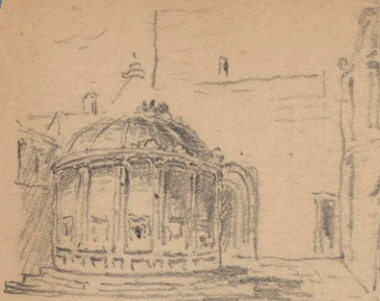


J. H. Meyer &
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OCTOBER 4TH WED (CON)

RAGUSA.

1893.



WELL IN
RAGUSA
near the Pille Gate.

At the other end of the principal street of Ragusa - the Stradone - is the Franciscan Church. The building shows a plain side of stone towards the street with a single row of windows high up. At the south-east corner rises a square tower of perhaps ornate construction - changed in places, for example in the tracery of the windows where there are interlaced patterns and the like. The interior is a simple rectangular apartment, flat ceiling and recessed choir. From a door in the chancel one reaches the cloisters. They consist of 3 bays on a side of 6 divisions; piers of this form  while the high-shilted arches (round) rest on coupled octagonal columns ---. The caps were curious - ram's heads, human faces, sitting dogs, a dragon across both columns, others with the usual foliage. all made in workmanship, not quaintly rude but looks careless. Iron vanets with transverse arches. On the inside of course each bay was enclosed by the round arch of the vanet but outside was the simple arcade and the circular opening in each bay central larger than sides,

Oct 4th Wed (con) RAGUSA.

The top of the low wall that carries the piers and columns is made of old tombstones. There is a balustrade along the top of the east side of the cloisters: coupled ~~and~~ round balusters with cupped arches. (nd). There is a carved cornice below this balustrade. The designs and workmanship are as I have said rough - but as a whole the cloisters are effective. Opposite the Franciscan Church is a large round fountain with dome top. The sides are ornamented with masks and scrolls where the facets are placed. As far as I could make out it was erected in honor of some architect. This ends the Stradone which here passes out of the city by the Pille Gate. The exterior of this gate with its surroundings is one of the most picturesque parts of the city. The gate is in a semi-circular tower that bears the effigy of the patron S. Basilus. To the right is a massive wall ending in the great round sea-bastion, where the waves rush into a little rock surrounded cove. The moat is now a garden with oleanders & other trees. To the left the wall runs up the side of the hill and ends at the corner in the citadel a huge round half-tower with battlements. The north side of the city - towards the mountains - is protected by a high wall, with numerous towers, and a deep moat. Viewed from the outside, at this north west corner, the city appears one of the most

Oct 4th Wed (cont) RAGUSA.

Picturesque walled town in Europe not excepting Carcassonne. The town is really on two hills with the Stradone in the valley between them. On the hill towards the sea is the large Desirto's Church, reached by an imposing flight of steps from the market square. The facade is of the usual design in two stories of corinthian orders. The interior is not as richly decorated as usual, shows one composite order, deep buttress~~s~~ chapels and a round apse. The Cathedral lies at the head of the street where the Loggia, Rector's Palace and other of the public buildings are located. It shows crossing dome, transept, aisle, buttress chapel arrangement. 2 story facade of corinthian orders, scroll sides. While I was there there was a mass said for the Emperor's name day - all the officials there in state. Another church in the renaissance style at the other end of the street opposite the Loggia, is the S. Blasius - a Greek cross with 5 domes (inside only) lengthened choir, over the altar is a silver gilt statuette of the saint about 18 inches high, of romanesque workmanship I believe. It is plain renaissance inside in white and gray. Opposite, by the clock tower is an old fountain, octagonal lower basin, ornamental top basin on twisted column, above this dolphins and shells, Panels of lower basin bas-relief watercarriers. The work looks like an imitation of Roman work poorly done. The Rector's Palace shows 3 stories on the side, uppermost broken ⁱⁿ pediment windows, 2nd fluted, lowest square. Saw some old buildings 5 stories high, little chapel back of Loggia with a rich 2 tier bell screen and wheel windows (thrust "spokes") pediment door. 4 Ionic pilaster caps above quoin corners - bad. I walked up and down the parallel and cross streets to the top of the hills on both sides of the town and found scores of most picturesque - (see 3 pages back - end of other book) - 2502

October 5th Thursday.

STEAMER.

About 6.30 am after attending to getting a ticket, I went on board the Sultan III. We left at about 7.40, which should have been 7. The steamer passed close to the cliffs along the outside of the peninsula then before Ragusa which does not look so picturesque as from the heights on shore. We ran outside of the island Sacroia and saw the Palace, a gothic looking building on the S. side of the S. part of the island. The mountains continued very mountainous and the immediate coast rose in cliffs at places. The sea is quite rough and an occasional dash of water comes over the side. The cause of the blue above. There was little variation in the coast which is now unfringed by islands - high cliffs along the water, often beautifully variegated in color - gray, russet and green where the bushes find a foothold. We met few vessels, sailing vessels seem to be avoiding this long winded sorocco. At 11 o'clock we passed the forts at the entrance to the bay of Cattaro, perhaps a mile apart. That on the left rose in a series of terraces to the top of a high promontory that projected into the sea, and presented an imposing appearance. The very top of the rock was crowned by a church. The soldiers ran out on the rocks and saluted us with cheers, waving of flags and blasts on a trumpet, while our steerage crowd answered with repeated yells. The large bay is very picturesque, surrounded by imposing mountains of irregular surface.

Oct 5th Thu (Con)

and varied color. We made directly for Castelnuovo which we reached in about 15 minutes. The newer town lies scattered over the wooded hillside, while the old town with crumbling walls and bastions, rises on a rocky ridge ending in a reef of rocks. Behind is the gray range of mountains.



The houses of Castelnuovo appear to be built of stone - some of the older ones show it, but the most of them are plastered, left white or tinted a pale blue green or pink. The roofs slope from all sides towards the centre - a few are simple gables - and are covered with dull red Spanish tile. The hill-sides are covered with olives. On the top of the hill above the town and some little distance from it is an old stone fort apparently garrisoned. The stronger parts of the town fortifications seem to be occupied also but many of them are in ruins. At the point of the rock is a large round bastion rising directly from the water. The church seems to be of roman style

Oct 5th Thurday

STEAMER. D. CATTARO.

design with a transept lower than the body of the church. Apparently no aisle, side windows high and narrow, round arch, could not see the west front on account of a tree. Transept end showed a rose window and corbel cornice. The square campanile stood at some distance to the south of the church. It had a double round arch window at the top, a decorated frieze and low roof.



Beyond Castellorosso was the S. Maria cloister. About a quarter past two

we reached a point that in regard to scenery is I think the finest along this coast, three great promontories project into the bay forming narrow entrances



Castel S. Maria



The Island Churches,
S. Giorgio and
Maria della Scarpello.

to the broader parts beyond. In this triple gateway lie two small islands, each with church - the one with square tower cupola top and domed chapel the dome a brilliant green. The other is surrounded by a wall where tall cypresses give a little variety to the gray of church and walls. On the point nearest these islands is the town of Perastro - a medley of solidly built stone houses with tile roofs redder than usual. In the centre rises a tall campanile, nearly a copy of S. Mark's in Venice. Square with pinnacled shaft, only 2 openings



PERASTO.

round arch apparently supported by piers and pilasters. One of the several churches shows the rose window-gable facade, another a chapel has a tier bell screen, rose window and renaissance door. The whole town lies in a perfect grove of trees that are

is this:



sometimes of a pale ochre or other
brist science even approaching red. These

colors form a pleasant contrast to the green of the trees and give the town an unusually picturesque appearance. Dominating the town is an enclosure that seems to be a kind of fort. Near it is a church with this tower



that looks as if it were over the cross-
ring.

The sides of the mountain have a very peculiar appearance. They are of bare rock and present a series of ravines and perpendicular cliffs that form contrasts of sun and shadow all over the face of the mountain. Vegetation for the most part is confined to the immediate shore, excepting other mountain to the west which is wooded to the summit. On this mountain about halfway

in the tops, a sort of attic story and square spire. On its left is a curious building - I could hardly make it out at this distance & we are anchored

It shows a huge

Oct 5th Thu (con) STEAMER TO CATTARO.

up is a small town with a conspicuous campanile, perhaps the town of Perzagnò. We then returned a short distance into the bay, surrounded by magnificent mountains. The town of R is small, and extends along the shore. The buildings like those of all the towns in the vicinity are well built and of stone. On the very top of one of the mountains behind the town is a building with four towers - no doubt a fort. On the opposite side of the bay is a large waterfall, that apparently bursts right from the side of the mountain, and I think it does. We returned to the triple gate and



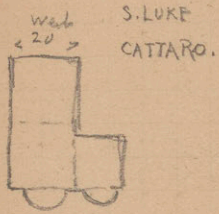
Bay of Cattaro

passed up the narrow bay past several towns, each built of massive houses in stone. At one was a simple or unfinished Renaissance chuch

at another a uniform, romantic design church with a crossing dome. We reached Cattaro about 5 o'clock. The town lies at the head of the bay in a small lowland from which rise the magnificent mountains. Immediately behind the town is an almost perpendicular cliff up which zigzags a fortification wall on both sides. Further



back up a steep mountain side into the famous road to Leting. The zig-zags of the latter appear like the trace of a



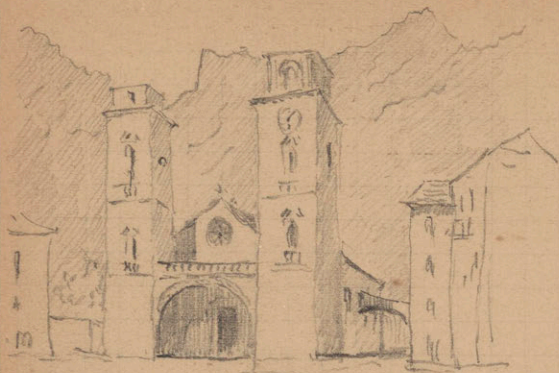
foot path, but through a glass are seen to be massive retaining walls, arched bridges - a gigantic work when one considers that it extends for miles across those rough mountains. I went up to the

west part of it with under gable window and door + 2 drive way W.

Sloyd office at once and took out a ticket for Corfu, then started to see what I could of the town before dark. The streets are finely paved, the houses of the usual solid well wrought stone, and here as in all the larger towns not lacking in ornaments, balconies, rich doorways and decorated windows. I saw a small chapel - St Luke - that stood on a square, that showed signs of great age. It was romantic in general design; round arch windows corbel course, round apse or

Oct 10th 1881 (cont.)

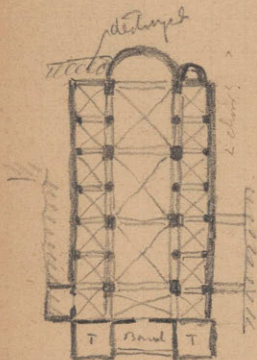
CATTARO.



CATHEDRAL (Catholic)
CATTARO.

(Drawn in the dark.)

There is a small cone
roofed dome. I had merely
by a glimpse through a
glass window - enough
to see that it was a Greek
church. I found the Cath-
edral without much trouble.
The interior is decidedly
romanesque, with alter-
nate round columns and
square piers - the latter with
pilasters, ^{edges} the nave - about
30 feet wide is double
the width of the aisles. The
nave ends in a semi-
circular apse, as does the south
aisle (on the outside), that on the north was



West ^{side}
15' x 30' x 15'

West nearly exact

destroyed to make room for a nest, or some-
thing of that sort. The capitals of the columns
resemble corinthian. The long ends were
simple round arch at the vault, and the
lower arcade is also round arch. Before
the old west front rise 2 square towers and
a porch with a huge round arch opening
with a carved archivolt. The west front
entire shows above the balustrade of the porch
is a gable pierced by a rose window. This
porch and towers I think a much later
addition. On both sides, flying buttresses
rest against the aisle walls and the
buildings on the opposite sides of the street.
The East end shows a semicircular apse
at the end of the nave. The centre outside
ornamented by a rich double-division
magnificent window. Corbel courses are seen
in gable side and in the apse. After
dark - I had already made part of the
cathedral sketch in the half dark - I
hunted up a few photographs then
saw a number of interesting buildings
by gas or lamp light. One was a
Port of Looze showing a semicircular
opening at each side and a square dome
in the centre, in the first story. Above
this story which projected slightly was a
balustrade. The second story simple
square windows. The third square

Oct 5th Thu (con)

CATTARO.

windows with a long stone balcony below it. The cornice was very simple. I saw another chapel with a low octagonal dome and this general plan undoubtedly Romanesque. Its west front was a gable with rose window and narrow door. The second chapel here also showed the large ornamental window - this is new to me and seems to be a peculiarity to this district. Another church that I passed was the common design with corbelled rump rose window and narrow door. The streets of Cattaro were as a rule very narrow and crooked but the houses were high and of good design and give the town an important appearance. There are walls - a main gate and broad promenade before the landing place. Taken as a whole the town deserves an extended visit, and the magnificent surroundings entitle it to one of the most interesting points in the trip through Rumania. I went back to the steamer about 8 o'clock and was given berth no. 35. supper first on left hand side. My Cephalonium went & talked for some time, and I wrote till about 10 o'clock. The day was very pleasant cloudy in places, and a strong wind, but as a rule bright and warm. We had a corps of musical soldiers today again.

October 6th Friday

STEAMER.



BUDVA

We must have left Cattaro about 4 o'clock for we had not gone far before it was light. I could see the mountains wash from the port and when I went up on deck the view was fine of the lower foot hills along the water and higher gray mountains beyond - perhaps those around Cattaro. At 7⁴⁵ we reached Budva a small walled town that lies on a point of land that is almost an island. At the extreme point of the town is a high fortification with brilliant red roofed barracks - behind it the Campanile with plain square shaft high open bell story with round top windows and balustrade; above a low octagonal story with windows on each face. The whole is crowned by a tall spire. The houses of the town are high and have the usual low pitched dull red tile roof. A clump of trees behind the fortress and some cypresses in the walls gives an effect of color that is needed in so much red and gray. The nearer mountains are green to the summits but those farther inland are the characteristic broken

Oct 6th Fri (Cont) STEAMER ALONG MONTENEGRO.

surface masses of gray stone, Budaia in, I believe, the last town to the south in Dalmatia. The only moor on the bay did not enter the small harbor, protected by a wooden pier, that lies behind the town. I must have been a festival day, for a flag was out on the land steeply and a flag decorated boat came out and carried off two priests with green bands on their hats. We left the harbor about 9 o'clock and passed close to the little island S. Nicolo where the side toward the sea is a cliff of rock that shows the narrow strata like a geological map. About 10 o'clock we reached Spizza a wide bay with several forts on the rocky headlands. The cliffs are of the geological map kind at one place an excellent example with a great fault in a rock of different color, some of the bluffs are a deep red. There is a small town in the



bay - to the right of the sketch - mostly a single row of houses that may be barracks for a number of soldiers were exercising in a field near by. We crossed the bay directly to in Montenegrin port and for the first time saw the red blue and white flag

Oct 6th Frid: (con)

STEAMER



PORT
OF ANTIVARI
MONTENEGRO.

of the Kingdom. The mountains left a gap where were corn fields and groves of trees. There was no town only a few houses and a small landing place of heaped up stones, lying around the houses were the natives and a half dozen boats came out to meet us at the anchorage. Montenegrans wear a little round flat topped cap with black sides and crimson top usually embroidered in gold. They wear an embroidered coat with wide spreading skirts and close fitting breeches. Their vest is richly embroidered and shirt white. They carry pistols and are always handling them and fussing with the cartridges. They look like a bad lot. The day is perfect - only a pleasant breeze - the sea perfectly smooth and sky cloudless excepting a patch here and there over the mountains. The consequence is fine contrasts of light and shade on the land and a remarkable "peacock blue" sea shading off to vivid green towards the horizon, where a deep purple line marks the sky line. Some of the men have white beards, shirt of a knit material, white figs.

Oct. 6th Fri (con) STEAMER.

The woman seems to be dressed in white - white veil hanging from the head and red sash. The mountains, which rose almost directly from the coast after we left the harbor of Antivari were more rounded in outline than before. On the lower slopes were scattered farm houses, usually in a close group, surrounded by what appeared to be alive trees. Indian corn is another product that is cultivated. But the country, from the steamer at least, looks sterile; often great districts, even on the lower land, is destitute of all vegetation. At 2 o'clock we reach



DULCIGNO,
Montenegro.

at the strange looking old town of 10 the principal part of Montenegro. The old town is surrounded with battlement walls - both in a technical and real sense - which find a foothold on the rock that rises from the water. Above rise the tall narrow houses covered with copper-pitched, bright red tiles roofs. The houses are of gray stone, with the simple bracketed cornice as in Ragusa, while the eaves have a wide projection. Through the glass I could see grass grown streets and steep flights of steps between the houses. The effects of desolation is heightened by the great number of ruined houses, especially along the sea front.

Oct 6th Fri. (con)

MONTENEGRO

It has the appearance of having been bombarded. The walls too, which show large segmental oval openings along the sea, are broken and ruined in places. When we passed the front of the town we came in sight of the new town - bright white walls and red tiles among the green trees. The town has no protected harbor and we cast anchor out in the open sea. The usual official - this time in a broad brimmed straw hat that gave him a world of trouble in the wind with the flag of Montenegro, came out, followed by several boats. My acquaintance of a couple of days from Singapore left here to go to his old home in Scutari. The new town contains a minaret and at some distance up the little valley is a tall square tower with a round water opening near the top that looks romanique but may be Turkish, like the one at Sabajev. The houses here in the new town, too, have broad projecting eaves and in a way resemble those in Bosnia. They are nearly all white. On the water front and a few new buildings - one flying the flag of Turkey - that have a European look. Behind the town are vineyards and olive orchards. The mountains have here changed to hills with long slopes into the water - still rocky but often cultivated than before. Far to the east rises a high range of mountains above the sea. It is a charming picture - the deserted looking old gray town and its walls, the red rock below, the pleasant

Oct 6th For (con) STEAMER. MONTENEGRO.

Green white and red of the new town and its environs, the misty purple of the distant mountains and peculiar light green of the sea. The sky is cloudless excepting a small bank over the mountains to the east. A peculiarity in the houses of the old town is the many arched windows, etc. both at top and bottom of the windows. We have a couple of musicians on board - an accordion and guitar. The accordion is a maestro and renders operatic selections with great effect. One of his good qualities is that his ear is sensitive - he is always at work tuning his needs. The second cabin is almost deserted - The two Greeks and I had our beds made alone in the big cabin. The noisy Montenegrans, who kept me awake nearly all night, have gone together with their 1001 bundles and cage of birds. When we turned the point beyond Dubcigno we entered the wide crescent shaped bay of Scutari to the north east the shore was low and to a certain extent wooded but beyond this plain and on the remaining sides of the bay were mountains of most picturesque outline and at such a distance as to give every variation in shades of purple. Almost to the south lay a long ridge of darker color. The rain directly across the bay to the east, to the port S. Giovanni di Mesura. On the way we crossed a wide stream of muddy water - I do not know what caused it - where a school of porpoises were leaping to an astonishing height out of water. It was

Oct 6th Fri. (con.) STEAMER ALBANIA.

To-day when we cast anchor at some distance from the shore, there is no town, only some barracks - where I had my first sight of the Turkish uniform - and half a dozen houses. There was a Lloyd steamer lying here and a half a dozen sailing vessels & one steamer that looked like a government vessel. The rocky shores rise to a considerable height and at places are slight-ly wooded. There seemed to be no business for us here but to wait for tomorrow.

Moreover we are now sailing under the yellow flag. There was not much to see - the shores were too far away - and I soon went into the cabin and read by electric light - our boat has all modern improvements. About half past seven the "mobe" left us and there was a mutual exchange of rockets, colored fires and cheers that almost reminded me of a political meeting in America - way down here in Albania with - no doubt - Turkish soldiers watching from on shore. It is a quiet fine night.



RED
BLUE
WHITE

Flag of Montenegro

Oct 7th Saturday. This weather makes things look idyllic. When I looked out of the port this morning the sun was still behind the mountains - distant and low for we were far out to sea and the coast was moreover low and flat before the highlands - but the

Oct 7th Sat (con) STEAMER ALBANIA.



DURAZZO
ALBANIA.

sky had an amber glow and the silhouette of the jagged range was outlined in a deep purple. I watched the sun rise above the horizon and then went up on deck. We had been under way since about 4 o'clock following the Albanian coast. The mountains, ~~was~~ as I said at some distance inland and rose in the same broken irregular masses that had now become familiar. After the shores were quite flat, with trees that no doubt were ^{olive} ~~quite~~ of about 7-5 we reached the port of Durazzo, a town with remains of old walls and the usual old gray houses inside. The suburbs as at Dubrigno were white tree-embowered and pleasant looking, with a minaret or two rising above the houses. The town lay on a peninsula: that was high and mountainous in the centre. We were

RED,
WHITE
Crescent
and star.



Flag of Turkey.

Oct 7th Sat (cont)

STEAMER

Albania.

under the ban of cholera and were met by the harbor-master - an old Turk who rowed his own boat and was very explicit in his orders that we move on when we had taken on our passengers. A few sailing vessels lay in the harbor a wide open bay that was enclosed on the north east by a wide low plain beyond which were distant mountains. A couple of boats came out with a few deck passengers - a woman completely wrapped up in what looked like coarse cheese cloth a man or two, and a huge lot of bedding. A man in one of the boats was dressed in white pants tight fitting - a red sash with black stripes, a figured white shirt, black jacket with deep fringes and a white fez. Nearly all the others wore the usual European dress with red fez. We left at 9:30. I never saw such a remarkable looking sea. It had become - I may say absolutely smooth, only the faintest line here and there and the air perfectly quiet. The water to the horizon was of the same color - a tint of the palest green, almost white. Above the horizon was a delicate purple mist which faded quickly into a faint yellow tone and then to the blue of the absolutely cloudless sky - a sky that was not blue, however, it was a blueish purple of the most subtle, indescribable tint imaginable. And the distant range of mountains - I shall make no attempt whatever.

Oct 7th Sat (cont)

STEAMER

ALBANIA



CALINA:

^{of Valona}

There was little variation in the general character of the coast until we turned into the Gulf of Valona, but with a constant change in color, when a breeze came up and deepened the blue in the sea, and gave a more distinct outline and more intense purple to the mountains. The wide expanse of lowland that marked the entrance of several large rivers into the sea was nearly destitute of houses or other signs of a population. Bushes or low trees with marsh grass covered the country to the base of the mountains. On turning into the gulf, however, there was a change. The narrow coast plain and foot hills which half way around came to the sea, was a forest of olive trees. In a deep wide opening in the lower hills to the left lay a comparatively large town ^{of Valona} with white houses, minarets and gardens. On the heights at the back of the bay, at some distance from the water was the town of Calina, with high gray

Oct 7th Sat. cont. STEAMER ALBANIA.

stone houses, low pitched dull red tile roofs, an occasional minaret relieved by the green of olives and tower-like cypresses. On the highest point of the town was an old fortress with dilapidated walls. The whole scene was characteristic of these coasts. Little brilliancy to the greens, a prevailing gray as ground tone, yet an infinite variety of shades and a remarkable play of light and shadow. The minarets that I could see were of the unadorned type, but mostly of the plain gray of the stone, but a few white, one even had a green spire. The houses were of the type I have often described - high gray stone low roofs of tile and simple cornice, so far as I could see at this distance. A steamer of this Lloyd line - the Danubio - a small war vessel and a few sailing vessels lay in the gulf. The only signs of a harbor was a wharf of wooden piles, a cluster of white houses near by and a half a dozen or more tents in a field on the plain not far from this group of houses was a large square enclosed by an old stone wall evidently an old fortification. We had reached the port about 3 o'clock and spent the time until evening taking on a little freight and a couple of boat-loads of cattle - by the houses at Tangier. The sunset was magnificent. There was just a slight tremor on the water, the sky absolutely clear, where the purple haze had rested on the horizon during the day, was now a band of deep

Oct 7th Sat (con) STEAMER AT VALONA.

orange, while above the spot where the sun had disappeared was a great fan of brilliant golden rays that stretched up into the delicate greenish sky. Above the rays the green of the sky changed to a pure deep blue that in turn shaded to a purple in the east. The water was a rich royal purple, while the mountains on the island at the entrance of the gulf and the cape Glossa, ^{well} also purple but so deep as to appear a velvety black. As night came on the brilliancy of the color faded and for a short time produced the curious effect of increasing light as at dawn. I think this was an optical illusion, due to the less blinding effect of the paler colors.



CAPE GLOSSA
and the
Chimara nets
the mythical
gate to Tartarus.
(Kerainien)

October 8th Sunday There is not much doubt but that I must give up my theory that the superior color to the southern landscape is mostly imagination. The sunrise this morning was again a wonderful display. I was out about 5 o'clock when the east was taking on a golden glow - when the entire atmosphere in that direction was full



A TURKISH HOUSE
STA. QUARANTA

of the color. The mountains in that quarter were sharply outlined against the brilliant background in a rich purple. In the opposite direction a long jagged range displayed all the variety of tints and delicate shadings seen in mother of pearl - I can compare it to nothing else. A little later the entire circle of the horizon took on the golden glow that grew to a pale yellow as the sun rose and the sky brightened into full day. It was about 6 o'clock when we cast anchor in the Bay of Sta. Quaranta, on the Turkish shore. The town is only a hamlet, with a new hotel building not yet finished, and some typical country houses on its outskirts. To the left are the ruins of a small walled town ^{Onchesmos?} whose walls still stand in fair preservation.

Oct 8th Sun (cont)

STEAMER TO CORFU.



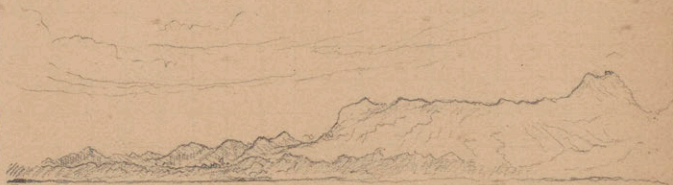
LYKOURESI

Bay of Sta. Duwanata.

town with corner and other towers, while the space inside is full of scattered walls, and ^{are} arched door here and there. The foot-hills of the high range that rises in the back ground, slope directly into the water. One of the highest of these is the town of Lykoursi, with a crumbling fort, and farther on the church of S. Giorgio. In the middle of the straits, between the mainland and the island of Corfu, is a diminutive island with a white church. Corfu lies not far to the west and after leaving Sta Duwanata - about 7³⁰ - we soon sighted the lofty mountain of S. Salvatore with its well surrounded convent. The half circle of mountains in Albania were a magnificent sight. It is seldom one sees more picturesque single masses, or more imposing grouping, to which is added the lovely coloring always present. To the south of S. Salvatore the island of Corfu is lower, although still mountainous, and nearly all wooded (dinars?) We reached the harbor of Corfu at 9 o'clock, and cast

Oct 8 to Samikona IN QUARANTINE, CORFU.

anchor in front of the Fortezza Nuova. The harbor is lying full of English men of-war - the Mediterranean Squadron - and we were not far from the "Breadwinner". The fleet consists of 16 vessels, so far as I can see nearly all large vessels. During the morning there was playing of military bands, finally a mingling of bells and ringing of hymns that gave more of a Sunday air to the day than I have ever.

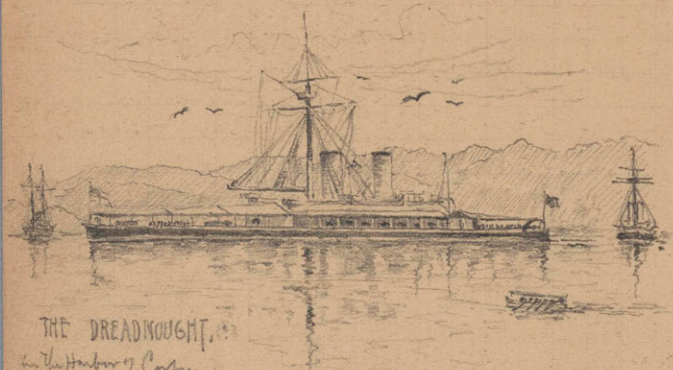


The northern part of Corfu
(mt. Salvatore on right)

ience for six months. Later the water was full of the ships boats loaded with packtrains, going to the town. We spent the day taking on coal and unloading some of our freight. This appears to me a queer quarantine - an inspector came on board and counted us, then we seemed free to send anything on shore excepting passengers. I had a swell dinner because now it is paid by the day and there is a table d'hotel. My cabin companions I believe go to another boat to sit out their five days, but I have decided to

Oct 8th Sun. (con.) QUARANTINE IN COFU

stay on the Sultan. CoFu is a white town of tall houses, those along the water front come



THE DREADNOUGHT.

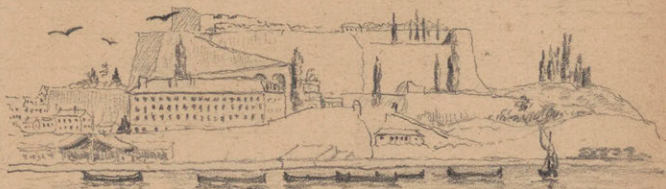
in the Harbor of CoFu.

from four to six stories high. Opposite us is the Fortezza Nuova on a hill with high fortification walls and a few apertures - a feature of every view in CoFu. In the town I could see a few church towers - apparently renaissance. At the outer end is the Fortezza Vecchia rising in two separate tower-like ^{cliffs} ~~houses~~. Beyond the harbor to the east and south was the imposing range of Albanian mountains. I spent most of the afternoon sitting around looking at the war ships and the shores. In the evening after supper I had a long talk with the second engineer who told me about the new rail-road to Bagdad and several other facts that may take me in that direction.

Oct 9th Monday.

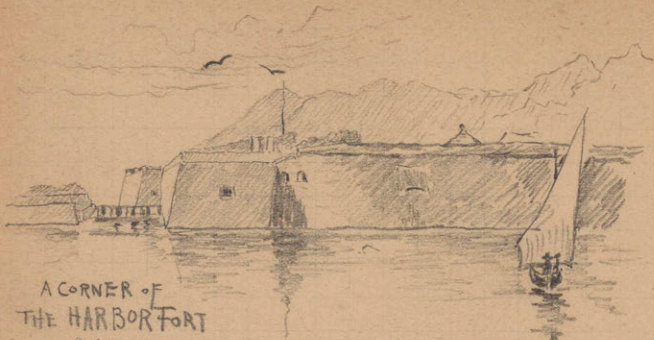
To S. MAURA.

During the night we sailed off on a Quaran-
tine excursion to the Island of S. Maura. As
I said before this seems to be a quarantine for
passengers only, and we are free to go on
freight trips. At any rate we did and this
morning when I looked from the port we
were running in the straits between is-
lands, with a picturesque range of mountains
on the far left, with the smokes of peat that
I had seen yesterday before sunrise. This
morning the horizon in the west showed
almost a full series of rainbow colors. We



FORTEZZA
NUOVA
CORFU.

Cast anchor about 5-30 in S. Maura
close to a huge stone fort on the water's edge.
The town seemed to be in a bay to the right.
We are now opposite a part of the mainland
mainland of Greece although not yet out of
sight of Turkey. We lay here all day trading and



A CORNER OF
THE HARBOR FORT
S. MAURA.
(Venetian fort).

unloading. I took advantage of the nothing to do or see and wrote up some of my journal, that is still only in a note book. The weather is warm even here on the water. The sunrise and sunset were as fine as usual. Before all hands went to bed, we ran the steamer out into the open straits to avoid the risk of drifting on the sands in the harbor.

October 10th Tuesday. We left our anchorage about 4 o'clock I think for it was about 8 when we reached Corfu. I had a good view of the Fortezza Vecchia as we passed as well as of the Royal Palace and the town. We cast anchor at about the same place that we had occupied before, near the warships and had music all morning from the navy bands. I was not feeling well, and did little all day but sit around. The day was perfectly clear again and I may almost say hot, with little breeze.

Oct 11th Wednesday. IN QUARANTINE AT CORFU.

Another fine day. warm and cloudless - almost. I spend most of the time in writing. The captain and some of the passengers amuse themselves by fishing - but so far only one very small and very queer slender fish has been caught. - it looked like a pike in the shape of its head but the body was silvery in color. Once in a while a boat full of people comes near us and there is a volley of questions and answers, occasionally something is left for us. - a letter or eatables. Then in the evening the boat load of ladies comes to visit our old first cabin passenger, & other steamers and sailing vessels come and go but nearly everything is too far away to excite much interest in us. Of course the harbor is very lively now with the steam launches and boats from the men of war. Once in a while one passes close to us and I have a sight of English jackets in white suits. Yesterday evening I saw a row-boat with an Albanian flag flying but could not get a good sight of the people - I might have known them who knows - With all this monotony I am beginning to fear that the quarantine will not prove long enough after all for me to finish up back work.

October 12th Thursday. This is our last full day in Quarantine. I felt bad all morning, and after an attempt at work gave it up and went to sleep. After dinner I

Oct 12th Thur (cont) IN QUARRANTINE CORFU
felt better and wrote a sort of report on my
Spanish trip to Prof. Chandler. In the evening
I sat on deck and listened to the bands
on the English war vessels. The Quarantine
has after all been rather pleasant. We
have had in our cabin: the two Greeks from
Lephalonia & an Albanian. Once in
a while two other Greeks come down - where
they belong I do not know - they seem to
have something to do with the Quarantine.
There is one fat old Corfucian in the first
cabin and a mixed lot of Greeks, Turks
and the like on deck. Two of the engineers
and the 2nd officer eat at our table and
the 1st officer does his writing in our cabin.
The captain is a fine man - of middle
age wears a long beard and is a little
bold. The 1st officer is younger looks rather
severe, but is not as bad as he looks.
He is a fine looking man with short
full beard. The 2nd officer is good natured,
round face with moustache. Our two
Lephalonians - one a young law student
wears a moustache - the other older and
fat also with moustache and hair sprinkled
with gray. Both are dark. The captain
has a Terrier with two puppies, that afford
endless amusement with their pranks
and continual disasters. Occasionally they
indulge in a pitched battle, clear & warm.

October 13th - Friday.

CORFU



Fishing in
Corfu Harbor.

At exactly 9³⁰ AM. the health officer came on board, examined us again and we were free, the ship was at once invaded by the boatmen, and after some haggling I boarded one of the boats the same that our young Greeks were on and



Small Church
Corfu.

White, yellowish-red roof,
of Spanish tile.

was rowed to shore. The custom house examination was a farce, the officer would not even let me open my baggage. I went up

Oct. 13th Fri (com)

CORFU.



THE
PHEACIAN SHIP

CORFU.

to the Hotel Constantinople and was given
room no. 10. I went out almost at once, and
after a long hunt found the Ionian Bank
without the suspicion of a sign to indicate
where it was. I dealt directly with the
manager for they knew nothing about the
American Express Company. However before
long I was fixed up and then walked
on the wide Esplanade that lies between
the town and the ancient old fortress.
Everything is full of English sailors
from the fleet, and the town is lively.
I then walked out past the Esplanade where
there are monuments to different English
Commissioners, - a circular peripteral temple

Oct. 13th - Fri (con.)

CORFU.

and an obelisk. There is also a modern Greek marble statue that is not remarkable. My walk then took me along the sea shore where there is a fine drive with stone wall and side walk along the water. About a half or three quarters of a mile from the Esplanade I turned to the right to see an ancient monument, the base of a monument to Menekrates - a circular structure - low and covered by a stone roof. (The whole is not more than 5 or 6 feet high but perhaps 20 feet in diameter.) Remains of an inscription can be made out around the upper edge. It is supposed to be about 2500 years old. It is of a gray stone somewhat time worn but otherwise in good preservation. I now walked through the country past





FORTEZZA
VECCHIA
CORFU.

pleasant looking villas where the vegetation was luxuriant - lemons and oranges hanging on the trees, palms figs and all the fruits of a sub-tropical climate.

Oct 13th 7.00 (am)

[L.P.F.U.]

Farther on were a couple of little old churches, one - not that in the sketch; - was long and low - with a round apse, and both had bell screens, the lower double division separated by a slender round column in the romanesque fashion . I now left the main road, at the entrance  to the Villa of Mon-repos, belonging to the King I believe, and followed a narrow road up a hill which led between olive groves. The olive trees here grow to a great size 50 or 60 feet high, and the trunk 3 or 4 feet in diameter. These old tree trunks are curiously made up of an apparent mass of vine like stems all closely interwoven but showing many openings to the hollow centre. Now and then the trunk is a mere concave convex plate of these stems. In one of these groves I saw the foundations of an ancient Doric temple - fragmental hexastyle I believe - Now only the base of the cella wall and outer foundation for the portico with the fluted bases of a few columns remain. The earth too, has washed down and almost covered what there is. It is close to the sea and I enjoyed a fine view over the water to the mountains in Albania. The walk now led through a village of a few white houses - then across the grass of one of the olive groves to the road again. I now soon reached the end of the

Oct. 13th Fri (con)

CORFU.

peninsula at a point called the "Canoue"
where there is a beautiful view out to
the main straits and across Lake Kali-
kropoulo to the high wooded mountains
in the south part of Corfu. At the opening
of the lake into the sea are a couple of
small islands one the traditional stop
of the Phaeacians, turned to stone by Poseidon
for conveying Ulysses to Ithaca. The
view is thoroughly classic in appearance -
purple mountains, olives and cypresses.
A crowd of jostlers were here too with
a policeman to watch them and two or
three drinking stalls to entertain them. All
along the road were crowds of children
dirty and importunate - selling bouquets.
The air in the country is full of the
perfume of flowers - of what kind
I do not know but almost too
sweet to be agreeable. It may have
been from orange blossoms. I re-
turned along the main road and
when I again reached the drive
by the sea, sat for a long time enjoy-
ing the view of the Fortezza Vecchia
and the now rosy colored mountains
opposite. The town was gay when I reach-
ed it in the evening and the Kaplanade
set with small tables for wine & ginger-
beer. The day was - shall I say hot?

October 14th - Saturday.

CORFU.

I packed out in the morning to have a cup of coffee then by the aid of the Cunard agent found the Panhellenic Steamboat agency and bought a ticket to Katakolon. I stopped to look in at one of the Greek Churches. It was divided into nave and aisles, had 3 bays of round arches on octagonal columns, flat wooden ceiling, stucco ornaments in the spaces in a style. The furnishing - holy pictures, lamps &c - were cheap looking and gaudy. The priests here, on the street, wear long black robes and a queer kind of head dress like a funnel top



men with long gray beards and hair, not always as clean as they might be.

Later I went up to the Fortezza Vecchia, across the bridge that leads over the deep moat and ditch that separates the fortress from the town, and through several court yards, finally through a vaulted passage to the first platform. The view over the town, the harbor and mountains to the

metal painted red.

Shops pale green with white trimmings.

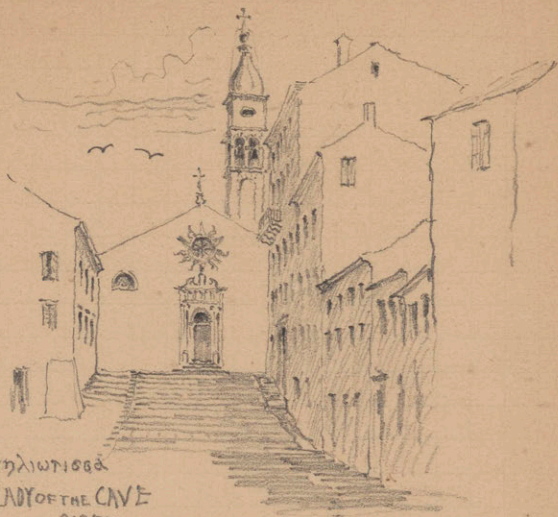


CHURCH TOWERS
CORFU.

north is excellent and gives a good idea of the position of the town of Corfu in relation to the bodies of water that surround it and

Oct. 14th Sat (cont)

CORFU




ΣΤΗ ΛΙΩΤΙΣΣΑ

OUR LADY OF THE CAVE
CORFU.

the rest of the island. A little farther on I found my way nearly to the top of the elevation next to the town. The view from this higher point can only be described as superb, especially to the south and east. Hence the bays and the lake Kalikriopoulo lay spread out like in a map and the mountains in the south part of Corfu were in full view covered with olive groves and dotted with white villas. Several of the British fleet were out in the open straits drilling in manœuvres. The day is quite warm. After coming back to the town - on the way I



Oct 14th Sat (con)

[DRFD]

saw a game of cricket going on in the Esplanade. I visited the church of S. Spiridione, a church in the usual renaissance work. window work here gilded - in the ceiling the usual vestibule at the west end separated from the centre by 3 round arches, and a sanctuary with the pictures without the metal covering. Within the sanctuary to the right was the silver coffin of the saint. The church possesses a number of large silver lamps and candelabra. The tower I sketched from the fortices. The houses of Corfu resemble those in all the Adriatic towns in a way, but are affected by the English influence I think for it looks a little like Gibraltar. high white houses with green shutters, red spouting, awning brackets, a plain cavetto cornice projecting about a foot. The place has the air of having once been clean, but now it is not. I saw one old fountain curb  of that plain with carved ornaments on the sides, it was dated 1674. There is very little of value in the town architecturally I might say none at all. The English Commissioners House now Royal Palace shows a colonnade along the front of the first story that is extended to make circular loggia ends beyond the building, while triumphal arches break them at each side. It is as other English work a strained effort to be very Greek.

Oct 14th (Sat) Corfu.

CORFU.

I should have mentioned before that in the Club
of His Majesty the Consul the vestibule was furnished
with carved stalls. The uniform of the ordin-
ary Greek soldiers is made up of blueish grey
pants short black jacket with red collar and
red seams, high dark blue cap with red
seams and wide visor  plain brass buttons.
As a rule the Greeks that I have
seen are rather an  irregularly look-
ing lot: small, dark, look like unfortunates to me
and not overly handsome. I watched a
cricket game in the Esplanade for some time
walked to the foot of and parted way around
The Esplanade Fortyn Mura where I had a
good view over the town in an opposite
direction from that I had before. It was a-
bout 5 o'clock before the steamer - the "Epirus"
arrived and I heard that she was not
to start until tomorrow morning. However
I decided to go on board and a little after
six - it was already nearly dark - took
a small boat to the steamer. The water
was rough and we bobbed around in a
great fashion especially when I had to
get off on the small ladder. But I made
it even without wet shoes, and was soon
in the cabin. The performance of bargaining for a
boat at Corfu is ^{the} feature of the visit. The price begins
at about 2 or 3 francs and comes down easily to one.
Fortunately nearly everybody speaks English. Name.

October 15th Sunday.

CORFU

I suppose this is the Greek way of doing things. This morning I was told the steamer would not leave until afternoon, and there is no telling whether it will go then. So it was another day of this fine weather wasted. This steamer is the worst I have seen yet: it is old and ranshacked and insufferably dirty, and the officers look like pirates. The day is quiet & warm.

I spent nearly all day writing up back journal, had a couple of meals on the boat and finally about 5 o'clock had the pleasure of hearing the three whistles blow for a start. He did not start at once however, for it was discovered that the last small boat had gone to shore and left several of the companies' agents on the steamer. There was a waving of arms and shouting for some time before the last boat returned, and finally we started. The view of Corfu and the Fortezza Vecchia was good as we steamed down the straits, but the red sunset soon changed to dark and before we passed the end of Corfu island all that could be seen was the black outline of the headland and the lights of Paxos ahead. The sea is gently rolling as I write this and before long we shall pass out from the protection of the islands and into the open Adriatic. The new moon looks watery tonight and I suppose the rain that I have been fearing will come about the time I want to make an excursion inland.

October 16th Monday. STEAMER

About 6²⁵ the boat reached Lixouri on the island of Cephalonia - a town of low light colored houses with a background of low rocky hills and more distant a range of small bare mountains. The landscape is more like what we had passed through in Dalmatia and Albania

not as cheerful as Corfu. The town seemed to be of little interest. There was the long colonnaded Town Hall and the low square towers of two churches. A windmill



THE OLD
MONK
waiting for
bed time.



LIXOURI

Cephalonia.

one on a hill behind the town and in the small harbor protected by a rude breakwater were a number of the characteristic sail boats of the district and a small steamer. The gulf of ^{Argostoli} Lixouri is pretty, surrounded by low mountains of varied outline and full of small bays. On a point rises a lighthouse in imitation of a peripteral circular temple. We left Lixouri - which by the way was the home of my young Greek acquaintance and where he left


Oct. 16th Mon (am) STEAMER IONIAN ISLANDS.

about 7 o'clock and steamed across the gulf to Argostoli which we reached in about half an hour.



ARGOSTOLI

Cephalonia.

Argostoli is a more important looking place than Lixouri, and it rises picturesquely on the slopes of an olive covered hill. Some of the buildings along the water's front are quite pretentious, one especially - which I think is the Ionian Bank - has an iron colonnade along the front. I could see five church towers - four with cupola tops, one with a short octagonal spire. The cupola tops are somewhat bulb-shaped  resting on an octagonal upper story which in turn rises from a square shaft with an open bell story. The houses here as at Lixouri are tinted with pale colors - yellow, blue, green, brown - usually with white facings. On the rocky hill slopes behind the town are a number of round stone towers that look like old windmills but are placed at such regular distances they may be parts of old fortifications. On the opposite side

(Oct 16th Mon (con)) STEAMER LEPHALONIA.

of the small bay is a narrow low piece of ground covered with trees and - I don't know what it is, it resembles tall rushes. Among the trees is a solitary church painted a pale blue with white trimmings. There certainly is no



Church opposite Argostoli,

national costume here on the Islands at least only small remnants of one. Everybody, with a few exceptions at Argostoli that I saw

were dressed in ordinary European clothes, the women some of men in "shocking bad hats". About the only peculiarity is that some of the people wear a shoe



Boat of the Islands,

with long turned up pointed toe adorned with a tuft of worsted black or sometimes colored. The men have a queer habit of carrying a string of beads in their hands that looks like a rosary - but is not, I believe they only use it to play with. We left Argostoli about 10³⁰. On the way out into the Gulf we passed the Sea Mills. some by a current of sea water that for some strange reason

Oct 16th Mon (con) STEAMER IONIAN ISLANDS.

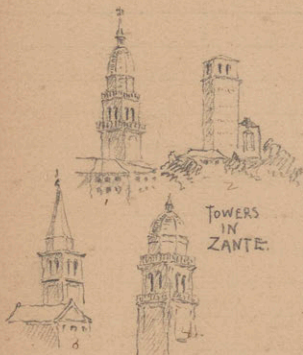
flows in a channel towards the hill and disappears in the fissures of the rock. The mountains in the whole district are of bare gray rock with large russet colored patches that I suppose are the cinnabar fields - for which Cephalonia is famous.



FLAG OF GREECE
Blue & white.



THE SEA MILLS
ARGOSTOLI.



TOWERS
IN
ZANTE.

along the cliffs of the south shore of the island for an hour or more. This part of the coast is high, bare rocky mountains rise above the cliffs. When we passed the extreme point we turned towards the island of Zante which had been visible for some time. This north end of the island rises in a high mountain but towards the south although still high is lower. Far to the left I could

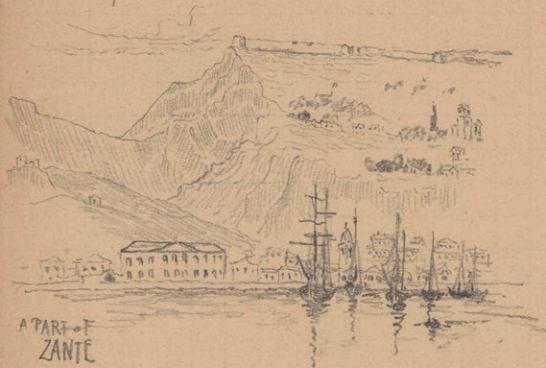
see the heights near Mesolongi and further south the lower coast line of Peloponnese which ended in the point and white lighthouse at Katalakon

Oct 16th Mon (con) STEAMER ZANTE.

We steamed around the breakwater of Zante about 2³⁰ and cast anchor before the town. The first thing almost that I noticed was the ruinous condition of scores of houses - the result of a great earthquake last year. There was a shock a couple of days ago. The ruins of the theatre lie at the end of the new breakwater - now building and further around the bay is the fragment of one of the campaniles, with an ionic loggia at the base. The town rises on the slopes of the mountain which is crowned by extensive fortifications of stone. Half way up the slope is a large white church with an Italian Campanile square low roof (No 2). In the town is a variety of towers with spire or cupola tops. The general appearance of the town is decidedly Italian, although as a rule the houses are rather low. Along the water front are tents and huts inhabited by the people driven from their houses. Behind the town is a ravine where the mountain is all ridged and furrowed, and has the appearance of a ruined mountain. To the left - where the town also extends is a wide plain bounded by distant mountains perhaps on the west side of the island. At these ports fruit boats come out and drive a brisk trade with the deck passengers. They have red grapes that resemble our Catawbas, scabby apples, and long yellow melons with occasionally bunches of long red radishes and round loaves of gray heavy looking bread. At the table our fruit mainly consists of peculiar green grapes. The berry is long

(Oct 16th Mon (cont)) STEAMER = IONIAN ISLANDS.

sometimes over an inch and a half and the bunches immense. The flavor is good but not strong. A few days ago, however, I had some that resembled these last a little that had the most delicious flavor of any grapes I ever tasted - it was something like that of fine raisins with the added juicy taste of the fresh fruit. The apples as a rule are poor - tough and insipid. The Greek soldiers are without a doubt the dirtiest shabbiest lot I have ever seen. Greek girls of the better class are quite pretty. But without any color other than their dark complexion - in fact as I have mentioned before they look to me like octoroons. We left Zante at 4¹⁵



A PART OF
ZANTE

only not for good, for we were scarcely under way when a large barge full of recruits put out and we came to a stand still until they were loaded up. It must have been considerably after 5 when we finally left the harbor. After supper I sat on the taffrail for a long time en-

Oct 16th Mon (con) STEAMER

prizing the beautiful night. The moon is large enough to give some light, and we ran directly away from it so that our wake was a wide band of silver. To the left rose the ghostly outline of Cephalonia, while on the right glowed the lighthouses on the mainland of Greece. Once we passed a sailing vessel - without a light and looked as misty as the Flying Dutchman itself. The decks are simply packed with the recruits - nearly all of them sea-sick and it is quite an undertaking to walk from one end of the ship to the other. There is just a gentle roll to the ship tonight that upsets landsmen.

October 17th Tuesday. We reached Patras just about midnight, where almost everybody left the steamer and with the exception of an occasional rumble of the steam whine, had a quiet night of it. I went out on deck early to have a view of the town and the surroundings. The harbor is protected by a long low breakwater parallel to the shore and into the harbor thus formed projects a stone walled landing with a lighthouse on its end. Beyond the outer bay are mountains with picturesque outlines. The town - a large one, 35 or 40,000 - lies along the base of the foot hills for a long distance and seems to be well built with high houses in the Italian style. I could only see a few church towers, square with flat tops. On the lower height over the town is the ruin of an old Venetian fortress with a citadel and long fortification walls. Beyond these

Oct 17th Tue (con)

STEAMER AT PATRAS.



PATRAS

heights extends a range of high and rocky mountains of irregular outline, broken by a pass behind the centre of the town. The harbor is crowded with shipping perhaps a dozen large steamers and scores of sailing vessels, our steamer was moored only about 100 feet from the pier but as a warning whistle blew early I was unwilling to risk being left by going on shore. There was a steamer opposite us from Bergen Norway, and I have no doubt that if flags had been out there would have been a good variety of nations represented. The view over the gulf is a fine one, but the sunrise this morning was not as brilliant as usual, I could see the rail-road station close to the town towards the north $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from pier.

Oct 17th Tue (con) STEAMER.

We left Patras about 8³⁰ and retraced our route towards the sea. Behind us I could see the narrow entrance to the Corinthian with its two old Venetian forts, and the inlet was the town of Sapianto. The mountains on the north are very rough and rise in conical peaks at many places. Although gray in color they seem to have a reddish tinge, perhaps due to some peculiar vegetation. We ran directly across the bay and stopped at the foot of the mountain Chalkis where the captain tried to explain to me that a town lay under the sea. I suppose he referred to the ancient town once here. I could see a rail-road on the low shore to the left, perhaps leading to Mesolonghi which is near. The mountains Chalkis and Klokova are great masses of rock that rise directly from the water. In the former there is a large cave with the front partly walled up.



THE HOME OF
THE CALEDONIAN
BOAR.

Oct 17th Tue (con) STEAMER



ITHAKA.

We left about 11³⁰ and were soon running before the low lying town of Mesolonghi. Beyond we passed the battle "field" of Lepanto, and then had a fine view of the island of Ithaka. About half past three we



CASTLE OF CHLEMOUTZI

passed - at a great distance - the fortress or rather castle of Chlemoutzi which rises on a hill on top of the cliff-like shores of the mainland. The large walled buildings are surrounded by a high wall and present an imposing appearance even at this distance. The shores before this point had been low, with

Oct 17th Tue (Cm)

STEAMER.

tered houses and an occasional small town. In the background however were always the mountains of the interior. We called at Zante again, reached the harbor about 5 o'clock and left it about 6. The run across the straits was by moonlight, and we reached Katakolon about 9. On the way over the chief engineer entertained me with anecdotes of the Turkish war times and his various experiences on Greek steamers. He was an Englishman. After the usual haggling with a boat man I was rowed across the wide harbor - protected by a breakwater, to the miserable little town, a few houses clustered against a high cliff - I stumbled around and into mud-puddles, guided by my boatman, and in a few minutes was in the "Hotel" the "Xenodocheion Katakolon" where the accommodation consisted of a flight of stairs with two ordinary sized rooms with a half dozen beds apiece. Fortunately my room had only one other (human) occupant, mosquitoes etc were not wanting. I did not sleep very well but was undisturbed.

October 18th Wednesday. Owing to a mistaken idea that the train left for Pyrgos at 6 o'clock I was out before that hour, and walked about the town until 7³⁰ the true train time. The rail-road runs through the principal street of the town and the station is a little beyond the last houses. The streets are unpaved and

Oct 18th Mad (con)

PIRGDS



THE SACRED WAY

full of hog wallows - the animals themselves were exactly like wild boars in shape size and color. Everything was extremely dirty, cafes, houses not to mention the people! Here I saw a few men dressed in the Greek costume but even these wore the universal slouch felt or common straw hat. The rail-road was of a narrower gauge than ours, and the cars small and plain - even the upper classes. At first we ran over a sandy plain - the coast plain with hills inland, later the plain was covered with vineyards. The houses as a rule in the country were small - one story, built of stone rubble, with a low pitched tile roof. There are no often cypress trees planted by these houses that the house and cypress make a characteristic feature every place. In the fields were the floors for drying the currants - the staple product of this country - really a dwarf grape. These floors are made of hard earth, rectangular in shape with a convex surface

Oct 18th Wed (con) RAIL = PYRGOUS.

and placed in groups; each has a rail in the centre to support a cover, and they are separated by ditches to carry off rain water. We reached Pyrgos at 8 o'clock. I went over to the other station at once, where I found that the next train for Olympia left at noon, consequently I left my baggage there and went up the street - to make deep with dust - to the main street of the town. Pyrgos, in fact, is mostly made up of this one street lined by low, seldom over 2 story, houses, modern white and very "Greek" in detail at least. It is absurd the strained effort that modern Greeks make to be exactly like the ancients. These masqueraded Turks - we might call them - make up what they lack in reality by pretence. The houses are full of scraps of temple detail even carried to the point of decorating the soffit of a bracket end with a ~~mutule~~ ^{mutule}. Most of this ornament has the one merit of being carved of stone sometimes white marble. But the cornices and nearly all ~~the~~ is of plaster, and in a dilapidated condition. The streets were animated - full of men, it is strange to see so few women, nearly all in the ordinary European dress. I saw no wagons or carts but some saddle horses and a mule or two. The shops were interesting and almost exactly like those in Mostar and Sarajevo - here the Turk strikes out - The waves were not

Oct 18th Wed (con)

PYRGOS.

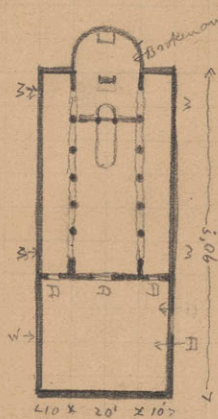
remarkable for good workmanship, nor interesting design. I walked through the town and into the country where I followed the Sacred Way to Olympia for a short distance. The view over the plain was characteristic and beautiful, reaching to the hills and mountains to the north and east - to the sea on the south. Returning to the town I saw a large new church in course of construction - of large rubble, brick arches etc, and of good workmanship. An older church, an interesting building in a kind of romanesque-gothic style with 2 west towers, and painted in stripes I saw inside. However heretical it may be here I saw both animals and men carved in relief on the monastic steely. The gilded columns were like those in Russia - the shafts covered with open vine work. These churches, however are dirty and dingy, not clean and bright like their Russian counterparts. The most notable thing about this church was the beautiful view towards the sea - a wide plain completely covered with the cinnab^{er} vineyards and scattered trees - olives and cypresses - beyond, the blue sea and purple mountains. I spent some of the remaining time in a café where among other vendors came a man and boy carrying a long string of living chickens strung on a pole. There are bootblacks, too, here in Pyrgos; the genuine small boy article with a box on a strap. There is an "Agora" too with an iron

Oct 18th (Wed) (cont)

RAIL TO OLYMPIA.

entrance and acroteria along the roof). I left at 12⁰⁵, there is a change of cars for the train from Patras. The run was at first with an extensive plain on the right - low hills on the left. The hills have the characteristic "Olympian" look - low and broken, with green bushes and a few pines. These hills are of gneiss and an occasional clay bed. The houses - and the small towns we passed were of the same character - one built in the "Turkish" style - low stone walls, a large low pitched roof sloping

Byzantine Church Olympia. Built of long thin brick 11" x 1/2"



West (exact)
there was a door
in west of naos.

x 8" on "poros" foundation. In the upper part of the east wall is a course of rubble about 12" wide. The windows on the sides are low and round arch with "poros" joints. No traces of east chapels. Semi-circular apse of stone. Apparently 4 windows in apse separated by short white marble columns (engaged to a pier thing) one coming in the center. Plan shows a simple naos entered by a door on the south side. The church was entered by 3 doors with square heads. Interior apparently of 6 bays separated by white marble columns, plain shaft Ionic caps, attic base.

Refracted screen on line of 12th col. on east side of nt. marble door in center, and 4 cols at sides. Long narrow round ended foundation in center of brick. Building now stored full of carved columns and capitals etc.

Oct 18th Wed (con) OLYMPIA

towards the Centre from all sides and covered with a dull yellow-red Spanish tile. Here nearly every house is furnished with a porch resting on square wooden posts and sometimes the floor only forms a balcony where the house stands on sloping ground. Near Olympia the rail-road crossed the Sacred Way and ran among the low hills. I soon saw a bright green hill top above the nearer heights - it was Kronos - and a few minutes more brought us to the classic looking station and I was at Olympia. Nobody could speak anything that I understood so I walked up the dusty road towards the cluster of buildings on a hill-top, the Museum the German Commissions old house and two little hotels. One of the hotel-keepers who had been at the depot came up to me and I went to his house the "Xenodochium Pliris" where I had a small dinner. I then walked up to the Museum - a building in the Greek style by a German Architect - the entablature painted, and now shabby, and entered by an Ionic porch. I went at once into the main hall where are some of the metopes and the pediment sculptures of the Zeus Temple. I found them all - familiar as the most of them were in casts - most interesting and as is always the case with originals much superior to my former conception

Oct 18th Wed (con) OLYMPIA

of them, The simplicity of the work is especially striking; the surfaces seem almost a succession of planes, the drapery is only outlined with deep grooves. Yet the expression and effect at a distance is effective and detailed. I was interested in the metopes - which depict the labors of Hercules - and the action of several, as that showing the cleaning of the stables, and bringing Cebena to the upper world, while resembling the well known subduing the Cretan Bull are to my mind more attractive compositions. Nearly all, however, are in bad preservation. The pediment sculptures are excellently placed and are a study. Need I say what was in the square room at the back, behind those two Ionic columns? - the Hermes, the only Hermes, and most perfect type of of human beauty. The sensation I felt when first seeing the superb work was very curious - it was hardly pleasant at first. I was expecting it to look strange, but now it did look strange. The familiar face, ready to break into a smile, looked older - there was a shade of seriousness that I had never seen before, and the delicacy imparted to the features by the beautiful translucent marble was quite unexpected. The marble is not badly discolored

Oct 18th Wed (con)

OLYMPIA.

and the surface - especially of the face - is practically unimpaired. Only a slight roughness on part of the face and breast that in a way injures the expression. In the question of color, I examined the figure minutely. The sandal and hair show unmistakable traces - and I think I can add the mouth. But the flesh shows not the slightest trace even in the most protected parts - The mantle, too, I think was undoubtedly colored. The remaining objects in the Museum are mostly fragments - a number of Roman statues, and a large quantity of architectural fragments - mostly terra cotta, and often showing delicate, good work. There are a few bronzes remaining but the best has been removed to Athens. After I had spent some hours in the Museum I walked down the hill - there is an excellent view of the ruins Kronos and the other hills from the Museum Terrace - crossed the Kladeos, only a brook flowing in a bed worn deeply into the soil, and first entered the Palaestra. The ruins are nearly all of a shell limestone - porous - dark gray and of rough surface. Occasionally, however, there is a white marble column or capital, and fragments of white marble tile are common. I looked more or less

Oct 18th Wed (con.) OLYMPIA.

Thoroughly at the gymnasium, the curious circular centered Heron, and the remains of the Byzantine church - highly interesting to me. Then I walked over the Seonidaeon - an immense structure but showing little more than the foundations, lastly, in the dusk, climbed the stylobate of the Temple of Zeus and stood on the spot the famous Pheidias statue had occupied. The ancient temple is most imposing even in its total ruin, one must see the enormous capitals and column drums to appreciate the great size of the building. - but enough until tomorrow. The day was perfect a little warmer but not at all oppressive. I saw one familiar name in the museum register - Mrs. F. W. Chandler - among the many American and Boston names.

October 19th Thursday. I was standing in front of the hotel when the morning train came in. Two travellers were with the Hotel Keeper, who turned out to be Germans - a teacher from Hamburg and a bookseller from Athens. They both speak English and are going over my route - so fortune favors me with some company - all the better for they can speak Greek. We walked together to the ruins - first to the Temple of Zeus. The temple stands on a high stylobate - the columns lie prostrate

Oct 9th Phil (cont) OLYMPIA



THE HERAEON
OLYMPIA

on all sides as they fell. The fragments are innumerable, capitals drums of columns, metopes, triglyphs and all parts of the entablature. On the south side especially the columns are quite complete for they fell outwards. The pavement under the colonnade seems to have been of small stones - small in size, laid as a pavement; in the east porch as a fragmenting variegated marble pavement in hexagonal blocks. The interior floor is raised a little above the porch floor - perhaps a foot. The lower drums of the interior columns are in position but badly preserved, but they show the flutes at a few places running to the floor. At the west end of the cella are many pieces of black limestone, fragments of the pedestal of the famous Phidian statue of Zeus. The cella walls, which are partly preserved at the north-west corner, were apparently of huge stones - one that I

Oct. 19th Thes (cont)

OLYMPIA

measured was $2 \times 5.8 \times 8.8$ ". Remains of a white marble ledge on the supporting wall of the interior columns still remain in position. Fragments of the cella wall seem to be wanting - only a few blocks in position at the corners - were they of brick too? The east wall shows one block of sandstone. The sloping approach to the east end is plainly seen, and beyond it lies a great confused mass of fragments from the front of the temple. East of the temple are a number of pedestals of statues, some with inscriptions. To the north of the Zeus Temple are the remains of the Heron, said to be the oldest in Greece. A number of the columns to the height of 7 or 8 feet are in position. The one at the south-west corner shows only 16 flutes - others 20. The few doric capitals that



A FALLEN
COLUMN
TEMPLE OF ZEUS.

lie around are remarkably low-flat and wide spreading. The underpinning of the cella walls - which were of unburned brick and have disappeared - is made up of large blocks of piers, about $3'6'' \times 14'' \times 7''$ set on edge while the thickness of the wall proper is about

Oct 17th Nov. (cont.)

OLYMPIA



OLYMPIA

From the Museum.



VIEW TO THE
WEST.

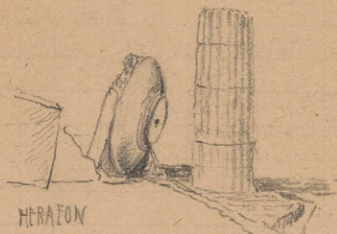
From the ruins.

4 feet, made up of smaller
stones on the inside, also about

1 1/2" thick laid flat. The opisthodomus shows masonry
of small blocks carefully laid. The columns are
curiously irregular in size. Beyond are
the Treasuries on a terrace about 6 or 8 feet
above the general level. Only foundations re-

Oct 19th Thes (cont) OLYMPIA.

main, and some fragments. most of the material was used to build a Byzantine fortification wall. Beyond the Treasuries



was the long arched passage way leading under the embankment to the Stadium. Here about 50 feet from the embankment was a wall of marble laid flush with the surface, that

marked the starting line of the race course. The surface of the stone, which was about 16 inches wide, was cut with two triangular grooves about 6 or 7 inches apart, about 4 feet apart were holes, perhaps to insert posts to separate the contestants. The earth is, at least 15 feet deep over the Stadium - a cornfield, a strip of thistles and more corn, then another trench. A short distance from this a second where 3 of the stones that made a part of the goal marked like the starting line with the holes and lines. In order to have "done" Olympia completely, although I had no competition I ran through the cornfields and thistles into the ditch to the goal and presented myself with a branch of wild olive from a tree

Oct 17th Thad (con)

OLYMPIA.

that grew in the Stadium. At the lower or rather upper end of the excavations (east) are the foundations of the so-called Heron's house with fragments of wall built in the "opus reticulatum" way, the first that I have seen. On the south side are the remains of the Bouleuterion, with round west end like an apse said to be the earliest example of a building of this form in Greece. Further on is the Teomideion and the Byzantine Church. I climbed up the side of the Hill of Kornos and had an excellent view of the ruins as a whole which are almost as distinct from this point as in the map. Another good point of view, because closer, is from under the two pines above the Heraeum where I sat with my German acquaintances until it grew dark. I walked entirely over the ruins several times during the day, and gained a good idea of their arrangement and positions. The surroundings are beautiful; the hills are remarkably green, the valley and river give variety, and the quiet, especially, makes the scene impressive. In its best days Olympia must have been a remarkable sight with its numerous buildings, forest of statues and long colonnades. The day was pleasant; at one time it was entirely overcast but cleared again before evening.

Oct 19th (Thurs) OLYMPIA.

Notes: A leaf is placed after the inscriptions on pedestals or \odot lettering very rude as a rule. Bases of statues with remains of the lead(?) fastening. print of the feet on the stone. Bricks in the Gynaecia of Herodes $11 \times 6 \times 2$ about. Base of one of the Zanes of a curious material. It looks like a coarse breccia of gray stone fragments with a cement exactly like red brick. It looked to me like an artificial material, another had a similar base where the cement was dark gray. The "poros" a mass of large shells.



MPELESEI

Oct. 20th Friday. After all the arrangements our coffee was not ready until after 6 o'clock and we made the start at 6:30. Meanwhile our horses - 2 strong little beasts - were loaded with our sacks and the saddles - bare wooden frames were covered with blanket and rugs. The bridles

Oct 20th Fri (con) HORSE

were not bridles but halters with a long rope which alternately served as reins and a leading rope. The Stirrups were of iron, one side shaped into a kind of spur. We at first followed the road along the foot of the hill known past the ruins, and the doctor and I indulged in a horse race along the stadium - my horse was the best - as a farewell to Olympia. We followed the valley of a quite respectable stream, which was bounded by hills like those near Olympia. The road was a mere path very rough at places and often across cornfields where all traces of a road ceased. The way at times passed through groves of bushes, then past a few olives and vineyards finally came to a tavern where we stopped and had our lunch of bread, native cheese, mastic and some Frankfurt sausages that the Germans had brought with them. This tavern was at Mpelesce, I believe pronounced Velesy - where the houses were built of rubble stone with "poros" quoins. A pig sty opposite the tavern was made with woven brush sides and a tile roof - see sketch - Before this we had stopped at a tavern by the road side where we were treated to a dried fig. Every place we were attacked by dogs - queer looking creatures that looked like foxes. Pigs inhabited the towns, thin tall and savage looking. The people were dark, low foreheads, black hair

Oct 20th Fri. (con).

and not seen often - occasionally in the fields where they were gathering corn or shelling it on the circular stone paved threshing floors. Giant albes(?) were used as hedges, also cactus for the same purpose. Before we had dinner we crossed some hills then passed a small plain dotted with olive trees, an occasional bush, and covered with dried up, brown ferns. The soil was red and looked like disintegrated trap rock. About 10:30 we descended in a rocky ravine to the river and forded it - two of us riding double. Beyond we climbed a steep hill - almost a cliff and it was beyond this that we lunched. Further on we passed a small village and then forded another area(?) of the & here swift and deep. Our horse driver first experimented alone then came back and forded with us. The houses in the country were often built of sun dried bricks. In one place - its name sounded like Seelo - I saw a little old church with 3 apses. We later entered a mountainous country after crossing the river again(?) and had beautiful views of the desolate rough country. It was late when we came in sight of the straits and at the same time had a distant view of the sea. The path was very rough at places dangerously near high banks along the gulch. It was dark

Oct 20th Fri (con)

545 when we went up the street of the town amid the chorus of barking dogs to a house where we had rice eggs and grapes for supper. We had rain at times but hardly enough to be very disagreeable and later it partly cleared. In the evening there was lightning & thunder and moonshine. The landscape was always beautiful, the mountains green, or showing the red soil and gray rocks, and the broad valley and river with its gravel bed. Our night quarters were bad.

Oct 21st Saturday Last night there was a heavy thunder-storm and rain. This morning it is bright but cool. The street in front of our house was early turned into a slaughter house where pigs goats and other animals were killed and dressed. I took a short walk up the street past a neat looking church to a small platform from which there was a beautiful outlook over the valley and mountains. I noticed a hotel - the Olympia - perhaps a better place than our quarters which seems to be a private house. There was a cafe there and a number of stores. The streets are unpaved and muddy, swine wander around in company with the natives who here wear the national costume to a great extent. We had a time of it to get started, one Agio Dimitry, had a thousand and one things that he wanted to do, and finally to quiet us, sent us on with a boy. We went up through the back streets and then climbed the side of the

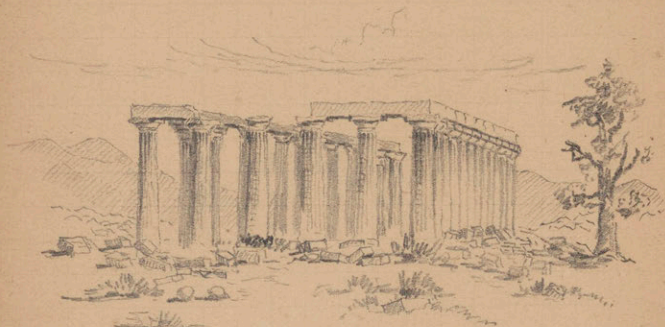


OUR QUARTERS

^{at} mountain behind the town where we waited and waited but no Dimitry. Finally we sent the boy back, and then the tardy Dimitry came on a run and gave as an excuse that he had to drink a cup of "sugar coffee". The way was rocky and steep, we went higher and higher until we fairly reached the clouds. The scene was a desolate one, an expanse of rocky peaks and and gorges with only stunted oaks, and dried up ferns. Up and down, along paths that were only a foot or more wide, now slippery with the rain. At one place my horse's weight caved the side of the bank down and nearly went with the mass of stones and earth that went rattling down into the gorge. We had started at 8 o'clock and at about 10 reached a summit where there was a threshing floor, a cornfield and small house(s). The view might have been fine but for the mist (skipped pages) 36

Oct 29th Sat (con) TEMPLE OF APOLLO BASSAE.

Temple of Apollo Bassae. The building lies on a kind of ridge from which the mountain slopes in two directions. To the north rises the mountain, ~~with~~ and a few stunted oak. To the east and west the slopes mentioned above. To the south the ridge continues - a backbone of gray rocks to another summit. The temple is a peripteral hexastyle. All the columns are standing in the periptyle ³ excepting those at the S.E. and S.W. ~~ends~~ ^{ends}. Nearly all the architecture is also in position. The cella wall stands to the height of one course - 3 ^{or} 4 about - at nearly all places



APOLLO TEMPLE.

BASSAE

and drums of the pinnacis and posticum are also in position. The interior partition-columns - they were engaged to a short wall, this to the cella wall, are nearly all represented more or less some the full height excepting the capital. I could find no caps - which were ionic - of these columns any place

Oct 21st Sat (con)

The most remarkable that I have seen. The road was so rough, when we started on at 12 o'clock, that we were obliged to walk, and to add to the interest it began to rain, we were soon muddy and wet and after an hour or more came to an open space where some shepherds were huddled under a brown goat's hair tent making "raki" with a rude still of metal. The condenser was a plain tube over which water trickled from a clay reservoir. There was a man in the tent - a hunter who had taken refuge from the rain - who asked us to come to his house in the village below, and we moved on. The house was a stone one with an L. and. bay on the slope of the mountain. The view was extensive, over the deep valley to mountains beyond. We were taken into a large room where the furniture consisted of a few couches covered with mats, several trunks, a table where was a shelf or two with books - In one horn was a law student - There was a pile of shelled corn on the floor, and a stack of bed quilts. We spent the rest of the day here - had a roast chicken for supper with hot corn and brown bread - a thin cake with top ornamented with cuts. We slept with heavy mats over and under - The rain poured in the night.

October 22nd Sunday. We were out about 6 o'clock had some coffee and at 7 started. The road led down into the valley - a mere track over the loose stones. The curious little scrub oaks grow



Oct 22nd Sim (con) HORSE

thick on these hill sides, we climbed up and down
crossed a little stream, where the
rain poured for a short time, finally
came out on a summit where there
was a magnificent view over the Messa-
gerian Gulf and the surrounding moun-
tains. The dark ridge of Ithome rose
in the centre - the acropolis of the
ancient city of Messene. The Gulf glist-
ered behind it under a bright sky while to the




Shepherd's
Crook.

left the great range of the Pentelike tylo rose
veiled in thunder clouds. We passed a little
churk at one place that like other houses was
built of rubble stone with wrought quoins
and stone slab roof. Up the ramp of the
low gable was a parapet of loose stones
piled on the slabs of the roof to keep them
in position. The bell hung in a tree near
the west door. All these churks are low - as a
rule have round arch windows, and are fur-
nished with a small semicircular apse very
occasionally with three apses. The houses through-
out this district are built of rubble stone with
the corner quoins and the window frames of
wrought stone. The windows are nearly always
square headed with a relieving arch over the
lintel that gives a characteristic appearance
to the house sloping to -



The roof is low pitched,
wards the centre from
and covered with

Oct 22nd Sun (con) HORSE

Spanish tile. It was about half past ten when we reached the hamlet of Demandra^(?), where after wandering around for a while we found a house where the people were willing that we could eat our lunch. It was highly interesting the interior. It consisted of a single small room with the rough rubble walls and bare timbers of the roof for a ceiling. The floor was of earth, hard but not levelled very carefully. At one end was the hearth a small space perhaps 30 inches in diameter a couple of inches higher than the floor and surrounded with a low ridge of earth. On the back this ridge was extended in two parallel lines  on which to stand the Kettle. There was no chimney but the smoke from the wood found its way out through the cracks in the roof. The centre of the room was left clear, while at the sides were mats and rugs piled away for the day. From the roof timbers hung strings of onions, and the kitchen utensils were on the walls. We sat on ourgs around the fire while the family - a middle aged man, his wife and two children with a young man guest^(?) stood and looked on. We were offered water and about a shower, then again took to the steep rocky path that now led to the plain. We reached the first station, after a passage of the rail-wood cut near the town, about 2⁴⁵ and found that there was no train (station *Alchibalitei*.) Then

Oct 22nd Sun (con)

MELIGELA.

was nothing to be done but move on, which we did after a cup of coffee in the new coffee house near the station. There was a fierce footing cloud rising over Ithome as we hurried through a large olive orchard, then along an excise for a carriage road, after passing a second village, to Meligela. The town lay on a hill at some distance from the rail-road on a hill top. On the further side the principal street ran towards the south and when we found a hotel the "Hotel des Etrangers" not such a bad place where we had supper and a room with three beds. There was rain during the night. We had arrived at 5.

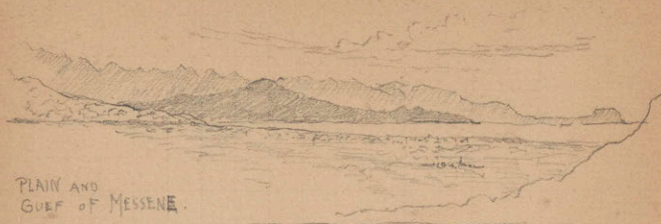


A Greek in the
Weather.

Oct 23rd Monday. There was rain when I looked out in the morning, and there was little change until noon and after we eat, and went to the cafe across the way, played chess wrote did everything to kill time and sleep in a good humor. The lofty top of Ithome was covered with a fleecy cap and the landscape was full of driving mist. After we had had our early dinner and sat in the cafe again, however, the rain ceased and we determined to start for the cloister of Venokano on the slopes of Mount Ithome. We made the attempt without a guide with complete success. The path

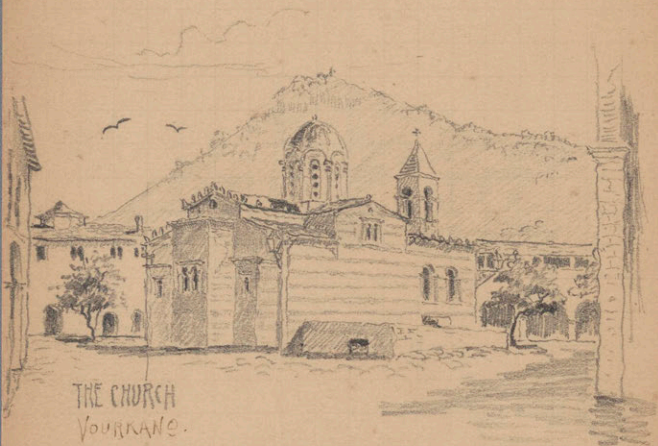
Oct 20th 1890

VOURKANO.



PLAIN AND
GULF OF MESSENE.

at first led through vineyards and fields



THE CHURCH
VOURKANO.

but soon crossed the ravine of a small stream, where we were obliged to ford in our bare feet, and began to ascend the foot hills. We passed shepherds with their flocks of goats and were attacked by the wolfish looking dogs, but were not seriously disturbed by them. We had sta-

Oct 23.5 Mon (con) VOORRAND.

ted about 145 and in about two hours moderate walking came out on the brow of a foot hill of. Ithome that commanded a magnificent view of the plain and gulf of Messene. To the right lay the towering mass of Ithome with the gray cloister buildings on its lower slope - beyond the conical peak of Mt. Eua; in front the fertile plain and the shining water stretching far inland, while beyond all rode the mighty chain of Taygetos wreathed in mist and ending in the precipitous Cape Gresso. We reached the Convent about 4 o'clock and were hospitably received by the most curious looking man in long habit, a round black cap and unkempt hair and beard. We entered through a small round arch door and soon entered the large and picturesque Court. Buildings with open arcade below and gallery above that served as corridors surrounded the court on the four sides, while in the centre rose a picturesque church with crossing dome and small central west tower. There were 3 sides of an octagon (?) apse and east chapels and the whole painted in bands of red and yellow. The tile roof was furnished with acrotoria, the dome painted in black panels. The window facings were of white marble; the upper part of the west tower red.



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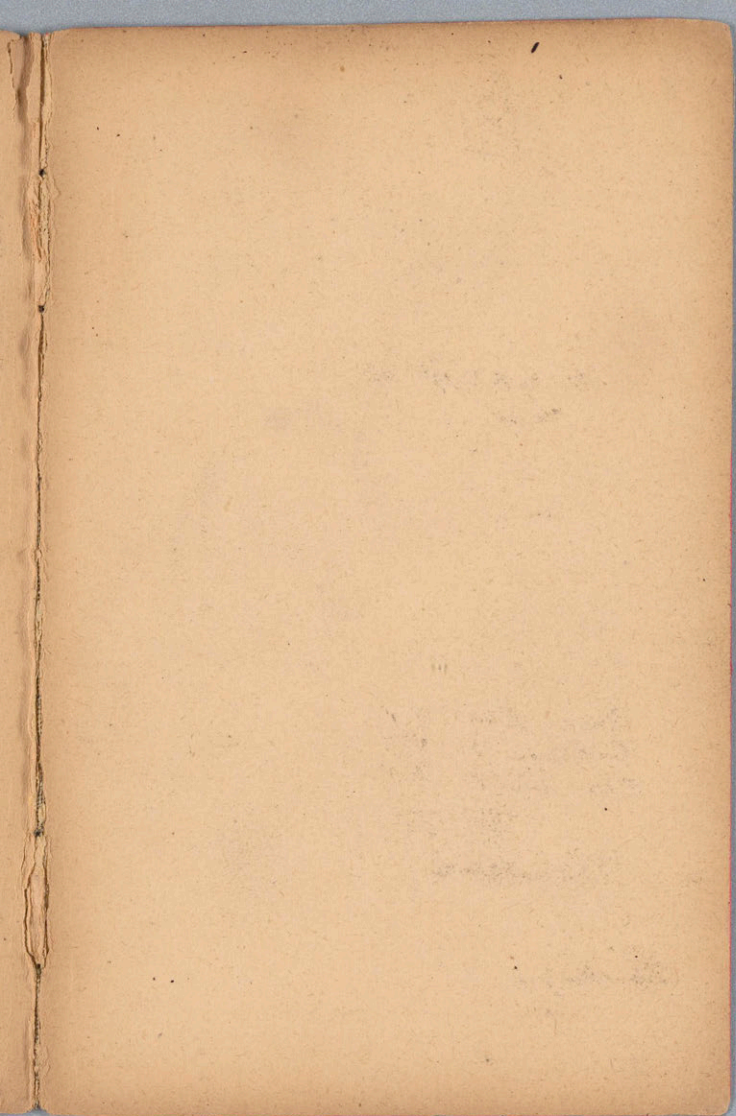
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Mpeleesi

Balezy





San A. Diego
San Juan Capistrano
San Luis Obispo
San Pedro

XI

OCTOBER 1848 WTC. COOK



View of
Ragosa
from the Fort

RAGOSA

is the other end of the
principal street of the
town the structure
the entrance is
the building above is
the lower side of street to
make the street with
a single row of
arches high up. At the
west end there
is a fine building
of perhaps a century
or more for example
in the town of the country where there are
several buildings and the old the interior
is small buildings of various heights
and various other things a hill in the distance
and another the structure by means of a bridge
is one of the most fine of the town
and the high white walls and
at present a bridge across the river
is in progress a bridge across both sides
with a single row of arches high up
and the other side of the river
is a fine building with a dome
and a tower of the same height
and a tower of the same height
and a tower of the same height

Joseph A. Meyer, Jr. Journal. 11 (October 4 - 23, 1893).

Condition upon receipt: 80 pp. (40 leaves) stapled through the fold into a black single signature binding of simulated leather. The paper is wood pulp, discolored and yellow, extremely brittle and breaking at the staples. The writing is pen with pencil drawing; it fills each page from inner gutter to outer margin. The pages were too fragile to withstand any use and too brittle to be guarded and rebound, even after washing.

Treatment: The pages were collated with page numbers noted in pencil in the lower right recto corners. The staples were removed and the pages slit along the folds. The pages were washed with ammonia and water, deacidified with calcium carbonate, and flattened. Tears and losses were mended with Japanese paper and methylcellulose. The pages were encapsulated in .002 gauge Mylar and assembled into a post binding with Barcham Green endpapers and black linen boards with spine titling in gold.

Nancy Carlson Schrock
Paper treatment by Allan Thenan
1/85