

The Project Gutenberg eBook of A Tour Up the Straits, from Gibraltar to Constantinople,  
by Captain David Sutherland

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: A Tour Up the Straits, from Gibraltar to Constantinople

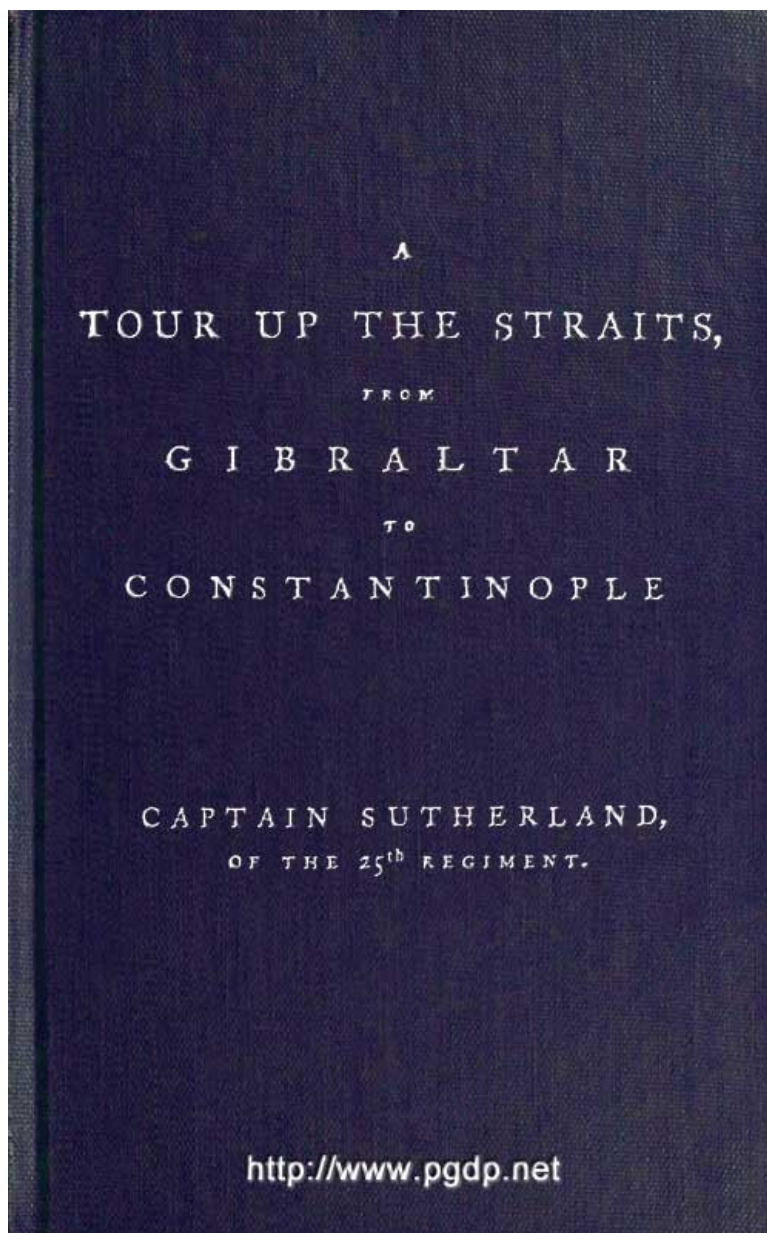
Author: Captain David Sutherland

Release date: August 29, 2015 [EBook #49817]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by readbueno and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net> (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive)

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A TOUR UP THE STRAITS, FROM GIBRALTAR TO CONSTANTINOPLE \*\*\*



This cover image was created by the transcriber and is in the Public Domain.



A  
TOUR UP THE STRAITS,  
FROM  
GIBRALTAR  
TO  
CONSTANTINOPLE.

WITH THE  
LEADING EVENTS IN THE PRESENT WAR  
BETWEEN THE  
AUSTRIANS, RUSSIANS, AND THE TURKS,  
TO THE  
COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1789.

*By* CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND,  
OF THE 25<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT.

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;  
AND SOLD BY J. JOHNSON, N<sup>o</sup> 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

M.DCC.XC.

---

TO  
THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
LADY LOUISA LENNOX,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS  
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,  
BY HER LADYSHIP'S  
MOST OBLIGED,  
MOST FAITHFUL, AND  
MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,  
D. SUTHERLAND.

## INTRODUCTION.

The Commander in Chief of the garrison of Gibraltar having indulged the Author of the following pages with leave of absence, he accepted an invitation from an amiable Friend, to accompany him on a Voyage to the Levant.

It was with the most heart-felt satisfaction, that he found himself enabled to profit by so favorable an opportunity of visiting a country, not only interesting from the precious remains of antiquity with which it is still adorned, but from the critical state into which it was thrown by the war already began, which threatened, sooner or later, to involve in it many of the Powers of Europe, and to call forth the just arm of Great Britain, to check the haughty usurpations of the ambitious Court of Russia.

The Author's friends saw his happiness in embarking on such a Tour; and, that they might, in some degree, partake of it, one of them insisted that he should keep, and transmit him, a regular Journal.

This promise the Author readily gave, and faithfully observed.

The compliments paid to this little work, first gave him the idea of appearing in print. Aware, however, that the ground he had travelled over, had often been treated upon by much more able pens, he for some time suppressed his hopes of becoming a candidate for fame in the literary world: but, after the general encouragement he met, he would have been guilty of injustice to himself, and of want of confidence in his friends, had he any longer hesitated to appear before the Public.

# CONTENTS.

	Page
LETTER I. <i>CEUTA--Goths and Saracens--Almeria--Rocks of Abibo</i>	<a href="#">1</a>
LETTER II. <i>Carthage--War of the Succession</i>	<a href="#">12</a>
LETTER III. <i>Reception at Cagliari--Lucilla</i>	<a href="#">24</a>
LETTER IV. <i>Churches--Ball at the Palace--Trade, &amp;c. of Sardinia</i>	<a href="#">37</a>
LETTER V. <i>Island of Capria--Tiberius--Malonia</i>	<a href="#">46</a>
LETTER VI. <i>Excursion to Baia</i>	<a href="#">49</a>
LETTER VII. <i>Mount Vesuvius--The Hermit--Bay of Naples</i>	<a href="#">64</a>
LETTER VIII. <i>Capo de Monte--Portici--Herculaneum--Pompeia</i>	<a href="#">75</a>
LETTER IX. <i>Casertta--St. Januarius--Opera--Government</i>	<a href="#">86</a>
LETTER X. <i>Visit to the King of Naples at Castello Mare--The Queen--Coast of Salerno--Pestum</i>	<a href="#">97</a>
LETTER XI. <i>Lipari Islands--Volcano of Strombolo</i>	<a href="#">106</a>
LETTER XII. <i>Messina--Earthquake--Scylla and Charybdis--Sir George Byng--Commodore Walton</i>	<a href="#">112</a>
LETTER XIII. <i>A fireball--Zante--Ithaca--Promontory of Leucate--Turks and Greeks</i>	<a href="#">124</a>
LETTER XIV. <i>Pirates--Milo--Paros--Attica--Sunium</i>	

## LETTER XV.

*Smyrna--Great Advantages to be derived  
from the Turkey Trade--Necessity of  
a regular Lazaretto in England*

158

## LETTER XVI.

*Cause of the War--The Russian Minister  
is sent to the Seven Towers--Turkish  
Manifesto--Attempt on Kimbourn--A  
Russian Ship of sixty-four guns gives  
herself up to the Turks--Ambitious  
Views of the two Imperial Courts--The  
Interest of England greatly endangered  
by them--Necessity of our opposing  
the Empress*

169

## LETTER XVII.

*Journey to Ephesus--The poor Girl--Caravansera--Temple  
of Diana--Character  
of the Turkish Ministers--The  
Vice-Admiral of the Porte beheaded*

189

## LETTER XVIII.

*Scyros--Idra--History of Athens*

209

## LETTER XIX.

*Present State of Athens--Battle of Marathon*

225

## LETTER XX.

*Greek and Mahometan Religion*

241

## LETTER XXI.

*Voyage from Athens to Leghorn*

258

## LETTER XXII.

*Journey from Leghorn to Florence--Government  
of Peter Leopold--Public  
Ornaments--Palaces, Ricardi and Gerrini*

263

## LETTER XXIII.

*Gallery of Florence*

275

## LETTER XXIV.

*Island of Elba--Mount Vesuvius*

292

## LETTER XXV.

*Voyage to Palermo--Grotesque Statues--Funeral  
of Prince Patagonia*

297

## LETTER XXVI.

*Attempt upon Belgrade--The Emperor declares  
War--Operations in Croatia--Prince  
Lichtenstein defeated by the  
Turks--The Emperor takes the Field in  
Person--The Prince of Moldavia deserts  
from the Turks*

[307](#)

LETTER XXVII.

*The Prince of Saxe Cobourg invests Choczim--Siege  
of Oczakow--Marshal  
Laudohn--Political Observations--Media  
taken by the Turks--The Grand  
Vizir defeats the Emperor*

[325](#)

LETTER XXVIII.

*Passage through the Dardanelles--Constantinople*

[346](#)

LETTER XXIX.

*Conclusion of the Campaign 1788*

[360](#)

*Advertisement*

[369](#)



A  
TOUR  
FROM  
GIBRALTAR  
TO  
CONSTANTINOPLE.

---

LETTER I.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Carthage, August 14th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In compliance with your request, I have kept a regular Journal of my Voyage, which I now inclose you:

Tuesday, August 7th, Noon.

At eight o'clock, yesterday morning, we left Gibraltar, with a contrary wind; and, on the first tack, we passed Ceuta, a place of no great intrinsic value, but an indifferent port. It is situated on a peninsula of Africa, which, with Gibraltar, Spartel and Trafalgar, forms the Straits, and is so strongly fortified by Nature, that, although the Moors have often besieged it, it has withstood all their efforts.

Count Julian was Governor of this place, at the time Roderigo ravished his daughter, the beautiful *Cava*. The Count, inflamed with rage at the dishonor perpetrated on his family, and distracted at the ruin of his own child, forgot his duty to his country, which no private injuries can excuse, and engaged to put the Moors in possession of Spain, if they would revenge him on his abandoned Monarch.

It is not easy to determine who were the first inhabitants of Spain. We know that it was subdued by the Carthaginians before the Christian æra, and that they were conquered by the Romans; who, in their turn, yielded to the Goths, from whom Roderigo was descended.

At this time, the Saracens (the name the followers of Mahomet assumed) emigrating from Arabia, had overrun the neighbouring parts of Africa, which they have kept possession of ever since. To these people, Count Julian, with great truth, represented Roderic as a Prince universally detested, and whose tyranny promised a general insurrection among the Goths. The Saracen Chief at first doubted the Count's sincerity, but at last sent over a large army, which gained a complete victory over Roderigo, who was killed in the action; and the whole country submitted to the Moors.

Divisions arising among the conquerors, the natives, in less than six years, again appeared in arms, and the Saracens gradually declined for near two centuries. Almanzor then arose, and, by his repeated victories, revived the affairs of his countrymen: But, on the death of this great General, the Christians again made head, and reduced the Moors to such straits, that, although Mahomet Ben Joseph, Sovereign of Barbary, came over to their assistance with all his forces, he was entirely defeated. A. D. 1212.

The same dissensions, however, which had ruined the Saracens, now broke out among the Christians, and enabled the former to shelter themselves in Grenada, the only province now remaining to them in Spain. Here they continued till the different monarchies which had been erected on their ruin, were all, except Navarre, united under Ferdinand and Isabella. Grenadawas then taken; but the Moors were allowed to remain in the country, as subjects, till the reign of Philip the Third, who, in apprehension of an insurrection, banished them entirely from out of his kingdom. The depopulation which this measure occasioned, is sensibly felt to the present day. Count Julian was himself put to death by the Moors, on a suspicion that he intended to desert their cause. His fate afforded us an ample field for reflection.

We continued our course along the Barbary shore till midnight. We were then obliged to tack, and are now opposite Malaga, twenty leagues from Gibraltar. This, considering that the wind has been constantly easterly, is no bad specimen of our sailing.

On the spot we are passing, Sir George Rooke, soon after he had taken Gibraltar, engaged the Grand Fleet of France, consisting of fifty-two sail of the line. The English and Dutch had as many ships; but the French, being later from port, were much better manned, and in superior condition. The battle lasted all the day. Both sides suffered a very severe loss in men; but not

August 13,  
1704.

one vessel was taken or destroyed. Each claimed the victory; but the French Admirals took care not to face us again during the whole of the war.

August 8th and 9th.

Calms and light easterly winds. The sea, for several miles round us, is entirely covered with the spawn of fish. Philosophers have not been able to determine how these animals are engendered: I will therefore pass them over. The Grenada mountains rise to a stupendous height on our left, and, even at this late season, their heads are covered with snow.

August 10th, Noon.

We have been, all this morning, in sight of Almeria. The more, for two or three leagues on each side, is almost flat, with a very fine beach; but the town itself displays all the variety of hill, dale and water. It stands on a river, whose banks seem in high cultivation, and are over-hung by prodigious mountains; whilst the low ground, particularly to the east, rises in a gradual slope, covered with groves and avenues of olive, and cork-trees, interspersed with vines and green canes. This beautiful spot forms a kind of amphitheatre, enclosed by the Grenadines, whose rugged summits appear almost inaccessible.

On a steep ascent, at the West end of the town, stands a large Moorish castle, in very good repair. At present it is only respectable for its antiquity; but, in 1147, it made a most vigorous defence against Conrad the Third, assisted by the French, Genoese, and Pisans; and, after a glorious resistance, it was taken by assault, and all the Moors most inhumanly put to death. Vast riches were found in the place, particularly the famous Agate ship, which is still shewn by the Genoese, as one of the most valuable curiosities in Genoa. The castle of Almeria is an exact copy of that at Gibraltar, and, like it, is commanded by an height immediately above it.

Dusk. Early in the afternoon, a breeze sprang up, and we are now off Cape de Gatt, about six leagues from Almeria, and fifty-two from Gibraltar. On the point, the Spaniards have a small barbette battery. The land, for some miles on each side, is almost perpendicular; but, although we are near a league from the shore, we have soundings in sixteen fathoms. The easterly wind continuing, we have just tacked, and are standing to the South.

August 11th.

In the morning, we made Abido, an island of rocks, on the Barbary shore, Lat. 35° 44', Long. 51' W. and, in the afternoon, passed between the island and the main, which no British ship, I believe, ever did before. The passage is barely three leagues wide; but the shallowest water, three quarters of a mile from the rocks, was thirty-seven fathoms. The wind being contrary, we were several hours in working through.

August 12th.

During last night, we crossed from the African to the Spanish shore, where the wind has left us in a calm.

August 13th, Mid-day.

We are now in sight of Almazaron, a scattered village, at the bottom of a small bay, well flanked by some little works on the cliffs on each side. At 4 P. M. tacked in fifteen fathoms water, one mile off Cape Tignose. On the west side of this point, there is good anchorage, well sheltered from the east wind. The Spaniards have a white tower on the point, on which they have mounted two or three small guns; and, indeed, we have scarce seen a spot on the coast of Spain, that a boat could land on, but what is defended by a tower or a little battery. Slight as these works appear, they not only check the smugglers, but have frequently been of service in protecting the coasters from the depredations of the Barbary corsairs; while they also communicate intelligence, by signals, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, in very few hours.

Tuesday, August 14th.

The wind blowing hard from the East, with a heavy swell, we have anchored off the mouth of Carthage harbour.

Notwithstanding the adverse winds, nothing could be more pleasant than our voyage. We have crossed the Mediterranean several times, but have never been more than twelve hours out of sight of land; and the weather, till last night, was so moderate, that not a soul has been sea sick.

The Spaniards have been remarkably civil. They have made a thousand apologies for putting us under quarantine, and have promised to send us every thing we may want. Carthage is in

Lat. 37° 42', Long. 58' W. two hundred and fifty miles from Gibraltar. It was built by Asdrubal, from whose country it took its name. I will be more particular in my next letter.

## LETTER II.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Carthagena, August 15th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The entrance of this harbour is not more than six hundred yards wide, and is flanked by about thirty guns on the east side, and two-and-twenty on the west: But, as troops coming from the town, must take a considerable circuit round the water, I imagine that, on a sudden attack, these batteries would not be manned in less than two hours. I can discern no embrazures on the line wall towards the sea; but, on the pier without the gates, there is a low battery of fifty heavy guns, to defend the entrance of the bason at the west end of the town. This passage has no defence on the opposite side, but is scarce fifty yards wide. The King's ships are laid up immediately within it. At present, they amount to twenty-one sail of the line, besides frigates; but they are so closely lashed together, that, if one took fire, the whole, in all probability, would be consumed. None of them are coppered, nor have they any masts standing; and, although Carthagena is the second naval arsenal in Spain, nothing like a man of war in any readiness for service; is here to be seen, except a small copper-bottomed brig, and a few galleys: of these the brig only is in commission.<sup>[1]</sup>

The dock-yard is contiguous to the bason, and both are commanded by several heights. Two of these are secured by redoubts; the rest are intrusted to crosses. The works round the city are, I believe, but weak; and there are several fine landing places within a day's march of the town.

<sup>1.</sup> This was only four weeks before the French Ambassador delivered the hostile declaration, which, to the honor of our country, his Court was compelled to retract, and proves, that nothing had been pre-concerted with Spain, relative to the succours to be given to the French faction in Holland.

---

We felt much obliged to the Governor, Don Joseph De Rocas, for his very great attention. Besides repeated offers of his best services, he sent his Aid de Camp to compliment us on our arrival, and to express the utmost regret, that the orders from his Court were so strict, that he could not have the honor of seeing us on shore, until we had performed a tedious quarantine; but, in the mean while, if we were disposed to amuse ourselves in the harbour, he would send a boat to shew us every thing we wished, and would do all in his power, to make our stay as pleasant as possible. We thanked him for his kindness and civility, and, in return, determined to give him no trouble.

As the English were once in possession of Carthagena, and I may have frequent occasion to mention the operations of the British arms in the Mediterranean, to prevent repetition, I will recite, in as few words as possible, the rise, progress, and conclusion of the War of the Succession.

Ferdinand and Isabella were succeeded, in 1515, by their grandson, the famous Charles, afterwards Emperor of Germany. Charles, in 1556, resigned his crown to his son, Philip II. whose grandson, Philip IV. had issue, Charles, Maria Theresa, and Margaret. Maria Theresa married Louis XIV. of France, who was compelled to resign every pretension he might afterwards have to Spain, in consequence of this marriage; and Margaret was given to the Emperor Leopold.

Philip IV. was succeeded by his son Charles II. who seemed likely to leave no issue. Louis XIV. therefore apprehending that, at the death of this King, a great contest would arise for the crown of Spain, entered into a secret treaty with William III. and the Dutch, for the partition of its dominions: by which it was agreed, that all the Spanish territories in Italy, the province of Guipuscoa in Spain, and the duchies of Lorrain and Bar, should devolve to the Dauphin; whilst the kingdom of Spain, and Spanish America, should be given to the Archduke Charles, the Emperor's second son, the eldest being already provided for. It is to be observed, that these sons were by the Emperor's second marriage, Margaret and all her issue being dead. The Dauphin would therefore have been the undoubted heir apparent, had not his father, on his marriage, renounced his right.

The Spaniards, who were so nearly concerned, knew nothing of this Partition Treaty. Soon after its conclusion, Charles II. of Spain died, and, by his will, left all his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, the Dauphin's second son. Louis immediately sent his grandson to ascend the throne. This was a breach of the Partition Treaty, which William determined to oppose; but dying at this crisis, war was declared by Queen Anne, who, in conjunction with the Emperor Leopold and the Dutch, set up the Archduke Charles, in opposition to the Duke of Anjou. In this war several other Powers took part.

Sir George Rooke and the Duke of Ormond were sent to Cadiz, in hopes that the Andalusians would declare for Charles: but they refused to acknowledge him; and the English, thinking the town too strong to be carried by force, re-embarked. On their return, Sir George and the Duke, hearing that a squadron of French men of war, with a very valuable convoy, had put into Vigo, determined to attack them; which they executed with the most brilliant success. Ten line-of-battle ships and eleven galleons were taken, and six galleons and five sail of the line, burnt, besides many smaller vessels.

In 1704, the Archduke embarked on board the Confederate Fleet, and, after an unsuccessful attempt on Barcelona, set off for Lisbon, the Portuguese having espoused his cause against Philip. In the mean while, Sir George took Gibraltar, and engaged Count Thoulouse off Malaga. Gibraltar was immediately besieged by the French and Spaniards, but was relieved by Admiral Leake, in 1705, who took a line-of-battle ship, and burnt four more.

Charles again embarked on board our fleet, at Altea Bay, with Lord Peterborough, and the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt. The Prince was repulsed and killed at the assault of Fort Montjuic, at Barcelona; but Lord Peterborough instantly renewed the attack, and carried the fort. The

Oct. 1702.

Sept. 3, 1705.

town surrendered soon after. Lord Peterborough marched directly into Valentia, and, in a few months, with scarce six thousand English troops, overrun the greatest part of Spain, and entered Madrid in triumph. His stay there, however, was but short; for he was obliged to return to the assistance of King Charles, who was now besieged in Barcelona, by General Tessé: but, on the Earl's approach, the French General raised the siege with the utmost precipitation, leaving all his baggage, camp equipage, artillery and wounded men behind him. Victory, throughout this campaign, was the constant attendant on the British arms. The town of Alicant was taken by assault; and the citadel surrendered next day. Carthagena having offered to acknowledge Charles, a detachment was sent to secure it. Majorca and Ivica surrendered soon after.

April, 1706.

June 28.

But the eminent services of the Earl of Peterborough not gaining him a proper influence in the Administration, he resigned his command, and was succeeded by Lord Galway, a brave man. But, by the mismanagement of King Charles, his affairs fell into great confusion; and Lord Galway, being obliged to engage the enemy under many disadvantages at Almanza, was entirely defeated. The consequences of this victory gave Philip a decided superiority in Spain.

April 14, 1707.

In the mean while, the Duke of Marlborough having carried all before him in Flanders, and the Duke of Savoy having driven the enemy out of his dominions, it was resolved, that the army under his Highness's command in Italy, assisted by the fleet in the Mediterranean, should besiege Toulon: but the Emperor Joseph, who had succeeded his father Leopold, withdrawing his forces to besiege Naples, and the French making a successful sally, in which they burnt all the batteries, the Allies were obliged to raise the siege.

August 4.

Nothing remarkable was done in Spain in 1708. Our army was reinforced, and the enemy's distressed by the capture of a large convoy of provisions. Cagliari, the capital, and the whole island of Sardinia, submitted to King Charles; Minorca was taken by General Stanhope, and Naples surrendered to the Emperor.

Next year, Alicant was taken by the enemy. The rock on which the citadel stood, was defended for several months, by Major General Richards, with the most romantic valour, but was at last undermined and blown up. The General, and most of the principal Officers, having purposely exposed themselves, to animate the garrison to stand the threatened shock, were lost in the explosion; but the survivors, under Colonel D'Allon, defended themselves till the British fleet arrived and carried them off.

April, 1709.

During the remainder of the war, Charles's affairs continued to decline; and his success at Sarragossa and Almanara was balanced by a defeat at Villa Viciosa, and the capture of General Stanhope's army at Brihuega.

At this juncture, his brother died, and Charles, succeeding to the empire of Germany (1711), left Spain; but his partizans, assisted by the English under the Duke of Argyle, kept possession of Barcelona, and the greatest part of Catalonia, till the peace of Utrecht in 1713.

By this treaty, Charles resigned his pretensions to Spain; but, in addition to the empire, he retained Sardinia, Naples, Milan, and the Spanish Netherlands. Sicily was given to the Duke of Savoy, with the title of King; together with Fenestrelles, and some other places taken from the French. The Dutch got their Barrier; the English, only Minorca and Gibraltar, with some settlements in North America. Prussia got Upper Gueldres.

Philip, Duke of Anjou, was declared King of Spain: but, to prevent that kingdom and France from ever being united under one head, Philip was obliged to renounce every future claim to France; whilst the Dukes of Berry and Orleans were obliged to do the same by Spain.

I wish much to enlarge on the gallant exploits of the Earl of Peterborough, the heroic defence of General Richards, and the noble spirit of the Catalonians after they were abandoned by the Emperor and Queen Ann to the chastisement of Philip; but the bounds prescribed to a journal will not permit me.

## LETTER III.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Cagliari, September 1st.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON the 16th of last month, we weighed anchor off the harbour of Carthage, and sailed out of the bay, between the rock and the continent, to the great astonishment of the Spaniards: but, although one might almost make hands with them on each side, there is no danger in a steady breeze; for the shore is so bold, that, whilst we had soundings in fourteen fathoms on one side of the ship, we found no bottom with a line of twenty on the other.

The wind favoured us for some hours; but, before night, it got back to its old quarter, the east, and continued there, with little variation, till the 23d. By this time, after having had a distant view of the high land of Majorca, we were in sight of Sardinia, in Lat.  $40^{\circ} 10'$ , and, with the assistance of the land breeze, got down to Cape Tolero on the 24th. In the night, we passed two rocks, called the Bull and Cow, Lat.  $38^{\circ} 35'$ , and, on the 25th, anchored in the bay of Cagliari, the capital, Lat.  $39^{\circ} 14'$ , Long.  $9^{\circ} 20'$  East, distant from Gibraltar about two hundred and fifty leagues.

Early the next morning, we got prattick, with an invitation to dine with the Viceroy, Count St. André. Three carriages were sent to carry us to the palace. The dinner was in the French stile, and the head dish in the second course was half a young wild boar, roasted entire: it was superior to any pork I ever tasted. We had no wine but at dinner, and one glass of *liqueur* after the desert. The principal people of the island were invited to meet us, and among them, the Marchionesses of Villarias and Pasqua, and the Baroness Tauolard, the three handsomest of their ladies.

Villarias has captured all our hearts. I have often endeavoured to form an idea of Eve in her state of innocence, but never succeeded until I saw this charming *Marchesa*. With the first rank and fashion, she is a child of Nature, and Nature in perfection. Her limbs are most elegantly turned, and her beautiful shape is neither distorted by stays, nor encumbered by a load of false *croupion*. It is impossible to describe how such a woman moves. She is of the middle size, and in the prime of youth. Her face is equal to her person, brunette, with lovely black eyes, whose expression gives full force to the vivacity of her conversation.

Pasqua possesses every attraction but that of drawing one from Villarias. Tauolard is handsome and amiable, but has not so much of *L'Allegro* as the other two. Their dress is like the English; but the unnatural passion for monstrous protuberances, which I am sorry to hear still reigns among our fair countrywomen, hath not yet reached Cagliari.

In their manners, the Sardinian ladies are more like the French. They say every thing that comes uppermost, and have no idea of reserve. You kiss their hands as a mere compliment; and, in dancing, whenever you turn a lady, she expects you to put your arm round her waist, whilst her's rests on your shoulder.

This frankness is vastly pleasant, and is here of no evil tendency; for, in a confined society, secluded from the general world, where the characters and their connections are thoroughly known, and where the number of the profligate is too small to find either countenance or protection, confidence and sincerity on the part of the women, naturally produce honor and esteem in the breasts of the men.

## STORY of LUCILLA.

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

The Hon. Mrs. CHETWYND STAPYLTON

After coffee, the ladies carried us to see a nunnery, of which there are no less than fourteen in Sardinia. I have ever thought these institutions a defect in policy, and have reprobated the idea of the Almighty being pleased at our depriving ourselves of the power of doing any one good and moral action: but, in justice to the Superintendants in this island, it must be observed, that no girl is permitted to become a Novice until she is fifteen, and must then serve a year longer before she can be allowed to take the veil; but this ceremony once performed, she must bid an eternal farewell to the world.

We saw none of the Nuns but the Superiors and Novices. They stood within the inner door, which, as a particular distinction, they opened while they conversed with us across the threshold. My attention was soon arrested by the youngest of the Superiors.

She appears scarcely thirty. Confinement has only softened the colour of her cheek, and composed the lustre of her eye. Her features are perfectly regular, and her countenance is animated by the cheerful glow of benevolence and virtue. With the gentleness of a saint, she possesses all the accomplishments of a woman of the world, and speaks a variety of languages, with a voice harmoniously sweet.

Her name is Lucilla. She is aunt to the beautiful Villarias, and, like her, in her youth, was the pride of Sardinia. Early in life, she engaged herself to Fernando, a young nobleman, in every respect her equal. Their hearts were already united, and the day was fixed for their nuptials; but, before this happy hour could be celebrated, the sudden death of the best of parents obliged Fernando to pass over to the Continent, to perform the last offices to his deceased, and affectionate father. Before his departure, he repeated those endearing vows of eternal constancy; which both he and Lucilla had often given and received; and each promised to write by every opportunity.

Lucilla kept her word; and when the time she expected an answer had expired, her mind was filled with anxious fears for her lover's safety. At length she heard of his arrival at Turin from his friends, most of whom had received letters from him; but Lucilla, who expected to have had the first, got none. She was too generous to be suspicious, and, instead of complaining, continued writing to Fernando in the most affectionate terms, making every excuse for not hearing from him, but entreating him, as he valued her affection, to write to her by every channel.

The amiable Lucilla had still the mortification of seeing post after post arrive, without a line from her lover. At length she heard, accidentally, that he was soon to set out for Spain, from whence he was to embark for South America. A thousand painful emotions now seized her breast, and her grief for her lover's unworthiness was not the least. Her fate was drawing to a crisis; and, as her last resource, she wrote him the following letter:

"Until I heard of your preparations for crossing the Atlantic, I attributed your silence to your confidence in my esteem, and in my unalterable attachment; and when I reflected how long your indispensable concerns would engage you, I had almost persuaded myself to wish that you would not prolong your absence, even by the time in which you would be writing to me: but, what I have hitherto considered as an occasional slight, is now become an injury so cruel and inhuman, that, with all my prejudice in your favor, I have great difficulty to make myself believe that I am not entirely bereft of your affection. If you are capable of such inconstancy, I absolve you of your vows; and may Heaven forgive you. Mine, I shall ever keep sacred. If you deprive me of the power of fulfilling them--the convent of St. Lucia is not far from me: there will I for ever seclude myself from the world, and confirm how sincerely I am your

LUCILLA."

This letter having only increased her disappointment, Lucilla took the irrevokable vow, and exerted all her resolution to subdue her passion. Two years after she had taken the veil, her guardian died; and, in his last moments, the wretch confessed, that he had never forwarded any of the letters intrusted to him, and that he had kept Fernando's. He pointed to a box, where they were deposited; but death prevented his discovering his motive for such enormous treachery.

Fernando's letters were exactly in the same strain with Lucilla's. He frequently mentions, that his friends in Spain had solicited him to accept one of the chief appointments in South America; but that he should think the whole world itself no recompense for being absent from his Lucilla. In his last, he reminds her of her vows, with the utmost delicacy and affection. He assures her that, without her, all situations will be equally miserable to him, and conjures her, in the most passionate terms, no longer to trifle with his happiness; for, that he should be obliged to yield to the importunity of his Spanish relations, unless he would again make Sardinia a Paradise, by alluring him of her constancy.

Lucilla was soon informed how cruelly she had been deceived; but, far from complaining, she was almost overcome with joy at the proof of her lover's affection. From that time, she reassumed her former cheerfulness; and, with injuries sufficient to distract any thing less than an angel, I really believe she is the happiest person in the convent. Such are the comforts of religion, and so true is the adage--"Virtue is happiness," that Lucilla's thoughts now rise superior to the world; and, without offending the Deity by heat or impatience, she looks, with tranquil joy, for that moment which will be the commencement of endless bliss, when she and Fernando will be united in Heaven.

I leave you to conceive, my dear Madam, how much her history increased the veneration I before felt for her. Villarias is my author. Her words, enforced by her expressive countenance, are engraven on my heart; but it is impossible to translate them. The youthful Marchioness is no enthusiast in favor of nunneries; but she has made me allow, that, to dispositions and misfortunes like Lucilla's, they afford a comfortable asylum.



## LETTER IV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Cagliari, September 1st.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE churches here are plainer than one expects in a Roman Catholic country; but many of them are beautifully neat. The altar-pieces are composed of coloured marble, with no other ornaments than plated candlesticks and artificial flowers. We have seen but few paintings, and very little sculpture. The piece which struck us most, was for its singularity as a religious ornament, in one of the chapels of the cathedral. It is a group, with two figures a little detached on each side; neither of whom convey any idea of decency, much less of religion.

The only procession I have seen, I at first mistook for a recruiting party. It was led by a red standard, with drums and fifes playing Malbrook, followed by several detachments of menial ecclesiastics, in party-coloured dresses, with a small crucifix between each division. The rear was brought up by an image of the Virgin Mary, and a chorus. These gentlemen were rather sparing of their music; but what they did perform, was remarkably fine.

On the second night after our arrival, Count André gave us a ball at the palace. The dances were all English, except two: the first was La Courance; the other, a Sardinian. It consists of an unlimited number of ladies and gentlemen, who stand in a ring, and dance several times round the centre, in short steps, to a measure, something like the slow time of a *Fandango*. Every now and then, the whole close; and the men, with an imitation of neighing, first kick their legs forward, then throw them back, fall on their knees, and spring to their places. The ring now opens, and the two ends turning outwards, lead round till they join. After footing it a little thus back to back, the former manœuvre is repeated, to bring the ring to its original position, and the dance is ended. The ball concluded with *Country Bumpkin*, to the great delight of the Sardinians, who had never seen it properly danced. I had the pleasure of dancing that, as well as La Courance, and another with the charming Villarias. Different ices were served between the dances, and we broke up about an hour after midnight. We were introduced to near twenty ladies, but none of them are worth a particular description but the three I have named.

The Viceroy is a man of good understanding, and of accomplished manners. He was formerly Governor of Nice, and always remarkable for his partiality to the English. One afternoon when we were almost *en famille*, he said, "*Allons en Angleterre*," and led us into another room, where we found a complete tea-table. He was highly pleased at the agreeable surprise he saw in our countenances, and we were equally charmed with his flattering attention. He has had some of us to dine with him every day, and always sends his carriages for us. Let this, my dear friend, be a lesson to us to treat strangers with attention. We are always sure of receiving it abroad, and it is shameful not to return it at home. His son, the Chevalier de Revel, possesses all the politeness of the French, with the sincerity of the English. He has been in every part of England, and speaks our language very fluently.

A. D. 1720.

Sardinia is now subject to the Duke of Savoy, who by the Quadruple Alliance, was obliged to accept it in lieu of Sicily, which was given to the Emperor. It is 140 miles long, and 70 broad, and contains 420,000 souls. The revenue arises chiefly from a duty upon salt, and is barely sufficient to defray its expences; but it certainly might be considerably augmented, as the soil produces wine, corn, and oil in abundance. Most of the salt that is exported, is taken by the Danes and Swedes; the English formerly took great quantities for Newfoundland, but having found the procuring it from Spain and Portugal more convenient, they now take little or none. A profitable tunny fishery is carried on at the south west part of the island, but it is monopolized by the Duke de St. Pierre, and a few more people, who happen to be proprietors of the adjoining land. Wild boars abound in the hilly parts of the island, and here are

some few deer, not so large as ours, but in colour and make exactly the same. I tasted part of one at the Viceroy's, and found it by no means inferior to our doe venison.

The Feudal System still subsists in a limited degree, and titles go with their estates, so that by purchasing the latter, you inherit the former. The regular troops seldom exceed two thousand men, but the militia amount to near twenty-six thousand, of whom eleven thousand are cavalry. Their horses are small, but uncommonly active. In a charge we should beat them, but on a march they would be superior to us. The country people are generally armed; but notwithstanding their having been so long under the Spanish and Italian government, assassinations are by no means frequent; and yet by the laws of the country, if a man stabs another without premeditated malice, within four hours after quarrelling with him, he is not liable to be hanged. On the other hand, the church affords no protection to the guilty.

The Sardinians are not at all bigoted, and, next to the Spaniards, the English are their favorites. In 1708, the Viceroy was disposed to support the Duke of Anjou, but on the approach of the British fleet, the inhabitants obliged him to acknowledge Charles.

The town stands on the side of an hill, rising from the sea, with a rampart round it. The situation is strong by nature; but the works are much out of repair. The worst of this port is, that, on account of the shoalness of the water, men of war are obliged to lay a long distance from the shore; and, although the bay is of a very considerable extent, yet the channel for large ships is so narrow, that, in working out with a contrary wind, it is difficult to avoid getting aground; but, as the bottom is, in general, soft, touching is attended with no bad consequence but the trouble of getting off.

For several leagues round the hill on which Cagliari stands, the country is almost flat; but, although it appears remarkably fine, it is reckoned prodigiously unhealthy; and it is a known fact, that the night

air, in many parts of this island, is a kind of poison to strangers. The harvest is got in. The grapes are ripe; but the vintage has scarce begun. The vines are exactly in the order recommended by Virgil. We rode through several of the vineyards, and found the peasants excessively civil. They loaded us with their best grapes; and it was with the utmost difficulty, that we prevailed upon them to accept any money in return. They dress like the Spaniards, to whom they are still much attached; and I found my understanding Spanish a great recommendation, even with the Noblesse, and the divine Lucilla.

## LETTER V.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 9th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We left Sardinia on the 3d instant; on the 7th, at day-light, were in sight of Mount Vesuvius; and, in the evening, we were close to Capria, a small island on the right of the entrance to the bay of Naples, famous for the abode of Tiberius. In size and shape, it is not unlike Gibraltar. The town is in the center of the west side, surrounded and interspersed with vines and evergreens, which give the houses the appearance of so many villas peeping through the trees. This spot is extremely beautiful; but every other part of the island is a bare rock.

When Tiberius, from the consciousness of his crimes, was in perpetual dread of being assassinated, he made choice of Capria, as a place of security. It is totally inaccessible on every part, except at a little bay, which he surrounded with guards, and allowed nobody to enter but by his own invitation. Here he carried on the most abominable debauchery; and the accounts we read of his brutality are confirmed by the number of obscene medals and paintings found in the town.

That which exhibits the beautiful Malonia can never be beheld but with the utmost horror and companion. In those vitiated times, this unfortunate lady lived on terms of the purest affection with her husband, and carefully avoided the Emperor's court. But when, from his age and infirmities, Tiberius was looked upon as totally debilitated, he accidentally met her, and was instantly struck by her beauty. The modesty of her carriage only increased his desire. She was immediately seized by his guards, and conveyed to the palace, where the horrible monster, finding that neither power nor promises, threats nor severity, could tempt Malonia to swerve from her duty, had a machine contrived to force her to his purpose.--On this she is represented, with a countenance full of anguish and distress. The rest is too shocking to describe.

Passing by Capria, with Vesuvius in front, blazing from time to time during the night, we anchored off Naples the next day, and this morning got prattick.

## LETTER VI.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 12th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE lost no time in seeing the wonders of this extraordinary country. Our first object was to follow Æneas to the Cuman Shore, and on our way thither, it was but just to pay our oblations at Virgil's Tomb. This celebrated monument is close to the top of the Grotto of Pausilippe, on the left of the east entrance. The inside is a square of twelve feet, with three niches for urns on the east and west sides, two niches and a door, through which you enter, on the south, and the same on the north. The roof is arched, and about nine feet high. The outside was originally octagonal, but the angles being worn away, it is now circular, and at a distance looks like the remains of a small tower. The materials are of the common kind, and I did not observe any marble near it, except two modern inscriptions.

Formerly the tomb was surrounded with laurels, but as every idle visitor took a leaf, there is not a sprig left. We could not help exclaiming against such sacrilege; but our guide endeavoured to comfort us, by saying that the Marquis Salcitro had ordered a new set to be planted.

The Grotto of Pausilippe is at the west end of the suburbs of Naples. It is a public road cut through the mountain, near half a mile in length, and wide enough for two carriages to drive abreast. Its height is very irregular, in some parts eighty feet, and at others only five-and-twenty. In the day time you may see from one end to the other, by the help of two large apertures, cut diagonally from the center of the grotto to the surface of the mount; but at night we were obliged to use torches, which, when any number of vehicles are driving together, have a most beautiful effect. The bottom, like all Naples, is paved with square pieces of lava. Its exact date has not been ascertained. The common people insist that it was done by enchantment, as a proof of which they allege that no stones were found near the entrance. It would be to no purpose to tell them, that those who perforated the mount, very naturally made use of the stone in building the town.

But after all, the difficulty in accomplishing this passage was by no means so great as one would at first imagine, for the stone is so soft, that until it has been for some time exposed to the air, you may crumble it to dust. Neither, in my opinion, is this celebrated excavation equal to the batteries, magazines, and communications, formed in the solid rock of Gibraltar by Mr. Inch, under the direction of General Elliott, and continued with astonishing success by Major-General O'Hara.

After passing the Grotto we drove to Puzzoli. The road is remarkably pleasant, great part of it runs between groves of poplars, planted in regular order, to sustain the vines, in the style of our hop gardens. The vines are loaded with grapes, and, encircling the trees, form a variety of beautiful festoons from one tree to another in every direction. The ground beneath is either covered with grass, or laid out for corn.

Turning a little out of the way to the right, we came to Lago D'Agnano, formerly a volcano, now a romantick, beautiful lake. Close to it is a little cave called Grotto del Cane, from a vapour that rises in it so obnoxious to dogs, that it kills them in a few minutes, and doubtless it would have the same effect on man, or any other animal, whose head was held near the ground.

Between Lago D'Agnano and Puzzoli, on the side of another extinguished volcano, called the Solfaterra, we saw the Piscatelli, or Boiling Springs, of whose wonderful effect, in turning lava and pumice stone into clay and into soil, I had the same evening the satisfaction of hearing a philosophical account from Sir William Hamilton, with which he has already favoured the public.

We hired a boat at Puzzoli, and after rowing about two miles across part of the celebrated Bay of Baia, with Virgil in my pocket, landed close to the Lucrine Lake, at the foot of Monte Nuovo. This mountain, which is several hundred yards in height, and above a mile in circumference, was thrown up by the Lucrine Lake in a violent earthquake in the year 1538. However strange this may appear, such phenomena are by no means uncommon in Italy. The lake was of course much reduced by this eruption, and now only covers three or four acres. It is about ten yards from the sea, and has a sluice to communicate with it.

After a short walk in a pleasant vineyard, we entered the Sibyl's Cave, a road cut through a mountain in the style of the Grotto of Pausilippe, but on a smaller scale. The passage from the cave to her palace is only wide enough for one person. After descending ten or twelve yards, we came to her baths, four small chambers with water still in them. We were carried through on men's backs, with candles in our hands, and ascending a little on the opposite side, came to the door of her palace; but it is so choked up with rubbish, that we were obliged to return without finding an entrance; and passing through her cave and a wild shrubbery on the west of it, we arrived at Lake Avernus, and on the opposite banks saw the grove where Æneas was to find the golden bough.

The lake seems to have lost the noxious qualities Virgil ascribed to it; but this, I imagine, is owing to most of the high trees with which it was closely surrounded being cut down, and little but brushwood left. The temple is at a small distance on the right of the lake; we wanted to go to it, but our Cicerone persuaded us that it would be better to delay seeing that and the entrance into Hell, until we had been at Cuma.

We therefore repassed the Sibyl's Cave, and returning to the Lucrine Lake, again embarked, and proceeded along the shore to the foot of Nero's Palace, where the sand under the sea water is so hot, that we could scarcely touch it. The effect of subterraneous fire.

The baths are above. These are several large chambers, divided into different apartments for the men and women, with two subterranean passages leading to the water, which unite at the distance of

two hundred yards from the spring. Here the heat is so excessive and insupportable, that it is supposed no longer necessary to continue the separate passages, since even should persons of different sexes advance thus far, there is no danger of their being noticed by each other, for to get here cost us great pain; and all our clothes, in a few seconds, were wet through with perspiration.

This is what they call bathing, for nobody can bear the water. One of our guides, for a pecuniary reward, brought a little in a bucket, and boiled some eggs in it, which were afterwards served at our table in a shady spot on the adjoining classic ground; and we crowned this grateful repast with the health of a favorite fair, in a smiling bumper of real Falernian, from the very vineyards which have been celebrated by Horace. The wine was remarkably good, and the heavenly toast gave it a still higher flavour. I am convinced that it would have found its way to England, had not the Italians lost the art of preserving it. One must therefore either drink it new or sour.

About two miles from Nero's Baths, we were shewn the Temple of Diana, a large dome, one half of which was destroyed by an earthquake, the other remains. The Temple of Mercury is on the opposite side of a modern bridge. The dome is still entire, and is seventy feet in diameter. It has a similar effect to the whispering gallery at St. Paul's. Part of the roof is lined with common mosaic. The walls of the different out-offices are still standing, and the court has been lately planted with lemon and orange trees, which, in time, will add greatly to the beauty of its appearance. This spot seems to have been particularly sacred, for not an hundred yards further is a large octagon tower, the remains of a Temple of Venus Genetrix, but no other vestige of it is left.

Here we again embarked, and after rowing some little way along the shore, landed and walked to the top of a hill, from which we had a view of the Elysian Fields, and of Lake Acheron below us. The lake is changed, like Avernus, but the Elysian Fields are still a beautiful wilderness. On our way we passed several ancient burying-places, and a variety of other ruins--ruins in the truest sense of the word, for the whole is an heap of rubbish.

A little beyond this is the famous reservoir constructed for the use of the Roman Navy. The roof is supported by forty-eight square pillars, with a proportional number of arches, something in the style of the Nun's Cistern at Gibraltar, but on a scale so much more grand, that it would contain above an hundred times the quantity of water.

From thence we proceeded through a vineyard to an amazing subterraneous building, supposed to have been Nero's prisons. The gallery is about twelve feet high, and nine wide. We were told that it proceeds in a right line from the entrance to the sea, and is divided into near an hundred apartments; but as it is full of stones, and as the air is said to be prodigiously hurtful, we could not prevail on our guide to descend to any distance in this direction, but, turning to the left, we entered a range of apartments in the form of a cross, which we supposed were for the officers, as the partition walls are only carried to within two feet of the arch. In the inmost fourteen bronze lamps were found. The niches they stood in still remain. On striking the ground, it returned a hollow sound, as if there was a range of prisons beneath.

As soon as we returned to day-light, we descended to the sea-side, to the tomb of Agrippina. It is an arched vault, fifteen feet long, and nine wide, almost filled up with rubbish. The walls are covered with elegant basso-relievo miniature figures, in small squares, remarkably neat and beautiful; one represents a female deity, with extended wings, soaring in the air; two others are women reclining on a couch, but so choaked up with smoke and soot from the torches, that it is impossible to determine who they are: the workmanship, however, one easily perceives, exhibits the hand of a capital master, who has displayed so much taste, beauty and harmony, that we are almost tempted to forget Agrippina's crimes; and, in pitying her fate, we redouble our horror at the inhuman parricide who sent her to her tomb.

It is not known by whom this monument was erected; and I think it not improbable, that it might have been ordered by Nero himself, since he is reported to have said, that, had he known how beautiful his mother was, he never would have destroyed her.

Having now seen every thing on the coast of Baia, we returned to Puzzoli, and, to our inexpressible concern, found that it was too late to continue our excursion to Cuma.

Puzzoli abounds with antiquities; but the temple of Jupiter Serapis is the only one we had time to see. This was one of the most noble structures yet brought to light; and we can never sufficiently lament, that it has not been preserved in the state in which it was found.

The court is a square of one hundred and twenty feet, and was surrounded by a magnificent colonnade, which, together with the roof and pavement, were of beautiful marble. It contained many elegant statues, and every other religious ornament; but the King was seized with such an avidity for these treasures, that he had them all removed to his different palaces, with the exception of four columns only, which are left, as a sample, before the entrance of the inner temple, each eighteen feet in circumference, and forty in height. The temple itself was again stopped up with rubbish, after all its ornaments were taken away.

In the center of the court, an altar was raised for sacrifice; but, as it was composed of the finest materials, it was crushed by the earthquake that buried the temple. The base still remains, with the ring to which the victim was tied, and the vessels for holding its blood.

## LETTER VII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 20th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE returned to Naples, highly gratified with our expedition to Baia, and, after a day's rest, set out for Mount Vesuvius. The foot of the mountain is about six miles off. We went at night, in order to view the crater to the greatest advantage, and were about two hours in walking from the base to the hermitage. The road, although steep, is tolerably good; and a light carriage may ascend the greatest part of it.

Father Pietro, the Hermit, received us with great hospitality; and, although turned of eighty, he is by no means insensible to those charms of society which are consistent with the gravity of his order. He seemed a person of a liberal education, spoke with great judgment of the ancients, and was well informed of the state of Europe at the time of his retirement. In the course of conversation, he mentioned his having been in England, which led us to enquire in what capacity. Conceive our surprize, when this venerable sage told us that he had been a French hair-dresser! But the frankness and the grace with which he made this declaration, increased our esteem; and his conversation proved, that however low his origin, his abilities and application had raised him superior to most of us.

His habitation is a comfortable cottage, with a chapel, and a shrubbery adjoining, at the extremity of one of the small mountains, of which there are several round Vesuvius; and although half way up to the crater, this spot is secured from the lava by a ridge which separates it from the great cone; and should the burning matter run in this direction, it would be thrown on each side. But it is not impossible that he may some day be surrounded by it; and he is always exposed to the stones and ashes thrown up by the mountain.

At three o'clock the next morning we prepared for the grand ascent, but it rained so hard that our guide assured us it was impossible to proceed; and, to our infinite disappointment, the weather did not clear up till after daylight. We then took leave of our friendly hermit, and after scrambling over large fields of rough lava, in less than two hours reached the crater--an unfathomable fiery gulph, sunk from the summit of a monstrous cone, which rises above every other branch of the mountain. It emits an amazing column of smoke, so strongly impregnated with sulphur, that it was not without danger of being suffocated, that we were able to look down it, even on the side from which the wind blew.

The smoke and daylight prevented our seeing to any depth, but at night I imagine that we should occasionally have discerned fire at the bottom. We repeatedly heard a rumbling noise, not so much like that of thunder, as of a brazen carriage rolling over a bridge. These were succeeded by small explosions, which threw up large quantities of stones, accompanied by a flame, which the light prevented our seeing to advantage.

Whilst the mountain is in this dangerous state, it is impossible to measure the circumference of the crater exactly, but I am led to think that it has been exaggerated, and that it does not exceed three hundred yards. Its sides however sometimes fall in, and then the circumference may be much greater.

Figure to yourself what a volume of smoke may be emitted from such a source, and what an overwhelming torrent of liquid fire such a gulph may produce! Our shoes were burnt in getting to its edge, for it is surrounded either with new lava, or a hot, drossy substance powdered with sulphur.

Sometimes the mountain is perfectly quiet for weeks together, but it has been smoking ever since we arrived, with occasional explosions, which threaten an approaching eruption. There was a slight one a few days before we entered the bay, but the lava only descended about a mile from the crater. It is still red hot, and at night may be seen at many leagues distance.

The phenomena of lava and burning mountains have been variously explained by different philosophers. Some, and these men of reputation too, have followed the idea of the ancients, and suppose the center of the earth to be fire, to which they are so extravagant as to imagine volcanos are the chimneys. Others suppose them to be occasioned by the fermentation of firestone, sulphur, and iron, the explosions of nitre, of aqueous steam violently heated, or of air pent up and greatly rarefied. All these doubtless assist, or contribute to the formation of volcanos, but the only inexhaustible source of fire that I am informed of, is the electric fluid, whose powers were not discovered before the middle of this century. This is nothing more than the light of the sun absorbed by the earth, which of course must be again emitted, just as we receive in rain, the water and the damps he exhales from us. Whenever, therefore, the electric fluid is absorbed in larger quantities than the general outlets can return, it acts with uncommon violence, and breaks forth either by an earthquake, or an eruption. When this happens, and the eruption is not very violent, the burning matter rises gradually from the bottom to the top of the crater, and when it has filled it, it runs over like the boiling of an immense caldron. But sometimes it scorns all bounds, and the crater, monstrous as it is, being insufficient to give vent to its violence, the side of the mountain is burst open, and thrown with inconceivable force to an immeasurable height in the air. The lava then rushes forth in an impetuous torrent of liquid fire, overwhelming every thing in its course. That of 1767 was six miles long and two wide, and in some places, where it past over cavities, it was sixty or seventy feet deep.

Eruptions are generally preceded and closed by an immense discharge of stones and ashes, which often create more destruction than the lava itself.

For some time after the eruption, the lava has the appearance of melted glass, after which the upper part breaks into large pieces of a kind of dross, which, in the course of time crumble into mould, and form the richest soil imaginable, whilst the lower becomes hard stone. But this is the process of many

years, and consequently great part of Vesuvius is horridly barren, whilst the rest is most beautifully cultivated.

A fog deprived us of the view from the top of the mountain; but, by what I saw at the Hermitage, I think it would have been impossible to describe it. The bay of Naples is upwards of fifty miles in circumference, and the variety of curious and beautiful objects, which strike the eye in every direction, render it one of the most pleasing and interesting sights which it is possible to behold. The capital of the kingdom is in the center, with a superb Carthusian monastery, and the Castle of St. Ilmo above it. On the west the public walk of the Chiaja, adorned with several elegant fountains, and a double row of trees. Beyond it Mount Pausilippe, with the Tomb of Virgil; the road and town of Puzzoli; the Solfaterra, and Monte Nuovo; the remains of the Lucrine Lake, and the ruins of Baia, bounded by the celebrated Cape of Misenus, and the Isle of Ischia. On the east the gardens, palace, and museum of Portici, built over the ruins of Herculaneum, Mount Vesuvius throwing forth an amazing volume of smoke in a variety of shapes, according to the wind, with its base covered with vineyards, convents, and villas, rising out of the ashes of Pompeia and Stabia. Beyond these Castello Mare, closed by the Promontory of Gampenela, and the Island of Capria. The whole country is in the highest state of cultivation, richly clothed with beautiful trees, most of which are evergreens.

The entrance of the bay is on the south-west side, and is near fifteen miles wide. Off the town there are two moles, one for the King's galleys, the other for the larger men of war and merchantmen, with three castles to defend them. But notwithstanding these works, and the Citadel of St. Ilmo, which, from its height, is unassailable, and that its garrison is sheltered by excellent casemates, I think ten sail of the line might lay this capital in ashes, as a first rate man of war may lie close to the shore.

By Sir William Hamilton's desire, we, this morning, took a boat from the Pearl, and after rowing along the west side of the town, and passing the ruins of Queen Joan's Palace, landed at a small village, he was so good as to point out to us, in the neighbourhood of which we saw the remains of Pollio's Villa, with the subterranean fish-ponds, in which he used to feed lampreys on human flesh. There are some busts of his family in the garden, and several inscriptions to remind us of his abominable luxury.

## LETTER VIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 24th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On a hill, a little without this city, the King has a palace, called Capo de Monté, in which there is a museum, and a numerous collection of paintings, the best of which is Titian's celebrated Danaë. Nothing can be more beautiful, or expressive of enjoyment, than her face, or more elegantly shaped than her person: but, dared I suppose it possible to improve the design of so perfect a master, I would say, that, for Jupiter's sake, I wish that her knees were less drawn up.

Scidon's Charity is a divine figure, and, if possible, exalts that heavenly virtue.

The Dead Christ, by A. Carraccio; Mary Magdalen, by Giucino; Peter denying Christ, by Morillo; the Virgin Mary, with St. Ann, Jesus, and John the Baptist, by Raphael, are among the best pieces.

The museum contains a complete set of medals in gold, silver and copper, of all the Roman Emperors; a variety of beautiful cameos, antique vases, and a copy of the Farnese Bull.

Our next grand object was to visit the recovered towns of Herculaneum and Pompeia, which, after being buried near seventeen hundred years, were again brought to light by the present King of Spain<sup>[2]</sup>, whilst he was on the throne of Naples.

<sup>2</sup>. Died on the 13th of December, 1788.

---

These towns were lost in the reign of Titus, by the memorable eruption of Vesuvius, in the year of our Lord 79, when the mountain threw forth such a torrent of stones and lava, that Herculaneum and Stabia were buried near eighty feet deep in ashes, consolidated by liquid fire.

In the revolution of so many ages, the spot they stood upon was entirely forgotten: but, towards the end of the last century, some inscriptions were found, which led to a discovery of their situation; but it was not till the year 1738, that any public excavations were made.

The King met with so much success in his first attempt, that, notwithstanding the expence of digging through sixty or eighty feet of hard stone, he laid open a considerable part of Herculaneum; but the difficulty of removing the rubbish induced his Majesty to fill it up again as he went on, after collecting all the moveables of any consequence. The theatre alone is left open. It is larger than any in England; and the ends of the beams, burnt to coal, are still seen sticking in the walls; but all the ornaments that withstood the eruption are removed to Portici.

No lava having ever gone over the ashes which buried Pompeia, it was much easier cleared. Three divisions are quite open. The first is a small square, which, our Cicerone told us, was the soldiers quarters. There are several small apartments round it; in one of which we saw the skeletons of seventeen poor wretches, who were confined by the ancles in an iron machine. Many other bodies were found, some of them in circumstances which plainly shew that they were endeavouring to escape when the eruption overtook them. Near the barracks, there is a theatre, and a temple of Isis; but, as all their ornaments have been removed, they have now little but their antiquity to make them worth seeing.

But a little farther, two streets, with all their houses, are entirely cleared, and look like a small town, lately abandoned. The streets are just wide enough for two carriages to pass each other; and the ruts worn by the wheels, are still to be seen, as well as names, and several military figures, cut in a rough manner by the soldiers on the walls of their quarters. A path is raised on each side of the street, for foot passengers.

Most of the houses have a terrace at top, in the Italian style; and some of them have baths and stoves to heat the walls. The floors, in general, are paved with mosaic of the common kind; and the sides of the rooms were all ornamented with paintings on the bare plaster, which we call *in distemper*. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful; but most of the best have been taken away. Among those that remain, the most striking are, Narcissus pining for his own figure; Orpheus and Eurydice; Diana and Endymion; variety of dogs and game; several dishes of fish, fowl and vegetables; a capital helmet; some beautiful landscapes, and light festoons of the most elegant patterns: all as perfect as the day they were painted.

A little without the gates, we saw the burying-place of the Terentian family. It is a small pile, with a tower in the center, with niches for the urns, and several distorted, weeping faces on the walls. In one of the wells in the town, we found several skulls, which were thrown there when the houses were cleared out.

About a quarter of a mile farther, we came to a noble villa, which, from its size, and the furniture found in it, must have belonged to some person of consequence. The lower part is inhabited by some peasants, who cultivate the garden within the court, and who presented us with some of the grapes which it produces. The cellars form three sides of a square, under the terrace in front of the house, each side one hundred and sixty feet long. We were shewn several jars, whose contents were solid, and which, at the time of the eruption, were full of wine.

From hence we drove to Portici, to see the museum, where every thing taken out of Pompeia and Herculaneum is collected. It consists of sixteen rooms, in which the different articles are arranged with very great taste. The floors are paved with mosaic, taken up from the recovered towns, and the walls of the court are lined with inscriptions.

Exclusive of busts and statues, medals, and intaglios, lamps and tripods, innumerable; there is not an article used by the ancients, of which a specimen may not be seen in this museum. We were shewn



some Household Gods, and every implement used in worship, or sacrifice, agriculture, and cookery. A kitchen completely furnished, in a style that would do justice to a London Alderman. Several scales, weights, and measures, and different instruments of music and surgery. Some loaves of bread, with the maker's name. Different kinds of shell fruit. Tickets of admission for the theatre, and, what rather lessened our veneration for the ancients, some loaded dice, and a box of rouge. They had mirrors too, which were of brass highly polished, for they had not the art of making glass reflect by quicksilver.

One of the apartments is filled with obscene devices, particularly rings, which were worn by the chastest matrons, as charms against sterility; for the Romans accustomed their women to this kind of objects, just as they did their youth to danger, that they might learn to behold them unmoved. This accounts for the very great number that have been found. Some of them are highly laughable. But the moderns have learned more delicacy; and this apartment is never exposed to the ladies.

The *Satyr and She Goat* was thought so dangerous a representation, that it was very properly removed to a separate house; and nothing but its exquisite workmanship prevented its being destroyed.

It is much to be lamented that the article which might be of most service to mankind, is the most difficult to be recovered, I mean the ancient books. These were written on scrolls rolled up, and by the heat of the ashes, were burnt into the appearance of charcoal. No pains have been spared to unfold them, but the operation is attended with such immense difficulty, that as yet but four have been brought to light, and these in so mutilated a state, that though the letters which are left are perfect, I fear they can never be of any real use. But this by no means lessens the merit of Padre Piaggi and his pupils. It is miraculous that they have succeeded so well; and their ingenuity and perseverance cannot be too much applauded.

Several of the rooms in the Palace of Portici, which is adjoining to the museum, are lined with the paintings cut out of Pompeia; but though they are reckoned the best, they do not appear to me to equal those that remain on their native walls.

The equestrian statues of Marcus Nonius Balbus, and his son, at the foot of the great staircase, are both remarkably light and elegant. One has the greater pleasure in admiring them, from their being a tribute to virtue, erected after their death by the citizens of Herculaneum, of which they were Pro-consuls.

Portici is about six miles from Naples, at the foot of Vesuvius; the theatre of Herculaneum is a little beyond the Palace, and Pompeia about seven miles farther, all on the great road to Castello Mare. No excavations having been made at Stabia, we did not go there.

## LETTER IX.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 27th.

MY DEAR SIR,

**E**ngagements in Naples, which we could not decline, and the shortness of our stay, allowed us to make but one more excursion to the country. This was to the new palace at Casertta. The outside has nothing to boast of but the grandeur of its size; but for convenience, the plan is, perhaps, the best which has ever been laid out. It is a square of six hundred feet each side; and that no room may be lost, the interior court is divided into four, by a range of buildings in the shape of a cross, the head of which forms a most magnificent church, lined with the marble from the Temple of Serapis at Puzzoli. It hath not many paintings, but that of the Presentation is reckoned inestimable. I do not mean to criticise this admirable work, but it is natural to imagine that the painter intended the Virgin Mary to be his principal character, and yet, in spite of myself, my attention was constantly drawn from her to the surrounding figures.

The great staircase forms one of the finest *coup d'oeils* of the kind I ever beheld. It is in the center of the whole edifice, opposite the church gates. The dome is painted with Apollo and the Muses, in a circle, and the four seasons in the corners. The steps and balustrade are all of marble of different colours, on a very grand scale, crowned with two capital lions. If any fault can be found with this elegant piece of architecture, it is that the area below is too small in proportion to the grandeur of this part of the building.

It is intended that this Palace shall contain apartments for all the Officers of State, &c. who by the skill of the architect, will be most conveniently lodged; as yet, however, none but those of the King are completed. These are finished in the richest style, and with a neatness and elegance that prevents our being dazzled by their magnificence. The walls are washed with light colours (for the Italians use no paper), with elegant mouldings of gold and silver, and the ceilings are adorned with a variety of most beautiful paintings. That of the Three Graces in the Queen's bath, is a most masterly piece; they have just been bathing, the beauty of their faces and symmetry of their persons, are beyond description.

Several of the lower rooms are filled with statues, not yet put up. The best is Agrippina sitting on a chair, with her feet out, so very natural, that I was on the point of bowing to her. The Theatre is nothing extraordinary. The aqueduct we had not time to see.

St. Januarius is the tutelar saint of the Neapolitans. His feast is now celebrating. The people out of doors affect to laugh at the idea of his blood liquifying, but when the pretended miracle was performed, all of them kissed the phial with great fervour. The *Nobile* have given an oratorio in honor of him; Sir William Hamilton sent us tickets for it.

During this festival the operas are suspended; which has prevented our seeing more than two. The Theatre of St. Carlos, performers, dresses, &c. are, in every respect, superior to ours; and yet, instead of half-a-guinea, the price of admittance is only about eighteen pence.

In England, the singers are never obliged to exert themselves for any time together: here I have heard *La Banti* in a cantata that hath required a constant exertion for near half an hour; *Tomeone*, though less powerful, is more pleasing: in *Pace caro mio Sposo*, she is absolutely incomparable. The Coltalines make too many faces; and this is often the case with the men; but, however hideous in private parties, it is not much observed on the stage. Their dances are longer than ours, and, when they form part of the piece, are accompanied by voices.

It would be presumption to attempt to describe the manners of the Italians on so short an acquaintance. Suffice it to say, that we have been treated with the utmost attention; that the people are remarkably partial to our nation; and that being an English Officer is a sufficient introduction to the first company.

If the lower sort have sometimes taken advantage of our inexperience, it is no more than we have suffered at home; for, who are more imposing, particularly to foreigners, than the publicans, waiters, and all that class of people, in England?

In short, I should be apt to give a very high character of the Neapolitans, had I not been told that they do not merit the favorable opinion I have formed of them, and that the civility of the men often ends in winning your money, whilst that of the women proceeds from an amorous disposition, tinctured with avarice: but all this it would be ungenerous to believe, since we have not experienced an instance of either. The frailty of women I can pity, as well as condemn: but how a lady can sell her virtue, is, though perhaps it may be accounted for here, what Englishmen I hope will never comprehend.

The Princess Belmonté is particularly entitled to our regard. Her fortune renders her superior to any sordid views; and yet she has always been remarkable for the kindest attention to our countrymen. Her Highness invited us to a party at her casino, and shewed us a room entirely furnished in the English style, with the best productions of Bunbury, Hamilton and Strange.

We have been at several *conversazioni*, which, in the principal houses, include every other amusement. A suit of rooms is thrown open; the largest for a promenade in summer, and dancing in winter; the next for music; a third for billiards; a fourth for fruit, ices, &c. and the rest for cards and dice. But, if only four or five people meet together, the Italians call it a *conversazione*.

The Court has been at Castello Mare ever since we arrived. We mean to call there on our way out of the bay; and Lord Hervey, from whom we have received the greatest civilities, has promised to accompany us. His Lordship is one of the King's most intimate friends; and Lady Hervey, whose gentleness and good sense insure her the hearts of all those who have the honour to approach her, is

particularly esteemed and respected by the Queen, and all the Italian nobility.

I mentioned before, that the Spaniards ceded Naples to the Emperor, by the Treaty of Utrecht; but Philip V. of Spain's second wife, Elizabeth Farnese, heiress to the Duke of Parma, giving him a pretence for invading Italy, in her right, he made a conquest of Sicily and Naples: but the other European Powers obliged him to form them into a separate kingdom, and to give it to Charles, his eldest son by the Princess of Parma.--A. D. 1735.

All Philip's children by his first marriage dying without issue, Charles succeeded to the crown of A. D. 1759. Spain, and resigned Sicily and Naples to his third son, Ferdinand IV. the present King, the eldest being an idiot, and the second becoming Prince of the Asturias, and heir to Spain.

The government, being founded on conquest, is of course despotic. The King generally keeps up near thirty thousand men, who seem to be tolerable troops. The officers are obliged to have a public military education, and are astonished that this is not the case with us. The navy consists of three two-deckers, about a dozen frigates, and twenty galleys. They are at war with the Algerines, but seldom take a prize.

The revenue of the King of Naples is near a million sterling. When supplies are wanted, his Majesty has only to issue an edict, mentioning the cause, and the manner in which they are to be raised. He generally says, that it is by the desire of his Council, which only consists of his principal Ministers, and the Queen, who is allowed a considerable share in the administration of the kingdom, from its independence being in a manner obtained through the female line, as I conjecture; for the short time I have been in this country has not permitted me to make myself master of its laws, which, as well as several other matters, I must pass over till my return. As to churches and convents, I will not detain you with any account of them; for they are nearly alike in most Roman Catholic states.

Naples is in Lat. 40° 53', Long. 14° 12' East, and, by the shortest course, about a thousand miles from Gibraltar.

## LETTER X.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Off Salerno, October 2d.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Lord Hervey and Captain Barnard, who have had the goodness to accompany us thus far, being about to leave us, I embrace this opportunity of sending you a continuation of my Journal; a form of writing, which, in conformity to your wishes, I shall always prefer whenever we are at sea.

Friday, September 28th.

At four o'clock, yesterday afternoon, we got under way, in order to pay the King of Naples a visit at Castello Mare. We were becalmed all night; and his Majesty, being apprized of our approach, came out to meet us at day-break, this morning. He was in a man of war brig of fourteen guns, attended by another of the same force. As soon as he was within about two miles, he got into his barge, and, there being but little wind, rowed on board us. We received him with a royal salute.

His Majesty went all over the ship, praised every part of her, seemed much pleased, and, with a most engaging condescension, thanked us for the honor we did him, and invited the principal persons on board to dine at his casino. On leaving the ship, he was again saluted with twenty-one guns.

Immediately afterwards his Majesty sent the officers a present of some very fine fish of his own catching, and in the afternoon rowed out again to take another view of the ship.

Castello Mare is the King's dockyard. Every thing is in high order; but it is entirely defenceless, and does not give an Englishman a very formidable idea of the Neapolitan Navy.

There is a village adjoining, above which the King has built a small palace, or casino, in a most charming situation, with a full view of the bay. Here his Majesty generally spends great part of the summer, and enjoys his favorite amusements of fishing and shooting, water parties, and ship-building.

The King of Naples is thirty-six years old, well made, and rather tall; lean enough to enjoy all his diversions, of a fair complexion, light hair, and an affable, open countenance.

Notwithstanding the heavy taxes requisite to the support of his navy and army, he is adored by his subjects, from the confidence he reposes in them, and because, in affairs of state, he is always their champion. But if he has sometimes suffered his partiality for the Queen to get the better of his judgment, his people are sensible that love always predominates in the most generous breasts.

Her Majesty is a year younger than her husband. She is sister to the Emperor of Germany, and to the Queen of France, and is accused of being extremely ambitious, which the King's easy temper, by giving her the ascendancy in politics, rather increases. In her youth she must have been amazingly handsome; for notwithstanding her having eight children living, there is still something very striking about her; and her charms, it is said, are as powerful as ever on the King. There is no believing half the stories one hears; and when they tend to scandal or immorality, it is unjust to repeat any on mere report.

In the evening we got under way, and with a light breeze sailed out of the Bay of Naples, between Capria and Cape Gampenela.

September 29th.

Becalmed on the coast of Salerno. Nothing can be more beautifully picturesque. From the water's edge to the tops of the mountains, not a vacant spot is to be seen. The whole face of the country is covered with vines, trees, and houses, mixed together in the prettiest confusion imaginable.

In the afternoon we landed; but the people being suspicious of us, we could not gain admittance to any of their houses for a considerable time. At length a priest, after having carefully examined us from his miranda, opened his doors, treated us with great hospitality, and laughed at the ignorance of his people.

September 30th.

The Island of Capria is still in sight. Passed the Bay of Salerno, and the wind being light and contrary, brought to off Pestum. Went on shore to examine the ruins.

This ancient city, which flourished before the foundation of Rome, was destroyed by the Goths on the decline of the Roman Empire, and in their zeal for the christian religion, these fierce barbarians overturned every place of Pagan worship exposed to their ravages.

The arch of the east gate of the town is still standing. But of a multitude of beautiful temples, not a column of any one is left, except of three, which being composed of common stone, the barbarians were satisfied with destroying the roofs. Two of these are close to each other. The one has nine columns in front, and eighteen on each side; the other has six by fourteen. Each of the columns is six feet in diameter, and the space between them is eight feet. Both of these temples are of the Doric order. The third is of the Corinthian. They are all three noble edifices, and the columns, with a great part of the entablature, are still perfect. Signor Pitelli, a painter whom we brought from Naples, is

busily employed in taking plans of them.

The walls of the city are above two miles in circumference, and eighteen feet thick, and are easily traced, as well as the mole, which the sea by an earthquake has left dry.

In the middle of the town there was a famous amphitheatre, one hundred and twenty-eight feet in length. Enough of the ground work is left to give a just idea of its construction; and the entrance, with arched passages on each side for the wild beasts, is still tolerably perfect.

October 1st.

Signor Pitelli not having finished the plans, and the wind continuing contrary, we carried him on shore again to-day. Here, in a farm-house, amidst these ruins of antiquity, we saw the modern method of drying figs, and making raisins. The operation is very simple. Expose the fruit to the sun for eight or ten days, then bake it, and when packing up, sprinkle a little flour between the layers.

Pestum was founded by one of those Grecian colonies, who, in the early ages, established themselves in Italy, whence this country derived the appellation of Magna Grecia.

## LETTER XI.

October 2d.

Lord Hervey took leave of us this morning off Salerno, and had scarce made the shore in a boat that attended his Lordship, before we were attacked by an adverse gale of wind, which obliged us to stand towards the west, pretty close to Capria, and, I assure you, it is with no small satisfaction, that we find ourselves sufficiently to windward to fetch the Bay of Naples, should the storm increase.

October 3d.

The gale having moderated, we tacked at one A. M. and at noon the wind became fair, but has left a heavy sea against us.

October 4th.

At eight A. M. were in sight of Strombolo, the most northern of the Lipari Islands, which are supposed to be of volcanic origin, that is, thrown up by eruptions occasioned by fire under the sea, whence Virgil makes them the residence of Vulcan.

They are also supposed to have given rise to the fable of Eolus, from one of their Kings of this name, who, by attending to the smoke of the neighbouring islands, had learned to foretell how the wind would blow.

Homer carries Ulysses to Lipari, the capital of that monarch, who, compassionating his sufferings, made him a present of the different winds confined in separate bags, that he might use them at his pleasure; but when they got in sight of Ithaca, his companions, ignorant of the contents, untying the adverse ones, he was driven back in a violent storm, and thus renewed his former woes.

The case is different with us: calms and light variable breezes have kept us in sight of Strombolo the whole day. The volcano is on its south-west side, in so fortunate a situation for the inhabitants, that they have little to fear from eruptions; for the crater is about one fifth of the height of the island below its summit, and is surrounded on every side but that nearest the sea, by large cliffs, which seem to overhang it on purpose to check the eruption when it takes any other direction; for the stones and ashes which it casts forth, rebounding from the rocks above, are either again swallowed up, or thrown down the south-west side into the ocean.

In the afternoon, there was an explosion like the springing of a small mine. The smoke occasioned by this, being quickly dispelled, it resumed its former state, which, at the distance of five leagues, appeared exactly like that which issues from a large double chimney. At this time it bore S. S. E.

At dusk, it looked like a lime-kiln, and every three or four minutes emitted a flame, which blazed for a few seconds like a furnace on fire.

During the night, it appeared in all its glory, with every symptom of an approaching grand eruption. The crater seemed full of burning matter, boiling on its surface, and every now and then throwing up a large column of red-hot stones, which bounded down the side of the mountain into the sea, and, in a manner setting fire to the air as they flew through it, formed one of the grandest sights it is possible to conceive. The beautiful effect of these flying red-hot rocks was not lost until they had been some seconds under water.

Formerly there were only seven of these islands, now there are eleven; and, from the active state of Strombolo, which is considerably detached from the rest, I should not be surprised to hear that another island was thrown up near it: but such an event, although often reported, I can assure you, has not lately happened here. The last phenomenon of this kind that has been thoroughly authenticated, is in the Archipelago, which, in a few weeks, I hope to visit.

All the Lipari islands have had volcanoes in their time; but most of them have been extinct for many centuries. The whole are subject to the King of Naples, and add a considerable sum to his revenue, from the trade they carry on in wine, alum, sulphur, and dried fruit. The wine is famous; I tasted some of it at Naples, but did not think it equal to its reputation.

Friday, October 5th.

At day-break, Strombolo was two leagues astern. It looks like a huge rock rising boldly out of the sea, seems to be about twelve miles in circumference, and has a small town on the south-east side. The coast of Calabria, and of Sicily, also in sight. Latitude, at mid-day, 38° 37'.

At sun-set, we entered the celebrated straits of Scylla and Charybdis, and, in less than an hour and a half, anchored at Messina.

## LETTER XII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Messina, October 8th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Messina, which was formerly in so flourishing a state, and which was accounted one of the prettiest cities in the world, is now exactly in the condition of Gibraltar during the siege; and the inhabitants live in just such miserable places as the huts of Black-town and Windmill-hill.

The front of the town extended along the water side, for above two thousand yards, in the form of a crescent, adorned with pilasters and pediments, and a grand esplanade open to the sea, which at once formed a noble pier, and a delightful public walk, flanked by a fort at each end. The houses were built with great taste, all four stories high, and nearly alike.

Of this beautiful and magnificent range, only the outside shell remains; the rest, with all the town, except one or two of the strongest churches, was entirely destroyed by the dreadful earthquake in 1783.

The center of that tremendous convulsion was at Oppido, in Calabria. Every thing within twenty miles was entirely overwhelmed, and several towns, with all their inhabitants, completely swallowed up, not the smallest vestige of them being left. Scarce a place within seventy-two miles of Oppido but felt the shock. By the return made to the Secretary of State, the number of people lost, amounted to thirty-two thousand, three hundred and sixty-seven souls; and we were told by Sir William Hamilton, that there were several thousand strangers, travellers, &c. who were not included in that return.

It is by no means uncommon to hear of the Italians scourging their saints when they are overtaken by any misfortune; but, since this dreadful calamity, St. Agatha, the Protectress of Sicily, is more venerated than ever; for, notwithstanding the loss of their property, she has the credit of having defended her votaries from the catastrophe with which their neighbours on the opposite coast were overwhelmed; and every Sunday night the opera ends with a little piece in her honor.

There is something so amiable in this universal gratitude and thanksgiving in the midst of absolute ruin, that it is impossible not to admire the minds that are capable of such virtue, even though actuated by superstition. But, indeed, if we compare Messina with several other places, we may reckon her peculiarly fortunate, since, though the town is destroyed, only nine hundred people perished.

At the time of the earthquake, the Messinians had scarce recovered from the ravages of the plague of 1743. This second blow has completely broken their spirit, and obliged them to relinquish the hope of ever seeing their city rebuilt; the King of Naples having ordered that none of the houses in the Crescent shall be roofed, until they are raised to their former height. The inhabitants have remonstrated, by saying, that they cannot bear the expence; but his Majesty is unwilling that they should lose so beautiful an ornament.

Even Scylla and Charybdis have been almost subdued by the repeated convulsions of this part of the earth, and by the violence of the current, which is continually increasing the breadth of the Straits. If proper allowance be made for these circumstances, we shall acquit the ancients of any exaggeration, notwithstanding the very dreadful colours in which they have painted this passage. It is formed by a low peninsula, called Cape Pelorus, stretching to the eastward on the Sicilian side, immediately within which lies the famous whirlpool of Charybdis, and by the Rocks of Scylla, which a few miles below on the Calabrian shore, project towards the west. The current runs with surprising force from one to the other alternately in the direction of the tide, and the tides themselves are very irregular. Thus, vessels by shunning the one were in the utmost danger of being swallowed up by the other.

At present, in moderate weather, when the tide is either at ebb or flood, boats pass all over the whirlpool, but, in general, it is like the meeting of two contending currents, with a number of eddies all around. And, even now, there is scarcely a winter in which there are not some wrecks.

At the time we passed the strait, the weather was as favourable as we could wish, and yet, in spite of a strong breeze and the current, which hurried us on with surprising velocity, the ship's head was suddenly whirled round near three points; but the wind blowing fresh, in a few seconds she dashed through the eddy that had caught her--for, to avoid Scylla, and secure Messina, we had kept pretty close to Charybdis.

The entrance of these straits is, I am convinced, not less than three miles wide, but I have never heard it allowed to be so much. After passing Charybdis, the sea immediately widens, but Cape Pelorus and Scylla in a manner crossing each other, the passage cannot be perceived until you are on the point of entering it, which gave rise to a tradition, that Hannibal, fancying himself betrayed and land-locked, put his Pilot Pelorus to death; but that, as an atonement, he afterwards erected a statue to his memory, from which the Cape took its name. This action, however, is so contradictory to the history, experience, and disposition of Hannibal, that nobody could ever have raised such a story, but one who had never read the life of this magnanimous hero.

Few countries have experienced more revolutions than Sicily; the richness of the soil and the temperature of the climate, added to its commanding situation, having always made it an object of attraction. After the dark ages it was successively possessed by the Greeks, and the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths, and the Saracens.

In later times, it has generally shared the fate of Naples; but by the Treaty of Utrecht, it was given to the Duke of Savoy, who, however, was soon obliged, by the Quadruple Alliance, to return it to the Emperor, in exchange for Sardinia. The Spaniards seized this opportunity of renewing their claims,

and sent a large armament, which had subdued the whole island, except Messina, which they were besieging, when Sir George Byng appeared with the British fleet.

April 11th, 1718.

The Spanish squadron, apprized of his approach, passed through the straits, and stood to the southward; Sir George pursued and brought it to action. Our fleet consisted of twenty-one sail of the line, carrying 1400 guns, the enemy's of eighteen, carrying 992 guns. Both sides fought bravely, but our superior numbers soon prevailed. Don Antonio de Casteneta, the Spanish Admiral, was taken prisoner, and only seven of his two-deckers escaped, of which the greater part were afterwards burnt at Messina, and one was lost in the Gulf of Tarento. Many of the frigates were also taken.

Six line of battle ships, and as many smaller men of war, which separated from the main body of the Spanish fleet, at the commencement of the action, were pursued by Commodore Walton, and every one taken or burnt; on which occasion he wrote this famous letter. "We have taken or destroyed all the enemy's ships and vessels on the coast, as per margin."

After this victory, Sir George Byng convoyed an army from the continent, and besieged the citadel of Messina, which the enemy's troops had now taken; and when the place was nearly reduced, a dispute arising among the allies on shore, about the Spanish men of war in the mole, Sir George, knowing that it is more our interest to reduce the navy of the rest of Europe, than to increase our own, caused batteries to be erected for shells and red-hot shot, and ended the contention, by destroying the cause.

The loss of their fleet, and many other disasters, obliged the Spaniards to accede to the Quadruple Alliance in 1720, and to relinquish their claim to Sicily and Sardinia. But the Emperor having forfeited the protection of England, the Spaniards, about fifteen years after this treaty, made themselves masters of Sicily and Naples, as I have already related.

Messina was surrounded on the land side by a strong rampart, which, since the earthquake, has been entirely neglected. The Citadel is a regular square fort, with ravelins, counterguards, and a good covered way. It stands on that part of the neck of land which forms the mole, where this neck joins the island, and is kept in excellent condition; yet notwithstanding its artificial strength, it is of little use but as a place of arms, since an enemy having possession of the town, may destroy every vessel under its guns; but two other strong castles secure the shipping from any insult from the sea.

The neighbourhood is excessively fertile and populous, and we find the people very civil; but in the interior country, I am told they are rather savage.



## LETTER XIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Modon, October 19.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We are, at last, arrived on the confines of Greece, a venerable name, now almost lost in that of Turkey in Europe, and its former splendour so entirely reversed, that I am particularly fortunate in finding a conveyance for a letter. Here are no posts in this neglected country, and the people once so accomplished, are in utter ignorance of what passes in the world, except from the vague reports they get from vessels, which now and then put in here. And this, alas! is the unhappy fate of all the south and eastern coast of Greece.

But before I say any thing more of this place, I must carry you back to Messina, and give you some account of our voyage.

Thursday, October 9th.

We left Messina at eleven o'clock this morning, and at twelve passed Reggio on the coast of Calabria. The country appears extremely barren, but is full of inhabitants and small towns.

Just before midnight, when all below were locked in sleep, and even those upon deck had scarce strength to resist the drowsy langour brought on by four hours duty; in this silent moment, when superstition, ever powerful in the mind of the sailor, gains new force from the surrounding gloom, the watch were roused with terror and astonishment, by a sudden illumination of the whole atmosphere. Their eyes, instantly turned to Heaven, were scarce reverted, when every part of the ship appeared in a blaze, and continued so for many seconds.

Struck by so awful a sight, in the dead of the night, a general silence prevailed, and many, unable to divine the cause of so sudden, and so tremendous an apparition, thought the last day was approaching. Their fears were still increased by observing through the sails, an immense ball of fire floating in the air a-head of the ship; but they were, at length, relieved by its falling into the sea.

The account our friends gave us the next morning, led us into a dissertation on fireballs, which philosophers say are produced by an exceeding great power of electricity, gradually accumulated, until the resistance of the atmosphere being no longer able to sustain it, it drops down slowly, and in no particular direction, not being drawn by any substance which would attract this electric matter, in the shape of common lightning.

October 10th.

Sunset. A westerly breeze has carried us past Cape Spartevento, and we are now just an hundred miles from the coast of Sicily. Mount Ætna is still in sight, and the sun setting directly behind it, forms one of those heavenly scenes, which at once affects us with the beautiful and sublime. Notwithstanding our very great distance, the mountain is so many degrees above the horizon, that would day-light continue, we should see it twenty miles farther. How great does nature appear in these wonderful works!

October 11th.

Lat. 37° 36'. In the last twenty-four hours we have run an hundred and forty-three miles, and are so far across the Adriatic, or Gulph of Venice, as to have land in sight a-head. This breeze is almost the only fair one we have had since we left Gibraltar, and it is now growing calm.

October 12th.

Sunset. We are now between Zante and Cephalonia, with the Morea in front. The part of the islands near us are very rocky and barren, with no verdure except from some scattered olive trees, and brushwood; but the more distant part of Cephalonia appears well cultivated.

Sunday, October 14th.

We lay to all the night before last, and yesterday morning anchored in the harbour of Zante. Lat. 37°. 50'. Long. 21°. 15'. east.

The nearest part of this island is nine miles from Cephalonia, and the same distance from the Morea, and an hundred leagues from Messina. It is above seventy miles in circumference; contains forty thousand souls, and carries on a very considerable trade in dried fruits, particularly currants, so called from a corruption of Corinth, from whence the vines were originally imported.

On the hill above the town there is a fort, very advantageously situated, but much out of repair. It is subject to the Venetians, who have now a ship of the line and three frigates in the harbour. The senior Captain very civilly informed us, that, from his great respect for the English, he would be happy to salute us, if we would return gun for gun; to which we readily consented.

By orders from Venice, the Governor at this juncture, imposes a quarantine of seven days on all vessels, even from his own nearest ports; and therefore, not being allowed to land here, we are going to a less frequented part of the island, where the quarantine is not enforced.

October 15th.

We got under way yesterday evening, and the wind not permitting us to continue our voyage, we stood to the north-east towards Patras, at the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto; but the wind changing, we put about at twelve this morning, just as we got in sight of its entrance, near the spot on which Don John of Austria obtained the celebrated victory over the Turkish fleet in the year 1571.

In this cruize we have had a view of Ithaca, in which we were told at Zante, the foundation of Ulysses' Palace is still to be traced. His island is now called Little Cephalonia, is about twenty miles long, appears very barren, but is said to be well peopled, though with a very vile race. Zante and the greater Cephalonia also belonged to Ulysses, and are both described by the ancients, as being remarkably fertile. The latter is by much the largest, the former the most productive.

A little to the north of Ithaca, in the Island of St. Mauro, is the famous Promontory of Leucate, the Lover's Leap, celebrated by the Spectator, in his beautiful panegyric on the tender Sappho. Even Venus herself is said to have been led there by Apollo, to be cured of her passion for Adonis.

October 16th.

Wind again contrary. Tacking off Zante, to get into a small bay, where there is a curious spring, from which a great quantity of tar oozes; but not being able to gain the anchorage before sunset, and the wind becoming fair for our course, we stood to the south, and in the night passed the Strophades, a set of small low islands, where Æneas was attacked by the Harpies.

It was not without regret that I passed by Zante, without landing there. It was the only place in the Venetian territories we had any chance of visiting, and I wished much to see the effect of a Government, in which Despotism, in the form of a Republic, makes her votaries believe that Tyranny is Liberty. But by what I could learn from the traders, and a few other people, to whom I had an opportunity of speaking, the police is really shocking.

The Governors are generally needy men, but, by accepting fines as a remission for murder, they are soon enriched, perhaps by the ruin of the widow and the orphan.--Is your husband assassinated--your father murdered? Dry up your tears--your Governor is three guineas richer. Do you remonstrate? For three guineas more you may let loose all the demons of revenge.

Thus one murder produces another; whole families are involved in destruction, or at best live in perpetual alarms; justice never interferes, and society is of course destroyed.

Whilst reflections of this kind distress the Philanthrope who visits Zante, the naturalist finds the tar spring an object well worthy his curiosity. The trade of the island is also a subject on which I should like to be better informed. On an average, the annual produce in currants is ten million pounds weight. Almost the whole of which, besides nearly the same quantity brought from Cephalonia, and the adjacent parts of the Morea, are taken by the English, who load thirty vessels every year.

This trade, however, seems to be a very losing one to us, since our productions have no sale at Zante, and the tin, lead, alum, and a few other articles which we carry to Venice, bear no proportion in value to the fruit we bring home.

It is true, our revenue is considerably increased by a duty of twenty-three pounds sterling on every ton of currants, which is one half as much again as the prime cost, the common price at Zante being fifteen guineas. But this tax is railed upon ourselves, and does not check the importation of this foreign commodity, since we consume three-fourths of what the island yields. It might, therefore, as well be levied on some of our own productions, as on our hereditary plumb-pudding.

October 17th.

Having passed two little forts, called the Navarins, at noon we anchored off Modon, Lat. 37°, Long. 15° 45', distant from Gibraltar near fourteen hundred miles. And now, having brought the ship to an anchor, I shall proceed with the observations I introduced at the commencement of this letter.

Modon is a small Turkish town, on the south-west corner of the Morea, which you recollect is the Peloponnesus of the Ancients, and almost an island, being separated from the rest of Greece by the gulph of Lepanto, and only joined to it by the narrow isthmus of Corinth. After the Greek and Roman ages, it was conquered by the Turks, and afterwards by the Venetians, to whom the former ceded it by the Treaty of Carlowitz, but retook it in 1715, and have maintained it ever since, notwithstanding that, during their last war, Modon was taken by the Russians, who were immediately joined by the Greeks; but the Turks sending a large army thither, Count Orlov and his troops were obliged to abandon their associates to the fury of their enemies, who massacred fifteen thousand of them.

This is the Turkish method of terminating a rebellion, which they say is only to be done by destroying the seeds: but, to palliate their inhumanity, they allege, that, whenever the Greeks have gained any advantage, they have been still more barbarous; that they have spared neither age nor sex;

but that, after being guilty of every other brutality to the women, so sacred among Mahometans, not satisfied with slaying them, they have even carried their revenge so far as to expose their naked corpses to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey.

Heaven forbid that such cruel barbarity should exist. But I cannot pretend to give you a just account of the manners and dispositions of these two people on so slight an acquaintance, especially as the light in which they represent each other, is very different from that in which they appear to us.

Nestor's kingdom was in this district. I have found no antiquities worthy notice; and time does not permit me to take a journey in search of Pylos.

A small castle projects into the sea off Modon; and the town has walls round it; but they are much out of repair. The Governor lives in a wretched hovel, which refuses admittance neither to the wind nor to the rain. He is civil enough, and all his people seem glad to see us.

The harbour is formed by a set of little islands, which lie off the town, at some miles distance; the most western is the famous Spactaria, the taking of which is one of the most noted events in the Peloponnesian war. It is now called the Isle of Wisdom; but for what reason I cannot guess, as it is totally uninhabited, and produces nothing but brushwood.

The passages between the different islands make this a charming port for cruizers, since they can be confined neither by wind nor by an enemy. Captain Moore, of the Fame privateer, often put in here during the war, and has impressed the people with very favorable ideas of the English.

## LETTER XIV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, November 14th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Convinced that you will be happy to hear of our arrival in Asia, I take advantage of the first courier to send you a letter.

Independent of the satisfaction of being in a region so noted in history, and of traversing scenes which one has so often contemplated in the page of antiquity, we have the happiness of finding a society we did not expect in this lost country--a soil where the iron hand of Despotism checks every generous sentiment in the vanquished Greek, and where the conqueror Turk, proud in his ignorance, scorns the refinements of more enlightened people, and looks down with insolence or contempt on every nation but his own. He has, however, many good qualities; and his true character, I perceive, is not easily delineated. I shall consider him attentively, and from time to time send you those traits I discover. In the mean while, I will conclude this letter with my Journal from our leaving Modon to our arrival at this city.

Saturday, October 20th.

At eight o'clock this morning, we left Modon, and, at three in the afternoon, were opposite Cape Matapan. The country appears barren; but there are several villages in sight.

In the night, we entered the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, by passing between Cytherea (the Island of Venus, now called Serigo) and Cape Angelo, the south-east point of the Morea.

This neighbourhood is inhabited by a nest of pirates, who call themselves the real descendants of the Lacedemonians, and, though subject to the Turks, acknowledge no law.

In calm weather, they come off in large boats, and plunder every vessel that passes, but seldom seize on any ship, or even molest the people, provided they allow them to take all they want.

It is very remarkable, that, although the French have always a force in these seas, their vessels are more frequently plundered than those of any other nation; and there are very few instances of ours being insulted, notwithstanding the Greeks so seldom see a British man of war.

But, for fear of accidents, we shortened sail, to convoy the *Adventure*, of Plymouth, which we had just overtaken.

The three Sclavonians who seized the *Duchess of Tuscany*, bound from Gibraltar, meant to have brought her here, but being obliged to put into Zante, they were discovered and executed.

Sunday, October 21st.

Becalmed in the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck, Crete just discernible on our right, Falcanero on our left, and Milo a-head. Lat. 36° 38'.

At dusk the wind sprang up, with violent squalls, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and soon burst forth in a furious storm.

We were now in a most unpleasant situation, Milo was become a dangerous lee shore. It was no comfort to know that there was an excellent harbour a few miles to leeward. Darkness prevented our seeing the entrance to it.

We were, therefore, obliged to haul close to the wind, and by skill, attention, and perseverance, happily weathered the most windward point of the island.

The wind then abated, and the sea became less violent; but the next morning the storm was suddenly renewed, and we were assailed more furiously than ever; but as day-light came to our assistance, we made the best of our way towards the harbour, and a pilot getting on board, we were safe at an anchor before twelve o'clock.

Some centuries before Christ, Milo was a flourishing Republic, but having refused its assistance to Greece, when it was invaded by the Persians, the Athenians, having defeated the Barbarians, attacked the Miliotes, and after several repulses, at last entirely overthrew them, and as a punishment, all the men who escaped the sword, were carried into Attica. But at the close of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenians being subdued by the Lacedemonians, Milo was restored to its liberty. It was afterwards taken by the Romans, and has ever since shared the fate of the Eastern Empire. And for some centuries the Greeks have been slaves in a country, from which they often carried their arms into that of their present Lords.

Whatever the Turk conquers, he immediately considers as his own, whether it be land, cattle, men, women, or children, and instantly appropriates it to his use, either by sale, exchange, or possession.

But as an act of grace, the Sultan grants the Greeks a temporary emancipation from year to year, for which they pay an annual capitation tax of seven shillings each person.

At the commencement of this century the island contained seventeen churches, and eleven chapels; and the whole space from the town to the harbour, which is near two miles, was laid out in beautiful gardens. But alas! how wretchedly is it altered, three-fourths of the towns are in ruins, and the inhabitants are daily decreasing. Of the gardens scarce a vestige is left; and the baths on the water side are now only a set of small, dirty caves. Eight or ten yards from the shore the hot spring, which supplied them, is seen boiling through the salt water, and the sand is, I think, still hotter than that of

Baia. But perhaps I speak from the pain my curiosity cost me being more recent in my memory.

The women, so celebrated for their beauty, are now sallow, unhealthy, and disgustingly ugly; and render themselves still more hideous by their dress, which is a kind of loose jacket, with a white cotton petticoat, that scarcely covers two thirds of their thighs, barely meeting the stocking above the knee. Their hind hair hangs down the back in a number of plaits; that on the fore part of the head is combed down each side of the face, and terminated by a small, stiff curl, which is even with the lower part of the cheek.

All the inhabitants are Greeks; for the Turks are not fond of trusting themselves in the small islands; but every summer the Captain Bashaw goes round with a squadron to keep them in subjection, and to collect the revenue.

When the Russians made themselves masters of the Archipelago, during the late war, many of the islands declared in their favour; but being abandoned at the peace, they were so severely mulcted by the Grand Signior, that our pilot tells me, they are determined to remain perfectly quiet. But as the Turks do not think them worth a garrison, and will not trust them with arms and ammunition, all those which the Russians may choose to invade, will be obliged to submit.

The two points which form the entrance of the harbour, crossing each other, render it imperceptible until you are close to it. Thus, while you are perfectly secure within it, you find great difficulty in getting out, particularly in a northerly wind. And as no trade is carried on, except a little in corn and salt, Milo would scarce ever be visited, were it not that being the first island one makes in the Archipelago, the pilots have chosen it for their residence. They live in a little town on the top of a high rock, which, from its situation and appearance, is called *The Castle*.

Partridges abound in this island, and are so cheap, that you may buy one for a charge of powder only. The peasants get them by standing behind a portable screen, with a small aperture in the center, in which they place the muzzle of their piece, and then draw the partridge by a call. When a sufficient number are collected, they fire among them, and generally kill from four to seven at a shot. But even this method of getting them is so expensive, from the scarcity of ammunition, that the people can never afford to shoot them, but when there are gentlemen in the island, from whom they can beg a little powder and shot.

Several of us have killed four or five in an afternoon walk, putting them up ourselves, without even the assistance of a dog.

Thursday, October 25th.

At day-break we got under way, with a light breeze, and at midnight anchored at Paros, another of the Greek islands, and which is in a much better state than Milo. The men look more healthy, and the women not so ugly.

The water here is excellent; and as that we got at Messina has been complained of, as being too hard to make proper pease-soup for the people, all the casks are ordered to be emptied and refilled.

Whilst its marble quarries continued to be worked, Paros was one of the most flourishing of the Cyclades; but on the decline of the Eastern Empire, they were entirely neglected, and are now converted into caves, in which the shepherds shelter their flocks. We have been in several of these subterranean folds, which put me much in mind of Homer's description of Polyphemus. The common walls are almost entirely composed of marble; and in examining a very small part of one, we found several pieces of cornice, and *basso relievo*.

Several fine blocks of marble--fragments of columns, are lying close to the water's edge, and seem to have been brought there by travellers, who for want of a proper purchase to get them on board, have not been able to carry them farther.

After the battle of Marathon, Miltiades was sent to lay Paros under contribution, on account of its joining the Persians; but the inhabitants made so resolute a defence, that all the efforts of that excellent General were unable to reduce them; and, at length, having lost a number of his men, and being himself wounded, Miltiades, hearing that the Persians were making preparations for a second invasion, returned to Athens, where his ungrateful countrymen, forgetful of his eminent services, sentenced him to pay the expences of the expedition; and being unable to raise this fine, the Great Deliverer of Greece was thrown into prison; and, to the eternal infamy of the Athenians, he died of the wounds he had received in their service!

The Russians made this their grand arsenal; their powder magazines, and several other buildings, are still standing, and the island is considerably indebted to them for improving the convenience for water, and for the trade which the cash they expended, introduced among the inhabitants.

Delos is about five leagues off, Naxos two, and Antiparos about the same distance. In the last there is a cavern, which is reckoned one of the greatest wonders of the Archipelago; but as a natural curiosity, it is by no means equal to Saint Michael's Cave at Gibraltar. A multitude of names are cut near the entrance. Lady Craven's is among the latest.

Tuesday, October 30th.

Sailed from Paros, with an intention of visiting Delos in our way to Smyrna, but the wind changing, we stood to the north-west, profiting by this opportunity, to supply the ship with wood.

Wednesday, October 31st.

Anchored between the Island of Longa and the Coast of Immortal Attica. But my heart bleeds whilst I survey the sad change it has undergone. In vain do I search for the descendants of those rustic patriots, whose valour enabled Miltiades and Themistocles to overthrow the Persian host by sea and land, or for those well cultivated fields, where art concealed the frugality of nature. Alas! far as the best glass can reach, no sign of a dwelling can be seen; and the country, for want of inhabitants, lies entirely neglected.

After almost despairing of meeting a human being, I one day fell in with two men grazing a considerable number of horses, which I imagined was a nursery for the Turkish Cavalry; but on mentioning this to the Greeks who attended them, they answered no; that the only use they were of was to tread out the corn in summer; in return for which they grazed them from place to place in winter. I also found a small chapel, not bigger than an hermitage, to which the people from the interior country, on particular occasions, resort. Part of the neighbourhood is covered with wood, which any one may take who chooses to cut it. Longa, the once celebrated Island of Helen, is entirely depopulated, and produces nothing. Our pilot calls this Port Maundré. It has the same advantage I remarked at Modon, a passage at each end of the island.

If you can believe that I am within a day's journey of Athens, how will you envy my being so near the mother of the arts and sciences, and what will you say when I tell you that I did not go there. But be assured it was not through want of exertion; but from the impracticability of getting there by land in these hostile times. But whilst the people were wooding, I went in a boat to the Promontory of Sunium, to see the remains of the Temple of Minerva, which I take to be one of the most ancient remaining in Greece. If we may credit Homer, it was contemporary with Troy; for in the third book of the Odyssey, Nestor, after relating the seduction of Clytemnestra, passing to the return of the Greeks, says,

"But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,  
Crown'd with the Temple of the Athenian Dame,  
Atrides Pilot, Phrontes, there expired, &c."

In some ground lately opened I found a human skull, and some other burnt bones. What antiquarian will object to their being those of this ill-fated pilot?

A considerable part of the architrave of the Temple is still standing, supported by fifteen columns, nine of which are in a row, each nineteen feet high, and near eleven in circumference. The whole edifice was of Parian marble. Vast quantities of fragments and broken columns are lying all around, and the Temple is still a beautiful, and a venerable object, on whatever side you approach the Promontory.

November 5th.

Got under way at day-light, and having passed the south point of Negropont (the ancient Eubœa) and Andros, were opposite the center of the Island of Teno at twelve o'clock the next day. It seems populous and well cultivated. Lat. 37° 33'. Paros, Delos, and several other islands in sight.

November 7th.

We were within a few leagues of Scio at day-break, and being driven to the southward, had a distant view of Samos, the birth place of Juno. We were employed all this and the next day in working to windward, between the continent of Asia Minor and the Island of Scio, famous for producing the nectar of the ancients, and for the beauty of its women. The ladies, I am told, are as charming as ever, but the wine has lost its luscious qualities. The town is large and straggling; it seems to have some works, but they are in a very sorry condition. The road is quite open. Before we reached the town, we passed the bay of Chisemé, on the Asiatic shore, where the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the Russians.

Friday, Nov. 9th, 1787.

A light breeze sprang up fair late last night, with which we entered the Gulf of Smyrna, and early this afternoon anchored off the town.

## LETTER XV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, November 29th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Smyrna is the only ancient town of Asia Minor, that continues to thrive. It flourished many centuries before Christ, but was almost destroyed by an earthquake in the reign of Mark Anthony, and has never since recovered its former splendour. For although its advantageous situation for trade soon drew new inhabitants, yet, to lessen the effect of a similar catastrophe, the houses are all very low. The streets are in general dirty, narrow, and ill-paved, for the natives never study regularity in the scite of their buildings, and the Europeans, crowding to the water side, found no room to spare for ornament.

The French have the most numerous factory. The English are next in number of houses, but the Dutch exceed us in shipping. The Venetian and Ragusee vessels are very numerous, but they are seldom more than carriers.

The great advantage England derives from the trade to this country is, that the commodities we bring here are home-wrought, whilst the silk, cotton, and mohair, with which we are repaid, are raw articles, that are afterwards manufactured by ourselves, find work for our people, and are then exported to different parts of the world, and some of them even brought back here.

Besides silk and cotton, we take fruit and drugs, some of which are also re-exported; but I am sorry to find, that though our Levant trade is more flourishing than it has been for many years past, yet its rise is considerably checked by our own laws, and by the want of a regular Lazaretto in England.

If there is the least suspicion of the plague being at Smyrna, no vessel, even of our own nation, is permitted to discharge her cargo in Britain, previous to her having performed a quarantine in some other part of Europe; for our Lazarettos do not admit vessels from infected ports. But since our manufactories must be supplied with silk and cotton, our merchants are obliged to employ the Dutch, who land their goods in a Lazaretto in Holland, and after a short quarantine performed there, send them over to us. Thus do we suffer foreigners to deprive our seamen of employment, and our country of its just profits.

The cause that produces this prejudice to our Levant Company, is our dread of the plague. But are we more likely to be infected by this distemper than the Dutch? Or is England less able than Holland to set apart a small place for a regular Lazaretto? There are innumerable spots in our island which might be inclosed for this purpose, where goods from infected places might be properly aired, and afterwards introduced with more safety by our own subjects, than we at present receive them from the Dutch.

A person who has not been in the Levant, cannot conceive the inconvenience and distress arising to our nation, from this want of a Lazaretto. The enterprising spirit of the English leads them every where in search of employment. A vessel arrives at Smyrna--she gets a cargo, and the last day of her loading perhaps the plague appears on shore. What is she to do? She cannot sail for England--she must either submit to a ruinous loss, unload immediately, and fly to another port in quest of a freight, or go to one of the Lazarettos of Italy, France, or Malta, there perform a quarantine, land and reship her cargo; and after having, to the prejudice of the nation, laid out a considerable sum in a foreign port, she arrives at Stangate Creek; where, though the ship perhaps is not long detained, the cargo is put into one of the hulks, and aired with greater care and length of time, than the cotton has been which we receive without any apprehension from Holland.<sup>[3]</sup>

<sup>3.</sup> The Author since his return to England, has been at Stangate Creek, where he found that cotton, and other enumerated goods brought over from Holland, now undergo a similar process to those, which, after having performed a quarantine in a foreign Lazaretto, are brought home by the English. But still the inconvenience to our own people is not lessened, nor ever will, till we have a complete Lazaretto of our own.

---

That precautions are necessary nobody will deny; but why should we shackle our own people more than the Dutch? Or why should we be more afraid of allowing goods from an infected place to be landed in one of the many waste spots of Kent, Essex, Devonshire, or Cornwall, than foreigners are of receiving them at the very gates of their capital cities. I shall write you a long letter on this subject, when I have gained more experience in the nature of the plague, which I can already assure you is by no means so dangerous a distemper as Europeans imagine it.

The factory have great hopes that the generous Philanthrope, who lately visited Asia, will interest himself in their favour. This amiable patriot knows that

the navy is the bulwark of Britain, and that whatever tends to decrease the number of our seamen, tends to diminish the strength of our country; a truth so interesting to an Englishman, that I hope to God the accounts I hear of a most alarming decrease in our Greenlandmen are much exaggerated. A proper Lazaretto in England, by increasing our shipping in the Levant, would afford a sustenance to many of those invaluable subjects, whom a perhaps too rigid public œconomy has bereft of bread.

There are many inconveniencies attending a correspondence between this country and Europe. The post sets out and arrives but twice a month. It goes through Constantinople and Vienna, and unless letters to and from England are taken up, and paid for at each of those places, they will never reach their destination. The want of a more regular communication must be sensibly felt in a place of so much trade.

We found near one hundred sail of merchantmen in the bay, every one of whom saluted us; for, to

raise the European Powers in the eyes of the Turks, it is the custom at Smyrna to salute every man of war that enters the port. The same ceremony was performed on our going on shore the next day; and, as soon as we landed at Mr. Hayes', we were waited upon by the Consuls and Factories of the different nations, who have given us the most flattering reception. Scarce an evening passes without a ball or a concert, or some other party, for our amusement: but I am much surprised at the excessive dread in which the Christians live of their fellow subjects, the Mahometans. They dwell in separate districts, and are as fearful of going promiscuously among them, as into a den of wild beasts. The Turks have, indeed, a lordly, imperious air, which I suppose they acquire from the abject manner of the Greeks, who, being a conquered people, are always suspected of rebellious intentions, and almost extirpated on the least appearance of an insurrection; which obliges them to crouch so much to the conquerors, that they imagine all other Christians equally dastardly, and hold us in the same light as we do the Jews--a mean, money-making, unbelieving sect: but I am convinced, that if we went more among them, we should hear of fewer insults. I was so confident of this, that, without mentioning my intentions, I set out, and, after walking round the Turkish town, struck down through its very center, without meeting any interruption, except from one man, who, pointing at me, called out *Bah!* and two or three boys, who threw stones, but who were immediately called in by their father. I doubt whether a foreigner, in a strange dress, would pass through London with so little molestation.

Nevertheless, like the Jews in England, there have been instances here of the Christians being most inhumanly massacred; but this has never happened but after some signal disaster to the Turks, to which they supposed they had contributed; such as the destruction of their fleet in the Chisemé, which they knew the Russians could not have effected without the assistance of other powers; and the rabble make very little distinction of nations, confounding all Europeans together, under the appellation of Franks.

The poor Greeks complain much of their cruelty and oppression; but, in points of honour, our merchants tell me no people are stricter than the Turks. In other respects, the reports they give of their laws and customs, vary so much, that it is impossible for a stranger, as I am, and ignorant of the language of the country, to send you a more perfect account.



TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, December 31st.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Empress of Russia's late journey to the Crimea, and the confederacy formed there by her Majesty and the Emperor of Germany, have given the late stroke to those reiterated provocations which would, long ere this, have excited to arms a people less irascible than the Turks: but, however inclined the nation at large might be to resent the insults of the Russians, and the frequent infringements of the Treaty of Cainardgie, yet their fiery spirit was kept in awe by the pacific disposition of the reigning Sultan.

Abdoul Hamet is a Prince of a humane and virtuous character; and, although the peace of 1774 was forced upon his country, he determined most religiously to adhere to the conditions it imposed.

At the time this treaty was concluded, the Porte was in a most deplorable state, to which it was in a great measure reduced by the unprecedented support the English afforded to the ambitious views of the Court of Petersburg, against a nation with whom we were at peace.

The Spaniards were well inclined to prevent the Russian fleet entering the Mediterranean; but their objections were quashed at once by the interference of so brilliant a Power as England: a Power whose all-conquering force the Court of Spain had so recently felt, in the repeated victories of the immortal Chatham, which had obliged her to supplicate peace at the feet of our glorious Sovereign.

A George, and a Chatham, are names which the patriotic Englishman could for ever dwell upon; but both the politics of the one, and the virtues of the other, are too exalted to be extended by a panegyric from my humble pen. To return, then, to the Turks, and to a time when, I am sorry to say, our prejudice in favor of Russia, made us adopt a line of conduct in a high degree contrary to but own interest: The terror of the English having compelled the Spaniards to suffer the Russians to enter the Mediterranean, our port at Mahon immediately received them with open arms. Here they were not only supplied with every refreshment, but our hospitals, nay, even our arsenals, were opened to them, and every encouragement was given to our officers and seamen, to enter into their service.

Thus supplied and equipped, the Russian fleet sailed for the Archipelago, and gave battle to the Turks. Victory (as may naturally be supposed, from the superior abilities and nautical experience of Commodore Elphinstone and the British officers) declared for the Russians.

The Ottoman fleet retired to the Bay of Chisemé; and the Moscovites, unaccustomed to naval exertions, were not disposed to pursue their advantage. It was with the utmost difficulty that Commodore Elphinstone could persuade them to follow the enemy, and attack him in port: but at length, by threats and entreaties, having stimulated them to this enterprize, he led them to the Chisemé the ensuing night. The Turks, astonished at the unexpected attack, were instantly panic-struck, and, without any shew of defence, abandoned and set fire to their ships.

Thus did an Englishman give a fatal blow to the Turkish empire--a blow from which I much doubt whether the Porte will ever recover.

Commodore Elphinstone instantly pushed for the Dardanelles, and, by guarding the entrance of those straits, cut off all communication by sea between Constantinople and the southern provinces. The capital was streightened for provisions; Egypt revolted, and most of the Greek islands joined the Russians.

These were the first consequences of the disaster at Chisemé; and every day brought on others still more distressing to the Porte.

The Russian fleet, now unopposed, was enabled to attack every part of the Turkish coast in the Adriatic, the Archipelago, and the Mediterranean; and, although the troops they had on board were but few, yet, from the facility with which they were transported from place to place, the Turks were obliged to detach a very large part of their grand army to oppose their different attacks.

But this was not all. Many of the soldiers employed to the north, were volunteers from the southern provinces, who, hearing that their own homes were attacked, deserted in large corps. These desertions, and the detachments sent to the south, weakened and discouraged the northern army so much, that the Russians gained repeated victories, and at last compelled the Porte to sue for peace.

The Treaty of Cainardgie was highly humiliating in itself, and was rendered still more so by the haughty manner of the Russians, which seemed entirely calculated to provoke the Turks to hostilities, in which they have at last succeeded.

Monsieur Bulgakow, the Russian Envoy, who had been sent for by the Empress, to assist at the conferences between her Majesty and the Emperor of Germany, and probably to give the Confederate Powers information of the disposition, and the measures most likely to be pursued by the Porte, had no sooner returned to Constantinople, than the Turkish Ministry, convinced of the oppressive and aspiring views of the Court of Petersburg, made the Envoy a formal representation of the many causes of complaint his Court had given to the Porte.

This representation was followed by a second; but the Envoy, in conformity, I suppose, to the plan agreed upon at Cherson, gave no manner of satisfaction, and the hostile views of his Court becoming every day more notorious, the Porte summoned him to a conference on the 16th of August, and there demanded a categorical explanation of the intentions of the Empress towards the Turks.

M. Bulgakow's answers appearing vague and unsatisfactory, the Divan determined to have recourse to arms, and in conformity to the Turkish custom on such occasions, the Envoy, with part of his suite and attendants, were sent to the Seven Towers, where, though state prisoners, they have every indulgence but liberty. And such is the pacific disposition of the Sultan, that he declares his only

motive in going to war, is to enforce the conditions imposed by the Treaty of Cainardgie--a treaty, which, though the most disadvantageous the Turks ever signed, he declares himself still ready to renew.

The manifesto published by the Porte states, that ever since the year 1774, the Court of Russia has been constantly infringing the Treaty of Cainardgie, and disturbing the harmony which that treaty was intended to secure. That she has even seized on the Crimea, and raised up Prince Heraclius, who was an acknowledged vassal of the Porte. That not content with endeavouring to drive the Oczakowians from their own salt-pans, and many other attacks, she proceeded so far as to order her Envoy to make a demand of several dangerous and humiliating concessions from the Porte, and to threaten, that in case of a refusal, Prince Potemkin, with 70,000 men, had orders to advance to the frontiers. That since the Porte could not with any safety agree to these conditions, she was obliged to declare war. And submits her motives to the equity of her friends.

So vigorous a step was not immediately expected by the Empress; and had the Turks been in any degree prepared for the hostile measures they were compelled to adopt, the surprise in which they took the Russians, would probably have given them a decisive advantage.

The fact is, the Court of Petersburg did not expect hostilities to commence before the ensuing spring, and the Turks never thought of them till M. Bulgakow's return from the Crimea. Thus both parties were equally surprised.

The season was too far advanced for the Grand Vizir to take the field. Those troops, however, that could be collected on the frontiers, immediately began to act, and in different encounters with the Russians, have been generally victorious.

No enterprize, however, of any moment has as yet been undertaken by the Turks, except an attack upon Kimbourn.

This fortress is situated on the Russian side of the Liman, or mouth of the Dnieper, exactly opposite to Oczakow, and from its situation is of the first importance. The Porte therefore ordered an immediate attempt to carry it by a coup-de-main. A detachment from Oczakow was accordingly landed in the night of the 11th of October, and carried all before them till they arrived at the very scarp of the fort; but by this time the Russians had recovered their surprise, and the Turks, from the nature of the enterprize, being unprepared to attempt a regular escalade against a garrison whose numbers they found were very little inferior to their own, were obliged to retreat.

The loss on each side was nearly equal, and on the part of the Russians, M. Souwarow and M. Reck, two generals of note, were both severely wounded.

The Court of Petersburg, however, has great reason to rejoice at this escape, since had Kimbourn been carried, none of her vessels could have entered the Liman till it was retaken, which probably would not have happened this year, and consequently, should the Porte even choose to act on the defensive in the spring, the Russians would still be obliged to begin the ensuing campaign with a siege in their own country.

Count Romanzow, with an army, has entered Polish Russia, but the season was too far advanced for him to attempt any active operations, I have not heard any thing else of importance on the land side; but in the naval line, fortune has struck a capital blow in favor of the Turks.

The little fleet the Empress had, with great difficulty, collected on the Black Sea has been entirely dispersed and dismasted, and a line of battle ship, of sixty-four guns, commanded by Captain Teesdale, to avoid being wrecked, was obliged to push for Constantinople, and give herself up to the Turks.

As she is very little damaged, she will sail in the spring, under the banners of the Porte. The Russians were before very inferior to the Turks on the Black Sea; and the loss of one ship to them making a difference of two in favor of their enemies, renders their inequality still more desperate.

The Turks having no idea of prisoners on parole, the Russian Captain is sent to associate with the Envoy in the Castle of the Seven Towers. The rest of the ship's company are disposed of in the Bagnio.

Notwithstanding our impolitic ill usage, so fatal to the Turks during the last Russian war, I think we are the favorite nation of such of them as are at all acquainted with the different powers of Europe: I say, impolitic ill usage, because, depend upon it, the very extensive Empire of Turkey will never be in hands so beneficial to England, as whilst it remains in those of its present possessors.

The Turks, happily for us, are not a commercial people, notwithstanding their Empire has every advantage to induce them to become so. We cannot do without those valuable articles which their soil produces almost spontaneously; and the Turk, like the easy possessor of a very rich mine, allows us to enrich ourselves at our pleasure. Three per cent. duty equally on all exports and imports, is, with little exception, their only restriction to Europeans engaged in their trade.

Would the Empress be equally moderate, if in possession of this fertile region? Believe me she would not. As several of our manufactures could not be carried on without her productions, she would only give them on her own terms. Perhaps only in her own bottoms. All her politics would be directed to increase her trade and shipping, and consequently her naval force; and, thus inclined, with such a country, she would soon rise to a maritime power much beyond what the world has ever experienced. We have only to look to Tyre, to Rhodes, and many other places scarce bigger than specks on the map of Turkey, to conceive what a force might arise from this immense, this all producing Empire.

In its present state, Turkey, as I have already hinted, may be compared to a rich mine, to which the industrious from every nation have free access. In the hands of the Empress it would be like the barred treasure of an ambitious Lord, never to be opened but to be increased.

In this I do not mean to reflect on her Imperial Majesty, since, I fancy, every European power, in a similar situation, would act the same part. I only desire to evince that England will never derive such advantages from Turkey, as whilst it remains in the hands of the Ottomans, and consequently that it is our interest, as well as that of every other nation that does not expect a share in the partition of the Turkish Empire, to break the confederacy between the Empress of Russia and the Emperor of Germany, and check the progress of the two Imperial Courts. I mention the Emperor, because, though he has not yet declared war, it is very well known that he is bound, both by treaty and inclination, to

assist the Russians.

The French Court very wisely, in the last war, supported the Porte; but from the indifference with which she now beholds the threatened ruin of a power with whom she trades to so much advantage, a rumour gains ground that she has been brought over to the ambitious views of the Imperial Courts, by the promise, that should their designs succeed, Egypt and the Island of Candia shall be given to France.

Should this ever happen, England may bid adieu to the trade of the Levant, and, in a short time, by the easy communication the French will establish with the East-Indies, by the way of the Isthmus of Suez, they will give a fatal blow to our India trade also.

To prevent these schemes from succeeding, our first object is to countenance the Spaniards in opposing the entrance of the Russian fleet into the Mediterranean; since, if the Turks can bring their whole force to act towards the north, I do not think, now that their fleet has such a decided superiority on the Black Sea, that they have much to fear in the present state of Europe. The King of Sweden, were he countenanced, is well disposed to take an open part in their favour; and this countenance the King of Prussia will undoubtedly afford him.

As to Europe's having any thing to dread from the Turks extending their conquest, the idea is absurd. Their Empire is already larger than they well can keep in order; and, from the nature of their government, the more they extend it, the more will it be weakened. Their army may make irruptions, but must soon return to its proper bounds.

They do not, like the Romans, incorporate the vanquished with the conquerors, so as, in time, to become one people, and to increase in numbers as they increase in territory. On the contrary, the farther the Turk advances in Europe, the more he augments the number of his rebellious subjects, and by dispersing, he weakens his own.

Constantinople excluded, the Grand Signior's subjects in Europe are computed at eight Greeks to one Turk. Totally different in language, manners, and religion, a natural antipathy is bred between them. The Turk spurns the Greek as an impious dastard. The Greek, urged by revenge, is ever ripe for a revolt, and ready to join the first invaders.

If we consider this striking circumstance, and the success of the Russians in the last war, it may be imagined, that on the Emperor's taking the field, the Turks will very soon be driven out of Europe; and of this our factory here are in the highest apprehension. But we must at the same time recollect, that it was England who gave force to Russia, in the manner I before related, and that this force, if it does not now oppose her, will, at least, not operate in her favor.

Monsieur St. Felix arrived here lately with a squadron of frigates and sloops, eight in number. The Governor immediately sent to the French Consul to know the meaning of so many men of war coming to this port. M. Amoureux answered, that they only came in for refreshments. Whether or not it was in consequence of this message, I cannot take upon me to affirm, but the majority of the French squadron put to sea in the course of the two following days. This, I think, confirms that a jealousy of France exists in the minds of the Turks.

## LETTER XVII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, January 15th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

To gain some little knowledge of the interior country, and, at the same time, to pay a compliment to St. Paul, we took a journey by land to Ephesus, the inhabitants of which, you may remember, were honoured with an Epistle from him, and with having his son Timothy for a Bishop. It is barely forty miles from hence; but the Turks never going beyond a foot pace in travelling, we made it a journey of two days. We had six horses for ourselves, and as many for our guides, janizary, and servants. We were obliged to carry all our provisions with us, even bread. Water we found in abundance; and such is the attention of the Turks to this valuable article of life, that we came to several excellent fountains when there was nothing like an habitation to be seen. The greater part of the road is execrably bad; and the country, though in general fertile, is too thinly peopled to be much cultivated.

The few inhabitants we saw in the second day's journey were wretchedly poor. You recollect that this is the freezing month of January, and that the winter here, though short, is, for a few weeks, much more severe than one would expect in so southern a latitude.

Our road led us by a fountain, where, in this cold weather, some women were washing. None of them were completely clothed; and one poor girl had, for her only covering, a piece of an old blanket, with two holes torn in the upper end of it, through which, instead of sleeves, she put her arms. It was too small to cover her chest, too short to reach below her waist; and it was with difficulty that, by holding the lower corners in her two hands, she made them meet.

A young female, in an attire so little adapted to the tenderness of her sex, and to the inclemency of the season, moved one's very soul. I do not know that I touched the reins, and yet my horse stopt with his head towards her. My eye involuntarily fixed itself upon her; and, to the latest moment of my life, I shall never forget her figure. She is above the middle size, and her limbs did not seem formed for so exposed a situation. The sun had tanned her face; but her skin was smooth, and naturally delicate, and her features of that mould, that, had she been born to a more happy lot, she might have been reckoned a perfect beauty.

It was impossible to behold such an object without emotion. My horse now advanced to her feet, and my friend approached her at the same moment. Each searched his pockets, and presented the little silver they contained. No hand could be spared to receive it. In our anxiety to relieve her distress, we had forgot the trial to which we had exposed her modesty. The blushing maid stood motionless; but, encouraged by the sympathy and charity marked in our approach, she ventured to raise her head.--Her eyes were turned towards us.--The tear of gratitude was swelling in them.--She gave but one glance.--Her face was instantly reverted to the ground.--She could not speak.

Such unexpected modesty, in so exposed a situation, filled me with astonishment and veneration. How much did I wish to take her in my arms, and, by a kiss of affection, to express the sympathy I bore in her distress. How did I execrate the parsimony that had prevented my having about me all the money I possessed.--How earnestly did I wish to remove her to a more sheltered fate, where her beauty and her modesty might be better known and admired.

Led away by these inclinations, I was preparing to alight. The timid virgin drew back. By signs of respect, she again raised her eyes. Charity was so forcibly petitioning in them, that the money which her figure at first sight drew from my pocket, now dropt at her feet. The reins fell from my hand. My horse inclined to the road. I would with joy have turned him back; but I recollected my inability to relieve her.--I am only a Soldier of Fortune, and subsist but by the bounty of my Sovereign: a bounty which, though much superior to what my humble services entitle me to expect, is, alas! too insufficient to support the appearance required from an Officer, and often compels the military Philanthrope to suppress every charitable emotion.

The road being but little frequented, the caravansera, or public inn, we stopped at the first night of our journey, was nothing but a large hovel, one end of which was appropriated to travellers, and the other, without any partition, to their cattle: but we were fortunate enough to be accommodated with a Greek hut, where, with the assistance of a good fire, we passed a tolerable night.

At Ephesus we were not so lucky. We were obliged to sleep promiscuously among the Turks, one or other of whom was smoking all night long. I observed that they eat very little, but that, after every nap, they took a pipe, and a sip of coffee: I say, a sip; for the Turkish cups are scarce bigger than a walnut shell; but of these they drink an amazing number, and their coffee is always exceedingly strong.

We were heartily rejoiced when we returned to our old Greek hut on the road, but, to our great disappointment, found it possessed by a Turk. Luckily, he expressed a great desire to taste our beer; and we seized this opportunity to get rid of him, by desiring our janizary to invite him to partake of a bottle of it at the caravansera. A janizary's invitation is only a civil command; but we did not choose to make use of his authority until we could give the Turk a satisfactory compensation. Mahomet forbade the use of wine; but his followers do not conceive themselves to be prohibited the use of other fermented liquors. In general, they are very fond of porter and beer of all kinds, drinking as much of it as they can get; and some of them, indeed, are not very scrupulous about wine.

After the Turk was gone, not dreaming of the danger that was hanging over us, we slept very comfortably for some hours; but, before day-light, we were roused by flakes of fire falling upon our bodies from the roof. No water being at hand, the whole hut was soon in a blaze, and, in a few minutes, burnt to the ground.

This unlucky accident was occasioned by our own fire, which heated the mud flue that served as a chimney, to such a degree, that it communicated to the thatched roof, which was half burnt through before we awoke. Very fortunately, none of us had taken off our clothes; for we carried no bedding, and nothing of the kind was to be got.

The Turks in the Caravansera remained quiet spectators of this catastrophe. At the moment when we found that all our efforts to extinguish the flames were ineffectual, my eye turning towards the Mussulmen, found them smoking, and seemingly quite unconcerned.

Determined not to be outdone by them in coolness, I seated myself in the middle of them, and, being provided with the materials, instantly began shaving myself, to their no small astonishment, and the equal delight of the boys of our party, who have turned this anecdote into a pleasant story, which is my only reason for mentioning it.

You of course recollect that the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was one of the wonders of the world, was destroyed on the very day that Alexander was born, by a sacrilegious wretch, to render himself remembered by posterity. We found many ruins, and among the rest, a superb pile quite overturned, which we concluded was the remains of this celebrated temple. The columns were all broken. The most entire piece was forty-two feet in length, and eighteen in circumference. This and the rest of the columns, were every one hewn out of single blocks of marble; but notwithstanding the immense size and value of these materials several antiquarians will not allow them to have belonged to the real Temple of Diana.

It is not my purpose to dispute with these learned gentlemen, I shall only observe, that none of them have made the columns of this Temple more than sixty feet high.

According to Palladio's measurement of the pillars to the portico of the celebrated Rotunda at Rome, which has universally been accepted as a proper standard, the height of the Corinthian column is twenty modules.

A circumference of eighteen feet gives a module of three feet, and in common arithmetic, twenty of these give sixty. On these proportions then, the fragment I mention formed a column of the exact height handed down to us of those of the Temple of Diana.

But people who wish to diminish the consequence of the pile I am mentioning, may say that Palladio's proportions are liable to exceptions, which I will readily admit, that I may ask, whether it is possible, by any proportions, to make a column less than sixty feet high of a base and capital, in addition to a shaft, a fragment of which is forty-two feet in length?

If either of the positions I take up be admitted, those antiquarians who will not allow this magnificent pile of ruins to have belonged to the Temple of Diana, must at least confess, that these superb fragments must have formed an edifice equal to it, both in size and grandeur.

We also saw the remains of St. John's Church, now converted into a Turkish Mosque. Part of the aqueduct, and many other vestiges of the once noble city of Ephesus, are still to be seen. But in lieu of the Blessed Virgin, St. Paul, St. John, Kings, Princes, and Heroes, who rendered it so famous, both in sacred and profane history, its inhabitants are now reduced to a few miserable peasants.

We met no manner of interruption on the road, notwithstanding this is a time when the Government, naturally weak, is obliged to suffer a kind of licentiousness, in order to keep the rabble in good humour, and to complete the new levies.

Never was there a more popular war than the present. The Turks, from every part of this immense Empire, are preparing to join the grand army. The suspicions against the Emperor of Germany increase every day; but from the zeal and spirit with which every Mussulman enters into the cause, one is almost led to imagine, that the Ottomans will make a tolerable stand against the powerful enemies by which they will be attacked.

It is fortunate for the Porte, that at this crisis her Ministers are avowedly the best that ever governed Turkey. The Grand Vizir is young and vigorous, and a pupil of the celebrated Hassan, now Captain Bashaw, or Lord High Admiral, who is just returned from Egypt crowned with victory. He had been sent there with the fleet, and an army also under his command, to subdue the rebel Beys, in which, notwithstanding the intrigues of the Russians, he happily succeeded, and, by additional proofs of courage and address, has added fresh laurels to his former fame.

The Vice-Admiral, who commanded at Constantinople in his absence, was sent to destroy six Russian men of war, which being dismasted in the storm that had obliged Captain Teesdale to give himself up to the Turks, had anchored on the coast of the Black Sea, and seemed to promise an easy conquest. But, to the great disappointment of the Porte, they had time to refit and get off; and as their escaping was said to be owing to want of exertion in the Turkish Vice-Admiral, he was banished immediately after his return to Constantinople, and afterwards brought back and beheaded.

The Captain Bashaw is equipping the fleet with all possible dispatch, and will sail early in the spring, with a force that will compel the Russian squadron on the Black Sea to act on the defensive, unless their fleet from the Baltic is permitted to enter the Mediterranean, and make a diversion to the southward. But as this would be entirely depriving the Porte of every prospect of opposing, with any success, the machinations of her enemies, England certainly can never permit so decisive a step to be taken in favor of the ambitious, and to us, destructive views of the two Imperial Courts.

The Reis Effendi, or Principal Secretary of State, is said to possess sufficient abilities to fill that office in any country in Europe. The following anecdote of him, will give you an idea of his opinion of France and England. The spirited conduct of our Court during the late disturbances in Holland, reflects the greatest honor on the King and his Ministers; and it is said, that Sir Robert Ainslie, our Ambassador at the Porte, with his usual patriotic attention to the honor and interest of his country, drew up a short narrative of that important business, and delivered it to the Porte.

At an audience afterwards given to Sir Robert, the Turkish Ministry congratulated his Excellency on the distinguished success of his Court, and the Reis Effendi, I am told, made these observations, "You have acted with all your usual courage--but with more than your usual wisdom. You have carried your point without bloodshed, and have left the French to fight among themselves."

The last sentence occasioned some surprise; but by what I learn from the French officers who are

just arrived, a violent convulsion in France is not far distant, and the Reis Effendi bids fair to prove by it, his profound knowledge of the interior state of that kingdom, a knowledge which Turkish Ministers are not generally expected to possess, at least of nations that are not their immediate neighbours.

An army of observation is forming on the Banks of the Danube, to watch the motions of the Germans, whose hostile declaration is hourly expected. The Baron de Herbert has given himself great airs in the Divan, and threatened vengeance on the Porte, for daring to attack the ally of the Emperor, his master. The Turks treated these threats with the contempt such impertinence deserved; but at the same time, with great gravity and wisdom, they informed the Baron, that they were aware of the power of the Emperor, and would be sorry to see it exerted against them; but still that, trusting to the equity of Europe, they were determined to risk this unequal conflict, rather than submit to those incessant encroachments, which, by daily weakening the Porte, and increasing the power of the two Imperial Courts, must end, if unopposed, in the total subversion of the Ottoman Empire.

The Emperor seems convinced that threats will not avail, and even at this late season, daily accounts arrive of the march of his troops towards the frontiers.

Constant skirmishes are happening between the Turks and the Russians on the borders of the Crimea; and since my last letter, the Porte have received information of the capture of twelve hundred Russians, and of the Island of Taman being taken by the Tartars of Kuban. The possession of this island is of great consequence to the Turks, since it forms the east side of the straits of Wosphor Zabach, which connect the Black Sea with the sea of Azof.

To balance this success, the French, and other enemies of the Porte, give out that a General Sekell, with a corps of Russians, has routed a detachment of these same Tartars, in the vicinity of Mount Caucasus. The season, however, is too far advanced for any thing decisive to be done.

In April the Grand Vizir will take the field in earnest; but in the mean while the Moscovite troops are gathering towards Turkey, on the banks of the Dnieper, the Bog, and the Dniester; and if the Emperor engages the attention of the Ottoman grand army, the Russian Generals will begin the ensuing campaign with the siege of Oczakow, and the invasion of Moldavia. Prince Potemkin will direct the former, Count Romanzow the latter; and unless some other power interferes, it is not difficult to foresee, that the Imperial Courts will soon accomplish all their ambitious schemes against this brave, but unenlightened people.

## LETTER XVIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Athens, Jan. 29th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We took leave of our Smyrna friends on the 19th of January, and having passed Scio, Lesbos, and Ipsera, were off Scyros on the 21st. We wished to visit this island, because it contains the tomb of Theseus, who killed the monster of Crete, and carried off the beautiful Ariadne; but the wind not permitting us to fetch it, we continued our course by Negropont, Longa, and the Promontory of Sunium. But the next morning the wind blew so strong against us, that finding it in vain to oppose it, we crossed the Sinus Sironicus, and anchored among the little islands of Idra. The weather continued bad for three days; it drove all the wild fowl to the shore, and afforded us excellent shooting, which compensated our delay.

On the 25th we again got under way, and the day after entered the Pyræus, the port of this celebrated city. What emotion must one feel on entering the ruins of a capital, which, from a small village, first formed into a regular government by Cecrops, became so flourishing, and so populous a state, that its citizens alone, in the famous battle of Marathon, delivered all Greece from the yoke of the Persians.

Xerxes was so little discouraged by the misfortunes of his father, that the moment he ascended his throne, he determined to make a second attempt. His army is said to have exceeded a million of men; and the number of his fleet was in proportion to the multitude of his troops. On his entering Upper Greece, most of the states, intimidated by the immensity of his armament, submitted to the enemy. The Peloponnesians having the advantage of inhabiting a country almost an island, and only assailable at the narrow Isthmus of Corinth, determined to defend themselves. Themistocles infused the same spirit into the Athenians, and promoted the recall of his rival, Aristides. Their allies thinking it in vain to oppose the Persians beyond the Peloponnesus, wished all their forces to retire within the Isthmus. But the Athenians, encouraged by their former victory, bravely resolved once more to become the champions of Greece, and oppose the enemy before he entered Attica. Having brought the allies into this resolution, a detachment under Leonidas, King of Sparta, took possession of the pass of Thermopylæ, and for some time supported themselves against all the efforts of Xerxes, and his innumerable host. But a secret path being treacherously discovered to the enemy, Leonidas was surprised in the morning by seeing the Persians in possession of the heights above him.

Xerxes had now gained a decisive advantage; but the laws of Sparta not permitting its citizens to retreat, Leonidas sent back all his detachment, except three hundred, who were natives of that city.

With these he devoted himself to the service of his country, and falling upon the invaders, made a prodigious slaughter among them; but fresh numbers continually supplying the place of the slain, this great and gallant Prince was at last overpowered, and died with his heroic associates, in the midst of thousands of their enemies.

In this juncture, the Athenians consulted the Oracle, and were desired to trust to their wooden walls. Themistocles persuaded all those who were capable of bearing arms to embark in the fleet; the women and children were removed; and the town, abandoned to the enemy, fell a prey to the barbarians.

The fleet was assembled in the straits, within the Island of Salamis. Xerxes, who already talked of nothing but of extirpating the Greeks, by seizing their ships, flattered himself that he had now an opportunity of destroying them all at one blow. He therefore rashly attacked them in this narrow pass; but he soon found the superiority of the Grecian Admirals, who, by the excellence of their disposition, brought a much greater number of ships into action than the Persians could oppose at one time. Their van was of course defeated, which threw a general panick into the barbarians, and ended in a complete victory on the side of the Greeks.

The Persian King, who beheld the battle of Salamis from a neighbouring height, finding himself unable to support his immense army, after the loss of his fleet, retreated with the utmost precipitation. But before he quitted Greece, he gave Mardonius the command of a large detachment, to secure part of his conquests; but these being some months afterwards entirely defeated by Pausanias and Aristides at Plataea, and most of the troops the King carried with him having perished in the retreat, the Grecians pursued him into Asia.

Athens now rose, by rapid strides, to its highest lustre. Themistocles augmented the navy, rebuilt the city, fortified the Pyræus, and joined it to the town, which is four miles distant, by a strong fortified wall. His grand object was to throw the whole power of Greece into the hands of the Athenians; but the steps by which he proposed to attain this end, were so much disapproved, that he was banished. Accused afterwards of being concerned in the conspiracy of Pausanias, the Lacedæmonian Admiral, for delivering Greece into the hands of the Persians, he was obliged to fly his country; and being pursued from place to place, although innocent of the charge preferred against him, he was at last compelled to take refuge at the Court of Persia.

There he was most hospitably entertained for several years; but in the succeeding wars, the King requiring him to lead an army against the Grecians, he suffered the greatest distress in the contest between gratitude and patriotism; and neither of these virtues being able to overcome the other, he ended the conflict by putting a period to his existence. On his being banished, Aristides succeeded him

in the charge of the revenues, and Cimon in the command of the forces. The glorious exploits of this young hero almost eclipsed even those of Miltiades, his father. He gained several great victories over the Persians, by sea and land, and beautified the city

with the spoils of the enemy.

Aristides dying, Pericles succeeded him, and became the rival of Cimon, who was banished on a suspicion of favoring the Lacedemonians, but recalled five years afterwards. He settled, for a time, the differences between the rival cities, and led them once more against the common enemy. And having ended a war of fifty-one years, by an honorable peace with the Persians, he died on the eve of returning to Athens. He was succeeded by Thucydides, his brother-in-law, but who was soon banished by Pericles, who now exercised alone the sovereign authority.

This illustrious patriot was equally attentive to the prosperity, and to the beauty of the city. With one hand he enriched her with the wealth of every nation, with the other he adorned her with the works of the most celebrated masters. Phidias, the famous sculptor, flourished in his administration, and it is to him we are indebted for the magnificent Temple of Minerva.

But neither his refined genius, nor his political abilities, could exempt his country from the envy which prosperity generally attracts. The splendour she had attained, and the haughtiness it occasioned, drew upon her the complaints of many of the Powers of Greece, and particularly of all those within the Peloponnesus. Animated by Pericles, Athens, although averse to hostile measures, was resolved not to submit to the attacks of the Lacedemonians, but, conscious of her resources, determined to support her dignity; and thus, undaunted by superior force, she sustained herself for twenty-seven years, against the united efforts of all her enemies, in the famous Peloponnesian war.

Pericles died at the close of the fourth campaign; but the war was continued until the end of the tenth, when a truce was concluded, on terms very advantageous to Athens. But the ambition of Alcibiades, who now began to be distinguished at Athens, soon brought on a renewal of hostilities. He opposed Nicias on every occasion, and, contrary to the advice of that excellent General, persuaded the Athenians to send a considerable part of their forces into Sicily, himself embarking on that expedition: but, being soon recalled, he fled to Sparta, where he joined the enemy, and became the scourge of Attica. In the mean while, Syracuse was reduced to great straits; but, a reinforcement arriving from Peloponnesus, the Athenians were entirely defeated, and Nicias, their General, most inhumanly put to death.

This blow dispirited the Athenians so much, that Alcibiades, compassionating their distress, returned to his duty. At first he was surprisingly successful; but the fleet suffering a defeat whilst he was absent on an expedition, he was deprived of the command, for having left it in unworthy hands.

The Athenians had soon reason to repent this act; for, notwithstanding their fleet gained a considerable advantage under Conon, it was afterwards attacked by surprise in the Hellespont, and entirely destroyed. Lysander, who gained this celebrated victory, after subduing all the maritime places in his route, arrived at Athens, and obliged her to surrender.

The city now suffered all the horrors of the most cruel tyranny and oppression: but the Lacedemonians, exulting in their prosperity, as the Athenians had done before, raised up a confederacy against them, by which, after ten years slavery, Athens thoroughly recovered her liberty, and regained her former consequence; and, although Thebes, under Epaminondas, seemed for a time to rival her, she maintained her superiority over the rest of Greece, until Philip of Macedon, having defeated the Grecians in the battle of Chæronea, obliged them to nominate him Commander in Chief of their forces.

Demosthenes had long observed the steps by which this Monarch aimed at the subjection of Greece, and endeavoured, in his celebrated orations, to rouse the spirit of his countrymen; but he did not succeed until it was too late.

Philip left his authority to his son Alexander, the Conqueror, during whose absence in Persia, the Athenians attempted to regain their liberties, but were soon suppressed by his General Antipater. On the death of Alexander, Athens again revolted, and at first obtained some considerable advantages; but Antipater, being reinforced, put an end to her triumphs, and caused her principal citizens to be put to death. Demosthenes fled; but, being detected in his retreat, he poisoned himself.

From this time, Athens was almost constantly kept in subjection by one or other of the successors of Alexander, until about two hundred years before Christ, when, being attacked by Philip III. of Macedon, the Athenians complained to the Romans, who had lately concluded a peace with the King, but now again declared war against him; and being joined by several of the Greek States, Philip was soon overcome. The only use the Romans made of their conquest, was to shew their magnanimity, by restoring liberty to all the cities of Greece.

In the war between Rome and Antiochus, Greece was at first a principal scene of action. In this, the Romans were again successful, and confirmed their former generosity: but, at last, finding the different States constantly at variance, and one or other of them ever imploring the assistance of Rome, they put an end to their disputes, by forming them into a Roman province. They had previously defeated and taken Perseus, the last King of Macedonia; after which, it only remained to dispel the Achæan League, which had been so famous under Philopœmen.

In the war between Mithridates and the Romans, the former got possession of Athens; but, after a noble defence, it was retaken the year following by Sylla, who carried its library to Rome, with many of its most valuable pieces of sculpture and painting. Attica continued to share the fate of the Romans, until their great Empire was divided into the Eastern and Western branches. Greece then appertained to the former, and fell with it into the hands of the Turks, on the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II.--A. D. 1453.



## CHAPTER. XIX.

### TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Athens, February 3d, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Athens still contains near ten thousand inhabitants, and has lately been enclosed by a wall, to defend it from the irruptions of the Albanians, who are ever ripe for a revolt, and have several times plundered the town. The neighbourhood abounds with olive trees, and the French have established a small factory for the culture of them. The ancient citadel is always kept in a state of defence; and, being situated on the flat surface of an unassailable rock, it is only to be subdued by famine, or a bombardment. But what most renders it an object of curiosity, is, its containing the superb Temple of Minerva, the most celebrated work of the illustrious Pericles. But, alas! of this magnificent pile, only enough is left to give us a faint idea of its former grandeur, and to make us lament the unhappy fate of so sublime an edifice. The columns which supported the south side, and part of the front, are still standing, with some elegant metopes, which represent the exploits of the different heroes of Athens, and the battle of the Amazons: but these are every year falling down, from a violent shock the remains of the temple received, about a century ago, from the Venetians, who, in bombarding the citadel, blew up a powder magazine within it.

From these ruins of fallen greatness, it is a pleasant relief to turn our eyes to the Temple of Theseus, which, being converted into a Greek church, is still perfect. Here the sympathetic soul enjoys the generous glow of admiration, in contemplating a monument of gratitude to a departed hero, and the satisfaction of seeing, that the ravages of more than two thousand years have not been able to affect the work of a grateful people in honor of a patriotic Prince: so may we hope, that, to the last day, it will remain a living proof of the generosity of the one, and of the merit of the other.

Theseus was the great grandson of Cecrops, and, like him, corrected the wandering manner in which his people lived, and formed them into civil societies; whence he is justly called the second founder of Athens.

In the preceding narration, I took no notice of the exploits of this Prince, because they are stories we have been accustomed to hear from our cradles, and, although founded on truth, are generally classed among those of the fabulous kind. For the same reason, I passed over the death of his successor, Mnestheus, at the siege of Troy, as well the expedition for the Golden Fleece, and the other events in which Athens was concerned previous to the invasion of the Persians.

The temple is an elegant edifice, supported by a beautiful colonnade, on a similar plan to the largest at Pestum. It was erected in the administration of Cimon, who, having discovered the bones of Theseus in the island of Shyros, where he was killed by a fall from a precipice, restored them to his native city. The metopes on the front, and part of the sides, are ornamented with basso relievo, representing the battle of the Centaurs. These, you may recollect, were nothing more than the cavalry of Thessaly, where the men were so perfect in the management of their horses, that, when mounted, they were supposed to be part of the same animal.

The east gateway, which was also erected to Theseus, remains tolerably perfect. It was repaired by Adrian, who added an inscription, importing that Athens was now become his city; and, indeed, by his liberality, he in some measure made amends for the depredations the Romans committed upon her ornaments, and earned the title of one of her founders. It was this Emperor who raised that superb pile the Pantheon, dedicated to all the Gods; which, by its grandeur, elegance and beauty, justly merited that exalted title. Out of an hundred and twenty columns, each eighteen feet in circumference, only nine are standing. They are of the finest marble, with very rich Corinthian capitals. Those of Theseus and Minerva are Doric.

The monument vulgarly called the Lanthorn of Demosthenes, being inhabited by a French Monk, and the octagonal Temple of the Winds, by a Turkish Dervise, are still entire. The former is light and elegant; the latter has nothing but its antiquity to recommend it; for the figures which represent the different winds, are so indifferently executed, that, were not their names inscribed below them, it would be impossible to know their qualities.

Some triumphal columns, and other monuments, are still left in tolerable preservation, besides a considerable part of the Theatre of Bacchus, and many other fragments and ruins, which I am less particular in describing, because we have taken exact plans of all of them.

The channel of the Ilyssus, whose banks were formerly so famous, is dry, even at this rainy season; and I have several times walked in its bed, as well as in the olive groves where Plato delivered his lectures. I have also been as far as the plains of Marathon, to pay my oblations at the shrine of Miltiades--an interesting scene to a Soldier, and of which my military friends may expect an exact description.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON,  
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
GENERAL ELIOTT,  
LORD HEATHFIELD.

This celebrated field is about twelve miles in circumference, and a day's march from Athens. It is washed by the sea on the east, and surrounded by mountains on every other side, except the south-east corner, where the flat is continued a short space along the shore, and afterwards terminated by hills. The part where this slip joins the grand plain, has a large morass in its center, which extends pretty close to the hills on one side, and near the water's edge on the other.

There are two roads from the plains to Athens; the one by the morass, the other through the town of Marathon, which lies at the foot of the hills, nearly opposite the center of the plains.

Miltiades' army, in point of numbers, was not equal to one tenth of the Persians; but he knew that by waiting for them under the walls of Athens, he should abandon the country to their ravages, and submit to see them receive their convoys, and gather provisions unmolested; and possibly even subject himself to a famine. He therefore determined, at all events, to keep from between the enemy and the capital, and wait for an opportunity of attacking them to advantage. And this Fortune soon gave him. The Persians having reached the plains of Marathon, accompanied by their fleet, pursued the road nearest the sea. Their van had already ascended the heights, their main body filled the flat beneath, and their rear was passing the narrow space on the sides of the morass. Historians tell us, that Miltiades drew his whole strength into his wings, and particularly his right, leaving his center almost open. But as they have not been sufficiently minute in describing the scene of this memorable action, I could not thoroughly perceive the excellence of his disposition, until I beheld the field of battle.

The morass supplied the place of troops in his center. The space on the left was but narrow, consequently his greatest exertions were required on his right. This the General thoroughly understood, and at the moment the Persians were in the situation I have just described, he rushed from the town of Marathon, and by his admirable disposition, brought his whole force to act on the enemy's rear.

The Persians, encumbered and confined, and scarce able to use their arms, were instantly thrown into confusion, and hewn down in immense numbers. The main body faced about, and advanced to the assistance of the rear. The van, confident of victory from their numbers, descended from the heights to pursue their success. The whole crowded together in the narrow passes, making a general, confused attempt to break into the plain: but the Athenians constantly out-fronting them, and the immense numbers of the enemy only serving to incommode themselves, and to create confusion, they were slain as fast as they advanced. At length those in front, unable to withstand the terrible carnage that raged around them, attempted to fly; but being prevented from retreating by those behind them, who not having seen the slaughter, still pushed forward, they precipitately threw themselves into the morass.

Victory now declared for the Athenians, who, pursuing their advantage, fell with such violence on the disordered ranks of the enemy, that to escape their fury, their nearest opponents were compelled to turn, and in despair, forced their way through their own friends. A general rout immediately ensued, and the exertions of the Athenians encreasing with their success, they drove the enemy headlong before them. Near thirty thousand Persians fell by the sword. Numbers perished in the morass, and the rest, in confusion and dismay, escaped to their ships.

These, my Lord, are my ideas of the principles on which Miltiades acted, and what I have conceived to have been the plan of the battle, from seeing the plains on which it was fought. I am, however, aware that one of the causes to which I attribute the success of the Greeks--their out-fronting the enemy--was a less advantage in those days, than it has become since the invention of musketry and artillery. But although the Grecians made their grand exertions by close action, yet it is to be presumed, from the hilly, irregular country in which this army was generally to act, that it was not without a considerable corps of slingers and bowmen, who, in the disposition I have given, might act to the greatest advantage upon the enemy's flank.

It is needless to say that the Persians, by forming *en potence* along the sides of the morass, might have brought as many men into action as the Greeks; they were too much confused by the sudden attack, bordering on a surprise, to execute this manœuvre, and most likely their troops with missive weapons were not in this part of their army.

The most plausible objection to my plan is, that had the Persians, instead of engaging and crowding themselves in the situation Miltiades attacked them, made a retreating fight, till they passed the narrow flat, and secured the heights, it was then in their power, had Miltiades persisted in the attack, completely to surround him, by making part of the troop on the heights, in front, deploy along the eminence, and then descend in his rear, whilst the rest of the army, now advantageously posted on the heights, would probably have prevented his forcing their front.

This is, doubtless, what a good General would have done. But when the Generals are equal, how can

men be expected to beat ten times their number? Miltiades was in one of those situations, where inaction is as fatal as a defeat; and it was his duty to seize every opportunity, in which it was in Fortune's power to favor his designs. He acted on these principles, and was crowned with the success his courage deserved.

At first the Athenians thought no praises they could bestow, equal to the merit of Miltiades; but in my letter from Paros, I mentioned the cruel persecution he afterwards suffered. But the death of this great man having disarmed the malice of his enemies, they soon became sensible of their shameful ingratitude; and as some atonement to the manes of their departed hero, they erected a monument to his memory on the plains where he gained his glory.

Of this sacred tomb, only the base remains. I picked up a chip of marble that had fallen from it, and was instantly impressed with the idea of having this honored relick set, with a suitable device, in some of the metal from the Battering Ships, destroyed before Gibraltar, and thus to commemorate and unite the greatest victory of Greece, with the most glorious achievement of Britain.

## LETTER. XX.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Athens, February 5th, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On our way to Marathon, we turned a little out of the road to see a mutilated statue of a Lion, which still bears the signs of most excellent workmanship.

We have already repeatedly viewed every thing worthy notice in Athens; but as the painter has not yet finished his drawings, we shall remain here some days longer, during which we mean to make an excursion to the Islands of Salamis, Ægina, &c. But as they contain nothing worthy description, I will close this sketch of the history and antiquities of this interesting city, with a short account of the religion of its present inhabitants. About one-fifth of them are Turks, and the rest Greeks.

### GREEK RELIGION.

St. Paul, you recollect, visited Athens, and the other states of Greece, to preach Christianity; and notwithstanding all the anathemas the Pope has denounced against the Greeks, there is, in fact, but little difference between their religion, and that of the Roman Catholics. They equally make use of the sign of the cross; worship images; pray to the saints; have confessors; and believe in transubstantiation, although they do not kneel at the elevation of the Host. If they deny the doctrine of purgatory, they admit something very like it, in praying for the souls of the dead. Their Bishops and superior clergy are never permitted to marry; but a simple priest is allowed that indulgence once in his life, though he can never take a second wife. They acknowledge the Pope to be the chief of the Patriarchs, but deny his having the power of granting indulgences; and this was his Holiness's first reason for accusing them of schism.

It is true, there is another grand point in which they dissent both from the Roman Catholics and the Protestants; I mean the article of the Holy Ghost, which they say can proceed from the Father only. There are some less essential differences, such as their using leavened bread in the consecration of the Sacrament, and mixing the bread and wine together. And they also differ in the ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and burial. In the first they give three complete immersions. The second is performed by the priest's changing the ring from the bride's to the bridegroom's finger, saying a few words, and then from the bridegroom's to the bride's. He repeats this ceremony about thirty times, without any alteration, and when he desists, it is again as often performed by each of the godfathers and godmothers. Their funerals are like those of the savages--howling and making hideous cries till the corpse is interred, and then feasting over the grave.

The Patriarch of Constantinople is the head of the Greek Church, and has under him the Patriarchs of Jerusalem, Damascus, and Alexandria. St. Polycarp is their favorite Saint. He was one of St. John's disciples, and suffered martyrdom at Smyrna, of which he was the first Archbishop.

### MAHOMETAN RELIGION.

From the religion of the Greeks, I naturally turn to that of the Turks. To have a just idea of this, it is necessary that we should divest ourselves of every prejudice; and in arraigning the character of a man whom death has prevented from appearing in his own defence, Justice ever requires, that if we do not put the most favorable construction on his actions, we should, at least, treat them with impartiality.

To speak candidly then, Mahomet might be a religious and a moral man. His father left him in rather penurious circumstances, but profiting to the utmost by the education his friends could afford him, and always preserving a most unexceptionable character, he rose to be factor of a rich widow, whom he afterwards married; and becoming, by this connection, a person of some consequence in his country, he felt it his duty to devote himself to its welfare.

He saw, with the utmost concern, that the Jews and the Christians were constantly at variance, and that Idolatry was daily gaining ground. To check the progress of a practice so unworthy the human mind, and so degrading to our Divine Maker, appeared to him an object worthy his whole attention. Filled with this idea, it became the constant subject of his thoughts, and after long revolving it in his mind, he, at length, conceived it impossible to attain his end by any other method, but by that of uniting the Jews and the Christians in one religion. And this he knew could only be effected by admitting part of the tenets of both.

For this purpose, he acknowledged Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Moses, whom the Jews regarded as their chief Prophets, to whom he added our Blessed Saviour; in commemoration of whose mildness and beneficence, he called him the Breath of God--the most flattering appellation he could offer, confident with the delicacy it was necessary to observe towards the Jews. Nevertheless, a Christian cannot sufficiently lament, that he was obliged to make concessions to a people execrated by God. But as his only object was to restore the divine worship to its original purity, he conceived that the Almighty would not be displeased at the means he was about to adopt to attain so laudable an end.

The first person to whom he communicated his design, was her in whom, as a good man, he was most interested, I mean his wife. She readily embraced his sentiments, and, in a short time, many of their relations adopted their opinions. Nevertheless, the Arabs in general continued obstinate in their superstition and idolatry; and as Mahomet as yet only made use of the gentle methods of persuasion,

his proselytes increased so slowly, that he had reason to despair of success, unless he could make it be believed that he received supernatural assistance.

Thus far his conduct is irreproachable, since we may forgive his endeavouring to compound the Jewish and Christian religions, which in him, was at worst but an error in judgment. But from this moment, he began to lose sight of the delicacy and patriotic disinterestedness by which he was hitherto actuated, and we must resign him to the lash of the Christian and Jewish divines, both of whom have agreed in stigmatizing him by the epithet of "Impostor." Nevertheless a philanthropic mind will always be inclined to pity him, and to lament that a man naturally religious, with so noble an object in view, should be drawn into measures unworthy the piety of his primitive intentions.

He pretended, or perhaps his enthusiasm made him believe, that the Angel Gabriel had appeared to him; and, in the name of God, charged him with his mission. But still his progress was not equal to his wishes; he therefore made use of another imposture, and declared that he had been carried up to Heaven, and conversed with God. This, and some miracles he was said to have performed, gave him an unbounded sway over the minds of the people. But the persecution of the Government increasing with his success, he was several times obliged to fly from Mecca. Hitherto he had preached nothing but peace; but his fame having now spread, and gained him many proselytes in the neighbouring states, he found himself in a condition to accomplish by force, what he had in vain attempted by persuasion. Provoked at the opposition he met with, he gave out that God, irritated at the obstinacy of his enemies, had ordered him to take up arms against them. He therefore raised an army, with which he beat the Koreish, or head tribe of Mecca, in the famous battle of Bedr, and gained many other victories, each of which increasing his fame and his followers, he usurped the civil and military authority, as well as the religious, and before he died, had the satisfaction of seeing himself acknowledged by many of the Eastern nations.

A. D. 622.

The Mahometans date their Hegira from the period of their Prophet's flight from Mecca to Medina, during which such miracles, they say, were performed in his favor, that it was no longer possible to doubt his being the Messenger of God.

In addition to his being an Impostor, and making use of violent measures, it is farther objected against Mahomet, that he makes his paradise consist in sensual pleasures; but in this he conformed to the dispositions of the people he held it out to. He tells them that it is inhabited by female angels, whose charms surpass conception, and who, although adorned by the most delicate modesty, will yield to the embraces of the Faithful. That they live in large pavilions of hollow pearls, in the midst of refreshing fountains and shady groves, abounding with the most delicious fruits. Besides which, the fleetest horses, elegantly caparisoned, and every thing else they may desire, will immediately spring up for them.

His faith consists in belief in God, and predestination; in his Angels, his Scriptures, and his Prophets; in the Resurrection and final Judgment. On that awful day the principal questions asked the Mahometans will be, How they spent their time? How they acquired and used their wealth? What use they made of their knowledge? and how they exercised their bodies?

Infidels and hypocrites will be damned without redemption; but the good and bad actions of the Mahometans will be balanced against each other, and the punishments of the guilty will be in proportion to their sins; the slightest of which will be nine hundred years confinement in a hell, so very hot as to make the brain boil through the skull; and the heaviest nine thousand in a place where the heat is seven times more horrible.

Oppressors, and such as have been guilty of malice or injustice, will be obliged to suffer in the next world for the sins of those whom they injured in this. An idea that cannot be too much admired.

Another striking instance of the humanity of Mahomet's disposition, is the great encomiums he conferred upon Charity. He tells his followers that nothing will be more acceptable to God than alms; and to shew our gratitude to him for those we are constantly receiving at his hands, he orders that they shall pray at least five times a day; and that there may be no excuse for neglecting this duty, the muezzins are obliged to ascend the steeples at stated times, and there apprise the people that "it is time to pray."

In this we see both gratitude and wisdom; and to do ample justice to Mahomet, it only remains to examine how far his religion tended to promote the happiness and prosperity of his brethren. To do this, we must keep their country in view. It will then readily occur to us, that the Arabians living in a state of warfare, population must necessarily decrease, and the number of women considerably exceed that of the men. What remedy could he apply to this evil, but a plurality of wives? Or how put a stop to drunkenness, but by prohibiting wine? The climate of Arabia is hot; heat produces wantonness, wantonness leads to prostitution, and prostitution creates sin, disease, and depopulation. These are crying evils, and the only method to prevent them was, by forbidding every intercourse between the two sexes, man and wife only excepted. For she must be an abandoned woman indeed, who will make the first advances to impure love, and these to a man to whom she had never before spoken.

But as a farther encouragement to population, and that the female captives taken in war might be of service to the state, he tolerates masters lying with their slaves, who, on their part, are to preserve all the modesty and discretion of a wife, and in return, are always to be treated with tenderness.

That Mahomet allowed these indulgences, more through policy than inclination, is evident, since even his bitterest enemies have never accused him of bigamy, or of impure love, before the death of his first wife. If he afterwards became abandoned, it is no wonder, for he had then cast off his pious principles; and every wise person knows, whatever pretenders to philosophy may say, that a man, when he abandons religion, generally abandons morality also.

Upon the whole, I believe, this is by much the most favorable account ever written of Mahomet by a Christian; yet, if we analyze the writings of our own theologians, and set aside their abusive epithets, we shall find that I have said nothing more than they themselves have admitted; because, not understanding the Turkish language, I have trusted to them for matters of fact, although, in justice to a dead man, I could not ascribe to ambition and selfishness, what might originally proceed from virtue, however different a turn it might afterwards take.

To close this essay with the candour with which I have conducted it, we must allow, that as a patriot and a politician, Mahomet merits a great share of our commendation. But how unworthy a divine mission will his latter conduct appear, when compared with that of our Saviour. Neither persecution nor torture, could provoke the Blessed Jesus to a deviation from his Heavenly Mildness; but constantly adhering to the will of our Father, he lived, and he died for the good of mankind.

## LETTER XXI.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Leghorn, March 10th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On the 9th of February we sailed from the Pyræus, but the next morning a violent gale rising up against us, we were obliged to take shelter in our old port at Idra. During the night the wind changed, and at day-break on the 11th we again got under way, and sailing along the coast of Mycene and Argos, the kingdoms of Agamemnon and Menelaus, reached Cape Angelo at sunset; and standing to the westward, we passed between Servi and the island of Venus; and thus, for the present, took leave of the Archipelago. We saw no remains of antiquity on that part of Peloponnesus which we have coasted.

At day-break on the 14th, we were in sight of Mount Ætna, but the wind not permitting us to fetch Messina, we stood towards Syracuse, and in the evening tacked near the little island of Ortygia, which furnished the poets, with the fable of Alpheus and Arethusa.

The next day was almost a calm, but at sunset a light breeze springing up in our favor, we entered the straits of Scylla and Charybdis, and anchored at Messina on the 16th. Here we intended to have performed our quarantine, but as it has been the custom at this place ever since the dreadful plague in 1743, not to receive vessels from any port actually infected; and a lying report being raised, that the plague was then raging in the environs of Smyrna, the Health Office refused to admit us, notwithstanding or bringing a clean bill of health. We therefore put to sea the following evening, and had scarce passed Charybdis, and got out of the straits, before we were attacked by a violent storm. We were now on a lee-shore, and the darkness of the night made our situation still more unpleasant. But at the moment we were most apprehensive, the wind favored us several points. The next morning the gale abated, and in the evening the wind became quite fair; there was, however, so little of it, that we were all this and the next day in sight of the burning island of Strombolo. In the night of the 19th, the breeze freshened, and carrying us 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 knots an hour, we saw Corsica soon after day-light on the 21st, and at five the same afternoon anchored in Leghorn roads. Lord Hervey, who has succeeded Sir Horace Mann, as Ambassador at Florence, happening to be at Leghorn, interested himself in our favor; in consequence of which our quarantine was only fifteen days, and we got prattick the day before yesterday.

The town is well fortified both by sea and land, and, on account of its advantageous situation for trade, and its being a free port, it is filled with merchants of every class and persuasion.

Corsica being in sight of Leghorn, it forms one of the passes that intercept the trade of the Mediterranean, and is consequently an excellent station for a squadron in time of war. The road, indeed, is open, and in winter dangerous; but this evil is, in some measure, remedied by two capacious moles, deep enough for trading vessels and small frigates. And by means of a canal which communicates with the Arno, it has water carriage even beyond Florence. I shall set out for that celebrated capital, as soon as I am a little collected after the voyage.

## LETTER XXII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Florence, March 23d, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We left Leghorn on the 18th, and, two hours after, arrived at Pisa. We remained there the rest of the day, and had just time to take a cursory view of the wonderful Leaning Tower, the celebrated Brazen Gates of the Cathedral, the Dome, the College, and the Chapel of the Knights of St. Stephen, &c. &c. Early next morning, we resumed our journey, and, at four in the afternoon, arrived at this elegant city.

From Leghorn to Florence is sixty-three miles, or, in the Italian style, eight posts, for each of which, with a pair of horses, you pay four shillings, and the driver is entitled to a fifth, which custom has increased to eighteen pence. The Italian miles being near a fourth shorter than the English, you generally go a post in an hour and a few minutes; but this depends very much upon what you give the postilions, who always take care to enquire from those they relieve. The road is good and level, and remarkably pleasant, the whole of it being in the populous and fertile vale of Arno, and almost constantly close to the river.

In the barbarous ages, after the subversion of the Roman empire, Tuscany underwent many revolutions, and remained in a state of subjection till the time of the Guelphs and Gibbelines, when the feuds of those factions, and the contests between the Pope and the Emperor, enabled the Tuscans to shake off the yoke. They were again subdued by Charles V. who, having married his natural daughter to Alexander of Medicis, he gave him the Dukedom of Tuscany: but Alexander, being a tyrant, was soon assassinated, and Cosmo, son of John of Medicis set up in his place, and formally crowned Grand Duke of Tuscany by Pope Pius V.--A. D. 1570.

It is to this immortal Prince that we are indebted for the revival of the fine arts, and for the foundation of the Gallery of Florence, which each of his descendants increased and improved. The dukedom remained in their line for the space of near two centuries, when the Medicis being extinct by Duke Gaston dying without issue, it revolved to the Emperor, and is now governed by his brother.

The arts and sciences suffered no loss from this change. Peter Leopold is their most distinguished patron; and the Gallery is as much indebted to him as to the most elegant of his predecessors.

Formerly, people of humble fortunes were secluded from the view of these treasures, by the extortion of the attendants; but their salaries have been lately increased, and they are prohibited from accepting presents, on pain of losing their places. The poorest peasant has now a right to amuse himself at his leisure in every part of the Gallery, and admittance is refused to nobody but servants. It affords matter of surprise to an Englishman, that valets de chambres, and footmen, who have so much influence every where else, are here excluded from places that are open to the lowest of every other tribe.

I have not troubled myself about the private character of Peter Leopold; but the face of his country, the industry and morality of his subjects, and the pleasing signs of an happy and increasing population, prove him a great and a good Prince. The morals of his people are one of his principal objects, in which he has so happily succeeded, that, in the general free mart of Leghorn, where formerly the trade of a harlot was as much permitted and in as high repute as any other, the houses of ill fame are reduced to a very small number; and, in a short time, prostitution will be as completely rooted out there as it already is out of every other part of Tuscany.

By a law, as uncommon as it is just, a breach of modesty is as severely punished in the male as in the female sex; and a seducer, be his rank what it will, is obliged to marry the object he has polluted. None of either sex are permitted to shut themselves up in convents; and marriage is highly encouraged. Such, indeed, is this Prince's success in promoting morality, and preventing vice among his people, that, different from most capitals, the women are innocent and healthy, as well as beautiful; and assassinations and robberies are here no longer heard of.

What a satisfaction will the philanthrope enjoy, when he finds that this public happiness and virtue has been produced by the most laudable means. Peter Leopold thinks the lives of his subjects too valuable to sacrifice even one to the gallows or the scaffold; but if a citizen is guilty of any transgression, he atones for his crime by labouring on the public works, for the general good, with a label on his back, expressing his crime and his punishment.

This being the Holy Week, the Gallery will not be open for some days, which is no great disappointment, since the fine taste of the Medicis was not confined to their palaces only. The town is ornamented with many celebrated pieces of sculpture; the principal of which are, the group of Hercules rescuing Dejanira from the Centaur, by Michael Angelo; and the Rape of the Sabines, by John Bologna; a superb fountain, with Neptune in the center, drawn by four horses, surrounded by as many persons, each attended by two fawns or satyrs; a noble equestrian of Cosmo, and many other excellent statues and columns, and a triumphal arch, erected in honour of the reigning family. I should be guilty of great injustice to Peter Tacca, if I passed over his famous boar in the market-place. He forms a kind of fountain on the ground, slabbering out water in so natural a manner, that, at first, I actually took him for a hog, too lazy to remove from the wet.

The inside of the churches are neat and elegant, white and gold, with scarlet and orange curtains. St. Croix contains the tombs of M. Angelo, of Machiavel, and many other great men. Among a variety of paintings, two in the dome of St. John are rather singular, *Lex Scripta* and *Lex Naturæ*. The former has a forbidding look, and is muffled up like a priestess. The other is in all the gaiety of youth, with an inviting person almost entirely displayed.



The soft gliding Arno divides the town; but the communication is preferred by three stone bridges. The terraces along its banks are broad and well paved; and were it possible to tire where a variety of such objects as those I have mentioned are ever to be found, one has only to retire to the Botanical Gardens, or to those of the Bobile. In the former we find every plant of the medical world. In the latter we may fancy ourselves in England. They are laid out much in the manner of our pleasure grounds, with open gravel walks, and others shaded by the twining branches of the shrubs on each side; with an aviary, a green-house, seats, and summer houses. But partaking also of the Italian, it is interspersed with statues, terraces, and fountains full of gold and silver fish.

How can we sufficiently express our gratitude to those Princes who have furnished us with so many objects of innocent and laudable delight.

The elegant taste of the Tuscan Sovereigns, has been adopted by most of their Nobility, whose palaces may be considered as so many branches of the royal gallery. I have as yet only had time to visit those of Gerrini and Ricardi.

Biliberti's famous Clorinda would alone be sufficient to immortalize the former. She is asleep, relieved from the weight of her armour, with nothing to conceal any part of her exquisite beauty, but one of the ribbons of her corselet, which the air has most happily directed to shelter her modesty; but which one is almost afraid will wave from her waist. In this unguarded moment, Tancred at once discovers her sex and her beauty; but notwithstanding her defenceless situation, notwithstanding her irresistible charms, and her being a chief of the enemy, there is something so invincibly sweet, so chaste, and so enchanting in her countenance, that the hero stands transfixed with love and veneration, and dares not approach her. It is impossible not to enter into all the delicacy and sensibility of his feelings, and after the first glance, I confess to you, that, like him, I dared not suffer my eyes to wander below her neck, lest hers should open and avenge my profanation. An adverse look from such an angel, would be more insupportable than the most tormenting death.

After so heavenly an object, one is particularly struck with Salvator Rosa's Prometheus, in the same collection. He is stretched upon his back, with his hands and feet chained down, and the vulture preying on his liver. His excruciating torments are so forcibly expressed, that they fill one with horror. I therefore turned away, and hurried by Dido and Æneas, by Battoni; and the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, by Carlo Dolce, and several other admirable paintings, to gaze once more on the divine Clorinda.

The best pieces in the Palace Ricardi, are, the four Evangelists, by Carlo Dolce; St. John is incomparable; a Roman Charity, and six figures, representing basso relievo.

The house in which Michael Angelo lived, is still preserved, and his history and principal works represented in a collection of paintings, with which the walls were hung by his scholars. It also contains some few pieces of his own, most of them unfinished.

## LETTER XXIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Florence, March 26th, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When I inform you, that the Catalogue alone of the Gallery of Florence, fills a large volume, what an unconscionable request will my dear friend appear to have made, in demanding a regular description of this superb and invaluable collection.

From so young an Amateur as I am, such an attempt, methinks, would be the height of presumption--I had almost said, of profanation. But, to convince you how much I would undertake to oblige you, suffice it to say, that the part properly called the Gallery, consists of two sides of a parallelogram of considerable length, joined together by a third, much shorter.

Round the cornice, the portraits of every great character, of whatever nation he belonged to, from Artaxerxes Memnon, King of Persia, to Dr. Anthony Cocchi, who died at Florence in 1758, are ranged according to their country. Among the English, I observed Wolsey, Cranmer, Cromwell, and Monk.

The wall between the cornice and the moulding, is lined with about an hundred and thirty paintings, by the most celebrated masters: all are admirable; but that which particularly strikes me, is the Mary Magdalen from the Tuscan school. Her hands are joined together with an expression which evinces the anguish of her soul, and the sincerity of her repentance. A skull is on the table before her. Remorse and Despair, in their most aggravated forms, are preying upon her; and yet her beauty is in all its captivating charms. Her face surpasses every conception; and the vest, which has fallen from her shoulders, displays a neck which even an Anchorite would for ever hang upon. She herself, with all the earnestness of her supplication, seems scarce to dare hope to be forgiven.--But, were there a doubt of it, sweet Penitent! I should die distracted.

John de St. John's Bridal Night, is another excellent painting. He has given the Bride all the fondness and beauty of a Venus, but has made her more than the Goddess, by shewing that the height of conjugal love, could not remove her natural modesty.

Her handmaids are leading her into her bed-chamber; but, when she discovers her husband ready to receive her, modesty overcomes her, and prevents her advancing. The longing Bridegroom invites her with the most ardent affection, and, with a smile of tenderness, seems amused with her coyness. She returns his smile, but with a kind of denial; and yet seems wishing to comply, but cannot persuade herself to approach him. Her Friends are encouraging her, and the old Nurse is growing angry at the delay. But I am presuming to be particular. I therefore pass over the rest of the paintings, and come to the statues and busts, which are ranged on bases, at regular distances, along the walls.

At the east end, there is a Horse, whose head and body excel any thing of the kind I ever beheld; but the legs are modern, and do not seem to belong to him.

Were only the head and neck of Leda exposed, all mankind would allow her to be the finest piece of sculpture ever produced: but, whilst we give the Sculptor every credit for his execution, we are provoked at finding him guilty of many inconsistencies.

I should not have said so much of this statue, but that you, like myself, might have been deceived by the good nature of those well-meaning, but shallow writers, who, struck with its first appearance, did not examine farther.

Ganymede is, indeed, an admirable statue; and his Eagle is much superior to Leda's Swan.

Pomona seems really walking, and with a lightness equal to the ease of her person.

As there is no superlative difficulty in forming a figure where no passion is particularly expressed, I will not dwell on Minerva, Bacchus, Apollo, Narcissus, &c. &c. &c. notwithstanding the pleasure I enjoy in admiring them.

The busts contain the heads of all the Roman Emperors, and of some of their wives. The whole is closed by a famous wild boar, and the group of Laocoon.

Parallel to each of the two long sides of the Gallery, there is a set of apartments, included in what is commonly called the Gallery of Florence.

The first on the east side, contains a most admirable Ganymede, a country God, and a few more beautiful statues and basso-relievos. The principal subjects of the latter, are, the Rape of Europa, and Mark Anthony's Oration on opening Cæsar's Will.

The next, called the Cabinet of Coins and Medals, contains, as well as those articles and some few busts, two basso-relievo figures of Mars and Venus, in paste exactly like porphyry; and also seven pictures, three of which are Mosaic: those of St. Peter and St. Paul are reckoned remarkably fine.

The third is called the Cabinet of Love, from a little Cupid sleeping on a table, universally allowed to be a masterpiece of sculpture. It also contains a few busts, and the walls are ornamented with twenty-seven paintings; among which is a Venus, by Titian, universally admired: but it has been observed, that she labours under a disadvantage, in being so near the incomparable one in the Tribuna.

The fourth is filled with small statues, busts and pictures.

But the room called La Tribuna is the boast of the whole Gallery. It contains the Venus of Medicis, the Wrestlers, the Listener, and the Fawn, which surpass what I thought it possible for marble to express. Nobody that has heard of Florence, but must have read a particular description of these admirable statues: but, in obedience to your desire, I have set down the following measurements of the Venus of Medicis, taken by myself:

Feet. In. 10ths.

From the top of her forehead, in a right line, to the ground	4	9	7
But, as she leans considerably forward, her real height, as well as I could measure, is	5	2	0
Circumference of the largest part of her below her hips	2	11	5
Round her shoulders and her arms	3	1	3
Circumference of the smallest part of her leg	0	8	0
Of the largest	1	1	2
Of her ankle	0	8	6
Length of her foot	0	9	0
Her arms are modern, and by no means equal to the rest of the statue. Their length is	2	5	5

The paintings in the Tribuna are equal to the statues. The most famous is Titian's celebrated Venus, which justly merits the high encomiums universally conferred upon her. She is lying on a bed, with all her beauties displayed. The painter, with great judgment, has given her a passive countenance, and introduced a softness in her air, full of languishing desire, but free from lascivious wantonness. One might compare her to a most beautiful married woman, deprived for the first time of the presence of a beloved husband. In a word, nothing can be more perfect, or more delightful.

St. Catherine also by Titian, is another excellent painting, and the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus on her knees, like all Carlo Dolce's pictures, is divine and beautiful.

Had I found the visitation of St. Elizabeth and St. John, fondling the little Jesus on the Virgin's lap, and several others, in any place but where there is so much to admire, I should have thought each of them worthy a particular description.

The next four chambers contain the Venus Anadyomene, and a few more statues in marble; together with a variety of beautiful vases, plates, cups, and tables, richly inlaid with lapis lazuli and other rich stone; near four hundred paintings in the Flemish manner; a collection of original designs, or rough sketches, of the best masters, and another of prints; but these are very inferior to those of the moderns, and are only meant to show the progress of the art.

The cabinet of jewels and precious stones, cameos, intaglios, &c. closes the Eastern range.

It is with great pain that I find myself inadequate to an entertaining description of these invaluable treasures. The picture of St. Lawrence conducted to the tyrant; Hercules after he had killed the Giants, by Alexander Allori; Helena Forman, by Paul Rubens; the pearl fishery, in lapis lazuli, by Anthony Tempesta; the Rape of Dejanira, by Giordano; the copy of Correggio's Mary Magdalen, and many others I could gaze upon for ever. But the objects of admiration I here meet with, are too numerous to permit me to send you even a list of them.--I have already transgressed the bounds I had proposed to myself; but having gone thus far, I will proceed in the same style through the apartments on the west side.

The first then is called the Cabinet of Medals, and contains a well arranged collection, amounting to the astonishing number of upwards of fourteen thousand. Many false antiques have been admitted, that amateurs may have an opportunity of studying the difference between them and real ones. Over the seven bureaux, in which the medals are preserved, the Labours of Hercules are represented in as many silver groupes, copied from John Bologna.

But these are not the only masterpieces contained in this chamber. Over the chimney there is a hand in relief, by Michael Angelo, equal to his most celebrated work; and the walls are ornamented by thirty-six pictures, painted at Florence.

The second and third rooms contain the portraits of several hundred painters, most of them drawn by themselves. What a satisfaction to contemplate the characters of those celebrated masters, whose works have afforded us the highest gratification. But as admittance has never been refused to the most humble candidate for fame, who may choose to send his portrait, many have gained a place here, who will soon be forgotten every where else. In point of execution, my friend the Princess Belmonté, I am afraid, is among this number; but as a patroness of the arts and sciences, she is justly entitled to a place in the gallery of Florence; and, as long as St. Cecilia is held in veneration, the tuneful, the generous Belmonté will ever be remembered.

The fourth is filled with the heads of illustrious persons, and a variety of inscriptions. On one of which, Seraspandes and Rhodaspes, the sons of Phraates, are mentioned; and it is particularly valued because Justin, the only Roman historian who takes notice of these Princes being at Rome, omitted their names.

The fifth contains a beautiful statue of an hermaphrodite, which gives name to the chamber; an Adonis, by Michael Angelo; Venus Victrix; Venus Celeste, and a Bacchus. All excellent statues; and near fifty valuable paintings.

The present Grand Duke fitted up the sixth hall for the reception of Niobe, and her fourteen children, with a taste and magnificence worthy these admirable statues.

The collection of old paintings in the next room is also the work of the reigning Prince. They are

accompanied by several busts and statues.

The eighth contains copies in bronze, not only of the Venus of Medicis, and the most admired pieces in the preceding apartments, but of every other celebrated statue, of which the Dukes of Florence have not been able to procure the original. Among these are the *Quirinal* group of horses; the *Capitol* Gladiator; the *Vatican* Apollo, and Meleagre; the little *Spanish* fawn; the *Farnese* Hercules, Bull, and Flora, and many others, which the severest critics have allowed to be equal to the originals.

But it is not copies only which here ravish the sight. John Bologna's incomparable Mercury soon arrests the eye. He is absolutely flying, and in so easy, and so natural an attitude, that it is some moments before one perceives that he is supported by the breath of Zephyr, on which he is rising into the air.

From this we pass into the cabinet of bronze antiques, where a variety of miniature Gods and Goddesses, animals, and monsters; altars, tripods, and lamps; helmets, rings, and bracelets, &c. &c. are preserved in fourteen cases.

We now close the Gallery with the Tuscan Museum, whose chief contents are the instruments used by the ancients in their funeral ceremonies, with a variety of urns, in which the burnt bones of the dead were deposited.

There let them rest in peace, and if sleep has not already overpowered you, indulge it now--I shall not be offended with you. I am aware, that however refined and extatic the satisfaction, the objects I have mentioned afford to the senses, this pleasure is not to be communicated in a description by so humble a Dilettante as your poor friend. I have, therefore, nearly confined myself to an abridgment of the catalogue, which, as I before apprised you, fills a large volume. And since a long list, even of painters, and sculptors, statues, and paintings, must ever be dry and tautological, what can we expect from its epitome? But to me, I confess, it has afforded the greatest satisfaction; that of proving that to please you, I willingly risk exposing myself.

## LETTER XXIV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, April 23, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**W**e left Florence on the 27th of March, and, on the 6th instant, sailed from Leghorn.

The little island of Elba lying in our course towards Naples, we meant to stop there, for a few hours, to examine the harbour, which, it is said, is a very convenient one for vessels watching an enemy in Leghorn Roads; but, having no wind till three o'clock in the afternoon, we did not reach it till dusk. We were now going nine knots an hour. Nothing could be seen till the morning; and, as we did not think it right to lose a night's run with so favourable a wind, we were deprived of the satisfaction of informing ourselves with regard to the harbour, and of gratifying our curiosity, by seeing the natural state of the curious stones found in this island.

The wind continuing fair, we passed Mount Cercelle, and the coast of Rome, on the 7th; at day-light on the 8th, were in sight of Ischia and Capria; but, our fair wind dying away, we did not get to an anchor in the bay of Naples till the afternoon of the next day.

Mount Vesuvius is in a very different state from that in which we left it. There have been several eruptions. The sides of the crater or cone have fallen in, and the lava has given itself vent, by forcing the side of the mountain. It is now running; and, as this is a phenomenon I had not an opportunity of seeing when I was here last autumn, I made it my first object on my return.

But the violence of the eruption is over; and it has now more of the curious and beautiful, than of the awful and sublime. The side of the mountain has closed, and the lava issues from it, without its source being seen, in a stream of liquid fire, at present not more than four feet wide. It moves at a slow rate, and, although so much a fluid as to be capable of this motion, yet it has such a degree of solidity, that stones of some pounds weight, thrown with force, did not penetrate its surface. No flame was emitted by the lava, except when we threw slicks, paper, or other combustible matter upon it, which immediately took fire, and blazed. Water had no effect, but that of blackening, for a moment, the part it fell upon.

After having sufficiently admired this beautiful phenomenon, we scrambled up the cone, and went into the inside of the old crater, which I find is already assuming its former state; the working of the fire in the bowels of the earth, having overcome the weight above it, and formed a chasm in its former direction, to the very summit of the mountain.

This aperture is continually widening, and will soon again become a monstrous fiery gulph. I heard several explosions below, which were accompanied by flashes of fire, which, darting from side to side, in the direction of the chasm, came up like so many immense flashes of forked lightning.

We began the ascent before sun-set; and our attention was so well engaged, that it was near day-light before we returned to Naples.

The Princess Belmonté has renewed her civilities; and the Nobile have sent us tickets for their musical *Conversazione*.

## LETTER XXV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Palermo, May 2d, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After a pleasant passage of scarce forty hours, at day-break on the 26th ult. we found ourselves in sight of Palermo. Nothing can be more picturesque than this bay. It forms a large amphitheatre, with the Capital of Sicily in the center, surrounded, for some miles, by a most beautiful country, interspersed with villas, and inclosed by romantic rocks and mountains. A calm, which lasted several hours, gave us an opportunity of admiring this beautiful scene at our leisure; and in the afternoon we anchored in the mole.

The town was formerly surrounded by a strong wall, but the fortifications are now entirely neglected, except towards the sea, where there are still a few weak works.

Prince Caramanico, the Viceroy, was lately Ambassador at London. We paid our respects to him the morning after our arrival, and he gave us a state dinner the next day. But we have seen nothing of him since.

Our stay here is rendered remarkable by the sudden death of Prince Palagonia.

Whilst other men endeavoured to reach the Temple of Fame, by making art equal nature in her most captivating forms, this Prince struck out a new road, by producing such monsters as nature, however perverted, could never have brought forth. With him, whoever designed the most ridiculous and unnatural object, became the greatest artist. He had a number of sculptors and stone-cutters constantly employed for upwards of thirty years, and their productions amount to near a thousand pieces. But notwithstanding the great encouragement he gave, and the ample field he held out, very few of his statues display either genius, execution, or invention. Some of them, indeed, are as extravagant as he could wish, but even these are extravagant without humour, from the total want of connection in the members. We sometimes laugh at a body a little deformed, because the parts that compose it may be set in a ridiculous point of view; but where they are totally heterogeneous, and unconnected, we may be surprised, but cannot be pleased. The principal pieces are birds and beasts with human heads, and men with the heads of beasts.

Whilst we were beholding this grotesque collection with a smile, half of pity, and half of contempt, I was struck by an antique bust of Cleopatra, by much the most beautiful I ever saw; but its owner set so little value upon it, that it is stuck against the outside of his house, with another of M. Anthony, nearly as good.

The dead at Palermo are never buried; but their bodies are carried to the Capuchin Convent, where, after the funeral service is performed, they are dried in a stove, heated by a composition of lime, which makes the skin adhere to the bones. They are then placed erect in niches, and fastened to the wall by the back or neck. A piece of coarse drab is thrown over the shoulders, and round the waist; and their hands are tied together, holding a piece of paper with their epitaph, which is simply their names, age, and when they died.

We of course visited this famous repository, and it is natural to suppose, that so many corpses would impress one with reverence and awe. It was near dusk when we arrived at the Convent. We passed the chapel where one of the order had just finished saying vespers, by the gloomy glimmering of a dying lamp. We were then conducted through a garden, where the yew, the cypress, and the barren orange obscured the remaining light, and where melancholy silence is only disturbed by the hollow murmuring of a feeble waterfall. All these circumstances tuned our minds for the dismal scene we were going to behold, but we had still to descend a flight of steps impervious to the sun. And these, at last, conveyed us to the dreary mansion of the dead.

But (will you believe me?) notwithstanding the chilling scene we had gone through; notwithstanding our being in the midst of more than a thousand lifeless bodies, neither our respect for the dead, or for the holy fathers who conducted us, could prevent our smiling. For the physiognomies of the deceased are so ludicrously mutilated, and their muscles so contracted and distorted in the drying, that no French mimick could equal their grimaces. Most of the corpses have lost the lower part of the nose--their necks are generally a little twisted--their mouths drawn awry in one direction--their noses in another--their eyes sunk and pointed different ways--one ear perhaps turned up--the other drawn down. The friars soon observed the mirth these unexpected visages occasioned, and one of them as a kind of *memento*, pointed out to me a Captain of Cavalry, who had just been cut off in the pride of his youth. But three months ago he was the minion of a King--the favorite of a Princess--Alas! how changed! Even on earth there is no distinction between him and the meanest beggar. This in a moment returned me to myself, and I felt, with full force, the folly of human vanity. I turned to the holy father, who gave me this lesson. His eyes were fixed on what was once a Captain of horse--I saw in them

"Read this, titled pomp, and shrink  
to thy original nothingness."

"Hie thee to my lady's chamber,  
tell her, though she paint an inch  
thick, to this must she come at last--make  
her laugh at that."

The relations of the deceased are bound to send two wax tapers every year, for the use of the Convent; in default of which the corpse is taken down and thrown into the charnel house. Were it not

for the number of vacancies occasioned by the non-payment of this stipend, the Capuchins would be unable to find niches for the number of men who must die every year in so populous a city as this.

Women are dried as well as the men, but are not exposed. Nobles are shut up in chests.

I am just returned from seeing Prince Palagonia become a member of this society. The beginning of his funeral, although similar to that of every Lord in this island, struck me as being as preposterous as his palace.

He was carried to the Convent in a sedan, attended by all his household. As soon as he entered the Chapel, the sedan was opened, and two pages supported him to an armed chair. Here he was seated in state, dressed in his richest clothes--his hair full powdered--a sword by his side--his hat under his arm. The Nobility of the island were assembled to meet him. They all bowed to the corpse, and after a short pause the ceremony began.

The masses were interwoven in an Oratorio composed for the occasion, which, notwithstanding only two days were given to prepare it, did great credit to the composer; and the performers, both vocal and instrumental, gave him every support. The exordium beginning with "Ecco il Principe preso da Dio." "Behold the Prince whom God hath taken," was in the highest degree pathetic and affecting. The immortal Handel could not have exceeded the energy of the musick, and the corpse of the departed Prince carried the words with full force to the heart.

I regret that I cannot procure this excellent piece, since, as we are preparing to sail on our second voyage to the Archipelago, I was obliged to come on board the moment the ceremony was over.

But before I leave this place, I will raise your philanthropy, by mentioning a charitable institution which is here carried to a particular height. I mean a foundation, by which a number of female children are not only brought up in morality and religion, and taught some useful art, that will enable them to earn their bread; but when they arrive at a certain age, and are qualified to undertake the cares of a family, portions are assigned to those who choose to marry. When virgins have these advantages, their Guardians will never be long in search of unexceptionable husbands.

## LETTER XXVI.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, May 27th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After an absence of four months, we returned here on the 24th instant, and found the Turks in the highest spirits. The Emperor has declared against them: but this was a proceeding they had been prepared for; and, far from his arms having as yet been attended with any decisive success, he tarnished them in the onset, by beginning the war in a pusillanimous style, not at all expected from so powerful an enemy.

We had scarce left this country, before advice was received of a treacherous attempt to take Belgrade; but the slovenly manner in which this enterprise was conducted, gave the Emperor an opportunity of denying his being privy to it. It proved unsuccessful; and, as the Baron De Herbert, the Imperial Minister, had changed his threats into negotiations for settling a peace between Turkey and Russia, the Porte, unwilling to provoke the Emperor to hostilities, and in hopes that this failure would discourage him from pursuing his designs against a people who were so much better prepared than he expected, very politically seemed to admit the Internuncio's excuses for this breach of faith.

It seems, that an officer who had passed through Belgrade, reported at Vienna, that the fortifications were in a most ruinous state, and that none of the cannon were fit for service. On this fallacious information, orders were hastily sent to Generals Mitrowski and Alvinzy, to pass the Save, with a detachment of troops, who were to be supported by Generals De Gomingen and Klebeck, and to make an immediate attempt on this important fortress; but the latter Generals not arriving at the appointed time, and the fortifications appearing in a very different state from that in which they had been represented, Mitrowski and Alvinzy were obliged to retreat, and to repass the Save.

Notwithstanding the Internuncio's disavowal of the Emperor's knowledge of this attempt, accounts were soon received, that Generals Mitrowski and De Gomingen were ordered to Vienna, to answer for their failure; and, on the 8th of February, Baron De Herbert delivered a formal declaration of war.

After the journey to Cherson, the unremitting armaments which immediately followed, and, to crown the whole, the treacherous attempt upon Belgrade, the Imperial Manifesto, to the surprise of every body, begins in the following manner.--

"All Europe have been witness  
to the good faith with which the  
Court of his Imperial Majesty has,  
for many years, cultivated peace with  
the Ottoman Empire; the sincere dispositions  
it has manifested, on every  
occasion, to preserve their good neighbourhood;  
its disinterested and indefatigable  
endeavours to avoid any  
interruption of their mutual harmony,  
and its readiness to lend every office of  
mediation, to prevent any rupture between  
the Porte and the neighbouring  
Courts.

These pacific intentions, &c. &c."

Notwithstanding the serious events which this declaration must produce, it was impossible for the Porte to refrain from laughing at the bare-faced manner in which the Emperor attempted to impose on the understandings of the rest of the world.

The declaration of war was read to the Imperial troops in Croatia on the 9th of February, and the same day Dresnick was attacked by them. The garrison consisted of only seventy men; but this little corps made a most gallant defence, and, small as their numbers were, they obliged the enemy to set fire to the place before they could compel them to surrender.

At the same moment a second detachment made an attempt on Sturlich, another inconsiderable post. The Turkish Commandant reserved his fire till the Austrians were near enough for every shot to take place, he then gave them a volley, which destroyed a considerable number of the enemy. The place, however, was afterwards taken; and, it is said, that in revenge for the loss the Imperialists had sustained, they put all the prisoners to the sword. I cannot believe this report, notwithstanding the following account published by authority.

Vienna, Feb. 27th, 1788.



"During the attack of Dresnick, a detachment was sent to summon the Turks posted at Sturlich to surrender. They invited the Commanding Officer to advance within fifty paces on parole, when they made so brisk a fire on the detachment, as to kill fifty men, which so enraged the Imperialists, that they put the whole Turkish garrison to death."

I do not think this account at all extenuates the severity, which it admits to have been exercised; for I never knew that it was the custom to accompany a flag of truce by an armed force; neither was it very military in the German Officer to advance with his whole detachment, even had he imagined the place was going to surrender, before he sent a party to receive the post from the enemy.

The Imperial army now took post with their left flank on the river Korana, near Dresnick, and their right towards the mountains of Plessivicza, so as to have the road to Bihacz open before them.

In the mean while, a considerable corps under Colonel Kesnowick passed the Unna, and attacked Turkish Dubitza, but were repulsed with a heavy loss. The Austrians themselves acknowledge to have had 431 men killed and wounded.

This *coup-de-main* having failed, Prince Charles Lichtenstein was sent to commence a regular siege. He took the command of the army early in March, and on the 25th of April, a practicable breach being made, the Imperialists advanced to the assault. They met a very unexpected reception, being themselves most furiously charged by the Turks, which threw them into such confusion and dismay, that they were soon repulsed, and the garrison sallying out, without giving them time to form, drove them headlong through their own trenches, burnt their works, and obliged Prince Lichtenstein to cross the Unna that very night, and secure himself on the opposite heights.

A besieged garrison routing a besieging army in so complete a style, is such an extraordinary circumstance, that I was anxious to hear what turn the Imperialists would give it. Their account is so curious a one, that I shall subjoin it for you.

Vienna, May 3d, 1788.

"An attempt was made by the Austrians on the 25th April to storm Dubitza, but they were repulsed as they were entering the breach they had made. In return, the Turks, having received a reinforcement, which augmented the garrison to the number of twelve thousand men, sallied out, and attacked the Austrians in their trenches. A general action then commenced, which lasted three hours, and though the Austrians were victorious, Prince Lichtenstein thought proper, all his works being destroyed, to raise the siege, and on the night of the 25th<sup>[4]</sup> he crossed the Unna, and encamped on the heights between Dubitza and Bacin, to cover the Austrian territories from the incursions of the enemy."

<sup>4</sup>. The day he attempted to storm the garrison.

---

Thus we see, that *though the Austrians were victorious*, their works were destroyed, the siege was raised, and their army obliged to retreat--to pass a river in the night--and to intrench themselves on the opposite heights, to defend the country of the conquerors, from the incursions of the vanquished. An odd kind of victory this.

In a subsequent account the Austrians mention Generals Klun and Schlaun being wounded, the latter mortally; and they acknowledge to have had five Lieutenant-Colonels, three Captains, four Lieutenants, and 508 rank and file killed and wounded, besides horses. Some few privates they say were missing, and two field pieces, which were advanced to the attack, were taken by the enemy.

These are the latest accounts from the banks of the Unna.

I shall now proceed eastward, and you have only to follow me in this direction along the frontiers, to have a full view of the Imperial armies in the order you will find them on the map.

While Prince Lichtenstein was laying an unsuccessful siege to Dubitza, which ended in a complete overthrow; in consequence of which we have left him on the Austrian side of the Unna, threatened in his new intrenchments, the Grand Imperial Army advanced opposite to Sabacz, on the banks of the Save, about two days march west of Belgrade, where they remained till the Emperor arrived, in order that his taking the field might be marked by a successful enterprise. But, even according to the Vienna

account, Sabacz contained but 17 pieces of cannon, and the garrison amounted to only 800 men.

It should seem, however, as if the Austrian Generals, in compliment to their Sovereign, wished to conceal the weakness of the object of their enterprise by the pomp of the attack. A regular siege was commenced, trenches were opened, and the batteries being completed by the 23d of April, began a heavy cannonade, which soon overpowered the fire of the Turks. Nevertheless they kept possession of a few rotten walls, which served by way of outwork, till a column, composed of the riflemen of the regiment of Peterwaradin, of the free corps of Servia, and the regiment Esterhazy, advanced to storm them. On this attack the Turks retreated into the interior part of their works, and finding it in vain, in such a place, to contend any longer against the grand army of the Emperor, and a numerous train of artillery, they surrendered their post.

The Emperor gave the Turks great credit for their defence, and much to his honour, treated the prisoners with attention, sending their wives and children to their own country.

During the few hours the Austrian fire was kept up, their batteries were well served, and the troops ordered to the assault, advanced with great spirit. In short, this enterprise would have done honor to the Emperor's arms, had it been worth the time, labour, and expence he bestowed to achieve it.

His people boast, that among the trophies are twenty pair of colours, but they do not inform us how the number of standards came to be near three times that of the cannon, or why eight hundred men should have forty colours. And the Turks say, that till the Grand Vizir can find him better employment, they have no objection to his Imperial Majesty taking every village on the Save on the same terms he paid for Sabacz.

The number of men the Austrians lost is not exactly known; the accounts from Vienna only mention that Prince Poniatowski, and the Baron de Refroy, a General of Artillery, are among the wounded.

It was supposed that as soon as the Emperor took the command of his Grand Army, that he would have besieged Belgrade, but by the latest accounts he was very quiet in the neighbourhood of Semlin.

The troops employed on the banks of the Danube, between Belgrade and Orsowa, under Generals Wartensleben and Papilla, have had several rencounters with the Turks, with various success; but the only event of any consequence, in this part of the seat of war, was an attempt upon Semendria, in which the Imperialists were repulsed with considerable loss.

General Fabricius, who commands the Austrians in Transylvania, has done nothing decisive, and several of his posts have been carried off by the enemy.

The Prince De Saxe Cobourg, a General I much admire, entered Moldavia early in March, with the most eastern of the Emperor's armies. This province is governed by a Greek Prince, who is appointed by the Porte, but who wishing to give himself up to the Germans, sent them a scheme to get possession of his person, which was executed with such secrecy, that in the night a detachment of the enemy carried him off from the middle of his capital.

It should seem as if the Austrians thought the possession of his person of the greatest consequence, since the moment they got him, they fled with the utmost precipitation, without attempting to destroy the magazines, or to do any other damage.

It does not, however, appear that the defection of this Chief was of any great detriment to the Turkish cause, since the Austrian General only passed through the north-west corner of the province, directing his march by Suczawa and Siret, towards Choczim, the most northern fortress in the possession of the Turks, and their chief frontier towards Poland, distant from Constantinople about five hundred miles.

The grand exertions of the Russians are against Oczakow. The Captain Bashaw sailed for the relief of that fortress on the 20th of May, but it is feared that the enemy are already in possession of both sides of the Liman, by which means their ships, covered by the batteries on shore, may prevent the Turkish fleet from being of any use to the garrison.

The rendezvous of the Ottoman army was first at Adrianople, about 120 miles from the capital, and afterwards at Sophia, near two hundred miles farther on the road to Belgrade. As fast as the troops were assembled, large detachments were sent to all the garrisons on the frontiers, and there are now 80,000 men still left at Sophia; with these, and some other corps, the Grand Vizir will march against the Emperor; and should his Imperial Majesty choose to enter the Ottoman territories, or attempt to besiege Belgrade, a decisive battle must ensue.

It will be some weeks before you hear from me again from this port, since I shall set out to-morrow on a tour to Macedonia; and before I return, I propose visiting Lesbos, Tenedos, Lemnos, and several other of the Greek islands.

## LETTER XXVII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, October 20th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In my last letter, we left the Austrian General, Prince of Saxe Cobourg, directing his march towards Choczim. He sat down before that fortress about the middle of March, and immediately began to invest it; but the moment the Turks were informed that the enemy had entered Moldavia, they detached a corps of 40,000 men, to drive them out of the province.

On the approach of these troops, the Prince of Saxe Cobourg was obliged to raise the siege; and, on the 16th and 17th of May, he crossed the Dniester, and retired, with his whole army, out of the Turkish territories: but, being afterwards reinforced by a large corps of Russians, he again, on the 2d of July, advanced towards Choczim, and, by the 23d, the greatest part of the town was reduced to ashes. The Turks, however, continued to defend themselves with great valour, till the end of September, when they were obliged to surrender their post. The garrison, consisting of about 3,000 men, marched out with the honours of war.

The grand army of the Russians, under Prince Potemkin; and the fleet under the Prince of Nassau, are laying close siege to Oczakow. I have already mentioned the Captain Bashaw's departure for the protection of this fortress. The Russian fleet met him at the northern part of the Black Sea; but, finding the Turkish force much greater than they expected, they retreated without giving battle.

The Captain Bashaw immediately threw out the signal for a general chace; but, owing to the superior sailing of the Russian fleet, only four of his line of battle ships got within gunshot of the enemy, and even these could keep up with them but a very short time.

The Russians made the best of their way towards Kimbourn; and the Captain Bashaw, the moment this partial action was over, executed two of his Captains for not having made those exertions he expected, and sailed in pursuit of the enemy, with these delinquents hanging at his yard-arm.

The Turkish ships appear to me just what we conceive of the Spanish Armada; and we have seen how difficult it is for such a fleet to act to advantage against an evading enemy, who, though much inferior in numbers, is considerably farther advanced in nautical skill, and in the science of artillery.

The Russians, with the utmost diligence, secured themselves within the Liman, covered by the guns of Kimbourn and the opposite batteries. The Captain Bashaw, finding their position too strong to admit of a direct attack, embarked his troops in his gun-boats and small-craft, in hopes that, by a *coup de main*, he should possess himself of the enemy's batteries, and open a passage for his ships; but in this attempt he was unsuccessful; and several of his boats, getting aground, were burnt by the enemy.

I have not heard that he has since been able to throw any succours into Oczakow; but the garrison, which is numerous and well supplied, defend themselves with great resolution; and, in a grand attack which Prince Potemkin made on the out-works, he was repulsed with very considerable loss.

The Russian fleet, though it co-operates with the army, may be said to be itself blocked up by the Captain Bashaw; and, as there is every reason to suppose that the garrison of Oczakow will be able to sustain itself till the severe weather sets in (which, in that climate, surpasses what people in England can conceive), Prince Potemkin will be obliged either to keep the field during the whole winter, to the extreme distress, and probable mortality of his army, or to risk the destruction of his fleet, which will be frozen up, and exposed to the attacks of the Oczakowians.

The following is the Imperial account of the *coup de main* attempted by the Captain Bashaw:

"Vienna, July 9th.

"The Captain Bashaw, being at anchor with his fleet near Oczakow, sent all his light vessels, gun-boats, and small craft, to the number of fifty-seven sail, to attack the Russian vessels, consisting of twenty-seven sail of the same sort and size. The Prince of Nassau placed his force in a position that prevented an attack in line, and exerted himself in such a manner, as not only to repulse the Turks, but to gain a victory over them. Two of their vessels were blown up, one sunk, and the rest were thrown into confusion, and driven back, with great loss, *till they got under the protection of the Turkish ships of the line*<sup>51</sup>."

<sup>51</sup>. This sentence is printed in *Italics*, to mark, that, though published by the Confederate and Ally of the Empress of Russia, it contradicts the account given in the Petersburg Gazette, in which the small craft were magnified into ships of the line.

The accounts from the east of the Crimea are, that the Tartars and Russians have had frequent actions, but with no very decisive success on either side.

Let us now leave the Moscovites, and turn to the Imperialists on the western side of the theatre of war.

Soon after the defeat of Prince Lichtenstein by the garrison of Dubitza, the Turks crossed the Unna, in pursuit of him, and, for some time, pressed him in his intrenchments; but, the moment the news of his disaster reached the Emperor, four squadrons of dragoons, and seven battalions of infantry, were ordered to his assistance.

To lead these troops, and to reanimate his army, the Emperor called forth the great Laudohn--a gallant veteran, to whom every Soldier must look up with veneration and respect. He was now in an advanced age, and had retired from the field of arms, to end his days under the shade of his laurels. The Genius of Austria seemed to call upon him for relief. Roused by her cries, and by the voice of the Emperor and the People, the veteran hero regained the powers of youth, and armed once more to lead the Imperial banners to victory.

When so great a character appears upon the stage, we can scarcely refrain from wishing him success, whatever may be the merits of his cause. An ambitious tyrant may plunge his nation into an unjust war, and his people may be prejudiced enough to support him in it; but the Soldier is neither accountable for the crimes of the one, nor for the follies of the other. His duty as a loyal subject, and his virtue as a patriotic citizen, oblige him to exert himself to the utmost, whenever his services are called upon; and, without entering into the politics by which his country is actuated, he feels himself engaged to promote, to the full extent of his power, the success of her arms, in whatever wars she is unhappily embarked.--Such a character is Marshal Laudohn: but of his Court I by no means entertain such favorable sentiments.

As an Englishman, policy obliges me to wish success to the Turks; for I have already proved to you, that our lucrative trade to the Levant can never be carried on so much to our advantage as whilst Turkey remains in the hands of its present possessors; and, as a Philanthrope, I feel the utmost detestation of the ambitious combination entered into by the Emperor and the Empress, to extirpate the Turks, merely because Nature has been bountiful to their soil, and because their country promised an easy conquest.

These Powers could scarcely imagine that Europe would look on with indifference; but they trusted that they had a sufficient party to prevent any open declaration in favor of the injured Turks. These expectations, however, the disturbances in Brabant, and the total suspension of the power of France, must have frustrated. Blush, then, O Prussia! if you neglect this favorable opportunity of shewing your justice and magnanimity.--But, still more feelingly shall I say, blush, O England! if you do not, at least, insist on an honourable peace for the Turks. Let every thing the Imperial Courts may take from them, be restored; but, above all things, prevent the Russians obtaining any solid establishment on the Black Sea, or infringing the Grand Signior's right to prevent ships of force, or warlike stores, passing the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. Let the Porte, at least, sit down on the same conditions she was forced to accept by the Treaty of Cainardgie--a treaty which created her present distress--a treaty which we ourselves, in an hour of mistaken policy, compelled her to submit to, and which now, that we know our true interests, we are bound to redress.

What has become of that spirit of virtue and generosity, which, not fifty years ago, led us to enter into an expensive war, in favor of Maria Theresa, merely because she was then an unfortunate Princess, oppressed by an ambitious neighbour, whose usurpations, like those of Russia, threatened in time to affect ourselves.

It is, no doubt, a considerable abatement of the honest joy an Englishman feels in contemplating this act of magnanimity in his ancestors, to find, that ingratitude has been the only return which has been made to us. In cherishing Austria and Russia, we may really be said to have nurtured the viper in our bosom, which, in the moment of our distress, attempted a mortal wound, by forming the *Armed Neutrality*, or, in plain language, a *combination to supply our enemies with implements for our destruction*.

If justice to the Turks, whom we have reduced to so critical a situation; if a sense of our national dignity; if our dearest interest, and commercial concerns, will not induce us to speak boldly in a moment like this, self-preservation, at least, should affect us. Let us recollect, that Russia is an evil-disposed, aspiring child; that we now have it in our power to curb her proud spirit; but that, if we neglect this opportunity, and allow her to increase in pride and in strength, in a few years, perhaps, she may trample on our breast.

*Pax queritur in Bello* is a favorite motto, but *Wars guarded against in peace*, is, in my opinion, a much better one; and this is the motto England ought to choose. There is nothing, in the present state of Europe, that Great Britain can in justice require, but what she must immediately gain. Let her, then, dictate terms to Russia, and check her ambitious views. If she refuses to submit, let threats and preparations to enforce them, be added; and shew me the Power who, at this moment, will dare to oppose the serious threats of England? Vengeance would soon overwhelm her.

The adverse views of France respecting the Turks, have become every day more notorious<sup>[6]</sup>. Monsieur *Le Roy*, a naval Engineer, who was employed in the Arsenal at Constantinople, has been recalled, and was lately here on his return to France. So far, indeed, have that nation carried their unfriendly measures, that even two French Officers of Artillery, and a few Gunners, who were in the service of the Porte at Oczakow, have been withdrawn by the Ambassador.

<sup>6</sup>. The intrigues of the French Court have been frustrated by the Revolution in their own country.

---

I think I have said enough to convince you, that, both through interest and through principle, I sincerely hope that the oppressive views of the two Imperial Courts may be frustrated; and yet there is something so fascinating in the appearance of a Hero, that, I confess to you, when the accounts of his

success arrived, I did not feel sorry that the walls of Dubitza had not been able to tarnish the laurels of old Laudohn.

This gallant veteran superseded Prince Lichtenstein, and took the command of the army in Croatia, in the month of August. He immediately advanced to Dubitza, which he took on the 26th of the same month: but he had neither to contend with the garrison that repulsed Colonel Kesnowick, nor with the army that defeated Prince Lichtenstein; for the Grand Vizier, having resolved to invade Hungary, and to carry the war into the enemy's country, had drawn together all the troops he could collect, in order pass the Danube in as great force as possible; and, not thinking that the Austrians would so soon return to a place which had already, in this campaign, twice proved fatal to their arms, he reduced the garrison of Dubitza to so small a number, that, according to the Imperial account, at the time it surrendered, it did not amount to 400 men.

Whether it was, that the Emperor did not find himself sufficiently provided to carry the war with vigour into the Turkish territories, or that the sickness which prevailed among his troops frustrated his intended operations, I cannot pretend to say; but, to the surprise of every body, the grand Imperial army, commanded by the Sovereign in person, remained inactive in the neighbourhood of Semlin, the whole of the months of May, June and July, and a considerable part of August; during the greater part of which time, the Grand Vizir was not within an hundred miles of the frontiers.

This Chief was extraordinarily late in taking the held. It was not till the end of July, that he pitched his camp at Nissa; but from this place, he pursued with vigour his grand object, to carry the war into the enemy's country.

For this purpose, he turned out of the direct road to Belgrade, opposite to which, in the vicinity of Semlin, the Imperialists were encamped, and, directing his march immediately towards Hungary, crossed the Danube, and, with his whole force, invaded that kingdom.

The Austrian General, Wartensleben, who had been ordered to watch the motions of the enemy about Orsowa, occupied a strong post in the vicinity of Meadia, from which an advanced corps of the Grand Vizir's army, drove him on the 28th of August.

According to the Turkish plan I saw of this action, the defile lies between two high mountains; and in the bottom, a little within the pass, lies the town. The Austrians were encamped on the hill on the right, which was looked upon as unassailable on the side towards the Turks. But these enthusiastic people stormed these stupendous heights with the most romantic bravery, and carried them, sword in hand.

It was not valour only, which distinguished the Turks on this occasion; for the Seraskier who commanded, sent a considerable detachment previous to the attack, to make a circuit, and get to the interior side of the hill on the left, that, if his efforts were crowned with success, this corps might enable him to reap the fruit of his labours, by appearing on the flank of the enemy, and cutting off their retreat from the town. In this they completely succeeded. Meadia fell into their hands; and General Wartensleben was obliged to retreat towards Slatina, leaving all his magazines in the hands of the enemy.

As soon as the Emperor was informed of the invasion of Hungary, he put his grand army in motion; and, on the 30th of August, he had reached Caransebes, within two days march of General Wartensleben's corps; but the news of this General's defeat, checked his Majesty's progress. On the 3d of September, however, he again resumed his march, and, advancing towards Slatina, fixed his camp at Illova.

In the mean while, the Seraskier and his detachment, after securing the magazines, remained in the neighbourhood of Meadia some days, waiting the arrival of the Grand Vizir, who immediately advanced, to offer battle to the grand Imperial army, and, on the 10th of September, encamped in sight of the enemy. The Emperor, however, declined the attack. The Grand Vizir, therefore, began a war of posts, by which, in a few days, he reduced the enemy to the alternative of either quitting their position, or of seeing their retreat cut off, should their intrenchments be stormed.

Among other movements, a considerable corps were ordered, on the 14th, to turn the right wing of the Austrians. The Turks made this attack with such impetuosity, that they completely routed all this part of the enemy's line, and the Spahis cut to pieces the whole regiment of Wurmser Hussars.

The Grand Vizir was now enabled to cannonade the Emperor's camp; and, on the 21st, having brought all his schemes to bear, and taken every means to frustrate the enemy's retreat, should victory crown the Ottoman arms, he advanced to attack the grand Imperial army. The Emperor, however, did not think fit to risk the event, but broke up his camp, and retreated with the greatest precipitation.

The Turks had now all the honour and advantages of a victory, without the trouble of fighting for one. The Emperor fled before them; and his rear, with a great part of his baggage and artillery, fell a prey to the enemy. Some thousands of his troops were killed, or taken, and his whole army thrown into such confusion, that, in the night, two of his columns, meeting unexpectedly, fired on each other.

It is said that the Emperor once attempted to rally his troops, but that, on this occasion, he himself was very near being taken prisoner.

This glorious success was announced by the guns of the Seraglio, on the 3d of October. A general Thanksgiving was immediately performed, and orders issued for proclaiming the Grand Signior *gazi*, or victorious.

## LETTER XXVIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Constantinople, Jan. 1st, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

An unexpected opportunity having offered to carry us to Constantinople, we set sail for the Dardanelles on the 25th Oct. having previously sent to desire an express might meet us there, with the Grand Signior's permission to pass the forts, and go up to his capital. A favor, which, through the interest of Sir Robert Ainslie, our Ambassador, the Porte very readily granted.

This permission, however, is a compliment seldom or ever paid to a man of war of any nation, except when she has an Ambassador on board; and it was the more flattering to us, because L'Iris, a French frigate, commanded by the Viscount D'Orleans, which was lying close to us, applied for it in vain at the moment we gained it. To add to the compliment, the Governor of the forts which command the pass, promised to salute us.

Nothing could be more delightful than our voyage through these straits. The country on each side is beautifully picturesque, and the situation in itself highly interesting. The Dardanelles, you recollect, are the ancient Hellespont, and the spots on which the forts stand, are famous for the loves of Hero and Leander. Behind us were the Tomb of Achilles, the Semois and Scamander, the celebrated rivers of Troy, and every point brought an interesting character to our view.

The day was most heavenly; and our ship, elegantly painted, and all her appointments in the highest order, formed in herself a most beautiful object. Every sail was set, and the breeze had just strength enough to enable her to overcome the force of the current. This occasional slowness of her motion, added to the majesty of her appearance, and one might almost have fancied that she herself was conscious of the compliments she was receiving from the mouths of the cannon of Europe and Asia.

The Turks at the Dardanelles always salute with ball, and the nearer they go to the vessel, the greater the compliment. Each fort fired seventeen guns; their cannon are monstrous, and the shot flying *en ricochet* along the smooth surface of the water across our bows, from Europe and Asia alternately, and throwing up the sand on the opposite shores, while shouts of applause from the admiring multitude, hailed us on our returning their salute, crowned this charming morning.

It was near dusk when we got to Galipoli, where the straits open into the sea of Marmora, and on the 15th of November we arrived here.

The approach to Constantinople by sea is thought superior to that of Naples, or Messina, and of course the finest in the world; we missed seeing it, by entering at night--a loss we hope to compensate on our departure.

Travellers in general express great disappointment when they get into the town; and in comparison of European capitals, the streets are certainly miserable, and the buildings in general but paltry; but as they are much superior to any I have seen in the Turkish dominions, I confess that they have exceeded my expectations.

Some of the Mosques are tolerable edifices, however different from our taste in the ornamental part of architecture. To these Christians are prohibited access; but the Turks, like other people, are not always proof against bribery. I have been shewn several, and among the rest, the celebrated one of St. Sophia, supposed to have been built by Constantine the Great. But in which I was very much disappointed. The dome only is tolerable. It is supported by two tier of columns of verde antique. From this style of architecture, and the value of the marble, one would expect a rich and elegant appearance, but the magnificent effect of the double tier of columns, is lost by the entablature being supported by arches, which reduces the columns to mere piers; and thus, in comparison of other works of the ancients, the design becomes poor and inelegant. The capitals are by no means chaste, and the architecture throughout is very indifferently executed.

The Navy Hospital, though small, would do credit to any nation; and some of the Grand Signior's summer palaces, constructed in the Chinese style, display an elegant neatness which could not be surpassed, even by that ingenious people. But the Seraglio, as far as I was admitted, has nothing to boast of. I have been through most parts of the first court on the inside, which contain the Mint, and some other public offices, and have once or twice been just within the gate of the Seraglio gardens; but to the inner court no common bribe will gain a Christian admittance, except when an Ambassador has an audience of the Sultan, and this happens but once during his residence; for Foreign Ministers transact no business with the Grand Signior in person, and never visit him but on their arrival, to deliver their credentials.

We are lucky enough to be here at such a moment, for the new Venetian Ambassador is to have his audience of introduction in a few days, and has promised to take me in his suite. On this occasion, I shall have the honor of dining with the Reis Effendi, and the other Grand Officers of State, in the interior part of the Seraglio.

I have already seen the Grand Signior several times, for he goes publicly to Mosque every Friday; and I attended the Prussian Envoy when he had his audience of the Caimacan, or acting Grand Vizir, from whom I had the honor of receiving a muslin handkerchief. It is not very fine, being only intended as a mark of amity, for the Turks strictly adhere to the Oriental custom of giving presents, and their government seems to retain much of its primitive institution. Civil and religious law, as in the days of the Patriarchs, form but one code. The Coran is the book, and the Mufti the head of both. Like the practice of earlier ages, also, he who rules the state in time of peace, leads her armies in time of war. Thus the Grand Vizir is at once Prime Minister, as well as Captain-General, and Commander in Chief of the forces. The police of the town resembles the discipline of a camp; the people retire at dusk,

patrols are established, and in case of fire, or any other alarm, the Grand Signior himself, and all the Great Officers are immediately abroad. Were the Sovereign to neglect appearing on occasions of this kind, it would be thought as great a reflection on him, as if, as a General, he remained in his tent when his camp was attacked.

Immense as the Ottoman Empire is, the whole number of those troops that, from being constantly embodied, can be called regulars, amount to but about twenty-six thousand foot, and a few thousand horse. Among the former are a corps of Gardeners, (Bostangi) and another of Porters (Capigi) and these are part of the Sultan's body guards. The head gardener (Bostangi Bashaw) is, by virtue of his employment, Governor of all the forts on the Bosphorus, commonly called the Canal of the Black Sea, and the first of the Black Eunuchs, is also by his Office, Governor and Commander in Chief of the Seraglio, or Grand Palace and Citadel of Constantinople.

The canal, including its windings, is about twenty miles in length, and in most parts not more than a mile wide, which defends the capital against an attack by shipping from the Black Sea, whilst the Dardanelles, although an hundred miles distant, protect it against men of war from the Mediterranean. The last of these straits, at the points on which the old castles stand, are only about 1300 yards wide; and although they expand immediately, yet for the course of forty miles a ship can seldom be out of gunshot from one or other side.

A strong north wind blows all summer, which renders it impossible for vessels to force their way up at that season, and the current at all times sets so strong, that even with a fair wind, they must be exposed for several hours to a very hot fire. The castles are close to the water's edge; they have each two tier of guns, many of the lower carry balls of eighteen inches diameter, and when an enemy is in force in the Mediterranean, the whole extent of the Dardanelles is lined with batteries.

The town properly called Constantinople, is a kind of Peninsula, in the form of a triangle, one side of which is washed by the sea of Marmora, at the north end of which it stands; the second by the harbour, on which the canal opens; this side fronts the north, and, except the Seraglio, which forms the east salient angle, is entirely open. There is nothing towards the sea of Marmora, except a dead wall, the Turks trusting to the defences I have already mentioned, against an attack by sea. Neither do they seem more apprehensive on the third, or land side, for the ancient triple wall, which, by running across from the bottom of the harbour to the sea of Marmora, cuts the town from the country, is falling to decay. I found it to be near five miles in length, and the only part of it kept in repair, is the Castle of the Seven Towers, now converted into a state prison. English artillery would lay both it and the Seraglio in ashes in half an hour.

Besides the triangle I have just described, the populous towns of Pera, Galata, and Tophana, which run into each other on the opposite side of the harbour, are also included in what is commonly called Constantinople. Galata contains the dockyard and naval arsenal; Tophana the ordnance and foundry, and Pera is the residence of the Foreign Ministers. No part of these three towns have even a mud wall to defend them.

The Janizaries form the chief part of the standing army. They are still highly respected both by the court and the people, but have lost so much of their former consequence, that at the commencement of the present war, the Grand Vizir broke a whole chamber, or regiment of them, for showing a spirit of discontent. A severity, which though just, none of his predecessors, nor even the Sultans themselves dared ever attempt.

Abdoul Hamet, the Grand Signior, is upwards of sixty years old; but he possesses an engaging, benevolent countenance; and I like him the more from his attention to his wives; for although he may have as many of the most beautiful women as he pleases, yet he has attached himself to one. His happy favorite is now pregnant for the fourth time, and such is the attention paid her, that the vessels in the harbour are obliged to suspend the regular method of carrying on duty, and are not permitted to fire a musket, nor to strike the bell, nor even to give the word of command in a loud voice. By which you will perceive, that the invisible chains of the fair are as powerful in Turkey as in our blessed island; and that the rude Turk, and the generous Englishman, though different in manners, are alike sensible of the respect due to gentleness and beauty.



## LETTER XXIX.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Constantinople, Jan. 24th, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Porte having given a decisive answer, relative to the frigates which were brought to Constantinople to be sold, we shall sail for Gibraltar immediately. We have been detained here much longer than we expected, but the hospitality and munificence of Sir Robert Ainslie, have amply compensated this delay; and it is with the greatest regret, that I see myself on the eve of leaving his society, and of quitting a place where the hearts of every one seem to wish to detain us.

Nothing could exceed the animation of the Turks at the moment of our arrival at this capital. The King of Sweden had relieved the Porte from a great part of the force of the Russians, and the accounts of the glorious victories of Meadia and Caransebes, obtained over the Emperor, were confirmed and increased by the hundreds of prisoners who were daily brought in.

So complete a panic pervaded the Imperial troops, that on an alarm of the enemy's approach, the heavy baggage, which had been sent on towards Temeswar, was immediately abandoned, and a great part of it pillaged, and carried off by a corps of Partisans.

But at this moment, when victory, with extended wings, was following the Ottoman arms, and when each day brought them fresh advantages, the Grand Vizir suddenly halted, and then turned to the left. It was still hoped, however, that his operations would continue offensive; but probably reflecting on the danger of not finding subsistence for so immense an army, during the approaching winter, should he pursue the Emperor into the heart of his country, and that the Imperial armies from Transylvania and Moldavia might come down and cut him off from the Danube, he had determined not to lose sight of the banks of that river; and that, instead of pursuing the Emperor at random, wherever he chose to lead him, he had resolved to secure the conquests he had made, which would enable him to winter with safety in the enemy's country.

This opinion was, for some time, strengthened by his subsequent movements; he left a strong garrison in Meadia, and his march was directed through the Bannat of Temeswar, and pointed immediately at Semlin, which, had he taken, would have secured the left flank of the chain of posts, by which it was supposed he would have inclosed the Bannat. All his motions most strongly indicated an attempt upon that fortress, and, as there was no doubt of his succeeding, the inhabitants fled with all their effects. A corps of 3000 men, who were encamped under its walls, to watch the motions of the garrison of Belgrade, retired on his approach. He had been unopposed for six weeks, and his conduct at Illova had given the Emperor so formidable an impression of his vigour and abilities, that his Majesty had gone in person as far as Arad, to put that place in a state of defence.

But now that the Grand Vizir was in sight of Semlin, instead of taking this town, and afterwards wintering in the Bannat, or in the district the Imperialists occupied in the spring, he blasted the hopes of his friends, by withdrawing his whole force out of the Austrian territories<sup>[7]</sup>.

I am exceedingly sorry that I am not sufficiently informed to produce those satisfactory reasons which so sublime a genius, and so brave a man, must doubtless possess for this retrograde motion in the hour of victory. Neither can I take upon me to advance, that the success of Marshal Laudohn formed any part of them.

This great General having taken Dubitzta on the 26th of August, marched for Novi on the 29th. The Bashaw of Travenick retarded for some time his operations against that fortress, but having too courageously attempted to storm the Austrian trenches, he was repulsed with a heavy loss. The Marshal now pursued the siege with vigour, and on the 21st of September, a practicable breach being made, he advanced to the assault, but was now in his turn repulsed, and the Vienna Gazette acknowledges, that on this occasion he lost 284 men. On the 3d of October he renewed the attack, and the garrison being by this time reduced to 600 men, were made prisoners.

<sup>7</sup>. For which he was afterwards beheaded; but as both his resolution and abilities were unquestionably great, his fate was deservedly lamented by all intelligent people.

---

From Novi Marshal Laudohn advanced to Gradiska; but the overflowing of the Save obliged him to suspend his operations, and to retire into winter quarters.

The campaign is now closed, except in the environs of Oczakow, where the Russian fleet being froze in, the army is obliged to remain for their defence, notwithstanding that immense numbers of their men are every day carried off by the severity of the weather, and the scarcity and badness of provisions.

In the mean while the Captain Bashaw has brought his fleet here to refit, and will resume the blockade of the Russians as soon as the ice breaks. The success of this Admiral has not been so great as his force, abilities, and resolution gave the Porte reason to expect; but they are satisfied, that by engaging almost the whole attention of the Russians, he paved the way for the success of the Grand Vizir, whose victories have more than compensated in the eyes of the Turks, for the disappointment of the Captain Bashaw.

The squadron from the southward have brought in three Russian Privateers, and since there is reason to hope that Oczakow<sup>[8]</sup> will hold out, this campaign has, upon the whole, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the Turks. I am astonished that they have made it out so well, for their army is really little better than an animated mob under the command of a popular leader. I have searched in vain for field-days or reviews, even among the standing forces. The only thing like military exercise,



that I could ever discover, was now and then two or three men firing at a mark, or practising themselves in throwing the lance on horseback.

At present the grand army is elated with victory, and formidable by the spirit infused by success; but as one or two defeats will destroy that religious confidence and enthusiastic fury, which, for a time, supply the want of discipline and skill, the third campaign, I am afraid, will shake this very capital, unless England and Prussia forbid such a catastrophe, and by resolute measures, confirm the expectations of the Porte, and of all those who wish well to the honor and interest of the Triple Alliance.

8. A magazine having blown up, and made a practicable breach, the Russians immediately advanced to the assault, and, after sacrificing four thousand men, carried the town.

---

## ADVERTISEMENT.

It was the Author's original intention to publish his work in two volumes, one of which was to contain the whole of his first voyage to the Levant, with his return to Italy, describing all the places he visited previous to his departure from Palermo, whence he set out on his second voyage to Turkey.

This voyage would have formed the second volume, but finding the time allowed him on leave of absence insufficient to complete his design, he has been obliged, for the present, to withhold the latter part of it; and therefore, to make the first in some degree a complete work in itself, he has curtailed his journal, and added a brief account of Constantinople, and of the leading events in the present war between the Porte and the two Imperial Courts. Convinced that these would never be so interesting as at the present moment, he could not think of withholding them from the public till he should have leisure to publish his second volume. And indeed, even in the time since his letters on these important transactions were written, the scene, as he foresaw, is entirely changed, and the Russian and Austrian armies are now advancing towards Constantinople with such success, that the safety of that capital seems no longer to depend upon the Turks, but on those Powers, without whose countenance, it is to be supposed, the Porte would never have engaged against such superior enemies.

The Author during his first voyage, treated but slightly on the manners and government of the Turks. The customs of those people being totally different from any other nation he had visited, his respect for the public would not permit him to offer a particular description on so slight an acquaintance, especially as he was to return to Turkey immediately, and to pass near a twelvemonth in that country.

He therefore desires to have himself considered as being now on the point of leaving Palermo, on his return to the Archipelago; and if the indulgence of the Public should give him sufficient encouragement to appear before them once more, he will endeavour to gratify their curiosity, by publishing the second part of his Tour as soon as his military duty will permit him.

If the Author has not been so copious as he might on Italy and Sicily, it is out of deference to Mr. Moore and Mr. Brydone, whose elegant works have been so universally read and admired, that but little can now be said on the same subject.

The very liberal and distinguished patronage with which the Author has been honored, merits his warmest acknowledgment; and he has only to add, that it now rests with the public, either to encourage him to appear before them again, or by their silence, to command his.

FINIS.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

A.

DUCHESS Dowag. of Ancaster, *L.*  
Duchess Dowag. of Athol  
Countess Dowag. of Ailesbury  
Earl of Aylesford, *5 L.*  
Earl of Abercorn  
Right Hon. Lord Apsley, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lady Apsley, *L.*  
Le Chevalier Angelo  
Miss F. Ashburnham, 2 Copies  
Miss K. Ashburnham, 2 Copies  
Mr. Aldridge, M.P. *L.*  
Capt. Alms, Royal Navy, *L.*  
Capt. Archer, 1st Reg. of Guards, *L.*  
Capt. Airey, 48th Reg.  
Lieut. Andrews, Royal Navy  
Lieut. Aytone, 16th Reg.  
Lieut. Adams, Queen's Reg.  
Lieut. Anderson, 48th Reg.  
Lieut. Archbald, 30th Reg.  
Ensign Abbot, 68th Reg.  
Ensign Alves, 35th Reg.  
Mr. Adair, Pall-mall, *L.*  
Mr. Adair, Newton, *L.*  
Mr. Anderson, Gibraltar  
Mr. Abudraham, Gibraltar  
Mr. Ashton, Gibraltar  
Mr. Acland, Devonshire  
Mr. Arthur  
Mr. Abney, St. John's College.

B.

Earl Bathurst, *L.*  
Earl of Balcarres  
Countess of Balcarres  
Countess Dowag. of Balcarres  
Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Bertie, *L.*  
Right Hon. Isaac Barré, *5 L.*  
Lieut. General Sir Robert Boyd, K. B. *L.*  
Hon. George Berkeley, *L.*  
Hon. Mrs. Berkeley, *L.*  
Sir Montague Burgoyne, Bart.  
Sir Patrick Blake, Bart. *L.*  
Hon. C. Boyle, Royal Navy  
Mr. Barwell, M. P. *2 L.*  
Mrs. Barwell, *L.*  
Mr. Brodie, M. P. *L.*  
Mr. Bulteel, *3 L.*  
Mr. T. H. Bulteel, *L.*  
Mr. J. Bulteel, Jun. *L.*  
Colonel Bullock, M. P.  
Governor Bruce, Dominica, 4 Copies  
Governor Brown, Guernsey, *L.*  
Colonel Balfour, 33d Reg.  
Colonel Bromhead, R. N. Lincoln Militia  
Colonel B. Bromhead, R. S. ditto  
Major Brooke, 3d Dragoon Guards, *L.*  
Capt. Bulteel, Royal Navy  
Capt. Bennet, Royal Reg.  
Capt. Baynes, Queen's Reg.  
Capt. Booth, 32d Reg.  
Capt. Braban, 38th Reg.  
Capt. Richard Brine, *L.*  
Capt. Robert Brine  
Capt. Joseph Bourke  
Capt. Brownrigg, 52d Reg.  
Capt. Busby, 25th Reg. *L.*  
Capt. Brown, Edinburgh

Mrs. Brown  
Capt. Baynton, Queen's Reg.  
Capt. Boardman, R. N. B. Dragoons  
Capt. Bates, Inniskilling Dragoons  
Capt. Brock, Guernsey  
Capt. Baillie, 67th Reg.  
Capt. Bain, ditto  
Capt. Bromhead, R. N. Lincoln Militia  
Capt. Bell, 19th Reg.  
Capt. Berry  
Rev. Dr. Blair, D. D.  
Lieut. Brown, Royal Navy, 2 Copies  
Lieut. Bowen, ditto  
Lieut. Burlton, ditto  
Lieut. Briggs, 25th Reg.  
Lieut. Bunbury, 32d Reg.  
Lieut. Brown, 35th Reg.  
Lieut. Byng, 33d Reg.  
Lieut. Browne, 19th Reg.  
Lieut. Brock, 8th Reg.  
Lieut. Bowes, 3d Reg.  
Lieut. Bumford, 67th Reg.  
Lieut. Bayne, 11th Reg. *L.*  
Lieut. Bellamy, Essex Militia, *L.*  
Lieut. Brooke, 48th Reg.  
Lieut. Butler, 67th Reg.  
Ensign Bickford, 25th Reg.  
Ensign Ball, ditto  
Ensign Buchanan, 32d Reg.  
Ensign Baynes, ditto  
Ensign Bower, 59th Reg.  
Ensign Brown, ditto  
Ensign Blunt, 3d Reg.  
Ensign Blakeney, 17th Reg.  
Ensign Barnett, 12th Reg.  
Ensign Baillie, 30th Reg.  
Ensign Bunbury, 60th Reg.  
Mr. Broughton, Royal Navy  
Mr. Browne, ditto  
Mr. Bushell, ditto  
Mr. Boyle, 42d Reg.  
Mr. Bridges, Royal Navy, 2 Copies  
Mr. Becher, ditto, 4 Copies  
Rev. Mr. Barnes, Sussex  
Rev. Mr. Barslow, Colchester  
Mr. Baynes, Gibraltar, 6 Copies  
Mr. Bruciano, ditto  
Mr. Bolton, ditto  
Mr. Bryant, ditto  
Mr. Barton, Colchester  
Mr. C. Baring, Exeter, *L.*  
Mrs. P. Baker, Exmouth, *L.*  
Mr. Bailey, Ordnance  
Mr. Barnard, Jersey  
Mr. Broadley, Yorkshire  
Mrs. Bull, Chichester  
Mr. Burnett, Malaga  
Mr. Brock, Guernsey  
Mr. J. Brock, ditto  
Mr. Baird, of Newbeath  
Mr. W. Busby, *L.*  
Mr. Bannatine  
Mr. Backwell, Chichester  
Mr. Bowman, Ashgrove  
Mr. Bedingfield, Bromley-Hall

C.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, *L.*  
Marquis of Clanricarde, *L.*  
Marchioness of Clanricarde, *L.*  
Right Hon. General Conway, *L.*  
Lady Campbell  
Mr. Cotsford, M. P. *L.*

Mr. Crickitt, M. P.  
Mr. Chambers, 2 *L.*  
Mr. Cummings, Inglefield Green, 8 Copies  
Capt. Cromwell, Royal Navy, *L.*  
Colonel Coates, 19th Reg.  
Colonel Caldecot, R. N. Lincoln Militia, *L.*  
Colonel Campbell, Royal Reg.  
Major Cockran, ditto  
Major Cook, *L.*  
Major Campbell, 48th Reg.  
Capt. D. Campbell, Royal Reg.  
Capt. Conolly, 18th Reg.  
Capt. Carter, 32d Reg.  
Capt. Coutts, Marines  
Capt. Carlton, Royal Artillery  
Capt. Craufurd, Queen's Dragoon Guards  
Capt. Campbell, 19th Reg.  
Capt. Church, 38th Reg.  
Capt. Cuppage, Royal Artillery  
Capt. Carter, Sussex Militia, *L.*  
Lieut. Commerford, Royal Navy  
Lieut. Campbell, ditto  
Lieut. Craven  
Lieut. Croker, 38th Reg.  
Lieut. Clepham, 17th Reg.  
Lieut. Carleton, 3d Dragoon Guards *L.*  
Lieut. A. Campbell, Royal Reg.  
Lieut. N. Campbell, ditto  
Lieut. R. Campbell, ditto  
Lieut. Caulfield, 11th Reg.  
Lieut. Chamney, 25th Reg.  
Lieut. Campbell, ditto  
Lieut. Coleman, 32d Reg.  
Lieut. Cornish, Marines, *L.*  
Lieut. Clarke, 35th Reg.  
Lieut. Childers, 11th Dragoons  
Ensign Cochran, Royal Reg.  
Ensign Chambers, Queen's Reg.  
Ensign Cockell, ditto  
Ensign Clapham, 35th Reg.  
Ensign Cunningham, 17th Reg.  
Ensign Callander, 25th Reg.  
Ensign Creighton, 19th Reg.  
Ensign Copley, 30th Reg.  
Ensign Clements, 59th Reg.  
Mr. Cook, 25th Reg.  
Mr. Cook, 60th Reg.  
Dr. Calcagni, LL. D. Naples  
Rev. Mr. Campbell, Jamaica  
Mr. Crathorne, *L.*  
Mr. Collins, Royal Navy  
Mr. Collier, ditto  
Mr. Cosby, ditto  
Mr. R. B. Campbell, ditto  
Mr. G. R. Collyer, ditto  
Mr. Coutts, Banker, *L.*  
Mr. Claneley, Malaga  
Mr. Cole, ditto  
Mr. Crooke, ditto  
Mr. Castleman, Ordnance  
Mr. Collier, Wenlock  
Mr. Colt, of Seacliff  
Mr. Caravallo, Gibraltar  
Mr. Carey, Guernsey  
Mr. Cholmondeley  
Mr. Cathcatt, of Greenfield  
Mr. Corsellis, Collector of Colchester  
Mr. Correwont, Jamaica  
Mr. Cowper, Gibraltar, 2 Copies  
Mr. M. Cowper, ditto  
Mr. M. Cowper, Jun. ditto  
Mr. Calcrafft, ditto

Right Hon. Lord Daer, *L.*  
Hon. Mrs. Damer, 2 *L.*  
Sir Thomas Dundas, Bart. *L.*  
Sir George Douglas, Bart. *L.*  
Colonel Dundas, 11th Dragoons  
Colonel Dalrymple, Queen's Reg.  
Colonel Dundas, Royal Reg.  
Colonel Dansey, 33d Reg.  
Colonel D'Aubant, Royal Engineers  
Capt. Dewry, Royal Navy  
Capt. Dumaresque, ditto  
Capt. Douglas, 11th Reg.  
Capt. Davies, 38th Reg.  
Capt. Darby, 59th Reg.  
Captain Dorset, R. M. Academy  
Capt. De Ruvijnes, Royal Artillery  
Capt. Dickson, Kelso  
Lieut. Dunham, Royal Navy  
Lieut. Dewell, Queen's Reg.  
Lieut. Dawson, ditto, *L.*  
Lieut. Dickens, Royal Engineers  
Lieut. Dowse, ditto  
Lieut. Dickson, 25th Reg. 2 Copies  
Lieut. Dalton, 67th Reg.  
Lieut. Davie, 75th Reg. *L.*  
Lieut. Drozier, Royal Artillery  
Ensign Duff, 35th Reg.  
Cornet Dupies, Queen's Dragoon Guards  
Mr. Davies, 3d Dragoon Guards, *L.*  
Dr. Downman, M. D. Exeter, *L.*  
Dr. Douglas, M. D. Kelso  
Dr. Dickson, Antigua  
Mr. Durell, King's Advocate, Jersey  
Rev. H. Bate Dudley  
Mr. Drill, Royal Navy  
Mr. Dowling, ditto  
Mrs. Dewar, Edinburgh  
Mrs. Disney, Lincoln, *L.*  
Miss Anne Dick, Prestonfield  
Mr. Ducarel, Exmouth, *L.*  
Mr. Duff, Cadiz, 6 Copies  
Mr. Dezé, Gibraltar  
Mr. Dott, *L.*  
Mr. Dunbar, Edinburgh  
Mr. Day, Colchester  
Mr. De Zea, Malaga  
Mr. Desdive, ditto  
Mr. Derrieux, ditto  
Mr. Dannexy, ditto  
Mr. Dempster  
Mr. Dawson, Pontefract, *L.*  
Mr. Dashwood  
Mr. J. Drew, Chichester, 2 Copies  
Mr. Dundas, of Arniston  
Mr. Dundas, Lincoln's-Inn  
Mr. Dundas, of Melville  
Mr. Davies, Coombe Grove, *L.*  
Mr. Ditcher, East Berghott  
Mr. Donaldson, Jamaica

E.

Earl of Eglintoun, *L.*  
Hon. Colonel Elliott, 3 Copies  
Colonel Eyre, Royal Artillery  
Major Edgar, 25th Reg. 8 Copies  
Capt. Eveleigh, Royal Engineers  
Capt. Erskine, 50th Reg.  
Lieut. Espinasse, 11th Reg.  
Lieut. Eiston, 35th Reg.  
Lieut. Elliott, King's Dragoon Guards  
Lieut. Edwards, Queen's Reg.

Lieut. Evelegh, ditto  
Lieut. Evatt, Queen's Dragoon Guards  
Ensign Eyre, 11th Reg.  
Ensign Elliot, 25th Reg. 2 Copies  
Ensign Elliott, Queen's Reg.  
Mr. Ekins, Royal Navy, 2 Copies  
Mr. Elkins, ditto  
Mrs. Elliot, Malaga  
Mr. Enslie, Smyrna, 2 Copies  
Mr. Eyre, Exmouth  
Mr. Eden, Gibraltar  
Mr. Elliot, Essex

F.

Right Hon. Lord Augustus Fitzroy  
Right Hon. Lord Charles Fitzgerald, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lord Henry Fitzgerald, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lord Robert Fitzgerald, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, *L.*  
Hon. Colonel Fox, *L.*  
Hon. Mrs. Fox  
Hon. Mrs. Forward, *L.*  
Hon. Matthew Fortescue, *L.*  
Mr. Francis, M. P. *L.*  
Mrs. Francis, *L.*  
Miss Francis, *L.*  
Miss C. Francis, *L.*  
Colonel Fullarton, M. P. *L.*  
Mr. Fleming, M. P. *L.*  
Capt. Forch, Queen's Reg.  
Capt. Fyers, Royal Engineers  
Capt. Fiott, Jersey  
Lieut. French, 35th Reg.  
Lieut. Finley, Royal Engineers, 2 Copies  
Lieut. Findlay, King's Dragoon Guards  
Lieut. Freeman, Royal N. B. Dragoons  
Lieut. Fellowes, 61st Reg.  
Lieut. Farquharson, 42d Reg.  
Lieut. Finney, Royal Reg.  
Lieut. Framingham, Royal Artillery  
Ensign Fitzgerald, 11th Reg.  
Dr. Fleming, 25th Reg.  
Mr. Fleming, ditto  
Dr. Fellowes, M. D. Lincoln, *L.*  
Rev. Dr. Foster, D. D. Colchester  
Rev. Mr. Frewen, ditto  
Professor Ferguson  
Mr. Judge Fraser, Gibraltar, 2 Copies  
Mr. Fraser, King's Arm's-Yard, 2 Copies  
Mr. S. Fraser, Jun. ditto, 2 Copies  
Mr. Finley, Royal Navy  
Mr. Fraser, ditto  
Mr. Franklin, ditto, 2 Copies  
Mr. Farlier, ditto  
Mrs. Frankland, Chichester, *L.*  
Mrs. Fletcher, Edinburgh  
Mrs. Fordyce, of Ayton  
Miss Fergusson, St. Alban's  
Mrs. Forbes, of Callander  
Mr. Forbes  
Mr. R. Forbes  
Mr. Falconer, *L.*  
Mr. Flor, Malaga  
Mr. Ferguson, Pitfour

G.

Duchess of Gordon, *L.*  
Earl Gower, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lord Garlies, 2 Copies  
Right Hon. Lord Adam Gordon  
Hon. Mrs. Cowley, *L.*

HON. MRS. GAWLER, *L.*  
Mr. Bellenden Gawler, *L.*  
Mr. Gawler, Lincoln's Inn, *L.*  
Major Gray, Queen's Reg.  
Major Glover, 11th Reg.  
Capt. Gordon, 16th Reg.  
Capt. Giles, 19th Reg.  
Capt. Gledstones, 55th Reg.  
Capt. Gardiner, 25th Reg. 4 Copies  
Capt. Glynn, of Bodmin, *L.*  
Mrs. Glynn, *L.*  
Mr. Glynn, *L.*  
Lieut. Graves, Royal Navy  
Lieut. Gordon, Queen's Reg.  
Lieut. Groves, ditto  
Lieut. Garside, 59th Reg.  
Lieut. Gore, 33d Reg.  
Lieut. Gibson, Essex Militia  
Lieut. Adam Gordon, 67th Reg.  
Lieut. J. Gordon, ditto  
Lieut. Gem, 19th Reg.  
Lieut. Grant, ditto  
Lieut. W. Grant, 55th Reg.  
Cornet Graham, 3d Dragoon Guards, *L.*  
Ensign Gayer, 67th Reg.  
Ensign Godfrey, 32d Reg.  
Dr. Graham, M. D. Royal Reg.  
Mr. Groves, 67th Reg.  
Mr. Griffiths, Turnham Green, *L.*  
Mr. Godfrey, *L.*  
Miss Godfrey, *L.*  
Mr. Goring, *L.*  
Mr. Gascoyne, *L.*  
Mr. Goodenough, Tax Office, *L.*  
Mr. Goddard, Royal Navy  
Mr. Goate, ditto  
Mr. Green, ditto  
Rev. Mr. Green, Colchester  
Rev. Mr. Graves, Claverton  
Rev. Mr. Guy, Chichester  
Mr. Guy, ditto  
Mr. W. Guy, ditto  
Mrs. Greenwood, Winchester  
Mr. Gregory, Consul at Malaga  
Mr. Gretten, Colchester  
Mr. Grana, Malaga  
Mr. Grey, Alicant  
Mr. Griffiths, Chichester

H.

Earl of Hopetoun, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lord Herbert, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lady Louisa Harvey, *L.*  
Mr. Harvey, *L.*  
Right Hon. W. Gerard Hamilton, *L.*  
Hon. General Harcourt, *L.*  
Hon. Mrs. Harcourt, *L.*  
Sir William Hamilton, K. B. 3 Copies  
Sir Henry Houghton, Bart. *L.*  
Hon. Charles Hope, *L.*  
Hon. John Hope, *L.*  
Hon. Alexander Hope, *L.*  
Mr. Hope  
Hon. Mrs. Hunter  
Colonel Home, Royal N. B. Dragoons  
Major Hart, Inniskilling Dragoons  
Major Hamilton, 18th Reg.  
Major Haynes, 59th Reg.  
Major Haynes, Winchester  
Capt. Hertzog, 17th Reg.  
Capt. Hewgill, Coldstream  
Capt. Hawley, King's Dragoon Guards  
Capt. Harrison, Essex Militia



Capt. Horne, 48th Reg.  
Capt. Hely, 11th Reg.  
Capt. Haig, 35th Reg.  
Capt. Howorth, Royal Artillery, *L.*  
Capt. Hayes, 11th Dragoons  
Lieut. Hext, 22d Reg.  
Lieut. Hall, King's Dragoon Guards  
Lieut. Hall, 30th Reg.  
Lieut. Hutton, Royal Artillery  
Lieut. Hamilton, ditto  
Lieut. Hooke, ditto  
Lieut. Hope, 18th Reg.  
Lieut. Hewan, 25th Reg.  
Lieut. Haven, 50th Reg.  
Lieut. Hill, 68th Reg.  
Lieut. Hamilton, ditto  
Lieut. Harnage, 11th Dragoons  
Ensign Hucks, 22d Reg. *L.*  
Ensign Hinde, 25th Reg.  
Ensign Hawes, 59th Reg.  
Ensign Hinuber, 68th Reg.  
Cornet Hunter, King's Dragoon Guards  
Cornet Hamilton, Royal N. B. Dragoons  
Ensign Hinde, 55th Reg.  
Ensign Horsford, 67th Reg.  
Ensign Hartley, ditto  
Mr. Hamilton, Queen's Dragoon Guards  
Mr. Hudson, Commissioner at Gibraltar  
Mrs. Hudson  
Mr. Harris, Royal Navy  
Mr. Hughes, ditto  
Mr. Horton, ditto, 4 Copies  
Mr. Halliday, ditto  
Rev. Mr. Harrison, Essex  
Rev. Mr. Hewitt, Colchester  
Dr. Heriot, M. D. Jersey  
Mr. Horne, Writer to the Signet  
Mrs. Holt, Chester  
Mrs. Home, Winchester  
Mrs. Heathfield, Chichester  
Mrs. Hay, of Mountblainy  
Mr. Heathfield, of Nutwell, *L.*  
Mr. A. Heathfield  
Mr. Horsey, Gibraltar  
Mr. Hamilton, of Wishaw, *L.*  
Mr. Harcourt, Edinburgh  
Mr. Hume, ditto  
Mr. D. Hamilton, ditto  
Mr. Hadley, Essex, *L.*  
Mr. Hodson, Malaga  
Mr. Huclin, ditto  
Mr. Hoffman, ditto  
Mr. Hounsom, Funtington  
Mr. Henchman, Chester  
Mr. Hamilton, of Grange  
Mr. Hamilton, of Pencaitland  
Mr. Heigelin, Naples  
Mr. Hayley, Chichester  
Mr. Heming, ditto  
Mr. G. Heming, ditto  
Mr. Hatcher, Gosport  
Mr. Havens, Colchester  
Mr. R. Havens, ditto  
Mr. Hassard, ditto

I.

Colonel Johnston, 17th Reg.  
Colonel Jones  
Major Jordain, *L.*  
Capt. Johnston, 59th Reg. *L.*  
Capt. Jones, Queen's Reg.  
Capt. Imrie, Royal Reg.  
Lieut. Johnston, 17th Reg.

Ensign Ironside, 68th Reg.  
Cornet Johnston, Inniskilling Dragoons  
Ensign Jardine, 12th Reg.  
Rev. Mr. T. Jarvis, Devon  
Rev. Mr. J. Jarvis, ditto  
Mr. Jackson, *L.*  
Mr. P. Justice, Drayton, *L.*  
Mr. Jeffrays  
Mr. W. Johnston, Chichester.

K.

Major Kay, 12th Reg. *L.*  
Lieut. Kelly, 32d Reg.  
Lieut. Karr, ditto  
Lieut. Kelly, 68th Reg.  
Lieut. Kersteman, Royal Engineers  
Lieut. Kingsbury, Essex Militia  
Lieut. R. Kingsbury, ditto  
Lieut. Knight, 11th Reg.  
Ensign Kingsberry, Queen's Reg.  
Ensign Kerr, 48th Reg.  
Rev. Mr. Keun, Smyrna  
Miss Keppel, *L.*  
Miss Anne Keith  
Miss Kinloch  
Mr. Kinloch  
Mr. A. Kinloch  
Mr. Keck, Wimpole-street, *L.*  
Mrs. Keck, *L.*  
Mr. Kenworthy, *L.*  
Mr. Keeting, *L.*  
Mr. Kearney, *L.*  
Mr. Kersteman, Colchester  
Mr. King, ditto  
Mr. Kirpatrick, Malaga

L.

Literary Society at Lincoln, *L.*  
Duke of Leinster, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lord George Lennox, 3 *L.*  
Right Hon. Lady Louisa Lennox, 3 *L.*  
Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Lenox, *L.*  
Colonel Lenox, *L.*  
Hon. General Leslie, *L.*  
Hon. David Leslie  
Hon. Robert Lindsey  
Hon. Mrs. Lindsey  
Commodore Lutwidge  
Mr. Richard Lee, Smyrna, 10 Copies  
Mr. Edward Lee, ditto, 10 Copies  
Capt. Lane, 32d Reg.  
Capt. Lawson, Royal Artillery  
Lieut. Lane, King's Dragoon Guards  
Lieut. Lister, ditto  
Lieut. Lynn, Marines  
Lieut. Lumsden, 55th Reg.  
Lieut. Lyne, 19th Reg.  
Mr. Lavie, Royal Navy  
Ensign Lewin, 50th Reg.  
Ensign Lowe, ditto  
Ensign Lucas, 68th Reg.  
Cornet Lyons, 11th Dragoons  
Cornet Lambe, King's Light Dragoons  
Cornet Le Marchant, Inniskilling Dragoons  
Ensign Lloyd, 11th Reg.  
Dr. Lend, 19th Reg.  
Mr. Lee, 17th Reg.  
Mr. H. Lynne, Royal Navy  
Mr. Lamborn, ditto, 4 Copies  
Mr. Lawrence, ditto, 2 Copies

Mr. Lee, Lymston, *L.*  
Rev. Mr. Lee  
Mrs. Lindegrene, Portsmouth  
Mr. Lovelace, Malaga, 2 Copies  
Mr. Lovejoy, ditto  
Mr. Lagassicke, Devon  
Mr. Lewis  
Mr. Lewis, A. B. Colchester  
Mr. Lys, Gosport

M.

Duke of Marlborough, *L.*  
Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, *L.*  
Viscount Mountstuart, *L.*  
Sir William Maxwell, Bart.  
Sir John Macpherson, Bart.  
Sir John Maxwell, Bart.  
Hon. George H. Monson, *L.*  
Hon. Miss Mackay  
Hon. Miss Georgina Mackay  
Mrs. Meynell, *L.*  
Mrs. Milbanke, *L.*  
General Martin  
Colonel Maister, M. P. *L.*  
Mr. Morier, Smyrna, 10 Copies  
Mr. Maltass, Smyrna, 5 Copies  
Colonel Maxwell, 30th Reg.  
Colonel Morris, Invalids  
Colonel Mercer, Royal Engineers, *L.*  
Capt. Mann, Royal Navy  
Capt. G. Murray, ditto  
Major Mawby, 18th Reg.  
Capt. Manley, Royal Artillery  
Capt. Montagu, Queen's Reg.  
Capt. Moncrief, 11th Reg.  
Capt. Montresor, 18th Reg.  
Capt. Macartney, 32d Reg.  
Capt. M<sup>c</sup>Leod, 59th Reg.  
Capt. M<sup>c</sup>Lean, 68th Reg.  
Capt. Mitchell, 11th Dragoons  
Capt. Maitland, 1st Reg. of Guards  
Capt. Mackewan, 38th Reg.  
Capt. Martin, 12th Reg.  
Capt. Macleod, Royal Artillery, *L.*  
Capt. Marriott, Essex Militia  
Capt. Martin, 60th Reg.  
Capt. Marshall, 30th Reg.  
Capt. M<sup>c</sup>Culloch, ditto  
Captain M<sup>c</sup>Murdo, 3d Reg.  
Capt. Money, Royal N. Lincoln Militia  
Lieut. Molineux, 25th Reg. *L.*  
Lieut. Mackenzie, Royal Reg.  
Lieut. Maitland, Queen's Reg.  
Lieut. Maddison, 32d Reg.  
Lieut. Maclean, 50th Reg.  
Lieut. Money Penny, 68th Reg.  
Lieut. Mytton, 25th Reg.  
Lieut. Marriott, Essex Militia  
Lieut. Maxwell, 48th Reg.  
Lieut. Montgomery, 3d Reg.  
Ensign Macdonald, Royal Reg.  
Ensign M<sup>c</sup>Kellar, ditto  
Ensign Maxwell, 18th Reg.  
Cornet Mackenzie, 11th Dragoons  
Cornet Mathew, Royal Dragoons  
Ensign Marton, 22d Reg.  
Ensign Montgomery, 30th Reg.  
Ensign Macdonald, 19th Reg.  
Ensign M<sup>c</sup>Donell, 3d Reg.  
Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Donald, 11th Reg.  
Mrs. Maitland, Edinburgh  
Mrs. Martin, Portsmouth  
Mrs. Munn, Greenwich, *L.*

Mrs. Mitchell, Jersey  
Miss M<sup>c</sup>Adam, of Graingingillan  
Mr. Maule, Royal Navy  
Mr. Mitchell, ditto  
Dr. M<sup>c</sup>Donald, M. D. Antigua  
Rev. Mr. Macklin, Essex  
Mr. Moir, Writer to the Signet  
Mr. Morrison, Gibraltar, 2 Copies  
Mr. Meyrick, Queen's Reg.  
Mr. Macdonald, Edinburgh  
Mr. Money Penny, ditto  
Mr. Manning  
Mr. G. H. Morisner  
Mr. Murphy, Malaga  
Mr. J. S. Macnamara, ditto  
Mr. T. Macnamara, ditto  
Mr. Mackintosh, Bathford, *L.*  
Mr. Mackintosh, John-street, *L.*  
Mr. Marchetti, Naples  
Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Kinnon, ditto  
Mr. Mackay, *L.*  
Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Adam, of Dunaskire  
Mr. Martin, Antigua  
Mr. Massie, St. John's College

N.

Duke of Northumberland, *L.*  
Capt. Newland, Chichester  
Capt. Nichols  
Lieut. Need, King's Dragoon Guards  
Mrs. Newte, Exmouth, *L.*  
Rev. Mr. Nott, *L.*  
Mr. Newman, Malaga  
Mr. R. Newland, Chichester  
Mr. J. Newland, ditto  
Mr. Neven, Gibraltar  
Mr. Noble, Naples

O.

Earl of Orford, 2 *L.*  
General O'Hara, 4 Copies  
Sir William Oglander, Bart. *L.*  
Rev. Dr. Oglander, *L.*  
Rev. Mr. Oglander, *L.*  
Mr. Oglander, *L.*  
Capt. O'Hara, Royal Navy  
Capt. O'Meara, 68th Reg.  
Capt. Oakes, 33d Reg.  
Capt. Otway, 48th Reg.  
Lieut. Ogilvie, 50th Reg.  
Ensign Overend, ditto  
Mr. Osborne, Royal Navy  
Mr. Ormston, Kelso

P.

Right Hon. Lord Paget, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lady Caroline Peachey, *L.*  
Right Hon. William Pitt, *L.*  
Right Hon. Thomas Pelham, *L.*  
Hon. William Paget, 2 Copies  
General Phillipson, *L.*  
General Picton, *L.*  
Admiral Peyton  
Commissioner Proby, *L.*  
Colonel Phipps, Royal Engineers, 6 Copies  
Mr. Phipps, Somerset-street, *L.*  
Colonel Pringle, Royal Engineers  
Capt. Pevton, Royal Navy, 2 Copies

Major Polson, *L.*  
Mr. Polson, *L.*  
Major Pitcairn, 17th Reg.  
Capt. Prevost, 25th Reg. 4 Copies  
Capt. Peter, 23d Reg.  
Lieut. Probyn, 38th Reg. *L.*  
Lieut. Phipps, Royal Engineers, *L.*  
Lieut. Picton, 12th Reg.  
Lieut. Pell, 11th Reg. *L.*  
Lieut. Powell, 18th Reg.  
Lieut. Prevost, 60th Reg.  
Lieut. Petrie, 3d Reg.  
Lieut. Prevost, ditto  
Ensign Philpot, Queen's Reg.  
Ensign Peep  
Rev. Dr. Pennington, D.D.  
Mrs. Pennington  
Rev. Mr. Phillips, Devonshire  
Mr. Peachey, Binderton  
Mrs. Peachey  
Miss Pulteney  
Miss Polluck, Lincoln  
Mrs. E. Pownoll, Drayton, *L.*  
Mrs. Peckham, Chichester  
Mr. Partridge, Royal Navy  
Mr. Phipps, ditto  
Mr. Peters, ditto  
Mr. Palmer, ditto  
Mr. Pulk, *L.*  
Mr. Perring, *L.*  
Mr. Proby, Inner Temple  
Mr. Piele, Harcourt Buildings  
Mr. Plowes, Malaga, 2 Copies  
Mr. M. Power, ditto  
Mr. J. Power, ditto  
Mr. Plunket, ditto

Q.

Lieut. Quin, 35th Reg.  
Mr. T. Quilty, Malaga  
Mr. J. Quilty, ditto

R.

Duke of Richmond, 2 *L.*  
Duchess of Richmond, *L.* 5 Copies  
Right Hon. Lady Reay  
Sir Thomas Rumbold, Bart. 2 *L.*  
Lady Rumbold, *L.*  
Lady Rivers  
Hon. Philip Roper, *L.*  
Mrs. Rigby, Roefield, 2 *L.*  
Colonel F. Hale Rigby, Essex Militia  
Capt. Riddell, 32d Reg. 4 Copies  
Capt. Raitt, Queen's Reg.  
Capt. Richardson, 18th Reg.  
Capt. Rose, 50th Reg.  
Capt. James Robb, *L.*  
Lieut. Rudsdell, 11th Reg.  
Lieut. Ramsay, Queen's Reg.  
Lieut. Rainy, 18th Reg.  
Lieut. Ross, 25th Reg.  
Lieut. Rowley, 68th Reg.  
Lieut. Reeves, Royal Reg. *L.*  
Lieut. Rowley, Royal Engineers  
Ensign Robertson, Royal Reg.  
Ensign Raleigh, Queen's Reg.  
Ensign Raleigh, 11th Reg.  
Ensign Robertson, 32d Reg.  
Ensign Richardson, 35th Reg.  
Ensign Rogers, 3d Reg.  
Mr. Russell, 30th Reg.

Mr. Robinson, Adjutant of Gibraltar  
Mr. Rhodes, King's Dragoon Guards  
Rev. Mr. Rouse, *L.*  
Mr. Raleigh, Gibraltar  
Mr. Ross, *L.*  
Mr. Ramus, *L.*  
Mr. Ross, Gibraltar  
Mr. A. Ross, Ordnance, Gibraltar  
Mr. A. Ross, Gibraltar  
Mrs. Rebow, Colchester  
Mrs. Ruth, ditto  
Mr. Round, ditto  
Mr. Reynolds, Essex  
Mr. Round, ditto  
Mr. Rush, Colchester  
Mr. Rosden  
Mr. W. Raper, Chichester

S.

Countess of Sutherland, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lady Saltoun, 2 Copies  
Right Hon. Lord Southampton, *L.*  
Right Hon. Lady Madelina Sinclair, *L.*  
Sir Robert Sinclair, Bart. *L.*  
Lady Sinclair  
Miss Sinclair, *L.*  
Dr. Sinclair, M. D.  
Mr. Sinclair  
Hon. Capt. Stopford, Royal Navy  
Hon. G. A. Chetwynd Stapylton, *L.*  
Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd Stapylton, *L.*  
Mrs. Stapylton, *L.*  
Hon. Cornet Southwell, *L.*  
Mr. Steele, M. P. 2 *L.*  
Mr. Steele, Recorder of Chichester, *L.*  
Mrs. Steele, Chichester, *L.*  
Mr. Scottney, *L.*  
Mr. Sargent, Lavington, *L.*  
Mrs. Sargent, *L.*  
Capt. Sutherland, Royal Navy, 2 Copies  
Capt. Smith, ditto  
Major Schaw, 68th Reg.  
Major Strutt, 60th Reg.  
Major Sladden, 67th Reg.  
Capt. Snowe, 64th Reg.  
Capt. John Smith, Royal Artillery  
Capt. Scott, Royal Reg.  
Capt. St. Clair, 25th Reg. 2 Copies  
Capt. Shaw, 35th Reg.  
Capt. Smith, Invalids  
Capt. Smith, 25th Reg. 2 *L.*  
Capt. Smith, Marlborough-street, *L.*  
Capt. Skinner, Royal Engineers, *L.*  
Capt. Scott, of Rosebank  
Capt. Semple, 44th Reg. *L.*  
Capt. Sperling, Essex Militia  
Capt. Shipley, Royal Engineers  
Capt. Sherret, 19th Reg.  
Capt. Syer, King's Dragoon Guards  
Lieut. J. Skinner, Royal Navy  
Lieut. Stratton, ditto  
Lieut. Sheldrake, Royal Artillery  
Lieut. Skyring, ditto  
Lieut. Shrapnell, ditto  
Lieut. Sebright, 18th Reg.  
Lieut. Scott, 32d Reg.  
Lieut. Stewart, 25th Reg. 2 Copies  
Lieut. Sturgeon, Marines  
Lieut. Smart, Royal Engineers  
Lieut. Serjeantson, King's Dragoon Guards  
Lieut. Saumarez, 8th Reg.  
Lieut. Stratton, 67th Reg.  
Lieut. Smith, 30th Reg.

Lieut. Smith, 30th Reg.  
Lieut. Sparrow, Essex Militia  
Ensign St. George, 11th Reg.  
Cornet Shelly, 11th Dragoons  
Ensign Shirley, 67th Reg.  
Ensign Sinclair, 3d Reg.  
Mr. Shapter, Royal N. B. Dragoons  
Mr. Smith, Denbigh Militia  
Rev. Mr. Shillilo, Colchester  
Rev. Mr. Sandys, Essex  
Mr. Smith, Ordnance, *L.*  
Mr. Snipe, Royal Navy  
Mr. Scott, ditto  
Mr. Simpson, ditto  
Mr. Smith, ditto  
Mr. J. W. Skinner, ditto  
Mr. Sneyd, ditto  
Mr. Starck, ditto, 4 Copies  
Mr. Scrivener, *L.*  
Mr. Stables, *L.*  
Mr. Storey, *L.*  
Mr. Saumarez, Guernsey  
Mrs. Sperling, Colchester  
Mr. Simpson, Russian Consul at Gibraltar  
Mr. A. Simpson, Gibraltar, *L.*  
Mr. Smith, ditto  
Mr. Stones, ditto  
Mr. Sweatland, ditto  
Mr. W. Simpson, ditto  
Mr. Smith, Bury St. Edmunds

T.

Sir George Thomas, Bart. *L.*  
Mr. Tierney, M. P. *L.*  
Miss E. S. Tayler, *L.*  
Colonel Teasdale, *L.*  
Major Trench, 38th Reg.  
Capt. Timms, 44th Reg. *L.*  
Capt. Tweedie, 12th Reg.  
Capt. Trotter, King's Dragoon Guards  
Capt. J. Thompson  
Capt. J. Tiddy  
Lieut. Tireman, Royal Navy  
Lieut. Teesdale, 25th Reg. 2 Copies  
Lieut. Turner, 3d Dragoon Guards, *L.*  
Lieut. Thorley, 44th Reg.  
Lieut. Tyndale, King's Dragoon Guards  
Ensign Tomlinson, 30th Reg.  
Cornet Thomas, 11th Dragoons  
Mr. Taylor, 32d Reg.  
Mr. Taylor, 67th Reg.  
Mr. Thompson, 30th Reg.  
Rev. Mr. Tireman, Chichester, 2 Copies  
Rev. Cook Tylden  
Mr. Teppet, Royal Navy  
Mr. J. G. Thompson, ditto  
Mr. Trowsell, ditto  
Mr. R. Thompson, ditto  
Mr. Tait, Edinburgh  
Mr. Travers, *L.*  
Mr. Tylburn, Colchester  
Mr. Tabor, ditto  
Mr. Tyssen, Essex  
Mr. Tylden  
Mr. Tinling, Gosport  
Mr. Tobin, Malaga, 4 Copies

U.

Earl of Uxbridge, 2 *L.*  
Countess of Uxbridge, *L.*  
Capt. Urquhart, 30th Reg.

Mr. Upsman, Royal Navy  
Mr. C. Upham, Exeter

V.

Colonel Vyse, King's Dragoon Guards  
Lieut. Vesey, 11th Reg.  
Lieut. Vassell, 59th Reg.  
Lieut. Vaughan, ditto, *L.*  
Lieut. Vansittart, 38th Reg.,  
Lieut. Vincent, 19th Reg.  
Dr. Veitch, Clithero, *L.*  
Mr. Vaughan  
Mr. Vaughan, Gibraltar

W.

Earl of Winchelsea, 2 *L.*  
Viscountess Wicklow, *L.*  
Sir John Wrottesly, Bart.  
Sir James Wemyss, Bart.  
Hon. Mr. Walpole, *L.*  
Mr. Watson, of New Saughton, *L.*  
Mr. Wallace, of Carlton Hall, *L.*  
Colonel Walker, Royal Artillery  
Major Wilson, Colchester, 2 Copies  
Major Wauchope, 50th Reg.  
Capt. Warre, Royal Navy  
Capt. Williamson, 25th Reg. 4 Copies  
Capt. Wright, ditto, 4 Copies  
Capt. Wilson, 59th Reg.  
Capt. Wilkinson, 67th Reg.  
Lieut. Wade, 25th Reg. 2 Copies  
Lieut. White, 32d Reg.  
Lieut. Wilson, 50th Reg.  
Lieut. Waugh, 68th Reg.  
Lieut. Westroppe, Marines  
Lieut. Wilson, 48th Reg.  
Lieut. Willimot, 3d Reg.  
Lieut. Wigley, Royal N. B. Dragoons  
Cornet Webb, Queen's Dragoon Guards  
Ensign Wolseley, 18th Reg.  
Ensign Wogan, 12th Reg.  
Dr. Walker, Edinburgh  
Dr. Watson, Kelso  
Mrs. Webber, Chichester, *L.*  
Mrs. Willis  
Mr. H. R. Williams, Royal Navy, 4 Copies  
Mr. C. Williams, ditto, 2 Copies  
Mr. Wright, Royal Navy  
Mr. Wilson, ditto  
Mr. Walker, ditto  
Mr. Watts, ditto  
Mr. Williams, *L.*  
Mr. Welch, *L.*  
Mr. White, 3 Copies  
Mr. Williamson, *L.*  
Mr. J. Williams, Exeter, *L.*  
Mr. H. Woodfall, Cadiz  
Mr. Winter, Gibraltar  
Mr. Williams, ditto  
Mr. Whitfield, Wenlock  
Mr. Wood, Chichester  
Mr. W. Sinclair Wemyss  
Mr. Wistrer, Colchester  
Mr. Walsond, Dominica  
Mr. Worseley, Malaga  
Mr. Wilson, Pontefract

Y.



Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Yorke  
Hon. Philip Yorke  
Colonel Yorke, 33d Reg.  
Capt. Yorke, Royal Artillery  
Lieut. Young, Royal Navy, 4 Copies  
Mr. Young, ditto  
Mr. Yorston, Gibraltar

N.B. The Subscribers marked *L.* subscribed to the Guinea Edition, which the Author had not determined to publish till after he had collected the subscriptions at Gibraltar.

#### Transcriber's Notes

The cover image was produced by the Transcriber and is in the public domain. The list of subscribers was originally before the start of the book and has been moved to back as a convenience to modern readers for whom it may not have importance.

#### Errata corrections:

- l. 1838: 'be is adored' changed to 'he is adored'
- ll. 4050/4051 'be began to lose' changed to 'he began to lose'

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A TOUR UP THE STRAITS, FROM GIBRALTAR TO CONSTANTINOPLE \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

### START: FULL LICENSE THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

#### **Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual

work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail)

within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

#### 1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to

reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

### **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

### **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

### **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.