

M. I. B.

Egypt.  
greece.  
1885-



2  
arr. Rhodes, Feb. 6<sup>th</sup> - to 20<sup>th</sup> -  
arr. Misros 21<sup>st</sup> to 24<sup>th</sup> -  
Telos - to March 5<sup>th</sup> -  
Karpatus Mar 6<sup>th</sup> to Sep. 19<sup>th</sup> -  
Crete.  
Seyra - Apr 23<sup>rd</sup> / or SS. Rontochi  
to May 2<sup>nd</sup> to Malta<sup>to</sup> May 8<sup>th</sup> -  
Mestini

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Egypt. Greek Islands

Mabel T. A. Dew her  
Chronicle in the  
Sporades &c.

1885



6

## My Chronicle

Hotel Royal. Cairo. Friday Jan.  
I did not think the journey  
here would have given me any  
thing to write about, but it was  
so bad that I will begin by  
saying that it was snowing  
when we embarked at Dover,  
& so dark & thick that we had  
to stop for sounding near Calais  
as the pier head could not be  
seen.

All the doors of the train stood  
open against the snow so we  
had a little drift to shut in  
with us. Jan 13. 1885

We were 4 Eng. in the corners &  
in the middle a French lady  
for Monte Carlo who scolded us  
well in good Eng<sup>h</sup> & French for  
not giving us a corner & declared



that when night came she would look out for a shoulder & I was hoping she would flatter me by choosing Theodore, but with relief we parted from her in Paris.

When we reached Marseilles on the bright sunny morning of Jan 14<sup>th</sup> our brain was coated *glaçé* with snow all over. It was very cold there & frosty. We went to the H de Genève & were very comfortable.

Thursday 15<sup>th</sup> was very snowy <sup>thin</sup> & was considered a great piece of luck for one of the passengers on the good ship "Cape" M.M. who had never seen snow before.

We started at midday in a regular snow storm & from that moment had no peace or rest for our muscles till we set feet on the Egyptian shore - not even

to pack & dress for landing.

We never had a meal without the fiddles on the table & had to lay the bottles down & take great care of our knives & our soap.

There were, besides ourselves M. Linnant Bey, his brother, also Bey & his wife. M. Choquet, the ship's Dr. who never said a word & the Captain a jolly old man, much devoted to M<sup>me</sup> Linnant, the family being friends of his.

Thursday night was a fearful storm - as the Capt. said, one more enormous. Every variety of antic did that ship manage to go through & every time we were shaken out of our coverings we felt the cold severely. It hailed & it rained & I could not help thinking that "those in



peril on the sea" certainly included the sailors exposed to such cold catchy weather.

I suffered from 'la maladie' that evening a little, so did the steward, Stewardess + Dr.

There was no going on deck as it rained so, till Monday. + as the stove was on the screw which occasionally whisked out of the water we was in danger of being upset so I stayed in or on my bed most of the time. & from time to time going out + returning so cold he had to keep on his gloves!

M<sup>rs</sup> de la Cour had a maid in her cabin outside the saloon which was burst open by a wave the first night.

The Captain was delightfully kind in helping her about

## Cairo

the lurking ship. I never was on so tiresome a voyage.

We could not call at Naples as we should have had 3 days quarantine. We therefore went through the 'Little Mouth' of Bonifaccio, close to La Maddalena + Caprera + saw the Bear from which the Passagio dell' Orso is named better than we ever did before. It is just like a bear walking down the mountain side. We saw the light between his hind + fore legs.

In the evening of Sat<sup>r</sup> we went out to see Stromboli. We could dimly distinguish the fire but when the lightning swept low on the sea behind it the whole black form of the island was shown.

We went very slowly, whistling through the Straits of Messina



We ought to have been at Alexandria on Tuesday but only got to the desired port at 2 o' on Wednesday, quite as glad to get into the land of Egypt as ever the Children of Israel were to get out.

We had our little feelings as we sat in a boat with a Union Jack & "Cook's Toppers" upon it.

We got through the Custom House very well & my box of photographic things was never opened anywhere though it <sup>was</sup> hastily put into a box with "Matière Explosive" <sup>dynamite</sup> upon it - we took a walk alone, dined at St. Abbath

& came on to Cairo that evening. This Hotel was recommended by the French passengers. It costs about half what Shepheard's does & we are very comfortable.

## Cairo

Some of the Army are here & people of other nations but I am the only lady & I am kept in a much muffled up room, the Salon des Dames & they bring me the papers & my coffee & quite seem to think the Salon de Lecture is not a place for me. They light a fire for me too.

Though comfortably warm in one's winter clothes in the middle of the day it is cool enough in the evening.

After a 3<sup>d</sup> day in this country we have met with absolutely nothing to show that we are in Egypt. The town as far as appearance is very like Smyrna & population also. We have seen the Pyramids in the distance which comfort me.

Yesterday we took a walk in the morning & in the afternoon



I had a donkey, with European saddle + we went to the Mosque of Sultan Hassan + to the Citadel.

The Mosque is old + ruinous but very handsome + the donkey man said "50 hundred years old no! 50 thousand". We had to put such big baskets on our feet that I was always tumbling out of mine + they were so wide I could only shamble along with my feet far apart.

When we got up to the Citadel my donkey carried me on ahead, having 2 big bits of sugarcane in my hand + at the gate I found myself challenged by the sentry who stood across my path + saw "Where are you going to Maan?" I said "I do not

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quite know, but I believe up to the Citadel to see the view. May we not go?" "My orders are to stop all donkeys" I said I would willingly dismount, but a sergeant called out from the other end of the gate "Certainly Maan your donkey may pass" + would not allow me to dismount.

After we got home Theodore went to have a Turkish Bath. He had been unlucky about his baths on the "Lage", for he said he did nothing but clean the bath + dirty himself but yesterday his experience was even worse.

He went to 3 baths in succession + at 2 a towel was hung out to show that a woman was in but at the 3<sup>rd</sup> they let him in + he enjoyed the dirty water of the men in the morning + the



women in the afternoon.

Today, after a walk along this morning we drove to see the Derwishes. We were late for the dancing ones but I think the Howling ones are enough for one day. I shall not describe them as they have been written about by everyone but only say it had a most disagreeable effect on me. I felt as if I were watching some kind of torture. Once I counted them bow their bodies 120 times with their hair flying through the air.

Then we went to see the 'fine world' on the Shebra road & hear an English band. We saw & saluted all our ship's company.

By the bye they gave us on board the last day a fine dose of French opinion, which interested us very  
much

## Cairo

We had been waiting for it but the only thing we had heard was that whoever wished to live in Egypt now must learn English. First we heard that the Monarch was full of chests of false sovereignty with which the Bedouins have been bribed. & then we heard that the Eng<sup>s</sup> are so hated that officers dare not leave the camp at night, or soldiers or they are always killed - that if the Fr. had only had a little more confidence in themselves & disembarked a very few men they w<sup>d</sup> be in our position now. but all our success is due to the "cavallerie de S.<sup>r</sup> Georges" i.e. sovereigns. None of them would allow that numerically we are a large nation & they utterly denied us any brotherhood with Australians, Canadians or English.



in India. They would not let  
any be English but the inhab-  
itants of the U. Kingdom &  
prophesied that by trying to  
grasp too much we should lose  
all & be glad to retain the B.  
Islands as our only home.

Here I could not resist saying  
that in that case there would  
always remain to us a glorious  
history like Rome & ancient Greece  
& was told that Rome was all  
fallen to pieces.

When we asked what we were  
to do with our surplus popula-  
tion we were told to obtain  
hospitality in other lands  
without imposing our laws or  
taking possession of the country.  
Here I ventured to say that  
they hardly appeared to me to  
be merely on a visit in Algiers  
& M. Choquet, who seemed to

think  
Cairo  
we were being offered bitter morsels  
by Linnant Bey, said "Vous avez  
raison Madame, nous sommes  
bien chez nous là." We spoke a  
little about China & that did  
not please them. Certainly it  
was a new idea that we were  
considered a small nation.

We were asked what we should  
do if the mahometan troops  
in India would not obey &  
what was to help us there so  
I said over good luck.

They also said the Mahdi was  
only a trumped up personage,  
Gordon c<sup>o</sup>. leave Khartoum  
any day but wished an excuse  
for delay to get firmer hold.

Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup>. On Saturday  
afternoon morning we rode  
out to Boulak to see the  
museum & this was the first  
thing that brought home to our



## Boulak

minds the fact that we are in the Land of Egypt. We were immensely interested & managed to puzzle out some of the hieroglyphics.

In the afternoon we rode to Old Cairo & went across in a boat to the Gezira / Island Roda to see the Nilometer. I had always thought it to be a mark against a wall & never before imagined it was a pillar in a large square well in a garden.

On Sunday we went to church. a very nice one & capable of holding far more people than were there. for there are few English this year & no dahabechas of tourists going up the Nile.

In the afternoon we rode ~~to~~ to the Tombs of the Khalifs

where we had the usual bother of being tied into shoes much too big for us or worse having to keep them on as well as we may. Once I perceived that I had got quite a steps away from one of his but someone rushed forward to help him into it.

The result of all the bare feet & rubbing about in loose shoes by Europeans & the stockings of the Turkish gentry is that the marble pavements are brightly polished, as one would wish to see in some of the Italian Churches. & from the heights one can see into the court yards of the Mosques gleaming in sun.

We rode home through the bazars. very deserted - looking many of the shops (Greeks) shut



We got off & walked through the goldsmiths bazaar, so narrow an alley that one person can barely pass another & all the goldsmiths hammering away at each edge of the way.

Monday 26<sup>th</sup> We drove to the Pyramids of Ghizeh - a long avenue of beek trees leads to the edge of the desert.

Just as we got there, we saw Englishmen at a house near & bethought of the letter of introduction for Mr. Head who lives here & which we had left behind as we had been told they were in Suez.

However Theodore made so bold as to go up to them & explain the matter & they most kindly took us into the house, which they are making very pretty

We surveyed Mr. Head's bit of the desert where he has built. I mean sunk a well & planted trees & hopes to turn into a green spot.

Joyfully accepting an invitation to tea we addressed ourselves to the task before us.

Of course there is no use my saying anything about the Pyramids. Every one knows how steep & slippery the passages are - quite polished except a scraped place for the feet a very long stride apart. I am sure I could have managed some places myself but the Bedouin will not let one make one unassisted step & they hurry one so much we always had to be begging them to go gently & one of them called out "Douce ment! Adaggio! Siga Siga" (Greek



Langsam! In fact the groans  
of all nations.

I hardly like to write down  
my folly in being disappoint-  
ed in the darkness of the  
inside. Of course I knew it  
was dark but in the plans  
the passages look so nice &  
light that I felt it very  
unsatisfactory to be reduced  
to magnesium wire.

Certainly in caves & Pyramids  
it is a good thing not to be  
a big man! one need not  
stoop so low.

I did not go up outside but  
Theodore did.

We sat in the carriage & lunch-  
ed & then set off with a very  
nice man called Ibrahim  
Of course it was not to be  
supposed I could walk down  
sandhills alone so he grasped

my hand & we set off to the tomb  
of Numbers, but Fran away  
with him & he found he need  
hold me no more.

This tomb is so called because  
its owner's cattle & possessions  
are all counted up on the walls  
but our man called it the  
Tomb of the "Numbers" on  
pulpit in a mosque.

We visited the Sphinx &  
when we got to the Pyramid  
of Mycerinos we found we had  
no candle so Ibrahim ran  
a surprisingly long way in a  
surprisingly short time, about  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. We crawled  
in & got quite out of sight by  
the time he came back. We  
not see us from the door.

We saw Campbell's Tomb  
Lepsius's Tomb & several  
others. We had to lie as flat



as we possibly could & wriggle  
in. but the sand does not  
clift one.

We were surprised at the  
dampness of the desert, though  
there has been no rain since  
this day week about 3 inches  
below the surface was quite  
damp & in some parts it  
was really damp on the surface  
as if it were below high water  
mark & rippled over by the  
wind. We have remarked  
this retentiveness of moisture  
in other places.

I felt so glad not to be a camel  
condemned to walk across the  
desert.

We had tea at the blue home  
of the Heads & I suppose they  
are accustomed to seeing people  
filled in every crack with sand.  
Just near the village of Khapra

we perceived our friend Ibrahim  
so we waited & said we sh<sup>d</sup> like  
to see the village so we crossed  
a mud bridge all broken away  
but a small path in the middle  
& on reaching the mound of mud  
on which the village sits we  
climbed round it, Ibrahim  
pulling me as if I were quite  
supple & he took us into his  
house a court yard of mud with  
doorless & windowless mud  
dens round it & a round  
hen coop of peered mud &  
a mud tower with latches  
in it to keep things.

He gave us sugar cane to suck  
& his wife made coffee.  
As there was only one cup I  
had to wait till it was done.

How the 8 month's babe rode  
on its mother's shoulder &  
clung to her head quite with



but help was a marvel & how she bustled about in a blue shirt much too long & wide for her & with large loose sleeves - all open in front. Was almost an equal one.

It was a great satisfaction to us on returning to the beaten track "to feel we had been off it -

This morning we set off on foot & alone & to speed a sort of loggia up 2 flights of stairs with a good view of the mosque of Muristan & Kalain. So we obtained permission using the international language of signs, to go up & found ourselves in a school of small children with a master about 17. We were given chairs & brought coffee. The noise was awful when they were good & diligent.

after beating with the stick which made no one cry they bellowed their lessons sitting crosslegged on dirty mats shaking & swaying from side to side -

We went through the bazaar where alone one can buy the little trifles or curiosities which people would buy to bring back as presents. We saw hardly any thing that could not be obtained cheaper in London & came back without buying anything but meditating another look at some old lamps for mosques.

After luncheon we rode to the tombs of the Mamelukes & saw the very gaudy tombs of the Khedive's family.

His mother's which is at present only carved white marble with a great deal of raised black writing is soon to be gilt & gaily



coloured

It was dreadfully windy & so dusty we were lucky not to be in the Pyramids. We rode up Mokattam hill & admired the view more than that from the Citadel.

Next to the Citadel, for to our pain it is our duty to prove that the Englishman's word is his bond. Last Thursday I had exhausted all his change in mosques &c & borrowed all the "Donkey boys" (no matter how old), so he promised a Bakhsheek to the man at the mosque in the Citadel. Today he could not be found. We explained our errand & refused to give money for him to any one else & said we would come again.

When we got home we found

the Heads' cards & an invitation to dinner tomorrow & to see the P's by moonlight.

We are to have a Saïs & to have a gun. One man is not considered enough. A Saïs is a beautiful man in a gold jacket & thin white sleeves fastened behind who runs before a carriage with a big stick shouting "Ou ah! O European! Oh Boy, oh woman! oh girl!" or whatever it may be. I am charmed when some one screams "Ou ah! ya sitt" (Take care oh lady) to me when they are just going to run me down.

I had been laughing & saying I must have a Saïs on my birthday & it happens that this wish must be gratified. The hotel porter does not



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wish us to go he says "When I have been doing all I can to save your money you will go to this great expense."

By the bye Cook when asked would send us to the Ps for £3 + I think we only paid £1. + 1 franc.

Jan 29<sup>th</sup> I had such a great many birthday treats yesterday, one in particular that I shall never forget it unless extreme old age robs me of my memory.

First we went up to the school to continue the sketch of Kalaoun. The head master made his appearance soon after our arrival + on his approach with a thick stick the staring children flew down on to the floor + began sewing in their bodies and shrieking their lessons vigourously, but

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to encourage them the master walked round outside the circle giving to all alike rattling blows with his stick, sometimes also a thump in the f back with his fist or a kick or a good prod in the ribs with the stick. Sometimes if they were not sitting properly a pull by arm or shoulder that quite upset them. They appeared to be from 6 to 12 years old.

The biggest boy did something I did not see so the master screamed to another boy + the culprit's feet were dragged from under him + the boy tried to drag him by them along the floor but he was not strong enough so the 'pupil teacher' came + hauled him to the master's feet, hoisted the boy's feet on to his shoulders



+ they were well beaten with the stick.

The master came to look on \*as my arabic vocabulary is limited in the extreme I thought the best way of suiting my conversation to him was to say "Aleif Bay. Thay Day" so he whisked a chill roughly round by its shoulder tore its zinc slate from its hand, caused another to approach by a loud blow over its shoulder blades, dragged up the tail of its shirt, sucked it & cleaned the slate, screamed for ink & wrote out the Alpha bet or rather Aleifbay & made me say them.

When we got to a diphthong near the end which I under stood from its name but

not from its appearance, I pointed out the component letters & our master was so pleased that he clapped me heartily on the back, collected some children in his own peculiar fashion & we could quite understand from his imitation of me, that he was trying to make them ashamed of not being so good as I was.

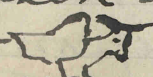
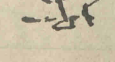
Great was the amazement when I put out my hand for the reed pen & began to copy the letters. He muttered "Mushallah!" under his breath when ever I flourished off a complicated one.

I am sure one would easily learn Arabic, so many words are thrust upon one. We are getting on perfectly without



a dragonan. We say Do you  
speak English? Francais?  
Italiano? Elleneke? Deutsch  
& there come signs -

We lunched at a little  
German restaurant to avoid  
coming home & walked to  
the Bab el Nasr - a great  
gateway. I took a sketch  
from outside. Then we went  
through the bazaars. bought  
some little things & I returned  
home from Sharia el Moashy  
the most busy street on a  
donkey. with a saddle used  
by both sexes here, though the  
women have very short stirrups.

Not very comfortable are  
they for the wretched were  
pear as nearly half the  
saddle is taken up with an  
enormous  hump. of  
little use but  to make it

it as like a camel as possible.  
On our way home we by  
signs became possessed of a  
gift for me in the form of a  
hand mirror with mother  
of pearl back, at a little  
shop, not always open.

This establishment is abt.  
8 ft. high & square & the goods  
are disposed in a slope from  
the ceiling to the floor. At  
the top are caskets set in molten  
of pearl. tables, Nubian baskets  
Curved gourds, wooden pillows  
& gradually all this comes down  
to a converging row of daggers  
axes. pistols, swords, pipes,  
sticks & at the bottom a sort  
of pool 3 ft. across of ostrich  
egg shells, snuffboxes, boars  
tusks &c.

Around the door & from the  
ceiling hang - lutes, guitars



stuffed crocodiles, lamps  
Sunfish - furs + the whole  
is closed in with a hurdle  
of muskrabeyak, the pretty  
old taticc out of the windows  
of old houses

Of course no customer could  
penetrate this place + I had  
to get the donkey boys stick  
+ strain + stretch + point  
out things. But the owner  
stepped out of his shoes +  
over the hurdle just as if  
he were entering a mosque +  
walked + crawled + climbed  
like a fly over everything  
with out upsetting or break  
ing them.

A little after 5 we set off for  
the Pyramids. with the gun  
lent by the porter + enough  
cartridges for a whole battle  
We saw the P<sup>o</sup> against the

sunset sky, a very plain one -  
all the colours of the rainbow  
fading + blending one into the  
other + very few tiny specks  
of cloud. The simplicity of  
it suited the P<sup>o</sup> so well.

The company at dinner  
were Mr. + Mrs. Head. Her brother  
Mr. McLean. His brother a  
very pleasant Mip Baeto who is  
staying with them.

After dinner we went out  
in the bright moonlight + I +  
Mr. H's brother went to visit the  
Sphinx but I preferred to  
go up the P as I had not done  
it on Monday. Mip B had not  
been up either so we set off, she  
first as she had no husband  
to wrangle with as to the ad-  
visability of the step or steps.

Mr. H followed some little  
way behind me with one of



their own Bedouin to help  
Ibrahim by name.

I scrambled up all alone.  
At first it was very hard &  
I had to crawl putting one  
knee up first as the steps  
are 3 or 4 feet high regardless  
of bruised knees & shins  
& I felt quite convinced I  
must have very little  
stockings left but I am in  
a position to send a testi-  
monial to the stocking maker.

I did not feel a bit fright-  
ened or giddy or obliged to  
keep my face to the P but  
looked up & down. My  
companions were quite out  
of sight & it felt odd to be  
alone with the P & the  
Moon. I shouted up several  
times. "Are you near the  
top?" "Oh! not nearly" came

down. Then "Was I half way  
up?" "No, Mem" came up  
so I gave up asking. It seemed  
so long & I wondered how  
it could be possible to  
get down, but Excelsior was  
my device & as I went up  
at my own pace I did not  
get at all heated or breathless.

I wondered if "Fair Rhodope"  
<sup>who</sup> as the story tells "sat on the  
top of the P, delighting all  
beholders was a poor creature  
whose clothes had got torn  
off in the ascent & who could  
not get down. I thought of  
the dangers & difficulties in  
Murray & Paedeker & determin-  
ed to read about them or  
tremble tomorrow. banished  
scarcely a very passing  
thought of the silk elbows of  
the only smart frock I have



with me + joyfully + proud  
ly reached the summit, a  
strangely dressed figure.

Had. silk + velvet brocade body  
white lace fichu over it +  
a blue cloth petticoat with  
a wide scarlet band which  
I quite vainly tried to conceal  
by tying a black lace scarf  
round it. The skirt had been  
discarded before starting.

It was splendid being up there  
+ I think it very very unlikely  
that any other person has  
been up by moonlight on  
his birthday before.

I wished for a fire escape!  
Mr. H. + I came down together  
sitting + slipping sometimes  
having to put two hands  
together + jump + were glad  
indeed to reach the bottom  
safely. I made Ibrahim laugh

by saying we would haul  
the Shaikh (that is how it is  
pronounced not Sheek as I thought)  
+ ask him for balksheesh

We had some tea + got home  
after a most delightful evening  
at 10<sup>o</sup>. We never loaded the  
gun but kept it visible +  
through Ghiseh had cartridges  
had ready. In the streets we  
saw not a soul but the police  
"Street Scenes" as Praedeker  
calls the bustle of the day  
were over.

In the hall of the hotel we  
found an Arab servant lying  
on a light cane bed + half  
a dozen guns leaning against  
the wall side by side.

Don't you all pity poor  
Theodore for having been  
dragged + hoisted by 3 Bedouin  
It is a good thing he is gone



to sketch alone this morning  
I am quite too proud still  
to be pleasant company.

In the afternoon we rode to the  
mosque of El Aghar, which is the  
University, where Mahometans  
from all parts get a free educa-  
tion.

After dismounting into truck  
mud we were tied into shoes  
& conducted across the court  
full of water, round which  
are rooms, where classes are  
held, by various masters for  
different nationalities. These  
are open to the court.

Passing through a colonnade  
full of people we entered the  
mosque, full of people of  
all ages - doing everything.

In one part of the floor a  
class being noisily held,  
in another a man or boy

learning his lesson alone, roused  
swaying over his zinc slate.

Some kneeling, one in an  
early stage of the toilette with  
the greater part of his clothing  
lying round him on the floor.  
Some in the midst of this row  
lying asleep in various attitudes  
& others lying on their faces  
praying or standing & bowing  
& kissing the floor. They sleep  
here.

At the mosque of Hassanin  
which was not very interesting  
they made a great fuss about  
admitting us & the man who  
showed us round was so very  
cross in begging us to make haste  
that we were glad to get away.

For both these mosques an  
order is required from the  
Consulate.

We went through the Arab



baggage & to the Ciccolani garden  
in ruin & mud. The camels  
had the most difficulty &  
one fell & broke his leg & we saw  
the poor creature's body on a  
cart & all the legs & neck sticking  
out everywhere. The donkey fell  
with him but somehow he  
did not get dirty.

Jan 30th Friday. It looked so very  
threatening at 6.30 that we refused  
to get up when called & sent to  
tell Major Dawson who was  
going to Sakkhara with us that  
we would not go but eventually  
we took heart & set off to drive to  
the station of Boolak el Dakroo  
by a longer way as the bridge  
was open & it was with hardly  
a hope that we stepped into  
the ankle deep clay mud & up  
a hill of it into the station but  
the train was half an hour

late so we were all right. Some-  
times they go too soon.

At Bedriaship we mounted  
donkeys. We had heard it was  
needful to send them the night  
before also that it was quite  
unnecessary to take any, but I  
thought I should like a side  
saddle so my usual donkey  
came in the train with us & that  
was very lucky as his man Seyd  
can talk Eng. fairly well & we  
met with not a soul who c<sup>d</sup>. talk  
European as at the P<sup>s</sup> of Ghueh.

We could not believe in the  
fallen statue of Rameses II lying  
in a pool of water like a rock.  
We saw some engraving on his  
inside but what part of his in-  
side we know not.

When I write a guide book I shall  
recommend the traveller to take  
his bathing dress & swim & feel



the fallen monarch.

We had a little rain at first but it soon cleared off & the sand was all the <sup>more</sup> ~~less~~ hard to walk upon.

We left our things at Mariette Bey's shanty & went first to the tombs of the bulls & were glad we went there first as the wonderful they did not interest us so much. The long galleries were very hot, abt. 80 Fahrenheit. When I drew off my gauntlets it felt as if I were suddenly holding my hands to a fire. We smelt no bats, only Arabs. Major Dawson wanted to climb down a very easy rough wall to look at one of the huge tombs. all one granite block but the Arabs shouted out & Seyd said the Shaich was saying "If you go down you

the Pacha will take out my neck."

We found one sarcophagus accessible by a ladder. It is covered with hieroglyphics said by Baedeker to be very fine but they seemed to us carelessly scratched & the lines meant to be square quite crooked.

We astonished the Arab by disregarding the ladder & going up the wall which was little higher than our heads.

We then went to the tomb of Ti a very high official. who during his life had his tomb made - quite a house with lofty rooms. all quite covered with raised hieroglyphics & pictures of all sorts of scenes of daily life most beautifully executed.

We improved our knowledge of the letters & was so delighted with the outer part that the old



man rattled his keep much + often  
to buy + attract us inside. When  
we did get inside we felt we  
should be there a long time so  
sent for our luncheon which we  
eat in the outer part, digging  
a hole for orange peels so that  
they might not offend the sights  
of future comers.

The old man was nearly off when  
we informed him in the best  
Arabic at command that we  
had not done yet + must go in  
again. It was hard indeed to  
leave that delightful place +  
wend our way to the Tomb of  
King Dunas.

Here we had to stoop + before we  
got out of the long low passage  
we descried a Cartouche or  
Oval so we all stopped + might  
have been there long enough  
if to oblige the old Arab I had

not peeped round the corner  
+ found lots more Ovals the  
same where we could stand  
up.

This tomb has no pictures  
but is nearly all covered with  
Columns or Columns of hiero-  
glyphics which have all been  
coloured a deep blue. The ceilings  
are covered with deeply incised  
yellow stars. At the back of the  
tomb there is a geometrical pattern  
framed by borders into panels  
+ all up the corners of this  
chief room runs a border. It was  
all so very neatly done + so very  
fresh looking.

Said constantly, implored  
us to come, we should be late  
for the 4 o' train. We said there  
was one at 6.30 + they all sighed  
while we puzzled out long words  
or strings of words, we knew not



which, + then wondered what they meant: wishing we had all the books ever written on Egypt there + that we could stay till we had read that long history.

There are quantities of tombs all round some accidentally closed by sand some walled up to preserve them.

On the way home we had another stare at Karnes + at many other fragments of old Memphis. Who could believe a city with streets half a day's journey had ever stood there.

Seyd's patience was quite exhausted when we mounted our asses + he told us to ride quick. All the Arab mans is very bad here + I am frightened they will kill you. We reached the station in perfect safety,

in time to escape a great shower. On arriving at Boulak el Dak roue we took a carriage + just abt 100 yards on we were loudly stopped by police men at a guardhouse, we saw lots of donkey

riders + a mounted man riding up + down to bar the way. We thought it was an obtrio + asked Seyd who was near on the donkey. + he said "no one must go on without all the carriages + donkeys, all the foot passengers having scrambled on to the boxes of the carriages, we had 3/ we

must make a caravan because many people have died near here" we asked "How?" The people of these villages kill them. Of course we thought it a charming finish to our day.

The mounted police man who I suppose accompanied us rode



up or down till all were up on quite a thick crowd set off at once. Of course dinner was over but we got some which was ready for us.

Jan 31<sup>st</sup>. Today I went out in the morning to sketch & did not get home without forming a "Street Scene" for his donkey came down on its knees & I came with his two hands in the deep mud & dropped his sketch book in just near the door. His hands were like mud gloves & the porter told I my neighbour, an old German had met with the same accident. His hands I scoured all the knuckles badly skinned. In the afternoon we went again to the museum of Paoulek where Maj. Dawson met us.

Feb 1<sup>st</sup>. Went to Church in the morning & I was horrified to see that the

Arab organblower is allowed to walk into the church without taking off his hat or his boots on showing as much respect as we have to do in the Mosques. After luncheon we rode to Helio polis - a pretty ride but not much to see when you get there beyond one obelisk.

Thursday Feb 2<sup>nd</sup>. I am writing against much rembling of the screw of the A.D. S.S. Saturno. We are having as calm a voyage as need be but not without its hopes & fears. We left Cairo on Monday eve<sup>g</sup> at 6 seen off by Major Dawson & "took up with" a young Mr. Tucker who left the hotel with us. We luckily had dinner enough with us to share with him, wasted down with coffee at Darnanhour (half way) & reached Alex<sup>ia</sup> at



o + was greeted with the un-  
pleasant intelligence that the  
Austrian would not call at  
Rhodes this week so we went  
to bed with the half formed  
intention of going to Smyrna  
by a Khediviah ship & trusting  
to luck for a passage to Rhodes.

However the belated Saturn  
came in early next morning & we  
left at 4 on Wed. afternoon.

We had a whole day in the very  
uninteresting Ales & took a drive  
Yesterday it looked quite black  
all round when we embarked  
& began to rain & the harbour was  
full of gulls - 17 sitting in a  
row on the rope mooring a  
ship near - so we felt very stormy  
knowing that if it were too  
stormy we should not touch  
at R but be carried to Smyrna.  
But the sun came out & all

became bright as we steamed  
off "adagio adagio."

You would think all our  
fears were at an end as we  
have had abt. 20 hours of  
excellent weather & hope to  
be at R by tomorrow morning,  
but no. There is 24 hours quaran-  
tine - & if we could feel sure  
of remaining on board we should  
not so much mind, but if  
the Cap. thinks it will be dan-  
gerous for the ship to remain  
in the roadstead he will be  
off leaving us in the lazaretto  
or if a sudden storm springs  
up we may not be able to dis-  
embark but may have to be  
left at Leris.

There are only 3 Greek <sup>pt</sup> Cl. Pass.  
for Constan. & the Cap. who does  
not seem to think himself  
an unredeemed Italian at all



+ an ill tempered German Austrian Dr. Of course Egyptian affairs have been discussed but in a much more general spirit than by the French.

We hope to meet Matthias our servant, at Rhodes.

We had to pay 11/6 duty on some baggage that was not new + never got beyond the custom house. The official - a German explained that it was a mistake charging of more than 1 p.c. + acknowledged that he was owed the rest back, but as so many papers would have to be paid for to reclaim it that only 2/- would remain + as the formalities would take a whole day of course it was hopeless to do anything. Friday 6<sup>th</sup> Day seems quite nice, it is half past 6. + a most anxious day we have

passed with the yellow flag waving over us. We got to Rhodes abt 3 but did not settle till 5 + the health officers did not come till 7. The Cap<sup>n</sup> asked leave to go to a bay to shelter if storm came on or the open sea but they said no, if he wanted pratique he must remain there. - But the Cap<sup>n</sup> told us that sooner than loss or damage the ship he would go off with us + the 2 quardians to Smyrna.

Great therefore was our horror abt 3.30 p.m. to hear all the noises of a start, after having observed that it was getting rougher + rougher, but we only went round the corner of the Island to shelter on the Eastern side + hope to be returned to the Capital tomorrow morning.

In the mean time no one has been able to communicate in any way with the shore. It has been pouring most of the day.



One of the Gks recognizes us having seen us  
in Seis 2 years ago. They are most friendly  
& drink brandy before each meal & Lt's  
desquet has had to accept twice as they  
always offer it to us.

Thursday Feb 12<sup>th</sup> Here we have been  
5 days in Rhodes, hewing very bad  
weather in this favoured isle, where  
there is rarely a day without sunshin.

We are right glad & thankful to be  
here for it is not granted to everyone  
who arrives here to get ashore. A week  
or two ago the boat with the Doctor  
in it was upset in returning to shore.

The said fat old Turk kept us  
a whole hour waiting & it would  
really have suited us to land a little  
later but the Cap<sup>n</sup> constantly feared  
he could not land us. However  
after a parade of the passengers  
we did get to land though it was  
very rough.

Of course we knew a passport

be demanded & we had lost ours  
so when something was said in  
Turkish which we knew must  
be this request Theodore solemnly  
handed them an old letter of  
credit which he held in readiness.

They were quite satisfied & as I was  
dancing with Kyprios Aristarchis the  
gov<sup>r</sup>. Dragoman I explained it all  
to him & he said "the Turk was so  
good that it should be duly hono<sup>red</sup>  
ed & he would receive it as a  
true passport & now we have it  
back.

We have actually been to a ball at  
Gov. Calvert's. our V. Consul's. There  
were greeks & Levantines. all the  
ladies had handsome faces but  
bad figures. The dresses were very  
various, some good, some bad,  
some in fancy dress because this  
is the gr. Carnival. The prettiest  
girl in the prettiest dress was a Turk.



one dressed like a gypsy. Amongst  
others were Kyrios + Kyria Philemon.  
He had met him in Samos 2  
years ago. He is Greek Consul + they  
seem to be nice people. When I went  
to Call he sent me a nice little old  
terra cotta jug. Mr. Aristarchos's brother  
had met us in Chios so they knew  
all about us.

We are at a clean little inn in the  
separate village called Neo Maras  
the Christian quarter quite close  
to the sandy + windmelly point  
Kum Purnie at the north of  
the Isle. It is quite a little walk  
to the town where none but few  
or Turk may remain after sun  
set.

The town is very interesting + full  
of coats of arms + bits of carvings +  
other traces of the Knights but  
see Murray. There is a charming  
walk along the sea towards Crete  
on the West. There are big rocks of

Beddingstone tumbling about which  
must once have been shingle + sand +  
now for a second time are returning  
to that state. There are quantities of  
smooth black + white shingles which  
are extensively used for paving floors  
+ court yards in all sorts of designs.  
The passage outside our door + the  
diningroom too, have very pretty  
patterns.

All this time we are without Mat  
Theos. First he was stormstayed at  
Anafi + then he arrived here on Sunday  
evening but could not touch so he  
is at Makri in Asia Minor + is due  
to make another attempt tomorrow.

Fancy my feelings on Monday morn  
when I heard 3 Turks talking in  
the passage. All I could make out  
was Theodoros so I looked expect-  
antly at them + they came in  
with a telegram, addressed in  
Turkish + began to read "My lordos  
Theodoros ----" I said Pent. + they



said yes Bendi, so I put out my hand, took the document, opened it & found more Turkish so I handed it to them & said in Greek "Please tell me what it is for I can't read it"; they then handed it to each other - all read it aloud & at last one said he was afraid he could not exactly make it out but anyway I made out that it was from poor Manthes telling of his trouble.

All the time we are eating we hear Turkish spoken & when any one of the dozen detached words we know turns up we are delighted. Thursday M. arrived on Monday morn. He ought to have been here on Friday. With him came the N. Wind & consequent fine weather. Last Sunday was quite the worst day. Thunder lightning, hail & rain all day.

We spent another evening at the Philomona & took several walks & also on Tuesday went to Philereimo at

the top of a mountain - about 12 miles. Mr James Aristarchis, the Chios one, who talks Eng<sup>l</sup> perfectly came with us. I rode a mule & the others & M. walked. I had a European saddle but it had no crupper, so going down hill the saddle turned & I had nearly reached the ground on the near side when M. caught me, a fortunate thing as my leg was caught in the pummels, a few steps further he could not have got between me & the precipice. so a rope was tied to the back of the saddle & M. held on behind till we reached the plain.

The view from the top of the hill is lovely - the coast of Caria & several islands. It was formerly the acropolis of Old <sup>Jalysos</sup> Rhodes. There was a ruined ch. of the Knights & a subterranean Ch. Greek, frescoed inside.

On Monday we had been to call on the Pasha, Kaamel Bey, with Mr Calvat



and Mr. Piliotti. He was not at home but his plump 18 year old son Khem Bey was there. I went to see the Harem but was much disappointed.

The rooms looked very meagrely furnished. I saw the only wife or other very old & ugly ladies. The Khanoom Pasha only could talk very little Greek so Khem Bey did dragoman in French till the others wanted to come in. They were all gone at least.

As the gov<sup>t</sup> steamer is going to Karpathos we begged to go in her & instead of saying straight out that it was impossible as women are not allowed on these ships, which if such were the rule they must have known, we were kept waiting for an answer till ~~tomorrow~~ <sup>yesterday</sup> & quarter told that a great row was made because some women took refuge on a man of war during the earthquake of Chios. Furthermore the P has not returned our visit yet

nor sent the promised letter for the Kaimakan of Karpathos

The real reason of all this is that 2 years ago when we were in Chios we heard in travelling over the island dreadful stories of oppression of the Greeks by the Turks which these wretched creatures begged to be exposed in Eng<sup>l</sup>.

When we reached the Khora we were on our way to ask our Consul about it but he was not at home. Mr. James Aristarchis who speaks English perfectly came up & asked if he could do anything for us. I told him what we were about & he took us to his father who was the Pasha's secretary, in the Konak or gov<sup>t</sup> house.

He of course being a gov<sup>t</sup> official did not like to say much but between them all we were told to go to the P. So Mr. B. asked to see him & in walked to his amazement Mr. P. I said he had heard such bad things & he was one Prince of Samos.



that it was impossible to believe them + as he did not like to go to Eng<sup>d</sup> with a false impression he should like to hear them contradicted but the P said all was true + I said he would make things known in Eng<sup>d</sup>.

We were given unpoisoned coffee + left + after we had gone Raschid Pasha was in a towering rage + said "Fetch this one! Fetch that one. Fetch the other!" all high officials + said "What do you think has happened? A man has been here asking one questions! + a woman! What did that woman want here? They had better learn to govern Ireland properly." + in half an hour he wished he had asked for the papers which authorized I to ask questions. He did not get over it for a long time to say. Mr. Aristarchis says.

When I got home he spoke to Mr Pandeli Ralli MP about this affair

also L<sup>o</sup> Edmund Fitzmaurice. Mr P. Ralli asked a question in Parliament + Lord Granville told L<sup>o</sup> Aberdeen to enquire about it. The Pasha was moved to Smyrna + Mr. Anarnesaki our Consul who rather threw doubt on I + I believe made himself out to have done most got the Order of the Saviour which we have often heard that I should have got instead.

Besides this he wrote an article in "Maemillan" "Two Turkish Islands today" i.e. Chios + Samos. This was at once translated into Greek + got about though the Gov<sup>t</sup> tried to suppress it + in Turkish, which enraged them much.

Khamel Bey was then Pasha of Mytilene + is a very clever literary man + a great poet + gets a pension to keep his pen off dangerous subjects. He was deputed to answer



to telegraphed to Mr. James Kristand  
& come & help him but Mr. A said  
it was a whole year since the  
article came out & what paper  
did he mean to write his answer  
in? & who would read it? so he gave  
it up but Nashed Pasha did  
write something very rabid about  
to in the Villager paper.

This is the origin of Khamel  
Beis' rudeness, & we are so sure that  
we should have spies set on us  
in Karpathos, & not be allowed to  
dig, & that as the steamer is to get  
there before us & give warning we  
have determined to give them  
the slip & get them off our traces.

So we never have said all day  
that we are giving up Karpathos  
which we must get at some day  
from Kreta. Instead of spending  
more than a night & a day in a  
Kaika we only say we must go by  
Khaliki an island half way down

Rhodes on the W & more than 1/4 of the  
way to K. We can get there by a Greek  
steamer, then turn north to Telos  
& together with all the letters for  
Karpathos we are asking for others  
in case we may go to other islands &  
we have got a new passport for  
Karpathos & other islands."

This now past 5 & we do not know  
when the steamer will come, if we  
shall sleep on board or what we  
we shall have to start.

Knowing how little chance there  
would be of getting our letters if we  
wished to, we have said they are  
not to be forwarded.

We feel very mysterious!

Misros Feb 23<sup>rd</sup>. We left Rhodes  
on the night of the 20<sup>th</sup>. We went  
on board the Greek steamer  
"Roumeli" at 6 o' after waiting in  
expectation of its arrival all day.

The evening before just as we were  
going to pay an evening visit to the



Philemono they, thinking we should  
be busy, came to us instead - Mr. <sup>John</sup>  
Aristarchis, who is engineer in chief  
& the Port. at Mytilene joined us.

Well! The Roumelis is a dirty  
little ship, & I + I slept in the very  
smelliest cabin, destined for  
ladies by the English builders  
& as it was a passage room for  
all the passengers a quilt was  
hung across but the steward was  
often within our side.

At 11.30, two hours after we left  
Rhodes, we reached Simi & in  
the dark & by star light I could see  
that we remained in a little  
land-locked bay for 2 or 3 hours.

It looked lovely but no doubt  
by daylight it looks bare enough  
& like Khalki which we got to  
abt. 7. a most hideous island, steep  
like Syra & not even the picturesque  
town to redeem it. We did not  
land there; there is a revolution

about the tax on Sponges & the Pass  
of Rhodes was just going there  
so we came on to Nisero which we  
reached about 12.30

We passed Telos on the way & had  
to come half round this island to  
get to the N.W. side where this little  
town of Mandraki lies. The  
island is only abt. 7 or 8 miles across  
& quite round. It has been a vol-  
cano & there are no springs on it -  
cisterns are used. In the middle  
of the island is the sunken crater  
with a pond of sulphur. One can  
smell it more than a mile off.

Once more & for the first time  
during this journey we found the  
very narrow little streets, up & down  
steps & sometimes rocks a foot or  
half high, & full of pigs. like in the  
Cyclades. We were taken to the house  
of the Schoolmaster Logothetis  
(layed down of the law) & given coffee  
loukoum & almonds, but he was



about  
as well as Keriós Apóstolides to whom  
we also had a letter. The Caeliman  
drite of the monastery, situated  
on a projecting rock among the  
ruins of a medieval fortress, was  
soon on the spot + our baggage ordered  
up the hill + we followed up steep  
steps + rocks, winding in + out under  
arches + with joy found we had a  
room really for ourselves, large & clean  
enough. + with lovely views of Los  
Sali + Kalimnos.

As the only bed was small + dirty  
I have slept in my hammock  
very successfully these two nights  
The down quilts covered with  
white to serve as sheets make it  
look as if it were full of whipped  
cream. I can now get in without  
untucking the bedclothes.

The women here wear a very  
pretty dress. + now we know why  
Turkey red is called Turkey Red, i.e.  
because all the women in this

Turkish island wear an open sleeve  
less gown of it with a very full skirt  
a good deal shorter than the thick  
cotton skirt with handsome silk  
embroidery round the tail  $1\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>2</sup>  
round. The sleeves are splendidly  
embroidered. We have bought 5  
of these under dress, 1 pair of slippers,  
a pillow cover, + a bed valance  
for £3.15.0.

Yesterday we went to Imporia  
up in the mountains. about 1/2  
hour. a place exactly like this.  
I rode. or I may say bestrode a  
small donkey with a large mule  
pack saddle. The donkeys + my  
difficulties were increased by  
having to squeeze through bushes  
of prickly dwarf holly up to my  
knees. My feet + knees often got  
knocked on stones + rocks + alto-  
gether it was not a very pleasant  
ride for me. When we started home  
with the bundle of clothes the mule



Telos  
Teer lent his sash & the clothes were slung  
on to his back. It was not a very interest-  
ing expedition.

We dine in another room very bare, but  
most thankful are we not to be in a  
family & obliged to talk when we were  
tired. The first evening we had to eat  
soft eggs without spoons as ours were not  
out & we had no glass in the window  
but were tolerably comfortable for all  
that.

On the 23<sup>d</sup> we paid several visits, engaged  
a boat & wished to leave as the wind was  
N. but we were persuaded to put off  
till next day.

Telos 25<sup>th</sup> We left Miseros yest. at 9 a.m. &  
not for 7/2 hours did we see step down on  
our on to this island. We had calm for  
most of the 15 miles. We came round  
the E. so now we have completely circum-  
navigated Miseros.

We saw a good many people on the  
shore as we approached, but by the  
time we landed not one was in sight. The  
boatmen then rolled out "Come near

for not! We are from Miseros, you may  
come safely!" so out they came & we  
went to meet them & they said "What  
people are you? from the town" We  
said we were not from Constantinople  
but from Ing, but this did not seem  
to enlighten them much. They asked  
if this were our first time of coming to  
the island & after we had said "yes" I  
asked something about the other port  
& they wanted to know how we knew  
there was another port & today I said  
something to the superior of this  
monastery of the vineyards near the  
Limena & he said "Did you guess of  
yourself that we had vineyards there  
or have you been told. We had passed  
the Limena on the steamer.  
There is no post here.

It was 4.30 when we arrived & we at  
once dispatched Dr to the town to see  
after a lodging & take our letters of intro-  
duction to the Superior or Epimenos  
of the monastery & Kerios Kame<sup>o</sup> off he



went bearing his coat, half a kid in one hand + a tied up bundle with favourite scraps for his own eating. He is certainly cheap to feed. He eats all the fishes heads + jest. Lunched of cold lightas

We left our very voluminous baggage on the beach + went off to look at a young woman we had observed from the beach, stamping like mad upon some thing black. This was a brown goats hair coat, which was wet + put on a board, surrounded with stones to keep it steady + the woman had been kneading + grinding it 4 days to get the long hairs off. She said it was cold work + her feet looked quite sodden

At about 5 all the people began to assemble to go up to the town for no one sleeps by the sea, + they begged us to come too. We said we would wait for M. + we could not think why he did not come. The people seemed unwilling to leave us + frighten us to stay so we consented that they

should divide our luggage among them + they all shouldered the heavy things quite easily. Quite an old woman took a big carpet bag. I took 3 loaves + the honey-bottle + we were a most queer procession.

It was most fortunate we started we were not a moment too soon for it is a mile to the town + we might have at least sprained our ankles for most of the way is covered with loose stones of various sizes + then we might have lost our way over rocks + not have hit off the road again. + it was dark by the time we got to the town besides we had to go so completely round a mountain that we did not see it till the last minute.

When we were  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile off we met M. + the Schoolmaster Spiridonos clad in black European dress + we went first down a great many narrow pebbly streets + rocky stairs to



the Cafe + we sat for about an hour in a balcony, homeless for one of our friends was absent + the Egoimenos out. At last the schoolmaster asked us to come + sit in quiet at his house which consists of one small room, half of it being according to the usual custom at 26 inches higher than the rest. He had been married 40 days he said + had that morning returned from Kalimnos with his pretty bride, after 8 days of sea-sickness. Twice had they reached Telos + had to return as far as Kos. So it was hardly a lucky moment to intrude on them but they were most kind + Mr. Kalliope unpacked his box + took out table cloth + napkins + told us tomorrow she should tidy the house + seemed rather disappointed that it had not been whitewashed. However when a saucepan of soup, once "portable" was brought we felt such bores, we declared we would go + dine in the Kaphe

reion but we were told by our host that we should offend them much if we did. So we remained + eat off our own tin plates + used their pretty, painted wooden spoons which imparted a flavour of varnish to our soup.

After the Egoimenos came + took us to the Monastery of Holy Pantaleos monos in the valley abt. 1/2 a mile from the town. We have a little house for ourselves. one room opening into a sort of court or cloister. The end is 18 inches higher + has a dusty carpet + 2 steps on the floor, hissed full of fleas but he does not mind them. We have 2 windows with our glass + the door so on 3 sides we can have air, which they tell us is charming in summer, but we like it better when we are shut up for the night as well as we may. After being homeless for a few hours very thankfully did I lay myself in my



hammock.

Thursday 28 We could not shut our door the first night & about 6 a man came in to find the "Blessed One" & left the door open. We did not wish to move but when hens came in I had to drive them out, indeed we have to keep constant guard against hen dogs & cats.

We had the room washed after a very slight fashion which did not kill the fleas.

We paid visits in the morning with the Zoumenos & Papa Nikolaos both very nice men & in the afternoon stayed in as G. had a little fever.

This morning we set forth with 2 axes & spades, & high hopes & dug 2 graves close by the sea shore where we landed on the north. a very strong N wind blowing all the time. We found nothing but bones & 2 little earthen ear-bottles, one broken, & a lamp - all coarse, abt. 4 feet down. The opening of the tomb was

7 feet down & closed with a stone in the side of the hole that was deep. We came away disgusted.

One of the men has brought in a good little black lamp

The men dress the same as all the other islanders we have seen, but the women look very like Saps. They wear a very Rational Dress. A shirt which comes a little below the knee embroidered all round with red & green. Over this a tight brown coat is wrapped by a scarlet belt. The shirt has a small square sailor collar of yellow & the open front of the shirt is filled with a piece of coloured embroidery, almost hidden by the great number of necklaces of different colours composed of numerous strings of glass beads, reaching nearly to the waist. On their heads they wear red pointed caps of red cloth with a bit of gold braid straight up the front & <sup>down</sup> ~~down~~ the back. A handkerchief with the point turned up is tied across the front.



+ the hair which is plaited rather high in front is brought low over the ears + behind below the cap. Over all they tie a towel by its 2 front corners + sometimes also by the 2 back ones. Babies are carried in little cradles like the Lapp's + hung over their mother's shoulder.

March 2<sup>nd</sup>. Yesterday we had not a very satisfactory day. I sent + went to the Mufti, Sapri Effendi + asked permission to dig but no answer came + he sent 3 Zaptiehs or policemen after the diggers + we gave up all thoughts of doing anything so sent Mr to the other village Mikri Thorio (this being Megalothorio + both the same size) to make a symphony about a kaïke for Karpathos + half a dozen women on so for our luggage. They have ~~no~~ donkeys but no saddles. I am to have 2 donkeys.

We had a visit from the schoolmaster + one from P. Nikolaos in the eve. The latter

told us the real thing was that the Mufti required Bakhteech + if we gave a medjidie (4/7) it would be all right + he would go to the Konak + hold our hopes. However last night all the Turks were too tipsy to be spoken to.

This morning it was announced that the Mufti was on his way to visit us so I hastily ordered coffee + I got out a little plush case with a comb, looking glass, scissors etc. + when he arrived with 3 Zaptiehs I at once plunged into the subject + said he w<sup>d</sup> give him a Bakhteech + handed him 2 Medjidies + at the same moment I gave my gift which he politely took but told me to lay his money on the table + a Zaptieh to take it. + this we hear is in order that he may be able to swear he received no money from me.

He then said he was delighted we should dig + he w<sup>d</sup> go to the other village that he might see + hear nothing of it. He asked us if we had an opera



glass we could give him. but we told  
him we had not; he begged me to go  
& see his wife & asked if I could write  
for he knew that all the women of the  
English family knew letters so this  
Chronicle was fetched & I said I had  
written it all & he looked through  
it & said it was beautiful & every  
one wonders I can write so much.

A great blow fell upon us when the  
smoking began & I fetched our old  
luminous match box with a cracked  
glass & offered a match & explained  
its marvels, for Sâpri Effendi thanked  
I heartily & put it in his pocket.  
We trembled when he took the  
revolver to examine for fear he might  
say that -

We parted excellent friends. Then it  
poured, which prevented digging  
today though it did not last long  
& we had visits from Papa N., the  
Egoumenos & the Schoolmaster who  
lunched with us & he much enjoyed

black caviare & Lobster. Since luncheon  
we first went to see the bride who  
is very discontented, & then wandered  
ab. the town paying visits & being  
consulted about illnesses. There is  
d<sup>r</sup>. here. One woman has erysipelas  
in the face. Of course there is none  
prescribing unattainable medicines  
so we have done what we could  
& hope it may be successful. M has  
delightedly gone off to the sick with  
pills, vaseline &c. It is so cold we  
have to shut our windows & only keep  
the door open.

Tuesday May 4<sup>th</sup>. On Sunday we walked up  
to the old fort above the town on a very high  
mountain overlooking the sea as well  
as the plain & so steep that the town  
looked as if it were tucked in under  
our feet. at least it did not look at  
all for we c. not see it. The Egoumenos  
accompanied us & we took paper &c  
& take squeezes of the only 2 inscript<sup>ions</sup>  
known to exist but M & I each found



another so we set to work in blazing sun  
& in a bed of rue, but before we had  
finished it came on to rain so we  
had to spread our things to dry in the  
ruined church which now occupies the  
site of a temple of which one wall is still  
in place & I returned in the evening to  
fetch them. In the mean time had  
visits the whole afternoon, wearisome  
but no doubt good for my Greek.

In the night it poured which caused  
a hasty rush from our very different  
beds to secure our things from the water  
dripping through the roof. A heap of  
bedding had to be dragged into safety.  
He has no sheets, but does not  
seem to mind & has his pillow  
dressed in a white garment of mine.

I forgot to say that a very poor old  
woman wished to know how much  
she should have to pay for our medicine.  
We have heard that the patients are  
doing well.

Also I did not mention that women

little girls wear a quantity of silver wire  
toll rings in their ears. I counted 14 in  
one ear. each wire too thick by half  
for our ears & each ring too large for  
a bracelet. They sleep in them & of course  
the lobe of the ear is much deformed.  
We saw some wedding earrings wh<sup>ch</sup>  
not only had lots of beads strung  
on of glass & filagree but ab. half  
a dozen pairs of good sized cheap  
earrings of our ordinary kind  
tied in.

To return to our history. We began to  
dig with 6 men who though engaged  
to begin early were with difficulty  
driven to set to work by being told  
they were not men at all but beasts  
(zooa) & taking a leaf out of their own  
books, we told them it was evening  
& M. said they were now half day  
men, so they were got to work by  
9. or 3 of as they call it in Turkey.

These graves were in a very pleasant  
place, in a field with olive trees &



*Ulmus*, a sort of oak with large acorns. The cups 2 or 3 inches across are used in dyeing.

We opened 7 graves. They had to be 8 or 10 feet + then there was a perpendicular stone mortared on to the mouth of a cave. We found nothing very fine to reward us. Some very coarse plates. one containing the bone of a *sepia*, some little 2-handled cups a few very coarse + 3 immense *Mithra*, very large jars with pointed bottoms, <sup>whole</sup> one broken. + the round copper bottom of some vessel.

We were disappointed + decided that this had been a poor place. The big jars as I said we should have liked to keep if they had been deep in the Park, but not only would they have been expensive to bring home, if they had not been captured on the way but would have caused a great fuss in Karpathos, where we do not mean to speak of excavations

for a week. Hardly did the sun set when the owner of the field, declared these were fine + excellent things + wished to be paid a great deal for them so we departed + their wailing screams could be heard several fields off.

We had several people to beg us to take these things + pay, but we said we did not care for them + we would only pay for the crops as we agreed. The <sup>work</sup> men also have been here for more money but vainly.

A penknife has been given to the *Hegoumenos* this morning + perhaps in consequence all the small things have been brought us.

We are in the act of packing for the *Mikro Chorio*.

Mar 5<sup>th</sup> Now every thing is packed for Karpathos. which we hope to reach tomorrow night sailing this mid night. We had a very funny departure from the *Megalo Chorio*.



Seven women came from this place  
carried our luggage. We were reminded  
of the processions in the Tomb of St.

I had a very good donkey. Our way  
led for a good way along the edge of a  
precipice formed by what seemed  
to be a subsidence in the middle of  
the island abt  $\frac{1}{2}$  or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile wide  
& sometimes at the bottom of it. This  
has evidently a volcano as this side  
of the island is full of pumice.

On reaching this village we were  
greeted by our host, a Papas who  
has been to Alexandria & has a bed  
& keeps a Cafe. The Captain of the  
caïk we had engaged, Alexis, who  
at once constituted himself a  
2<sup>d</sup> servant & shared all his doing  
& became a bosom friend of his.  
& an old Kyrios Katri a very cunning  
& talkative old merchant from  
Sini who with the nice Priest  
clung to us continually.

We were given the whole of a house

about 12 feet by 9, with the bed in  
it. It was very tidy & clean looking.  
The floor had been sponged & a  
white quilt was got out to make a  
top sheet for it. as Greeks never have  
but one. & great search was made  
for a basin, but the only one was  
broken, so a salad bowl was bor-  
rowed & in fact they did all they  
could for us.

After a walk & some visits & our  
dinner, eaten very publicly, a  
band came consisting of a drum,  
a bagpipe composed of a whole  
pigskin, & a lyra, a sort of mando-  
lin, with a quantity of little bells  
hung along the  $\frac{1}{2}$  bow, a very  
pretty instrument to see & hear.  
As there were 10 people in the room  
we sat as if we were in the train.

Yesterday we went down to the sea  
3 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours walk very rough & dry  
but vainly. one of the workmen was  
the priest's brother in law. What



people would say if they knew  
one of my sisters is a Papadria  
I know not. All the clergy are  
quite common people. We passed  
a ragged old man on the way.

I don't say road, building a wall  
& only by his brown goat skin <sup>hair</sup> cap  
which represents black, could we  
know he was a clergyman. The  
superior of the monastery is a  
shoemaker & Papa Nikolaos plays

This house is haunted by 4  
cats which play about all night  
to my terror & bump against my  
hammock. We can't keep them  
out because they have a way in  
that we can't stop up. We are  
offered a barn near the sea but  
it is full of rats they say so we  
shall go on board at once. The  
ship has a hole or hold but we  
shall lie on deck I think.

We are taking abt. 20 bottles of  
wine with us as it is good.

The people of these villages are very  
jealous of each other & tell lies of  
each other, abuse each other & do  
not intermarry.

Before we came here we were told  
that all the inhabitants were Lepros.  
then some one else said "in only  
two villages"; each village says they  
are all in the other but they live  
among their families so we really  
do not know. They speak of them  
as Broken people.

Before we left the Megalo Chorio our  
erysipelas patient was so well that  
she tried to send us a Medicine  
but we of course refused & are very  
proud of our success.

All the women here are terrified at  
the idea of being photographed & my  
camera is rather a 'White Elephant'  
They are also afraid of sketching  
them & all run away. There is one  
in particular Kiriaki (Sunday) by  
name. one of those who carry our



over baggage. abt 50 + very handsome  
in the wildest darkest gypsy  
style + when I take his book out  
she skips away like a goat.

A dreadfully ragged old priest, the  
owner of the donkey + the one who  
was building up all stood for his  
portrait in our little house among  
a jammed crowd all very much  
delighted when I said "Here are  
his eyes, his nose; he has no mouth  
on account of his beard -

I spied his house key hanging  
at his girdle, very like the key  
we bought from the monks of  
Paleokastriza in Corfu - their castle  
key so we offered a knife for  
it. it was joyously accepted. +  
in order to express that I was to ride  
his donkey he made his 1<sup>st</sup> + 2<sup>d</sup>  
fingers of his right hand ride on  
his left hand.

Then our host - having been given  
a knife gave me half an eno-

broidered curtain. Tatoneo took from  
my pocket a brooch for his wife,  
whereupon he fled to a trunk +  
gave me a little bottle with a  
few treasured drops of lavender  
water. He is going to Alexandria  
so we may again see Papa Andreas  
Diakonouclometriou -

Now I will recount our voyage to  
Karpathos. We got down to the  
sea about 2 p.m. as that seemed  
the time that suited everyone  
+ the women were sent flying up  
the mountain by I who popped  
out round rocks at them with  
his sketch book.

When it became dark we took  
refuge in a Magazi or shed containing  
anchors, planks, ropes etc. + I  
cooked our dinner, which we eat  
off a bench sitting on a pole.

The ship's company consisted of  
Alexis, his wife, we suppose. 2  
sailors, + a young man + a little boy



who were taking the opportunity of the passage.

We had to wait for the moon at midnight. & at 7 6 & I clambered down the very steep rocks & were laid by Cap<sup>n</sup> Alexis side by side on the ballast with a carpet over <sup>it</sup> us & our heads on the tent sack & he then proceeded to close the hold, at 2 feet deep completely up, so we begged for mercy & only had a sail spread over us.

I found the shingles awfully hard but 6 after a fortnight or more on the floor was able to sleep & it was with the greatest difficulty I shook him up, telling him he must go ashore for the men as the moon had been up an hour, so he went & found the very anxious to get them off but unable.

We were soon on our way. In <sup>crisis</sup> going into the extreme bow of the

hold where he got very wet for the N. Wind freshened & the waves were dashing over us from behind & it became so bad that before we got to Saria, an island N. of Karpathos it was decided to give up trying to get to Pegadie, our destination, far down on the E coast but to go into Tristoma, a bay on the N East West. We landed there after 9 hours. & did not very much mind as we thought we could travel through the island a different way.

You will hardly believe we started before the next day break without seeing one Karpathiote! Tristoma has its name because 2 islands at its entrance give it three mouths. It is a most desolate looking place, there is a little half ruined chapel, almost in the sea & there we built our beds. & very damp we & all our goods became.



A boat of Casso was there & the men said it was 2, or 5 hours to Glymbo & the road on what answers to one washed away so we settled at dawn to set off again to Pegadie.

All around were nothing but steep bare rocks so we chose the softest to sleep on in the afternoon & all the Greeks slept in a heap. The day was enormous by long & every one unsettled & anxious & we heard from the men of Casso a terrible tale of a boat kept 15 days in that bay by a West wind & as next day we wished to go West, North, East & then South there were many fears.

We lay down in our clothes & at dawn my friend G was in a very obstinate state of confusion, warmth, sleepiness &c but I respectfully reminded him the

I had obtained leave over night to rouse him up, & that all the others were up, no doubt unwilling to awake us. which proved to be the case.

We got out by the N. entrance, having entered by the S., got through the Straights very well & though there was not much wind were progressing favourably when a whirling gust came down a gully in the mountain & then another & overboard went the fore sail mast & all.

All hands dragged the sail in & the sailors began hacking & hewing with axe & saw while the male passengers flew to the oars. & the sea so calm all the time.

How thankful we felt that we had safely got into Cristome bay only just in time for only one more gust such as we had that morning might have done for us. The sail would have filled before any



one could do anything + the big hole in the deck would have let the hold fill.

After this Pegadhi was out of the question in that boat so we made for Thriaphani, where we landed + made acquaintance with some of the inhabitants of Slynbo + promised to go there for Easter. This is their landing place.

We breakfasted in the open air + then got into a narrow, very deep boat with so much water in it that it had to have a hearty baling for 5 or 10 minutes occasionally with a big basin. We had 2 men to row each on a different bench + we 3 sat leaning against each other in the stern.

It took 7 1/2 hours to get to Pegadhi coasting closely + landing twice for water once at Kera Panaxia

a very pretty little bay, with a little white church of "M<sup>r</sup>: All-holy" the Virgin.

All the while time the men never ceased with every stroke to shout all sorts of verses + saying. In spite of all this noise no one came out at our approach to help our landing + we had to call for a lantern + got the boat on a rock. However we landed safely + that moment were asked for our Teskerreh by a Zaptiek or policeman. We then went into the Kaffi + enquired after the various people for whom we had letters, M<sup>r</sup>: Manolakakis, the Kaimakan M<sup>r</sup>: Koumpis, the Kaimakan was the only one down at Pegadhi + the minute the Turks heard we had a letter for him they demanded it imperiously. I said it was in the boat still, but they simply clamoured for it, even a boy of 16



Came to me when I was gone out  
& said "Give me the Kaimakem  
letter at once" When it came it  
was taken to the K who was in the  
upper room of this filthy hole of  
a Café with his Turkish secretary  
a very smart young man & his  
Greek Dragoman Mr. Frangisko  
Sakolarides.

I was put on a sofa a yard high  
near the K & there I found him  
& we were given coffee & nothing  
civil was left unsaid. Mr. S. always  
translates from the Turkish into  
Greek, though both Turks can  
talk Greek. We heard I mentioned  
as Frank Effendi & Lord Bent

They said they would give up  
the room to us & kindly departed  
The room was clean looking & to  
get to it we passed through a small  
kitchen where M prepared our  
supper.

The woman of the house made I

up a bed on the high seat & while doing  
so quite calmly dropped her 6 months  
old babe into my arms. as he was  
good pretty & clean I did not mind  
& it seemed quite natural that I should  
keep him next morning, after he had  
been dressed only in 2 cotton shirts,  
quite clean, while his little brother  
was dressed & the room cleaned.

When I went to shut the door of the  
kitchen where M was to lie on the floor  
behold there was no door to shut  
but as there was no use saying any  
thing, nothing was said, but I  
my hammock quickly removed  
into the most secluded corner.

We were a good long time dressing  
as we wished to rearrange our luggage  
a little & leave some things down  
there but at 7.30 the family was  
at the top of the outside stairs waiting  
admission & the Turks all patiently  
on the beach.

They all came up the moment we



opened the kitchen door & we packed under great difficulties as they played with our things & we packed some.

The air pillows are a joy to all my bed, sponge bags &c.

They said the gov. steamer w<sup>d</sup> be going to Rhodes & w<sup>d</sup> take letters so we all began to write. we at the table & the clerks sitting crosslegged & with the paper on their left hands. They had my papers & a pair of scissors by them with which they cut it down after it was written.

They begged us to wait  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour & send Mr. the baggage by land to Upperi the capital & send my mule to meet us at Vrondi across the bay & they w<sup>d</sup> take us in their boat so we waited an hour & a half but were saved an hour of rocks by it.

My mule duly met me at Vrondi or Bronti or Thunder & a very steep

ascent of about an hour chiefly up the bed of the river Chaos led to Aperi. We all went to the Cafe & sat in the balcony & then went to Mr. & Const. Sakolarides's house where we found M. in possession. We had many visitors including the Clerks in the evening in long cotton nightgowns & gray plaid flannel dressing-jackets.

We stayed at that house 2 nights & were greatly bothered by starers & were the objects of great wonder & some sought for a more private lodging as we wished to remain some time.

We could get nothing in Aperi but eventually found a house in the village of Volathia so close that even I could make the journey on foot.

A flock of women, including Miss Euphrosine Mandalakakis, the daughter of a very nice man, came & shouldered our baggage & the way leads up a torrent, hopping from stone to stone, sometimes you walk through



a little water. The village is very high up + has most extensive views over sea + land. It is a very pretty island + the mountains we see from here are chiefly greenish + the huge arums in big bunches are quite lovely. No one can think why we have bouquets of them in the house.

All the houses are the same here. One large room divided lengthwise. The side nearest the door has a fixed sofa near the door, very high + a panelling behind it, + a cupboard in it with a small carved door.

The back half is raised, the larger part ab<sup>t</sup> 4 f<sup>t</sup> + the smaller, + feathered from the door is raised ab<sup>t</sup> 6 feet feet. All the wall of this is panelling + has doors by which they reach the store rooms + cellars situated inside the sleeping part. There is a railing all along + rafters + bars overhead

with towels + sheets + quilts hung upon them. All the pillows + mattresses are piled in a heap + chests + trunks all round contain all their clothes. Round the whole house run 2 or 3 shelves full of plates, jugs, bottles, bowls etc. Our house is like this. Our lower floor is earth but we are pretty quiet + the people are nice + kind. We have plenty of room for our things.

The upper parts are called Upper + Lower Sopha. (Ano + Kato) + no one goes up there with shoes.

We have many visitors + women come to sell embroideries, also for medical advice. Every time we go out we have to go through the river + some causeway might so easily be made. There is at least a 1/4 of a mile of it.

Sat<sup>y</sup> on Thursday we went to the village of Spilie's (Caves) passing through Othos. It took one + a half hour. It was



very hot. At Spilies we asked them  
to bring things to sell & they did bring  
plenty but asked such prices that  
we bought little. Ten pounds here  
or there seemed nothing to them  
as we shall pass that village again  
we hope they will have come to their  
senses. We went into many houses  
& a woman called Chrysanthe  
(gold flower) took us under her special  
care. I sketched a horrid old witch  
called Marigo & everyone recognises  
it as a good likeness. We crossed this  
narrow island at its widest part.  
It is not so pretty there, more bare.

When we returned we found  
that a dire disaster had befallen  
me but which delights Theodore.  
A cat had got in at the unglazed  
window eaten about 6 of worth of  
Brand's Beef tea & then not feeling  
very well had taken to my bed  
& the results were such as to cause  
shouts of woe from me which brought

J.M., & the neighbours. Fortunately  
my down quilts were sewn up in  
sheets & everyone set to work to wash  
except me. I remained in retirement  
Now however they have been washed  
& are not even stained but I have  
been reduced to the floor these 2 nights.

Yesterday was really a day to be mark-  
ed with a white stone. We had a  
delightful picnic to Keia Panagia.  
The company were 3 Turks, one of whom  
c. speak no greek. 2 English & 4 Greeks  
3 of whom c. speak Turkish. There  
was also an Albanian cook who c.  
speak no language but his own & then  
no one understood & 2 soldiers.

We arrived first. Riding 2 hours  
of a bone shaking road. The latter  
part <sup>was</sup> through pine woods smelling  
sweetly & with big single white  
peonies & arums.

M. at once set to work to cook a  
chicken, or rather aged cock & was  
ready with brandy to offer the Turks



on their arrival + at one of we all  
were seated round a waterproof  
rug of ours with 2 glasses, few plates  
+ a moderate amount of forks &  
spoons. We talked Eng<sup>l</sup> together  
the Turks talked Turkish together  
but of course Greek was the general  
tongue. We all of course eat too much  
after the manner of folks at  
picnics, all sorts of unexpected  
things turned up, eggs after we had  
been eating both sheep's cream  
with sugar + then bolols of rice  
jelly + cinnamon. So happy were  
we + so much did we seem to  
enjoy overeating ourselves, that  
it was then + there determined  
to send the soldiers off for a lamb  
to be eaten à la Palikari for  
dinner.

We 2 + the 2 Sakolaxides + a certain  
Manolakes, in whose house the  
Caimakam lodges went a long hot  
rocky walk + I think I got a little

sunstroke, for I had a great pain  
in the back of my head, which is gone  
today very nearly. We at length found  
ourselves at the source of a stream  
springing out of a bed of maidenhair  
under great big myrtle trees. It  
was such an enchanting spot -

At 4 of we sat crosslegged round  
a heap of mastic bushes + rosemary  
+ on this bed was laid the lamb who  
had been borne on a spit through  
his head + his hind feet tied to it.

We then tore him limb from  
limb by hand + all gnawed. I never  
saw a funnier scene or a merrier  
meal. After the lamb's bones were  
cleaned by the 8 sets of teeth the  
Caimakam examined the shoulder  
blades + pronounced peace +  
quietness, then more sheep's cream  
with home. We went half way  
together + then the Caimakam + Co  
went to Liperi + we + Mr. F.S. to Volatta  
Having been taking lessons from



Hassan Caehri Effendi the secretary  
I was able to say "teshakiwedim"  
"Thank you" to the Caïmakam -

We were led to the Café by Mr. F.S.  
+ given coffee + were very glad to get  
home safely with only star light  
to help us + I had had to walk  
some way.

In the little Church at Kera Pang  
which is quite good + not ruined  
there were lots of scribbled names  
+ one of the Greeks said, "now we will  
write up your name" + I said "oh  
not my name please", they said  
"Why?" + I said it was not our  
custom in England to write our names  
in Churches, so he went out + the  
Caïmakam who had put on an  
axe struck face said to me very  
quickly "Because it is a sin?" so I  
said "yes for it is the house of God"  
he said "yes" + I really felt glad  
he should see that some Christians  
have a little reverence. The very

irreverent jokes the Greeks make + their  
heathenishness mixed up in their religion  
must give them a bad idea of Christ  
ianity -

Today we are busy preparing for a  
luncheon party tomorrow of. but are  
rather in a fix as the people of the  
house wish us to have our feast  
under a tree or at Mr. Mandakakey  
who is one of the guests, because their  
brother died 6 months ago + the  
neighbours will think little of them  
if they permit a party in the house.  
M + I are going to cook but we have  
great difficulties to begin at the very  
foundation we must borrow a  
table cloth for we dine off oil cloth  
of the floor. + food is not easy to get  
in large quantities.

The Caïmakam gave 5 his beads for  
playing with, strung on leather.  
I bought 14 good Rhodian plates +  
4 broken one from Mandakes Mutter.  
but we never got them.



Sunday 21. Our party was over very successfully by half past 2. & surely it was the very funniest feast at which Tever was hostess.

At 7 o'clock I went in my crimson dressing gown to the neighbouring mud-floored hut where M. sleeps & which is our very smoky little kitchen - to look a pudding. Mr. Manolakakes was already there but we are used enough to the way of the place not to mind that. I set about my business. After that he stayed about an hour & we got very hungry & discovered that M. thought we would not eat till the midday meal. He became very anxious about a kid which did not arrive till 10.

The people of the house then made a great row, wept & screamed at our making a table but fortunately our friend said he should be here & if we wished to sing & dance we should come to his house. In vain

we assured them we only wished to eat & together instead of 2 & Mr. Man. had dined with us 2 nights ago. However they set about to tidy up the house & to our amusement the sheets & has slept in nearly a week were spread over the 2 sofas. A table cloth of calico very small was borrowed & knives &c from Mr. Frangò Sakolaridis. We put a great many Majolica jugs of which there are 14 in this room full of flowers about the room & a long nosegay on the table & that was all we could do. They say Mr. Virginia has a mania for flowers & that stock is the only one they care for.

Before we were quite ready in came a man, who when he was asked where he came from said, "from Apèrie you have been in my house." Asked which house as we have been in so many. "The house with the bed" but we do not now know his name & only remember that he keeps a shop. He only



imagined him to be a casual visitor  
but he remained uninvented for  
schenechon. The Caimakan brought  
the secretary who can only speak  
Turkish & who we also did not ex-  
pect so we were tightly crowded  
around our small table. The C. & I  
sat on the sofa. The flowers were  
planked with wine for X'tians &  
brandy for Turks.

It is considered a first-rate cook  
according to Greek notions. First we  
had a huge quantity of brotto with  
rice. Our unknown Greek guest  
was fasting so it was lucky that  
we next had lobster salad. Then  
chicken in some sauce. Then lamb  
in another sauce, then cheese, then  
each person got a soup plate brim-  
ful of solid rice milk with cinnamon  
sprinkled over. Then my pudding  
& then the sheep's cream.

Four times we all arose & clicked  
our glasses & as no one drank ever with

drinking every one's health we were  
always saying "Eucharisto." Everyone  
smoked any time he wished during  
the meal & we were quite as merry  
& talkative a party as if we had all  
been English. N. B. Mr. Virginia is the  
exception as far as talking goes.

A tin plate with our alphabet round  
it & who killed Cock Robin was a  
delightful subject of discussion  
& after coffee some views of London  
given to the C. with a lemniscus mater  
nox, a plan of London shown my  
down quilts & pinch, air pillows  
& blow up & my bed to be lain in  
by several & picked to pieces, were  
the entertainments we offered to  
our company.

Last night a lot of old women spent  
the evening with us & to draw them  
& one was quite terrified all were  
angry at his doing it & tried to tear  
up his book. A little child of four  
whose name is Virginia says she



has the same name as the Frank  
lady so she begs her mother to plait  
her quite short hair on the top of  
her head like mine.

We think of starting for Arkusa  
tomorrow & are already provided  
with a host who hopes we will re-  
main a year if we wish.

What pans & jars M. will borrow  
& carry off the "remains" for he  
can't bear to leave them behind  
indeed it would be useless as every

one is fasting. We have constant  
patients coming to us & I am sure  
you would all laugh to hear the  
medical lectures - we do afterwards  
but at the time we are quite too  
busy trying to understand & advise.

A child born with a twisted foot  
was brought to me yesterday.

I forgot to say that 2 Zapties fed in  
the kitchen & the C. is anxious we should  
have one with us but we don't want  
one. We should have to give him a

present besides paying a mule & feeding  
him.

Monday was quite too rainy & windy  
for us to start when we had a good  
roof over our heads & we suffered very  
much from the cold. We shut our  
shutters to keep out the hurricane & had  
a brazier of charcoal but the door had  
always to be open for light. We ached with  
cold so changeable is this climate & the  
damp of all our things is wonderful.  
We cannot imagine why we do not take  
cold, all our day clothes feel cold &  
damp in the morning & at night we  
are very glad of the flannel gowns we  
had made on purpose, but which de-  
cidedly would want airing before we  
put them on in Eng.

Tuesday Mar 17<sup>th</sup> after a rainy night  
we set off at 8 for Arkusa. At the  
last moment one mule failed us, but  
it did not matter eventually. All  
the baggage we took with us, my bed, a  
small portmanteau, & a bundle of cloaks



besides food were piled on all over  
the mule, so high that it was like a  
camel. I had to climb a chair  
& then a wall as high again to mount  
& sit crosslegged on the pile. -

We passed Othos without stopping &  
at Spiliés we stopped to lunch at  
Chrysanthe's house & there made  
some bargains over embroideries  
Arkassa is on the sea 2 hours from  
Spiliés & the road became much  
easier as we got nearer the sea. It  
was dreadfully cold the wind was  
so high. About 1/2 an hour before  
A. we came to Phenéki a little bay  
with very few houses. Having a  
letter for Kyprios Constantinos Makr.  
a garda who keeps a combination of  
A. Cafe' & tinker's & jeweller's shop, we  
turned out of our way to visit him.  
He gave us coffee & jam & implored  
us many times to remain the night  
but as his bedrooms were very un-  
inviting looking balconies, approached

by ladders, we with hopes of better things  
said Kyprios Polychronia (many years)  
was awaiting us. He was lucky enough  
to get possession of a set of silver &  
gold ornaments formerly worn by the  
Karpathote women. 3 long chains,  
2 frontlets & 2 earrings. Before we  
left he took us to his garden, & such  
a garden! It was apparently a barley  
field in the first instance & all through  
it like weeds were various vegetables,  
each plant separately had to be hunted  
for. The only flower, a bush of stock.  
He gave us lettuce, cardamums, celery  
tomatoes & other things which were  
a great joy to us as we had salads for  
3 days.

Arkassa is quite a new place, abt. 10  
years old but rapidly increasing as the  
masons were busy. It is built on both  
sides of a steep cleft, containing a  
river. & on the neck of a promontory  
Mr. Manyyears' house was horrid.  
The floor damp, sticky & very smelly



It was a general shop with wares of the poorest kind. The "sofa" had no railing, no window + altogether it was a very nasty place but a little redeemed by a good fire place, the first we have seen + we had a really good fire in it.

I was excessively glad of my own bed. I of course had that combination of Bed + Board which is usual. Next morning we walked about + saw the remains of temples. There is a good many pillars which they are hacking up for building, but we did not think it a good place for excursion.

Next <sup>18<sup>th</sup> Mar</sup> morning we gladly left our cow house + started for Menites across the mountains on the other side of the island. This part is not so pretty it is much baser than the E. side. It was 2 hours' road. In. can be seen from a distance. It is very prettily situated; the church

stands on a high + precipitous rock, jutting into the valley or plain sloping to the sea + the town runs up the hill behind it.

Here a real mud floor seemed quite a luxury to us. There was no window immediately at. 30 people were in the room to stare which they unremittently did all day long.

How superior is our treatment of the wild beasts in the zoological gardens! each one has a bedroom that he can go into when he is tired of being stared at. Yesterday morning as I wished to better on my long gaiters, I retired to the end of the room + sat down with my back turned to the multitude, but as there was a little room between me + the wall that soon became crowded

One M. said "What do you want here" + a woman said "Only it amuses my baby to see the man write + the woman sew."

They brought some embroideries but



asked enormous prices. Every man  
woman & child seems to wear  
on their persons all the foreign  
money they can find & think it  
very old & tell us it has been found  
in tombs, an Eng. penny for instance  
& such an exalted idea have they  
of inscriptions that the prize a  
new coin more highly & think it older  
because it has "grammata" on  
it. The Eng. idea of "second hand"  
being cheaper has no equivalent  
in Greek. The older, rarer, & dirtier  
the thing is the dearer.

I took some pretty sketches in  
the afternoon

Yesterday, Friday <sup>19<sup>th</sup></sup> we returned to our  
home at Volatha which seemed really  
quite comfortable & grand & clean,  
which last it really is, though very  
damp.

We passed through Othos, where we  
lunched amid a crowd in the  
little windowless hut which serves

as a cafe. A 3 hours journey over  
the mountain, very rocky & very steep  
on the W side & more sheltered & an  
easier road on the E. in & out of  
the folds of the mountains; each  
spur much greener on the E side than  
the W.

At Othos we picked up for if a little  
Rhodian saucer & some embroidery.  
Mr. Mandlakakis was here from 7 to  
9 this morning.

We start next week for Elymbo & there  
we hope to get diggers to come to the  
uninhabited island of Saria with  
us. We shall use the tent but we hope  
to find a chapel or some ruin per-  
haps. Mr. is to make the bread. it is  
better than the plan of making biscuits  
of 3 weeks bread & soaking it in  
water. Our plan is to get our super-  
fluities & purchases down to Pegadia  
& leave them there, to send Mr for them  
& "lie" at S. Diaphane waiting for  
them & to go in a sailing boat to S. Gra.



I have been quite interrupted in everything, I was packing & carrying our goods when in came a crowd & now he is having greek poetry read loudly to him & I am trying to write letters & have someone sitting tightly beside me leaning <sup>upon</sup> over me to see my writing.

When I was at Menites we were anxious to know about a charm for fever & were just asking about it when M. suddenly said the Kyria had caught cold & was suffering so they said they would fetch a woman. Some time after M. said "Wont you have your cloak Kyria" of course I accepted it & rolled myself up & made an invalid of myself. When the old woman came, she demanded my wrist and took a thread which she began to tie round it. She said "Where do you come from?" Of course I began to say "from Eng." but I was

directed to say "From the Holy Mountain" (Athos) A black dog has come near me, leave me that you may bind that". I had to repeat this answer 3 times & when I had done so she finished tying the knot, saying "It will be better in the morning."

As we wanted to see another woman do it I gave my left wrist & had to say I had come from Saloniki but otherwise one charm was the same as the other.

On the Saturday after our return we 3 walked down to Leperi meaning to pack the plates we had bought & which the woman very civilly said we might leave in her house till we were ready for them, but when we asked for them she would not let us have them without our paying much more so we told her she was a liar which is commonly done & does not seem to enrage the person thus insulted the least



We roped after all to have got them  
but we did not.

We then went + had coffee with  
the Turks + to see Mr. Koumpis  
who walked home with us.

On Sunday as I said before Mr.  
Manolakakis staid from 7 to 10  
while we wrote letters + was seeing  
us off to walk to Othos where we  
meant to lunch, but perceiving  
Mantheos come out with a basket  
and an earthen dish containing  
some lamb he suddenly decided  
to come too, which bored us rather  
+ of course the luncheon for 3 had  
to be stretched for 4.

We went to see an old man in  
a bed said to be a prophet. He had  
to tell our fortunes out of a book  
+ what struck the crowd most was  
that I was nice, out but unpleasant  
in the house - I was disagreeable  
+ stingy to my relations + an old man  
afterwards when I said I liked to  
see him again. We have been here  
in the summer Oct 1885

travel said "Yes, it is better that you  
should travel as you are not liked  
at home."

On Monday 23<sup>rd</sup> we went down to  
Pigadia 3 1/2 hours. It rained a great  
deal but at last we determined  
to be off + after 2 thirds of the way it  
was fine. We sewed up a sack of  
old dresses we, packed a box of pottery  
+ left these with a bag in the custom  
house + carried up the tent + Isbed  
I rode + the others walked.

At 8 next day 24<sup>th</sup> we had many  
affectionate farewells + set off with  
3 mules, one pack mule + 2 with  
plenty on them besides I + me.  
I walked all but about 1 1/2 hour  
when he had the mule.

We went through Othos + Spikis to  
the W coast + then after a little visit  
to Chrysanthe while I replenished  
our jar with the good wine of Spikis  
we turned north to Neso Chorio  
which we did not reach till 5.15.



all very tired.

Several times we had to get down  
& walk half a mile or so as the  
way was too steep or inclined to  
slip from rain & once we had a  
great deal of trouble in getting  
up a rock much higher than  
ourselves. We had to dismount &  
partially unload the mules & we  
kicked a good deal. Much scream-  
ing took place. I told the old  
muleteer that his mule had no legs  
(*avakados*) addressed him angrily  
as Brother, asked him what sort  
of a man he was & answered him  
that he was not a man at all but  
a beast & at last we all arrived  
at the top. beasts & people. There  
a boy & an old man called Giorgio  
Barbalagōnikou. He told us his  
surname came from his father  
being very good at running after  
hares (*lagi*) He was called consequent-  
ly Lagōniko prefixed with Barba

or Uncle as he evidently was an old  
man. Besides there was a woman  
who had the combined object of  
dragging to mule & offering at a  
church here a huge & very rough wax  
candle for the recovery of her son  
a year ago.

Before noon we found ourselves lost  
high up on the mountain side when  
we ought to have been near the sea  
so we had to scramble down on  
foot as best we might down beds of  
loose sharp stones over rocks & through  
thorns & I suffered somewhat as  
I had not my gaiters on. We see  
the path beneath us on soft ground.

It is easy enough to lose the way on  
stony ground for the road is only  
made by the steps of men & mules.  
If there is earth among the stones  
one can trace the track by the splash  
of mud on the rocks in rainy weather.  
When the road gets worn away  
or washed away they step aside &



make a new road, even through  
someone's field with the corn sprouting  
up, + indeed sometimes they do  
this without rhyme or reason, for  
no one minds walking through  
quite tall corn.

After we had gone over a quantity  
of tremendous boulders we turned  
up the course of a dry river + dis-  
pairing of finding water we spent  
a very merry half hour over our  
luncheon consisting of oat bread  
sardines, caviare + wine out of a  
scooped out lemon, a delicious cup  
which we have used before.

We passed through a great deal of  
ragged pine wood, very difficult to  
stoop + squeeze through. The sun  
was very burning + I broke my  
parasol, when it was shut, + I felt  
it dreadfully + got a headache though  
I had a white thing on my head.  
I had the anxious charge of the  
brandy bottle which M. meant to carry

in his hand. That also our larder  
on my mule, a hare + a half a very  
welcome change from boiled lamb  
+ kids.

We went in + out of folds of the  
mountains, up + down + across a  
water-course, then up again + were  
glad indeed when we sighted Mies  
Thoro (Middle Village) seated on a  
jutting rock over a plain, looking  
as healthy as possible but exposed  
to fevers.

We were first taken to a house of  
the usual shape, but gaily + wildly  
freed within + there to our  
surprise were greeted by Hassan  
Yffendis arrived from Apsere  
half an hour ago, having left at  
11 + come a shorter way over dasta.

After sitting with him for some  
time we were led to our home, the  
schoolmaster's house. It is a poor  
place but has an outer staircase  
+ that makes us feel more private



than if we were on the ground  
& we have 5 windows so that we  
can close the door, & indeed have  
to lock it today, as there is no  
other means of keeping it shut  
& there is a violent S. wind blowing  
at it.

The bedroom or boarded part has  
no rail & is 2 or 3 inches higher  
than the table so it is a good climb  
as there are no steps.

The bed was laid very clean at  
once, & marvelous to say we were  
left to ourselves so that I was able  
to nurse me in peace. I took to the  
floor immediately & could eat  
no dinner but arrowroot, & became  
so comfortable, for the pillows were  
not straw but soft that I would  
have stayed there, but at 10 o'f.  
long after we had gone to bed, by  
were discovered so my own bed  
was built & I retired to it.  
There have been violent showers

very often & wind all day so we  
only took walks & had a long visit  
from the schoolmaster, a very pleasant  
man & from some old women  
with things to sell who called us  
"my boy" & "my girl" & in the afternoon  
from Hussein Effendi who found  
me putting the rib of my parcel  
together with a pencil bandaged on  
with rag. This is the second I have  
done, & I doaming his umbrella.

One of the shutters in this room has  
quite 2 inches of light round on 2  
sides. A large stone on the window  
ledge in Churches & houses is the  
recognized fastening

Then Friday. We had tremendous  
wind & rain all Wednesday night  
which however very suddenly  
ceased & rest! though there were a  
few showers was fine. We get up  
at 6 always & from the moment  
we were ready people came with their  
old embroideries to sell, some had



washed them + brought them wet  
we bought some things + after a  
good deal of exclaiming that it  
was now evening + night, we were  
tossing all the day we set off for  
Levkos / white / a plain near the  
sea 2 hours off. There are <sup>traces</sup> remains  
there of an ancient city whose  
name is unknown + there is a  
little rocky island very near the  
land which has remains of a  
Byzantine fort. It is called Sôkastris

We had seen the plain below  
us on our way here. Though I  
call it a plain it is very rocky  
+ all the fields are terraced up.

My mule was led by its owner  
the person, Papa Mandolis. He had  
blue cotton bag + his long priests  
robe was also blue cotton, patched  
+ faded, but he had a very good  
hat. I sketched him while we eat  
our luncheon under the shade of  
a boat by the sea. It was very hot.

We went in a boat to the island  
+ had a very steep, hard, stony climb  
up + were not in any way rewarded  
by the ruins. It became quite cloudy  
on our way back + we saw a water-  
spout sailing a long the sea + then  
run up into the mountains. We  
saw one in Telos too + had great  
rain afterwards.

In the evening the schoolmaster,  
our host, + his father in law came  
+ sat + talked.

This morning the house is dripping  
all over + we have spread all our  
waterproof rug + etc. out to the best  
advantage; a rushing torrent is  
rushing down the street, a spout  
pouring off each house + I sit at  
the door sketching with a water  
proof hood on his head. I am re-  
ceiving the sellers + every minute  
a new drip causes me to rise + move  
something - I have just been saving  
the boots. It is getting finer so we



hope to be able to get to the village of Spoa, where we hope to obtain provisions. This is a very poor place, we can get no milk, eggs or bread & our kid & other things that we brought here are various also our wine & the wine here is bad.

Well! we have got back to Meso Chorio safely, but not without a venture, & had a very pleasant day.

The plan in this island is to dry the mule until the mulester is tired of it & then to tie up the chain which hangs under the mule's chin & drive him.

Today, the minute my mule was released he rushed up a wall at a foot & a half into a field & set off at a gallop & I soon began to feel very loose, so seeing a drop of unknown depth before me I thought it best to let myself go than as I could not stop the mule so of

I fell easily enough as I had no kind of stirrup. I fell on no stones but on a soft wet bed of vetex & was neither hurt nor dirtied.

Away went the mule kicking off all our waterproofs & baggage very properly so called & away went the Papas, casting his stick & umbrella behind him, & were some time before they reappeared.

We gathered our goods & found that the mule had gone off with the bag, containing the bottle of wine, but fortunately, after a bit, I stumbled on it among the vetex.

Spoa is on the other side of the back bone of the island, & as the church is the only thing that is whitewashed, it does not show at all at a distance. It has only 40 houses all clustered together. As we entered we asked them <sup>village</sup> to bring things to sell, & a crier was sent round to summon folks to



bring things to the house of Mr. Pachy  
(fat) for whom we had a letter  
of introduction, we lunched in the  
windowless cottage which was at  
the same time a shop & bought  
quite a large bundle of things.

There was a gown, whole, the embroi-  
dery not very deep but the silk  
ground good. Of course we only  
bought it because it was whole, but  
at the last moment the woman  
came & said she wished to cut  
off the plain silk. We refused,  
she screamed & so did a number  
of our <sup>new</sup> friends, who followed us to  
the place where the mule was waiting  
& they tried to snatch the dress  
while dire insults were bandied.

The mule was finally loaded, for  
we had bought raisins, sugar, a  
little tiny kid & 20 herrings, which  
we had joyfully discovered, & as  
I was caught by the legs just as  
the saddle was going over backward

we reached home safely in time to  
avoid a shower.

We had a great medical consultation  
at Spoa & since we came back a  
man came with weak knees, then  
we to have an advertisement in  
French of Macassar oil explained

Ulymbo. Palm Sunday. Mar 29  
Yesterday at 8.30 we set off to continue  
our northward journey. Before starting  
at the last minute things were brought  
to sell & some camomile brought to  
know if that was what we had  
recommended for a poultice.

Next one muleteer, to whom we had  
agreed to pay what he asked, refused  
to go without more money, so we had  
to get another mule which we drove  
or led with baggage. The mules were  
not very cleverly loaded, which  
caused us some trouble by the  
way but the little excitement helped  
to pass away the 8 long hours. Everyone  
told us we could never pass there



Mountains as the roads are so very difficult but the wind was too high for a boat + besides we should have had to get our baggage down to the sea + up again here from Shreaphan.

We went so completely along the back bone of the island that had our eyes only been like those of birds we could have seen both seas at once. as it is we had to turn our heads.

Once on the very ridge the sumpter mule took to kicking + dancing + the string of the tent-sack becoming untied out flew all around various sardine tins &c. We rushed about trying to catch the mule. My muleteer helping with his skouphia or red cap blown off + his hair blown over his eyes. I holding my mule which wished to get into shelter + my feet close spread out like Prophet Elias after whom, as usual, the highest mountain is named.

Another time at a very narrow place the mule was in front alone, then came I + I was very angry with my man for not going in front to see if the paths were broken away for there were so many landslips from the rain, but he said "Oh the woman understands it all" + it was impossible to pass. But at last the first mule stopped, no one could see why, + my mule overlapped him then the first tried to kick but had no room, to my alarm, so I commanded my man to go on + he scrambled round + led the first mule over rather a bad place. I walked more than half the way + I had to walk a good deal. Once we had to build a bridge or rather viaduct with stones on a gully of sloping crumbly schist.

We lunched in a lovely spot, among trees, in an inner angle of the road. We sat on a large flat stone with



water all round it & arbutus bushes  
& maidenhair & fir trees. I took a  
sketch.

The wind was blowing down & I am  
sure I should have been blown  
over if I had not held my breath.  
We were so high that the sea did not  
look rough & we could see the rocks at  
the bottom for about a mile.

Oh! it was a long, long way! & as for  
the road, there was no trace of  
any for a mile or 2 sometimes at  
other places we had to make one for  
ourselves as the ordinary one was  
washed away. We were very glad  
when a little cairn made us truly  
guess that Uymbo must be in  
sight from there.

Soon after passing this cairn which  
holds up a board with a cross in  
it, I had to dismount again &  
we had to help ourselves along with  
our hands so you may fancy what  
a road it was.

We entered Uymbo on Uymbo and  
I started exclamations of "What people  
are these?"

We went first to the house of the  
man whose house was locked & who  
was out (we have not seen him) to  
whom we had a letter.

We unloaded at his door & soon his wife  
& a duty priest asked us up. The house  
was so abominably dirty that ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> the  
way to the kaffene' and demanded the  
schoolmaster. He came forward & asked  
him if he could find us a comfortable  
house for a fortnight, as the only one we  
could get was too much exposed to the wind  
so he very kindly placed his own at  
disposal and M. was sent for men  
the luggage.

I had not been very happy all this time  
as the people were not pleased at our  
deerting them. They asked me if there  
were Christians in my place & I said  
Nai Malista! we all were, but I do not  
think they understood where my place



They hardly said goodbye to me + I was glad to follow the baggage to the new abode. We have a plain room 14 ft square with a hard sofa + many rush bottom chairs + a little very low round table so that we keep our plates on our knees.

This room is too new to be dirty but the boarded floor streams with damp. It has a large window one on each side of the door with glass lacked in.

It has the neighbouring Karpathian house where he cooks.

My bed was set in one of the far corners, to sit right angles as a break water to keep off the crowd from rubbing on it. It is a pride + pleasure if a traveler to M to set up these wondrous beds before a gaping multitude.

We had several visitors + were glad to get to bed as all were tired, though fortunately the day had been cloudy.

We dressed in the dark as if we had opened the shutters we should have a crowd; very soon we had a

<sup>+ a soldier</sup>  
visit from Mr. F. Sakolarides, who is here on good business. It was Palm Sunday we walked about; all the houses including ours are sunk in the rock behind. The church is the nicest we have seen, as it is roughly covered with frescoed pictures inside the walls are smooth.

To reach it one goes through a room which though it has 4 sides is nearly triangular in shape. Here in the afternoon we stumbled upon a parliament being presided over by Mr. F. He was seated in the extreme corner on the only chair, placed on a stone-built bench which ran round the room. He made me sit in this chair + more were brought for him + I.

There were abt 20 men seated, some on the bench + some crosslegged upon the rough stone floor rearing + bawling, often all at once about boundaries, taxes &c. + often they rose up + rushed at each other with threatening gestures. Then the 2 soldiers stationed one at each end ran into the



midst + separated them. Even when they were forced to the ground they sprang to their knees like Jack-in-the-box with shout.

Everyone smoked + the god + the opposition at more peaceable moments frequently stepped across to get a light from each others cigarettes, countless ones of which strewed the middle of the floor.

The schoolmaster had a very empty inkstand on the floor before him + was the proceeding + when ever he said a symphony had been come to everyone denied it + at last they came to blows + we unobserved escaped, having longed kind of it.

You must excuse these smudges as I am sitting crosslegged on to bed in our tent + was just interrupted by a man who came for 2 candles I had sent for that he may explore a cave.

We are encamped (Mar 31<sup>st</sup>) for 4 days at Vourounda (Bougyvoda)

We came here yesterday with 2 mules + 2 horses + 6 workmen to make excavations on the site of an ancient city. We only took our medicines, without which we never move necessaries of clothing + books for 4 days food + bedding but I had so much to sit on that I had to hold with both hands all the way. As I did not fall off I was pronounced an excellent rider by the men. There is a long rocky point jutting into the sea on the W of Karpathos, farh. near Tristoma + covered with ruins.

Here everyone lunched at 12 + then back the men to work + I went to the end of the point + had the tent pitched by a high rock which shelters us from S. Wind

As Sunday night was the only rainless one we have had this long time, the ground was dry + by great good luck we have a level gravelly floor.

Neither Manthos nor the other two men had ever seen a tent before so beginning with turning it right side out I had to, by example + precept instruct them in



in every thing, all in Greek too.

Do not think I had only to cause the pegs to be driven into the ground and put the eyes or gies or what ever you call the ropes over, no, only one peg is done like that. No 2 ropes are the same either as to length or the angle from the tent: some are under rocks some are round rocks some are over rocks + one had to be strung through a hole in a rock.

One of those which support the pole is hitched over a little cairn, it is fastened so low, while its fellow forms a right angle with the pole.

They c. not understand the wooden runners + wanted to tie the ropes in knots + were amazed at the mechanic when shown.

I was tired enough in my tongue + limbs when after hoisting the Union Jack I sat down to survey the tent + really the ropes all dancing had a very funny effect. The sun was hot

out side but it was hotter still sitting up the beds inside "tromerò zisti" as they said.

After that I went to the workman, who had discovered the placement of a Byzantine church. We turn up our noses at anything "tes Vizantines" & pocket so to look them else where.

Soon after our arrival a messenger came + brought us 2 letters, the first we have had for more than 5 weeks + our first news of poor Gen<sup>l</sup> Gordon's death. As soon as we had joyfully read them we began to lament the many more that had been lost but 2 or 3 hours later another man came with 23. + 2 newspapers Feb & being the latest + Mar of the latest letter.

When the sun set we scrambled home. Next to our tent is a little hut built against the wall as a kitchen for pilgrims who come to a little chapel in the cave beneath.

A very steep path leads to the <sup>small</sup> narrow <sup>round</sup> entrance + several flights of steps leads



down into a large cave. The holy place is shut in by a low wall + some pillars which do not touch the roof. Holy water drips into 2 little stone troughs + thither we lie with our sponges + towels to wash.

The workmen sleep among the rocks there are plenty of caves about.

When it got dark we went to the kitchen to dine. It was T's birthday.

The sacks of my bed + the tent were laid as a tablecloth on the soft wet earthen floor. We sat on 2 stones. T leaning against <sup>the</sup> middle post supporting a lamb skin full of water + I as I found afterwards very few inches from the lamp of the period. All the <sup>my bed + table + seats next day.</sup> rocks + stones around were full of food + pots + a candle stuck by its own wax to one of them shed a dim light except one when it tumbled down + went out.

We had a soup of the lamb's head + a lot of herbs picked by the way side, onions + a bit of peas some one had given T to eat raw. Then the brains + tongue boiled. Then

the liver fried. a bowl of sheep's cream + sugar some wine from Samos + coffee. We then strolled on the rocks by moon light - complained to each other that we did not feel at all excited at the idea of our first night in a tent - indeed I think all we felt was satisfaction at the idea of a clean dry shelter.

N spread his bed on brushwood in the kitchen. I undressed outside that I might bring in no fleas. As I had spread all our bedding in the sun for once it was dry + our clothes in the morning were quite dry too.

It rained in the night + I had to go out at 2 to loosen the eyes + N. Wind came on in the morning so they had to be tightened again.

It is a cold dark day + the sea wild + black. We breakfasted outside. T has gone to dig graves today + I am remaining at home enjoying great peace, hooked in where no one can stare. I am just going to have another read of the letters.



In the afternoon or rather about 10 I went  
+ with difficulty found the diggers as  
they were in catacombs whose openings  
were quite invisible from above.

They had already begun to find things  
though many of the graves had evidently  
been opened in the Byzantine times. Many  
things were broken but still there were  
many whole + during the whole time  
we became possessed of many earthen plaques  
(20 in one grave) the remains of copper  
mirrors + boxes, some glass things, broken  
+ some broken but very pretty vases +  
but the best thing is quite perfect  
a bowl shaped like a pineapple about  
4 or 5 inches across. Besides this 3 round  
lids made of lead, we think.

A sort of plectrum with a hanging  
ring but we know not what name  
+ some little twisted bits that seem  
to be gold.

The prettiest lamp, quite perfect had  
a word on the bottom + I copied some  
inscriptions painted on the streets of the

vaults.

We are altogether very much pleased with  
our success + if we do not find things  
at Saria may return.

On Thursday morning <sup>March</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> I mean Ap 2<sup>nd</sup>  
I did not go at all to the digging. To get there  
one must climb up, down, or over 14  
walls + as I did this 3 times the day before  
besides wandering in search of Tombs I am  
sure I had a good deal of climbing  
I was not much use as the men pre-  
ferred grouping themselves round me  
when I was turned talking to  
me looking at my eyeglass, scissors, gloves  
never before seen in Karpathos I am  
sure + asking innumerable questions  
In vain I suggest they should work  
but when the Arthentikos, as they  
address to, comes it is different.

Besides there was much to do in clearing  
out the earth from the pots with very  
little water. I had to mind the camp  
while I went to seek a meal in the sea.  
I had a visit from 5 women + girls, who



without any ceremony called me  
nothing but Verghinia. This is the  
first time I have not been called  
Kyria Verghinia but I suppose these  
people really never have seen anyone  
superior to them selves + their only idea  
of a Kyria must be the Blessed Virgin.

They said "come with us Verghinia  
+ we'll give you cream" but they ter-  
rified me by playing with the pots  
+ I gave them no encouragement to  
remain + was glad when they left.

I packed our personal possessions  
+ the more delicate "finds" + after leaving  
E went off again + I broke up the camp  
with M, though E had sent me a  
man, which I told him was quite un-  
necessary. The man was busy all the  
time turning a lamb into food wh.  
Fortunately did not find out till he  
was dead.

By the bye M had not slept a 2<sup>nd</sup> night  
is the kilichen which was really as  
tight as a nutmeg grater, but taken

refuge in a cave abt. 30 feet above our  
heads.

We had 3 mules as we had 2 huge bas-  
kets of pots + seaweeds

Abt. 4 E + his men came + everything was  
carried abt. 3/4 of a mile + they + I were  
loaded on the mules + we reached Uymbo  
by dark. sunny day

Good Friday was a fine sunny day + we  
unpacked the paniers for we were quite  
too tired to look at anything on our arrival.  
It is very exciting work digging, first  
finding something, then is it whole. Then  
have we all the pieces? The men grind  
the edges trying to fit them + any metal they  
cut with their knife. Fortunately they  
never saw the little boxes. E. found  
+ pocketed them.

We cleaned as much as our limited  
means would allow (a milk jig + a  
Russian wooden bowl such as grocers  
have with 2 lbs of tea). We packed the  
pots into 3 boxes. all except a very large  
earthenware jig 2 of which were found



whole & one of wh. I gave away. This  
to be carried loose all the way home  
& now we empty our bowl into it.  
These two days before Easter are em-  
ployed in making bread & cakes with  
red eggs stuck in them & every oven  
is smoking.

Elymbos (Gouudo) is rather a disap-  
pointment to us, we think Mess-  
chorio was a queerer place. This  
Saturday is a rainy day.

Now here I must I think make a few  
remarks about the Greeks founded  
upon my 3 journeys amongst them  
& staying in the houses of high & low  
& seeing them in town & country.

Though they have a King, surely never  
were more true republicans than  
the Greeks. There appears to be perfect  
equality among them & a complete  
mingling of classes, neither dirt  
poverty nor want of education seem  
to make any difference.

When we were in Chios we went to see

Mr. Choremis who has a very nice house  
in Athens, is very rich & in the best society  
there, Phaedros our dragoman, whose  
wife is quite a common woman, glad of  
a very old dress of mine, was treated quite  
as an equal. Mr. Philimon who is the Jr.  
Consul at Rhodes & who is quite a gentle  
man & whose wife is quite a lady & very  
well dressed, has a most ragged & dirty  
old father-in-law Sr. Klados & no one would  
take Mr. K for a lady. Mr. Pavonis better  
to various people in Rhodes particularly  
to Mr. Mandlakakis evidently quite  
an equal. He lives with a mud floor  
his daughter of 17 with bare legs carried  
our luggage abt. a mile for 6<sup>s</sup> on her  
head & one of his little boys I saw running  
about with only a tattered frock  
open all down the front & bare feet.  
He is quite one of the chief men of  
Karpathos & Mr. Zakolarides's children  
also have bare legs. But these people  
are not like us in keeping up a good  
establishment in the country, for though



They are as smart as possible in Athens  
Syra or Smyrna, once they get to the  
country they cast off their civilization  
with their collars + seem content with  
any kind of an untidy picnic for any  
length of time. Mr. Manolakakis has  
a cousin a bricklayer + one of our friends  
here is a bricklayer that I met at Mr.  
Mis house. He gave us letters of intro-  
duction to all kinds of peasants, some  
very dirty but they all seem quite good  
+ we always noticed in the Cyclades  
that our mechanics used to sit down  
in any house + help themselves to tobacco.  
Certainly whatever their education is  
they all seem to have good manners  
if not quite according to our notions.

We are expected to know any English  
engineer on any steamer + in fact they  
do not seem to recognize difference  
of rank at all. As to our being a nation  
of shopkeepers the Greeks cannot un-  
derstand our buying anything for  
ourselves + think every bit of merchandise

any + everything else is bought for sale +  
they often ask us if we have different  
things with us to sell.

The women are quite like animals  
+ are very much looked down on by  
the men (violent hail).

Every man but a priest or two + a few  
old men leaves the island every summer  
for 6 months or more. chiefly as brick-  
layers + every field labour, wind  
making + is done by the women. There  
are no girls schools + few of my sex can  
read.

Here the women's dress consists of  
a pair of full white trousers, a  
white night-gown flowing open to the  
waist. When cold they wear a blue  
quilted cotton coat rather shorter  
+ then both men + women have a  
coat of brown goat's hair with a hood.  
Sometimes they wear brown leather  
top boots, sometimes not.

All these Greeks seem to love money  
cheaply + always are wondering what



everything is worth. They seem to like to go back of their bargain too.

Twice have women come & demanded to cut all the plain silk of dresses we had bought. One having bought a worked sheet because it had good lace on it, after the money was paid the seller asked to cut off the lace & once or twice after we had bought a bundle of bits they tried to remove one or two.

Easter Sunday April 5<sup>th</sup> 1885. This morning was sunny after the first 2 hours we opened all our windows & the doors & tried to dry up our things. Thought I forgot to put out the braiser for the night & though it was still burning in the morning some Clean Clotus hung over it on 2 chair backs were quite damp in the morning. We hung out the Union Jack in honour of the day. We had a visit from the schoolmaster who is being doctored by us & is the better for our treatment, & took a

walk with him. By the by one of T's patients (cold tea for the eyes) brought 2 eggs as a thank offering.

A little while after our return Menthess came to say luncheon was ready if we were for he thought it must be noon. I looked at his watch & found it to be half past 10; however we agreed our appetites were ready so to our amusement we found we had everything cleared away by 11.30.

We spoke over the difference we observed between the inhabitants of Karpathos & Telos & the Cyclades & other islands we have visited i.e. Miseros, Rhodes, Chios, Samos, & Mytilene, in their not offering coffee to visitors. In the other islands we were always at once brought coffee, or jam & water, or raki, or almonds, or <sup>or</sup> pomegranates, but here the only ones who had offered us coffee was the Caïmakian & the wicked owner of the plates who is a greek from Syra. I agree with T in thinking it a Turkish fashion, but



it is odd they never have offered us any thing till - about an hour after this conversation when we were asked into a house, which we entered & very soon a large dish of sheep's cream was placed before us & a Koulouri that is one of the round up serpent-like cakes they make in great numbers for Easter, generally with coloured eggs in them.

I could hardly get any down so soon & my horror was great when she said "now you must eat some lamb."

Such cooking is going on these 3 days first bread & Koulouris then yesterday Janibs & we see the lambs come out of the oven in every imaginable shape in which they may have been flung in.

Well! she fetched the family lamb & tore us off bits. She handed me a whole leg, but I cried for more & she let off with a smaller bit. It was very tender & I gnawed away in-

destructively till the kind woman took my bit & rubbed salt into it with her thumbs, having been to fetch a handful of salt. I managed to continue eating inside bits till when everyone was excited over my gloves I squeezed up my lamb & bread into a tight ball & pocketed it.

Since this we have been to Church. Only men & little boys go into the church. The women remain in the outer room where the parliament was but as I came as a man, sitting at meals & they invited me in, in I went. All the little boys stood in front some very small & my boy, pretty - indeed there are lots of pretty children here though their elders are not handsome.

Everyone but we had a candle but just before the time for lighting there came a man with two very large ones hot & newly made so that we were glad to leave them in the tray in which they lay, they were so soft. Of course



Of course when they were so kind we  
lit up like the rest & consoled myself  
by remembering that it was in honor  
of a truly Christian feast in which  
we could take part, in fact we recog-  
nized many parts of our own service.

There were 5 priests, with such dirty  
rough shock heads of uncombed hair  
Their poor robes were made of printed  
calico. People chatted a good deal & we  
often heard a loud 'shsh!'

It was very odd seeing the priests dress-  
ing + undressing inside the Tumbelon  
(Zeporyoo) or screen. They walked about  
a good deal in a way I could not under-  
stand + 2 or 3 young men stepped about  
with large prayerbooks + repeated "Christ  
is risen from the dead" (Xpistos anista  
en vespote) + wherever they went the  
bystanders looked over + raised their  
voices.

The gospel was read on this wise; one  
papas read a verse or two, then each  
of the other <sup>in Greek</sup> 4 + then a young man read

them in French! We did not discover  
this till the very last set of verses, as  
the French was very bad but the last  
set but one I began to suspect.

Manthos tells us each of the priests  
ought to have read in a different  
language if he could, Turkish, Arabic  
&c, that all the world might un-  
derstand. a very good idea I think.

After the service was over all the  
Papas came out + clearing away the  
candlesticks &c which stood in the  
way + taking up a silver bound Gospel  
Cross + other things they stood in a  
row + the men who wished passed  
before them kissing each object in  
hand once + the Papas once on each  
cheek + on the mouth. We did not  
perform this ceremony.

When we got out there was a wonderful  
sort of a "Guy" set up over the gate-  
way of the church to represent a  
Jeto. His head was an earthen jar  
+ he had a child in his arms. This



the men shot at getting nearer & nearer till he got on fire. I was sitting among the women who constantly begged me not to fear & thought I must be cold as I had on gloves but I answered "Givai svandia pas" It is our custom which finishes off all discussion. They are really very kind people, tho' more like animals.

They are very unenterprising too. We see many fields propped up by walls but uncultivated; they do not fish or build boats. At deokos they said they had had a boat but the Captain was dead.

I think we have got to the end of our days here & are no longer great wonders but every Sunday we always are one of the amusements of the day.

We however had a great amusement of our own.

The Schoolmaster during his visit asked us if we knew Captain Hatteras? We said "No" he told us he was a great

English traveller & had been, as we thought & Constantinople. we both imagined he said 'gis ten Polen' "gis tis digas", "to the town" as they call it. & he thought we might know him.

I said to G. I was sure I had heard the name so G. said "We know the name but are not personally acquainted with him."

"He has written a very interesting book" said our Host "have you read it?"

We had to confess we had not. After a little he said "By the bye, I have Captain Hatteras's book - a translation, should you like to see it?" so at our request he brought forth a book of Jules Verne's "The English at the North Pole."

We did not then take in that he really believed this book to be true so we never unbelieved the poor Pedagogue but talked lightly of J.V.'s other books & then of other things. Afterwards it dawned upon us that



what we had taken to be ris ton Polon was 'ris ton Polon' ('ris ton Polon') to the Pole.

As an instance of the stupidity of these people, we ordered a lot of milk to be sent daily, & a lamb on a certain day but though we have given this order at 2 mandhras or shepherd's dairy no notice is taken of us & preserved milk is our portion.

Easter Monday. dreadfully rainy, no inundation in the room.

Every house is full of dairy produce for every shepherd gives every house 3 small curd cheeses & a lot of cream & each house returns a loaf & a kow lowri. Each godchild of a shepherd receives a lamb & cream.

We have only one joke of our own, made by G, now an old friend; they commonly call cream here instead of dhrilla or anthigala by the Turkish name Kaimak. To joke is to call it Kaimak am. We suppose the word must mean

something superior but our knowledge of Turkish is limited. Such is the force of example that I have just had the joy of hearing M ask for Kaimakam to be sent us. I laugh & he is dreadfully confused & says it is very hard to understand the people & that he has ordered dhrilla. It was a dreadful slip.

He does not understand as quickly as we do for of course our ears are used to so many dialects & they use such odd words. We always get up without any difficulty at  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 6. It is better to do like the rest of the world & we go to bed very early.

It is now about 12.30. We have short gleams of sun & try to dry up our clothes then violent downpours. We have bought a little very pretty marble head larger than an egg & a wee bronze cow. We have also had patients. The schoolmaster who is 'doing nicely' brought us a bottle of very welcome ink, a suitable



fee + the news that a woman with a  
pain wished to be cured. So his little  
girl of 9, Maroukka by name was dis-  
patched to say that I was ready and  
soon a young woman was led in by her  
husband.

I really was inwardly convulsed with  
laughter at the very home-questions I had  
the courage gravely to ask her, the school  
master pursuing the investigation even  
further. It is really no use mining  
matters here for no one wishes to have  
matters mined + indeed the lady  
cared no more than if the enquirers  
were about a cold in her head.

Well! we did our best but we must  
always confine our prescriptions to  
obtainable remedies, such as the herbs we  
see on the mountain side (always avoiding  
poisons) rice, oil + hot water, the latter, a  
difficult thing to get.

It is a sad thing to see these poor creatures  
depending on such ignorant people as  
we are but there are only 2 or 3 doctors

who, they say, know nothing, besides which  
they must pay them 3 or 5 pounds (18/2  
the pound) pay a mule + wait till  
it is convenient for him to come. Some-  
times they say they have to pay now  
but I can hardly believe it.

Our next patient was a <sup>very</sup> small baby  
2 years old with a fever  
these people sent us, one 6 eggs red. +  
the other 2 large pies of Mesethra  
pastry + sesame seeds + honey.

After that came the schoolmaster's  
mother-in-law with a gift of a dish  
of Kaïmak + 2 more pies.

We then went all together to a ball  
in the outer room of the church. We sat  
in a heap of people in the middle + round  
the edge sat mothers, each with a babe  
+ a string of men screwed round in  
the narrow space left, preceded by the  
Sampoena, pronounced Sabouna, or  
bag pipe + the dya, a thing like a mand-  
line played with a bow string with  
little bells. Only little tiny girls danced



in this string but tomorrow is the great day when the young ladies will be decorated smartly & will dance.

When it got too hot inside we went out side & there being more space the dance was much prettier but we found it too cold to remain long.

I went home & when I returned from a walk he found me doing my very best to entertain 6 visitors, 2 clergy & 4 laymen, giving my very humble opinion on old coins of which I know nothing, but I endorsed all I said, showing them maps &c they had really <sup>come</sup> to see to what & were delighted at the portraits of Pappas Mandolis of Mesochorio & Marigo of Spilio.

Tuesday April 7<sup>th</sup> Very fine day. This is a very busy & gay day. There is to be a ball as it is a holiday we have many visitors. I am going to the ball in my ulster but a crowd of women discovered a white dressing gown of mine covered with yellow lace & blue bows. They begged me to wear it for the ball so I of course agreed. Over this flowing open & with the sleeves tucked up

& show the lace & bows of the dressing gown is a flannel gown made extremely plain for sleeping in in damp places. We have each one & I call them Flood gowns as Noah & his family had the same for the Ark & all that wet weather.

My Flood-gown has only a little bit of lace round neck & sleeves & down the front but then it is crimson so it has a fine effect with the blue yellow & white. Everyone has a display of jewellery today, so have I. The trumpery bracelets & brooches brought as presents were shown & I was made to put on gold silver & garnet bracelets. Over my hat with blue & yellow tuft in it is a large <sup>shiny</sup> lace handkerchief which I always wear on the sun but 3 brooches, one a blazing diamond are under my chin. A bunch of marigolds & geranium leaves in front & over this is trained by my friends, my steel watchchain.

I had 3 plain gold rings on one hand & one has been removed to the other



hand + they insist + implore that I should  
not wear gloves for it is a pity to hide  
such pretty white hands which they like  
to those of Maroukla, who is really only  
7 years old + evidently the spoilt darling  
of the town.

They are quite delighted with me + to  
+ Manthos in fits of laughter.  
I am very smart indeed but not a bit  
gayer than my neighbours with dresses of  
scarlet orange green + blue

At the ball we sat in the middle of the corner  
of the church with the mothers + the older  
men. no married ladies dance or boys: but  
grown up + very little girls + young men.

The circle had just room to get round  
sometimes at a visible pace + sometimes  
hardly perceptibly. The first man only  
danced + jumped according to his fancy.  
The men occasionally spoke to each other  
but without causing any change in  
the expression of the girl they talked  
across. No one seemed in the least to care  
who he or she was next to for with rare

exceptions none of the dancers spoke.  
all the girls looked nothing short of sad.  
How they could keep jigging round  
+ round I know not. They seemed  
uninteresting.

We + the sitters were merry enough  
they sat on stones about the size of one's  
head or smaller, that they brought in for  
the occasion.

The married women were all plainly dressed  
but the very ugly girls had all sorts of  
brilliant colours + had their heads  
+ necks loaded with silver gilt neck  
laces + ornaments. It was a great  
comfort to us to have secured a set.  
The little girls + babies were also a  
mass of chains &c.

I sneaked into my gloves but on all  
sides I heard what a pity it was + many  
turned down my gloves to look at my  
wrists + my sleeves were often pulled  
up to show off my bracelets.  
I took a photo, as they said I telegraph  
used them, which I dare say is as good as



word, & returned home with the instrument, followed by some men & as Manthos almost immediately slipped out with a mustard leaf to bear to the sick, it was eagerly hailed as the result of my operation.

Wed. 8<sup>th</sup> I has gone off to sketch. A very dirty & poor looking woman has just been to ask me to sell her an orange for a half penny. I could not do it as the 2 oranges had just been brought by Maroukla & her little sister Eirenie as a gift & Maroukla was in the room so I referred her to M. He was very angry & said she was to go. She begged for the orange as medicine. M loudly shouted that it was good for no illness, no medicine at all & if she were to offer ever so much we w<sup>d</sup> sell neither an orange nor anything else. They screamed for a long time but I watched my opportunity & beckoned to her & said "Take it quickly & say nothing about it, it is a present from Maroukla

& of course I could not give it before her." & stuffed it into her coat, the usual & only pocket. She thanked me warmly & offered the half penny, but I said "Tipote, tipote." & refused it so then she hugged & kissed me & begged me to come to her house when my man came home & she w<sup>d</sup> give us cream.

Oranges were rare here. Solicitors come on Thursday the 9<sup>th</sup> being tired of Selymbria & finding it very damp we determined to go to Threaphane on the coast more especially as there was to be a pilgrimage & great festivities. So at about 6.30 we opened our door & a multitude rushed in amid which we packed under the guidance of the schoolmaster who tried to make us pack the very boots & hats we wanted to wear. However thanks to his hurrying at 8 o'clock baggage started. a wonderful thing considering the 7 women who carried it were always laying down one thing &



1 & taking up another & requiring great  
2 screaming at by M. It is such a  
3 comfort to have him, we never could  
4 'phonase' loud enough

5 The room looked bare enough when  
6 the beds were gone but we remained  
7 there till 2. To sketching & I working  
8 & the schoolmaster talking & people  
9 bring clothes to sell. We bought 3 dresses

10 When we started we had a horse  
11 or rather pony laden with our food  
12 & cooking things & a little donkey  
13 which I rode. M in both his hands  
14 & holding a sort of honey-pot which  
15 he never quits & to holding a Rhodian  
16 jug which is our teapot & our  
17 washing jug.

18 We had 2 boys one abt. 16 for me & one  
19 abt. 14. Manolis for the pony. He had  
20 never been this road before & was quite  
21 excited about it. He carried the frying  
22 pan. He gave us a great description of  
23 the road always ending with Sts  
24 legi (to he sag) meaning Michaelis.

the big boy. It is a narrow road. the  
mount we have been. They saw by walking  
a good way. then I mounted the  
little donkey who is quite the most  
courageous beast I have ridden in this  
island & a good jumper, which was  
needful as the path was gone in some  
places. We came down a river & the  
donkey was very much frightened at  
the waterfalls & once rushed up a bank  
but I was easily able to get off. I do  
not the least know how many times we  
crossed the river or how many times  
we had to walk down the middle of  
it. It was <sup>not</sup> deep enough to wet ones  
feet except in some deep pools & the  
walkers had to wet their boots some  
times. &

One my ass seemed is frightened that  
I got down & what he might have  
done with me on his back can't be  
said but the pony fell on his side  
& we 3 saw a sack fall of our goods  
lying in the water while the boys were



busy with the beasts + we were clinging with hands + feet to the rocky wall of the river scrambling along. No harm was done but the pony had shed everything + took some time to reload. We were glad the women had taken the precious packing cases.

Another time Michael took off his boots + we went down the smooth bed of the river while G + M scrambled on to the height above but the donkey began to slip about + I thought I had better slip off so I did on to a dry rock in the middle + to his surprise my head appeared out of a thick bush of oleander which I forced my way through.

We then got among pine trees + into a really pretty enjoyable part where one could spare one's eyes from one's feet for a few steps at a time. + in 2 hours reached the end of what we think to be our last land journey with beasts of burden.

We found that our baggage had been placed in the abode of the Protopapas, or first priest + were well content with our dwelling, which offers some advantages we do not always enjoy.

It is a small shop up an outside stair with a balcony on 2 sides + a door on each, + from this we can get on to the roofs of 2 houses at 10 feet from the ground. We have also a window which we can dress by as the balcony is public property. The room is small + the upper part does not do much more than hold my hammock so G has histed on the patoma <sup>lower</sup> floor.

A little high + very dirty counter, a fire place as high as a table where we have a good basin + are well lighted by the chimney, 2 chairs + some fixed boxes along the wall are the furniture of the room + we have added a pile of packing-cases by way of a table.

The boxes contain various wares for sale + we were induced to examine by various mysterious sounds caused we found by



hundreds of live snails crawling up  
& falling down. I wanted to eat some but  
Mr says these large & shut up snails are  
not wholesome - & they add to the smells  
from which we suffer.

Mr. takes his bedding & sleeps in a boat  
on the shore. There are very few houses  
here but it is a charming situation  
in a bay with rocky headlands & such  
beautiful walks up numerous bran-  
ching valleys & trees too, not very fine or  
close but a great relief to the eye.

We had not sat down when a man  
rushed to us for advice for a very  
mysterious complaint that we do not  
understand so we could only be guided  
by our natural instincts & as in a similar  
case in Elphs order poullies, hot.

In abt. 10 minutes I went out on the  
roofs & an old woman directed my at-  
tention to a little girl who I desired her to  
take to bed & I at once went & was soon  
cooking arrowroot in her cottage. The  
grandmother, who is called Hadji

Mangaphoe as she has been to the Holy  
Sepulchre. The child is Mangathoula.  
She soon was well & the old thing tried to  
give me 3 eggs but I refused them & afterward  
brought a Koulaoui but it was also sent  
away.

We gave her our washing to do but had to  
provide soap, & next day she brought some  
of the clothes tied up in one of 2 pocket  
handkerchiefs dry & the rest to hang in our  
balcony.

Hadji being a Turkish word with 2 letters  
that the Greeks cannot pronounce h & g  
they say X & tsi Chatsi

By the time it was night the pilgrims  
began to arrive with mules & many bundles  
& after our dinner we wandered out,  
as there are no rocks to clamber over,  
to see what was going on.

The master of this house was giving the  
feast & 8 or 9 lambs were hanging round  
the middle post which is in each house.  
Everyone was also making ready Koliva  
or a sort of pudding, placed in the chace.



Church all night as an offering to the departed relations + distributed after the liturgy in the morning.

This is a round heap of boiled barley, sesame + sugar with heaps of white sugar on the top + some stock flowers stuck in.

We were asked into a house where a good fire of pine-chips was blazing. The men sat in a circle round it + the women on the outskirts. We stayed there for some time.

About 8 they began to dance all very smart + continued dancing + singing till the liturgy about 6.30. Then they sat outside the church, close under our balcony + every body handed round the Koliwa + by the time every one had taken a handful or even a few grains of every dish they must have had a good substratum for the feast which soon began.

We in the mean time breakfasted + were summoned to visit our patient who

seemed really very ill. She was a stout woman of ab. 45 with her shoulders, sides, + back robed in a gray woollen garment.

A most animated discussion <sup>over the complaint</sup> took place with young men + maidens old men + children all very noisy, + they got to skates book + really recognized people before they were told by us who they were, in a very satisfactory way with loud exclamations of "It is himself!"

I asked the patient if she did not mind the noise but she seemed to think it as inevitable as the roar of the sea.

We had the greatest possible advantage for seeing this feast for we could see both the eating + the dancing from our roof.

Inside the men squatted round + gnawed lamb in their fingers + outside sat a man beside a huge chaldron, ladling out a sort of stew to any woman who brought a plate.

We knew so many of the people that it was quite pleasant. The Protosapas + many



others sat with us + we were brought a  
good many presents of food. Some one  
had told of the sketch book + they were  
equally able to recognize the subjects  
+ cried "<sup>most</sup> Panagia!" (all Holy) the Virgin)  
+ one cried "Diavolos!" + the Proto  
papas constantly exclaimed "Kerie  
eleison!"

At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10 the dancers began to  
take up their smart skirts, pull off  
their best shoes + stockings + put on  
their ordinary ones + shouldering their  
bundles + saying "Apò Chrono" to their  
friends set off to Olympo.

In the afternoon we took a beautiful  
walk along the cliff towards the S. + turned  
inland into a pine wood + then we got  
down a water course + finding we could  
go no farther we determined climb up the  
hill side but it was awfully difficult  
as there was absolutely no foot hold on  
the crumbly schist all slippery with  
needles.

As to big boots gave him firmer hold, he

crawled up a bit, + lay down + I pulled my  
self up by his legs + then he crawled up again  
+ c. lean on me a little as I lay. When we  
could gently, gently, catch a branch of a  
tree we never left that friendly tree till  
we had got above it, carefully handing  
each branch to each other; then another  
crawl to another tree + so we reached  
the top + returned home bearing a good  
salad of sorrel leaves.

Saturday 11 at  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 7 having duly made our  
beds we walked up the water way towards  
Olympo. Indeed as Manthos said a boat  
would have been useful, but I got on very  
well with my goloches + put on for water +  
take off for rocks.

Took a sketch + we remained till luncheon  
In the evening we saw a boat come in with the  
shepherds who had been to Sarie + many dead  
lambs + kids cheese, cream, + milk but though  
we have offered to pay a boy to bring milk + to  
buy it besides we have to use "preserved" -  
we thought to have had a variety on lambs +  
that we would take the opportunity of the



of baking day + have a bowl filled with day  
which grows wild here + onions also rice  
but such is the manner of baking here  
that when dinner time came it was  
not ready + we eat his dinner which  
was a great disappointment but it was  
excellent at luncheon today. Sunday

12<sup>th</sup> April This morning on looking out  
+ seeing the people smart + idle I remarked  
to G that this seemed to me to be some kind  
of a holiday, but he only said it was Sunday  
to my surprise. We went + made our  
detour in the pine wood + after lunch  
I made a sketch + all day we have been  
anxious about the weather as it is so stormy  
that we had fears of not getting to Sarria  
tomorrow. but now we are full of hopes  
+ are expecting our dinner. In has just  
walked a lady who sat down + announced  
to G that she also is a victim to this mys-  
terious complaint that we never came  
across in England + here we have been  
consulted by a cow + 3 women. The cool-  
ness with which she broached the subject

very nearly made me laugh in her face  
No one minds talking of anything here  
more than if they were all cows.

Monday, 13<sup>th</sup> After being kept awake a good  
deal by anxiety as to the wind which had  
ed furiously, here we sit at 7.0 (quite  
ready to start + waiting for the 6 men to  
come down from Ulymbo. They are to row  
the boat which we shall keep during  
our stay at Sarria.

The sea is much better though noisy  
still. We have to take every kind of pro-  
vision we want except lambs + milk wh:  
we hope to get so we have laid in a good  
stock of beeswax candles, petroleum, lamp  
for the tombs, matches, bread, coffee, oil &c  
+ with the tools, all our 9 beds, the tent  
+ the necessary raiment we have plenty  
to fill a boat.

We leave behind an additional packing case  
of curios.

We have various plans for our voyage to Syria  
Here at this moment we have 4 cases besides  
other luggage + at Pegadhia we have 1 case which



a "carpet bag" & a little statue still at the house of the seller.

The Turks have a disagreeable habit of examining outgoing luggage & we fear the sight of so much together and all we hope for from Saria may excite them.

One of the plans is to start from Regadio in the dirty little steamer Roumeli, which is supposed to be going to call on May 3<sup>d</sup> & carry off some of the male population. In this case we must go there by boat.

No 2 plan is to get the steamer to call here & in that case M is to go & gather up the 'goods & chattels' taking coverings for the little statue 3 or 4 ft long & meet us here.

No 3 is that we go to Syra in a sailing boat not yet finished with 20 other people 24 hours at least. M fetching the things on P & keeping them in the boat he comes in & changing them into the big boat, then keeping them in the new boat in Syra harbour till we can get them on board a Liverpool steamer for fear the Greeks

should wish to have a look.

No 4 which seems to me the best is to take a private boat & go to Khalki or Simi & let the things remain in the boat till a steamer comes & then ask Mr. Binney at Syra to protect the transfer.

Certainly we have had no difficulty as yet with the gov<sup>t</sup> here. They are all very friendly & the Pasha of Rhodes letter was very civil as we heard. He certainly did not write it till the last minute & after we had loudly expressed our surprise at such readiness to his friend Mr. Cris Larhis. But whether we have been forgotten or were never considered quite so dangerous as Mr. A. w<sup>d</sup> have us believe, nothing bad has happened still it will be nice to get our things safely to Syra.

If we take a boat to ourselves we can pick up things at Saria on the way, wind & weather permitting, for from this out they are our masters -

About 1/2 past 8 we began to contemplate the fact that there was probably more wind up



at Elvino & that the men w<sup>d</sup> think it too  
& come & look sadly at our beds & think how  
horrid it would be to have to unpack them  
again that night in that dirty room & at  
last I went up the river to meet people  
get news. He returned at 9 & told me he heard  
they were coming.

He found me having a tête-à-tête with the  
Turkish Zaptiek or soldier who is here as  
Chorophylax or guard of the town. He  
had wandered up into the balcony & when  
I said "Kal'emera" to him he came in  
sat down & had been with me a quarter  
of an hour. He said he was from Cyprus  
& now English; his Greek was not of the  
best but we got on splendidly. This poor man  
appears to have nothing in this wide world  
to do. I pity him as I see him wandering  
about, now helping to pull up a boat, now  
digging a little <sup>if he can find an idle space</sup> at the foundations of a house  
that is going to be built opening on to the  
shingle & which will certainly often have  
the sea in it. But his pet amusement  
is to catch one of 3 lambs who browse in

a field of quite high barley in the ear & to nurse  
it walking about in the barley.

There is an immense variety in the forward  
moss of the various crops. Some barley is only  
just springing up.

I created great astonishment during those  
hours by getting out books, work & this book to  
write instead of getting idle. They can't under-  
stand why I who am so rich sh<sup>d</sup> work.

Manthos shrieked at the men of course for  
being so late & not till 12 after much more  
shrieking were we lifted into the boat. Once  
there we all had our work, I to mind the  
honey-pot, J to steer & M to bale incessantly.  
As these boats live up on the shore they  
are all very leaky.

As for our luggage as it lay on the shore  
it looked like that of Gypsies. I tried to  
count it but gave up after 30. Cooking pots  
frying pan. an immense wicker-covered  
bottle of wine, a huge jar for water &c  
In 2 hours & a half we reached a place in  
Saria called La Palatia, the palace. I felt re-  
gret when we got past those drafty places



where our mast was broken.

The coast scenery was very beautiful. The little bay here is quite invisible from the sea. It is all rocky but a very small beach then the land slopes very gradually back to a wall of mountains. As it is sheltered the mastic grows high & there is lots of green - & actually the birds sang in the early morning a rare sound.

We thought of pitching our tent down by the sea as there is a well there but it seemed a windy spot so we went further back near a little chapel & as it turns out, the digging place.

As we had built the beds & unpacked the sack which contained many things beside the tent these were laid on the beds & carried up while we all followed ~~laden~~ laden with an earthen pan of Khalvass.

Our floor is level but stony. Under my hemlock I can contemplate mallows, poppies yellow clover & a white flower as he lies in his bed.

As soon as the tent was pitched I went round

& choose a digging place. Mr. to settle himself & his pots in the chapel where he cooked the dinner & sleeps. This is not considered irreverent by the Greeks & indeed it is the chief use of the Chapels in these isolated spots.

We dined at <sup>7</sup> outside of a very pretty table, an old capital of a pillar, a comfortable size.

We had not much meat & were to keep it for luncheon but now there is a lamb. Cep<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> taking his last meal tied to a bush.

We had a soup composed of onion, the only vegetable cultivated here & wild turnip, flowers, & all & a little oil & some water. Then a red herring - an omelette aux fines herbes & a sorrel salad from the same kitchen garden. Khalvass & honey.

We felt quite at home in our tent, it was nice to feel it our very own & so sweet & clean. It rained heavily at sunrise & I remembered my gaiters were out so I fled out of bed, flung my mackintosh round me & scurried out of a crack as I could not run.



look the door. I ran round to see that  
the pegs were all right + got very wet in  
the operation but I retired to my warm  
bed till I dressed - He bathed in the sea  
a mere tub however in the rocks for fear  
of dogfish <sup>ie sharkoi (Zygodyaps)</sup> + we breakfasted at 6.30, a  
trifle damp under foot but very jolly +  
now there is a hot sun; we have the least  
milk, cream + in our partridge-shooting  
with a gun longer than himself borrowed  
from the Zaptiek. It has crescents + stars  
+ much other brass inlaying, single barrel  
+ muzzle loader - a picturesque weapon.

Altogether we should be very happy  
if we did not fear we should move tomorrow  
for Byzantine is all we find. The little  
chapel is inside what must have been the  
apse of a Byzantine church for the semicircular  
car tiers of seats are behind it + we thought  
to find a temple among the ruins round  
but as yet we have only found holy inscrip-  
tions.

Thursday Sep<sup>r</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> I will continue our life  
in its proper order, though I now write from

a different camp.

All that morning they dug at what certainly  
was a temple but the Byzantines had destroyed  
everything so after luncheon at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11  
I carried the men off to dig some tombs high  
up the mountain side, where however he  
found nothing but the bottom of a plate,  
with two little raised heads kissing - He thought  
they were snails at first.

I did not go, first there might be no tombs, 2<sup>nd</sup>  
it was excessively difficult to get through the  
jungle of nasties between which were beds  
of nettles + thistles masking heaps of stones,  
+ 3<sup>rd</sup> it was not very safe to be far from the tent  
tent as a family of shepherds had brought a  
family of bulls, cows + calves of all ages + have  
a good stare. They sat quite close + if I went  
into the tent squatted at the door + I had to  
sit as near it as possible to prevent them + their  
fleas entering.

I could only take little walks, or rather climbs,  
as the chapel was not in sight from the  
tent + Mr. dug. First I picked a salad, then  
I went in another direction + read but, per



ceiving the cattle grazing among the tent  
pegs I had to descend + drive them out  
often. First I went into the tent, followed  
to the door by a boy of 14 + a big girl called  
Sophilda but soon went out + hooked  
up the door + had turned my back on it  
when I heard the boy say "To mandhilaki  
tes Kyrias!" + the girl make a sort of  
warning grunt. I turned round above  
expecting to see my red-bordered handker-  
chief on the floor or to be handed it, but  
not seeing it I looked into the tent in vain  
for it + felt sure they had it so I sat near  
to see what would happen.

After a long time Sophilda brought me a  
lump of cheese + I said "I cannot find my  
handkerchief, do you know where it is?"  
"Oh no! she said she didn't." "I thought you  
had seen it," I said "No she had not" + here  
she made most all the signs of negation  
drew in her closed lips, threw up + closed her  
eyes, turned head, shoulders + hands up +  
remained a few seconds in this position.  
I gave it up as a bad job + took the cheese

to M that I might not have to eat it then +  
there + returned to have another try but  
they were gone, so I went back to M + told  
him my tale. He rushed up + down till  
he discovered their direction + with much  
shouting on both sides brought them to a stand  
still + demanded of Sophilda the Kyrias  
handkerchief. She utterly denied having it  
so M drew out his knife + said "I shall cut  
your throat if you do not give it up at once"  
+ then she said "Oh! there it is! there it is!"  
+ M brought it back in triumph but rather  
dirty -

M then went to fish + abt 3 minutes after  
the old woman of the party came to me + spoke  
much of "klephtes + pseotes" thieves +  
liars + I thought of course she was alluding  
to my handkerchief, so I told her very kindly  
to think no more of it, to forget it, that it did  
not matter, but she loudly screamed that  
it did matter + matter very much. Then she  
spoke of the Elymbites that were with us  
+ seeing we were at cross purposes I told her  
Ic. not make out what she was talking



whereupon she said "Ula'do Kyria" & led me to the sacks of our men which the family had been sitting amongst & evidently examining & drew out a blanket & told me our men had stolen it & she carried it off & we have heard no more of it. They are certainly not very honest. As an instance, at that dance I saw one of the cheap brooches with which I was adorned fall out & be picked up by the father-in-law of the schoolmaster, a most respected man, called Diako Nikiola because he 'knows letters'.

I was occupied & I thought he was waiting to give it to me but he never did. Both his wife & the schoolmaster remarked the loss, but we did not like to make a fuss as they were so civil.

Well yesterday morning 15<sup>th</sup> we had packed our personal goods, I had taken a sketch, & bathed & we were at breakfast at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  & in an hour & a half, that is at  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 8 we were off - alas! without the spoons that did duty for egg & tea. quite irreplaceable in this island

for they are not used.

At first we were in calm water, with the bottom of the sea deep blue & light green & the red & coppery reflection of the rocks broken up by the ripple into feathers. I never saw the sea look so like a peacock's breast but when we got to the strait between Saria & Karpathos it was very rough & we got a tremendous tossing.

We landed at 10.30 in a little bay below the place called "Las Philakes" the prisons with 2 workmen, the others coming over land soon joined us.

We had caught several large fish on the way & that one set up a kitchen on the rocks where we landed at one side of the bay. I walked up  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour with 2 men & their tools to the Prisons. He found that there were only a few walls & a flat "Kampo" & the ruins of a tower, as in many similar situations & guard or "poglav" the crops. He did not think it a good place which is as well for he said it was hideously ugly.

In the mean time I went to bathe, having



spotted, from the sea a cavern to be reached bare-legged, at the other end of the 50 or 60 yard long beach. I left my foot gear on the beach & ran round getting my betticoats a little wet to be sure though I thought I held them high enough, but what was that compared to a prison & a dressing room? It was very large with the sea tight into the mouth, & so like the Lions' Den, lighted from above, that I could not help looking up to see if Nebuchadnezzar were there. As he was not I had a very good time & a jolly swim, always looking for sharks though but there was only a porpoise & some pretty diving ducks.

Mantheos told us he was once stripped & jumped into the sea at Antiparos when he saw a shark, - so he dressed again.

After luncheon we sent off the boat with the 6 men, four to be landed at the north of the pathos & the 2 walkers to return to row us to Voungounda, saying that if it were too rough we would stay at Tristoma, for one of the

excitements of yesterday was that we knew not where we should encamp.

It was near sunset when we landed at the Bay of Voungounda & chose a camping ground just above the beach, near the rock & with a greater water supply though brackish, & plenty of drift wood.

We are in a square field, of stones, chiefly open to the sea & 2 walls are full of tombs & all cut smooth. The 2<sup>nd</sup> side has low rocks & under it is our kitchen, also 2<sup>nd</sup> tombs square cut.

By the time we had pitched & furnished the tent & arranged the kitchen it was too dark to seek a dining room so we sat on sacks at the door of the tent with the lamp burning in the still air.

This morning <sup>16<sup>th</sup></sup> we rose at 5.30 & now 2 men are digging in the corner of our square. 6 has the others on the point.

I soon went to bathe having found as I thought a quiet little bay but when I reached it I found clothes being washed so I took off my shoes & stockings, put on g. stockings & getting through



a little water, climbed up + then leaving my shoes + stockings, I climbed down a little precipice, as I was good footing if you are not inclined to be giddy. Reached a ledge 18 in wide just under water, then stuffed my mackintosh into the rock, hanging my goloches up + throwing up my hat I was ready for the water. It was very deep + I had a good swim, no fear of sharks + I put on my cloak afterward + walked home with my goloches, wet + dress in the tent.

We have been very successful in finding unopened tombs with better things than we found before. We had a baking day just after our first sight of the sea - our diningroom was almost unbearable but we just got the shadow for luncheon.

April 17<sup>th</sup> We had such a fearful storm in the night that we could not sleep. The wind playing the drum on the tent + we were every moment thinking it would be rooted up, but morning came + found us still

there + the wind still violent + a black gloomy day. We had heavy rain in the middle of the day but I was in the tent + I softly lying on a heap of fresh dug earth regardless of his clothes. We have now for some time ceased to fear that our raiment may be spoiled. We are indeed like the Gibeonites now + it is funny to see I last year's suit hat + all getting shabbier + shabbier on me. The brouzers, supported by a red sash have a large blue cheek patch in them Mr. having sat on a sharp rock but we hope in about a week to start home. A dog in the night broke a tumbler so it is time to refit.

More tombs + more baskets full of things. We had to place our stones in the kitchen + eat there as it was so windy. Her news from Eng<sup>d</sup> is now a month old.

Sat<sup>th</sup> April 18<sup>th</sup> A fine day + hot. We went to bed with great confidence last night, the tent having stood the night + the day + slept well + found the wind gone down when we woke. The sun only greeted our



last mouthful of breakfast! We are so glad it is Saturday & that Sunday will be tomorrow. It is very fatiguing climbing from tomb to tomb & see that the men are not sleeping or smoking. After today we dismiss 2. On Monday we mean to go to Tristoma. I do not know why this point is all terraced up & divided into fields for there is nothing but stones in them, like a newly mended road or worse. Who would think that the next place I sh. have an opportunity of writing my Chronicle should be in Crete & further more at Kali Limnionas or the Fair Havens! where we, like S<sup>r</sup> Paul are sheltering from the tempest. We are still so surprised to find ourselves here that we can hardly understand it. All sorts of things have hurried on so that we have been in quite a dizzy state. Well, that Sat<sup>y</sup> we found very little & in the afternoon had the greatest difficulty in finding work for the men & it became clear that Bourgounda was quite

exhausted so we got home more than an hour before sunset & putting our 3 heads together decided it was impossible to go to Tristoma under the nose of the Man of war & announce ourselves as excavators to the idle crew there of & then we bet thought ourselves that finding anything at Tristoma was problematical. In fact the <sup>greek</sup> at Tristoma grew sour & we then & there determined that nothing remained for us but to return to Diaphane, & if possible get on all together to Pegadhia; then it was said that Bourgounda was a most hard place to leave, & we had better leave in the morning, if the wind were fair, for else we might remain a month. The remaining daylight was therefore spent in getting the best things into 2 large handbags & the small portmanteau & others into a large 2-handled pot with a lid which we left to the workmen abt. 6 big pithoi & remained



out + we went to bed sorry to think it might be our last night in our dear little tent, but half undecided whether we sh. pitch it a Pergadia -

We decided that as it was Sunday & as there was no hurry & only 2 1/2 hours to Skiaphone we would take it very easy. So consequently it was not till 7.30 that we were lifted into the boat. 19<sup>th</sup> April

Siberly Karpathos is the island of imaginary fears! Just as we were starting the men begged us to get out our flag. That when we passed the man of war our boat might be taken for an English one. We said that did not matter, & in spite of their implorings, we declared it was in the tent-deck, in the bottom of the boat & could not be got out.

They said "If the Turks take us, what shall we do?" We said they will only ask who we are & let us go.

We laughed at their fears & could not understand them but they told us the

on account of a murder just committed at Voletha they feared being taken for the murderer. But you Avthentiko will say you are our master & that we are your men & this is your boat work you. They were really alarmed. I told them we would say we were all English. This comforted an auburn haired one called Andreas. They even spoke of our being carried to Constantinople & we said it would be delightful to get there without paying our passage.

It had been settled that if it were too stormy we should stay at the Bay of Almiri (salt) <sup>in Skiaphone</sup> till we could proceed, living in the tent.

When we got near Cristoma, we hugged the rocks of the 2 small islets that mask its mouths & eyed the masts of the man of war, put in there as the engines are broken.

When we got to the open S. mouth they rowed hard & greatly did they rejoice that we had been unseen, for they had



been saying "If she makes a sign to us we will row straight to the ship" but we intended merely to stop & let them send a boat.

In the bay strait the wind was so favourable that by hoisting a clock & 3 umbrellas we really made way - the men were highly satisfied as we perceived some sentinels on the heights for they said the umbrellas are quite as good as the flag; people with umbrellas, they will know are English.

We passed these sentinels quite safely & when we came to more the men rushed for the umbrellas again & however little our enemies may be intimidated it is a fine thing to feel how safe our friends felt under the protection of the British Umbrella!

We reached Diaphania at 12 & at once lunched on tinned lobster, not nice for cooking & packed all our things, for we believed the Roumelis was to call at Paganhia on Monday afternoon but

everyone said she would be late on account of the storms.

When we got all done we set off with prayerbooks & towels, meaning to make our diturgy + bathe but when we got to a little beach a mile off, the first place we could descend to the sea was 5 so we had a very cold bath, our 5<sup>th</sup> & found it quite too cold for an out-of-door diturgy. At one end of the beach a charming bathing box was walled off by rocks.

Monday 20<sup>th</sup> July  
We said we would ~~start~~ start at 5. & frighten our men, but did not get up till 10. & 5 & did not start till 8. 36 page eyes I counted.

The schoolmaster came down & brought letters of March 4<sup>th</sup>. we had later ones. At last we started to continue our voyage home, all in the highest spirits, In quite as pleased as we are. Little thought that when they lifted me into the boat, Ich. never touch Karpathos again!



Shortly after we started we heard great shouting after us. These were really 2 Cassiope carpenters wanting a passage but in the distance their European dress caused them to be taken by the men for Zaptiehs so the men said they w<sup>d</sup> not stop, they sh<sup>d</sup> not get into a scrape for the boat was l<sup>t</sup>. It was said they had something in their hands, perhaps it was ours, but we thought seriously of all our things + said it c<sup>d</sup> not be + even if it were it was not worth returning for + running the risk of our things being examined.

These people can shout + hear at great distances so requests + refusal flew through the air + still we were pursued.

Then a suggestion that it might be better made us a little regretful, but still we determined to push on.

At last it was settled that we sh<sup>d</sup> go under a cliff where they c<sup>d</sup> not come down, not go very near but stop till we

c<sup>d</sup> really hear what was wanted.

By this time the carpenters were recognized but still the boat was so full that we had to persist in our refusal till one of our men offered to land + give up his place.

The carpenter embarked with many thanks + many polite excuses on our part, "Had we seen who it was we" but I scolded him well, called him brother, + asked why he had not told us before.

We were all regretting the half hour wasted in the 7 hours voyage when "to Atmoplieion!" burst from every lip. There was the steamer, steaming north + away from Pegadhia. We at once steered towards her with shouts + cries, no doubt unheard, I in the prow waved his big white hat.

"Your parasol, put up your parasol!" said the men; we said "what good will that do?"

"Oh, never mind, it will do no harm



+ as you have been on the steamer of course they will know it.

We were tremendously excited as the steamer still went on + real tears came into my eyes with anxiety + I am sure if they had asked me to kneel in the bilge water I would at once.

We comforted ourselves with knowing the Captain + his son mate to be civil people + at last they stopped + took us on board leaving our wholobank to the men + taking a large open jar of wine, as that of the steamer is bad. The Capt. was implored to return to P. after calling at Diaphane + was undecided but as we saw 5 cases placed in the hold + other things, including the jug under the saloon beside our good up cabin paved, + the passage choked, we felt pretty easy but happier when a symphony had been come to for \$13, he asked 20 for the 3 passage + return to Pegadhia for our luggage. at 5 extra

The passengers, all deck, or in the hold, were not pleased + no wonder. "£13" was buzzed on all sides. The ship was full of acquaintances + we seemed to have to shake hands all round. A large group dragged me from the ladder to enquire all sorts of things + as for these men I said it was sad we had so many drunken friends.

The carpenter was just as pleased to be on board as ourselves, though all his luggage for a voyage to Syria was a little round basket with food on his arm, a saw in one hand + 2 feet of plank in the other.

The next excitement was getting the things at Pegadhia. I decided to remain on board + became a perfect queen-bee. I gave up moving at last for I was always followed. I eagerly watched the proceedings on shore. We set off to run to the house where was a very hideous statue, more than the size of a baby, half a mile off + the Turks sat down at the



Cafe.

People came to the steamer + said "Whi  
have you returned", + shouts of "Oi  
Anglois, bi Lordhi" The English, the  
Lords + Dekabris d'ires! d'ires kaval  
Kamenes" or "13<sup>th</sup> on horseback"  
meaning with S<sup>r</sup> George on them.  
+ they could not make out why I  
said our luggage was in the custom  
house when they saw M. run away  
"Where are your things, they must be  
at Apperis (2 hours off) for your ser  
vant is running there" I laughed at  
them well + began to read so that was  
a great entertainment, how she has  
turned a leaf "they said.

At last I saw M. tearing back with  
the burden on his shoulders + very soon  
they reached the ship + all was on board.  
We sat almost speechless in our cabin  
but I said "we are not off yet, I can't  
stay here". At the door I hear "O  
Lordhos, pou einai o Lordhos?"  
"Where is the lord? for all English who

appear to be independant gentlefolks  
are lords here. I could have been knock  
ed down with a feather but no one  
tried to do it. so I asked what it was  
+ was told, letters + newspaper. They  
were fetched + we were safely off.  
"Oh!" I could not help exclaiming "how  
thankful I am to be under the Greek  
flag" + indeed with 3 umbrellas  
in the cabin though all in disrepair  
what now had we Britons to fear from  
Turks.

We sat down to luncheon at 12 in a  
gay frame of mind + then I heard  
how M. had run to the house + found  
it locked, had broken the door open  
found the statue, wrapped it up in  
what he carried for the purpose  
+ ran back.

I was in the mean time drinking ouzo  
raki with the Harbourmaster + other  
Turks, having been to the Customhouse  
+ told an old woman to take a long  
time carrying the 3 things one by one very



lowly to the boat + thinking M<sup>c</sup> never  
be back. As I<sup>c</sup> see M<sup>c</sup> was hidden  
When M<sup>c</sup> appeared I<sup>c</sup> see that  
the statue showed behind + told  
him but he said "No matter + rush  
on to the boat + then came back to  
say goodbye to the Turks. I saw them  
spot the statue + whisper together  
+ shrug their shoulders so now we  
are in possession of the most hidden  
thing ever made by human hands.

We mean to deposit it in bond at  
the Customhouse of Syra with all the  
cases + things we do not want.

We also talked of how the delay caused  
by the carpenter, which annoyed us so  
much at the time was really a great  
blessing for had we not been delayed  
we sh<sup>d</sup>. have been deep in a bay, hug-  
ging the shore + never have caught the  
stranger.

The longest way round is evidently  
the shortest way home for us, for  
having started S in our boat we

went N. to Diaphani. S to Pigeon  
on round the island, goodbye to Karpate  
W. + N.W. to Kassos where we remained  
3 hours with all the Captain's relations  
on board as this is his home. He in-  
troduced us to one, just as he was going  
ashore + we found him to be Kyprios  
Nicholas Maoris for whom we had  
a letter so I rushed + got it just in  
time. Tuesday Sep<sup>r</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup>.

After this we turned SW + sailed under  
Crete W. We had a fearful night of  
storm, pitching rolling, catching Bflats  
+ fears of falling on the floor, added to  
which I am so spoiled by my hammock that  
I found the bed dreadfully hard. Much  
smack took place + water flew over  
the ship so about 10 o' when we  
got close to a certain island called  
"Clauda" we had to turn S + then E again  
+ take refuge here. a very sheltered  
place. We went ashore with the water  
barrels. There is a beach + some bushes  
+ a pretty stream, in which many



clothes were washed by those who subsequently landed, & all hands & faces washed so no doubt we came back a cleaner party than we went.

In our cabin, supposed to be the ladies' cabin there is no means of washing we have to go to a place with 2 basins off the saloon. The sea sick are offered very small shallow brass spittoons.

It is abt. 5 & when we do leave we shall start on our way to Kythera or Cerigo<sup>W</sup>, then Syra, Zakh.

To have to turn our backs on the setting sun is hard but we are in no mood to complain as this is far better than a caigue & N. winds going on.

To pass Cape Malea 3 times is very odd.

Sauces to our cups, white bread, pepper & white salt, any vegetable but onions & any meat but lamb are all treated to us & we are treated like princes, not as princes usually are but as princes would be if they travelled

on the Roumeli. We have our meals separately & a dish more than is usual & never stir without campstools being carried after us.

The annoyance at being turned back was quite overborne by the interest of coming to Kale Simionas & it was a great satisfaction to think that St. Paul must have drunk & washed in that very stream. & being stormstayed too was rather nice. The city of Lasea which was high unto the Fair Havens has disappeared but the place is the same.

I went up a little hill & found me the centre of a heap of people. not very pleasant when you reflect that several Sundays have shown me that this is the hunting day when people lay their heads in a friend's lap & the hunter is extremely successful. I saw a highly respectable woman sit down to be hunted before 35 people. One day in the street we saw an old lady



in only her shirt, & that tucked above her knees into a handkerchief slung round her waist & hunting in her other garment for fleas. Thru this.

It is so fine & sunny & warm here but outside there will be wind & every one will nod their head & say Aéras Aéras! (airs, airs), or Thalassa! (Sea)  
Wed<sup>7</sup> Ap<sup>5</sup>. We started at 8 in the evening & after a good deal of tossing got into Calmar region but still were under Crete in the morning. We had a lovely day at 10 we passed Cerigotto or as they call it Centi Kythera & about 12 reached Kythera or Cerigo & found ourselves in a very pretty little double bay with a rocky promontory in the middle & sandy shore.

<sup>801</sup>The passengers began at once to arrive & brought the news that General Koronaíios had been elected member of the parliament. This caused great pleasure & there was gunfiring & shouts of Zeto Koronaíios! & as we landed we left

The Proumeli decked with flags & met a boat-load of myrtle with which it was turned into a sort of a bower.

I had a mule & we went up to the Capital about a mile (of road) off round or rather near a castle. The road was made by the English of course & is now much in want of repair. There is a very high bridge which once had 4 piers but now 3 are quite gone. They must also have had inscribed marble tablets as the remaining ruin has a cracked one saying how the bridge was made by the first Lord High Commissioner.

There was a fine view from the fortress but when you look into the island it is very bare. All the fortress is falling to bits. The town has rather an Italian look. The women dress like at Corfu & have white handkerchiefs on their heads, a contrast to the Karpathiote dark ones. We had lemonade at a Kaffe & saw the hero of the day & also formed the tail of the procession going to the shore



till we drew up & let it get on. They threw orange flower water (anthonero) on him from the windows.

There was such a row on land that we were glad to return to the little ship now crowded.

We went to our cabin & sorted & packed & finding our flag hung in our window on the deck & greatly delighted the Captain.

The dinner on this great occasion was very gay & there were ab. 9 at it. No one c. speak as they had to listen to the conversation of us & Manthos & the Captain & his friend Kiprios Kalokerinos Piflo or Mr. Summery def. I nearly laughed at this name & when he was addressed as Mr. Summery it was very funny because most un-suitable.

All around were encamped ladies, who were in very queer costume. They mostly wore petticoats of felt braided by machine with shaded braids of all colours

worn as outside skirts & red or blue flannel bodies & jackets. They all had to sleep in the saloon & in the morning when we went to have our tea we saw hats & stays even on the breakfast table. The ladies were dressing with a great disregard to beholders.

At Kythira a "Manifesto" was made & signed by the Capt. saying he had picked us & our cases up in Turkey & at by the Kythira Customs people to say we had not started from there.

We had oily weather from there; the Capt said the Roumelis had put a cross on the sea to make it calm. & now Thursday - we are at Syra Hotel d'Angleterre. All the things are in the Customhouse, the great jars tied up <sup>to the rig</sup> <sup>ingell</sup>. We had a large boat & it was very full.

Grand Hotel Matta. May  
All the most interesting part of my Chronicle is now over but for my own edification I will write that we



stayed 10 long days in Syra a most dull place, nothing to see, nothing to buy, not even paper or books. Our only pleasures were those of the table, bathing & rowing about in which we undressed & a walk every evening along a road which suddenly fades away into the mountain with a wall across the end of the road.

The smells in the town are very bad as there is no draught of air

Saturday we started at 7 on the M.M. Erymanthe to go as far as Messina. She is a very steady ship. The first day was very rough & the 2<sup>nd</sup> not smooth but the ship did not roll or pitch at all. There were a family of 4 Armenians who c<sup>d</sup> only speak Turkish, some of them, one c<sup>d</sup> talk Greek a little & a Greek of Smyrna Kyrios Aelanoğlu who spoke both these tongues & a

Belgian M. Flagotein who c<sup>d</sup> talk Greek so in French & Greek we talked to our companions & all got on very well together & we exchanged many regrets when at Messina we went onboard the Transatlantique ship Maréchal Canrobert which was lying alongside, ready for us & much waving took place as we steamed off at 5.

At Malta which we reached next morning our first surprise was to find the inhabitants speaking an unknown tongue & secondly to find it not so easy to find a ship for London as we had thought, most of them being crowded at this season. & lots of people waiting for passage to the language. I thought the language of the island was Italian but instead it is a sort of Arabic mixed with Hebrew or Phœnician & in fact many words are identical almost with Hebrew as Issawina



book. We have discovered a very kind friend Col Wilkie Dip: Adj. Gen. who takes us out to drive daily & has put down our name for the Garrison Library, where we can see all the magazines & papers & I can go to the Club too so that though we have an unsettled feeling that we may be off any hour we are enjoying this place very much.

Friday May 8<sup>th</sup> we started at hardly an hour's notice on the Restormel for London & this day 13<sup>th</sup> we hope to pass Gibraltar. Col Wilkie came to take us out driving & found us busily packing.

The Restormel is called after an old castle in Cornwall near Lostwithiel & is a large & steady ship with 3000 tons of grain on board. She is not a passenger ship & we are to be smuggled into the cargo room & there concealed when we reach London our luggage to be supposed to be travelling alone. The hiding place is only

to be reached by a winding stair abt 2 ft across so I have not explored it, nor the stoke hole though I has & we have been taken over every other part of the ship. We were to pay £6 for our passages but for £4 more we have the Capt's cabin off the little saloon. It is quite a room - 12 by 10 & an alcove off it with a double bed which can be curtained off. & there is a dressing room with a large bath in it which we much enjoy. Our food if not elegant is good & plentiful. The Capt. who began life as a cook, & continued 'before the mast' on sailing vessels is a very nice man, not so refined as the 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> mates. The 1<sup>st</sup> has his meals with us & hurries off to let the 2<sup>nd</sup> come.

We have breakfast at 8 with many large dishes of meat, good butter & bread made on board. Dinner at 12.30. & 5.30 tea, a repetition of breakfast, & as the highly respectable & respectful old steward has confided to me that he



has a cup of tea himself at 3 I have  
agreed to join him in future. We are  
supposed to be 11 or 12 days on the voyage  
+ as yet have had very good weather  
We saw Pantelaria an island off Apia  
where the Italians keep convicts, Cape  
Bon + then we went out to sea + yet  
saw land again + very pretty land too. Spain  
At the time we were all diurnally dis-  
gusted at a whistle which announced  
that we were in a fog. One other steamer  
was near + we anxiously listened for  
her whistle. We had to go half speed  
+ rejoiced much when in 3 hours we  
were out of it.

Now that we can see land it is very  
pleasant but otherwise porpoises  
are our only comfort. We saw 2 big  
nautilus + lots of little flat ones +  
2 turtles.

I am of course going to be saved first if  
we are wrecked as I am the only woman  
on board, not the first time this has  
happened to me but I never was more

than 3 days without seeing another woman  
before. I don't miss them a bit + am  
rather surprised at it myself but I  
say I ought to be used to it.

The Captain tells us he was well scared  
at Odessa for he thought he sh<sup>d</sup> never  
get away + never see his niece any  
more. The place was full + getting fuller  
every day of soldiers + they were taking  
men from the officers + the captains were  
all afraid of being taken prisoners + their  
ships taken. The Russians were very  
rude + disagreeable + a Captain who  
was with him c<sup>d</sup> understand Russian  
+ told him all he heard.

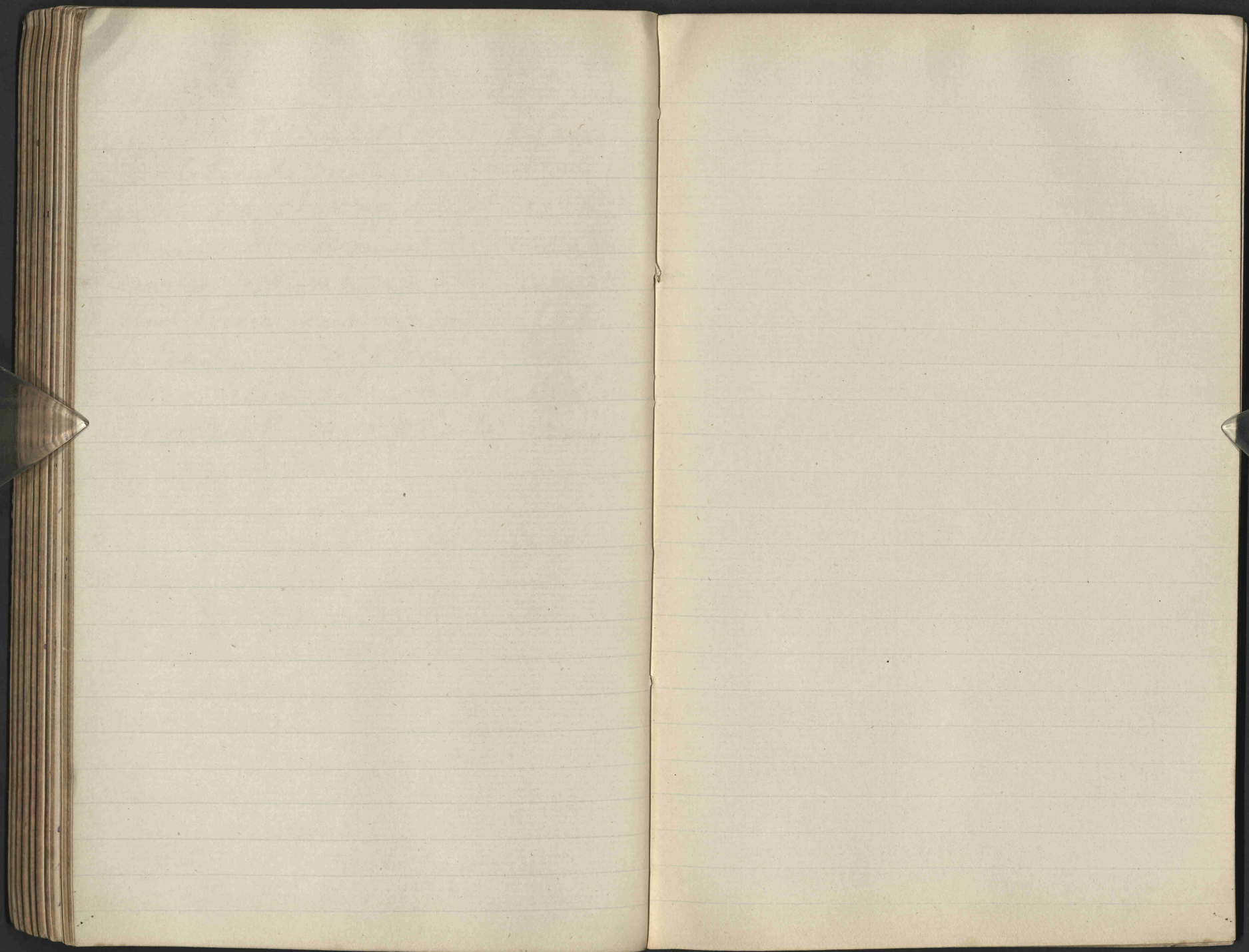
We reached home via Millwall  
Dock in safety with our 24 pieces  
of the most varied luggage + I am  
more convinced than ever that  
there is no place like it.

P.S. The murder at Volathia concern-  
ed 2 of the guests at our luncheon  
party. Mr. Mandlukakes was openly

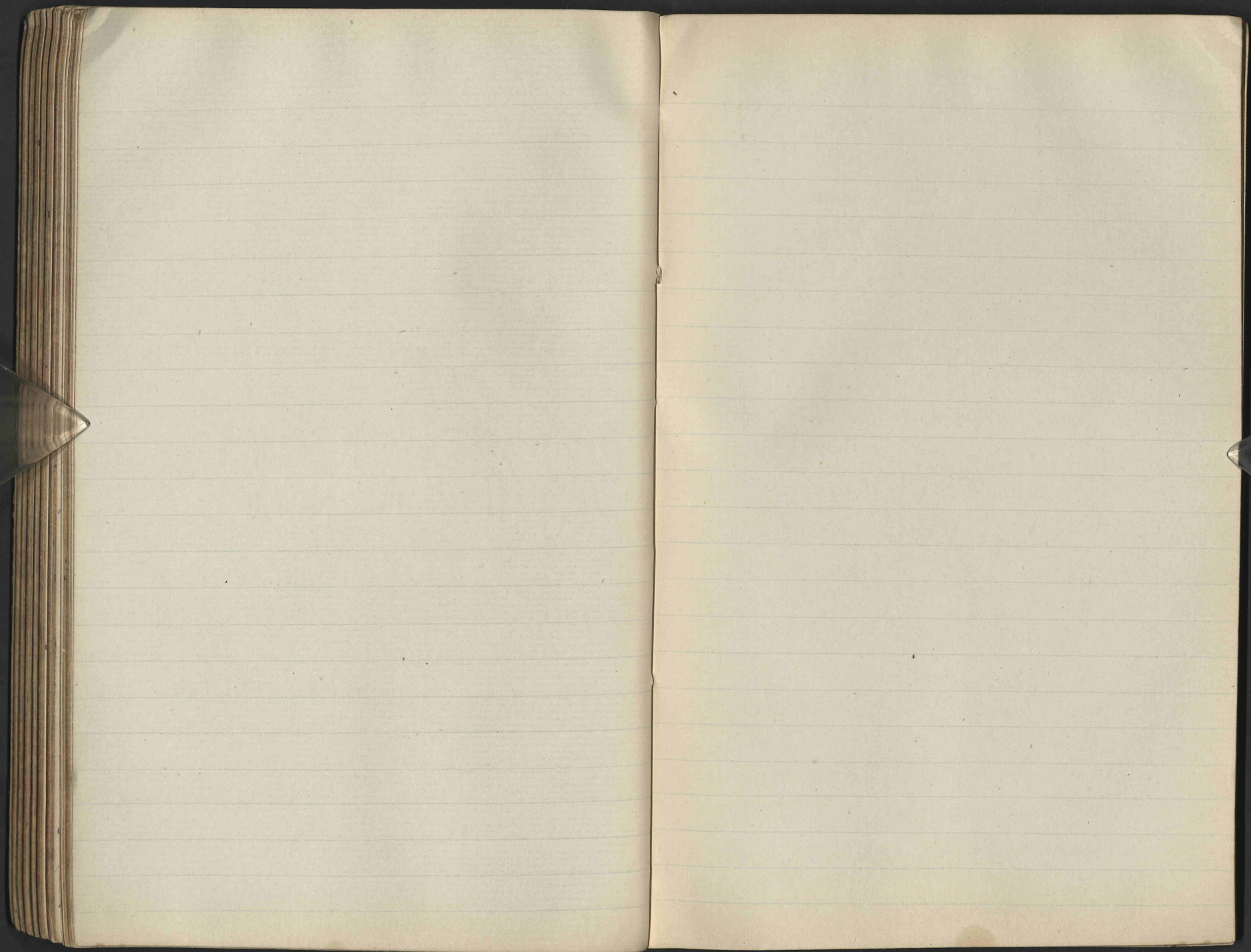


Said to have planned to murder Mr. F. Sakolarides from a political motive but in the dark he changed places with a man we knew who was always drinking & he escaped & the other man was stabbed instead. A relation of Mandakakes hurriedly left the island & no arrest was made.

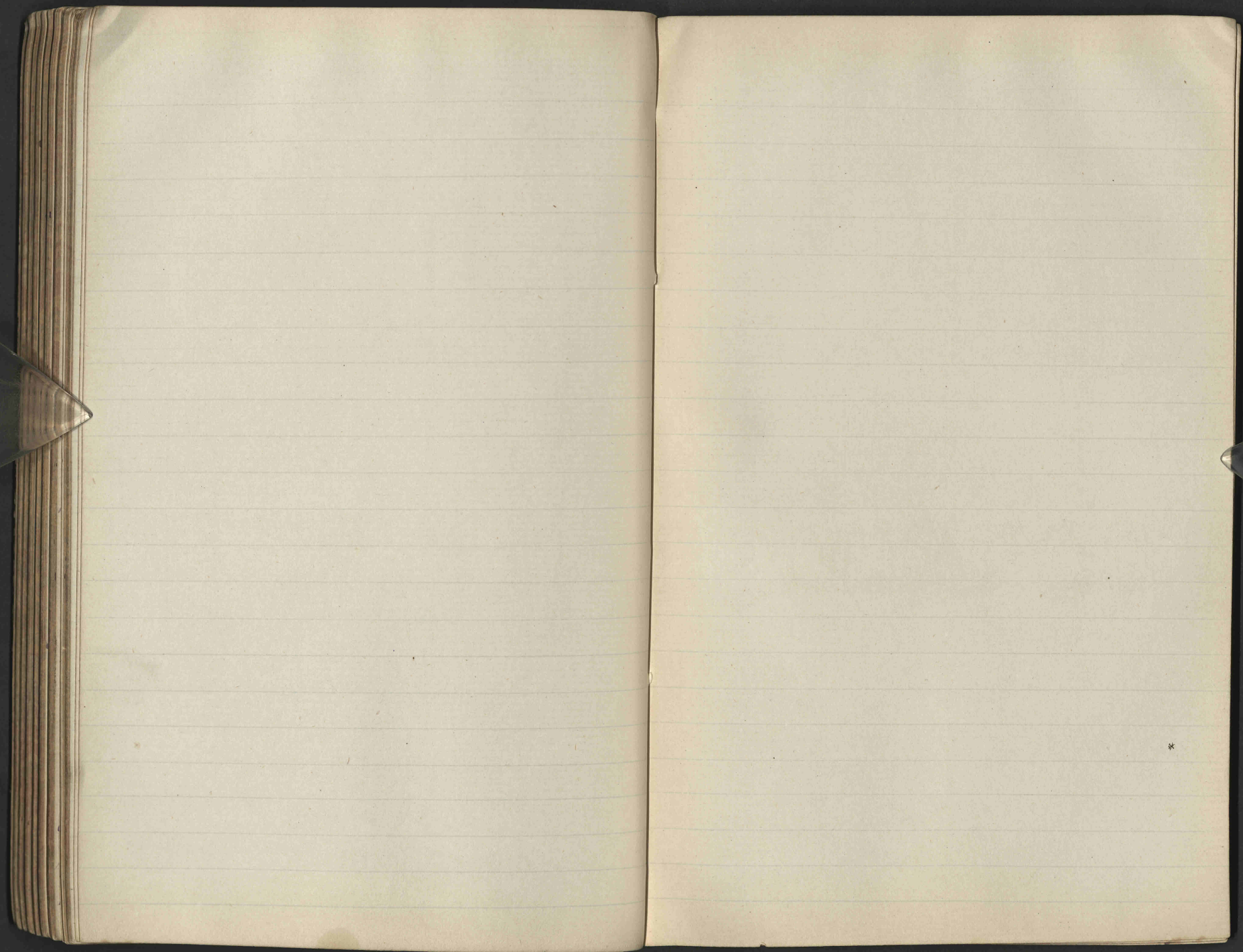




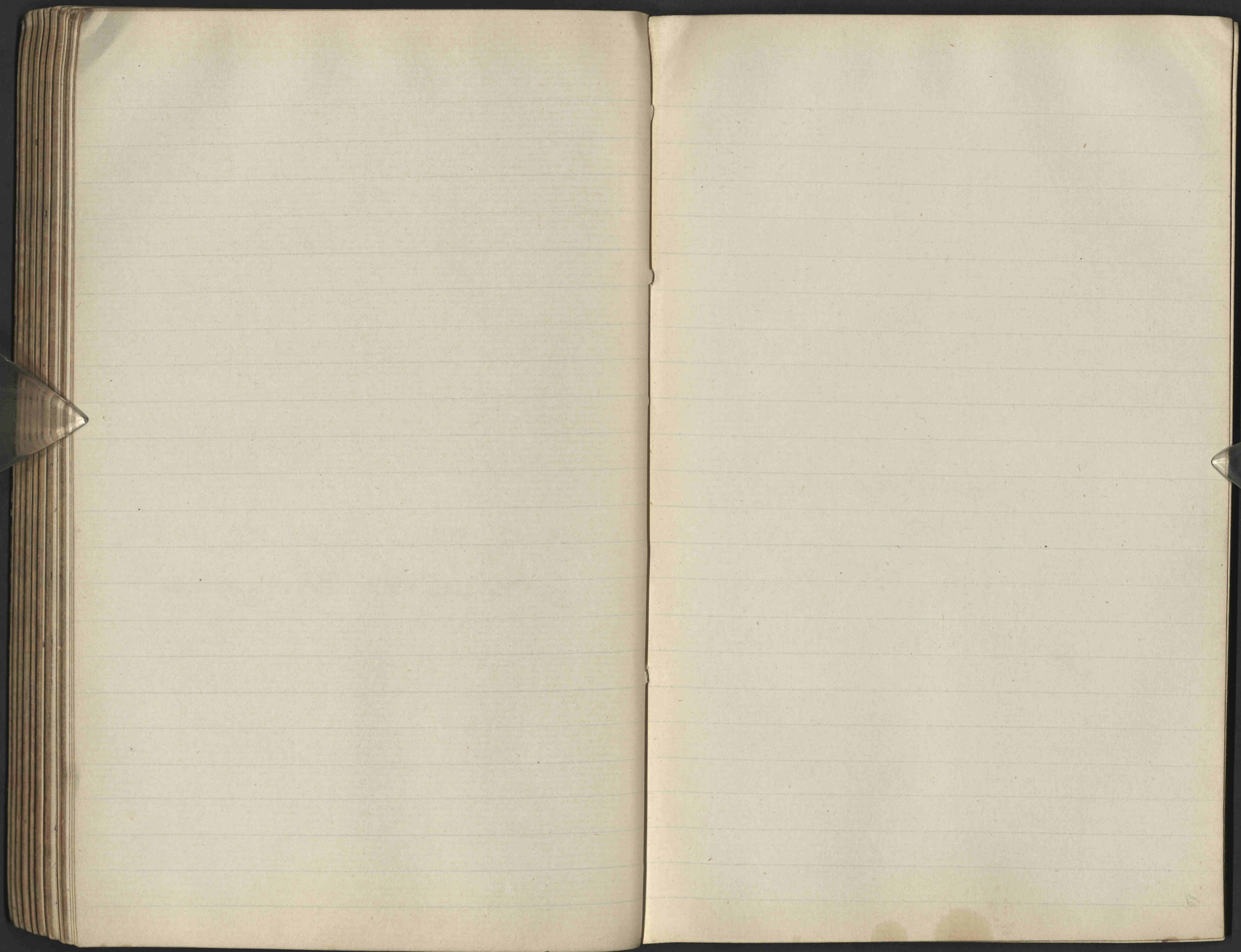




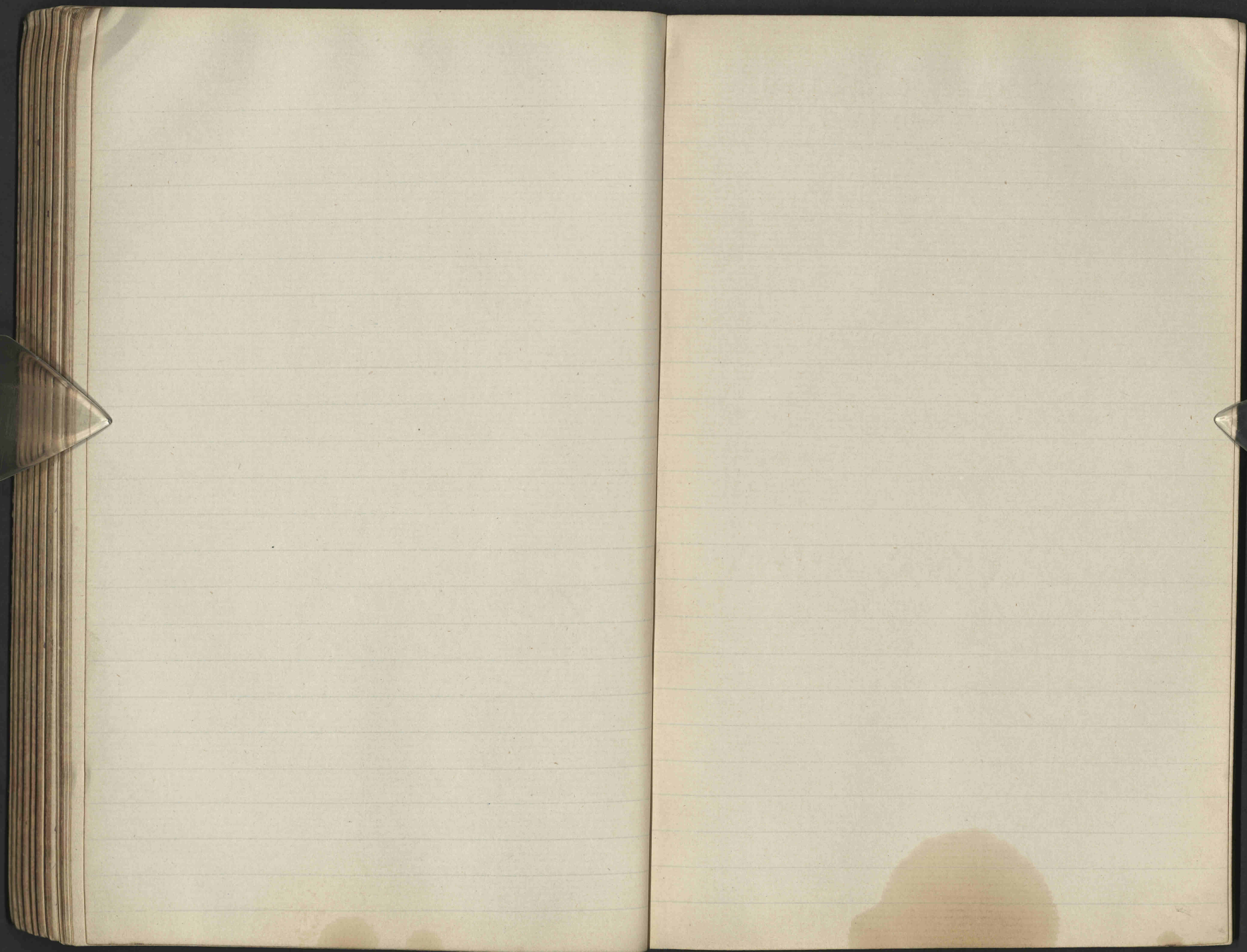




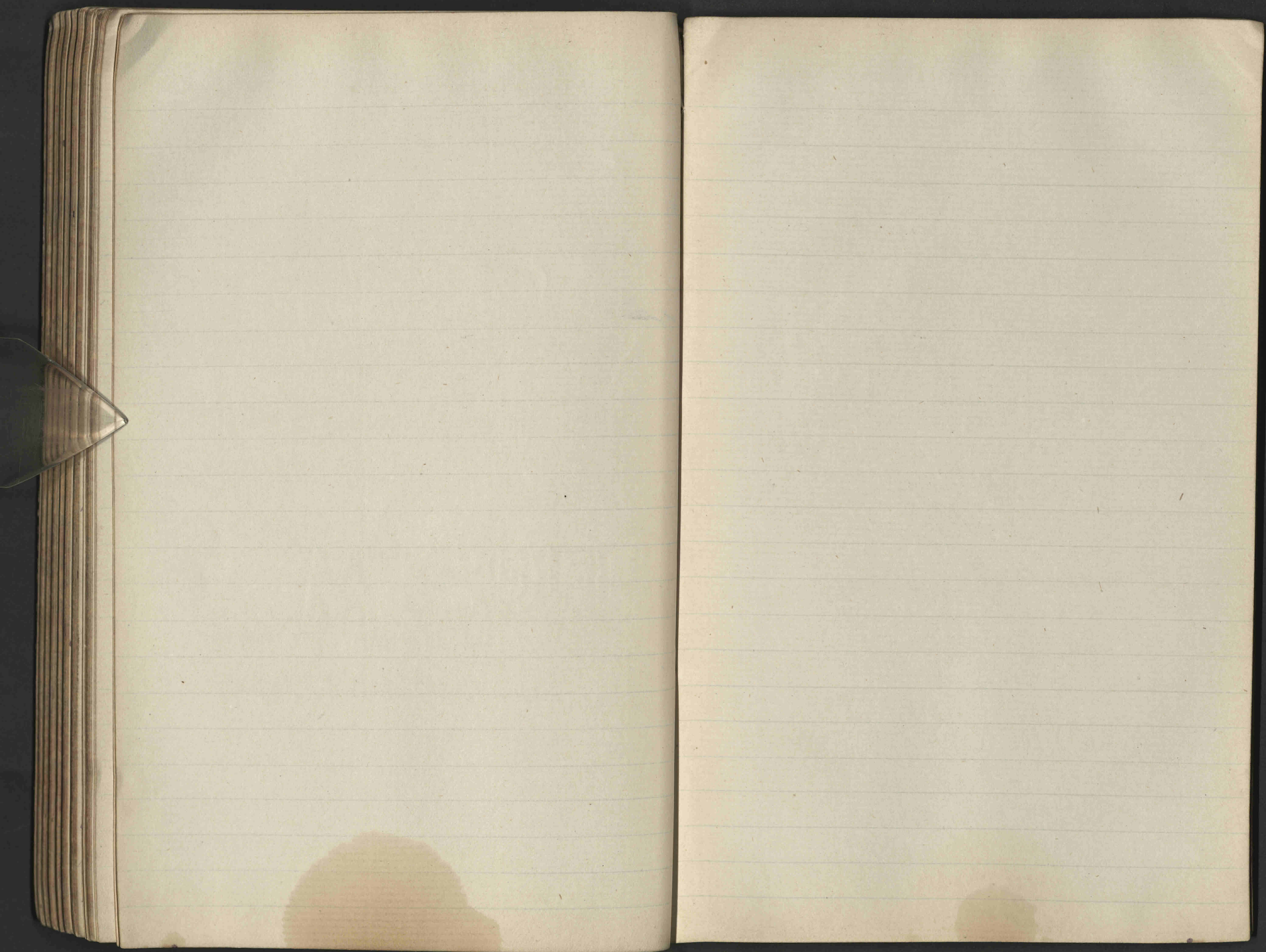




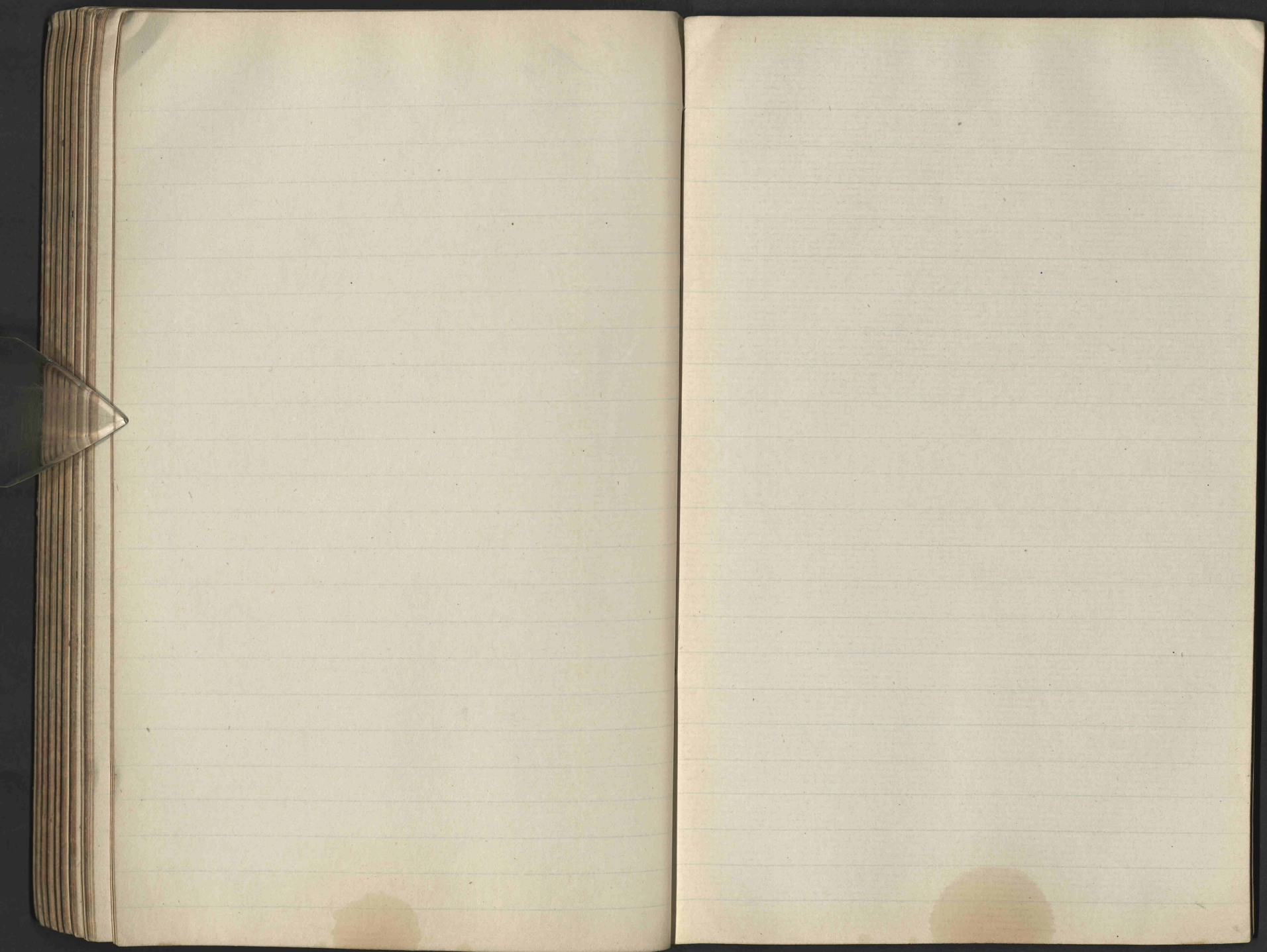




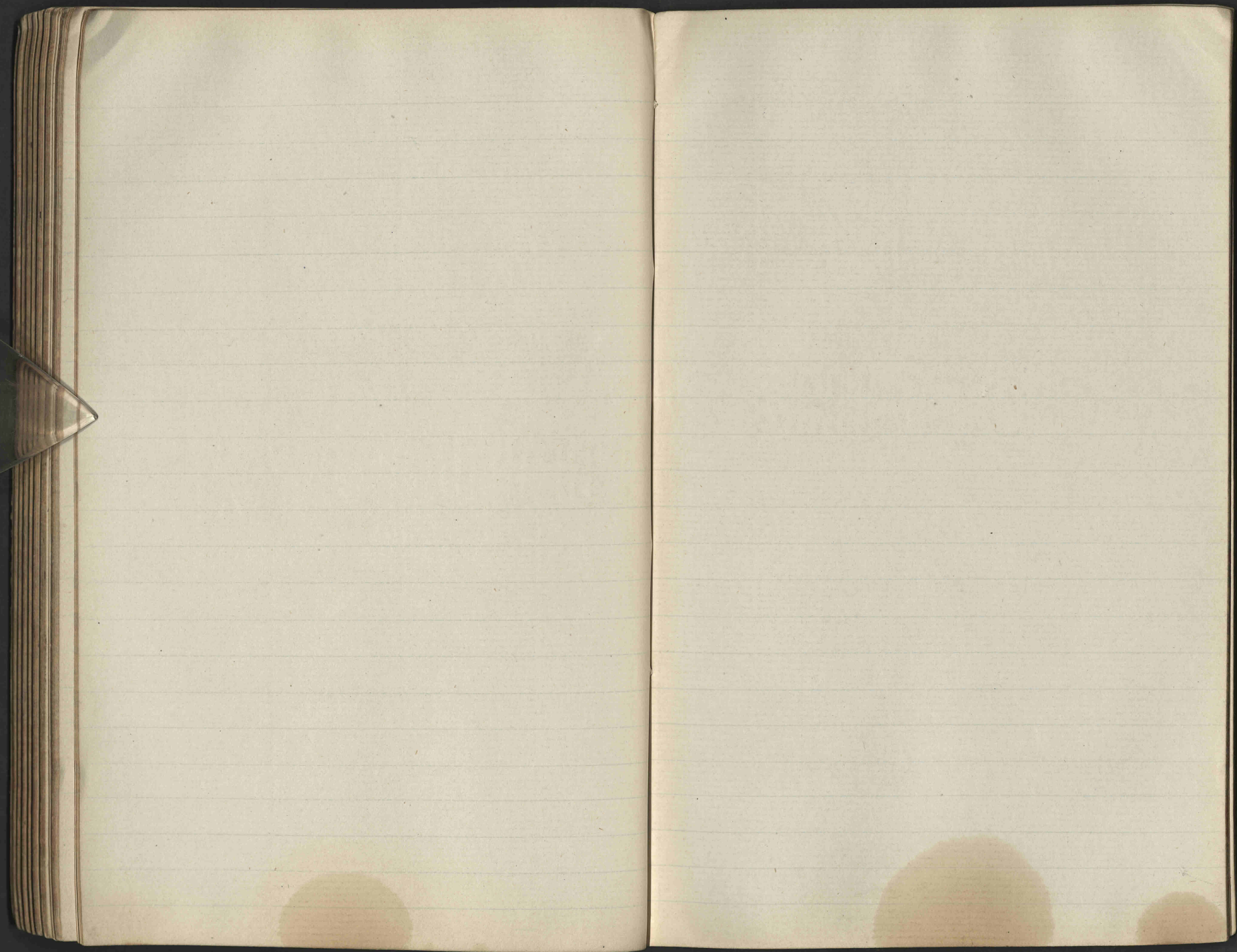




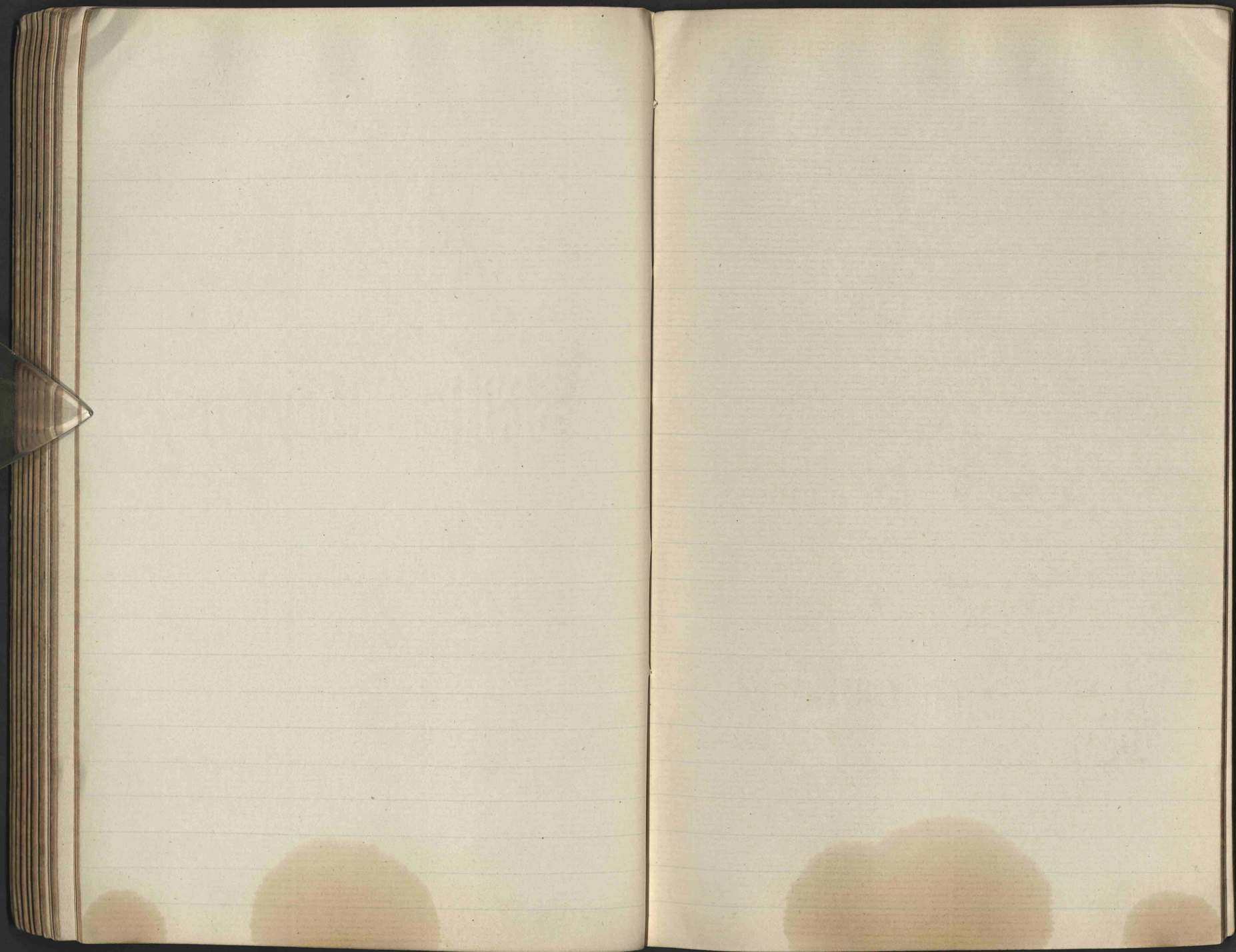




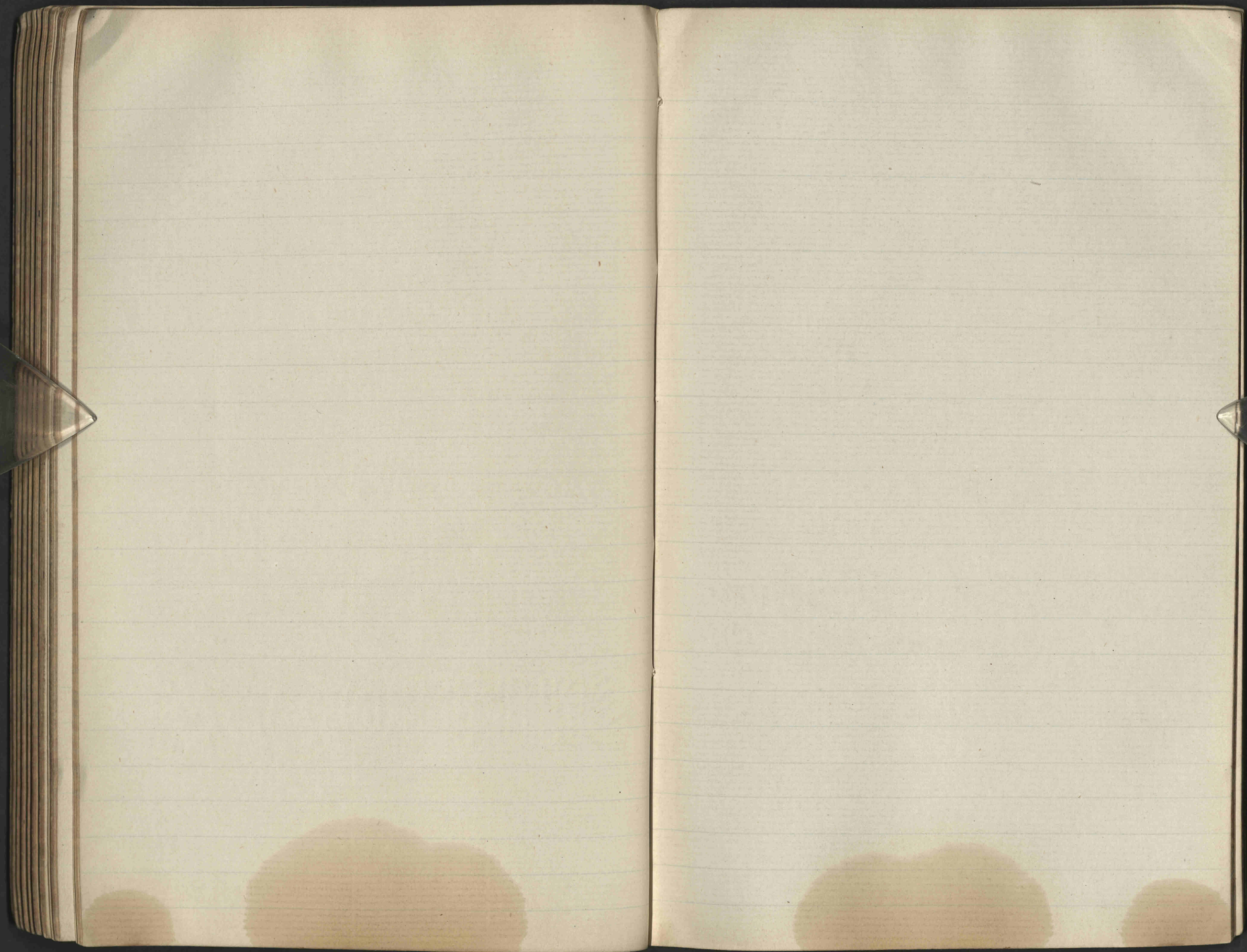




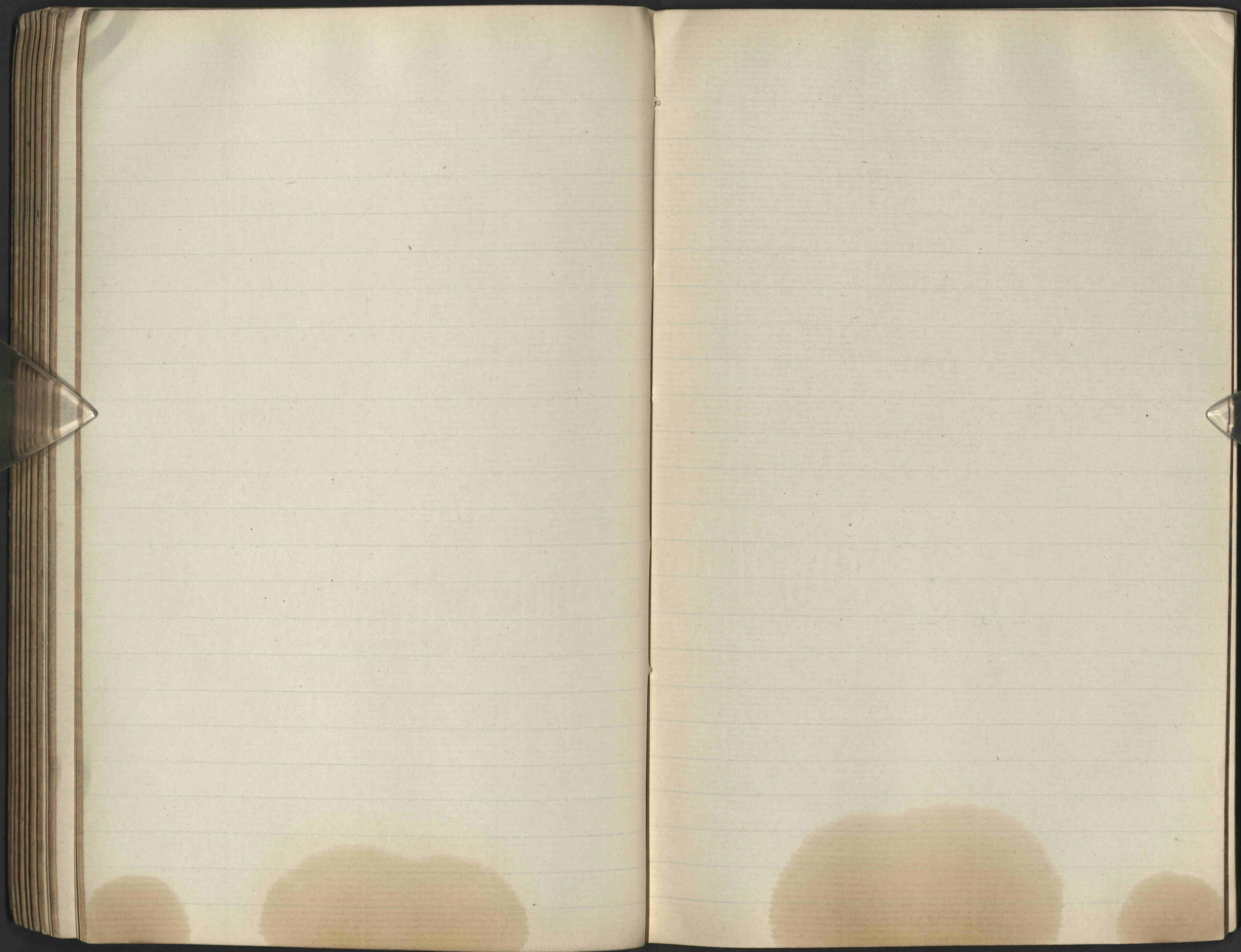




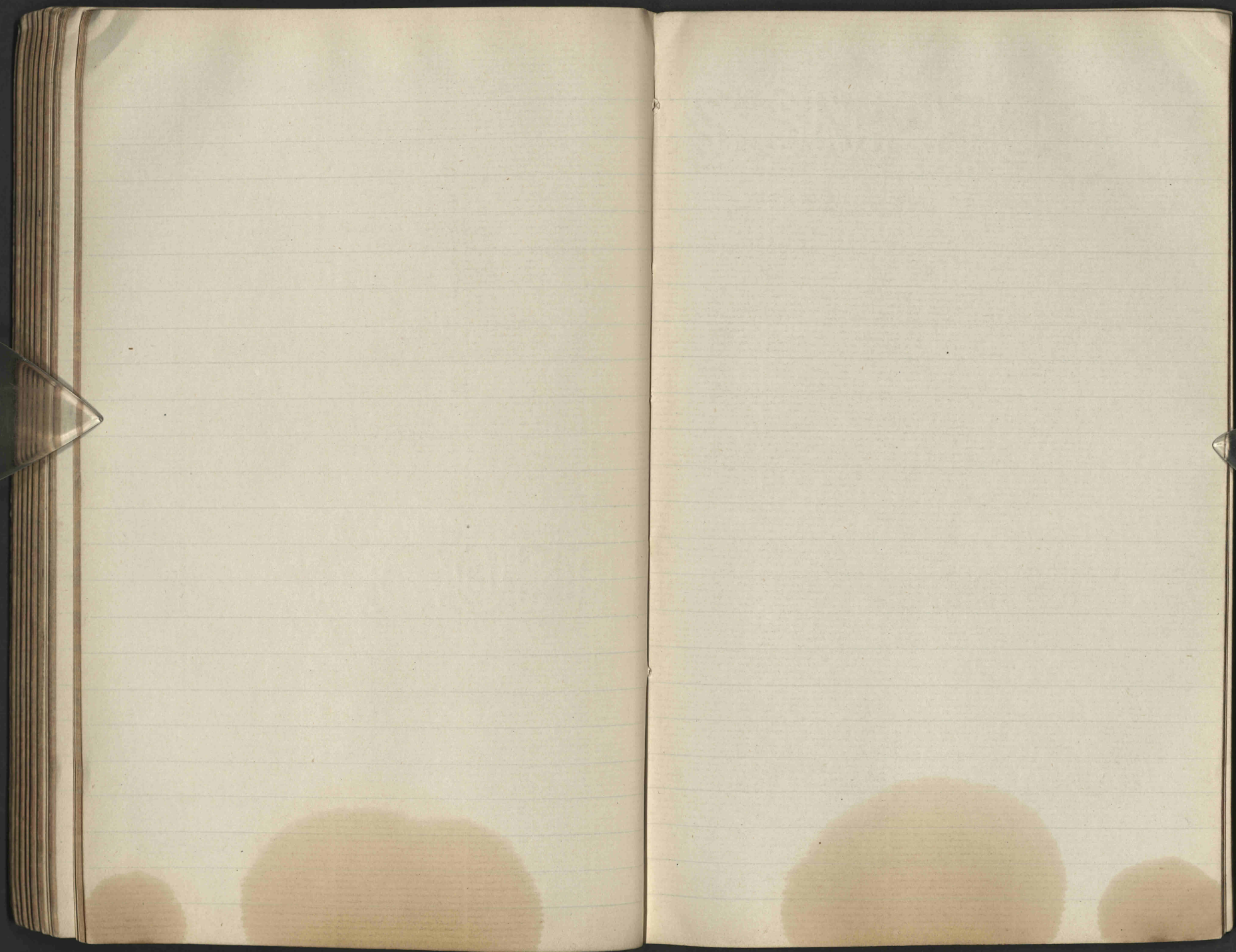




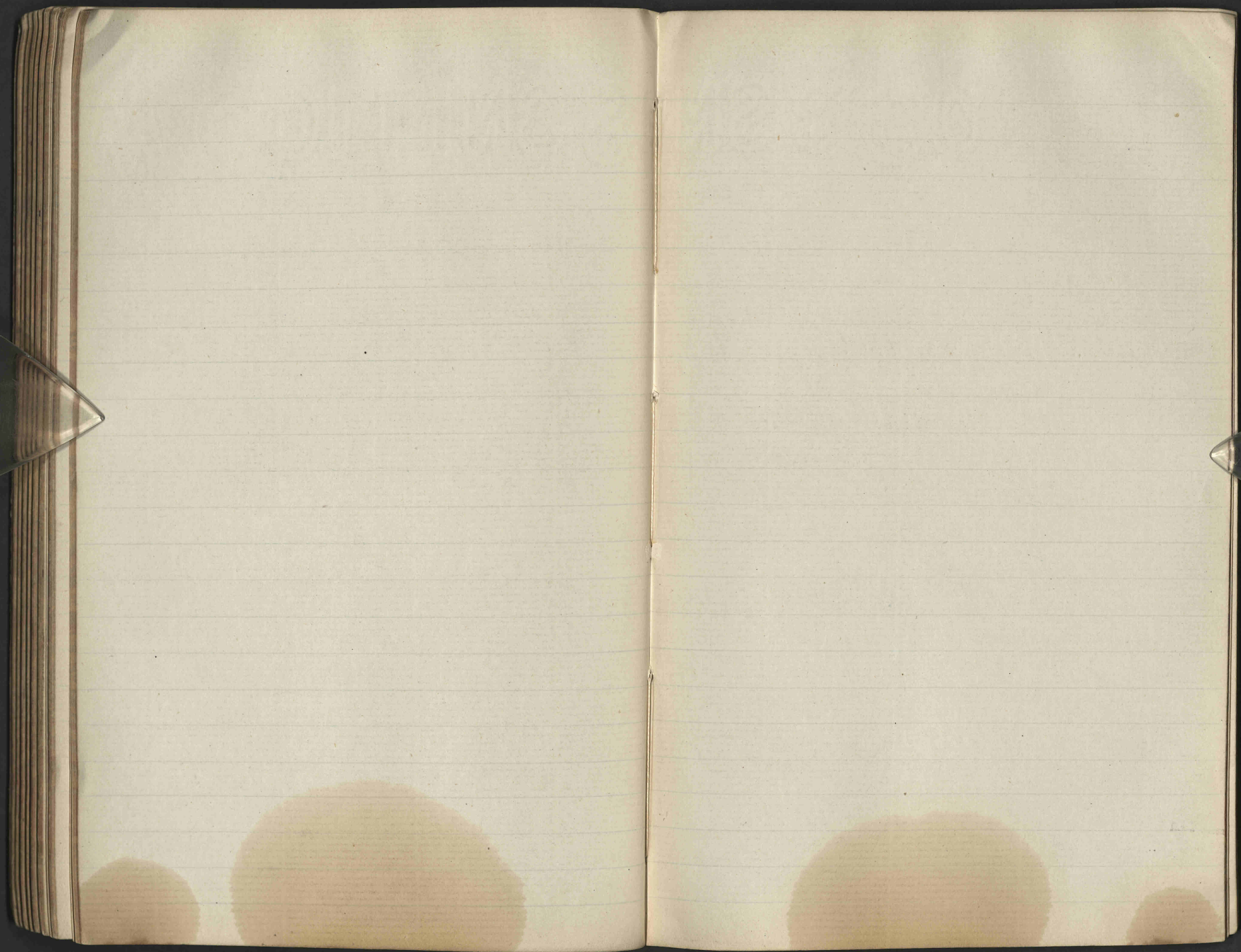




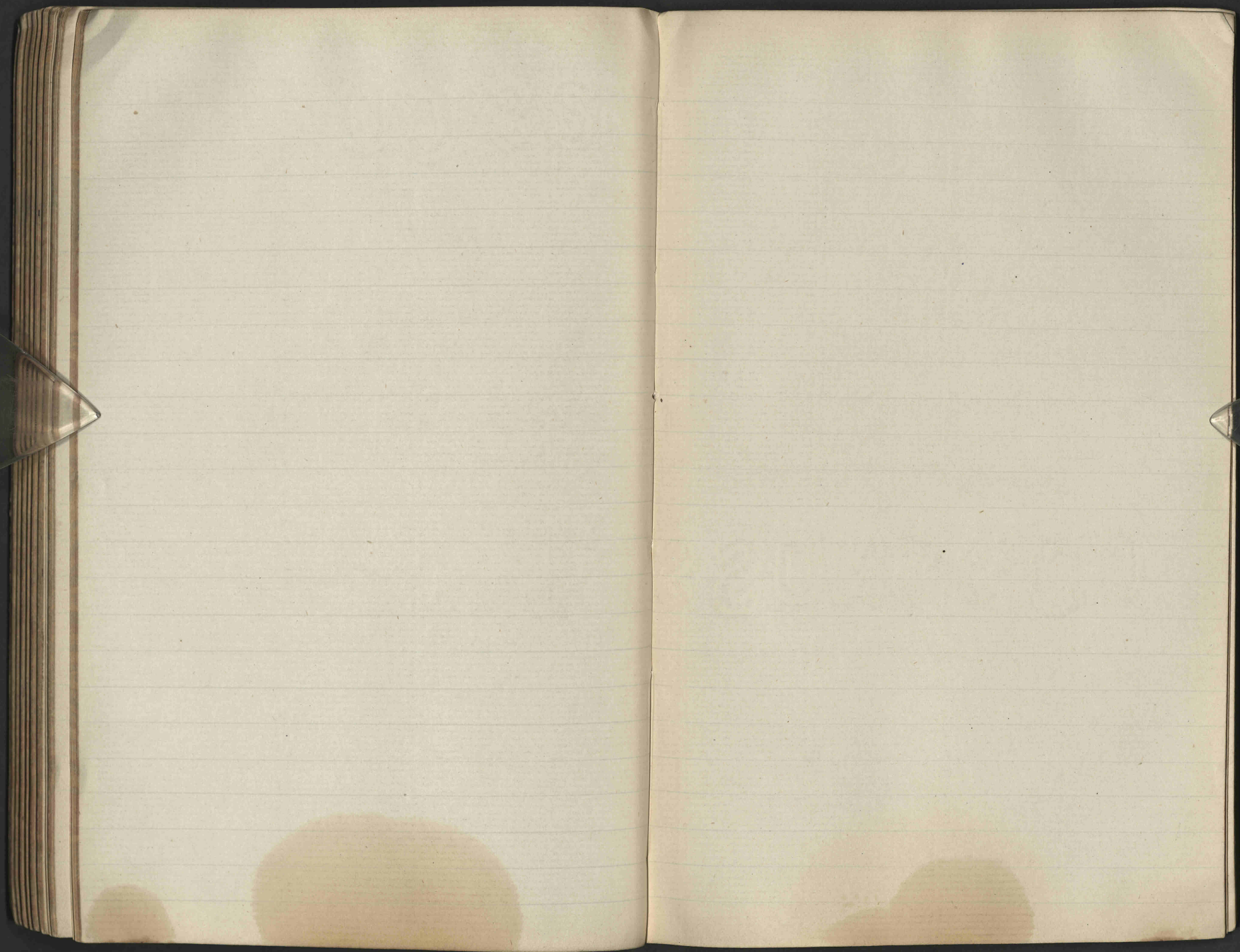




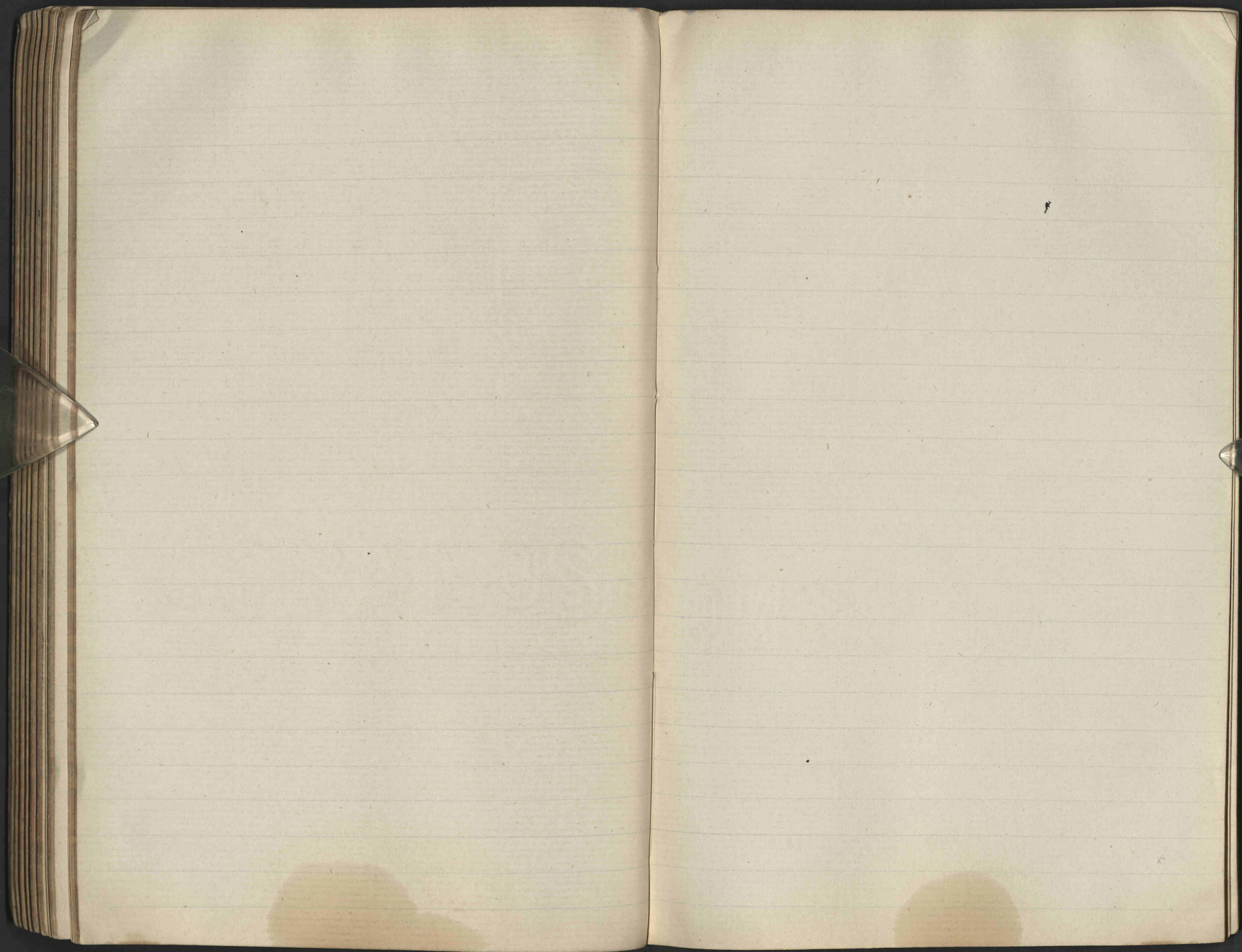




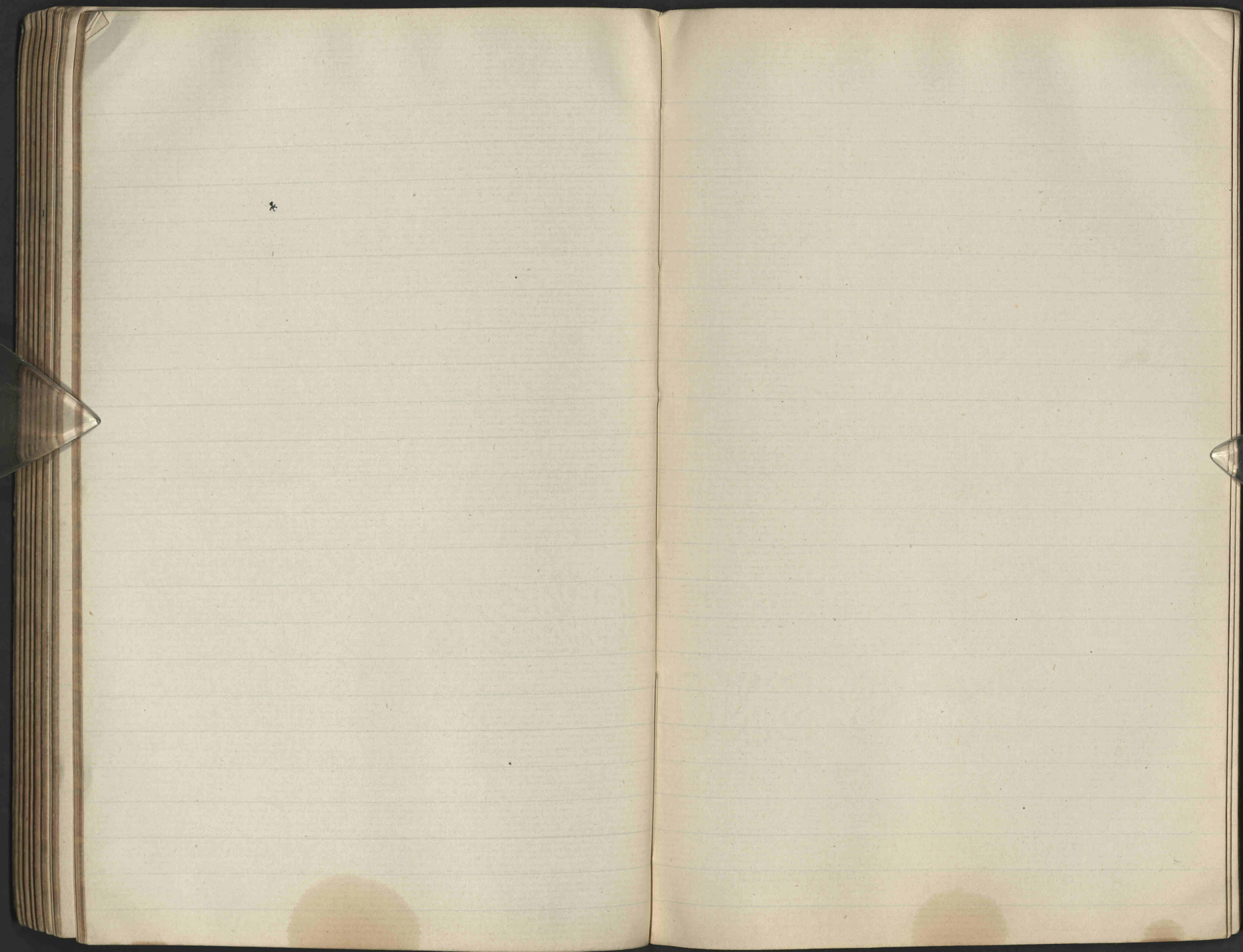




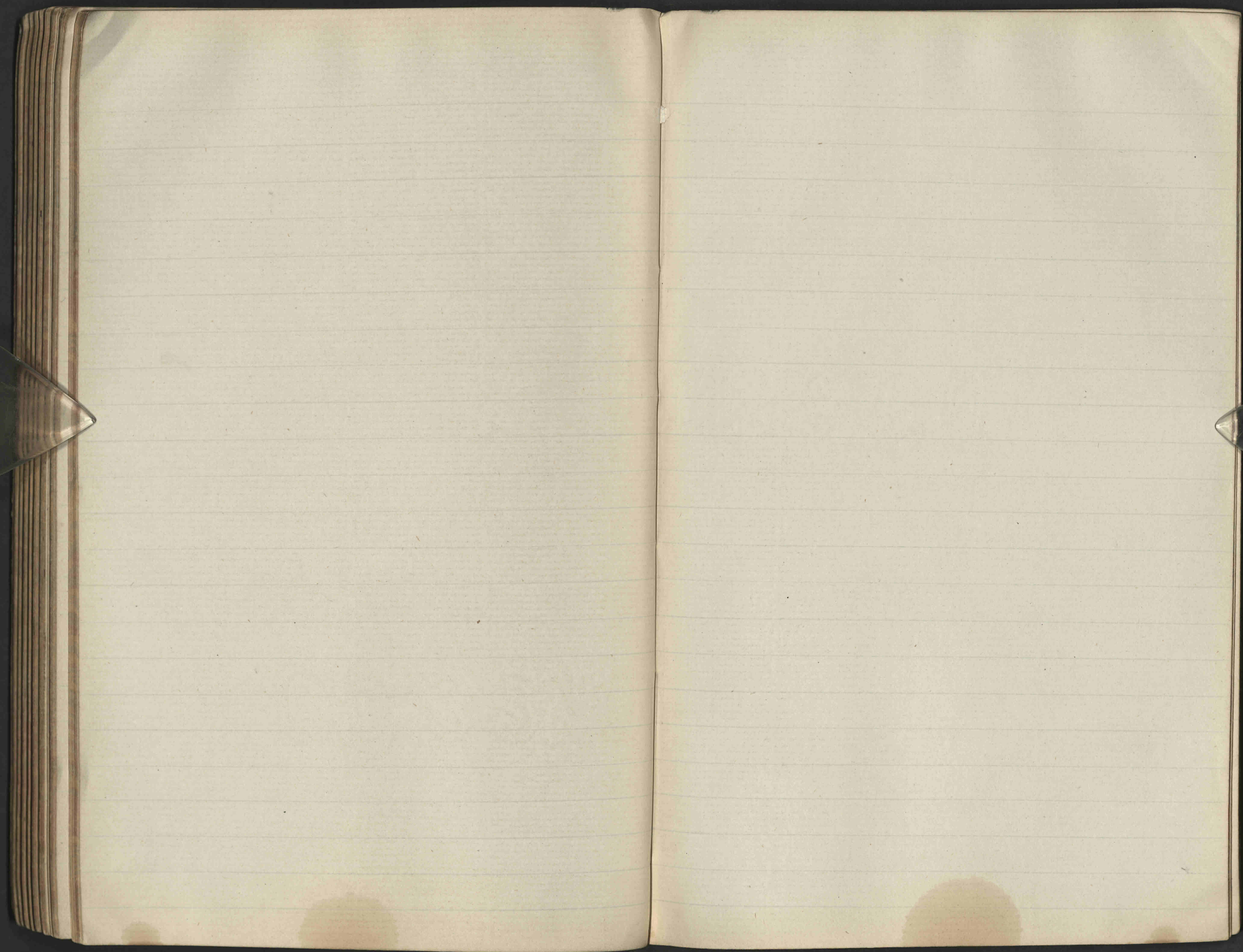




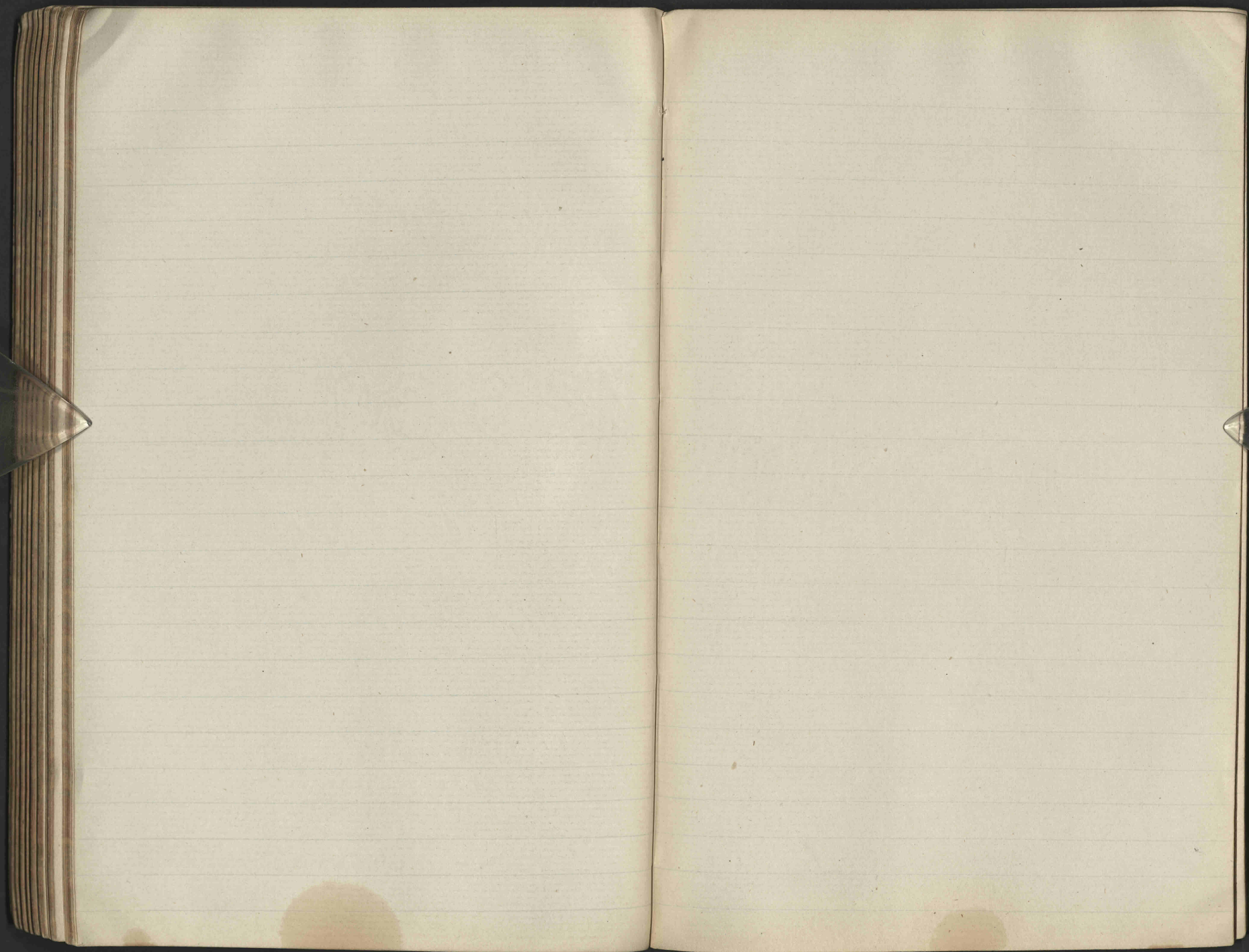




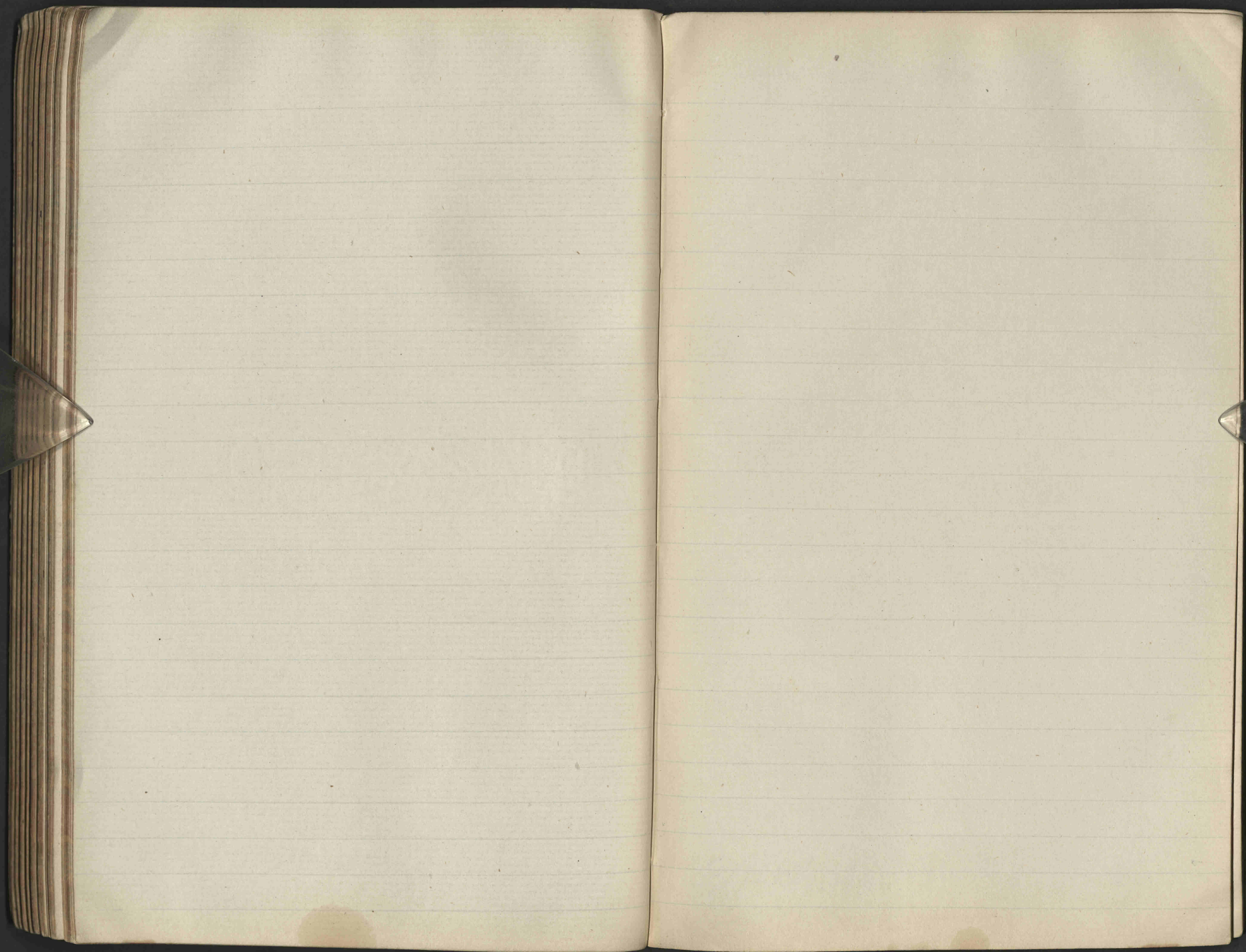




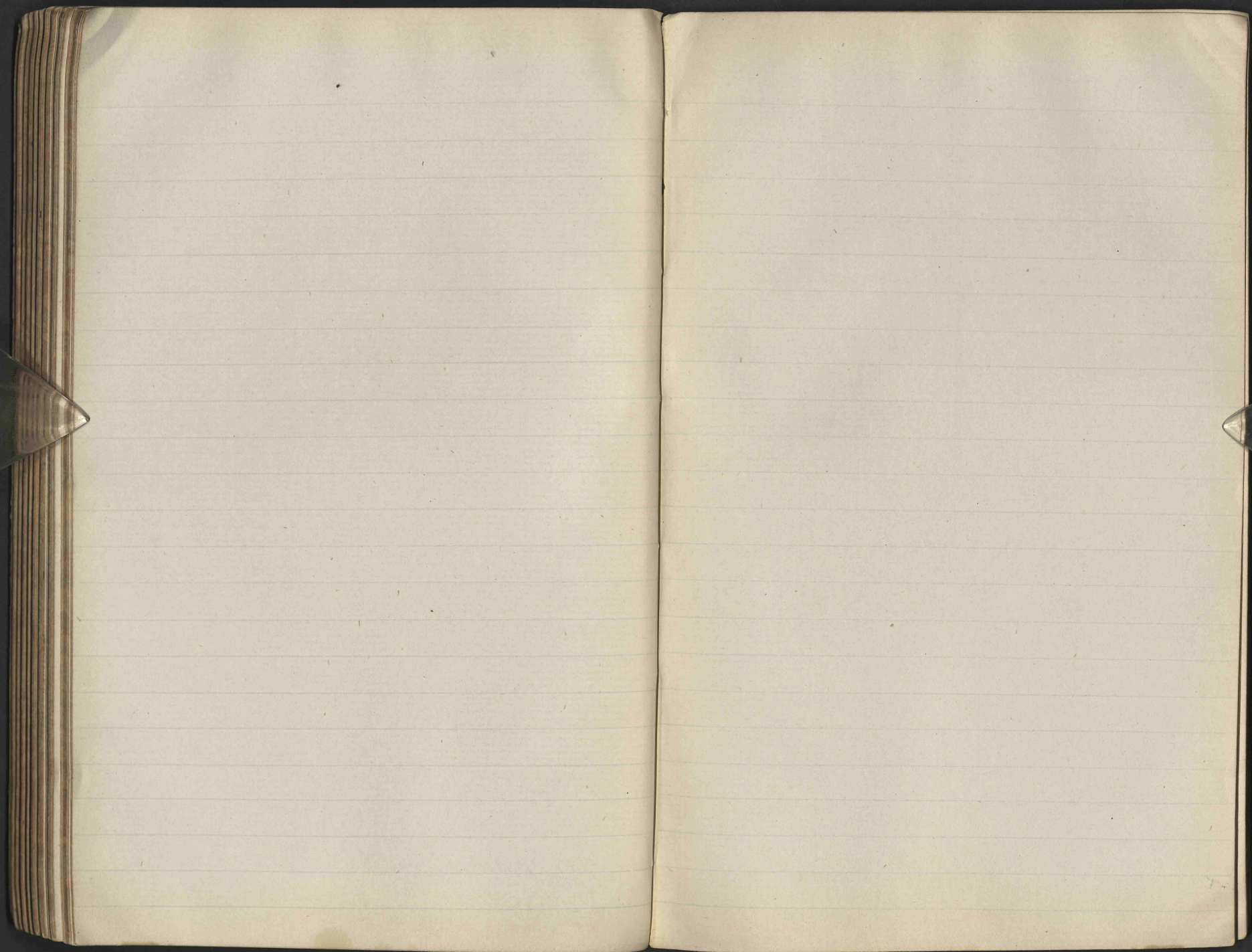




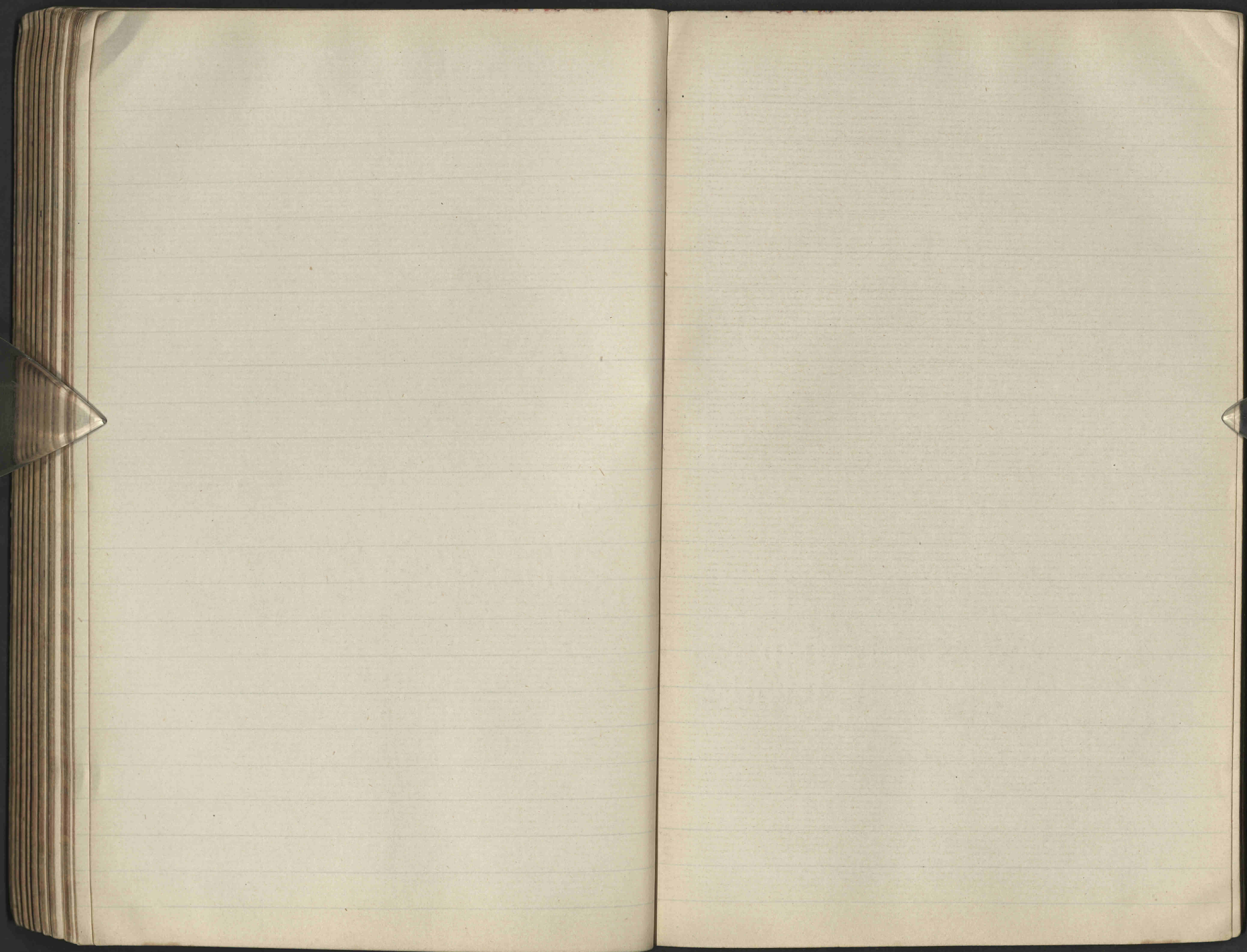




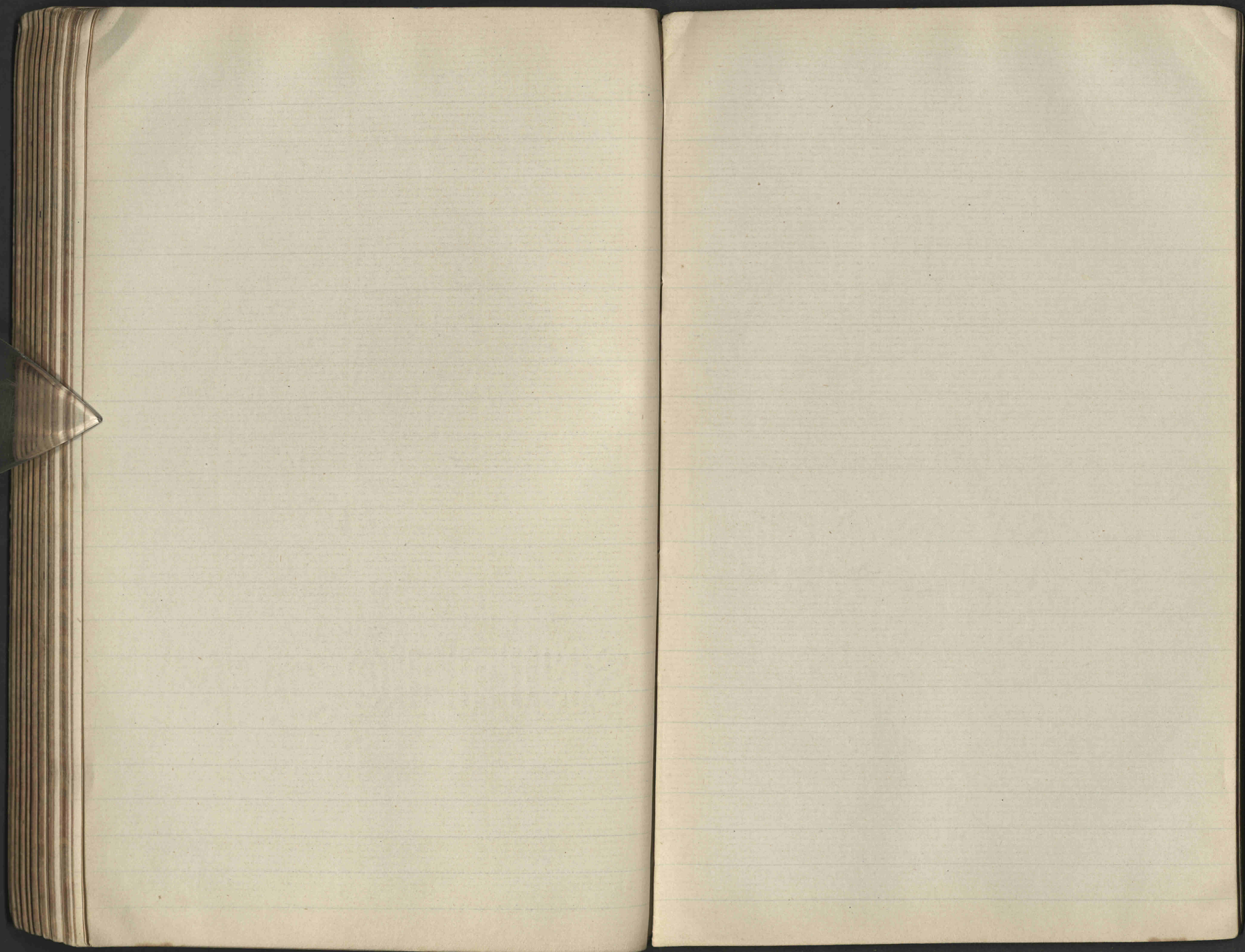




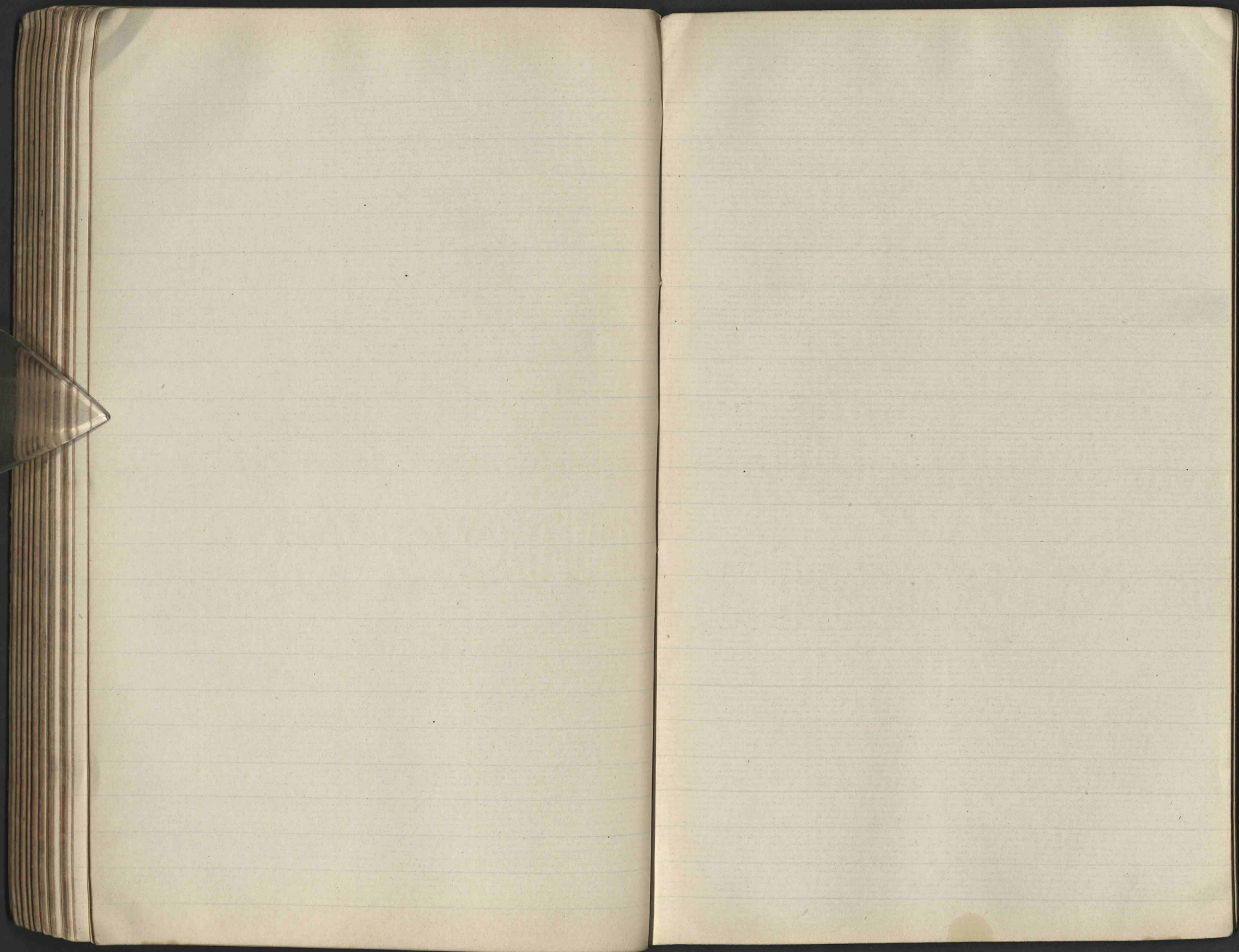




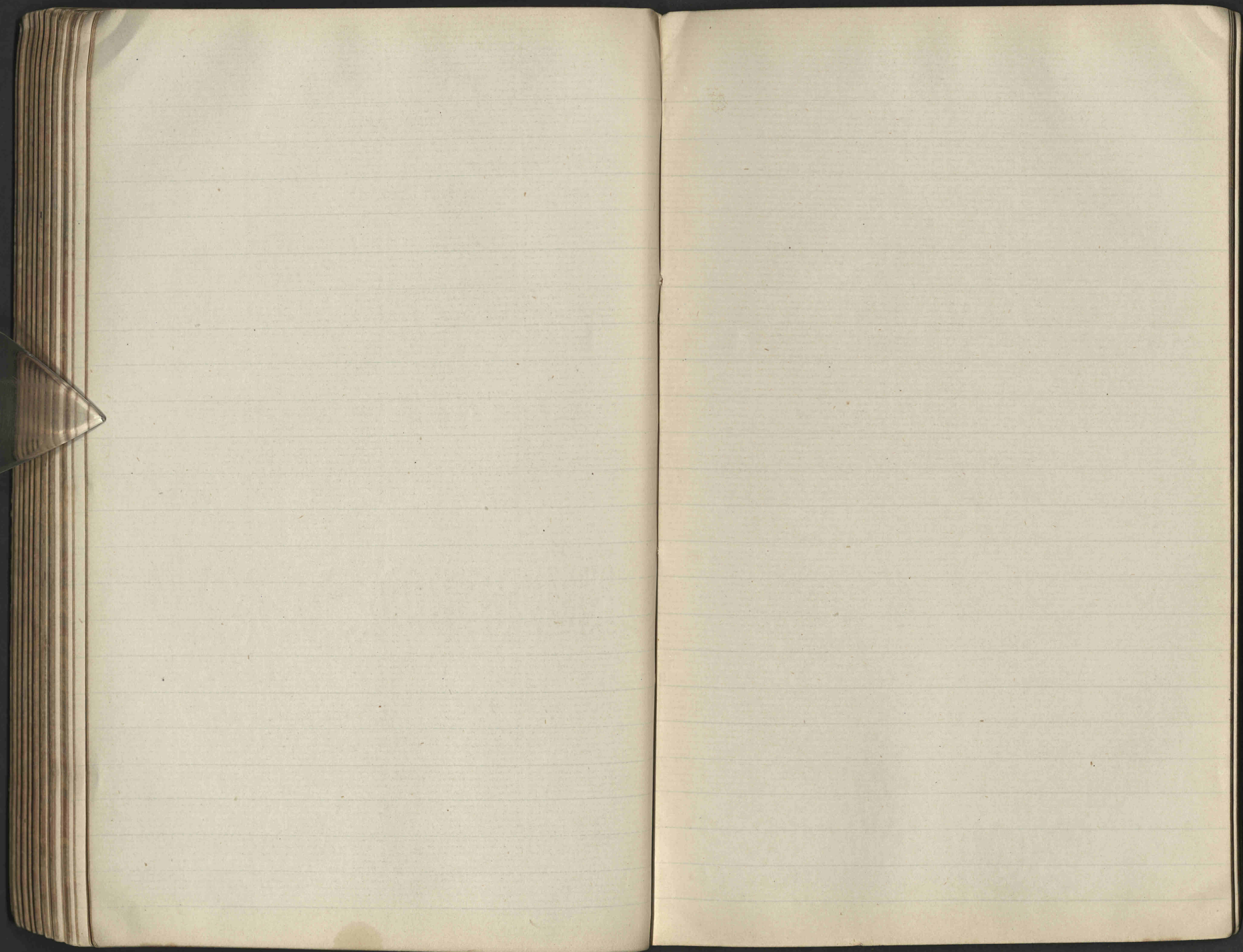




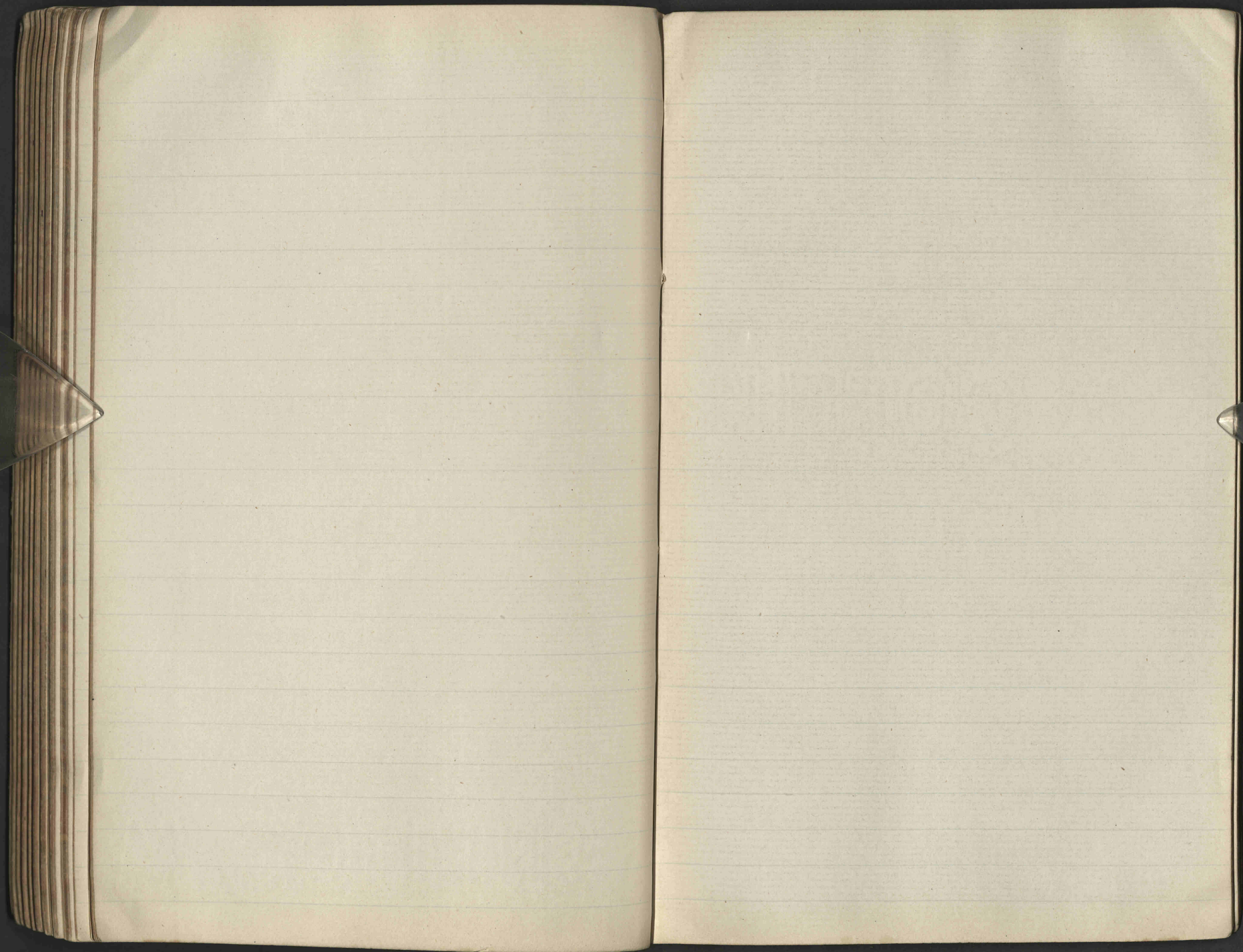




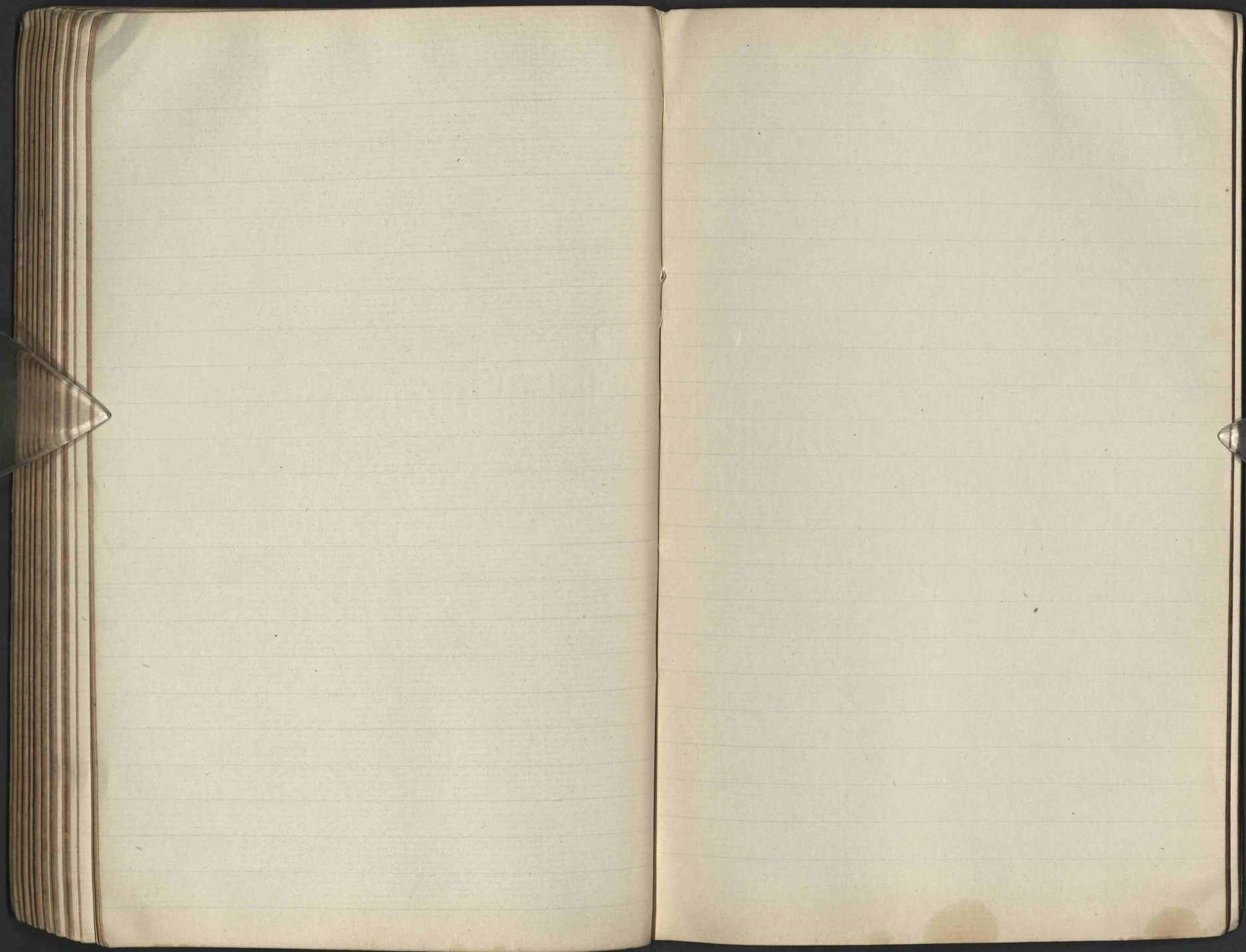




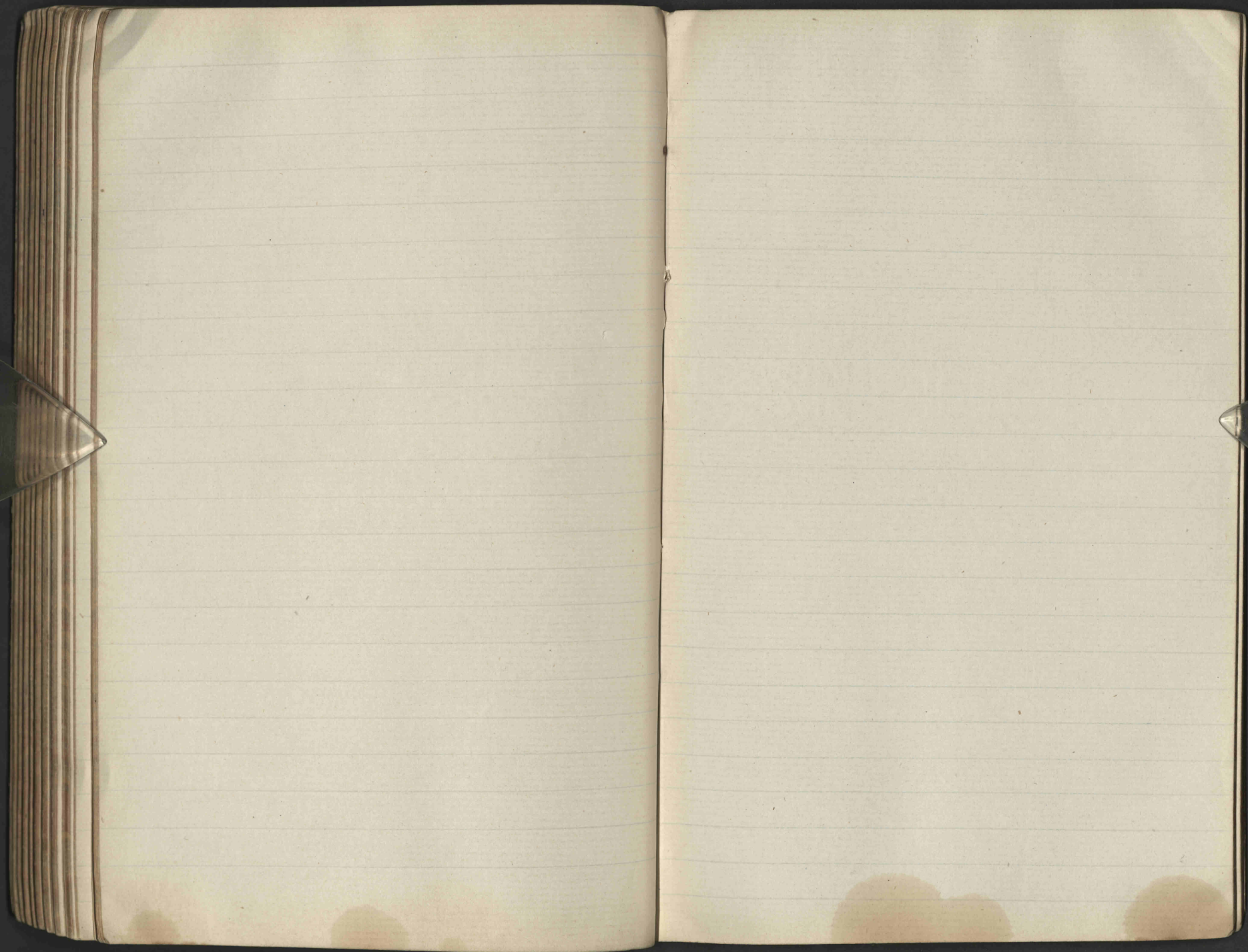




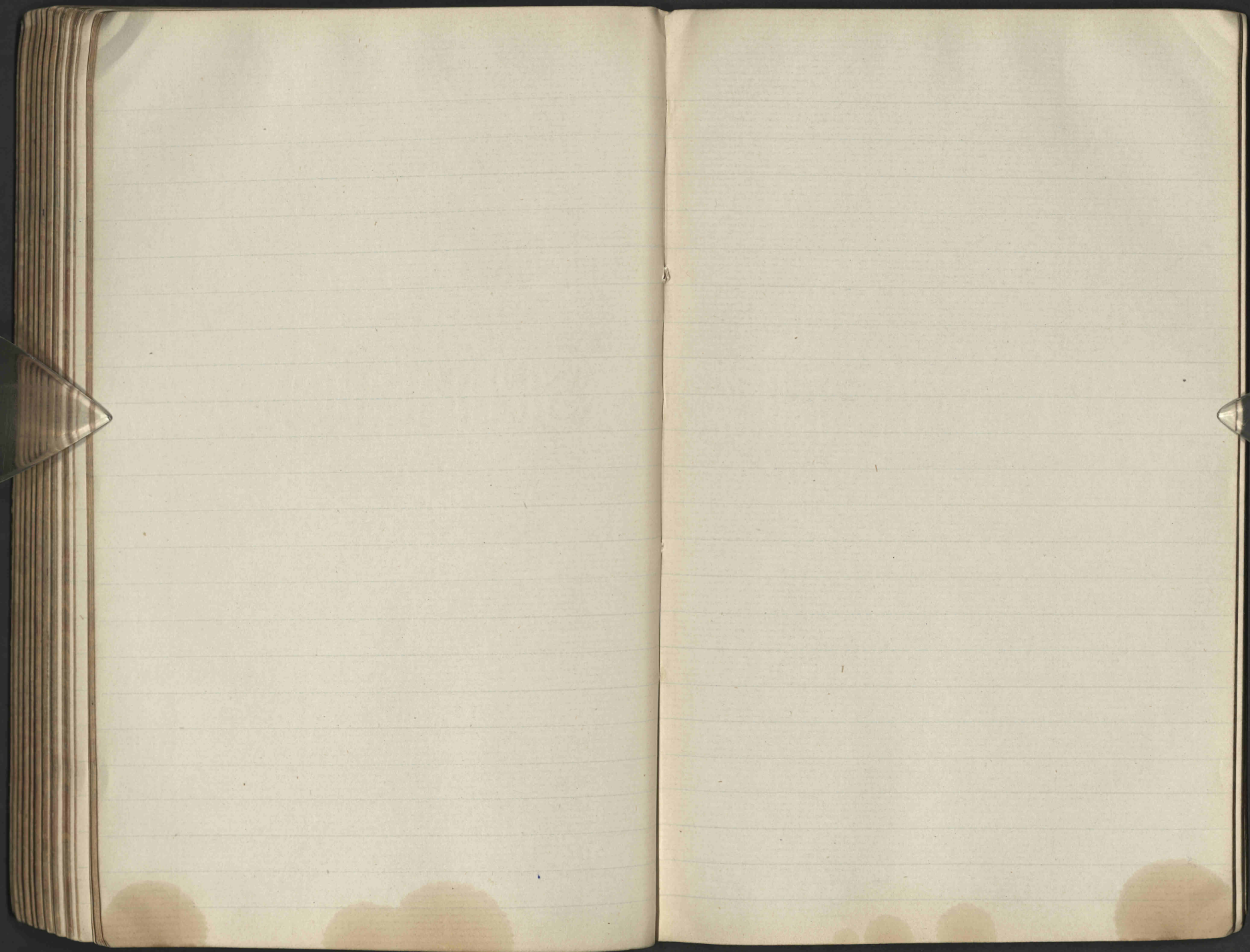




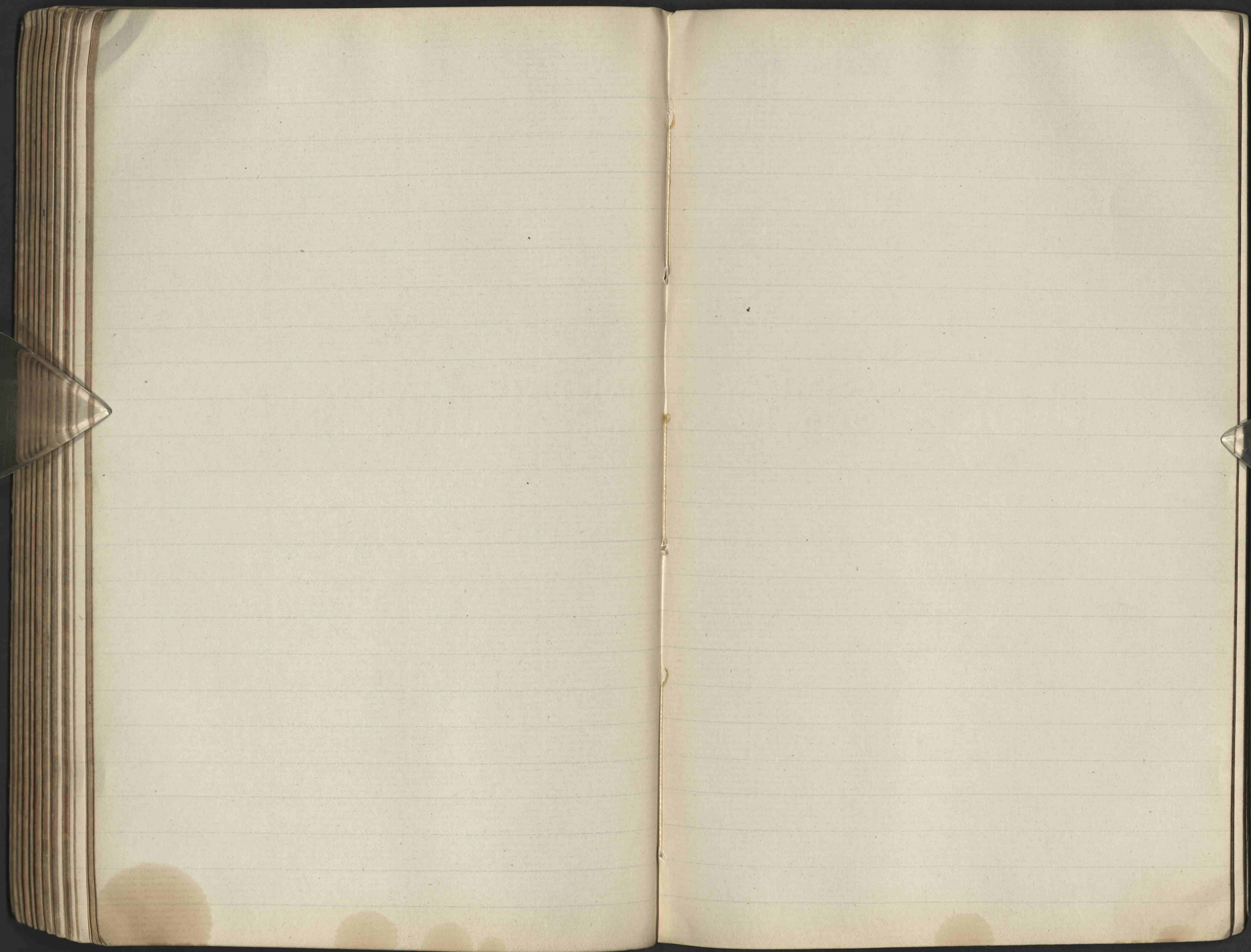




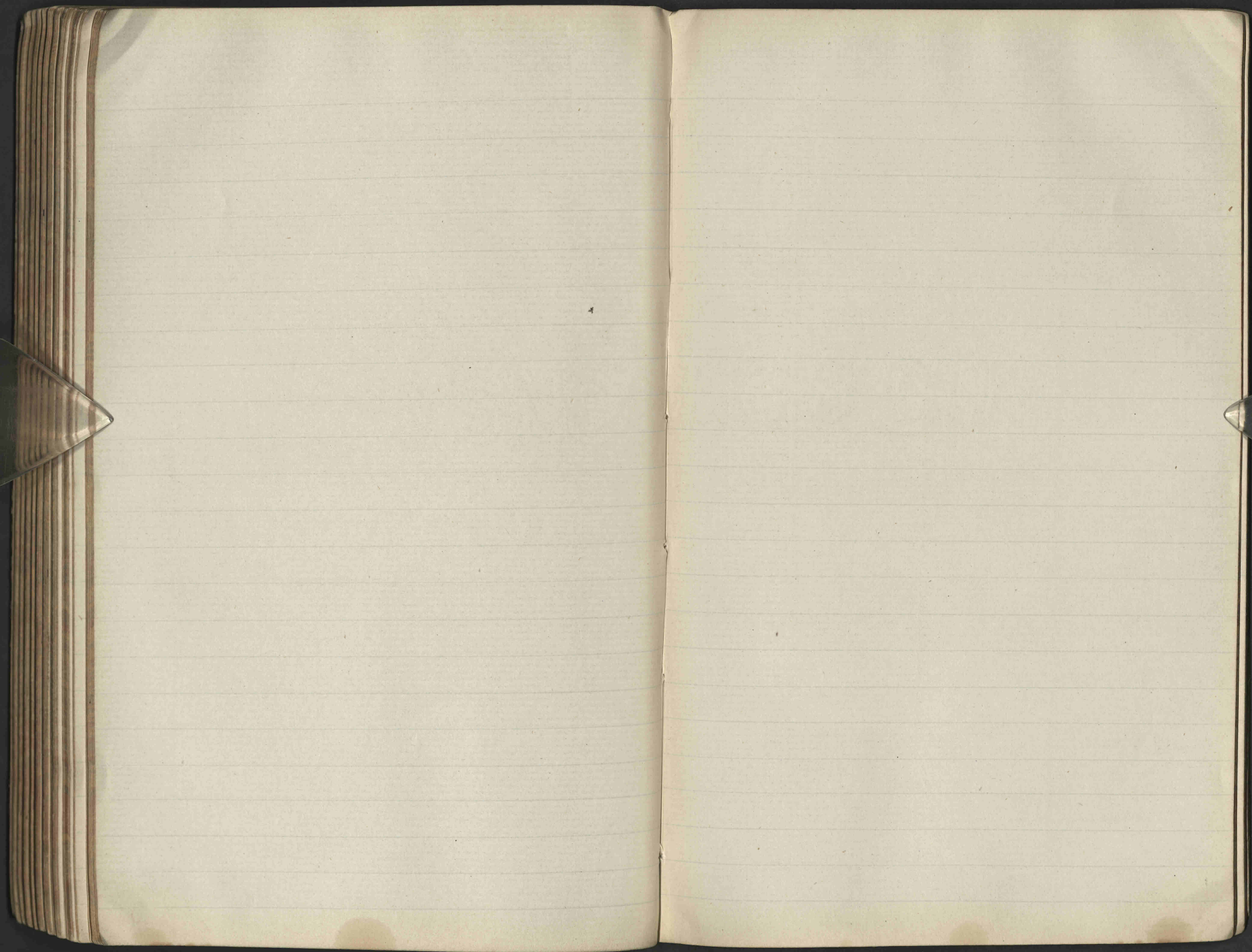




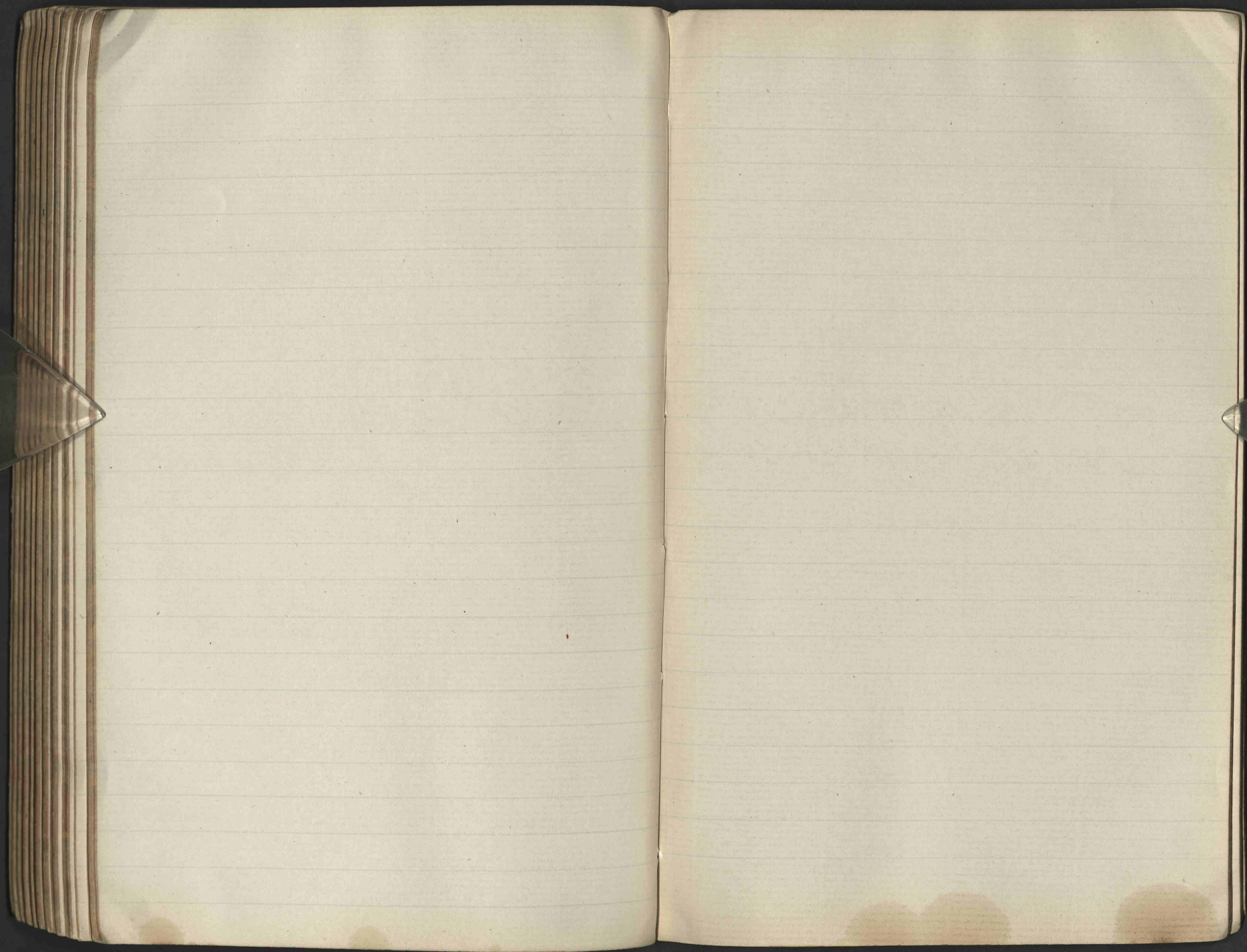




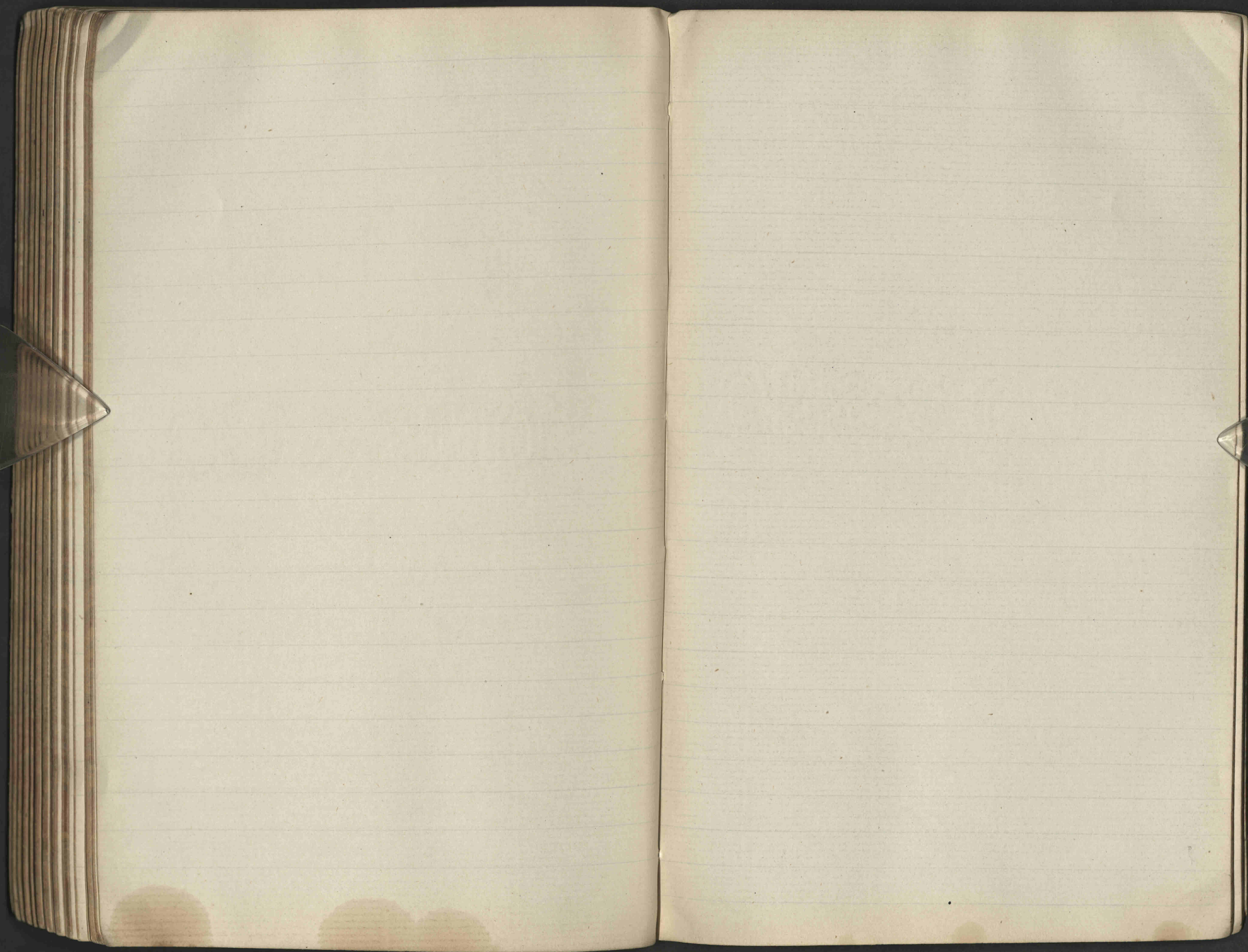




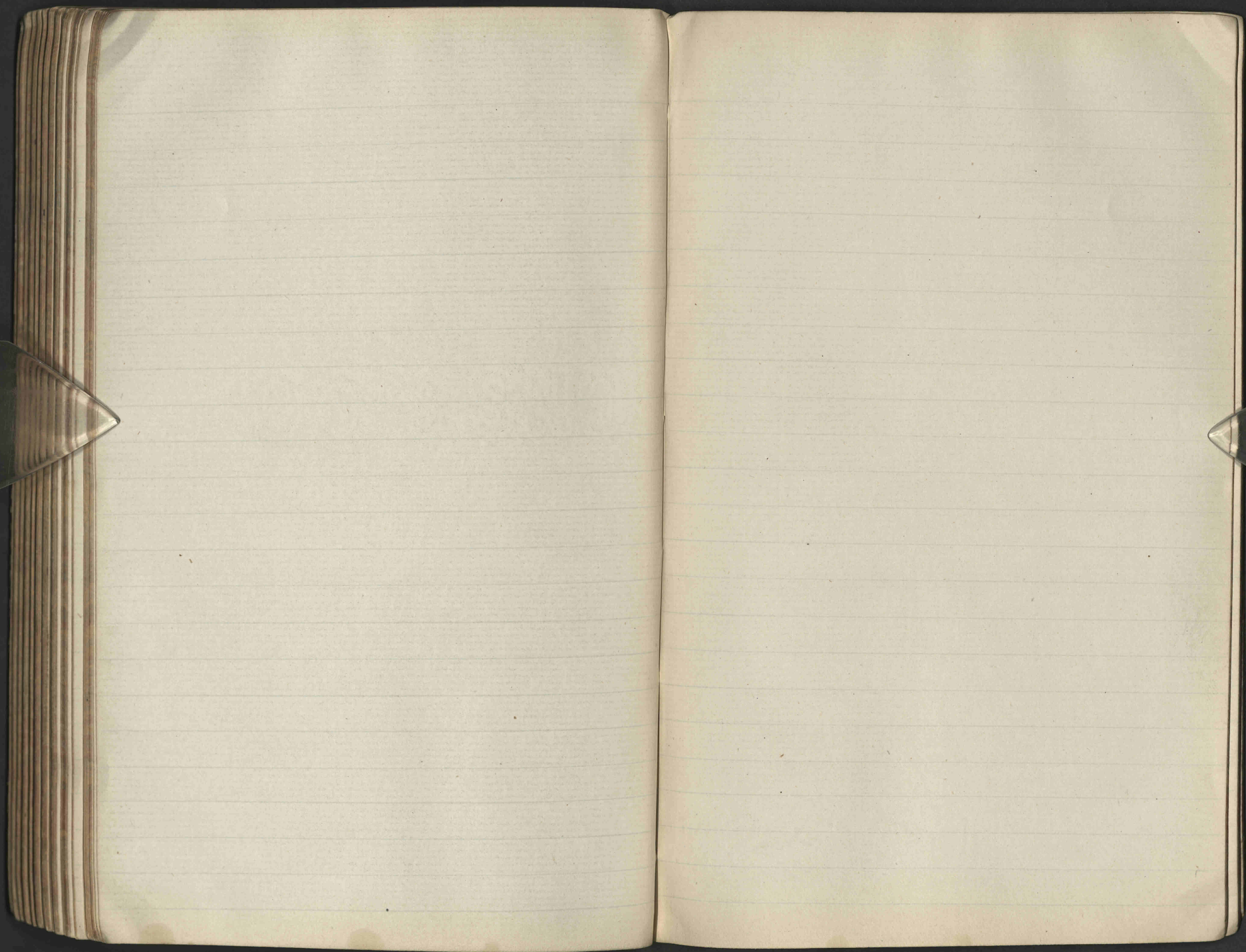




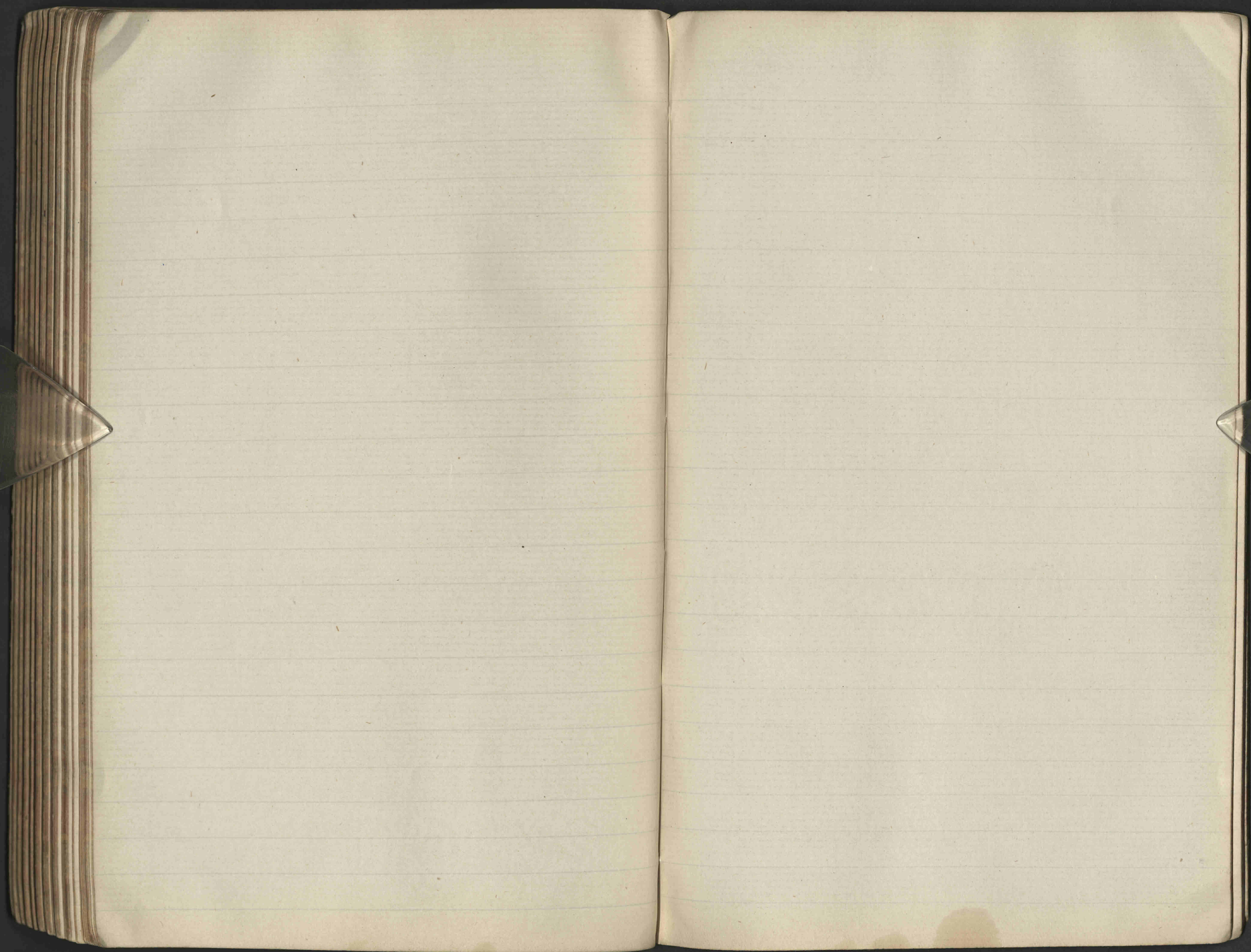




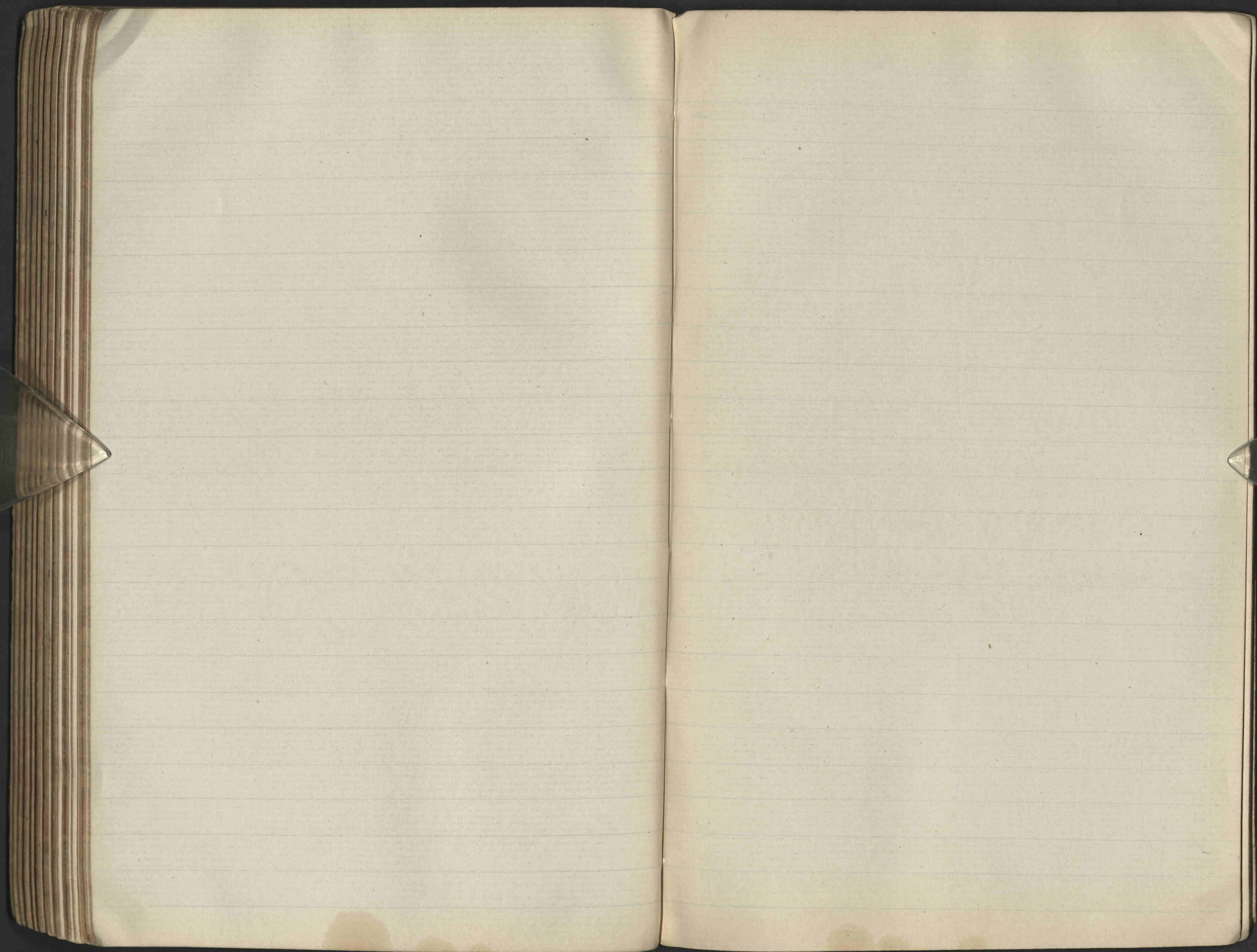




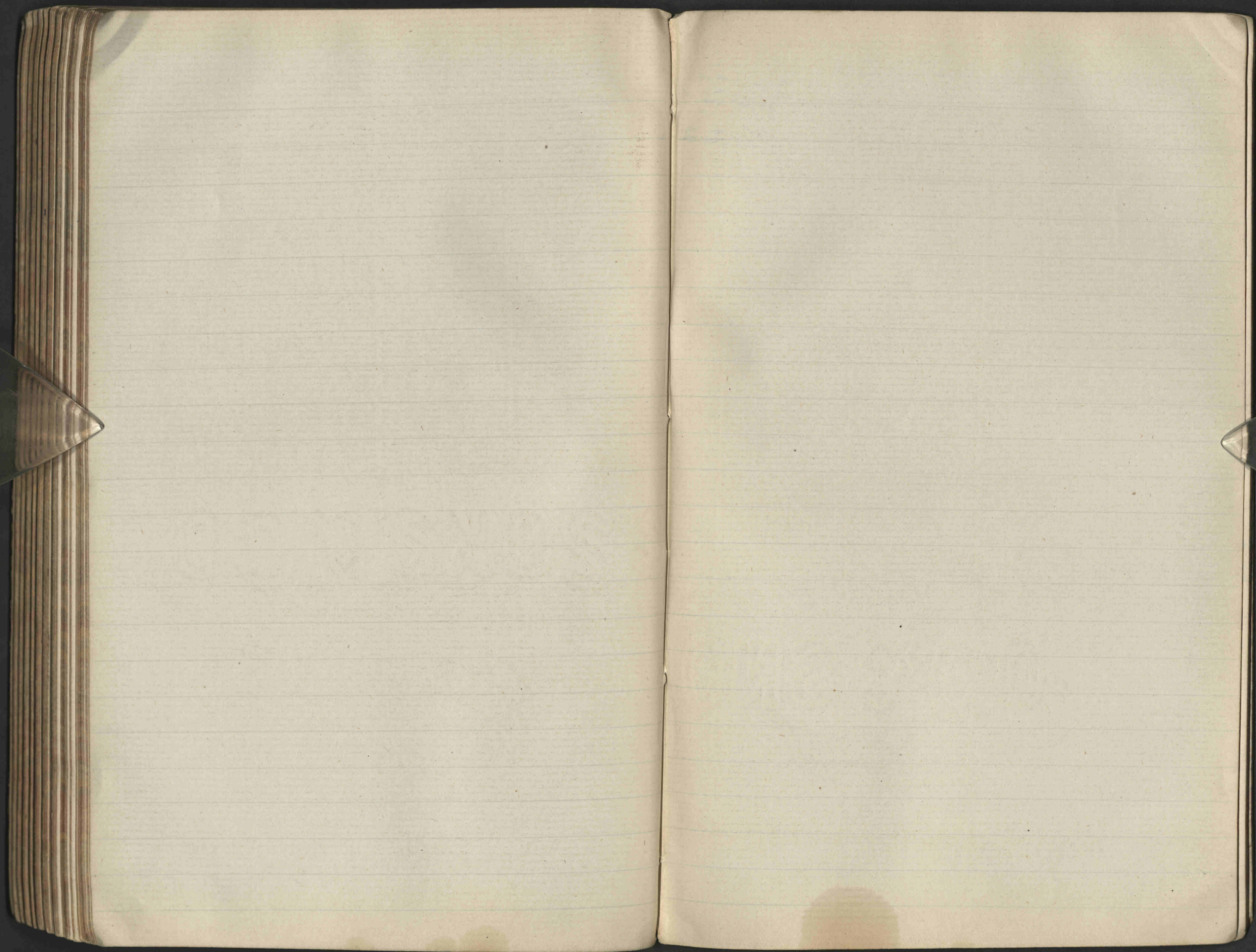




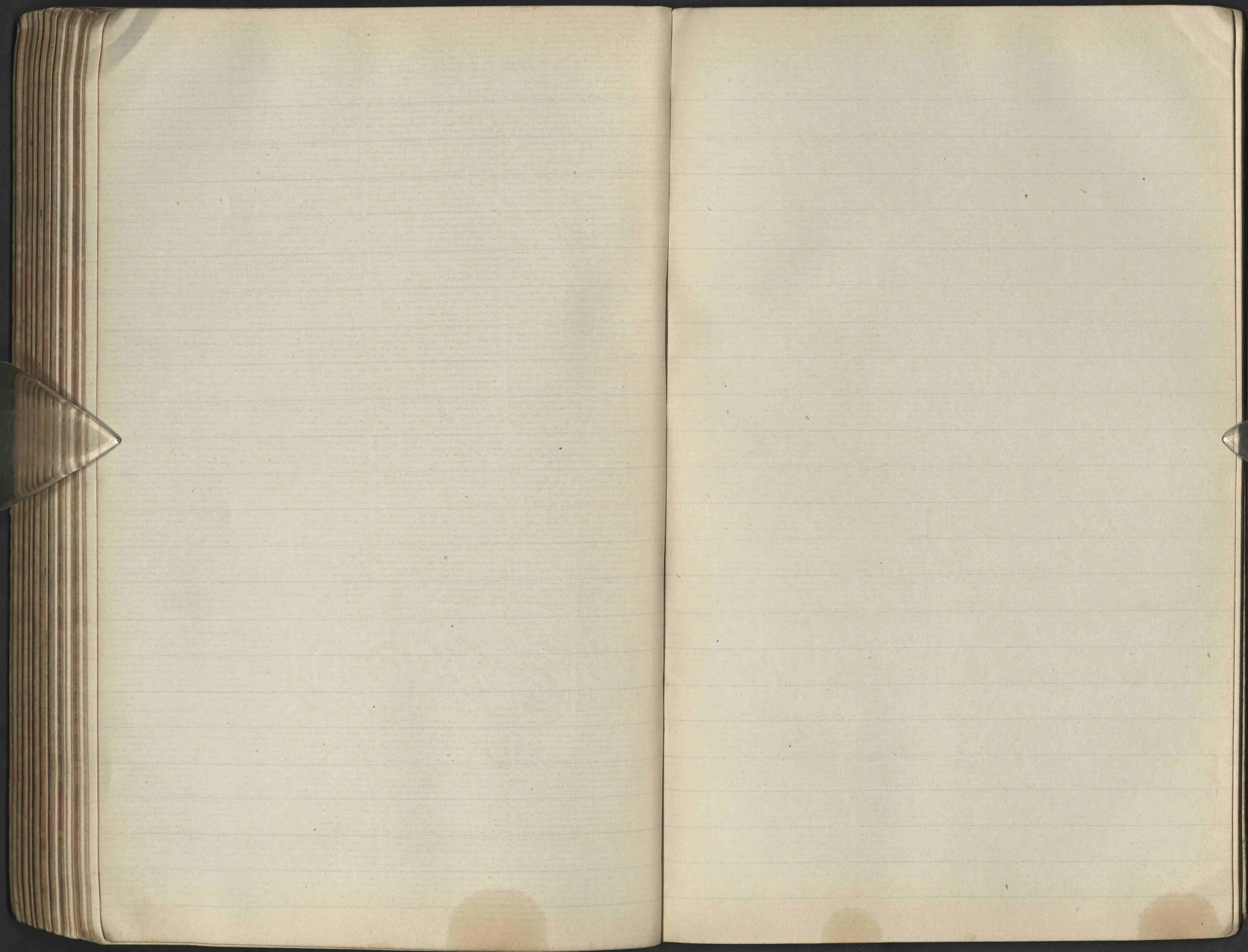




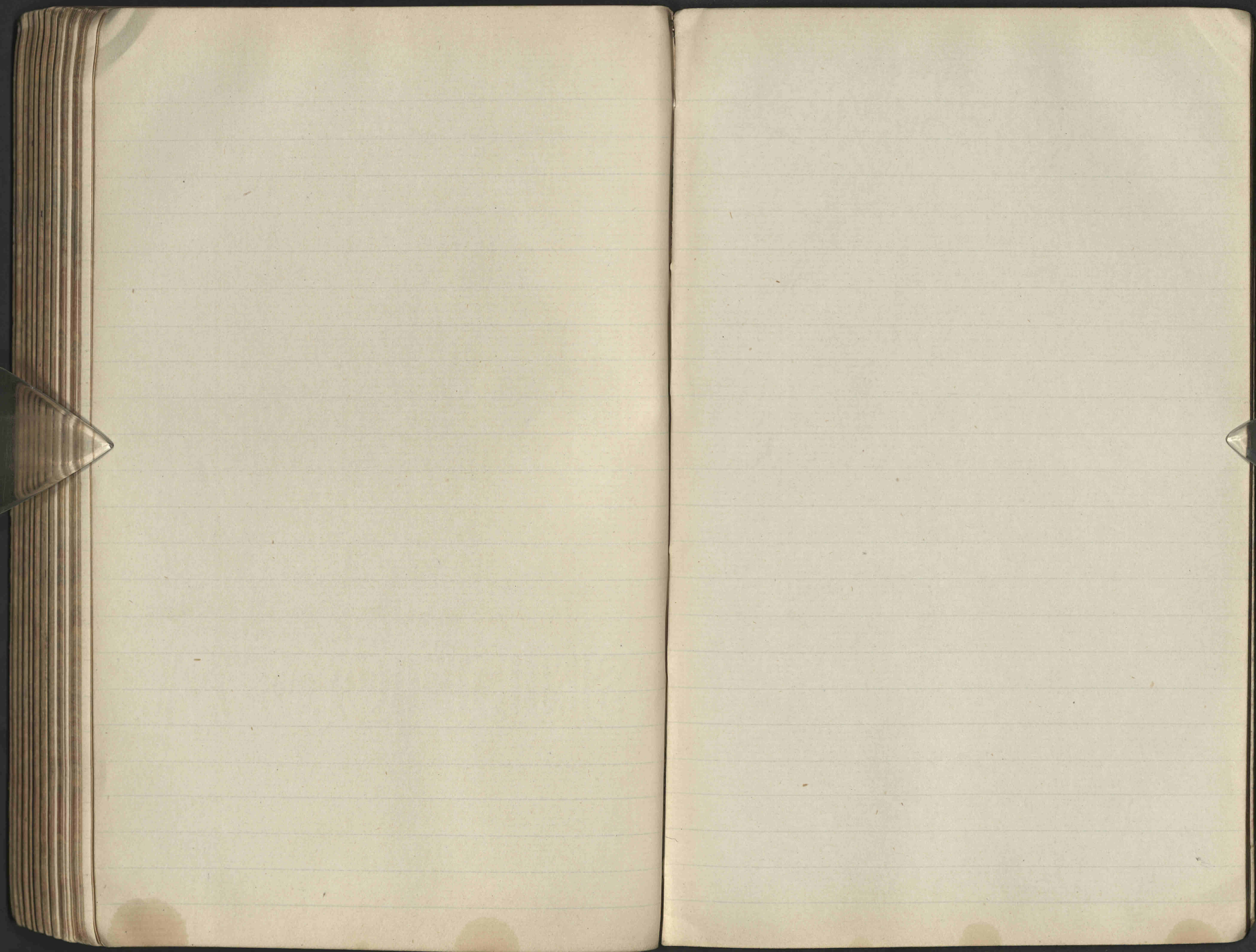




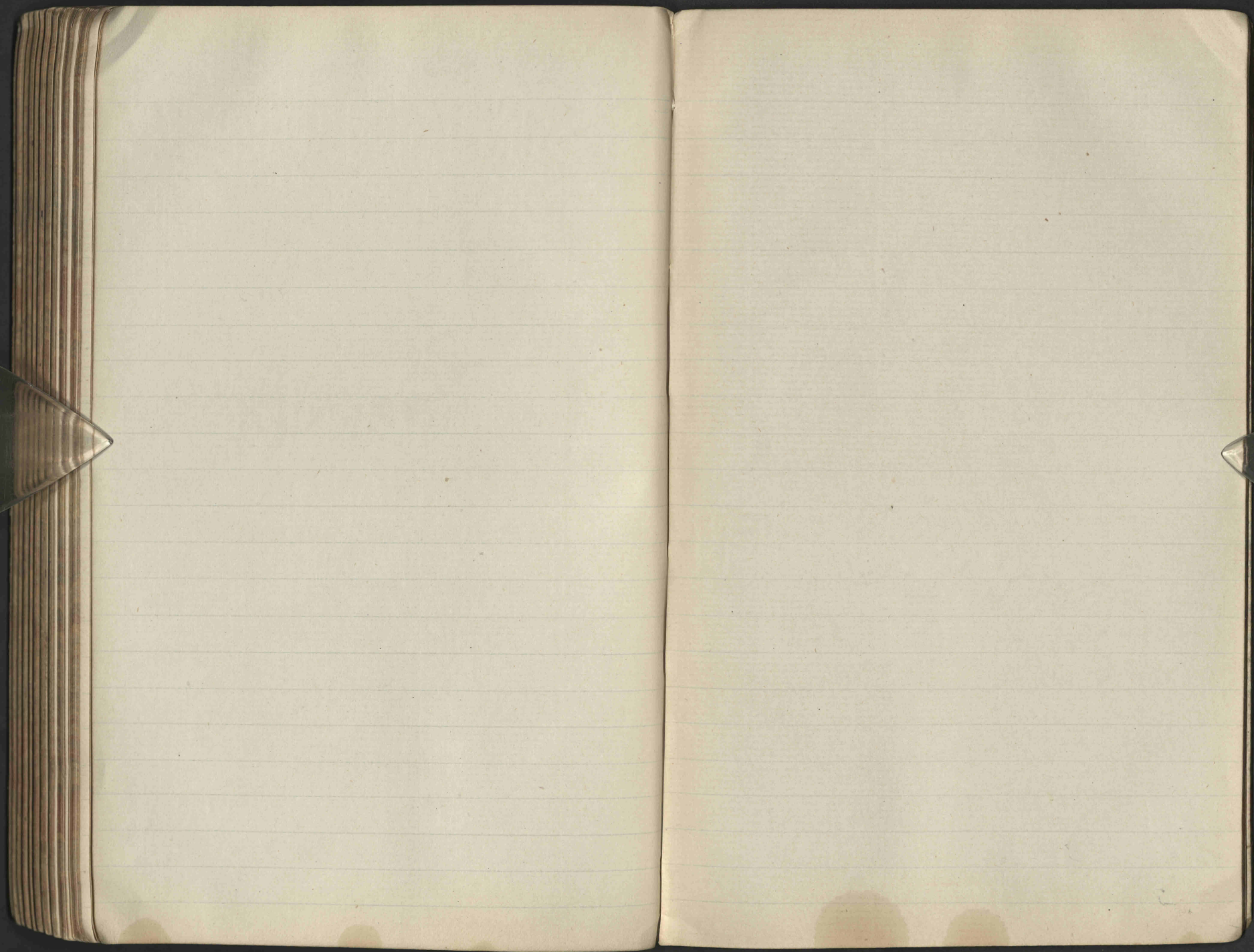




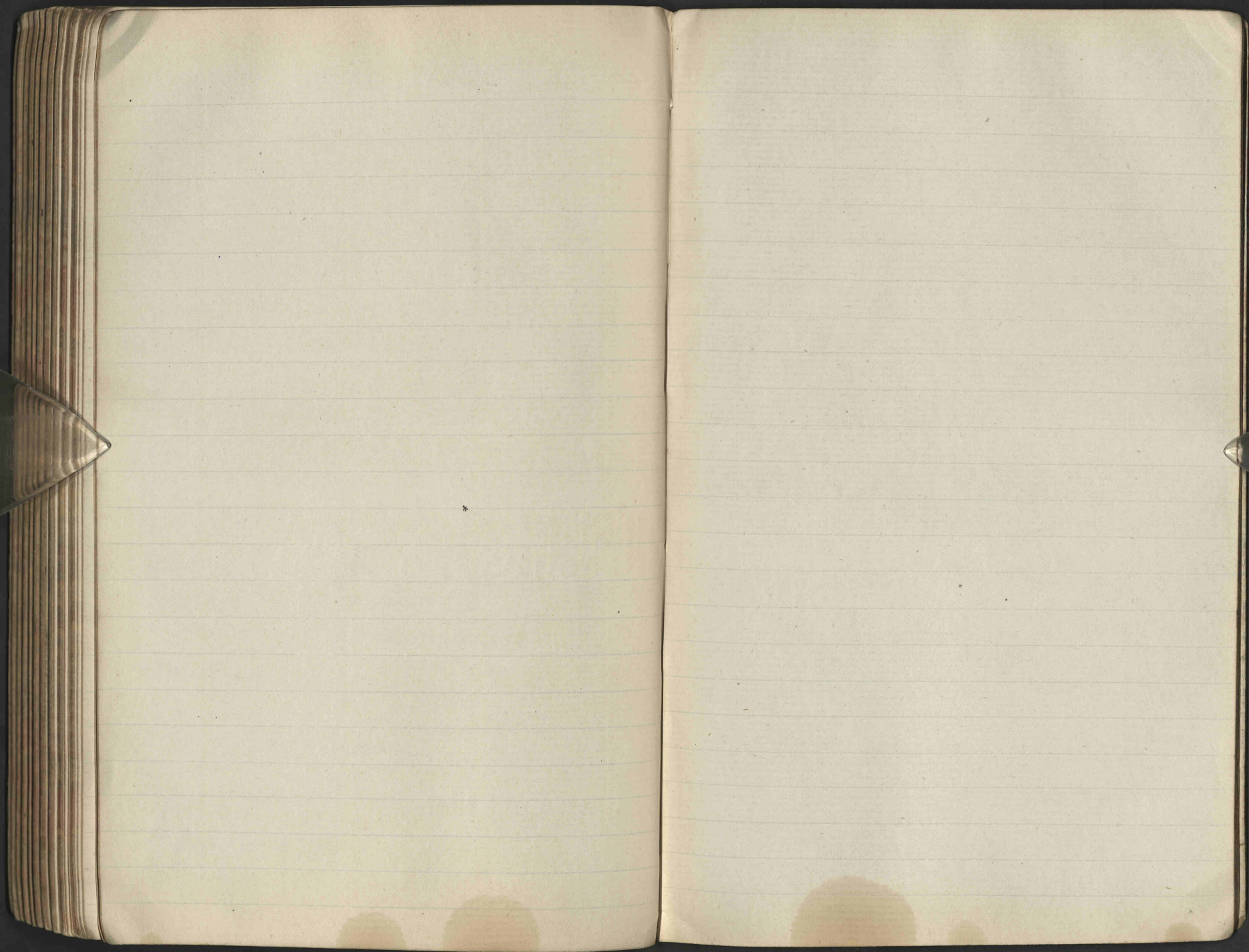




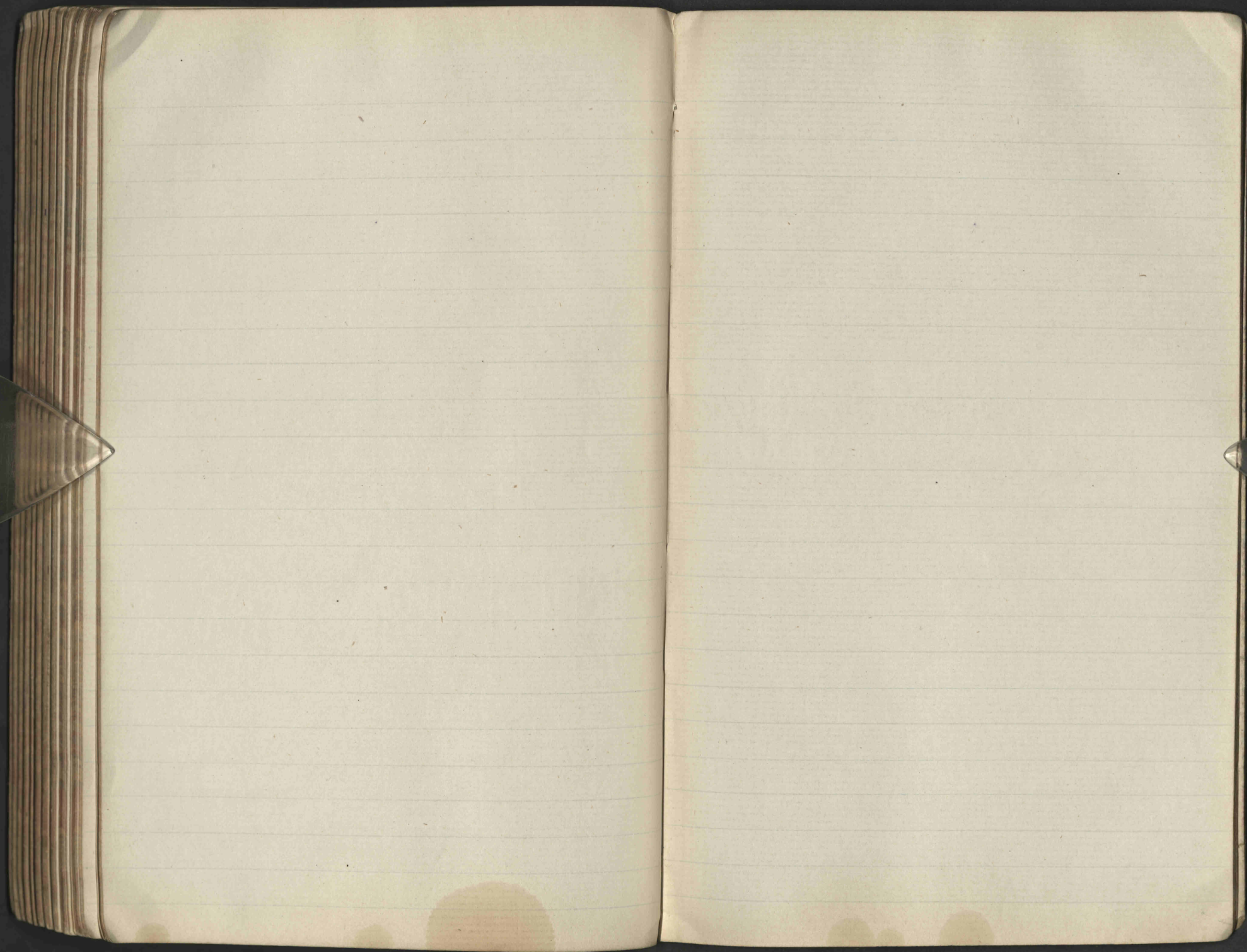




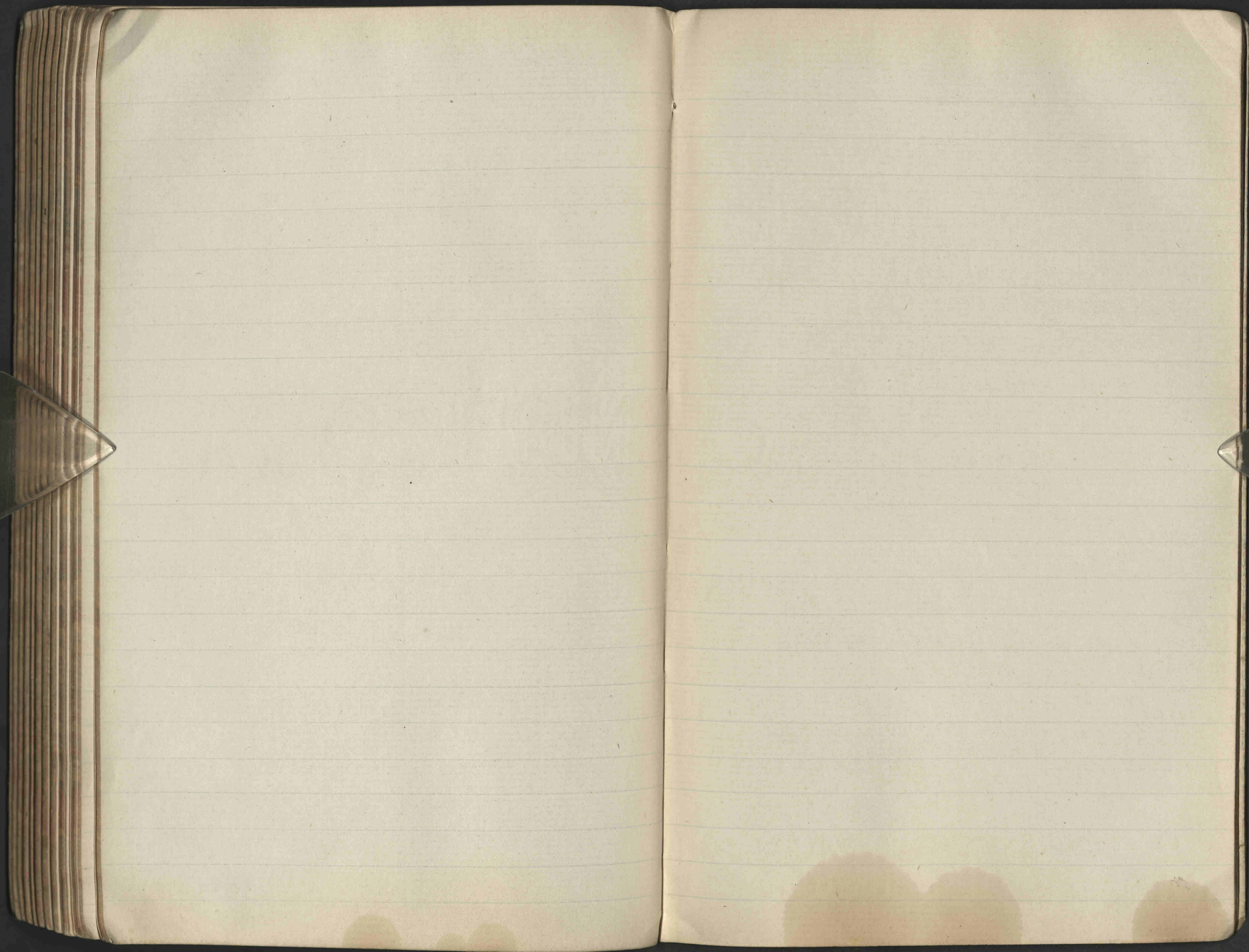




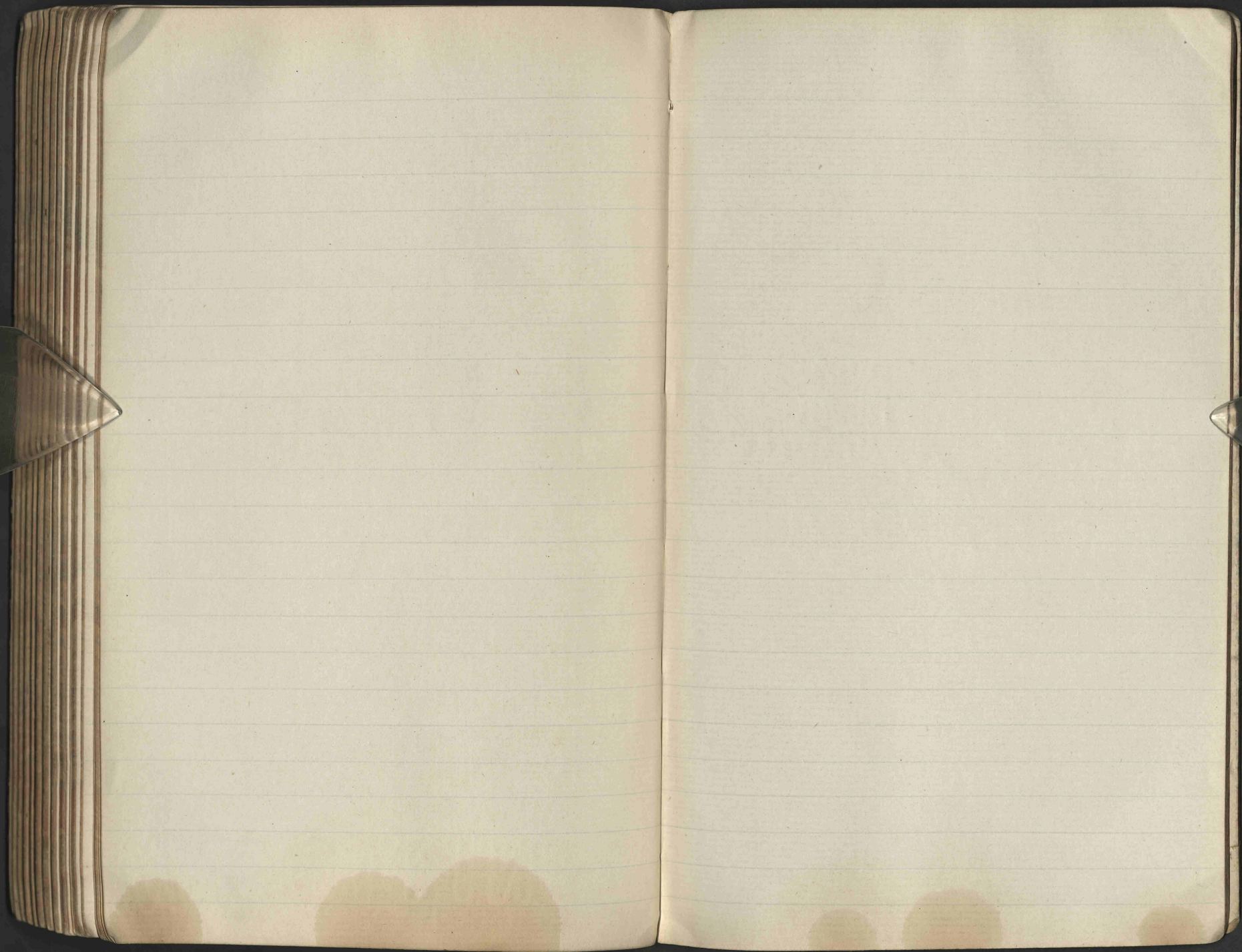




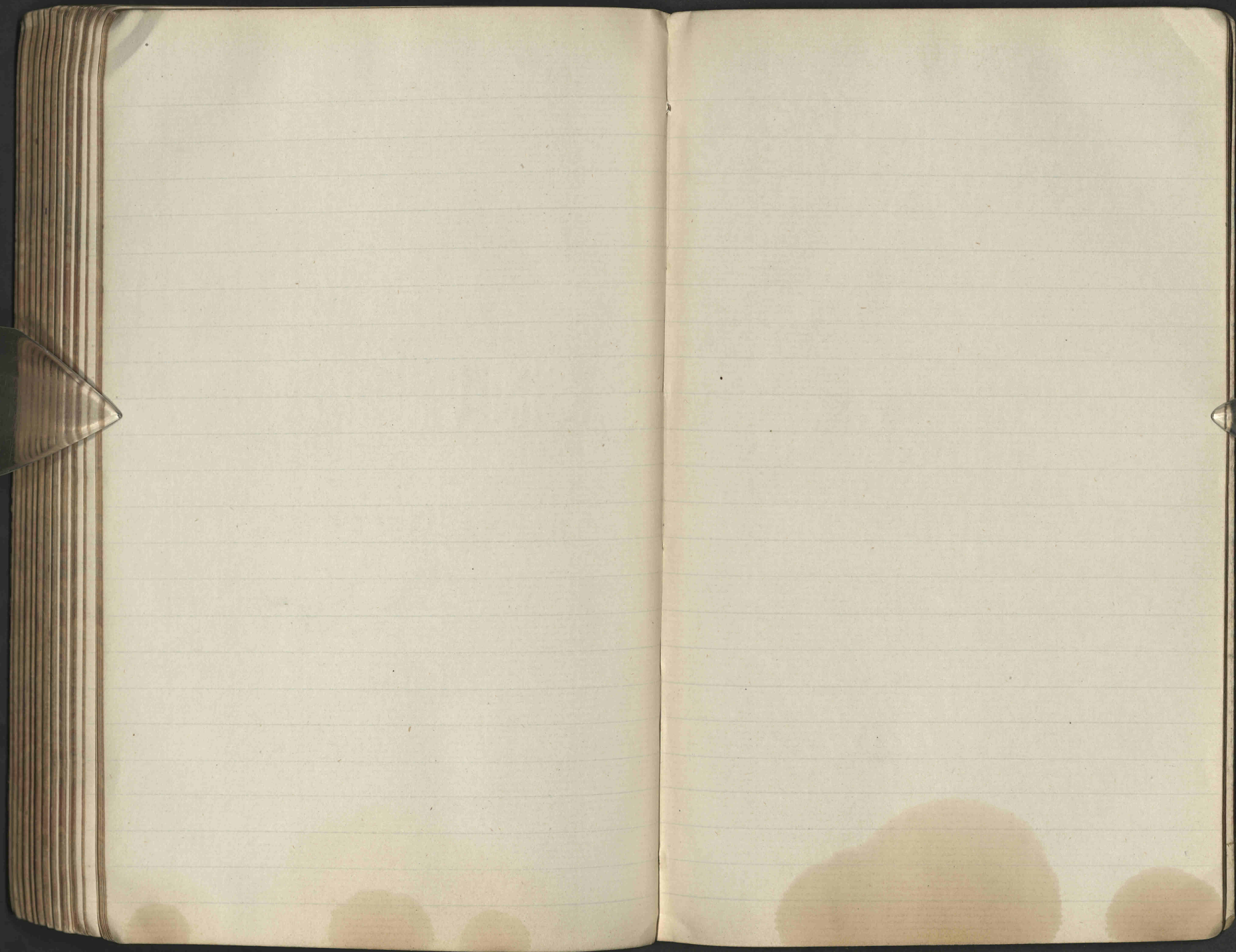




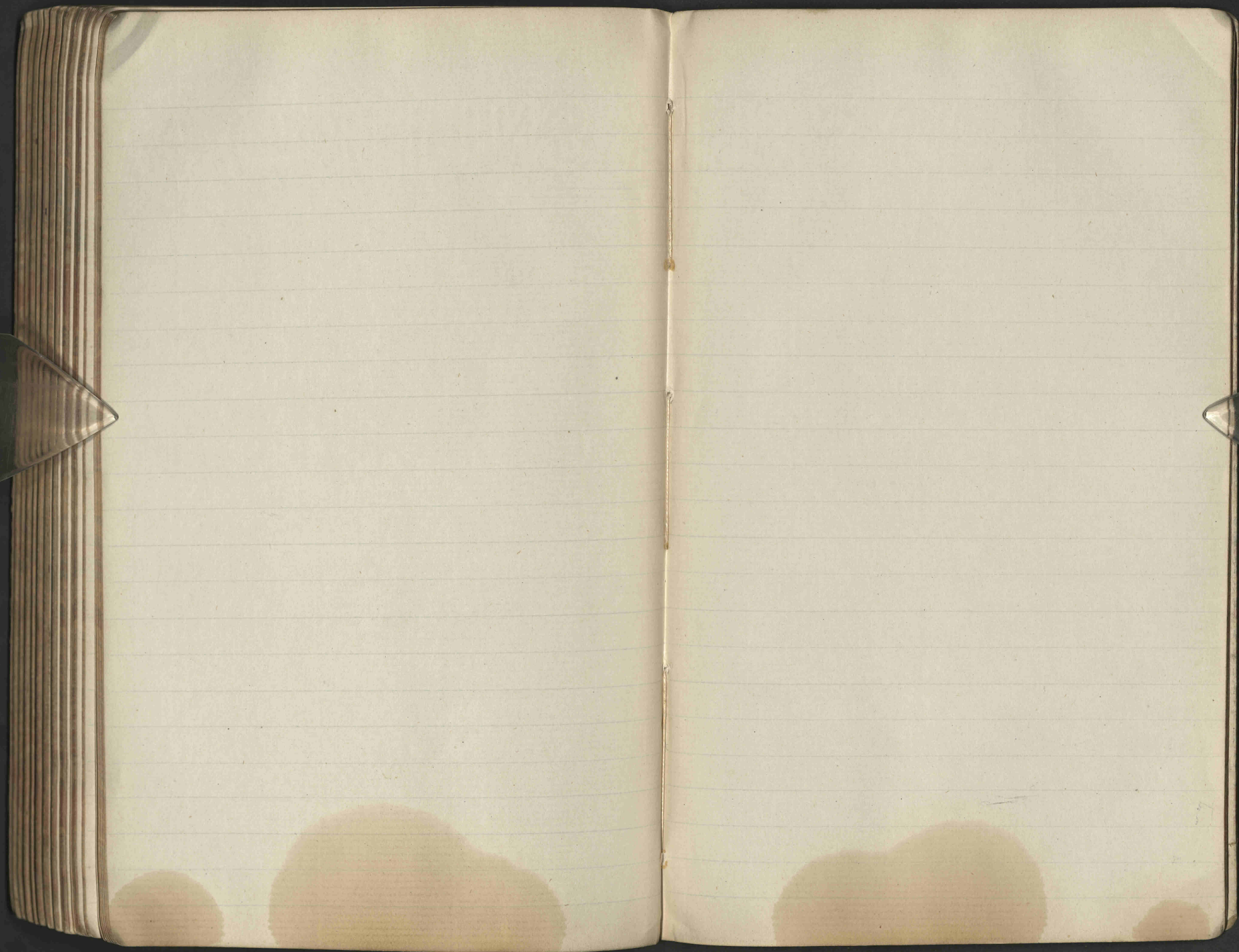




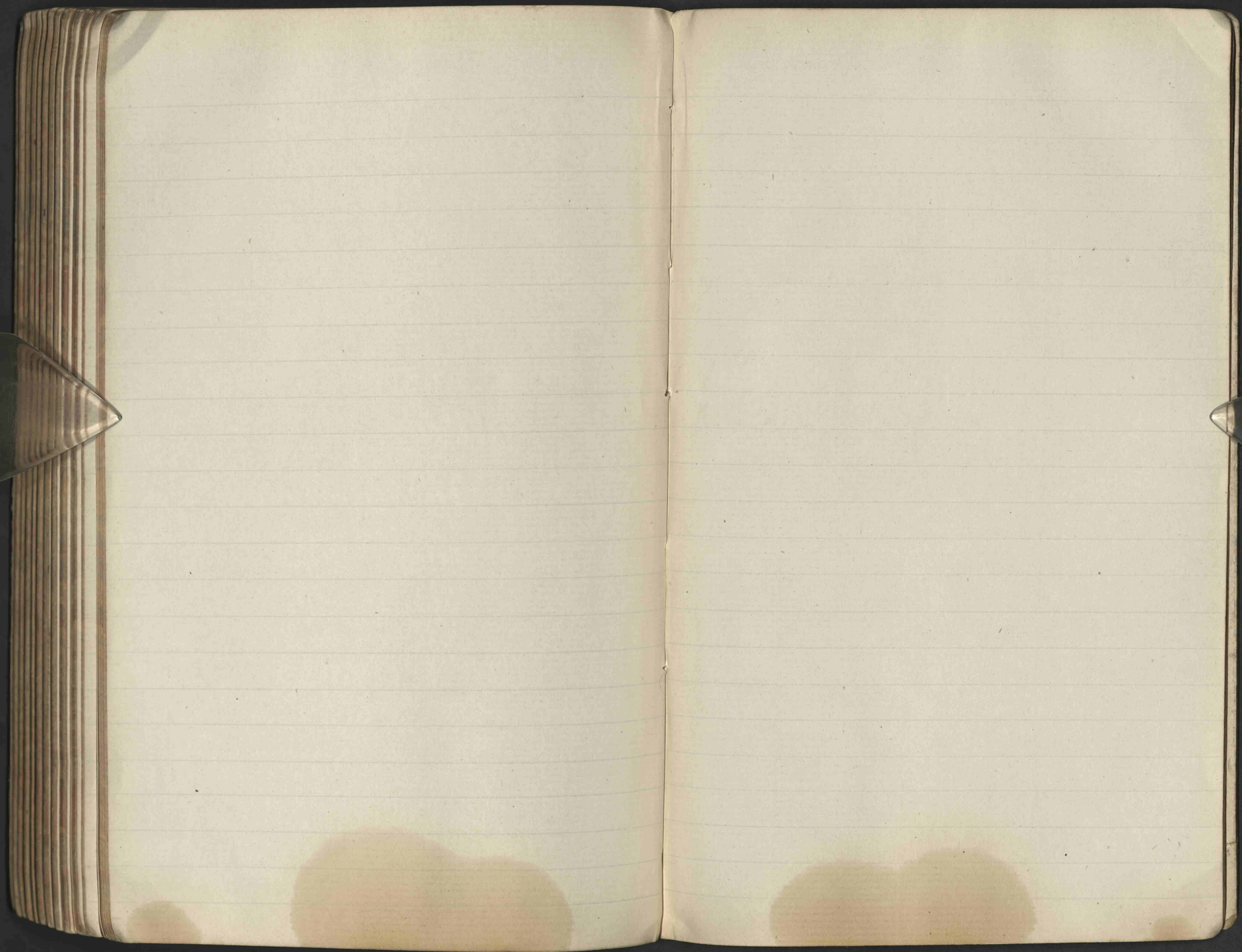




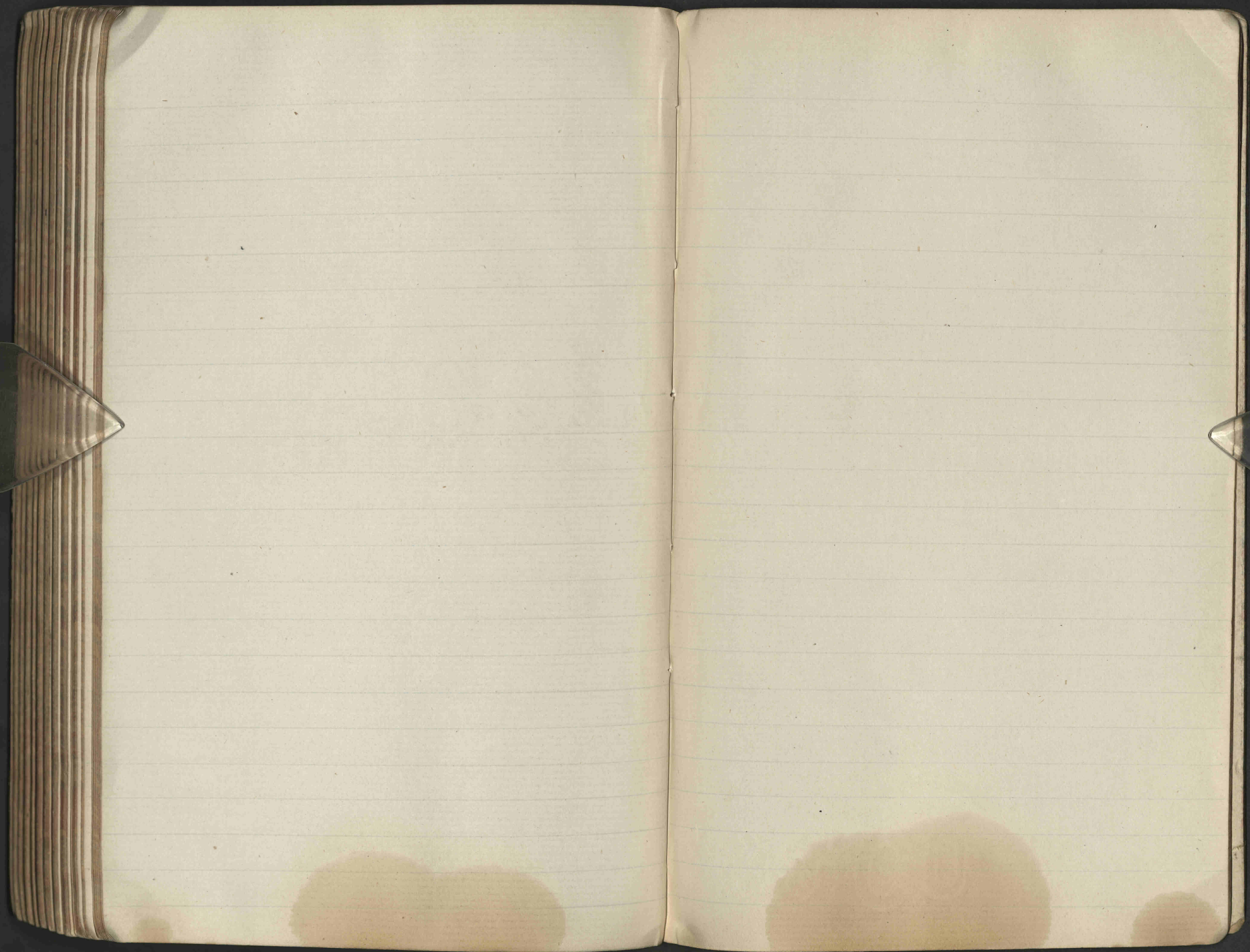




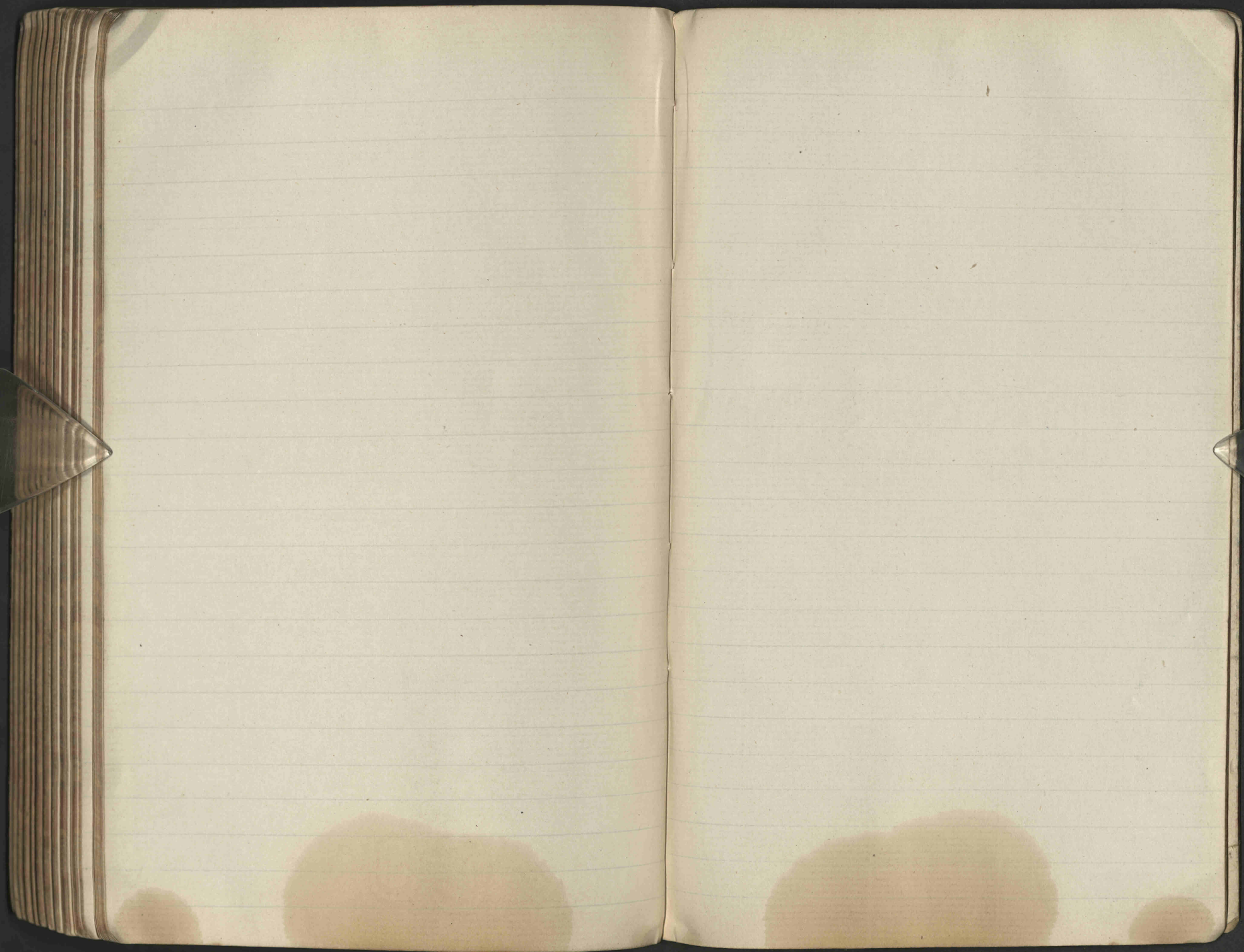




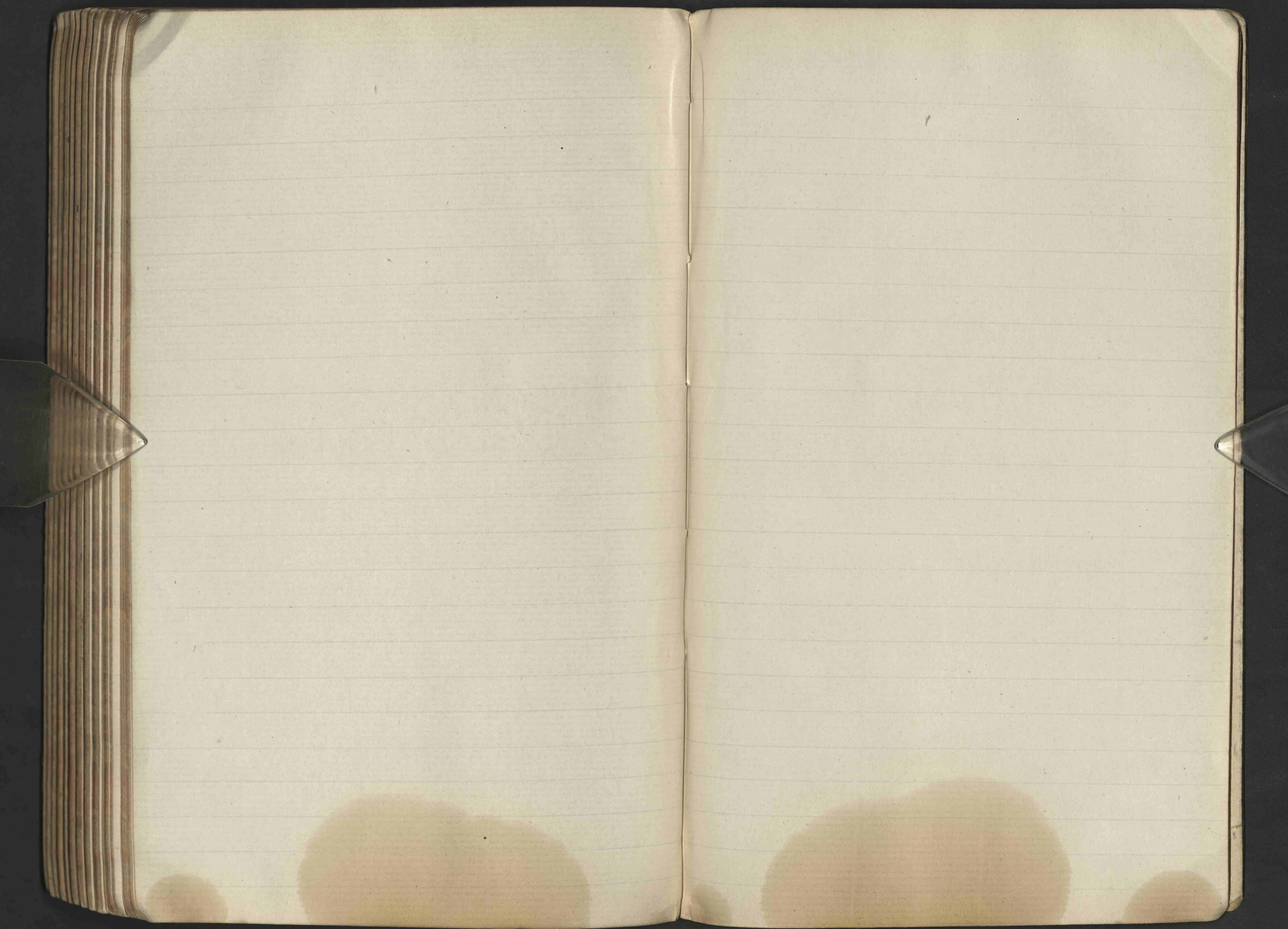




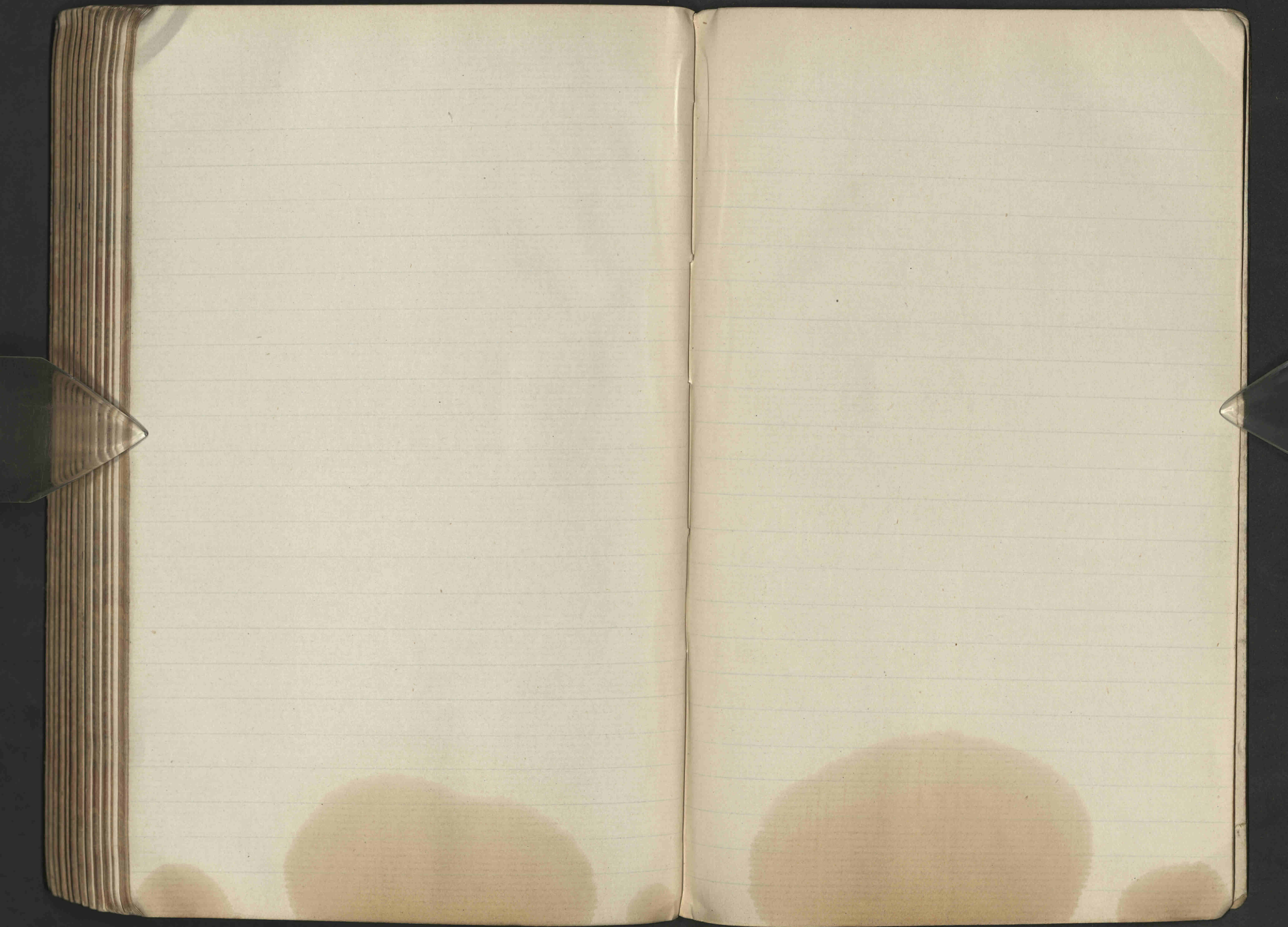




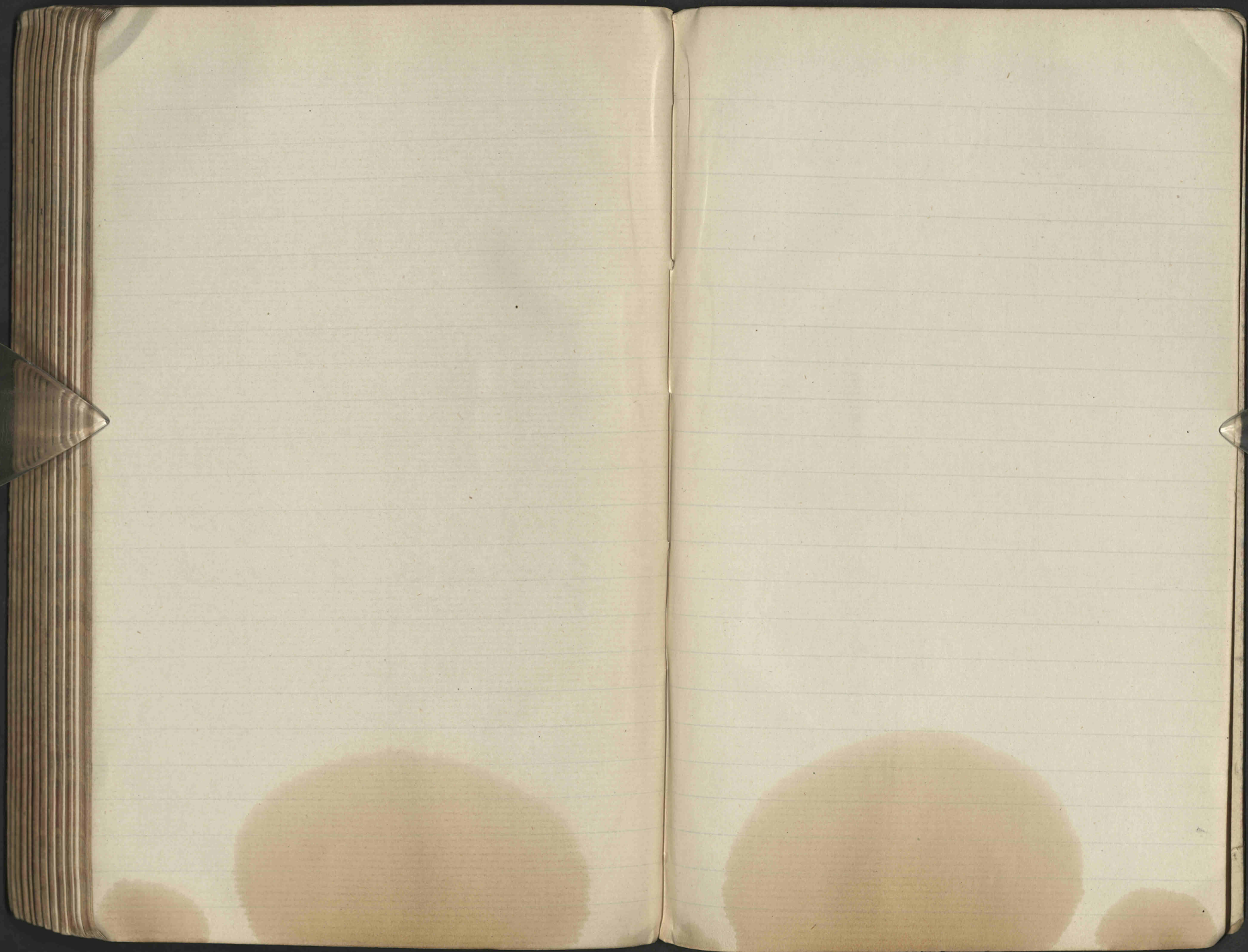




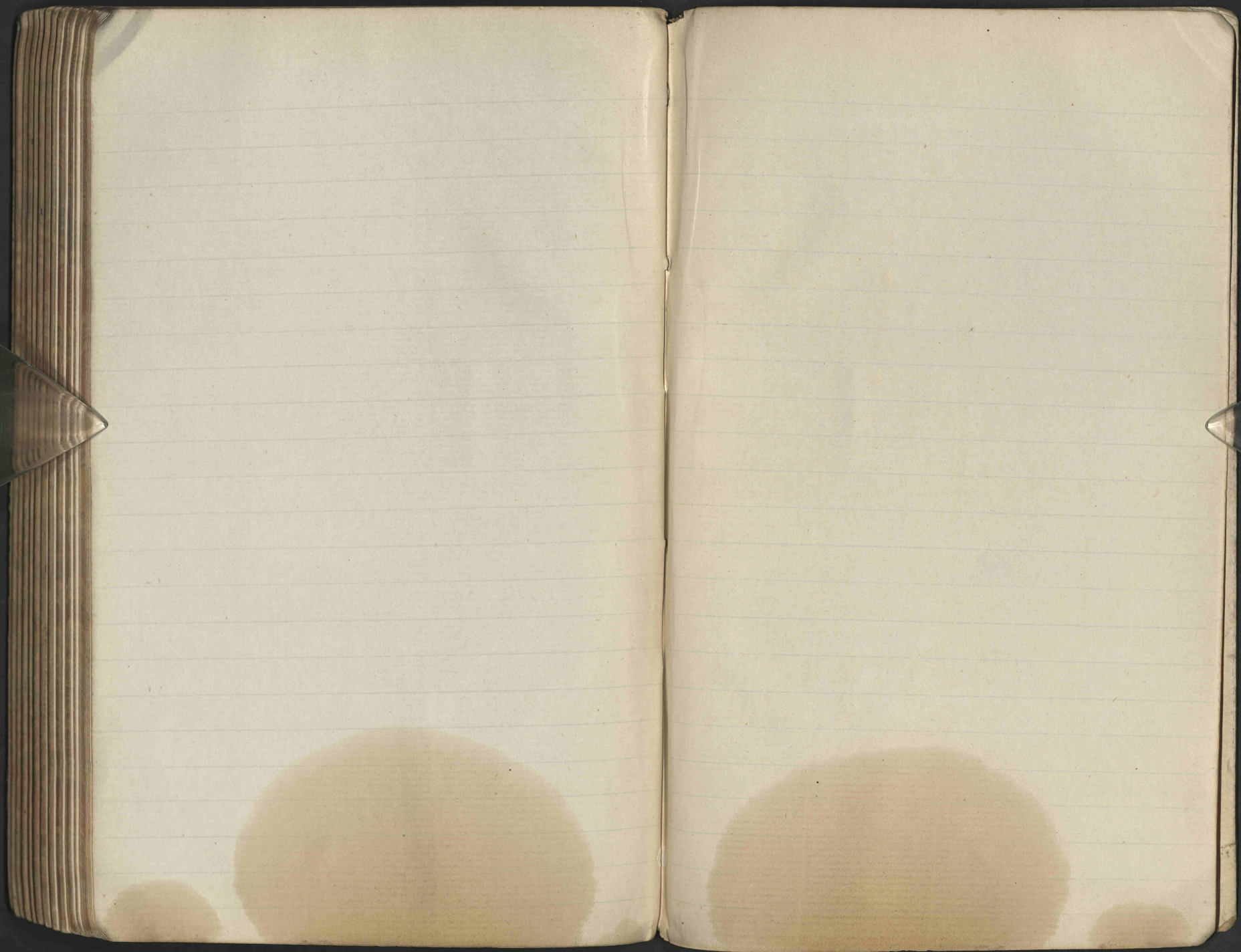




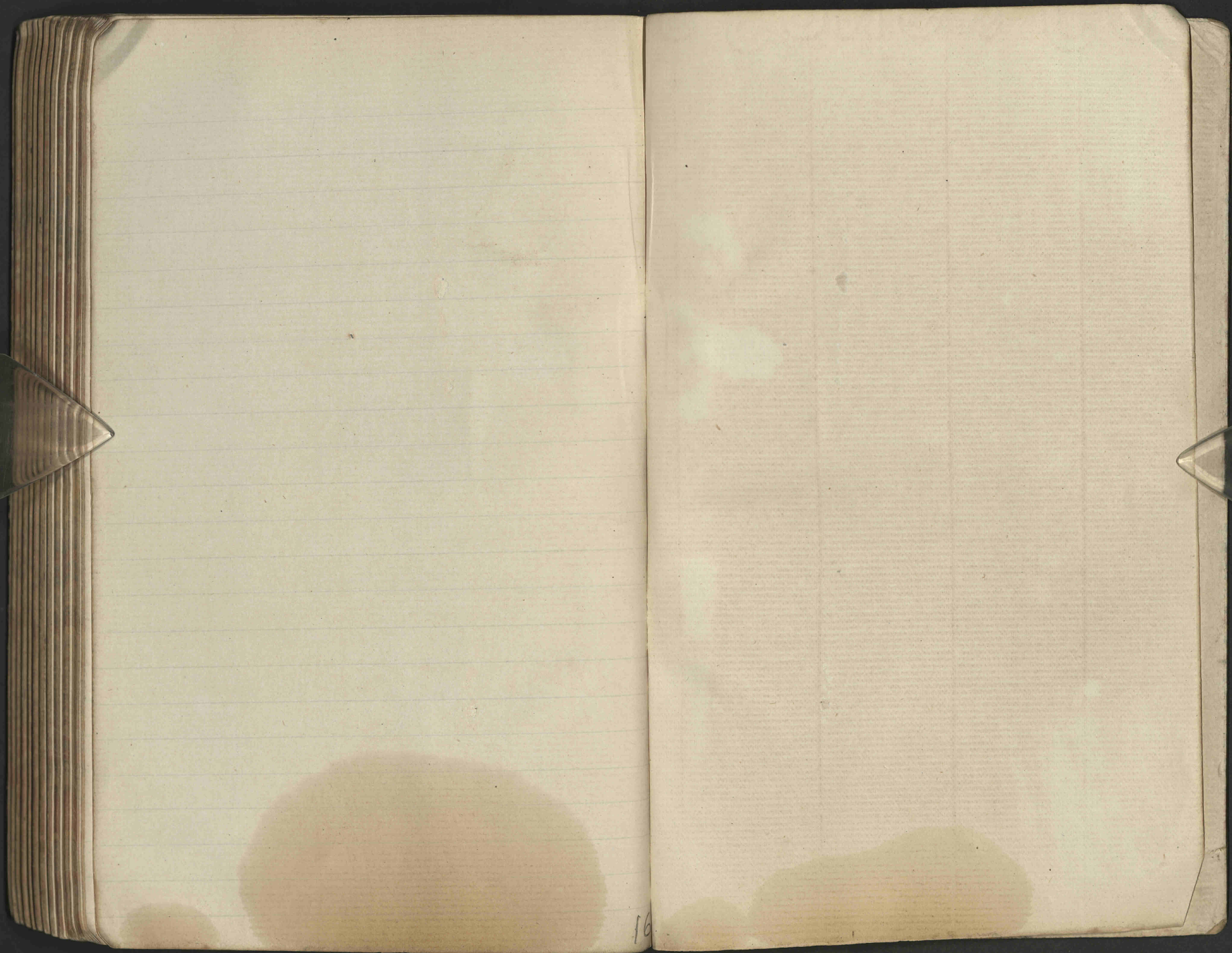








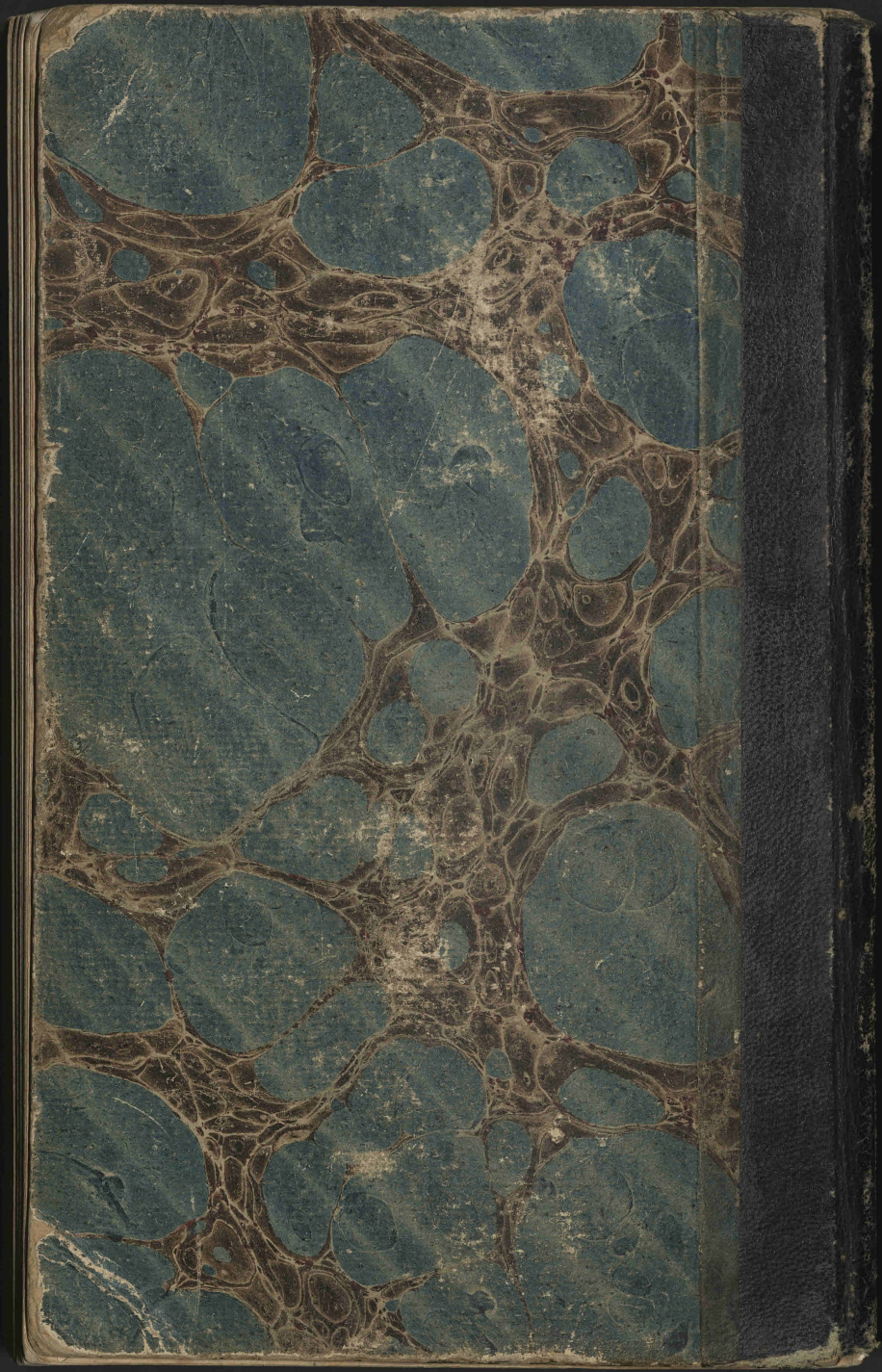


















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