



Ancient Gateway at Paramithia.

CHAPTER XII.

Departure from Ioannina—Cassopæa—Route to Paramithia—Grecian Spring—Vlakiote Shepherds—Pass of Eleftherochori—Plain of Paramithia—City—Visit from the Primate and Bishop—Ascent to the Castle—Route along the Plain to Glyky—Plutonian Temple—District of Aidonati—San Donato and the Dragon—Monastery of Glyky—Water of the Acheron—Fortress of Glyky and its Albanian Commander—Excursion over the Plain of Phanari—Village of Potamia—River Cocytus—Convent of St. George—Monastery of St. John, on the Site of the ancient Necyomantéum—Greek Papas—Ruins of Cichyrus or Ephyre in the District Elaiatis—Theseus and Pirithous—Acherusian Lake—Malaria of the Plain—Conjectures on its Mythology—Ancient City of Buchetium—Return to Glyky—Sleep under the Tent, surrounded by Albanian Palikars—Fine Night-scene—Poetical Address to the Acheron—Curious Dream of the Author's—Ascent up the Pass of Glyky—Arrival at the Vizir's great Fortress of Kiaffa—Salute from the Fort—Scenery described—Adventure of the Author—Suicide committed by an Albanian Palikar—Ceremonies before Interment—Ascent to the highest Summit of the Suliot Mountains—Grand Panoramic View.

MAY 11.—An early hour in the morning was fixed upon for our departure; but so long a time was occupied in arranging our affairs, in receiving visits, and in distributing appropriate tokens of gratitude amongst our friends and hosts, that it was near noon before the cavalcade could be put in motion. At length notice was given that all was ready: we mounted our horses and made our way with some difficulty through the crowds that lined the court and adjoining streets to witness the procession, which consisted of ten men and at least double that number of horses. Our first stage was to Dramisus by the road which I have before described. We were accompanied thus far by Mr. Cerbere, a young Frenchman, who had arrived from Corfu on a visit to Mr. Pouqueville, and was desirous of inspecting the ruins of Cassopæa. The evening was delightful, and we retraced with pleasure the remains of this venerable Epirotic city. In addition to my former account I have very little to add, except that the walls of its fortress are from eleven to twelve feet in thickness, whilst those of the lower city appear to have been constructed only of a single stone, and could not have been more than two feet broad in the widest part. We observed a large piece of defaced sculpture lying upon the ground near some recent excavations; it represented a Triton in bas-relief, but the style of execution was indifferent. Upon a further consideration of this locality, I have my doubts whether it may not have been the site of Passeron*, one of the most celebrated cities of Epirus, where it was customary for the kings of Molossis to take a solemn oath, and exact one in return from their people; the former that they would govern, and the latter that they would defend the state according to the prescription of the laws: this was done after sacrifices to the Martial Jupiter; and that stupendous theatre which still exists may have

* Ἐίδωκεσαν οἱ Βασιλεῖς, ἐν Πασσαρώνι χωρίῳ τῆς Μολοττίδος, Ἄρεω Διὶ Θύσαντες, ὀρκωμοτεῖν τοῖς Ἡπειρώταις καὶ ὀρκίζειν, αὐτοὶ μὲν ἄρξαι, ἐκεῖνος δὲ τὴν βασιλείαν διαφυλάξειν κατὰ τὰς νόμους. Plut. in Vit. Pyrrhi.

been appropriated to the solemn ceremony. I give this however as mere matter of conjecture.

We slept at Dramisus ; but though we changed our cottage we did not escape those indefatigable torturers which had destroyed our rest in a former excursion. On the morrow we parted with our companion and took the road to Paramithia, proceeding at first in a northerly direction till we turned round the extremity of Mount Olitzika towards the west, in which course we kept generally for the next six hours. Our route during this time lay through the sinuosities of contiguous valleys, watered by transparent streams, shaded with evergreens and thickets of beautiful shrubs, amidst which a thousand nightingales made the air resound with their sweet notes. It was here and in other parts of this excursion that I felt to the full those ecstatic sensations which a Grecian spring, to which no description can do justice, is capable of inspiring ; when a balmy softness and serenity pervade the atmosphere, when the richest tints are painted on the cloudless sky, when every valley and plain is clothed in a deep luxuriant verdure, superior even to that which our own island boasts, when every grove is vocal with the melody of feathered songsters, when a thousand flowers dye the surface of the earth and shed a perfume through the air, when the bright splendour of the morning sun animates the soul of man, and the coolest shades of evening refresh him after his daily toil. Nurtured as they were amidst such scenes, breathing such an air, and inspired with such sensations, who can wonder at that delicacy of taste, that vigour of imagination, that tenderness of sentiment, that conception of the beautiful which distinguished the sons of Greece, when Greece was free ?

In these valleys we met many parties of Vlakiote shepherds driving their flocks and herds from the great plains of Thesprotia, to which they had emigrated from the colder regions of Zagori and the Pindus mountains, for the sake of pasture during the severity of winter. The vizir possesses immense tracts of land in these parts, and to him they

pay a certain price for every head of cattle which they turn into his pastures. The wives and daughters of these people rode upon asses and mules, whilst the sons assisted their fathers in driving the cattle; the infants were packed up in panniers together with the scanty articles of household furniture, and carried on the backs of horses, being closed up in these receptacles till their heads only could be seen. In about seven hours we arrived at the village of Eleftherochori on the top of a rugged defile at the northern extremity of the Cassopæan mountains of Suli. At this spot many sanguinary contests took place between Ali Pasha and the people of Paramithia: the conqueror has built a small fortress to defend the pass. The sun was setting when we began to descend through this chasm into the great plain of Paramithia, which extended before us its magnificent scenery: we could count five undulating ridges of mountains, all rising one beyond the other towards the Adriatic coast and tinged with the colours of the setting sun. Emerging from the narrow part of this defile we continued along the mountain path on our left and soon saw the castle of Paramithia hanging as it were on a vast height above the city, which lies supine upon the side of a large mountain.

Paramithia is considerable in size and contains many good houses; a few of these on the outskirts had not yet recovered from the effects of assault in the wars with Ali. Almost all the habitations are separate and shaded by luxuriant plane-trees, beneath which there are more fountains of delicious water than I ever saw in any town: this, added to the charming scenery which its site commands, made me think I should prefer it as a place of residence to any other part of Epirus. To what ancient city Paramithia has succeeded it is now difficult to determine; Pandosia, Gitanæ, and Batiæ, all put in their claims; those of the last-mentioned place seem generally allowed, probably because its name bears the nearest resemblance to the modern appellation. There can be no doubt but that an ancient city did once occupy this site, both from the remains of Hellenic building ob-

servable in the fortress and the number of beautiful bronze statues which have been discovered here in excavations, several of which are very finely engraved and illustrated in the *Specimens of Ancient Sculpture* published by the Society of Dilettanti*. We were conducted to an excellent lodging by the governor's son, who then left us and proceeded to the dwelling of his father. Next morning, whilst we were at breakfast, we received a visit from two great personages, the Greek Primate and the Bishop of Paramithia. The latter was very chatty, and as he sat cross-legged upon the floor beside our table, gave us a complete history of his diocese, and described the manners of the people before the vizir's conquest of the country, as barbarous and savage to the greatest degree; not a person of any tribe or any religion daring to approach this inhospitable tract, where life was held so cheap that the barbarians frequently used to fire upon each other when in want of employment against foreigners. We expressed a desire of proceeding a day's journey northward of this plain to visit some ruins upon the banks of the Thyamis, which have been supposed to belong to the ancient Pandosia; but were deterred from this plan by the representation of our visitors, who informed us that the whole tract of that country was encircled by a cordon of troops, on account of the plague, and that if we even approached it, a long quarantine would await us at our return. We therefore contented ourselves with paying a visit to the governor and inspecting the fine fortress of Paramithia. For this purpose we took horses and employed full half an hour in the ascent up these steep and rugged acclivities. We passed many large isolated houses, surrounded with gardens, and having only loop-holes, instead of windows, from whence the musketry of their defenders might be most advantageously directed. We observed also a huge fragment of calcareous rock at the north end of the town, which had been de-

* Vol. I.

tached this very winter from an overhanging precipice: it had overwhelmed two houses and killed several persons in its fall. At no great distance from this spot stood the ruined mansion of the celebrated Pronio Agà, one of the greatest warriors which this country ever produced.

The fortress is very extensive and surrounded by an outer wall, in which are substructions of ancient masonry; but this is much more apparent near a gateway at the south-east angle, of which a representation is given at the head of the chapter. The foundations of many houses and other buildings within its circuit shew that probably the whole city, or at least a considerable portion of it, once stood in this quarter: the view from hence is magnificent, the height being probably a thousand feet above the level of the plain. After having smoked a pipe with the governor, who received us civilly, and seemed much pleased at the opportunity we had given him of seeing his son, we returned into the town, passing through the bazar, which is handsome and spacious, cooled by delicious fountains and shaded by umbrageous platani; from thence we descended through gardens and orchards at the southern extremity into the plain, and proceeded on our route towards Suli.

We were delighted with the continual prospect of towns and villages peeping out of their green mantle of cypresses and oriental planes which adorn this mountain scenery. In about four hours we arrived at the district of Phanari, comprising that grand sweep which the plain makes towards the S. W. up to the coast of the Mediterranean: its level is lower than the plain of Paramithia, and distinctly marked by a moderately high boundary like a shelving shore; this together with its perfectly even surface, unbroken by a single undulation of ground, seems to confirm the tradition that it was overflowed by the sea in the remote ages of antiquity. After riding half an hour and then turning to the left we were astonished by a view of the dark rocks of Suli and the defile of the Acheron: but no pen can do justice to this scenery!

It seemed as if we were about to penetrate into Tartarus itself and the awful recesses of the Plutonian realms ; τὸ Ἄδης χωρὶς ἔκστασις θεῶν. The magnificence of this scene is but imperfectly represented in the annexed plate ; I was unable to take much more than the outline, and it required the talents of a professed artist to do justice to all its parts : if that friend who has kindly embellished this sketch had been present to take it originally, the reader would have gained a much truer impression of the mountains of the Acheron. This river flows in a fine curve through the plain after it has left the rocky channel, which during successive ages it has worn through this terrific chasm, amidst the crags of which its hoarse murmurs are distinctly heard. Proceeding a little further we came to the ruins of a Greek monastery which had been destroyed during the Suliot wars : it stood on the very brink of the Acheron and within the precincts of an ancient temple : this was evident from a considerable number of columns, some of which lay scattered on the ground, whilst others, though broken, still rested upon their bases : it seemed as if the temple itself had been at some time or other repaired or enlarged ; for though many of the pillars were of antique construction and the granite of which they were made was in a state of decomposition, others were marble, of smaller dimensions, and a more modern form. Whilst we were debating with ourselves whether these fragments were ever included in one of Pluto's Acherusian temples, or whether we might not be standing upon the site of that Pandosia which with the fatal Acheron Alexander king of Epirus thought he was commanded by the oracle to avoid, a party of Albanian peasants came up, of whom we inquired the name of the place where we stood, and heard with no little surprise that it was called Aidonati. This appeared to confirm our conjectures—for Aidoneus or Pluto, a king of the Molossi, was fabled to have carried off Proserpine, the beautiful daughter of Ceres, from Sicily to this very region, where Theseus and Pirithous were afterwards confined, when they attempted to deprive him of his prize.

The name of Aidonati therefore preserved apparently from this tradition afforded grounds for the supposition that this was the Temple of the God of Hell. Anxious however to prevent mistakes I questioned our Albanians upon the reason of the appellation, and was rather disconcerted at hearing it proceeded from an old Greek saint, who was held in great veneration, called San Donato, (Άγιος Δονάτος) and who was the patron of the ruined monastery which we beheld. This confounded all our reasonings upon the subject till I recollected that the devil had been converted into a saint in Sicily*, and it was possible the Greek church might not wish to be behind her sister in paying a similar compliment to so great a personage, at the same time a story concerning this Saint Donato flashed across my mind, which the Bishop of Paramithia had related to us in our conference during the breakfast yesterday. "At a little distance from the village of Glyky," said that prelate with great gravity, "runs a small rivulet which supplied the inhabitants of the district with excellent water, until a fierce dragon, with fiery eyes and poisonous breath, taking up his residence at its source infected the stream to such a degree that all who drank of it immediately perished, insomuch that the country became almost depopulated. In this extremity an ancient hermit, who for his extreme sanctity was revered as a saint under the title of San Donato, mounted his ass, and armed only with an osier twig undertook an expedition against the formidable monster. The dragon, as soon as he espied his antagonist made furiously at him, rolling volumes of flame and smoke from his nostrils: then twisting his tail about the legs of the ass he was upon the point of throwing both animal and rider to the ground, when the holy man call-

* Meletius in his account of Paramithia calls it Κάτρον τῷ Ἁγίῳ Δονάτῳ, τὸ ὁποῖον καὶ Παραμυθία λέγεται, αἱ ὑπὸ τῶν Τέρκων Αἰδωνά, ἡ ὁποία πρότερον Γλυκὺ ἐκαλεῖτο (Mel. Geog. p. 317.) where he is certainly mistaken, for Αἰδωνά or Αἰδονάρι is a district in which Glyky is situated at the bottom of the rocks of Suli, and Paramithia never was called by either name, as I could learn in all the inquiries I made at the place; but Meletius makes the river Acheron run from the heights of Paramithia, where no river flows at all, and this has led him into the error.

ing aloud upon the name of the Panaghia, smote the beast on the head with his osier twig and killed him on the spot: then advancing to the stream where a concourse of people had collected together, he took up some water in his hand, and drinking it in their presence, cried glyky, glyky (γλυκὺ, γλυκὺ), 'it is sweet, it is sweet;' from which action the village of Glyky at the bottom of the Acherontian chasm is said to derive its name. A consideration of all these circumstances served to confirm us in our original conjecture; for in this old monastic tradition we still kept sight of Aidoneus, or Pluto, or Satan, in the form of the old serpent, whose poisonous breath in the rites of paganism infected with deadly venom the water of life, until its sweetness and salubrity was restored by the holy saints and martyrs of the Christian faith. We concluded therefore that one of these pious men having established a monastery upon the ruins of the pagan temple, had not given, but received his name from the district in which it was situated, a name which had descended through all the different ages of superstition down to the present time, from that Aidoneus, who, in the very district from which he carried off the daughter of Ceres, is commemorated in a similar manner; for there exists at this day a small town in the vicinity of Enna which bears the appellation of Aidone*.

From the ruins we advanced to a strong fort built by the vizir about half a mile distant from the village, where we were received with great civility by the Albanian governor, a man who had been engaged in the seventeen years war of Suli, and who amused us with many interesting events relating to that eventful history. At dinner we drank the waters of the Acheron, which have either been much misrepresented, or if they ever were bitter have entirely changed their nature, being now extremely cool and agreeable to the taste. Though we were much fatigued by yesterday's journey, not one of the party

* Vid. D'Orville, Sic. p. 160.

could obtain the least sleep during the night, owing to myriads of vermin which haunt every Albanian dwelling, but more especially the forts and quarters of the soldiery. We therefore rose before the sun and pitched our tent amongst the ruins of the Plutonian temple upon the bank of the river. After breakfast we set out to make an excursion through the plain of Phanari, in search of the famed Acherusian Lake, from whence we knew we could not be far distant by the description of Thucydides, which also plainly designates the relative situation of the Acheron and Thyamis, by many travellers and geographers so strangely confounded.—His words are these:—*Ὀρμίζονται ἐς Χειμέριον τῆς Θεσπρωτίδος γῆς· ἔτι δὲ λιμὴν καὶ πόλιν ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς κείται ἀπὸ θαλάσσης ἐν τῇ Ελαιατίδι τῆς Θεσπρωτίδος Ἐφύρῃ· ἔξεισι δὲ παρ' αὐτὴν Αχερυσία λίμνη ἐς τὴν θάλασσαν· διὰ δὲ τῆς Θεσπρωτίδος Ἀχέρων ποταμὸς ῥέων ἐσβάλλει ἐς αὐτὴν ἀφ' ἧς καὶ τὴν ἰππωνυμίαν ἔχει, ῥεῖ δὲ καὶ Θύαμις ποταμὸς ὀρίζων τὴν Θεσπρωτίδα καὶ Κεσρίνην ὣν ἐντὸς ἡ ἄκρα ἀνέχει τὸ Χειμέριον.* (Lib. i, cap. 46.)

Descending for a short distance along the right bank of the Acheron we left it where it makes a bend to the S. W. and soon arrived at the village of Potamià, more rude and miserable in appearance than one of Otaheité or New Zealand. The best of its houses are constructed of hurdles, one side of which is left open to the inclemency of the seasons and the sight of passengers, where the inmates may be seen huddled together with their pigs and other domestic animals almost in a state of nudity. Some of their huts actually consist only of branches of trees half cut through, which being turned down and fastened to the ground form a kind of tent, to which the trunk of the tree serves as a pole, but in which one would suppose it impossible for human beings to exist. Notwithstanding all this apparent misery the village had a curious and picturesque appearance, being very large and intersected with numerous green alleys covered with vines, shaded by trees of every description, and adorned with a vast quantity of flowers for the nourishment of bees, which every family appeared to cultivate. Their hives were of the most simple construction, con-

sisting merely of hollow cylindrical pieces of wood placed upon a bench, and covered at the top with a tile. Leaving Potamià we passed over a marsh or bog formed by the overflowing of the river Vavà, which is probably the Cocytus of antiquity*. It flows from below the mountains of Margariti, opposite Paramithia, and after skirting the opposite side of the plain empties itself into the Acheron at a small distance from its mouth below the village of Tcheuknides. Having passed this marsh, not without some danger of suffocation, we found in the midst of a beautiful grove, not a palaiò-castro as we had been led to expect, but an ancient Greek church and the remains of a monastery dedicated to St. George: it was built probably during the troublesome times of the Lower Empire, like many of our English convents, in this inaccessible situation, for the sake of security. From hence we toiled over the roots of the Tzamouriot hills to a lake whose superfluous waters are carried off by a catabothron or subterranean channel into the great marsh near Porto Phanari; but this we soon perceived was not the lake of which we were in search; we therefore made towards a high projecting point of land, at the extremity of which, overlooking the plain, stands the deserted monastery of St. John, built within the peribolus of an ancient Greek temple of very fine Cyclopæan masonry†. The view from hence of the plain, with its majestic circle of mountains, of Porto Phanari and the Ionian Sea interspersed with islands is extremely beautiful. Nothing of the monastery is preserved but its chapel; at the altar we observed several pairs of crutches left there by credulous devotees, who ascribed the cure of their mala-

* Pausanias, in his description of the Acheron, intimates that the Cocytus also flows in the same plain—"πρὸς δὲ τῇ λικυρῇ λίμνῃ τε εἰν Ἀχερυσία καλεμένη, καὶ ποτάμιος Ἀχέρων ρεῖ δὲ καὶ Κωκύτος ὕδωρ ἀτερπέστατον," and no other river except the Acheron, now called the ποτάμι τῷ Σῶλι, and the Vavà is to be discovered in the Phanari. The very appellation Vavà (βαβα), which is an expression of grief or aversion, seems to strengthen the conjecture, and not only this, but the water of the Vavà exactly coincides with the expression ὕδωρ ἀτερπέστατον, for it flows slowly over a deep muddy soil, imbibing noxious qualities from innumerable weeds upon its banks, and forms greatest part of the Malaria of the plain.

† The specimen given in vol. i. p. 214, is taken from this peribolus.

dies to the miraculous intervention of the saint. Probably this very spot on which we stood was the great Necyomantéum, or place for evocation of the dead, so celebrated in the early periods of Grecian history; for it is close to Cichyrus, and Cichyrus was the very capital of Aidoneus. Herodotus informs us that it stood amongst the Thesprotians on the banks of Acheron, and at the same time relates a curious story of Periander tyrant of Corinth, who sent hither to consult the shade of his wife Melissa*. Pausanias also makes mention of it, and says that the adventure of Orpheus was referred by some to a journey which the poet made to this oracular shrine for evoking the spirit of Eurydice.

A papas or priest, who was well acquainted with the topography of the place, pointed out to us the real situation of the Acherusian Lake, which appeared at this distance like a small copse of underwood: he offered at the same time to conduct us thither by the nearest route, as the roads along this part of the Phanari are difficult and dangerous, on account of numerous bogs and marshes. Before we proceeded with our intelligent guide in this direction, we accompanied him to a very ancient palaið-castro, about half a mile distant behind the convent, the walls of which, though for the most part they lie in a confused mass of ruin, may be distinctly traced in a circular figure; those parts which remain perfect exhibiting a specimen of masonry apparently more rude even than Tiryns itself, though the blocks used in the construction are not of so large dimensions. The annexed sketch will give the reader some idea of their antiquity.

* Herod. lib. v. c. 92. πέμψαντι γὰρ οἱ εἰς Θεσπρωτὸς ἐπ' Ἀχέροντα ποταμὸν ἀγγέλλας ἐπὶ τὸ Νεκρομαντήιον, &c. Βωοτ. c. xxx. 3.



Ancient Cyclopean Wall at Cichyrus or Ephyre.

I suppose this to have been the ancient city of Cichyrus or Ephyre, not only from the situation assigned to it by Thucydides in the passage above quoted, but from one of Strabo, which on several accounts is worthy of insertion :

Ἐπειτα ἄκρα Χειμέριον καὶ Γλυκὺς λιμὴν, εἰς ὃν ἐμβάλλει ὁ Ἀχέρων ποταμὸς, ῥέων ἐκ τῆς Ἀχερυσίας λίμνης, καὶ δεχόμενος πλείους ποταμοὺς ὥς τε καὶ γλυκαίνειν τὸν κόλπον· ῥεῖ δὲ καὶ Θύαμις πλησίον· Ὑπέρκειται δὲ τὰ τε μὲν τῷ κόλπῳ Κίχυρος, ἢ πρότερον Εφύρα, πόλις Θεσπρωτῶν· τῷ δὲ κατὰ Βαθρῶν ἢ Φοινίκη· ἐγγὺς δὲ τῆς Κιχύρος πολίχνην Βεχάϊον Κασσωπαίων, μικρὸν ὑπὲρ τῆς Θαλάττης ὃν καὶ Ελάτρια, καὶ Πανδοσία, καὶ Βάτιαι ἐν μεσογαίᾳ. (L. vii. p. 324.)

The district anciently called Elaiatis, from the olive trees it produced, and in which Ephyre was situated, is still noted for the excellence of that plant which confers so many benefits upon the human race. The city was anciently celebrated for its poisons, in search of which Ulysses is brought here by Homer. It is said to have been taken and its king Phileus slain by Hercules (Od. α. 259, β. 328. Diod. Sic. l. 1. p. 281), and within its walls, according to Pausanias, Theseus and Pirithous were kept as prisoners of war by King Aidoneus, after the failure of their attempt to carry off the beauteous Proserpine. Pirithous died in confinement; but Theseus was liberated at the intercession of Hercules, probably in return for some service performed, or in token of hospitality, according to a custom still prevalent in these semi-barbarous countries.

Returning to the monastery we descended into the plain, and having

crossed the Cocytus by a lofty stone bridge, arrived at length upon the borders of the Acherusian Lake. Its site is only to be discovered by the willows and alders, intermingled with reeds and all sorts of aquatic plants, which grow to a great height and almost entirely choke up the water. Yet there are many channels in this morass through which the peasants pass in boats for the purpose of cutting reeds and faggots, catching eels of an immense size, and taking the eggs or young of wild fowl. Its length from the spot where it absorbs the waters of the Acheron till it again discharges them is nearly two miles. It emits no pestilential vapour, although the malaria in all parts of the plain of Phanari is very abundant, from the great accumulation of vegetable matter and stagnant water: its destructive effects are perceptible in the sallow and emaciated countenances of the surrounding peasantry. Hence probably it was that the ancients, ignorant of the natural causes of disease, transferred the miasmata of the plain to the Plutonian Lake, and represented it as emitting a deadly effluvia.

It has been made a subject of discussion how this lake received its appellation, as well as the Acheron and Cocytus, or how this particular district became celebrated for the residence of Pluto and Charon, and for other circumstances intimately connected with Grecian fable. The general conclusion has been that the early Greeks established these topographical situations of the infernal rivers and the mansions of the dead on the utmost verge of civilized Europe, and as population increased, constantly placed them further westward “*πρὸς ἀναὰν ἐσπέρας θιῖν*,” that being the direction in which civilization extended itself. But on this point I rather incline to the opinion of Mr. Bryant, who supposes that the Cuthite or Ammonian colonists in the different places to which they emigrated established not only the idolatrous rites but the appellations also of various districts of the Memphian plains, those regions so fertile in all the gloomy horrors of Egyptian superstition. Hence it is that we find an Acherusia in Pontus, from whence Hercules was supposed to have brought up Cerberus from the shades below:

(Diod. Sic. lib. xiv.) an Acheron in Apulia, where Alexander King of Epirus lost his life through the ambiguity of an oracle: an Avernus and Cocytus on the Campanian shores: an Acheron in Elis, mentioned by Strabo, connected with the worship of Pluto, Ceres, and Proserpine, and another celebrated by Apollonius Rhodius, in the territory of the Mariandyni. The region around the catacombs of Egypt was called the Acherusian or Acheronian plain*: here the bodies of kings and princes were deposited in superb mausoleums; here also stood temples in which the rites of fire-worship were exercised, expiatory sacrifices performed, and judgment passed upon the characters of the deceased. As these dark and silent abodes were inviolable, and the daring intruder would have met with certain punishment, the Egyptians were anxious to be entombed there, and it became a general custom to transport the bodies of their friends to this burial place; for which purpose it was necessary to pass over the lakes and canals which separated it from Memphis, which were cut originally to convey materials for the construction of that ancient city, and received their names from the temples on their banks. Hence arose the notion of the infernal rivers, of the judgment of Minos and Rhadamanthus, and of Charon's fee†, which was a remuneration paid to the ferryman of a temple on the brink of a canal, and which, small as it was, must have augmented greatly the revenue of the priests. The beauty of the plains beyond the catacombs, intersected by canals which covered them with luxuriant foliage and eternal verdure, gave rise to the Elysian fields and the mansions of the blessed. Orpheus, Homer, and the early poets of Greece, conversant as they were with the ceremonies of Egypt, and acquainted with its topo-

* Diodorus Sic. lib. i.

† The Egyptian Acheron is also mentioned in some ancient Sibylline verses quoted by Clem. Alexand. Cohort. p. 44.

† This fee amongst the Greeks was an obolus put into the mouth of the deceased. "Ὡς ἐπειδὴν τι ἀποθάνῃ τῶν οἰκείων, πρῶτα μὲν φέροντες ὀβολὸν ἐς τὸ στόμα κατέθηκαν αὐτῷ μισθὸν τῷ πορθμῇ τῆς ναυτιλίας γενησομένον. (Luc. Dial. de Luctu.)

graphy, immortalized both in their noble poetry, and the Ammonian colonists, addicted to the religion of their native country, instituted similar rites and attached similar names to certain situations in the regions to which they emigrated.

That an Ammonian colony of Cyclopes settled in Thesprotia seems evident from the very ancient Cyclopéan walls which we discovered in the neighbourhood; and, as was the case at Hermione, which we know to have been a Cyclopéan foundation and to have contained an Acherusian lake with a temple dedicated to Pluto, (Pausan. l. ii. c. 35.) so it is probable that they built here a temple to the same God (that is, to Achor-on, the sun, under the title of Orcus or Pluto) and instituted the rites of fire-worship in his honour*. These subjects however I am very ready to confess are far beyond my comprehension, and their elucidation requires an extensive knowledge of Oriental languages and mythology.

Leaving the Acherusian lake we bent our steps towards the ruins of Buchetium, which are about one mile distant: they are situated upon a beautiful conical rock near the right bank of the Acheron, and the Cyclopéan walls, constructed with admirable exactitude in the second style of ancient masonry, still remain in a high state of preservation: they have served in many places for the substruction of more modern ramparts built by the Catalans or some other tribes who have possessed the country; “mean reparations upon mighty ruins.” In some parts this ancient work remains to the height of ten or fifteen feet, containing several fine towers and gateways. Two regular lines encircle the hill, one at the bottom and another near the top, which latter encloses also a fort or citadel: at the bottom, on the south side, run out some strong transverse lines, between which the modern village stands,

* The learned reader is desired to take notice that the wife of Periander, whose shade that tyrant sent to invoke in the Acherontian Necyomanteum was named *Melissa*; and he is referred to vol. i. p. 377 of this work for some elucidation of this circumstance, which tends to strengthen the conjectures that have been here formed respecting the origin of these rites and ceremonies and names.

called Castri, the inhabitants of which having perhaps never seen a Frank before, flocked around us in great numbers and annoyed us much by their curiosity.

I have no doubt but that this city is the ancient Buchetium, from the situation assigned it, near to Ephyre, by Strabo in the passage above quoted, as well as from its appearance, which seems to have been the origin of its appellation. The curious and effectual manner of its fortifications admirably adapted it as a place of security for the confinement of prisoners: its utility in this point of view seems to have struck the Epirotian allies of the Roman consul, M. Fulvius Nobilior, who in the first instance thought of sending hither some Ætolian ambassadors whom they had captured near the island of Cephallenia, though they afterwards immured them in the fortress of Charadra*. Perhaps a better specimen of ancient military architecture no where exists than that which this castellated hill exhibits: it is picturesque in the highest degree, and is surrounded by four other conical mounds embellished with Albanian villages, and rising like isolated rocks above the level surface of a calm sea: there can be no doubt but that the salt waves once beat against them: at that time what a magnificent scene must this inland gulf, surrounded by its mountain barriers, have displayed!

From hence our road lay chiefly along the banks of the Acheron which here becomes a fine pellucid river of no contemptible magnitude. The shades of night closed around us long before we arrived at our tent, which being lighted up by lamps within, not only served as a beacon to direct us in our path, but gave us comfortable assurance of an excellent meal after the fatigues of the day. Upon our arrival we were not disappointed. Antonietti had well employed his talents in the culinary art, and the wine of Paramithia is excellent. The old governor, who accepted our invitation to dinner, forgot the rigid rules of

* See Polybius (lib. xxvii. c. 9) who calls it Buchetum.

Mahometanism when he tasted it, and we sat to a late hour discussing the battles of Suli and the glory of Ali Pasha. As we expressed our intention of sleeping under the tent, the commandant ordered out all the garrison, which consisted of about sixty Albanians, directing them to kindle several large fires, and bivouac upon the spot; intimating at the same time that if the least harm should happen to us the vizir would put every soul of them to death. In this manner we went to rest surrounded by those wild mountaineers, and lulled by the murmurs of the Acherontian waves. As the novelty of this situation kept me some time awake, I arose from my bed and seated myself at the door of the tent, to contemplate a scene so full of interest. The night was calm and tranquil, the air so clear, and the stars so bright, that I could easily discern the grand broken outline of the Suliot hills, with their craggy precipices and castellated forts: the lower regions were involved in deepest gloom, except where the broad stream of Acheron reflected the red glare of our Albanian watch-fires: these rendered a considerable space around the tent as bright as day, including the prostrate columns of the Plutonian temple and the tottering walls of San Donato, on which were delineated the portraits of ancient saints and martyrs, and other subjects taken from superstition's legends. Not the least interesting objects in the scene were the Albanian guards, stretched upon the bare ground, with ataghans and pistols in their belts, and sheltered from the dews of night by their thick fleecy capotes: couched at their feet lay a great number of large Molossian dogs, their faithful companions both in peace and war.

In this calm of nature and silence of the night my mind strayed back to scenes of historic interest, and cast a retrospective glance over the strange events which had occurred upon this theatre during the successive ages of mankind. It was a spot which Mythology had selected as the scene of her wildest fantasies, and in the innermost recesses of these mountains Ambition's cruel satellites had forced the last holds of Gre-

cian Liberty. Deeply impressed with the fatal effects of tyranny and the still more degrading vassalage to which superstition subjects her votaries, I took up my journal and threw together a few thoughts by way of poetical address to the Acheron, which was flowing near my feet: the reader will probably pardon its insertion, since I have not before obtruded any similar effusions upon his notice.

The sun is set, and solemn silence reigns
 Above, around, on Acherusia's plains;
 Save where on Suliot hills the watch-dogs bay
 Some tawny robber prowling for his prey,
 Or distant Acheron from rock to rock
 Bounds with impetuous force and thundering shock.
 Hail Acheron! thou dark mysterious stream!
 Hail! tho' thy terrors like a frightful dream
 Be vanish'd: tho' the fearless eagle soar
 In circling flight around th' Aornian shore,
 And sear with rapid lightnings of his eye
 The tender broods that in thy coverts lie:
 Tho' thy transparent waves no longer glide
 Beneath the granite temple's lofty pride;
 Nor the black victim with his reeking blood
 Stain the bright surface of that crystal flood,
 Which plunging headlong to Tartarean night
 Sprang back in horror to the realms of light,
 Still hail immortal stream! thy mystic name
 Shines in the records of Hellenic fame:
 And he whose soul the flame of genius fires,
 Whom rapture loves, or solemn thought inspires,
 On the green margin of thy waves reclin'd
 May tune to meditation sweet his mind,
 Or 'mid thy sounding rocks and roaring flood,
 Dark Suli's crags and Kiaffa's night of wood,
 From Fancy's treasure steal ideal bliss,
 And call thy spirits from their dark abyss,
 While to Imagination's mirror true
 Dim shadows of past ages start to view;
 Ages that toil'd to Glory's height sublime,
 Then floated downward on the stream of time;

That noiseless stream which on its current bears
All human joys and grandeur, woes and cares;
Still rolling onward to a shoreless sea,
The boundless ocean of Eternity.

When I retired to rest, the objects which had employed my waking thoughts still continued to occupy my dreams, and a strange species of pantomimic scenery presented itself to my imagination, wherein Pluto and Proserpine, Hercules, Theseus, and Pirithous, Roman conquerors and Greek priests, Ali Pasha and San Donato, with Cerberus and the old Dragon, all played conspicuous characters. These personages, after various evolutions, were collected together, as I thought, upon the steepest crags of Suli, where the rock suddenly opening and vomiting forth a tremendous flame, they were all swallowed up in the unfathomable abyss. I awoke with horror, and found that the sun had been a long time above the horizon and was darting his fervid rays upon the tent immediately over my head. We now arose and prepared for our ascent up the defile. After bidding adieu to our worthy host, and distributing a present among the garrison, who continued to pay us the compliment of firing off their pistols till we were out of sight, we advanced almost as far as the village of Glyky, then crossed the Acheron by a ford, and soon entered into the vast and gloomy chasm of the Cassopæan mountains. The scenery increased in grandeur as we proceeded, and the pass was bordered on each side by perpendicular rocks, broken into every form of wild magnificence: through these some terrible convulsion of nature had opened a passage for the Acheron, whose waters thundering along their deep and rocky bed, formed, as they fell from crag to crag, a tumultuous kind of melody, admirably in unison with the scene. As the notes of a bugle-horn, which we blew at intervals during our ascent, were reverberated in long protracted echoes among the cavities of the defile, I almost expected to see a spectre starting from the dark abyss, and addressing us in the words of the poet:

Adsum atque advenio Acheronte vix via alta atque ardua
 Per speluncas saxeis structas asperis pendentibus
 Maxumis; ubi rigida constat crassa caligo Inferum,
 Unde animæ excitantur obscura umbra aperto ostio
 Alti Acherontis.

Ennii fr. Cic. T. Q. l. i. 16.

In two hours we arrived at the bottom of the huge precipice of Kiaffa, whose summits are crowned by the grand serai and forts of the pasha. Here the deep valley of the Acheron takes a bend to the right, and a tributary stream flows through a similar chasm on the left, from the Paramithian district: we recrossed the river and began to ascend a narrow winding path cut on the side of precipices, so narrow as not to admit two persons to ride abreast: a very small number of men might here stop the advance of an army. In less than half an hour we arrived in sight of Kiaffa, which was one of the four principal towns in the Suliot district, and at a greater distance on the left perceived Kako-Suli itself, the capital of the republic, now almost entirely reduced to ruins; then passing under the fort of Kunghi, which the monk Samuel blew up into the air by setting fire to the magazine, we came under the heights and in view of the grand serai and fortress: its battlements were lined with Albanian troops, who upon our appearance saluted us with a discharge of cannon and a feu de joie of small arms, the echo of which among the surrounding rocks and mountains was uncommonly fine. Leaving the deserted village of Kiaffa on the left we ascended by a narrow steep path to the castle gate, where we were received with another discharge of fire-arms and conducted by the governor's son, in the absence of his father, to the state apartments, which had been prepared for our reception, the commander of the fort at Glyky having sent forward an express the day before to give notice of our visit.

The singular and striking features of the wild mountain scenery around, kept us for a time almost breathless with astonishment: its huge broken masses, rocks, precipices, and chasms, appeared like the

ruins of a disjointed world, or like that picture of poetic confusion where Pelion, Ossa and Olympus are heaped upon each other by the arms of Titanic monsters. Strongly impressed with the novelty and sublimity of the view I endeavoured to delineate it from the window of the fortress at which we were seated : I got the outline correct, though I can lay but little claim to the beautiful representation of this curious district given in the annexed plate*; the reader will there observe that the highest mountains form the eastern barrier of the Paramithian plain. The ruined village reclining upon the height beneath them is the unfortunate Kako-Suli, once the capital of this republic; that which is partly seen in the vale below the castle is Kiaffa; and the tower in front which crowns a conical hill between the castle and Kako-Suli, is the fort of Aghia Paraskevì upon the top of Kunghi. After dinner, as the evening was delightful, I took a lonely walk in the environs of the castle, listening to the waving of the woods and distant murmurs of the Acheron amidst these impressive solitudes: as I went along connecting their scenes with objects of classical celebrity and peopling them with the imaginary personages of poetic fable, my eye was struck with something white near the path, which upon inspection I discovered to be several bones which had once belonged to a human skeleton: being in a musing humour I sat down upon the spot, whilst my thoughts turned to the calamities of this afflicted country and the heroic efforts made by those among her valiant sons of whom the skeleton before me might have been one: under this impression I covered it with stones and some green turf which I cut from the bank with my travelling sabre, repeating over it as the most appropriate requiem, those beautiful lines of our pathetic bard:

O for the death of those
Who for their country die!
Sink on her bosom to repose
And triumph where they lie!

* The fine finish of this is due to the pencil of Mr. Cockerell.

Unfortunate Suliots! the time may yet arrive when your example shall animate the great and good in the glorious contest for Liberty; when the association of your martial deeds shall shed an interest over these Acherontian rocks far above that which their connexion with a fabulous mythology can bestow; when the regenerated Muse of Greece shall deck in all the grace of language and imagery of fancy, those incidents which these pages have recorded in the plain garb of historical narration.

I extended my walk so far that it was nearly dark before I returned to the castle; there I found Mr. Parker with several of its inmates enjoying his pipe before an excellent fire, which the cold night air in this lofty mountainous region rendered almost indispensable. A fine young Albanian palikar gave us several animating descriptions of the Suliot contests, and promised next morning to point out the places where they occurred. When the evening was somewhat advanced our beds were spread out upon the splendid cushions of the divan and we retired to rest.

May 15.—Anxious to make my excursions as extensive as possible over these interesting scenes, I arose soon after the sun and inquired for the palikar who had promised to be my guide: but he was engaged in carrying out the dead body of one of his Albanian comrades who had shot himself in the night. This was the first time I ever had known or heard of the crime of suicide in this country. The incident however made very little impression upon the minds of the garrison, who seemed to think that any one to whom life became a burden had a right to throw it off at pleasure: no one could assign a reason for this rash act of the deceased, who had been observed of late to indulge in frequent fits of melancholy: he was a tried palikar, and had been deeply engaged in the Suliot wars: perhaps the acts which he was then obliged to perpetrate lay heavy on his soul; perhaps conscience shook over him her torturing lash in the dead hour of night, and some pale imaginary spectre of an innocent victim, like the Gardikiote

which disturbed the rest of Mustafà, drove sleep far away from his eyelids! Be this as it may, the manner of his death did not preclude the rites of Turkish burial: his corpse was placed under a shed adjoining the castle, whilst a sheik who lived in one of the repaired habitations of Kako-Suli, was sent for to perform the previous ablutions. When I returned from my early excursion I found the holy man arrived and busily occupied washing the body in a large trough with warm water and soap: he continued for two hours in this employment: the wound was just under the left breast and the ball had probably penetrated the very source of life: the countenance was void of distortion and retained that calm serenity in death which is said always to ensue from fatal wounds by gun-shot. After ablution the body was sewed up in a coarse cloth for interment in the cemetery at Kako-Suli.

When we had finished breakfast our host carried us round this fortified serai or castle, which is built upon a fine isolated cliff, commanding the various avenues of its mountainous district and frowning over the terrific chasm down which the Acheron pours an impetuous torrent. In style of architecture it is somewhat similar to the great palace of Litaritza; to which, although it yields in that part of the edifice which is destined for a serai, it is vastly superior in its corresponding fortifications. After we had taken a survey of the fortress I determined to pursue the best plan I could devise for observing the general configuration of this interesting tract of country, the direction of its mountain ridges and valleys, the course of its rivers, and its relative situation with regard to other districts. For this purpose I ascended with Antonietti and our obliging palikar to the highest summit of the great chain of mountains behind Kiaffa, which is called Raithovouni*. It was a labour of two hours to accomplish this task; but the extent and grandeur of the view when we arrived at the top fully recompensed us

* See the plate representing the exit of the Acheron.

for our toil. We could see from hence nearly the whole of Epirus, the Acroceraunian hills, the Lake of Ioannina, and the distant Pindus in its full extent: Arta with its lovely bay seemed to lie beneath us; all the scattered isles, rocks, and promontories of the Ionian Sea were brought into view: but the most interesting prospect was that of the Suliot district below us, the winding course of the Acheron, tremendous chasms and ravines into which the light of day can scarcely penetrate, precipices covered with thick woods and surmounted with forts and castles, and the beautiful Acherusian plain, through which the river, after its exit from these truly infernal regions, flows in the most graceful curvature towards the sea. Having provided myself with paper and pencil, I contrived to take that map-like sketch of the district which the reader has seen at the head of the sixth chapter in this volume*; but I experienced great difficulty in my operations from the violence of the wind. Our conductor pointed out the place where the traitor Botzari was defeated with his unworthy train, as well as many other spots signalized by the Suliot combats: but the cold was too excessive in this lofty region to permit of our remaining long on the summit, and we soon descended again to the castle. From thence I did not stir out again this evening, being greatly fatigued with my morning excursions.

* In this little sketch are the two following inaccuracies: Avarico and Samoniva ought to change places, and the river Bassa to be Vavà. These mistakes occurred from my residing at a distance from the engraver, and not seeing the vignettes before they were struck off.



Curious Grecian circular Arch in the Ruins near Camarina.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Suli—District called Laka—Forests of Oaks in the Route to Lelevo—Fire-flies—Route to Castri—Ruins—Albanian Wedding—Route to the Village of St. George—Enormous Plane Trees—River of Luro—Description of the great Aqueduct—Route to Eleftherochori—Bridge of the Pasheena—Greek Monastery—Route through the Woods of Arta—Guard of Albanian Peasantry—Dogana and Canal of Luro—Castle of Rogous—Serpents—Cangia—Traces of the Aqueduct—Luro—Arrival at Camarina—Captain Giannaki—Visit to the ancient Ruins at Rhiniassa—Cyclopéan Walls, Citadel, Theatre, Plan of the City, &c.—Route through Nicopolis to Prevesa—Visit to Ali Pasha's Frigate—Punta and Fortress—Excursions to Nicopolis and Santa Maura—Difficulty in procuring Means of Conveyance—Departure from Prevesa.

MAY 16.—We arose very early this morning, and having distributed a present among the garrison, departed through the castle gate under a farewell salute of artillery and muskets, accompanied by a small party

of Albanian palikars. We proceeded in the first instance to the almost deserted site of Kako-Suli, amidst whose ruined habitations a single Turkish mosque rears the crescent triumphant over the cross: from thence we returned upon our track, and passing through Kiaffa and Samoniva arrived at the village of Avarico, near the defile of Klissura, which is now commanded by the guns of the great fortress. The scenery here assumes every feature of awful magnificence, where the gloom of woods, the foaming of torrents, and the precipitous nature of the rocks cannot be surpassed. The road was so extremely rough and bad that we were obliged to descend from horseback and walk many miles of this day's journey. In about four hours we emerged from these gloomy Acherontian defiles where the mountain chain of Suli ends and the district called Laka commences. Here the river winds in the most tortuous course imaginable, making several peninsulas, in which the isthmus is not so broad as a stone's throw; on one of these spots we eat our dinner under the shade of a noble plane-tree, smoked our pipes, and slept for about an hour.

After this refreshment we parted with the Albanians and pursued our course for about an hour in a S. S. E. direction to the village of Jermi, which had been burnt by the vizir in his Suliot wars: from hence we had a charming view down a long valley quite to the gulf of Arta, in which the extreme softness of its features was rendered more pleasing by the contrast of that terrific scenery we had so lately quitted. In the course of another hour we took a more easterly direction over some low hills and then pursued our way under a magnificent canopy formed by the extended arms of aged oaks which appeared coeval with the forests of Dodona: here grows some of the finest timber in the world, still spared by the axe, which may yet be destined to bear the flag of regenerated Greece over the waves that now wash her desolated shores. After having performed a long journey under a brilliant sun, the coolness of these over-arching groves was quite delightful. The evening shades had descended before we arrived at Lelevo, a large village

pleasantly situated in a fertile plain nearly covered with walnut-trees of an astonishing growth: under the branches of one of these which shaded the cottage of our host, we spread out and eat our supper as under a tent, whilst myriads of luciole, or fire-flies, flitting about in all directions, gave us almost sufficient light by their vivid corruscations. I never observed this insect at any other time or any other place in Greece. In the village of Lelevo cherry-trees are very abundant, and its pastures are most luxuriant; the cattle are generally of a white colour.

Next morning we made an excellent breakfast upon cow's milk, this being the only time we had met with it since we left England. The village, according to vulgar tradition, is said to have received its appellation from the devil, who was caught here in the shape of a black dog by a necromancer, who constructed the kamares, as they are called, or the great aqueduct of Nicopolis. The conjuror having tied an enchanted cord round the neck of his prisoner, forced him to labour in this great work and to point out a level for the direction of the water; but in the long struggle which took place before the black architect could be subdued, he made all the hills resound with cries of Lelevo, which, in the Albanian language, means "loose me," or "let me go;" and hence the name of the village. Mr. Pouqueville having informed us of the extreme beauty of the aqueduct and pointed out its situation, we determined to deflect a little from our route for the purpose of visiting it.

Proceeding for about one hour south along the plain of Lelevo we arrived at the ruins of an ancient Epirotic city, called Castri, upon the top of a beautiful hill almost two miles in circuit. The lower part of the walls are built in the Pseudo-Cyclopæan style, and like most ruins in this country, exhibit remains of a superstructure of a much more modern date. This hill is covered with a vast variety of fine shrubs and trees, which, intermingled with wild flowers and parasitical plants hanging in festoons from the branches, or clinging to the ancient

walls, would make it a most delightful retreat, did not danger lurk within its recesses from the troops of brigands that frequently make it their head quarters: in the rooms of a deserted monastery we observed the remains of several fires over which these gentry had probably been dividing their booty or regaling themselves after the toils of their profession. Whilst my friend and myself, having left our attendants at the monastery, were ranging about the turfy terraces and entangled thickets, we were somewhat alarmed at hearing a long but interrupted fire of musketry at the bottom of the hill, and began to think we had been too rash in penetrating without invitation into the haunts of robbers; but upon advancing to that side whence the noise proceeded, we discovered the retinue of an Albanian wedding in full procession returning from a village church. The bride was seated astride upon a horse led by the bridegroom; she was accompanied by several of her own sex with a great crowd of men, all of whom at stated times fired off their pistols and muskets in honour of the festive ceremony. After having watched this merry train till they were hid by an intervening hill, we returned to the monastery without having discovered any inscription or other relic which might guide us to a knowledge of the site of Castri. In a wall of the convent chapel we observed a very fine piece of marble cornice which probably once adorned some ancient temple. Winding down the hill we took a direction nearly north-east, and in about an hour arrived on the banks of the river of Luro (Ποτάμι τῆς Λέρο) which some have called the Charadrus and others the Inachus, upon the very fallible authority of Meletius, for that river took its rise in Pindus and flowed near the Amphiloichian Argos. I cannot find it mentioned by any ancient author; but its beauty is so great that I am surprised it has not been more particularized. The platani upon its banks even force one to credit all the assertions respecting the astonishing age to which these trees are said to attain: from their size and venerable appearance one might almost suppose they had wit-

nessed the reign of Pyrrhus, the celebration of the Augustan victory and the devastations of the ferocious Attila. Many of them are quite decayed, standing as it were by means of their bark, and would contain at least twenty men within their hollow trunks. Having ascended up the stream about two miles north, we crossed it over a natural bridge of rock, beneath which the torrent, compressed into a narrow channel, roars like distant thunder under the feet of the passenger. The village of Aghio Giorgios, or St. George, stands upon a rocky eminence on the left bank, shaded with luxuriant foliage, and at a little distance above it are two fine rows of arches built of Roman brick thrown across the valley of the river Luro. The children of this place had probably never seen a foreigner before, for they ran from us screaming with all their might and main as if we had been monsters. Under the conduct of the papas, who was only to be distinguished from the poorest peasant by his beard, we visited the fountain, whose abundant source springing out of a hard rock, once supplied the great city of Nicopolis with water at the distance of near forty miles from the spot. It is now diverted from its former channel and falls over rocks in a broad picturesque cascade into the river. This water is said to possess certain poisonous qualities: all our party sipped a little of it, and certainly each person retained a very disagreeable taste in his mouth for several hours afterwards. It must surely have changed its nature since the time when the Romans taught it to flow in its artificial channel; or else it may have deposited its nauseous ingredients in so long and circuitous a course. Descending from this spring to the high bank of the river we observed a deep broad channel cut in the rock, but now dry, which led to the first row of arches thrown over the valley: I am unable to conjecture what reason could have induced the architect to carry on this channel for about fifty yards further to meet another aqueduct built in a style of greater elegance than the former, with which it formed an angle on the opposite side of the river. If it had

been to increase the volume of water one would suppose that might have been done at a much less expence by enlarging the channel of the first. As it is, the ruins of these two aqueducts, formed with double rows of arches, bestriding the clear pellucid stream whose banks are covered with the most splendid foliage, form a scene which is both novel and picturesque. We descended down to the bed of the river, and having eat our dinner under one of the alcoves, we afterwards examined every part of the ruins in search of an inscription which Mr. Pouqueville had informed us might be seen, but without success. We then ascended to the top of the aqueduct to view the fine scenery which the upper region of this superb valley affords in the most agreeable combination of woods and rocks and water that can be imagined. On one of the mountains that decorate the right bank of the river we observed a channel cut in its side into which the water was conveyed by the arches just described: its height is between four and five feet and its breadth nearly three: its form may be known from the section here represented.



It is covered with a very fine stucco, and the external wall, where the rock was cut away, is generally supported by small buttresses: it has been broken open in many places, and was distinguishable in its windings along the side of several hills which we passed in our ride from Castri*.

* In a country not thoroughly explored, it must always be gratifying to a reader to compare the accounts of different travellers: for this reason I give an extract from one of Mr. Jones's letters relating to the tract we have just passed over. The letter addressed to Ali Pasha alluded to at the end, is one which I wrote to the vizir in fulfilment of a promise which he exacted of me to give him a short detail of our adventures from his dominions to our native land.

" From Eleftherochori we sent forward our baggage to Lelevo, and proceeded ourselves by a different route, in order to visit the remains of the noble aqueduct which brought water to the city of Nicopolis from a distance of forty miles. We sent two of our guards with the luggage, and took old Yusuf Aga to accompany us. Indeed we were guards to ourselves, being armed à l'Albanaise with our sabres by our sides and pistols in our belts, which by the bye would have been sufficient to have got us murdered had we been really attacked.

Having satisfied our curiosity we remounted our horses and departed by a different route, nearly south, leaving the river winding through

"At the village of St. George the aqueduct crosses the Charadrus by two rows of arches which join at an angle on the other side the valley: twelve arches are in a perfect state in one of these branches, with twelve others above them of considerable size: the one which is thrown over the principal body of the river is at least forty feet in span by thirteen in breadth. The view up the Charadrus from the top of the broken arches, which I ascended, is imitatively grand: I endeavoured to make a sketch of it, but the rain fell so fast that my pencil was quite useless. At about fifty yards below the aqueduct the river runs under the rocks in a most curious manner, and washes the roots of the largest plane-trees in the world: we measured one and found it twelve yards in circumference, but we afterwards saw others of much larger dimensions. Having contemplated this charming scenery till we were drenched with rain we proceeded to the ruins of some ancient town called Castri, and from thence to Lelevo. From Lelevo to Suli is an interesting ride; but just as we were going to set out, a Turkish officer of the vizir's waited upon us, and told us that the road was not safe with so small a guard; and as we deemed prudence the best part of courage, we determined to take another and rather a longer route, and got by night to a village called Roumano. The best house in the village was a miserable hut. We therefore pitched our tent on the side of the mountain, which is called Voutzi, having mount Oltzika immediately in front of us to the north-east. Soon after we arrived the inhabitants brought us by the horus a large goat, which we begged might be exchanged for a kid; this was quickly produced, and roasted whole by a large fire of wood close to our tent door. The Turk sitting cross-legged and turning the kid on a large wooden spit, with the wild looking Albanians on one side of the fire, and old Yusuf Aga, with our other guards, on the other side, formed a curious scene, and would have afforded no bad subject for a painting.

"We struck our tent early next morning, and ascending the mountain, entered into the extraordinary regions of the Suliotcs, rendered celebrated by the noble defence these brave mountaineers made against the arms of Ali. We remained here a day, and went through some of the finest scenery in the world to see the renowned river Acheron enter the great Suliot chasm. Next day we descended into this chasm on our way to Glyky, where Ali has a fort, and from thence traced the river up to the Acherusian Lake, near which we visited the ruins of some old Greek town, to which Mr. Hughes gives the name of Ephyre.

"Returning again to Glyky, we traversed the great and fertile plain of Paramithia to the fine Turkish town of that name. From hence I meant to have crossed the river Kalamas, the Thyamis of antiquity, to have visited the ruins of Pandosia, on the banks of that river, and to have proceeded from thence to Philatis and Delvino; but as we had not a bouyouree of the Pasha's (he being at Triccala) we did not think it prudent. We therefore took the road to Ioannina, visiting on our way the ruins of Cassopæa, where there is a theatre of beautiful Grecian architecture, the largest and most perfect existing in the country.

"On our arrival at Ioannina we found the vizir returned from Triccala. We had sent forward a servant from the village of Borelesa with our letters to Signore Colovo, his secretary, and upon our arrival found the house of Mr. G. Foresti, the British minister, prepared for our reception (he being in England). In the evening Signore Colovo waited upon us from the vizir, to compliment us upon our arrival, and to know whether we were pleased with our house, &c. Next morning he waited upon us again to say the vizir was ready to receive us, and we accompanied him to the palace, where we were received by Ali in what is called his secret chamber. We found him seated on his divan quite unattended except by a few Albanian guards outside the door. The room had but few ornaments, and was by no means so splendid as some which I have since seen. He received us with an inclination of the body, putting his hand upon his heart with much grace and dignity, which is the Eastern manner of salutation. After our letters of introduction had been read, he expressed much pleasure at seeing us in Ioannina, hoped that we had met with no difficulties on the road from Prevesa, and asked if we were comfortably lodged, &c. &c. As we were drinking our coffee and smoking our long Turkish

a valley on our right. In less than an hour however it again crossed our path, at a spot where there is a very handsome bridge, called "The Bridge of the Pasheena," because it was built by the wife of Hassan Pasha of Ioanina: it is shaded by magnificent platani and elms, to which the vines are married, and hang around them in the most graceful festoons. We continued our journey in a direction S. S. W. through a kind of prairie, covered with the richest verdure and adorned with every species of flower and tree that can add beauty or grandeur to a scene. The road soon led us between two ruined and almost contiguous churches built of large Roman brick, and in the very best style of that masonry: greatest part of their walls are still standing covered with ivy and vines, and shaded by trees of astonishing magnitude; one of the oaks measured twenty-seven feet five inches in girth, at the distance of a yard from the ground; but I saw others which appeared much larger: the leaves too of these trees were of greater size than usual, indicating the extraordinary fertility of the soil.

Our guides informed us that the larger church belonged to a monastery, in which there once dwelt a hundred caloyers; and the foundations of a more extensive edifice, apparent in the adjoining grove, seemed to confirm their evidence. In this church there is a finely built

pipes, he asked us several questions respecting Lord Byron, Major Leake, Hobhouse, Hughes, &c. I delivered to him Hughes's letter, with which he seemed much pleased, and asked me a great many questions about him and his friend Mr. Parker.

"You already know the character of this man.

- - - - - 'A man of war and woes;
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.'

"He can make his countenance one of the most pleasing and alluring that I have ever seen, and had I not known his character, I should have pronounced him the most humane sovereign in the world. He showed us great attention and kindness, and promised us horses and every thing else necessary for our journey to any part we pleased to visit. I should have told you that he asked a great many questions about Dr. Holland. He took me for a bishop!—General Campbell, I suppose, had contrived some fun of this kind in his letter to him. So much for our visit to the great Ali Pasha."

cupola, and the figures of saints and martyrs are not quite obliterated from the walls.

In a little less than one hour from this spot we passed through the village of Philippiada, whose miserable huts are constructed of hurdles, and soon afterwards arrived at Eleftherochori, on the great plain of Arta, where we intended to sleep. This village is but one degree better than Philippiada, but we were too much fatigued to find fault with our lodging.

Next morning we breakfasted, as at Lelevo, upon delicious milk, and then resumed our march, accompanied by about twenty of the villagers armed with muskets, to escort us through the deep woods of Arta, which lay in this day's journey. At the distance of about a mile from the village we entered these magnificent groves which extend for many leagues along the gulf, covering mountains, valleys, and plains with their umbrageous shade. They are the resort of numerous brigands, who for a time escape the hand of justice amidst their deep recesses. To guard us from a sudden attack our Albanian palikars spread themselves all around, running about with incredible agility, and affording a most picturesque spectacle as they threaded the bushes and thickets, calling out to each other in their uncouth tongue, and firing off at intervals their pistols and muskets. In a little more than an hour we arrived at a spot where the river of Luro emerges from these thick covers, near a large wooden bridge and dogana, where the boats come up from Prevesa, and all articles of merchandise pay a duty before they enter the canal, which the vizir has cleared out, and which joins the new road from Arta to Ioannina*. Here we heard such alarming reports concerning the robbers that Mustafâ thought it his duty to send for a large reinforcement of palikars from the village of Mahmet Chaoush, which lay about a mile distant. In the course of an hour they arrived with the codgiâ-bashee at their

* See vol. i. p. 435.

head. Being thus secured, we again penetrated into the thickest part of the wood, and were greatly amused by the evolutions of the Albanians, who having divided themselves into two sets, exhibited a species of mimic warfare, one party retreating and the other advancing by turns; whilst their shouts and the report of their fire-arms echoed finely all around. In less than half an hour we saw the ruins of an immense fortress, called the Castle of Rogous, surmounting a noble eminence, and said to be a general place of rendezvous for the banditti of these regions. In spite of this we determined to explore it, since we felt assured that the noise of our guard must have scared away any robbers that might be skulking within; or if not, we should probably be more than a match for them: accordingly we turned up a narrow path on the left hand, and having passed the ruins of some ancient outworks, soon arrived in front of the castle itself. We entered by a fine ruined gateway, and found it to consist of three courts, each diminishing in size. The lower part of the walls exhibit a very excellent specimen of the ancient Pseudo-Cyclopéan masonry, and support a superstructure of comparatively modern date, but of much better workmanship than we before observed in any reparation of ancient fortifications. It is washed to the south and west by the river of Luro, which is here both broad and deep, and makes almost a perfect right angle in its course: on both these sides we found beautiful terraces, raised above the river, commanding a charming prospect of the Ambracian Gulf, and covered with a turf as soft as velvet, where a thousand wild flowers dyed the ground with various hues, whilst the castle walls were literally hid by ivy and parasitical plants. On the other side, the view extending over spacious woods comprehending hills and valleys in their circuit, out of which appeared the blue peaks of mountains rising aloft into the air, was, if possible, still more delightful. The style of building indicates three different æras, that of the ancient Grecian, the Roman, and the more modern Frank. Many rooms in this fortress are still in a tolerable state of perfection; in

the largest court stands a monastery and chapel, which was occupied by some monks till these holy fathers were dispossessed by the banditti: we observed many marks of the latter tenants on the smoke-stained walls of the half-ruined apartments, but we met not with a living creature except two or three large serpents that were basking amidst the ruins. Our Albanians had killed several of these reptiles in the woods: one of them was of a most extraordinary form, about four feet in length, having a head as large as a child's fist and diminishing gradually in thickness to the tail, which tapered in a point: the scales upon the back were of a dark green, each single scale extending quite across the body of the animal, and lapping one over the other: I think I never saw a more disgusting monster. Many such are now bred in these marshy regions of Epirus, from which the arts of cultivation have been so long banished.

Regarding the identity of this fortress I think there can be little doubt but that it was the ancient castle called Charadra or Charadnes*, celebrated in this district as a place of security, and on that account selected for the confinement of the Ætolian ambassadors, instead of Buchetium, by the Epirotic allies of the Roman consul. This place was chosen by Philip King of Macedonia as a rendezvous for his army, which he transported over the Ambracian gulf into Acarnania, after his ill-advised siege and capture of Ambracust†. Its distance is three hours from Arta, and nine or ten from Prevesa.

Leaving the ruins we still proceeded for more than two hours under the delightful shade of these thick woods, through spacious alleys which had lately been cleared by orders of the vizir: We emerged

* Polyb. Hist. lib. xxii. c. 9.

Probably however this latter appellation may be a false reading in the copies of Polybius, or it may mean the river from which the castle took its name, just as the Charadra, a fortress in Phocis, derived its title from a river Charadrus. Pausan. l. x c. xxxiii. 3.

† 'Αυτὸς δ' ἀγαλαβὼν τὴν δυνάμιν, προῆγε παρὰ Χαράδραν, σπεύδων διαβῆναι τὸν Ἀμβρακικὸν καλόμενον κόλπον· ὅς τε ἐνστάτος ἐστὶ κατὰ τὸ τῶν Ἀκαρνάνων ἱερὸν, καλόμενον Ἀκτιον. Polyb. l. iv.

from their coverts into a fine opening in which stands the romantic village of Cangia, where we found a young Albanian captain, son of Giannaki, the governor of Camarina, waiting our arrival with his troop of palikars. He had received orders to this effect, and had been at his post for the last four days. Here then we dismissed our villagers, after having distributed amongst them a sufficient remuneration for their trouble and loss of time. We remained about two hours to dine, and found the wine of this village remarkably good.

As we left Cangia we perceived the aqueduct of Nicopolis on the side of a long mountain to the west of the village, and traced it for more than a mile: the wood now became less thick, and the trees broken into clumps. Having passed the ruins of a small Hellenic fortress on the right and a fountain of exquisite beauty, full of large fish, on the left of the road, we arrived in about one hour at Luro, a miserable village, with huts built of mud and twigs: it has a considerable square fortress built by the vizir in his Suliot wars, but falling rapidly into decay. From hence we turned into a direction north north-west, and in three hours more arrived at the beautiful village of Camarina, where we were received into the house of the worthy Captain Giannaki. This was without exception the most gentlemanly Albanian we ever met with: there was a commanding dignity, mixed with great urbanity, in his countenance and manners, that is seldom seen amongst any people: he is one of the oldest and most esteemed of the vizir's friends, and is very celebrated for his valour and good conduct.

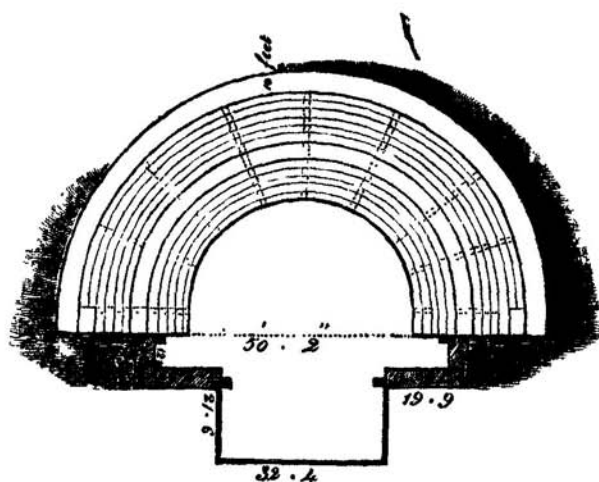
Camarina* is charmingly situated upon fine eminences, intermingled with trees, gardens, and vineyards, and commands a noble view of the Gulf of Arta, the Acarnanian mountains, the Ionian Sea with its islands, and the isthmus of Nicopolis lying, as it were, below it. Still higher up the fine hill upon which Camarina stands are the

* Its name is probably derived from *καμάρα*, an arch, as it is situated nearer the great aqueduct of Nicopolis; or it may be a corruption of Comarina, from the gulf of Comarus, which lies only a few miles distant.

spacious ruins of an ancient Greek city, called Rhiniassa, where formerly stood in all probability the city of Elatria, belonging to the district of the Cassopæi. Being fatigued by our journey, we deferred the inspection of them till the morning. The house of the governor was large, and so also was his family: his eldest son, who commanded our escort, had been married some years, and lived under the same roof with his father: the family was of the Greek religion, but the same reverence was paid to its chief as amongst Mahometans of the highest rank: neither man, woman, nor child sat down, or eat, or drank, in his presence.

Early next morning we started under the guidance of young Giannaki to view the ruins of Rhiniassa. These give the traveller no trouble in the search, standing fully exposed to view in the curvature of a grand ascent upon two levels or spacious platforms of rock, one above the other, and surrounded by the ancient walls which remain in a very extraordinary state of preservation. Their circuit may be traced for the distance of five or six miles in their full extent, enclosing a space within sufficient to contain probably 100,000 inhabitants: this is covered with the vestiges of public edifices and private dwellings, the remains of which, for the most part, retain several layers of stones above the foundations; hence we are enabled to gain a complete and most satisfactory idea of the plan of this city, the length and breadth of its streets, the position and comparative size of its public and private buildings, &c., which are almost as great a curiosity as the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The citadel appears to have stood on the western side and to have been admirably fortified: its walls remain to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, excellently constructed in a very ancient Pseudo-Cyclopæan style. A postern gateway remains quite entire, exhibiting a fine specimen of the circular arch in a style of architecture decidedly Grecian. It has often been made a matter of dispute whether the Greeks ever used an arch in the construction of their buildings: the

specimen which has been recorded at Tiryns and this at Rhiniassa shew that both the pointed and the circular arch was introduced, however sparingly, into their architecture: yet neither of them prove that ingenious people to have been acquainted with the modern method of constructing the arch upon mathematical principles; they rather indeed, afford an argument for the contrary supposition, since both in the instance of the gallery of Tiryns and the gateway of Rhiniassa we find the pitch of the one and the curvature of the other, formed by means of the chisel upon the interior surfaces of large parallel blocks of stone. With this method of construction it must be evident that no arches of a large span could possibly be erected. After I had sketched this curious gateway (see the vignette at the head of the chapter) we examined the interior of the citadel and entered into a very fine subterranean apartment, to which we are conducted by a narrow passage almost twenty yards in length: this room is nearly square, being nine feet nine inches by nine feet six in dimensions: its ceiling is arched like a fine alcove, and as well as the walls, covered over with a stucco as smooth as polished marble, divided elegantly into compartments with rich cornices and mouldings. As this city was probably inhabited long after the Roman conquest of Epirus, it is difficult to say whether the work in question was fabricated by its Greek or Roman citizens. From hence we directed our steps to a very fine theatre which stands near the upper part of the city to the north north-east, just under the high and wooded precipices over which the wall was carried on this side: the general breadth of the wall was ten feet. In this theatre I counted thirty-seven rows of seats, with one broad corridor or *παραδρομή*; each seat was one foot three inches high and one foot six inches broad; the breadth of the upper gallery was only nine feet: the plan however and dimensions of this edifice will be seen much better by the delineation annexed.



On the rocky height to the north north-west of this theatre stands one of the principal gateways in a high state of preservation: the prospect from its coilon yields in beauty to few which Greece can boast, and is an excellent spot from whence a draughtsman might take a complete ground plan of the whole ancient city. At some distance to the north-east we observed the precipices of Zalongo once stained with the blood of the Suliot heroines. Below lies the small village whence it derives its name, whose inhabitants have with immense toil cleared away part of the ruined site of Rhiniassa for the purpose of gardens and vineyards: this seems a curious waste of labour in a country where two thirds of the land lies entirely uncultivated.

In descending from the theatre in a south-east direction through the city we passed the remains of a large building whose walls of fine Cyclopéan masonry remain about a yard in height; its length is one hundred and ten feet and its breadth one hundred; but nothing is left which can give rise to a conjecture respecting its use and appropriation; we measured the peribolus of another which was ninety feet by thirty; near to it, on the opposite side of the street, is a large oblong edifice which was fronted with columns whose bases are still standing.

The plan of this city appears to have been laid out with considerable

regularity, most of the streets running parallel to each other from east to west and crossed by others at right angles from north to south; they varied in breadth from ten to fifteen or eighteen feet; one of these last dimensions being the broadest I could discover: it appeared to be a main street, of great length, running from north to south. The private houses seem to have been very small: some of the largest which I measured were only forty-five feet by thirty-two and forty-four by twenty-five. Animated by the strong interest which this scene inspired, we ranged over the deserted streets, entered into the habitations, surveyed the public edifices, and beheld with a species of veneration every fragment upon this deserted spot which had been spared amidst the wreck of time. It has hitherto been almost unexplored, Col. Leake being the only modern traveller before ourselves who is known to have visited its remains: when excavations shall hereafter be made, we may expect not only to discover treasures interesting from their connexion with the arts, but evidence which may enable us to assign its proper name to this ancient site: by Meletius it is referred to Elatria, and no other city at present puts in a better claim; yet we are astonished to find such little notice taken by ancient authors of a place so extensive and apparently so magnificent as this: for, although we unaccountably missed it, Mr. Jones subsequently discovered a second theatre towards the south-east boundary, cut out of the solid rock like the other, and in a state of as good preservation.

After spending between four and five hours in this delightful ramble, we returned to Camarina for breakfast, and then resumed our journey in a southerly direction towards Prevesa, from which Camarina is about twelve miles distant. At the bottom of the heights we soon entered upon a large plain across which the aqueduct of Nicopolis, having left the mountains, is seen stretching its arched colonnades. It enters the isthmus by a pass through the hills, near the Gulf of Comarus. When we arrived at that beautiful chain of low mountains which bounds Nicopolis on the north, we remained some time to contemplate the

scene of ruin which lay beneath us, and then advancing over the site of the "City of Victory," arrived early in the evening at Prevesa, and took up our quarters with the worthy old Italian merchant who had been our host on a former occasion.

Next morning we received visits from the *codgià-bashee* and the vice-consul, and learned from the latter that an English merchant, a Mr. Richards of Malta, lay with several ships at Port Vathi, ready to take in cows and oxen purchased of the vizir for the supply of that island. It happened that we brought letters of introduction from England to this gentleman, and had been prevented from delivering them by the plague which broke out in Malta at the very time of our intended visit; we therefore gladly seized this opportunity of making his acquaintance in a place where we least expected it, and as soon as we had finished our breakfast repaired to the spot, about half a mile distant from the town, where we found him encamped on the shore, with three vessels lying at anchor. He had been here about a fortnight, and expected to remain a month longer before he should take on board all his cattle. We dined with him under his tent and he promised to return the visit next day at our lodging: few things are more agreeable than the meeting of fellow-countrymen in a foreign barbarous land.

Next morning Mr. Parker and myself took a boat and went on board the vizir's frigate which had given us so much trouble at Ioannina, and which lay at anchor in the harbour opposite Prevesa. This, like all other Turkish men of war, was held under a divided command, there being two captains!—one for the Greeks and another for the Turks! The Greek captain was a fine weather-beaten old tar from the town of Galaxitbi, but the Turkish chief was not on board: the crew looked rather like a set of tailors on their shop-board, being for the most part seated cross-legged on deck smoking their pipes and playing at draughts or chess. The ship however seemed much cleaner and in better order than Turkish ships in general are reported to be. She

was large and roomy, being twenty-nine feet across her quarter-deck; and though built in a clumsy manner was reckoned by no means a bad sailer. She was not intended originally for her present destination, having been a Hydriot merchant vessel which put into the vizir's port of Butrinto during a gale of wind in her voyage to Ancona: there however the unfortunate captain was decoyed ashore, and disappeared, whilst the vessel was detained as a lawful prize and converted to its present use. After having taken coffee and smoked a pipe in the captain's cabin, we stepped into our boat and rowed to the Punta, where we landed and proceeded as far as the new fortress which Ali has erected on the Acarnanian side of the entrance into the Gulf. Like almost all his forts, it appears strong only when the enemies are taken into consideration with whom it is probable he may have to contend: this is sufficient for his purpose, and he is loth to waste his money upon superfluities: in the walls we observed several blocks of marble, which, with their inscriptions, had been sawed asunder: upon one of them I perceived mention made of the ACTIAN APOLLO. Here we re-embarked and returned to Prevesa to receive our guest and talk of England.

Next day we made an excursion to Nicopolis, when I found that we had been fortunate in the investigation of its ruins at our former visit; for being situated on a marshy plain, instead of a rocky platform like most ancient cities in Greece, many of its buildings are literally choked up and hid from the view, during the summer months, by thickets of nettles and thistles, which grow to the height of eight or ten feet, and effectually bar all human approach. Being however extremely anxious to take some measurements of the Great Theatre, I made an endeavour to penetrate up to that edifice; but whilst I was cutting a path with my travelling sabre through the lofty thistles that opposed my progress, a serpent of enormous size rushed by my side, making quite a crash amongst the weeds in his way towards the

ruins. I stood still for a considerable time listening to the noise which this monster made in his retreat, and then retreated myself, leaving the Great Theatre to the dramatis personæ which now figure upon its stage.

Two days after this adventure I took a boat and paid a visit to Colonel M'Combe at Santa Maura, and as the quarantine laws were not now in force, I was permitted to land and proceed to the castle, where I dined with the governor, and then returned in the cool of a delightful evening. One object of my voyage to that island was to procure some method of conveyance to the shores of Italy, since we could find none at Prevesa; but even there I was unable to succeed. We next endeavoured to persuade one of the captains of Mr. Richards's squadron to bend his sails and carry us across the Adriatic, and that gentleman kindly gave him permission, since it was very improbable that he would be detained longer by such a voyage than he would have to stay idle at Prevesa. The fellow however thinking that we were sorely pressed, demanded such an exorbitant sum for his services, that we instantly broke off the negotiation, and changed our plan of proceeding.

We now determined to take a boat from Prevesa as far as Parga, which was at this time under British protection, and try our chance there for a conveyance to the Italian coast: accordingly on the 28th of May we packed up our baggage, bid adieu to our Prevesan acquaintance and settled accounts with Mustafà and Demetrio. These two faithful domestics followed us to the place of embarkation, and a scene there occurred, which, however distressing at the time, is now pleasing to reflect upon, because it does credit to human nature. They both appeared inconsolable; they cried aloud and sobbed like children, and poor Mustafà rushed into the water up to his knees, just as the boat was pushed off the

shore, to kiss our hands for the last time : we then observed them, as we glided over the Ionian waves, retreating from the crowd of unconcerned spectators, and taking their way towards our late lodging, rendered melancholy by the absence of those whom they appeared to esteem, whom they had faithfully served, and in whose fatigues and dangers they had shared.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure from Prevesa—Porto Phanari—Arrival at Parga—Description of its Site, &c.—Character of the People—Historical Details of Parga—Conduct of the Russian Cabinet—Walk in the Environs—Departure to Paxo—Description of that Island—Ancient Legend—Sail through the Channel of Corfu—Coast of Epirus—Acroceraunian Mountains—Celebration of the King's Birthday on the little Isle of Marlera—Tent Scene—Reflections thereon—Cross the Adriatic—Coast of Italy—Ruins of Egnatia—Bari—Barbary Corsair—Barletta—Quarantine.

IT was about eight o'clock in a beautiful evening when we sailed out of the Gulf of Prevesa and for the last time looked back with a melancholy interest upon scenes so celebrated in the page of history. A soft breeze blowing from the land wafted us round the bluff point of Prevesa and along the Gulf of Comarus; but it died away in the course of a few hours and left us to the exertions of our rowers, who animated and relieved their toil by the wild songs of their country. Lulled by this music and the rippling waves which fell on the adjoining shore, we reclined upon the deck and slept soundly under the canopy of a Grecian sky. We awoke about sun-rise and found ourselves exactly in front of Porto Phanari, at the mouth of the river Acheron, with a fine breeze blowing right astern. Here we lay to for a short time to contemplate the inimitable scenery of this classic region, and by means of our telescope drew nearer to view those dark hills and towers of Suli which we had visited with so much delight. We observed a great number of fishermen spreading their nets in this beautiful harbour, which is defended by jutting promontories and mountains from every wind that blows, and which still, as it appears to

have done in ancient times, supplies almost the whole of this coast with fish*.

As the breeze began to freshen we soon set sail again, and scudding rapidly beside the Chimerian promontory, ran ashore upon a sandy beach in the Gulf of Parga, about a mile from the town, near a little river that has been mistaken for the Cocytus. Here we pitched our tent, under which we spread out our beds and enjoyed a few hours of comfortable repose after the disagreeable motion of the sea. When we got up, Antoniotti lighted a fire of dry sticks to boil the kettle, and we had scarcely finished breakfast before we observed an officer in the English uniform descending from the fortress towards our place of encampment. He brought a kind invitation to us from Sir Charles Gordon, and we immediately accompanied him to the residence of the governor. Few situations upon these shores can rival that of Parga in beauty. A fine conical hill, covered with houses and surmounted by a fortress, juts out into the sea and forms two excellent harbours, one on the east and the other on the west; but the bay stretches out its long arms in two fine curves, of which that towards the Acherusian district is terminated by the promontory called Megali Pagagna, and the other towards Paxo and Corfu winds round like a sickle towards the high precipices of Cheladi, which are crowned by a convent and a light-house. The whole territory of Parga may be taken in at one coup d'œil, for it lies supine upon a theatre of hills, the

* The knowledge of this fact tends very curiously to confirm a conjecture of Bentley's upon a fragment of Callimachus, which before his time stood thus:

Ἐξ ἁλὸς ἡ δίκην ἀνέρα Βυχέτιον

ἔλκειν.

Vid. Callim. ex. edit. Spanh. vol. ii. p. 377.

That great critic, with his usual sagacity, corrected it as follows:

Ἐξ ἁλὸς ἡ δὲ ἕκην ἀνέρα Βυχέτιον

ἔλκειν.

And adds, "*sententia perspicua, cujus tamen ratio nunc latet.*"

The reason however is now plain enough: Buchetium, which lies just above Porto Phanari, must have been anciently, as it still is, celebrated for its fishermen; but the hyca was so difficult a fish to catch that not even a fisherman of Buchetium, skilful as its inhabitants were, could take it. And that this was the character of the hyca, see Athenæus (lib. vii. c. 22), who quotes Hermippus as saying, *ἔιναι ἀντὶν ΔΥΣΘΗ-ΡΑΤΟΝ*. See also Philetas in loc. cit.

highest of which rises to a peak in the very centre of the chain: the whole of these are covered with the finest olives in the world, intermingled with orange trees and cedrats, adorned with gardens or vineyards, and refreshed by rivulets and perennial fountains, where the Parghiot virgins were once seen, like the heroines of the Odyssey, carrying linen for ablution, or bearing upon their heads pitchers of the purest water for the use of the family; but the finest features in the Parghiot landscape are now, alas! no more.

We were received by Sir C. Gordon with much cordiality and politeness, and I can recal few days during our travels which I spent with greater pleasure than those passed within the fortress of Parga. Most of our time this morning was occupied in perusing a large collection of English newspapers, from which we derived a pleasure which they only know who like ourselves have for a long time picked up no news respecting their native land except from French *Moniteurs* and Italian gazettes. At dinner we met one or two of the principal inhabitants, and a Signore Vlandi, chief commissary of police, to whose intelligence and civility we were much indebted. In the evening we took a walk round the town, which is large and for the most part well built, the houses being constructed of more solid materials than those which are met with in Turkish cities: the streets on the rock are very narrow and gloomy, but those on the lower town which lies around the port are quite the contrary. The castle is but a weak fortification and very badly mounted; but its few cannon were quite sufficient to keep in awe the savage hordes of Albanian banditti. It was gratifying to observe the respect paid by the inhabitants to their governor, a respect which seemed dictated by the strongest feelings of gratitude, and to which, from all we saw and heard of the conduct of that officer, we were convinced he was most justly entitled. The character of the Parghiotes was represented to us by every one connected with them in a very favourable light, and I have the best reasons for believing them to have been a very industrious, honest and moral people, in spite of all that may be said by

those who are interested in depreciating their good qualities : their attachment to liberty is well known by the determined and successful opposition which they made for thirty years against the attacks of an inveterate and powerful enemy ; and by the assistance which they always rendered to the unfortunate Suliots or any other Christian people whose country lay under the fangs of an infidel despoiler. Their valour has never been called in question : but more, this valour has always shone forth in the defence of their rights only, never in aggression ; for the Parghiotes had not at the time of their expatriation increased their territory by a single foot of ground since their ancestors first congregated together upon this hill-altar of Liberty. As for the crime of *piracy*, with which they have been charged, I believe that a person who should now assert it would be laughed at for his ignorance, since there never was a more industrious and commercial people, nor was ever an instance known of a Parghiot pirate on the coast of the Adriatic. This story owes its origin to the pages of Mr. Hobhouse, who did not visit Parga, and who merely quotes the burthen of a song to that effect made and sung by the Albanian palikars of Ali Pasha. The people of Parga indeed, were very likely to be called pirates and robbers by such kind of gentry. With regard to the religion of the Parghiotes, though they adhered strictly to the rites and ceremonies of the Greek church, they appeared to do so very conscientiously, according to the faith in which they had been brought up, and it would perhaps have been better to have cleared their minds from error and superstition by rational argument and kind forbearance than to have turned their religion into a reason for delivering up their country to the *Turks*.

With regard to the antiquity of the Parghiot settlement it can be carried no further back than the year 1400 of the Christian era ; before that time the people dwelt in a place called Palaio-Parga, on the frontiers of their late territory, where its ruins may still be seen : they seem to have transferred their residence to modern Parga, for the sake of greater security against the incursions of Mahometan invaders ; though tradition

refers this determination to a miraculous interposition. It is said that a shepherd wandering about in search of a stray sheep discovered an image of the Panagia in a cave upon the rock : this he transported to Palao-Parga and placed in a church of that city ; but the divine wood unable to rest quiet in this new habitation, returned without any human aid to its former habitation : from thence the pious shepherd again carried it off, and again it made good its retreat. As the determination of the timber seemed now fixed, it became the duty of the other party to give way, and the whole tribe emigrated to their rock in the sea, built a church over the cavern, and installed the image with great solemnity : there it remained during their days of prosperity, and I understand it has accompanied them in their melancholy exile. In the next year after their settlement the Parghiotes were taken under protection of the Venetian flag, which was at that time all powerful in the Adriatic, and this protection was continued by the one party and deserved by the other, until the lion of St. Mark fell beneath the victorious eagles of Buonaparte. Still Parga remained attached to the government of the Ionian islands, and would probably have remained so to this day, but for the unworthy conduct of the Russian cabinet in the treaty of March 1800, which basely gave up the continental dependencies of the Ionian Isles to *Turkish protection* ! Never indeed has that cabinet interfered in the affairs of Greece without involving its unfortunate inhabitants in tenfold calamities. To see a christian power like Russia allying itself with Turks, for the sake of gaining an advantage over a powerful rival, is perhaps in the state of modern politics not to be wondered at ; but when we find it bribing such allies by the cession of unfortunate Christian states, which are too weak to assert their own rights against these formidable arbitrators, this appears to be very incompatible with that character which governments as well as individuals ought to feel anxious to retain.

May 30th.—This morning we occupied ourselves as we had done yesterday in reading the newspapers of our country, and exulting in