

Combine the past and the present and enjoy travel descriptions from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century during a sojourn on Naxos. The reproduction of many old engravings supplements the entertaining and informative descriptions from earlier times and enables even those people who cannot spend time on the island to form a clear picture of it for themselves.

ISBN 3-923666-06-3



Christoph & Michael  
HOFBAUER  
Verlag

# NAXOS

## Old Travel Descriptions

Editor C. Ucke





Cover: Engraving by T. Graves

ISBN 3-923666-06-3

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1. Edition 1985

Editor: Christian Ucke

Published by Christoph & Michael Hofbauer-Verlag  
Jutastraße 4/RG • D-8000 Munich 40

Designed by Christoph Hofbauer

Printed by db drucken + binden gmbh in Germany

This book can be obtained :

1. in authorized stores for DM 12.80
2. by remittance of DM 12.80 in advance to the Commerzbank Munich, account number 47 25 339 (BLZ 700 400 41)
3. directly from the publishers by sending them a crossed cheque or ordering cash on delivery for DM 14.80 (including shipping costs and charges).

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I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks to my wife and friends, who have helped me with advice, proof-reading and translations.

C. UCKE



## INTRODUCTION

This compilation of travel descriptions from the 16th to the 19th century, which have already been published in English, enables the reader to gain an insight into the historical and cultural context of the island of Naxos. The heading for each individual text is a facsimile of the original of the travel report. The texts themselves constitute only excerpts from a more comprehensive work and have been rewritten to improve legibility. The content of the text has not been tampered with in any way, although a few editorial modifications such as transposition of footnotes and annotations were necessary. The partially archaic style of writing has been retained. To augment the finished product, a few illustrations from non-English publications have been added.

It was not possible to prevent all the reports from overlapping in some way. This can be accounted by the fact that certain periods in the island's history are dealt with by all the different authors that identical quotes from ancient writers have been used or even because the authors simply copied from each other.

Since book-printing was invented, travel books have been fairly common. However, after the decline of Venetian supremacy in the 16th century, travelling round the Aegean became quite risky. The Turks only allowed a few people to visit the archipelago and those who managed to get there were then exposed to other dangers such as pirates. This is the reason why only a few reports are available.

From the middle of the 18th century onwards, more and more travellers started to write reports from their own perception. These people included merchants, diplomats, philhellenics, scientists, artists, lovers of antiquity and their assistants. Around 1800, the number of reports on Greece increased drastically. There was now not only the usual descriptions of journeys embellished with history, folklore and topography, but also extensive accounts of scientific

expeditions and archeological excavations. Some time after the end of the War of Independence, the general enthusiasm for Greece waned. However due to more favourable travel conditions, more and more reports about journeys and the experiences involved ensued.

The cover picture is a vignette of Captain Thomas Graves, contained in British Admiralty Chart No. 1732 "Naxia Bay" from the year 1842. English nautical charts of that period were renowned for their accuracy. There is also an illustration of the chart itself.

Bernard RANDOLPH (1643-1690) travelled round Greece in the period between 1671 and 1679. He was a merchant. Although his report on Naxos does not contain much information, it is, however, one of the first descriptions of the Cyclades by an Englishman.

Jean de THEVENOT (1633-1667) was a multi-lingual French 'voyageur' possessing a profound knowledge of geography, botany and mathematics. He spent the time from 1664 to 1667 in Greece and the Middle East. He died in Armenia in 1667. In the 17th century, his travel descriptions were greatly respected for their exactness.

The Frenchman, Joseph Pitton de TOURNEFORT (1656-1708) was a botanist who had studied theology and medicine too. Beginning in 1683, he was in charge of the Royal Gardens in Paris. By order of the king, he travelled to Greece in 1700 for a two-year period. He was accompanied by the German doctor Gundelsheimer. These descriptions have a scientific background. The French first edition of his famous work "Relation d'un Voyage du Levant" was published in 1717. TOURNEFORT is often referred to by CLARKE, who is mentioned later.

Thomas BANKES (1744-?) was a geographer. His description of Naxos women's clothes and the engraving appertaining to this are taken from CHOISEUL-GOUFFIER's "Voyage pittoresque dans l'empire ottoman". Paris 1782. It is strange that he did not take the illustration of the town of Naxos from the same book. For the sake of the book's entirety, I have decided to add it at this point.

Edward Daniel CLARKE (1769-1822) was an indefatigable, much travelled wayfarer. In his capacity as mineralogist and antiquary, he assiduously collected minerals, coins, vases, even marble statues. In 1801, he sojourned in Greece. His work was published in 6 volumes, parts not appearing until after his death. Lord Byron held his reports in great esteem.

Military men were often able to combine duty with private interests. William Martin LEAKE (1777-1860) graduated from the Royal Military Academy in Woolwich. In 1799, as Captain, he was sent to Constantinople to instruct the Turks on artillery practice. Later he went to Egypt, Asia Minor and Greece, concentrating in particular on the topography of these countries. From 1815 onwards, he devoted himself completely to his literary ambitions and published a particularly large amount on Greece. His eight-volume "Travels in Northern Greece" contains little on Naxos. A letter with a drawing of the tower at Chimarru has been added to this collection as an interesting supplement.

James Theodore BENT (1852-1897) studied Classics at Oxford. He not only visited Greece, but also other countries in the Middle East and Africa; his life was devoted to research trips. His extremely lively and observant book of travels is considered to be a classic among reports on Aegean islands and a new edition was published in 1966.

Christopher WORDSWORTH (1807-1885), Bishop of Lincoln, wrote an elaborate commentary on the Bible. He also compiled a book about his journey to Greece in 1832-33, which contained several hundred engravings. Many editions of this were published and vary in parts. The first edition from 1840, for example, contained two steel-engravings of Naxos which were later omitted. Whereas, on the other hand, the 1882 edition contains an engraving of 'Homer's Grave'. I have decided not to use the book's section on Naxos as the text more or less only deals with Theseus. The engravings, however, have been inserted at suitable points in the text in BENT's section.

C. UCKE/MUNICH



THE  
PRESENT STATE  
OF THE  
ISLANDS  
IN THE  
ARCHIPELAGO  
(Or *ARCHES*)

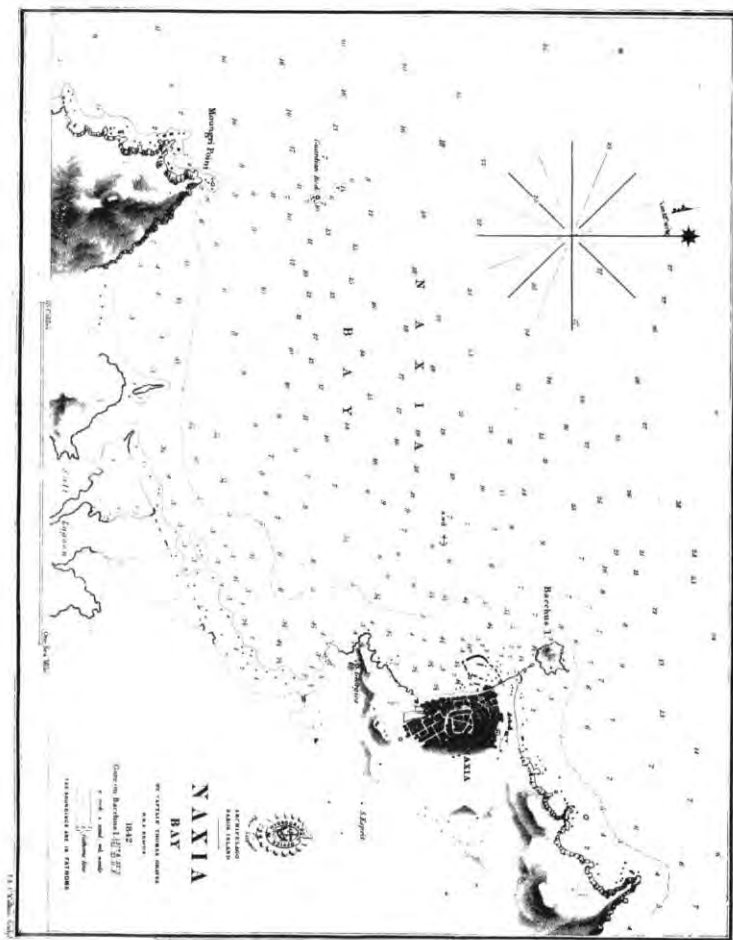
Sea of CONSTANTINOPLE, and  
Gulph of SMYRNA; With the Islands  
of CANDIA, and RHODES.

Faithfully Describ'd by

*BER. RANDOLPH.*

To which is Annexed an INDEX, Shewing the Longitude and Latitude of all the Places in the New Map of Greece Lately Published by the same Author.

Printed at the THEATER in OXFORD, 1687.



## NICSIA, formerly called Naxos

Is about 30 miles to the Southward of **Micone**, being above 80 miles about. Most part of it is very high land; yet it hath a great many pleasant, and fruitful plains. Here is no secure Port, so that they are free from the Plague of the Privateers. It is most inhabited by Romaniz'd Greeks. The Jesuits have here a very fine Church in the Town, with a large house. The chief Town stand's to the N.Wt. on a Point jetting into the Sea, to the Wt. of which is a small Island, where is a great Portal, an heap of Marble, being the ruins of a Temple dedicated to **Bacchus**, who they say was born here. Without the City is a Monastery of **Franciscan Fryers**, who did belong to the **Fryery** of St. Catharina in **Candy**. Here is an Arch-Bishop, who lives very well, having a house in the Town, and another in the Country, about 10 miles to the Eastward. Several Gentlemen of the Family of the **Genoveses** lives here, amongst whom are some **Fieschi**. The Jesuits have great possessions here, and thro' means of the **French Ambassador**, have got a command from the **Grand Signior**, that none of his Officers shall molest them; they paying their Tribute yearly at **Constantinople**. This Island is called by the **Italian Mariners** **Bacchus's Island**, for the plenty of wine there, as well as for its being the place of his birth. A **French Merchant** bought 5000 Barrells of wine, while I was there, which cost him but half a Dollar per Barrel, which is about half a Crown English for 15 Gallons of good wine; Provision of all sorts is very plentiful; Partridges and other fowls are here in abundance; and they live the best of any of the Islanders next to those of **Tine** and **Scio**. Yet are they but few in number, there not being upon the whole Island above five thousand inhabitants.

THE  
TRAVELS  
OF  
Monsieur de Thevenot  
INTO THE  
LEVANT.  
In Three Parts.

- VIZ. Into  
I. TURKEY.  
II. PERSIA.  
III. The EAST-INDIES.

Now done out of French.

Licensed, Decemb. 2. 1686.

R. O. L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,

Printed by H. Clark, for H. Faithorne, J. Adamson, C. Stegner, and T. Newborough, Bookfellers in St. Paul's Church-Yard, MDCLXXXVII.



Part I.  
CHAP. LXVI.  
Of the Isle of Nixia

The Isle of Nixia, heretofore called *Naxus*, is sixscore miles in circuit. In latter times before it was possessed by the Turks, it carried the title of a Dutchy; and at present it has among its Inhabitants several noble Families, descended of the said Dukes, who were the *Sanudi*, *Somarigi Venetians*, and others. The Fields of this Isle are most fruitful in all things, and chiefly a certain Valley called *Darmilla*, wherein are eighteen Villages. The Inhabitants of this Isle make plenty of Wine, which they send to *Alexandria*, *Smyrna*, and *Chio*; as likewise very good Cheese, for they have many Cows, Sheep, and Goats. Not far from the Town, near the Sea, are the Salt-pits, and a Pond, which the Town lets out to farme; they Fish in it but two Months in the Year; to wit, *August* and *September*. There are great quantities of Eels taken also in a Valley called *Plich*, that is full of Marshes, which are always supplied with Water from great Springs that run into it. There are very thick Woods also in it, with Rocks and solitary Dens, where there are a great many tall Stags; and there the Gentlemen go a Hunting with the Cady, who governs the Island; the Peasants catch *Partridges* with an Ass, in this manner. Late in the Evening the Peasant goes and jogs the *Partridges* to know where they Sleep; then he pitches a Net where he thinks convenient, and afterwards puts himself under the belly of his Ass, which is trained to the sport; and thus both stalking along together, the Peasant with a switch drives the *Partridges* into the Net, where they are caught; and this sport is the better, because *Partridges* are very Plentiful there. There are besides other Valleys with Water-springs in them, that turn Mills for the use of the People. There are several Monasteries in this

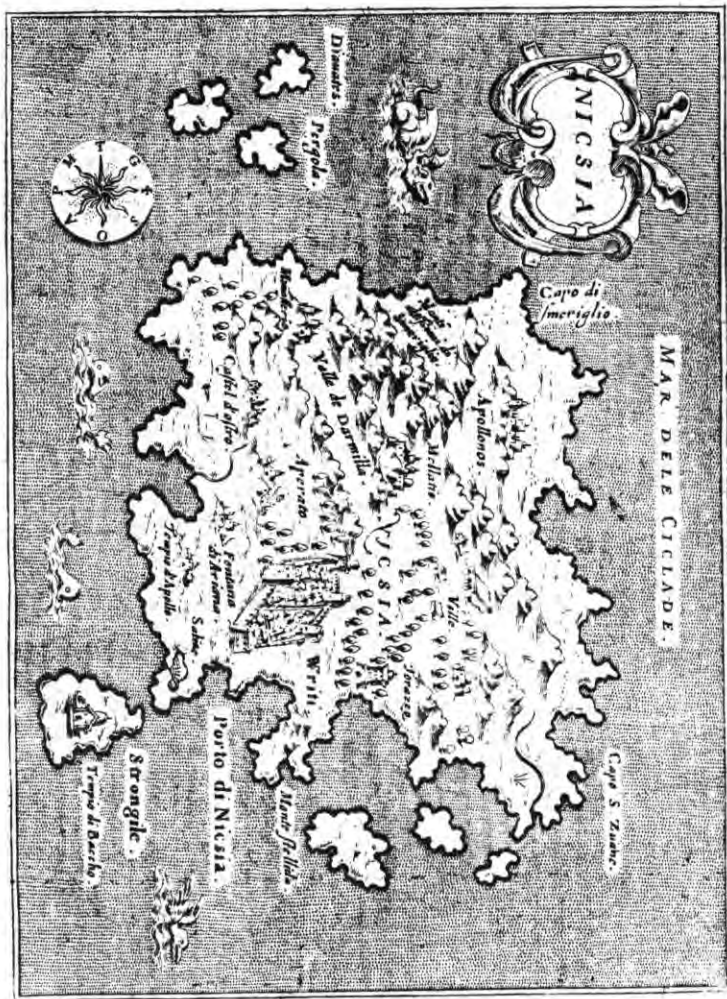
Island, one of which ought to be very Ancient; for it is built in form of a Tower upon a Hill. There is another called *Fanaromeni*, dedicated to the Virgin; because a Picture of the Virgin was found in that Place; which is held in great Veneration, and called *Faneromeni*; it is not long since that Monastery was built, and contains threescore and ten Rooms or Chambers, besides those that are under Ground; the Church is small, but well built and beautified; It is served by ten Monks, all Countrey Clowns, who have no Learning; and not only there, but over all the Isles of the Archipelago; they are so ignorant, that it may be said of them *Ignoto Deo*; and it is impossible but that Vice must reign, where People are so ignorant of the commands of God, and where there is so much Idleness and Drunkenness. Threescore miles from the Town, there is a Tower, and another Church also, dedicated to the Virgin, named *Tagia*; in that place there is a Spring of as good Water as can be desired, and a Monk and some Shepherds live there; the people of the Island often go thither out of Devotion, and not without much Pain, because of the troublesome Hills and Valleys that are in the way. About six miles from thence near the Sea, overagainst the Isle of *Nicaria*, there is to be seen upon a very steep and rugged Mountain, some ruines of the Castle of *Apollo*, and it is a wonder how they could carry up Stones to Build it. The wall is eight hand breadth thick; it is not carried on to the Sea on the East-side, because there is no going up to it on that side but by a very dangerous place; but on the South East and South-side it is built of Stone and Bitumen down to the Sea. In that Castle there are several Houses and Cisterns for Water. In the neighbourhood of it are four little Towns very well Inhabited. In these Quarters there are also many Goat-herds that keep Goats, and the Hills are full of an Herb which *Mathiolus* calls *Ledum*, and the modern Greeks *Kissaros*; when the Goats feed on that Herb, a certain viscous Dew that is upon it, sticks to their Beards and there congeals into a kind of Gum, of a

very good smell, which they **Ladanum**, and Vulgarly **Laudanum**, and cannot be gathered without cutting off of the Goats Beards. As you go to the Town, there is a Castle upon a very high Hill, which commands all the Villages of **Darmilla**. Near the Town upon a Rock, called heretofore **Strongyle**, is the Palace of the God **Bacchus**, so called in ancient Times; it is an hundred Foot in length, and fifty in breadth, and built of very white Marble, each Stone being sixteen hands long, and seven hands thick, which were all fastened together with Iron and Lead. The Gate is thirty two hands high, and sixteen wide; its lintel is of four pieces. There is no Inscription to be seen upon it, they being all eaten out by the Sea and Weather; but there are two Cisterns close by it. The Turks and others carry away Marble daily from that Palace, for making of Gates, Windows, Mortars, Chests, and such like things; nay, and Turbans also, to be put at the ends of Graves, according to the custome of the Turks. The same **Bacchus**, (as the Inhabitants say) made an Aqueduct; that brought Water from a very distant spring; but having carried it on as far as the Shoar, he Died, and that so it was never perfected; however the Channels of it are to be seen. **Bacchus** was the God of Wine, and therefore the Inhabitants of **Nixia** are so great Drunkards. It was in this Island, that the perfidious wretch **Theseus** abandoned the poor **Ariadne**, who had delivered him out of the Labyrinth and **Bacchus** finding her forsaken and forlorn, took her for his Wife. The Tower and Ducal Palace are still in being in the Town. There are two Arch-Bishops in this Town, a **Latin**, and a **Greek**: The Cathedral Church of the Latin Arch-Bishop, is dedicated to the assumption of our Lady, and is very handsome, it hath a Steeple with three Bells in it; several Relicks of Saints, are kept in the Church, and it is served by six Canons, and seven other Priests and Clerks, who are very diligent at their duty in the Quire; but their Revenue is very Inconsiderable; and the Arch-Bishop himself has no more than twohundred Piastres of yearly Rent. He hath

a seat in the country with a Church; it is a very delightful place and called **San Mamma**; the Church is neat, Paved with Marble, and the Walls lined with the same, but kept in bad repair. Besides the Cathedral Church, the **Jesuits** have also a sorry House in the Castle; and the Greeks have a Chappel that belonged to the Dukes formerly: Without the Town there are Recollets and Capuchins, who make many Proselytes there to the Catholick Faith. The Inhabitants of **Nixia** have great fewds among themselves, so that they speak not to one another as long as they live; but the Women are more obstinate than the Men, and are very great medlers in other Peoples Business. These Women wear more than ten Coats one over another, so that they have much adoe to go, and their Shoes are so streight, that they can hardly thrust their Feet into them, but they are pretty Honest and Chast. This Island raises its Tribute by the sale of Wine, Cheese, and Silk.

The map on the next page is taken from  
 Thomaso PORCACCHI:  
 Le isole piu famoso del mondo,  
 Venice 1590





# A VOYAGE INTO THE LEVANT:

Perform'd by Command of the Late *French King*.

CONTAINING

The Antient and Modern STATE of the Islands  
of the *Archipelago*; as also of *Constantinople*, the Coasts of the  
*Black Sea*, *Armenia*, *Georgia*, the Frontiers of *Persia*, and  
*Asia Minor*.

WITH

PLANS of the principal Towns and Places of Note; an  
Account of the Genius, Manners, Trade, and Religion of the re-  
spective People inhabiting those Parts: And an Explanation of Variety  
of Medals and Antique Monuments.

Illustrated with Full Descriptions and Curious Copper-Plates of great  
Numbers of Uncommon Plants, Animals, &c. And several Obser-  
vations in Natural History.

By M. *TOURNEFORT*, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Chief  
Botanist to the late *French King*, &c.

To which is Prefix'd,

The Author's LIFE, in a Letter to M. *Beyon*: As also his Elogium, pro-  
nounc'd by M. *Foucault*, before a publick Assembly of the Academy of Sciences.

Adorn'd with an Accurate MAP of the Author's Travels, not in the *French*  
Edition: Done by Mr. *Senex*.

In TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON,

Printed for D. BROWN, A. BELL, J. DART, A. BAYNEWORTH, J. PEN-  
BERTON, C. RIVINGTON, J. HOOKS, R. CRUTTENDEN and T. COX,  
J. BATTLEY, E. SYMON. M. DCC. XVIII.

## Description of the Island of Naxia

WE arrived there (NAXIA, ΝΑΞΟΣ, NAXUS) the seventh of September, in less than two hours; NAXIA, for the Passage from Port Agousa (which is at the North Point of Paros) is but nine miles over, and the Canal, in a direct line, is but six miles broad: so that Pliny (Hist. Nat. lib. 4, cap. 12) has very well settled the distance between these two Islands at 7 miles 500 paces. Naxia is a Corruption of Naxos: every body knows that the Greek Tongue has undergone great Changes in the Decadence of the Empire. The word Naxia is to be found in John Cameniatus, (De Excidio Thessalon) who wrote of the taking of Thessalonica by the Saracens: he was taken and carry'd to Candia with the other Slaves (Ann. 904). The Fleet of the Saracens, in which they were, anchor'd at Naxia, says he, to exact the accustom'd Tribute; but it suffer'd very much in the Port of the Fishpond (Το Σωντάριον), which is now call'd the Port of the Saltpits, to the right of the Gate of the Castle. They still catch abundance of Mulletts and Eels in this Port, by means of certain Hurdles of Reeds fasten'd together: these Hurdles fold like our Screens, and are so order'd, that the Fish which get into them at holes left on purpose, cannot disengage themselves. They make use of Machines like these, but much bigger and better-contriv'd, in the Canal of Martigues in Provence: the Invention is very antient (Bourdigious). The Ichthyophagi of Babylonia apply'd themselves to this kind of Fishing, and without trouble caught more Fish than they knew how to dispose of (Diod. Sicul. Biblioth. Hist. lib. 3). These Hurdles last a long while, and are very portable, like those which we use as Pens for Sheep.

THE Fishery of Naxia, the Customs, and the Saltpits of the Town, are farm'd but at 800 Crowns: accordingly you may have twelve or fifteen Measures of Salt for a Crown, and each Measure (Mogis) weighs 120 French

Pounds. The Port of the Saltpits is not fit for large Vessels, no more than the other Ports of the Island, which are all open to the North or South-East (Siroc): their Names are Calados, Panormo, St. John Triangata, Filolimnarez, Potamides, and Apollona, which perhaps retains that Name from the Temple of Apollo, which the Athenians built at the point of Naxos, opposite to the Island of Delos. We must have a care not to confound the Island of Naxos, as M. Spon (Voyage, Tom. 3) has done, with a Town of the same Name in Sicily; where, according to Thucydides (Lib. 6), the People of the Island Eubaearais'd an Altar to Apollo.

NAXOS, tho without Ports, was a very flourishing Republick (Georg Syncell, Σύσκελλος, in eadem cella habitans. Assistant of the Patriarch), and commanded the Sea, at the time when the Persians pass'd into the Archipelago. It is true, they were in possession of the Islands of Paros and Andros, whose Ports are excellent for the Reception and Entertainment of the greatest Fleets. Aristagoras (Herod.), Governour of Miletus in Ionia, laid a design to surprize Naxos, under pretence of restoring the greatest Lords in the Island, who being driven out by the Populace, had taken refuge with him. Darius King of Persia furnish'd him not only with Troops for landing, but also with a Fleet of two hundred Ships. The Naxiotes being secretly forewarn'd by Magabates, the General of the Persians, with whom Aristagoras happen'd to fall out, prepared a warm Reception for him. He was forced to draw off, after a Siege of four months: and all the Service he could do the Islanders that had retired to Miletus, was to obtain leave to build them a Town at Naxos, to cover them from the Insults of the People.

THE Persians made a second Descent upon this Island, when they ravaged the Archipelago. Datis and Artaphernes (Herod. lib. 6) meeting with no resistance, burnt the very Temples, and carry'd off a vast number of Prisoners. Naxos recover'd it self from this Loss, and sent four Ships of War (Idem, lib. 8) to that powerful Grecian Fleet, which beat that of Xer-



xes at Salamin (Colouri), in the Gulph of Athens. The Remembrance of the Mischiefs the Persians had done to Naxos, and the Fear of provoking them to new ones, obliged the People to declare for the Asiaticks: but the Officers of the Island were of a contrary Opinion, and carry'd the Ships which they commanded, to join the Grecian Fleet, by order of Democritus, the most potent of the Citizens of Naxos. Diodorus Siculus (Biblioth. Hist. lib. 5) informs us, that the Naxiotes gave great proofs of Valour at the Battel of Platea, where Mardonius, another Persian General, was defeated by Pausanias. Mean while the Allies having given the Command of the Army to the Athenians, these latter declared War against the Naxiotes, to punish the Favourers of the Persians (Thucyd. lib. 1). The City therefore was besieged, and forced to capitulate with its primitive Masters; for Herodotus (Lib. 7), who places Naxos in the District of Ionia, and calls it the happiest of Islands ('H Νάξος ευδαιμονίη τὸν νῆσῳν. Herod. lib. 5), makes it an Athenian Colony; and relates that Pisistratus had in his turn been in possession of it.

THESE are the most remarkable Events that happen'd to the Island (Idem, lib. 1) of Naxos in the polite Times of Greece. If we search into remoter Antiquity, we find in Diodorus Siculus and Pausanias the Origin of the first People that settled there. Butes (Diod. Sic. Biblioth. Hist. L. 5), the Son of Boreas King of Thrace, having attempted to surprize his Brother Lycurgus in an Ambush, was by his Father's Order obliged to leave the Country with his Accomplices: their Good-fortune brought them to the Round Island (ΣΤΡΟΓΓΥΑΗ), for so they named this we are now speaking of. As the Thracians found in it few or no Women, and most of the Islands of the Archipelago uninhabited, they made some Irruptions upon the Continent, whence they brought off Women, among whom was Iphimedia the Wife of King Aloeus, and his Daughter Pancratis. That King enraged at such an Injury, commanded his Sons Otus and Ephial-

tes to revenge him: they beat the Thracians, and made themselves masters of the Round Island, which they named Dia. These Princes some time afterwards kill'd each other in Combat, as Pausanias (Lib. 9) says; or were kill'd by Apollo, according to Homer and Pindar: thus the Thracians remain'd quiet Possessors of the Island, till a great Drowth constrain'd them to leave it, above two hundred Years after their Settlement. It was afterwards held by the Curians; and their King Naxios or Naxos, according to Stephens the Geographer, gave it his own Name (Απὸ τοῦ Νάξιοι Καρῶν ἡγεμόνος, Steph.). He was succeeded by his Son Leucippus, the Father of Smardius, in whose Reign Theseus returning from Crete with Ariadne, landed in the Island, where he left his Mistress to Bacchus, whose Menaces had terribly frighten'd him in a Dream.

THE Inhabitants of Naxos pretended that that God was brought up among them, and that this Honour had procured them all manner of Felicity. Others believed that Jupiter had intrusted him with Mercury, to be educated in the Cave of Nysa (Απὸ Νύσας καὶ Νύσονος, Diod. Sic. Biblioth. Hist. Lib. 4 & alibi) on the Coasts of Phoenicia, on that side that comes nearest to Nile: from whence Bacchus was call'd Dionysius. This is not a proper place to disentangle the Story of Bacchus. Diodorus Siculus relates, that there were three of them, to whom we are obliged not only for the Cultivation of Fruits, but also for the Invention of Wine, and for that of Beer, which one of them brought into use, in favour of such Nations as could not raise Vineyards in their own Country.

THE famous Epocha that the same Author (Idem Biblioth. lib. 5) has preserv'd us relating to the overflowing of the Pontus Euxinus into the Grecian Sea, gives us great light into most of the Adventures that happen'd in some of those Islands. That Epocha at least discovers to us the Foundation of many Fables that have been publish'd of them: it will not be improper to mention it here by the way, that the Readers may not wonder at certain things which we shall speak

of in our Description of the other Islands. **Diodorus** then assures us, that the Inhabitants of the Island of **Samothrace** (Sanmandraki) had not forgot the prodigious Alterations made in the **Archipelago** by the Overflows of **Pontus Euxinus**, which of a great Lake that it was before, became at last a considerable Sea by the Concourse of the many Rivers that disgorge into it: these Overflows laid the **Archipelago** under water, destroy'd almost all the Inhabitants, and reduced those of the highest Islands to the necessity of climbing up to the tops of the Mountains. How many large Islands were then split into divers pieces, if we may use that Expression? Was there not reason after this, for looking on these Islands as a new World, that could not be peopled but in process of time? Is it at all surprising, that the Historians and Poets should publish so many strange Adventures, that happen'd in those Islands in proportion as People of Courage left the Continent to go to view them? Is it any wonder that **Pliny**, the Epitomizer of so many Books now lost, should speak of certain Changes incredible to those that do not reflect upon what has happen'd in the Universe during so many Ages? What we have further to say of **Naxia**, is less remote from our Age.

**DURING** the **Peloponnesian War**, this Island declared for **Athens** (Thucyd, lib. 2), with the other Islands of the **AEgean Sea**, except **Milo** and **Thera** (Santorin). **Naxos** afterwards fell into the hands of the **Romans**: after the Battel of **Philippi**, **Mark Anthony** gave it to the **Rhodians** (Appian, lib. 5); but took it from them again some time afterwards, because their Government was too rigorous. It was under the dominion of the **Roman**, and afterwards of the **Greek Emperors**, till the taking of **Constantinople** (1207) by the **French** and the **Venetians**; for three years after that great Revolution, as the **French** pursu'd their Conquests of the Provinces and Places upon the Continent, under the Emperor **Henry**, the **Venetians** (Flav. Blond. Breviar. Rev. Venet.) being masters of the Sea, gave permission to such Subjects of the Republic as would fit out

**Ships**, to possess themselves of the Islands of the **Archipelago**, and other maritime Places, upon condition that the Acquirers of them did homage to those to whom they belong'd, according to the Partition made between the **French** and **Venetians** (Du Cange Hist. des Emp. de Con-stant. lib. 2). **Marco Sanudo** then got possession of **Naxia**, **Paros**, **Antiparos**, **Milo**, **Argentiére**, **Siphanto**, **Policandro**, **Nansio**, **Nio**, and **Santorini** (History of the Dukes of the Archipelago). The Emperor **Henry** erected **Naxia** into a Dutchy, and gave **Sanudo** the Title of Duke of the **Archipelago**, and Prince of the Empire. **F. Sauger**, a Jesuit Missionary very much esteem'd in the **Levant** by the name of **F. Robert**, has happily clear'd up the Succession of the Dukes from **Marco Sanudo** to **James Crispo**, the 21st and last Duke of the **Archipelago**, who was outed by the **Turks** under **Selim II.** and died of Grief at **Venice**. His Father **John Crispo** had enter'd into an Engagement some years before, to pay **Solyman II.** a Tribute of six thousand Crowns in Gold, when **Barbarossa** made his Descent upon the Island, and plunder'd it. Thus ended the Sovereignty of the **Archipelago**, after having been above three hundred Years in the hands of **Latin Princes**. A long while before, the Island had been ravaged by **Homur** a **Mahometan Prince**, Cotemporary with **John Paleologus**, and Master of **Smyrna** and the Coast of **Ionia** (Ducas Hist. Byzant, cap. 7).

**THO** this Island is one of the most agreeable in the whole **Archipelago**, yet to us it seem'd fitter to inspire Grief than Joy: you must traverse it all over to find out the fine parts of it, which are the **Campo de Naxia**, the Plains of **Angarez**, of **Carchi**, of **Sangri**, of **Sideropetra**, of **Potamides**, of **Livadia**; the Valleys of **Melanes** and of **Perato**. The whole Island is cover'd with **Orange**, **Olive**, **Lemon**, **Cedar**, **Citron**, **Pomegranate**, **Fig**, and **Mulberry-Trees**; it has also a great many Streams and Springs. The Antients were not in the wrong, when they call'd it **Little Sicily** (Μικρὴ λέγεται Σικελία **Agathem**, lib. 1, cap. 5). **Archilochus** in **Athenaus** compares the Wine of **Naxos** to the Nectar of the Gods (**Deipn**, lib. 1). There is a Medal of **Sep-**



timius Severius (Legend, ΝΑΞΙΟΝ ), on the Reverse whereof Bacchus is represented holding in his Right Hand a Goblet, and a Thyrsus in his left. They drink excellent Wine at Naxia to this day: the Naxiotes, who are the true Children of Bacchus, cultivate the Vine very well, tho they let it run along the ground eight or nine foot from the Trunk; which is the occasion that in great Heats the Sun dries the Grapes too much, and they are more easily rotted by the Rain than at Santorini, where the Vine-Stumps grow like Shrubs.

STEPHENS the Geographer relates two Fables out of Asclepiades, which shew the Goodness of this Island. It is given out, says he, that the Women are brought to bed at the end of eight Months, and that there flows a Spring of Wine in that Island: this Wine no doubt got it the name of Dionysias, which Pliny mentions (Mox Dionysiada à vinearum fertilitate appellatur. Plin, Hist. Nat. lib. 4, cap. 12). That Author allows Naxos to be no more than 75 miles about; but the Inhabitants say 'tis 100. Its Form is almost oval, and ends in two Points, one looking towards Nio, and the other pointing between Mycone and Nicaria.

THO there is no Port at Naxia that is likely to draw a great Trade, yet they carry on a considerable Traffick in Barley, Wine, Figs, Cotton, Silk, Flax, Cheese, Salt, Oxen, Sheep, Mules, Emerils and Oil: they burn only Mastick Oil, tho for a Crown you may have eight Oques of Olive-Oil. Their Mastick-Trees are loaded with a prodigious quantity of Seed, which when it is ripe they set to concoct, and press some days afterwards: this Oil is good against a Looseness, the Whites, the Gonorrhea, the Cholick: they anoint with it, in the falling of the Anus. Dioscorides (Lib. 1, cap. 50) recommends it for cutaneous Distempers. The Ladanum gather'd in this Island is fit for nothing but the Use of the Inhabitants; it is full of Dirt, Goats-hair, and Wool: for they do not take the pains to get it with Whips, as they do in Candia; they only cut off the Wool and Hair of such Animals as have rubb'd against the Bushes of that sort of Cistus which we

have described before, and which is very common at Naxia. Herodotus (Lib. 3) and Dioscorides (Lib. 1, cap. 128) mention this way of gathering Ladanum. Wood and Coal, which are things very rare in the other Islands, are in great plenty in this. The People eat well; Hares and Partridges are extremely cheap; they catch their Partridges in wooden Traps, or else by means of an Ass, under the belly of which a Peasant hides himself, and so drives them into the Nets.

IT is probable the City of Naxia, the Capital of this Country, was built upon the Ruins of some antient City of the same name, which Ptolemy seems to have mention'd (Νάξου Νήσου ἡ πόλις . Ptol. Geog. lib. 3, cap. 15). The Castle situated on the most elevated part of the Town, was the Work of Marco Sanudo, the first Duke of the Archipelago: it is a Circuit flank'd with great Towers, within which stands a very large square one, whose Walls are very thick, and which was properly the Palace of the Dukes. The Descendants of the Latin Gentlemen that settled in the Island under those Princes, are still in possession of the Scite of this Castle. The Greeks, who are much more numerous,



### Coat of arms of the SANUDO and CRISPI family:

One stripe on silver background resp. black scutcheons and swords on golden background. In the castro of Naxos they can be seen at the entrance to the catholic cathedral resp. beside the museum.

enjoy all from the Castle down to the Sea. The Enmity between the Greek and Latin Gentry, is irreconcilable: the **Latins** would rather make Alliance with the meanest Peasant, than marry **Greek Ladies**; which made them procure from **Rome** a Dispensation to intermarry with their Cousin-Germans. The **Turks** use all these Gentlemen, of both sorts, just alike. At the arrival of the meanest Bey of a Galliot, neither **Latins** nor **Greeks** ever dare appear but in red Caps, like the common Gally-Slaves, and tremble before the pettiest Officer. As soon as ever the **Turks** are withdrawn, the **Naxian** Nobility resume their former Haughtiness: nothing is to be seen but Caps of Velvet, nor to be heard of but Tables of Genealogy; some deduce themselves from the **Paleologi** or **Comnenii**; others from the **Justiniani**, the **Grimaldi**, the **Summaripa's**.

THE Grand Signior never need to fear any Rebellion in this Island: the moment a **Latin** stirs, the **Greeks** give notice to the Cadi; and if a **Greek** opens his mouth, the Cadi knows what he meant to say before he has shut it. The Ladies here are most ridiculously vain; you shall see them return from the Country after Vintage, with a Train of thirty or forty Women, half on foot and half upon Asses; one carries upon her head a Napkin or two made of Cotton, or a Petticoat of her Mistress's; the other marches along, holding in her hand a Pair of Stockings, a stone Kettle, or a few Earthen Plates; all the Furniture of the House is set to view, and the Mistress sorrowfully mounted, makes her Entry into the City in a kind of Triumph at the head of this Procession. The Children are in the middle of the Cavalcade, and the Husband usually brings up the Rear. The **Latin** Ladies sometimes dress after the **Venetian** manner; the Habit of the **Greek** Ladies here differs a little from that of the Women of **Milo**: we shall mention all their Clothes, in our Description of the Dress of those of **Mycone**.

TO come to something more serious: There are two Archbishops in **Naxia**, one **Greek**, and another **Latin**; the **Latin** one is very easy in his Circumstances, and



is named by the Pope: his Church, which is call'd the Metropolitan, was built and endow'd by the first Duke of the Island; and accordingly the Chapter consists of six Canons, a Dean, a Chanter, a Provost and a Treasurer, besides nine or ten assistant Priests, that make up the rest of the Clergy.

THE Jesuits have their Residence near the Ducal Tower; they generally are seven or eight Priests, not only employ'd in educating the Youth, but also in performing Missions into the other Islands of the Archipelago, which they do with a great deal of Zeal. The Capuchins have also a Settlement at Naxia, and apply themselves no less ardently and successfully to the Instruction of the Christians. The House of the Cordeliers is without the Town; but there are only one Priest and one Lay-Brother that lodge in the antient Monastery of St. Anthony, which was formerly erected into a Commandery of Rhodes, and given to the Knights by the Dutchess Frances Crispo (Bosius Hist. des Cheval.).

PHYSICK is practis'd by all these Religious. The Jesuits and Capuchins have very good Apothecaries Shops. The Cordeliers set up for the Trade as well as the rest: their Superior was Surgeon-Major to the Venetian Army during the last War, and got himself naturaliz'd at Venice, that he might be Master of his Convent, which is dependent on that Republick, tho it is in the Dominions of the Turks. These are the Doctors that compose the Faculty of Physick at Naxia; they are all French, and yet agree together very indifferently.

THE Country-House belonging to the Jesuits (Calamitua) is pretty enough, considering it is among a People that know nothing at all of Building. The Greeks, who can but just make a shift to place a Ladder on the Outside of their Houses, to get up to the first Story, admire the Staircase of this, which is within: this exceeds the Conception of their Architects. We admired their Gardens and Orchards: their Fields stretch quite to the Valley of Melanez, which

is one of the most agreeable Places in the whole Island.

THE Greek Archbishop of Naxia is very rich; Paros and Antiparos are dependent upon him in Spiritual Matters: he hath in the Town 35 Priests, or Sacred Monks, that are under his Direction. Here follow the Names of his principal Churches.

THE Metropolitan, 'H Μητροπόλις  
TWO Churches call'd by the name of Christ, 'Ο Χριστός

THE Church of the Cross, 'Ο Σταυρός  
OUR Lady the Merciful, Παναγία Ελεόυσα  
OUR Lady Protectress of the Island, Παναγία Πανδόνησα

ST. John the Evangelist, 'Αγίος Ιωάννης Θεολόγος  
ST. Dometrius, 'Αγίος Δημήτριος  
ST. Pantaleon, or the Great Almsgiver, 'Αγίος  
Παντελέμων

TWO Churches call'd St. Veneranda, Παράσκευη  
ST. John Baptist, 'Αγίος Ιωάννης Πρόδρομος  
ST. Michael the Archangel, 'Αγίος Ταξίαρχος  
ST. Elijah, 'Αγίος 'Ηλίας  
THE Church of the Favourite of God, 'Αγίος Θεοκέπασης

ST. Theodosia, 'Αγία Θεοδοσία  
ST. Dominica, 'Αγία Κυριακή  
ST. Anastasia, 'Αγία Αναστάσια  
ST. Catharina, 'Αγία Καθαρίνα  
THE Annunciade, 'Ευαγγελισσα

The chief Monasteries in the Island are,

THE Virgin of Publication, φαναιρομένη  
THE most Elevated Virgin, Υψηλότερα  
THE Holy Ghost, Κύριος ασώματος  
ST. John Give-Light, 'Αγίος Ιωάννης φωτοδότης  
THE Convent of Good Instruction, Καλυριτήσα  
THAT of the Cross, 'Ο Σταυρός  
THAT of St. Michael, 'Ο Ταξίαρχος



The Villages of the Island are,

Comiaqui,	Couchoucherado,
Votri,	Gizamos,
Scados,	Damala,
Checrez,	Melanez,
Apano Sangri,	Cabonez,
Cato Sangri,	Cournocorio,
Cheramoti,	Engarez,
Siphones,	Danaio,
Moni,	Tripodez,
Perato,	Apano Lagadia,
Caloxylo,	Cato Lagadia,
Charami,	Metochi,
Filoti,	Pyrgos,
Damariona,	Apano Potamia,
Vourvouria,	Cato Potamia,
Carchi,	Aitelini,
Acadimi,	Vazokilotisa,
Mognitia,	St. Eleutherius,
Kinidaro,	the Castle of which
Aiolas,	is call'd Fasouilla.
Scalaria,	where the pots are made;

THESE Villages are not all very populous; the Jesuits assured us, there were not above 8000 Souls in the Island. In 1700, the Inhabitants paid 5000 Crowns Capitation, and 5500 Crowns Land-Tax. They every Year in the City elect six Administrators. At the time when we were there, the Cadi was not accompany'd with more than seven or eight Turkish Families, and the Vaivode was another Turk deputed by a Bey of a Galley of Scios.

THE Gentlemen of Naxia keep wholly in the Country in their Castles, which are pretty handsome square Houses, and visit one another but very rarely: Hunting is most of their Employment. When a Friend comes to see them, they order one of their Servants to drive the first Hog or Calf he can light of into their Grounds: these Animals thus caught straying as they call it, in their Territories, are confiscated, and put to death

according to the Custom of the Country; and they feast upon his Carcass. Pliki is a part of the Island where they say there are Stags: the Trees are not very tall; we saw none but Cedars with Cypress-Leaves (*Cedrus folio Cupressi media, majoribus baccis. C. B. Pin.*).

ABOUT a Musket-shot from the Island, near the Castle, rises out a little Rock, on which is to be seen a very beautiful Gate of Marble, among some large pieces of the same Stone, and some bits of Granate-Stone; the Turks and Christians have carry'd away the rest: they say these are the Ruins of the Palace of Bacchus; but it is much more likely they are the Fragments of a Temple of that God. This Gate, which consists but of three pieces of white Marble, is remarkably noble in its Simplicity: two pieces form the Mounters, and the third the Lintel; the Threshold was of three pieces, the middlemost of which is gone. The Gate in the clear is eighteen foot high, and eleven foot three inches broad: the Lintel is four foot thick; the Mounters are three foot and a half broad, and four foot thick. All these pieces were cramp'd with Copper; for bits of that Metal are to be found among the Ruins.

ZIA, ( $\Delta$ IA, and by Corruption Zia) which is the highest Mountain in the Island, signifies the Mount of Jupiter, and has retain'd the name of Dia, which was formerly that of the Island. Corono, another Mountain of Naxia, keeps that of the Nymph Coronis, the Nurse of Bacchus; which seems to give authority to the Pretension of the ancient Naxiotes, who maintain'd that the Education of that God was intrusted to the Nymphs Coronis, Philia, and Cleu, (whose names are to be found in *Diodorus Siculus; Biblioth. Hist. lib. 5*) in their Island. Fanari is another of the Mountains of Naxia, and is pretty considerable.

TOWARDS the bottom of the Mountain Zia, on the right hand of the Road to Perato, in the very Road, you see a Block of rough Marble, eight foot big, which naturally juts out about two foot and a half beyond the rest. Underneath this Marble, we read this antient Inscription:

## ΟΡΟΣ ΔΙΟΣ ΜΗΛΩΣΙΟΤ

### The Mountain of Jupiter, the Preserver of Flocks

M. Galand, of the Academy Royal of Inscriptions, who accompany'd M. de Nointel in his Voyage into the Archipelago, communicated this Inscription to M. Spon, (Missel. Erud. Antiq.) and F. Sauger (History of the Dukes of the Archipelago) has transcribed it also. The way of writing underneath, or to say bet-ter, on the inferiour Surface of a piece of Marble, is a very good means of preserving the Letters.

WE were also shew'd the Grotto where they pretend the Bacchantes celebrated the Orgies: but for want of Torches we could not go into it. As for the King's Arms, which M. de Nointel caus'd to be carv'd upon that Rock, our Guide inform'd us that they had been destroy'd by Thunder, and that he did not know what was become of them.

AS to the Natural History of the Island, they pretend that near the Castle of Naxia there are Mines of Gold and Silver. Those of Emeril (Smerillo) are at the bottom of a Valley beyond Perato, in the Territories of M. Coronello, Consul of France, and of M. de Grimaldi. They find the Emeril as they plough the Earth, and carry it down to the Sea-Coast, to put it on board Ships at Triangata or at St. John. The English often ballast their Ships with it: it is so cheap upon the spot, that you may have twenty Quintals of it for a Crown, and every Quintal weighs 140 Pounds. The Mountains of this Island are of Marble or Granate: we were assured that serpentine Stone also to be found there.

WE simplid in the Marshes towards the Port of the Saltpits at Calamitia, where the Jesuits regaled us; at Pliki; at Perato, where the Consul for some days gave us very agreeable Entertainment; at Fanari, and at Zia. Before we come to give a general Description and Catalogue of the Plants of this Island, we shall here mention three, that are rare enough to deserve the Attention of such as apply themselves to Studies of this nature.

*The Gate of an ancient Temple of Bacchus standing upon a Rock near y<sup>e</sup> Island of Naxos.*



SCROPHULARIA, glauco folio, in amplas laciniis  
diviso. Corol. Inst. Rei Herb. 9.

ITS Root is a foot and a half long, the Neck an  
inch and some few lines big, hard, reddish within,  
brown without, picked at the bottom, divided into  
hairy Fibres. The Stalk, which often rises two or  
three foot high, is full of Branches from the very  
bottom, ligneous, and comes to be an Under-Shrub,  
quite bare of Leaves except towards the top: its  
Leaves are eight inches long, sleek, shining, divided  
almost like those of the Thapsia; that is to say, into  
parts opposite two and two, cut in quite to the Stalk,  
and flash'd very deep length-ways. This Stalk embraces  
part of the Branches, and furnishes very visible Ves-  
sels, the Subdivisions of which stretch out towards  
the edges of the Leaves: they diminish quite to the  
Extremity of the Branches, among several small Stalks  
laden with Flowers like those of the other sorts:  
these Flowers are Cups five lines long, greenish,  
three lines diameter, divided into two Lips deep  
purple, the uppermost of which is separated into two  
roundish parts, terminated in a point, underneath  
which are two other little parts of the same colour.  
The Cup of these Flowers is a Basin of one single  
piece, divided into five rounded parts, from the bot-  
tom of which rises a Pistile terminated by a pretty  
long Thred: this Pistile joints in with the Flower by  
way of Gomphosis, like the Teeth in the Jaws, and  
afterwards becomes a Cod four lines long, almost  
round, terminating in a point hard, prickly, brown,  
which opens in two parts, and discovers two Cells full  
of black Seeds pretty small. This Plant grows in the  
clifts of the Rocks along the Sea-shore, and is not  
rare in the other Islands of the Archipelago: it is  
bitter, and smells ill.





HELIOtropium, humi fusum, flore minimo, semine magno. Corol. Inst. Rei Herb. 7.

ITS Root is about two inches long, no more than one line thick, hairy, white, and puts forth some Stalks that creep wholly upon the ground, the longest of which are above half a foot, pale green, hairy, full of Branches, with Leaves almost oval, half an inch long, four lines broad, those also a pale green, hairy, vein'd, and of the same texture with those of the Wart-wort, but of a much sourer taste: they do not diminish towards the top, except just at the summits, where they are but two or three lines long. All the Branches end in an Ear like a Scorpion's Tail, from an inch to fifteen lines long, laden with two Rows of white Flowers, of the same figure as those of the common kind; but their Basin is scarce half a line broad: the bottom of it is greenish, and the Rims cut into ten points, five alternately bigger one than the other. The Pistile is accompany'd with four Embryos, but usually most of these Embryos are abortive; and when the Flower is gone, you find nothing but one single Seed a line and a half long, rising out on one side, flat on the other, pointed at one end, cover'd with a withish Skin, under which is another almost black, which covers a sort of Cod, full of white Pith. This Plant grows in the fields round the Port.



SCORZONERA Graeca, saxatilis & maritima, foliis varie laciniatis. Corol. Inst. Rei Herb. 36.

THE Root, which is a foot long, as thick as a Man's Thumb, not very fibrous, produces a Stalk a foot and a half high, strait, brittle, hairy, striped, pale green, full of Sap, the lower part furnish'd with Leaves hairy also, stiff, seven or eight inches long, three or four inches broad, cut in deep as far as the Stalk, and notch'd unequally about the edges. Those Leaves that grow at the upper end of the Stalks, lie very far one from t'other, are much smaller, rais'd with a large white Rib in the same manner as the lowermost ones: the last Leaves are small, and notch'd only about the rims; the Stalks sometimes divide themselves into Branches almost naked, each of which supports a Flower of an inch and half diameter, yellow, like that of the common Vipers-grass: the Demi-fleurons are one inch long, fistulous, and white at their first springing, obtuse and notch'd at their extremity, garnish'd at the opening of the Fistula with a kind of a Sheath a-cross, which runs a Thred with two Horns: each Fleuron bears upon an Embryo of Seed, thin and barbed. The Calix or Cup is shaped like a little Pear, an inch long, seven or eight lines thick, cover'd with several Scales that are pale green or red-dish towards the middle, but white and small towards the edges: the Demi-fleurons are about twenty lines long, white and fistulous in the Cup, yellow elsewhere, jut out about an inch, square, notch'd at the point, two lines broad. From the Fistula arises a Sheath three lines long, which lets out a yellow Thred fork'd with Horns curling downwards. Each Demi-fleuron bears upon an Embryo of Seed, white, a line long, which comes in time to be a Seed greyish, hairy, near a line thick, channel'd, two lines and a half long, pointed at bottom, full of a white Pulp: this Seed is a little crooked, adorn'd with a tuft nine or ten lines long, of a dingy white approaching to red, pretty dry and brittle, consisting of a dozen hairs. Thus by the Structure of the Seed, this Plant may be rang'd under the Genus of Catanance.



*Scorzonera Graeca Saxatilis  
et maritima, foliis varie laciniatis  
Corol. Inst. Rei herb. 36.*

THE Height of the Mountain Zia invited us to make a geographical Station upon it. After regulating our universal Quadrant, we observ'd that,

Stenosa lies to the East-North-East. Acariez, a Rock between Naxia and Stenosa, is upon the same Line, but much nearer to Naxia.

Amorgos is to the East-South-East, as also are Cheiro and Copriez.

Nicouria is between the East and East-South-East. Stampalia to the South-East. Skinosa between the South-South-East and the South. Raclia between the South and the South-West. Nio between the South-South-West and the South-West.

Sikino to the South-West. Policandro between the South-West and the West-South-West.

Santorin between the South and South-South-West. Milo between the West-South-West and West. Nicaria between the North-East and the North-North-East.

Samos between the North-East and the East-North-East.

Patmos to the North-East. Tinos between the North-West and the North-North-West.

Mycone between the North-North-West and the North. The two Islands of Delos, the same as Tinos. Andros between the West-North-West and the North-West.

Syra to the North-West. Thermia to the West-North-West. Nanfio to the South-South-East.

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Languages throughout the World.

## V O L . II.

By the Reverend THOMAS BANKES, VICAR of DIXTON, in MONMOUTHSHIRE,  
And Author of the CHRISTIAN FAMILY BIBLE

EDWARD WARREN BLAKE, ESQ.  
AND ALEXANDER COOK, A. M.

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Ceremonies, &c. the Whole executed in a superior Style, by the first Artists in the Kingdom.

L O N D O N :

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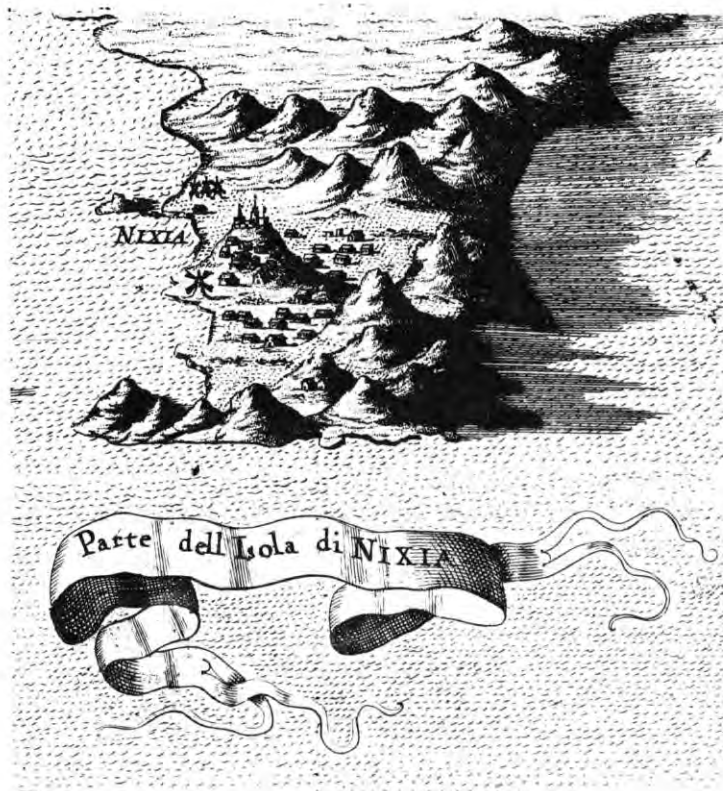


Naxia, or Naxos, is a considerable island, 25 miles in length, and 88 in circumference. The whole is covered with orange, lemon, olive, cedar, citron, pomegranate, fig, and mulberry trees; and abounds with springs and brooks. The island has no good harbour; yet the inhabitants carry on a considerable trade in barley, wine, figs, cotton, silk, flax, cheese, salt, oil, and cattle. It is inhabited both by Greeks and Latins, who live in great dread of the Turks; so that when the meanest of their ships appear here, they always wear red caps like galley-slaves; but as soon as they are gone, they then put on their caps of velvet.

The female dress of this island has something truly ridiculous in its appearance. The two wings of the black velvet, which they fix behind to their shoulders, are altogether preposterous. They wear a heavy stomacher, or breast-piece, of velvet, covered with embroidery and small pearls. If we view them behind, we shall be again disgusted to see round their loins, what, for want of a better name, we must be content to call a circular shelf, calculated to support the ends of a kind of laced lappets hanging down from their shoulders; in which all we have to admire is a composition of absurdity. They add to this romantic cumbersome dress all the coquetry of behaviour they can assume. They paint, blacken their eye-brows and eyelashes, and cover their faces with patches, made of the leaves of a black shining talc, which they find in the island. But in the form of their patches they betray a fickleness beyond even what is shewn in our climate: they sometimes cut them triangular, sometimes like a star, but a patch like a crescent, or half-moon, placed between the eyes, is thought to be irresistibly beautiful. To finish the character of these fantastic ladies, it may be added, that they are so vain, that when they return out of the country to their town-houses, they will have perhaps forty women in their train, some on asses, and some on foot; one of whom carries a napkin or two, a second a petticoat, a third a pair of stockings, and so on: all which composes a very whimsical kind of procession to strangers.



*Different DRESSES of the Grecian Inhabitants of NAXIA and  
Island in the Archipelago.*



TRAVELS  
IN  
VARIOUS COUNTRIES  
OF  
EUROPE ASIA AND AFRICA

BY  
EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE LL.D.

PART THE SECOND  
GREECE EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

SECTION THE SECOND

PRINTED FOR  
T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES STRAND LONDON

BY E. WATTS BOOKBINDER BERTK.

MDCCCXIV.

### Vol III. Chap. X.

## PATMOS TO PAROS

Gale of wind - Vessel driven to the south of Naxos  
- Panormo - Independent Shepherds - Appearance of the  
island - Minerals - Naxian Boccaze - Town of Naxos -  
Manuscripts - Inhabitants - Population - Antiquities -  
Inscriptions - Sculpture - Medals - Gems - Colossal  
Statue - Temple of Bacchus - Other Ruins - Smeriglio

FOR some time after leaving the port, we endeavoured by hoisting canvas, to avail ourselves of the short gusts of land-wind that came from the east during the calm; a heavy and unsteady sea rolling. Afterwards, a light breeze prevailing from the quarter, we were enabled to stand over to Icaria; where we were entirely becalmed: and the usual alarm taking place, as to pirates upon the coast, we hauled off with our oars. Towards morning, a fresh wind sprung from the north-west, accompanied by flashes of lightning; and we directed the prow of our caique towards Naxos. As the sun rose, the sky bore a very angry aspect, the horizon being of the deepest crimson, interspersed with dark clouds. We soon perceived that the prediction made by the Casiot master of our vessel would be fulfilled, and that we should encounter a storm. The high land of Icaria sheltered us until we got farther towards the south-west; when the gale freshened, and came upon us with such violence, that we could not keep our course. All our endeavours to beat to windward, so as to weather the northern point of Naxos, and bear down the strait between that island and Paros, were ineffectual: we fell fast to leeward; and getting among some rocks upon the eastern side of Naxos, the foresail was carried away. The first notice that we received of this accident, came with a wave, which broke over the caique, and almost filled our birth: it was fortunate that those upon deck were not washed overboard. We made our way up as well as we

could, expecting every instant that something more serious would happen. The waves ran mountains high, and the caique would not answer to her helm. During the delay caused by getting the foresail repaired, we shipped water continually; and being obliged to take the gale in poop, such a sea followed us, that there was reason to fear, if the mainsail gave way, the vessel would founder. When matters were somewhat rectified, we steered for a narrow channel between some high rocks and the eastern side of the island: it seemed rather like flying than sailing; our little caique ran over the curling tops of the highest waves, without shipping any more water. This was remarked by our undaunted Captain, stationed with his crew at the helm, who exclaimed, "Let us see one of your frigates in such a sea as this: there is not one of them could weather it like my little caique!" We passed like lightning within a cable's length of some dreadful rocks, over which the sea was dashing as high as our mast head; until getting under the lee, to the south of Naxos, we ran the vessel aground, close to a small creek, upon some white sand.

Within this creek another small bark had taken shelter; the crew of which, seeing our situation, came to assist our Captain in getting his caique off the sand, and in hauling her farther up the creek, in which they happily succeeded. We then cast anchor, and began to examine the state of our baggage. Like true shipwrecked mariners, wet to the skin, and without a dry thread on board, we opened all our stores upon the rocks, to expose our clothes in the beams of the sun. Every article of our linen was completely soaked; but, to our great joy, the Manuscripts had escaped, and were safe. We had put them into a small, but stout wooden box, in the stern of the vessel; and had covered this with every article of canvas, &c. that could be collected.

The gale continuing from the same quarter, and with the force of a hurricane, we were detained here during this and the following day. It is surprising for what



a length of time, and how often, the north-west rages in the Archipelago. It prevails, almost unceasingly, through the greater part of the year. After sunset there is generally a calm, which is succeeded by light breezes from the land, especially from mountains surrounding gulphs; but at sunrise the north-west begins again (1). The little creek in which our vessel found shelter is called, by the islanders, the Bay of **Panormo**, and there are some insignificant ruins upon the rocks above it, which they call **Panormo Castle** (2). The only inhabitants we saw were parties of men leading uninterruptedly a pastoral life, without paying any tax, either to the island or to the Turkish government: we found them tending their sheep and goats in this wild part of Naxos, like a race of primeval shepherds (3). They brought us some sheep soon after our arrival; descending the rocks with their bare feet, and wearing upon their legs the **cothurnus**, in its most antient form, made of the undressed skins of their goats, with the hair on the outside. Whence they came, or who they were, we could not learn; for they said they had little connection with any of the villages of the island, nor any settled place of residence; that they had neither wives nor houses; sleeping at night behind some bush, in the open air, and labouring merely for subsistence, without a thought of riches. They had all the same kind of clothing: it consisted of a woollen jacket, and short trowsers, of their own manufacture, partly concealing the **cothurnus** of goat's hair upon their legs. They cover their heads with a red scull-cap, which is manufactured at Venice (4). Reckoning their goats and sheep together, these independent shepherds have five or six hundred animals in each flock. They shear their sheep twice a year; putting the rams to the ewes in May, and removing them when the latter begin to lamb. They speak the modern Greek language; and perhaps recruit their numbers from the race of Albanians which is scattered over all Greece. They told us that they made three or four hundred piastres annually, out of a flock of five

hundred sheep and goats: and this sum they spend in the few necessities or indulgences they may require. We killed and dressed one of their sheep: the mutton had a very bad flavour.

The island has no port on its eastern side: it is there mountainous, but the soil is black and barren. The rocks in this part of it consist of alternate strata of schistus and limestone. We noticed a stratum of primary limestone, surmounted by schistus; and above that was a layer of a soft kind of Cipolino marble, striped blue and white. The next day, October the sixteenth, we landed to collect plants, and to examine the traces of buildings above this little bay, which may be called **Panormo Creek**, for it merits no higher consideration. We found the remains of walls, built above precipices, in which cement had been used; and noticed a door, with a small room that had once been stuccoed. In a rude chapel, which the shepherds had constructed of loose stones, we observed the fragment of an antique marble; but, upon the whole, these works had much more the appearance of buildings hastily constructed by pirates, than by any people acquainted with architectural science. We noticed some caves near the shore; and it is probable that this obscure and almost unknown retreat has offered an occasional asylum to some of the numerous corsairs of the Archipelago. After this, our botanical excursions led us a short distance into the interior, over a barren district, "**fitter**", as Tournefort said of the whole island (5), "**to inspire sadness than joy**". We saw neither fixed inhabitants, nor any mark of cultivation (6). The high rocks above the creek were covered with the blossoms of a species of **Cyclamen**, probably the **autumale** of Ray (7): we collected a great number of these, and several bulbous-rooted plants, particularly one with a small and very elegant white flower, which we thought was new, but the specimens were afterwards injured or lost. We could not find Tournefort's **Heliotropium humifusum** (8), we had seen it often in the Holy Land, and wished to observe the change that might

be effected by such a difference of situation. The mineralogy of this island promises to be highly interesting, when an opportunity is offered to any naturalist for its investigation; but where there are no mines, the mere traveller, examining only those excavations which Nature carries on, has little chance of adding greatly to his stock of knowledge. The Geologist, attending only to aggregation, may fare better in the midst of the compound masses which are everywhere presented to his view. A species of breccia was found here, called *Ophites* by the antient Greeks, which may have been the *Verde antico*; it is described as of a green colour, spotted with white. From the position of the strata, as before noticed, this compound may frequently occur, where the layers of schistus and marble meet, and where the schistus is either of a green colour itself, or contains *green serpentine*. it has been also pretended that gold ores exist in the island, but that the inhabitants carefully conceal the secret of their locality, through fear of being compelled by the Turks to work those ores. The famous *Emery* of Naxos is situated in an opposite part of the island, towards the north-west: the author has ever since regretted that his rough treatment at sea entirely banished from his recollection all thought of this important part of the natural history of Naxos; and he has the more regretted his inattention to it, as we are entirely ignorant of the geological position, association, and matrix of *Emery*. Since the celebrated Tennant has discovered its relationship to *Corundum* (9), independently of its consequence in an commercial view, and of its connection with antient history, it is peculiarly entitled to notice. The matrix of the *Corundum* of the *Carnatic* is a stone of a peculiar nature, resembling the Naxian marble (10). The crystals of *Corundum* are dispersed in it in the same manner as those of feldspar are disposed in porphyry (11). The author has succeeded in obtaining, by the accidental fracture of the compact *emery* of Naxos, as regular an hexagonal form as that which may be noticed in the

*Corundum* of the Mysore: nor is it unreasonable to infer, as a probability, that *Telesia*, or perfect *Corundum*, under the forms exhibited by the *Oriental sapphire* and *Oriental ruby*, may be found by future travellers in the mines of *emery* at Naxos. Tournefort relates, that in his time those mines were situated at the bottom of a valley, beyond a place called *Perato*, in the territory of the French Consul; but that the inhabitants find *emery* as they plough the earth, and carry it down to the sea coast, where the English did often ballast their ships with it; and it was so cheap, that twenty-eight hundred weight of it might be purchased for a crown (12). Dapper says, that a cape on the north-west side of the island takes its name from this stone. Almost all the *emery* of commerce comes from Naxos (13). The island has been celebrated for ages in being the peculiar deposit of this remarkable mineral. Pliny, in the description he has given of a *green stone* which the Antients called *topaz*, says it was the only gem that admitted the impression of a file; that all other gems were polished by means of the grinding-stones of Naxos (14): and, in a preceding part of his work, he speaks of *Naxium* as used in polishing marble and gems (15). The shepherds told us that wild honey is found in great abundance in this island: the children set out in parties to collect it, as in the other islands of the Archipelago. From the rocks above *Panormo* Creek, we had a fine view of the great cluster of islands lying towards the south-east.

On Saturday, October the seventeenth, at sunrise, we got under weigh, with a light breeze from the north-west, and steered for the south of the *boccaze*, or strait, between this island and *Paros*. In passing up the channel, we were obliged to use our oars; but by ten o'clock A.M. we came to anchor in the port, close to the town of Naxos, having nearly completed the tour of the whole island. We found only a few boats in the harbour. The Greek sailors still preserve the custom, mentioned by Homer, of hauling their vessels on the shore, with the prows resting upon the

beach: having done this, they place the mast lengthwise across the prow and the poop, and spread the sail over it, so as to form a tent; then beneath these tents they sing their songs, drinking wine freely, and accompanying their voices with the lyre or three-stringed viol: such a concert greeted our arrival. Being told that a Latin archbishop resided in the place, we paid him a visit. The town makes a neat appearance from the harbour, but has altogether the character of an antient Greek city when it is entered; the streets being irregular, deep, narrow, and dirty. We found upon the mart, near the shore, large heaps of the most enormous green citrons we had ever seen, ready to be removed on board some boats waiting to convey this kind of freightage to Constantinople. They are valued principally for their very thick rind, of which a green sweetmeat is prepared: but we could hardly have credited an account of the size to which this fruit here attains. Some of these citrons were as large as a man's head, and of the most singular forms; consisting almost wholly of the rind, with very little juice in any of them. The archbishop received us very politely, and prepared a dinner for us; but we begged to make the best use of our time, and therefore declined his invitation. By his kindness we were admitted to the churches, which have the privilege of being furnished with bells, as at Patmos. A Greek priest, in answer to our inquiry for Manuscripts, produced from beneath an altar, lying upon the damp pavement of one of the sanctuaries, a quarto Codex of selections from the Gospels, written upon vellum for the use of the Greek Church: this, as usual, had been condemned as soon as a printed copy had supplied its place. We easily contrived to purchase it; and afterwards obtained, for a small sum, by means of the same priest, a similar Manuscript, apparently of the same age, from one of the Greek families in the place (16). In this manner antient copies of the Gospels may be procured in the Archipelago, by persons who will be at the pains to seek for them; as, in our own country, the

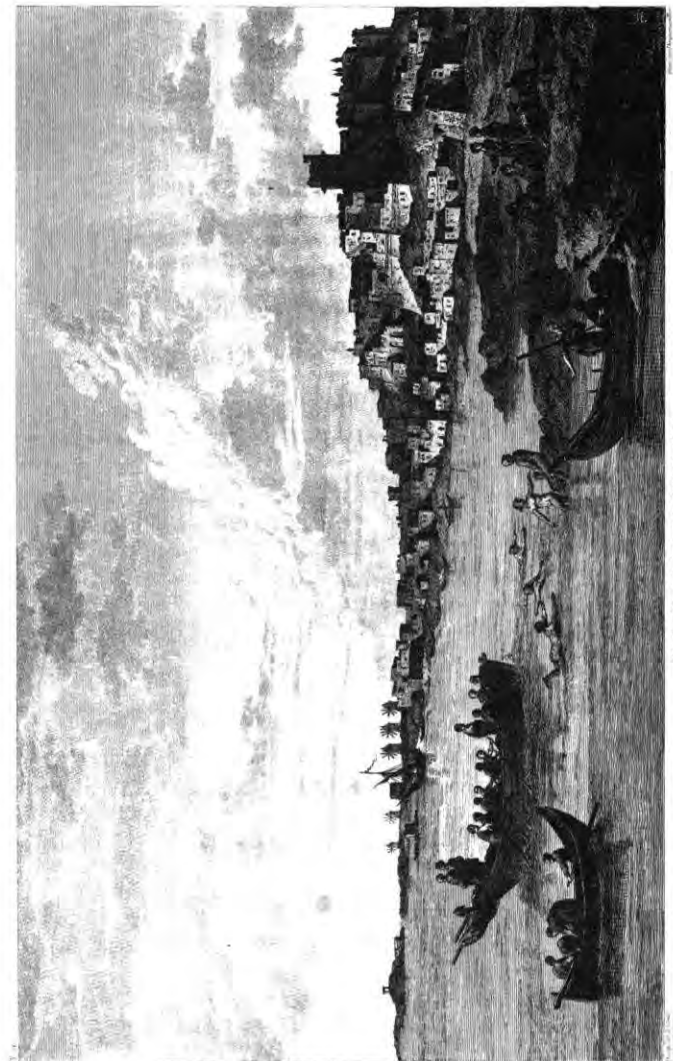
rarest English editions of the Scriptures may be found in counties at a distance from the metropolis, where they have either been banished from the churches to make way for more modern Bibles, or laid up in store-rooms as waste paper in private families, being too antiquated and inelegant in their appearance for the taste of the owners (17).

The want of a proper port for large shipping has saved Naxos from many a visit on the part of the Turks. We were told that not a single Mahometan could be found in the whole island, and that many of the inhabitants of the interior had never seen a Turk; but they sometimes experience the honour of a call from their masters, *en passant*; and then, "upon the arrival of the meanest commander of a galliot", says Tournefort (18), "neither Latins nor Greeks ever dare appear but in red caps, like the common galley-slaves, humbling themselves before the pettiest officer." As soon as the Turks have left them, nothing is to be heard but tables of their genealogy; some deducing their origin from the *Paleologi*, or from the *Comnenii*; others from the noblest Venetian families (19). The island was for three hundred years the residence of princes appointed by the Venetians as Dukes of the Archipelago; from the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the Emperor Henry gave this title to *Marco Sanudo*, until the expulsion by the Turks, under Selim the second, of *Giacomo Crispo*, the twenty-first and last duke. It is owing to this circumstance that the Venetian costume still exists among the Latin ladies. That of the Greek women is very remarkable; but it has been already described and accurately represented in Tournefort's Travels (20). We were unable to resist the hospitable importunity with which some of the inhabitants invited us into their dwellings; and might have sacrificed the whole of our time in going from house to house, to be regaled with lemonade and sweetmeats. Some of the ladies were very anxious to be informed how the women of our island passed their time; and whether the rich dresses of the Naxian



women accorded with the habits of English females of distinction. We told them that English ladies of elevated rank aimed only at simplicity in their dress; that, in our commercial country, wealth was very often on the side of low birth; and, consequently, that expensive habits and costly ornaments, so far from being the distinguishing characteristics of high breeding, were generally considered as marks of vulgarity; that the wives and daughters of our nobility wore the plainest, and generally the cheapest, apparel. Still their curiosity was not satisfied: they wished we would tell them of what materials the dresses consisted; and whether any thing of the kind could be had at Malta, or Constantinople: and in the evident desire which they betrayed of imitating the London mode, we were amused in thinking what sort of a metamorphosis would be effected by the arrival of an English woman of rank at Naxos: what discarding of brocade, and coloured velvet, and embroidered vests, for British muslin and stuffs: what scrambling for a few pieces of crape and cambric, if such merchandize should arrive in the midst of the revolution: how all the old family wardrobes, which had been handed down in form and substance from the Justinianis, the Grimaldis, and the Summaripas (21), would give place to the simplest English costume. As we had a variety of other business to claim our attention, during the short stay we intended to make, we put an end to a chain of inquiries that redoubled after every answer, by promising to send all the latest modes by the earliest opportunity, either from Paris or London.

Engraving taken from  
 Marie Gabriel Comte de CHOISEUL-GOUFFIER:  
*Voyage pittoresque dans l'empire ottoman*, VOL. I,  
 Paris 1782



VUE DE LA VILLE DE NAXOS.

A. P. D. R.



The population has not been altered since Naxos was visited by Tournefort: that of the whole island, including the women, may be estimated at eighteen thousand persons: about three thousand of this number are Latins; and the rest are Greeks. During war, they pay forty purses as a tax to the Turkish Government, each purse being equivalent to five hundred piastres. In time of peace very little impost is levied. Their wine maintains its pristine celebrity, and we thought it excellent. The Latin families live together in the castle, or fortress, separated from the Greeks, not only by situation, but by numberless petty feuds and jealousies. We found fragments of a red porphyry here, much resembling lava. In the evening it rained, which was quite a novel spectacle to us at that time. The archbishop had again prepared his table for us; and, as we had refused his dinner, we went to sup with him. He had also provided beds and every other necessary convenience for our accommodation; but as the impossibility of making any adequate return for such civilities is often a painful reflection upon these occasions, we determined to rough it out, as usual, in our caïque. The Greek houses of every description, it is true, swarm with vermin; but we could not pique ourselves upon the superiority of our accommodation on board, even in this respect, from the swarms of cockroaches by which we were infested: and some rats, the *athletæ* of their kind, during the last night that we remained in Panormo Bay, actually carried off, not only the author's book of plants, filled with specimens, but also a weighty Turkish poignard, tied up within it, used for the double purpose of digging roots, and as a weapon of defence.

Early the next day we landed to seek for some remains of the antient city, which was nearly in the situation of the modern town. The antiquities of Naxos relate almost exclusively to the worship of Bacchus. The inhabitants are still much addicted to drinking, and every medal and gem of the island prove how prevalent the rites of Bacchus once were. This god is

represented bearded upon all the Naxian coins and signets. We obtained several, which we shall presently describe. Below the window of a house belonging to the Chancellor of Naxos, we found an Inscription, upon the capital of a column, of an order in architecture unknown to us. It was discovered by a monk, who was digging for building materials among the remains of the antient city: he found the shaft of the column near to it, and a small antique lamp of terra-cotta. The pillar itself was, in all probability, a sepulchral stélé. The inscription is hardly worth preserving, as it contains only a few names; but one is unwilling to neglect the preservation of any Grecian relique, and especially where few are found.

ΧΑΙΗΤΟΣΚΑΙ  
ΗΡΟΔΟΥΚΑΙΣΕ  
ΛΕΥΚΟΥΚΠΟΛΧΡ  
ΟΥ

ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥ  
ΚΑΙ  
ΑΜΜΩΝΙΟΥ

ΠΡΟΚΛΙΟΣΠΡΟ  
ΚΛΟΥΚΑΙΙΑΛΕ  
ΞΑΝΔΡΟΥΚΑΙ  
ΣΩΣΙΜΟΥ  
ΣΥ

We were afterwards shewn, upon the top of a house below the walls of the fortress, a small slab, rather of Parian than of Naxian marble (the grain being finer than in the latter) containing an inscription of great antiquity: the letters were small; and they were exceedingly well cut, like some of the inscriptions which have been found in Troas, of the age of the Seleucidae. The names of Aristotle, Socrates, Theocritus, and Alexander, inscribed upon the same marble, somewhat excited our curiosity; but, after all, we did not find a single fact stated in this inscription: it consists only of a list of names; and many of these are lost, owing to the injury the stone has sustained.

ΕΠΙΓΥΜΝΑΣΙΑΡΧΟΥΑΠΟ . . . . .  
 ΚΑΙΥΠΟΓΥΜ . . ΟΥΣΕΚΑ . . . ΟΣ . . . .  
 ΥΓΙΕΙΝΟΥΤΟΥΑΠΟΛΛΟ . . . . ΤΟΥ...ΗΦΗΒ...  
 ΣΙΝΟΙΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΗΣΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΟΥΣ . . . ΦΑΝΟΣΣΩΣ  
 ΦΑΝΟΔΙΚΟΣΣΩΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ.ΝΙΚΑΙΟΣΜ...ΤΟΥΘΕΟΓΕΙ..  
 ΖΩΣΙΜΟΥΠΟΛΛΟ . . . ΑΡΣΙΑΡΧΟΥ . . . ΣΙΛΕΩΣΦΙΛΟΙ..  
 ΠΟΠΛΙΟΣΑΡΕΛΛΙΟΣΣΚΡ . . . ΖΙ . . . ΝΑΧΕΝΣΕΝΟΤΕΡΟ  
 ΕΥΤΥΧΟΣΡ . . . ΝΑΙΟΥΠΥ . . . Π . . . . ΜΑΚΥΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΗΝ  
 ΘΕΟΚΛΕΙΔΟΥΝΕΜΕΚ . . . ΙΤΟΕ . . . . . ΗΣΤΟΣΠΕΡΙΤΟ  
 ΘΕΟΦΙΛΟΣΘΕΟΚΛΕΙ . . . . . ΜΩΝΝΙΚΗΡΑΤΟΣ  
 ΚΤΗΣΙΦΩΝΤΟΣ . . . . . ΕΜΩΝΝΙΚΑΙΟΥ  
 ΚΛΕΩΝΥ . . . . . ΠΟΥΗΜΕΡΟΣ  
 ΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟΙ.ΗΡΑΣ . . . . . ΣΙΝΟΙ . . . ΑΥΛΟΣ  
 ΚΑΙΔΙΚΙΟΣΑΓΑ . . . . . ΟΔΟΣ . . ΚΛΕΙΔΟΥΣΩΣΑΝΔΡΟΣ  
 ΝΙΚΑΝΔΡΟΥΝΙΚΑΝΔΡΟΣΝΙΚΑΝΔΡΟΥΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟΣ  
 ΕΠΙΝΙΚΟΥΜΑΡΚΟΣΠΟΛΛΙΟΣΜΑΡΚΟΥΔΕΚΜΟΣ  
 ΑΥΦΙΔΙΟΣΣΠΟΡΙΟΥΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣΝΙΚΙΟΥ  
 ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥΑΥΛΟΣΣΟΛΦΙΚΙΟΣ  
 ΑΥΛΟΥΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΣΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΟΣΛΕΥΚΙΟΣ  
 ΣΕΣΤΙΛΙΟΣΣΠΟΡΙΟΥΤΡΥΦΩΝΧΑΡΜΙ  
 ΔΟΥ . . . Υ . . . ΗΡΕΤΗΣΑΡΤΕΜΩΝ

We copied this inscription with difficulty, being continually interrupted by the exorbitant demands of the woman to whom the house belonged. She positively refused to sell the marble, having a superstitious notion that it prevented evil spirits from coming to her dwelling: after insisting upon a payment of thirty piastres for a sight of it, she allowed us to copy it for a hundred paraahs, but not without continual interruption, and the most clamorous entreaty for more money.

We had sufficient employment afterwards, among many valuable antiquities. Every fragment of the antient sculpture of Naxos denoted the most splendid aera of the art; but Bacchus was all in all. The fragment of a marble bust of the God, crowned with vine leaves, was shewn to us, of the most perfect sculpture; but the price set upon every thing proved our approximation to western countries, and that the intercourse between this island and Italy had taught them how to appreciate the works of Grecian artists. An antient weight had been dug up, of an oblong square form, with its handle, neatly cut in marble: this we brought away: it weighs exactly four pounds, seven ounces and a half. A Greek had recently discovered a vessel of terra cotta, containing some small bronze coins of Naxos, of the finest die, exhibiting the head of the bearded Bacchus in front, and a diota on the reverse, with the legend ΝΑΞΙΩΝ; we bought ten of these. The author had also the good fortune to procure a silver medal of the island, of such uncommon rarity, that it is believed there is not a duplicate of it in any collection in Europe. It has on the front a bearded head of Bacchus; and for reverse, the diota, with the letters ΝΑ. It is wonderful, considering the wealth and population which the testimony of Herodotus proves the Island of Naxos to have possessed, that its coins should be so scarce, and generally so paltry; while those of its Sicilian colony, so much less noticed in history, are by no means uncommon; and for size and workmanship the latter are among the finest examples of art extant.

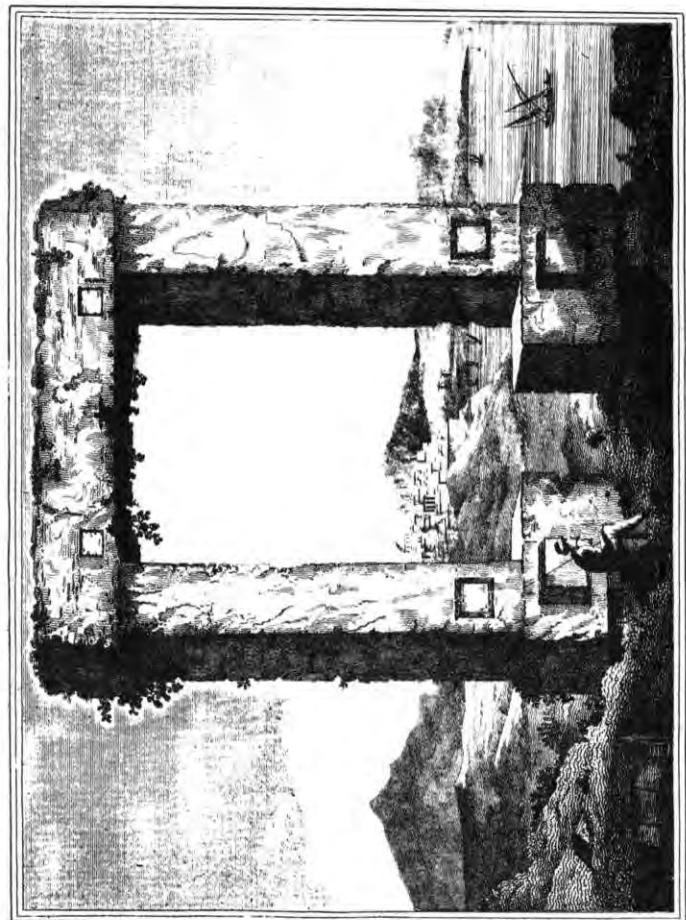
Visiting as usual the working silversmiths, we found among them several gems. The first was a carnelian with the figure of a goat, a symbol of Bacchus: the second, which we could not obtain, represented a whole length figure of the God, reeling, decorated with vine-leaves and grapes, and followed by a dog; he held a thyrsus in one hand, and a diota in the other turned bottom upwards, as a proof that he had emptied the contents of the vase. Upon another gem, which we were also unable to purchase, we observed an altar, supporting a bust of Bacchus crowned with vine-leaves, in a very singular attitude, with its mouth open, as if making a libation of the effects of intoxication: around it appeared the letters of his name,  $\Upsilon\omicron\upsilon\chi\upsilon\nu\omicron\iota\alpha$ , written, in very antient characters, from right to left. At the house of the Chancellor, from whom we experienced the most hospitable attention, we saw the hand of an antient statue, executed in the best style of Grecian sculpture, and certainly not inferior to any thing yet discovered. Also, near to his house, the torso and bust of a military figure, with a robe over the shoulder, of the most exquisite workmanship. The sculpture of the island appeared to be generally of the sort of marble called Parian, whether found in Paros or in Naxos; and the remains of works in architecture to have been executed in the splendid, broad-grained, and sparry marble, which is more peculiar to the Naxian quarries: but neither the one nor the other exhibited the smallest appearance of that false lustre and glittering surface which has sometimes, and very improperly, been supposed to characterize works of art executed in the marble of these islands (22). Age had given to all a warm and beautiful tint of a yellow colour: and, to the eye, every fragment seemed to possess the softness and consistency of wax or of

Engraving taken from Ludwig ROSS:  
Reisen auf den Inseln des ägäischen Meeres,  
Stuttgart 1840



alabaster. The Chancellor told us, that in the interior of the island, at the distance of three hours from the town, near to some antient marble quarries, there yet remains an unfinished colossal statue, as he said, of Apollo, but evidently of Bacchus, with a bearded countenance, sixteen feet in length (23). A public fountain near to the town is still considered by the inhabitants as THE FOUNTAIN OF ARIADNE, and it is called by that name. Some traces of antient works which may yet be discerned near to this fountain shew that it has long been held in more than usual consideration.

Being unable to undertake a journey into the interior, we next visited the ruins of a Temple of Bacchus, upon an insular rock on the north side of the port. The portal of that temple has been long famous, and an account of it is given in every book of travels where Naxos is mentioned. We shall therefore not detain the Reader with any dissertation as to the probable history of the temple, but simply describe what we saw. It is asserted, that the isle was once connected with Naxos by means of a bridge and an aqueduct: the author of the "*Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*" says that its vestiges are yet visible (24): we did not observe them, when we were upon the spot. It is an error to suppose, as many have affirmed, that nothing remains of the temple but this portal, although it be true that little else can be seen. Considering the pains that have been lately bestowed by many of our English travellers in making excavations in different parts of Greece, it is rather extraordinary that no person has been induced to lay open the site of this remarkable building, where there are no Turks to interfere with the workmen, and where there is almost a certainty of reward for their trouble. For our part, we had not the means of carrying on such works; but we uncovered a part of the soil, and discovered a beautiful capital of a Doric pillar, thereby ascertaining the order of architecture observed in the building. We were struck with admiration at the massive struc-



Portal of a TEMPLE of BACCHUS, near NAXOS.  
with a View of the Town and Harbour



ture and the simple grandeur of that part of the temple which still remains standing: it consists of three pieces only of the Naxian marble, two being placed upright and one laid across. Below these are large square masses, which belonged to the threshold; and this consisted of three pieces only (25). The view through this portal, of the town of Naxos with its port, and part of the island, is very fine. We endeavoured, by a sketch made upon the spot, to preserve a memorial of the scene; and it has been since rendered more perfect, without interfering with the fidelity of the representation (26). The mountain seen to the left is probably ΔΙΑ, now called Zia, whence the island was formerly named. We brought away some large specimens of the marble which lies in fragments near the portal: it is so much softer and more laminary than the Parian, that the difference between the two kinds is easily to be recognised by fracture. It is singular that no account of a building of such magnificence should be preserved in any author. Ptolemy, as it is observed by Tournefort, seems to mention an antient city upon which it is probable that the modern town of Naxos is built (27): but no allusion to this small isle and its temple occurs in any antient description of Greece, notwithstanding all that has been said of Naxos, by Herodotus, by Appian, and by other writers. From this isle we returned to conclude our researches in Naxos.

The citadel was constructed under Marco Sanudo, the first duke of the Archipelago; and the antient palace of his successors was the large square tower which is now remaining within this circular fortress (28). Near to a small chapel beneath its walls, we found a Cippus, representing two female figures, in bas-relief. There is not a house in the town that has not some relique of this kind near to it; and similar remains in the interior are very common. The inhabitants told us, that there are two places where ruins and inscriptions are found; the one called Apollonon, and the other a village which bears the name of Philotes. They

spoke of ruins at two hours distance from Naxos, towards the east, and offered to conduct us to them; but the journey would have detained us another day; and we were afraid of loitering at this season of the year with such a vessel as ours upon a doubtful speculation, and therefore refused to go. Nothing happened to us more extraordinary than our almost unaccountable neglect in not visiting the Emery mines: this arose partly, as has been stated, from the alarm into which we had been thrown upon our first coming to the island, which made us forget to inquire after them; and also in some degree from not rightly comprehending the meaning of the term Smeriglio, when the exports were stated to us: we would willingly have bartered the time which we spent in copying, and in procuring permission to copy, an imperfect and unintelligible inscription, for the opportunity of making a few observations upon the Naxian Corundum, of which they have two varieties, very different in their qualities. They find also abundance of Marcasite, or sulphuret of iron: this was mentioned to us by the Chancellor, but we were not told what use they made of it. Formerly it was employed in the manufacture of ear-rings and bracelets in England; and buttons are yet made of it in Birmingham, which have for a short time almost the lustre of real brilliants.

- (1) Mr. Spenser Smith, brother of Sir Sidney Smith, informed the author that he was an entire month employed in endeavouring to effect a passage from Rhodes to Stanchio: the north-west wind prevailed all the time with such force, that the vessel in which he sailed could not double Cape Crio.
- (2) Tournefort mentions this little harbour, under the name of PANORMO. (Voy. du Levant, tom. I. p. 248. Lyon, 1717.) None of the ports of Naxos are proper for the reception of large vessels, and therefore it is that Tavernier says the island has no ports.

(3) According to Herodotus, the most antient inhabitants of Naxos were a race of Ionians. Aristotile relates, that the most wealthy of them lived in the town, and that the rest were scattered about, among the villages, in different parts of the island. A very antient Inscription found near the base of Zia (ΔΙΑ), the principal mountain, which is preserved by Spon and by Tournefort, will prove that the pastures of Naxos had invited shepherds in a very early age. It consists only of three words, ΟΡΟΣ ΔΙΟΣ ΜΕΛΩΣΙΟΥ, "Mountain of Jupiter, Guardian of Flocks". The title of Shepherd, as applied to the Deity, is of great antiquity. It is often found in Scripture. "GIVE EAR, O THOU SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL!" (Psalm IXXX. 1.) "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD - HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES: HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS." Psalm XXIII. 1,2.

(4) This part of the modern Greek and Albanian dress is the most antient: it may be observed upon a Bas-relief of the highest antiquity, near to Orchomenos in Boeotia: it is still worn throughout Albania, and among all the Grecian Isles, as it was by their ancestors, and by the Byzantine Emperors. It is common also to the Turks, from the Grand Signior to the meanest slave, who wear it beneath the turban: and the portrait of Manuel Palaeologus (exhibiting this cap with the addition only of ornamental gems about it) which was engraven as a Vignette to the First Chapter of the former Section, was placed there expressly to shew, that the Turks in their domestic habits (when it is sometimes usual for them, as destitute of ceremony, to take off their turban) do exhibit a costume precisely corresponding with the appearance presented by that portrait. Persons who have never seen the Turks except upon occasions of ceremony, when their heads are covered by high calpacks and by turbans, and who do

not therefore remark the antient and common covering for the head which is below these, will not perceive any resemblance between the figure of a modern Sultan and the portrait of Manuel Palaeologus; although nothing can be more striking; for they have the same characteristic aquiline features, the same length of visage and of beard, and the same covering of the crown on the head.

- (5) "Elle nous parut d'abord plus propre à inspirer de la tristesse que de la joye." *Voyage du Levant*, tom. I. p. 254. Lyon, 1717.
- (6) Count de Choiseul Gouffier gave a very different description of the north part of the island. "Si l'on avance dans les terres, on trouve des vallées délicieuses, arrosées de mille ruisseaux, et des forêts d'orangers, de figuiers, et de grenadiers. La terre par sa fécondité semble prévenir tous les besoins de ses habitans; elle nourrit un grande quantité de bestiaux, de gibier. Le blé, l'huile, les figues, et le vin, y sont toujours abondans. On y recueille aussi de la soie." *Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*, p. 41. Paris, 1782.
- (7) Raii Hist. 1206.
- (8) Tournef. *ibid.* p. 265.
- (9) See the communication read to the Royal Society, July 1, 1802, on the composition of Emery, by Smithson Tennant, F.R.S.
- (10) "It is similar", says the Count de Bournon, "to the kind of marble known by the name of Coarse-grained Saline Marble." (See Bournon on the Corundum Stone, p. 50. Lond. 1802.). This description answers to the marble of Naxos.

- (11) See Bournon, &c. as above.
- (12) Tournef. Voy. du Levant, tom. I. p. 263. Lyon, 1717.
- (13) **Capo Smeriglio**; the Italians calling emery, **Smeriglio**, or **Smerillo**. See Dapper, *Isles de l'Archipel*. p. 350. Amst. 1703.
- (14) "Eadem sola nobilium limam sentit: caeterae Naxiis cotibus poliuntur." Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. XXXVII. c. 8. tom. III. p. 542. L. Bat. 1635.
- (15) "Signis è marmore poliendis, gemmisque etiam scalpendis atque limandis Naxium diu placuit ante alia." Ibid. lib. XXXVI. c. 7. tom. III. p. 478.
- (16) These are the same Manuscripts mentioned by Professor Gaisford, Nos. 47, 48. p. 100. of his Catalogue. Oxon. 1812.
- (17) The author has seen old black-letter Bibles discarded in the chests of country churches; and once found a copy of **Miles Coverdale's** revised translation of the Scriptures in the hands of a Welch housekeeper who was preparing to use it in covering preserves.
- (18) Tournef. Voy. du Levant, Lett. V. tom. I. p. 257. Lyon, 1717.
- (19) Tournef. *ibid*.
- (20) *Ibid*. p. 228.
- (21) See Tournefort, p. 257. tom. I. Lyon, 1717.
- (22) "Le marbre Grec est à gros grains crystallins, qui font de faux jours, et qui sautent par petit éclats, si on ne le menage avec soin." Tournef. Voy. du Lev. Lett. V. tom. I. p. 241. Lyon, 1717.

- (23) Mr. Hamilton, author of **Aegyptiaca**, with his companions, afterwards visited Naxos, and saw this statue of Bacchus. It is of such enormous size, that Mr. Hamilton's party spread a cloth upon the beard, and made it serve as their table for breakfast.
- (24) Voy. Pittor. tom. I. p. 43. Paris, 1782.
- (25) Tournefort ascertained the dimensions of the portal: according to him, (see tom. I. Lett. V. à Lyon, 1717.) it is eighteen feet high, and eleven feet three inches broad, the lintel is four feet thick; the two uprights are four feet thick, and three feet and a half broad. All the parts, he says, were cramped with copper, for he found small pieces of that metal among the ruins.
- (26) See the Plate annexed, from a drawing by Mr. H. Wright of Magdalen College, Cambridge.
- (27) Νάξου Νήσου ἡ πόλις . Ptol. Geog. lib. iii. cap. 15.
- (28) Tournef. Voy. du Lev. tom. I. Lett. V. Lyon, 1717.





*homme de l'Isle de Maxia?*

TRAVELS  
IN  
NORTHERN GREECE.

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BY  
WILLIAM MARTIN LEAKE, F.R.S. &c

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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LONDON:  
J. RODWELL, NEW BOND STREET.

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1835.



## Chapter XXIII.

### CYTHERA, ÆGÆAN ISLANDS

Arrival at Tzerígo - Kapsáli - Cythera, Phoenicus, Scandeia - Milo - Khora - Kastro - Ruins of Melus - Paro, ancient city - Description of the Island - Andíparo - Ancient Quarries of Parus - Kostó - Mármara - Naxía, Naxus - Island of Paláti - Villages, Population, Produce - Dhiles - Delus, Hierum of Apollo, Mount Cynthus, Olympieium - Rheneia - Mýkono, Myconus - Skyro, Scyrus - Port Achilleium - Skánghero - Scopelus, Sciathus, Halonesus, Icus - Aistráti.

October, 15./16., 1806

Having crossed from Mármara to Naxía in three hours in a small boat, I procure a lodging in the house of his holiness ὁ Πατριάρχης, as the metropolitan bishop of Paro and Naxía is designated, and to which is added the title, though not the authority, of head of all the Ægean sea. The metropolitan church has been lately rebuilt; in digging the foundations of a small house adjoining to it, many marbles were found, and fragments of statues. At a point of land below the metropolis are the remains of a massive ancient wall, or mole, corresponding to another similar projecting from the southern side of the little island of Paláti, which is separated from the main by a strait of fifty or sixty yards. This mole may have served the double purpose of a bridge to the island, and to protect the strait on the northern side of it against the sea, by which means that strait may have served as a harbour to the town, although now shallow, and useless for such a purpose. Paláti received this modern name from a ruined temple which stood in the middle of it. The western portal, or doorcase, still stands as Tournefort and Choiseul Gouffier have drawn it, and stands in spite of an attempt which was made (so say the

Naxiotes) by the Scythian Alexis Orloff to beat it down with cannon-shot. The foundations of the temple have all been removed to serve for building materials, and it would seem from the excavation which remains, that the cella was about eighty feet in length. The door-case, and a small part of the pavement on which it stands, alone remain. The mouldings of the door seem to be of the Ionic order, and the massy proportions have an appearance of remote antiquity. It consists only of three stones; the uprights are 21 feet 6 inches high, and in thickness 4 feet 5 inches by 3 feet 5 inches; the width of the opening is 12 feet 1 inch. The rock of the island Paláti is grey granite, and so are the hills around the town of Naxía, as well as the highest summits and many other parts of the island, but there were likewise quarries in the island of white marble with a very large grain, of which the portal in Paláti is a specimen.

Naxía, or Axía, as it is more vulgarly called, contains 42 villages besides the city; 16000 of the natives are of the Greek and 350 of the Latin church. The latter live in the castle, and are almost all under French protection. They have a convent of Capuchins, another of Lazarists, which formerly belonged to the jesuits, and a Latin archbishop, who is metropolitan of all the Ægean Sea. The town and neighbouring gardens are supplied with water from wells.

The island contains several fertile valleys, besides the plain near the town; the latter yields corn: another which is separated from it by a range of rocky heights, and lies between them and the great central range of hills, is covered with olives. Thirty thousand Constantinopolitan kila of barley are exported, and a considerable quantity of wine, oil, honey, oranges, lemons, citrons, and emery, of which last there is a mine in Mount Zia, towards the southern end of the island.

At the northern end, near a cape called Apóllona, (στὸν Ἀπολλωνα) in an ancient quarry near the sea, is an unfinished colossal bearded statue, which, though

the modern name of the cape would lead one to suppose it to have been intended for an Apollo, was more probably a bearded Bacchus, such as he is represented on some beautiful small brass coins, of which great numbers have lately been found at the town near the sea side. The principal mountain is called Zia, and has probably borne that name ever since the island was named Dia. Kórono, another mountain, recalls to recollection the nymph Coronis, who had care of the education of Bacchus. On one of the heights beyond the plain are some ruins, which some of the Naxiotes believe to be the ancient city; but the mole, the temple, and other remains, afford ample proof that the ancient capital of the island stood on the same spot as the modern town.



The picture of the coins is taken from O. DAPPER:  
Description exacte des Isles de l'Archipel,  
Amsterdam 1703

## TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

# Royal Society of Literature

OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

TRÜBNER AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

M.DCCC.LVI.

## VII.

Letter from Colonel Leake to W. S. W. Vaux, Esq.,

Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature,

Accompanied by

THREE VIEWS OF ROUND TOWERS

AND A MAP OF THE ISLAND OF SIFANO.

Read March 8th, 1854

SIR,

Inclosed herewith I have the pleasure of transmitting to you, for the purpose of being submitted to the Royal Society of Literature, drawings of twelve ruined Πύργοι, or Hellenic Round Towers, existing in the islands of Andros, Ceos, Cythnos, Seriphos, Siphnos, Naxos, and Paros. In a letter addressed to me by Captain Graves, R.N., dated Malta, February 1853, he says, "The twelve drawings of round towers which I send you are from sketches made at my request by the zealous officers, with whom I was so long associated in the survey of the Archipelago, and who in Her Majesty's ship 'Spitfire' (Captain Spratt) are at present employed in bringing the survey to a conclusion. These sketches I have reduced from the original drawings to the uniform scale on which they now appear." Captain Graves notices their resemblance to the Round Towers of Ireland, which are now sufficiently proved to have been built for the safety of the persons and property of the Early Church of Ireland. "The Irish Towers," he adds, "when perfect, are generally from 70 to 100 feet in height, and from 50 to 60 in circumference: the Pyrgi of the Greek islands, those of Andros and Naxos for example, are about 60 feet high, and generally exceed the Irish towers in circum-

ference by about 40 feet." I may here take the opportunity of stating, that this simplest form of fortification was very commonly employed by the ancients, remains of Pyrgi being found in many parts of Greece, though it is extremely rare to find them in such a state of preservation as some of those described by Captain Graves, or so near to one another as they appear to have been in Siphnos, where they were evidently intended for the protection of the silver mines, for which that island was noted, and for the safe custody of their produce. It is not unlikely that in Ceos, Cythnos, and Seriphos, they were for the same purpose: these three islands being apparently the summits of a ridge in continuation of the argentiferous mountain Laureion in Attica, may therefore have produced silver, although not in such abundance as Siphnos; in Seriphos indeed traces of ancient mines were observed by the surveying officers. At the same time, it would not be right to overlook the lines of Callimachus, which shew that circumscriptive towers were commonly used for the defence of islands. "While other islands," he says, "were thus protected, Delos was defended by Apollo."

Κεῖναι μὲν πύργοισι περισκεπέεσσιν ἐρυμναί,  
Δῆλος δ' Ἀπόλλωνι

Hymn. in Delum, v. 23.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

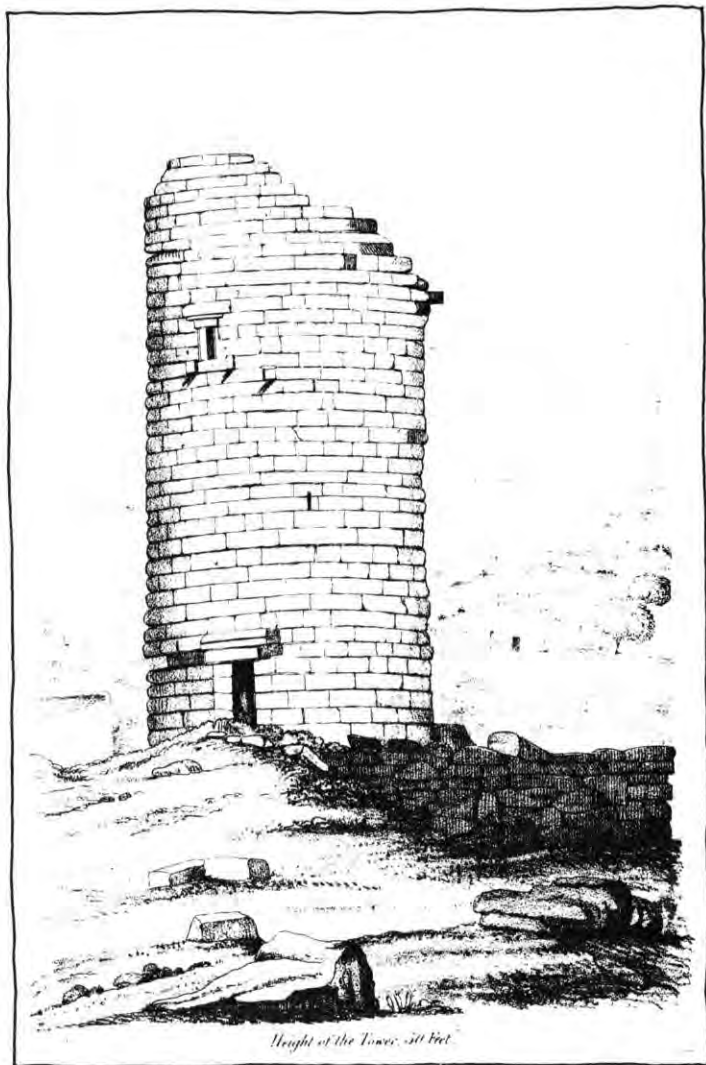
WM. MARTIN LEAKE.

## ROUND TOWERS IN GREECE

The Hellenic tower in this island (L) is noticed in the following passage of an old and rare work entitled 'Histoire nouvelle des anciens ducs et autres souverains de l'Archipel,' published at Paris in 1698, and supposed to have been written by Père Sauger, a Jesuit. "Dans d'autres montagnes entre le Nord et le Levant j'ai pris plaisir à considérer une grande et haute tour que les Naxiotes nomment Kimavo. Depuis le haut jusqu'en bas elle est toute d'un marbre très uni; les pierres sont liées avec des crampons de fer et fort bien jointes, sans qu'il paroisse nulle part ni chaux ni sable; elle est encore fort belle et fort entière; personne ne m'a pu dire non plus ce que c'etoit, ni à quel dessein il avoit été bâtie dans un lieu si écarté." (p. 397.)

### Translation by the editor:

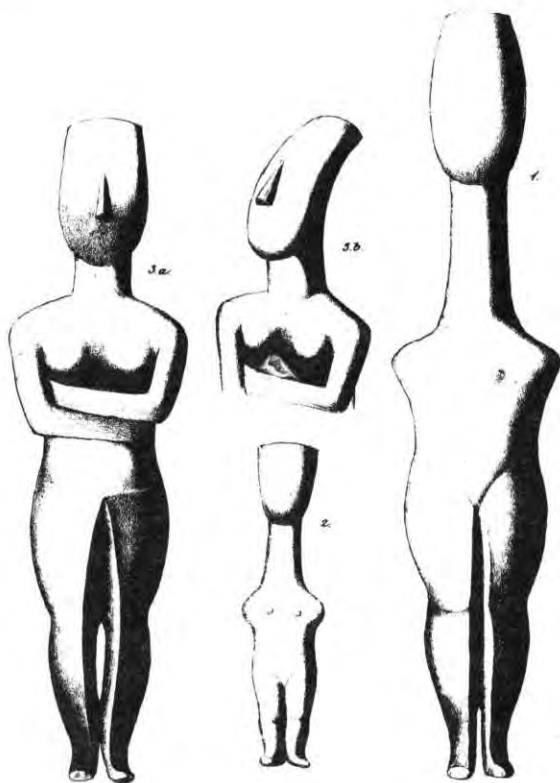
"In other mountains between the the North and the Levant I found pleasure in beholding a great and high tower which the people from Naxos call Kimavo. From the top to the bottom it is made of a very uniform marble; the stones are connected so well by cramp-irons that neither limestone nor sand is seen; it is still very beautiful and very complete; no one has been able to tell me either what it was or for what purpose it was built in such a remote place."



*Height of the Tower 50 Feet*

*Tower in Naxos*





These small marble idols were found in Naxos.  
The engraving is taken from K. G. FIEDLER:  
Reise durch alle Theile des Königreiches Griechen-  
land,  
Leipzig 1841

# THE CYCLADES

OR

*LIFE AMONG THE INSULAR GREEKS*

BY

J. THEODORE BENT, B.A. OXON.

AUTHOR OF

'GENOA: HOW THE REPUBLIC ROSE AND FELL'

ETC.



LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1885

## Chapter XIV.

### NAXOS

#### 1. An Historical Sketch.

FROM many points of view Naxos may be considered as the most important of the Cyclades. It is the largest, it is the most beautiful - quite equal to Corfu and the other Ionian islands as far as this is concerned; it is by far the most fertile; it has a definite mediaeval history; and up in its lofty mountains it contains some of the most primitive inhabitants of modern Hellas, half-robbers, almost heathens in their beliefs.

The town life of Naxos is utterly different from the mountain life. Half of the inhabitants of the town are Roman Catholics, relics of the time when Naxos was the centre of an island duchy under the protection of Venice, and a bulwark against Islamism; but on the benighted peasantry of the mountains the passing waves of Latins and Turks have not had the remotest influence. In many respects it would appear that the Greek influence on Venice was considerably greater than the Venetian influence on Greece. All the names of officers in the Venetian republic were borrowed from the Byzantine Empire, the syndic, the signori di notte (νοκτέπαρχοι), the castigatore or registrar (καταστικτωτής), and lots of others; the names of boats, the sandolo (σανδάλιον), so called from its likeness to a shoe, the scafo, the ippagogo, the gondola, and others; and when in 1049 a Venetian doge married a Greek of the house of Ducas, she brought with her all the Byzantine refinements, amongst others the use of the fork, which in the Venetian dialect is still called a 'piron', from the Greek (πηροῦνι), instead of forchetta.

To-day Naxos is entirely eclipsed by Syra, the capital of the Cyclades. Santorin is a far more flourishing centre of trade; the fertility of the soil has

been the bane of the Naxiotes, and has made them the idlest vagabonds in the Cyclades.

Before landing at Naxia, as they call the capital, let us take a hurried glance at the history of the Latin dukes; it will enable us better to understand the people we are going to sojourn amongst. Our authorities for the history of the two lines of sovereigns who occupied the duchy of Naxos for 300 years are meagre, but they are twofold. They are from the compilations of a Jesuit and a German, the Abbé Sauger and Von Hopf. The latter styles the compilation of the former 'a romance full of Jesuitical legends, and untrustworthy', and to prove this statement he treats us to the most complicated disquisition on intermarriages, feuds, and contested successions which it ever was the lot of any historical student to wade through; but in broad lines our authorities agree, and surely the broad lines are all that the most ambitious could care to know about the dukes of Naxos and their appanages, the lords of Melos, the archons of Santorin, the proveditori of Tenos, who intermarried, squabbled, and fell, in the course of events, into the gulf of Islamism.

Everything tends to prove, especially the rancour of the Jesuit, that during this period there was no love lost between Greek and Latin, and that the Latins only carried their influence to the coast towns, and that when the Latin power was over the orthodox religion at once re-established its power. The whole of this influence was due in the first instance to the Latin conquest of Constantinople, when Venice found herself the mistress of millions of subjects with whom she had not the slightest idea what to do. Consequently the Queen of the Adriatic accorded to her citizens the power to conquer for themselves any islands they had a fancy for, on condition that they would hold them as fiefs of the Republic. This was a new opening to ambition, a stimulus to privateering life on a large scale, giving birth to such men as after centuries saw in the persons of Sir Francis Drake or Raleigh.

One of these privateers was called Marco Sanudo, of a rich and noble house, whose ambition soared high, for he wished to become lord of Crete; but being unable to do this, he laid siege to Naxos, where the pusillanimous Greeks soon gave way, and this he made the headquarters of his new principality; he built a strong castle with twelve towers thereon, and established a dynasty, which was recognised by the German emperor, Henry IV., as the duchy of the Aegean Sea. Other Venetian nobles and merchants, the Ghisi, the Giustiniani, &c. followed this example, and hazarded their riches in their lust for principalities, however small: so Greece, as well on the mainland as amongst the islands, was covered with Latin settlers.

The pet object of the Sanudo family was to reign in Crete, and though they gathered to themselves the islands around Naxos, yet they never lost sight of the main object of their ambition.

The third duke, another Marco, tried to conquer Crete with no better success. During his reign the Abbé Sauger gives us a side glance at the feeling which existed between Greeks and Latins. 'Disturbances', he says, 'took place, owing to the idolatry of the inhabitants, who set up an altar to one called St. Pachys, and mothers made their children pass through a hole, and thought they would grow fat ( $\pi\alpha\chi\upsilon\varsigma$ ) by this'. Now this is just the sort of thing they still do, and even worse, as we saw at Melos, so I am inclined to believe what Abbé Sauger tells us, and from this we can infer that religious rancour kept the Greeks and Latins from amalgamating.

The early dukes of the house of Sanudo made Naxos and the other subject isles so strong that the emperors of the Paleologus line failed to recover the islands, though in 1272 the Greek fleet managed very nearly to win them back, and would have done so had not a Venetian general, who lies buried at Venice with the following epitaph, 'Terror Graecorum jacet hic', come to the assistance of the duke. And in the days of these earlier dukes sprang up all those fortress

towns, one or two of which we visited in every island; by degrees even the fealty due to the mother country began to alarm Europe, and the dukes of the house of Sanudo had to turn crusaders against their will.

The eighth duke of Naxos, the last of the Sanudo line, was nicknamed Spezzabunda, and his renown as a valiant chief struck terror into the Turks, who no longer ventured to leave their safe harbours in Asia Minor. There is a rhyming legend still sung in Naxos, which tells us how he ended his days in 1345, surrounded by ten Turkish galleys, and seeing his own sinking, he cast himself fearlessly amongst them and wrought terrible carnage before he was killed. Marino Sanudo of Venice, in his notes, gives us an account of this kinsman of his, and says he was one of the most courageous and intrepid heroes of his day.

Then the children of two daughters of the house of Sanudo, the Crispi and the Carcere, fought for the succession; the former killed the latter by treachery and established a long line of dukes, the descendants of whom, bearing the name and arms, two upright swords between two lozenges, still live in Paros.

The history of the Crispi dukes of Naxos is a wretched one. The Aegean Sea was a perfect hotbed of contention: the archons of Andros carried on a private war with the archons of Santorin, the dukes of Naxos carried on a war with the Turks on the one hand and their great rivals the Ghisi, lords of Tenos, Mykonos, Keos, and Seriphos, on the other. Venice interfered; she sent proveditori to some islands, rectors to others, whilst some she let out to the highest bidder, so that the resources of the island were drained to the last dregs. No wonder the Cyclades suffered terribly under the Latin rule, far worse than ever they did in after years under the Turks.

Every year the Turks grew nearer, and Christian disasters crowded one on the other. We read of Francis Crispi, the nineteenth duke, entering upon terms with the Turks in 1504 with the full sanction of Venice. His son John, the twentieth duke, gave up the keys of

Naxos and much money to Barbarossa, who sacked his castle, but left him in possession of his duchy on his promising to pay a tribute. Poor duke John was so humbled at this that he wrote an apologetic letter to Pope Paul III. and the Christian princes, saying, 'I have covenanted to pay yearly 5,000 gold pieces, and even this, in the eyes of my burghers, is too large a sum for the poor duke of a mean principality, yet I shall conscientiously pay it.'

Under James Crispi, the twenty-first and last duke of Naxos, the duchy was in a woeful state; he had no money and no ships, his subjects refused to pay taxes; he was himself a good-for-nothing fellow, who made of Naxos what it was in ancient times - nothing but a temple of Dionysos, drinking and gambling with his Venetian courtiers. So the good people of Naxos resolved to stand this no longer, and sent secret envoys to the Porte, volunteering to give themselves up, reserving one or two rights for themselves, such as having the power of ringing church bells and of repairing their sacred edifices.

James Crispi heard of this too late; his envoys were put in prison by Selim II., and so was he, and not released for some years, when he retired to Venice, and was received with ovations and given a pension, and with him the duchy of Naxos ceased to exist.

The Sultan Selim II. then made a present of the revenues of the duchy to a Jew, whose name has been handed down to us as Joseph Nacy, or Nassi, or di Nasi, probably of Naxos. He was court Jew to the Porte, Selim's favourite, and known by the name of 'the rich' or 'the great' Jew. He was a creditor of the King of France, he had ships of his own all over the Mediterranean, and was in the same position as the Fuggers of Augsburg were to Charles V., or the Rothschilds of this century.

It may be imagined that the Naxiotes were aghast when they heard that they were to be ruled by a Jew, for a Greek hates a Jew more than he can express, and they repented of having deposed the Crispi and longed

for them back. Wisely the great Jew Joseph did not venture to Naxos, but sent thither a Spaniard, Francis Coronelli, as his agent. Coronelli was a worthy man, no duke was ever beloved as he was, and by wise measures he sought to rectify the errors of the Duke James. Coronelli's son married a niece of the last Crispi and took her name, and it is through this line that the Crispi, who now own so much land in Paros, are descended, the last relics of a bygone dynasty.

When the great Jew died the Sultan took back the fief he had given, and henceforward ruled the Cyclades through his agas and dragomans. Only once again, in 1651, when the Venetians gained a great naval battle off Paros under a Mocenigo, was there ever any prospect of the Naxiote duchy being revived.

After the extinction of the Latin line, the Latin nobles, however, continued to occupy the highest position in the islands; most of the fertile land belonged to them; even to this day they still bear the title of *baronakki* (little barons), the old coats-of-arms are over the doors, but they have always been detested by the Greeks, and now that the Greek element is dominant they are fast decaying. Tournefort, in 1700, describes their animosity thus naively, 'If a Latin stirs the Greeks tell the kadi of it, and if a Greek opens his mouth the kadi knows what he has said before he shuts it,' and the Latins had to get a special dispensation from Rome for marrying their cousins, to avoid intermarrying with the Greeks, so great was the hatred of their rivals.

The Roman Catholics still live in the upper town of Naxos, around the ruins of the old castle. The Le Lasticqs, the Barozzi, the Frankopouli have most of them fine houses, with the remains of Venetian greatness about them, but they are all wretchedly poor. In the war of independence they sided with the Turks, and consequently they are now suffering for their folly; inch by inch the land is passing out of their hands into those of the Greeks.



## 2. The Town of Naxia.

It was the intention of spending Christmas, and taking a good rest, that caused us to make for Naxos. Somehow or another we promised ourselves greater comforts there than elsewhere; the name and the knowledge of what it once had been probably gave cause to this hope, which was doomed to disappointment. Nowhere in the Cyclades had we greater difficulty in getting a suitable lodging than in Naxia; we were shown to what they called an inn, a large room without glass in the windows, and no furniture except wooden tressels for beds, evidently the abode of sailors when forced by bad luck to wait in Naxos. Then we went to the demarch, who received us courteously, but with small hope of success. Eventually we were deposited in a house by the sea, belonging to the agent of the Greek steamer, and as long as the weather was fine it was a charming abode. We had the use of two rooms: a sitting-room with a balcony overlooking the sea and a lapageria trained over the walls inside as if for our special Christmas decoration, and a bedroom, the only drawback to which was that it was entered by a trap-door at moments when visitors were least welcome.

Our host had been a sea-captain, and had two pretty daughters, who waited upon us, cooked for us, and sang nautical songs to us in the evening, and the first day after our arrival, Christmas Eve, on which the sun shone as hot as in July at home, we were contentment itself. It was too hot to walk, so we got a boat, and rowed to the little island on which stands all that is left of what tradition calls the temple of Dionysos: the people call it the palace of the king of Naxos, and the island τὸ Παλάτι, but all that is left are the two white marble doorposts and the lintel, standing up high and solitary on the summit of the little green island, a conspicuous object from everywhere. Formerly this island was joined to the mainland by a pier, large blocks of which are still to be seen in the sea. A few years ago Dr. Kallivoutzi made an excavation

here, not, however, with very satisfactory results, except that the form of the temple and several of the drums of its pillars have been laid bare; from the pier there evidently were steps leading up to it, and it had doubtless a propylaeum facing the mainland.

On Christmas Eve this little island was delicious, brilliantly green with a small shamrock and a primula all over it; a real emerald isle set in the bluest of seas. We determined to eat our Christmas dinner on it if the morrow was as fine, for the view over Naxia and the mountains was enchanting. Naxia resembles in many ways an Italian village on the Riviera; there is the Sanudo's castle crowning the height, there are the peaky blue mountains in the background taking every possible fantastic shape, there are the rows of aloes and the rocky coastline. The harbour is small and wretched, having in the centre of it a tiny church, three yards by two, built on a rock, and dedicated to the Virgin of the Harbour, to which boats are moored. All round the coast there is not a decent harbour in Naxos, and though the island is rich in corn, wine, emery, and marble, yet in a harbourless mass of mountains progress is impossible. During a storm whilst we were there, a caique anchored in the harbour about fifty yards from the shore, and freighted with coffee, sugar, and other groceries, ready for disembarkation, was capsized before our eyes and the contents lost.

The lower part of the town is all Greek, and contains the metropolitan and other churches; here every house is inhabited by Greeks, for it is only up on the hill, where is still a Capuchin convent close to the fortress, that the Latins live.

As we sat on this island rock we could not help wondering if this really was the scene of the old worship of Dionysos at Naxos; even now there are many traces left in Naxos which point to this worship. St. Dionysius, the Christian successor of the ancient wine god, is greatly worshipped here, and about him a curious legend (Von Hahn's Greek Legends) is still told, clearly pointing to ancient cult; it runs as

follows. St. Dionysius was on a journey from the monastery on Mount Olympos to Naxos; as he sat down to rest he saw a pretty plant, which he desired to take, and to protect it from being withered by the sun he put it into the bone of a bird. He went on and was surprised to find that it had sprouted before his next halt, so he put it, bone and all, into the bone of a lion; again the same phenomenon occurred, so he put his treasure into the leg bone of an ass. On reaching Naxos he found the plant so rooted in the bones that he planted them all; and from this up came a vine, with the fruit of which St. Dionysius made the first wine. When he had drunk a little of it he sang like a bird, when he had drunk more he felt as strong as a lion, and when he had drunk too much he became as foolish as an ass. The gods of old have been turned into modern saints, sometimes even regardless of sex, as we shall see at Keos, where the male, St. Artemidos, represents the female, Artemis, Demeter, in the present order of things, is also represented by a man, St. Demetrius, who in certain places is the special protector of flocks, herds, and husbandmen, and in this capacity is called 'of the dry land' (Ἰερείωνος), as opposed to St. Nicholas, the saint of the sea.

Place names in Naxos still recall the old Bacchic worship. One of the loftiest mountains of the island is called Mount Koronon, reminding us of the nymph Koronis and the infancy of Dionysos. Just over the town is a fountain called by the natives the tomb or baths of Ariadne: here in 1821 an old man told me that the Turkish dragoman had made extensive excavations and took with him quantities of inscriptions to Constantinople, leaving only one behind him, which forms now the step of a house, and which tells us that it was once a tablet in the Prytaneum of Naxos.

That afternoon, on returning from the island rock, we saw the weekly steamer arrive in glorious, calm evening light. This event is a great excitement for the Naxiotes, and the names of happy recipients of letters are publicly called out; so we retired to rest

on Christmas Eve, little dreaming what a store of storm and rain was being prepared for us by Jupiter the Rainy. For nearly a week Naxos and her mountains formed the centre of a sort of cyclone; torrents would fall for hours, and then a gleam of sunshine lead us to hope that it was past, but it returned again with equal vigour, going round and round the lofty mountains. In our house we suffered severely; the miser-



FANCY SKETCH - ARIADNE

The wood engraving is taken from  
Christopher WORDSWORTH:  
Greece, pictorial, descriptive and historical,  
London 1840

able flat roofs covered with pressed mud soon began to leak; our sitting room was a lake; and then it came into our bedroom, so that we were forced to sleep under umbrellas and waterproofs. Never was the intense idleness and apathy of the Naxiotes more apparent than during this weather. No mules came in from the country villages, for nobody thinks of travelling when it rains; consequently no brushwood was brought in, and the stock of fuel was soon exhausted, the result being that there was not a fire in Naxia at which to cook a meal - not that this mattered much, for there was nothing to cook. For once in our lives we were compelled to decide that we would keep our Christmas like the Naxiotes, according to old style, and fast whilst those at home were feasting.

Men stay in bed all day on these occasions, murmuring, 'Winter, winter!' when my thermometer outside our window never fell lower than 55° Fahr. It was the misery of damp and inactivity from which we suffered, during those weary days, not from cold; and in those wretched pasteboard houses, where rain pours in from window and from roof, we could get no definite rest. A good winter's storm in a northern clime would be sufficient to efface from memory the dwellings of the Greeks of to-day.

Our only amusement during these days was paying visits and making ourselves at home with the Naxiotes, all their sitting-rooms being flooded like our own. We visited most of the Latin families on the hill, and saw their treasures of embroidery and jewellery preserved since the Venetian days. We visited the Capuchin convent, which looked thoroughly Italian, and the superior conversed in Italian; and then we visited the Greeks below, of whom none left a pleasanter impression upon us than Gregorios, Bishop of Naxos and Paros, called the despot (δεσπότης).

He is a comparatively young man, and took a special delight in showing us his sacerdotal treasures, for we could not help audibly admiring the jewel which he wore - an enamelled representation of the Resurrection

set in diamonds - so forthwith he rang for his mitre, a round pearshaped thing set in a crown, with the eagle, the symbol of Constantine, on the top. He explained to us how the Patriarch Gennadius, when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, had saved the crown of Constantine, and that during one of the liturgies he came forward to console the Christians, telling them not to grieve for the loss of their emperor, for the crown was saved, which the Church was to preserve until the kingdom was restored; so all Greek mitres are set in a crown. Bishop Gregorios' mitre was a handsome one, adorned with an abundance of uncut emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and diamonds on a smooth velvet foundation; and a diamond cross at the top, all imitation, alas! but splendid to look upon.

So gratified did we seem at this opportunity of closely examining the details of a Greek bishop's robes that he sent for the rest and put them on for us. There is much that is symbolical in the dress: at the bottom of his long violet satin mantle (ἐνυπό-νικτα) are three little silver sheep-bells, indicating his pastoral office; there are bands of red and white to symbolise the rivers of grace which are supposed to flow from the bishop's mouth; on the corners and at the shoulders are pieces of white brocade with flowers on it, and trimmed with gold braid - this is the ἐν-γώνιον, and is supposed to represent the towel with which Christ girded Himself at the last supper; and then on the back are the four gammas, back to back, so arranged as to form a Greek cross. Bishop Gregorios showed us two very handsome pastoral staves, one of ivory and tortoiseshell, and the other of silver gilt; dressed in his robes, and with a staff in his hand, he had had his photograph taken, a copy of which he gave us with great pride.

Perhaps the greatest relief to the monotony of our days in Naxia was afforded by the cheerful evenings when the daughters of our host sang to us. Their voices were always pitched in what to us sounded a high and unnatural key; but they sang their parts

well, and with great feeling, especially 'The Mariner's Love Song,' of which I here append as literal a translation as possible, for it illustrates the simple figurative language in which a Greek loves to indulge:

In a tiny little caique,  
Forth in my folly one night,  
To the sea of love I get me,  
Where the land was nowhere in sight.

O my star! O my brilliant star!  
Have pity on my youth;  
Desert me not, Oh, leave me not  
Alone in the sea of love!

O my star! O my brilliant star!  
I have met you on my path.  
Do you bid me not tarry near you?  
Are you feelings not of love?

Lo, suddenly about me fell  
The darkness of that night,  
And the sea rolled in mountains around me,  
And the land was nowhere in sight.

The Greek Christmas day immediately followed our return from the mountains of Naxos, and we enjoyed it considerably more than our own. A Greek Christmas in its ceremonial closely resembles one of ours. On the eve before every family makes its *κουλούρια*, or round cakes twisted like a serpent, into one of which perhaps a coin is put, and the one who finds the coin is like the individual who finds the ring in our plum-pudding. Children go round from house to house singing mournful dirges about Christ's birth, for which they

receive gifts from the householders; and on Christmas Day, after the liturgy, the priest goes from house to house with his acolytes and blesses the inmates with his censer.

It is a general holiday, and people in their best clothes visit their friends, and are given sweets, coffee, and raki, and in the evening they dance and imbibe far more than is good for them.

To get away from the constant succession of curious visitors who pestered us on Christmas afternoon we walked up the hillside behind Naxos to visit a nunnery dedicated to St. Chrysostom, into which we were told no males would be admitted without special permission from the bishop. On reaching it we entered a low door without opposition and climbed a ladder which conducted us to a storey of empty cells; it seemed like a charmed palace, this huge empty nunnery, as if inhabited by some spellbound princess. On our descent, however, we came across and terrified three nuns just coming out of their cells, whose surprise may be imagined at seeing two fair-haired males descending a ladder and introducing themselves as 'angels', that is to say, *ἄγγελοι*, or Englishmen, on Christmas Day. For some time the ignorant old things were too bewildered to speak, and it was long before we could make them understand who we were, and what our object was in thus intruding. Then they took us to their church and showed us their treasures; they gave us coffee and sweets in their reception room; put questions to us of a character which made us almost laugh, such as, Where is England? Is it near Europe? Are the English Christians? and so forth. There are only five of them left now, and when these die the nunnery of St. Chrysostom will be closed - no loss to the world at large.

The bishop was much surprised to hear we had paid the nuns a visit without his leave, but in no way annoyed, for he asked us to dinner next day if the steamer did not come; but I regret to say that the steamer did come, and our dinner with the Bishop of Naxos was relegated to our category of disappointments.



This steel-engraving depicts a view of the island's rugged north-west coastline across the beach north the town of Naxos. The vague outline of the Chrysostomos monastery can be made out on one of the mountain tops. In the 1840 edition, this engraving is entitled "The Island of Naxos". Later editions refer to it as "The Island of Santa Maura, the Ancient Leucadia". Upon comparing it with Naxos, it cannot be denied that the engraving really does depict Naxos, even if some of the summits seem exaggerated.

Taken from Christopher WORDSWORTH:  
Greece, pictorial, descriptive and historical,  
London 1840



### 3. In the Mountains of Naxos

It was certainly not a fine day, properly so called, when we started for the mountains of Naxos, but we flattered ourselves that the force of the cyclone was over, and that we might go on our lengthy expedition without loss of time. Pictures of fearful torrents and drenching rains were drawn for us, but we were determined to go, thinking that nothing could be worse than sleeping under umbrellas in Naxia. Time, too, was flying rapidly, as quick almost as our patience; so at length we engaged a very brave muleteer with a large umbrella, whose courage put two others to shame, and our cavalcade was made up. It was easy work at first - along a new road which is in course of construction up the fertile plain behind the town - and as we rode along we realised how the change has come over the land; for mountains which once were covered with trees are now bare rocks, and the soil from these has been spread over this plain by torrential rains such as we had experienced for the last few days; and they told us that, in digging deep for water on this plain, evidences of former cultivation and relics of the past are frequently discovered several feet below the present surface.

Everything is very fertile here, the very place for the home of the wine god Bacchus; for Naxos, the Little Sicily, as the ancients called it, produced in its day a wine which Archilochus likened to the nectar of the gods; and even now they make a wine, which they have named τὸ κρασί τοῦ Διονύσου (the wine of Dionysos). Pindar calls it 'rich Naxos', and it maintains the same character still; yet the labourers of this favoured isle are throughout the Cyclades noted for their want of industry, though they have hardly to turn the soil to ensure a rich harvest. The labourers of Naxos have a privilege which is elsewhere unknown: the employers of labour by custom give their men olive oil with which to make their bread more palatable, and it is a custom which the peasants imperiously claim as their right.

It was a relief to leave the plain, for the mule track was reduced to a muddy torrent-bed by the late rains, and as we ascended the hill we discovered that our muleteers intended to cheat us out of the beautiful villages of Potamia - Upper, Middle, and Lower Potamia - because they feared to cross a stream. The evening was lovely, so we refused to be cheated, and insisted on being conducted up the valley of Drymalia, greatly to their annoyance. We dismounted and started on foot ourselves, leaving our servant to bring on the muleteers as best he could. On our way we stopped at a lovely country house, which was now rather dilapidated, but bearing evidences of bygone wealth. It was quite like a villa in Tuscany, buried in olive and citron groves, and commanding a splendid view up the valley, with the lofty peak of Mount Jupiter for a background, and the rivers and craggy outline of the range which forms the backbone of Naxos. At the bottom of the garden was a little many-coloured ruined church, with its Byzantine dome and arched windows hidden away amongst figs and olives; the lapse of time had given it rich red and yellow streaks: it was a perfect gem for an artist. We were quite enchanted with this villa and its surroundings, the rain-drops on the olive trees sparkled like jewels in the bright evening light, and the tall brown reeds waved gracefully over the pond before the gentle breeze. In summer time a retreat like this, when the dust and heat of Athens parches everything that lives, would be a paradise.

The three villages of Potamia climb up the hillside from a river, which gives them their name, and which certainly did not warrant our muleteers' desire to avoid it. It was really ridiculous to see these great, strong men standing on the brink of the stream, which at most would not take them above their knees, and saying that they feared to take cold. At length one of them, braver than the others, took off his shoes and stockings and led the mules across until we were all high and dry on the other side, and soon we found

ourselves halting for the night in the village of Mesopotamia.

Everything around was luxuriantly fertile; maiden-hair, Cretan moss, and wild flowers innumerable lined the path, though it was but a few days after Christmas; and orange and citron orchards, heavy with fruit, covered the slopes; above these towered in sombre dignity a few tall fir trees and cypresses, up the stems of which the vines are trained, like ivy in Ireland. Rocks of fantastic shapes mingled with the verdure, and behind the three villages rose a deserted fortress of mediaeval times. By the side of our rocky path and angry stream bounded, and now and again the path itself was turned into a watercourse, up which the mules had much difficulty in making their way. Certainly these 'river villages' were seen to the greatest advantage when approached, as was now the case, by a cataract.

We came to a halt at a dirty house, where we had to sit for hours, whilst a palace, they said, was being prepared for our reception, and where lots of people came in to see us, unpleasant, rascally looking people, of a different type to any we had as yet seen in the Cyclades. They constantly plied us with coffee, raki, and sweets as we waited for the hen we had purchased to be boiled, and they played persistently for our benefit on the *syraflion*, or panpipe, and the drum. When shepherds play the panpipe on the hillside it is romantic enough: the instrument is a simple one, just two reeds hollowed out and placed side by side in a larger reed; straws run up the smaller reeds, and there are the necessary blow-holes: but in a tiny cottage the shrill sound of the *syraflion* accompanied by a drum almost drove us wild, tired and hungry as we were, so we had to pretend to headaches and ask for repose.

Our palace was at length ready: it was the summer residence of a Greek from the town, who had left the key in charge of the village blacksmith, and in summer, I dare say, it might be a charming residence,

with its hanging gardens and balconies covered with creepers and vines; but then there was not a pane of glass in the whole house, nothing but ill-fitting shutters to keep out the rain and wind. A bed was rigged up for us, in a storeroom full of oranges, by placing a mattress on some boards, which mattress felt as if it had been made of walnuts; and the rain poured in from the roof, so that our waterproofs and umbrellas were again in requisition. Next morning it rained again, but not too heavily to prevent our climbing up to the mediaeval camp above Upper Potamia.

This fortress, which commands the two fertile valleys of Drymalia and Trajaia, is built on a rocky eminence, which has evidently served a similar purpose for centuries, and is, in fact, the acropolis of the Naxiote valleys. There are remains of an old Hellenic wall upon it, of which I could only trace about twenty feet, but by far the greater part of the buildings are of the Venetian epoch, and point to its having been a stronghold of the Sanudo family. Just below the summit is a hot spring in a field; this, the peasant who acted as our guide told us, was once the bath of the queen of the ancient Greeks. 'What was her name?' I asked, hoping to find some trace of the legend of Ariadne. 'I don't know', was the reply, 'but my uncle, the schoolmaster, does.' On returning to Mesopotamia I sought out the old man, and he was very positive that the queen's name was Aphaidra; which disappointed me and gave me no clue whatsoever as to the origin of the tradition.

Close to this spot a labouring man found a jar of Byzantine coins, and in connection with a church at the top of the rock a tradition exists, which excites the Potamiotes immensely whenever they think of it - namely, that a pirate some years ago killed the priest of this church, because he refused to tell him where he had buried his treasures. Periodically the peasants have a fit of digging for this hidden treasure, for it is known that during the war of independence everyone buried everything he had that was valuable, and the

occasional discovery of some of these things, the owners of which have died and left no clue behind, tends to keep up the excitement. Hiding money in the ground was the favourite bank of rich men of business in ancient days, as we learn from the plea urged by the guardians of the younger Demosthenes, to account for the non-production of money bequeathed by the elder.

From the summit of this old camp we had a most repaying view over the two valleys. Trajaia is a lovely spot, with seven prosperous villages, nestling under the shadow of Mount Jupiter, and covered with olive trees. From here only distant glimpses of the sea can be got. It seemed by far the most inland spot we had yet visited in the Cyclades.

The people of Potamia are most superstitious about this ancient camp, and believe it to be the haunt of uncanny animals. One day our guide, Maratris by name, said he was out shooting hares, when he saw a lamb rolling down the hill and making a noise as if it was pulling a chain after it; on approaching the lamb took the form of an ox. Another time he saw phantasms in the shape of sows rushing wildly down the hill and disappearing in a swamp. It appeared that many similar stories are attached to this spot, about bears and other savage animals having been seen thereon, and terrifying the inhabitants, who would not for worlds pass the night near it, and invest it with all sorts of horrors.

We did not like the Potamiotes at all, for, in spite of all their protestations of hospitality, their demands for payment were atrociously exorbitant; that afternoon before starting we had an exciting scene, and only by threatening to return to Naxia, and have the extortioners put in prison, could we get away; it was positively the only place during our island wanderings where we had any difficulty of this kind.

The afternoon was again lovely after the morning rain, and the gigantic olive trees in the vale of Trajaia were sparkling in the sunshine. In this val-

ley, too, there are evident traces of ancient occupation, and it is supposed to take its name from Apollo Trajios, who was worshipped here. Chalki is the chief town of the district, and in the house of Gabalas, of Chalki, we took up our abode. Gabalas was a man of exceedingly jovial tendency, and on the refusal of our muleteers to accompany us further he volunteered his services in getting together another team for us, of which he was to be the leader. He came from Crete, he said, when quite young, and was ready to go back there again as soon as the Turks had left it; meanwhile he managed, with his wife and son, to get along pretty well at Chalki. Not that his house was by any means a paradise, for under his only bed, which was given up to us, they kept a perfect menagerie of cocks, and hens, and lambs, which sent up by no means a savoury odour to our nostrils; but they were afraid of leaving them out of doors for fear of the robbers of Apeiranthos, and had nowhere better to put them. These robbers from the mountains seem to be the bane of the villages of Naxos.

Chalki seems to have been a place of considerable importance in mediaeval days, and the Church of St. John here is the oldest Christian building in the island: it is curious in formation, with a long porch with three Gothic arches on either side, about fifty feet long, and having no roof to it now, but a vine trailing over it: this seems to be a mediaeval addition. Inside the building is strictly Byzantine: you enter a narrow narthex with arches on either side, which lead into two dark collateral chapels; between the narthex and the choir is a narrow space with a waggon roof; over the choir is a dome covered with frescoes. The front of this church has a stepped edging.

All around Chalki are ruins of churches, dating from the middle ages, hidden away and buried in the olive groves; one of them, dedicated to St. George, is especially picturesque, being covered with ivy, and over the archway into the nave is a very long old



Hellenic inscription; also there are several traces of an ancient temple - perhaps that of Apollo Trajios. But these churches are now for the most part disused and falling into ruins, as also are the large towers, where once lived the Venetian proprietors around Chalki. It is a place of the past, but very lovely in its decay.

Gabalas treated us to his best fare. In addition to the usual fowl, we had a pilaff of snails; that is to say, snails boiled with rice and oil, which formed a most excellent dish. Our host revelled in them, and as he busily extricated them with a pin from their shells he propounded to us a Naxiote riddle, at which he laughed a great deal, and was surprised at our guessing it quite easily:

There was a thing - such a wonderful sight -  
Two horns on its head, animal it was not;  
Such a wonderful thing - such a wonderful sight -  
It carried a saddle, and mule it was not?

Gabalas was full of life as he accompanied us on our road towards Philoti on the morrow; this is the last village in the vale of Trajaia, and just under Mount Jupiter; and here we were given a large Venetian tower all to ourselves with a commanding view, the lower storey of which was a pigsty, the top storey a dove-cote, and in the room next to ours we were alarmed by strange noises in the night, and on looking in we found two sheep put there for safety. But the rain did not penetrate through the dove-cote, and we were thankful to be once more dry; also they gave us a large brazier full of charcoal, with which we were tolerably successful in drying our clothes. Our prospects of food, too, were good, for we met a man with his pockets full of woodcock and partridges, all of which we bought at the rate of sixpence a piece, and could not be got to feel that we had been greatly cheated when Papa Eleutherios, a priest who took us under his special care, told us we had paid twice too much. Papa

Eleutherios installed himself in our tower as head cook; he took off his cassock; and forthwith set to work to pluck our treasures: he was the pattern of good-nature, and rushed all over Philoti in search of comforts for us, and refused to allow us to buy loaves at a drachma apiece. 'Far too dear!' he said, and he ran off to get us some of the sacred bread ( $\acute{\alpha}\rho\tau\omicron\varsigma$ ) which is presented by the faithful to the priest. (This word  $\acute{\alpha}\rho\tau\omicron\varsigma$ , by the way, is one of the many instances of the preservation of an old word through Church influence,  $\phi\omega\mu\iota$  being the common word for bread.)

After our meal the priest came out with us to show us the lions. Philoti is a large village, crowning twin heights, with an ugly new Greek church in the declivity between. As we were climbing up one of the heights we heard terrible language issuing from a shed where some women were grinding corn with simple but quaint handmills, namely, two heavy round stones, the upper one of which works on a pivot attached to a stick a yard and a half long, which is fixed into a wooden fork in the wall so loosely that it can be revolved with ease by pressing on the stick.

The women had stopped their grinding, and were listening with awe to the declamations of an old grey-haired hag, who was telling a pitiful tale of how robbers from Apeiranthos the night before had broken into her yard and tried to steal her pigs, which squeaked so loudly that she woke, and frightened the robbers away, but not before one of her pigs had been slain. Nothing would satisfy the old woman but that we should return with her to her house, view the scene of the intended robbery, and lay her case before the authorities on our return to the capital.

Everywhere in Naxos, they have a bad word for the people of Apeiranthos; a village of robbers, we were told it was, away in the mountains: It was to be our next halting place after leaving Philoti, so we were concerned at all the evil reports we had heard; for, say they, a man of Apeiranthos is clever enough to

steal the sole off your boot, or the hat off your head, without your knowing it; and the facetious Naxiotes tell an ill-natured legend about these people with great gusto, namely, that Apeiranthos was a Cretan colony; that Barabbas was a Cretan; and that after his delivery from prison he returned home, where he behaved so badly that the Cretans drove him away: so he came to Naxos and founded the colony of Apeiranthos.

By the time we got to the old woman's house we were almost out of breath, for she lived at the extreme summit of one of the heights in a funny desolate cottage, with furniture of a primitive kind, absolutely nothing worth stealing except her pig. However we saw here for the first time a speciality of Philoti, namely, a syphon with which wine is drawn out of the large jars in which they keep it. After the wine is put in they cover the jars over with a coating of clay into which a syphon is stuck, so constructed that you can fill it by suction; you then pour it out of the hole you have sucked and use the end that has been introduced into the jar for a handle.

The following morning (for a wonder!) was beautiful, and at earliest dawn the inhabitants of Philoti appeared on their flat roofs. I thought they must all be mad at first, for they were occupied in kicking about what appeared to me to be the marble pillars of some ancient temple; but I soon discovered that each roof was provided with a round marble roller, and that every woman was kicking hers about to press the mud roof, which the late rains had disturbed.

To-day with a prospect of fine weather we determined to make the tour of Mount Jupiter - Mount Zia, as they call it now. Naxos in former ages was called Zia, and on a large stone on the northern slope of the mountain we read the following inscription in ancient characters: ΟΡΟΣ ΔΙΟΣ ΜΙΑΗΣΙΟΥ (the mountain of Milesian Jupiter). It is a peaked conical mountain, only 3,290 feet in height, but as it rises almost straight from the sea-level it appears exceedingly lofty. Its



**HOMER'S CAVE  
ON THE ISLAND OF NAXOS**

Homer's grave is said to be found in many places in Greece. Naxos's neighbouring island, Ios, for example, claims that Homer's final resting place is there on Ios. However, if one is to believe the content of this wood engraving, one would have to place Naxos on the list Homer's possible burial places, too. On the other hand, it is certain that what is shown in the wood engraving is the entrance to the cave of Zeus on Naxos.

**Taken from Christopher WORDSWORTH:  
Greece, pictorial, descriptive and historical,  
New Edition, London 1882**

slopes are rugged and covered with the holly oak (*Ilex aquifolium*), with the prickly leaves of which the peasants feed their cattle. We first climbed up to a steep cave, which goes deep into the heart of the mountain: at its entrance is an altar called the 'church of Zia', where a priest goes once a year in the summer time and holds a liturgy for the mountain shepherds; around it are a few incense pots and bits of wood which have been sacred pictures in days gone by. At this altar a shepherd is accustomed to swear to his innocence if another charges him with having stolen a sheep or a goat. An oath by the altar of Zia is held very sacred by the mountaineers, and is an earnest of innocence. It is curious still to find the actual word **ZEUS** existing in this form, and the idea of a supreme God has been transferred from Zeus to the present religious tenets. 'God is shaking His hair', say the peasants when there is an earthquake, as if He were the Olympus-throned Zeus of the 'Iliad'. This cave and mountain of Jupiter, I have little doubt, had much to do with the ancient worship of Jupiter. The old myth related how the king of the gods was brought from his birthplace in Crete to Naxos, where he was brought up, and from whence he removed to take up his kingdom on Olympus. We have seen the above-mentioned inscription, the cave with the altar still in it; is it not highly probable that this is the cave in which Zeus was supposed to have spent his youth? It runs a very long way into the rock, and we had it lighted up for us by brushwood, but it contains nothing remarkable, save a spring of hot water, which in ancient times may have given rise to superstition. A local tradition says that once upon a time all the inhabitants of Philoti took refuge here from Saracen marauders who followed them, and by making a fire at the mouth of the cave they suffocated them all.

Leaving the peaky summit of Mount Zia to our left - for as midday came on clouds began to gather around the summit, and it was useless to make the ascent - we joined a path which leads from Philoti to Panormos,

just close to a well of excellent water, shaded by a plantain tree, and called λευγαλέον, a word rare in later classical times, but used in the 'Odyssey' XVI. 273, and by Sophocles, where it is explained as meaning 'moist' or 'rainy'.

The tower 'of the winter torrent' (Χείμαρρος) is on this road to Panormos: it is round and of white marble, and is principally worthy of notice from its spiral staircase, but is in no way so perfect as those of Andros and Amorgos. Having seen this we returned by another road to Philoti, thus making the entire circuit of Mount Zia.

Next morning we started for that dreaded haunt of robbers, Apeiranthos. The road led over a spur of mountains which joins Mount Jupiter with Mount Koronon, and divides Naxos into two districts - the bright and sunny vales of Drymalia and Trajaia on one side, and the bleak northern villages of Apeiranthos, Komiakè, and Bothrò on the other. As we descended on the village Barabbas is supposed to have founded, we could not help thinking that, for nefarious purposes, he had chosen well, being, as it is, far off from the haunts of men, and overlooking from a rocky eminence a fairly fertile valley, by which the sea could easily be approached.

We had a letter of introduction to the chief legal functionary of the place, the demarch, or, as our friend in Naxia said, 'the chief robber'; so we thought that we should at all events be in good quarters in this den of thieves. Whilst this letter was being delivered we stood in the little agora with our eyes firmly fixed on our luggage. 'The reports are true', we thought as we looked around us; for never have I seen a wilder, more forbidding set of people than the men of Apeiranthos as they gathered round and stared at us. The town is high, faces north, and is extremely cold; so each man had on a huge brown great-coat, with hair outside and a rim of red inside; some had their hoods pulled over their heads; others had their cloaks hanging loosely around them, and showing



a powerful physique. Altogether they resembled conspirators in a chorus, and made us regret having ventured amongst them. Another curious and marked type of these men was their large noses, which they screwed up when they laughed, and which increased their sinister appearance.

Our misgivings were soon dissipated by the kindness of the demarch and his brother, whose hospitality knew no bounds, yet we could not help noticing that the windows were closely barred, and that when they went out with us they gave special instructions to the women to look after our things.

'You see', said the demarch, 'there are some bad people amongst us, who live by piracy, though of late years their number has been greatly reduced. But it will be long before we lose the name of being the worst people in the island. Everywhere the Naxiotes have a bad name, and you have come amongst the worst of the Naxiotes.' He laughed at this confession, and I think we felt our confidence entirely restored by his frankness.

The Apeiranthiotes are thrifty and well-to-do; they have comfortable houses, far better than the other Naxiote villagers. Many of them have made money abroad, and returned to spend it in their mountain home. They have quantities of lovely red silk embroidery amongst them, Cretan work, which points to their origin; for doubtless there is this much truth in the Barabbas story that Apeiranthos was colonised by Cretans at the time of one of the numerous revolutions which have driven away so many from there, and the ill-will, and perhaps jealousy, of their neighbours - for nowhere in the Cyclades are the Cretan refugees popular - have invented the tradition about Barabbas.

There is much that is quaint about this people: they speak a marked dialect, with ancient forms and words, which we met with nowhere else; they use the ancient form of the plural, that is to say, they will say τραγουδοῦσι (they sing) instead of the usual τραγουδοῦν; and the shepherds of Apeiranthos wear a won-

derful garb, which they call πασοβρακάς, which rather resembles two sacks of flannel fastened together than trousers; their shoes are sewn together with strings of goat's hide, round their waist they wear a cotton vest wound round and round their bodies, and skin caps on their heads.

In many of their houses we saw the lyre, the φόρμιγξ of the ancients, still bearing its ancient name - a pretty little instrument, about half a yard long, of pear wood, such as they play, as a rule, at the village dances, which take place in the little square under the plantain tree. 'If you will only stay over Christmas you shall see one of our dances', said the demarch; but even this did not tempt us to prolong our stay amongst the robbers. Inside the houses struck us as tidier than many we had seen: ornaments always adorned the best table - atrocious things, though they were from Europe - or gourds like cottage loaves, dried scarlet, with streaks of yellow and green: and our host gave us regular Russian tea out of a brass tea-urn, and other arrangements, which he had brought back with him from Russia. Nowhere in Naxos is embroidery so common as here: the beds are trimmed with it, the towels are smart enough for antimacassars: this gives an air of prosperity to the place and gratifies the eye.

Apeiranthos is a large village of romantic aspect, with houses built on the edges of precipices, and above it towers Mount Fanari, another peak of the Naxiote range. The houses are, for the most part, yellow with a peculiar lichen. The streets are tortuous and narrow, so constituted that when pirates came the inhabitants could baffle anyone who attempted to enter their labyrinths. As for hospitality these people are unequalled, and our host was desperately insulted at a hint of any remuneration for his kindness; as we rode away they filled our pockets with nuts and figs, and gave us a bottle of delicious raki to warm us on our road; and we wanted it, too, for about two hours after leaving Apeiranthos our road



ascended almost to the summit of Mount Fanari, where we were exposed to the hail and a biting wind, and were lost in mist. The Naxiote mountains in winter are anything but enjoyable - wild and desolate, with just a few eagles soaring in the air now and again; rare birds in the islands though common enough on the mainland. Be careful when you see one to pass him on your right; it is considered unlucky in Greece to see an eagle on your left. Presently we came to a particularly gusty spot. Gabalas informed us that this spot was called, as it justly deserved, 'the dancing place of the winds' (ἀνεμοχόρευτρα). 'And this is how they dance', he said, as he went through some of the wild evolutions of the *syrtos* for our benefit, which has in it so much of the ancient Pyrrhic dance; and very funny he looked as he impersonated the antics of the winds in the mist on the mountain-top. The Greeks have still the same vivid imagination as of old, and love to personify the mysterious.

We left the village of Bothrō below us, close to which the emery mines of Naxos lie, and we reached Komiakē late in the afternoon. This is the highest village in the island, and for the two days we remained there we were perpetually in a mist. The village is only approached by roads which cross over the summit of the mountain; sometimes for a fortnight at a time no one can get to or from the village in the winter, owing to falls of snow. I must say I felt very uneasy all the time we were there lest this ill luck should befall us; a fortnight amongst the robbers would be preferable.

The only decent house in the village of Komiakē belongs to the demarch, Konstantinides, whom we had met in Naxia, and who had bid us stay at his house if we visited his village. He was away when we arrived, but his pretty daughter Athena received us with the best possible grace, whilst we, with what seemed to us unparalleled effrontery, turned her father's house inside out. It is quite the fashion in Greece for travellers to act like young Marlow in 'She Stoops to

Conquer', only in this case you deliberately turn your host's house into an inn without the excuse of having mistaken it for one. We ordered our own meals; we sent for more ashes in the brazier whenever it got low; our muleteers sat in a row in the parlour; and Gabalas, to our horror, treated Miss Athenā in what we thought a horribly familiar manner. But there is no distinction of class in these parts, the dirtiest yokel who comes in is asked to sit down, and given a glass of *raki*, by the head lady of the place. Gabalas took off his boots and stockings in the drawing room to dry them at the brazier, otherwise, he said, he should catch a cold in his feet (ποδιδύω); and then in walked a miserable fever-stricken peasant to beg for quinine, shivering and wet through with the mist. He could not resist the sight of the warm brazier, so he drew up a chair and joined our circle, to the surprise of no one.

Komiakē is but a miserable village of mountain shepherds: the houses are perfect hovels where the families live with their pigs, their cocks and hens, and their store of wood, whilst the baby's only cradle is the pig-trough. We went into many of them, and found their inhabitants truly primitive folk. Nowhere is the belief in Kalkagāri more prevalent than here; evil spirits which appear on earth for ten days only in the year, from Christmas to Epiphany. An old hag we visited gave us a curious account of them. During these ten days these spirits dwell in caves, subsisting, like the Amazons of old, on snakes and lizards, and sometimes women for a treat if they can entrap them; at night they dance till cockcrow, and enter houses by the chimneys. So a careful housewife is bound during this time to keep embers smouldering all night on her hearth, otherwise the Kalkagāri will get in and spoil all the things in the house with their dirty tricks. The priests only have the power of driving them away by blessing the houses as they do on Christmas Day, and then when Epiphany comes these creatures are forced to flee underground, taking before they go a hack at the tree which supports the

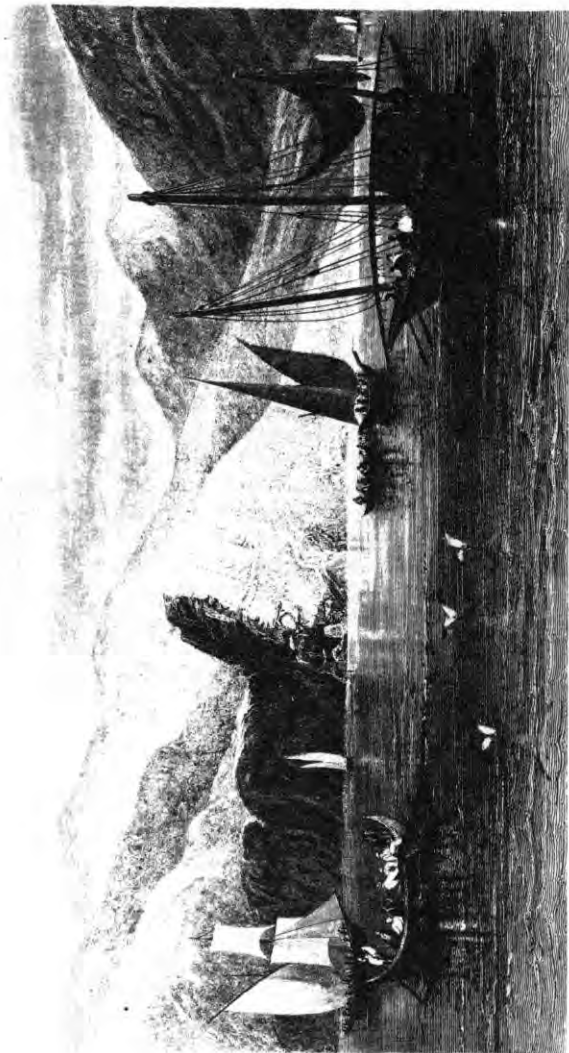
world, and which one day they will cut through. They are personified as being of evil shapes - huge men with goats' or asses' feet and wooden shoes, and when they stand erect their heads are higher than the highest chimney. In short, they are the modern representatives of the satyrs (δούμορφοι αἰγίποδες).

Next day, in spite of the mist and rain in which Komiakè was enshrouded, we set off to visit the unfinished colossal statue of Apollo, which lies near the sea, at the foot of the mountain. Soon after leaving the village we emerged from the mist and had a glorious day. The path led through a fertile valley, where some of the finest orange trees in Naxos grow on a property belonging chiefly to our host, the demarch.

Down by the sea is the marble hill of Naxos, which was worked as a quarry by the ancients, and close to which are numerous traces of antiquity - steps down to the sea, Ionic columns, &c. On one side of the hill is cut in old letters ΟΡΟΣ ΧΟΡΙΟΥ Γ... ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΟΣ. Hence the hill is still known as Apollo's Hill, and the unfinished statue as one of Apollo. It lies at full length in the quarry, out of which it has been hewn. From the sole of the feet to the crown of the head it is thirty-four feet long, across the chest it is

This engraving shows a view - seen from the sea - of the surrounding of the village of Apóllon in the north of the island of Naxos, where the great unfinished Kouros lies. The eye is drawn into the island's interior along the valley which leads to the village of Komiakí (Koronís).

**Taken from Christopher WORDSWORTH:**  
**Greece, pictorial, descriptive and historical,**  
**London 1840**



sixty-eight inches, and eighty inches is the length of the arm from shoulder to elbow. It has evidently been intended for an erect, naked statue; the left foot is a little advanced, the arms from the shoulder to the elbow rest on the side, and are then stretched across the breast, which is very prominent. Locks of hair hang over the forehead, and at the chin a piece of marble has been left, as if for a beard. It is all unfinished, but quite sufficiently advanced for one to be able to trace every limb; and very huge it looks as it lies on its back in the quarry, surrounded by mastic and shrubs. It is, of course, mere speculation to argue about its intended destination. Was it intended to replace the Naxiote statue of Apollo at Delos, which had been destroyed? Was it never finished because the marble was found to be imperfect; for it is obvious that the piece was not a good one, though it may have deteriorated with time and exposure; or was it unfinished because some war or pestilence came to put an end to their work? Curiously enough, in Naxos I saw several unfinished statues. I was shown one of a woman at Potamia, and another has been found lately at Melanes; Ross says he also saw one: so it seems as if there had been a cause for this, which now we cannot tell.

After a warm, pleasant day spent down by the shore we returned to our mist and our damp at Komiakè.

There was loud grief and lamentation in one of the houses next morning; some parents had lost a child of two years old - the fourth of the same poor family which had sickened and died - so they thought some spirit (*πτοίχελον*) must haunt their dwelling, and that they must move. How anybody could live there at all, I wondered; for the floor was muddy and in puddles, the roof was dripping, and the whole accommodation for the family was this one room, and yet they were surprised that their children dropped off from cold and colic, and put it down to supernatural causes.

The funeral and the wailing were to be at ten; and curiosity prompted me to go. The mother was sitting in

a corner howling as I entered. 'O my darling, why hast thou gone? who has cursed us? what evil spirit haunts my dwelling, that my children should die?' Her miserable wail of 'ὦ παιδίόκι μου! (O my little child)' haunted me for days. Presently I walked the old grandmother, with a sack on her head, to join in the lamentation; and as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of the hovel I became aware that the dead baby lay on a box in one corner of the room, tied up like a bundle in a sheet. Shortly after my arrival the hired lamenter, the *moerologista*, entered and commenced her howl in simple poetic words:

'To-day the heavens are darkened, the sun is obscured; to-day the child is cut off from his parents. It was not a tree that you could fell it, it was not a flower that it should fall; but it was a weak young tendril, which twined itself around their hearts.'

Piercing and heart-rending were the shrieks that the parents uttered at these words, and as they subsided the *moerologista* continued:

'Would that I could descend to Hades, and gnash my teeth, for, lo! the worms of the earth to-day have joy. Whenever I think of thee, my darling, whenever my mind ponders on this grief, as the sea I am disturbed, as a wave my mind is troubled!'

By these pathetic strains the grief of the poor parents was nurtured; they tore their hair, they beat their breasts in their anguish until the priests came, and a table was spread with oranges, figs, and mastic, which refreshments were handed round to all present. Here at Komiakè a Christianised form of the old classical 'obolos for Charon', the freight money, is still maintained, and still bears the ancient name of *ναῦλον*; it is not a coin as in olden days, but a little wax cross with the initial letters I. X. N. ('Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Νικῶ, Jesus Christ conquers) engraved thereon; and this they put on the closed lips of the deceased.

Thus is it that Christianity has introduced into its ritual pagan rites. If you go into any cottage in

Komiakè, and question the people about Charon, they will tell you with implicit faith, nothing hesitating, that he lives in Hades, a frozen spot (παγωμένο μέρος), where he hunts and chases his victims on a spectre horse to prevent their escape. Christianity has added to mythology by introducing on the scenes a personage called Charon's mother, doubtless from the analogy of the virgin mother of our Lord, who intercedes for sinners; so Charon's mother is personified as a sweet, tender woman who intercedes with her bloodthirsty son, and checks his murderous hand, saying, 'Take not the baby from its mother; take not the newly married bride who wears her wedding garland.' (Passow's collection of ballads.) There are prayers to this mother of Charon very touching and pathetic in their expressions.

When once we had left Komiakè behind us, and crossed the mountain barrier, we breathed freely again. No more fear of being snowed up in those villages, lost away behind the Naxiote mountains; and as we approached the sea-level the air became genial and warm once more. I do not wonder at the ancient dislike of mountains - cold in winter, hot in summer, and shutting out those sea breezes which temper the climate in every season. We stopped for refreshments at the monastery of Phaneroméne, where the old monks observe a rigid discipline, and do not admit ladies within their walls. The strict rule of Mount Athos is maintained here, and my wife contemplated a dreary rest on the doorstep; but the *oekonomos* was tender-hearted, and said that as she was an exceptional traveller he would make an exception in her favour. It was amusing to see how timid the monks were at this intrusion; they would not hand her anything, but always got one of us to do it; and when she offered to shake hands on leaving they just looked at her and bowed stiffly. They have in their possession the most miraculous picture in Naxos, which was found, they told me, in the ground by the sailors of a ship who were fleeing from the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and who were attracted to this spot by a mysterious light.

The *oekonomos* did the honours of the place during the absence of his superior, showed us the treasures, and regaled us with coffee, nuts, and sweets.

The village of Engarraï was to be our destination for the night, the chief of several tiny hamlets on a plain to the west of the island, surrounded on all sides by hills. This little plain is one large orange garden divided into lots by hedges of tall reeds; these reeds, when fully grown, they cut down and use for making the ceilings of their flat-roofed houses. In Lesbos this reed is still called νάρθηκα (νάρθηξ), a survival of the old word for the reed by which Prometheus brought down fire from heaven. One can understand the idea well: a peasant to-day who wishes to carry a light from one house to another will put it into one of these reeds to prevent its being blown out.

The best house in the hamlet belonged to the priest, so accordingly we made for it; and he received us kindly. Papa Andréas was a widower, not forty yet, rotund and cheery, and he told us that evening, with a sigh, how priests in the orthodox Church were only allowed to marry once, and this one marriage must take place before they are actually ordained. Papa Andréas looked as if he wanted a wife to look after him; his long gown was green and greasy with age and neglect; his plait of hair, which well-regulated Papas usually fasten up with hairpins, was generally to be seen hanging down his back like a pigtail, or if not it was tucked into his tall hat, and stood out behind like the handle of a teapot. He walked about on tip-toe, smiling benignly upon us, and his ideas of the duties of a host knew no bounds. His eldest daughter wandered listlessly about with a baby in her arms; she was married, and a mother, and only sixteen. 'This is not my first baby', she said on our noticing it; 'I had another before this, which was far more beautiful.' Here it is the custom for children to marry at a very early age, and the priest said that when his wife died he got his daughter married as soon as he could, that she might have somebody to look after her.



After we had dined most of the inhabitants of Engarraís came in, and the priest gave a little dance in our honour. One of their local dances, here called the *tirlà*, is interesting, being danced by men and women in a semicircle, with their hands on each other's shoulders. The step is much the same as a mazurka, backwards and forwards, but the charm of it is the singing, which the dancers carry on in parts as they move to the tune of a *syravlion* and drum; this dance must resemble very much the ancient ὄρμος, which, as Lucian remarks, presented a chain of intertwined manly courage and female modesty.

The next dance they performed for us was very extraordinary and wild in its character; they call it 'the dance of the Kalkagári', those unearthly spirits of which we had heard so much at Komiakè. Two active men dance it together, with a rapid jig step, stooping and gesticulating at each other; one bobs down as he dances and passes under the leg of the other, backwards, forwards, round and round, and then one of them pretends to fall down dead on the floor, whilst his companion dances stealthily around him, over his legs and body, making comical gestures as he does so; then finally raises him up, and they both go on dancing as before. No wonder in their vivid imagination the peasants believe that the Kalkagári dance this weird, unearthly dance, whereas the lovely winged Nereids are supposed to be for ever whirling round and round in the graceful *syrtos*.

This last dance seemed to excite the spirits of the men for gymnastic exercises and it was forthwith proposed to play athletic games for our amusement, such games as they play in carnival times and festivals amongst themselves.

The first game they played was a rough species of *morra* called *πόσα* (how many?). Six men were playing it, three on each side; the three on one side were the beasts of burden (τὰ ζῶα), that is to say, they turned their backs to the other three, who jumped upon them. Having done this one of the riders puts one hand over

the eyes of his beast and the other in the air, with some fingers extended, and cries πόσα (how many?). When all three beasts of burden have guessed aright they change places with their riders and guess in their turn. They laugh and jest a great deal at this game, and when a beast of burden is stupid he receives sundry boxes on the ears and general rough treatment from his rider. This game has its parallel in the Italian *morra*, and in the ancient Greek δοκτυλῶν ἐπὶ ἀλλοξίς, though not so boisterous, if we may judge from a vase in the Munich Museum.

The game of 'barrels' is a most acrobatic one; four of the strongest men - round, sturdy, broad-shouldered men - played it. Two of these went down on their hands and knees, head to head, the two others, folded in each other's arms, turned a somersault on the backs of the others.

'Cock-fighting' is another rough game: a man went down on his hands and knees, and the two combatants took up their position on either side of him, and with violent struggles attempted to get through to the other side by the arch which the man had made with his back.

'The packsaddle' came next: a man knelt, and two others, grasping each other's feet, fastened themselves around the kneeling man's neck, so that they hung like packsaddles on either side. Then the kneeler arose and whirled them round at a furious pace, until they fell off, amidst the laughter of the spectators.

'The bee' was a clever, sharp game; a little fat man played it most admirably. Three men stood in a row with their feet touching, the fat man in the middle, with a loose cap on, buzzed into his hands like a bee, whilst the other two stood with two hands in the air and the two next the bee ready to protect themselves. Then the bee buzzed and buzzed, and bobbed and bobbed, until he saw an opportunity for striking one of his opponents, the game being to knock off the bee's cap before he bobs again after he has administered a blow. Our little fat man was most adroit at this game; his

hat was never knocked off, and the blows he administered most frequent; other bees who took his place were by no means so clever.

They kept up these games to a late hour that night, and the priest's house was the scene of unwonted festivity; never since his daughter's marriage, he said, had there been such gaiety in Engarraís. They were a kindly people, and expressed much pleasure at seeing English persons for the first time amongst them. They brought out of their houses everything they had in the way of embroidery or treasures to show us, and amongst other things they brought us the remnants of a curious old costume, called the *κολόβια*, consisting of two rows of knitted string, which was stiff enough to stick out at least half a yard behind the wearer; and it was worn by all the women of Engarraís, the priest told us, when he was a boy, underneath their dresses, to make them stand out behind. He was much amused when told that fashionable English ladies wear the same things nowadays, and call them 'bustles'. 'I had thought', was his sage reply, 'that the English were more civilised than we are, and yet our women have abandoned these foolish things these twenty years'.

On quitting Engarraís next day we passed through one of those charming valleys which in Naxos they call a *regma* - long narrow hollows amongst the cliffs formed by the action of the water. A dashing stream ran through the middle, and on either side rose fantastic rocks; and if it were not for the oleanders, carob trees, and olives one might have fancied one's self in Scotland. This gorge led towards Melanes, a spot of fairylike beauty, buried in a narrow gorge, in a nest of olives, oranges, pomegranates, and cypresses. The village is conspicuous for a tall, dignified Venetian tower, with machicolations and battlements which stand in its midst, and behind are the fantastic peaks of Koronon rising up like the background in one of Titian's pictures.

After quitting Melanes we soon emerged once more

into the plain of Naxos, but before returning to the capital we made a little detour southwards to Tripodes, near which place we heard that many Hellenic remains existed. This corner of the island is called the deme, or division, of Biblos - an old name in Naxos, which is thought to have been the name which distinguished the wine called *Βιβλίνοζ*. Close to Tripodes are many graves and remains, which go by the name of *Πολίχνη*; another instance of how old names and old words are still preserved up in the mountains of Naxos. Tripodes did not in itself repay us - rather the reverse, for its position is bare, in a gully leading down from the mountains to the sea: the houses are dirty, and our host, the demarch of the place, kept a most disagreeable wineshop. Our bedroom was of the worst, without a door of any kind; so that a sheet had to be hung up over it, the existence of which numerous inquisitive dogs and cats entirely ignored. But here occurred an instance of Greek character for which I was not prepared. As we were laughing at dinner, Gabalas, the jocose muleteer, volunteered to give us a lamb if we would return to Chalki, and spend Christmas there. I told him, using a Greek expression, that his promise was in the air; whereat he became indignant, and said he would go all the way to Chalki to fetch it. I must say I did not believe him, and said, to test him, that if he went for the lamb he must bring a handkerchief, too, which we had seen there, and a duplicate of which, I felt sure, could not be found elsewhere. To our intense surprise, he set off in about half an hour. 'He will not return', said the others; but sure enough on the following evening Gabalas turned up with the lamb and the handkerchief at Naxia, having travelled night and day. If all Greeks were like Gabalas the country might have a future yet.

Next morning we rode off to an Hellenic tower, called Plaka, which has guarded one of the most fertile little plains in Naxos. About fifty feet of this tower are left standing, and one window; the tower was

nearly square, being ten and a half yards by twelve and a half yards, and stands on a gentle eminence, and is built, as usual, of mortarless stones, long and flat. Close to the tower we saw several graves cut in the rock, and about two hundred yards from the tower is a granite quarry, from whence the stones to build the tower were evidently cut, for we saw the chisel-marks on a gigantic stone here which had been in the process of being cut, and which corresponded exactly to the dimensions of a stone I had measured at the tower - namely, two yards two inches long, twenty-six inches deep, and twelve thick.

There came on just then a terrific storm of hail, and we were unable to prosecute our journey southwards, and, to our regret, we had to leave the tombs and remains of Polichne and Delion unvisited, for our return to Naxia was imperative; bad weather and storm had delayed us enough already. Nowhere except in the mountains of Naxos did we suffer much from rain in the Cyclades; but at Naxos it rained in torrents, and our return journey from Tripodes to Naxia was made in one of these drenching downpours. We stopped for a time in a shoemaker's shop at the small village of Leonides, and we watched the man and his three apprentices hard at work. He said he generally had three apprentices about him, and he explained to us the meaning of a Naxiote proverb otherwise unintelligible, 'When the quince comes they sit on their stools.' When winter is coming on, and the time for working by lamplight has come, a Naxiote shoemaker presents his apprentices each with a quince; during winter evenings they work longer on their stools, for there is less to do out of doors, and perhaps less inducement to amuse themselves.

We did a lot of business as we sat in the shoemaker's shop, for we bought a turkey to ensure us against famine in the capital on the morrow, Greek Christmas Day, and we became the happy possessors of some rich red Cretan embroidery which a peasant woman brought for us to see. That evening found us again in our old quarters at Naxia, awaiting the steamer.

# ILE DE NAXOS



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ERNEST DUGIT:  
De Insula Naxo, Paris 1867