

amusement of the rest of us, who had been more speedily despatched. No doubt both parties thought each other great bores. However, now that it is over, that single scene was alone worth the trouble of going up to see. I am far from saying that Greece is not getting on; on the contrary, they are doing well, as far as I can see. What with foreign settlers, English, Maltese, &c., and the Fanariots or Constantinople Greeks, many of whom, now that the country is settled, have come to reside in it, there is much more property, more money or capital in it than formerly. Trade, too, has revived—or, to speak more properly, has begun. At the Piræus, where I do not recollect more than a hut or two, there are now houses, and respectable buildings too, and more coming after them. A custom-house also is rising, and a good-looking building it will be. From Piræus to Athens the ground is nearly a level; the road formerly was very bad; now the Bavarian troops are making a very nice road indeed, which will soon be in good order. The project for a railroad is, I think, great nonsense, when as yet they have not a road nor a good vehicle of any sort. I would rather see the same money expended (at this time) on a good common road to some other town. However, it does to talk about.

' Orestes ' : July 17, 1835.

. . . . As you may never have heard of the stream of sea-water which flows into Cephalonia, I will give you a short account of it. There is a point of land (rocky, like the rest of the island) which runs into the harbour of Argostoli (Cephalonia) on the west, from that peninsula of land which ends in Point St. Theodore. Near this spot there are several places where the water from the sea runs into fissures and crevices in the earth and rocks, and then disappears. I do not speak now of a temporary flow which is known to alter or stop, but of a considerable stream,

running at a regular rate, and which has not yet found its level. It was originally discovered some time ago by a Mr. Stephens, formerly a collector of customs in the port, whose attention was drawn to it one day while he was walking on the beach. Conceiving that it might be made to turn a mill, &c., he has, with the assistance of Colonel Brown's men, traced it considerably further into the land by digging and opening it out. The surface soil consists generally of masses of the common limestone rock, with the interstices and hollows filled up with a sort of reddish gravelly earth; but after sinking down to about four or five feet, no more gravel is to be found, and then the rocks seem to rest against each other without any particular order, and, as an Irishman would say, 'all of a heap.' Through these spaces and hollows, which seem to form a subterranean aqueduct, the stream finally disappears. But there are some other curious circumstances attending it. The entrance of the canal or stream has been built in with stone, and now a plain undershot wheel has been placed there, which the stream, even as it is, turns very well. At the back of the wheel the bed of the stream has been rather more hollowed out, so as to make something like a small pool for the backwater. The difference of level between the sea and this pool is about two or three feet. On raising the outer floodgate a stream of water from the sea rushes in, the wheel revolves, and the water in the pool rises soon to a certain level, which no farther influx, however long continued, can force it past. If the outer floodgate is shut and the influx stopped, the water in the pool will in a few minutes sink (I suppose on the syphon principle) to a lower level than it stood at previously to the admittance of the sea-water. After a time it gradually rises again, but this is from the draining of the fresh-water land springs, which in some hours would, by diluting it, supplant the salt water and fill the pool with fresh

water, if not disturbed by another influx from the sea. There are one or two other holes in the ground near this spot which have been traced down to water on the same level and similarly affected as that of the pool; and there are some other places under or close to the wash of the surf, where the sea-water runs in the same way into the rocky ground; but as yet nothing has been discovered which can throw any light on the final receptacle of this water. Now, allowing this principle of action to be in force to any extent under the surface of the water, the stream of the Gut of Gibraltar may have the benefit of another solution added to its many former ones—but where does the water go to? Are we to suppose that under Cephalonia there is some great hollow or cavern, too vast almost for imagination? . . . It is really a subject well worthy the attention of the learned. Earthquakes, and some pretty sharp ones, are of frequent occurrence in these islands; these may be occasioned by the water acting on minerals, and the steam attempting its escape; but though we saw it at Solfatara and other places in Italy, I have not heard of such a thing in these islands as an escape of steam or anything like it. This story of a stream is not, I assure you, a sailor's yarn, but in most of its particulars it was verified in the presence of Sir Howard Douglas and his staff, besides myself; and, which is always the concluding part of a traveller's asseveration, if you don't believe it, go there and see it yourselves: the stream is alive to this hour to testify the truth of my yarn.

. . . . After Cephalonia we went to Ithaca, and got into Port Vathi—a nice snug little punchbowl this is. Here intelligence of a piracy having been committed near Valona arrived, and 'Orestes' sailed, or tried to do so, immediately. A gale of wind from N.W. blowing furiously through the funnel of a narrow channel of not more than 300 yards wide, and that without any anchorage, was not