

This was posted at
the Dardanelles
& received on 2^d July.

Sunday afternoon, on board the
Anchises, June 27. 1858

My dear Fanny

When I found that you were not at the Peraeus
yesterday morning, I drew the melancholy conclusion that we
were not to be blessed with the presence of the fairies and by far
the better half of humanity. My foreboding proved but too true. Now
a glimpse of woman society has lightened the voyage; now is such
happiness to be looked for now, until the return. I went on board
at 9: found a gentleman in French uniform, reading a French
translation of a volume of D'Israeli, with a little dog fondly
hiding behind his coat tail. The gentleman was the Captain. The little
dog was his pet King Charles, and bears the name of Figaro. Another
gentleman, stout beyond the dreams of Macdaniel, with his cheeks so
broad that they turn the lower ones of his ears out at right angles with
his head, proved to be the shot surgeon, and a very sensible man - but
- Oh, horrors, - he spits. This Southern vice has just brought infinite

reproach upon our Country. I did not expect to find it on the
Classic shores of Greece. The Captain is a good-natured man. He talks
like a babler. Figaro is amusing enough for half an hour: but
like all the favorites of power, he becomes a bore & a snivel. Figaro
likes to hide under the table's coat tails, besides his master's. I seem
to be the Captain's highest notion of felicity, to let him dangle in the
partition. I assure I do not like it. I sit reading or writing, when my
meditation, are suddenly arrested by feeling his nose in my pocket.
Figaro has a great aversion about the cuisine. They think that is

brought in, and goes his inspection. He picks up the letter, and smells
right and left. His master says "he has Figaro", but Figaro having
cut his canine teeth, puts it out as he pleases. What shall be done
with Figaro? There he is, at this moment looking over my shoulder. I am
sure he knows what I am writing? The question has occurred to me, whether
killing him would be justifiable homicide.

We have a charming voyage so far. The weather warm, but not sunny
so, and the seas in a boundless expanse of blue. I slept very soundly
last night, not having had an hour's sleep for three nights before.
The truth is, certain Anisophanic insects, with anorthophagous tendencies,
have been devouring me by miles. It was very annoying but eminently
unavoidable, and I needed a respite from what Milton might call
"eating cares." I awoke this morning, greatly refreshed: took a salt bath
which healed my wounds, and am now perfectly well again. We are just
leaving Tolo, a delta, where we remained about 5 hours. The legend of
Jason and his Argonautic Expedition in this romantic region, has never
been satisfactorily explained. Jason was a favorer of Kleon of the
neighboring mountains, who having placed everybody here, set sail for
distant regions, to place on a larger scale - here called the Queen of the
Golden Fleece, and so sung by the poets. I went ashore at Tolo. Having
a fancy to penetrate the old Turkish walls, through which I saw the
cannon passing, I walked until I came to a post, guarded by a soldier.
I touched my hat to him - he presented arms - I asked in little Greek, if
it was permitted to enter: - he answered in excellent Turkish something
like allah, allah, which I took to signify, "Enter, my Lord" - as so
I entered. Wednesday June 30, We are now just past the Holy Mountain
and steering between Thasos and Samos, with Samothrace not far off
for the Dardanelles. We have had a most admirable voyage so far.
Have seen Pelion, Ossa and Olympus in perfection: have had Mr. Athos

in his views for three hours, with some of the principal ministers: as the
sea, after my a.e. boatman here, on the Persian side of the Cor, has been
calm sea on both. At Salonica, I believed you better known, according to
your direction. Mr. Spandonos was not at home, but I had a pleasant
visit of half an hour with Madame S. In the course of the forenoon, Mr. Spandonos
found me and visited that I should pass the night at his house. I accordingly
remained there at 5 o'clock. They live very agreeably in a well placed,
large, airy house. Mr. S. accompanied me to several mosques, as the we
ascended the hill to the old monastery, in which there is a magnificent
view of the Gulf, the city, Mr. Thymis at Oran, as a candidate for the
of Macedonia. He appeared fatigued, but I was more than repaid. We
left Salonica yesterday (Tuesday) at 3 1/2 o'clock. Heavy clouds were hanging
over the mountains, as I expect a storm. I believe it did not pass
the Macedonian hills. But the night was clear starlight, as the morning
the sun came up over the sea, and hid the "isles of Greece"
into a blaze. Under Mr. S. the water is still, blue and deep: but
one sees easily that the fowls capable of getting all this new produce
and splendid scene in an afternoon, are not sleeping.

I found it very hot at Salonica, except at Mr. Spandonos house. The
streets narrow, clean, and dirty: but I was amused with the look and show of
the Turks, who appear to be always good for nothing a race as soon as
permitted to show themselves on earth. All appears to think it necessary
half a dozen other minute habits, as the most ordinary occur, one fellow
I met returning home laden with a string of onions. In his belt he had
four pistols as a yatagan, as if the onion was not a sufficient protection.
The more I see of the Turks, the more contemptible, worse off, lazier,
crueller and wretched they appear to me: as I cannot help feeling, more
strong than ever, the inevitable course of events, driving them back into
Asia, where they belong. I do not in the least wonder at the

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Greek feeling in the subject. If I were a Greek, I should never have a
 Christian Church desecrated into a mosque, without hoping to take
 up arms and rebel the barbarians for saying they have too long polluted.
 I believe the course of events will prove stronger than man's policy, as that
 these few regions are to be redeemed to Christians and Architecture. —
 When you write to Mr. Shandee, will you remember me and bid him &
 Mrs. S. with many thanks for their generous hospitality. — I think of you
 as the bird in a cage, almost regretting that I have left the world;
 but I was getting into a feverish condition; as the Cornelia & Shenk
 (Corn-knobs, and Skinnippers) of the Hotel, were mightily harassing me.
 The skin of my hands is peeling off in consequence of the venoms and
 they inflict. I take a salt bath every morning, and have myself quite
 well. — I shall leave for a few moments, at Sardanello today, to see
 if Mr. Caldwell is at home; since we since he has gone to England.
 I received the letter of Sir Thomas Mape before I was gone. Will you please
 to thank him heartily for the trouble he took to purchase & forward
 them from Parlatius.

The deck is crowded with passengers, who buy their own beds & bedding;
 they are Turk, Jew, Armenian & Greek: two or three women are
 among them. Figaro seems to disapprove the arrangement, if we may
 judge by his looks.

Pray remember me most affectionately to Mrs. Hill & Miss Baldwin
 not forgetting all the Athenian boys whom you may happen to meet before
 my return.

Ever my dear Sir,
 By Antioch yours,

Rev. Dr. Hill.

C. C. Fulton