

*Laurence S. G. G. G.*

**NARRATIVE**

OF A

**JOURNEY**

IN

**T H E M O R E A .**

BY

**SIR WILLIAM GELL,**

**M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A.**

---

**LONDON:**

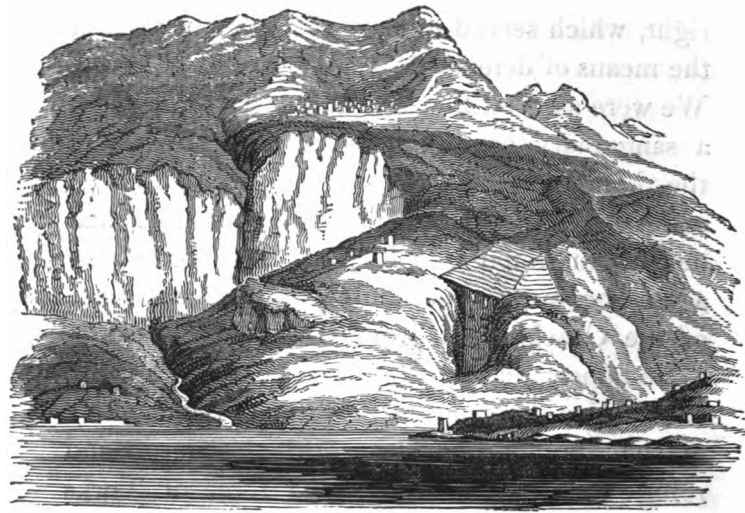
PRINTED FOR

**LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,**

**PATERNOSTER-ROW.**

**1823.**

they might be. A sketch is annexed, as it not only gives an idea of the situation of the pass of



Almiro, or the salt source, but of the situation of the village of Sellytza, by no means the highest in the vicinity, but affording an excellent idea of those inconveniences to which people will submit for the sake of calling themselves free, or in other words retaining their old form of slavery in the sterile fastnesses of the mountain tops, amidst fears and deprivations, in preference to a new race of tyrants, under whom they might have lived, without being liable to personal service, in the luxury and plenty of the plain below. The only path by which the vil-

lage of Sellytza is accessible on this side, lies under those towers which are seen among the vineyards below the great precipice, and the whole cultivation being carried on by means of terraces which support the soil, the natives have a fresh wall of defence commanding all below it in every ten yards of the ascent.

While I was making a hasty sketch of this position from a point of rock, we were surprised by the appearance of a figure, urging on with kicks and cries a black mule, which made fruitless exertions to quicken its pace, to correspond with the impatience of its rider. The figure seemed tall and thin, and instead of a head seemed to terminate in a cone of white linen. We gazed with astonishment at the spectre, whenever by turning a point on the coast, the cries and the beating attracted our attention, till after a few minutes concealment in the ravine of the Mainiote fortifications, the horseman quitted the direct path and rode up to the spot where our party was assembled. A real ghost would have scarcely occasioned more astonishment than we expressed, when unwinding the folds of a long towel or table-cloth, the cadaverous countenance of old Zanè was disclosed, grinning with affected delight, at finding such dear friends after so long an absence, and positively come with the fixed determination of at-