

**INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN
GREECE, TURKEY,
RUSSIA, AND POLAND.
IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland. In Two Volumes. Vol. I by John Lloyd Stephens

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JOHN LLOYD STEPHENS

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PREFACE

TO

THE FIFTH EDITION.

THE fourth edition of this work was published during the author's absence from the city. His publishers, in a preface in his behalf, returned his acknowledgments to the public, and he can but respond to the acknowledgments there made. He has made some alterations in the page relating to the American phil-Hellenists; and for the rest, he concludes as in the preface to his first edition.

The author has been induced by his publishers to put forth his "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland." In point of time they precede his tour in Egypt, Arabia Petræ, and the Holy Land. The countries which form the subject of the following pages perhaps do not, in themselves, possess the same interest with those in his first work; but the author has reason to believe that part of his route, particularly from the Black Sea to the Baltic, through the interior of Russia, and from St. Petersburg through the interior of Poland to Warsaw and Cracow, is comparatively

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new to most of his countrymen. As in his first work, his object has been to present a picture of the everyday scenes which occur to the traveller in the countries referred to, rather than any detailed description of the countries themselves.

New-York, November, 1838

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INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

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GREECE, TURKEY, RUSSIA, AND POLAND.

CHAPTER I.

A Hurricane.—An Adventure.—Missolonghi.—Siege of Missolonghi —Byron.—Marco Bozzaris.—Visit to the Widow, Daughters, and Brother of Bozzaris.

ON the evening of the — February, 1835, by a bright starlight, after a short ramble among the Ionian Islands, I sailed from Zante in a beautiful cutter of about forty tons for Padras. My companions were Doctor W., an old and valued friend from New-York, who was going to Greece merely to visit the Episcopal missionary school at Athens, and a young Scotchman, who had travelled with me through Italy, and was going farther, like myself, he knew not exactly why. There was hardly a breath of air when we left the harbour, but a breath was enough to fill our little sail. The wind, though of the gentlest, was fair; and as we crawled from under the lee of the island, in a short time it became a fine sailing breeze. We sat on the deck till a late hour, and turned in with every prospect of being at Padras in the morning. Before daylight, however, the wind chopped about, and set in dead ahead, and when I went on deck in the morning it was blowing a hurricane.

We had passed the point of Padras; the wind was driving down the Gulf of Corinth as if old Æolus had determined on thwarting our purpose; and our little cutter, dancing like a gull upon the angry waters, was driven into the harbour of Missilonghi.

The town was full in sight, but at such a distance, and the waves were running so high, that we could not reach it with our small boat. A long flat extends several miles into the sea, making the harbour completely inaccessible except to small Greek caiques built expressly for such navigation. We remained on board all day; and the next morning, the gale still continuing, made signals to a fishing boat to come off and take us ashore. In a short time she came alongside; we bade farewell to our captain—an Italian and a noble fellow, cradled, and, as he said, born to die on the Adriatic—and in a few minutes struck the soil of fallen but immortal Greece.

Our manner of striking it, however, was not such as to call forth any of the warm emotions struggling in the breast of the scholar, for we were literally stuck in the mud. We were yet four or five miles from the shore, and the water was so low that the fishing-boat, with the additional weight of four men and luggage, could not swim clear. Our boatmen were two long, sinewy Greeks, with the red tarbouch, embroidered jacket, sash, and large trousers, and with their long poles set us through the water with prodigious force; but, as soon as the boat struck, they jumped out, and, putting their brawny shoulders under her sides, heaved her through into better water, and then resumed their poles. In this way they propelled her two or three miles, working alternately with their poles and shoulders, until they got her into a channel, when they hoisted the sail, laid di-