Sestos. A point of land lower down, on our left, with a fort, around which the strait sweeps to the Southward, shows the situation of Abydus.

Wednesday 5th.—Our anchor was weighed in the morning, and we ran down for a town on the left shore, called Dardanellos, where we hove to; for this is the place where the Turks pay their inquisitorial visits, from which no merchantman can escape. The officer came on board, the crew were all arranged
along the deck, and counted, and the Captain's firman, with my Tescareh, examined and countersigned. Ships have to stop here for Tescarehs, on their passage up; each costs from twelve to twenty piasters: at the city they must stop for a firman, for which they pay seventy piasters; on their return, another must be purchased, and for the signature at Dardanellos, twenty are paid; so that the charges, all through, amount to one hundred and eighty piasters, or fifteen dollars of our money, for each vessel. The Turkish officer was gentlemanly enough; our captain invited him down to wait for coffee, which he declined, much to the satisfaction of the former, no doubt, for the cabin would have admitted him only on all-fours, and there was a little Greek lad stowed away there, for whom there was no Tescareh. We raised a white flag, when they left us, as a signal to the Castle that we might pass, and then ran down to a bay, about two miles below, where we anchored, and where, to my astonishment, the captain said he must wait for convoy: two Greek piratical cruisers, they declared, were off the Dardanelles, each with seventy men, and I don't know how many cannon: to venture out would be certain ruin; so he told me to have patienza, and I find I can do no better.

Saturday, 8th.—I have been treating patienza with rambles about the country, and, among other things, with a visit to the scene of Leander's gallantry, which I believe I have told you, has some imitators in our sailors, during our stay at Port Mahon. It stood two thirds of the way down the straits, and, as I have hinted, on a promontory, around which they make a sudden bend to the South. This promontory is in a tri-
angular form, and flat, and may contain ten or twelve acres: it is covered with broken earthen ware and marbles, and about half way out we come to the foundation of a strong wall, extending quite across; there is a second further out, and from these the Turks have procured the materials for their battery at the point. The triangle rests on some rounded hills, on one of which I found a subterranean chamber in excellent preservation. It is about nine feet square and as many in height, and rises above to a cone formed with brick work; it is plaistered, and on two opposite sides has shallow recesses about eighteen inches square: it was probably a reservoir. The view from this hill is very extensive, taking in the sea and Island of Marmora, most of the straits, with its towns, and, across the Chersonesus, the rocky summits of Imbro and Samothrace. Of Sestos they tell me there are no remains: tradition points out its site, a mile higher up, on the other shore, but Leander had to ascend still higher, before trusting himself to the current. The distance from A'bydos to the nearest opposite shore is a mile and a half. You will recollect Lord Byron's feat; but he is said to have a successful rival in a servant of the Austrian minister at Constantinople.

The straits are the narrowest from A'bydos down to Dardanellos, and in this distance, which is about four miles, there are three new batteries on the Asiatic, and four on the European side. At the town, the two shores are not more than seven furlongs distant, and here are the strongest batteries: the European has fifty guns; the other sixty-two; all brass pieces, from twenty-four to thirty-two pounders: neither has any
other defense, on the land side, than a low wall, that might easily be scaled. Adjoining them are the old castles, usually called the inner castles; and from their ports below yawn those pieces of immense calibre, so often described by travellers. They are immovable like those at Smyrna, but do great execution when they strike. One of them threw a granite ball of eight hundred pounds on board a line-of-battle ship of Admiral Duckworth's fleet, which cut her main-mast completely in two: another large vessel had two ports knocked into one by a similar shot. You will see an excellent view of the castles in Tournesort: they are now neglected and the Turks seem to place much more confidence in the spruce batteries above.

The current here is so rapid that in some places it can scarcely be stemmed: our boatmen find it difficult to ascend, and some ships that attempted it to-day, with a light breeze, were compelled to run over to our bay and anchor. Our company has also been increased by a large number from the city, waiting like us for convoy.

Dardanellos is a considerable town, on a plain by the castles, and has the advantage of a fine stream of fresh water from the Ilean range. It carries on a large trade in turpentine, which is brought in skin bottles from the mountains; and also in earthen ware, vast quantities of which are exposed in every angle of the streets. I saw them preparing clay on the plain, a few furlongs distant. Square pits are dug! and half filled with water: the earth is then put in, and two men getting in, tread and flounder about till the water is saturated with the clayey particles: it is now let into another baison, where the clay subsides and
dries into a hard solid mass, which is broken up and conveyed to the town for use. I have seen a practice nearly similar to this at Mahon. The ware is often gilt; there is some display of taste in its forms, and it gives a gay look to Dardanellos. The carts are another object of curiosity: they consist of a wooden frame, on which a large wicker basket, open at one end, is placed: underneath, at each side, are two pegs, and between these passes the axle, with a with below, to confine it to its place: the wheels are thick plank, solid, and attached to the axle by square mon- ticed holes, so that the axle also turns round. It is an awkward vehicle; but their camels furnish a mode of conveyance better than that of any carriage. They travel in lines of great length: the head of each is attached to the saddle of his predecessor by a rope; a donkey precedes the whole as a guide, and they form a striking feature in eastern landscapes. They travel now mostly by night, and as I lean over our vessel's side in the bright moonlight, with dreams about America, am frequently roused from my reverie by the tinkling of their bells.

About half way between the town and Abydos are a mosque and a country house; the quarters of the Capudan Pasha, while his fleet is at anchor here, as is frequently the case. I was alone in an excursion by this one day, afoot: I passed through a vineyard and purchased some grapes from a Greek who was laboring in it: he followed me out and seemed unwilling to be left; at last, he stopped me; "tell me," he said, "the Turks here say they are going to take off the head of every Greek—how is it?—do you think there is dan- ger?" I gave him what comfort I could, and left him,
pitying the people who "in the morning are compelled to say, would God it were even! and at even must say, would God it were morning!"

Monday 10th.—On board a man of war again, greatly to my satisfaction. I had become completely tired of going each morning to Dardanellos, with the Captain to ask if news of convoy below had yet arrived: the fine grapes we purchased for the merest trifle; the glittering piles of ware in the streets; the sailor's masquerading gambols on board; the fishing line, with the nice fish kicking at the end; all, even my journal began to have a tinge of the blues, when a caique, from below, which we spoke, reported "the American squadron at Tenedos." The intelligence came last evening, and this morning I threw myself on board a Turkish Mistic, a small vessel, in shape like a caique, bound to that place.

"The winds were high on Helle's wave."

The equinoctial storm had just set in: it was blowing a hurricane; but that was just what the Turks wanted, as they had little to dread, in such weather, from the pirates, of whom I found they also were afraid. They are certainly bold sailors: the current this morning must have been six or seven knots, as the wind was directly down: they spread all sail and we came down with tremendous velocity, our boat rocking all the time like a cradle. We were quickly between the lower castles of the Dardanelles, much like those above, and with similar ordnance; but the straits here are so wide that vessels would have little to dread from them. Rounding Cape Janissary or Sigæum, if you want to be more classical, and flying onward, we soon
had the U. S. Sloop Lexington, and our country's flag, the handsomest flag in these seas, before us. The Mistic was anchored in the port of Tenedos, still as in old times; "statio male fida carinis." This is owing partly to its exposed situation, and partly to the current from above, producing eddies within the mole. It kept my new shipmates, the Turks, in constant business, after they dropped their anchor: for, instead of passing a hawser out at the stern, and so securing both ends, they moored with two hawsers ahead, and, on each change of wind or tide, had to spring to the windlass to tighten or loosen, as the case might be; all which was accompanied with bawlings that often made me think some one was overboard.

The Lexington had arrived in the Archipelago, since my departure from Smyrna, and has just been giving convoy to some of our merchantmen. I was acquainted with Captain Booth and some other of her officers, and are now as comfortable as an equinoctial gale howling around us will admit: the vessel has two anchors down with full stretch of cable; her masts are housed and the lower yards are on deck, and yet she labors very much, with such force does the current set upon us. The Constitution is still at Smyrna.

Adieu.
LETTER LVIII.

Frigate Constitution,
Smyrna harbour, Sept. 24, 1827.

DEAR GEORGE,

I thought old iron-sides never looked so beautiful as she did yesterday morning, when we approached and dropped anchor close along side of her. And I never felt so big, as when I got on board and seemed to be the only person in the ship worth listening to: but my tale of adventures has been told all around, and I am beginning to sink back to my proper place once more.

The Frigate Java with Commodore Crane has been here, and has returned to Mahon: the squadron now in the Levant, consists of this ship, the Lexington, Warren and Porpoise, and the pirates have furnished them with sufficient employment of late.

Tuesday, Oct. 9.—I return to ship scenes; and there was a lively one on board last night,—a ball. You would hardly have suspected yourself in a man of war. The rigging was all triced up, and the carron-nades run out so as to leave the quarter deck clear: the awning was raised about twelve feet, and additional canvas passed round: the inside was lined with English, Dutch and American ensigns, and signal flags, and you cannot imagine a more showy tapestry: seats with Turkish rugs lined the hall: it was lighted by chandeliers formed by bayonets interlaced: the orchestra was decked with appropriate paintings: the coats of arms of the three nations noticed above were chalked on the floor, and, at the lower end of the
room, their ensigns hung side by side. The company consisted of English and Dutch officers, Consuls and their families, and the best of the Frank society in Smyrna. A table for eighty five persons below was completely filled with ladies; so you may judge of the number of guests. They formed parties about the deck, and kept the dance going till day-light. In less than an hour's time, this morning, the splendid room had disappeared, and the pendant, at eight o'clock, floated over a well ordered deck, with its double line of dark threatening guns.

Tuesday, 23.—I was passing through the streets of Smyrna, a short time since, in company with a Greek gentleman: we were crossing a bridge over a rivulet, a branch of the Meles, when he pointed to a fragment of marble making a part of it, and told me that its lower surface contained a perfect Greek inscription. He had not read it, and the knowledge of its existence had probably passed from one to another for years, yet no one had dared to lift it: I was for turning it over, but he begged me to desist. Yesterday, I happened to pass the bridge alone, and having no one to care for but myself, copied it: a crowd gathered round, and all expressed surprise at seeing it there. To-day it is gone, stolen no doubt, to be sold privately to some collector. The inscription is not important, and I mention the incident to exhibit the character of the place; but as you may like to see it, I will give you a copy.*

* ΓΑΙΟΣΑΣΙΝΙΟΣΠΕΤΑΣΩΣΩΝ
ΕΑΤΤΩΚΑΙΠΕΛΑΓΙΑΘΗ
ΓΙΤΝΑΙΚΙΚΑΙΤΟΙΣΙΔΙΟΙΣ
ΔΟΝΤΟΣΤΟΝΤΟΠΟΝ
ΜΑΧΙΜΟΤΟΤΙΠΑΤΡΩΝΟΣ
The quay at Smyrna presents a lively scene in the evening. It is then the promenade or lounge of all this curious mixture of people, and the Inbat, with the golden rays of the sun, white sail and dark troubled waters, makes the place an agreeable one. I was walking there, one evening, when a man in the Turkish costume addressed me in good English, and begged for money. I stared, and asked him who he was: he replied that he was an American, and last from Boston; and gave me his Christian name, which I have taken no pains to recollect, as I did not believe it was the true one: on other subjects I found he shewed a reluctance to be questioned, and his answers were unsatisfactory: his language is that of a man accustomed to pretty good society. I have since learned that he came to Smyrna, about three years since, a passenger in a merchantman, and presenting himself before the Pasha, said he wished to become a Moslem. Our Consul's drogoman was sent for to interpret: he attempted to expostulate with the stranger, but was stopped by him with "Oh, my dear sir, I know all this as well as you, we did not send for you to preach to us but to interpret." So the drogoman did his duty, and the fellow soon had his wishes gratified: he was kept awhile in the palace, as they did not trust him fully, but escaped at length, was taken up at Ephesus and brought back, and since that time, has lived in poverty and disgrace. They tell me he is at times partially deranged: he expressed a strong wish to get back to America; but I thought from his manner, it was only to interest my sympathies. He is thirty five or forty years of age; is a little above the middle size, square built and muscular, with a black beard; and makes a
pretty good looking Turk. This is Morgan, if you please: or at least, it is the Smyrna Morgan.

I want to introduce you now to an animal still more changeful in his exterior person, one that has interested me greatly—the Cameleon. They are found in large numbers in the brakes between this and Bournabat, and are easily taken, as their motion is exceedingly slow. I have had several, and wished to take them with me, but they never lived more than a week on board. I found the old story about their change of colours true, to a certain extent: on being put on coloured stuffs, they would gradually change to an approximation to the colour: but this was not necessary. They would frequently change in the cage without any apparent cause: dark ashen; green, with yellow spots; or yellow, with green spots, were their usual colours. The yellow and green were brilliant: I have never seen them blue, and very seldom red. The tongue is about six inches long, slender, and with a bulb at the end: on placing a maimed fly or cockroach before them, they would watch the animal for some time, when suddenly out would come this long tongue, and striking the animal with the bulb, instantly return. I never saw them miss; the rapidity of the motion probably prevents their being often seen taking their food, and, with the fact that they will live a long time without nourishment, has given rise to the story that "they eat the air for food." They strongly resemble our lizards in shape, and are seven inches long, or fourteen with the tail: as they have no means of defense, and are slow in their motions, they are an easy prey to other animals: if it were not so, they would soon overrun the country, for I counted forty eight
eggs from one of them, and forty seven from another: each egg is three fourths of an inch long, shaped and coated like those of a serpent.

Monday, 29.—We had completed preparations on Saturday, for a start for Mahon once more: our boats were all stowed away, and a stock of fresh grub laid in; but late at night, an English naval captain came on board and enquired for Captain Patterson. He was at a ball in Bournabat, but was sent for, at the request of the gentleman, and a private interview took place.

In the morning, a buzz went through the ship—the battle of Navarine! Doubtless you will see it all officially announced, and I will only say now, that the fleets of the three Powers were ordered to put the terms of the treaty in force: that they declared an armistice, and got a kind of promise from the Turkish commanders to observe it: that the promise was not kept, and the three fleets sailed for Navarine, a harbour on the S. W. side of the Morea, where the Turkish fleet was anchored in the form of a crescent, with springs on their cables, and all prepared to receive them: that a battle ensued, the Turks firing first, and that nearly all the Ottoman fleet, consisting of seventy vessels, was destroyed. The first sensation among us, was surprise, mingled with pleasure; the second, wonder how the Turks would be affected by the news, and particularly those of Smyrna. The Pasha, by some unaccountable means, was the first person here that got intelligence of the event, and took his measures immediately. In the harbour it produced great commotion. The merchantmen, whose usual anchorage is off Turk-town, were ordered by the naval commanders to take station by the Frank district, and be
ready to receive the Franks, in case of disturbance: while the men of war dropped to within a cable’s length of the shore, to cover them in their flight. We kept our place, and the Pasha has sent to the Consul, to express his pleasure at it: the rest, he says, are only challenging hostilities by their distrust: he sent assurance too, that in all cases the American residents will be safe. We, however, gave day and night signals to our Consul, and an officer is constantly kept on the look-out, towards his house: our boats were taken out and small guns fitted to them, so that we were soon in readiness to act, without manifesting any fears. The Pasha has taken a prudent course: he ordered all the Turks into their own district, and companies of soldiers were sent into Frank-town, where our officers have seen them beating their countrymen, and driving them out: the liquor shops were all closed, and the Pasha himself has been constantly in the streets. Night went down, and this morning rose, on Smyrna, a troubled city. The Franks are greatly alarmed: the merchants are packing up their goods, and the citizens their furniture: many have removed to the ships. The Turks themselves are not without apprehension; for should excesses arise, their town, it is threatened, will be laid in ashes, and two sloops have taken positions for doing it: the Pasha is erecting batteries on the shore against these vessels. We fear more from the country Turks, than from those of the city, and it is reported, they are threatening to march upon it, but the Pasha has ordered that no one be suffered to leave the villages. A Greek was caught attempting it, at Bournabat, and our officers saw him bastinadoed till his feet were in
rags: the Franks, however, are suffered to come in, and all have done so.

So things remain. A courier has been despatched to Constantinople, and the Pasha says he will be guided by the course of events in that city.

Tuesday 30.—Scio is reported to have been retaken by the Greeks: it heightens the alarm: we have been getting ball from the hold, and preparing cartridges, and some provisions which we had put ashore for the other ships, have been brought back. A flag was raised at noon, on one of the minarets, taken down, and raised again several times: we do not know its meaning.

I went ashore in the afternoon, and walked through the streets. The Turks looked sour and scowling; the Greeks frightened; the Franks serious: all passed rapidly and silently on their way; "neque populi, aut plebis ulla vox: sed attoniti vultus, et conversæ ad omnia aures: non tumultus, non quies; quale magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium est."* No business was doing, except that in one place I saw a Turk buying flint-stones, and in another, two porters carrying lead into their town: soldiers are still kept marching through the streets.

Wednesday 31.—The Pasha refused to let the English residents bring off their property; and this morning we found their smaller national ships anchored as close to the shore as possible: the threat succeeded and their property has free passage. The residents

* Tacitus. (Among the whole population, not a voice is heard; astonishment covers the features; and ears are turned to every sound: there is not tumult, nor quiet—but there is the silence of great wrath, and of great fear.)
have been sending their goods off as fast as possible: our consul intended to remove his family on board to-day, but the Pasha heard of it, and sent to him frequently, to say that the Americans have nothing to fear. The French are getting Austrian protections: he heard of this too, and let them know that they had better keep quiet: we received some property on board to-day.

_Thursday, November 1._—Our officers kept on board: the Courier from Constantinople expected every hour.

_Friday 2._—I went ashore, and walked through Turk-town: there was a strange and unnatural calm in every street, that almost made my blood run cold.

_Saturday 3._—The French Admiral came up from Vourla last evening, and spent most of the day with the Pasha. The delay of the courier excites surprise, and many unpleasant surmises.

_Tuesday 6._—Things in the same state. A French national schooner came in from Alexandria, by the way of Navarine, which she entered without knowing any thing of the battle. She reports the harbour in a horrible state; covered with blackened timbers, and mutilated bodies. An Armenian just arrived from Constantinople, states that when he left, the city was in great confusion: an embargo had been laid on all the vessels in port.

_Wednesday 7._—The courier has come: he arrived this morning, and reports _all things peaceable at the Capital, with the prospect of their remaining so._ The fears of the Smyrniots have subsided, and they are returning to their homes.

And now, how would you like to live in Smyrna? Yet foreigners become attached to the city, and to the
Turks: I believe there is scarcely an exception to this remark. In peaceable times, it is certainly an agreeable place for a residence, and some of my most pleasant associations, in these countries, are connected with it. The Frank society is good: the constant arrival of foreign vessels, and the presence of men of war, gives it a lively character; the country around is pleasant; fruits of all kinds are abundant; the climate is very healthy, and the softness of Eastern life is all around, and in you. To all this, however, our friends in America would prefer their own Nor-Westers, with quiet homes and firesides, where there is none to hurt or molest; and so should I.

Thursday 15.—We are spending our last evening in the Gulf of Smyrna, a place that has become so familiar, as almost to take a home character, to our eyes. There was nothing to detain us longer in these seas: our usual preparations were made; a last farewell given on shore, and our anchor weighed about ten this morning. Capt. Patterson was on board the Cambrian, and after we had tacked awhile, in the harbour, ordered us to stand in for that ship. We passed between her and the Lexington, on our return: the latter manned her shrouds, and gave us three cheers: we returned one, which was also given back to us. The Cambrian then gave us three, with her shrouds manned; we returned it: three more were given, which we answered, and then turned our prow to the West; the Cambrian playing "Hail Columbia," to which our band replied, with "God save great George the King."

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* This fine ship, so well known in the Levant, from the noble philanthropy of her commander, Com. Hamilton; and, from the
Saturday 17.—We passed through the straits of Scio this morning, and were running towards the Castle, when the Turks sent a shot out to tell us to "keep our distance." They probably mistook us for Cochrane, who often carries the U. S. flag: the Greeks hold them in close siege, and we saw them firing on the Castle; but the Turks are preparing a large force on the opposite promontory. The Greeks, it is said, have committed great excesses: they have a naval force in the straits: among them are some English ships, with which we had communication.

Thursday 22.—Passed in sight of a large man of war, with the American ensign: it excited much speculation; we ran up our number, at last, and the Greek flag was substituted; probably it was the Hellas.

Friday, 30.—Have not had twelve hours fair wind since losing sight of the Morea: but have fought with strong winds and large head seas for every inch of our progress. We have run under the lee of Sicily,

gentlemanly character of her officers, ranking almost next to Old Ironsides, in the good feelings of ours, from Captain to midshipmen, was soon after lost in the harbour of Karabusa, Candia, after a successful attack on that place.

They were coming out, when this frigate and another crossed each other's course, so as to make it necessary to sacrifice one. The other ship was commanded by a superior officer, and he ran the Cambrian down. Her crew, and part of their effects were saved. It produced a general feeling of regret in our ship. Let me remark, en passant, that Karabusa is considered in these seas, as the "home" of Byron's "Corsair." Its character of "Pirate Isle," was well sustained, till the visit of the Cambrian, "no prize, alas!" The Pirates took an American brig, a few months previous and carried her to this port, where, after plundering her of every thing, they presented the Captain with half a dozen water-melons, and wished him "a pleasant voyage." 1829.
and our dead reckoning promises a reasonable advance, but each morning shews Mount Ætna just where it was the day before. It is a pretty sight: the upper half is now covered with snow, and the crater is very distinct. We have an old Turk and two attendants, a secretary and a pipe bearer on board, passengers to Tunis, where the Captain designs to stop. He was introduced by our Consul at Smyrna, as a friend of the Pasha, a merchant, who wished to proceed to Tunis, and was received very properly without any questions being asked; but there is now little doubt that he is an envoy to that place from the Porte, concerning the battle of Navarine and the treaty. He is a tall venerable old gentleman, and a model for dignity of manners. But our tars give him hard looks, and I believe some of them think that he and his suite would be no bad offering to old Neptune, for fair winds once more.

Saturday, December 8.—We got fair winds once more, and to-day set his Turkish highness ashore at the Goletta of Tunis, where he was received with very great honors. I had shewn his secretary some attentions, as he seemed lost among strangers; and have seldom met a more grateful person. He came to me just before they left the ship, took my hand, pressed it warmly in both his, and shewed me a paper on which he had written my name, with that of the frigate. "You are going to have a minister at Stamboul, pretty soon," he said, "you must come out too, and I will join the family, so that we can be together again."

Monday, 17.—Sunset on Saturday presented the heights of Mount Toro, a dark speck on the horizon;
and we took our old station yesterday by Quarantine island, where we lie, with the yellow flag at our mast head, and the old Sanidad men around us. Our stop at Tunis has reduced the quarantine to fifteen days. The Java is in port, as are also some of the French squadron engaged in the blockade of Algiers.
So ends our summer’s cruise. Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

Rome, February 22, 1828.

DEAR GEORGE,

I have had you to see the “Eye of the World”* and “The Refuge of the World;” and will now, if you please, give you a peep at the “Queen of the World.” We got pratique in due time at Mahon, and the ship was immediately hauled up to the arsenal, to receive a thorough overhaul, previous to her return in the spring. It put a stop to my duties; Captain Patterson was kind enough to procure me a short leave of absence; and then to Rome I did seriously incline. I have come by the way of Barcelona, Genoa, Pisa and Florence, staying long enough at each to have a look at its curiosities, and, at the last, something more than a look. It is a region you are familiar with, and I shall say little about the journey. You must suffer me however to notice a custom on board the little

* A title of Athens.

17*
Genoese brig, in which I came from Barcelona to Genoa, that affected me very much at first; at no time more than the first Sunday evening, I spent on board. We were then in the gulf of Lyons, a place famous for storms: the day had been a rough one, but the wind was fair: on we went, and onward, but still the clouds rose all round from the horizon, and our little brig still seemed alone in the world, a world too of raging waters. The place as well as the day was adapted to solemn devotion. Evening came on, and some one remarking that it must be about sunset, a signal from the Captain called the crew and passengers all aft to the quarter deck; they bared their heads, and all kneeling around, a litany was commence by the pilot and soon after taken up by the Captain, the crew all responding. A hymn was then sung on their knees: it was succeeded by another of different metre, and, after another short litany and a minute of silent prayer, the worship was concluded by a kind of doxology. Their voices were good, and the singing, in such a posture and such a place, with "deep calling unto deep" around them, formed one of the most interesting services I have ever witnessed. Pity that such a scene should have any drawback on its beauty; but I thought afterwards, on closer observation, that there was much heartlessness and carelessness in their manner. The vessel is called the St. Alberto, and a large portion of the prayers were addressed to that saint.

My travelling, from Genoa, has been by land. The road from that city South was commenced by Bonaparte, and has just been finished at great expense. It is along the Appenines, sometimes crossing and some-
times passing through the summits of spurs from this range. The first thirty six hours were through an extremely picturesque country: the summit of the mountain, far above us, was bare and majestic; the base, stretching just below, was covered with olives; terraces were formed along the declivities, and the openings among the trees shewed a continued garden. Just beyond, was the sea, glassy and sprinkled with sails. The nooks were occupied with villages, and I was several times startled by the vesper bell among the olives, close at my feet, when I had no idea that a village was near. This part of Italy is usually avoided by travellers, but in no other portion of the country have I beheld scenery so picturesque and beautiful. The Carrara quarries were but a few miles from the road. I visited them, and returned by a winding road, to the coast. It crossed a mountain, and as we reached its summit, and the plain of Massa stretched before us, I thought it, for a moment, equal to any thing I had seen in Greece.

The scenery of the two countries, however, will scarcely admit of a comparison. That of Italy is finished, picturesque and beautiful: in Greece, all is magnificent and grand. In Italy, the eye reposes with delight on quiet lakes embosomed in forests; on nooks that appear as if the creation of a painter's happy fancy rather than of simple, untutored nature; on glens so deep, and solemn, that we tread in them lightly, and our very breathing seems too loud for the solitude. In Greece the thoughts all rise: we look upward to mountains towering in majesty, with outline just traced on the sky in azure, or purple, or golden lines, or else dark with storms: we feel that all this is beyond the
mightiest conceptions of painters, and we shout aloud, to spread ourselves around and become a part of the inspiring grandeur; and we almost wish we were the thunder to roll among the precipices, and shake the solid ground. The one refines the feelings, the other ennobles them: the one will make a painter, the other a poet.

The atmosphere of Greece is purer than that of Italy: the soil here is thicker and exhalations are more abundant. Still the sky of Italy, even in winter, is very beautiful. Our own skies I have seldom heard praised, and I think justice has not been done to them. Sunset in America is very beautiful. It is beauty of clouds however. I have greatly admired the landscape there, at such times. It takes a richness and softness truly delightful: but still it is not in America as in these countries: as the sun there approaches the horizon, it takes a faint sickly colour: it enlarges its parts; often its roundness is lost, and it looks pale and feeble. Here it throws out its richness to the last; and the light, unseen vapors, that hang around the mountains, serve only to give them colour and variety. But the skies of America at sunset are very fine: the sun's rays pass to the clouds with undimmed lustre, and the variety, beauty and richness of an American evening sky surpasses every thing I have yet seen in other countries.

While on scenery, let me mention a place I visited to-day, and to which I think travellers have not done justice, the Falls of Tivoli. No visitor should leave Rome without seeing them. The town, with the Appenines rising above and the Anio winding through it, is itself worth a visit; and the view from thence, tak-
ing in as it does the rich declivity of the mountain below, the lake of Solfaterra, the winding river, the antique monument on its banks, the remains of Hadrian's sumptuous villa, the vast Campagna and Rome in the distance, is one of the finest in Italy. But the falls when seen exclude every other thought. The day had been rainy, but a sunny interval occurred, and we descended to the spot whence they are seen to the best advantage.

We stood near the bottom of a vast chasm bordered on all sides with huge frowning precipices: before us rose a perpendicular rock to a height of two hundred feet: it stretches across the glen, and here the falls are situated. The river after gliding peaceably through the town at the bottom of a deep valley, is lost in this rock, and is divided, one part winding to your left. Far the larger portion curves to your right, and after dashing headlong through unseen channels, suddenly emerges in unparalleled grandeur. You stand in front of a cave about forty feet high, dark and deep, and hung with broken rocks: at the top of this, partly concealed by projecting crags, and encircled with mist and darkness, bursts forth the foaming and roaring stream, and again precipitating itself, falls at your feet with a force that shakes the rocks on which you stand. A vapor arises on all sides, and curling among the recesses and broken arches, adds to the majesty of the scene. The waters, after eddying a moment below you as if to recover from the shock, take a rapid course to your left: they dash for a space from rock to rock and rushing over another precipice, and descending towards the bottom of the glen, are lost to your sight. You now turn to the left, and your sen-
sations from awe and fearful wonder, become those of delightful and bewildering admiration. The smaller body of water again separates into unequal portions: they proceed round the head of the glen, and curving short, appear close together, directly in front and near the summit of the great precipice. You see, from an opening in the rock, a little streamlet beginning its descent, catching at every projecting crag and falling from thence in long, silvery and ever-varying streaks, growing thinner and thinner till the whole is lost in a fine transparent mist. A few feet from it, the other portion gushes from a narrow cave at once into open day and falls unbroken to the bottom of the glen, mixing, before it finishes its descent, with the waters of the larger fall. A light vapor is thrown out, which forms into festoons along its surface. Just by its side and in the high rocky wall, is a large but shallow recess hung with waving grass. Numberless rivulets stream down its side, till they are caught by the upward current of air and carried back, passing into mist as they ascend. The scene is most beautiful. The rocks themselves are covered with deposits of calcareous matter, broken and shewing where bare, a curious variety of strata; but mostly they are lined with moss and long grass waving in the perpetual currents of air: a shrub is seen here and there clinging to the side. A mist rises over the whole scene and throws its brightness on every object above: while below, amid foam and duskiness, are mingled unceasingly the rush, the roaring and the dash of angry waters.

There is another fall about one hundred yards lower down, which it is considered dangerous to visit; but we descended to it, the spray falling on us in showers
as we passed. The chasm is here crossed by another rampart of rocks, not so high as the other, but extremely picturesque. Having reached the bottom of the glen, and clambered over broken rocks, till we came to where it meets this ledge, another large cavern opened upon us. We stood on its edge, and looking down, had before us a scene directly the reverse of the former, but scarcely of inferior grandeur. The river, after collecting its waters at the bottom of the upper falls, descends with a varied character, sometimes spreading into small basins, sometimes dashing among the rocks, till it reaches this spot, where the whole body enters the cave, and at once precipitating itself down a nearly perpendicular descent of thirty feet, disappears amid spray and darkness. You see no more of it, but it emerges far below this and takes its way to the Campagna and the Tiber. In short, the world has probably not another scene, where the grand, the beautiful, and the delicate are brought so near, and combined to so much advantage, as in the falls of Tivoli.

The works of man can scarcely be brought alongside of such a scene without suffering by the comparison; but the temple of Vesta, above, is a beautiful little thing, and much in character with the place. It stands on the very edge of the chasm, and is seen from many of its points. Its western half is destroyed, but that next the falls still remains, and its circular row of columns, with their entablature, stand out in fine relief against the sky, from whatever point they are viewed. There is another little temple aside of it, now turned into a church, but it is common, and scarcely attracts attention.
I repeat, every traveller should visit the falls of Tivoli.

They have led me a little before my story. It was on the ninth of this month, a day I shall not soon forget, that I rose early from rest, in a little town in this country, called La Stórtta, and, after a hasty breakfast, took my cane in hand. I had a gig, and the driver was out preparing it; but though the night had been rainy, and mists were still driving over the hills, I preferred walking and having my thoughts in solitude and silence; so left him to follow on at his leisure. The country around me was open and bare: it was broken by small rounded hills, down which the torrents had worn many a brown channel, and so they were left: the grass was thin and coarse: a tower showed itself on the left, but its entrance was open and ruinous, and large breaches, through which the hazy sky could be seen, shewed that it had long been uninhabited. All around was desolate. In such a region I was, when reaching the summit of an eminence, I had before me a wide stretch of level country, with the Appenines on the left, the sea on the right, and all between, a waste like that which encircled me. In this wide plain I saw first a cupola: then a white palace, and then a long extent of dim indistinct objects, white, grey and brown. THIS WAS ROME! As we approached it, objects took form and proportion, some of the seven hills could be distinguished; and then we had the Tiber rolling at our feet. 'This is the Tiber, and this is Rome,' I repeated to myself, as we crossed the Ponte Milvio, (Pons Emilius,) and rolled along the streets; but still without being able to realize that it was so. We are accustomed, when
Rome is named, to think, not of streets and houses, the habitations of men like ourselves, and occupied as we are, but of gods, and heroes, and triumphs, and arches; and temples, of council chambers where nations had audience, and where empires were created or destroyed, of nobles above human passion and human weakness, and of a populace "nihil medium nec sper, nec curam, sed immensa omnia volventium animal."

After having my trunk overhauled, and the title-page of all my books closely examined, I procured a room in an adjoining hotel, and without waiting to change even my muddy shoes, set out for a ramble. I took no guide, and not even a guide-book; but gave myself up to chance, and from this I wished to get my first impressions of the "Eternal City." A few turns brought me to a square, with a fountain and obelisk in the middle, and at one end a building which I knew at once to be the Pantheon. It is, you know, the most perfect remnant of antiquity: it has a dingy look, and is injured greatly by two small belfries, stuck to its front: but still it is a most striking building, and its simplicity has a charm which frequent succeeding visits have served only to heighten. I then fell into a long street, which I followed, and making a turn, soon after found myself by the Tiber once more, with Hadrian's tomb, now (you know) the castle of St. Angelo, before me. 'This is the Tiber,' I thought again, and looking over on its yellow waters, felt how far superior the slightest effort of the Great Architect of the Universe is to the grandest and mightiest conceptions of his creatures. The proud Mausoleum of Hadrian shows all around the marks of progressive ruin: the

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Parian marble that cased it is gone; the columns and festoons, and statues that adorned it have disappeared, but this stream

"Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

It is still the 'flavum Tiberim,' as in days long since gone by.

St. Peter's was near, and I went to see it, after which I recrossed the river, and wandering on for near an hour, came to a large opening, a place of singular appearance. On my right was a steep eminence, nearly deserted, with large ruins of brick-work on its summit: on my left, another hill, steep also, but with streets leading to its upper part, which was covered with large modern edifices. Before me was a kind of square, in some parts impassable from filth, and altogether unseemly in its looks; and yet it had about it the remains of considerable splendor. Nearly in the centre was a single column, with a Corinthian capital: on the right of which, at some distance, were three more with an entablature: on the left, and just under the declivity, were numerous other columns, the remains apparently of handsome temples. The whole area was encompassed with ruder antiquities, more or less perfect, and the place, notwithstanding the broken character of its ground, from excavations and other causes, and the slough at its lower part, had an air of departed greatness, that excited respect, mingled with curiosity to know more of it. But for this I had not time then: so I wondered and passed on. How different would have been my feelings had I known what it was, for this was the FORUM. The hill on my right was the Palatine, with remnants of
the palaces of the Cæsars, occupying the site where Romulus took his auguries, and founded his little city. That on the left was the Capitolium, "immobile saxum:" the quagmire I was in, and was scolding so roundly, was a remnant of the lake where Mettus Curtius had floundered, and just beyond this had stood the ficus Ruminalis, where Romulus and Remus were exposed and discovered by Faustulus. *Vasta tum in ëis locis solitudines erant.* This is the edge of the modern city, and the place is returning to solitude again.

I have since been almost every day at the Forum every object there seems as if it had some mighty tale to tell. I gather around me the images of the past; the splendid temples, with their offerings; the marble porticos; the Curia; the pillar, from which distance was measured to the limits of the known world; the sacred way, with the road of triumph leading up to the Capitol; the overhanging citadel; the splendid Capitolium, the greatest offering of a mighty people to the greatest of the gods; I drew around each object the moving pageants of old Rome, and the very scene became eloquent, just such an one as an orator would have chosen to move, and excite, and overwhelm. How much we loose in Cicero's pieces from the want of all this.

I took my Livy one day to the Capitoline hill, and, seating myself by a fountain at the modern senate house, where the Tiber, in form of a colossal statue, reclines at full length, read the historian's vivid account of the capture and sack of the city by the Gauls. I could almost see the burning houses, and hear the cries of triumph and wild agony below, and the long
and deep breathing of the forlorn hope, in the citadel at my side.

Such associations as these make Rome a place of the highest interest. In some other things I have been disappointed. The architecture of the ancient buildings does not give me the pleasure I was led to expect. I knew it was inferior to the Grecian; and in Greece had sometimes had opportunities of comparing the architects of the two nations together. But I did not expect so great a difference. The little circular temples, called the temples of Vesta, of which several remain, are handsome things; the Coliseum is very grand; some of the arches are handsome; and this is nearly the amount of praise that can be given them. The baths were very large; but in these, as well as most other edifices of the Romans, the grandeur was rather that of vastness than of design. We look at them and wonder; we often admire; but there is not the fascination about them, that is always felt by the side of a Grecian building. The Coliseum, however, it must be confessed, has few rivals in interest, even in Greece. The design of vastness is here carried to its greatest limits, and is felt the more, because at most parts of the edifice, the whole dimensions lie open, and are seen at a glance. St. Peter’s is as large, and with its portico, much larger; but St. Peter’s is cut up into a thousand parts, no one of which is grand, though all are rich and beautiful. In this the ancients understood effect well, and in this the moderns oftenest fail. We bring forward a great many little objects, pretty, and in good taste, and think to excite interest by this repetition: the ancients presented but one object to be viewed,
composed, it is true, of a multitude of parts, and all these finished, as if each was to be the subject of particular attention, but still made subservient to one grand whole. There is a singleness, a unity, about them that strikes immediately, and produces an undefined and delightful feeling, I cannot express otherwise than in the word fascination. You cannot tell exactly where the beauty is, but there is a beauty the most exquisite and affecting. It is in no one part; it is in the whole; you examine in detail, but always go to a distance sufficient to show the complete building, when you want to study and feel its beauty. The Pantheon, for instance, is a circular building, with but one entrance, and one opening for the admission of light. No design could be more simple: the dome though a triumph of art, is also remarkably plain. It was deficient in grandeur; and this was made up in the pillared façade. They joined to the entrance a portico one hundred and three feet long, and sixty one in breadth: on it were raised sixteen large columns of Oriental granite, each of a single block; and the ascent to these was by a flight of seven handsome steps. The whole constituted a magnificent façade, in strong opposition, you would say, to the simple building it decorates. So one would think; and would think therefore that they present two distinct images for contemplation. This would have been a fault; but it is not so. The large edifice takes elegance and character from the portico: it sweeps round from it in graceful curve; and what was only simple before, now becomes also noble and grand. Both constitute a splendid whole: nothing could be spared, and nothing could be added, without material injury.

18*
I will now take a Greek temple, say the temple of Jupiter Panhellenios, at Egina. We have first the peribolus, or area, on which the edifice stood, smoothed down and level. On this is a stone platform, ninety-four feet by forty-seven, with three steps of ascent: there is no attempt at richness in these, but still every part is fitted with the greatest care. From the upper step rises a line of columns, presenting a view of six at each end, and twelve on each side, making thirty-two in all. Within these was a simple oblong building, small, with one entrance, and perhaps only a single opening for the admission of light. The entrance, which was at the end, had two additional pillars, forming, with the others, a double line at that part, and constituting the pronaos. Above was the entablature, and the whole was covered by a triangular roof. This is a Greek temple. The description, you see, occupies but a few lines: you have the whole edifice before you at one glance: it seizes immediately on the feelings, and the more you examine, and the longer you gaze, the higher becomes your pleasure. Wonder, too often the aim of architects, scarcely enters into your sensations; but you feel an indescribable satisfaction, a kind of charm, the charm of good taste.

And now let us turn to St. Peter's, the wonder of modern times, erected at an expense of sixty millions of dollars, and to the decoration of which, as my guide book, by Vasi, says, "all the arts have contributed." He should have excepted the art of simplicity, the most important in an edifice. Its most striking fault, and one felt at every step of the examination, is its want of singleness. Where shall we look? To the
portico, nine hundred feet in length? to the façade? to the cupola? or to the church? But where is the church? The fact is, it is lost in minute parts. There is no grand whole: nothing to which all else is made subservient: and to which the eye, after glancing over the smaller portions, returns to dwell on; at which we gaze, as is the case with the ancient buildings, till the feelings all become kindled, and the edifice, if I may say so, becomes animated and eloquent, and we see the mighty spirit of the architect pervading his works. The interior of St. Peter's is rich as gold and marble can make it, and is not so faulty as the outer part: we are astonished at its vastness, when we come to examine it, and compare living objects with the immensity of all things around; still that is but an indifferent grandeur that must be analyzed before it is felt.

I have made the round of the principal churches, and have visited a few of them more than once, but most of them give me little pleasure. I get tired of an endless repetition of fine paintings and rich marbles, and return grieved from buildings, apparently erected and kept as show houses, under the name of temples to the Most High. Our own churches please me more; because we see, in all their parts, that the object is worship, and not display. We should expect that in this city, the grand sanctuary, the Holy of Holies, of the Romish worship, its services would be found more steeped in superstition, and more extravagant than in any other place; but it is not so. Foreign intercourse (and it is said there are 600 English travellers here now); or the French invasion; or the greater extension of literature may be the
cause; perhaps the last has had most influence, but the fact is certain, that the dominions of His Most Catholic Majesty go further than those of His Holiness in absurdities of creed and worship. One who would see how the world was when Luther rose in it, must go to the least frequented parts of Spain. I have seen in Mahon what would scarcely be suffered, even in Rome. The festival of Good Friday is there celebrated by the following procession. After a long ceremony in the church of the Franciscan Convent, there issues from its door a line of boys, masked and disguised as Jews. Each one carries some symbol of the crucifixion, a wooden nail, a ladder, a hammer, a small cross, a heart pierced with darts, dice (lots for the vesture,) a wooden hand, a sword with an ear attached to it, and other objects like these. Next to these come a Roman standard bearer, and a trumpeter also in Roman armor; and to these succeed a centurion with about twenty soldiers, dressed like the former, and bearing ensigns and other implements of war. They are followed by three men, well guarded, the two outer representing the thieves crucified with our Saviour. All these are bound and loaded with chains, and the middle one bears, in addition, a crown of thorns. He represents the Saviour himself. He is bound by a rope, one end of which is held by a person on each side. These are followed by soldiers, Jews, and monks, to whom succeed the principal citizens. Just without the church they stop at a spot where a painting is suspended, and here a sermon is preached, one of twelve that make up the whole course. After the sermon, a large crucifix is brought out and laid on the shoulder of the central man. He-
is a priest, and the hair from a wig falls down so as to conceal his features. The procession now moves on to the sound of the trumpet. At the third sermon, the priest feigns fatigue, and a person (Simon the Cyrenean) comes out to assist him in bearing the cross. Soon after he sinks down with pretended exhaustion, and the crowd, gathering round, spit upon him, and, treating him with all kinds of indignity, compel him to rise and proceed. When the twelfth sermon is preached, they enter the Cathedral, and the ceremonies are concluded for the day. On Saturday and Sunday of that week, they have others scarcely less blasphemous; but this will suffice.

I was standing one day near the square of St. Peter's when I saw a Pilgrim approach. He had the staff in his hand, a long cane, with a little cross at one end, and the scallop, not only in the front of his hat, but sewed all over the cape of his coat. You will recollect the lines of Parnell's beautiful allegory,

"He quits his cell; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before."

The church was just opening on him, when I saw him first: he looked way-worn, but passed through the street with a rapid step, and gazed forward with all his might. I met one, some days since, in the porch of St. Peter's, just preparing to return. He had come four hundred miles, he said, and had spent all his money, four dollars, on the way: he had been here two weeks, and had at last been admitted to the presence of Il Papa, at his morning's repast: he had now a general passport through Italy, signed by one of the Pope's secretaries. I met one at Florence from Ger-
many, then returning, he told me, from his second pilgrimage.

The Vatican is close by St. Peter's, and the doors of its galleries are wide open, but "away—away!" I must not trust myself with the Vatican. You shall soon hear from me again at Mahon, and soon after that, I will talk to you about the Vatican; in a country, my birth-right to which I would not resign for that of Rome in her brightest and most glorious days.

Adieu.

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LETTER LX.

Harbour of Monaco in Sardinia, J
March 6th, 1828.

DEAR GEORGE,

I left Rome for Civita Vecchia a few days after the date of my last, and at that place, embarked on board a small Roman vessel for Toulon. The Italians are the most timid sailors in the world. Instead of stretching boldly across the gulf of Genoa, we have been beating along its shores, running for a harbour whenever the weather became rough. "There was an English frigate lost once in the gulf of Genoa," they said; "it is a dangerous place." Last night there was some danger: our little ship, which is laden with Puzzoelianum, a heavy earth, took the water over her bows at every plunge; we made for this harbour, and have to-day been listening to the howling of a storm, with feelings such as you have, in a boisterous wintry
night, when your shutters are closed, and the fire burns brightly on the hearth by your side. You never saw a storm at sea,—nor have I, such as we read of in books, nor indeed I suppose near as terrible as they sometimes exist. But I have seen little ones:—they are very grand. I watched one coming up this morning. We were snug in harbour, but the view was open: a very high but narrow range of rocky mountains is just on our left, over which came the thundering of the surf. At times a mist came dashing up through the defiles and carried over the summit, rolled down on this side in fine gray currents: further out was a little bay from which streaks of vapor rose to the clouds so thick and dark as to give to the headlands beyond a shadowy indistinctness. In this vapor was a flock of white gulls, not playing around in waving circles as usual, but hurrying unceasingly to and fro, their wings flashing now and then on the sight, a fine contrast to the unnatural darkness of the back-ground. They seemed like the spirits of the storm making preparation for the coming uproar. Some sails were in the offing pressing in with all their canvass. There came a lull for a moment: I remarked it to the Captain—"Yes," he said, "but it is going to come the other way," and he hurried out the boat with a strong hawser ahead. I now looked toward the horizon, and saw shoot along it a redness, as if a bloody dust had been raised by a strong sudden wind: the sky became lurid above, and still higher were streaks of dark clouds with a white, hard sky between. The storm now approached: we could see it coming, the foam not speckling the sea as before in regular intervals, but tossed, confused and thick, the water below
taking a blacker and angry tinge. It roared around us, but in all this the sea-birds still kept up their hasty and ominous flight.

_Monday, 10._—We are at sea again, after stopping three days at Monaco, enough to completely exhaust the patience of one already a bankrupt in time and clean linen. But the Italian seamen are the most patient men in the world: they have no idea of the bustling, active, persevering character of our sailors that carries them on in spite of winds and waves and never lets them think of any other port than the one they are bound to. One time it was “troppo vento,” another “troppo mare,” and on the second day when the Captain returned from the town a few hours after a schooner had left the port, to my enquiry about her, “O,” he said, “she is still in sight and the wind’s ahead, we must not go yet.” So he took his siesta and sung Tasso when awake, and smoked segars in his bed and said we must have pazienza. He is however a very good-humored man after all, and we get along very well except that I look sour when he talks of head winds and ports. We have had several conversations about America, which seems to interest him much. Though a man of considerable intelligence, for a Roman, he thought that the late war was that for our independence, and that it was undertaken because the English would not suffer us to build ships of war: this, he says, was the reason he had always heard given for it.

I rambled over the country while we laid at anchor, and found the natives everywhere gathering in the olives; the hat worn by the women is simply a very flat cone of braided straw. In one of my rambles, I
saw, in a little shady nook, a monument with an inscription that pleased me much by its simplicity and beauty.

M. F.
SICALDY DYMONCEAN,
CUM LACHRYMIS
FILJUS
POSUIT ANNO DO.
1804. DIE PA. 7 BRIS.

There is another monumental inscription at Montefiascone, between Florence and Rome,—but let me begin at the right end of the story. As we drove up to the tavern, just below that town, I was surprised to see the words _est, est, est_, on its sign. Latin is cheap in Italy, but this was the first time I had seen it swinging before a tavern door, and the enigma also seemed too hard for common travellers. It arose as follows. A Hollander named Joseph Deucle, an extravagant admirer of good wine, was travelling through the country, a few years since: to make sure of the best, he sent a servant ahead, with orders to taste the wine in every tavern, and if it was common, to write _est_, over the door; if good, _est, est_; and if remarkably excellent, _est, est, est_. The wine of Montefiascone resembles our best bottled cider, both in colour and taste, and the servant gave it the triple _est_. His master halted for a carouse: the wine is unhealthy and he drank himself to death. The servant had him buried in an adjoining chapel, and the following inscription put on his tomb.
But I return to our voyage. This is a beautiful coast, and if I had not too much of it, should enjoy its scenery very much. In the back ground are the Alps towering in naked majesty, and now covered with snow: nearer rise the Appenines, a humbler range, but cut into ravines and chasms, which, as we pass along, seem to wheel open and then close up again: for it is one of the finest characters of a coasting voyage, that objects seem to take your own motion; each moment assuming new forms, varying their fore and back ground, and receiving new shades, in short, becoming new scenes, as if for your pleasure. The sun went down, last evening, in great majesty. Immediately afterwards, the sky grew red, and in spots, looked as if a painter’s brush had been dipped in some dark matter and drawn hastily once or twice across. The Captain shook his head, “Molto vento, but we have the harbours of Nice and Antiba close by.” I wished Nice and Antiba among the Antipodes.

_Toulon, Saturday, 19._—My life seems doomed to a singular mixture of romance. I have just had another proof of this, and as it is blended with some excellent advice I wish to transfer to yourself, I may as well tell you all about it. When I landed at Toulon, I found myself out of money. I had declined several kind offers on board, and told them I had enough: if I took more I should only spend it foolishly. But in It-
aly money melts through the fingers, like snow in a hot day: their cries of "uno paolo per carità," "uno baiocco per mangiare," with moving inflections, such as none can use but the Italians; and the impudent demands, "due, tre dollara," are still ringing in my ears. To be brief, they emptied my pockets; but I thought, if I could get to Toulon, our Consul would soon help me to fill them again. I found on arrival that we have no Consul here. So I told my Captain how I was situated, and that I was going to leave my things with him, and walk to Marseilles, to recruit my finances. He acted very handsomely; "I must not walk; his purse was at my service; I must, at all events, allow him to pay the diligence for me." No, I answered, I was poor then, and was going to travel like a poor man; when I got rich again, I should take the diligence. So I arranged matters and started: I formed my plans on the way for all extremities, and my heart grew light again. It had just done so, when two gens d'armes on horseback rode up: "votre passeport Monsieur," they said, and drawing myself up to my full height, to make up in posture what I wanted of dignity in circumstances, I handed my passport. They bowed as soon as the foreign seal shewed itself: another low bow, as they read on, and then wishing me a polite "bon voyage," they passed on their way. The road from Toulon to Marseilles, (thirty six miles,) has spots exceedingly picturesque, and I enjoyed them greatly. Marseilles came at length: have you ever entered a large city moneyless and friendless? Probably you have not, and I will tell you what feeling it creates. Every house, store, tavern and café seems closed against you: every person looks distant; every thing seems
to say, "stand off." I went to the Consul's: Mr. Thomas, Purser of the Warren, he told me, was in town: my difficulties all vanished; and in an hour I was walking the streets of Marseilles, fairly holding up my pockets in delight, and feeling as if lord of the place. "Labor voluptasque dissimillima natura, societate quadam inter se naturali sunt juncta," says my favorite author.

I had to get a new passport at Marseilles: the French are extremely particular in these things, and I am described in full in this one, "age, twenty — ; height, eighty two centimetres; hair, chestnut; forehead, large; eyebrows, chestnut; eyes, gray [!]; nose, slender and pointed; mouth, small; beard, chestnut; chin, dimpled; face, oval; colour, light brown." You will think me altered; but I suppose they do, as the secretary of our Consul told me he does, on such occasions. He measures the height, and as to the rest, puts down the same for every one. I have returned to Toulon in the diligence. You have seen the French diligence described—a carriage as long as a Pennsylvania mail stage, but much lighter and neater, and looking exactly as if two of our coach bodies were joined lengthwise, and half an one stuck on in front of the foremost; and such they are in fact, for they have all the divisions, seats, doors, and other conveniences of three separate carriages. They carry fifteen persons: the front division is the dearest; but unless one wishes to see the country, I think the middle one is the most agreeable. They have a practice which our own stages would do well to copy. Each seat is numbered. When a person engages his passage, he chooses a number, and receives a card on which it is
printed. This is his place in the carriage, and no one can take it from him: our mode gives rise to much unpleasant feeling, which this entirely prevents.

We stopped in the streets of Marseilles, and a lady, rather advanced in years, was handed in by a genteel looking man, who however did not accompany her. She took some knitting from her bag, and as the stage rolled on, over the smooth roads, made her fingers fly, her tongue generally keeping them company. I found her excellent society. She discovered that I was an American, and said she had just seen Gen. Lafayette in Paris: his reception and journey through America were familiar to her, and seemed to please her very much. We engrossed the conversation at length, and it became more personal. I told her all about my walk to Marseilles, and in return, she described her mode of educating her children and grandchildren, for she was a grandmother I discovered. The carriage came to a long hill, half way between the cities, where it was necessary for all to walk. We fell in company and jogged on together, behind the stage. I made a second offer of my arm at a rough part of the ascent, which she declined, remarking however that woman was a feeble being. "Yes," I said, "they are physically weak, but surely you cannot call those feeble, who form our childhood and afterwards give a character, whether of joy or sorrow, to all our life." Sentimental enough; but remember I was in France. I said no more, however, for she took up the conversation, and for more than half an hour, I scarcely had time or inclination to say a word. In the most animated parts of it, she would get right before and stop me; lay one hand on my right arm, and with
the other gesticulate with the eloquence of a lawyer. The subject was virtuous women and their influence: she turned to me; at last, and said, "I see you listen attentively and take this to yourself: I mean it for you: think of my advice, when you are three thousand miles from this, and you will often thank me for it. You say you are single; now let me impress this strongly on you—when you wish to change your condition, wherever it may be, never have a particular hour for visiting. If you do, all will be prepared for you; the house in nice order, and every one with looks prim and composed; but take them by surprise, as much as possible. Go one day before déjeuner, (at ten o'clock;) another day in the afternoon; and then again, in the evening; and you will find more of the real character of a lady, in two such visits, than you will in twenty of the usual kind. An acquaintance of mine was paying his addresses to a young lady, whom he thought an angel in temper, and the house was so nice and well ordered: but one day he happened to ring at an unusual time. No one answered, and he opened the door at last, as he was of course on familiar terms. At that moment a side door flew open: the young lady appeared, her face red and inflamed, but she disappeared as soon as she had seen him. Her mother followed in tears, and was going to disappear too, when he stopped her; "Madame, do tell me what is the matter?" "O my daughter," she replied, "my daughter, she wanted a new hat, and because I told her to wait only a few days, she flew into a passion and has abused me." He went home, and wrote a polite note to the young lady, but was cured of his love. 'Try," added Madame Rigny, for that was the name of
my adviser, "try also, by all means to take a short journey with the lady of your intended choice. From the events of one day you will discover more of her real disposition, than you will in a month at her house." I wish I could give you her language itself, and all of it, but this must satisfy you. She offered me the services of her brother, a captain of the guards, at Toulon, to shew me the arsenal: I called to enquire after her health, the next day, but had already seen the arsenal. I have since been at Marseilles, and find on enquiry, that she is one of the most intelligent and respectable ladies of the place; a little inclined to the blue stocking perhaps.

I give the advice over to you, and send with it a hearty

Farewell.

LETTER LXI.

Frigate Constitution, Port Mahon, April 16, 1828.

DEAR GEORGE,

Arma virosque cano. I was fortunate enough to procure a passage to Mahon in the Dutch man-of-war brig, the Ghier; and reached the old ship again, a few days after my last date. She has had a complete overhaul, and most of the officers have spent the winter in quarters on shore. It has been fatal to our ranks. We buried a lieutenant on the first of January; our Purser, on the third of this month; and a midshipman, on the eighth. The Java has spent the winter here: the
Porpoise has also been here, as a tender to the Commodore. The Warren has come down for provisions, and will return soon to the Levant.

This morning the long watched signal house, opposite Mahon, gave notice of a line of battle ship: about ten, the upper sails of a large vessel came peering over the houses of Georgetown: she turned a point; we caught sight of the American ensign, and soon after the Delaware moved out majestically on our view. An exclamation of joy passed all through our ship; for her return is the signal of our departure for home. Every loose boom was quickly mounted, and as quickly abandoned, at the stern voice of the deck-officer, "gang-way, there—forecastle there, down with you, keep down." Every neck however was stretched, to catch a glimpse, over the hammock cloths, of the welcome ship, and her spars, rigging, sails, and each minute part were scanned and criticised with surprising quickness and precision. She is a fine looking ship, of the same size and weight of metal as the North Carolina; but at present looks rough and much out of order. I believe that is her state, for she has been very sickly: they buried a number of officers and men, on their passage; and when she entered this morning, the Captain's brother-in-law was lying a corpse on board. Two causes are assigned for it: the ship was fitted out in winter, and the inner coat of paint, it is said, was not well dried before the others were put on: another, and probably a more powerful cause, is the quantity of salt among her timbers. It is thought to preserve the wood; probably with some truth, but in the Delaware, has been laid on in such quantities, as
to stream down her sides, I understand, in every part, and send up the most noxious exhalations: their passage too has been a rough one, and the ports could seldom be opened. One can hardly imagine anything more horrible than to be shut up many hundred miles from shore, in such a vessel: to see the paint darkening around you, and the beams sweating, and all this from an atmosphere you are constantly breathing, and from which there is no escape. Our ships in the West Indies, along the African coast, and on the Brazil station, are constantly exposed to similar evils. I have heard of cases where for many days in succession, the question regularly put by the officer coming on relief was, whether there were any dead to be buried, and how many. In the vessels sent to the African coast, they tell me, it is not uncommon to see a man carry up his hammock in the morning hale and stout, and at noon sewed up in it and thrown overboard. I refer you to Niles's Register for November of 1823, for a distressing account of sickness in the Macedonian, while on the West India station.

Ships are all more or less exposed to miasmata. Our own hold, although this vessel is kept in remarkably good order, frequently sends up the most noxious effluvia. I have seen the paint, in our cock-pit, turned from white to brown, simply from the removal of some casks in the spirit hold below. The bilge-water is always nauseating. We use every precaution, and I believe ships are seldom found with an atmosphere even as pure as that we breathe. Lime is scattered largely through the hold; the casks are whitewashed, and wind-sails are let down into it, as well as into
other parts of the ship. They are an excellent contrivance; but are not adequate to the evil.*

Chloride of lime has been found a most useful agent in such cases, and I have little doubt, would succeed in ships. I wonder the experiment has never been made. It is not an expensive article; it is portable as lime itself; it may be procured at the manufactories at home, or be easily made abroad, and for all purposes of convenience, is equal to the simple lime, the article now universally employed. Allow me to quote part of an article, by Professor Silliman, on the properties of this agent: you may find the whole in the Journal of Science, for October, 1826.

"It appears that the disinfecting powers of the chlorides are so great that if there be occasion to disinter and examine a corpse, which is already in a state of putrefaction, the odour disappears, provided a cloth moistened with the diluted chloride be placed upon the body, and it will be necessary to sprinkle the cloth from time to time.†

"If putrescent fluids have run upon the ground, their odour is destroyed by pouring the diluted chloride on

* Capt. Elliott, on his late return from the Brazil station, I am informed passed a leathern hose to the bottom of the hold: a pump was attached to the upper part of this, and the foul air pumped out. It is said to have had an excellent effect.

† A particular case of this kind [in France] is related, where, for some judicial purpose, a body which had been buried one month, was disintered by order of government, in August, 1823: it was offensive, and during the ten hours that it remained above ground, before the persons arrived who could certify its identity, it became very much inflated, and the stench was insupportable. The application of the chloride of lime produced a wonderful effect—the smell ceasing almost from the first aspersion.
the place, and stirring it with a broom; by dashing it upon porticoes, stair-cases, &c. which are infected, a similar effect is produced.

"Vaults, sewers, &c. are cleansed in a similar manner.

"The contagious effluvia emanating from diseased persons, are completely destroyed by sprinkling the chamber with one of the liquid chlorides, very much diluted with pure water; it should be dashed about the beds; and the physicians and attendants should moisten their hands and their nostrils with the liquid.

"These agents remove the odour of foul teeth and gums, and neutralize the dangerous emanation from the ulcerated sore throat. A purulent and offensive discharge from the bladder was removed by injections of a very dilute chloride. Bodies kept for interment until they are offensive, may be rendered innoxious by these fluids, and professional men, called to examinations connected with medical jurisprudence, with processes of embalming, or with demonstrations in anatomy, should secure themselves by a free use of these powerful agents.

"They neutralize the foul air of marshes, of markets, and other places where animal matters occasion a putrid and deleterious effluvium.

"The common sewer in Paris, called Amelot, being entirely obstructed, had been for forty years a nuisance. In 1782, eight men were suffocated in an attempt to cleanse it, and in a recent effort several workmen had fallen down in a state of asphyxia; when the attempt was again made, and with entire success, and without accident. The safety of this painful and dangerous operation appears to have been
imputable entirely, to the use of the chloride of lime, with which the workmen wet their hands, arms, and nostrils, and also all the putrescent matters which they were removing. The superintendent derived his safety from a disinfesting bottle, which he occasionally applied to his nostrils. The space to be cleared was from ten to fourteen feet long, the putrescent matters formed a bed of four feet and a half in thickness, and the labor occupied more than four hours.

“One of the workmen who had been thrown into a state of asphyxia, in the attempt to enter the vault without precaution, and who had lain forty-eight hours in this situation, entirely without sense, was completely restored by the use of the chloride of lime, inhaling the odour, receiving the fluid internally, and having it sprinkled in his chamber.”*

*Monday 28.—Our squadron at Mahon was lately a fine looking one. The Java was in handsome trim: she is of the same rate as the Brandywine, and has a young, healthy, and well disciplined crew. Next came the Warren, also put in fine order: then the Porpoise, like a pretty toy, among her dark looking compeers: then “the old barking,” as our ship is usually termed by her inmates, and below all, the chequered walls and towering masts of the Delaware, with the broad pendant floating above; for she is now the flag ship. All but the last have disappeared. The Porpoise sailed on the 22d, to join the Lexington in the Levant: the Java and Warren yesterday, the former also for Smyrna, the latter, with Mr. Shaler, for Marseilles; after which she will join the former

* See Appendix.
two; and last, but not least in its cheering effects on our feelings, our own ship is under way again, with her prow to the West: her canvass swelling to the breeze, while sparkling waves and bright skies seem to wish us good speed.

Minorca has sunk behind the horizon for the last time; and few of us, I believe, regret that it is out of sight. Its harbour is very excellent, and its arsenal is convenient for repairs; in this respect, probably, no better wintering place could be found for our squadrons; but still I do not think it an eligible one. The ships make but a small portion of our Navy: they are the body only; the officers form the soul; and in selecting a harbour, where one third or one half of their time is to be spent, particular regard should be had to them. In this view, Mahon is one of the worst places that could have been chosen. Some of the evils may be remedied; some of them are inseparable from the place.

Among the former is our Consul, a person by no means "given to hospitality," and taking little notice of the officers, instead of introducing them to society, as is done by other Consuls. He is a subject of universal complaint.

The irremediable evils are much greater; and chief among them is the Monté table. Such tables are common in these countries, and no place could perhaps be found without their allurements; but their influence is no where so baneful as here. This is owing, in a great measure, to the want of agreeable and genteel places of resort. This ship spent the first winter in Syracuse; and I have often heard the officers speak with pleasure of the conversazioni at
that place; of the polite attentions of the Consul; of the agreeable society; and of the fund of amusement, they had in the country around. All this is wanting in Mahon, except society, and to this little pains have generally been taken to introduce them. The consequence is, that the Monté table has been much frequented, and great sums have been lost, in addition to the injuries in health, sustained from late hours at that place. The Commodore issued strong orders against it, the first winter, as I have already said; but one might as well talk to the winds. He who will not provide innocent amusement for the young, must expect them, as a necessary consequence, to fall into that which is vicious. An officer spends the day in labor and watch; he comes ashore in the evening, and whither shall he go? The tavern is a natural resort, and there the gambling table, with its piles of doubloons, and strong temptations, is before him. He tries his luck; wins perhaps, and then loses all; and then an agent of the house is by, to slip a golden piece into his hand, by way of friendly loan, if it should be wanted as it always is. After this they return on board, with chafed feelings, to keep a "mid," or a "morning watch." No constitution can stand this, and we shall soon find the Mediterranean a station most destructive to health, if Mahon continues to be the wintering place, which I hope it will not. Reputation also, far more valuable than health, does not always come off perfectly clear. An officer enters port in the Fall with full pockets, and finds them emptied in a day; and thus they continue. In the Spring, numerous bills must be paid: the tailor, and hatter, and shoe-maker, and perhaps the treacherous
host himself, come in for their claims: and who shall advance the money? If it is ordered by the Captain, or proffered by the purser, it is at their personal risk; and though this risk is generally run, it is often attended with circumstances that cause many bitter reflections to the person so relieved. I speak fully of the evil, because it is a most serious one. I have heard of youths, mere lads, who came in from home with heavy purses, and in a day or two were one hundred, or one hundred and fifty dollars in debt. I have heard the Monté table most deeply execrated, as our squadrons prepared for sea in the Spring, and strong resolutions formed utterly to abandon it; and I have seen, in the Fall, the victim drawn to it to run the same course again.

Still I do not censure those who frequent such places as much as those who expose them to the temptation. Recreation is needed, after the labours of the day: that which is innocent may be made at Mahon perhaps, or may be found elsewhere. Sicily, I believe, is generally considered as a superior place in this respect. It might be worth the trial.

Adieu.
LETTER LXII.

TO MRS. S. R.

Frigate Constitution, Gibraltar Bay, April 15, 1828.

DEAR MADAM,

We arrived here on the 9th, and the caterers quickly set themselves to work: yesterday all was ready: tender adieus were said by the few who have acquaintances on shore; our boats were all in, and the breeze still blew, as it had done for many days, invitingly from the East: homes and friends and families were all the talk, and this morning we were to start for them; when the breeze died away, was succeeded by a calm, and that by a stiff blow from the West. So here we lie, casting many a sad look towards the mountains of the straits, and the scud that comes hastening over them. Our homes! No one that has not been wandering, as we have, can feel the full meaning of that word. How often I have seen the face brighten at the sound, though home was four thousand miles distant; and how often have I seen the hours of the evening watch beguiled with talk about those who were perhaps talking of us. The subject whether to the rough sailor or the officer, I have always found a welcome one, and the surest access to his heart; and I have seen its sound followed by mellowed voice and looks in those, who on all other occasions were boisterous and rude: and particularly if home had a mother or a wife. And woman—what is woman? Why ask the question,
or why attempt to answer it? Who has not felt all
the answer, and felt it so, that to give it, would be to
pass through all the kinder and happier and better
emotions of our being? Whose features meet our ear-
liest observation; hanging over us with absorbing in-
terest; reflecting back, like a mirror, all our little
pains and pleasures, and in a strange world giving the
first rise to those delicious feelings we afterwards call
love and confidence? Whose chodings, in our youth,
are always mild and touching; whose counsels follow-
ed soonest and longest remembered; whose smile
rises on our troubles like rainbow to the storm? And
then, when we stand in the strength of manhood, and,
no longer the feeble sprout but the mighty oak, look
down in pride on the forest, who is the vine that
drapes our rough branches, giving them grace and
beauty, and, while we think ourselves supporting a
powerless plant, rising to our highest shoots, seizing
on them with its tendrils and bending them to its will?
In our passions, whose voice is like oil upon the wa-
ters? In our calmer moments, whose footsteps are
soonest heard? Who is the solace of old age?

These questions are easily answered, but why are
they asked? I will tell you: women should feel that
they have this mighty influence, not in pride, but in a
resolution to exert it nobly. We have a happy coun-
try: I believe they are strongly to affect its destinies,
for in no country are women so sincerely respected, or
so deserving of respect. I am not speaking the lan-
guage of compliment, but of conviction founded on ex-
tensive observations, among men chiefly it is true, but
even here having a strong bearing on the subject; and
reaching often to the other sex. I should say little of
the Turkish females, if such encomiums had not been lavished upon them by recent travellers. In our surprise at finding them allowed to have souls and placed at all in the ranks of society, we run into the other extreme, and discover that they are happy and amiable, and possessed, as mothers or wives, of unbounded influence. That they are contented is probable: they grow up to their prospects; their thoughts do not wish to roam; their affections centre in their children, and they are satisfied with being just what they are. But this does not argue a very high state of happiness. The squaw of your forests is contented with her lot; her affections cling to her offspring, and she is satisfied with her wigwam and restless life. What is the greatest earthly happiness? It is a feeling arising from high intelligence exercised in doing good to our fellows. This, in a supreme degree, is the happiness of Heaven, and that on earth, which approaches nearest to it, rises highest in the scale. And now let us apply the test. The Turkish females are incapable of the active and free employment of the mental faculties, the "feast of soul;" they cannot have enlarged and generous views of society; they are excluded from the exercise of benevolent charities; their range of thought and feeling is extremely limited. I have never seen one of them, rolled up in her muslins as in a portable prison, and confined in her thoughts and enterprise to the narrow range of her own house, but in spite of the mild features I perhaps got a glimpse of, from my heart I pitied her.

The Greek ladies have more freedom, and I believe more intelligence: but generally they are extremely ignorant, and their situation is even more servile than
that of the former. They are suffered to go abroad; but in most cases it is to carry water from the wells, or grain to the mill, or to do the drudgery of the fields, while their husbands lounge in the bazar.

The sex rises as we come West into Italy, where they are often found to be well informed and agreeable companions. The condition of far the greater part however is exceedingly degraded: their life is a laborious one: they have few means of information, and those few, the lives of their saints, with a jumble of absurd superstitions, are rather calculated to debase than to elevate and ennoble the affections. In industry I think they bear the palm. I have seldom seen them idle: frequently I have met them, on the way, with a basket or sack of olives on their head, and spinning as they went. I recollect seeing one who carried two large baskets, and spun. She managed as follows. One was poised on her head: another she carried in her left hand. The distaff was supported under her left arm, and with the right hand she drew out the thread. When it was drawn, she would stop, put down the lower basket, and give the spindle a twirl, after which the thread was wound up, and she went on with the basket, drawing out another.

We come now to France. I was struck greatly with the difference, in the sex; as soon as I landed in that country. In Italy, man or woman, all are beggars. They stretch out the hand at the corners of streets, and in the rich churches, and we hear every where the cry per carità: they excel every people I have yet seen in subdividing offices, for each of which pay is required. The man who drives your carriage cannot open the door, when you stop; it is done by an-
other; another whips up your trunk; another carries in your cap or books, and all must be paid: the servant who waits on you, and the man who assists the driver in putting in his horses, must have their _buono manò_, as they call it; and the driver, in addition to the stipulated price for conveyance, comes in for his, and cheats you in the bargain if he can. When I got lost in the streets of Rome, and asked directions, to my "thank y'e," they would often reply, "is that all: have you nothing to give me?" even when it required a single word to set me right. In all this the women are as expert as the men. At Toulon I wanted directions; and stopped at a little shop to ask them: the woman who kept it saw I did not know the streets, and went the distance of one of your squares to shew me the house. I offered her money, but she refused, and was with difficulty prevailed on to accept it. My brow relaxed among such people, and my manners imperceptibly became courteous and kind. The French ladies, I need not say, excel all others in sentiment, sprightliness and _naiveté_. But the sentiment wants depth; and, the sprightliness tires, because it is not spiced sufficiently with good sense: the _naiveté_ is always agreeable. The higher class are generally well informed; the lower ignorant: all are open and free in their manners, to a degree that would be scandalized in America. Yet here it is _à la mode_, and therefore seems natural and proper enough. The French females are also very industrious. I saw a girl between Marseilles and Toulon, following a loaded mule, and knitting with all her might as she went.

Spain comes next with her brunettes, and dark eyes, and kind looks, all set off to advantage by a thin black
veil thrown carelessly over. But this is all you can say of them. Few can read, and, if I am rightly in-
formed, public sentiment until lately was strong against their being suffered to learn to write. My accounts of our female seminaries, and the books there studied, have surprised them greatly. They would like to go to America, they say, if it were only to see such la-
dies.

I am back to America once more, and repeat, that in no country are women so respected or so deserving of respect, and that they should feel all this, resolving to be that most deserving of beings, a domestic patriot. No vice, on which they steadfastly frown, will be tol-
erated; no custom, against which they raise their voice, will be admitted: no principles, on which they put a decided veto, will be avowed. If the barriers of good morals are ever broken down; if public senti-
ment ever becomes corrupt, in our country; it will be because its females have forgotten their duty to it, and to themselves. But I have no fear of this. Ours is a singular country. To a philosophical mind it pre-
sents a most interesting spectacle. We have no forms venerable from long use, and retained because vener-
able: we have no good to be consulted but the pub-
lic good: we have no old doctrines to fetter or mis-
lead: all is new. The nation, with all this, is cautious and watchful. And on such a society, every thing is thrown loose, to take its chance, and stand or fall, ac-
cording to its value. Even religion has no support, but its own worth. The worth of things is there to be tried, and while it is the duty of every one to exert himself strongly for what he conceives to be useful,
and every one I believe will do so, still only what is useful will stand the ordeal. I love to look at such a country, and have little fear for its safety or happiness. Suffer me to repeat, however, that these will depend greatly on its females. It is a society where individual influence is more felt than in any other: no one can say that he cannot affect the public good: he does affect, and must from necessity affect it:—and none affect it more than they who watch over the cradle, and catch the first meaning look, and mould the first articulate sound; whose eyes meet those of our childhood, first in the morning, and last at night; in whom our first and best affections concentrate; who give counsel and reproof when they are most felt; the friend when all others leave us, and the same friend in adverse as in prosperous hours;

"The fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd."

Adieu,
LETTER LXIII.

TO G. W. R.

Frigate Constitution, at Sea,
Thursday, June 5, 1828.

DEAR GEORGE,

We buried a seaman on Friday, in the afternoon, and as I went ashore I observed the current setting with unusual force against the neutral ground: in the evening, some light clouds were seen ascending in the East, and at ten, after an interval of two weeks, we had a fair breeze once more. At half past two in the morning it was strong enough to be trusted, and all hands were called: I never before saw the capstan whirled round so fast. The moon was high, and shone bright, but deep repose was on mountain and plain. The harbour presented a scene of strong contrast. About fifty merchantmen, wind-bound like ourselves, were getting under way: some threw back the bright moon-beams from their sails; others were dark masses; and their cries of "Yo-heave-O," came from all directions, clear and distinct in the morning stillness. We brought our last anchor to a trip, and laid thus till the forenoon, when our ship passed smoothly into the straits, and we bade adieu to the Mediterranean. We have already made one third of our voyage: our reckoning gives us 700 miles the last three days, making about five degrees to each; so that each day, as if smiling on our progress, has been twenty minutes longer than if we had been standing still. The Western Islands were in sight to day.
And now, as we shall soon bid adieu to the old ship, let us occupy our time, as she passes on with nothing but sky above and sea below, in some valedictory notices of "the service," as our Navy is familiarly called.

I promised you some remarks on a subject that interests you most—Religion among seamen; and it is one upon which I have bestowed much attention. Some of my most pleasant moments, in the ship, have been those I have spent, with men or officers, in night-watches, or in state-rooms, conversing on the subject; and some of the most anxious, while I have quietly watched the effects of such conversations. “And the result of your observations?” you will say. I answer, strong hopes, and very many fears. The sailor's character is a strange compound. He is kind, because he seldom witnesses distress; generous, because his pay is competent and sure; fearless, because familiar with danger; thoughtless, because under no responsibility; changeful in his feelings, because there is little occasion for control; a drunkard, often from fashion; and dissipated, because from under the restraints of society. From all these proceeds his most striking characteristic:—there is no dependence to be placed on his resolutions. I have shown you once, how strongly they were, formed and braced up, and yet how quickly they yielded when the trial came.

From this arises the chief difficulty in producing a permanent impression on religious subjects: I say a permanent impression, for fleeting ones are easily made on this class of men, as on all others, and, perhaps I may add, particularly on this. There is something in the noble character of the Christian religion, and its mo-
tives, that recommends itself strongly to the better part of the man, while no one feels more deeply the excellence of a friend "that sticketh closer than a brother;" that is with us in our wanderings among strangers, to bless and cheer us; that is faithful in trial, and powerful in danger. His vices too are glaring: he stands convicted, weeps, resolves, and sins again. But I have seen some who bore themselves better amid trials. There was considerable seriousness in our ship, at one time last summer: no one knew exactly how it originated; and it progressed silently, yet was extensive enough to attract attention from all on board. About thirty, I believe, discontinued drinking grog, and near twelve were under strong religious feeling. I noticed it first in an unusual application for religious tracts, and a more general reading of the Bible: they formed a kind of association or agreement to encourage and sustain one another, and met in the evening in small groups on the upper deck, to sing hymns and converse. Some of the officers laughed at it; but most of them, I was glad to find, were rather pleased with it than otherwise. I let it go on quietly, as it had begun, but furnished them with tracts, gave advice and encouragement, and watched it with anxiety. Most returned to their old practices; but a few have persevered: I have seen them tried, and they have come well through. One I have frequently heard the officers speak of in terms of high approbation.

We are going to have Chaplains of a different character from the former ones, and this is a subject that interests me greatly. Until the present Secretary came into office, little discrimination was used in Vol. II.
admitting persons to that birth; and while it had a few of good scientific acquirements, the moral character of most was indifferent. Mr. Southard resolved to admit none but clergymen, and these of good standing in their several denominations. It is getting to be respectable station, and our young men of piety and talents are beginning to look to it. But let them pause first, and consider. I regard it as an inviting field to a pious and zealous man; but it is one where much harm may now be done, as well as good. A great deal depends on the impression first made. Officers (and they are the persons on whom success most depends,) have now few opinions on religious subjects. They seldom frequent church on shore, and as to the Chaplains they have had at sea, they were men generally without pretensions to piety, and of course no opinion about it was formed from them. There is a change: they are going to be brought into contact with religious people, and as I have said, much depends on the impression first made. Let me give then the qualities of a chaplain, such as I would have him be.

In the first place, he must have all the better part of a seaman’s character, while he keeps himself above even the suspicion of their vices: he must be fearless, for a timid man they will not respect: he should have dignity of character, firmness and independence when necessary, while at all times he must be modest and unobtrusive: his views of things should be expanded and generous, for a man of contracted feelings is disliked: he must be above the imputation of meanness, for it is utterly despised: he must know how to take care of himself, for no one will do it for him. The
last is one of the first lessons we learn on ship-board, and one that must be constantly practised. It is a singular fact, that among us, each man stands alone: among the men, it may be different; but with the officers, though close intimacies are generally formed, friendships seldom are. I speak of friendship in its strongest sense. If duties are to be performed, each one attends to his own; if rights are invaded, each asserts his peculiar ones himself. The Chaplain too must feel this: he must know what is due him, and require it from others, or he will not be respected; but it must be done with mildness, while his manner shows sufficient self-respect. This last feeling is nowhere more necessary: when an officer ceases to respect himself, he is prepared very soon to lose the respect of others. He must with all this be gentlemanly in his manners, for his station will often lead him into the best society, and an officer abroad is no longer an individual, but the representative of his nation. A man subject to sea-sickness will suffer from it, both in comfort and character. Prudence is necessary everywhere, but especially in a ship of war. He must not encourage vice even by a smile; but must not be quick at noticing faults: he must feel constantly, that he is there, not to condemn others, but to reform them. He should check more by example than speech; and the quieter he is about it the better. If conversation takes an improper turn among the company he is in, the best reproof is to leave them; and this will apply to most other things: it is a reproof no one can quarrel with, while it will be felt by all. He should be well educated, and above all, though I bring it last, he must be pious;
and his piety must be of that noble, and elevating, and purifying kind, that comes not from men and systems, but from the Bible. There is no place so trying to a religious person, all through, as a man of war. He is in close contact with his fellows, men on whom his life should be a constant reproof, and who therefore scan his life, and feelings, and words, and his very thoughts, with a searching eye. He may have Christian society; perhaps he will not. And no one, but he who has felt it, knows what it is to live months and years, where there is none to whom you can throw open all your feelings, and look for sympathy; none to say to you "God speed you, my brother!" to live among those who talk familiarly of things you have scarcely heard named before; where oaths are common language, and sabbaths regularly profaned; where matters you have loved as holy and sacred, are unknown, or spoken of with a smile: and all this, till your own heart begins to catch the infection, and you start with alarm to find the disease you came to cure fastening on yourself. This is a Chaplain's birth, and you ask, who is sufficient for these things? I answer, He is, who is sufficient for all things, and the man who does not depend on God for sufficiency, has no business there.

To such a man as I have described, the Navy presents an inviting field for usefulness. The circumstance that throws his own character open to strict scrutiny, will turn greatly to his account: among men associated with him so closely, his influence will operate in silence, but with certainty. To the Midshipmen his duties will open a ready access, and present him in a prepossessing attitude. It is the Chaplain's business to instruct them in Navigation. It is true, in
large ships, a distinct officer is usually employed as instructor; but the laws impose it also on the Chaplain, and he is sometimes required to "lend a hand." If he engages readily in this duty, showing an interest in their improvement, assisting them in the practical as well as theoretical parts of Navigation, he will find himself gaining on their confidence, and the way opening to the exercise of his higher and more useful duties, as a minister. To the men it is necessary only to be affable and kind. The stern character of Naval discipline renders this a rare quality in the intercourse between officers and seamen, and indeed it is seldom admissible: but the Chaplain comes among them in the character of a friend, not of a stern superior; and the sternness of others will give to his mildness a still greater effect. Their feelings are easily touched, and I have, by getting the Doctor's permission, and sending a plate or two of soup to a sick man, made a friend that would stick by me in the hardest extremities. I have frequently been pleased by their attachment to officers, and their readiness to do little kindnesses for them. I recollect once the launch was sent for water, and swamped in a surf: each had to shift for himself, but the first care was for the officer, who could not swim: his hammock boy insisted on being suffered to carry him ashore, though Old ——— as he is usually called, is no trifling load. But to return: this intercourse should be always spiced with a little dignity on the part of the Chaplain: with this, let him shew them kind looks, and a kind heart; enquire occasionally about their families, or draw them into a tale of their adventures, and he will soon find in each of his parishioners a rough, but a warm and faithful
friend. He should supply himself with books adapted to their capacities* and characters; they will frequently come for "some pleasant book to read;" and I have frequently regretted the want of such. Small histories, and story books will be most acceptable, and these he may blend with those of a better character. I have never been able to keep a supply of tracts, though I have procured them as often as I could. Their size, and their language generally, are well adapted to a ship: after a distribution, I have always seen the men reading them all around the decks, where I believe they met with more attention and respect than they would have done ashore.

Going as most chaplains do, among new characters and new scenes, it will be some months before they understand the full dimensions of their situation; and until then, they should hold a quiet and unobtrusive course, studying all things but saying little: for an

* But be cautious how he does it. A Chaplain of my acquaintance went among his friends, just before starting on a cruise, to solicit contributions of books for the men. You would call this a praiseworthy deed, and so it would have been in any other case; but the officers rose en masse against it; "it shall not go out," they said, "that an officer is begging any thing for our ship:" and they said right. Officers are extremely jealous of their character, as a body; and they ought to be so, for it is national property. The Chaplain should never forget, (and particularly abroad) that while the nation is bound to protect him, he is bound to consult the interests of the nation. He must guard strictly against distributing books or tracts in the countries he may visit. A national ship is always a privileged one, and its officers also are privileged. They are not examined on landing, as is done with persons who come in merchantmen. Their public character is a warrant for good behaviour: any thing like what I have mentioned would be greatly resented as a breach of confidence, and such it would be.
imprudent step, at first, will lead to serious inconveniences. Such a person will at first be viewed with jealous eyes, perhaps as an intruder, provided indeed by government, but yet not necessary; an unwelcome check on their conduct, and perhaps he will even get harder names. Should any imprudences or frailties give occasion, he will feel he is not among brethren desirous of throwing a veil over a pastor’s delinquencies, but among men, the most expert perhaps in the world at “running,” as the term goes; and perhaps they will “run” him out of the vessel. So he must be cautious, and in a short time he will find that worth of character has its friends in a ship, as well as in every other place. There is one chaplain, I have often heard spoken of, and always in very high terms; he has not gained this either, by a “half way” course; but is a gentleman who would stand high on shore as well as in a ship. I will add but one remark more: never send men into the Navy as missionaries; for the name itself would stir up a thousand bitter feelings, and stop up every avenue towards men’s hearts.

I now turn me to the Navy itself, and say that there is a fault among them. The law provides for prayers every morning and evening, on board. Compliance with this would be difficult, perhaps impossible; and the law, as it will always be a dead letter, had better be repeated: but the services of the Sabbath ought to be a matter of more attention than they are. It is true, all have to attend, and the strictest propriety is enforced. I recollect Captain Patterson’s sending for a midshipman one day, after service, and reprimanding him for only holding his hat over his head, to shield him from the sun. But, to use an excellent maxim of
the same gentleman, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The carpenter's gang could in a short time "rig a church," as it is called in the British service, that is, lay planks from gun to gun, and so provide seats for the men, while chairs might be brought up for the officers, so as to make all comfortable, when it would be proper to sit. As it is, they stand almost universally in our Navy, during service; and the exercise must be short, or men become fatigued and it does little good. This ought not to be: the feelings of the chaplain should be made easy on that subject, and men's minds be left free to attend to him; and then only will the service take that devout and solemn character, which the worship of the Most High ought to have.

There is no place where the searching motives of religion are more needed than in a ship. Our gangway has often been witness to this. We call it wholesome discipline, and it is so; but natural health is far better than that which we get from medicines. Purify the fountain, instead of acting on the streams. Give them religious principle: make them feel that waking or sleeping, in private or among their fellows, through every moment and in every act, there is an eye upon them keen, searching, and in their guilt, fiery and wrathful: make them love with supreme affection, the God who made and preserves, and the Saviour who redeemed them: give them the charity that "suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not its own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth
-all things; endureth all things; and never faileth:" teach them to "let love be without dissimulation: to abhor that which is evil, and to cleave to that which is good: to be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; to be not overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good," and then you may throw iron gags and manacles into the sea. Adieu.

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LETTER LXIV.

Frigate Constitution, }
at Sea, June 7, 1828. }

DEAR GEORGE,

There was a time when our Navy was the idol of the nation: when people talked of it with kindling feelings; when gray-headed age blessed it, and prattling childhood repeated its name. Our ships were seen entering port with trophies or well earned fame; and the shout that rose to heaven burst tumultuously and wildly from the fulness of grateful hearts, while timid woman ejaculated a prayer for her country’s champions, and even the dying looked up once more to leave a benediction on the brave.

The gigantic foe was successfully grappled with, the tide of war rolled back, and we are at peace. That, under these circumstances, our Navy is now seldom mentioned, and that it occupies little of public
attention, is perhaps natural and excusable: but that it should be slighted, is not. Nay, frowned not: I am severe: I mean to be so; but I pledge myself to support the assertion. Nay more; I mean to shew the nation not only ungenerous, but most unjust. I have praised it, where it merited praise: and now, I wish I had the voice of thunder to tell it of its shame, and rouse it to act a noble and generous part.

What is doing with the HOSPITAL FUND, and how is that fund obtained? Let me answer the questions. Congress in 1799, passed a law that twenty cents should be deducted from the pay of every officer, seaman, and marine, for the purpose of creating a fund for erecting buildings for disabled and worn-out seamen; and this law has ever since been in force. That Congress had a right to pass such a law, and that it has a right now to keep it in force, no one can doubt. It is absolute as to the pay of officers, and those who enter the Navy with such things before them, agree to submit to it. The deduction is small; and I have never heard any one complain of it. But is it handsome to act thus? Is it becoming a nation, powerful, wealthy, and with resources such as no other nation has; is it honorable to a people bound to the Navy by obligations of warm gratitude, to lop off this pitiful sum from the hard earnings of seamen that we may provide them a hospital when they are old and infirm, and when the nation can no longer enjoy their services? Seamen, it is true, are thoughtless beings: they make no provision for the future; it is part of their character, and our Navy has a large portion of its men because it is so; because they throw away their money, when they get it, and then have to go to
work again. There is then some show of kindness in providing them even with a hospital, and in docking twenty cents from their wages to pay for it. The money like that from Vespasian's tax may smell none the worse for the way it comes. But I ask again, is it a noble part, is it worthy of the nation? It is not. Why not say to them, "Brave men! we respect and honor you. You saved our land from the pollution of hostile touch: you saved our towns from burning, our fields from the destroyer, our families from sorrow, the graves of our fathers from insult. When the enemy pressed towards our Capital, you dragged your cannon for miles to his line of march, and were the nation's bulwark till you stood alone, and your brave commander was wounded and a prisoner. We remember Champlain, and Erie, and more deadly combats, where cannon and winds and waves alone were heard. We recollect how you grappled with a power till then deemed invincible, and broke the charm, and asserted our rights. And now it is because you are wakeful and watching, that the inhabitants of our Southern shores can sleep: that we see around us, and enjoy, the blessings of other lands. Take our gratitude for all this, and take besides the only thing we can offer to you, and the only thing we know you wish,—a comfortable home for your sickness and old age. It shall not be said that when we could no longer use your services, we cast you off, a treatment we execrate in any man, even when employed towards a brute. It shall not be said, that men employed by the nation were left to want in sickness, a conduct that in an individual would bring indelible and merited disgrace. We will provide you a home, one worthy of
you and of ourselves; an establishment on a liberal and generous scale; and when strangers look at it, they will say, 'see how America honors her brave.' You will retreat to it, the friendly harbour to your long voyage; and every American, as he passes by, will feel a thrill of generous emotion, at your comfort, and the gratitude of his country.'

This would be worthy of our nation; but ah! George, I have not told you half. But it shall be told. This fund has now amounted, principal and interest, to 262,000 dollars: it has been taken from its legitimate object and used by the nation: some of it has been restored, and the rest, the nation will not restore.* Shame!

* "The Naval Hospital Fund has an intimate connexion with the interests and feelings of the officers and seamen who are under the control of this Department, and, therefore, deserves notice in this report.

"Humanity, justice, and policy, require that the diseased and wounded seamen, when brought into port, should have a home, and the means of cure provided; and that the disabled and aged seaman, who has worthily served the country until his strength is exhausted, should have an asylum where a comfortable subsistence may be found for his last days.

"This truth has been felt in all civilized and commercial nations. It was early felt in ours, and laws were passed upon the subject; but they have, thus far, not accomplished their object. They direct twenty cents per month to be retained out of the pay of officers, seamen, and marines; and that, from the proceeds, hospitals and an asylum should be erected. As yet not one building has been completed, although the deduction has been regularly made from the pay since the passage of the law in 1799. The reasons for the failure were stated in a report by the Commissioners of the Fund at the last session of Congress. A part of the fund was absorbed by, and expended, during the late war, in the pay of the Navy. This sum has been repaid, under regulations and
shame! And our public journals too have just ceased to ring with encomiums on our nation’s generosity, and with congratulations that no one can now say that republics are ungrateful. Ingratitude is too mild a word.

by order of this Department, in the course of the last three years. There is another sum, however, of fifty thousand dollars, which was declared by-law to be due to the fund on the 20th of February, 1811, and was directed to be paid, out of any moneys in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, which has not yet been paid, except three thousand seven hundred and eighty two dollars and eighty six cents. This sum was, by eighty thousand dollars, less than it ought to have been. The sum which had been paid by the Navy amounted to at least one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, as is readily shewn by calculating the numbers employed in the service.

"It is most respectfully suggested that the whole sum of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars should be restored, with interest upon it, now amounting to two hundred and sixty two thousand six hundred dollars. It is not the money of the Government or nation. Not one cent has been paid to the fund by the nation. It has been taken out of the pay of the officers and men, and belongs to them as justly as any portion of their private estates.

"It is now mentioned, in this report, because their rights and interest are necessarily the object of attention by this Department, and because the money is wanted to erect the buildings for their accommodation.

"Sites have been purchased for four buildings: at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk, which, with a small one at Pensacola, may be made sufficiently extensive to answer all the necessities of the service of any future period.

"Two buildings, an Hospital at Norfolk, and an Asylum at Philadelphia, are progressing very satisfactorily; and, if the funds were put in a proper condition, the whole might be completed in two years, and form, together, an Hospital Establishment at least as creditable to the country and beneficial to the service as that belonging to any other nation."—Documents from the Navy Department accompanying the President’s Message, Dec. 4, 1827.

Vol. II.
It is very, very dishonorable, unjust, unkind. I have now in my eye an old veteran mar: he is gray headed, and his hands already shake with age: I said to him two winters since, "well M——, are you going to reship?"
"O yes, sir," he answered, unhesitatingly, "Uncle Sam is not tired of me yet, and I am not tired of him."
I picture to myself that old man taking another cruise, one in the West Indies, out for weeks on boat duty, scorched in the sun by day, and wet with dew by night, or else perhaps by a watch fire, burying himself to his head in the sand, as the only means of getting repose. He comes home, worn out and perhaps sick. Ah M——, Uncle Sam is tired of you now; and he throws you on the cold pity of the world to beg—and perish. The old man is among a people whose feelings and thoughts and sympathies are far different from his: he feels himself alone, a wanderer, a solitary being among crowds; his feelings become blighted and chilled, and the coldness soon reaches to his heart. Yet M—— has fought more than one hard battle for his country.

I believe you feel indignant at all this, as I do; and your first thoughts will be to Congress; but it is the sin of the nation, not of Congress alone. This is the channel, it is true, through which the evil must be redressed, and it is Congress that has assumed a despot's power, and judges, and acts, or refuses to act on this disgraceful affair. But the public papers, "the people's voice," as they are proudly called, have they given it a notice? And has not this tame acquiescence made the people partakers of the guilt? It has; and till we rouse ourselves, if Congress will not, and cry with one voice against it, it will be a dark blot on the character of our nation.
There is another subject connected with this, for which I have a word; but it is worthy of separate attention, and I reserve it for another letter. I can imagine some excuse for the comparative neglect of the Navy, from the fact that its course is now a silent one; that the ships on service are not seen, and that the importance of this part of our national system cannot be understood as it ought to be at home, because its direct influence is most felt abroad. Our Navy-Yards are not readily accessible; our ships, in port, have a sentry at their gang-way, and few can know any thing of their interior; the men are seen only in drunken broils in the streets; and people know not, for they cannot know, that no family is better organized, or under severer restraints than is theirs on board. The ship is tossed upon the sea, and men every day face danger that would chill the blood of people on shore; but this is unseen, and therefore unfelt. She enters foreign ports, giving security to our commerce, and respect to the nation; but all this is abroad, and the nation, though feeling it sensibly, knows it not. We clothe ourselves with the silks, or refresh ourselves with the fruits of the Mediterranean, and think not that, but for our Navy, the Barbary cruisers would soon shut the gates of that sea against our commerce. We enjoy the luxuries of the West Indies, and give not a thought to the incessant vigilance, and hard duties which render that sea secure to our merchantmen; our merchants send their ships without a fear to the Pacific, and grow wealthy on its spoils, because our Navy also is there. Our vessels go and come, and the country feels itself growing
strong, and intelligent, and respected, from this for-
eign intercourse; but the power that gives security
and confidence to this intercourse is little known, be-
cause from necessity seldom seen. Even its victories
are not rightly appreciated, from this circumstance.
Few persons know that of five wars in which our
country has been engaged, three, the French, Tripoli-
tan, and Algerine, have been conducted and brought
to a successful issue by the Navy alone. But why talk
of war? The Navy is never at peace. Its ships have
the parade of an expected engagement every even-
ing, perhaps twice a day: they must constantly be in a
state for battle, and they know not at what moment it
may come. We call them "Men-of-War," and a
name was never more truly applied. Every rule,
every article on board points to this object. No sta-
tion is more peaceable than that of the Mediterranea
and yet you have seen us more than once girding our-
selves to the fight. You have not seen all: the small-
er vessels engaged in conveying have shared in hot-
ter work than any I have described. We left one of
them in the Archipelago, running into every nook; its
men by night and day in search of pirates, among the
defiles and precipices of mountains; and I have seen
the efficient commander of that vessel complimented
highly in the Italian papers; but probably his ener-
getic measures will hardly be known at home, be-
cause it is far distant, and officers themselves are not
the persons to tell of their exploits. The navy knows
no peace: it is always at war, and half your comforts
are enjoyed because it is so.

You ask the meaning of all this, and I answer, that
it is to elevate the Navy, and give it its proper impor-
tance as a part of our national system. There are persons who have *cui bono* ever on their tongues; it is often heard in our nation than in any other; and if *cui bono* meant general utility, and not contracted *self-interest*, this would be right. To men who think only of interest, I would use language like the above.

To those who with nobler feelings take a pleasure in seeing their country esteemed, respected, and honored by other nations, I would address some other remarks. Except the war that gave us a name as a people, nothing has done so much for our character abroad, as our Navy. I need not speak of the events of the late war, in reference to this: they are pretty well understood at home, and I have already noticed some facts which bear that way. I speak of our ships as they appear every year in foreign seas, and the impression they make, as regards our national character. What this is you may easily see in European papers. These are sometimes copied at home, sometimes they do not go so far: but you will see by what reaches you, that our squadrons draw universal attention, and are everywhere admired. The ships are good models, and in fine order; their discipline is efficient; the men are clean and active; the evolutions well performed: the officers gentlemanly, and their intercourse marked with honorable principles. The vessels are everywhere considered the representatives of the nation, and the effect is uniformly to elevate its character in the eyes of all who see them. Every American traveller abroad feels this. "Your ships are the best in these seas," is constantly repeated to him, and the language is followed by honor and respect to himself. Suppose our merchant-
men, by some magic, could be safe in foreign seas, and our men of war to be all withdrawn. The nation would scarcely be known: among a people, few of whom can read, who judge only by the eye, there might be a faint glimmering knowledge of such a country, but who or what the nation might be, they would find it impossible to say. And what then? you ask:—why then respect would sink into indifference, and indifference would pass into an invasion of our rights. Our men of war give form and substance to the nation, in their eyes; and America, which was before a floating vision, becomes a reality, with fair proportions and dignified mien. They inquire and hear of it as a nation of free laws and generous principles, a refuge for the oppressed, the land of liberty; and amid the storms of angry war, or the treacherous quicksands of court intrigue, America becomes a beacon to the world.

I look at our Navy, however, rather with cheerful anticipations of what it is going to be, than with quiet complacency at what it is now. Its importance has not been felt at home, as it ought to have been: other parts of our system have been patronized, studied, improved and eulogised; the Navy has been neglected, and the eminence it enjoys, it has wrought out for itself. What it could do, it has done; and now, what is it to receive from the nation? Empty applause? newspaper puffing? a sword or two? a medallion? Or is it to become, as it deserves to be, the favorite of the nation, in deed as well as in name? Are the just claims of its seamen to be regarded? Are its officers to receive their due? Is it going to be our pride at home, as it is our honor abroad? Are the
repeated representations of its head going to be regarded by Congress? Are its wants going to be studied? Is the nation going to act towards it a noble and generous part?

You must not accuse me of presumption, when I say that the whole naval system needs to be remodeled. I only repeat the language of the Secretary in his reports, and of the officers around me. How has the Navy changed since 1800; yet the laws now in force were formed in that year, and the Secretary has in vain called on Congress to revise them. Rules and forms, proper enough for the service in its infancy, yet pernicious in its present state, must still be observed. Shall this continue? Or shall we not rather do justice to the Navy and ourselves, by giving its necessities an attentive consideration, by placing it on a broad and sure basis, and by forming it according to our present character and extending prospects? I want to see all our institutions on a generous scale. Aim at great things, and you will perform great things, is a maxim, true of nations as well as of individuals. We have resources that astonish us more and more every year by their vastness; and we do not yet know the half of them. Our population is rolling like a mighty flood West and South; our ships are found in every harbour of the East; we have populous towns where the bear and the panther prowled but a few years since; every ship that arrived from home brought us intelligence of some discovery, some improvement, some new channel of enterprise, some great effort accomplished. What will the country be fifty years hence? is proudly asked by our papers, and is echoed back by nations abroad. Then why
not form our institutions to such prospects? Why should we build with clay, when, with the rocks which nature has given us, we might be erecting an edifice to astonish the world by its vastness and grandeur. Believe me, George, we hardly deserve to be great. We are successful: we shall ever be so, I believe, for Providence has blessed us largely. We go on with increasing momentum, for it is a law of nature that we should do so; but we shall never be great till we try to be so, nor shall we deserve it. But I believe the time is not far distant, when these efforts will be made.

I return to the Navy. We need a higher grade of officers than we have now. I care not what you may call them, whether Admirals, or by some new coined name; it matters not, but any thing is preferable to the present system. We have now what we call a Commodore, but the title is without any legal right. The oldest captain on a station has certain perquisites and certain rights: he carries the broad pendant, and we call him Commodore; but why is he called Commodore? Why is it not Captain still? The answer is a plain one. Congress declares all Captains to be of equal rank. Now necessity is stronger than the resolves of Congress, and creates what Congress declares shall not be created, and we have in reality an Admiral, with the rights and authority of an Admiral, and the name of Commodore. The only difference is, that at present the office has a loose, vague, changing character, utterly inconsistent with the service, which ought to be well defined, and easily understood in all its parts. Let us examine the thing in operation. The supreme command was on board
the North Carolina, when I went to the Mediterranean, because the oldest officer on that station sailed in that ship. He was called Commodore Rodgers. When she was about starting for America, she sent orders by the Ontario, to us, to hoist the broad pendant: at least so it was understood in our ship: It caused some speculation among us, and I frequently heard the question asked among the officers,—has a Commodore any right to leave orders of that kind? He cannot order this to be done while he is here, and his supreme authority ceases as soon as he leaves the station. We raised the broad pendant, as was proper, and came up to Smyrna, where salutes, and visits of ceremony and etiquette were made to the new flagship; and then in a month or so the Java comes, and it is hauled down again. Who was Commodore on that station before the arrival of the Java at Smyrna? Now there should be no room for doubt in our Navy regulations: every thing should be clear and explicit, and well defined, that an officer may know at once his duty, and abide by it. But such doubts will always be occurring, while the system remains as it is now: and they will lead to serious difficulties; for our Navy is going to be larger. Should a war break out, it would soon be doubled in size, and the mass would reel and totter under its own weight. And the tumult and cares of war are not the time for dispassionate reasoning about changes and rules for the Navy: they are needed now, and now is the time for them.

Our chief officers abroad are constantly coming in contact with those of other nations, and with the rule of grade so little understood by ourselves, it is no wonder that others do not understand it. Naval titles
and rank among all other nations are nearly similar: their rules of etiquette are formed to these and are well understood. It would be presumption in us to expect that these would be changed, or a new set framed for ourselves; yet we are strict in enforcing the observance of etiquette, and are right in doing so. But with our present system, can we ourselves give the rules by which it shall be governed? Shall their Admiral rank with him, who is a Commodore to-day, and a Captain to-morrow? This we require, and the wonder is, that the whole has not led our Navy into most serious difficulty. And the English Commodore, where shall he rank? How shall he be received? What shall be his salute? How is he to receive a Post Captain of our Navy? As his equal? And how are we to resent it, if he does not? The whole subject indeed is so involved in obscurity, so loose and uncertain, as to threaten the most serious consequences. We know not even our own rights, and if called upon, could not define them: how then shall we require others to respect them?

Why is this reluctance to remedy the evil? The Secretary’s last report now by me, lays it before Congress, and calls for its correction: it has been frequently exposed: the invidious distinction between the army and navy has been laid open; national interest, as well as duty to a set of brave and worthy men, require it, and yet we cling with pertinacity to the old state of things; or what is worse, perhaps have little time and disposition to give it a notice. We are in fault: I hope it will soon be remedied.

I said that I hoped our Navy would be placed on a broad and liberal foundation. It will probably never be a very large one: there will be the greater room
for attention to what we shall have. Our ships have the character of fast sailers, of strong timbered and efficient vessels; and all this is well. They deserve the character, and I hope will retain it; but when we come to examine closely, and study character through its effects, we see, even here, the parsimony that is too apt to mark our nation's public acts. You may call it economy, if you chose, and I will not find fault. It is with facts, not with names that I wish to deal. I tell you then, that I know not a barometer in the squadron fit for its place. You know the value of this instrument to a ship. The English ships almost all have them: we have one in our frigate—but it is good for nothing; and the rest of our nautical instruments are not much better. We have a good chronometer, constantly changing its rate, it is true, but with constant observations to set it right, doing very well. We value it highly, and I believe it is the best in the service: yet the daily loss of this, since I joined the ship, has changed from seven to ten seconds, and we sometimes scarcely know what it is. A circle of reflection, I believe, is never seen in our ships, at least I have never heard of any. We have a tolerably good Azimuth compass.

I have one word more and I am done. I want to see a Naturalist in our larger ships. How some people would curl the lip at such a remark: and I should curl mine back and say, it is nothing to our credit that we have them not. Such men might do a vast deal for science at little expense; and the nation has duties to that subject as well as to others. No nation has more paramount duties towards it. Look around and tell me, how much we owe to science brought from Europe; how much of our renown and comfort is de-
rived from it, and how much we have yet to learn on this subject. It might be promoted, in this manner, at a trifling national expense. It is not fitting out ships of discovery at great cost and uncertain prospect: it is simply placing an individual in each ship of large size, with proper salary and funds, to enable him to make observations abroad and enrich the collections of our colleges, or a national collection if we choose to have one, at his return. Whatever the nation may say to our not being prepared for such a project as the former; no one will say that we are not prepared for the latter. The English, even the Russians, every nation I believe has these men, but ourselves;—but ourselves, a nation priding itself on its intelligence, and telling all others that we look to this intelligence as the best safeguard of our liberties. Our boast is just. Among no other people is knowledge so widely diffused. I am glad it is so: for knowledge is the safeguard of liberty, but we owe ourselves little thanks for it. Our forefathers brought a relish for learning, with them from England, their posterity as a natural consequence are enlightened: the nation is young and therefore vigorous: it has vast resources, and is therefore wealthy. Circumstances then have made us prosperous: WE have YET to make ourselves great.

Excuse this long letter of censure: I have one more on the subject, and then shall be done with it.

Adieu.
DEAR GEORGE,

SEVERAL of our midshipmen expect to be examined on their arrival at home, and are consequently hard at work over Bowditch’s Navigator. I gave you a peep at our school, in a former letter: the character of my pupils has since that passed occasionally in review, and you will conclude that “larking,” (gay amusement,) as the word is here, soon got the better of Bowditch and study. It was so, but the young men were not to blame; nor was any one, I believe: it arose from our circumstances, as I shall state. The school was placed by Captain Patterson under excellent regulations: a room, on one side of the half deck, was screened off for us: I had the morning, and the Spanish teacher the afternoon: those who were on my list attended from necessity; many of the rest from choice; and in a short time, study was “all the go,” through the steerage, extending itself also into the wardroom. The cobwebs were soon brushed from their brains, and a more diligent and I may add successful set of pupils will nowhere be found, than in a few weeks were those of our ship. Thus it continued through the summer, much to my gratification, and to the admiration of all who came on board. I placed before them the following course of study; “the day’s work,” (Bowditch); Bowditch, in course; Algebra, (Day or Riddle); Geometry, (Riddle or parts of Playfair’s Euclid); Plane trigonometry; Analytical trigonometry,
(the "elementary principles" of Riddle); Spherical
trigonometry, (Riddle); investigation of the rules and
principles of Lunar and other observations, (Riddle).
It is a pretty thorough course: they took it up with
ardor, and some have completed it: most had advanced
considerably before winter: but winter was fatal to
our school. Our exposed room became uncomforta-
ble: I tried to get another, but could not succeed, and
the school was removed to the steerage, where I could
exercise no authority, as it was in a private room, and
where, amid the noises and confusion of such a place,
the spirit of study by degrees evaporated. The next
spring we had our room again, and commenced afresh;
but it was with retracing old ground, a course always
irksome to pupils in mathematics, and I never could
bring our school to its former state: some attempts
were made by both parties, but they ended finally in
an entire relinquishment of study, except in a few of
the most diligent or in those most alarmed about exa-
mination.

Examination is close upon the older ones, and they
are now diligent again. I will give you another
glance at study on board a man of war. A number of
us were seated a few days since, in a retired part of
the birth deck, taking Bowditch in review, when a
midshipman came down, "B—g, are you master's
mate of the watch?" "Yes." "The officer of the
deck has sent for you: the Captain says he will break
every midshipman he catches below when it's his
watch, and he has just been hazing the lieuten-
ants too." So B—g went on deck; but soon sent
down a request that we would adjourn to the fore-
castle, which we did; and there grouping our camp
stools around the black board, with the men washing
swabs or turning hammock clues just by, and the dogs
sporting about our feet, we practised on the proper-
ties of traverse sailing or something that way. B—g
had first set a midshipman to keep "a bright look-out"
for the Captain.

I mention these things to shew the materiel there is
in the Navy, and mean now to add some remarks on
the duty of improving it.

Until about ten years since, there were no examin-
ations, and nothing was required for promotion to a lieu-
tenancy, except the want of such an officer, and the be-
lief that the candidate was a fit subject for it. At that
time an order was issued from the Department that no
one should be promoted till he had passed a satisfacto-
ry examination before a board of officers appointed for
that purpose. There was no specified time for these
examinations; but they usually came at the end of
seven years service as midshipman, and were soon fol-
lowed by promotion. I am informed that they have
done wonders for the Navy. A few months since an-
other order, a very judicious one, reached us from the
Department. The examination will now take place
at the end of five years from the date of the appoint-
ment, three of which must have been spent at sea, in
active duties: they are then to be styled "passed mid-
shipmen," and with their pay increased six dollars
and a ration, (or $13 50,) they are candidates for
promotion, which will usually take place at the expi-
ration of two years. He who fails in two examinations,
will be struck from the Navy list.

All this is very good, but more is needed, and it
will be felt before many years, if it is not seen. I dis-
card the question of expediency, usually the topic, when the Naval School is brought up, and I say it is a duty we owe the country, and a duty becoming every day more imperative. Look at our land, and mark its interests rising as those of no land ever rose before, and look at those interests, spreading, interweaving themselves with the politics of every nation on the globe, and every day becoming more complicated and important: then look at our young officers, and think, that when they grow up, and become the heads of our Navy, those interests will be committed to their care, requiring in each Captain, not only a well skilled commander but a wise and able statesman, and then tell me is it not pitiful to confine their studies to Bodditch’s Navigator. I say confine their studies; for when you throw them upon the world, without opportunities of studying more, and require only this, you do in effect confine them to it: and not half of them have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with this. Let us examine this book, the one put as a text-book into their hands, and used in their examination, and therefore placed before them as the great perfection of a navigator's knowledge. It is an excellent practical work, and does not pretend to more than this; but it is intended chiefly for Captains of merchantmen, and he who uses it, wanders blindfolded through its labyrinths; for there is little attempt at explanation, except what is absolutely necessary. A little Geometry at the beginning, and an exhibition of the principles of the sailings, so blind that no officer, I have yet met with, could understand from it the two last and most important,—this is the book, the height of our officers' attainments, who, when they have finished it
cannot even tell why they count half degrees for whole ones from their sextants at the meridian observation. It may be answered that this matters little, so long as they count the degrees aright. Sentiments like this have been avowed even on the floor of Congress, and it has been hinted too, that it matters little how ignorant they are, as long as they fight our battles well. Tell it not in Gath! or rather tell it to the world, and let it be said too, that we blushed then and did justice to this ornament of our nation and to ourselves. Let the voice of the Navy itself be heard. I know not what the older officers think on the subject, but I do know that among the rest the cry is universal for a Naval School, and that they feel keenly the preference shown our army in the cherished and favorite institution of West Point. I have seen them, three successive winters, turn eagerly to the subject in the Secretary's reports and among the debates of Congress; and I have watched the merited burst of indignation at the petty schemes agitated in that body, and the illiberal remarks by which they were upheld. But let not Congress take alarm, and fear a mutiny in the Navy: a Navy never yet proved treacherous to its country. Our best officers may be court-martialed for breaking the laws of nations, though they are allowed no means of studying national laws; and they may be compelled to go into foreign employ to escape from censures at home: Congress may talk about hiring our younger ones out to merchantmen and saving a few dollars by it: they may talk about retrenchment and economy, till speeches and days accumulate and the golden streams of the treasury flow largely on themselves; they may say all things illiberal, and I can assure them
that the Navy will not complain. *But I hope the Nation will*: and it ought to. For, as I have already said, our interests abroad are daily becoming more important, and these interests must be committed to our Naval commanders. The duties of such an officer are indeed remarkably trying. In every port which he enters, he is as much the representative of our nation as is the Minister at its court, and all the high qualities of such a man, and often more than these are requisite in him. He is often called on to make treaties; to decide controversies involving probably the interests of a large portion of our merchants; he must penetrate artful schemes; must unravel and oppose the intrigues of cabinets; must in great and small matters support the honor of his country, and must often in these things act suddenly, yet with decision. A Minister has the advantage of residing among the people with whom he has to do, and can watch and study the progress of events. But a Naval Captain cannot. He enters a harbour, and a doubtful case is presented to him on which he has perhaps immediately to decide, and he must then adhere to his decision. If the nation supports him, it may perhaps be led into serious difficulty; if it does not, he must be censured, and probably a valuable and meritorious officer will be lost. How much is committed to the discretion of such a man. Which of these things is to be done by the army? I ask you which? Or what is to be done that will compare in importance with them? And yet we build for the army a liberal institution, and its praises are abroad in the land. Do not mistake me. I wish not to decry the establishment at West Point. It is a noble and useful one: it is honorable to the nation, and justly a favor-
ite; but I mean to build on it some arguments for giving the Navy a similar one. Our army does not appear abroad: its officers are unknown there: foreign nations scarcely know that we have an army: but our Naval officers are everywhere, and every where affect most seriously the interests of our country. It is true that they have done much for these interests; but let it not be hinted that it was owing to the want of culture in those who did it. The slander has been said, and shame to them by whom it was uttered. But if it were true, the past is no rule for the future: our nation is changing its features every day, and what was admissible in the infancy of our Navy, may be ruinous in its manhood. This has already in some degree manifested itself. "Quantum periculum sit * * suspicari de præterito quam re ipsa experiri est melius,"* is a maxim useful as well for governments as individuals.

I will add a few more particular considerations. I have hinted at the early age in which officers are sent aboard ship, and have often regretted it. Yet it is an evil not to be avoided in the present system. The term of Midshipman lasts seven years; that of Lieutenant about fifteen; that of Master Commandant five, six, or seven, according to the necessity for higher officers. The last two of these terms will perhaps increase according to the increase of officers in our peace establishment; but at least twenty six years will have to pass from the date of their warrant before they can become Post-Captains, at present our highest rank. This

* (It is better to suspect the magnitude of the danger from the past, than to bring it to the test of present experience.)
is a long time, and accordingly they enter as young as possible. The consequence is, that if the lad is smart and agreeable, he becomes a favorite on board, is petted and spoiled. I omit to notice the vices that never fail to come under his observation. It is cruelty and worse, to throw striplings among such scenes; to feed their pride with power over others, while to them discipline is relaxed; to give them up to the shining temptations of the gambling table; to make them familiar with crime, before they suspect it is near them. It is making the nation a pander to vice, and the nation’s rulers will have to answer for it. We boast of our schools, and our extensive distribution of knowledge; and those states are most applauded, which lay the surest foundation for a wise population; and all this is just. But why neglect most those who are the nation’s charge, its adopted children, given up to it by their parents;—nay, worse than neglect them; give them a premium for ignorance, and bring them up so; and then look to them for honour. We have been too long in error. Let the nation extend a fostering care to those so early in life entrusted to it; let it inform their minds, and place a corslet over their hearts; teach them to consider their destined business as a science, as well as a trade; learn them to find resources in books; to think and reason; to feel at ease in society, and enjoy it, and the tavern and billiard room will cease to be their resort.

But I would not have the institution I speak of only a school for lads: it would not meet half the necessities of the case. It should be on a liberal scale, like the one at West Point, and a spot around which our officers of all ranks, while at home, would gather for
information and improvement. It is usual to give them leave of absence for several months, after a cruise like ours: sometimes this is extended to the period of a year or more: their first visit will of course be to their friends, and then, I have no hesitation in saying, half of them would turn to their Naval College, as the most agreeable way of spending time.*

The benefit of all this would soon return upon the nation: our officers would not have to resort to the tedious, unsatisfactory, and often treacherous medium of interpreters, in their official transactions abroad. General science would be greatly promoted, and what to them would be of greater benefit, science in Naval matters would make a rapid advance. We are constructing docks; our dangerous coasts are not half surveyed; and the ten thousand complicated parts of ships, ship stores, and appurtenances are open to improvement. No one will say that in these, or any one of them, there is no room for improvement. The very fact that improvements in the Navy have not kept pace with those on shore, would lead one to suspect that there is much room for improvement, and I do not hesitate to say that there is.

I should say nothing about the expenses of such an institution, if economy were not such a favorite topic in our halls of legislation. Economy! As if a nation's happiness and prosperity consisted in having her cof-

* There have been four Naval officers attending the lectures, as much as circumstances would allow, in Yale College this winter; and I know of more who would have done it, if they could have found time. Of the the Midshipmen in the Constitution, while I was on board, one had been a resident, while holding a warrant, at West Point, and three at Partridge's school. 1829.
fers filled, and not in the well being, and intelligence, and enterprize of her citizens. Who would barter mental wealth for gold? Or who would refuse it for his sons, for the sake of gold? Yes, there are some; but they are the selfish, the illiberal, the churlish; and they generally end with being the contemptible.

I will only add, that till Congress provides a college for the Navy on a liberal and generous scale, it will be doing it a crying injustice.

Adieu.

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LETTER LXVI.

TO MIDSHIPMAN F. L. B.

Frigate Constitution, 
at Sea, June 21, 1828.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

You write me that your warrant has come, and that you are expecting orders soon: and you ask for a word of advice suited to your new situation, with some remarks on the character of its duties.

I thank you for the compliment implied in your request, and shall endeavor to shew myself the friend you think me to be. To begin then. Some days of preparation will be allowed between the receipt of your orders, and your joining the ship. If ordered to the Pacific or Brazil station, lay in largely of clothes suited to that climate: if to the Mediterranean, you will be able to supply yourself cheaper abroad: if to
the West Indies, your cruise will not be so long, and you may recruit at home. In every case, have a good supply of linen. Next to this, white pantaloons and white vests for summer, must constitute the most important items in your wardrobe. Provide a good and rich suit of uniform, for you will need one on public occasions; but let the rest of your clothes be marked rather by neatness and strength than costliness: a thick overcoat, made so as to leave your limbs free, will be of essential service in your night-watches. Pack these in an old trunk, for no such articles are allowed to remain on board, and you will probably have to toss it to the waves when you get there. You will be provided in the ship, if it is a small one, with a chest, and if a large one, with a locker corresponding to a cupboard, only with wider shelves. The navy regulations direct you to bring a Bowditch and a Quadrant: have a Sextant in preference, if you can get one conveniently, and in addition to Bowditch take Riddle's Navigator. I go on the supposition that you wish to be more than a smatterer in an important part of your profession, and that you will not suffer yourself, in any thing, to be led blindly on, groping and feeling your way at every step. This you will do if you study Bowditch only, an excellent book in its kind, but not fitted for the study of a Naval officer. The one I recommend takes nothing for granted; it leaves nothing unexplained; its examples (typographical errors excepted,) are just what they should be, and though parts of it may seem difficult at first, there is nothing that resolution and diligence will not conquer. If it is deficient in any part, it is in its Algebra: this is too concise, and I would advise you to make up
the lack, by studying President Day's system; one admirably adapted to a ship, though not so intended. Do not fear that I am marking out too extensive a course: you will have much leisure time, and it will be like the night-mare on you, if you do not give it employment. Next to reliance on the Almighty, too, employment is the best safeguard from vice. You will soon master these books: then practice on them every day; at sea, by taking and working out observations; in port, by surveying or examining it, and making yourself familiar with its shores, reefs, shoals, and best anchorage. As to the rest, the principal part of your profession, I am little qualified to give advice, and shall not attempt it. Gower is said to be a good book on the subject; but the best one, and one you will have every day to study, is the ship itself. Do not fear to ask questions when you get on board: you will find all, officers and men ready to communicate information; and nothing can better recommend you to the favor of the latter than such a curiosity. I will not recommend many books, but would advise you, by all means, to take some judicious book of travels in the countries adjoining your cruising ground: and if you can add to them a few volumes of history, connected with the same nations, so much the better. Still more would I recommend a book on Natural History, and one or two on Conchology: the last will contribute materially to your pleasures, and greatly to your improvement; and I should be very sorry to see you go without them. Keep them by you, and when you meet with any new animal, bring your book to bear upon it, and do not leave it, till you are acquainted with it as thoroughly as possible. It will give to
nature an interest that will amply repay your trouble, and to your hours a rapidity of motion, the indolent cannot even imagine. If so disposed you may treat minerals in the same way; and although this science, with that of Geology, requires much study to be well understood, still from the course I have recommended you may accumulate a vast deal of useful information on the subject. If you think I recommend too much, remember that the whole world, with its numberless beauties, is before you, and that you will have access to places that no others can visit; and let me tell you too, that in this long absence from home, books will form a very material part of your comfort. If you choose, you can bring one or two of your ship-mates to join with you in parts or all of these purchases. Keep your eyes and ears always open. There is no kind of information, however trivial, that is to be despised; and if I could know, without trouble, how the highest stone on Chimborazo lies, and what is its shape, I should say let me know it: and possibly I might turn the knowledge to account, some time or other in my life. Now there is a vast deal of information greatly more useful than this, which may be obtained without trouble: it only requires that a person use his eyes and his ears. And if you can keep a journal, in which to note your impressions and observations, you will find yourself much the gainer; even if you should toss it to the sea at the end of each month. It will give your views of men and things a distinctness which they can acquire in no other way: most of our impressions are lost, because they have the vague misty character of a dream, and half the world go through life dreaming in this manner. Be thou
wide awake. I would not advise you always to write out your observations in full: do it when you have time, and feel disposed to write; but generally you will find it best simply to put down a word or two, something that will recall the idea: a journal kept in this way will never be found laborious, and will be enjoyed greatly by yourself and friends, after your return.

To you I need hardly say, take a Bible also, and read it often. It is only when we view things in this world as having a bearing on another of infinite duration, that they assume their true importance. Apart from this, knowledge and rank and bright hopes and thrilling enjoyments, and life itself are what poets have sung them, and what many, many thousands have felt them to be, a shadow, a dream, a sound, emptiness and vanity. Forget not then, while accumulating knowledge here, that it is valuable only, as a preparative for a better existence. I do not wish to write you a sermon, but I do wish to place before you, your best security amid the temptations of your profession; and your path will be filled with them. The first vice you will find growing upon you, will be an inclination to profaneness. How many have fallen here, and young men too, who regarded oaths with just abhorrence before entering the Navy. The evil will be all around you; will grow familiar; will lose its odiousness; will fasten imperceptibly on yourself unless you are guarded; will break out in a moment of passion, and you are gone. And then the young man often becomes the most profane on board. To my expostulations, on the subject, the answer has usually been, that among the rude and hard characters they have to govern, oaths
are necessary; that authority cannot be supported without them. This is sophistry. They may give a bold, blustering appearance to the speaker; but no officer allows himself to be cursed: he would resent it as a high insult. Have the men no self-respect? They have, and he who curses them has it repaid back with secret, yet bitter and resentful feelings, that balance all the artificial consequence he may thus acquire. No my young friend; blend proper dignity, firmness, decision and energy in your character, and in your intercourse with the men, you will never stand in need of an oath: and let me assure you they will all like you the better for it.

Avoid the gambling table. It may be difficult to make yourself an exception among your companions; but tell them it is not your taste, and they will soon see and feel, in so many instances, the excellence of your choice, that they will give you credit for it. The difficulty lies chiefly in the first stand: make it immediately, for if you do not, at your entry among them, and while your feelings yet rise up against such practices, I fear you never will. And the gambler! Yes, the gambler! Who would not deprecate the title? It is that of a man trusting his comfort and peace to the merest accident; a reasonable being giving himself up to a chance which seldom fails to deceive him: sitting till long after midnight, with strained eye and swollen features shewing the hurricane of feeling within: if successful, sweeping triumphantly from others their hard earnings, to produce in them writhings of spirit and deep and bitter execrations on themselves; or if a loser, suffering all those horrible sensations himself. This is the gambler, in the best fea-
tures he can assume. I say nothing of those who, with honeyed words in their mouth, draw their toils around the unwary, and then riot in the agonies of their prey; who gaze with cold composure, or triumph on blighted hopes, and ruined fame, and mad desperation; who pass the friendly cup that they may intoxicates and then plunder with greater ease; highwaymen without the courage of the robber; wretches cloaking their maliciousness under the name of gentlemen;—I say nothing of these, because they are never found in a ship; and yet he who goes to a public gambling table, becomes, for the time being, an intimate companion of such men, and perhaps ends with putting himself in their power. There is no vice so purely and supremely selfish, so destructive to noble and generous sentiments, and so corrupting in its influence on every feeling, as that of gambling. Then, who would be a gambler? You will not, my friend: sooner would I see you laid in the grave, and bid adieu to my hopes of your honorable career, for ever.

There are other temptations that will present themselves; but they are such, I believe, as you will not listen to, and I pass them by for another topic. A few days' experience will make you acquainted with your duties, which are simple and easily learned. You will have to be on deck probably eight hours, in every twenty four. Besides this, you will be required to keep a copy of the ship's log book, and present it the first and fifteenth of each month. That has been the practice in this ship, and I believe with some variations, is a general one. At sea also you will have, at each noon, to take to the Captain what is called the "day's work," that is, a reckoning of the course
and distance, for the last day, with the present latitude and longitude of the ship, and occasionally the bearing and distance of the desired port.

Promotion in our Navy is governed by a different rule from what it is in any other. In the English service, I have seen a veteran midshipman, and a stripling Captain: with us all advance regularly and equally; but let it not be thought, that because one cannot rise above the heads of his compeers, there is no room for virtuous ambition. They misjudge who reason thus. Is not a fair report among our fellows better than elevation above them, with burning hearts and scowling looks below? Is not the honor that shines in men's eyes and beams in their looks, the very best honor? Most assuredly it is; and such honor have the deserving in our Navy. I would myself prefer it to all the garters, and ribbands, and other gew-gaws, that men ever invented: the one indeed only is honor; the other is its mimic, distorting itself into the affectation of majesty it knows it has not. I repeat it, give me the honor of men's souls, and not of ribbands. And now let me tell you that men in the Navy are close observers of their fellows, and judge keenly. They are so, almost of necessity; for, abroad, their society is generally limited to their squadron, or their own ship: they generally come into so close a contact, that what is worthy or unworthy does not fail to be seen; and I have often been struck with the thorough truth of their estimate of men's characters. Be deserving then and you will be honored. Your character too will be well understood, where it highly imports to have it well understood, at the Department. A report from each ship is made to the Secretary of the Navy, in
January and July of each year, in which are embraced the character of every officer, and whatever else may affect him. I have myself had to contribute a part towards those in our ship, and believe every officer is well understood at the Department. We shall also have places of trust and confidence, where honor will be shewn to whom honor is due. Indeed I am fully satisfied that our system is the best, in that respect, that could be; and to it commit you without a fear.

You go then, with happy prospects, and I bid you "God Speed," in your career. And what is better than happy prospects, you have good friends at home who will pray for you. I have had such myself, and when they wrote me that little G—, after finishing his prayer at night, would not rise till they had repeated one for him "for his uncle George at sea;" and when I thought that there were others who remembered me before "Our Father who is in Heaven," I felt almost as if I carried a charmed life, and that God, in his kindness, would not desert me, even though I should desert myself. Take such hopes with you, and be strong in them: pray thou also to God: read his word: trust in the Saviour, and there shall no evil come nigh thee. And now take from me a warm

Farewell.
LETTER LXVII.

TO G. W. R.

Frigate Constitution, 
at Sea, July 1, 1828. }

DEAR GEORGE,

Our voyage is almost at an end. We have had a variety of weather, since I noticed it last, and have occasionally had sails in sight, one of which, the London, of New York, we spoke. The weather was pleasant, and our ports were open much of the time, till a week since, when we reached the banks of Newfoundland and our fair sky was succeeded by a cold and apparently interminable fog. We have put on our winter clothes, and are uncomfortable in them; the moisture is dropping like rain from our spars and rigging; and what is worse, we can get no observations. Our dead reckoning is useless, from the currents which sweep back and forward; and though we know that fishing vessels are around us, we cannot see them. It requires constant vigilance indeed to keep from running them down: our buglers have been kept blowing on the forecastle for several nights, and a vessel answered us a short time since, but we could not see her: nor could we hail her as our ship was under good sail, and her position was quickly lost. To-day we were more successful: we discovered a fishing boat; boarded it, and got the bearings of Boston our destined port. The old man, when told that this was the Constitution, exclaimed, "ah, is that the old creature herself." The ship is a favorite with the Bosto-
nians: she was built in that city, and made her entry there twice, after successful cruises in the late war. We are not more than one hundred miles from shore, and my interest in the old ship is beginning to have almost a melancholy cast; for I feel like one about to part with a tried and faithful friend. The half deck, where I have had my solitary promenade in the evening, and the stanchion at the foot of the companion way, where I have set and mused at night till all in the ship was death-like stillness, except the pace of the sentry or the tread of the officer on deck, have left impressions that will never pass from my memory.

To the officers I owe many thanks. Stranger as I was to to their manners, and to naval customs, when I came among them, and much as my feelings have led me among things they often put little value on, I have seldom in my life met with kinder, and never with more gentlemanly treatment. The sailors too, have stared at my antics* sometimes; but have always lent me a hand when they could; and I have privately thrown away many specimens which they had brought me in their good will.

I admire very much the better part of an officer's character; and I know not why it is, but such is the fact, that there is no person, except a religious man, (whose principles I know at once from his profession,) to whom, when a stranger, I can throw myself open at once with greater confidence and freedom.

To Captain Patterson and Mr. Vallette, and particularly to the former, I am under many obligations. The views I have given of a ship and its operations,

* Their word for Antiques.
will be a better compliment than any I can pass on their efficiency and worth: I will only add that every officer whom I have heard speak on the subject, (and I have heard most of them do it,) wishes to sail with them again: and I believe this is the case with the men. One of the latter came to me a day or two since, to request me to write a note, he said, some of them wished to sign and have published on our arrival in Boston. He wanted it to express their high opinion of these officers, and their pleasure at having been under their command. If you have received any satisfaction from my letters, so much has been owing to their indulgence and kindness, that I am sure you will join me in offering them a warm expression of thanks.

Wednesday 2.—The fog still hung on our course, but we had got confidence from the old fisherman, and gave our sails freely to a strong favorable breeze. This morning we caught a glimpse of the sun and Eastern horizon, for a few moments, and our Chronometer dispelled all remaining doubts. We knew at noon that we could not be far from land; but the fog was still thick and heavy, and our vision could extend only a hundred yards from our ship. Still all were on the look out, and men were high as they could be perched, to give ready intimation of shore. At half past one the fog began to break and roll back, ships were seen, at first like thin phantoms, but rapidly assuming substance and shape; and then amid the reiterated cries of "sail ahoy," "where away?" a long dark line stretched itself over the vapor. It widened, and as the fog shrunk away, connected itself with the horizon—and was OUR COUNTRY. It was like raising the curtain from a stage scene, and was just as
I had often expressed a wish to get our first sight of land. We found ourselves close by Cape Ann, and could see the waves breaking on its shores. Two things struck us: the land all appeared low, and the country an entire forest; but all was green, and there was an appearance of lavishness in nature's bounties that we had not seen for years. We are now anchored just outside of Boston light-house, enjoying the verdure of the islands and fields about us greatly.

_July 4._—We reached the city this afternoon amid huzzas from long wharf, and salutes from the Navy Yard, and most of us have been ashore. It has been one of the happiest days of my life. Before leaving our last anchorage, for the city, several steam-boats full of company came down, and welcomed us with cheers. Among them was one with a corps of volunteers, and a band of music. They passed round, and after cheering, their band played "Home, sweet Home," to which, as we returned the cheers, every heart responded

"Home, sweet Home,
There's no place like Home."

Adieu,—and again Adieu.
APPENDIX.*

I subjoin the following extracts from various parts of the same valuable work.

"M. Virey communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the 14th of May, [1816,] a statement of the diseases which afflicted the army of Spain in 1812, by Dr. Eslienne, by which it appears that chloruret of lime, spread among the beds of those affected with Typhus, produced in the most infected hospitals, very advantageous effects."—Vol. X, p. 286.

"About a year after the discovery of chlorine by Scheele, the distinguished Swedish chemist, Guyton De Morveau was very successful at Dijon, in endeavoring by means of muriatic acid fumigations, to purify a church, rendered very infectious by cadaverous exhalations, and also a prison in which typhus had made some progress. Some years after, the same means were employed to enable the laborers to remove, without danger, the putrid masses which had been for many generations, collecting in the burial place of the Innocents; in 1792, Fourcroy made use of it, to disinfect the dissecting rooms and hospital wards of Paris. Guyton De Morveau, after some further experiments, contrived a small disinfecting apparatus, which had considerable success; and about 1809, M. Massuyer was the first who employed liquid chloride of lime, in purifying the military hospital of Strasburg.

"Nothing further was done until the society of encouragement, at the request of the Prefect of the Seine, proposed in 1820, a premium for the invention of a method, either chemical or mechanical, of fabricating catgut from animal intestines, without injury

* See page 224.
from the putrid fermentations which render the workshops of this manufactory so unhealthy. *M. Labarraque*, an apothecary at Paris, first solved this problem, and obtained the prize. He proposed the use of chloride of lime, and has ever since been engaged in the perfection of his first process, in propagating the value of the chlorides and extending their applications. Instructed by his first trials, and guided by a just and acute spirit of observation, he has pointed out their uses in exhumations, and in all cases in which putrid exhalations may vitiate the atmosphere. He has rendered an invaluable service to humanity and the arts, not only in applying the fumigations of chlorine to operations which it frees from all danger, but in turning the attention of men to an agent, the employment of which, may have an immense influence upon life and health. Since the labors of Labarraque, M. Wallace has recommended gaseous chlorine, mixed with aqueous vapor, as an external application, against chronic affections of the abdominal viscera, and especially those of the liver. M. Roche has announced to the society of medicine, that in less than three months, he had cured by means of the chloride of soda, a scaldhead, which for eleven years had resisted all other kinds of treatment. M. M. Cullerier and Gorse have successfully employed chloride of soda, in the cure of syphilitic ulcers, which spread an infectious odor, and in general against wounds and ulcers of a putrid and gangrenous character. M. Labarraque and others have shewn its efficacy in cases of asphyxia from privies and other foul places; the agricultural society of la Charente has recommended it as very salutary in stables, and cases of diseased cattle, and learned physicians have announced, that they were upon the track of a discovery of the highest interest to humanity, by the employment of chlorides in diseases of the lungs. May this hope not be disappointed.—*Rev. Encyc. Nov. 1827.*—Vol. XIV, pp. 382-3.

"*Notice of the manufacture of the chloride of lime, and of some of its leading uses, in a letter from Mr. G. W. Carpenter to the Editor, dated Philadelphia, Jan. 1829.*

"The chloride of lime is manufactured on a very large scale, at the Maryland chemical works at Baltimore. A large chamber
lined with lead is made use of, and about 5000 lbs. of hydrate of lime is placed thinly on movable shelves, the chlorine gas is then introduced into the chamber and is absorbed by the lime, the top shelves are saturated first, the lime is then stirred and the shelves reversed, the top placed at the bottom and the bottom at the top, and so on through the whole, introducing additional quantities of chlorine as the shelves are transposed and the gas absorbed or united. The chloride thus made is considered fully equal to the best bleaching salt which can be imported.

"It is, you know, an article extensively employed in the arts; especially in bleaching; one grain of it will destroy the coloring matter of two grains of the best Spanish indigo. Although the chloride of lime is applicable to so many important purposes, still its usefulness is as yet so little known, that I will select a few, from its various important applications.

"It is generally employed in solution, which is made in the proportion of four ounces to one pint of water, and as only about one half of the lime is dissolved, it will be necessary to filter, in order to obtain the clear solution. Dilute one part of the liquid with forty parts of water, a pint with five gallons, or a wine glass full to three quarts of water, stir the mixture and it is then fit for use. It is the most powerful disinfecting agent hitherto discovered, and an instantaneous destroyer of every bad smell. It is an infallible destroyer of all effluvia, arising from animal and vegetable decomposition, and effectually prevents their deleterious influence, hence, it is particularly recommended to the attention of those residing in epidemic districts, as there is reason to expect that the mixture sprinkled about apartments would prevent the access of contagion to a certain extent around. Its value will be appreciated by the faculty in examinations for inquests, dissections and anatomical preparations. For all these desirable purposes, it is only necessary to sprinkle the diluted liquid in the apartment, or on the object requiring purification.

"The effluvia from drains, sewers, and other receptacles of the same nature, will be destroyed by pouring into them a quart of the mixture, added to a psailful of water, and repeating the operation until it is completely removed.

"Tainted meat, and animal food of every kind, may be rendered sweet by sprinkling them with the mixture. Water in cisterns
may be purified, and all animalculæ destroyed by putting into it a small quantity of the pure liquid, say about half a pint to one hundred and twenty gallons of water, and consequently it is highly valuable on board ships.

"The nuisances arising from disagreeable and unhealthy manufactories, may be equally obviated by the mere sprinkling of the chloride of lime, and the health of the workmen very materially preserved in such deleterious processes as the preparation of oil colours. It destroys the smell of paints so effectually, that a room painted in the day may be slept in at night, without any smell of paint being perceived, if it be sprinkled some hours before with the mixture.

"Smelters of lead, glue and size makers, tallow and soap manufacturers, skin dressers, &c. may deprive their premises of all offensive smell, by the same processes. The close and confined air of hospitals, prisons, ships, &c. will be almost instantaneously purified by sprinkling the diluted chloride of lime in small quantities from a watering pot. The stains from fruit, &c. &c. may be removed from table linen, &c. by dipping the article stained in water, applying the chloride of lime until the stain is removed, and then rinsing well in cold water previous to being washed."—Vol. XVI, pp. 177–8.

THE END.
ERRATA.

VOLUME I.
Page 22, 2d line from bottom, read *it as* for *it is.*
" 56, 5th " " top, " twenty two " eighteen.
" 157, 8th " " top, " carronade " cannonade.
" 175, 4th " " bottom " mouth " North.

VOLUME II.
Page 13, 5th line from bottom, read *inferior* for *next.*
" 17, bottom line, " lambasting " lambacing.
" 20, 7th line from top, " pour un etui " pour une etude.
" 228, 13th " " bottom, " wandered " been wanderers.

There are probably some other errors, for which the Author must beg the indulgence of the public. *More imperative duties will not allow him time to search for them.*
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