



GREECE AND THE GREEKS.

VOL. II.

GREECE AND THE GREEKS.

THE NARRATIVE OF

A WINTER RESIDENCE AND SUMMER TRAVEL

IN

GREECE AND ITS ISLANDS.

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY

MARY HOWITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1863.

The right of Translation is reserved.

London:
Printed by R. Gardner, Gloucester Street,
Regent's Park.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

ELEVENTH STATION.

Santorin—Volcanic Formation—Polite Inhabitant—Excellent Wines—The Lepers—The Sisters of Mercy—Catholic Propaganda—A Dark Night—Sicinos—Anti-Paros and its Grotto—The Harbour of Marmora at Paros—To Naxos . . 1

TWELFTH STATION.

Naxos—Villa Somariva—Valley of Melanés—The Source of the Fleurio—Island Life—An Idyllian Wedding—Our Village—Temper of the Islanders—Scenes from the History of Naxos—Its Present Life—Festivals—Stormy Days—The Beautiful Valleys of Naxos, Melanés, Fleurio, Potamia, Engarès, Drymalia, Aparanthus—A Day in the Valley of Drymalia—Monte Zeus and Mystic Grotto—Ariadne in Naxos—The Bright Side of Life in the Island—The Shadow Side of Life in the Island—Conclusion and Departure . 21

THIRTEENTH STATION.

Release—The Piræus—Memories of the French Occupation—The Grave of Themistocles—Necessity of a Railway—Poros and its Lions—Trœzèn and its Orange Groves—The Vintage—A Greek Mistress of a Family—Dowry of the Girls of Poros—Again in Athens—Political Fermentation—Syrian Exiles—The Grand Idea of the Greeks—One still Greater—In my Home—New Flight 61

FOURTEENTH STATION.

In Thessaly—Review of the Journey—Eubœa—Chalcis—Euripus—Lamia—Thermopylæ—Œta and Othrys—Oreos—Amaliopolis—Glance at Pelion and its Twenty-four Cities—Volo—The Home of the Greek Consul—The Greeting of Pelion—A Day on the Mountain—The Turk's Town—A Turkish Aga—Ruins of Pagasæ—View of Iolcos—Most Ancient Memory, and Life of the Present Day—Condition of Thessaly—The Meteora-Monasteries—Glance towards Olympus . . 87

FIFTEENTH STATION.

Life in a Greek Steamboat—Acquaintance during the Trip—The Young Macedonian—The Old Lady—Again in Athens—Greek Dwelling-houses—Tidings from the East and the West—Interior Disturbance—Reading and Domestic Life—Approach of Autumn—An Attic Silk Manufactory—Walks—Departure for Parnassus 117

SIXTEENTH STATION.

Evening at Corinth—A Greek Heiress—Changeable Weather—Beautiful Morning Journey—The Holy Wood—Delphi, its Springs and its Temples—The Oracle—Amphictyonic Council 129

SEVENTEENTH STATION.

Souvenir of Delphi—Morning Ride to Arachova—Parnassus, its Most Ancient Festivals and Latest Muses—The Fatal Meeting by the Way—Entrance into Livadia—Noonday Rest—View of Parnassus—Hospitality at Lebadea—The Fountains of Lethe and Mnemosyne—The Cave of Trophonius, and the Description by Pausanias—Ride to Thebes—Last Glimpse of Parnassus—A Theban Home—Theban Memories and Views—Polyokandoro—Greek Khan-Life—Stormy Arrival at Home 164

EIGHTEENTH STATION.

All Souls' Day—The Marble Quarry of Pentelicus—The King and the Chambers—The World's Movements and Voices—The Queen's Park—A Conversation on Culture, and Many Other Things—Athens as the Centre of Modern Greece—The Queen's Birthday—New Squares and Promenades—Beautiful Spring Days—Close of 1860 195

NINETEENTH STATION.

During the Month of January—Theseus Square—Two Festivals—Greek Tableaux—Unexpected Deaths—The King and the New Chambers—Increasing Murmurs and Threatening Signs—Swiss Home of Sorrow—Easter Day in the Athenian Protestant Church—Festival at Liossa—View of the Vale of Athens from Colonos—Walks in the Old City—Month of April—The Greek Church 209

TWENTIETH STATION.

Last Excursions—To Megara—Wedding Scenes at Megara and Eleusis—A Journey in a Greek Omnibus—"Dembirasi"—To Marathon—The Forest and the Forest Deserts—The Ancient Battle-field—Petrifactions at Pitkairni—Farewell Visits—The Acropolis once more—Pericles and Aspasia—The Philosopher's Walk—Socrates 240

TWENTY-FIRST STATION.

Last Days in Athens—The New Arcadian Pine—Farewell Audience—Politics once more—What does Modern Greece wish for, and what is it doing?—Old and New—The Greek National Virtues and Failings—Commercial Affairs—Departure—Last View of Old Hellas—Domestic Life and the Women of Greece—Cape Matapan and Cerigo—The Ionian Isles—Farewell, Greece! 280

TWENTY-SECOND STATION.

The Childhood of Venice, its Manhood, its Old Age—The Pope and the Emperor—The Emperor and the Pope—A History which is like a Saga—Venice and Milan—New Life—The Railroad — National Arming — Walks — Ladies — Cavour's Death and Last Words—Consequences—Lake of Como—Nature and Men—How will it end?—Cavour's Answer—Garibaldi at Peschiera—Panic Terror—Once more Venice—Words of Gustavus Adolphus 305

TWENTY-THIRD STATION.

Through Germany—By a Grave 332

TWENTY-FOURTH STATION.

Return—Sum Total—At Home 340

GREECE AND THE GREEKS.

ELEVENTH STATION.

Santorin—Volcanic Formation—Polite Inhabitant—Excellent Wines—The Lepers—The Sisters of Mercy—Catholic Propaganda—A Dark Night—Sicinos—Anti-Paros and its Grotto—The Harbour of Marmora at Paros—To Naxos.

SANTORIN, *July 15th.*—I am here amongst Spaniards and Catholics. Dimarch Delenda is of Spanish descent, which may be observed by his appearance and his careful and somewhat ceremonious politeness. He is a man of the world and of fine breeding, and well-informed in everything that relates to Santorin.

Santorin is the only place and island in Greece which prepares wine saleable in foreign countries; but this cannot be ascribed so much to the superior quality of the grape, as to the manner in which the wine is prepared by the French company who manage it. The wines of Santorin will keep good year after year. They are sent to Turkey and Russia. Odessa on the Black Sea is one of their chief markets. I have visited a great wine cellar, excavated within the mountain, and have there tasted sixteen or eighteen different sorts of wine, all prepared from the grapes of Santorin. I was most pleased with the wine of Bacchus—very like that of Naxos—with the taste of nectar and colour of liquid gold, so also the "wine of night," which is colourless; and has obtained that name from the fact of the vintage taking place during the night, and from the grapes being hidden under the leaves

of the vine, and not exposed to the influence of the sun, by which means the wine is not coloured by it. It has an agreeable acid flavour, like Rhine wine, only milder. The entire island is a vineyard, with the exception of the hill of St. Elias, the formation of which is so different from the rest of the island. The productiveness of the volcanic soil for wine has attracted thither a population which is now too large for the resources of the island. Whilst the large island of Naxos, which is three times as large, has merely eleven thousand inhabitants, little Santorin, on the edge of its crater and its slopes, has a population of thirteen thousand. From this cause poverty has arisen amongst a portion of its people, numbers of whom cannot live without support.

Amongst the institutions in the island for the education of youth and for the help of the necessitous the convent of the Sisters of Mercy is one of the most beautiful, both in spirit and management. The sisters' school contains sixty full pensionnaires, and two hundred day scholars. The sisters are, besides, physicians, dress wounds—nay, even perform surgical operations—and prescribe and furnish medicines gratis. The Lady-Superior wore an extremely poor, nay, even ragged dress; but her agreeable and refined manners showed her to be a highly-educated woman, whilst her mode of speaking French betrayed the inimitable delicacy and grace of the Parisian tongue. The instructress in the music-school was a blind girl, admirably sure in her touch and skilful on the piano. The convent distributes bread to more than a hundred persons. Half-witted or idiotic children are also taken care of here. The sister-superintendent complained of the smallness of the means in comparison with the existing needs.

I can never see these Catholic institutions without my heart warming, and without wishing that we Pro-

testant Christians had the like amongst us. The Deaconess Homes are a beginning in this direction, but they do not yet equal their model.

The Catholics and the members of the Greek Church live on good terms with each other at Santorin, and seem to have forgotten their dogmatical quarrel under the influence of the works of love on the Catholic side.

It was somewhat of a surprise to me in this remote place, on the edge of the crater of Santorin, to be examined by a new Inquisition, and by the old Romish Propaganda. The former was not dangerous, except to the patience, which was really stretched upon the rack, namely, by a tall gentleman, a daily guest at the house, who seemed to consider it as his duty to entertain the strangers there by incessant questioning, something in this style—

"How old is the Queen of Sweden?"

"Is she a well-educated lady?"

"Is the King of Sweden a Catholic?"

"Is he an educated man?"

"Are you acquainted with the Queen of Greece?'

"Is she an educated lady?"

And so on.

This may be tolerated for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and perhaps a little longer; but when it is continued for hours without interruption, and without any sign of intermission, then one feels one's self ready to give up—if not the ghost, yet assuredly patience—at least, such do as have not a greater store than I have of that useful commodity, so commended by Solomon. I therefore esteemed myself lucky when, on the preceding evening, a certain Conti di Cigala, a physician on the island, and an independent-minded man, came and interrupted the inquisition which I was undergoing on

the open piazza of the house whither I had taken flight in the hope of escaping from it, and which was spoiling my enjoyment of the glorious evening and the grand view. In the meantime I was very nearly in the condition of him who jumps out of the frying-pan into the fire. Both gentlemen were Catholics—the tall one strictly a churchman, the other more liberal in opinion. They were soon, therefore, in contention on certain dogmas, and the inquisitor turned again to me. I referred them from the dogmas of the Church to the very kernel of the Christian religion—love to the Saviour, and obedience to His commands, to which the physician agreed, but not so the tall gentleman, who, shocked or offended, I know not which, suddenly disappeared, which was felt as a great relief.

In company with Dr. Cigala I arranged for the following morning a visit to the little colony of lepers at Santorin, which I had heard praised as the best in Greece, where the number of these unfortunates is said to exceed two hundred.

But yet a word about the Romish propaganda.

It latest revealed itself in the person of a prior or dignitary of the Church, who came to pay me a visit and to exhort me to become converted to the only saving Church—namely, the Roman Catholic—as well as to recommend to me the reading of certain authors and books, the ultramontane tendencies of which I was already acquainted with. The worthy father had a witty, cheerful, and even kind manner, and he went so openly to work in his attempt at conversion that I could not possibly take it otherwise than cheerfully and kindly. His dress was very homely and ragged, but I had heard his wine-cellar praised as one of the best supplied in the island, and his libations as abundant. There was also something in his appearance

which strengthened this opinion—I consequently replied to his admonitions by very friendly acknowledgments of his good intentions; but laughingly assured him that I most certainly should not read Mr. ——'s writings, nor yet the many others which he proposed to me of the same class. And thus we parted on very good terms with each other. As regards the Dimarch and his wife, they have quite too much tact and good sense to torment me with questionings and attempts at conversion. Their endeavours are only how they shall make their house as agreeable to me as possible, and accomplish all my wishes.

To-day, in the forenoon, whilst Mr. Michaelis made an excursion to the monastery of St. Elias, and to the more distant parts of the island, to visit their ancient remarkable objects, I myself, having for such things a very moderate curiosity, went with Dr. Cigala, according to arrangement, to the abode of the lepers.

At sunrise—and magnificent was the ascent of the great luminary from the sea—taking a sandy foot-path, we passed amongst vineyards which, it seemed to me, in some places might be better attended to, and after about half-an-hour's difficult walking we came upon a group of from eight to ten persons assembled around a kind of poor-box by the road-side. They were well-dressed, and looked neither unhappy nor disfigured. Nevertheless they were lepers in the first stage of this terrible disease. Their appearance evidenced a great advance in the treatment of these unfortunates by the Greeks in comparison with that of the Turks. They were warming themselves in the sunshine, and replying in a friendly manner to our questions, afterwards followed us at a little distance.

We turned round a rock, and here, inside the crater, with an incomparable view over it and the sea, were

built within the rock-wall the dwellings of the lepers. We glanced into some of them, the doors of which stood open. The little rooms smelt damp, but were neat, and their beds were furnished with sheets. There was one room which I was warned against entering, but for that very reason I went very slowly into it, for there lay a leprous man in the last stage of the disease. It is difficult to imagine anything more horrible. There was no single feature of the face remaining. When I had convinced myself that this skeleton was still living and breathing, I besought of Dr. Cigala, who remained standing at the door, to speak to him.

"Jesus Christ will cause thee to rise again to a new life and with a new body," said the good physician.

At these words the skeleton moved, raised his attenuated, bleeding arms, extended them upwards, then sank them slowly cross-wise on his breast. It was his reply, he had no longer the power of speech.

As his hearing still seemed perfect, I requested the doctor to ask him if I could send him anything which would give him any pleasure. With great difficulty he made the word *luccumi* intelligible. I promised to send it to him, and afterwards inquired from the other lepers about his condition and state of mind. Every one agreed in praising his piety and his perfect submission. Although he longs to die, yet he is perfectly contented to live in this condition so long as it is the will of God. Every one seemed to regard him with affection and esteem, as an example to imitate. Yet his room looked more empty and poverty-stricken than any of the others, and nothing but a bottle of water stood as refreshment by his couch. Dr. Cigala said that he might yet perhaps live a year longer.

Of the fourteen lepers, men and women, who lived here, like swallows in the rocky wall, few of them were

as yet greatly disfigured by the disease, but in all the hands had been attacked so that they were unable to labour. Two of them, a man and a woman, were still quite young, not yet twenty years of age. They had no other prospect for their future than that of coming by degrees into the state of the living skeleton. Yet for all that none of them seemed to look forward to their fate with horror or uneasiness. No one complained of his condition, but they universally complained of the manner in which they were provided for, which was uncertain and insufficient. On the preceding day they had not had any thing but bread to eat. Sometimes they were wholly forgotten. During the prevalence of an icy north wind last winter, the whole little colony had been seen to come down to the town (Phera) perishing with cold and hunger. For two days they had had nothing at all to eat. They are entirely supported by alms which are received on their behalf and distributed to them by a commission in the town. But as the amount distributed to them depends upon the amount of the alms, it is consequently unequal, and often insufficient.

Dr. Cigala, who is evidently a warm-hearted and thoughtful man, considers the complaints of the lepers, which were uttered with gentle low voices, to be fully justified, and complained for his own part of their lodgment in the rock, the dampness and coldness of which were so highly prejudical in this disease.

When we reflect that this institution at Santorin is considered to be the best hospital establishment in Greece for the disease of leprosy, we must be horrified at the thought of the others. I know that, long ago, the philanthropic Dr. Rœser, in connection with Dr. Cigala and others, opened a subscription for the erection of a hospital for lepers, near Athens, in which they could be divided

into various classes, and receive all the help* or the alleviation which the knowledge of medicine and science could impart; but I know, also, that the amount received does not yet exceed some few thousand drachmas, and that probably many years will be needed before the sum of two hundred thousand drachmas can be collected, which it is considered that such an institution will require. And, in the meantime, must the present state of things be continued for the lepers here, and still worse, still more sorrowful, in other places in Greece? Must the poor, lamenting, unfortunate beings be left alone in the last stage of the disease, with their bottle of water, and have to cry to the chance stranger for a little consolation in their misery? Shall fresh youths and maidens be despatched hither to live in the caves of the rock without medical care—without the regard of more happily-circumstanced fellow-beings, and without any prospect but that of becoming by degrees, after many long years spent in the rocky desert, like the living corpse lying there within that desolate room? If I were one of these, condemned to live here on the edge of the crater, whilst I heard, day and night, the waters in the depth below heave themselves with the thunder of their giant sighs, and strike against the riven chasms of the rock, to be found thrown back again from their hard bosom—oh! I know very well to what they would tempt me!

* Possibly also cure from the horrible disease before it had taken too deep root in the constitution. On King Otho's first visit to Santorin he was shown a leper, quite a young girl, who, it was believed, might be cured by suitable diet and medical treatment; but the means for this were not forthcoming. "Let the attempt be made at my cost," said the King. After the proper means had been used for eight months, the girl was restored, and still continues, ten years afterwards, in perfectly good health.—*Author's Note.*

Yet, great is the power of Christianity—have I not just seen it in the case of the cross-bearer within the rock? Great, also, is the consoling force of nature. But are they sufficient?—are they alike potent for all? It did not appear so. I saw amongst the clefts of the rock some small patches of ground which had been cultivated; now they seemed abandoned. From one of them a large sunflower had shot up on its tall stalk. A black figure rose up also in its neighbourhood, but concealed its face as we passed by.

It was with bitter tears—the first I had shed in Greece—that I left this place. The Lazarus whom I saw here I shall never forget; I know that I shall not, neither do I wish it. But weeping, I will lay him down before the gates of those rich men—of those Greek patriots who, from Vienna and Taganrog, from London and Paris, send rich gifts to their fatherland for the erection of academies and schools. I will bear him to the threshold of the Palace of the King and Queen of Greece, asking whether a few of their grand festivals might not annually be converted into food and care-taking for these lepers. I will knock at the doors of the still wealthy convents, and ask whether they have not sufficient to enable them to give somewhat more than hitherto to the poor lepers? I will add nothing more. The scarcely audible prayer of the unfortunates and their lament, which I here carry forth, will best appeal to the good and thinking Christian.

I parted from Dr. Cigala as from a friend. He is also an author, and sent me interesting works by himself on Santorin (in Italian) as well as on various moral and social subjects.

Mr. Michaelis returned at noon, very much pleased with his excursion, as well as by the discovery of some valuable antiquities and inscriptions. We ate a cheerful

dinner at the Dimarch's, with compliments and toasts, which were drunk in nine different kinds of wine, Bacchus-wine, Santo-wine, Night-wine, Callisto-wine, and many other kinds—all good; but the wine of Bacchus and Aparanthus, nevertheless, the best. We then went to see some statues at the French Consul's at Phera, which had been dug up on the island, in the soil of which great numbers of antiquities are found, the greater part from the time of the Romans. After this, we went to pay a visit to a poetess, Kyria Barbarigo, to whom I had brought a note from the amiable Aspasie C——, one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, and who bade me welcome in flowing Greek verses. Both she and her husband also showed me all imaginable politeness. Kyrios Barbarigo has gone to see about some excavations, the product of which he will confer upon me. Kyria Barbarigo overwhelmed me with her cordial good-will, and —but now Mr. Michaelis and myself must set out on our journey down the crater to our vessel, where Mrs. Agnes is awaiting us.

It is impossible to say how polite and kind these inhabitants of Santorin are. Only some of them make use of too many compliments. The grand inquisitor I place in the litany!

The 17th. Onboard the "Leon."—Again in the beautiful harbour of Ios, where we are remaining quietly in expectation that the violent west-wind will abate, and allow us to continue our journey. In the meantime, I am enjoying the quiet life and the calmness here, after a night which I will now describe.

Kyria Barbarigo accompanied me to the shore by a road full of Titanic stones, which are continually falling, and which lately caused the death of a man and a horse, but which did not at this time prevent us from reaching

our yacht safe and sound. Here we found a superabundance of good things sent down by Mrs. Barbarigo; a living sheep, a living pair of doves, Florio and Floriana; large bottles of Callisto wine—sweet, red, and thick, almost like liqueur, and which is especially refreshing when mixed with water — grapes, apricots, figs, bread. We could not sufficiently repeat, "*Eucharisto! Eucharisto!*"

Finally, we must say "*Kalle nichta!*" (good night), and "*addios!*" The yacht was unmoored from the wall of the crater, but merely to sail to the lava island in its centre, where we were to lie-to through the night, in order to make use of the earliest dawn to pass through the northern opening of the crater-ring. The evening sun saluted us with a bright glance before it concealed itself behind a little black cloud; the sea was calm, not a breath of air stirred. But scarcely had we let go our moorings from the wall, and begun to glide away into the quiet basin, before a whirlwind arose, snatched at our sail and so agitated and disturbed the "Leon," that we were tumbled hither and thither about the saloon, Kyria Barbarigo along with us, nor could we anticipate anything very agreeable when, at the same time, we heard the captain giving his orders in the tone of a man in a desperate passion. Be it as it would, the little vessel was again brought to her balance, and then away she flew to the lava island, where, together with several other craft, she was made fast with cables to the basaltic rocks of the shore.

Mrs. Barbarigo was landed at the little bathing place, where she had acquaintance, and we passed the night on board the "Leon" in the middle of the crater. But what a night! The storm raged furiously, and the waves thundered round Santorin with a tumult such as I never heard before. Even within the crater the elements were all in uproar.

The yacht broke loose from her mooring, drove against the other vessels, and again the captain's angry, thundering voice was heard, terrifying, and yet at the same time giving confidence, though one could very well hear there was danger, that he was the right man to encounter it. The Greeks are known as excellent seamen, and Captain Revivi as one of the best. The lamp in the saloon had gone out. It was a dismally dark night, as we lay within the jaws of the monster, and might expect any moment to be thrown up into the air during some of those outbreaks of its volcanic temper which so frequently are exhibited, and which, within only a few years, caused the death of several persons. We lay just on the very scene and place of these explosions, a place which mariners at the same time willingly select, because a current in the water here, possessing peculiar chemical properties, cleanses the hulls of the vessels from all impurity. If the storm continue we may have to lie here three or four days.

Amidst this agreeable prospect, and the thoughts which the darkness, the storm, and the place irresistibly inspired, I went to sleep. When I awoke the sun was shining, and every thing was calm. Nothing but the black lava rocks, to which we lay moored, reminded me of the tumult of the past night. The monster had laid himself to rest, and we might without danger ascend its crater, which was very difficult and hardly worth the trouble, for its abyss has again fallen in, like that of Monte Rosso, at Etna. The water is yet boiling around the margin of the island, and the sick, the maimed, and the infirm commend its salubrious power. The bathing-establishment on the dangerous shore is the best proof of this, and that health is dearer to man than life.

Spite of a perfect calm within the crater of Santorin, the "Leon" succeeded, thanks to our captain, by means of tacking and towing, to get out, and, once well out, sailing on the open sea was glorious, for the wind rose, was favourable, and we regularly flew along the glad foaming waves. It was life and music, it was enchanting, especially when we began to turn our backs upon Santorin, which, in spite of its Vino santo, and all its wines, and its polite, kind-hearted inhabitants, has become to me Thera, "the monster," and one of the most painful, saddest places of residence in the world, and where I would not live for—I know not what.

The inhabitants seem, however, contented with their island—great is the power of custom! Nevertheless, I have my suspicions that the so much praised atmosphere of the island is somewhat detrimental to health. All agree that it is injurious to the teeth. The teeth even of young persons early become black and decay. The clay of Santorin will melt in the fire, and becomes converted into a kind of porcelain of a very firm quality. The whole island it is said might be turned into that material. Strange island!

We shall remain quiet in the harbour of Ios till to-morrow, to see whether the wind will then allow us to continue our course. We wish to visit Anaphi—a very small island, but with considerable remains from the time of the Romans—Amorgos, and perhaps Milo, before we go to Naxos, where we intend to pitch our summer tent; but as yet there is quite too much wind out at sea. It is pleasant and calm in the harbour, and calm and peaceful are also the scenes of pastoral life which are presented on the shore. The Briseis has taken us a circuit round the shores of the bay. Both Mr. Michaelis and I have sketched the church of St. Irene. The evening breezes are delicious, and the sunset magni-

ficent. The sea-swell moderates outside the bay, the stars come forth, Mars ascends in splendour, and casts a clear pathway of light in the water, on which the mountains around throw a dark shadow. The evening bells ring rejoicingly in my soul!

The 18th. In the Roadstead of Sicinos.—The fresh wind of the morning brought us hither betimes. I have been on the island to pay my respects to a grove of oleanders, which shines beautifully on the shore, around a spring of fresh water, and afterwards to see somewhat of the interior of the island. After, however, about two hours' rambling amongst stony mountain cliffs and streams, which might do very well for goats, but not for human beings, especially under a burning sun, I grew weary and returned. And as my visit to the Islands of Greece has reference rather to their present life than their antiquarian remains, I have left it to my friends to discover a temple of the Pythian Apollo, which may be found on the island, and of which the learned write and sketch beautiful things. I have requested my friends to act as eyes for me on the island, and I, on my part, promise to take care that they, on their return to the yacht, shall have a good dinner of lamb-chops and maccaroni. Sicinos, which is possessed of three thousand inhabitants, is said to be favourable to the cultivation of the vine. The only human traces that I discovered during an hour's ramble were two poor little chapels, and a few olive trees.

And now I am sitting writing, whilst the wind blows, and the "Leon" rocks somewhat violently in the roadstead, for Sicinos has no harbour. My friends are a long time absent. The lamb-chops are more than fried, and the maccaroni is more than boiled, and I feel somewhat melancholy, I know not rightly why. I believe

that the poverty of the scenery around me operates depressingly on my mind, and I involuntarily compare the naked hills, the want of trees, vegetation, birds, natural life of the old world, with the luxuriant scenery, forests, islands of the new world—those islands garlanded with fragrant vines, those primeval forests, abounding with vegetable and animal life; those live oaks and magnolias; those cardinal and humming birds, all that indescribable power of youth in life and nature, and I ask, "Has the natural life of the earth really an old age as well as a youth, has the old world borne its fruit, and passed into the life of old age, never more to behold new springs? Or is this feeble vitality to be ascribed to the fault of man? Is it merely in a state of rest, like the earth lying fallow, in order yet once more to produce rich harvest when a new spring comes? I will believe the latter.

In the Evening.—My friends returned, after a very fatiguing excursion, deceived by the Temple of Apollo, which they found transformed into a Greek chapel, and with small remains of its former beauty; but they had been interested by the life, hospitality, and primitive manners prevailing in the little town of Sicinos, the Dimarch of which invited them to his house, and entertained them in the best manner in his power. Separated from the world, and without any physician, human beings here attain to a great age, living from eighty to one hundred years. Yet, if anything serious occurs —as disease amongst the children—it is left to go on increasing until it becomes incurable.

We shall set sail in the night, in order to reach Siphnos, one of the prettiest of the Lesser Cyclades, and most abounding in springs. Of Anaphi we must not think. The wind is contrary.

The Bay of Marmora, Paros, July 20th. In the haven.

"Wild winds' commotion
Sweep the dark ocean,
Yet in the haven the King's yacht has rest
In the marble-isle's breast!
Dear soul, be quiet!
The world's storm and riot
Never need trouble thy peacefullest rest
In God's fatherly breast!"

Thus sung my soul within me to-day, when, after two days' stormy sail, we lay peacefully in a beautiful little bay of Paros, which is called in the chart Marmora Bay. We are rocked by the waves, but still are secure from the violent storm from the north, which has caused them for the last two days to flow dark blue, with white foamy crests, in the straits which separate Paros and Naxos. We cannot reach Siphnos, and Melos is out of the question. The wind became violent during the night, the "Leon" dived like a swan, cleaving the waves which rushed over the deck. We were obliged to seek shelter between Paros and its little sister, Anti-Paros, where we were glad to be able to cast anchor, at six o'clock in the morning. The disturbed night was yet not without its beauty. The sky was splendidly bright, Mars shone out as if he had been Venus, and the sea was lit up by its radiance and phosphoric light.

Anti-Paros, which afforded to us its sheltering embrace, looked frightfully barren and poverty-stricken, and we feared we might have to experience a famine. But nothing of the kind. Little Anti-Paros is as good as many another of the Lesser Cyclades; it has all it needs for itself, and a little to spare besides for hungry travellers. We obtained a supply of good bread, of the kind which is usual in the islands, large brown loaves with a summit set upon each of them, which remind one

of the Elias Hills of the islands; we obtained eggs, vegetables, tomatoes, and many other things, and thus we continued here well-pleased through the day. Our young archæologist paid a visit to the celebrated underground stalactite grotto, which ladies cannot enter without danger to clothes and limbs, and returned with beautiful stalactites, which he gave to us, as well as a description of what he had seen, by which it appeared that this grotto did not differ in any remarkable feature from others of the same kind. Paros rises majestically opposite to the flat Anti-Paros, and at the foot of its lofty grey-white marble ridge white houses shine out from green olive groves. The sunset was brilliant with the most magnificent gold, and the night with the radiance of the starry heavens.

Towards morning we set sail, passed round the southern promontory of Paros, and endeavoured to enter the large harbour of Paros, whence we proposed to visit the marble quarries. But no! The meltemm becomes still more violent, we are obliged to coast. In the early dawn we are flying over the dark blue, stormy sea, backwards and forwards, lying obliquely to the tempest, and wetted by the foam of the waves, whilst the islands rise up on all hands with their veiled and gloomy forms. The voyage has its poetry, but at the same time its decided disagreeables for poor passengers, who are like footballs in the tumult of the "Leon" and the waves. The "Leon" wrestles merrily with the naïads, and we are continually advancing somewhat nearer to our goal. When the dawn was sufficiently advanced, I laboured up the saloon steps and poked my head out on deck. What a sight! We were flying along the straits between Paros and Naxos. Above the lofty mountain-ridge of Naxos, with its two summits, Monte Zeus and Monte Coronos, ascended the crimson flush of morning with ever increas-

ing brightness, causing the wavy mountain-ridges to stand out at their various heights with ever sharper outlines. The moment when the monarch of the day blazed forth over the island of Ariadne was magnificent beyond all description. Almost at the same moment our flying vessel bounded into the harbour of Paros. A little town, surrounded by trees, shone out white in the foreground; behind rose, in the splendour of morning, the cupolas of the marble mountain with softly rounded outlines. The sister islands seemed to bid each other a cheerful good morning across the straits.

The 23rd.—We have been on land, but the storm is so violent that we could hardly keep our feet, it took away all the pleasure which the ramble would otherwise have afforded us. The houses in the little town of Marmara are built of white marble, but more of them are ruinous than in good preservation, and many stand deserted. The causes assigned for this are the "fevers" and the disease in the grape, which have now prevailed in the island for several years. Fig-trees and the St. John's-bread trees give a beautiful appearance to the marble village. Mr. Hansen and young Michaelis have visited the marble quarries three hours' distance from herc. They returned delighted with the magnificent quarried openings and the dazzling white marble walls which were here and there, and wherever it could penetrate to it, tinted with a streak of the sun's gold. But everything has now been silent for ages in the marble halls of Paros, and no hammer awakens the divine forms that slumber therein.

In the evening we visited a village lying to the southward on the shore. The young *grammatevs* or lieutenant of our yacht took us to a house where we were regaled with apple-glyko on a silver waiter, handed to us by the

young, handsome daughter of the house. Everything here showed order and prosperity. I was able to converse in French with the father of the young girl, a ship-owner, a man of opulence and ability, and thus I gained considerable information on the state of the island. As I said before, the island has suffered of late years from the grape disease. Nevertheless, it contains wealthy men, and there would be many more if Paros could produce from its beautiful Aparanthus grapes a wine which would keep like that of Santorin. But the wine of Paros can only be preserved by the addition of resin, and such wine foreigners will not purchase, nor do I wonder at it.

I wished the daughter of the house "a very good husband," and her father all kinds of happiness, after which we returned to the marble town. It was Sunday, and on our way we met groups of pleasure-seekers, women brilliant in their red neck-kerchiefs and head attire, men with red caps and bright scarfs—handsome people!

In the town the men were assembled about the coffee-house. Everywhere neatness prevailed in the small, square, dice-like houses. We seldom saw a green verandah, but the better class of houses had balconies. The dwelling-house is, in these islands, evidently not a home for human life, but merely a shelter for the body and its simplest needs. The people seemed inquisitive, but kindly disposed. We are the first strangers this year who have visited Paros, and shall be probably the last. Fevers rage here, and spite of the marble towns of Paros, and its elegant capital, Parochia, the island seems to be in a state of decay. We went into the house of a beautiful young woman who was standing at her door. Fever was consuming her; three little children lay half-naked on the floor, and she was deserted by her

husband. So her old mother told us. We gave them medicines which we had brought with us from Athens, as well as some coffee and sugar. How thankful they were to us! Alas, the guardian gods of the marble island have deserted it!

The storm has abated. We shall, if possible, set sail to-night in order to reach Naxos. But the wind, as yet, is directly contrary.

TWELFTH STATION.

Naxos—Villa Somariva—Valley of Melanés—The Source of the Fleurio—Island Life—An Idyllian Wedding—Our Village—Temper of the Islanders—Scenes from the History of Naxos—Its Present Life—Festivals—Stormy Days—The Beautiful Valleys of Naxos, Melanés, Fleurio, Potamia, Engarès, Drymalia, Aparanthus—A Day in the Valley of Drymalia—Monte Zeus and Mystic Grotto—Ariadne in Naxos—The Bright Side of Life in the Island—The Shadow Side of Life in the Island—Conclusion and Departure.

MELANÉS, VILLA SOMARIVA, *July 27th.*—So stormy was the morning's sail between Paros and Naxos on the 23rd instant, and so savagely was the "Leon" treated by the naïads, that I began to suspect I should never more set my foot on the island of Ariadne; but just when this suspicion arose we flew into its so-called harbour, under the shelter of the hill of Bacchus—a projecting rocky headland, upon which a lofty white marble gateway still stands, testifying of the Dionysius worship and temple, a testimony of a noble and proud character facing the sunset.

It was not without danger and difficulty that our little "Briseis" landed us on the rocky shore. A few hours afterwards and we were again in the house of the hospi-

table Dimarch, Dr. Damiralos, where we spent the day, rested and refreshed ourselves.

In the evening Mrs. Hansen and I parted with regret from our young friend and companion, Mr. Michaelis, who was to return with the yacht to Athens, whilst we abode in our Naxian paradise. Nor was it without regret that I parted from our little vessel, which had now been my home for three weeks, whilst I flew about from island to island on the Ægean Sea, and passed a small portion of life—now and then somewhat stormy, but often ideally delicious, and the first of its kind which I had hitherto spent. And although the voyaging of the last week had been altogether too tempestuous to be agreeable, I yet rejoiced to think that, in about a month —when the "Leon" should fetch us away from Naxos— we should again be borne by the little beast, and should then proceed to Eubœa, the largest and most beautiful island of free Greece.

I must now consider my island trip amongst the Cyclades as concluded—because so wills Poseidon!— although I have not been able to visit many islands which I had marked down in my note-book, according to the programme of Dr. Rœser, as being memorable either for their Greek temples and Roman circuses and theatres, or for their remarkable natural features and curiosities. For there is not a single habitable island in the Greek Archipelago which has not something peculiar and remarkable of one kind or another. And this stamps them really as Greek islands. I regret most not having been able to reach Melos, one of the most remarkable of the Cyclades, from its volcanic structure and its remains of antiquity, yet consisting for the most part of graves. That also is characteristic. Greatly at one time did learning and prosperity flourish at Melos—the Venus of Milo found in its soil testifies

the same to this day in the Museum of the Louvre. Melos was at that time an independent state. During the Peloponnesian war the rapacious Athenians sought for a cause of quarrel with it. In vain Melos prayed that it might purchase with gold peace and independence for itself. Athens would be satisfied with nothing less than the entire wealth of the island. The people of Melos then fought most bravely for their lives, but were compelled to yield to superior force. Athens conquered the island, and then caused its male population, four thousand in number, to be put to death—an action which the lovers of classical antiquity too easily pass over. Melos never afterwards recovered herself, and Athens, which converted the little island into an island of graves, had soon to experience from a larger and more powerful island—that of Sicily—a terrible retaliation. Such is sometimes the punishment inflicted by the Nemesis of history.

Spite of their peculiarities, both natural and historical, yet have most of the Cyclades a great sister resemblance. Nearly all of them have a town on the summit of a hill, an Elias chapel on another hill top, and between the naked heights some valleys, the greater or less fertility of which constitutes the principal difference between them. Amongst the small Cyclades of volcanic origin St. Irene is the queen. Amongst the larger, not volcanic, the island of Ariadne holds that rank.

In the evening, at sunset, I went with Dr. Damiralos upon the Bacchus or Dionysius mountain—Monte Dia—the bold, projecting promontory of which breaks the force of the waves driven up by northern storms, and which, by so doing, forms some shelter to the roadstead of Naxos—for harbour it cannot be called; and, during violent storms the small craft of the island are often wrecked in this roadstead. About half a dozen

such vessels, with remarkably broad hulls, and very elegant, were now lying there at anchor. The opulent men of the town are endeavouring, at the present time, to set on foot a subscription for the construction of a good harbour—the means of the island's possible advancement.

The evening was glorious; the splendid colouring of the sunset indescribable. The sea was now perfectly calm—huge waves still heaved themselves with a dull roaring against the riven clefts of Monte Dia—the last sighs of the storm. Various islands rose up distantly from the bright blue sea, Myconos, Andros, Tenos, and many others; to the north and most remote, Icaria, an island under the yoke of Turkey, from the large oak-woods of which the Cyclades are supplied with timber and firewood. The lofty, massive marble archway shone bright in the golden splendour of the evening—a beautiful symbol of the noble significance of the Dionysius worship. Bacchus worship is of a lower or grosser kind. But, with the exception of this gateway, and a few steps leading to it, there is nothing remaining of the temple. Masses of marble fragments and stones show what a work of Vandal desolation has been here. Perhaps some more considerable remains might yet be met with in the mounds which now cover the site of the old temple. A situation for a temple cannot be conceived more beautiful than this. I fancy I see the statue of Dionysius, with those noble features, that mild expression, as I saw it in the halls of the Vatican, standing in this open entrance with the goblet of Naxos wine in his hand, extended to those who approached the shore of Naxos. I seem to myself to read in his countenance the words, "Come, mortals! enjoy with gratitude the gift of the gods, but profane it not!"

The only memory of Ariadne in the town of Naxia is a white marble fountain, which bears her name.

The Dimarch praised the climate, the air, the wine of Naxos; the morality and the good dispositions of the people; but he longed for an intellectual, social life, which is not to be met with there.

But who thinks of longing for such a thing, or, indeed, for anything, when they live in—Paradise? And I am now there. The valley of Melanés is an earthly paradise, and Villa Somariva, my home, a dwelling, with all its simplicity, not unworthy of such a valley.

The pretty little light grey ass which took me thither the next day, the 24th, knew well enough that it was taking me to something good, for it was at home in Melanés, knew the road, and tripped along lightly and gaily up and down amongst the hills, turning nimbly aside for other asses, which we met laden with fir-wood or with grain for the town. A delicious land-breeze welcomed and cooled me on the way; hedges of blossoming oleander and agnus cactus shone out here and there; amidst the green vallies, palms waved their lofty crests.

After half an hour's ride, the wide, fertile Vale of Melanés opens. A white building, in the Venetian style, shines out at the farther end from a grove of olive and other fruit-trees. I ride up a path between bushes, trees, and small white houses, to a large, old-fashioned gate; it is opened; a court, with a verandah covered with vines, an old-fashioned, comfortable, two-storied stone house, in the middle of a shady garden with walks and ponds, and—it is Villa Somariva. Here I am received with open arms by good, kind Mrs. Hansen, who, with her little German maid Frances, has already set everything in order, and is, like myself, delighted with the glorious greenery which surrounds us here, with the air, the water, the fruit, and the kind people of the Vale of Melanés.

Villa Somariva is situated on the slope of a mountain,

or upon one of the many terraces which is formed from the slopes. Behind the villa lies, somewhat higher up the mountain, a little village of white-washed, small, dice-like houses, and a yet whiter church; and still higher up than the village, a square tower—Pyrgos—in the style of the Middle Ages. Below, and on both sides of our villa, spread out extensive grounds, consisting of private gardens and groves, separated from each other by low walls, almost concealed from the eye by the numbers of trees and bushes which grow there in a state of nature, and with all its luxuriance. Vines clamber up into the lofty olive-trees, and fall down again in light-green festoons, heavy with grapes, which wave in the wind. Slender cypresses rise up from amidst brightly verdant groves of orange, fig, pomegranate, plum, and peach trees. Tall mulberry-trees, umbrageous planes, and ash-trees glance down upon thickets and hedges of blossoming myrtles, oleanders, and the agnus cactus. From amidst this garden-paradise, which occupies the whole higher portion of the entire extent of the valley, rise here and there white villas, with ornaments upon their roofs and balconies, with small towers, which show a medieval Venetian origin. Around the valley ascend mountains in a wide circuit, with their slopes covered with shadowy olive-woods, and cultivated almost to their summits, which are rounded and not very high. Three larger villages, with their churches, and half-a-dozen lesser homesteads are situated on the terraces of the hills, surrounded by cultivated fields and olive-woods. All these houses are of stone, and white-washed, and all approach the square or dice-like form. From our windows and balcony which face the west, we can overlook almost the whole of this extensive valley, and beyond a depression in its ring of mountains, we see the white-grey marble tympanum of Paros, with its two sister cupolas, sur-

rounded by that clear blue vapour which makes it apparent that the sea lies between them and our island. On the side opposite to the softly-rounded crown of Paros shines out the interior summit of Naxos high above the mountain of Melanès, a giant head upon giant shoulder, which is called Bolibaz, and which has a fantastic appearance.

But I have not yet mentioned the fountain of beauty, in the Valley of Melanés, the fountain of its fertility —the Fleurio, which flows in many small streams through the gardens, and supplies us with the most glorious water, both for drinking and washing. The river Fleurio bounds along the middle of the valley, and makes its fields green; it murmurs meanderingly along over a deep bed of marble blocks and stones, its banks garlanded with fine-leaved, white-flowering savin and oleanders; besides being overshadowed in many places by the most beautiful plane-trees, which stretch out their huge branches to each other across the little stream, which in its calm but fresh career, and its romantic meanderings, is a living image of a beautiful, quiet life!

May it be ours during these coming weeks! Everything seems to promise that it may.

We have now a young friend with us from Athens, that is to say, the young Swiss teacher from the Arsakion, whose health seems to require some weeks of quiet country life.

We each one of us have our own room in the house, and the peristyle serves for a common eating-room and place of general association. We share the house with the Somariva family, father, mother, and one daughter, a classically handsome, good young girl, but who is not able to console her parents for the loss of their only son, sorrow for whom seems quite to have broken the

mother's health. We and they live each on our own side of the house, but they show us all conceivable kindness; amongst other things they present us with plates heaped up with fruit gathered from their own garden. I have just now refreshed myself with a delicious melon, and ditto peach—genuine fruit of Naxos!

Sunday, August 13th.—Some weeks of quiet insular life ought to make up a portion of the existence of every human being who is much occupied either by the pleasures or the cares of this world. In this secluded little world, and its monotonous, everyday life, with ever-recurring sameness in natural scenery, occupations, &c., a kind of holiday peacefulness is diffused around the soul—the soul which has combated much, which has questioned, sought, loved, enjoyed, and suffered! Undisturbed by the outward, it collects itself more easily for reflection as regards itself and the world—the world which it learns to know. Itself a little island in the great human sea, it surveys more easily its horizon and—that which encompasses the earth.

During the last fourteen days our idyllian life in the island, having attained to ever greater regularity and calmness, has become increasingly agreeable. The people of the villages have acquired the habit of bringing to us poultry, eggs, and many kinds of vegetables, such as pamias, koloquidias, pommi d'oro, or tomatoes, besides milk—goats' milk, however, which cannot compensate for the loss of cows' milk. Bread, coffee, sugar, and such things we have to send for by a messenger from the town. Our kind host and hostess present us daily with juicy melons, pears, and figs as sweet as honey. And now grapes, the most wholesome of all southern fruits, are coming into season. A fresh north wind has dispersed the heat, which was somewhat oppressive during the early part of our residence here; nor is the

peace of night or day disturbed either by midges or flies. The young Swiss lady has recovered her appetite and her cheerfulness, takes walks, and gives lessons in French to Sophie Somariva, and we are all ardent in praise of life in the Valley of Melanés.

Every evening, when the heat of the day is over, we set out on a ramble to some particular place, or make a journey of discovery into the interior of the island, and these latter little pedestrian excursions amuse me greatly. I will now relate a few such, which will enable you, dear reader, to become a little better acquainted with the scenery of Naxos.

My first journey of discovery was to

THE SOURCE OF THE FLEURIO.

A river or stream exercises upon me a peculiar power of attraction. I long to behold its source, to behold its commencement. And then I wish to trace it through all its varied career, down to its outlet, whatever that may be. Whether large or small, a river is always the type of a human life, and deserves a biography.

The little river Fleurio, our daily fountain of health and joy in the Valley of Melanés, has, I had been told, its source at about an hour and a half's distance from our village. One afternoon, therefore, I set out in search of it, accompanied by the two young girls, Justine M—— and Sophie Somariva. We knew the direction in which we ought to go, but none of us knew the exact road thither, and that it was which constituted the most piquant part of the undertaking, because it conferred upon it the dignity of a journey of discovery. We followed for some time a good road of fine sand, bordered with myrtle hedges, along the heights to the south of the valley. Below us, on the right hand of the road, rushed the river, watering the gardens, the nu-

merous trees of which lifted their umbrageous crowns from the depths below. After a quarter of an hour we reached a place where the river crossed the road, but which we in our turn managed to pass by the help of stones; we then came to a little mill which was worked by the stream, and after that to a couple of deserted villas where weeds grow abundantly; we then turned to the left, climbed up a hill—difficult enough—and so on to its naked ridge, which occupied another quarter of an hour, but here we all pause astonished, charmed. For directly before us, or, more correctly speaking, below us, opens a valley, like a large verdant cradle, in the very bosom of the mountain, and over it, from the edge of a terrace, leans, with a kind of princely complacency, a lofty date palm, with the most lovely crown. That is the Valley of the Fleurio—"the valley with the palm-tree," as it is called by the country people. The Fleurio runs murmuring through it, but the source of the Fleurio is, after all, not there, but still farther away.

On the other side of the valley, Bolibaz rears its spherical, gigantic head on the summit of a naked mountain with huge rounded shoulders.

We proceed along the dale by the fine sandy road, which resembled a garden path. As we descend we come to magnificent trees—mulberries, figs, olives, and many others. A few small white houses, a deserted picturesque chapel, walls and ruins on a hill, are seen amidst masses of foliage, whilst oleanders and myrtles indicate the course of the water. When near the palm-tree our path ascends up the hill by a flight of steps, steps of white marble rock. The marble of Naxos is more coarse-grained than that of Paros, but equally dazzlingly white. On the opposite side of the valley lie a number of blocks of marble in progress of hewing. Here stood a well-built villa, and here we were met by a

group of gentlemen and ladies with some little boys, acquaintances of the young daughter of our host, and, like her, Catholics and descendants of French or Venetian ancestors. Two of the boys, a little inquisitive, but so handsome and charming that even their curiosity was delightful, accompanied us, and a little Nicolas Francopolo undertook to be our guide to the source of the Fleurio. The sun went down in splendour behind the blue shining summit of Paros, and I began to fear that we should not accomplish our object in time; but the handsome lad beckoned us forward with eye and hand, and with the exclamation, "*Oriste! oriste!*" (be so good), which one so frequently hears in Greece, and which is used in such a great variety of ways, he drew us irresistibly forward over dry and barren hills. All at once, however, the arid scenery changed. Flat stone rock formed, as it were, a bridge between natural pools of crystal clear water, and we found ourselves in a little netherland of islands and shores with plane-trees, oleanders, and all those beautiful growths which water calls forth from the soil of Greece. We were now in the home of the naïads. At the foot of a rock, overshadowed by a lofty myrtle, you see a clear water-mirror, in the midst of which you perceive a little bubbling and heaving, as of a boiling pot; blackish gravel and fine white sand are thrown up incessantly by the tiny water bubbles which rise from an invisible depth; you scarcely hear a sound, as the pure fountain-veins make their way through the gravel to the daylight. This is the source of the Fleurio. From what depths or from what heights it has its origin no one knows. Its water is delightfully cool and well tasted. How beautiful is its cradle! Whichever way you look you see the same lovely vegetation, freshly verdant, the same confused but beautifully poetical groups of little islands,

bushes, and trees, which mirror themselves in these clear pools. One olive-tree was wreathed by a vine, the clusters of which were rendered twofold by the water below.

It really required an effort to compel ourselves to leave this sanctuary of the naïad before we had taken all its beauty into our souls; but the sun had set, and the moon was not sufficiently advanced to give us light for our return, if we delayed it; we were therefore obliged to hasten home.

On our return to the valley of the Fleurio we found the French family still there, enjoying the evening coolness on the mountain; and when we parted from them we were accompanied by two of the very dearest of fair-haired boys, who were to take us home by a short cut over the hills. They insisted on carrying for us our shawls and parasols, and rendering us all the little services in their power, and wishing, at the same time, to talk with me, I was obliged to make the sorrowful confession, of which I am now beginning to be a little ashamed—"*Dèn katalavo Elleniko*"—I do not understand Greek.

The dear children led us by regular wild-goat paths over the mountain, for which I found compensation in the views of the sea, and every now and then a glance down into a verdant valley between the mountains, for Naxos consists of mountain-ridges and valleys, each with its little mountain-river. It was late when we reached our valley, very weary, but, nevertheless, greatly refreshed and gladdened by having seen anything so charming as the source of the Fleurio.

We have, since then, repeated our visit more than once—on the last occasion, to celebrate a little festival in the northern fashion. Of course, such being the case, people must have something to eat and drink. We

made up our minds to have a coffee-banquet, the coffee to be made with water from the spring, fetched from the very spot where it comes first to day. More purely derivative from the source it could not be. We gathered sticks and dry grass, and made a fire within a circle of some bushes, to be out of the wind, when Frances exclaimed in horror, "We are burning up myrtles!"

We looked around for bushes of an inferior character, but in vain. There was nothing commoner than oleanders or the fragrant blossoming myrtle. As a matter of course, the coffee was super-excellent.

The source of the Fleurio has convinced me that the ancient Grecian faith in naïads, as well as the Scandinavian faith in the elves of the springs, is much more rational than the unpoetical creed which will not see anything individual, anything like a peculiar natural existence in a spring of water. Cannot we suppose the existence, of a peculiar spirit in the fountain, the tree, the plant, without confusing it with a personal, conscious spirit, which was the error of the Greeks? I believe in it. The naïad of the Fleurio has whispered it to me, and told me that, as man is the child in God's house, so also are the fountain of water, the flowers, the trees, all the lovely existence of Nature's children in his garden, his paradise, and convey to man a word of his being, his life.

The source of the Fleurio conveys such words whilst it fructifies the arid fields, feeds the great plane-trees, calls forth flowers upon its banks, gives its crystal-clear waters to vegetation, to animals, and to man; gives continually, and asks for nothing in return. If man render its waters impure, if he apply them to mean purposes, they care nothing about it; they well up continually equally clear and abundant, from their concealed depths

and purify, benefit, and beautify. Their bed is deep, and strewn with stones; nor is the course of the stream visible from a distance, except by the trees, which grow and flourish from its affluence, by the agnus cactus, the oleander, which trace out its path until it reaches the sea. Oh! source of the Fleurio, how beautiful is thy life!

The Valley of Potamia is about an hour's distance from the source of the Fleurio, by a footpath. You cross a stony mountain-ridge, then descend a ravine by difficult steps cut in the marble rock. This flight of steps inclines to the right between the rocks, and here we are all at once arrested, astonished, struck—nay, enchanted, for the scene, which, on the turn of the path, suddenly reveals itself to our glance, is as magnificent as it is peacefully beautiful. A vast circuit of swelling, billowy foliage lies like an immense lake within an inclosure of mountains, with sunlit slopes and hills scattered with white villas, villages, and Venetian towers. From amidst the encircling belt of mountains there were some which attracted attention by their dominant character. It is no longer the fantastic Bolibaz; it is here a lofty rock, with its castle ruin from the middle ages; and then, farther away, the commanding peak of Monte Zeus, with its memory from the most ancient times. At another point the other mountains recede and leave the horizon open, and far distant islands are discerned, surrounded by the blue vapoury circle of the sea. But the valley before us captivates us beyond everything else. It is more extensive and rich in detail than the Valley of Melanés; it looks like an abode of good and happy human beings—and we have become acquainted with agreeable and hospitable inhabitants also there. The mass of the wood there, as in the Valley of Melanés, is composed of the olive, from which shine out groups

of sap-green coloured mulberry-trees, orange-groves, fig and carouba-trees, the stone-oak and the ash, whilst here and there tower up lofty pines and cypresses. Hedges of reeds, and many beautiful water-loving plants, indicate the course of the stream which fructifies the valley. This is the river and valley of Potamia, one of the largest and most fertile valleys of Naxos.

These larger valleys in the bosom of the rocks, and the lesser ones, which are called *regmas*, formed by narrow, long hollows amongst the cliffs, as well as those fertile plains which extend from the foot of the mountains to the sea, these garden paradises, separated from each other by lofty mountain-ridges, sometimes rounded in outline, sometimes riven and craggy, often presenting the most picturesque and fantastic rock-formations, constitute the character of Naxos scenery. Every valley, every regma, has its own separate river and river-spring, which forms its life's artery. This little river is always margined by oleanders and those other beautiful water-plants which I have mentioned. The villages are situated upon the slopes of the hills. Almost every slope and hill exhibits terrace-cultivation, but many terraces are not at all cultivated now. Every village has its church, and two or three better built two-storied dwellings. Small farm-houses, and even private houses, may not unfrequently be met with in the little coves of the valleys, surrounded by their gardens with fruit-trees and flowers. You often hear the sound of the shepherd's pipe proceeding from them, and see a shepherd-boy watching some goats or sheep.

The roads are sometimes very bad, yet better than in other islands which I have visited. You often stumble over blocks of marble intended to serve as steps. Sometimes, however, the road will be level and covered with fine sand, like a garden path. The ever changing and

picturesque views which open up between the mountains, together with the glorious, fresh air of Naxos, make rambling in the island a perfect delight. You can scarcely walk a quarter of an hour in any direction without coming upon one of those grand scenes of nature, or of those delicate views of beauty which are peculiar to the Island of Ariadne.

Of its plains, I have merely as yet seen that at Engarès, about an hour's distance from Melanés, and which is celebrated for its fertility. It is a magnificent plain of gardens down to the very sea, which shines out in beauty between two mountain-heights, which form the boundary of each side of the valley. Some palm-trees even elevate themselves here from the mass of other wood. Palms are for the rest now rare in Naxos, owing to a great number having been removed to the Queen's garden at Athens. The Plain of Engarés is, at the present time, equally celebrated for its fevers and its mortality as for its fertility. Wealthy persons, who formerly resided there, have fled away, and beautiful, expensively built villas stand deserted. The number of reeds which now grow on the plain seem to indicate that the want of drainage and escape for the moisture of the land is the cause of the prevailing unhealthiness. In the village of Engarès we met several persons who looked wretchedly ill, evidently consumed by fever.

This, in the meantime, however, did not prevent Engarès from having its festivals, like every other village and valley in Naxos; and some days ago a great ball was held there, with sirto and karsilamâ, and pipe and drum, in honour of Santa Anna, the patron saint of the village, which dancing was also held at the church. And, in a general way, the dancing-schools of Naxos seem to be at the churches. A mulberry or olive tree surrounded by a bench affords shade and resting place. So it

is in our village. But people select other situations for wedding-dancing. And now I will conduct you to

A WEDDING.

Yesterday evening several shots which were fired, and a little troop of people, accompanied by a drum and a fife, a kind of clarionet, marching round from village to village, announced that a wedding was going to be celebrated in our valley. The wedding was to take place at a village on the opposite side of the valley, which is divided by the river Fleurio. Through the whole of yesterday, from early in the morning till late at night, we heard the drum and fife sounding thence, occasionally, also, the sound of firing, and saw the people trooping off to the wedding-house, a square dice-like house, the door of which was adorned with green boughs.

Towards evening we also took a walk thither. In an open space, shaded by trees, we found somewhat above fifty persons, old and young, assembled. The dancing was then going on to the singing, accompanied by the fife and drum, in lively time, but as usual, without any indication of melody. The bride was then dancing in the closed ring, together with another young woman, and two men in *pomposes*. She was a girl of about twenty, of an agreeable appearance, and who looked good and sensible. Her dress was of variegated checked silk, and she wore on her head the usual Athenian kerchief, twisted up with the hair, into which were placed a few flowers, and around her neck several gold chains. The bridegroom was younger than the bride, and like her, his appearance recommended him; he was a labourer in the garden of the Lazarist convent, and had, like the bride, a little ground of his own. Neither of them was opulent, but they owned a cottage, a heart, and a garden, and more than this was not required at Naxos to enable

them to live calmly and happily. Almost every individual of the wedding company was pleasant-looking and cleanly in attire. The men wore red or white knitted fezzes; the women all wore the Attic head-dress. This is either becoming, or the contrary, according as it is put on. It may resemble a beautiful butterfly, with outspread wings, resting upon the head; or it may also resemble a ragged knot. Some of the young dancers were very pretty and neat, but I have seen handsomer girls at a Swedish peasant wedding. The children were the least comfortable portion of the assembly; they were poorly dressed, looked sickly and cross, and were always ready either to cry or to quarrel. Amongst the glorious gardens of Naxos, there is evidently still wanting a garden of human cultivation, "a garden of childhood," in the sense of the German *Kindergarten*.

The people received us kindly and well; gave us chairs to sit upon, and were anxious that we should have a good view of the dancing.

The dancing here is performed more frequently by two than by several persons, most commonly by a man and a woman. It reminded me much of the negroes dancing in Cuba. The dancing of the man expresses, amidst an endless variety of shuffling about, a courtship of the lady, who avoids him, and twirls round upon one spot, with downcast eyes, and movements of rejection with her handkerchief, but evidently without any intention of withdrawing from the dance. It is sometimes continued for a very long time, and, indeed, one does not see exactly why it stops at all, for it is a continuing variation of one and the same theme, which is not particularly rich. Here it was brought to an end by a salutation to each other from the dancing pair.

Five men in white costume were sitting on the ground playing at cards. Beside them stood a young man,

beautiful as a statue, leaning on his gun; men, women, and children sat round them in a ring—a most picturesque scene from the pastoral life of Naxos. Nor are romantic episodes wanting here. Frequently some impediment will arise to prevent the union of a pair of lovers. But then they discreetly wait, and continue faithful in their love, until the adverse circumstance gives way. Such was the case of a young couple residing near Villa Somariva; they waited seven years before they succeeded in overcoming the opposition of the parents. Now they are all the happier in consequence.

OUR VILLAGE.

You must not imagine that our village in Melanés Valley resembles an English or American village; there each house stands apart from its neighbour, with its little yard or garden, along a couple of broad streets as straight as a line; here the village is a conglomeration of small, square, limewashed houses, stuck down a long, winding, narrow, and even hilly street, up which you must clamber as best you may, over heaps of gravel and stone and many unmentionable things, amongst pigs and hens and dirty children, here and there past a horse or an ass which occupies two thirds of the way. If you peep into the houses through the door, which usually stands wide open, you will see small dark rooms remarkable for their nakedness and paucity of household plenishing. A bed, a chair, an earthen pot, and a couple of plates are the usual furniture. In some houses of a wealthier class you find two chairs, and everything else in the same proportion. These dwellings, however, are not slovenly, and when the women, surrounded by their children, sit in the evening outside their doors, spinning cotton-wool on a distaff (cotton is also grown

on the island, but only for native consumption), they salute us with so cheerful an expression and such kind, melodious voices, "*Kalos oriste!*" (welcome), "*Ora kalò!*" (happy hour), and many other beautiful words of greeting, till one might be tempted to believe that the dwellings of the blessed are precisely in our village. The dirty children alone, who are not by any means loveable, present a living protest against all such notions, and do not say much in favour of the mothers and the clergy in this part of the world. There is not a school either in our village or our valley. Thus neither children nor grown-up people there can read. Yet it is remarkable that morality is not at a low ebb either in this valley or in the island of Naxos. Theft is scarcely known there; the house-doors in our village are without either lock or bolt. True it is that a thief would hardly find anything to steal. You might, I have been assured, go in the night-time, with your pockets full of money, from one end of Naxos to the other, without danger from any one. Illegitimate births are so rare that, in a population of about eleven thousand persons, one such may be calculated as occurring once in every eighth or tenth year. The people seem to be naturally industrious and of good disposition. Pious traditions from the life and doctrines of Christianity, combined with the amenity of the climate and the beauty of nature, seem to have given the hearts of the people a bias towards that which is good.

It is often affecting to me to see the good-will of these kind islanders towards strangers, their desire to assist them and give them pleasure. Frequently, during my rambles, when I have stood in embarrassment by a brook side, a countryman has come up and made for me a bridge of stones, and given me his hand to help me across, and that in the kindest manner. Frequently also have I been called by a young girl with pearl-white

teeth, or by her father in his white cotton cap, to come and look about me in their garden, and have been there treated with basilika, mallows, or fruit, according to whichever might be the best product of the garden. In these gardens grow promiscuously vegetables, sunflowers, fruit-trees, vines, in paradisaic harmony, and their fences are formed of reeds, bushes, or stone walls. If you have seen the garden you have seen everything that is of any value. More than once have a young man and woman whom I have met given me from the basket which they were carrying the nicest figs, tomatoes, or flowers, evidently merely from the pleasure of gratifying a stranger, because they never will receive anything in return, and in Naxos I have never yet seen a beggar.

On the contrary, we have now for some time been frequently visited by the sick, who are suffering from fevers or other maladies. The tinctures, the tea, and other remedies with which good Dr. Rœser supplied us, and which we distribute to such as appear to have need of them, have obtained for us the reputation of doctoresses. As we received our medicines gratis, we in our turn distribute them in the same manner, but these good people will not have them on those terms. They come with eggs, fruit, or vegetables, and will of necessity give something for that which they receive. The islanders of Naxos really belong to the idyllian pastoral people.

The heat is now very oppressive—the colour of the sky is a greyish blue, so that it is difficult to distinguish it from the marble mountain-ridge of Paros. It is only after sunset that the air becomes at all cool. Then the whole landscape is flooded with glorious moonlight, and we might keep our windows open through the entire night if we would, for there are here no mosquitoes or other noxious creatures, neither prevalent fevers. The cicadas sing their unvarying song night and day through

in the trees, and the owl of Minerva lets us hear in the evening his monotonous cry, jerked out with measured pauses, Uhjuh! uhjuh! The Fleurio murmurs softly and the cocks crow with particularly melodious voices. The sun shines through the day and the moon through the night, and all is in harmony with the quiet life of the valley. But I confess that I would be willing to give something if now and then a good storm, with thunder and rain and wild weather, would break the monotony of it. This sunshine, this heat, and this perpetually bright sky fatigue both soul and body, as would music ever in sharps, and ever equally loud. The twittering of birds is never heard.

August 18*th*.—Our yacht has arrived, and as soon as the northern storm, which has prevailed here for nearly a week, has abated, we shall proceed to Eubœa. In the meantime, I will sketch some scenes from the history of Naxos, in part taken from the most charming works of the German Philhellene, Professor E. Curtius, on Naxos, which I advise every one to read who wishes to have an hour of rich enjoyment.

The history of Naxos reminds me of certain panoramic travelling pictures and scenes, between the exhibition of which the curtain falls. Then everything becomes hushed and still for a moment. Again music sounds, and the curtain rises, and we behold a new picture or scene, a portion of the same journey, but without any apparent connection with that which preceded it.

When, therefore, the curtain rises for the first time upon the history of our island we behold merely chaotic pictures from a primal age, when the life of the whole world resembled a saga full of wondrous transformations. Titans fight with the gods for dominion—conquer, and

are conquered in turn. Volcanoes burst forth from the Ægean Sea, as if hurled forth by subterranean powers. But divine hands bind the heaven-assaulting Titans—the volcanoes are silenced—the islands become quiet, and are clothed with beauty. Then comes a long night of rain, during which the curtain falls!

When it again rises it is in the splendour of a new morning. The daughters of the ocean ascend tremblingly from the deep. Most beautiful amongst them are the twin islands, Paros and Naxos, which are so closely united that they, in those ancient times, were called by one common name—Paro-Naxia. Yet were they dissimilar in formation. Paros, a noble marble figure, abounds with good harbours. Naxos, however, is of a stronger character, and is gifted with paradisaically beautiful valleys, rich springs of water, great and lofty mountains.

The next scene presents us with a new day of creation. The dawn of history ascends upon the islands of the Ægean Sea; but it is not yet fully light, and we see a confused mass of figures, sea-faring and piratical people; Lelegians, Carians, Phœnicians, chasing each other from coast to coast. What the one builds another destroys; rapacity, violence, and lawlessness prevail. Trade finds no peaceful harbour. But Minos is born in Crete, and with the sway of Minos come wise laws, order, and serenity. Then Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, arrives from Crete, in Naxos, in order to be married to the god Dionysius, who had been brought up there by the nymph Coronis, to become the benefactor of man. The most ancient Greek art has no knowledge of that Ariadne, who was made known by the later Athenian poets as *Ariadne abandonata*. It always represents the daughter of Minos as wandering or reposing in quiet majesty by the side of her divinely born, mild-countenanced hus-

band, whose head was wreathed with the vine. They are followed by Bacchantes with dance and song. They celebrate the marriage of the earth life with the human life, and the curtain falls.

The following scene shows us the Attic people, the vivacious, imaginative Ionian race, extending themselves over the islands of the Ægean Sea, as well as over the islands and coasts of Asia, carrying with them their gods and the sacred fire from the altars of Hestia in the Prytaneum of the mother state. For these gods and this fire consecrated and benefited every place wherever the Attic bark conveyed their people. And wherever they came flourishing trading towns arose; the mulberry and olive were planted, and beautiful marble temples arose in honour of the gods of light and civilization. For though, indeed, Zeus and Poseidon have both their sanctuaries on these islands, yet, first and foremost, Apollo, Dionysius, and Minerva. Delos, as the native island of Apollo, became the sacred island of the Greek Archipelago, and even Naxos was compelled to pay tribute to Delos. Naxos, however, became, from its extent, its beauty, and wealth, the political centre of the islands, and the Temple of Dionysius invited from its rock all nations to do homage to the sway of the peaceful civilizer.

Powerful families arose on the island, some of whom were beloved by the industrious people who tilled the soil, whilst others were hated. One of the favourite lords was called Testagoras, and the people brought to him, as freewill offerings, everything which his household required. Young, arrogant nobles envied him for his popular favour, and behaved discourteously to his daughters. A quarrel arose, in which the people enrolled themselves against the party of the young men. "The lean," as the people called themselves, became, in the end, masters

of "the fat," or the gentlemen, and chose for themselves new rulers, under whom Naxos flourished, so as to become the principal island of the Ægean Sea. Its soil, cultivated in terraces to the very top of the mountains, produced olives, figs, almonds, lemons, oranges, and many other kinds of southern fruits. Naxos took pre-eminent rank in marble-quarrying and ship-building; its vessels conveyed the products of the Cyclades to the shores of Asia and Europe.

But not Naxos alone, the whole of the Grecian Archipelago also presents during this period a cheerful aspect. Every inhabitable island became a little flourishing state, with temples, towns, and theatres. Legislators, poets, and men of science were born in them. They form, as it were, a bridge of gardens between the countries of the East and the West. They belong all to the same confederacy. The same songs were sung, the same gods were worshipped, the same laws obeyed, the same growths were cultivated, the same festivals were celebrated, in them all. This was a glorious, prosperous period, which presented to the world a treasure of noble works of art, and of never-to-be-forgotten benefactors.

But the quarrels of petty kings and parties broke up the concord, and led to war. War, in the end, introduced foreign rulers into the islands. Naxos, which fought for a long time bravely against the Persians, was compelled at length to succumb, and submit to the superior force of Asia.

Alexander the Great liberated Naxos from the yoke, and once more we behold the island flourishing in independence and beauty as a Greek province between Asia and Europe. But fresh, savage contests broke out amongst the great powers, and during the wild tumult of war that arose Naxos vanished with her sister islands in the stormy sea of history.

Centuries pass before they re-appear on the scene. Then how changed they are! The daughters of the ocean, the beautiful, proud Cyclades, are offered as slaves in the palace of the doge of Venice, to whatever bold knight will conquer them.

The bold, young noble, Marco Sanudo, descended of an old Venetian line, accepts the invitation, equips his vessels, and sails direct to Naxos. He lands in the beautiful Valley of Potamia, and within five weeks Naxos is in his power. Nominated by the Emperor, Henry IV. of Germany, Duke of Naxos and of the Ægean Sea, the principal islands of which he had also conquered, he built convents and churches, and ruled with arbitrary sway by help of the Roman Catholic Church. The Frankish lords became fat on this rich soil; their castles resounded with the ringing of the wine-cup, with the merry songs and sports of the bards. Their bravery won for them the esteem both of Christians and of Turks. Duke Nicolo Sanudo fought so boldly against the Turks in the year 1330, that their fleets never ventured again, during his reign, to leave the coasts of Asia.

But the Dukes of Sanudo emptied the cup of Bacchus so assiduously that they forgot the knightly virtues. They had become fat, but the people under their sway had become ever leaner and leaner. Like parasites they sucked the life out of the beautiful soil which nourished them. A portion of the dissatisfied lean amongst the people complained to the Sultan of Turkey of the oppressions of the Duke, at the same time representing to him the beauty and wealth of Naxos. Solyman the Magnificent listened hereto with satisfaction. The thirtieth Duke of Sanudo applied to the Sultan for help against his subjects, and so doing sealed his fate, even as he sealed his own unworthiness by excesses of every kind.

Solyman appropriated Naxos to himself, and appointed his court-banker, a Jew, duke of the island. This man gave up his power to a French nobleman, named Coronello, who is said to have ruled Naxos with "wisdom and justice." Under the dominion of the Turks, however, no state can long flourish. Ignorance and arbitrary power destroy freedom and civilization. Peace becomes stagnation, in which life corrupts, and man sinks into the state of vegetation, or becomes a mere brute. The sceptre of despotism weighs oppressively on all free public life. So it happened in Naxos and its sister islands, even as in the mother-land of all civilization, Greece. A heavy, impenetrable curtain falls over their existence for centuries.

But that the sacred fire from the Prytaneum of their forefathers still continued to burn during this time on the innermost hearth of the popular life, is proved even in Naxos by the faithful adherence of the people to their religion and their morality, so different to the Turks, and lastly by the honourable part which the islands took in the war for Greek independence. Even in the islands—even in Naxos—had the songs of Rhigas, had the labours of Corai and the Hetæria, effectually prepared the way for a new day of creation.

This is now come. The islands have obtained freedom and peace under the protection of a mild government. The strife of parties disturbs them no longer. Great families no longer oppress the small. The fat have become lean, but the lean have not thereby become fatter. This is not to be mistaken. As a patient who has long suffered from fever slowly raises himself, without power as yet to appropriate to himself the treasures of nature and of existence, such it seems to me is the case with the island of Ariadne. The taxes are heavy, the hands of the workers all too few. Numbers of

beautiful estates lie uncultivated because their proprietors are unable to pay the heavy wages which the labourer demands, and must demand whilst labourers are so few.

"We were better off under the Turks," say many of the poor gentry.

The daily wages of a working man in the gardens is from two to three drachmas. The produce from the sale of the fruit will not bear such high wages, to which are to be added the demands of Government. Hence gardens and olive grounds are neglected, and hills which were formerly cultivated now lie fallow.

Time, peace, and freedom, better means of communication, wise governmental measures for the relief of the tax-paying and debt-encumbered landed proprietors, would by degrees produce a more vitalized and happier condition, and would do it speedily, too, if a few noble and wealthy patriots would individually interest themselves for the beautiful island.

It seems to me that I behold a noble young married couple, like Ariadne and Dionysius, coming to Naxos to celebrate their honeymoon, and afterwards remaining there, like a divine pair, fired by the godlike object of benefiting and making happy. I see them calling industrious hands to labour, encouraging enterprise; I see the gardens flourishing in new vigour, the terraces producing harvests up to the mountain tops; I see the children affectionately tended, washed, instructed; I hear the Gospel preached in the churches and read in the homes; I see the beautiful little vessels of Naxos sailing forth from the new, good harbour of Naxia, conveying the lovely fruits of the manifold products of the island to the East and to the West; I see large steamers thence bearing to Naxos every week the spiritual products of civilization, without which life, even in Naxos,

resembles water-gruel without wine; I hear the drum and fife announcing ever more increasing marriages; I see every-day life blossoming into such beauty as it can assume amidst such lovely scenery, and such a kind people; and thus the island of Naxos become, that which Herodotus prophetically called it, "the most blessed of islands." And after this the curtain falls no more until the end of the world.

Melanés, August 20th.—During the last two days the storm has risen to a regular tempest. The gusts of wind resemble peals of thunder. Not until evening, immediately after sunset, has the wind abated for a few hours, but only to rise again at midnight. To-day, the fourth day of the new moon, the weather seems to be changing for the better. Many stout little skiffs, belonging to the island, and laden with melons and other fruits for Syra, are said to have been lost during these stormy days. The gusts of wind are so violent, and come so suddenly, that not even the quickest manœuvre can always succeed in taking in sail. In the meantime, the festivals are being celebrated with drumming and fifing in Naxos. Last Sunday the ascension of the Virgin was kept at Melanés. Myrtle twigs were scattered in and around the church. An old priest of eighty performed service miserably. I inquired from two or three persons, who were in the church, what was the subject of his discourse, but none of them could tell me. One "believed" that it had reference to one thing, another "believed" something else. The truth was that nobody paid the least attention in the world to it. They crossed themselves on the forehead and breasts, sighed *Kyrie Eleison*, and looked at their neighbours, busied themselves with the children, gave them to eat, or chastised them, and so on. After the service the priests went in procession, with standards

and banners, accompanied by the congregation in the church, around the village, and over the highest hills of the valley on that side. You have from this point a beautiful view of Paros and the Straits, whilst the many-coloured procession, especially brilliant with the fluttering butterfly-wings of the women's head-dresses, shone out gaily upon the heights and the road amongst the green trees.

Dancing began immediately after noon, in the front of the church, with the usual accompaniments. The dances resembled those which I mentioned at the wedding feast. On this evening the three principal French families of our village, Francopalo, Varroz, and Somariva, were present at the dancing, yet without taking part in it, merely as spectators. Each one of these families had with them a pretty young daughter, and each belle had her beau. The dancing continued till late at night. One of the above-named families inhabits the tower which I mentioned as overlooking our village. It consists of one large, very large stone-flagged hall, and a few small rooms. The appearance of the hall shows plainly that it was the hall of assembly and feasting of one of the ancient French knights. Nor has it yet ceased to be so. We often hear, late in the evening, and even into the night, the sound of lively French singing issuing thence, which sounds like an echo from the times of the troubadours, as, indeed, it also is. Two or three times in the week we hear a fresh betrothal spoken of, or the drum and fife announcing a fresh wedding. But other sounds than those of joy are heard in our valley, and at this very time it has re-echoed the sorrowing cry of a bleeding heart. It is a mother, who laments the loss of her son, and who, according to the custom of the country, gives every now and then way to her grief in a wild rending cry of anguish.

And now farewell, thou beautiful Melanés, thou beautiful Naxos, with thy valleys and water-springs! We shall probably set sail in the morning. If the wind should not abate we shall be obliged to remain here I know not how long—as long as the meltemm—the most obstinate of all north winds—pleases to blow. Formerly a steam-boat used to ply between the Piræus and Naxos once a month; for the last two years it has been less frequent, and this year Athens, the city of Theseus, has treated Naxos as the ancient Theseus is said to have treated Ariadne. But no island deserves less to be so deserted.

As I have, in the meantime, said so much about the bright side of Naxos, justice demands that I should say something about its shadow side. This belongs to the life of all islands which are isolated from the active movements of the world, and which lack a close connection with a more highly-developed social life. The three most beautiful islands which I have seen—Cuba, Sicily, and Naxos—all suffer from this want, but Naxos in a much greater degree than either of the others. In the West India Island, a portion of the New World, the life of Nature is so luxuriant, so manifold, and so glorious in its formations, that you might reside there for some months without experiencing any depression from the poverty of the spiritual life and intelligence, and of the bondage in which it exists, though the condition of the inhabitants sufficiently testifies thereof. Sicily has in its towns a money-getting life and treasures of art, which dissipate weariness, at least for those who take pleasure in them, besides which it has natural objects of a powerfully living character—Etna and the sea. Naxos is more innocent and much calmer; like a pastoral in comparison with an ancient saga of the gods. The only danger which here threatens the life of the inhabitants and of

strangers] is that of *ennui*. The want of animation and movement, as well in nature as in social life, exercises a slumberous, narcotic effect on the mind. . Therefore, if you have not sufficient society in yourself and your work, or a distinct object to live for; if, in order to live happily, you require news, newspapers, intercourse with cultivated society, its questions and its pleasure, intercourse with the great world and its movements, then—come hither by all means, you will never repent so doing; but do not remain here for longer than a month at most.

Naxos, August 23rd.—We now resemble certain visitors who often say adieu! but stand at the door and repeat the word again and again. Do not be displeased by our so doing this time, for this new delay has afforded me the opportunity of seeing and describing to you the most celebrated valley of Naxos, both for beauty and extent—that of Drymalia.

It is situated about the centre of the island, at the foot of Monte Zeus, which lifts aloft its pyramidal summit, resting above the mysterious grotto of the mountain. The valley, like that of Potamia, resembles an extensive wooded basin in the bosom of the mountain; but this bosom is of far vaster extent, and within it rise distinct rocky masses and hills, upon which shine out beautiful white villages and churches. The capital of Naxos, Kalchis, lies in this valley, but so concealed by the luxuriant olive-woods, that the town cannot be seen from the surrounding heights. Two castles, of a mediæval character, alone elevate their white towers and turrets above the leafy crown of the woods.

The Valley of Drymalia has about one thousand inhabitants, all in prosperous circumstances, owing to the unequalled fertility of the soil. The villages of Damariola, Monizea, and several others, have besides each

their own separate branches of industry. In one of them vessels are made of a red-brown clay, which are taken in great numbers to Naxia and thence to many places beyond the island. The two villages of Philotis (the friends) on a terrace at the foot of the mountain, separated from each other by a green *regma*—"just wide enough," observed Kyrios Somariva, "for them to shoot at each other"—produce the best cheese, and are possessed of the finest herds in Naxos. Behind these two villages, with their grey-brown houses and not very agreeable appearance, rises the mountain-ridge, and a little white church points out the way to Aparanthus Valley, the wine of which is said to be better than its people. Still further off are the celebrated quarries of emery peculiar to Naxos, and a source of considerable revenue.

In one of the many marble-quarries of Drymalia the people were busily at work cutting stones for doors and windows, for steps, and many other purposes for the new buildings in the little capital. Arrived at this latter place, we seated ourselves beneath the shadowy trees at one of the *cafés* in the square, and regaled ourselves with luccumi and fresh water, whilst we sent to announce our visit at one of the neighbouring castles. Fustanelle-attired gentlemen were sitting in the *cafés*, smoking nerghilés and playing at cards.

We were received at the castle—a grand building of the Middle Ages, in good preservation—with dignity and cordiality by a stately old lady in an old-fashioned dress, the widow of the Senator Marco Polite. She had the appearance and manners of a queen; but her darkened eyes wept whilst, with the loud bewailing of a child, she deplored the loss of her sight, and with it of her life's activity and joy. For it was she who managed the property whilst the Senator sat on his sofa occupied with

his pipe and politics. She had married her adopted daughter to a Spartan, and the young couple, who lived with her, now took charge of the estate. The pale countenances of the young people, as well as of their little child, showed that they suffered from the prevailing fevers.

From the upper story of the house, which was unoccupied, we had a splendid view, on all sides, over the valley, and its singularly-shaped rocks, which rise up in the form of horns and ninepins. Highest of all rises Monte Zeus, with its lofty summit, 3,000 feet high, which, seen from this distance, ascends like a pyramid from the back of the mountain. Just at its foot, or at the place whence the summit rises, is a depression in the mountain, and here is the entrance to the large grotto, which, as well as Mount Ida in Crete, lays claim to being the birthplace and cradle of the Grecian Jupiter. Travellers who have visited it have seen the remains of a Greek church—probably on the site of the fallen Temple of Zeus—and, farther on, a magnificent stalactite formation. But its extent has never yet been traversed. From the highest accessible summit of Monte Zeus may be counted twenty-two surrounding islands. Once a year the priests of Naxos ascend the mountain, for the purpose of lighting consecrated candles in the church of the grotto, of performing service, and burning incense.

They invited us at the castle to remain with them a few days, and take possession of the upper story, "where King Otho took up his quarters," and I sincerely wished that the time and our yacht would have permitted it. But exactly on this day had the storm subsided, and it was necessary to avail ourselves of the favourable state of the weather, which was not to be depended upon.

After we had been here entertained with the usual

Greek hospitality, we took our leave, walking through an olive wood to another house in the valley, at half-an-hour's distance from the castle, and of a more unpretending character, but not the less rich in the good things of life—nay, perhaps richer, because the young married pair who lived there, and their two pretty little girls, enjoyed good health, and appeared perfectly happy, although their complexions also seemed, I thought, to prove that the atmosphere of the valley was not salubrious. The young husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Sommariva, entertained us in the most cordial and sumptuous manner. There was no end to the repast. And such fruits! Grapes, figs, plums, almonds of the most superb kind possible. The two little girls waited upon us like two bright little fairies, handing continually new fruits of the sunshine and the beautiful earth. We enjoyed, from the piazza of the house, the sunset across the valley. The valley resembles a great forcing house, and must, I think, be detrimental to health.

In the light of the ascending moon we returned to Melanés, by the very worst roads in the island, which occupied more than two hours' time. But by this means I was enabled to see some new parts of the island, and amongst the rest Twilight Valley, so called because the lofty mountains which encompass it scarcely allow the sunlight to enter. The dale has, in consequence, a most melancholy appearance. Much more entertaining and interesting to me than the natural objects which we passed were my host's very characteristic narratives of some of the events and superstitious stories of the island, as well as the communications which he made from his own sorrowing fraternal heart. Both the one and the other showed me how little the clergy and the religious culture at Naxos respond to the religious wants of the people.

And now farewell for the last time, idyllian Naxos—beautiful Melanés! A message from the yacht presses us to hasten our departure. I have not been able to see a colossal marble statue of Apollo, which lies unfinished on the northern coast of the island—but I console myself, nevertheless.

As one result, and perhaps not the worst, of the summer life of these past weeks, I add, and close with this reflection—

No paradisal fruits, no repose in paradisally beautiful valleys, under perpetually cloudless skies, no life of uninterrupted pleasure, is able long to satisfy the human soul or to make her happy. This can only be done by a daily labour which developes the powers of the soul for a good purpose, occupies the best hours of the day, and gives to the remainder the charm of repose or refreshment. So now farewell, in earnest and for ever! Adieu, Melanés, adieu!

Santa Maria, Paros Roads, August 27th.—"Santa Maria, ora pro nobis!" should I sigh if I were a Catholic. Because here we are now lying, almost shipwrecked, on a naked, frightful promontory of Paros, with a ruinous, smoky chapel as our only shelter from the northern tempest, which whistles round us as savagely as ever. The wind, nevertheless, promised to be fair yesterday evening—that is to say, it was quite still. But with the following dawn it had again risen, blowing from the north-west, and driving up the waves with such violence that, after we had wrestled with the foaming naïads for some hours, we were obliged to seek shelter in the Roads of Paros, in the scanty harbour of Santa Maria, where the "Leon" now rocks restlessly to and fro. The "Briseis" conveyed us happily to land, between the masses of rock which run out to sea.

The ruinous chapel on the shore has been fitted up as a dwelling-place for us. Our clever sailors cut, at my suggestion, a good number of boughs and branches of the low terebinth bushes, which here also cover the meagre sandy soil. With these the chinks and crevices of the chapel walls have been stopped, and with them the earthen floor has been covered, over which a sail has been spread, whilst a huge square-hewn stone serves as a table, in the middle of the chapel, and a divan is fashioned against the walls, of portmanteaus, cushions, and shawls. It presents a tolerably comfortable appearance. In the evening a little lantern is lighted and fastened upon one of the walls of the chapel; and outside the moon is shining in her first quarter. In front of the chapel, and sheltered by it from the wind, we make a fire, boil water for our tea, and then assemble, together with our captain and the lieutenant, around our improvised table, for a cheerful evening meal. Then comes on the night, through the whole of which two of our sailors keep watch with drawn sabres and muskets, to guard our rest, for the chapel has no door, and only imperfect walls, with an arched roof over them.

So passed the first day and night—so also passed three days and nights since then.

Santa Maria, August 30th.—Storm, storm, storm! We begin to be a little depressed in spirit, and to inquire, "When and how is all this to end?"

The captain has no other answer than *Veggaimo* and *Pazienza!* And there is need of *pazienza*. The violence of the wind destroys all pleasure in walking. Besides which this part of Paros is frightfully naked and sterile, a regular desert, where nothing grows but low, thorny shrubs, and the small thyme. Our obliging sailors go every day to the little town of Nausa, on the

other side of the island, a good hour's walk, to obtain for us the necessaries of life and fresh water. But for this we should have perished here. And we might perhaps have been visited by robbers during the night, did not both our grammatevs and sailors so faithfully keep their armed watch over us, in which they relieve each other.

Dear reader, has it ever occurred to you to think that sailors also are men, that is to say, self-responsible, individual souls, just as much so as the king or yourself? I acknowledge that it was only during this time that I first began seriously to think on this subject, and that because I was now brought more than formerly to pay attention to the crew of our little vessel, and to observe the decided individuality which marked every one of its members. There is not one of them who has not his own distinct character, from the young Stamatino, to the oldest of the sailors, Nicolaki, the man of trust on board, added to which he is an excellent cook. There is the ever ready good-humoured Jani—our chambermaid number two on board; the handsome Spiro, the pious man amongst the sailors, who often assembles the others around him, whilst he reads aloud to them with great emphasis some edifying legend; there is one who is gay and good-tempered as a good child, another who keeps his thoughts to himself; but all are distinguished by their sense of duty and fine feeling of honour. Each emulates the others in attention to us, and are also amongst themselves always good-tempered and kind, and exemplary in their obedience to their somewhat angry but excellent captain, who enforces great respect from them, whilst he every now and then has a little brush with the helmsman on board, an elderly man, and the least agreeable of the crew, although always polite to the ladies. Our grammatevs is like a young knight, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

In short, the "Leon," with her crew, is the pearl of pleasure-seekers.

Mrs. Hansen and the young Swiss lady, who cannot bear the rocking motion of the yacht, inhabit the chapel; I, who rather like it, remain on board, where I read, write, draw, and superintend the dinner, which Frances and Nicolaki prepare. No one can make a better *pillaff* than he, of mutton, rice, tomatoes, and koloquidier. The "Briseis" conveys me and the captain from the cutter to the shore, and from the shore to the cutter again, six or eight times a day.

We have now finished all our tea, the tea which we received at parting from our excellent friend and host at Naxos, Dr. Damiralis, whose hospitable dwelling we can very well discern from the harbour of Santa Maria, across the angry waves which roll between us. We shall now be obliged to make tea of heath flowers, which does not taste very bad with a little addition of mint, although it produces a depressing instead of an enlivening effect. None of us feel quite well, none are in good humour, excepting the sailors; our one amusement is collecting beautiful little shells, resembling rolled-up leaves, surrounded by a painted wreath of sepia. These shells are found in great numbers on the northern side of our promontory. What the little creature is called which painted its dwelling so beautifully before it left it I know not, neither any particulars about its life. Did it live merely to be devoured by other animals? Now, however, they will enable us to have some pretty bracelets!

Still the same wind, the same storm, continues, without any prospect of change, unless possibly when the moon is at the full. The sea is ever equally dark, the sky is ever equally bright. The sun rises every morning in beauty over Naxos, every evening the moon rises,

afterwards to set in splendour behind its sister island. But we none of us are in a state of mind to enjoy this beauty. We long most heartily to get away from Santa Maria. Mrs. Hansen has sensations of ague, and I have a secret fever of impatience at the length of this station.

THIRTEENTH STATION.

Release—The Piræus—Memories of the French Occupation—The Grave of Themistocles—Necessity of a Railway—Poros and its Lions—Trœzèn and its Orange Groves—The Vintage—A Greek Mistress of a Family—Dowry of the Girls of Poros—Again in Athens—Political Fermentation—Syrian Exiles—The Grand Idea of the Greeks—One still Greater—In my Home—New Flight.

For six days and nights we lay at Santa Maria, detained there by contrary wind and storm. With the full of the moon the wind became stiller. Then followed a divinely beautiful evening, when the sun, after his descent behind the marble mountain of Paros, arched a diadem of prismatic colour above Naxos, and the full moon, rising exactly between Monte Zeus and Monte Coronos, clomb still higher, still more beamingly bright, like a heavenly eye above the beautiful island, and the waves of the sea hushed and laid themselves, as if rejoicing to repose in her light, and to become ever calmer. We set sail, an hour after midnight, and succeeded in passing out of the Straits, which had so long held us captive.

Out at sea, however, the waves still ran high, and the wind was still violent, although no longer contrary. But sailing was far from agreeable. The pleasure of sailing with a good and moderately strong wind can

only be in comparison with the disagreeables of sailing with a contrary wind and high-running sea.

At noon of the 2nd of September, we sailed close to the wind, in order to reach the harbour of Syra. The wind was brisk, the sailing was superb; Captain Revivi himself took the helm in the very best of humours; the sea was resplendent, and the rushing of the waves like a voice of joy. On every hand you saw vessels, near and afar off. Hermopolis, with its masses of white, yellow, blue, and green houses on the tops of the rocks, shone dazzlingly in the splendour of the noonday sun. At three o'clock in the afternoon we flew with full sail into the beautiful harbour, amongst steam-vessels and sailing vessels from all parts of the world. It was now full of life. There also was lying the Austrian steamer, "Schildt," which would leave in two days for the Piræus. We resolved to go with it. We had now had enough of stormy sailing in our little vessel. After, therefore, a most friendly leave-taking of the "Leon" and her good commander and crew, we went on board the "Schildt."

It was not without pleasure that we saw ourselves on the large vessel, which had quite other powers than the "Leon" to oppose to the storm, and we had good reason to praise them during the nocturnal passage to the Piræus. The moon rose as red as blood. The colours were indescribably beautiful over sky and sea, when, in the early dawn, moonlight and the crimson of morning, Selene and Eos, vied for dominion. Just then it was that we cast anchor in the harbour of the Piræus, calm as a mirror, whilst the sea outside was stormy and dark.

A kind letter of introduction from the consul, Mr. Hahn, in Syra, obtained for me the acquaintance of the commander of the "Schildt," and from this young

man and his first lieutenant we received the most kind assistance at our landing, and in divers other respects.

Our little travelling partnership was here to be dissolved, and the various members to part for a time, and whilst Mrs. Hansen with her family returned to Athens, and the young Swiss lady to the Arsakion, I intended to remain at the Piræus for a few days and to go hence to Poros, whither I had been long invited by a young Greco-German couple.

I am now residing in a pleasant German home, and am glad of the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the Piræus baths and other remarkable characteristics of the place, amongst which may be mentioned the promenades round the harbour, as well as the views, and the splendour of the mornings and evenings.

For the promenades and many other beautiful public works the Piræus has to thank that time of humiliation when the French and English occupation imposed restrictions on the movements of the Greeks, in the years 1855 and 1856, and prevented their making common cause with Russia against Turkey, by the liberation of the Greeks in Thessalia and Epirus. Little Greece was obliged to submit to the great chastisers, and keep herself quietly at a distance. The French military force was quartered at the Piræus.

At that time the Piræus was a very inclement harbour; its harbour street lay half the year under water, whilst filth and fevers decimated its population. The town had no green spaces nor gardens where the children might play, and the people walk about for enjoyment, and just opposite to the harbour stood a large old building or barracks, belonging to the time of the Turks, where numbers of the wretched people had their abodes, but which the town authorities could not take down until several lawsuits between its various proprietors

had been finished and judgment given upon them, of which nobody could see any prospect. The Commanding-General of the French troops of occupation had plenty of time to look about him in the Piræus, and, when he had thoroughly done so, he began his operations, which greatly astonished the inhabitants, who had, as it were, fallen asleep in the old bad habits of the Turks. Without any further ado or hesitation, he ordered the wretched old building to be pulled down, saying, in reply to such as remonstrated with him, "Anybody who likes may go to law with me about it!" And in a very few days the barrack was removed, the place planted, and a broad stone quay along the harbour-side was commenced.

After this the General took in hand the harbour-street, which had hitherto served as a kind of broad kennel. He made his soldiers raise the middle of the street, and constructed a sewer on either side, after which he paved it. The French soldiers who executed this work sang over it, and joked as if it had been mere sport for them. The General next set them to lay out two pieces of ground as beautiful promenades; the one near the harbour as a public garden, which was planted with many kinds of trees, shrubs, and flowers, a paradise for the winter; the other in the style of a park on the hill above, where the fresh winds cool the summer heat, and whence a view may be enjoyed of the harbours, both of the Piræus and Phalerum, with the sea and the islands outside them. Here he erected a spacious music-hall with *cafés*, and here military music was heard every evening, offering an inducement to the inhabitants of the Piræus to walk about on the hill for pleasure, and to regale their senses, unaccustomed to such entertainment. Nor were their ears deaf, nor their eyes blind to all the good which the French commander prepared for them

The Dimarch, or mayor of the town, Mr. Rally, delighted to find a man who was able, without any circumlocution, to carry out what he himself had long desired, but in vain, for the well-being of the town, gave the French General all the assistance in his power. The actions at law, with which the rash commander was threatened, fell to pieces like the wretched old building itself, and when the military corps of occupation quitted the Piræus it left behind it, in memory of itself, a beautiful work of peace, which even the Greeks confess that they cannot estimate sufficiently highly.

Mr. Rally has remained ever since Dimarch of the Piræus, which is said, under his wise and energetical management, to be now beginning a new life of prosperity. The broad quay round the harbour is a splendid work. Hundreds of sailing vessels from the islands border it, as it were, unloading their cargoes of fruit, cheese, vegetables, &c. Omnibuses and carriages of all kinds are in incessant movement between the Piræus and Athens, whilst asses trot along laden with fish, fruit, and other eatables, which experience no small damage from the transportation in the heat of the sun and the dust during a distance of a whole hour. The people lose on the way an immense great deal both of time and money, for the drivers now demand just what they like, and the poor traveller has not time to stand bargaining with them. Everybody who understands what a railway is requires urgently that there should be one between the Piræus and Athens. It has indeed been more than once under discussion, and the work has been nearly commenced, but never can get forward owing to some impediment or other, and in that position it remains at the present time; some say in consequence of the King's dilatoriness, others ascribe it to the dishonesty of the business men employed, others again to every possible kind of

impediment and difficulty. One might be almost ready to wish a new occupation by that resolute French General, in order that this necessary railway might be brought into operation. The Piræus and Athens, which, in ancient times, were united by a fortified wall, of which remains may still be seen, would, if a railway took its place, be soon connected by a succession of beautiful gardens and villas upon the intermediate country, which is now uninhabited, and in great measure uncultivated.

September 6th.—On the extreme point of the tongue of land which bounds the harbour of the Piræus on the north-east, you see a chamber hewn in the rock, in the form of a large sarcophagus. The waves now wash over it, for the point of land extends out towards the open sea, and combats with its waves, and breaks their force, but is also covered by them each year a little deeper. The sea seems to have encroached upon the land, and its clear salt waters now fill the sepulchre, which is called the tomb of Themistocles.

"I have often bathed there," said my host's little daughter, who, with her father and brothers, accompanied me thither. The tomb of the naval hero is used as a bath for children, for whom the strengthening effect of sea-water is needed, but whom they do not venture to expose to the violent swell of the waves. Besides which the shore is stony, and dangerous for children. The whole point consists of wild, riven masses of rock, furrowed by their conflict with the ocean, which has here striven against them for these thousands of years. This promontory is considered to be the Cape Alcimus, where, according to the testimony of ancient historians the bones of the Athenian naval hero were buried when they were removed from Magnesia, in Asia Minor, where he died as an exile. Antiquarian gentlemen, however, are not altogether sure that this so called tomb of Themistocles

is so in reality. Certain it is, nevertheless, that no more beautiful symbolical situation could have been selected for it. Opposite to it, on the other side of the harbour, lies the flourishing island of Salamis. The hero, who there broke the military force of the East, breaks here, by his tomb, the force of the wild waves, which the north-east tempest drives up against the shore. Immediately above the sepulchre are some fragments of colossal, rough-hewn pillars, partly still standing, partly fallen, which indicate a temple—perhaps an Heræum—of gigantic proportions. Some paces higher stands a light-house, the flame of which guides the mariner.

The entire promontory is now a desert waste of rock, but the whole of its extent abounds with the remains of old walls, the traces of houses and monuments, which show that anciently the rocky ground was thickly inhabited and fortified. That was at the time when Themistocles and Aristides lived and laid the foundation by their exploits of Athens's immortality in the annals of the human race: Themistocles by his heroic power, Aristides by the yet greater heroism which caused him to forget private injuries, and in the hour of danger to extend his hand to his enemy to combat for the public good. Therefore the names of both are inseparably united in the first great victory of Athens, the Battle of Salamis.

The pure honour of Themistocles was afterwards tarnished by his fickleness; and his nation, fickle as himself, banished the man whom they had just worshipped. Death came with its power of reconciliation. Athens brought back the bones of her banished hero, gave them place of burial in the mother earth, and an honourable memory on the shore which he defended. And there it survives to the present day. When night comes, too, the light which guides the mariner is kindled above the tomb of Themistocles, and

points out to him the harbour of his rest. That light casts also its solitary beam on the wave which washes the sepulchre where the hero lay. Thus it seems to me a touching symbol, more beautiful than any statue, than any popular festival to the hero's memory, that the little children of Attica should now bathe there, as in the embrace of a protecting father. Yet it ought not to be, as now, without any thought thereon.

It was a Sunday afternoon when my kind host at the Piræus, Mr. Buchner, took me on this pleasure-trip in a little sailing-boat. There was scarcely any wind, therefore our progress was somewhat tedious; but the evening was indescribably beautiful. When we again approached the Piræus the coloured fires of the light-house were already burning at the inner entrance of the double harbour. During the Venetian dominion of Greece, it is said that a colossal lion, standing upon a pedestal, rose out of the watery mirror of the harbour, which thence obtained the name of Porto Leone. The pedestal alone now remains standing above the water, and seems waiting for another statue. I should wish to see there a golden Phœnix ascending from its pyre, looking upwards to the light, the symbol or satirical representation of the young Hellas, according as the young Hellas pleases.

Poros, September 18th.—The Island of Poros, the ancient Calauria, near the Peloponnesian coast in the Saronic Gulf, is famous for its excellent harbour—now the station for the Greek ships of war and naval arsenal, for its convent, "fountain of life," as it is called, from a fine spring in the neighbourhood, and situated in a pine-wood between deep mountain chasms; for its beautiful orange and lemon groves, and its temple of Poseidon, where the greatest orator of Greece delivered himself from his enemies.

Making journeys of pleasure, and going to bathe at Poros, constitute a part of the summer occupations of the Athenians, and I had in Athens heard so much about the "lions of Poros," that I should not have considered that I fulfilled my duty as an inhabitant of Athens if I had not paid them a visit. I was, besides, invited thither by an intellectual young German lady, married to a Greek naval officer, and I could thus look forward to a visit to the island as interesting in more than one respect. It was also extremely easy to get there, as the new Greek steamer which now plies between all the Greek shores and coasts conveys you to Poros from the Piræus in three hours and a half.

One beautiful morning, therefore, leaving the hospitable German home where I had been entertained at the Piræus, I went on board the handsome Greek steamer, "Vassilissi Amalia," (Queen Amalia), where I found various of my acquaintance from Athens, amongst whom were Baron Maltzen and Baron Ozeroff, who were taking a pleasure sail round the Peloponnesus, in order to breathe the sea air. Amongst the passengers who were unknown to me, but who created in me a desire for nearer acquaintance, was a handsome elderly lady with a bright countenance of a northern character, and a bright expression, clad in light summer attire, and who spoke French. We chanced for a moment to sit side by side, and the acquaintance was soon made. The agreeable lady, who spoke French fluently, was a German. She was just come from the warm baths of Thermia, of the good effects of which she spoke highly. She was now returning to her home in Poros.

"I also," I said, "am on my way to Poros."

"Indeed, that is singular," she returned; "you have then acquaintance there?"

"Not intimate acquaintance," I said, "but I hope

they will become so. I am intending to visit young Madame Koumelàs."

"She is my daughter!" exclaimed my new friend; "I am her mother, Baroness de Grange, and now live on the island, in order to be near my child. You must be my guest, and divide yourself between her and me."

It could not have fallen out better. Here again is my little travelling-fairy at work for me, I thought, for I was not expected by Madame Koumelàs exactly at this time, and I had heard that she had lately passed through a travail more hazardous to life than any to the Greek islands. It was with pleasure therefore that I now learned that the young wife was out of all danger, and that I might in a few days be present at the baptism of her little new-born daughter.

The steamer lay to at the entrance of the harbour of Poros, in the straits between the coast of Trœzèn and the island, and here Madame de Grange was met by a young naval officer, who had come to take her thence; he had a head of the genuine Greek type, but with somewhat of the Englishman's manner. Madame de Grange introduced him to me as her son-in-law, Captain Koumelàs. He took us both in his boat, the house of Madame de Grange being close to the shore of the beautiful harbour. And there I have now had my home for more than a week, during which I have divided my time between the happy young couple, Mr. and Madame Koumelàs, in their home higher up the shore of Poros, and the amiable lady, Madame de Grange, who is one of those happy characters that seem to be possessed of an eternal fountain of youth. I have also made myself acquainted with the celebrated lions of Poros.

Justice, however, bids me say that only the smallest portion of these "lions" belong to Poros, although

Poros has the goodness to call them hers, because she has in them her source of revenue. The beautiful olive, lemon, and orange parks are all in the territory of Trœzèn, that is to say, in the Peloponnesian territory. So also are the gardens so celebrated for their beauty and affluence, so likewise those rich vine-crowned hills, and, finally, the "Devil's Bridge," thrown by the hands of the Romans across a mountain-ravine, in the depths of which a stream rushes and roars. Old Calauria has nothing to boast about excepting her "fountain of life," in the pine wood, within the bosom of the mountain, its pure air, its harbour, and remains—merely some foundation walls and stones—of its old Temple of Neptune, on the summit of the island. The town itself, upon its naked rock, is one of the dreariest and dirtiest which I have yet seen in the Greek islands. Still there are some good houses there, amongst which are the two where I have my home, both of which possess a fine view over the harbour and its splendid shores. The lower end of the harbour is occupied by the picturesque mountain Ornitholiti, above 2,000 feet high, with the dark, volcanic rocks of Methanas projecting in the background somewhat to the right. To the left softly curves the paradise-like shore of Trœzèn, with verdant terraces ascending from the bay to the mountain ridge, which shelters them from the sea winds.

I will now relate some of my festal flights here, and in the first place that to the Trœzèn coast. Madame Koumelàs had been invited for a long time to the vintage at Madame Ghika's, the widow of an officer of marines of high rank, who belongs to the class of clever and good wives and mistresses of families—who manages her own property herself, rules her people, cultivates the land, governs the house, educates her children, as cleverly and with as

little ado as the bird builds its nest and rears its young.

Madame Ghika had her vine hill, or vineyard, on the shore of Trœzèn, and as the invitation to the vintage was a summary "welcome any day we liked, whilst it lasted," we went thither, my good hostesses and myself, one fine afternoon, without being especially expected. Two handsome cabin-boys belonging to the navy, Leonidas and Kyrillos, rowed us thither.

Before we reached Madame Ghika's vineyard, we had to pass through another person's, where the pressing of the grapes was now in progress in a large stone basin. It was really quite distressing to see five or six horribly dirty fellows, at least as far as their clothes went, trampling with their feet upon masses of the most glorious grapes. It looked to me like an abuse of the gifts of God. I know very well, indeed, that there was no intention of this kind, but I could not help looking on with a feeling of anger, and thinking, with a sigh, of the great, clean wine-presses in Switzerland, and how pure the delicious "must" streams out from them, and how neatly and tidily the grape-husks are laid together for further use. In truth, Greek agriculture needs the education of European culture and industry, just as well as the Greek youths. The innocent Greek possessor of this wine-press, who had no idea how it excited me, invited us to sit down and eat of the grapes. Such hospitality is the rule amongst the Greeks during the vintage, and cannot be declined without a certain degree of unkindness. Fortunately it did not occur to any of them to invite me to taste the must. The poor grape-tramplers in the wine-press looked extremely doleful at their very laborious work, which made me think, "Long life to machinery!" The grapes were brought to us fresh gathered from the vineyard, delicious and sweet, with oranges, apri-

cots, and cool water. Such of the fruits as we were not able to eat we were compelled to send down to our boat.

After a walk of a quarter of an hour from this vineyard, we came to the property of Mrs. Ghika. Whilst Mrs. Koumelàs seated herself under some olive-trees, boiled the coffee, and spread out the provisions which we had brought with us, I went up amongst the vine-lands, where I saw a crowd of women at work in the vintage; and I was soon a working member of the crowd, who, amid merry talk, were gathering the beautiful grapes from their stalks and laying them in large baskets, which, when full, were placed upon asses and conveyed away—perhaps to some wine-press like that which I had just seen; but about that I would not now think, because the grapes, both the red and the white, were so beautiful, so magnificent. The merry vintage-women received their foreign comrade kindly, and gave her a basket to fill. Amongst them was a broad-shouldered woman, with the countenance of a clever peasant, a man's straw hat on her head, and her hands and apron both dirty with work. She was evidently the leader of the band. I had then, however, no idea that this brisk, jovial, working woman was herself the owner of the vineyard, the high-born widow lady, Ghika. Nor did I make this discovery till later when I returned to Madame Koumelàs, and the above-mentioned lady, in her vintage attire, came to bid us welcome; and this she did by giving each of us a hearty kiss. Health and strength beamed in her countenance and spoke from the large mouth, furnished with splendid teeth. She seemed to me a living specimen of the "strong woman," according to the Biblical type, depicted by King Lemuel's mother.*

Herself extremely frugal and unpretending, spending

* Proverbs of Solomon, Chapter xxxi.

her life in incessant labour for her family and children, yet had Madame Ghika given to her sons and daughters an education of the highest class, far beyond that which she herself enjoyed. But their superior cultivation did not prevent the mother maintaining by her character and powerful moral influence a perfect command over them.

In a general way the mothers here are commended for their devoted zeal and industry for their children. Pity only is it that they seem more anxious to provide their daughters a handsome *trousseau* than to fit them for good mistresses of families. A married woman will not unfrequently take service in some opulent house merely to obtain the means for supplying her daughter's outfit with some articles of luxury beyond the mother's condition and circumstances. It is regarded as a disgrace to a mother not to have her daughters well provided for and married, so circumscribed are still here the views regarding woman's vocation. The gyneceum still holds her captive. The butterfly is still imprisoned in the chrysalis; nevertheless such women as Madame Ghika ought to awaken the seven sleepers to reflection.

The celebrated gardens of Trœzèn, which are situated on this coast, by the harbour, resemble, in all respects, the Italian Mazzeria. Their only beauty and fertility is derived from the trees themselves. You see no flowers, no well-kept walks, no design in the laying out, in which the feeling of beauty has had any part. The paths which run though them are overgrown with thistles and weeds. There are here no gardens for pleasure, but merely for the sake of profit, and the returns of every tree which they contain are accurately calculated.

We employed a whole day in visiting the historically remarkable district which lies higher up the same coast, and where considerable ruins and fragments of building,

yet wholly devoid of beauty, point out the site of a large ancient city. Here, it is said, stood the old Trœzèn, the cradle of Theseus, and also the scene of the tragedy of his wife Phædra's lawless passion for her young step-son Hippolytus, and of his tragical death. The blackened walls of a castle-like building stand upon a terrace. The view from this point to the sea is magnificent. Did she sit upon the hill here, the unhappy king's wife, and gaze at the sea, and endeavour by that grand view to calm the fire in her breast? But the force of the whole world's oceans turned against the fire of a heart could not extinguish it. It is a something inconceivably great —either for Heaven or for Hell! The whole of this city is now deserted and desolate. At no great distance from its ruinous site stands the large village of Damala, the inhabitants of which were, at the time we were there, celebrating the day of the beheading of John the Baptist. It was to be a fast and day of mourning, and the service in the church was just ended; nevertheless, dancing was already in full career in the coffee-house, which very much resembled an ale-house. What a strange confusion there is in the Greek idea of a sacred holiday!

At about an hour's distance from Damala is the so-called Devil's Bridge. Mr. Koumelàs had the goodness to accompany me thither. It consists of a natural block of stone, lying across a deep regma or ravine, which has been converted by the hand of man into a convenient bridge. At the bottom of the wild chasm, several hundred feet below, rushes a mountain torrent, and down the broken banks, amongst gigantic masses of rock, where grow plane trees and oleanders, pour down other little streams. The whole scene is possessed with a character of savage but grand beauty, resembling a profound but disorderly passion, like that of Phædra per-

haps, before it had made her base and criminal. There are indeed devil's-bridges over many abysses in the human soul. As far as regards this celebrated stone bridge, I am glad to have seen it, because it is one of the remarkable features of this country. In Switzerland and Germany, however, natural scenery of this class is of everyday occurrence, and nobody would give themselves the trouble to go a distance of two hours in the heat of the sun to see a "Devil's Bridge."

We dined with one of the rich landed proprietors on the coast, son of the naval hero Koundouriotis, celebrated in the Greek War of Independence. He has a farm here, and two years since planted six hundred lemon and orange trees, from which he already obtains fruit. We saw the family, a handsome lady, and six children, in their summer *dishabille*; the dinner-table was spread in the *aula*, in the open air. Accommodations and comforts, according to our northern notions, do not prevail in the country homes here; but the Greeks are perhaps masters of the art of enjoying life, precisely from the simplicity of their mode of life. We encumber ourselves with quite too much in this respect.

"Must I take tables and chairs with us in the boat?" asked the servant, out of breath, on a northern estate, whose master and mistress were going to enjoy themselves *en famille* in the green grass on one of their islands.

Mr. Koundouriotis had lately erected on his estate a handsome little chapel to the memory of his father, where prayers might be offered for his soul, an action which we must honour, even though we may not believe in the power of other prayers for departed friends, than those which proceed in spirit and in truth from the depth of the loving heart.

We devoted another day to that part of the Trœzenic

coast which curves eastward. Here are situated those beautiful olive, orange, and lemon groves, which, from the most ancient times, have made the coast the chosen hunting district of Diana. Here was situated anciently, on the shore, a city called Artemis; here stood a beautiful temple dedicated to the goddess of the wood and the chase; here stood one also to "the sun, the liberator," another to sleep, who was regarded as the patron of the muses.

These temples no longer exist; but the extensive natural park-like ground, with its abundance of water-springs, of beautiful fruit-bearing trees and bright fruit, stands equally vigorous and lovely as of old. It reminds me of ths Mediterranean coast between Genoa and Spezzia. The groves here stretch themselves on step-like ascending terraces along the coast for an extent of from three to four French leagues. But where are the manors, the villages, the pretty, charming villas, which make the Piedmontese coast as a festal scene? Some small mills are the only buildings which you see upon the promontory of Trœzèn, otherwise so richly endowed by nature.

The paradisaic wood is divided amongst many proprietors, of whom the greater number reside at Poros. Many amongst these are of the working class. Sailors and domestic servants are not unfrequently the possessors of ten, twenty, or more fruit trees, which they do not see oftener than when they require watering, which, in dry weather, is every eighth day, or at the time of fruit harvest. The expense of the culture of a tree, manure and watering, is considered not to exceed five drachmas a year, and the annual return of a good tree in full bearing is calculated at from four to five thousand lemons or oranges; that is to say, at about two hundred drachmas. In medium seasons the profit of a tree is considered at

ten per cent., though in good years it will be from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. A good tree can be purchased for one hundred drachmas. The greatest market for the fruit of Trœzèn is Constantinople and the Danubian provinces. They are also conveyed by the Volga into Russia. I beg pardon of Artemis and all the divinities of Trœzèn, that their glorious fruit orchards have led me into such prosaic calculations! I am in this respect only a faithful interpreter of now existing proprietors. As a still more dignified product of the beautiful orchard, I may, however, instance that very frequently a grove of lemon, olive, or orange trees may form the dowry of a young girl of Poros; and that these girls are very handsome, nay, sometimes real beauties. I have seen here young girls equally distinguished for regular beauty of feature as for the life and grace of expression, and I cannot imagine a more poetical image than such a girl coming to her bridegroom with a grove of golden fruits!

I now return after this digression to Poros—I have visited there the monastery, the beautiful situation and clear fountain of which deserve more than one pilgrimage. The monastery itself is an old, large, and very ruinous building. It and the few reverend fathers who still inhabit it, look alike dilapidated. The "fountain of life" has dried up in them, but not in the beautiful spring itself a little way off. It was an indescribably lovely morning, that on which my Poros friend and myself were rowed over the calm sea to the pine-wood in the mountain's breast. Terraces descend down the slope of the mountain, from its very top, like giant steps, to the sea. We seated ourselves to have our breakfasts on one of the uppermost terraces, from which you can survey the narrow, wood-abounding vale, with its dark pine groves along its rocky sides, and have

an open view of the light blue sea, which, like a heavenly mirror, spreads out beyond as far as the horizon.

You may, my reader, have already noticed that I am very like Homer—in so far that I never forget to speak of "the nicely prepared repast" which refreshes the traveller on his way. And the same you had better be henceforth prepared for, without accusing me of a desire to imitate. Travelling sharpens the appetite, so that eating and drinking make an essential portion of the important events of the journey, whether it be an odyssey or a journey such as mine. But in one respect I am decidedly unlike the Homeric heroes, that is to say, I never like long meal times, "from the sunrise to its setting," but as short as possible, not to exceed half-an-hour. Such only are poetical. Our breakfast was of this kind. We sat in the shadow of an orange grove, on the terrace above the pine-wood, and had for plates the glossy leaves of the trees, which were large enough for this purpose. Fresh water from the "fountain of life," the most delicious figs, grapes, &c., morning air, the view from the cool shadowy valley—what could we wish for more?

I made afterwards a pedestrian trip with Captain Koumelàs across the island to see its remarkable features. Foremost amongst these is the old Temple of Poseidon, both for its situation and its memory, as being the last asylum of Demosthenes. The situation in the centre and on the highest point of the island is, as is the case with all Greek temples, remarkable and symbolical, both on account of the lofty situation, and because it may be seen from a distance in many directions. You find of the old temple only one fallen column and some large white marble blocks, which probably were used for the foundation. Everything else of value has long since been removed either to Athens or elsewhere.

Demosthenes here closed his life, as it is said, by poison, which he had concealed in a pen. *Se non e vero e ben' trovato.*

The only fertile spots I saw during my ramble over the naked limestone of Poros, were the green little cove with the chapel of Hagios Paraskevi—the Holy Friday —and a ravine of the valley in which the Dimarch of the island has built himself a summer-retreat, and planted fruit-trees, which in beauty and productiveness rival those of Trœzèn. He received us here with cordial hospitality, and kept us to dinner.

Poros, although so near to Athens by steamer, shares the isolation of life with the rest of the islands of the Ægean Sea. It is true that the steamers go, once every fourteen days, sometimes once a week, between Athens and Poros; but this seems to produce little effect on the condition of the island. Life is calm, but wearisome for all who have need of the life of intelligent and cultivated society. Every family lives to itself. The family-circle, domestics, and small occupations employ the ladies. Books and music can only be obtained by writing for them to Athens. But the Greek ladies do not trouble themselves much about either. A foreigner, therefore, coming here from the highly-cultivated countries, feels herself all the more solitary, and her talents slumber from the want of animating social life. Nevertheless, a good husband and a good home are able to keep alive all else in a woman's soul, and no want can prevent her from being happy. That I have also seen here. But the happiest inhabitants of the Greek islands are the class who labour in the sweat of their brow, and for whom the blossoming and fruit-setting of the trees, the vintage and sunshine and rain of the seasons, are the chief subjects of interest.

I see a picture of woman's every-day life in the boats,

which, from morning till evening, softly glide to and fro over the watery mirror in the harbour between Poros and Trœzèn. Sometimes it is a man, sometimes a couple of women who ply the oars. In the boat will be seated ten, twelve, fifteen, or twenty women, with their pieces of linen and veils over their heads, often very picturesque, each one with her water-pitcher or bottle, either empty or just filled. Fetching water from the springs constitutes here, as in Palestine, the principal business of the women, and chiefly employs their time. It is a life's work, wearisome and lazy at the same time, and which causes the fountains to present many a picture worthy of being preserved by good painters.

In my home, or, more properly speaking, in both my homes at Poros, I have enjoyed intercourse with amiable people, the peace of home, and many other good things.

At the baptism of little Dimitri Koumelàs I had an opportunity of witnessing, for the first time, the performance of this rite according to the usages of the Greek church, the differences of which from those of other Christian churches the Greeks lay so much stress upon, that they scarcely consider any to be properly Christian who are not baptized in this manner. To the uncultivated multitude the essential difference consists in the child being dipped under the water which has been blessed or consecrated by the priest. The anointing afterwards with holy oil, and many other ceremonies, come into the second order.

A more important peculiarity in the infant baptism of the Greek Church seems to me to be the relationship of the sponsors to the child and to each other. There are not more than two sponsors, commonly a man and a woman; and as long as they and their god-child live they never become alien to its circumstances, and make

themselves annually remembered by gifts of clothing or something else; and the Greeks' view of the importance and significance of sponsorship is such, that they consider marriage between two persons who are sponsors for the same child to be unlawful, by which they confound, as so often is the case, the spiritual and the temporal.

At the baptism of little Dimitri there was only one sponsor, *kompara*, namely her paternal grandmother, a cheerful and good Greek widow lady from Eubœa. A large font of copper, in the form of a gigantic cup, had been placed in the middle of the room where the baptism was to take place. Admiral Tombasis, son of the Greek naval hero, and an especially agreeable gentleman and a most worthy man, his wife, and a few other gentlemen, were the only witnesses of the baptism, with the exception of Baroness de Grange and myself. The waters, cold and warm, were mixed, oil poured in, and the bath blessed by the old bearded papa who was to perform the rite, and who looked like a rough peasant, but is said to have a very nice way of handling the little children on such occasions. Little Dimitri, naked as she came into the world, and silently sleeping, lay wrapped up in warm envelopments. The priest read for a long time out of a book—what about—more's the pity!—I cannot exactly tell, excepting that, amongst other things, were some which are contained in the baptismal formula of the Protestant Church. In the meantime the kompara, who held the child, answered "*Amen*," and "*I promise.*" She then walked with the priest three times round the font, bowing to the four cardinal points and saying a few words, which—I blush to confess it—I have forgotten. Again the papa reads aloud for another long time, after which the child is produced, the priest lays his large hand under his breast, and away

goes the little one down into the font three times over head and heels. That the poor little thing should, amidst all this, pant for breath, and struggle like a little fish in its death agony, and after that screech like a little imp, may easily be imagined. But there was no help for it, and the anointing, with a camel's hair pencil, various parts of the body with holy oil, did not assist in quieting the child, which seemed to protest with all its might against this form of baptism, as against an act of injustice. Little Dimitri could not forget it for a long time, and lifted up every now and then a voice of anger. After the baptism came the entertainment. Other children have a right to some part in the scene, and every witness to a baptism receives in memory thereof a silver coin. Mine bore the image of King Otho.

And now I shall leave Poros, in order to prepare myself in Athens for another and longer excursion. I leave this place thankful for this past enjoyment with new friends, glad also that by means of my pencil I have been able to leave a pleasant remembrance of my visit in the good homes in Poros. I go in a little ship-of-war, a *gaolette*; because the steamer has just now been pleased not to make its appearance, in consequence of the *ad libitum* which belongs to every-day affairs in the Greek order of things.

Athens, September 20th.—Sailing vessels for ever! Of all modes of transit that by sailing vessel is, after all, the most agreeable, the most poetical, when the wind is favourable. You float as on the wings of a swan over the sea. Such was my voyage of nearly four and twenty hours from Poros to Athens. It was thus prolonged because through the night there was no wind. But the gaolette was carried by the current, as if miraculously, round Poros, and then round the volcanic rocks and

promontories of Methanas. Sometimes the oars were used to help us forward, sometimes a little breeze sprung up and swelled the sail, but for the most part we glided along as if conducted by spirits on the smooth transparent sea. I had a bed made on deck for myself, in order to enjoy the coolness and the splendour of the night-heavens. It was a night of wondrous beauty. The stars blazed out as with the fire of diamonds. Venus ascended round as a moon. The crimson of the dawn gleamed above the pale-blue, calm sea—who can paint its strong and clear alternations of colour? Then rose Ægina from the waves with its pyramid of the Panhellenion—I had never before seen it so near, never in such a solemn light—the twilight of the gods! The rocky forms of Ægina gazed down in silent majesty upon us, as we glided past without a sound.

Then came the morning. The good Greek captain, a worthy man, himself made my coffee, in the Greek fashion, and it was excellent. There were two other Greek gentlemen with me in the vessel—they spoke French; nor did the sail seem long to me, although it was not till one o'clock in the day that a brisk north-wind sprung up and carried us with the rapid speed of a bird to Athens, which, with its ancient temple and new palace, its palms and its olive-trees, seemed to beckon us as from a long distance.

And now I am again in my good German-Athenian home. Mr. Hansen has returned from Germany. We mutually rejoice in again meeting, and ask questions, and relate our adventures one against the other. Whilst I was basking, as it were, in sunshine and a degree of heat in Greece which people say was unexampled, and which caused the death of several persons in Athens, he, in Germany, on the contrary, bathed, as it were, in incessant rain, during an amount of cold weather which

they there say also was unexampled for the summer season.

There is just now much life in the political world. In Italy Garibaldi is going forward against Rome. In Piedmont Victor Emmanuel, urged on by Cavour, is going to meet him. The Pope is ill—the young King of Naples still worse. Germany, France, England, look on and say, "What will be the end of it?"

The Porte, intimidated by France, hastens to punish with severity the Druses and Turks for the massacres in Damascus and on the Lebanon. Fugitives thence continue to arrive at Athens, and are received with great hospitality. Collections are made for them, to assist them, and even to marry loving couples. My young acquaintance, the Philemons, are active in this cause. Athens is hot, dry, and dusty as in July—the heat is enervating, and the sun dazzlingly bright.

There prevails in the mind of Young Attica a violent fermentation. People are calling out for a new minister, for Canaris, for a national arming, for a "real constitutional government," and many writers pour out abuse against the King. But the King is a little deaf, and very kind and patient, and will not listen to the outcry —will not change the minister, and thinks "with the need comes the counsel." Diplomatists shake their heads. Young Greece considers the time to be come for the great catastrophe in the East, and is all on fire to arm and hold itself in readiness, either to-morrow or the day after to-morrow, to take possession of Constantinople. It has neither eyes, ears, nor thought for any other object than this, which is one with the political extension of Greece. I say and write, however, that it would be better for the Greeks to occupy themselves, in the first place, with their own internal affairs, with the improvement of agriculture, with bringing

into operation improved means of communication—with the regular payment of the clergy, with the care of the poor, prison discipline, and many other important affairs which are as yet neglected in a high degree. The well-governed, flourishing, progressive, free Greece would conduct the Greeks, by the natural force of circumstances, to Constantinople, or Constantinople to the Greeks, when, on the contrary, this bragging and these efforts—but for whom do I preach here?

Within my home all is as it should be. I am revisiting—in company with Mr. Hansen and his young nephew, Theodore, who has come here, after having passed a successful student-examination, to look about him in the old high-school of Greece—the dear old places, the native village of Socrates, which again supplies us with the most delicious figs, the Hill of Antigone, that of Colonos, the castles of Solon and Pericles, the Acropolis, and many other of the ancient historical hills. The grapes are exquisite, some of them so large that you can merely put one in your mouth at once. Their flavour is ambrosia, which I take it for granted was something divine.

I am in Athens merely for eight days, and then I set out, accompanied by young Theodore, on an excursion to Eubœa, and on to Thessaly, the cradle of Greece. I shall see Marathon, Chalcis, Euripus, Thermopylæ, Aetos, Pelion, Pindus, perhaps Olympus! The learned and kind astronomer, Schmidt, has assisted me in drawing out my historical travelling map. After this I return to Athens, that I may, during the next moonlight, travel to Parnassus and Delphi, after which I shall have seen everything, or at least the chief things which I wish to see in Greece.

FOURTEENTH STATION.

In Thessaly—Review of the Journey—Eubœa—Chalcis—Euripus—Lamia—Thermopylæ—Œta and Othrys—Oreos—Amaliopolis—Glance at Pelion and its Twenty-four Cities—Volo—The Home of the Greek Consul—The Greeting of Pelion—A Day on the Mountain—The Turk's Town—A Turkish Aga—Ruins of Pagasæ—View of Iolcos—Most Ancient Memory, and Life of the Present Day—Condition of Thessaly—The Meteora-Monasteries—Glance towards Olympus.

VOLO, THESSALY, *October 1st.*—I salute with joy the land of Olympus, after one of the most beautiful excursions which I have hitherto made in Greece! I will here give a short account of it.

I set out from the Piræus with my young companion last Wednesday, towards night, in the bran new Greek steamer, "Byzantis," commanded by Captain Belisarius, a proud name, and in appearance very appropriately represented. At day-break we stood before the island Ceos, or Zea, which resembles most of the islands in the Ægean Sea, with its terraced, ascending heights, partially cultivated, a small white town shining out on a pyramidal rock, a few houses on the shore, no trees. Some bushes, which may be seen between the rocks, seem to indicate that there are valleys beyond them, which is indeed so.

We now direct our course north-west and enter the Straits between Eubœa and Attica. Both shores display rich, ever-varying scenery. On Eubœa rises Ocha, the proud marriage mountain of the gods, now without a cloud on its heaven-ascending summit. Below, on the southern champaign of Eubœa, extends the most ancient town, or rather the town with the most ancient name of Carystus. On the left of our course rises the coast of Attica, with green, wooded heights and deep ravines, no villages, no habitations, but a splendid wilderness, affluent in great memories. We approach Marathon! The woods and the mountains recede. There opens the vast plain above which Pentelicus rises "like an eagle with outspread wings;" there lie the mounds by the sea, the burial mounds of the brave who died for the freedom of Hellas. The morning sun shines above them; it is the most lovely day.

A Greek officer, a man of middle age, who spoke French imperfectly, edified me, Theodore, and an English gentleman by his knowledge.

"I will show you Marathon, I will tell you when you come there; it does not lie where you are looking for it, madame, not there at all, but on the other side. I will tell you when we see it. I will show you the mound where the Greeks or the Persians, or both together, lie buried. I know it without the map; one can see it at four miles' distance. How?—the map?—permit me to look. Yes, indeed, but where then does Marathon really lie? The captain says that it should be there. Yes, indeed, madame is right, it is there. We are now passing Marathon," and so on. And the little mistake did not prevent the resolute man, still no way abashed, from continuing to enlighten us with equal accuracy on geography and history.

The coast of Attica now presented us with subjects of

the greatest interest. Our eyes sought for the site of the celebrated Temple of Nemesis, which, together with a temple consecrated to Themis, stood here on a projecting headland of precipitous rock, washed by the waves. White blocks of marble and inconsiderable remains now mark their site. The shores on the two sides of the Straits approach each other, and the scenery is in the highest degree picturesque. Towards noon we approach Chalcis, and the Straits are now so contracted that you cannot see any outlet thence, and do not wonder at Xerxes believing himself decoyed and led into a trap by the Greek helmsman who promised to conduct him through Euripus. It was the over-hasty action of the barbarian to take his life on board his vessel before they had passed the Straits, and then, afterwards, when they were successfully through them it was but of little avail to the dead that he repented of his injustice, had the poor pilot honourably buried on the coast of Attica, and erected to his memory a monument, round which a town sprung up that still bears his name.

Hitherto Eubœa has not allowed us to behold any other considerable eminence excepting Ocha. The island, however, ascends ever higher from the sea in a north-west direction, and the lofty mountain of Delhi, or also Delphi, raises its bare conical summit above seven thousand feet from the centre of the verdant island, an imposing presence, like that of an ancient, grey-headed sage.

At Euripus, "the swift-flowing" Straits, the coasts of Eubœa and Attica approach so closely with their peninsula-like tongues, that they appear as if they would unite. The water, however, flows deeply between them, and, from the most ancient times, the union, whenever it has existed, has been by means of a bridge. The present beautiful bridge, or rather drawbridge, is the work of King

Otho's Government, and has only been completed a few years. Our steamer rushed through the narrow opening, which is indeed so narrow that a sharp look-out seems to be needed to steer between its walls, on both sides of which stand spectators, who wave their handkerchiefs and hurrah. Three minutes more and we are happily through, and swing into the spacious harbour of Chalcis, where two other steamers, a French and a Franco-Servian, are splashing with their paddle-wheels, and several small sailing-boats are moving towards the Straits of Euripus.

Chalcis presents itself on the shore of Eubœa with old walls, a few minarets, a few new houses and a great many ruinous ones, which remind the spectator of the old Turkish town. Over the coast of Attica floats a memory which gives to its immortal heights a more poetical interest than the town of Chalcis. For here is Aulis—here was the ancient Aulis, the camp of Agamemnon, and the scene of Iphigenia's sacrifice.

We remain some hours in the harbour of Chalcis. The Advocate, Kyrios Baratassos, to whom we have a letter, comes on board and takes us to his house, where we are welcomed by a young, charming lady, entertained with a good dinner, and spend a few hours with agreeable, educated people who speak French.

After that we go out to see the town, which, although it has new public walks, yet, as a town, looks unprosperous. Some Turkish families still reside here, and we saw some closely-veiled women in the streets. We then extended our walk round the harbour on the coast of Attica—a poetical, beautiful promenade, which deserves to be better kept—and, lastly, we stopped on the shore of Euripus to observe the well-known phenomenon of the changing current in the Straits. This alternation of currents occurs several times in the course of the

twenty-four hours, sometimes once in the hour, from north to south, and from south to north. It has been known from the most ancient times, but has never yet been explained in a satisfactory manner. Our host told us that he had observed that the alterations in the current were more rapid at the full of the moon, and would then increase to four-and-twenty in the course of the day. When we stopped on the bridge the Euripus was flowing from north to south; ten minutes afterwards we perceived a change beginning in the current. The waves became agitated, and appeared to be striving against a counter-current; in the course of a few minutes more the agitation became so strong, and the water flowed with such violence from the south to the north, that a sailing-boat, which was just about to pass the Straits southward, was compelled to defer doing so that evening, and, as it speedily became dark, turned and cast anchor in the harbour.

We continued our course in the beautiful moonlight, and the following morning cast anchor at Atalantas, now Talanti, in a bay on the coast of Attica. The mountain scenery now became increasingly magnificent. In the north-west rise Mount Œta and Mount Othrys, with their colossal forms and Herculean memories; to the south-west ascends from the valleys of Bœotia the lofty comb—I beg pardon, diadem—of Parnassus, because it rises aloft like a rocky diadem in the background, above the dark region of wood. It seems to say, "I am the mountain of Apollo, I overlook you all." From its summit may, it is said, be surveyed the whole of Greece. The mountain-chain of Pindus extends northward to reach Olympus. But from this point Olympus is not visible. The spectacle is grand enough as it is. The continent of Eubœa presents us on all hands with gigantic forms and gigantic memories, whilst

we steam along towards the northern promontory of Eubœa, and to the Bay of Zeitun.

Here lies the islet from which Hercules, clad in the Nessus-shirt, flung its unlucky bringer—I do not know precisely where, but deep down into Hades it certainly must have been—down into the realm of the shades. And there, on the low shore, just opposite the island, is Mount Œta, the giant mountain where Hercules erected his funeral pyre and died the Phœnix death. Cliffs start forth from the mountain-mass in whimsical but grand forms.

The north-western portion of Eubœa abounds in tragical memories, more horrible than poetically grand. Let them rest beneath those monumental, bold, and beautiful rocky shapes which erect themselves on its coast. I do not now gaze so much in that direction, but rather on the opposite side, on that of Attica, for we now turn into the beautiful Bay of Zeitun, and the Vale of Sperchio expands broad and fertile between the colossal mountain-chains of Othrys and Trachinos. And there, at the foot of Œta, not far from the shore, lies Thermopylæ.

We cast anchor in the lovely bay, intending to remain there the whole day. We have ample time to make our observations. The morning is as bright as a diamond, the water smooth as a mirror, the air fresh as the spirit of the mountain, everything is quiet and grand.

In the middle of the Vale of Sperchio, upon a hill, lies a town, open to the sun and basking in its light; it is Lamia, or Zeitun, and is said to be a prosperous and increasing place of trade. To the north-west, and along the whole extent of the valley, rises the mountain-chain of Othrys, like a dark bushy eyebrow. It forms the boundary between free Greece, and Greece which yet lies captive under Turkey, between Attica and Thes-

salia, an unnatural and arbitrary boundary line, which cannot long remain.

Far, far away in the remote distance of the Vale of Sperchio, rises a misty pyramidal mountain—not unlike a giant shadow. I am told that it is Velluchi, and that from its summit, above seven thousand feet high, both Olympus and Parnassus may be seen. The river Sperchio, which runs through the valley, and gives to it its name, is concealed from sight by its banks, and the depression of the ground along the middle of the valley alone suggests its presence from this distance.

Dark shadows fall from the mountain fastness of Œta, not far from the shore, across a pass through the mountain the opposite side of which is strongly lit up by the rising sun. That is Thermopylæ. Cliffs rise on either side, like lofty fortress walls. The ground slopes thence verdantly to the sea in the east, and to the valley in the north. The warm springs, Thermæ, whence the place derives its name, are indicated by some white walls and buildings below the pass. I plainly saw a mound at the opening of the pass, although the dark shadow of the mountain still covered it. It was there that Leonidas fell, surrounded by his Spartans, and there they afterwards were buried.

The celebrated epigraph of Simonides, on the three hundred Spartans who, "in obedience to the commands of their fatherland, here fell in its defence," has immortalized the heroic action of the Spartans, but has cast into the shade the equally admirable conduct of the four hundred Thespians, who, no less obedient to the commands of their fatherland, here did heroic battle against the Persian army, and also perished. History has preserved the memory of their warfare and death; but Leonidas and the Spartans alone have obtained the medal of honour—the name on the lips of posterity—the world's justice.

The infantry of the Persian army rushed forward into the pass of Thermopylæ. The victorious Persians trampled the corpses of the heroes, who here voluntarily fought and fell—the justice of fortune!

The sun ascended above the summit of Œta, chased away the shadows from the mound of the slain, and lit up the gloomy pass. Well could I understand its silent prophecy, even as the Vala spake:—

"Then comes the Mighty One
To the great judgment—
The great above all—
He who guides all things;
Judgments He utters;
Strifes He appeaseth,
Recompense meteth
To him that is worthy."

The pagan's idea of God's righteous final judgment. But till then—why are the worse so often allowed to conquer, and the better to die?

I know one soul which is thus continually in conflict, and thus continually demanding, whilst it seeks to attain to the unseen Olympian heights of which it has a presentiment, where the soul may breathe and rest in divine peace. That soul is in conflict, and thus demands, also this quiet morning, surrounded by the giant shadows of antiquity. But it is not the pyre of Hercules, it is not the sun above the sepulchral mound of the heroes, it is not Œta, and Parnassus, and Pindus, which are able to answer the burning questions of the heart when they arise.

A handsome Greek family, in deep mourning, left the steamer at this place and went to Stylides, the new harbour town, and thence to Lamia, further up the valley, where a road is just now being constructed. This family went three weeks since from Lamia to Athens

for pleasure. The father of the family suddenly fell ill and died. The widow was now returning with her orphan children, deeply dejected, to their home in the Vale of Sperchio.

From Zeitun our course lay through the Straits of Tricheri. The shores on both sides are fertile and rich in beauty, but now most beautiful on the side of Eubœa, where the scenery resembles that of a magnificent park full of splendid trees. The hills also are abundantly covered with wood. It is a real enjoyment to contemplate this luxuriant landscape, so unlike the greater number of those in Attica. By noon we reached Oreos, on the north-western coast of Eubœa, and remained there till evening.

The purport of our steamer's visit to these shores is to promote exchange of commodities and commerce in the northern harbours of Greece, and so form an advantageous bond of union in this manner between Athens, Thessalonia, and Constantinople. Therefore it is that we stop for a little while at so many different places. This suits us passengers very well, because we have time at these various stations to go on shore and look about us. So we did also at Oreos. Theodore and I undertook, in company with the Englishman, who is a polite and agreeable gentleman, to take a ramble into Eubœa. The road from Oreos, which was unusually good for a road in a Greek island, led us through ground covered with small bushes and meadow land, which might have been in England, but before us rose wood-covered heights, such as I had never seen in England. On all sides, as we continued our walk, opened out views over fertile meadows and expanses of wood—a glorious natural park, where Jupiter and Juno might have had pleasure in wandering during their honeymoon, for they were married, as we know, in Eubœa.

Our walk has reference to the ancient city of Oreos, where a number of antiquities are still found, and which we see before us on the nearer height. But the farther we go towards it the farther it appears to recede from us. The sun is near setting, and the old city is still a long way off. We must therefore decide to give it up, and content ourselves by visiting it alone with our glances; and we do so, and turn back at a large gentleman's house, in the north European style, which stands proudly on a slope amongst umbrageous trees. It must be one of the many north European homes in Eubœa which are now standing unoccupied, partly because the prevalence of fever has driven away the inhabitants, partly because of the weariness and dulness of life there—for this is felt also by the colonists from Western Europe, even on the beautiful and fertile Eubœa. They who become plump and in good condition are not the gentry, but the peasants, who themselves till the soil, are accustomed to the climate, and buy the estates from the gentlemen.

Eubœa now possesses a population of 100,000 souls.

When we again approached the harbour the view of the light-blue straits and of the lofty dark mountains on the mainland opposite, with their pure, harmonious, and, as it were, chiselled outlines, elevated by the sun-splendour behind them, was almost solemnly beautiful. The after-glow of the sunset enclosed the woody height of Eubœa, with a prismatic diadem. Colouring, form, serene splendour, these are elements of beauty peculiarly Greek!

Early on the following morning we were lying at Amaliopolis, (Amalia's city), the last and youngest city of free Greece in this direction, and not yet properly emerged from childhood. People do not exactly know

whether it is going forward or backward, and perhaps it does not know itself. Be it as it may, however, it seems to stand upon very feeble feet.

When we leave poor little Amaliopolis, we swing into the magnificent gulf of Volo, and behold Thessaly, the oldest cradle of Hellas, the birthplace also of its most ancient hero, Achilles, as of it latest, the patriotic poet, Constantin Rhigas, and Georg Olympiern; the home, too, of wonderful grandeur in many forms, both of nature and of the legendary world; of Olympus and Tempe, of Pelion and Ossa, of the Centaurs and the Thessalian witches, and, at the present day, of the Meteora monasteries, which, from their solitary, unattainable heights, testify of the marvellous heights and depths of the human soul.

The extensive Gulf of Volo is surrounded by mountains, but neither so lofty nor of so bold a character as those we saw on the coast of Attica; yet perhaps I may be deceived by the extent of horizon which they embrace. We made directly for the town of Volo, situated at the foot of Pelion, which stretches out far southward to the sea, as a shelter for the harbour.

The nearer we approached, the higher Pelion seemed to elevate himself in the magnificent amphitheatre behind Volo and its verdant coast. The mountain ridge is, in fact, almost five thousand feet high, and presents an astonishing view.

If you had heard, when in Athens, of the four-and twenty towns or villages of Pelion, and had formed to yourself an indistinct idea of their producing a very rich and singular appearance, you would scarcely be able to believe your own eyes when you beheld the picture such as it really is.

"It is perfectly amusing to be so much astonished!" said a friend to me once, and I could not but think the very same, as I now stood unprepared for the reality,

contemplating the mountain ridge of Pelion and the white roads or strata of chalk, which in broad lines seem to cut through its beautiful verdure, almost perpendicularly from the top of the mountain to its foot. I could scarcely believe my eyes when suddenly the truth presented itself to me, that these shining chalk roads or quarries, as I at first took them to be, were villages and towns, which, with their gardens, hung as it were on the mountain ridge. They were so, nevertheless. I saw before me Pelion, with its four-and-twenty towns!

As you approach nearer to Pelion, you see clearly that these towns ascend on terraces up the mountain, and are surrounded by great numbers of trees, amongst which cypresses tower aloft. But the terraces, with their cascades of brilliant white houses, seem so close one above another, that the appearance, in any case, is most extraordinary. I never saw anything like it. Pelion, abounding in springs of water, and woods, and orchards, from its base to its summit, is said to contain in its four-and-twenty towns a population of about fifty thousand Greeks, a warlike and industrious people.

Volo, at the foot of Pelion, is an inconsiderable town, consisting of the house of the consulate and trading shops. To the left, on the shore, at a little distance from the town, you see a fortress, from which floats a Turkish flag, near a lofty minaret.

We landed by a dangerous flight of steps and passed over a wretched bridge—a state of things *à la Turque*. We delivered in Volo our letters of introduction, and were received in the kindest manner by Mr. G——, a merchant, and by the Greek Consul, a polite and sensible-looking man, who offered us a home at his house as long as we should remain there.

I had half intended to have gone forward this evening with our "Byzantis" to Salonica—a day's journey by sea

from Volo to the eastward—in order to see that ancient, celebrated, and still important trading town, as well as, by the way, possibly, Olympus, which is visible from the sea; but I was kindly persuaded to remain here until the vessel returned, and in the meantime to become better acquainted with Pelion, its sons and daughters. This was quite too tempting an offer, and I resolved to remain.

Towards evening we paid a visit to the Turkish town, within the fortress. A considerable troop of gipsies had pitched their filthy tents on the outside. They were handsome people; the children were especially so, but ragged and dirty. The old women, regular Thessalian witches, were busy cooking and chewing, whilst the children crawled round the fires. The gipsy camp and its life reminded me of the Sioux Indians, on the Upper Mississippi. The same half savage type. These people do not eat to live, but they live to eat.

In the town sat Turks gravely smoking, with legs crossed, and sultan-like heads. Black female slaves were sitting also here and there by the houses, with pipes in their mouths, enjoying the mussulman's *kief*. Some closely-veiled ladies, wrapped in mantles, strolled about the streets; every one seemed slumbrous and inanimate. The water alone of the fountain murmured pleasantly, refreshing the street and the vines, which formed a shadowy arch over it. The fortress contains within its walls the greater proportion of the Turkish population of Volo, which is said not to exceed two thousand souls. Most of the Turks here are poor, because they do not work, and they sell, by little and little, their fields and gardens to the industrious Greeks.

October 3*rd.*—Although prepared beforehand by my polite host that I should receive a visit from the sons of Pelion, yet I was astonished when, the morning after my

arrival, a number of gentlemen dressed in the European style, and amongst them also a Greek papa, entered Consul Margeritis' large hall, and when one of them, a young and handsome man, Doctor Geordakis, bade me welcome to Thessaly, in the name of themselves and the population of Pelion. To this succeeded a longer speech in French. My reply in the same language was interpreted into Greek by Geordakis. After that the people seated themselves and conversed, that is to say, three or four gentlemen and myself, because the rest did not like to speak French, and a part of them scarcely understood it. The conversation turned naturally upon Greek political affairs. The sons of Pelion wished, both for themselves and for Thessaly, that they should soon become a portion of free Greece.

"But," said one of them, "as long as Lord Palmerston lives, we have nothing to hope for!"

I observed that Lord Palmerston could not live so very long, because he was already considerably advanced in life; which observation was received with evident satisfaction.

"In any case," said another, "neither England nor any of the Great Powers would allow Greece to obtain any aggrandizement which would be prejudicial to their maritime sway."

"It is precisely Greece," I remarked, "which will be benefited by them in the Eastern question; because Greece alone can be aggrandized without danger to any of them, and will form a neutral Power, which will keep true the equipoise, and be advantageous to commerce, be advantageous to the interests of all, and principally to the European civilization of the East."

I solemnly declare to the Cabinets of the Great Powers, in case I have here been endangering my head, that I never until this very moment thought on these

Greek prospects, and if I did speak amiss on the subject, as it seems to me I did not, it must be ascribed to the inspiration of the moment, which I am not accountable for. However, let it be as it may, the sons of Pelion were well pleased with my speech, and gave it their unanimous applause.

After Geordakis had rendered some further service as interpreter between the mountain dwellers and myself they advanced and shook hands with me, the papa, and schoolmaster also of Volo. I confess that the evident cordiality of these men, and their intention by this demonstration, affected me in a very agreeable manner. Because it was not to me, the foreign authoress, whose works two or three of them, at most, could know anything about, that it had reference in the first instance; it was the European culture in the home, in literature, in the free society and state, to which they paid respect in the person of one of its members; it was the ideal of Christian civilization, which they declared themselves to esteem and love as the highest, and to which Thessaly, captive as yet to Turkey, wishes to ally herself. What wonder, then, that when the deputation from Pelion left me my heart throbbed high for the future of Greece.

We were invited to-day by the merchant G—— to breakfast in the gardens (Perivolli) on one of the lowest terraces of Pelion. It required a whole hour before we, by climbing good flights of steps up the mountain, arrived there. But the way thither was beautified by many a pleasant object, murmuring brooks and splendid trees, planes, chestnuts, cypresses, and many others, which continually border the path, to say nothing of the pretty dwellings from terrace to terrace. The gardens of Semiramis could not have been more beautiful than those of Pelion, as far as the fresh verdure and vegeta-

tion were concerned. And they continue in this way to the top of the mountain.

In the village where we were expected, we saw Turks sitting with their pipes and crossed legs, whilst the Greeks played and danced at the coffee-houses. We were conducted, first into a garden and then into a large room, in which a clear stream of water flowed, first through the wall into a basin, and then into a stone runnel along the floor, with a delicious murmuring. The table was spread above the runnel, and we sat round it on cushions in the Oriental manner. The breakfast, or rather dinner, was in Homeric style. A sheep, which had been roasted on a spit, was served up with many Greek delicacies. The wine was cooled in the fountain of crystal clear water. The little company, consisting of two ladies, the charming wife of the consul, Mr. Margeritis, and myself, with half a dozen gentlemen, was not deficient either in good humour or good appetite. The young Doctor Geordakis, who had studied in the academies of Germany, and loved their fresh *Burschenleben*, was in a champagne-like mood, and overflowed with mirth and gay sallies of wit. Little Petros, the youngest son of the consul, a darling little boy, sang the patriotic songs of Rhigas with all their pathetic and musical charm. The heart of Constantin Rhigas would have throbbed with joy to have heard him. We also drank healths—it was a festal, genuine Greek dinner amidst the gardens of Pelion. We afterwards took our coffee under the beautiful plane-trees.

Some of the gentlemen afterwards accompanied me on a visit to Achmed Aga, a noble Turkish government official, who resides on Pelion, a member of council, as well as Pasha, the Sultan's governor in Thessaly, where he is universally respected by the Greeks as a good and honourable man, although a strict Mussulman. We had

sent to announce our visit, and were before long conducted through a garden into a large rotunda, with an arched roof and windows on several sides. The Aga, a grave gentleman of middle age, received us with his pipe in his mouth. He was dressed in a silk caftan, and had I thought so keen and severe a glance, that I should have been frightened if I had been brought for any cause before him. But he took my hand, welcomed me with a certain solemn kindliness, and conducted me to the divan where he himself sat. The other gentlemen took their seats on other divans round the room.

In the centre of the rotunda stood a large basin, out of which rose a sort of lofty candelabra, from the branches of which streamed fine jets of water, artifically crossing one another in every direction. Whilst coffee was being handed round in the usual little Turkish egg-shell cups the lively doctor sprang into the basin, and endeavoured, by turning the pipes of the candelabra, to give the water-jets new directions. The Aga looked on, for a moment smiling, and then gave orders that more water should be turned on, after which he, with his own high and mighty hand, showed us how some very beautiful water-works could be put in action, so that the jets rose to the ceiling.

The grave mussulman in that large, quiet room, with windows opening into a garden full of brilliant fruits, and within the rotunda the delightful splashing of the water, was a picture full of Oriental still-life. But the glimpse of some female attire, as well as cushions and kitchen utensils, through an open door, made it apparent that the ladies that been thrust aside in the hurry of our visit, and that the Turkish grandezza had also here his weak side. The Turk, *in himself*, seems to me a very dignified and handsome figure; but the Turk in his family resembles the cock amongst the

hens, and loses all his prestige, even when he, as in this case, lives with only one wife. For the shy woman, his wife, is always a reproach to him, and a humiliation to them both, and has, besides, her own female slaves as her rivals. Whilst I was thus thinking, with no very agreeable feelings towards Achmed Aga, who was seated in the opposite corner of the sofa smoking his pipe, he observed that the sun, which shone in through the window, was unpleasant to me, on which he rose up and drew down the curtain. This trait of manly attention touched me, and made me think that he was less of a Turk than he appeared to be. And with kind feelings I took my leave of the old gentleman, whose position here, amongst the restless and secretly inimical Greeks is not an enviable one. The abnormal relationship in which the Turkish man stands with regard to the other sex brings with it here its punishment in a very apparent manner, when you observe the sunken, depreciated condition of the Turkish population in comparison with the increasing prosperity of those Greek families in which the care and industry of the women are brought into such active operation both within the house and out of it.

We went from this Turkish residence, still continually ascending, to a Greek home, in a beautiful house, where everything testified of comfort and prosperity, and where the mother of the family, in her heavy and not handsome dress, yet looked like life's living sunshine, with both the will and the power to gladden every heart.

Our visits this afternoon were all within the mountain town of Volo. Higher up lies the still more beautiful and more opulent market town of Portaria, with glorious pleasure grounds, "and houses and streets just as in Athens," I was assured; but the thought of walking for an hour and a half in the heat of the sun upon the

mountain deprived us of all spirit for the undertaking. It is situated on a broad terrace of Pelion, and almost buried in its shadowy trees. Highest up on this side lies the market town of Makrinitza, which at a distance resembles a long white web of cloth lying or hanging to bleach. No one can form any idea of the number of larger and smaller ledges upon which the several dwellings stand, each one with its garden or groves. Most of the houses are, however, of two stories, well-built and well kept. Whichever way you turn you hear the murmur of running water.

Immediately above Makrinitza you see a naked, gray stone summit, garlanded below by wood, like a bald brow encircled by still youthful locks. That is the highest point of Pelion, and within it is the stalactite grotto where legend relates the abode of the wise Centaur to have been. On the other side of the mountain, facing Thessaly, extend yet other villages, with their woods; the largest and most beautiful amongst which is called Zagora. The Greek population of Pelion, which is said to amount to between forty and fifty thousand souls, enjoy there a freedom and security which is wanting to the Greeks in the plain below. As on Lebanon, they acquire in these natural mountain fastnesses a strength and a sense of independence which makes them respected by the Turks.

A large proportion of the mountain farms belong to tradesmen who have their places of business in the town, and spend the whole week there, returning only on holidays to enjoy life and the fresh air with their families on the mountain. The groves of olive, chestnut, and almond trees on this wonderfully fertile mountain not unfrequently return to their proprietors between thirty and forty thousand francs of annual revenue. Many of the men of Pelion have studied in foreign

countries, and speak French and German. The women are said to be remarkable for their simple manners, good temper, and industry. They it is who gather in the fruit, the harvests of the mountain—especially the olive and chestnut; they it is who feed the silkworms, who look after the cocoons, whilst at the same time they spin and weave and keep house and home in order, and educate the children. Their costume is heavy and ugly; the thickly-plaited petticoat is fastened close under the breast, and falling down thence to the feet, entirely conceals the form of the body. The neck is covered by a white kerchief. They wear on the head a large black cap, very like a shako. The countenances which I saw under this unbecoming head-dress were, generally speaking, not handsome, but had a refined, gay, and lively expression. The "witches of Thessaly" were not seen by me on Pelion.

Yesterday afternoon we sailed across the bay to the shore opposite Volo, to take a survey of the remains of the old city of Pagasæ. The extent of these proves that anciently there stood here a very large city; but the remains above ground consist only of earthen walls, some foundations, and, in a few places, marble steps ascending to temples—the names of which are forgotten. The whole of this tract is desolate and sterile. Below the hill lies a salt manufactory, in which the sea-water is used. The view from this eminence is very beautiful, embracing Pelion and the shore, which curves eastward and southward, the wooded, beautiful bay of Leuconia, formerly Iolcos, precisely the same Iolcos, the learned declare, as that where the great men and poets of Hellas, Jason, Theseus, Hercules, Castor and Pollux, Orpheus, Meleager, and many more, went on board the ship "Argo," with its masts made from the prophetic oaks of Dodona—and sailed forth to unknown seas in order to

fetch back from Colchis the stolen golden fleece,* that first associated poetical naval expedition of the Hellenes, which furnished the most ancient history of Greece with so many wonderful episodes; the power of the lyre of Orpheus in charming the storms to rest; the Samothracian mysteries; the savage passion of Medea, and all those sagas about the syrens and witches, about the Cyclops and the gods, about enchantments and wonderful deliverances, which supply to our poets and to our operas so much romantic material. It was from Iolcos—then the shore of a royal kingdom—that the Argonautic expedition set forth. Now this shore lies peacefully, like a beautiful natural park, reflecting its olive-groves in the calm waves. The whole of this fertile district was possessed twenty-five years ago by the Turks; now there is not a single Turk there. The soil has, by degrees, become sold to the Greeks. It is the peaceful conquest of labour.

I will now, for the rest, relate what I have learned of Thessaly and its population. The vast and well-watered plains of Thessaly make it at this day one of the wealthiest provinces of Greece; at the same time that its mountains and boundary-districts, Pelion on the east, Olympus on the north, and Pindus on the west, make it one of the most magnificent in natural scenery. Its population is said to amount to about two hundred and fifty thousand souls. Of these two hundred thousand are Greeks. The Greeks are unanimous in their hatred of the Turkish sway, and in their desire to deliver their native land therefrom, and to see it become a portion of free Greece. The arbitrary system of Turkey in her treatment of the provinces occasions a continued state of insecurity to their inhabi-

* At this day the Greek trading vessels bear on their prow a golden fleece, in memory of the Argonautic Expedition.—*Author's Note.*

tants, as well as a moral degradation. The Christians of the plain are especially exposed to exactions of the Government, and venture neither to plant nor to cultivate, from the fear partly of robbers, partly of appearing too opulent in the eyes of Government. In Volo the Greeks are forbidden to build houses because the Turks will not allow the town to increase, and I have seen there two or three buildings begun which have been put a stop to.

"If we had been permitted to build as much as we wished to do," said a tradesman of Volo, "there would now have been standing here a town of more than one thousand houses."

Fresh taxes are continually being arbitrarily imposed by the Turkish Government, and have been imposed at this very time; and if they should be demanded to their full extent, the Christian inhabitants of Thessaly would be reduced to destitution. But they are afraid of exciting them too far, and, spite of all severe imposts, the inhabitants in the mountain districts continue to increase and flourish in a manner which I have not seen on the free coasts of Greece. But the Greeks on the plain, and in the towns where the Turkish population predominates, are asserted to be otherwise. The administration of justice is said to be at the lowest ebb, and here, as in Palestine, depends wholly and entirely on partiality, arbitrary will, and money.

At this moment it is reported that the Sultan Abdul Medjid has sold the Government revenue of Thessaly for two years, 1860 and 61, for a sum of ready money, but from which thirty per cent. is deducted. The men who advance this sum are stated, besides, by false entries of the resources of the provinces, to have made a profit to themselves of several millions of drachmas. The poor Sultan is thus overreached in every way, and

at the same time ruined. It is less his fault than that of the system of government. Its want of principle, as well as of justice, produces disesteem and bitterness amongst the people. So also in Epirus (Albania) and in Macedonia, where also strong feeling prevails for free Greece, at least in its southern portion, from Salonica to Mount Athos. Its northern portion has a considerable Sclave population and a zealous Russian propaganda. The mountain people in all these provinces are Greeks and ardent patriots, and on the heights of Olympus, as well as on those of Pindus and Pelion, are still sung, as in the morning watches of Hellenic freedom, the fatherland songs of Rhigas, awakening the old spirit of liberty.

"If the King of Greece would only send us a leader, then we should soon be a free people!" are words which one often hears spoken.

Nevertheless, I have heard it said that these zealots of freedom would be less warlike in action than in words, and would be very easily kept down by a small armed force. Little else can be expected from an unarmed population, only accustomed to peaceful occupations. But the desire of the people for a free and well-ordered Government, for the culture and social life which are the glory of free Europe—that is a weapon of light which in its own time will arm fresh "sacred troops," like that which Georg Olympiern led to battle for the fatherland. And free Europe will not regard with indifference this beautiful and rich land, with its vast corn-producing plains, its luxuriant fruit-woods, its vigorous, fresh, industrious inhabitants rousing themselves from the heavy sleep of centuries, to arise to new life and union with free Greece.

Olympus and Ossa, Pelion and Pindus, must become the property of Christian culture, as they have for so

many centuries belonged to European poetry, and the sacred oracular grove of Dodona, the native land of Acheron and Cocytus ought to be accessible to the lovers both of antiquity and of the magnificent beauties of nature. The Turks do not care about any of these things. They love gardens, flowers, perfumes, and their easy *kief*. And so long as they have the heights of Olympus and the groves of Dodona under their sway, Wallachian shepherds and dogs, or also highway-robbers, will frighten away peaceful tourists and colonists.

It is said by some here that from the summit of Pelion, from the bald crown of old Chiron, Olympus may be seen. Others again affirm that it can only be seen thence, even when the air is clear, as a distant, shadowy object, and not at all when the atmosphere is thick. And as it is now misty from the great heat, I am not inclined to undertake so laborious a journey merely to see a huge shadow. The gods have long since deserted Olympus, and its height of from nine to ten thousand feet would not appear so very great to one who has seen Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc. Olympus, however, is said to have, as you approach it, a character more imposing from its mass than from its altitude. Its thirty-two peaks have but little boldness. Its lower ledges abound in wood and pasturage ground. The Vale of Tempe, between Olympus and Ossa, where Apollo is said to have lived as a shepherd, and where he gathered his first laurels, is described by the learned Dane, Professor Ussing, as being enchantingly lovely from its abundance of water—the River Peneus flowing through it—its trees and its shrubs. But all this glory is now merely for eyes which cannot appreciate it. Half savage shepherds, and their still more savage dogs, have taken possession of the laurel groves of Apollo.

Two day's journey from Volo, in about the middle of

the vast fertile plain of Thessaly, lies the capital of the province, Larissa, with a population of twenty-five thousand souls, mostly Mohammedans—a little Constantinople, as it is said, in appearance and beauty, and, as I suspect, also in filth. A day's journey thence to the north-west lies the town of Trikala, and in the mountain district surrounding it the celebrated Meteora, small, solitary monasteries which were built and populated at a time when men believed that by living apart from their kind on such elevations they should come nearer to heaven. The Meteora monasteries originally numbered four-and-twenty, and were situated in the wildest mountain tracts on the cliffs, the bold and strange forms of which betoken even at a distance the extraordinary state of mind which produced them. A Greek emperor even, John Cantacuzenus, resigned his throne in Constantinople to bury himself in one of these monasteries. Five or six of them only are now inhabited by monks, the number of whom is continually on the decrease. The largest of them is called the Meteor, the others Hagia (the Holy) Mone, Hagia Triada, and so on. The monks are supplied by the people of the villages with provisions, which are drawn up to the Meteors by means of ropes. Travellers cannot visit them by any other means. For me such a visit is not to be thought of.

Equally impossible would it be for me to visit the Greeks "Holy Mountain," Mount Athos, the romantic beauty and peculiar population of which might otherwise have induced me to penetrate into Macedonia. Twenty monasteries and a number of small hermitages occupy this mountain, with a population of three thousand monks. The mountain, which, on its peninsula, overlooks two seas, is possessed of the most glorious woods, springs of water, and pasture ground. The

monks cultivate the soil, and practise many kinds of handicrafts, are even goldsmiths, work in ivory, &c. There are painters amongst them, after the fashion of monks, as I see by their stereotype saints, and many are also learned men. The holy mountain is likewise a place of refuge for unfortunate Rajahs and hypochondriacs who have become weary of life. There is besides a considerable seminary for young men, who are adopted into the monasteries as children, and who there receive no small degree of practical knowledge of various kinds. These youths have, however, I was told by a Greek who has visited the seminary, a something "motherless" in their appearance.

These monasteries belong, as do all monasteries in Greece, to the laborious and contemplative order of St. Basil. The Emperor Theodosius the Great, who founded the largest on Athos, ordained that women should for ever be banished thence. The monks of the present time are said to adhere so rigidly to this ordinance that not even a hen, or any creature of the female kind, is allowed to approach the upper portions of the holy mountain where the monasteries and the educational institutions are situated. B. Nicolaidi relates that when one of the fathers, on a somewhat longer excursion than usual, had taken with him one of the young scholars, the youth, astonished by perceiving a little girl drawing water from a well, inquired "what that was?" To which the father replied that it was "the devil," and that he must take care not to look that way. The young scholar, however, begged that he might be permitted to take "the pretty little devil with him to the monastery, and try to convert him."

Gentlemen travellers, with good letters of introduction, are well received and entertained in the guest-houses of the mountain. I abstain gladly from a visit

to the women-haters of the holy mountain. But the "motherless" youths ought not to remain there.

A young monk from the northern mountain tract of Thessaly spent last evening here. He appeared gifted with an unusually good head, and had a lively interest in the natural sciences. These will be good companionship for him during the solitary life to which he has so early condemned himself, probably because he is ambitious, and is aiming at the dignity of the bishopric. For although priests of the lower ranks may marry, bishops must be monks, and none but monks can become bishops. The Thessalian monk was a vivacious, amiable young man, the eldest ot five brothers in a poor family. He described the mountains of Thessaly as very rich in medicinal plants, by means of which the "wise women" of Thessaly cure many ailments and injuries more surely than the sons of Æsculapius who are great in academical degrees. The mountain torrents roll down stones to the plain which contain valuable minerals. He gave me two stones, of which the one is supposed to contain gold, the other, also of a gold colour, burns and smells like brimstone when it comes in contact with the fire.

Should the young monk live, I foretell that he will be an honour to Thessaly, like his countrymen Oekonomos and Rhigas, and most assuredly he will make its natural kingdoms more known than they are at present. He had also visited the Meteor Monasteries, and told me that the inhabitants in these elevated human nests, spend their lives in "praying, eating, and sleeping." He did not rank them high. In some few ten years the Meteora will be inhabited only by ravens. They have outlived their age.

Neither Thessaly nor Epirus has any beautiful ruins. But with the most ancient cradle of Hellas still

however, lives a memory more beautiful than all the remains of temples, that namely of the wife who gave her life to save that of her husband. The saga of Alcestis and Admetus, the royal pair of ancient Pheræ, must have some historic foundation. It is too beautiful to be merely a poem, and represents in a striking manner that higher stand-point which the Greek woman attained to through her position in marriage, which separates the Greeks from the other nations of the East. The horror of death, which is intuitive to the Greek, and which Euripides forcibly represents in his drama on this subject, enhances still more the sacrifice which Alcestis makes for a husband who beside her stands like—I must here speak royal Swedish—like a thousand-devil-egotist. Enough; both Thessaly and Epirus have in their heroines and priestesses—in Epirus latest in the heroic Suliote women—memories and examples of more value than all the divine statues of Athens, because they serve as models to the daughters of Hellas.

The mountainous Epirus has not the lighter beauty of Thessaly. It is a more savage, less fertile country. But it possesses magnificent scenery, the principal features of which mythology and poesy have appropriated to themselves. Acheron and Cocytus are rivers of Epirus, Avernus a cavern amongst its mountains, the narcotic exhalations of which have been known from the most ancient times. Enchanting lakes lie amongst the hills. Its people are half savage, but warlike and lovers of freedom. Epirus will make common cause with Thessaly whenever the day comes that she rises. Of the preparations which may have been silently making for this purpose for some years, I consider it not my place to speak here. It is, however, sorrowful to see kindred who long to be united sundered by force; to see a people cut off by arbitrary power from its most

ancient native soil, and from the better portion of its paternal inheritance. Young Greece is by nature and history wedded to its northern, its oldest home. Both long to be united, and it seems to me that they have a divine right to be so. What God has united let not man put asunder.

Later.—We have had a beautiful walk on the sea-shore to the Bay of Iolcos. The whole shore resembles the most beautiful, wild pleasure-grounds, and no one can imagine a more romantically charming promenade than that, which might be laid out on this side along the harbour of Volo. The climate of Thessaly is said to be the finest in Greece. It is considerably cooler than that of Attica. The orange does not ripen here. Yet almonds and apricots grow on the plain. Apples and pears are larger here than anywhere else in Greece. The vine is cultivated, but to no great extent. The olive-woods, corn, and silk cultivation constitute the principal sources of wealth in the country.

Early in the morning I leave Thessaly, glad to have seen something of the mountains and culture of Northern Greece, and still more glad to have become somewhat more intimately acquainted with its people and its spirit. Without being a Thessalian witch one can foretell something of its future.

The weather is uninterruptedly glorious, Olympian weather in the land of Olympus; sun and moon alternately take their course through the heavens without a cloud. The wind cools the air by day and lightly curls the magnificent Bay of Volo; in the evening it becomes as smooth as a mirror—and so is it now, although the flowing tide causes the waves to heave themselves and strike upon the shore. A flute from the Turkish barracks is warbling mournfully, though sweetly, in the still evening, and is the latest sound which is heard at

night. By the fading light of day—my last day in Thessaly—I write to the Consul Margeritis and his wife, my good host and hostess, my most cordial thanks for their amiable hospitality. Little Petros I should like to take with me to Athens, and thence to Ultima Thule.

FIFTEENTH STATION.

Life in a Greek Steamboat—Acquaintance during the Trip—The Young Macedonian—The Old Lady—Again in Athens—Greek Dwelling-houses—Tidings from the East and the West—Interior Disturbance—Reading and Domestic Life—Approach of Autumn—An Attic Silk Manufactory—Walks—Departure for Parnassus.

ATHENS, *October 8th.*—Before I speak of anything else I will describe the appearance and state of things in a well-appointed and crowded Greek steamer. The "Armonia," by which I left Volo, is, like the "Byzantis," one of the new Greek *Athmodons*, and is really a beautiful, and, in all respects, a well-appointed vessel. But a Greek steamer, which makes successful trips—that is to say, is crowded with passengers and goods, cannot possibly continue beautiful and well-conditioned very long. There prevails in it a republican equality and disorder, which the republican American would be extremely astonished at and think "shocking." There are in the Greek steamers accommodations really for first, second, and third classes; but these classes have an irresistible tendency to become mixed up higglety-pigglety. You pay, for instance, for a first-class place—not very much higher than for the second—in the

hope that by that means you may be in quiet. And that, in fact, you might be, if the number of passengers of this and the second class were small; because those of the third remain, for the most part, on deck, where, with their children, flowers, provisions, bundles, and bags, they spread themselves all round the space appropriated to the other classes. But to this no person who is a friend to humanity can object—as long, at least, as its numbers are not too large; because, as a general rule, they are cleanly dressed, and occupy nothing but the floor, upon which they seat themselves in oriental fashion, and, in this way you have an opportunity of witnessing little scenes of Greek popular life, customs, and manners. But when the numbers of this class are increased at every station, you very soon are far removed from the Greek freedom and equality which, like that of the Orientals, is more outward than inward. The deck swarms with a crowd which is incessantly eating and chewing from the contents of bundles, bags, and pocket-handkerchiefs. You cannot move a step any way without stumbling over a pair of legs, a child, or a bundle of eatables. That goes on as long as people are able to eat; but if a little wind should rise and the vessel should begin to rock, and —the state of things is horrible! Then, for the sake of getting a little unpolluted air, you make your escape from the deck into the ladies' saloon. Ah! you find it packed as full as it will hold—the second class has overflowed, and its superfluity has found its way into the regions of the first class. You think you will escape into your cabin to your birth. Vain attempt! There lie two or three children asleep. To the sofa! It is entirely occupied by fat nurses and crying babies. The narrow but comfortable ladies' saloon has become a regular little Inferno of heat and crowding. You are compelled again to make your escape on deck, for there,

at least, you can get a seat and turn yourself to the sea, the glorious Hellenic sea, always sun-illumined, and always rich in its varying scenes.

Fortunately for us the weather during this trip was Hellenically fine. It was the first time that the steamer "Armonia" (the Union) had made this trading trip north of Eubœa, from Athens to Constantinople, and was now on her return from Constantinople to Athens, and the result of the trial was very promising for the future. The trip had already produced twenty-two thousand drachmas, from which, however, fourteen thousand must be deducted, it was said, for expenses. During the passage from Volo to Athens, were taken on board at the various places at which we lay to, large sacks of silk cocoons, the same of some kind of dye-wood, also of olives, etc. The cargo increased and increased, till it reached half the height of the chimney, and gave to the vessel a strange, inclining position whenever a stronger wind blew sideways upon it. The number of the passengers was said to be near upon three hundred by the time we reached the Piræus.

Amongst the passengers were some very handsome young girls, some very polite and also talkative gentlemen. Those who most interested me were a young man and an old lady. He was from Macedonia, and was travelling on commercial business, I believe, to Paris. He spoke French well, was a handsome, well-educated, and very agreeable young man, who related to me various interesting facts regarding his native land—the native land also of Alexander the Great—this land formerly so celebrated, now so perfectly fallen into oblivion that people in Europe know less about it than about Iceland. Nevertheless, it conceals in its bosom great natural beauty as well as material for a great future in its population, especially its Greek, freedom-loving people in the

southern portion of the country. He confirmed that which I had already heard of the Russian propagandism amongst the population of the northern parts of Macedonia, which is partly Sclave. The population of the capital of Monastir, formerly Pella, is principally Turkish. In products and fertility, Macedonia resembles Thessaly—at least, in its northern part. Olympus divides and unites the two. The young Macedonian, whom I consider to be a good representative of young Macedon, looked forward with ardent longing to the day when his native land should become a portion of free Greece.

Now to my old lady. I had heard her spoken of already in Naples. I will mention how. It was in *La Pension Anglaise*, or Sciazzi, on the Riviera di Chiaja. I was there told of a Mrs. L——, an Englishwoman, who was one of the most severely tried human beings on the face of the earth. She was the wife of an English preacher in Athens, and the mother of a blooming and happy family. Her husband died—and soon afterwards her eldest son and his young wife were murdered at Eubœa by a young Greek priest, whose benefactors they had been. They left behind them a little boy, who, on this occasion, was sent to the grandmother. A few months afterwards he too died. The sorrowing widow and mother had, however, still two blooming daughters remaining. One morning the two left her house, and entered a French Roman Catholic convent, which had been long labouring to entrap the two heiresses. In vain the deserted mother supplicated them—in vain she besought of them to return to her, not to leave their old mother in her age and misfortune thus alone—but still in vain. Her daughters no longer acknowledged her, they acknowledged now only *one mother*, and that was the Roman Catholic Church. After the customary

noviciate had been gone through they were consecrated as nuns of the order of Sisters of Mercy. The aged mother remained alone with her broken heart in her desolated home. She had only one single friend left, her old, faithful English servant. With her she had now lived alone for several years.

"How is it possible for any one to live after such heart-rending sorrows?" I asked in amazement. And I was still more amazed when in Athens I made the acquaintance of the severely tried mother, then seventy years of age, and saw in her pale countenance, pale as though death were stamped upon it, the expression of peace, and sometimes even a smile, which showed that she was cheerful. The feeble reed had bent to the storm, and in so doing had been saved from breaking. Mrs. L—— had invited me to her estate in Eubœa, and if I had not been so long detained at Santa Maria, on the coast of Paros, I should have accepted her kind invitation. Now, however, the season was becoming late, and my travelling plans did not admit of a longer stay in Eubœa. I found, however, that this had been fortunate for me, when, on my return from Thessaly, in the harbour of Oreos, in Eubœa, Mrs. L—— came on board, driven away from her estate by dysentery and the mortality of the district around her. She had brought with her her faithful servant, who seemed to be "sick unto death." Her only hope for the recovery of her servant was in a change of air and residence—she was, therefore, now taking her to Athens, and was watching over her with affecting tenderness.

"If I lose you, Mary, I have nothing else left in the whole world, as you know."

Yes, indeed! this afflicted old lady—this mother with the broken heart—had still strength and love for her fellow-creatures. She attended to the sick on board,

and was watchful to render them such little services as they could only have desired from a servant. Marvellous and lovely power of the pious and child-like mind! Neither was her soul indifferent to any interesting or amusing incident which occurred. She was capable of observation, and almost of enjoyment. But the thought of her daughters' unkindness to their aged mother, especially of the one, her life's darling, fell, like the stone of Sisyphus, again and again upon her heart.

"Once—many years ago—when I was in Rome," she related to me on one occasion, "I witnessed the dedication of a nun, and her investiture with the black habit. Beside me was sitting, during the ceremony, an old man who wept as if he would weep his very soul away.

"'You must be a near relation of the young lady, signore,' said I, sympathetically.

"'I am her father,' answered he. 'She is my only child! I am now alone in the world!' and his tears flowed afresh.

"I could not help weeping with him; but I little thought then that I should one day weep like him—that my fate would be the same as his!"

Poor Mrs. L—— wept even now, but as one who had not a great many tears left to shed. In the evening she could again smile, when a tender mother was discovered, under the *rubrik* of "child," to have comfortably ensconced her big grandson of fourteen on the ladies' sofa. We protested against this innovation, but to no purpose; and then mentioned the fact to the lieutenant on board, who made very summary work of it, and packed the young gentleman and his grandmother off to the second-class passengers' quarters, to which they both belonged.

Amongst the important reforms which are to be desired from the company is a fixed and reasonable tariff of prices for provisions on board. At present they are

charged at an arbitrary rate, as, for instance, on one occasion, when a portion of rice and two sardines were charged as high as a regular breakfast with a variety of dishes, that is to say, four drachmas; on the plea that the cook had as much trouble in the preparation — namely, in boiling a little rice.

Conformably with the printed regulations, the company engage to restore forgotten articles, which are inquired after within four and twenty hours. This, however, at present can be only considered as one of the illusions of the world.

Again in Athens, where I have been for a few days. I rejoice in seeing the number of new houses, which in this, for the most part unoccupied, portion of the city, below Lycabettus, were begun in the summer, and are now finished, each with its neat little aula, within which is a fountain with green shrubs and trees. The Greeks are masters in the arrangement of these elegant little courts, and the trees grow with wonderful rapidity as soon as they are planted. But the roads hither are almost dangerous to life, both for the men and the horses, that come up here with carriages. The drought is terrible, and the dust rises in clouds. When you walk along the road the feet raise it like smoke. The Queen's park is the only place which is still green, or where it is pleasant to walk.

The old grandmother of our landlord died a few days ago. Three women sung and lamented over her corpse. One of them, who, during the summer, had lost her daughter, sung—

"Tell, my girl, my beloved girl, how much I mourn for her at home!"

A lamp is burning, at the head of the deceased, in the tomb, and will do so for yet forty days, in order that the departed soul may see its way when it leaves the tomb.

A sorrowful idea this gives of the soul's condition after death!

In the East the political horizon looks dark and threatening. The half-moon is declining, but goes down in blood. The Christians in Constantinople are meditating flight. I have had letters from the young minister of the Swedish legation there, who writes with uneasy apprehensions for his young wife. People are dreading fresh massacres. In Athens the public regards are divided between Turkey and Italy. Sympathy with the progress of Garibaldi is general, as well as disgust against the Pope and the King of Naples. Nobody has a good wish for the latter. In this country the usual fermentation is at work; people are displeased with the minister, with the King, with—I know not how much more besides. There may be reason for some of this dissatisfaction; but much of it proceeds from less pure causes. The spirit prevailing amongst the Athenian students is said not to be of the best kind. Their own advantage and interests are the first object of their endeavours. Worldly aggrandizement, whether public or private, seems to be the sole object with the Greeks. But in this way they obtain nothing great. The chambers will now meet shortly, and are said to be very strongly opposed to the Government.

We have resumed our pleasant readings in the evening, and are now engaged with Bunsen's work on the Bible, and Grote's "Ancient History of Greece," the latter excellent of its kind, as descriptive of the Greek political life, taking, between whiles, flights into the inner and outer realms of the world, in newspapers and periodicals in French, German, and English. Every morning I breakfast on figs from Socrates' garden.

A marriage was celebrated yesterday in the English chapel, an unusual event in Athens. The daughter of

the Austrian Consul of this place was married to a Greek by the English preacher, Mr. Hill, and according to the ritual of the English Church. The Greeks who were present expressed great satisfaction with the simple, short, and yet so effective ceremony, in comparison with the tedious, long, prolix rite used in their church. They said, "We must approximate to you in this respect!" But it is not in this respect only that the Greeks have sympathies with the Evangelical Church. They accord with it fully whilst they have a decided repugnance to the Roman Catholic Church and its pretensions, especially to the Popedom.

October 14*th.*—Autumn announces itself. Heavy thunder showers have refreshed the air and the earth within these last few days; the dust is laid, and the weather and walking are delightful. The drooping terebinth trees growing along the boulevards are just now blossoming with their delicate white clusters of flowers, and have shot out new leaves of the loveliest light green. The sphinx, *stellatarum*, swings merrily in through the open windows, and hums about the room like a humming-bird, over everything that is bright, flowers or gilded picture-frames; there is not a moment that you do not hear around you the many-coloured little creatures hum, which indicates that the heat of the summer is over, and that the autumn is come; which are here agreeable tidings in every way.

October 20*th.*—A long white building, with the physiognomy of a manufactory, in the neighbourhood of the olive-wood on the plain of Athens, has long attracted my gaze with a reminder that I ought to visit it. It has been my intention to do so, and to-day I have been there. The building is a silk-spinning manufactory, and, with the exception of one similar near the Piræus, is the only one in Greece. As there are several

buildings at the same place connected with the spinning factory, we did not immediately find it—that, however, which in the end guided us to it was the offensive smell which issued thence. Whilst in the neighbourhood of the house and inside its court everything was as untidy and dirty as possible.

Two hundred girls, from ten to twenty years of age, were sitting in long rows in the spinning-rooms, and by the side of each stood a bowl of almost scalding hot water, in which they loosen the silken threads of the cocoon and set them in connection with the wheel of the machinery, which soon winds them off into large shining hanks.

As I have, on a former occasion, during my travels in Sicily, described the consequences of this, I shall now merely repeat that this work, which looks like play, is both troublesome and unwholesome, owing to the high temperature of the water in which the female workers are obliged to keep their fingers, and the hot steam arising therefrom, which they are obliged to breathe, whilst they are sitting here from six in the morning till half-past five in the afternoon—because it is only by a degree of heat approaching nearly one hundred that the gummy substance can be dissolved which fastens the silken threads round the cocoons. The work is not heavy and the superintendent showed me some girls of ten years old who obtained a higher amount of daily wages than girls of eighteen or twenty. I cannot, however, say that the workwomen looked unhealthy, but their expression and demeanour, which was, in an unusual degree self-willed and bold, made a very painful impression upon my feelings. They resembled in person and clothing rather ragged humanity than rational creatures. Whilst we were going slowly through the long rows of the workers they laughed and

made all kinds of jesting remarks, because we had not "the sense to give them some drink-money." In the midst of this one of them struck up a song as coarse and inharmonious as some I had heard in the unmusical East. They obtain as wages from one drachma and ten leptas to one drachma and fifty leptas daily.

The same amount was also given to the elder women, who, in rooms above those occupied by the spinners, were employed in selecting the cocoons and separating them into classes. The manufactory receives a considerable quantity of cocoons from all parts of Greece, and also from the Turkish provinces. The best come from the Vale of Eurotus. They are small and grey. So are also those from Andros and Tenos. One portion of the cocoons were remarkable for their large size. In these you always find two and sometimes three larvæ enclosed *en famille*. The silk which they produce is coarse. The silk when spun is sent hence in large packages to Lyons, where French industry causes it to undergo its last change into brilliant fabrics for enhancing the splendour of the saloon and the loveliness of the lovely. And for this purpose must the little silk-worm spin and die. Yet not merely for that purpose, but to furnish millions of human beings with work and bread. But man lives not by bread alone. These words must be repeated to the men who employ those spinners in the human form, who here continue the labour of the silk-worm, and continue it even on a Sunday! But that is not so blameable as long as there is no Sunday-school, because the spinners might then probably do something worse than spinning. I could not avoid thinking of this as I contemplated their appearance and gestures as they went off from the factory after the day's work was ended. How different to the female cotton-spinners in the manufactories of North America. Poor children!

May they who employ them, for the sake of their own advantage, reflect that they are, after all, intended for something else than to be spinning larvæ—that they cannot remain in this state, that they must of necessity become somewhat better or a great deal worse.

The silk-mill has had many proprietors, and has not been successful, but its prospects are said now to have improved.

We went hence to an oil-mill within the same court, where the olives were placed in a press and gave out their clear oil, whilst the husks were pressed together into thick, firm cakes. But machinery and men are, in Greece, as yet strangers to each other, and in the oil as in the silk mill I missed that which makes the manufactory admirable—cleanliness, order, and care regarding the place in which the workpeople are employed, and in the persons of the workpeople themselves.

23*rd.*—The moon is in her first quarter, the weather is as glorious as anyone can desire, and early in the morning I set out with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hansen and their nephew, on my last great excursion in Greece. Where then should it be if not to its most ancient and chief seat of the oracle, to the place whither formerly all the people who spoke the Hellenic tongue and had their part in the Hellenic culture, as well out of as in Greece, made pilgrimages to seek for counsel, for help, for light or consolation, from Apollo, the god of light and culture—to Delphi?

SIXTEENTH STATION.

Evening at Corinth—A Greek Heiress—Changeable Weather—Beautiful Morning Journey—The Holy Wood—Delphi, its Springs and its Temples—The Oracle—Amphictyonic Council.

DELPHI, *October 25th.*—The very best people may have their tempers, and bad tempers sometimes, especially if they be of a lively disposition. But the bad temper soon passes over, and the necessity to compensate for the painful effect it may have produced, causes them to display a twofold cordiality, to enliven, so to speak, by a twofold summer all who surround them. The climate of Greece resembles this human class of character. I have never, anywhere, seen a better or a more sunny climate, and in reliance upon this, its quality, I ventured, although late in the autumn, to undertake the journey to Delphi and Parnassus. The days preceding the 24th of October were perfectly lovely, and the moon was in the increase. But precisely the night before the twenty-fourth the wind began to roar round Lycabettus, and when in the early dawn we went to the Piræus, a dark, cloudy sky showed itself above Hymettus, and the atmosphere felt chilly and cold. But "the grey cloud does not always turn to rain," said Mrs. Hansen,

consolingly; and when at the Piræus we went on board the Greek *Athmodon*, we saw the edge of the grey cloud gilded by the rising sun. Other grey masses of cloud, however, ascended from the sea, where the waves rolled dark with white, foamy crests. The temper of the weather assumed a very doubtful aspect. What if no sun should shine on my journey to Delphi? Then it would have been better to have remained at home. But when we had rounded the island of Salamis, where Solon was born, and where his ashes were scattered, the island, on the coast of which Hellas fought out her first glorious fight with Asia, four hundred and eighty years before Christ, old Helios burst from the barrier of cloud, and threw his golden beams over the memorable scene. The shores of Salamis, its hills and mountain summits, shone out of a pleasant verdure, overgrown, as they were, with light green Aleppo pines, bushes of terebinth, and even with olive trees. Salamina, also, seen from this side, appeared like a beautiful and fertile island.

We had the wind behind us, that is to say, in the north-east, we therefore suffered but little from it, and directed our course southward, whilst we cast our anxious glances to the heavens, in which clouds were again gathering. By eleven o'clock in the forenoon we were tossing in a little boat to Calamaki, where we amused ourselves for an hour by watching from the windows of the custom-house, the passengers of the "Byzantis," between two and three hundred people, mostly men, loading their goods from the steamer into small boats, from the boats to the shore, and then upon asses, horses, or into large pack-wagons, which stood ready to receive them. This was not done without a great deal of noise, shouting, and much gesticulation, as is common in Greece, but without quarreling, anger, or bad language. The chaotic confusion dissolved itself in peace

and good humour, and with their lofty piled-up loads and boxes, travelling bags, and people, away went animals and wagons along the road across the Isthmus.

An hour afterwards we also followed them in an omnibus, because the new Greek steamboat company has also commenced a mode of inland conveyance, by means of diligences and omnibuses, and it was in one of these carriages that we were taken across the Isthmus to New Corinth. Although the Isthmus by this road presents a greater variety of hill and wood than the country nearer the Peloponnesus, and also some degree of cultivation, yet it is a miserable desert in comparison with what it was at the time when the Temple of Poseidon stood there, and the Isthmian games assembled there every other, or every third year, the people of Hellas, for public business and festivities. At that time a fortified wall extended across the tongue of land from the Saronic to the Corinthian Gulf. That which is now required there, however, is not a wall, but a railroad. People could then, in ten minutes, traverse the distance which now by omnibus occupies nearly two hours. Here and there armed guards were stationed along the road, I presume to protect the travellers against any possible robbery. The view towards the Gulf of Corinth and its shores, as seen from the highest point of the Isthmus, is fine.

New Corinth, on the shore of the bay, is a town in its commencement, the present extent of which shows that it will some time become an important place. There are a great many houses in progress of erection, but very few completed. I have already, on occasion of my first visit to the old city, spoken of its destruction by the earthquake in 1856, and of the new town at this place. The increasing exportation of Corinth raisins or currants, in consequence of the new commercial treaty with

England, has given a new impetus to the planting of this grape along the southern coast of the bay, the coast of Achaia, and a rapidly augmenting prosperity to its cities, Vostiza, Patras and many others. New Corinth, in its position on the bay, enjoys the most charming views. For the present it is itself devoid of beauty, and has no particular interest for the tourist.

We took up our quarters on the shore at a little coffee-house, and regaled ourselves—not with the horrible Greek coffee, a mixture of muddy coffee and sugar—but with wine lemonade, which we ourselves had brought with us, and to which we ate excellent wheaten bread. But it was far more than wine and bread to me, and more than all the Corinthian glory besides, to see from hence the beautiful bay before us becoming ever calmer and of a more heavenly blue, to see the great mountains on the other side, Cithæron and Helicon, put off their mantles of cloud for the warm sunshine; to see also the lofty peak of Parnassus shine forth in the north-west from its veiling clouds, and to read in all this the promise of a fine day for the morrow. Midway in the bright blue bay lay the Greek steamer, "Carteria," which would, during the night, convey us to the shore of Delphi. On the shore near us lay, sunning themselves on beds of soft sea-weed, sailors and Greek islanders, who were waiting, like ourselves, for the evening to go on board the steamer, and their red caps and picturesque costumes shone out cheerfully against the bright blue bay.

Our little northern quartette went in the afternoon to ancient Corinth in order that young Theodore might have a nearer view of the city and its Acropolis. I have already spoken of its ruins, of the columns of its old temple, which still remain standing, and many other things appertaining to the old city, and therefore I have

here nothing new to add, except that we now purchased some of its antiquities, I a most lovely little child's foot, in white marble, standing upon a pedestal of the same stone—to me an affecting foot-print of the life which was, and of the life which has began here anew. Also, when I was here the last time, I related one or two romantic episodes from its most ancient history. I will to-day relate something from the newer, which shows that the spirit of romance has not left Corinth, and that its women have now a nobler beauty than that of its former courtesan Lais and others.

At the time of the War of Independence, a great part of Corinth and of its environs was possessed by a Greek family, and a considerable portion of this large property belonged to a young and handsome fatherless and motherless girl of this family. She was called "the beautiful Helena."

Already in her youth she had been bethrothed to one of her cousins, a man much older than herself, and ever since her childhood also had the young orphan been the object of fraternal strife between her betrothed bridegroom and his younger and handsomer brother. They carried her off alternately from each other's fortified castle, and before the beautiful Helena was fifteen years old she had been abducted no less than seven times. Other young men of Greece had also endeavoured to win for themselves this, the richest heiress of Greece. Amongst these was an ugly, insignificant, but ambitious youth, whom I will call Three-Stars. In order that he might have an opportunity of being nearer to the young girl he enrolled himself in the troop commanded by her bridegroom, where he soon made himself known as a gambler and as a man of anything but good morals.

When that battle took place at Cape Colias, in the neighbourhood of Phalerus, between the Turks and

Greeks, in which the latter lost so many of their brave men and of the Philhellenists who had joined them, Three-Stars was taken prisoner with many others. Every Turk who took a prisoner received five gold piastres for his head from the commanding officer. The Turkish trooper, whose captive was Three-Stars, had actually already received this payment, and consequently Three-Stars and a hundred other prisoners were brought up to lose their heads, which were to be sent to Constantinople as a present to the Sultan. Just at that moment arrived the sum of twenty thousand piastres for the Turkish Pasha from the brother of Three-Stars, at Syra, as the prisoner's ransom. The Pasha on this promised that he should be released. The trooper, whose prisoner he was, was also obliged to consent to his release, however much he might be displeased about it. At the moment, however, when he saw his victim just about to escape from his hands, he said to him,

"I must, however, have a *souvenir* from you;" and with these words he cut off one of his ears.

Having done so, he remarked, "I have broken my promise, and that is a bad thing. But what's done can't be undone, and I can't make myself guiltless, therefore it would be as well if I were to take your other ear also!"

And with that he cut off the second ear.

When, therefore, Three-Stars next presented himself before the beautiful Helena, it was minus his two ears. Who could have believed that this would give him the right of preference in the eyes of the young girl? Yet so it was. Helena, whose heart had remained unmoved by the sighs of so many handsome and resolute youths on her account, listened to those of the mutilated man, and gave him her hand, contrary to the advice of all her friends. Her former betrothed had perished at Cape

Colias. She was now free, and she became the wife of Three-Stars.

A few years afterwards, unhappy in her marriage, as her friends had foretold, she was asked by one of them,

"How could you, who had so many better offers to choose from, take precisely the one you did? What could you see in him which so bewitched you?"

"I do not know," replied she, dejectedly, "I suppose it was because he had suffered."

Affecting expression of a tender heart, worthy of better treatment! This tenderness of disposition, which is, I have been told, a characteristic feature of Greek women, is a beautiful trait, but one which requires carefully training in order that it may not become a failing.

We enjoyed from the summit of old Corinth the beautiful view over the bay and its surrounding mountains; but the sinking sun compelled us soon to hasten again to the shore. The sun set in a dark grey cloud, and a violent and cold wind began to blow, which became ever more and more violent and ever colder. When we reached the shore it was a perfect tempest. The bay, which was so lately of a heavenly blue, was now black with white foamy waves. Our luggage had been already taken on board, but as yet no boat was to be seen on the shore. It was dark, because the moon was not able to make her way through the cloud. Some boatmen said that they could furnish us with a boat, but demanded continually a larger sum for so doing. A young, remarkably agreeable, and polite Greek in the steamboat office did all in his power to assist us, and finally succeeded, by the help of the Eparch of the city, in obtaining us a boat and rowers, who would take us in this stormy weather to the steamer.

When at length our boat—a very tolerable one—with its four rowers, lay-to at the miserable quay, ready to

receive us, the moon was shining forth upon a scene which would have enchanted a lover of the strange and exciting, but horrible to such as have an abhorrence of tumult and confusion. The boat which we had hired, and which was to be our boat, was moored by a cable to the quay, whilst the four boatmen were endeavouring to keep it up against the waves, which again and again flung it upon the huge stones on the shore; yet was it all the time becoming filled in a marvellous way with people who were not ourselves, for we were still standing on the quay, without being able to get through the crowd, and with no prospect of making ourselves heard amidst the tumult of the waves and the murmur and shouts of the people. I trembled, partly from cold, and partly from that anxiety which always overcomes me in scenes of disorder and tumult in which I am compelled to remain passive. At length our turn came. I sat down resolutely on the edge of the quay, and allowed myself to be carried off by the first pair of good stout arms which opened towards me. They were those of an able seaman. Somebody shouted "bravo!" and I was seated in my place in the stern of the boat, amongst a number of other people, but comfortably for all that. Then came Mrs. Hansen, in the same style, then her husband, then young Theodore, and after them I know not how many others, tumbling, leaping helter-skelter down into the boat, which was already crowded. Nevertheless, full as it was, it still remained moored to the quay, the boatmen all the time keeping up a warfare with the waves, which hurled the boat on the shore, whilst every now and then a stentorian voice shouted forth "Kyrios Galliopolos," or some such name. This lasted certainly for ten minutes, yet no Kyrios Galliopolos made his appearance, and we all the time tossing to and fro on the shore. At length a gun, a pair of legs

in kamasches, a pair of arms, and a man made their appearance, and after him came a long sabre. We had Kyrios Galliopolos on board. The cable was now loosed, people shouted "*kalé nykta!*" (good night), and "*addios!*" The four oars were lifted aloft, and away we went in full career with the waves and the wind. The former rose to such a mountainous height that they somewhat alarmed the talkative, noisy passengers, who by degrees grew perfectly still. Now and then the boat sank so low between the waves that I had not any idea how it was to come up again. It did, however, without our receiving more than two or three sprinklings from the angry naïads, and ever nearer to us shone the clear, calm light from the steamer above the dark sea. In about a quarter of an hour we reached the steamer, and the same strong pair of arms that helped me down into the boat now lifted me again out of it upon the solid steps of the steamer, without reference either to my will or dignity, and without allowing me the opportunity of expressing to my unknown protector more than "Eucharistò!" Safely upon the deck of the steamer how pleasant and how strange it seemed to be at once removed out of all this uproar into a state of the most perfect repose; for the steamer "Carteria" lay as quietly in the stormy bay as if lying on the shore. On entering the warm, well-lighted saloon, in which we were almost the only guests, a fresh agreeable surprise awaited us. An elderly gentleman, with handsome Greek features, refined, well-bred manners, attired in a Greek cap and morning coat, devoted himself to us with the most agreeable attention, looked after the ladies as if he had been their cavalier, and in every way made our stay on board as pleasant as possible. We discovered that his name was Soteriades, and that he was the Countess Armansperg's right hand during the time

that she, as the wife of the head of the Germano-Greek regency-government, represented it at the court in Nauplia and Athens. Certain it is that a French court-chamberlain could not have shown more tact and more natural courtesy than did Kyrios Soteriades to the strangers on board of that Greek steamer. Nor yet did his care for us end there, he gave us a letter to a good cicerone at Delphi, took charge of our precious Corinthian purchases to forward them to Athens, and much more besides. At our comfortable tea-table, and in such good company, one was tempted to forget the storm outside and its threatenings for the morrow. But "be not anxious for the morrow!"

I slept soundly, spite of wind and anxiety, and when, in the early dawn of the next morning, I awoke, we were lying in the little harbour of Itea, in the Bay of Galaxidi, at the foot of Parnassus, and the wind was still and the sky without a cloud. The summit of Parnassus was tinged with the red light of morning

Of Kyrios Soteriades we saw no more; but his kindly care for us followed us all the same. He had, with the captain's concurrence, arranged that a boat, with sailors from the steamer, should convey us to land. It was not long, therefore, before we were standing on shore by some small coffee-houses, where we were surrounded by inquisitive and obliging men in fustanelles. Whilst Mr. Hansen ordered horses, and made an agreement with the *avojardes* for the journey to Delphi, I looked about me. Before us extended a verdant, cultivated plain, covered for the most part with umbrageous olive-woods, which occupied the whole tract between the village of Chryso, standing on a lofty mountain-terrace in the east, and the town of Salona or Amphissa, which shines out white at the foot of the mountain far away to the west of us.

Beyond the olive-wood huge mountain masses ascend in the form of an amphitheatre, on the right Cirphis, on the left Parnassus. Between these our road runs to Delphi. The popular life exhibited itself on the shore by a variety of picturesque figures. I observed amongst the animals two camels. They were from Salona, where these creatures have been kept from ancient times; but they seem to me small and mean, degenerate descendants of their lofty Asiatic ancestors. The morning air was cold, but so pure, so full of vitality, that it inspired me almost with a desire to dance. Our horses and *avojardes* were soon ready. A handsome white horse was appropriated to me, with a stately attendant in fustanelles. We headed the procession.

You can make your choice between two ways of reaching Delphi from Athens; the one by land, two days' journey and a half, through Bœotia and Livadia, the other by sea, by the Gulf of Corinth to Itea, whence you have only three hours' journey to Delphi. I had chosen the latter. Do you wish to know why?

Because, in the first place, I wished to receive the impression of Delphi and its neighbourhood in the morning hour, as we may say, both of the journey and the mind, without the body having been wearied by two fatiguing days' journeys, and, perhaps, sleepless nights; and, in the second place, because Apollo himself had shown us the way. As I will explain.

Once on a time—so says the most ancient saga about Delphi, preserved in an Homeric song—a vessel from Crete was stranded in the roads of Itea, then Cirrha; having been guided thither by a dolphin, which sported and gambolled in the waves. All at once, however, this dolphin swung itself up like a flaming meteor amongst the mountains, with a splendour that lit up the whole of Crissa, and frightened its inhabitants. Then it

swung itself down again, "like a thought," upon the ship, and there it stood, changed of a sudden into a beautiful youth, and making himself known to the Cretans as Apollo, commanded them to drag the vessel on land, to raise an altar on the rocky margin of the sea, and to accompany him to Pytho. Playing on a lyre he went before them on the ascending road to Crissa, and so on to the upland Valley of Delphi, where he slew the serpent Python and founded his sanctuary.

It was precisely by this road that I wished to travel. If old Helios had not been pleased to beam upon us or it, if Æolus had held dominion over the defile of Parnassus and Delphi, it would have been annoying. But now how can I possibly describe the effect produced by this lovely morning, as on my good white horse I rode into the deep olive-wood, several miles in extent, and then up the hill to Delphi?

We bestowed only a cursory glance at the ruins of Cirrha, on the shore; "the godless Cirrha," which plundered the pilgrims on their way to Delphi, and was, therefore, destroyed by command of the Amphictyonic Council, which watched over the rights of the sanctuary. We left Salona on the left hand, at the foot of Parnassus, and took the road to the north-east, towards Chryso, which shone out white, bathed by the morning sun, on a lofty ledge amongst the mountains.

The equipment of the horses was the same as in Arcadia—a piece of rope round the nose, two other pieces for stirrups, clumsy wooden saddles, upon which we sat very comfortably when they were covered with cushions and quilts. We first rode through vine lands and gardens, then entered the olive-woods. The wind, which blew rather coolly from the mountains, was not felt here. The beautiful trees towered around us, lofty and vigorous, with their thousand-year old trunks and bushy

crowns, twisting together their fine-leaved branches, full of fruit. For the first time I here saw the olive-wood in its ideal perfection, not merely as isolated fine, trees, or in scanty groves, as in Palestine, not in trim plantations and with clipped heads, as around Athens, but the olive-wood such as God created it, in primeval beauty, such as it stood when the land of Greece was full of statues of gods and sacred groves, such as it stood here when Strabo praised "the wood between Crissa and Salona, as the most beautiful in Greece." The deep shadows under the umbrageous heads of the lofty-stemmed trees; the golden rays of sunshine, which here and there penetrated through them, and made far distances visible in their arched pavilions; the solemn silence, broken merely by the twitter of the small birds and by the dulled sound of the horses' hoofs on the soft earth; the beauty, the peacefulness of this scene, compared with the stormy occurrence of the preceding evening, the feelings which the hour and the place brought with them, were almost too much for one little human breast. But of a truth, no pilgrim to the Temple of Apollo could have passed of old through the sacred wood at Crissa with more devotionally excited feelings than I now, who was about to visit its ruins, and who did not at all believe in Apollo. But I believed in the God whose precursor he even was, and I saw the shadow of the Eternal overshadow me on my way. For, as says Linnæus, "God's shadow wanders through nature."

And this shadow, how holy and glorious it seemed to me here in the olive-wood temple! Nothing but the pine-woods of Sweden and the beech-woods of Denmark can be compared to it. The pavilions of the olive-wood, however, gave shelter to the vegetable growths of peculiar splendour, to tall, golden solidagos and luxuriantly

blossoming bushes of agnus cactus, which shone out beneath the dark green arches and bordered our pathway. The fruit of the olive also here attained to a size which I had never seen elsewhere, and when the lovely branches bent over me, I broke off one now and then it is true, but then I kissed it, and moistened it with the tears of my gratitude, which so often filled my eyes during this morning's ride. After we had passed through this wood, which lasted for above an hour, we entered a broad mountain defile out of which the wood seemed to pour itself like a stream over the plain. It was the bed of the River Pleistos which, during the summer, is almost dry.

Here we began to ascend the mountain by a zig-zag road. In an hour and half's time, we reached the large village of Crissa, now rather Chryso, or "the golden," which, with its many handsome houses, several of them two-storied, lies amongst its gardens on broad ledges of the mountain, and looks gay and affluent. We here rode out upon a mountain ledge, projecting towards the plain, to see some ruins. The most ancient of which, colossal, but not fine, are considered to have been, already before the time of Homer, the walls of the fortification of the old city of Crissa, at those points where the perpendicular rock did not itself constitute a natural and invincible fortification. The walls are built of polygonal or many-angled stones of cyclopean dimensions, and are in part in good preservation. Within these gigantic remains stands a lofty altar, also from the most ancient times, upon which may be read, though half obliterated by the hand of time, a Greek inscription, thus deciphered by the learned Professor H. N. Ulrichs:

"In order that he may enjoy imperishable praise, Aristo has erected this altar, and has slain to Hera

horned cattle, also to the property-giving Athena her sacrificial animal."

Farther out on the mountain-plateau lie the ruins of a church of the Forty Saints, which bears traces of the ecclesiastical mind and style of building of the Middle Ages. Some remarkably beautiful window-arches, with finely-chiselled marble ornaments, are still in good preservation. The church, the altar, the wall, everything within the same circle, stand here as symbolical monuments of the ascending metamorphosis of history and civilization.

We continued our ride. The women of Chryso were busy over the steaming hot springs, which seem to gush forth from the rocky wall, washing and beating their clothes, and by them we were cheerfully greeted as we passed. Our road now led us up ever more steeply ascending heights, and became tolerably difficult from its bad condition, and abrupt windings and turnings But every moment the view became grander and more beautiful over the plain with the olive wood, over the Gulf of Corinth, its prosperous coasts, and over the mountain chains of the Peloponnesus beyond them. Ever deeper below us seemed the former, ever higher ascended the latter, in detached wavy outlines, highest amongst which was the high country of Arcadia, with the mountain Eurimanthus, and the bold, many-peaked Cyllene.

But the summit of Parnassus, on the contrary, we do not see, because we are now in the midst of the hills of Parnassus, and they are long and many, and like the court attendants of a monarch, hide the monarch himself, if any go to awake him in his palace. Amidst all our zig-zag windings, we continually maintained a northern direction, and behind us lay the same superb view to the south. In the north the mountain masses

ascend ever more rigidly, and as it were, more irresistibly, as if to close up our way. Now, however, we wind round a rock, which projects from the left, and all at once a valley opens before us in the bosom of the mountain of a contracted and gloomy character, but with some olive groves and green slopes, as well as on the left a large village, which descended, as it were, by steps from the base of the lofty rock down towards the valley. It is the village of Castri, now standing where Delphi formerly stood. High above the valley, in the farthest distance northward, shine out the white church and olive groves of Arachova.

We are now on a spacious and tolerably level plateau, and turning off to the left we follow a path along the side of the rock, which now shuts out the southern view. We are two thousand feet above the sea, and are surrounded on all sides by mountains. The deep bed of the Pleistos, rich with its olive-trees, intersects the upland valley, at the same time that it is hidden in it. We ride over places which are paved for the purpose of thrashing the grain, according to the oriental practice; leave on the right a little church, which our avojardes call Hagios Elias, and on the left, in the rock, many sepulchral chambers and caves of great antiquity. Anon we are in the village of Castri, and there obtain a tolerably clean room, belonging to a respectable peasant woman, whose house, together with a cluster of other houses, stands exactly upon the very place where the ancient Temple of Apollo, with its Pythian oracle, stood.

This discovery was made by the excavations which the young German archæologist, Ottfried Müller, carried on here some years ago, and which laid open several important remains to the day, amongst which is a white marble wall, probably belonging to the peristyle of the temple, and upon which are inscribed lists of slaves

who had been presented for the service of the temple—for the free Greeks bought and sold slaves, and the slave-market had its place beside the dwellings of the gods. Very remarkable is it that one of the first discovered monuments of the Temple of Apollo, was also one of the barbarity of the worshippers of Apollo. The excavations at Delphi ceased when young Müller, who copied the inscriptions on the white marble in the violent heat of the sun, received a *coup de soleil* in so doing, and died in consequence.

What we now saw at the place, were, with the exception of the above-mentioned walls, merely fragments of friezes, triglyphs, columns, and capitals, partly Doric, partly Ionic, of fine white marble, and many other mutilated evidences of the ancient beautiful temple which stood here. I would give a great deal to have the excavations continued, and to see what farther would be brought to light. But large sums would be necessary to purchase the houses which now cover the greater portion of the site, and which, in that case, must be pulled down.

From the foundations of the temple we went, having provided ourselves with the guide whom the letter of Kyrios Soteriades had obtained for us, up towards the Phaidrian, or shining rocks, two perpendicular cliffs of one thousand feet high, a kind of natural obelisk of light red stone, at the foot of which the ancient Stadium and Theatre of Delphi, as well as two of its celebrated fountains, are situated. Of the former we saw merely the foundation-stones and some steps; but the latter, supplied by the clouds and the mountains, flow alike abundantly and freshly to-day as they did a thousand years ago, when they watered the sacred laurel-trees of Apollo. Highest up lies Delphusa—according to Ulrichs, the old Kerna—with a beautiful fountain-wall of yellow-white

Parnassian stone, out of which flow two strong, exquisitely clear streams of water into a basin, and thence, as brooks, find their way down the valley. The women of Castri stood around washing and beating red and white webs of cloth, or spinning cotton wool on distaffs, whilst children and tame lambs played at their feet. All these women wore round their loins a piece of dull red stuff, fastened above a white woollen jacket trimmed with black cord. On their heads they wore the white kerchief as a protection against the sun. They all looked strong and healthy; a few of them were very pretty. Behind the beautiful fountain rose a lofty rugged rock, formed by nature into a rude alcove, and crowned above by a mass of golden-yellow and white crocuses and green brushwood. It was a picture to be painted!

Somewhat lower down, and nearer to the village, we came to the fountain of Cassotis, which the archæologists consider to be the one the water of which flowed through the sacred groves of the Temple of Apollo and the Adytum, or the holy of holies. Cassotis lies just above the site of the temple, and in its neighbourhood stands the church of Hagios Nicolais, in the garden of which might be seen some years ago a descendant, as it was said, of the sacred laurel-tree from the Vale of Tempe. We sought for it in vain. The fountain of Cassotis is as abundant and as clear as that of Delphusa, and here, as there, the women were standing spinning with their distaffs or washing large webs—the preparation of which seems to constitute the industrial labour of the women of Castri—surrounded by children, tame goats and sheep, making a very pretty picture.

From this point, following a good road, bordered with green bushes and many-coloured crocuses, along the Phaidrian rocks, down to the Castalian fountain,

about ten minutes' distance north of the site of the temple, empty sepulchral and sacrificial niches present themselves here and there in the face of the native rock, along which formerly thousands of statues of gods and heroes were placed. At the fountain of Castaly the rock forms an angle, and in this angle is a kind of rock portal, or gigantic rent or chasm, out of which, upon ledges and masses of rock, the torrents of winter and spring are hurled down from a height of two hundred feet. At this season it was quite dry, and you could clamber up into its grotto-like vault. The two rocks which form the angle are called, the one Rhodini, the other Phlempúkos. From these rocks, as well as from the Phaidrians, were anciently hurled down such criminals as were guilty of sacrilege by plunder of the Temple of Delphi or other offences. Even Æsop received his death at this place and in this horrible manner, perhaps because his witty tongue was too keen for the easily vulnerable gods of Delphi. It is at the foot of these horrible rocks, and in this gloomy rock-portal, that the fountain of Castaly springs forth silent and clear as silver, and, apparently from several veins. It is not, evidently, so strong and abundant a spring as that of Delphusa, but, nevertheless, sufficiently so to fill a large basin at the foot of Phlempúkos, and to supply plentifully-flowing brooks, which, lower down, furnish water for other beaters and washers of home-spun cloth, and a little farther off for a Turkish fountain, also where country people stop to water their horses and asses. The basin is now called the Pythia's Bath. It was there that the pilgrims who wished to consult the Pythia were obliged to purify themselves before they could enter the temple of the oracle, garlanded with laurel. Such was the will of the Pythia, according to an old Greek epigram, the

hexameters of which I take the liberty of translating into rhythmical prose:

"Enter with pure heart the temple of the god of light, when thou hast newly bathed thy limbs in the Virgin fountain. One drop, O pilgrim! suffices to cleanse the good; but not even the world's ocean can wash away the sins of the guilty."

The floor of the temple was also sprinkled every morning with water from the Castalian fountain.

There is a myth current regarding the origin of the name of the fountain, which is not very creditable to Apollo, as are many other of the love adventures which disfigure his beautiful image, and therefore we will pass this myth without further regard. Besides which we must hasten to other remarkable features of Delphi before the sun's heat becomes too oppressive. After we had drunk of the water of the fountain, which seemed to me tepid rather than cool, and not at all refreshing, we proceeded along the road which here winds down to the Pleistos, and past a young plane-tree—the only one in the Valley of Delphi—which is said to be a grandchild's grandchild's grandchild, I know not how many degrees removed, of that plane-tree which Agamemnon planted here when he came to Delphi to consult the Pythia regarding the Trojan War. Following the pleasant, shady road, we came to the place where the ancient gymnasium stood, on a lofty, artificially raised plateau. Considerable walls are still standing of the old building, and near them are olive-groves of the same primeval beauty as the wood in the plain, with their lofty, thick, leafy vault, their deep shadows, the bright sunbeams from above, and the twittering of the birds, the only voices audible in that silent, solitary temple of Nature. Oh! to have been able to build for oneself a cottage beneath those primeval trees on the terrace, with the view over the Valley

of Delphi, and to have been able to live there—at least, for a month!

Very near the site of the gymnasium lies Hagios Ioannes, a little *metochi* or annex to the Jerusalem monastery of Daulis. A monastery-brother dwelt here, but was now absent, and we saw merely his poor, dirty cell. There were in the church many fragments of ancient sculpture, amongst them some fine bas-reliefs, the one representing a combat, the other a chariot of victory. There are, besides, many marble slabs with long Greek inscriptions, and several antique columns—one of them upside down—which support the roof and peristyle.

We next proceeded to the terrace, also supported by strong ancient walls, called Marmaria, on which anciently stood a group of four temples. Amongst them one is mentioned, dedicated to Athena Pronœa, to whom the pilgrims were obliged to sacrifice before they entered the sanctuary of the Pythia. There is now nothing to be seen on the place excepting some blocks of marble, portions of fallen columns, and small fragments of the old temple, from which we collected some that bore traces of the careful work of the Greek sculptor even in the minutest details of his art. You can distinguish the sites of the different temples. It is singular enough that, as yet, this ground is neither cultivated nor built upon. Here the circle of the Delphic sanctuaries ceases in this direction, and the road, taking a sweep around the rock, leaves the valley which opens to the northward. Below the terrace, on which the temples were situated, the ground slopes down abruptly to the bed of the Pleistos. On the opposite side of the river rises the verdure-clothed hill of Cirphis, which incloses the Valley of Delphi on the east. The heat of the sun began to be intolerable, and, in order to avoid the fate of Ottfried Müller, we hastened back to our

quarters, pausing but a short time to observe at Castri the mass of stones and rubbish which, together with a flood of waters, came down the preceding winter like an avalanche from the Phaidrians and threatened to bury a portion of the village. The fearful course of the descending mass was, however, stayed by some out-houses, by which its wild career was turned down the valley, where it still presents an extensive bed of stone quite down to the Pleistos.

We refreshed ourselves at our inn with meat, drink, and splendid grapes; we also bought some old coins from the people of the village, who came in crowds to offer us their collections.

And now we are resting during the hottest hours of the day, and have been endeavouring, by means of some excellent books, to gain a still more complete knowledge of ancient Delphi.

It is, therefore, here, my reader, that I will glean together and present to you some of the remarkable features of the Delphi of old. In so doing I shall follow the cicerone who has accompanied me for these many years and has constantly attended me during this journey—a guide who compels me to use discrimination, and, amongst many objects, to take some in special preference to the rest, to leave out others or arrange them in the second place, and who allows me to have no rest until I class them according to certain requirements of my own mind, and from whom I can as little become separated as I can from myself. Call this inner cicerone what you like—ear, eye, genius, or demon—mine, it is my torment and my happiness, my impulse and my peace-giver, my severe master and my pleasant friend, and, be it as it may, whom I must accompany, and so must you also— that is to say, if you accompany me.

Here at Delphi, this my spiritual guide compels me,

in the first instance, to go a long way back in time to a period anterior to historical chronology, before the god of light was worshipped in the gloomy upland Valley of the Phaidrians. At that time Gæa, the goddess of the earth, was worshipped. The navel-stone, *omphalos*, which was said to lie in the central point of the earth, was her symbol, and the earth-dragon or serpent Python was her servant, her *fetish*, cruel and terrible to man, as was Nature at the beginning, and always, to a certain degree, will so continue. At that time human sacrifices were customary amongst the people of Hellas, and beautiful girls—sometimes also boys—were delivered over to the serpent Python, to disarm the wrath of the earth-goddess.

But higher and more gentle divinities made their appearance at Crete as conquerors over the old cruel gods, and from Crete came Apollo, the son of Zeus, on a certain day to Delphi. We have already mentioned by what hocus-pocus he made himself recognized, and how, playing upon his lyre, he led the way to the gloomy upland Valley of the Phaidrians, slew the man-hating serpent, and established his temple for the enlightenment and guidance of men in the very place where the Python had formerly devoured them.

I have no objection to the interpretation of those antiquarian gentlemen who see in this myth a symbolic description of certain occurrences in nature, and in the serpent Python a swamp or lake, the exhalations from which were destructive of human life, and which was afterwards dried up or absorbed by the sun, if they only will not insist upon the whole significance of the myth being absorbed by this occurrence. Because there is evidently a higher purpose and history in the myth. It perhaps best expresses itself thus, that the omphalos of Gæa was transformed into the Temple of Apollo, and

that the Python, in the form of a copper serpent,* must serve as a tripod for the Pythia, and become the passage of the spirit of the earth, by which she was intoxicated in the service of Apollo. In short, the powers of light and cultivation subdue those of barbarism, and convert them to their servants. That is the history of the Delphic worship and of all higher development.

As regards the Temple of Delphi and the worship of Apollo, during the time when it attained to its highest consideration, I note down the following particulars, which I have derived both from ancient and modern writers. In the description of the temple I follow Professor Ulrichs, who himself faithfully followed the footsteps of the ancient Greeks, of Pausanias, Plutarch, Æschylus, and others.

The principal entrance to the Pythic Temple court was to the south from the Castalian fountain. By this fountain stood two magnificent vessels, one of gold and the other of silver, containing consecrated water for the use of the pilgrims. Herewith they were accustomed to wet, at least, the head, before they went to the temple of the oracle. The road to and from Castaly was adorned by the greater part of the treasures and precious works of art, belonging to Delphi, by statues of bronze and marble, altars, and thesauria (small treasure chambers or vaults, as large as cisterns). Even in the time of Pliny there were three thousand statues at Delphi.† Pausanias mentions amongst the monuments, the Sibyl's Stone and a large altar, the gift

* The Delphic tripod, which may be seen at the ancient Hippodrome in Constantinople, consists of three twisted hollow copper serpents. Their heads, which Mohammed II. cut off, are supposed to have supported the step by which the Pythia ascended the tripod.—*Author's Note.*

† Nero alone had more than four hundred bronze statues removed hence to Rome; and Constantine the Great, a considerable number of copper statues to Constantinople.—*Author's Note.*

of the courtesan Rhodope. At no great distance, also, was a stoa, passage or gallery, also for the Delphic treasures of art. In its neighbourhood stood the Delphic house of council, in the prytaneum of which was the altar of Hestia, with its ever-burning fire, and near to the prytaneum a rock, upon which the Sibyl Herophila is said to have sung out her oracular announcements.

On the open space before the Temple of Apollo stood, under the open sky, a large altar to that god, on which people were accustomed to offer sacrifices, and close to it a copper image of a wolf, the symbol of the blood-stained criminal who fled from his pursuers, and to whom Apollo offered his protection. Wolves, so says tradition, first took gold to Delphi.

The wall, the holy Peribolus, which enclosed the sanctuary of Delphi, was of great extent, and within its precincts were, independently of the temples and their courts, many dwellings, more or less connected with the service of the temple or the pilgrims.

We now come to the Pythian Temple of Apollo, the most holy temple of Delphi. It was of white marble, with ornaments of gold, not one of the largest, but most certainly one of the most beautiful temples in Greece. The pediments were ornamented with statues of Artemis, Latona, Apollo, the Muses, the descending Helios, Dionysius, and the Thyades, as well as with bas-reliefs representing the battles of the Greek heroes with the Titans, or with wild beasts; the Lernean Hydra, the Chimæra, Python, aud many others. Shields and offerings were hung upon posts outside the temple. Flights of marble steps, which were high enough to serve as convenient seats, led up to the temple.

The interior consisted of three parts: the portico (Pronaos), the central portion (Naos), and the most holy, or chamber of the oracle (Adytum).

In the portico, which was closed by a grating, stood a statue of Homer, a silver vessel, the gift of Crœsus, and three golden stars on a mast of copper, a gift of the people of Ægina after the Battle of Salamis.

The seven Delphic mottoes of the seven Greek sages, written in letters of gold, were fastened upon the wall of the portico, according to the command of the Amphictyons, and above them the words with which the light-bringing deity saluted, as it were, every one who entered,

"Learn to know thyself."

There stood also a large wooden letter, a single E, which has greatly perplexed the brains of the learned, both ancient and modern, without they, the learned, having been able to explain its meaning.

In the cells of the temple, the walls of which were painted by Andocides, an artist of the second class, stood statues of Zeus and Apollo, the lord of destiny, and its announcer, and by the side of these, two of the goddesses of fate.

Pausanias saw in the Naos an altar to Poseidon, the god who caused the fountains of water to spring forth from the earth, and who, together with Gæa, was worshipped at Delphi. There also stood a throne of iron, upon which Pindar was seated when he sung his pæans, or songs of praise, in honour of Apollo. Pausanias mentions farther, as standing here, an altar to Hestia, with its ever-burning fire. "But," continues he, "very few only were admitted to the innermost of the temple, where also stood another statue of Apollo, which was of gold."

Near to this altar, which was also called "the hearth of the native land," (Patriæ ara) was the entrance to the most holy, or the chamber of the oracle.

This hearth of Hestia, in the Naos of the Temple of

Delphi, is frequently mentioned by the Greek poets and writers; because the altar and sacred fire of Hestia were the symbols of peace and concord for all who had a religious point of union in the worship of the Delphic Apollo, and who obeyed the guidance of its oracle. Every-one, whether a private individual, or sent by the State, who wished to consult the Pythia, either with reference to the founding of a colony, or the establishment of a law, or the appeasing of angry deities, or the averting of famine or plague, or the obtaining a knowledge of coming events, must first offer sacrifice upon this altar, which was therefore called that of the Pythian Hestia. Its fire was maintained with pine-wood, and was also considered to be a fire of purification and reconciliation. The Pythia in that place made use of fumigation of laurel leaves and flour before she ascended the tripod.

Not far from the sacrificial hearth lay the omphalos, a white stone resembling an obtuse cone, adorned with "sacred bandages." It was above this stone—the representative of the earth—that Orestes held his hands, when purified from the blood of his mother, by pouring upon them the blood of little pigs, which purifying blood would be drunk up by the earth. By this means the primal prophetess of Delphi, the ancient, sacred Gæa, was to be reconciled. By the side of the omphalos stone stood two golden eagles, which were believed to have made known to Zeus the centre of the earth.

The Adytum, or innermost sanctuary, of the Delphic Temple is said to have been a chamber which descended into the earth, above which was a vaulted roof with an opening to admit the light. This apartment was situated in the innermost angle of the temple, and enclosed a cave, out of which, from the most ancient times, a stupefying exhalation ascended, to which was ascribed the prophetic influence.

Above the opening of this cave, which is not large, stood the tripod of the Pythia, and the spirit of the most ancient prophetess, Gæa, could thus reach the priestess of Apollo through the hollow bodies and open jaws of the copper serpents.* Between the arms, or rather the feet, of the tripod, hung a bowl, in which were preserved the teeth and bones of the old earth-serpent, and which by this means did their part in the prophesying. A circular plate formed the lid of the opening, and the seat of the Pythia. Laurel garlands hung around, so that the tree of Apollo united its strong fragrance with the spirit of Gæa, which ascended from the innermost parts of the earth. There is also a fountain mentioned by Plutarch, as flowing through the Adytum, the water of which, at certain times, emitted a fragrance, and imparted the prophetic spirit to the Pythia. Pausanias says that this water came from Cassotis.

The Pythia was in the most ancient times a young woman, afterwards she was an old woman, chosen from certain ancient families of Delphi. Attired in a simple, unadorned costume, she ascended the tripod, where, after a few minutes, she fell into an ecstatic condition, during which, sometimes in a kind of frenzy, sometimes with collected faculties, but increased animation, she uttered words and sentences, which were interpreted to the multitude, and afterwards written down by the priests of Apollo. These prophetic utterances were in the earlier times in verse, afterwards in prose.

Amongst the salutations with which this Pythia welcomed those who came to take counsel from her, were these words, "Blessed art thou, man, who comest to the dwelling of the gods!" or a similar salutation. But she

* The Delphic tripod, preserved in Constantinople, stands also in a deeply walled-in apartment, resembling a cistern, perhaps an imitation of the Delphic chamber.—*Author's Note.*

rejected criminals who came to her, exclaiming, "Away from my tripod! Hence! away from the beautiful temple!"

Much has been said about the inspiration of the Pythia, and of the value which may be attached to her prophecies. I shall not enter upon these dark questions; but one thing appears certain to me, and that is that the ecstatic condition of the Pythia, and all resembling it, as well as many of her prophecies, can only be explained as the product of ingenious fraud and deception. I believe in a prophetic power in human nature, and have good reason for the belief that woman especially, under certain circumstances, is peculiarly fitted to become an organ for this purpose. That this in certain moments renders her *clairvoyant*, is an equally assured fact to my mind, as well as that in others, and with regard to many questions, it leaves her in a state like that of the somnambulic *clairvoyant*, when she deceives both herself and others. And the Delphic priestess has in this respect shared the lot of other mortals.

That she, and the priests who stood behind her, avoided with great solicitude, although not always with success, the chance of the oracle being considered doubtful, or capable of prophesying untruly, is most clearly shown by the intricate and dubious meaning contained in most of the Pythia's prophecies, so that, however the matter in hand might turn out, the oracle should be considered to have spoken truly.

Other oracular replies again show great political wisdom, a pure zeal for the honour of Hellas, and the commencement of a moral consciousness. And it is when taking this view of it that the Delphic worship of Apollo stands forth as important not merely in the history of Greece, but in that of the human race.

It is as inspired by the spirit of humanity, when the

Pythia salutes Lycurgus as "a noble man, dear to the gods and men," and when she promises him the assistance of the light-loving god. It is also by an inspiration of the same spirit that she sometimes exhorts to gentleness towards captives, and reproaches those who desecrate the temple of the gods by forcing thence such as sought protection there. It was this spirit which caused her to style Socrates "the wisest amongst men." It was in a magnanimous political spirit that she advocated colonization on foreign coasts, and with it the extension of the worship of Apollo, and the sacred fire of Hestia. Because, wherever they arose, they afforded centres of order and regulation, which, like that of Delphi, and indeed also in concert with the mother oracle, guided those immature, half-savage people to combined useful undertakings, and to unity in religion, manners, festivals, and customs,and thus from the numerous Hellenic races, to become finally one Hellenic people.* It was political sagacity which caused the oracle, at the time of the Persians' first attack on Attica, to pronounce victory to the Greeks, only if they defended themselves behind "wooden walls" (their ships); it was political sagacity which led the oracle to deprecate the expedition to Sicily, urged on in blind presumption by Alcibiades, and which had so unfortunate a result. It was a sublime insight into human nature which led the Delphic oracle to issue such mandates to unhappy and counsel-seeking persons as would raise them out of themselves into a higher destiny. As for example, when the wealthy Battus, from the island of Thera, came to the Pythia to inquire from her for a remedy for his imperfect utterance, and was directed by her to "found a colony in Libya." Battus said, on this reply, that he had not come thither to ask

* The Delphic oracle is said to have founded more than fifty lesser oracles.—*Author's Note.*

about the establishment of any colony, but for a remedy for his imperfect utterance, whereupon the Pythia gave no other answer than as before, "that he should found a colony in Libya." This answer, silently operating in the mind of Battus, impelled him to obedience to the admonition. After many and great difficulties he succeeded in founding a colony in Libya, which then sprang up to the important city of Cyrene. Battus, who, during this time, probably forgot, or had overcome his defective utterance, lived long and honourably as the ruler of the young state of Cyrene, and left it in a prosperous condition to his sons.

Side by side with Delphi, and in connection with the worship of Apollo, stood the Council of the Amphictyons —a society of twenty-four members, chosen from twelve neighbouring states. This council devoted itself to the care of the temple and its sacred territory, to the punishment of offenders against the laws of religion and morality; it was bound to maintain peace and concord amongst those various peoples whom it represented, but at the same time it might ordain a "holy war," or a war upon any people who had desecrated or plundered the sanctuaries. Thus the Amphictyonic Council of Delphi proclaimed a "sacred war" against the population of Cirrha, who plundered the pilgrims on the road to Delphi, and afterwards against the Phocians, who plundered the sanctuary itself, in the years 355-56 before Christ—a war which led to the annihilation of the temple-robbing nation, but also afterwards to the subjection of Greece, because it called Philip of Macedon into the country.

There were several Amphictyonic Councils in Greece. These earliest free associations amongst the people for mutual defence are ascribed to a son of Deucalion and Pyrrha, the brother of Helen, and seem, like the wor-

ship of Apollo, to have come from Thessaly with the Dorians, in their migration into Southern Greece. Their object was at once religious and political. Their members bound themselves by a solemn oath "not to allow the destruction of any Amphictyonic town"—that is, a town in which the confederate council assembled—"never, whether in war or peace, to cut off the supply of drinking-water from such a town; that if any one state acted contrary to the above all the other states should go out against it in war and annihilate it." Another portion of the oath was as follows—that, "if anyone plunder the property of the god, or is privy to or counsels any violence against the sanctuary, he shall be punished by hand and foot, by word and power of every kind."

Two Amphictyonic councils are mentioned in history as the most influential—that at Thermopylæ, where Demeter Amphictyonis had a temple, and in particular that of Delphi. These, together with the oracles of Dodona and Delphi, were the most ancient institutions in Greece for the religious and moral growth of the people.

Of the oracle of Dodona we know two noble messages, that, for example, in which the Lacedemonians were threatened with the vengeance of Zeus if they refused the beseeching Messenians a free departure from their beleaguered capital, Ithome; and that in which the Athenians were commanded to use gentleness towards the Lacedemonians, who sought protection at the altar of the Eumenides on the hill of the Areopagus. For the most part, however, the efficiency of the oracle is concealed in the morning twilight of history. That of Delphi comes forth into the daylight of history. We see how, through its Pythia, and equally perhaps through the teaching of the sages, through the songs of the poets, and all the powers and gifts of intelligence for

which the Delphic sanctuary became a centre, it effectuated the higher development of the Hellenes. "For that was a time," says Pindar, "when shepherds, husbandmen, and bird-catchers of Delphi were accustomed to clothe their thoughts in poetical expression—a time when poets and thinkers, like Orpheus, Hesiod, Parmenides, Thales, and others, made the temple-courts of Delphi resound with pæans, fables, proverbs, satires, and admonitions."

We see, also, how this time of prosperity declined, and how the reputation of the oracle waned, when the ecclesiastical state of Delphi became avaricious of worldly treasure—when the oracle became accessible to money and presents, and when, during a season of peace, it forgot the great interests of the nation, to occupy itself with insignificant questions, such as, according to Plutarch, "a marriage, a journey, the purchase of a slave, a building, and, at best, questions about the harvest, or the diseases of cattle or of man."

But beyond these perhaps legitimate causes of the decay of the Delphic oracle, and of all oracles, I see another which would especially cause the decline of this guardian institution, which in its time was powerful and excellent—the cause, namely, that its work was completed, and that the minor, so to speak, whom it had brought up and trained, had now entered into the years of his majority.

This took place in Greece when the philosophers appeared and established their schools. However dissimilar these were amongst themselves, in one thing they were involuntarily united, namely, to attract believing pilgrims from Delphi. The worship of Apollo had produced the nobly beautiful statue of Apollo, the masterpiece of the Greek chisel—had called forth in the breast of the Hellenes its dimly-conceived ideal of a higher humanity.

But when this ideal was presented to consciousness in the critical light of the intellect, then the Apollo of poesy faded away to a phantom, and his uninstructive, poverty-stricken history became despised. When the "wisest amongst men," the truth-loving Socrates, descended into the depth of the human soul, and inculcated with new force the old motto, "Learn to know thyself," when he, in this depth, discovered a temple more holy and more beautiful than that of Delphi—then the prophetic spirit deserted the Delphic temple and fled into the most holy of life—the human breast.

There it has ever since tried to make for itself a home. But with every new step upwards on the Jacob's ladder of development sounds anew the old admonition to man, and must anew be taken up as in higher and ever higher chorus; because with every progressive step the horizon of the world and of the human race is extended, its vision and power of thought are strengthened, the consciousness is deepened. "Learn to know thyself," exclaims the ancient sage from the Temple of Delphi at the present day to humanity and to every man, and will not cease doing so until every man and every woman is guided by their indwelling genius in a higher sense than Socrates was formerly by his demon, and the prophetic Pythia's final adytum has become the regenerated human heart.

Delphi, after sunset.—Although fatigued by the days' rambles in the hot sunshine, I was compelled again to go out when I saw the evening splendour gild the naked summits of Mount Cirphis and the other side of the Valley of Delphi. It was the most lovely evening. The face of the Phaidrians, though fronting the east, shone bright red from the reflection of the sun on the mountains opposite. We—Mr. Hansen, his nephew, and

myself—walked along the road upon which we had come by the sepulchral chambers and the thrashing-floors,* where anciently the Amphictyonic Council had their dwellings. Upon the plateau which extends from this point, ascending abruptly from the hollow bed of the Pleistos, you have a complete view at once over the upland Valley of Delphi in the north, and southward over the Gulf of Corinth and the mountain chains of the Peloponnesus, and westward to the sea, beyond which the sun now sank in calm splendour. The spectacle was peculiar and grand. There, in the distance, the cheerful sunny landscape, the light blue bay; here the valley of the ancient sanctuary, veiled by deepening shadows. But its summits still long shone out brightly with prismatic colours, and when they faded, and the mountain-tops became of an ashy grey, the full moon rose above them and poured her clear silvery radiance into the dim and hushed valley. Then came the night with its solemn silence and peace; not a voice, not a bird's twitter, was heard. The sacred fountains alone murmured now as they had done thousands of years before.

And now we must retire to our couches for the night and sleep on the holy ground of the temple. I have prophesied to Theodore that he will have some revelation from the Pythia and—Good night!

* Stone-paved, circular places, upon which the sheaves of wheat are thrown down to be trampled by horses or mules, which, fastened three or four abreast, are then driven round in a ring. This mode of thrashing is still universal in Greece, as well as in Syria.—*Author's Note.*

SEVENTEENTH STATION.

Souvenir of Delphi—Morning Ride to Arachova—Parnassus, its Most Ancient Festivals and Latest Muses—The Fatal Meeting by the Way—Entrance into Livadia—Noonday Rest—View of Parnassus—Hospitality at Lebadea—The Fountains of Lethe and Mnemosyne—The Cave of Trophonius, and the Description by Pausanias—Ride to Thebes—Last Glimpse of Parnassus—A Theban Home—Theban Memories and Views—Polyokandoro—Greek Khan-Life—Stormy Arrival at Home.

THEBES, *October 25th.*—Our life is sometimes like a photograph. It concentrates, in a few moments, a little image of great pictures or scenes. In the morning, at Delphi, the sun seemed to me, as to Greece, and to almost all of the most ancient nations, like a beneficent Divine power; by noon I had—even as these nations—come to know him as a fearful despot, and when, on the following morning, I awoke after a sleepless night on the site of the old temple—not, however, sleepless in consequence of Pythian revelations, but the little creeping things of this world, my violent headache made it as clear as daylight to me that the sun, no more than Apollo, was a divinity to whom to confide oneself, and that one could not go wandering unpunished amongst the ruins of Apollo's sanctuary whilst the sun was blazing in the

sky above. My fellow-travellers had each one in their own way received a lively impression of the decay of the Delphic worship. Nevertheless, the morning's ride to Arachova was delicious. The road led up steep ascents from the Valley of Delphi; but the air was gloriously fresh, and we passed through abundant and well cultivated vine land.

The vintage was just then in progress. The vine-stocks were laden with splendid clusters of grapes, and as far as we could see in every field and on every hill, up to the very feet of the granite mountains, men and women were as busy as possible. But oh! they were so dirty, especially the men, that they seemed to me unworthy to be labourers in this glorious Parnassian vineyard. The women separate the clusters from the vine-stocks, and lay them in large baskets, which are emptied into large stone basins or vats, erected in the fields, and in these they are trodden out by young and old men in fustanelles, which had perhaps once been white, but now looked as if they had come out of a tobacco manufactory. All this mish-mash of grapes so prepared is emptied into large goat-skin sacks, and conveyed by asses or mules up to Arachova village.

We purchased for a few leptas sufficient grapes to supply us and our avojardes for more than a day, and enjoying the glorious gold and crimson-tinted fruit we rode on under the hot morning salutation of the ascending sun. After nearly three hours' climbing, which our good horses performed for us, we saw the white church of Arachova glancing prettily between the grey rocks from a group of olive-trees.

Arachova is a large village situated upon one of the upland plains of Parnassus. Its inhabitants, three thousand in number, are opulent from the cultivation of the vine and their manufacture of woollen cloth. I

had heard much in Athens of the beauty of the women. I was not, however, struck by it, though I was by their industry. I did not see a single woman idle. Such as were not employed in the vintage were busy spinning. Little girls, even of ten or twelve, walked about, or stood spinning cotton wool on distaffs. The village is not pretty, but it has several large two-storied houses. The vintage is said to be unusually excellent and abundant this year.

In Arachova we obtained two large, wholly unfurnished rooms, in which we established ourselves, though in very meagre fashion. There were here, as at Delphi, no glass windows, but the window openings were closed by means of wooden shutters, and but very imperfectly excluded the cold north wind which blew this morning. We were three thousand feet above the sea. Here I was obliged to remain the whole day through in company of a violent headache, whilst my fellow-travellers ascended, not the highest summit of Parnassus, which was not to be thought of in this wind and at this season of the year, but its lower heights, as far as the celebrated Corycean Cave, famous as being anciently dedicated to Pan, and later, during the War of Independence, as the asylum for the women and children of Arachova, and still later as the retreat of robbers.

You can, in three hours' from Arachova, reach the summit of Parnassus, and thence obtain a view of the whole of Greece, the sea and the islands around, if wind and weather permit. To be able to enjoy this view of Greece from the summit of Parnassus had been one of my desires, though not very strongly so, or I should have made a greater effort to have accomplished it. But when Boreas and my souvenir from Delphi united in deterring me from doing so, I consoled myself, somewhat in the style of the well-known fox in the fable, and thought,

"If, after all, one could have met Apollo and the muses up there, it might have been worth while to remain here a couple of days, and to have ventured something to reach the summit; but now that the summit is inhabited only by great mountain rats, and by masses of ice which never are fully melted from its caves and cliffs during the hottest summer—what matters it?"

Late in the evening my friends returned, quite wearied out by their fatiguing and even dangerous ride, and not very much edified either by the celebrated grotto, or the view thence over the wooded uplands.

Parnassus is not, as we usually believe, an isolated lofty mountain, but a mass of verdant summits and ridges, with ascending rocky crests and peaks, between which lie fertile plains and valleys. The lowest of these consist of vine-land, the higher vast corn-fields, and the most elevated pasture-land and pine forest. The Apollo pine finds here its native soil. In the middle region lie many large villages, the inhabitants of which are in easy circumstances, from their agriculture and the care of cattle—the cheese of Parnassus being considered the best in Greece. Higher up the villagers had their summer huts, where the shepherds and shepherdesses reside during the summer, milk the cattle, and compose bucolic poems. The highest summit of Parnassus, between seven and eight thousand feet above the sea, was anciently called Lycoreia (the wolves' summit), and there, in the most ancient times stood an altar consecrated to the Lycorian Zeus, to whom, adds the saga, Deucalion offered sacrifice when he landed at this spot with the ark and was saved from the deluge. Wolves are still found on Parnassus, and the hunters who shoot them may calculate on a reward from the grateful shepherds.

In the most ancient ages a number of Bacchantes, called Thyades, celebrated with dances their wild orgies on the heights of Parnassus, when, with their own hands, they cut up, it is said, the ram which was here offered to Dionysius. During the War of Independence Parnassus was known as a place of refuge for the Klephts, and the Thessalian Odysseus had there his grotto, in which people believe that he buried a great amount of treasure. Later the numerous caves and grottoes of the mountain were inhabited by a powerful band of robbers, who for a long time laid the villages under contribution, and kept the whole district in a state of insecurity, until, within a few years, the Government of King Otho put an end to it. In the meantime, neither the Klephts nor the robbers have been able to chase the muses from Parnassus. Its shepherds and shepherdesses are at this day natural poets, in whose artless but sometimes very expressive songs the old Greek mythology comes again into play, united with the occurrences of the hour, which are, for the most part, of a tragical character. In one song it is the old Charon, in his own lofty person, who wrestles with a young shepherd, whom he has met with in the fields, and hurls to the ground. The shepherd begs to live for yet only three days—"two that he may eat and drink, and one that he may see once more his relations—his young wife, to whom the condition of the widow is unfit—his two little children, who should not be fatherless." The song ends with the words—

"The sheep wait in the meadow—the curd stands in the vat."

The song, in all its simplicity, is an affecting picture of the house when the father of the family is suddenly taken away. It is called the "Shepherd and Charon."

Another still more sorrowful Parnassian myriologue

or song of lamentation is "The Girl in Hades." I will give it literally.

"How happy are the mountains, how blessed are the meadows! They trouble not themselves about Charon, they do not expect Charon! In summer the sheep rest there, and the snow in the time of winter. Three giants took council how they should break up Hades. The one would do it in May, the second when summer came, the third in autumn, when the grapes had ripened. To them, in the depths of the under-world, spake a bright-haired maiden—

"'Oh! giants, take me with you, that I too may behold the bright-atmosphered world?'

"'Thy garments, maiden, rustle so, and thy locks whisper, and thy slippers make a clip-a-clap, and Charon will hear us.'

"'Oh! I will cast off my garments, and cut off my long locks; I will take off my slippers, and leave them at the stairs'foot Oh! take me up with you; let me go after you, so that I may once more see my mother, may see how she grieves for me; that I may see my brothers, and how they weep for me?'

"Oh! maiden, thy young brothers are dancing in the ring,
Oh! maiden, thy mother dear is gossiping in the street!"

"And with these bitter words of parting, left they the poor girl in Hades."

The proprietor of the house in Arachova, where we took up our quarters, and who exactly resembled a Swedish peasant woman, was a poetess. She had composed verses for King Otho, when he first paid a visit to Parnassus.

When the King, who was then young, had ascended the summit of the mountain, and returned to Arachova, he found himself surrounded, at the evening watch-fire, by the

young girls of the village, who danced and improvised this song.

"All hail, our King, all hail!
Coming from the mountain,
From Parnassus height,
From the Corycean Grotto!
And what, this day, befell thee
On the lofty mountain?
Did mountain-dews assemble,
And weave a leafy bower?
For our King is coming,
And will there dine at noonday!
Like the delicate almond,
Are his well-cut eyes;
And kind and bright, although
With the day's toil weary:
And what song can I sing now,
My King, to give thee pleasure?
Thy form is like an angel's form,
And the beauty of thy eyes
Has taken my heart captive!
Tall art thou, as the cedar-tree
Within the Sultan's garden
In Constantinople city.
Even as a cpyress, standing straight and lofty
Amongst the woodland bushes,
Stands our King, tall and slender,
With his brown locks, graceful.
Our King! long life and blessing!
Though we should die for him.
&c., &c.

During the royal progress—one of the most poetical of modern times—which the young King and Queen of Greece made through the old Hellenic realm, they were greeted with similar improvised songs in various places as well as here, and with the throwing of flowers, which was not always pleasant, although well-meant. Our hostess

spoke with great pathos and much gesticulation of the royal visit. She set great value on knowledge and literature, and two of her sons studied in Athens.

On the morning of the 27th of October we rode amongst the heights and rocky ridges of Parnassus, whilst a keen north-wind was blowing. This did not, however, prevent me from observing either the corn and forest region through which we now were travelling, nor yet the picturesque situation of the village of Arachova. The winters are severe in this district. Thirty years ago its snowy avalanches, combined with the brave sword of Karaskaiki, drove away the Turkish army from Parnassus. Winter, nevertheless, has its poetry at Arachova. At that season great weddings and dances take place, with their improvised songs, and all the symbolical games which have descended from the remotest antiquity.

Early as we rose this morning, yet were the women of Arachova still earlier at their work, and gathered around the fountains washing their webs of cloth. At one fountain in the wall by the wayside, my horse, being seized with a desire to drink, thrust himself without any ceremony amongst the women, pushing them to the right and left with his nose, till he was able comfortably to drink to his heart's content. The sun rose, and it began to be warm, as, following a zig-zag road round the hill of Parnassus, we advanced down towards Livadia. The district is rather massive than sublime, from its height and depth. Of the mountain itself you have here no proper view, which can only be obtained at a greater distance. We rode eastward through defiles which became ever narrower.

Issuing from a long and narrow pass of this kind, we saw before us a rock of a singular form, not unlike an immense heap of stones lying isolated at a

short distance from the opening of the defile. At this point the road divides, and turns to the right round the rock to Livadia, and to the left to Daulis. Here it was, according to tradition, that the fated and fatal meeting occurred between Œdipus, who was coming from Delphi, and his, to him, unknown father, King Laius, who was on his way to Delphi, which meeting, as neither of the two would allow his chariot to turn out of the way for the other, led to the quarrel which occasioned the death of the father, productive of such bitter misfortunes and so sublime a tragedy.

It was also at this cross-way that the Parnassian robber-band was, not so many years ago, surrounded by the Greek military and shot down. Their bodies, forty or fifty in number, were left unburied at the foot of the rocks where they had had their haunt; and it is asserted that the sight of these unburied corpses contributed more than anything else to put an end to the system of robber-hood in this part of the country. A watch-tower stands upon the rock to guard the pass. The whole spot has a melancholy appearance. It is a proper scene for horrible occurrences.

We entered Livadia. Again the olive-tree showed itself on the lower terraces of the mountain, now those of Helicon. Pine-woods crown its fantastic stony crests and rocks. The air became milder. The view extended itself over the plain, very like the Roman Campagna, but more uniform and level, surrounded in the distance with mountains. It was the Plain of Livadia with the Copaic Lake, the waters of which were quite invisible from its thick masses of reeds and rushes. We rode onwards in the direction of this plain, leaving far to the right Hagios Lukas, with its celebrated old church, the little Santa Sophia, amongst wonderfully lovely olive-groves, as it is said—and to the left Chæronea—

now Kapurna—the birthplace of Plutarch, on the field of which the ancient Greeks fought their last honourable, although unfortunate, battle with Philip of Macedon, and where the remains of the monument of the dying lion still tell of the fate of the brave.

The air had now become quite mild, the country bright and pleasant; behind us rose Parnassus ever higher, now liberated from its intercepting surroundings, presenting ever more beautiful and more symmetrical proportions. The verdant heights of Helicon receded, but still accompanied us on the right hand. The road was good, so was also my white horse, and I could not help thinking that, in a country like Greece, where fine weather is the rule, not the exception, riding on horseback is the most agreeable mode of travelling which you can conceive. The freedom with which you can look about you, the freshness of the air as you pass through it, the pleasantness of the motion, all are inexpressibly animating. Add to this the little picturesque scenes of halting by the way, when you rest in the shadow of trees by some fresh spring of water by the roadside, and let your animals drink and feed whilst you spread out your own repast on the grass, and refresh yourself with meat, and drink, and grapes, so unspeakably refreshing after a ride of some hours.

Such a rest as this we enjoyed, this very day, near a spring of water, which our avojardes called Tzukalades, where we encamped on a grassy mound in the shade of olives, myrtles, and terebinth bushes, whilst our animals grazed around us, and our avojardes extended themselves on the soft green sward.

From this place we saw the summit of Parnassus like a huge, silver-grey, outspread cupola, raising itself far above the dark, green-wooded tract. The inequalities in the mountain resembled giant stairs; it is impossible

to imagine a more symmetrically, more beautifully rounded hill than that which is presented by Parnassus seen from this side.

It was still fully in view when, in the evening, we reached the town of Lebadea, the capital of Livadia. In order to obtain quarters for ourselves here we went to the Dimarch. He was now in Athens, but his brother, Kyrios Nakkos, a stately gentlemen in fez and fustanelles, opened to us with the most kind hospitality his house, which was situated on the top of a very high hill in the town. In this handsome and spacious mansion, as well as from its terrace, you had an extensive view of the beautiful summit of Parnassus to the west, to the east the vast Copaic Plain, with its now wholly-concealed lake, and below the mountain, the park-like valley along the banks of a rushing mountain river. The tract nearest the town looked pleasant and fertile, and it was delightful to see the moon, now nearly at the full, shining forth over the grand scene.

Within the house we saw, besides Kyrios Nakkos, a handsome young lady, two little boys, as fat as fatted calves, and four ladies, who seemed to have nothing else in the world to do than to nurse their arms and seat themselves here and there in the room, and stare at us. They seemed to belong to that class of individuals, half-serving, half-visiting connections, who very rarely are absent from such families as live in the oriental style.

We were regaled with an excellent supper, at which we tasted Parnassian cheese and saw Parnassian tea, which appeared to me to be a kind of gnaphalium, with downy white stems and leaves, and a strong aromatic fragrance, but not in the least resembling that of Chinese tea. Parnassus is said to abound in medicinal herbs, which are also made use of by the native sons and daughters of Æsculapius.

Soon after supper we prepared to go to rest, I in a large room, in a large, old-fashioned curtained bed, with a thick silk coverlet. Scarcely had I begun to undress myself before the four ladies entered, the eldest of whom made signs that she would wash me in a large tin vessel which stood on the hearth, and looked queer and uncomfortable, the three others to assist her and look on. It was with much difficulty that I made them understand that I neither wished for their assistance nor their company. And no sooner had I courtseyed them out with many friendly "*addios!*" and "*Kalé nykta!*" than they immediately came in again all together, and had to be thanked again, and again courtseyed out. At length I was left to myself. But the next morning, before I was dressed, in came again one of the four ladies to offer me *glykò*, and immediately after her came in the inevitable other three, who now wished to assist me in dressing, nor was it without difficulty that I was able to complete my toilette in peace. Whether there did not lie in all this zeal of helpfulness two fourths of curiosity and one fourth of idleness, I will not stop to inquire, because these ladies were for the rest not at all disagreeable, and the oldest of them looked like a singularly good old woman.

When, at length, I was left to myself I enjoyed a wonderfully beautiful sight, that of Parnassus tinted the clearest rose-red by the rising sun. The gloriously formed mountain shone in marvellous splendour against the pale-blue sky background, whilst white mist-clouds rose from the dark-green woody region in the foreground, which enveloped its foot.

After we had taken coffee we went out to visit the most ancient remarkable features of Livadia, the cave of Trophonius and the fountains of Lethe and Mnemosyne, situated within the sanctuary of Trophonius.

At ten minutes' distance from the dwelling of our host

we were at the foot of the so-called castle-hill, Castro, which, with huge masses of rock, an old tower, and other remains, rises to the east, very near to Lebadea. Here we saw a stone-paved dam, marble steps, fallen columns, and a wall of rock, in which are two large and a number of smaller niches, showing that they belonged to a holy place. Here are situated the springs of Lethe and Mnemosyne, and Professor Ulrichs considers that symbolical statues of these divinities, or divine powers, were placed in the larger niches, whilst the smaller have evidently served for votive images or gifts. Below this wall of rock the water still flows quietly and almost unobserved from a brook, which, soon afterwards, divides itself into two branches, but which again unite and form a little cascade, after which, becoming still livelier in its career, it hurls itself into a strong mountain stream, which issues from the rocks of the castle-hill. Together they constitute the river Lebadea, the ancient Probatio, which beautifies the Valley of Livadia, and carries its waters to the Copaic Lake. Anciently, says tradition, the sources of Lethe and Mnemosyne were separated, and people could choose between them, could drink either to the remembrance or the forgetfulness of past experience, just as they pleased. One day, however, an angel descended and mingled both the waters, which since then cannot be divided. From that time, however, a health-giving power has been ascribed to the waters. I drank of them silently, desiring for myself the ability of properly remembering and properly forgetting, because it is on this ability that the health of the soul depends.

The river, which gives to the landscape immediately round Lebadea its peculiar beauty and freshness, has also two distinct sources, one warm, called Hercyna, and one cold, known by the name of Krya, which is also

used for drinking water. The rocks by the fountain of Lethe and Mnemosyne have many grotto-like openings. One, larger than the rest, serves as a kind of gate, through which you enter into a subterranean passage, which Professor Ulrichs found to lead to a large vault, the floor of which was under water. He considered this chamber to have been Agamedes' Cave. The cave of the oracle of Trophonius is believed to have been higher up amongst the wild refts of the castle-hill. I was assured that large stones now close its entrance, and people say that these stones fell down at the very time when the two springs of Lethe and Mnemosyne were changed into one. If this, as probably was the case, were the effect of one of those earthquakes which so frequently convulse these regions, it has in every way produced the result of a good angel's work, by closing up against weak humanity a source of superstition and gloomy visionary faith. The oracle of Trophonius was an oracle of the dead. It was supposed to give information on the state after death.

As regards Trophonius and his brother Agamedes, the following is related:

They were both sons of Erginus, King of Orchomenos, and both of them architects. They assisted Apollo in the erection of his temple at Delphi. But when they endeavoured to gain possession by stealth of some of its treasure, snares were laid for them, in which Agamedes was caught during the night. From the fear of discovery, Trophonius cut off his head and fled with it to Lebadea, where he was swallowed up by the earth. Soon afterwards, however, he reappeared there, built himself a dwelling in the earth and giving himself out to be an oracle on death, died himself in his cave, after which he became deified as an under-world hero. A temple was erected to him, in which was a statue from the hand

of Praxiteles, which represented him as Zeus Trophonius. The oracle afterwards fell for a long time into oblivion, so that when the Bœotians, who had gone to the oracle of Delphi to ask counsel in a time of famine, were desired to inquire from Trophonius in Lebadea, nobody knew where the cave of the oracle was situated. They sought for it in vain for a long time, until one day they were conducted to the place by a swarm of bees. From this time the oracle received new life, and a splendid temple, which, however, was never finished, was erected in its immediate neighbourhood to Zeus Bassileus, the king, and to Kora (Persephone, the female ruler of the under-world.)

Pausanias, who himself asked counsel from the oracle of Trophonius, has left the following account of his visit, which ought not to be devoid of interest to any one who has heard of the Cave of Trophonius and the sorrowfulness which was thence derived. We will now accompany the old Greek inquirer.

"Any one,' says Pausanias, "who wishes to visit this cave must spend several preceding days in a chamber, consecrated to Good Fortune and the good demon (Agathodemon), submitting himself to certain prescribed rules of diet which have reference to his purification. He must not, during this time, bathe in warm water, but merely in the River Hercyna, and receive his sufficient portion of meat from the sacrifices which he must offer to Trophonius, to Apollo, Cronos, King Zeus, Hera, Heneoche, Demeter, Europa, and even to the nurse of Trophonius. A sacrifice-inspector is present at every sacrifice, whose office it is to foretell from the entrails of the victim, whether Trophonius will receive the stranger favourably or otherwise. The will of Trophonius, however, is revealed most reliably by the entrails of a ram slain in the cave itself, amidst invo-

cations to the divine Agamedes, the same night on which any one wishes to consult the oracle. And even if all preceding sacrifices have shown themselves propitious, yet it is of no avail if the entrails of the last victim be not so too. But if this be the case, then may one and all descend into the cave with good heart."

From the mountain chamber of Agamedes the well-prepared inquirer, wrapped in a simple linen garment, is conducted to the mountain top during the night. Here he finds himself upon an elevated platform, as large as a small threshing-floor, and surrounded by a grating, which is closed by a door. Through this door the stranger is led to a circular opening in the middle of the place, and through this opening he descends by a small light ladder to a circular room, eight ells in depth, which is closed above. This chamber is supposed to have been built by Trophonius, and has served for his abode. In the floor of this vault is a cave. Here the inquirer lies down with his feet in the opening. Suddenly he feels himself snatched away as by a whirlwind into the interior of a dark, close adytum, when he soon perceives himself to be in a state in which he cannot tell whether he is awake or in a dream. His imagination perceives confused images of that which he wishes or fears to see, and he hears mysterious answers to the innermost questionings of his soul. The same power which drew him down into the adytum of the cave, brings him up again after a while in a senseless condition. When he recovers the use of his senses, he finds himself on the floor by the opening where he had laid himself down at first in the vaulted chamber of Trophonius. The priests then place him on the seat of remembrance, and inquire from him what he has seen and heard. After this he is carried, still in a slumbrous state, into the chamber of the good spirit, Agathodemon, where he

comes by degrees to himself, that is to say, if he be again allowed to see the world of day. For if he have had unholy motives in seeking the oracle, it may happen to him as it did to a certain attendant of King Demetrius, who made the descent in order to seek for treasure, and who, a few days afterwards was found dead at no great distance from the territory of the oracle.

Trophonius was also celebrated as the architect of the subterranean treasure chambers.

The narrative of Pansanias regarding the oracle and Cave of Trophonius gives me the impression that this subterranean hero was a gross deceiver, and that the Delphic priests continued the deception afterwards for the base sake of gain, here all the more inexcusable, because the oracle did not produce any good to the inquirers. They might return from Delphi crowned with laurel, animated to undertake good works, or at least with some subjects of thought on which to dwell. From the Cave of Trophonius, on the contrary, they returned with confused and gloomy impressions, which were said to deprive such as descended to the cave of the power of ever again smiling, whence it was customary to say of any one who had a gloomy expression, that he looked "as if he had been to visit Trophonius."

Much as this oracle had affected my imagination when I was young, I had now no difficulty in consoling myself for not having visited the cave. I gathered a few leaves from the plane-tree which bends over the united springs of Lethe and Mnemosyne, and thanked God, as we continued our journey, that he had given to us better fountains at which we could renew the powers of our souls, and a better guide through the realm of death than Trophonius.

We parted with our good avojardes and horses at Lebadea, because the former considered that the journey

to and from Athens would be too long for them. I was therefore now obliged to exchange my beautiful white steed for a large rhubarb-coloured horse, with ears like an ass, and the action of a camel.

It was Sunday, and when we rode down into the town, we made a little halt, and went into the old church, where service was then being performed, but which seemed to me to consist of an incessant repetition of *Kyrie Eleison*, as well as kissing of the gospels—a custom, however, which I like, where it is regarded as sacred.

The principal street of the town was crowded with handsome, well-dressed people, in bright white fustanelles, gold-embroidered jackets, and kamasches. Lebadea seems to be advancing in life and prosperity. Its inhabitants are building handsome new houses and a new church, with steps and walls of marble.

We had a ride of eight hours to Thebes, by a very fatiguing road, and uninteresting, at the same time, on account of its monotony, spite of the remarkable places which we either passed or left on either hand. Amongst the former were the ruins of the town of Coronea, amongst which are the arches of an aqueduct, still in good preservation; of the latter, Orchomenos Haliartes, the oracle of the Ptoic Apollo on the Lake Copais, and many other ancient celebrated places, of which nothing is to be seen, and of which, besides, I know "horribly little," as Danish sagas say. There was no wind, and the sun was burning hot, as we rode over the interminable woodless and shadeless plain, along the Copaic Lake, which in winter is full of water to inundation, and abounds with ducks and other aquatic birds, but is now nothing but a stagnant, unwholesome marsh, full of reeds and rushes, nothing to speak of as a lake, neither properly water, nor properly dry land, but which would produce the most abundant harvests, if it were well

cultivated. For this, however, it would require drainage and labour, for which both means and hands are wanting. The natural outlets and channels, called Katabothra, in the limestone of the district, by which the lake emptied a portion of its waters into the straits between Bœotia and Eubœa, and which were formerly carefully kept open by the hand of art, have latterly been neglected, whence the winter inundations to Copaïs from Cephissus and other sources, stagnate still more and more in this lake and occasion the neighbourhood to be unhealthy. From this cause is the entire tract of cultivateable country which surrounds it untilled and uninhabited. It possessed, nevertheless, formerly, its royal cities and Apollo temple. North of Copaïs lie two deep proper lakes, Hyle and Paralimni, which abound in fish, but which, like Copaïs, have the disadvantage of overflowing their banks in the winter, probably in consequence of the stoppage of the Katabothra. Tradition relates that such an inundation occurred in consequence of a quarrel between two brothers, and that the whole conntry thence, as far as Parnassus, lay under water. The learned deduce from this time the Greek tradition of the deluge, of the saving of Deucalion and Pyrrha in an ark on the summit of Parnassus. Some of those stones from which they again formed human beings—a very unpoetical saga—are said to be still lying in this neighbourhood as stones, but with a strong odour of human skin about them—a very stupid saga, as it seems to me, with or without permission of the Philhellenic gentlemen.

We met in the morning several migrating gipsy families who were on their way to Lebadea—women of half-savage beauty, with their wild unkempt hair, leading their mules or horses laden with children and household gear, tents, and all kinds of things. These

nomades seem especially to abound in this neighbourhood. We saw in the afternoon the white walls of Thebes shining out towards us from the bosom of the distant hills, but it seemed to me like an infinity of distance by this desolate road, and on a camel such as I was riding. For the rest, the road itself was excellent, and a beautiful spectacle accompanied us the whole day, which I could not but turn round continually to contemplate. This was the splendid sunlit summit of Parnassus. Midway between its upper and lower portions a silvery white cloud had stationed itself like a belt, in the middle of which a chariot was speeding, with cushions of soft, piled-up cloud. So strange and so poetically lovely was this picture, that it was somewhat difficult for me not to believe that Apollo and the Muses were privately travelling on this cloud around their ancient dwelling. In the evening when, by long sweeps, we had ridden up the hills, amongst which Thebes is situated, as on a high plateau, the beautiful cloud had ascended and veiled the top of Parnassus: and there it was still resting when, the following morning, I contemplated it from the eminence of the old Cadmea.

It was late when we reached Thebes. The moon was high in the dark blue heavens. We had received from Kyrios Nakkos in Lebadea a letter of introduction to the Advocate Phanaropolos of Thebes. But before it had been presented—before anybody in the house of Kyrios Phanaropolos knew who those four travellers were, who, with their horses and avojardes, rode into its *aula*, we had been received in the kindest manner by the young lady of the house and by a dignified elderly matron. It was with really affecting tenderness that they conducted me from the steps upon which I had sat down, overcome with fatigue, as soon as I was lifted from my

horse, and led me to my chamber. The master of the house was out, but they sent for him, and he soon made his appearance. He was a young, lively, and warm politician. How kindly and cordially we were received it is impossible to express. No hospitality can exceed that of the Greeks. Here, also, was a well-ordered, charming home, and a really fascinating hostess, the newly-married Helenco, or Helen, twenty years of age. The Trojan Helen was probably more regally beautiful, but most assuredly less captivating, from the indescribable goodness and purity of expression.

There was a grand wedding this evening in Thebes—a city of which the earliest memorable event was a wedding—and we saw the guests and the lights, and heard the music in the great street of the town as we rode in. It seemed very lively. The following morning everything was silent, and, accompanied by our host, we went to visit the curiosities in Thebes.

Within the city these consisted alone in some names, as, for instance, "Antigone's Gate," "The Gate of the Seven Kings," and so on. But of these gates there now remains scarcely a single trace. Ancient Thebes was levelled with the ground by Alexander the Great, and the old Acropolis, Cadmea, was preserved merely to contain a Macedonian garrison. All that remains, however, here are a few walls and ditches, not a trace of the Castle of Œdipus, nor yet any monument to keep alive the memory of the great Theban generals, Epaminondas and his friend. Thebes holds the third great place, after Sparta and Athens, in the history of Ancient Greece, and though it has a more compressed, a more short-lived history than these, yet it is of a higher dramatic force. What character there is in Œdipus and Antigone!—what a grand tragedy is theirs! And what heroic epic can indeed surpass in

romantic nobility the history of the heroic pair, Epaminondas and Pelopidas? Their friendship and their deeds, the re-conquest of Cadmea by Pelopidas, the "sacred troop," the victory of Epaminondas over the Spartans—what dramatic scenes! The character of Epaminondas, his form, his brief but noble and blameless career, strike me especially as one of the most plastically beautiful creations of the genius of Greece.

New Thebes has suffered much of late years from earthquakes. It is situated on a high undulating plain, surrounded by hills, amongst which, however, I sought in vain for one individual hill remarkable enough to deserve the name of the Sphinx mountain. It probably may lie nearer to the Copaïc Lake. The whole country around Thebes is of a cheerless, sombre character. The soil, however, is said to be very fertile and productive of grain.

You see, immediately below the Cadmean hills, some verdant gardens watered by the little river Ismene, as well as by the many good and abundant springs of Thebes. We went to the celebrated spring of Dirce, where the lyrist and singer, Amphion, is said to have drunk in inspiration, an inspiration which caused his singing to erect again the walls of Thebes. The fountain still gushes forth, gloriously fresh and clear, in eight streams from eight marble mouths, and fills a large basin. The water is now used for washing by the Theban women. Some of these were busied round the beautiful fountain, beating their linen; others were standing and looking on.

We went thence to a sunny hill where were found, some time ago, on excavating, above two thousand small figures in *terra cotta*, whence it is believed that a manufactory or place for the sale of such articles existed at

this spot in ancient times. We also found in the soil some little heads of this same fabric, as well as portions of old vases. All around grazed large herds of swine, watched over by swineherds and dogs. The scene of those grand poetical tragedies and heroic deeds, which we still read with rapture, looks now as common-place and as simply prosaic as it is possible. Yet was Thebes once the home of poets, as Amphion, Pindar, and Corinna (Pindar's female competitor), and even Hesiod also built himself a dwelling in Bœtia, not far from Thebes.

Again in our Theban home, we were regaled by our amiable hostess with an excellent dinner, amongst the delicious Greek viands of which I must mention, one called *Musta*, a jelly of unfermented wine, which is especially agreeable and refreshing. But beyond every other good thing, was it cheering to see at the table the beautiful eyes of our young hostess beaming with kindness, and her cheeks crimsoning whilst she offered to us her viands, urging us to partake with words and looks of graceful hospitality.

I had before dinner sketched her pure profile, and whilst doing so, I inquired—for I begin to be able now to express myself a little in Greek—"whether life was agreeable at Thebes?" She smiled, and made a gesture, which seemed to say, "not particularly so."

The very calmness of life is in these small towns a life-perilous miasma. It is here, as in our north, and everywhere else, wherever good and regular means of intercourse do not cause fresh life to circulate between them and the great world. Thebes and Athens are now connected by a good, new carriage road. You can drive in fourteen hours from the one city to the other, but no regular vehicle connects these cities, and the hire of a carriage and horses thence to Athens amounts to one

hundred drachmas. It is only exceptionally that Greek women of the more refined class travel on horseback, hence it follows also that the lovely Helenco has never been in the capital of Greece, however much she has wished to see its splendours. She is a native of Thebes, and has never left its territory.

After many a "*Eucharisto*" and "*Proskinò*"—an expression which answers to "your most obedient servant" —and a cordial embrace from me of the fascinating Helenco, which she also returned, we mounted our horses, and amidst the shouts and excitements of our new avδjardes, who wished to distinguish themselves and their horses, we set off at full trot through the staring, curious throng in the high street of Thebes, over the old hill of Cadmea, and down to the open plain.

The heat here became oppressive, and the ride fatiguing, although I had now a remarkably good and easy-paced horse, beautifully white, and furnished with bridle and stirrups, which are rarities in Greece.

We had merely a four hours' ride to Casa, a khan in the frontier between Bœotia and Attica, where travellers usually take up their quarters for the night; but when at sunset we arrived here only to find it dirty and repulsive, we followed the advice of our avojardes, and continued our ride for two hours longer, to seek for quarters at a khan which is called Poliokandoro, and which they described as "*kalò, kalò*," that is, very good.

Casa lies near the outlet of a mountain defile, and upon one of the lofty rocks which constitute, as it were, its outermost post, you see the black but very splendid ruins of a castle of the Middle Ages, which was formerly the station of a frontier guard. The far advance of evening prevented us from taking a nearer survey of this place.

After sunset the air became very cold, and the way

seemed long to us amongst the hills and rocks of Mount Cithæron. In order to keep myself warm I walked. The road was excellent, as good as our great Swedish high-roads. The full moon beamed splendidly over the wild, desolate country. But the unusual coldness of the night, and some masses of dark clouds which began to cover the sky, indicated an approaching change in the weather, which had hitherto been so beautiful and bright.

It was advancing towards midnight, and we were yet in the desolate and deeply-wooded country where appeared not a trace of a human hand, with the exception of the excellent road which advanced through it, but upon which we did not meet a single soul. Some years ago the wood was dangerous as an abode of robbers.

At length we perceived the glimmer of a little light. It came from a lamp which hung before a small Panhagia picture on a solitary little altar by the road-side. And, at no great distance from this light, shone out a much larger one from a wide open door and two windows, the light of a large fire in the centre of a large room on the ground floor. This was the khan Poliokandoro. We were cold and weary, and rejoiced in the prospect of warmth and rest.

The khan consisted of a single large room, or more properly a square with a roof over it. In the centre, upon a paved space, blazed an immense fire, and round it sat or reclined, men, dressed in fustanelles, talking and sipping coffee. We were conducted in here, and our horses after us, which were taken round the room to a stable close by, whilst for ourselves one long wall was cleared, and hempen cloths, upon which were laid our rugs, cushions, and travelling-bags, to serve for us for the night. The great fire in the middle of the room gave

a splendid light and warmed us at the same time. It felt quite comfortable and home-like. Whilst Mrs. Hansen prepared our supper at the fire, I studied the picturesque scene before me. But if it had not been for some Greek figures in the national costume, which the blaze of the fire lit up, I could have imagined that I was in Lapland. Below us was the partially stone-paved earthen floor, whilst above us the smoke collected in a dense cloud, which only slowly found its way through the opening in the pointed roof and the half-opened window apertures. Round the fire sat crouched on their knees, or lying wrapped in their great cloaks, from twenty to thirty men.

We ate our boiled rice and drank tea with wine in it, both of which were excellent, portioned out rice-porridge and bread to our avojardes, who received it as something which was a matter of course, after which we lay down to sleep upon our hempen mats, wrapped in our rugs and shawls. The fatigue of the day and the night's ride, the gentle warmth which the fire diffused, and I know not what charm of the improvised bed, and the dwelling, gave me delicious rest and the sweetest of dreams, for as long as I was able to sleep in Poliokandoro's khan. But one had to be woke up again about every hour or so by a thundering blow on the door and a loud cry for Leonidas, the host of the khan. To this succeeded the opening of the door, the entrance of horsemen and horses, the rousing up again of the slumbering fire, the boiling of fresh coffee and the lighting of cigars. First one recumbent figure, and then another, raised itself with all this, and *kaffendies*, or coffee chit-chat, began between the old guests and the new arrivals, of whom some of the latter were gigantic, splendid figures in beautiful costumes. When they had talked, joked, smoked their cigars to an end, and drunk their coffee, they took the

first large stone or log of wood that came to hand to serve as a pillow, spread their cloaks over it, laid their heads upon it, and were soon soundly asleep. Again the fire slumbered, and the smoke spread itself out like a canopy over the quiet scene, till again a loud thundering at the door awoke everyone, awoke Leonidas, and new guests were admitted in the same way as those who had preceded them.

Thus it went on the whole night through, but between whiles the sleep was sound, and, for myself, I had had an opportunity of witnessing a scene of Greek folk-life in its pure, unadulterated character, which I would not have lost for the quietest nights' rest in the very best of hotels. The Greek khan, with its ever-ready fire and coffee-pot, its lively assemblage of guests and its small charge for entertainment, must be, for the indigent Greek wayfaring husbandman or trader, infinitely more agreeable than our civilized, often uncomfortable, always expensive hotels.

The following morning presented us with a dull sky, covered with dark rainy cloud. Such a sky as this I had not seen for at least eight months. But the air was mild and still. It was a ride only of three hours from Poliokandoro to Eleusis. Perhaps we might succeed in getting there without rain, and once there we could easily send for a carriage from Athens. Thus, fresh courage, and onward! We paid only fifty leptas for our night's lodging, fire, attendance, everything—and, well-pleased, set forth on our way.

My active white horse went splendidly this morning, and the air was so fresh and soft, so fragrant with the mountain-herbs and the pine-trees that I inhaled it with delight, and felt that it was a joy to live and to ride amongst the mountains. The road, which was very good, gradually ascended the wooded heights of Mount

Cithæron; the air, and the forms of nature, became ever of a milder character. Olive-trees showed themselves on the slopes, and gradually displaced the pine-trees and hardier mountain shrubs.

The clouds, meantime, gathered more and more threateningly over the mountain defiles behind us; but before us lay the Bay of Eleusis, and the sky above shone out cheerfully of a heavenly blue.

We reached the large village of Mandra, at the foot of Mount Cithæron, and the commencement of the plain of Eleusis. Here it began slowly to rain; presently the rain fell thicker and faster, till finally it regularly poured down. Mrs. Hansen and I rode under our umbrellas, but the poor gentlemen, who had not so provided themselves, were quite wet through before we reached Eleusis. Here was no hotel, not even a little khan. A peasant family, however, at length was found which vacated the upper part of their cottage—one large room. A fire was burning on the hearth, and remarkably handsome women, in the Albanian costume, were sitting round it, spinning cotton-wool on the distaff. Our gentlemen changed their clothes, we boiled coffee, and breakfasted most comfortably. Afterwards, when the rain had ceased, I went out with young Theodore to survey the Eleusinian mysteries, which French money and Mr. Lenormant's excavations have laid open to-day. Mr. Hansen was prevented from accompanying us in consequence of the poetess of Arachova having spilled boiling water on one of his feet, and this foot had now, owing to riding, considerably swollen.

I had the pleasure of meeting at Eleusis with the amiable Mrs. Lenormant, who, in the absence of her son, became our cicerone amongst the excavations. These were now closed for the present, from the want of means to continue them higher up into the town.

Amongst the new and interesting discoveries with which the young archæologist closed his campaign of inquiry —because a great portion of those Eleusinian memories which have now been brought by him to light, and arranged in order, were already known through the discoveries of English antiquarians—is a Pelasgic tomb, or treasure chamber, of the same form as that at Mycene, which is called the treasure chamber of Atreus and which Pausanias calls the tomb of Agamemnon, and which was probably both the one and the other. The tomb, which is now discovered situated on a rock of the Acropolis, is smaller, worse built, and evidently of an older date than that at Mycene. Between this tomb and those white marble temples, altars, monuments, sacred fountains, and fragments of the legion of statues, greater and smaller, which you may now contemplate at Eleusis, there lies a history of thousands of years, from the unknown ages anterior to history down to the times of Augustus and Hadrian. A natural museum of an altogether peculiar kind, where races after races erected, unconsciously, memorials of their restless inquiries into the great mystery of life—*death!*—all admonished by the great fact which a simple, sorrowful song of the children of Africa, on the shores of the White River, in the upland of Egypt, mournfully expresses:

"In the beginning was created the sun,
And the sun was born, and died, and came again.
Then was created the moon,
And the moon was born, and died, and came again.
Last of all, man was created,
And man was born, and died, but never again comes he!"

After we in our Albanian shelter—all Eleusis is inhabited by Albanians—had thanked the handsome and kind woman, we set forth again on our journey. The

sky had cleared, our horses were good, and we were merely three hours' distance from Athens. We could thus, we hoped, reach home before dark. So we believed; but Boreas had decided otherwise, and blew up against us a terrible north wind, which could scarcely have been worse at this season in Sweden. Silent and cold to the bone, we struggled forward, each on their own horse, with one only thought in view, that of reaching the khan at Daphni, the first on the road, whence we could send for a carriage from Athens. We had set out on our journey in summer weather and with summer clothing, we were returning in the full storm of winter. Never could I have believed that a Greek khan would seem to me like a paradise. But so really seemed to me the little khan at Daphni, when, blown through and through by the wind, and two of us very unwell, we arrived there at length, and entered a clean room, where a good coal fire was burning. Here we warmed and refreshed ourselves, whilst one of our avojardes, mounted on his fleet horse, rode at full speed to Athens to obtain a carriage for us. In a few hours' time it arrived, and quickly conveyed us home amidst rain and storm. And how pleasant it felt in that quiet home, and by the calm light of the evening lamp, to be once more assembled for the plentiful supper which Mrs. Hansen, with her accustomed rare talent, improvised for our comfort and enjoyment! And how comfortable has it been ever since, to remind ourselves and each other, over our confidential "coffee chit-chat," of our Delphic journeys, pleasures, and pains, and to know that the latter are all over and past, and that the journey is brought happily to an end.

But our excellent guide, Mr. Hansen, sits, however, with his leg in a horizontal position, suffering from the scald which he received at the foot of Parnassus. Nevertheless, that does not prevent those profitable readings

and conversations by the evening lamp. We have now this great pleasure over the German Professor Trendelenburg's "Jurisprudence,"* the first work of the kind which I have read, which seems to me to be based upon wholly sound principles, principles which may briefly be expressed thus, "Every being must accomplish its destiny." After tea we resume the reading of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece," which, although I cannot share his Athenian sympathies, interests me to that degree that I am often afraid of the interruption of a visitor, however welcome, whose coming would break the thread of an interesting narrative.

In this manner we have begun our winter life, which now feels all the pleasanter, as it has continned stormy, wet, and cold, out of doors, ever since our return. But of this we ought not to complain after eight months of sunshine.

* Naturrecht auf dem Grunde der Ethik.

EIGHTEENTH STATION.

All Souls' Day—The Marble Quarry of Pentelicus—The King and the Chambers—The World's Movements and Voices—The Queen's Park—A Conversation on Culture, and Many Other Things—Athens as the Centre of Modern Greece—The Queen's Birthday—New Squares and Promenades—Beautiful Spring Days—Close of 1860.

NOVEMBER 2ND, 1860.—All Souls' Day! A day of profound and beautiful significance, to which the Greek and Latin Churches attach great regard, but which the Protestant Church puts aside till another time. She sees in it merely a lifeless chrysalis—and in fact it is not now much more in the hands of the first mentioned churches—she lets it lie, and does not observe that the shell of the chrysalis encloses a beautifully-winged Psyche. One day, however, at the time of a new Easter, it will burst forth from its imprisoning bonds.

I went in the morning of this day to the Catholic service, the King's service in the royal chapel. The music was touchingly beautiful, music and singing it was, from the infinite depth of love in the soul, and called forth involuntarily the heart's sacred memories and hopes, dissolved the narrow circle of egotistic selfhood in the consciousness of eternal union with all souls in

Him who alone can gather all and sanctify all. When the host was raised, amidst this glorious music, I bowed myself—with the rest—before the symbol of the sinless One, and with them, with the whole Catholic Church, I prayed for all souls—

> " Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine,
> Et lux perpetua luceat eis."

("Eternal peace give them, O Lord, and light from thy light eternal!")

All the most ancient, the most deeply-thinking nations have believed, and believe to this day, in a union between the living and the dead, and believe especially in the efficacious offices of the pious departed on behalf of the beloved who remain still in this life through intercessions or invisible influence. The Jews believe to this day in the power of the prayers of their ancestress Rachel to the Lord. And the Greeks of the present time have so firm a faith in the force of family piety, and in the power of a good departed mother's blessing, that this faith has become a proverb amongst them, "It is his mother's blessing!" or, "He must succeed, because he was so good a son. His mother's blessing rests upon him."

In the most ancient catacombs of Rome you meet with silent but eloquent proofs of the faith in the existence of the life of pious souls for all souls, in the sympathy which the departed still felt in the struggles of humanity, or for humanity still remaining in darkness. The images of the martyrs and the saints stand there with beseeching, uplifted hands.

There has been celebrated to-day in the Greek churchyard, on the other side of the Ilyssus, a beautiful service, which gives evidence of this belief. The young theological professor, Lycurgus, whom I have already mentioned, gave a discourse, amongst the graves, "to

the memory of our ancesters," in which he represented the departed great men of Greece as still living, and active in love for their country and its future well-being. "On the faithful co-operation of those still on earth, in this respect, with the great departed," he said, "depended the future of Greece."

The belief that the prayers of human beings on earth are able to benefit the departed may appear more dubious. But, let it be as it may, there is in the soul a deep and precious consciousness that death is only a temporary interruption, but that it severs by no means the eternal chain of development, nor the eternal relationship of the human soul.

"Lay this earthly body wherever you will," said the dying Monica, the pious mother of St. Augustine, to her son and his friends, "if you only bear in remembrance my soul before the altar of the Lord!"

November 27th.—Again it is summer weather. So it was yesterday when I paid a visit, with my friends, to Pentelicus and its marble quarry.

The Greek mountains—at least the magnates amongst them—all partake of that living individuality which is the distinctive characteristic of Greece and the Geeeks. They have a many-sided character and disposition; they have natural peculiarities; thus Mount Pentelicus, from the summit of which you can, from the one side, look over the Valley of Attica, from the other over the Plain of Marathon, and beyond both the sea and its islands.

We drove from Athens to Mount Pentelicus in three hours, and stayed at the monastery situated at its foot, upon one of its lower hills. The air was that of a delightful June day; the arable fields on the Plain of Attica were delightfully green after the abundant rain; it was a glorious drive. From the monastery we proceeded on foot, two hours of ascent up to the great

marble quarry, by a very difficult and disagreeable stony path, although these stones are white marble.

The road is interesting from the rich vegetation which the hills and valleys of Pentelicus produce, and which, still undisturbed, or rather undestroyed, by the hand of man, accompanies the traveller everywhere amongst the paths of the mountain. The olive ceases in the environs of the monastery, but the long-haired Aleppo pine, and many kinds of oak, amongst which is the Kermes oak—the *coccus quercus*, upon the leaves of which the puncture of an insect and the laying of its eggs produce the little apple or nest which the Greeks use for the dying of their dark red fezzes—grow numerously in the neighbourhood of this district, as well as a great many ornamental shrubs, amongst which must be especially mentioned the strawberry-tree, the *arbutus uneto*, which is simply called arbutus, or the bush, and which it merits from the beauty of its leaves, its white flowers, and red berries, as sweet and juicy as strawberries, if they lack the fine flavour of that fruit. There are many of these shrubs in the Queen's garden, but their berries are far from being as sweet and pleasantly juicy as those which grow wild on the hills of Pentelicus, and which afforded me an agreeable refreshment on our long, hot ramble. The terebinth, *pistacia lentiscus*, is common here as well as everywhere else throughout the mountain tracts of Greece, besides many other fragrant shrubs and herbs. Higher up you come to the region of the Apollo pine and those plants which flourish in its shade. Mount Pentelicus is covered with wood to its summit, and the higher you climb the wider the infinitely beautiful views expand over the Valley of Athens, the sea and the islands, the wavy mountain-ridges of which raise themselves one behind another in four or five degrees, each more blue than the preceding one to the very horizon.

Pentelicus possessed several marble quarries; but the lower ones only are now worked, and the largest and highest has remained untouched for centuries. They are now working in one of the lower *carrières* for stone, to be used for the new academy in Athens. The marble of Pentelicus is not of so brilliant a white nor of so fine a grain as that of Paros; it is deader in colour, and has frequently yellow brown veins. But it is greatly valued as a building material, and is used especially for steps, door-posts, floors, and ornaments in churches and houses.

After long seeking and groping about we found our way into the large old marble quarry by I know not what winding ways amongst the rocks; and, of a truth, the view we obtained of it by this means had in it something astonishing, grand, and solemn, and perhaps not the less so because the place is so silent and deserted —a sublime monument of one of the great work-places of antiquity. Immense and apparently perpendicular marble walls stand here as witnesses of the colossal labours and power of labour around an extensive terrace under the open sky. Here and there lie scattered huge blocks of marble, a number of which are half-hewn. The mountain appears to consist of pure marble. In ancient times the quarries were worked by the sweat and blood of slaves. The labour at this time of free hands, and the transport hence of the marble, render it altogether too costly.

Just at the spot where the highest walls project from the mountain like the posts of an immense giant doorway, you see a low arched vault elevate itself above the ground, and around which a quantity of beautiful ivy masses fall in thick drapery. Here is the celebrated grotto of Pentelicus, where formerly stood an altar to Zeus, and where now stands a small Greek church, which, with its separate rooms, its curious old sculptures

and paintings, seems to me one of the most peculiar relics of Greek antiquity. A few of the paintings, although much injured by time and the damp of the grotto, in the opening of which the church stands, evince a far better style than that of the Byzantine. The grey stone altar seemed to me extremely ancient and thoroughly heathen. I take it for granted that it was erected to the Pelasgian Zeus.

I did not penetrate very far into the grotto, nor do I believe that it extends very far, but satisfied myself by receiving the impression of the twilight and the silent, gloomy life within its naturally formed Byzantine vault. Small and graceful lycopodiums grew as a fringe hanging round the circle of the arch, and water-drop fell after water-drop upon the floor, in measured time, with a soft slumberous sound. Within the depth of the grotto large, strangely-shaped stalactite forms gleamed forth with a mysteriously mournful aspect. The contrast between the cheerful heavens above, the strong blaze of sunshine on the white marble quarry, with the twilight and the strange shapes within the grotto, was very striking. It represented the contrasts of Athenian life and culture, the divine form and the slave, refinement and barbarism.

From this marble quarry it is merely an hour's distance to the summit of the mountain; but there is neither road nor path thither, and we were already so weary, and the heat of the sun was so great, that we gave up the thought of gazing upon Marathon from the summit of Pentelicus. We therefore slowly returned by the road that we had come, some portions of which are paved. We then ate our dinner on a hill, whence we had a charming view—the sea was to-day as smooth as a mirror—and then we drove home.

December 1*st*.—Olympic weather, but political tempest! The King has dissolved the Chambers, because

he sees in the choice of the Advocate —— as President of the Chamber of Deputies an expression of opposition, the consequences of which may lead to the retirement of the present Minister. This gentleman is known as the leader of the opposition, and King Otho some time ago summoned a number of the more influential men amongst the deputies, and expressed with much decision his will that they should not elect the above-mentioned gentleman, as well as his intention of dissolving the Chambers in case they did so. And now the deputies, spite of all this, have elected precisely this man, and the King has acted upon his threat, and has dissolved the Chambers.

Amongst the many various opinions which are expressed regarding this unusual exercise of power in the good and patient King, I unite myself to those who wish that it had been called forth on a more legitimate occasion, because the Chamber has full legal right to elect its own speaker, as well as to make room for a more efficient and estimable Ministry than the present. The King, however, has become weary of continually conceding to the incessant cry for change and for new counsellors. He says, and with some reason, "How can a Ministry be efficient which is changed every year?" Neither does the highest talent seem now to be called into action. But it is a fact also that some of those who now hold important ministerial offices could not, excepting by a new birth, become either estimable or efficient.

"The King is mistaken," said a Greek to me to-day, who is well acquainted with these affairs, "when he imagines that the opposition is against himself. He is beloved, and people have confidence in his good-will, and the popular wish is merely to give it opportunity for action, when it determines to remove incapables and such advisers as mislead him."

"How is it?" I asked, "people say that the King never can decide upon any question."

"They are wrong in saying so," returned my informant; "the King both can and will decide for himself, and is quite determined when he once gets full insight into a subject; but one might kill oneself in making it clear to him, so that not the smallest difficulty, not the smallest obscurity remained. So long as any continues to exist he refers the question to a new treatment or a farther solution, and it is not many who can submit to this repeated and by no means light labour."

On Sunday, the day after the dissolution of the Chamber, a great number of people assembled on the Music Square, and when the King, accompanied by the Queen, arrived on horseback, an hurrah was raised, not animated, but still which showed that the conduct of the King was not without sympathy in Athens. For my part I anticipate that the opposition, which has hitherto made itself recognized in various movements, without any especial consistency, will, after this, adopt a more profound and dangerous character. Let us hope that I am wrong! New elections will now take place, and a new Chamber of Deputies assemble in the February of next year. A certain dull calm, like that which precedes a thunderstorm, has prevailed in Athens since this catastrophe.

Abroad is a great spectacle of mighty world movements. Next to the liberation of Greece proceeds that of Italy from foreign and internal despotism, as well as resurrection to new life through Garibaldi, in connection with Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and the Emperor of the French. Francis II. in Gaeta, and the Pope in Rome, seem to sit on tottering thrones, whilst the nations around them rise to liberty and union. In Russia, under "Alexander the Liberator's" initiative and imperative

decree, is continued the abolition of serfdom, which has been the greatest preventive to the moral growth of Russia. Russia extends her arms, and acquires ever greater territorial possession at the cost of China. The united banners of France and England penetrate the Celestial Empire, advancing victoriously against Pekin, the oldest abode of absolutism. Turkey stands, with her embarrassed affairs, tottering between "to be and not to be." In Europe the sap is circulating with ever greater vitality through the Old World's tree to the very uttermost twigs. Governments and peoples negotiate, churches and people negociate, each seeking for his own. Nations are endeavouring to understand themselves. A voice seems to have gone abroad to all the powerful of the earth, which speaks in the words of the French poet, Victor Hugo:—

"O rois! soyez grands, car le peuple grandit!"

In America, Abraham Lincoln has been elected president, and for the first time since the commencement of the great struggle regarding slavery in the United State, an "anti-slavery man" has become the first leader of the Republic. A beautiful conquest of the New World's higher political life, and at the same time a brilliant proof of the educational force of its institutions, of those which diffuse the means of cultivation to every point within the State, so that the meanest child of the people may benefit by them, and supported by character and good fortune may become the highest governor of the great Republic. So is it now with the son of the poor husbandman, the President Abraham Lincoln, who also is a good, vigorous, soundly-thinking man, a pure product of the New World's best cultivation—the charming hope of a good solution of the involved and tormenting question of the abolition of slavery in America. Because it must be solved, if Young America is not to sink far

below Russia. My anti-slavery friends exult and hope everything. And now——

Let us go down into the Queen's garden. How freshly the roses are blooming after the rain—how sweet, like almonds, is the perfume of the large Japanese medlar-trees! And the little Chinese mandarin-trees look droll with their multitudes of blossom and brilliant fruit, which cover them at the same time. The large euphorbiums shine out, with their large purple-red flowers, from the dark pine-woods, and the orange-groves display their millions of golden fruit. Summer has come on a visit to winter, and although faded leaves whirl around in the wind, still the grass-plots are verdantly beautiful, and everything breathes forth renewed and festal life. The drooping terebinth-trees along the boulevards are just now in blossom, with their delicate pendent white racimes, whilst their grape-like bunches of fruit are turning red. The sun shines, and the sea is bright. We are only reminded that it is now winter in Greece by the sight of snow on the summit of Mount Cyllene.

December 7th.—At the summons of the Queen I have visited her, and had a long conversation with her. She spoke with affection of the Greeks, of their love for their country, their religious sentiment and family piety, their good temper, pure morals, and strong individual character. But she spoke warmly, as before, against the new direction which female culture has taken, against the outward and ornate in the education of girls, of the mass of needless knowledge with which their minds are filled, and which makes them half-learned women and useless mothers of families, and so on. The Queen desires that the education of girls should develope sound understanding, simplicity, and domesticity—she desires that woman should "remain in

her place, and not step out of it." (N.B.—Few women are, after all, so independent and so dominant as the Queen in Greece.)

"Your Majesty," I interposed, "we must pass through these degrees of culture to attain a true culture, an ennobled nature. We must become free, thinking women and fellow-citizens, in order to become true, and in truth, humble human beings. We must open our eyes to life and to the world in order to find each one her right place, and in order for each one to know her own gifts and vocation."

To this the Queen did not make much reply, excepting by the expression of her sympathies for practical and housewifely education. And who cannot but wish that the young women of Greece would follow in this respect the example which the Queen sets them by her planting and her rural occupations and affairs, her farmyard, her gardens. The Queen is in heart and temperament a Greek, and she loves the land and people of Hellas as if she were one of themselves. In the natural propensity of the people for learning and literature she is alone an alien. She is not a woman of genius, but of a large understanding, great energy, and real gifts as a ruler; she has life and fire, and can, when she pleases, be infinitely agreeable, which infers, as a matter of course, that she can be the opposite when she is displeased, but she is not easily so without reason.

In the evening I repeated, as my own, some of the Queen's arguments against the direction which education was taking in the Modern Athens, in order that I might hear them refuted by the good friend of Greece, Mr. von W——. He replied:

"Greece, and Athens especially, ought not to be contemplated in its isolation, but as a centre to a great circle. The youth who study in the high schools of

Athens, go thence to Constantinople, to the cities of Syria, to the islands, to Egypt, to the states of the Danube, to Russia, as merchants, physicians, lawyers, schoolmasters, and extend to those countries the elements of cultivation, the moral opinions, the various kinds of knowledge, which they have acquired in Athens. Athens is on the way to become that which she was anciently, a high school, which radiates in many directions, especially to the east and the north, the light and the life which originally belong to the Greeks, and which they now appropriate to themselves anew, in connection with the free states of Western Europe. It is in this direction that the true vocation of Athens lies."

This answer seemed to me very satisfactory.

But the culture after which the Greeks strive must be one of a considerably higher character still. Their old Apollo must give place to a still higher conception of Divinity. As yet for them the chief thing is the cultivation of the intellect. A coachman, in fustanelles, who once drove me to Eleusis, said that he let his eight sons all go to school, "because a man who could not read, and who was not possessed of knowledge, was a barbarian—a *Turk!*"

A peasant's son, who spoke French, said, speaking of his parents, who had enabled him to receive his "higher education," "*They* know nothing—they are animals!" (*Ce sont des brutes!*) But this kind of education belongs to the entrance-hall and the gateway. The better class of people cannot long remain there.

December 21*st.*—The Queen's birthday. It was announced at six o'clock this morning by twenty-one cannon shots, and by a loud noise of drums and military music in front of the palace. Some years ago the commandant in Athens wished to give the Queen a surprise of a very select character, and for that purpose ascer-

tained the exact hour and moment when she entered the world, which appeared to be two o'clock in the morning. Accordingly, on the next twenty-first of December at two o'clock, in the dead of night, the poor Queen was awoke out of her sweet sleep by the roar of cannon, and the noise of drums and trumpets before her window. Startled from sleep, and half bewildered, the King and Queen sprang up, suspecting a revolution, and in no condition to appreciate the loyal politeness which the commandant desired to express by means of this nocturnal demonstration.

To-day the Queen drove in the morning to the Irene Church, afterwards received visits and kissing of the hand from a great number of ladies, then a grand dinner—that is to say, confusion and show the whole day long. If I were the Queen, I would place such old-fashioned customs amongst those that are quite extinct.

25th and 26th of December.—After renewed abundant rain, again two divinely beautiful days, holidays, such as nature has sometimes. The sky somewhat veiled during the day, the air mild and delicious as summer, and in the evening a pomp of colouring over heaven and earth which exceeds all description. The distant islands, Ægina, Poros, Methana, Hydra, the coasts of Peloponnesus, shone like dark amethysts, the Athenian hills like clear rubies, the heaven of fiery flame overarching all, one mass of splendour.

During these glorious afternoons and evenings I have wandered out over those dear old Athenian hills, the Acropolis, the Areopagus, the Pnyx, and visited new scenes for walking. The most beautiful of these is the Otho Square, which, only lately a valley of gravel and rubbish heaps, has now been converted into a large square, with grand perspectives on the four sides, through the streets which extend thence. The square is only just finished,

and is now being planted allround with carouba-trees and oleanders. Athens, with her ancient monuments and her new promenades, will become, or rather is already, one of the most beautiful and most peculiar cities of the world, especially in the evening splendour of its sun over earth and sea. I felt this beauty deeply this evening, when the sky was so marvellously transparent and bright, that one seemed to see far into an ethereal ocean of blue light, and when I saw this earth with its corn-land so gloriously green after the fructifying rains. When the shadows of evening fell upon it, still was the Acropolis lit up as a high altar in the splendour of the evening light. An ancient abode of sin has that stronghold been, that I know well enough, but it had been also a dwelling-place for Minerva, and for her worshippers, for Solon and Cleisthenes, for Phidias and the poets, for Pericles and Aspasia. Well is it then worthy of the last glance from the old, eternally young Helios.

And now farewell, thou good old year! Much that is beautiful have I seen, much that is good have I experienced, during thy course, and, therefore, I will close thee in the words of our Swedish almanack,

"To God be thanks and praise!"

NINETEENTH STATION.

During the Month of January—Theseus Square—Two Festivals—Greek Tableaux—Unexpected Deaths—The King and the New Chambers—Increasing Murmurs, and Threatening Signs—Swiss Home of Sorrow—Easter Day in the Athenian Protestant Church—Festival at Liossa—View of the Vale of Athens from Colonos—Walks in the Old City—Month of April—The Greek Church.

JANUARY 13*th*, 1861.—The new year 1861 has entered with storm, cold weather, and snow—snow upon the mountains of Arcadia, snow upon Pentelicus, snow upon the summits of Parnassus. Even Hymettus is clothed in white. In the midst of winter days, however, glorious spring days intervene. Autumn, winter, and spring reign promiscuously—sometimes all at once, so that you cannot rightly tell which season is the prevailing one. Whilst the snow is lying on Parnassus, and even upon grey Hymettus, the almond-trees and the roses are in bloom in Papa Caffarelli's garden, anemones are in flower in the fields, and the grass is as green as with us in May. To-day it is cold and dreary, to-morrow the summer breeze may be blowing. When rain falls it soon dries up again; you always walk dry-shod in the neighbourhood of Athens, and the promenades are, at this season,

so free from dust that it is a pleasure to walk. I also make long pedestrian excursions, sometimes alone, sometimes with Mr. Hansen. On the Greek New Year's-day we made together a new year's visit—guess to whom? To the patriarch and chief of the Synod of Athens, now nearly one hundred years old—it is unpardonable in me that I cannot possibly recall his name. My friend and host, Mr. Hansen, was accustomed to pay his respects to the old gentleman every New Year's-day, and as I heard him spoken of both for his long life and patriarchal virtues—amongst which was his temperance, as he never tasted wine, his frugal mode of life, and much more—I conceived a wish to see him and to express to him my good wishes for a long life and all the rest.

Having provided myself, therefore, with a bouquet of fresh roses from Papa Caffarelli's garden, I set out in a carriage, with it in my hand, on the grand visit to the venerable patriarch. Arrived at his monastic-looking dwelling, we were conducted into a large room, which, had it belonged to a country clergyman, with us could not have been more frugally furnished. An agreeable young girl bade us be seated, "her uncle was then taking his noonday nap."

Presently afterwards he entered, and all my illusions at once vanished. It is true that the old man was remarkably brisk, and his complexion blooming, in comparison with his great age and his large, grey beard; but he looked, with all that, so cross, and, I must say, so silly, that I stopped half-way in my deep curtsey before the good prelate, who had most assuredly been unduly awakened out of his noonday sleep. But he took notice neither of me nor of my curtsey, and, as to my roses, he took them and threw them from him, as he might have done any other rubbish, upon a table by the wall. It was a most discouraging attempt at acquaintance. Nor

was it any better during the inevitable entertainment with *glyko* and *tschibouk* which followed. "Wassilisis Papa" was a something to the old prelate, I was nothing, scarcely a human being. So it seemed by the good old man's countenance. Yet I made a very polite salutation to him on taking leave, and Mr. Hansen interpreted to him my satisfaction in having seen in the aged bishop one of the oldest patriarchs of the Greek Church now living. This called forth on his old countenance an attempt at a friendly smile and a "hum" or "umph," which I could interpret as I pleased. And that was my "return" for the solemn new year's visit. That the old priest is a thoroughly good sort of old man I believe most sincerely—and so are many Greek priests—but their outward appearance is really sometimes quite too homely.

Amongst the peculiarly Greek new year's wishes are printed verses, which are distributed about. Those for the present year contain a fervent invocation to Phœbus to protect their Majesties; to make the King beam like a star; to give the Queen power to call down the blessing of the radiant heavens; to let the people obtain a free right of voting; and to let "the old bankrupt leave the Bosphorus." In conclusion, the author wishes his friends and patrons all that is good, and for himself their favour, which, as a matter of course, is shown by the gift of a few drachmas.

For the rest, new year's visits in Athens are like such visits in our north-European capitals. My new year visit has been especially to the remains of old Athens, in part long known, in part newly discovered. To the former belong traces of the sites of houses, cisterns, steps, and sepulchres in the district south of the Acropolis, as well as the old roads, which on this side lead to Athens, and of which you see deep

tracts of wheels worn into the rock. These tracts prove that both the roads and the carriages were narrow. To the latter remains belong buildings and discoveries which the excavations in and around the old city have lately brought to light. Amongst these discoveries are a small image of Minerva, the beauty of which I cannot appreciate; and sarcophaguses, and funeral urns, one of which, remarkably handsome and valuable, is from a sorrowing father in memory of his daughter. They have just now come upon the foundation walls of an immense building, not far from the ruins of the Gymnasium of Ptolemy, which a part of the learned regard as being the old Prytaneum, others again imagine it to be the celebrated *stoa poikile* (the coloured), so called from the historical paintings of Greek victories with which Cimon adorned the walls. Zeno, and the philosophers of his school, gave instruction there, whence they were called *stoic* philosophers, or *stoics*. Yet the antique heads, ornaments, inscriptions, and many other such things, which are daily found here, do not lead to any distinct enlightenment on the subject. In one thing only are people agreed, that the building was one of the two above-mentioned erections. A long row of small chambers shows that a number of boarders, or students, had here their residence, and the magnificent foundations, and the great number of rooms, prove the grand character of the building. Two monuments, covered with inscriptions, are devoted to the praise of deeds of men of whom history says nothing. On the uppermost part of a wall, in the Gymnasium of Ptolemy, you see the remains of a fresco-painting, an olive or laurel wreath, surrounded by some ornaments. The colours are so fresh, and the drawing so charming, that I never look at it without a feeling of joy; perhaps it may be because these green twigs shine out above the grey stone

wall, and contain a silent protest against the comfortless wisdom of Solomon, that "all is vanity!"

January 31st.—I write the dismissal of the month in the following words—unusually chilly, windy, grey-cold, disagreeable weather. Snow has lain both on Parnassus and Pentelicus; on some nights there have been three degrees of frost, yet none of the tender trees have perished. One night in February, some years since, all the younger orange-trees in the Queen's garden, and a great number of the terebinth-trees on the boulevards, were frozen.

Amongst the interesting occurrences of the month, I note down the following—

Sir Thomas Wyse's return from England, "more Sir Thomas Wyse than ever" in his instructive and witty communications, captivated, moreover, by the increasing glory and advantages of his native land, amongst which he values most highly its activity in popular education and the morality of the higher classes of the State. He talks about the ardour with which the nation is arming itself, and of the whole country being full of bold volunteer riflemen; in a word, he is brim full of "Rule Britannia." When the noble English baronet comes down upon Greece, then Greece does not get the best of it. If, however, he be not always just, he is always amusing and instructive.

And further, as regards Athens, during this month the untidy space below the Temple of Theseus—a collection of gravel and rubbish heaps—has been transformed into extensive public grounds. The levelling and filling up of hollows, and the planting of trees and shrubs, the laying out of walks, both larger and less, and all the rest, have all been done as by a stroke of magic in fourteen days' time! Who has brought about all this magic work? The energetic will of the Queen, in con-

nection with the French director, and the hands of several hundred Greek labourers. A really important work! The ground now slopes gradually down from the Temple of Theseus to the plain, and will, in a few years, become one of the most beautiful of parks, where the Greeks, men and women, may enjoy, in the shade of the trees and refreshed by breezes from the sea, their favourite enjoyment of walking in the open air. From every point in these grounds you have a view of the most noble and best-preserved of the ancient temples of Athens—perhaps the most ancient of all, and which will also in time become an Athenian national museum. Old monuments are collected within and without it, as by a natural attraction. The Queen has devoted six thousand drachmas, of her own private purse, to the care and maintenance of these grounds. The watering of the trees and shrubs, especially during their earlier years, is alone very costly.

Further, I ought to mention a grand Greek wedding, but I have already spoken of so many weddings, that you, my dear Reader, might perhaps think there was too much of a good thing, that is to say—in case I should particularly describe it—with the priest's chanting, the bride and the bridegroom's weariful standing, the candles, the promenading round the altar, the garlands, the drinking, the eating, the kissing, and all the other ceremonial. I shall therefore pass them by, and only mention that the bride was handsome, of a noble style of beauty, that she had not seen her bridegroom until just lately, when he came from Russia to take her for his wife. He, however, had seen her several years since, and had by letter requested her from her parents, who advised their daughter to accept the offer, and then replied in the affirmative in her name. Such is still the Greek custom with regard to marriages. Would the young

girl have said yes to this wooer, wholly unknown to her as he was, if she could have had the opportunity of leading, unmarried, a useful and happy life? I believe not, because she was one of those young girls who longed for a nobler, active life, and who suffered from the circumscribed, dependent condition of the Greek woman. Marriage is, after all, an expedient by which a sphere of activity may be attained to, and therefore she accepted the first best offer which opened it to her, by the advice of her parents. Her heart——, but who thinks about a girl's heart in Greece? Fortunately for her the wooer in her case was no *bête* who might terrify *la belle*, but a man of mature age, who looked kind and sensible, so that one could hope everything good for the young married couple, who, after the wedding, would visit Rome and Paris, before finally settling down at Odessa.

One young man who was present, a brother of the bride, did not seem to like the parting at all, and when, in that portion of the ceremony where the congratulations are offered, he embraced his sister, it seemed as if he never would release her from his arms.

Afterwards he said to me, "I will never consent to my second sister marrying so far away from us."

The handsome young sister also grieved.

"But," said I, consolingly, to him, "your sister seems to me as if she were likely to be happy with her husband."

"Who knows?" replied he, mournfully.

Greek domestic life cannot, after all, be much commended when it leads to such marriages. But do we not also see with us in Sweden—hum!

I did not remain till the close of the festivities in the marriage house, where expensive Parisian toilettes and gold-embroidered Greek costumes crowded each other,

because I was invited to the palace to an entertainment at which I was glad to be present. The court was giving this evening private theatricals and *tableaux vivants*, and such always amuse me. Besides, I was curious to see how these kind of things were done in Greece, where they as yet belong to that which is of rare occurrence.

Two comedies, the one French, the other German, were acted in a pretty little theatre. They were both insignificant pieces, but were very well played by Greeks and Germans, who belonged to the Court or the diplomatic corps.

In the intervals a German violoncellist, Herr Kloezer, who was on his travels, allowed us to hear his very remarkable performances.

Between the acts the King and Queen walked round as usual, conversing here and there with the guests, and as usual did so with both politeness and kindness. The company this evening was not large, from which cause the rooms were cool and agreeable.

On the benches in the saloon of the theatre sat some astonishing women from Megara, who had brought with them their native costumes for the tableaux, and now began to exhibit them in the golden frames. These tableaux were the flower of the evening to me, because the subjects were all taken from the later history of Greece, or its present every-day life. They were represented by Greeks, male and female, in the Greek national costumes, and were really beautiful and picturesque, as well as artistically arranged. On the dark surrounding walls were seen five gilded picture frames, three square, the centre one very large, and between them two ovals of smaller dimensions. The curtains before the pictures were drawn up alternately.

I have preserved in the museum of my memory the following—

1st. A large picture representing the heroine Bobolina, in her Hydriote costume, standing in a boat, pointing with her hand to Palamedes, the fortress of Nauplia, which she was about to besiege. An exquisite figure, represented by the young daughter of Admiral Creasy. The boatman, her brother, a handsome young man, gazed half dreamily on the object, which she pointed to with energetic expression.

2nd. A Circassian princess playing upon a zither; represented by a beautiful young Circassian lady, with the pretty little name of Paparipopolus.

3rd. A large group of women fetching water, standing with their pitchers round a fountain. Beautiful figures and well-grouped, but wanting shadow.

4th. A picquet. Two young warriors. An excellent little picture, full of life and nature.

5th. A peasant woman of Megara, with her distaff in one hand and the other resting on the head of her young son.

6th. Two young women, in Hydriote costume, thoughtfully standing by a fountain.

These two last pictures from Greek every-day life were beautiful and true to nature.

A young Greek, Count Roma, Adjutant to the King, was the artist for these living and successful representations.

It was an extremely amusing evening.

This gay evening was followed by tidings of sorrow.

Next morning young Baron M—— rode past our window, and, pausing a moment, exclaimed to Mr Hansen, "Miss Helene L—— is dead!" adding that he was come to make arrangements for the grave and the funeral. He was on his way to Anavryta, where the happy home had suddenly become changed to a house of mourning. The father of the family, Mr L——, was

also at this time extremely ill, from the same disease, measles, as had carried off his daughter.

The news of the young Helene's sudden death caused a general sympathy throughout society in Athens, for she was, during this last winter, one of the most admired and blooming girls who danced at the Court balls. She was only eighteen, looked like health itself, and seemed as if she might calculate upon a long and happy life, and now we have laid her in the earth, in the Protestant burial ground, where flowers are blooming while she lies cold and still; the young, life-enjoying maiden! Nearly the whole of the diplomatic corps were present. The rain fell in soft drops. The beautiful German quire sang;

"Wie sie so sanft ruh'n
Alle die Seeligen!"

People speak of this occurrence in Athens as if it were the greatest of misfortunes, as well for the young girl as for her family. People cannot lament sufficiently. It is just as if people here had not yet abandoned the old Greek views of death and the realm of shadows. Instead of these myriologues they ought to say:

"Happy young girl! she was permitted to depart before any bitter sorrow had wounded her heart. She was permitted, without long and severe sufferings, lovingly and regretfully remembered by all who survived her, to go from the good parental house, to the home of the best Father! Fortunate young girl!"

A still more sorrowful sudden death, though less deplored, has also caused great excitement. It is that of the young diplomatist, Mr. von F——, the same with whom I last year visited the Temple of Theseus, and who considered "the cheerful views" which the Greeks took of life and death to be so excellent. He also has now succumbed to a long and terrible sickness, very little like

the condition of the little Love on the sarcophagus, who was carried off by his comrades, intoxicated, from the merry feast. Life's sorrowful reality and deep earnestness do not fail to reveal themselves now and then in Athens!

On the 10th of February King Otho opened the session of the newly elected Chambers by a speech containing only *loci communes*, which said—nothing. The newspapers of Athens, amongst which is a French one, *Le Precurseur*, lately established, has busied itself with pulling to pieces and scrutinizing the speech, with the intent to find something in it which is not to be found. The King says nothing with respect to the dissolution of the former Chamber, and has restricted himself to the most general promises and anticipations for the future. The reserve of the Monarch forms a strong contrast with the high-sounding expressions which find utterance in many directions, not within the new Chamber, because within it there is scarcely a single oppositional voice, but from the people in different parts of the country. You may read every day reclamations and protestations in the national newspapers, with bitter lamentings over the manner in which the last election has been carried on, and over "the violence" by which the representatives of the opposition were displaced from the voting urn. In the district of Laureon three hundred fully authorized electors complain that they were prevented by force from giving in their votes. The whole of Hydra has united in a cry of indignation, saying that they would rather emigrate, would rather be *under the Turks*, than under a government which, with the pretence of constitutional right, yet tyrannically violates the constitution. This sounds strong, and however much of it may be ascribed to the restless, excitable Greek temperament, nevertheless the attention

and suspicion of the thoughtful friends of Greece are aroused by the fact that for the new Chamber of Deputies the Government candidates alone have been elected, and not one amongst those of the opposition. The King has also nominated several new senators, but amongst these men only who are devoted to the Court, or are nullities. So say the Greek newspapers. And even the European diplomatists in Athens agree with them in disapproving of these latter measures of Government, and of the "unconstitutional way" in which the royal pair are acting, and predict evil for the future.

We have had violent rain; now the sky is again clear, with warm sunshine. The ground is gloriously green, the almond trees in bloom, the poplars are almost wholly in leaf, everything is full of vitality.

We have finished the reading of Grotes's "History of Greece." The impression which it has left in my mind of the Greeks is—a highly intellectual people, over whose villanies and barbarities one cannot help being continually provoked, and whose great men one can only seldom wholly and entirely admire. I thank, however, Leonidas and Solon, Aristides and Brasidas, Epaminondas and Pericles, Demosthenes and Phocion, and some others, for that heart-strengthening joy; above all and every one, I thank Socrates, who, perhaps, was the only one who did not think of his own honour, who alone sought for the truth, and who died for it!

We are now travelling in the evening in Africa; are visiting the Moonland and its inhabitants, with the missionary Livingstone.

Anavryta, March 14th.—Days of joy and of health have here been succeeded by those of sorrow and sickness. But Anavryta, life's primal spring, flows within the home, equally fresh and bright as formerly, perhaps

still more abundantly. The young daughter of the house lies, in her nineteenth year, within her grave, the little children are still suffering from the same disease as the mother has lately passed through at the peril of life, and which still keeps her father confined to his bed, so ill and reduced that they are still obliged to keep the death of Helène from his knowledge. The whole family is worn out with watching, anxiety, and sorrow. Sorrow! yes, but a sorrow so bright, so full of submission and joyful trust, that it calls forth cheerfulness and admiration in all who behold it. The sorrow is borne most beautifully by the aged mother, whose delicate health seems to be renovated by the exertions which the care and support of her husband have required from her. She seems to see her departed daughter standing in light before the Father in heaven. One might almost imagine that she did not grieve for her.

The relationship of this excellent family to each other during this time of trial, and also of the domestics, affords a living type of the Swiss home in its religious life, that life by which the Reformed Church, in a still higher degree than the Lutheran, permeates the life of the individual. The altar stands upon the domestic hearth, and consecrates the day and the night, the season of joy and the season of sorrow. The influence of the character of this family upon the domestics is very remarkable. It is an almost universal subject of complaint amongst the foreign families in Athens, that the Greek servants are good for nothing, are not to be trusted, are disorderly, &c. Here it is not so. During this long time of sickness the female servants in particular have exhibited an unwearied zeal in watching, and faithful willing service. True it is that the Greek female domestic is well paid—she has, besides food, from thirty to forty drachmas a month—but no mere

money could obtain a carefulness and a thoughtfulness such as these women have shown, and still continue to show, to their suffering master and mistress. There is, in particular, one woman, Martha, so good, so cheerful, and, withal, so clever, and so unwearied—the very pearl of Marthas. She has deferred her own marriage merely that she may not leave the family of her employers. Here my belief that good masters and mistresses make good servants is strengthened. Amongst the men-servants there is a Turk, and he wishes to become a Christian, not a Greek Christian. "Foh! what would be the use of that?" he says; "but to be of Mr. L——'s religion." What is the distinctive name it bears he knows not, but merely that it must be the right religion. Mr. L——, on the contrary, fears that his open conversion, and avowal of it, would make him hated by the Greeks, and destroy his future prospects in the country.

March 18*th*.—Sunday, with beautiful domestic worship. Mrs. L—— read aloud a sermon of the Stuttgart preacher, Gerok, on the sower, and the four different results of the sowing. The author makes an affecting use of the account of the grains of corn lately found in the cerements of an Egyptian mummy, and which, after having lain three thousand years in the grave, prove themselves still to possess the vital power, can grow and bear increase.

Without, there was sleet, cold, and wind, so that it could not have been worse at this season of the year in Sweden. But in the house of sorrow all was light and peace.

To-day—the day of the onion feast, which is also celebrated in this neighbourhood with dancing and singing at the churches—the weather has cleared up, and the beaming Helios has by degrees dismantled the mountains of their snowy vestments. The olive-tree has now had

sufficiency of water for it to give pitchers full of oil. The anemones are blossoming merrily, and shine out on the hills; and, that prettiest of all golden-yellow flowers, the *Ipecoun procumbens*, borders the foot-paths and the roads. The ladies of this family have a peculiar talent for pressing flowers, with their leaves and roots, so that they preserve colour and beauty.

I have made a little farther progress, under the teaching of young Mr. W—— in my studies on the grafting of trees, and the many peculiarities which may be called forth by that means. Of these the following fact struck me as singular. The almond-tree, upon which an apricot has been grafted, bears abundantly and remarkably good fruit of that kind, but it dies within a few years. The year before its death it has been seen to bear fruit in such abundance that greater could not be imagined.

I have also become acquainted with some peculiarities in the life and customs of the people. The L—— family, who take an almost paternal care of and interest in their dependents, have, by this means, had an opportunity of knowing much that goes forward in their inner life. Not many days ago young Mrs. W—— was sent for to a newly born babe, which cried incessantly. She found that the child had been too strongly salted, so that its whole body was as red as fire. The Oriental custom of strewing salt upon new-born infants — and of which custom mention may be found in Hezekiah, chap. xvi., verse 4—is still universal amongst the Greeks in the country, and a mother, who lately was afraid of this treatment of her child, was thus addressed by her midwife,—

"If I do not salt thy child, it will be a wretched creature and good for nothing."

Ignorant midwives sometimes overdo this curing pro-

cess, so that the poor little infant suffers from violent irritation of the skin, falls into convulsions, and dies.

Mr. L—— has now been informed of the death of his daughter, and, although the news affected him so violently that his health became more seriously shaken, and he believed himself at the point of death, he is now again convalescent, strengthened and sustained by his excellent wife.

The family has resolved to return this spring to Switzerland. Their domestics grieve much at the parting in prospect, but the Turk wishes to accompany them, and the L——s have consented to his doing so. In Switzerland there will be no impediment in the way of this honest man openly adopting Mr. L——'s religion.

I have again been able to converse with Mr. L—— about his beloved flowers and trees, and with Mrs. L—— about the all-accomplishing power of prayer. I have wandered beneath the old olive-trees, and seen the young peach-trees with their blossoming, light-red crowns shining out from amongst them. Thus shine out the little children in the house, in harmonious contrast with the sickness and sorrow-bowed maternal grand-parents—bowed, but not cast down.

I can now return with a calm mind to Athens.

Athens, April 1st. — Yesterday, Easter Day (new style), was general communion in the Evangelical Church. The Queen partook of it at the same time with the congregation. It is a service, the singing and arrangement of which, with its questions and answers, is amongst the most beautiful and most spiritually awakening of all the spiritual solemnities which I have yet witnessed. The members of diplomatic bodies holding opposite religious opinions were also struck with it.

To-day, the 1st of April, I have been with a party to

a festival of a very different kind at Liossa, a small village on a hill in the Vale of Athens. The village is under the Queen's especial protection, and consists chiefly of pretty little houses with gardens, which the inhabitants of Athens rent for summer enjoyment. In order to show his good wishes to Liossa, or to its protectress, a Greek has built and endowed a new school-house in the village, and this was to be inaugurated in the first place by divine service, and then with dancing and singing round the church, which stands very near to the school-house.

The weather was glorious, and the view over the beautiful verdant valley and the white gleaming Athens of the loveliest description. The karsielamà dancers excelled themselves in their artistic movements and evolutions round the church, and the sirto-ring was bright with splendid female-dresses and women with bandeaus of gold coins—it was a grand show. The music was of the usual kind, so was the singing. Amongst the spectators the old General Hadschi Petro was distinguishable from his magnificent attire, scarlet and gold, and his princely Asiatic bearing, moving about attended by four men in fustanelles. The arrival of their Majesties, as usual, on horseback, completed and closed the festival.

About thirty years ago this valley was the scene of bloody battles, and not far from the pretty village of Liossa, at Kaidari, the Philhellenic troop suffered one of the most murderous defeats which occurred during the War of the Liberation. How peaceful and affluent in promise was now the enfranchised soil, with its increasing gardens and towns—how cheerful was this vernal scene on the soil of Attica!

April 6th.—I have witnessed another no less peculiar scene of the spring life of Attica to-day from Colonus. As the two hills of the same name lie tolerably high in

the Valley of Athens, you have from them an extremely perfect view over it. The gardens which, together with the olive-wood, occupy the centre of the valley, now present, seen from some distance, a very singular appearance. The great number of fruit-trees which they contain are in full bloom, and exhibit every shade of tint between snow-white and purple-red, the rosy pink colour, and the pale green of the peach-trees being perhaps the most prevailing. It is a lovely, bright, ethereal landscape, like something in fairyland. Around this resplendent flower-region stands the dark green olive-wood with a solemn, grave aspect. It has beheld so many springs, so many alternations of life! That ancient wood has seen the brilliant days of Athens, its downfall and humiliation, the bloody contests of the War of Liberation, the hopes and illusions of the new time, that it cannot do other than look grave, shaking its ancient crown in the summer breeze, that old, old wood which has seen so much come and go, blossom and die, whilst it has itself stood there for thousands of years, bearing blossom and fruit. And around it stands the ancient mountains, the patriarchs of the earth's formation, which saw the flood and heaven knows what more, Hymettus and Parnassus, Cithæron and Pentelicus, the mountain of the Eagle apparition, which looks down over the valley of Athens and Marathon—those most ancient mountains with their bald summits. But when the sun, morning and evening, tints them with its splendour, then vanishes their rigid sternness, then they seem like grey-haired forefathers, gazing down with transfigured smiles upon the young world which grows up beneath their protection.

But whilst the spring and the flowers increase in the Valley of Athens, throughout the land increases a growing dissatisfaction with the Government, with the King's

despotic and "anti-constitutional disposition," and much more. People demand another minister, freedom of election, a national arming, which will be a guarantee for the independence of Greece, and its political enlargement. The people complain that the King allows the army to be disorganized, and that there has not been a grand review for twenty years. (In the meantime extensive ground for exercise is being prepared close to Athens!) The only improvement in Greece, they say, is at present in trade, and a little agriculture. But what can that do? The true increase of Greece is its political enlargement. It must have a powerful and warlike army to liberate the Turko-Greek islands and provinces, Epirus, Thessalia, Macedonia, to conquer Constantinople, to liberate all the Greeks as well in Europe as in Asia, and much more. This is *la grande idée* which has taken possession of the mind of Young Greece, as I have before mentioned, and they call upon the King for its accomplishment, forgetting that his hands are bound; call upon Garibaldi, upon God, and the whole world, but quite overlook what they themselves might do in a moral point of view to bring it about. Instead of which they threaten "revolution," and if they could find a man, a native Greek, to place at the head of it, it would probably soon break out. But that man is not found.

Athens, April 23rd.—The Queen's garden presents itself in all its royal splendour. The roses blossom aloft in the tops of the cypresses; the nightingales warble; oranges, acacias, lilacs, and innumerable other trees bloom and diffuse their fragrance far beyond even the circumference of the park. Within it is quite too strong for me, and as the having partaken of too much confectionary enhances the savouriness of herrings and

potatoes, so do those overpowering flower-odours awaken in me a certain longing for salt-sea air, mingled with a little odour of tar, such as we enjoy in our northern sea-port towns. And whether it be the fault of my northern nature, which cannot fully assimilate itself to oriental luxuriance, or that humanity has an irresistible necessity for change, I know not, but certain it is that I have found an especial pleasure, instead of wandering in Her Majesty's paradise of flowers, to roam about for a few days amongst a whole mass of gravel heaps and hillocks of rubbish. The interest of these, however, it must be said, lies principally in the fact that they belonged, and still belong, to old Athens. It is upon the hills which constitute on the north the foot of the Acropolis, that I have been taking with great interest my pleasure rambles, during two days, amongst the ruins of walls and old houses, as well as new small cottages and poor human habitations. This portion of *Turkish Athens* remained after the War of Independence, and has still continued ever since the new, free city had grown up and overshadowed the old. It now is left to its fate, that is to say, to oblivion and to the indigent portion of the population of Athens, which lives here at much lower rents than in the new city, and therefore the old nests are repaired, and other little ones are built up. It is only here and there that you see two-storied, larger houses, with a certain superior style about them, which tells that they have seen better days. Many large pieces of ground lie altogether unoccupied, or occupied merely by heaps of rubbish, sand, and gravel. The streets are narrow and hilly, some of them contain more half tumbled-down walls than dwellings, and all of them more cottages than houses. But I saw nothing of the wretchedness, dirt, and hideousness which evidence degraded humanity. The labouring poor of Greece have

a respectable appearance. The children, who are cleanly to look at, play about merrily amongst the heaps of stone and gravel. I have seen, in the more modern parts of the city, children far worse cared for.

The buildings in best preservation are two small churches. Neat although poorly-clad men and women enter there, bowing and crossing themselves with an expression of deep devotion, to celebrate evening service. Here and there stands poetically a lovely *salix babylonica* (weeping willow), with its long depending branches overshadowing a murmuring spring, where women may always be seen standing with their water pitchers. But even these beautiful old trees—the only trees here which have survived the desolation of the place—seem to me dwindling away. In a few tens of years this portion of the city will be probably wholly and altogether what it is on the way to become—a heap of stones. Just as I was thinking so, and thinking on the transitoriness of all things, I passed by a larger old house, also in ruins, but above the aula, or court, of which stretched a verdant verandah of ancient fine-leaved vines, and the door of which was lofty and ornamented with traces of sculptured decoration. An old lady, wearing the Athenian head-kerchief, and with a queen-like demeanour, came up slowly, and giving me a bright and somewhat proud glance from her large dark eyes, entered in through the lofty doorway, and disappeared in the shade of the old aula.

Somewhat lower down in this region are the magnificent remains of the gymnasium of Ptolemy, and those which are now also being excavated, and which are supposed to be the Prytaneum. Here, too, stands that beautiful little temple which is called, from its lantern-like form, "Diogenes' lantern," but which is believed to have been erected by, or to, the rhetorician Lysicrates,

and devoted to the triumphs of eloquence, which is shown by the garlands which were hung up on a kind of monument. In the same neighbourhood, but nearer to the Temple of Theseus, are also what are called, or believed to be Atlantes, that is to say, colossal marble statues, representing men with immense scaly fish tails instead of legs and feet. Three such giants stand aloft on similarly colossal pedestals on a space of ground which exhibits traces of a large ancient building. In many parts of the old portion of the city are great heaps of columns, capitals, and very beautiful sculptured ornaments. Let us hope that the day will soon come when people will have time and thought to bestow upon this most ancient part of Athens, and to do for it that which has been done for the remains of ancient Rome—bring them forth out of the rubbish and the oblivion in which they now lie. As for instance, the tomb of Cimon is now a pig-stye!

The most curious monuments of the mediæval Athens are those little yellow-brown churches which are scattered here and there in the midst of its larger streets. They are dwarfs in stature, and very original in style of building and ornamentation. Marble and sculptures cover the walls, but they look so yellow and dirty that I did not feel any desire to make a nearer acquaintance with them. A similar old curiosity, rich in many kinds of marble, stands in very close proximity to the new metropolitan church, which is now in course of erection, and will become a cheerful and precious ornament to New Athens. I say cheerful, because it is, according to the Greek taste, painted with yellow and rust-brown belts, which produce a cheerful effect, although not in accordance with my sense of ecclesiastical ornament. The doors and their peristyles are of

white marble, and, as far as you can see through the boarded enclosures, of a very handsome and rich style of architecture. The little mediæval church beside it, which looks like a dwarf by the side of a queen, will assuredly have to stand there till it tumbles down of itself, and so will the other little dwarf churches which close up the streets, because the Greeks dislike to pull down a church or a chapel, as much as if it were a sin against the Holy Ghost.

May 1st.—Spite of some beautiful days at the beginning and end of the month, April has been this year unusually cloudy and cold. Snow has fallen on the mountains, and still the Arcadian Cyllene, and other Peloponnesian mountains, raise their snow-covered summits beyond Acro-Corinth. Yesterday and the day before the weather was glorious, but to-day, May 1st, it rains as I have not before seen it rain in Greece.

We have now again the Greek Easter—this year exactly a month later than our Easter—and we are in Athens witnessing the same scenes as last year, the frightful sheep-market on Good Friday, and the pleasant, lovely custom on Easter eve, and afterwards, of the cordial salutations, "*Christos anesti*," "*Alethōs anesti!*"—a custom which I wish could be adopted into all Christian communities. But of all this I have already spoken, and I therefore will not farther dwell upon it. I will, instead, tell you something about the Greek Church.

It is a common saying, both amongst Catholics and Protestants, that the Greek Church is an embalmed mummy, a petrifaction,—in one word, a lifeless thing. Neither will I deny that I have found it, if not lifeless, yet spiritless, chrysalis-encased, but——

Let us for a moment, however, look at its origin, not as the Christian, but as the *Greek* Church.

It is well known that the oldest Christian church,

although contentious about opinions arose early within it, yet, during the first ten centuries after its foundation it was not broken up into separate portions by various church dogmas and leaders. It was *the Christian Church* in contradistinction to Judaism and heathenism and arranged itself under its bishops and synods. The appellation of the Greek or Eastern Church first arose when the Eastern Christians took as their head a patriarch in Constantinople, and the Western Christians one in Rome. This was in the fifth century.

The Christian Church then divided itself into Eastern and Western, but had the same doctrines and usages and œcumenical or general synods, in which the bishops of the churches counselled, agreed, or quarrelled about doctrines and dogmas which were to be more nearly decided upon. Then first, when the Bishop of Rome began to assume the demeanour of an independent supreme pastor, and of his own accord introduced new statutes into the Church, the Greek bishops began in New Rome (Constantinople) to make protests. Thus commenced a contention between the Patriarch, or the Pope, *papa*, in Rome, and the Patriarch in Constantinople, which contention, now and then reconciled, always broke out afresh, and made itself heard by public accusations and even excommunications. The primate of the Greek Church reproached the Latin primate with the prohibition of the priests to marry, the immorality of the Romish priesthood, the shortening of the great fasts, the worshipping of images, as well as with arbitrarily adding to the doctrine of the procedure of the Holy Ghost from the Father the well-known *filioque* (and from the Son). Above all he reproached the Romish bishop with his assumption of supreme rule in the Church. This soon exhibited itself in a manner deeply wounding to the Greek Church. The Greek missionaries had converted

the heathen people of Bulgaria to Christianity. The Pope in Rome, in concert with some of the Bulgarian princes, sent thither Latin teachers in order to unite the Bulgarian communities with the Romish. The Greek Church felt the deepest indignation on this occasion. In order to accommodate this matter, as well as other subjects of contention between the two churches, the Pope, Leo IX., sent legates to Constantinople. But these merely asserted arrogantly the demands of the Romish bishop.

One day, the 16th of July, 1054, the legates entered the church of St. Sophia, and standing before the high altar, solemnly excommunicated, in the name of the Church, the Greek Patriarch, as well as the Greek Church, and laid the bull of condemnation upon the altar. After this they left the church, shook the dust off their feet, and returned to Rome. The Greek Patriarch, Michael Cerularius, who considered himself to be as good as the bishop, did not delay returning the compliment, and came forth on the 26th of the same month, in the same manner and with all due form, to excommunicate the Bishop of Rome and his doctrines. From this hour the Eastern and the Western Churches became irreconcilably separated, and have remained so until the present day.

It is universally known how the Romish Church continued to go on in its own way from victory to victory, from dominion to dominion, and from abuse to abuse, until it called forth, within its own breast the Protestant Church, to which it must yield. It is known also how this latter has gone forth, extending itself over two hemispheres, and infusing even into the Mother Church its purifying, renovating life.

The Greek Church christianised Russia, but the whole of its power was soon occupied in defending its

own State against the victorious influence of Mahommedanism. Besides, it had already condemned itself to stagnation on the point where it stood, when the great separation took place between it and the Western Church. It had declared that it adopted as infallible truth everything which the seven first Great Synods had ordained, but not that which the later, under the influence of the Roman chair, had prescribed, and by this it would remain until the whole Christian Church were again united and represented in general synods; because such only could have an availing force for the whole of Christianity.

The confession of faith of the Greek Church was drawn up in the year 1642 by the Russian metropolitan bishop, Petrus Mogislaus, in a codex which was subscribed at a synod in Jerusalem by the then assembled Greek bishops, and received by Peter the Great, as well as by the whole Greek Church, as the orthodox creed of Christ's Catholic-Apostolic Church.

According to this the Greek Church, like the Roman, accepts both the Holy Scriptures and tradition as the source of religious faith. It receives as tradition especially those doctrines which the apostles and the Greek fathers of the Church, particularly John of Damascus, related orally. It acknowledges, like the Catholic Church, seven sacraments, as well as the doctrine of transubstantiation in the communion, but it requires that the wafer, dipped in the wine—which also is mixed with water—shall be given to the communicant with a tea-spoon. It permits the priests to marry; yet allows no priest to marry more than once, and the bishops to be chosen only from amongst the monks. It ordains that the Holy Ghost proceeds alone from the Father. It allows of the worshipping and kissing of those images which are not plastic. It insists in baptism on the im-

mersing of the whole body three times in the water. Of the purgatorial fire, of indulgences, pardons, and many other Roman Catholic doctrines, the Greek Church says nothing, merely that it does not accept anything for certain and true which has been decided upon by any councils since the seven first.

One difference still more essential, although it is not insisted upon as such between the Roman and Greek Churches, seems to me to consist in the position occupied by their priesthood. Whilst those of the Roman Church, with its *Papa universalis* at its head, regard themselves as the representatives of the Church, and, in the place of Christ, to be mediators between the world and God, the Greek priesthood declare themselves to be only the servants of Christ and obedient alone to Him. They will not call any one father in heaven or on earth, except God the Father alone. They do not consider the priests to be more privileged than laymen in receiving the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. How the Greek Church can unite this its faith with that of the exclusive power which it ascribes to the priest's signing of the cross, to their prayers, and discharge of the clerical ceremonial, the administration of the sacrament, is a little strange—but so it does. It believes in magical more than in spiritual powers.

The Greek Church likes to call itself the *orthodox* in opposition to the Catholic, and prides itself no little in not having, as orthodox, deviated either to the right hand or the left, but in having adhered firmly to their orthodox stand-point from the very beginning. From this stand-point it expressed itself, latest at the above-mentioned synod in Jerusalem, both against the Roman Catholic and against the Protestant Evangelical Church.

Thus stands the Greek Church at the present day, and although this immovability prevents it from liberating

itself from many erroneous doctrines with which the Church, at the time of its great severance, was already infected, it has, on the other side, been the means of preserving latent within its bosom many important questions and dogmas which the Roman Church has distorted, and some time, by the awakening breath of the Holy Spirit, it may, in the light of the newer time, arise from its chrysalis as a glorious Psyche.

The Greek Church has stood like a firm wall as well against Mohammedanism as against the encroachment of Roman Catholicism. It has never been a persecuting or bloody church; it has not made, but it has given, martyrs for the Christian faith. It has shown a great ability to penetrate the national life, to become one with it—last, in the Hellenic War of Independence against Turkey, in which religion had an equal share with Hellenism. This may be said to its praise.

I will now finally say a few words about the Hellenic Greek Church. In the year 1629, one of its most learned men, the Patriarch of Constantinople, Cyrillus Laskaris, was obliged to pay by his life for his approximation towards the doctrines of the Protestant Church. It is, nevertheless, in this direction that the thinking portion of the Hellenic Church at this time is advancing, and it is there that its salvation lies, as a counterpoise to the materialism which holds the Greek Church, and its lower priesthood in particular, in bonds. It has become aware of the importance they give to outward things, as well as of many absurd customs. To these latter it belongs that the communion of the Lord's Supper is administered to the child immediately after baptism, and, in general, without any regard being had as to whether the communicant has any idea of the transaction or not. Some time ago, for instance, one of the physicians of King Otho had an apo-

plectic attack, by which he lost consciousness. As he was considered to be near his end it was thought right to administer to him the communion.

"But," said one of those who were present to the officiating papa, "he cannot understand what it means."

"It is all one," replied the good man, "he can take it as medicine;" and the tea-spoon with the bread and the wine was conveyed into the mouth of the unconscious patient. That he should swallow the sacrament was, however, the important, the saving fact.

The sign of the cross is also looked upon as possessing a magical power. A mother, whose child has had a dangerous fall, hastens—not to take up the child, in the first instance, but to make the sign of the cross many times over it. The faith in mechanical and magical miracles pervades the whole Greek Church—a faith equally ignorant with that which denies all miracles whatever. Miracles, such as Christ performed, are natural corroborations of His mission, natural expressions of His divine nature.

The latest expression of vitality in the Hellenic Church has been an attempt to vindicate its independence against the Russo-Greek and the Alexandrine before the Patriarch in Constantinople. The chief champion in the question is a Greek professor in Athens of the name of Pharmakides, who has written a celebrated book on the subject under the title of "Tomos." He himself is lately dead, at an advanced age, and, as it is said, in disfavour both with the Government and the higher priesthood. The Hellenic synod consists of five old bishops—quite a mummy-like institution. A king of the Greek faith on the throne of Greece would be able to bring about many useful reforms. A Catholic king can do nothing. Every attempt he might make to bring life into the mummy would be looked upon with suspicion.

The inferior Greek priesthood are a moral, honest, estimable class, beloved by the people, and very little separated from them. But they are poor and ignorant. They baptize, marry, bury in a mechanical way, without anything more being necessary than the knowing by heart the established formularies and customs in the Church. Amongst the bishops some are spoken of as learned and cultivated, but not one as a vitally spiritual man, who might become a church reformer in spirit and in truth. They are accused of a tendency to avarice and nepotism. All progress in the Church, properly speaking, exhibits itself amongst laymen of the learned professions, and shows itself also in the increasing demand amongst the booksellers of Athens for the theological works of the Protestant Church.

Will, then, the Hellenic-Greek Church become Protestant? I cannot believe it. Most certainly it has, by means of its connection with the East, by tradition and history, a peculiar problem to solve in the great church triumvirate. To me its present especial significance consists in those latent questions or problems which it entertains within itself, which are the cause of all greater sects, and to which questions it continually returns, without, however, understanding their importance for Christian science and philosophy, as well as for the higher ecclesiastical harmonies. Thus, for example, the question about the Trinity, about "the two natures in Christ"—or Christ's nature—and many others.

The greater portion of the practical Christians of the present day regard these questions as wholly unprofitable, as not answering any practical end. But the need for perfection, for harmony in a system, a work of art, a theory of life, is, indeed, if not properly a practical, yet, at the same time, as indispensable as anything of this kind. Entirety, harmony, perfection—heavenly indis-

pensable requirements! Be not angry, divine humanity, that they do not leave thee in peace before thou hast obtained peace in them!

In the prayer-books of the Greek Church I have seen, more than in those of any other Church, ardent supplication to the Holy Spirit. For the coming of this Comforter during a new time of Easter, the Greek Church stands now in expectation.

TWENTIETH STATION.

Last Excursions—To Megara—Wedding Scenes at Megara and Eleusis—A Journey in a Greek Omnibus—"Dembirasi"—To Marathon—The Forest and the Forest Deserts—The Ancient Battle-field—Petrifactions at Pitkairni—Farewell Visits—The Acropolis once more—Pericles and Aspasia—The Philosopher's Walk—Socrates.

MAY 1ST.—Where has winter gone to? It has sped away like a hurrying stream, like a dream that is past; like one only half awake I look back upon it and ask, what has it taught me? Less rich in life than the preceding—which may be ascribed to my own more secluded life—it has yet afforded me many rich moments, many noble fruits, not the least of my enjoyments that I have, in my quiet home, travelled about with my kind host, on maps and in books, in Asia and Africa, or also in the realms of mind, of religion, and of the state, on which subject Mr. Hansen has himself written an interesting work; or when Mr. Von Wendtland and the astronomer, J. Schmidt, visited us, I, with that noble Greek and friend of humanity, have conversed on Greece and the Greeks, and with the intellectual astronomer have taken flights of some hundred thousand millions of miles in a minute through the universe, and

have contemplated its laws, and raised my glance to the Lawgiver, who in them revealed a portion of His being. It seemed to me somewhat strange from these bright, calm regions of space, or which seemed calm to us because of their immense distance, to return to earth, to its every-day life and realities, amongst which diseases, earthquakes, and many other such things, cannot be forgotten by the faithful astronomer. Neither are they forgotten by the astronomer here. I have never met with a man whose glance is more keen and acute for the historical phenomena of existence, whether of the outer or the inner, or with so lively an interest for them all. I could almost wish that I had the magic power to spirit away him and his observatory to Sweden. But he would not thank me much for doing so. He loves the sky of Greece, its climate, and classical soil. Here he will live and die.

The spring will soon be over. Already have the cornfields become golden, and soon, very soon I shall set forth on my journey, and leave Greece for ever. I came hither with the intention of spending in this country merely three weeks, and I have now stayed nearly two years, and might remain longer; but there are moments in our lives when we decidedly feel within ourselves as if a something, a purpose must *now* be accomplished. This *now* is come, as far as I am concerned, and I ought and will make my journey home. And although I can say with truth that during the journeyings of these years I have not felt a moment's home-sickness, yet I am now glad to feel a yearning for home. I do all justice to the beauty of this classical land, its climate, its eternal spring life, paradisaical gardens, islands, and brilliance of light; but whether it be a fact that human nature cannot contain more than a certain portion of enjoyment, or that the northern

scenery really has a beauty and power of life more inspiring than that of the south, yet certain it is that I here feel myself less vitally active than in Sweden, as well in soul as body—that the fairy-land-like flower-luxuriance even of Queen Amalia's garden does not awaken within me that elastic sense of joy which is called forth by the sight of the first nettle, the first hepatica of the spring on our bleached wintry hills, nor does the song of the nightingales in the groves equal the joy of the larks' warbling on the hill-tops. The brilliant colouring of the anemones on the soil of Greece in the winter does not console me for the want of snow—the soft, refreshing snow! The clear, pure heaven of Greece is divine; but its eternal clearness seems to me less poetical than the dense cloud imagery of our Swedish sky, although I concede that we sometimes have too much of this kind of poetry.

Before the close of this month I intend to be in Italy. For I must yet once more see the free, the now free Italy; I must behold the free and the still captive cities—must behold Milan and Venice, those two remarkable Italian cities, which I have not yet visited. But before all this there are yet one or two places which I must yet visit in Greece—first, Patras, whither an amiable young couple, and the hope of conversing with the most learned and cultivated Bishop of Greece, induce me to go, as well as the increasing life of the town and surrounding district; after that, Missolonghi, and the Ionian Islands, especially Ithaca. But how all this is to be done is now the question. In the meantime, I have made two excursions by land in the neighbourhood of Athens, and of these I will now speak.

An omnibus runs to Megara—a spic-and-span new Greek institution, which, together with the excellent carriage road, makes it both easy and cheap to go to

Megara. I ought by no means to miss such an opportunity, because the road was described as especially beautiful. We could travel there in one day, see everything remarkable in Megara, and return the following. Our good friend and host at Naxos, Dr. Damiralis, now *Boulevtes*, or Deputy of the New Chamber, was to be our companion on the journey, to take us to one of his friends in Megara, obtain accommodation for us at his house, and so on. Anything better than this could not possibly fall out for us.

Mr. Hansen was prevented going with us, but Mrs. Agnes and I cheerfully put ourselves under the protection of Dr. Damiralis. We set off early in the morning. Carriage and horses made a very good appearance. The son of the omnibus proprietor, young Kyrios Christomanes, himself sat by the driver. The journey could not turn out otherwise than well. The carriage merely contained six persons. Mrs. Hansen, Dr. Damiralis, and myself occupied the hindmost seat—before us sat three Greek gentlemen, one of whom had the appearance of a thriving old palicar, in a silver-embroidered *doulema*, or jacket, and white fustanelles. Two large, handsome horses drew the vehicle, and trotted merrily onwards so long as the road was level or descending, but exhibited a considerable inclination to stand still as soon as it ascended in the slightest degree. Flogging them did no good—the driver was obliged to get down and drag them forward a little distance by the bridle, then again they went for awhile. We were told, in excuse for the horses, that they had been accustomed to run with leaders, that omnibuses usually drove on this road with four horses, and that these two were now put out of humour by being obliged to exert themselves alone, which I did not wonder at, as the road evidently was not one of the easiest to travel.

After all, however, the road is very good, and the horses seem to grow more lively as we proceed. In the vehicle itself we are settled down as well as may be, with all our belongings, which are packed in with us. Some boxes we are obliged to carry on our knees—there is no help for it—and they are not heavy; they contain bridal finery, white wreaths, and such like, for a bridal pair in Megara, and the young Kyrios Christomanes is now going to act as *kompari* or godfather, at the wedding. There is no avoiding my continually happening to be present at weddings in Greece, neither is it disagreeable.

We drive along the *via sacra* to Eleusis, because Megara lies a good hour's distance beyond Eleusis. Have I told you before how the hills and mountains between Daphni and the Bay of Eleusis are thickly set with hundreds or thousands of bee-hives, the winged inhabitants of which suck the fragrant thyme, which clothes all the mountains and hills around Athens during the spring? If I have done so, there is no harm in my mentioning it a second time, because "honour to those to whom honour is due," and Hymettus has hitherto in Europe (I hardly consider Greece as entirely European), alone had the honour of producing the incomparable Attic honey, when likewise all the hills and mountains of Athens deserve the same, especially those Aleppo-pine shaded mountains at Daphni.

The bee-hives, small, oblong wooden boxes, are set down in crowds on the ground. Every peasant's house and every village has its own. The whole mountain, the whole country, hums, as it were, in spring, with these industrious, winged labourers, whom people do not in Greece, as with us, destroy in reward for their industry, and the delicious honey which they provide; on the contrary, they have found out a way of emptying their

treasure-houses without detriment to them and their masters.

But we must now proceed to Megara.

The road, which nearly the whole way follows the shore on the sea or bay, often over mountains, abounds in beautiful views, which increase in loveliness as you approach Megara Bay. Just at the point where it curves with classical softness, is splendidly situated on the green plain, the large, wealthy monastery of Phaneromani, *the revealed.* Megara itself, at the foot of the lofty mountain Patera (the father), looks like a deplorable ruin. But *dembirasi*—or it does not signify—we are glad to be there, after a drive of five hours, and to be hospitably received, first by the *bachali*, the chandler, at whose house the wedding was going to take place that evening, and afterwards, thanks to Damiralis, to be quartered at the house of the Dimarch of Megara, right glad at the same time that our poor horses would now rest and refresh themselves. The Dimarch had no wife, neither any female servant in his house, in which, however, we were received with Greek hospitality, But his tall fustanelle-clad servant, Dimitri, was so quick in apprehension, so willing, polite, and cheerful, that it was quite admirable to behold. After we had refreshed ourselves with a delicious dinner and excellent coffee, which Dimitri had prepared, I went out on a ramble of discovery into the city.

My discoveries did not greatly edify me. The city is very extensive, but contains as many ruinous as habitable houses. Megara seems at the present day not unlike what it was formerly, a nest of robbers, alternately a scandal and a prey to the surrounding states, especially Athens, which more than once visited the little state of Megara with its desolating vengeance. From the Acropolis of the ancient city, now nothing but

a pile of ruins on a lofty hill, you have a fine view. On the one hand you see the glorious valley inland as far as Germanos, now covered with abundant corn fields, and beautiful olive woods; in the opposite direction you have the brilliant sea-bay, upon the shore of which rises a hill, where stand the ruins of the old city of Nikea. Westward over hill and valley gleams out like a polished steel shield, set in emerald and granite, the bright Bay of Salamis.

The only beautiful object I saw in the city, was here and there a woman, in a costume at once neat and splendid, and which formed a strange contrast to the grey clay and stone ruins amongst which they looked so bright. The men were seated at the coffee-house.

The Dimarch did not give the best testimony in their favour; he said they were much addicted to pleasure and an idle life; on the contrary, he spoke very highly of the women of Megara, for their industry and resolution. We also saw them everywhere at work, whether indoors or out. Later in the afternoon we saw, by a beautifully situated fountain, at a short distance from the city, from forty to fifty busily washing and beating their clothes in large stone troughs, very much in form resembling sarcophagi. All these women were remarkably neat in their blue and white costume; they had blue eyes, fair complexions, and an appearance of health and good humour. Several of them, as well as some quite little girls, had their nails dyed with henna, and were adorned with silver bracelets, and other ornaments, like women of Syria.

As guests of the Dimarch, we were naturally invited to the wedding, at the house of the great *bachali* of the city. And at an appointed summons, we went thither. It was then about eight in the evening.

The walls of the room, not a very large one, in which

the marriage was to take place, were ornamented with the bride's outfit—dresses, embroidered under-clothing, coverlets, mattresses, neck-kerchiefs, pocket-handkerchiefs, slippers, &c., the greater part of which had been made by the bride herself, and the remainder by relations and female friends. The Greek girl works generally at her own outfit from her very childhood. On the wedding-day the fruits of her industry are displayed in the room where she is to be married, as an example, and an encouragement, I suppose, to the feminine youth, and for the edification of the bridegroom, who now, for the first time, has an opportunity of properly beholding what a treasure he receives as a helper through life. In this room the number of articles, which partly hung round the walls, and partly were laid out upon shelves, showed no small amount either of industrious labour or of ability.

Two priests, somewhat advanced in years, but with countenances and forms that indicated health and strength, stood busied at the table, which, covered with a white cloth and ornamented with tall candles, represented the altar. The tallest of them wore a black jacket or short paletot, which reached below the hips, but under this, reaching to the feet, he had nothing but a white woollen garment. The second and elder of the priests had nothing black upon his person except his priest's cap, but wore the white woollen garment and a white woollen coat, which constitute the usual holiday garb of the peasant of Megara. This unclerical costume, not unusual amongst the Greek priests in the country and in small towns, is sometimes, but not always, a sign of poverty. The priests live almost exclusively upon the small landed property which they inherit, or acquire by marriage. They not unfrequently have large families, and will not lay out money when they can

avoid doing so. In Megara it was evident that no one was offended at what appeared to me the extraordinary costume of the good papas. They busied themselves at the altar about various small and good things. They broke to pieces a certain number of pistacio nuts into a glass filled with honey; they piled into a little heap small morsels of bread, into another a quantity of rice, into a third salt; a glass of wine was placed beside that which contained honey.

By degrees the room filled with people. It became very warm and oppressive, although the windows were open. The bride's brother, a young *bachali*, in fustanelles, who laid claim to a higher amount of secular cultivation, conversed with me in French, and introduced his cousin, a young doctor, who had studied medicine in Paris. The French of these highly-educated young gentlemen was very passable, but their conversation somewhat smacked of the chandler's shop. The bride's mother, who is said to be a good mother and an excellent mistress of her family, and who went out and in dressed more like the cook than the lady of the house, looked after the guests and everything which was required for the great event of the evening, seeming to be quite satisfied by being the hidden wheel which kept all in order. She especially pleased me, although, and perhaps for that very reason, she had not the fine culture which beamed in the young gentlemen. Her countenance, however, beamed with kindness and good sense.

At length the room was cram full of people, seated round the walls. In the open space round the altar and in the centre of the apartment the priests attired themselves *sans façon* intheir clerical ornaments, and the bride and bridegroom entered. The bride was no beauty, nay, rather, she was the contrary, dressed in a tasteless but substantial manner, and led in by a *kompara*, who was as short, and

fat, and round as a ball, and who, with dilated nostrils, and an air of indescribable importance and dignity, evidently considered herself to be a *megalé kyria*, great lady or *grande maitresse*, as the Queen's chief lady-of-honour is called, second only in rank to Her Majesty. She gave incessant attention to the bride, who sat immoveable, and wiped with her handkerchief the bride's nose and mouth when these seemed to require attention. The bridegroom, a young man in *pomposes*, was no handsomer than the bride, but both had a good expression.

And now the marriage ceremony began. Bride and bridegroom took their places before the altar, each with their tall candle, ornamented with white lilies, in their hand. The priests read the service through their noses from the books, slowly and well, or rather ill, as regarded harmony. The snow-white wreaths were placed on the heads and changed about, the bridal pair were fed with bread, with salt, with wine, with morsels of pastacio-nuts in the honey. And the feeding with these lasted longer at Megara than I had seen it elsewhere, because not only did the *kompari* and *kompara* receive each their tea-spoonful of honey, but also the nearest relatives of the bridal pair, and then every one present who cried out, "Me also, Papa!" The kind old papa kept looking round about after all the desiring mouths in the circle, which he could supply with honey prepared by the bees of Eleusis and Hymettus, and signed with the cross by the priests, and in this way the glass was emptied, all with the same tea-spoon. To this succeeded the three times circulating round the altar, the train more numerous and more animated than I had ever seen elsewhere, and the little *kompara* important and solemn as—oh! and all this under a great shower of sugar-plums, which were hurled over the company, many of them as large as hail-stones, and which made themselves

very sensibly felt when they struck the face. When all this was over, the new-married couple received the customary kissing and hand-shaking with the repetition of the words, "*Nà zesète, nà yerasète!*" May you live and become old!

Soon afterwards the company separated with endless "*Eucharistò! Eucharistò!*" from kind and gentle voices.

The following morning there was a grand show in the church, because a young wife, who had been married the preceding Sunday, would be there for the first time as a married woman in all her new magnificence, in which yellow gold colours and splendid embroidery would make a grand show. Later in the day there would be a great dance in the square of the city, and it would have been a real pleasure for me to have seen the celebrated dance of Megara, in which young girls only take part, and which, from the magnificence of their dress, yellow and white veils, is said to be a fascinating spectacle. But it could not be. Our omnibus could not wait so long. An hour before the dancing began we were to begin our journey, attended by the curious and very impudent youth, or rather hosts of children, of Megara.

Of ancient Megara I know nothing worth relating, excepting that it was the native city of the philosopher Euclides, who was the disciple of Socrates; later a school of philosophy was founded there, which afforded an asylum to the friends of that great man, when they, after his death, were obliged to flee from Athens.

Of our omnibus companions on our journey to Megara we had on our return merely the old palicar. The two other travellers on the front seat were elderly gentlemen, who looked like men of business. It soon began to appear very doubtful whether we should ever return

to Athens. Our horses, which began by stopping every quarter of an hour, soon stopped every ten minutes, then every five, and then oftener. The driver leapt down, pulled at the horses' bridles, shouted, screamed, struggled, and laboured with them till they again got into motion. On they went for a little while, then again they stopped. One of the gentlemen flew into a violent rage over this mode of travelling, and poured out a furious torrent of words. The other gentleman, and in particular Dr. Damiralis, endeavoured to calm him, and set him a good example by getting out of the carriage and walking. Good Dr. Damiralis was almost constantly on foot. The old palicar sung and was so merry and comfortable that he induced the others to smile, and to take the affair as he did. Ere long all the three gentlemen, who sat before us, were singing at the top of their voices, even the one who had so lately been in the towering passion. Every now and then they walked. When the road was ascending, Mrs. Hansen and I also alighted and walked, but the sun was burning hot, and I had a severe headache, which made this distressing.

Between Megara and Eleusis we met a bridal cavalcade. The bride was seated on an ass, and looked very handsome in her golden-yellow magnificence and her fluttering veil; the bridegroom and bridesmen were all on horseback, on saddles of yellow-brown coloured sheep-skins. The whole little procession produced a cheerful effect from the Oriental pomp of colour.

We reached Eleusis just as a troop of about two-hundred persons, accompanying another bride, was halting on the road by a fountain, from which, according to ancient custom, she should drink consolation in her separation from her parents' home, and strength for the trials and sorrows which awaited her in marriage. Our omnibus

had just stopped to give the horses an hour's rest, and we hastened out to meet the bridal train at the well. Here we had an opportunity of seeing how the bride herself drew up the water in the bucket, drank of it, and then sprinkled the surrounding group, who received it amidst merry talk. Directly after this a ring-dance began by the spring, to the music of zither and mandolin. The ring, headed by the bride, who moved in the dance with downcast eyes, was composed principally of women, the men standing round and looking on, as if enchanted by the dancers' grace, or ornaments, I know not which; but both the one and the other were of no ordinary kind. The bride was very handsome, and her costume poetical, but eight or ten women in the ring attracted evidently more glances than the modest young bride; because they were to a degree covered over with silver coins, so that they seemed stiff with them. The head was covered with a kind of calott of piastres, from which hung plaits and ribbons set over with silver coins as large as five-franc pieces, in long rows down to the knees. Gold and silver finery covered their necks, breasts, and wrists, a dowry which made any other dance-movement impossible, except the measured step of the romaïka. Some of these silver-adorned forms were real beauties. But one cannot help lamenting the childish ostentation and ignorance (the inheritance of barbarism), which lets them, for the sake of this absurd adornment, hoard up coin to the value of many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of drachmas, which, put out to interest, would greatly increase the prosperity of the home. One man, in elegant fustanelles, addressed me in French, and desired to know what I thought of the Eleusinian ladies and their dancing, which he praised. He was a native of the village, but had studied in Athens. Greek culture is evidently advancing, but in a somewhat unequal manner,

We left the Eleusinians dancing, and returned to our omnibus. Our drivers had, as they asserted, been endeavouring, in vain, to obtain another horse to assist in drawing the omnibus. But we were now entering upon the good level road along the bay between Eleusis and Daphni, and perhaps the horses would now be pleased to go better. But no; instead of that, it was their pleasure to stop every three minutes, and then that side of the Greek popular temperament revealed itself which the stranger may indeed be somewhat provoked by, but must also somewhat admire. The gentlemen, who saw that the affair was hopeless, made up their minds to take it cheerfully. The good-humoured palicar struck up, in the usual horribly inharmonious manner, a song, in which the lady's name of Paniaota often recurred with tender pathos, and the other two gentlemen struck in. When the horses stopped, they sighed *Kyrie Eleison*, and laughed; when the driver again got the horses into motion, they sung afresh Paniaota! Paniaota! Every now and then they got out and walked.

Most remarkable, but not admirable, was the behaviour of the son of the omnibus proprietor, whose duty it was to see that all went well on the journey. He sat carelessly with his bent back and the reins in his hands on the box, watching from his elevation the endeavours of the poor driver to make the horses move, and appearing to see the whole affair as a matter of perfect indifference to him. He seemed to be a living impersonation of the favourite word of the Greeks, *Dembirasi* (I write it as it is spoken), which means, "It does not signify." A portion of the North Europeans, in Athens, declare that this word, or the state of mind which it expresses, prevents all progress in every undertaking or business, of whatever kind it may be. *Dembirasi*, "it will do after all, either first or last, in one way or

another. *Dembi rasi*—"if it be not done to day it will do as well to-morrow, or the day after, or some other day;" "if it do not take place this year, it may next." Thus also our young *kompari* on the box seemed to think, "If we do not get in during the day, we shall during the night." It looked serious as regarded the horses, but, *Dembirasi!* something or other will turn out good for us. And the good came really in the form of a little lad riding upon a mule. Damiralis called to him, and asked him to ride close before our horses. The plan succeeded. The poor animals believed that they had got help, and began to trot briskly after the little mule, which kept on merrily before them. The gentlemen in the omnibus laughed heartily and sung "Panaiota! Panaiota!" But—*Kyrie Eleison!*—this enjoyment extended only to Daphni, at which place the boy, no longer able to be our leader, left us to our fate, and the old scenes recommenced. However, fortunately for us, a little way beyond Daphni the horses seemed to pluck up courage, knowing, perhaps, that the end of the journey was approaching, and the road being a gentle descent, they mended their pace, and we really arrived at the omnibus-station at Athens, but in the dead of night, and after having occupied nine hours on a road which is usually passed in four. I am quite satisfied with having seen Megara, and the Greek temperament as revealed by a Greek omnibus journey; but I do not recommend anybody to go by a Greek omnibus to Megara.

The journey to Marathon, which was made a few days afterwards, was quite of another character. I engaged for it a good carriage with four horses and a safe driver. It cost sixty drachmas—but then we were going to Marathon. It was a most beautiful morning. The road, which was good, level, and free from dust, owing

to the late rains, led us through a country more abounding in wood, grazing cattle, and affluent corn-fields than I had ever seen before in Greece, and the corn-fields were magnificent. The nightingales sang everywhere in the woods, where olives, pines, and light green deciduous trees grew in peace and luxurance. The beams of the morning sun pierced through the silent, fragrant woods. The air was delicious, and full of the freshness of the early day; it was an enchanting drive. The only sorrowful sight was that the lovely pine-trees, precisely the largest and the most beautiful, were ill-used, along the extent of the road, by deep hacking and hewing of the stems in order to obtain the pine sap, which the Greeks mix with their wine, thereby rendering it unpalatable to foreigners and useless for exportation, and by so doing they also ruin their pine forests; for the trees, subjected to this barbarous usage, languish and die in a short time. *Dembirasi*—they'll grow up again!

Neither is it unusual to see the young wood blackened through great distances, from fires caused by the carelessness of the nomadic shepherds in their management of the dangerous element. Another enemy to the young wood is in the number of people who daily hew and cut without mercy all the bushes and young growth on the mountains, load them on asses, and carry them away to sell them in the city. In Athens you see daily herds of ten, twelve, or twenty asses come tripping in, laden aloft with green shrubs and brushwood, and diffusing an aromatic odour all around. But those denuded summits from which they come grow still more barren, still less capable of drawing down the moisture of the clouds and imparting it to the springs and rivers of the earth. Man in Greece does not yet understand nature; does not comprehend that the earth must be treated as a friend, if he would not make of it an enemy.

After three hours' drive through the silent, deep woods, we found ourselves on the summit of a ridge from which a glorious prospect opened over the distant plain, —the Plain of Marathon—and the blue ribbon of sea between it and Eubœa. The sea wind breathed pleasantly fresh and cool towards us. It required yet two full hours before we had reached the plain by the gently descending road. We found the lower half of the plain, that which lies along the coast, covered with abundant harvests, partly of rye, partly of four-rowed corn, which softly waved in the wind. What monument could have been more beautiful for those brave men whose dust has been mingled with the earth? Their combat had yet, after thousands of years, prepared freedom and peace for Greece. The seed they sowed was "flaming" seed, which continues to live even in the darkness of the grave, and in its traces spring up the harvests of peace.

We rested and dined on the grass at a spot where a number of white marble stones told us that the ancient monuments had stood there. Around us stretched the splendid corn-fields, and hundreds of lovely flowers shone brightly in the grass. In the afternoon we rambled to the village of Vrana, old Marathon, picturesquely situated at the foot of Pentelicus. Old and young gathered round us in the village; they were a poor, ignorant, half-savage people, but not one of them begged; on the contrary, they were kind and hospitable with what they had. They carried out straw mats and mattresses and laid them on the ground round a large tree, under which we had sought for shelter from a soft rain which now began to fall. A little monastery church stood aloft, wonderfully picturesque, in a cleft of the mountain, just above the village. The view over the extensive plain, the straits, and Eubœa is thence very fine. Visitors to Marathon mostly seek for

arrows which are found on the shore, and carried away as mementoes. I gathered for myself a bouquet of wheat ears and wild everlastings, as the most appropriate *souvenirs* I could take from Marathon.

The rain soon ceased, and we again took our seats in the carriage to drive to Pitkairni, a place at about an hour's distance from Athens, which has become celebrated from the great numbers of petrified bones which have lately been discovered there, and amongst which a part belong to animals which are now extinct in Greece, such as apes, unicorns, and many others. As we were not quite certain of the way, which turns off from the great Marathon road, we stopped and went on foot some little distance into an olive-wood, where we came upon a Greek chapel, which lies concealed, but pleasantly in its surroundings of antique temple-columns and green bushes. We determined to stop here and boil our coffee, whilst we sent an obliging countryman to find out the shortest way to Pitkairni, from which we could not be far.

The chapel was full of monuments of pagan worship. We saw a statue of Apollo built into the wall, with many marble pillars, and various other things. Even within the chapel were the remains of bas-reliefs and old inscriptions. A little lamp was now burning there before the Redeemer (Soter).

We carried together faggots, and made up a blazing fire, in doing which a friendly traveller, Dimitri (most Greeks belonging to the lower class are called Dimitri or Georgi), was very helpful to us, boiled our coffee, and regaled ourselves and our Greek servants. Afterwards we walked to Pitkairni. The place where these petrifactions are found is the shore of a little precipitous brook, at the foot of a sandstone ridge, in which the water, in connection with the sinking earth, has scooped

out a kind of circus. It is in the surrounding earth-stratum that these masses of antediluvian remains are found, the incalculably extreme age of which is indicated by the crystal formation in the interior hollows of the bones. We collected a number of these curiosities, which I intend shall travel to Sweden. The sun shone out again, the clear stream murmured cheerfully between pleasant boscages of shrubs and deciduous trees along the antediluvian sepulchral wall, which, with its yellow and brown strata, rises abruptly, as if cut off from the other side of the little stream. Young life was singing its vernal songs above the mausoleum of the past, whilst the raindrops shone like tears on the leaves which garlanded it, and which should soon fall, and, withering away, increase its soil. The sermon of nature is, in reality, no other than this, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

Whilst the sunset and the crimson of evening illumined with their varying, gradually-decreasing splendour the surrounding scenes, we drove home. During our homeward drive I rejoiced in the glorious cornfields, the large grazing herds, the progress of cultivation and prosperity, which on all sides gave evidence of peace and the blessings of an orderly, free social condition. I have nowhere in Greece seen any tract of country which testified so strongly of it as this. And I could not but wish that certain restless brains in Athens, which will not think of anything except the conquest of Constantinople, would look and reflect upon these peaceful conquests of peace and industry.

That which is wanting along the road to Marathon is people and human habitations. These great cornfields and these beautiful olive-woods belong to monasteries or to large landed proprietors.

We reached Athens before dark, happy in the

thought of our fortunate journey. There now remains for me only the visit to Phyle, the stronghold of Thrasybulus, on the summit of Parnassus, in the bosom of Apollo's wood. The unusually changeable weather has hitherto compelled me to delay this journey. The sky in the mornings is perfectly clear—in the afternoons it rains; and the excursion to Phyle, high up on the mountain, requires a very fine day.

May 20th.—In the meantime, I am paying farewell visits to people and places—to Greeks and foreigners, who have given beauty to my life, and to places from which the genius of Greece and the great departed have spoken to me more powerful, more profound words than any now living Greek.

During a fine evening I went up to the Acropolis for the last time. More than once, when I slowly wandered from the Temple of the Parthenon over the court of the citadel, and gazed through the columned entrance of the propylæa over the ever-memorable hills and shore-lands of Athens, and over the sea, rich with islands illumined by the beams of the evening sun, I have thought what must have been the feelings of a Solon or a Pericles, when he beheld from this marble structure, full of the monuments of Athenian genius and heroism, that wonderfully noble city which he had founded, gazed forth upon the beautiful land which he governed by genius and moral power, as much as by the force of arms. No men on earth had so much right to believe and style themselves "the sons of the gods," according to the old Greek conception of God; no mortal men could with more right feel their hearts throb with a proud consciousness. It is probably their most peculiar greatness that they did not exalt themselves, that they preferred being citizens rather than tyrants—that, rather than impose fetters on others, they bound themselves

and made their own individual will subservient to the general law.

Amongst the great statesmen of Athens there are to me none, as regards character, so remarkable as Pericles, that hero and legislator who had the courage to enfranchise democracy to its utmost limits, and who had strength enough to rule it alone by the sovereignty of his genius and his moral nobility—greatness enough through these alone to make himself the ruler of the Athenian Republic for near half a century—of a truth, a grand and an admirable spectacle, and one which evinces great faith in the divinity in man. If the rulers of the nations in our day were possessed of magnanimity and moral courage equal to that of Pericles, would they not be, as he was, their natural, beloved leaders and rulers.

The moral greatness of Pericles was, perhaps, most apparent at a moment when he showed that he had no fear of exhibiting his human weakness before the people, when he let the people see his tears and hear his prayers. This was when he stood as the advocate of her whom he loved best on earth, of Aspasia.

Let me recall, by a few words, this romantic episode of the Acropolis, its latest classical flower—to me of more worth than all its marble temples and monuments.

In the celebrated and admired funeral oration of Pericles over the brave warriors who fell during the first year of the Peloponnesian War there are two expressions which would decidedly have incensed me had I been one of his hearers. First and foremost is that where he praises the people of Athens and himself "because we avoid, by means of punishments, that which may wound the sense of beauty"—quite too mean a motive for a good action. The second and more important passage is that in which he addresses the sorrowing Athenian mothers and wives

of the fallen warriors, and says, "As concerns you, Athenian women, I have to say to you that, the less you are spoken of in the society of men, the better is it for you!" The general and the statesman had already, in addressing the men, spoken the most strengthening and consolatory words which heroic paganism could offer; for the sorrowing women he had nothing but a commonplace. The great man really deserved to be sensibly punished for it. And he was punished as noble minds deserve to be. He was compelled to acknowledge a worth which he had hitherto undervalued. He was captivated and compelled to love precisely one of those women who are much talked of amongst men, and discovered that they may be so talked about, and yet be noble and amiable at the same time. And Pericles himself would have become more circumscribed and less noble and great if he had not loved and been loved by Aspasia.

He was not happy in his first marriage. The wealthy widow of Hipponicus found herself ill at ease in her marriage with Pericles, by his sternness and his parsimonious way of living. The dissatisfaction between the married pair seems soon to have become mutual, and, although they had two sons, they separated. She married a third husband, and he united himself wholly to Aspasia, with whose charms and gifts of mind he was already acquainted. Aspasia came from Miletus, one of the most flourishing, pomp and pleasure-loving colonies of Greece, the Asiatic Corinth. She was a pupil of the courtesan Thargelia, who was celebrated for her genius, for her influence over statesmen and political affairs, as well as for her love engagements, in which prudence seems to have played a greater part than love. Aspasia had an educational establishment for young ladies in Athens at the time when Pericles became ac-

quainted with her. She loved the society of philosophers and artists. Socrates listened gladly to her doctrines of government, and Pericles took from her lessons in eloquence. The noble Anaxagoras of Miletus was her teacher, and always remained her friend. Evil reports were soon current about the connection of the beautiful lady of Miletus with these men, and of the training which she gave to the young girls. But nothing bad could be proved on the subject. The fact that Aspasia was a high-minded and noble woman, with a freer and higher conception of woman's rights and the object of life than the ordinary class of men and women, who always compose the great mass of the population, was of itself sufficient to draw down upon her their censure and envy. The fact of her having been admired by Socrates, and loved, though in a different way, by Anaxagoras and Pericles, is to me a proof that she was deserving of this envy and of this love. Nor can anything be a stronger proof than that, in her close connection with Pericles, and with all the influence she possessed over his affections, she did not seek anything but his true happiness and honour, when it is proved that his house, under her management, continued to be, as before, an example of order and frugality, in which all expenses were calculated in the most exact manner, down to drachmas and oboli, and that the activity of Pericles, ever after his union with her, acquired still more noble, still more harmonious proportions. Pericles became happy in his home, his social circle became one of the most spiritually rich and ennobling, his inner life blossomed in the most beautiful manner; all which could not fail of being displayed in his political life. "Aspasia," says an historian, Ernst Curtius, who, more, perhaps, than any other writer of the present day, is inspired by the classical antiquity of Greece, "Aspasia possessed, in the

fullest measure, that in which Pericles was deficient, easy, agreeable social gifts; she was acquainted with everything that went on in the city; she supported him by her numerous connections, as well as by the acuteness of her feminine sagacity and knowledge of human nature; from her Pericles may have acquired that art of persuasion which developed itself in Sicily." In his stern honesty, his domestic economy, which never allowed the expenditure of his household to exceed a certain fixed sum, which was given out by his confidential slave Euryalus, who also managed the whole of his property, in all this Pericles remained unchanged, and hence, together with Cimon and Aristides, was severely censured by the pleasure-loving Athenians. It is a satisfaction to me to see in the active promotion of the beautiful, in all the beautifying and ennobling occupations and arts of peace, which distinguished the latter half of his life, the influence of Aspasia. Pericles had, by means of his talents as a general, and his skill as a statesman, made Athens one of the most powerful states of Greece. The supreme ruler of the Acropolis governed the surrounding states and islands by fear, and fear preserved peace. Pericles then wished to make Athens an object of admiration and love—an Aspasia amongst cities. The Temple of the Acropolis was beautified by the most consummate art; the statues of the gods were clothed with gold and ivory. Theatres and gymnasiums were erected outside the citadel also. Minerva stood there armed for battle, but in order to maintain peace. The Acropolis was to become a stronghold for the goddess of peace and of wisdom, the olive-valley her eternal garden. Poets, artists, and men of science obtained a centre in Athens, so likewise did all occupations and handicrafts which served for the embellishment of life. Athens became a queen in the realm of genius and taste. No wisdom

of antiquity, no noble power or art, was there which did not find its place in Athens, and all that whilst the ruler of the state, the admirable Pericles, stood firm in his simplicity, untainted by any excess, or any selfish enjoyment, but devoted wholly to the state and to the preservation of the public weal. "No one," it is said, "had ever seen Pericles engaged in any merry drinking carouse with his friends; had ever seen him at any public amusements, or wandering idly about for pleasure." For him there was only one road, upon that he was to be seen walking daily—the road which led from his house to the Prytaneum—the seat of government, and afterwards, when the day's work was done, from the Prytaneum back to his own house, where he again met his wife.

How noble is he in his self-government, whether he admonishes the elderly and at the same time beloved Sophocles, when he says to him, "Not only the hands of a statesman, but his eyes also, ought to be guided by moderation," or when he admonishes himself to have patience with the crowd, whom he was sometimes tempted to despise. "Take care, Pericles," he exclaims to himself, "they are Hellenes, they are the citizens of Athens, whom thou rulest over!" He wished not to depress the people, but to elevate them to his own stand-point. How severely his long-suffering could be tried, and how far it could go, is proved by the following anecdote. One day he was followed out of the popular assembly by a citizen, who, being displeased by his speech, walked behind him, uttering railings and threats till he reached his house. Pericles, in the meantime, had not replied by a single word, and as it was late in the evening and dark when he arrived at home, he desired one of his slaves to light a torch and accompany the abusive citizen back, that he might not

meet with any accident by the way.* Pericles however was not afraid of speaking keen truths to the citizens, nor of severely reprimanding them when he saw them negligent or indifferent to the public good. His life was a constant struggle either against gifted and envious opponents, or against the sluggishness and levity of the multitude. He was able to overcome all opposition by the greatness of his soul, and his own superior power of character. Yet the time came when even those powers of triumph which he had called forth would prepare his downfall, when those weapons which he had employed for the glory of Athens would be turned against his own breast, and he himself would be called upon to endure such a fiery ordeal as but few men can pass through unscathed in their inner, nobler life.

The care which Pericles took for the beautifying of Athens, the encouragement which he gave to the arts and the sciences, and his intercourse with their most distinguished masters, gave occasion to his jealous political enemies by which they could make him suspected by the people as a secret tyrant, "because the Pisistratides had done the same." And artists and philosophers corrupted the simple manners of the State and the pious faith in the gods. Indeed, Anaxagoras said that the sun was not a god, but a fiery shining lump of stone, and so on. As yet they could not reach to Pericles, but his dearest friends were dragged forth and condemned

* A trait of noble retaliation is related of Lycurgus, the Spartan legislator, which is of a still higher character. A young man followed him one day, and gave him a blow which struck out one of his eyes. The enraged people condemned the criminal to be the slave of the great statesman. Lycurgus took him to his house, treated him like a son, and won his affection to that degree, that the repentant youth—although free—would never afterwards leave his benefactor.—*Author's Note.*

before that popular tribunal upon which Pericles himself had conferred such great power. The aged Phidias died in prison, bowed down with grief over the injustice of his fellow-citizens, and the noble, truth-loving Anaxagoras was driven into exile under the accusation of impiety. Pericles was able only to save his life. But the spirit of political hatred did not rest until it had struck at that which was the dearest in life to him. Aspasia had already been represented on the comic stage as a new Hera, wife to the new Olympic Zeus (Pericles), and had been treated with that unsparing boldness which belongs to Athenian comedy. The jest was soon succeeded by earnestness. Aspasia was publicly acccused and summoned before the tribunal on suspicion of impiety against the gods and of seducing free-born ladies to a dissolute life in her house. Pericles himself came forth as the advocate of Aspasia. All was determined to conquer or to fall with her. But when he, usually so calm and self-possessed, stood before the judges who might pronounce the sentence "guilty" on the head of her who was dearest to him, and when he saw that party feeling, and not justice and truth, now governed the Athenians, he was suddenly overwhelmed by an emotion quite foreign to him, burst into tears, and abandoning the calm, stern tone of the advocate, conjured the judges to spare him the pain of this accusation. It was too much. The selfish disposition of the court gave way before the tears of Pericles. Aspasia was discharged.

Another accusation against Pericles himself for his management of the State revenues was also unsuccessful before his proven honesty and the confidence of the people. The now conquered Hydra, however, again raised its head on a more plausible occasion, and found its advantage against him.

Pericles had extended the dominion of Athens and enriched its treasury, but with too little consideration for

the lesser states which he had conquered or compelled to become the obedient confederates of Athens. This would and must punish itself. These wounded smaller states sought for a head and an arm which could give force to their lust of vengeance, and these they found in Sparta. Pericles, who had been too much an Athenian to be always reasonable towards the states which did not belong to Athens, was as an Athenian, and that with justice, quite too proud to concede to the insolent claims of Sparta. He foresaw the danger and the devastations of the Peloponnesian War, and yet he advised it. When the Spartans devastated the Attic valley, burned its beautiful dwellings, destroyed the harvests, and compelled its unfortunate population to seek shelter in the Acropolis, which could not make its walls wide enough to receive all the houseless people—then Pericles advised to continue the war with renewed force, and encouraged them to new efforts. And again his powerful spirit was able to incite the timid, to kindle the hesitating to ardour, and to lead them whither he would, to conquests over Sparta. But a more dangerous confederate than any of the states of Asia, or of Greece, arose on the side of Sparta against Athens. The pestilence came, and terrible were the ravages which it made amongst the people, already weakened and distressed by the sorrows and misfortunes of the war.

The hostile party was now furnished with a charge against Pericles. It represented the pestilence as a punishment sent by Apollo for the war, and the war as the result of his conduct.

"He made," they said, "beautiful speeches about democracy, but for all that he governed the state like a despot. The pestilence was Apollo's declaration of war against him. Else why had it left the whole Peloponnesus free, and devastated only Attica?"

The enemies of Pericles won by this speech the ear of the despairing people, and this time also the great man was able, by his firm and resolute behaviour, to weather the raging storm, but not long afterwards the fortune of war turning against him, his enemies obtained free room for action. The reins of government, snatched from his hands, were committed to those of others, and Pericles was condemned to the payment of a considerable fine in money. Calm and resolute as ever, he now withdrew into private life. Perhaps, in the secret of his heart this was not unpleasant to him; he could there, by Aspasia's side, find rest and refreshment after so much conflict, so much bitter experience. But new sorrows awaited him in his home. His eldest son died of an epidemical disease. He felt the blow, but it did not bow him; he continued to be calm, strong, undisturbed in his mind. "His friends never saw a moment's weakness in him." But the pestilence attacked his younger and most beloved son, to whom he had given the heroic name of Paralus. When Pericles had to place the garland of death on the forehead of the youth, the father's heart gave way, and bowed down with sorrow, he burst forth into loud lamentations over the misfortune which had fallen on his house.

There came, however, to the sorrowing father a message which would again raise him from the dust, and from private interests again summon him to those of the public. The Athenian people had soon discovered under the conduct of their new generals all they had lost in Pericles. The message which came to him was that of his fellow-citizens' repentance, of their yearning after him, and their prayer that he would resume his post as the head of the state and the leader of the war. Pericles hesitated for some time to obey the summons; but when the public voice became more and more importunate,

when he saw the state drifting like a vessel without a helmsman, the aged statesman again rose and took his place at the rudder. They made him publicly the most honourable reparation, and nominated him generalissimo with still more extended power than formerly. Pericles again stood as ruler on the Acropolis of Athens, more powerful than ever. Mild and grave he stood before the people, without rancour and without desire of revenge, more inclined to excuse than to accuse. The only demand which he made from the citizens of Attica was that, as a a proof of their confidence, they would abolish the law which he himself had been instrumental in framing, that namely, which ordained that none but the sons of legal citizen-marriage should have the rank and privilege of the sons of citizens. People knew that in this Pericles was thinking of his own son by Aspasia, and they consented. Pericles was again the darling and the head of Attica, and he very soon showed his power in glorious victories over Sparta.

But Pericles himself was no longer the same as formerly in health and strength. The pestilence still ravaged in Athens, and although it apparently spared its great general, it had diffused, at the same time, a secret poison through his blood. A slow fever consumed and laid him on a sick-bed. Thus his last moment approached, two years after he had resumed the command. His friends and the best citizens of Athens stood around his couch, and asked each other what would become of Athens when Pericles was no more? They believed him already to be unconscious, and praised his good qualities and his deeds. He raised himself up, and asked why they said nothing about that which was his greatest virtue—namely, that 'no Athenian had ever been obliged by him to put on mourning.'"

So died the greatest and the mildest of all the statesmen of Hellas. Some time before his death he showed

to the friends, who were uneasy about his health, a little amulet which "female hands" had hung round his neck. The historians who relate this usually introduce it as a proof of the strong man's weakness—of the great Pericles being changed into a superstitious invalid. Need it be seen in that light? I cannot see it so. During all the changes of his variable fortune, and all the changes in the favour of his friends and the people, one woman, Aspasia, had remained immoveably faithful to him. He had not much reason to rely upon the justice of the populace, upon the fidelity of fortune or his friends, but he relied upon the love of his wife; he, perhaps, had not much faith in the gods of Athens, but he had faith in the beneficent powers and in the strength of affection, and that by the help of these dangers might be conjured away. Neither does this amulet of affection appear to have altogether failed of its object. Death could not be compelled, but it was not the horrible pestilence that carried off Pericles. Death came to him beautiful and gentle as the Greek *Thanatos*, the youth with the reversed but still burning torch of life, and its extinguishing flame blazed up again on his death-bed to illumine a few of the loveliest words which have yet been uttered by a dying statesman gifted with despotic power.

I have seen in Athens an antique marble head of Pericles. It does not so much exhibit strong, as delicate, perfectly regular features, in the loveliest harmony. The prevailing expression is nobility and firmness, a gravity not stern but inflexible. Of Aspasia, I know not that I have ever seen any bust or statue. I believe that none such exist, and I wonder at it. I seem myself, this evening, to see her image painted by the lights and shadows which play over the heavenly landscape which I behold from the Acropolis. Beautiful

and rich in its main features of land and water, it receives a charming poetry from the softly changing lights and shadows, because the evening sky is now clouded, and the green earth seems moist from rain; the sunbeams, wandering over it between the shadows, light up one portion after another and cast unusual rays of light, now here, now there, on the hills and in the valley. When they slowly recede, compelled to do so by the alternating shadows, and as if under the glances of love, when the whole Valley of Athens is wrapped in twilight, they shine out still bright high, up on the mountain, and tint in golden glory the stronghold of Pericles.

It is not until the sun sets that I leave the Acropolis, never more to return thither. Nevertheless, it seems to me as if I have this evening plucked its noblest fruit—have comprehended its most beautiful saga—Pericles, his life, and his love.

The second of my farewell visits to celebrated places had also reference to a departed spirit, and my greatest benefactor of the classical men of antiquity. You are, dear reader, sufficiently acquainted with me to guess his name—Socrates. But it was not to his birthplace, not to Ampolokepi, to break off some blossoming twigs from its olive-trees that I went, and to which I will now conduct you, but to a spot more kindred to his nature and his works.

There is in Queen Amalia's garden a walk which is called the Philosopher's Walk, the longest and the most shaded in the garden. It begins immediately below the palace, runs in a gentle curve round the western side of the garden, leads over a little bridge, below which you see the ruinous but beautiful remains of the old Lyceum, the hall of learning of the Aristotelian and so-called peripatetic school, and then continues ever deeper and deeper amidst still thicker arches of pines and every kind

of leafy tree, until all at once the wood brightens and you emerge into an open space, from which you have an unimpeded view on all hands, and can see at once the Acropolis, the Olympion, the sea, the islands, and the blue distant shores of the Peloponnesus. Just close by is a rock, of which I have already spoken, with roses and orange-groves blossoming at its foot. Many an evening have I sat upon this rock to enjoy the glorious view illumined by the evening sun! Many an evening have I wandered along this silent, shadowy walk to enjoy its calm, and to be again and again astonished by this lovely view! Let me stroll through it yet once more, thinking of the great spirits who walked there before me; because the Philosopher's Walk is not a walk belonging only to Queen Amalia's garden; it is one which extends through thousands of historic years.

Do not, my reader, be afraid that I shall lead you through this prolonged extent of path; I should have, at the present moment, just as little inclination for it as you probably. I will only contemplate with you some of those old Hellenes who wandered there as teachers before you, I, and countless past generations existed—will contemplate them, the silent wanderers on the path, who seem to be seeking for something not of this world, and listening the while to soundless voices, and illumined by a light more within than without them, and which, therefore, also beamed from their glance with a strange brilliancy. Let us attend to them, listen to them, although at a distance, because that which they are seeking, that which they are desiring to possess, we are also seeking, we are also desiring, in truth, to possess, even if we do not fully understand it. And they have been destined by Providence to be our prototypes.

What is it that they seek for, what is it that they desire? Their name will tell us.

They are called "Sophists," that is to say, the wise; or also philosophers, that is to say, lovers of wisdom. They seek for wisdom in the world and in life. They desire to become acquainted with the truth and the agreement of things—the harmony, as it is called by Pythagoras, one of the oldest of these great seekers. And a better term I do not know for that of which philosophy is in search. The great philosopher, the lover of wisdom, seeks for the harmony of the world.

Is it to be found?

Many in this day say, "No!"

The ancient sages believed that it was to be found, believed in a wisdom which was from everlasting, from the beginning or ever the earth was,* which was with the Creator when "He created the world." They believed that, beyond the disorder and the apparent irregularity in the world, order existed, laws, measure, and proportion; beyond all dissonances they had a presentiment of an eternal accord, and believed that man could search all these things out. We also at the bottom believe, all of us, in such an order and harmony, and act accordingly when we act with reflection. We are all philosophers, great or small. The difference between the small and great philosopher is that the small philosopher seeks for and finds order merely in small circles; the great, in great circles. But we are so formed that we can expand our glance, and we must do so if we would become participant of the highest attainable objects, peace and joy. I know a religion which implies in itself the highest philosophy of the world and of life. But this *en passant*, I will now adhere alone to the Greeks, our first illuminators on the awakening path of consciousness, "out of darkness, through the shades, into the light."†

* Proverbs of Solomon, Chap. viii., verse 23, &c.

† Ex tenebris, ad lucem per umbras.

From the very earliest ages the human race has philosophised over life and things, and has expressed in its rules of life, its divine doctrines and mysteries, all that it regarded as truth in the most momentous human questions. The Greeks are the first amongst the thinkers of the earth, who, independently of religious traditions, acknowledged the right of the human mind to inquire and to judge in all questions. The first who established reason as the highest tribunal. They, therefore, are our especial teachers on the path of free thought.

We have all heard speak of the seven wise men of Greece. Their names are the earliest which history preserves as the teachers of wisdom in Greece. Their doctrines have descended to us in a few brief sentences or pithy sayings, which have since become the property of the whole cultivated world.* Thales, Solon, Chilon, Pittacus, Bias, Cleobulus, Myson, according to some writers, Periander, come forth from the twilight morning of time, one and all with a few words of practical life wisdom, rather than worldly wisdom. We will let them speak.

Thales.—Learn to know thyself.

Solon.—Depend upon integrity more than upon oaths.

Chilon.—The tongue should be restrained, especially at meal-times. Watch over thyself. Strive not after the impossible. Expect not too much.

Pittacus.—Say not beforehand what thou wilt do, in order that, if thou do it not, people may not laugh at thee.

Bias.—Speak of the gods as they deserve.

Cleobulus.—It is better to hear than to speak. In

* Meagre enough, it must be confessed, compared with the treasures of this kind which we possess in the book of Sirach.—*Author's Note.*

good fortune be not proud, in misfortune be not faint-hearted.

Myson.—Judge not a man's actions by his talk, but his talk by his actions.

The thoughts of these seven wise men are influenced by morality and life-experience. The admonition, however, of Thales is the parent of philosophy.

After the seven wise men, we see thought becoming ever more independent, and investigating the laws and coherence of being merely for the sake of truth and coherency. The interest for truth is free from any supplementary object. It is then, in character, true philosophy. Of the philosophers, some turned themselves to the phenomena of the outer life, others, on the contrary, more to those of the inner, but they did not regard these two worlds as wholly separate—often enough they were mingled together—and they sought for the same order, the same legislative reason in them both. Anaxagoras and Pythagoras may be taken as the first and greatest thinkers in these dissimilar realms. Anaxagoras said that *reason* governed the world. Pythagoras regarded holy conversation and laws as the foundation of the higher moral life and social state. That which the East taught in dark mythologies and mysteries was brought by the Hellenic sages into the purifying, testing light of the intellect. Intellect sat as the judge of all things. Before long teachers arose who said, intellect *is* everything, and things are merely that which the mind makes them. "Man is the measure of things." Then came others, who said, "Man is not always the same; the mind changes; man thinks and sees things to-day one way, and to-morrow another. Thus all things are fluctuating; all truth only relative." Schools were established in Athens, in which youths were practised in the art of proving for and against a thing with the same

facility, and this art was regarded as essentially belonging to a young man's education, because by this means he became capable of speaking with ease and judging of every subject which came before him. The better class of teachers taught also the application of this art to some useful purposes in life, the worse class merely for selfish ends and the purpose of the moment. None amongst them seemed to have an idea that there is a worse and a better, that there is evil and good even in thinking, and that thought has profounder laws than those of the fencing-master. But sound reason placed itself in opposition to these purposeless philosophical sham-fights. These teachers were called Sophists, and the name became a nickname. Doubt also raised its head and asked, "What is truth?" And doubt founded schools in which people practised themselves in doubting of everything.

Then came Socrates.

It is said that Socrates remained standing one whole morning in a field deeply thinking. At noon people saw him standing in the same place lost in thought. When evening came, and they still saw him standing as before; some Ionians carried out their mattresses into the open air, partly because it was cooler to sleep there, it being summer time, and partly because they wanted to see whether Socrates would remain standing there the whole night through. Socrates did remain standing there the whole night, but when the sun rose he bowed down, performed his devotions, and went home.

In this anecdote is expressed the significance of Socrates for the philosophy of the Greeks, and for the philosophy of all ages. He acted earnestly upon the proverb of Thales, which was also the first salutation of the Delphic oracle to those who sought her counsel—"Learn to know thyself." First of thinkers he descended into the depth of his own consciousness. That inner-

most chamber, that holy adytum, which preceding thinkers had sought for, but had not found, and which the outward thinkers, the Sophists, fled from, that he found. It revealed to him a light of God's light, an eye of God's eye, and in its clearness he recognized—beyond himself—the Eternal Light itself. When the sun arose before his outward senses he was able to say, "I have found it!" And he worshipped the Eternal Giver of light and of truth in its glowing image.

The keenly censorious, apparently destructive mode by which Socrates attacked by his irony the life of the Athenians, and compelled them to learn to know themselves in their want and their vacuity, and which created for him so many inveterate enemies and such devoted friends, was calculated, in fact, to annihilate the sham wisdom and the absolute want of thought which prevailed amongst men, and to make them observant of the immortal "Sophia." The thought-machinery which the Sophists had developed and applied to their fencing-art, Socrates laid his powerful hands upon, and turned playfully against themselves, to show them its nothingness. But he led them, at the same time, to recognize the eternal laws of mind, and in them an eternal truth and wisdom, such as they revealed themselves to the best of the Hellenic sages.

The two great successors of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, developed and applied his doctrine—Plato more with reference to the inner world, Aristotle to the outer—yet both comprised in that, with the same Socratic glance, man, society, the state, and the Supreme Lawgiver—God. They gave to philosophy a richer purpose, more objects, a larger development than their master had done, a higher stand-point they could not give, because there was none higher.

The human race, since the time of Socrates, has acquired a great deal in the knowledge of nature, of life, of the world, the sciences, and the arts, above all, in the knowledge of God, of itself, and its object. But with every new acquisition of consciousness, with every new extended sphere of life and thought, the thinking spirit must again adopt the stand-point of Socrates, and testingly compare the words of the inner and the outer facts —the meaning of the inner and the outer oracle— because the harmony depends upon their accordance.

But we see in part, and we prophesy only in part. So was it likewise with the great philosophers. None of them could see more than their age and their human organism allowed, and life is short, and art is long, and many are the gifts of life. Hence the imperfections in all attempts at solution. Yet none of them have been in vain; many have borne rich fruits in the service of truth and society, and will bear them still more, until "that is come which is perfect, then that which is in part shall be done away." Not a spark, not an atom, in the meantime, is lost by the whole, as little in the science of mind as in anything else. Nothing is altogether reprobate, excepting evil desires. Everything else God can make use of; of nothing so much as good desires.

And there again Socrates stands forth as a prototype.* He desires the highest, he seeks after perfection, he was

* Nevertheless, it may be objected against the doctrines of Socrates, that he lays quite too little weight upon this fact in the service of God. No one has criticised him better in this respect than Aristotle, when he says,—"Socrates speaks of virtue better and more independently than Pythagoras, but neither is he altogether correct, for he makes virtue into a science, which is impossible. By making virtue into a science, he annuls that portion of the soul which is not scientific, namely, consciousness and the moral sense. The researches of Socrates are partly right, and partly wrong."—*Author's Note.*

not contented with less, he was a practical philosopher. He applied the wisdom which he imbibed in his own life. He was determined by nothing low or selfish; he obeyed only the highest law of his spirit, the highest inspiration for him an infallible *daimon*, "a sign of God"—the innermost oracle.

"That light which enlightens every man that cometh into the world," and has illumined all ages and all peoples during the education of the human race, "from the one brightness to the other," that light found in the truth-loving soul of Socrates its purest human reception on the stand-point of the Hellenic consciousness, and prepared this soul for a still higher. Socrates saw and said what no one had hitherto dared to see and say of God and the supreme good. The old mythologies and mysteries, the old gods, would not tolerate it. Socrates must die. He died to live only the more immortally.

One of the youngest amongst his disciples will to-day, upon the ground which his feet have trodden, bear him this grateful testimony: I went astray, seeking for light, groping about in the night, until I met with thee, great departed teacher, and listened to thy discourse. Then the world, life, everything, became light to me, yet most because that thou leddest me by the way of philosophy to one greater than thyself; to *One* who gave what neither thou nor any human being could give, which, beyond everything else, the world needs.* Therefore I thank thee above all. That became my sunrise.

* I, one day, inquired from the Danish Bishop Martensen,—"Who stands nearest to God—Socrates, or the thief on the cross?" He replied,—"The thief at *that* moment—Socrates when he became a Christian." So it must be.—*Author's Note.*

TWENTY-FIRST STATION.

Last days in Athens—The new Arcadian Pine—Farewell Audience—Politics once more—What does Modern Greece wish for, and what is it doing?—Old and New—The Greek National Virtues and Failings—Commercial Affairs—Departure—Last View of Old Hellas—Domestic Life and the Women of Greece—Cape Matapan and Cerigo—The Ionian Isles—Farewell, Greece!

ATHENS, *May 25th.*—The concluding days of nearly a two years' residence in any place are necessarily days of much occupation. Visits, friends, coffee-drinkings, settling bills, and innumerable small arrangements engage time and attention, so that the diary must content itself with a few words hastily written down. Very hastily, therefore, do I now note down the most remarkable incidents of the last few days.

First and foremost, I must mention a new acquaintance. A report had been long in circulation that there grew in the highlands of Arcadia a remarkable tree, a kind of pine which had not yet been received into the garden of science—had not yet been seen or described by the cultivators of science. Some people said that the tree was an altogether peculiar species of pine, some believed it to be merely a variety of the Cephalonian

pine. In order, therefore, to ascertain the exact truth regarding it, a small naturalist expedition set off a month since into Arcadia, headed by the Director of the Botanic Garden, Professor Von Hildreich, and the Astronomer Schmidt.

They have now returned delighted with their journey and its results. The new Arcadian pine is not only an entirely new, hitherto unknown, species of pine, but it possesses also a peculiar quality which gives it great value as forest timber. Good photographic impressions that have been taken on the spot give a very distinct idea of this singular giant tree. For it is of the race of the giants; not beautiful or harmonious, but rather immense and shapeless. One of its qualities, different to any other pine, is that when a branch is cut away many new shoots or branches grow up in the place of that which is lopped off, and every one of these shoots grows into a new tree, with horizontal and perpendicular branches, from which cause the crown of the old tree becomes at length like a little wood, the dense intertwinings of which the eye can scarcely penetrate. The old trees are really colossal in their compass and extent; many trunks contain six feet of timber in diameter. The fibre of the wood seems to be unusually firm, and the tree indestructible. Our naturalists found that it grew in the high valleys of the mountain Mœnalus, beyond Tripolitza, as well as on the other Arcadian mountains, from two to three thousand feet above the sea; it grows in coppices or in clusters, like the cedars on Lebanon, and gives to the place where it abounds an imposing character.

Our friends travelled from Arcadia to Cephalonia to make a nearer acquaintance with the peculiar pine which grows there, and found it to be an interesting variety, but not comparable to that of Arcadia, which

seems to merit its rank as "a new species" in the flora of science, and which now has received the name of *Abies Regina Amalia* (Queen Amalia's Pine), a well-deserved compliment to the tree-planting queen. But our travellers have also made other discoveries in the high valleys of Arcadia. They have found currants, gooseberries, tulips, a number of shrubs and flowers, which adorn our gardens, growing wild there. They have kindly bestowed upon me a branch and seed of the new tree, which I should be very glad to see growing on the soil of Sweden. Its seeds are oleaginous and the oil is fragrant.

I had yesterday my farewell audience of the Queen. In simple dress, and in *tête-à-tête* conversation in her boudoir, she is the most amiable of women. You forget the Queen, and see merely a lively, charming, intellectual woman, who expresses herself unreservedly, and to whom you feel yourself involuntarily attracted to do the same. I have more than once felt myself tempted to take courage and to speak openly to the Queen that which has come to my knowledge of the dissatisfaction in the country, and of what I, from my own observation, have believed to be with reason. I am perfectly certain that she would not take it amiss, and she is too noble and too good in every way willingly to close her eyes against the light, or to let them be closed by those courtiers who, merely seeking for the royal favour, cry "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. But I have always felt myself restrained by something which resembles the *daimon* of Socrates. Neither have I ever been entirely alone with the Queen. The Baroness Von Plüskow, although agreeable and not intrusive, has yet a something about her which reminds you of the etiquette which the Queen's amiable *abandon* might lead you to forget; and in order for me to speak quite open-heartedly to anyone

it would be necessary that I should be alone with them. On this occasion Queen Amalia was so charming, so fascinating, that I could not but agree with Madame Lenormant's expression regarding her—"*Elle est plus que charmante, elle est seduisante.*" And Madame Recamier's niece has a right to be a judge on such subjects. I left Her Majesty, however, with a depression of mind. I fear that there are dark days before her.* Owing to some mistake I did not take leave of the King, who also intended to give me an opportunity for doing so—a kindness for which I have to thank him, as I have for many others.

"Goodness is also a power on earth," our great and excellent Geijer has said, and that is proved in the case of King Otho. In the midst of the increasing dissatisfaction with his Government, yet the conviction of the King's good-will, of his right-mindedness and goodness, makes the hearts of the people cling to him, and prevents party-feeling and bitterness from gaining sufficient head to organize an open rebellion. In the midst of the increasing acrimony of the opposition and paper-warfare,

* Few queens, however, are gifted with greater powers of governing than Queen Amalia, and this has also been made evident during her last regency in the summer of 1861, when the King was absent at a bath in Germany. No less than two hundred new questions of law were then decided; some of great importance for the future. The Queen, too, has great ability for work, great energy, and compels the ministers to work in good earnest. Herself the first in the council-chamber, she says to each one who enters merely a minute after the fixed time, pointing to the clock, "Sir, you are too late to-day!" Her resolution, her energy, her good sense, her love of that which is right, and her patriotism, combined with her pure character and exemplary life as a wife and ruler of a household, would make her the model of a queen and a governor—were she but always faithful to her best inspirations. But how difficult on a throne to listen to "the inner voice!"—*Author's Note, added afterwards.*

yet has Greece, ever since his accession to the throne, restless as she is, enjoyed peace. But for how long will it be so?

Some days ago, when in private conversation with a young man, one of the leaders of the opposition, with whom I have become acquainted, and whom I like for his chivalrous spirit, patriotism, and candid manners, I asked—

"What really does the opposition desire?"

"Before everything else," he replied, "that the election of deputies should be left perfectly free, and that there should be a general arming of the nation. If these points were conceded, then we should, in the first place, be at peace."

The unexampled tardiness in the execution of many important undertakings and reforms, as well as the difficulty which the King generally finds in coming to a decision, irritates even the Greeks. In this respect the government of the Queen is preferred. During her regency a great deal of delayed business is always dismissed, and new business undertaken. The Greeks then see something progressing.

Amongst other causes of justifiable complaint may be mentioned that persons evidently incapable of office are retained in the ministry, and that others, evidently capable, are passed over simply because they belong, or have belonged, to the opposition; that the King and the Queen show an increasing tendency to look upon all opposition to the Government as personal to themselves. The members of the opposition are not invited to the Court balls—the Queen does not acknowledge their salutations to her, and shows them many other such slights. The King and the Queen, it is said, avoid hearing the truth, and listen more and more only to flatterers and to those who say polite things, allowing themselves to be befooled by

the usual homage, and the slumberous, stupefying atmosphere of Courts. Most of the foreign diplomatists in Athens agree in this respect, and fear for the future of the royal pair. They make representations and are listened to, but little regard is paid to them, and they are not acted upon.

Thoughtful and truly loyal Greeks say their Sovereign would lose nothing, but, on the contrary, would gain, by a fully constitutional mode of government—would gain by showing entire confidence in the people, and by allowing them as much as possible to govern themselves. This, together with the power of good example, is, in fact, the only safe and reliable mode of government in constitutionally organized states.

One of the unjustifiable demands made by the Greeks on their monarch is that he should place himself at the head of the Greek martial force, and go to war with Turkey. "At the same moment," say these fiery heads, "the Greek population in all the Turkish provinces—in Thessaly, Albania, Macedonia, Syria, and on the islands —should rise, and make common cause with Greece, and then the whole of Greece would be united into one free, great, and powerful kingdom."

Most certainly this thought is true; but they forget that the time and the man must be come before it can be accomplished. Even if King Otho were the man—which he most assuredly is not—yet he can now do nothing, fettered as he is both by the inability of little Greece, and by the decided interdict of the Great Powers against anything of this nature being undertaken. To wish such a thing, therefore, is to wish an impossibility. If the Greeks could but see that the realization of the great idea must be accomplished by labouring for the moral and social improvement of free Greece, so that the world may say, "Greece deserves to

be a great kingdom"—a work which can be accomplished much better under the protection of peace than during the tumult of war! How lovely it would be if the people and the rulers would honestly and earnestly extend their hands to each other for this purpose! Most certainly Greece has a great future before her. None of the shadows which gloom its present life can shake my faith on this head, and that because I believe in the future of the Christian culture, and see that it is to that which Greece will devote itself—that which it seeks in its attachment to the free nations of Europe. For this also it has a civilizing mission, as regards the East, which has already begun. I have already shown this more than once in the progress of this diary.

Let me now briefly touch upon some qualities which belong to the Greeks as a nation, and which point them out as being cultivators in the realm of humanity. These qualities belong essentially to their paternal inheritance. For people may say and write as much as they like about the old Greeks being dead, about the oldest races of peoples being extinct, or lost in other races, and about the present being of a totally different kind, yet it is clearly apparent to every one who has resided for any length of time amongst the Modern Greeks, and who is acquainted with the Ancient Greeks from history, that they are one and the same people, have the same virtues, the same failings, the same temperament and life, even as they have essentially the same language. The Modern Greek has appropriated to himself many words from the Italian, Albanian, and Turkish languages, but the basis of the language is the old Hellenic tongue, and every foreigner who devotes himself to it finds little difficulty in understanding the popular language, which is now current in Greece, although occasionally a word may occur with which he

is unacquainted? This language is becoming daily more and more purified from these, by the elevation—ever since the time of Coray—of the classical tongue, and the study of the classics in the schools. As in language, so in everything else, whatever intermingling of foreign popular elements the Greek race may have experienced, yet the Hellenic character has evidently moulded, impressed, and appropriated them to itself, so that the Greeks, let them live under whatever rule they may, have a community in language, religion, national virtues and failings, nay, in fact, this strong *nationality* constitutes the distinguishing mark of the Greeks from all other nations. The Turkish dominion first brought Greece into a full consciousness of this. The Greeks, through the Turks, came rightly to feel that they were Hellenes, fashioned for something better than the life of the Tartar race, a life of ignorance and lawlessness, under the sway of despotism. Amongst these national virtues I have already mentioned the love of religion, of their native land, and of liberty, which also led to and accomplished the War of Independence. Let me now mention two less known, more humble virtues, which in the highest degree belong to the Greeks, and in which they might serve as examples, not merely to Asiatics, but also to Europeans—*domestic virtue* and *industry*.

Industry. I have heard much said, especially by the Germans, about the slovenliness and incorrigibility of Greeks. And assuredly a great deal may be said on this subject, particularly in all that regards government, order, organization, and the like. But I have seen, and see daily and hourly, in the towns and in the country, amongst both men and women of the labouring classes, a picture of industry which strikes me with admiration. Because this industry is not the

result of necessity or compulsion, it arises from a natural impulse for activity. The Greeks are cheerful over their labour. They talk merrily whilst they are engaged in it, and when their day's work is done, then they dance. Extremely temperate in eating and drinking, they know no necessities of luxury, and not unfrequently they bury the money which they have saved by their labour, and which they do not know any mode of employing better. How Athens increases daily under the unwearied labour of the Greek quarryman, with all his hewing and his building! In Palestine, on the coasts of Asia Minor, on the heights of Constantinople, in the Turko-Greek provinces and islands—everywhere are the Greeks to be met with, planting olives and mulberry-trees, spinning silk and cotton, building houses, and taking possession of the earth by degrees.

But it is especially in maritime life and in trade that Greece now, as in the most ancient times, principally distinguishes herself, and the advances which free Greece has made in this direction are of that kind which well deserve the attention of the rest of Europe, and especially of England; because they evidently prove what enlarged, free Greece might become to European commerce. The importation of articles of trade into Greece, which under the Turkish rule was incalculably small, amounted, twenty-five years after the emancipation, and in *free* Greece only—according to the statistical tables for 1858—to the value of 36,400,000 francs. The exports, which are every year increasing, as stated in the same tables, to 22,540,000 francs. The large and disadvantageous difference for Greece, which exists between imports and exports, as is shown by these amounts, is balanced—according to the anonymous but well-known author from whose work (Un Mot sur l'Orient à l'occasion du Futur Congrès. 1860. Paris, E. Dentu) I have taken

these statements—by the amazingly increasing maritime power of the country. Greece is said to possess at the present time four thousand trading vessels, a considerable number of new steamers, and thirty thousand good, able-bodied seamen. The sea is now, as formerly, the faithful confederate and friend of the Greeks.

The Greek's innate genius for trade also exhibits itself in the number of private individuals who, in the capitals of Russia, France, England, and even Germany, have now taken their place amongst the greatest and most respectable merchants of those cities. The first bankers even of Constantinople are Greeks. The natural genius of the people is strengthened and developed by the popular education. This, ever since the liberation of the country, has been the chief object of the government. The kingdom of Greece now possesses eight hundred and thirty primary schools, for sixty-four thousand children of both sexes, one hundred and two schools of the second class, seven gymnasiums and four seminaries for priests. The University of Athens is attended by from five to six hundred students, who carry thence the seed of knowledge and civilization to the whole of the Christian East. More than fifty political or literary periodicals, published in Athens and in other cities of the kingdom, take a lively interest in public business and the general well-being of the country. Whatever may be demanded, and with reason, from Modern Greece, yet it must be conceded that it has not stood still during the twenty-five years since its regeneration. Its population, which at the close of the Liberation War was considered at the highest to amount to 700,000 souls, has since that time mounted up to 1,500,000.

But I will now speak of a more momentous basis for national virtue and health, of domestic life, the innermost life-kernel of this people. And I am not afraid of being

contradicted by any one in the favourable statement which I shall make on this subject in Greece. I have not heard a single foreigner, who has been long resident in Greece, who does not bear the same testimony regarding domestic life there, that it is in a high degree moral and also patriarchal in the best sense of the word. Married couples may, according to Greek law, very easily be divorced. Nevertheless, it is extremely rare to meet with divorced persons or with illegal connections. Marriage seems to be a natural condition amongst the Greeks. Elderly unmarried ladies are extremely unfrequent. That which an elder son and brother does for his mother and undowried sisters, when the father of the family has been removed, is most admirable. Both religious and national custom requires him to provide for them, and frequently the young man's hair will become grey before he has had time to think of himself, if he ever is able to do so. The married men I have heard praised as the best of husbands. A German lady, married to a Greek in Athens, and the mother of several handsome daughters, told me that she would not have any others for sons-in-law excepting either Greeks or Englishmen.

Greek married life has, however, a remote ancestry—namely the Phrygian couple who were visited by the gods, and who, when their favours were offered to them, desired nothing but that they might, as servants in the Temple of Zeus, both die on the same day. One day, therefore, when they were very aged, so says the beautiful old saga, and were sitting talking together before the temple-gate of Zeus, they observed themselves changing into two trees, he into an oak, and she into a lime-tree They, however, extended to each other their branches, and conversed in the soft sough of their leaves. They stood there for a long time, in front of the temple.

The Greek woman seldom stands forth in history as the warlike heroine; she is often seen, on the contrary, as Antigone and Alcestis, the faithful guardian of the family and of the sacred fire of its hearth. Amongst these silent heroines of the home and the affections there is one whose words and deeds, though preserved by history, are less generally known, but which seem to me to be typical. They are of the worthy wife of the old Hellene, the noble Phocion. This married couple occupy the same place on the page of history as Philemon and Baucis on that of fable, although the life of the latter couple was an idyll, that of the former a tragedy.

It was during the last beautiful days of Athens, when two great statesmen, Demosthenes and Phocion, although antagonistic in politics, both maintained the greatness of the state by the greatness of their personal characters. Phocion, a man of peace, of inviolable integrity, just, mild, conciliatory, desiring the well-being of all, but inclined, perhaps, to sacrifice too much of freedom for the maintenance of peace, became, therefore, suspected and accused by the democratic party, and finally condemned to death. He had, in being the mediator of peace with Antipater, desired merely to spare his fellow-citizens the devastations and sufferings of war.

His death, amidst the scorn and insults of his fellow-citizens, was worthy of a Christian. Being asked in the hour of death if he had anything to say to his son Phocion, he replied, "Tell him emphatically from me not to resent the injuries which his father has received from the Athenians." After this, praying for the prosperity of Athens, he emptied the poison-cup.

As Phocion was accused of treason, he was not permitted to be buried in Attica, neither were his friends permitted to light his funeral pyre. They deputed for this purpose a faithful servant, who should fetch fire from

Megara. But Phocion's wife indicated the spot where the body was buried by a little mound of earth, and she and her servants secretly carried for him the customary libations. Afterwards she collected, during the darkness of night, his bones in her garments, and carried them home with her to Athens. There she buried them in the earth, under the domestic altar, with these words, "To thee, O beloved Hestia (the protecting goddess of the home and of the state) I confide the remains of a good man. Let them be conveyed to the tomb of his forefathers when the Athenians have returned to a state of calm reflection."

And this also was done. The Athenians acknowledged their error too late, and celebrated the funeral of Phocion at the public expense, raising also a statue to his memory. That, however, seems most beautiful to me which he erected for himself in the heart of his wife —that woman so faithful and patient, so courageous and yet so gentle at the same time—a beautiful type of the Hellenic woman.

My own experience of the Greek women of the present day was altogether very circumscribed, owing to my ignorance of their language, and my residence in a German family. Nevertheless, I do not fear being unjust when I say that most of them have as yet much to learn from their European sisters in Germany, England, and France, Switzerland, and many other countries, especially in those social virtues which extend in the noblest manner the active sphere of woman's life, as daughters and noble instructors. Still less am I afraid of doing injustice to the daughters of Hellas when I speak of that goodness, that natural, unpretending grace which seems pre-eminently to belong to them. Here are some young women whom I shall carry with me as flowers in my heart. Kathinko, Aspasia, Jacinta,

Agathoina, Hellenco, and, before all, Lily. And I know more than one Greek woman who well merits to be placed by the side of the daughter of Œdipus and the wife of Phocion.

. The Greek woman is, by nature and history, as it were, predestined for a Hestia, both for home and society.

Amongst my later acquaintance in Athens are a few young men who indicate the path of a more beautiful activity than that which distinguished the Athenian youth of the Apollonic age. In many directions has the sense of the Christian citizen's duty been awakened. Public elocution, good sermons, and a literature vitalized by the Christian light and spirit, will soon develope the germinating seed. But—I must pause. The business of life calls me. I have sketched the bright side of the Greek popular character and culture, have shown that the sacred fire on the altar of Hestia in the Prytaneum and in the home is still burning now beneath the sanctifying protection of the cross. The dark side is more generally known; I also see it, but what nation is there where it is not to be found?

Enough. Greece will have the light; seeks for the light, and receives it daily ever more and more as a constituent part of her life, allows herself ever more and more to be guided by its doctrines. The active sympathy which Greece has just shown on behalf of the unfortunate Christian population of Syria has strengthened its influence in all the Turko-Greek provinces; all look with expectation and longing for the day when they may be able to separate themselves from the control of barbarism, and unite themselves to free civilization and humanity. May Greece become worthy of her high vocation as mediator between the West and the East, till the hour comes when Turkey falls to pieces, and one and all receive each their own.

The "Bombay," May 30th.—"Bombay" is one of the Lloyd steamers' not one of the "gods"—amongst the Lloyd steam-packets there are reckoned twelve gods—but it is, for all that, a first-rate vessel, on which I went on board at Syra, from the Greek steamer, or Athmodon. I left Athens on the 26th of May in the evening, the same day, five years since, on which I left Stockholm. Accompanied by my kind friends, the Hansens, I was rowed from the Piræus to "Wassilis Amalia," where the good young Baron Maltzen had also come to take leave of me.

Yet another leave-taking on board from faithful dear friends, and my "breathing" vessel clove the waves of the twofold lion-harbour. The summits of Attica, and the high altars, Pentelicus, Parnassus, Lycabettus, the Acropolis, and the Parthenon, withdrew like tragic hero-forms from the stage with majestic bearing and earnest gaze. No golden sun flooded with radiance this farewell view of ancient Hellas in my soul; the sky was covered with cloud and veiled the landscape in grey shadows. Yet sunshine covers the young Hellas in my soul, radiant with memories, and the sun of a new morning.

The parting from a country and friends with whom you have associated for nearly two years cannot be without its sorrowful effect. I felt the pain in my forehead, which was natural. After I had taken a cup of tea, however, this oppression seemed removed. I saw kindly stars twinkling through the cloud-veil above my head, and beheld the shores and temples of Attica flying, as it were, from my gaze without any other emotion than that of the most heartfelt gratitude for all the multitude of unlooked-for enjoyments which have fallen to my lot in Greece, not the least of which have been the journeys I have made there, and the

knowledge which I have obtained of the country and the people.

And now, as it would be both long and tedious to relate all the circumstances that obliged me, although unwillingly, to give up my intended journey to Patras and Missolonghi, and many other places, for a more extended visit to the Ionian Isles, together with a peep at Ithaca, and after that of all the perplexity of affairs which finally annihilated also the possibility of this visit, and compelled me to be contented with only a glance at these celebrated islands in passing them, I will say no more on the subject. I am now on the steamer, the "Bombay," resolved, as we say, to let five be an even number, and to take every thing on the sunny side. Nor is that difficult to me. In the first place, everything on board is remarkably excellent and agreeable, the captain, an Italian, or one who wishes to be one, a very pleasant man, besides which I have had the satisfaction of meeting on board my friends from Constantinople, the American Minister, Mr. Williams, and his family, The election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, as might have been foreseen, has led to the removal of Mr. Williams, and he is now on his return to his property in Tennessee, but sending his family in the first place to Switzerland, there to reside during the warlike crisis which has now broken out. How short-sighted is the slave oligarchy of the Southern States in their views of the rights and the position of the South, as well as of the slave question, I have an opportunity of seeing in this man, otherwise a humane man, and a man, in his domestic relations, of the most affectionate character. The whole family perfectly deceive themselves as regards the consequences of the conduct of the Slave States at this crisis, which, I have the firmest conviction, will lead to the destruction of these states, as far

as concerns their property and their beloved "domestic institution." In the meantime, as the whole Williams family are perfectly aware of my views on the slave question, and I of theirs, we avoid, by a silent mutual agreement, saying any more on the subject. The family have shown me true American hospitality, have treated me as a sister, opening to me their home in a foreign land. This has bound me to them in a manner which renders it impossible for me to think without anxiety of their future prospects, and makes me also, during the few days that we are now together, under a neutral flag, and on the free ocean, avoid everything which might unnecessarily disturb our pleasant intercourse. Besides, that motherly, gentle lady, and those amiable children, have become endeared to me, and in a family where I see domestic affection blossoming I feel myself as amongst my own people.

But now let us return to the voyage.

Between Syra and Cape Maléa it was a stormy night passage. The waves beat over the deck, the rain came down in torrents; it was most uncomfortable. Early in the morning I was on deck. The sun was shining, the sea was bright, the wind had abated; flying clouds had gathered round Mount St. Elias, which, with its snow-covered brow, rose high above the wild rock-fortress of Maina—a proud and magnificent sight. We steamed just between the two extreme capes of Greece, Cape Maléa and Cape Matapan, celebrated for its tempestuous winds, also the island of Cerigo, anciently Cythera. In the waking dreams of my childhood I had visited the island, anciently the chosen home of the goddess of beauty, whither the temple and worship of Venus assembled troops of lovers. How enchanting then seemed the island to me in the warm colouring of imagination! Now I beheld it in reality—a large,

verdant, softly rounded hill resting upon a sunlit sea. The greater part of Cerigo is said to consist of naked rocks, yet amongst which lie green, fertile valleys with a well-to-do, industrious Greek population of ten thousand souls, who are described as very prosaic. Yet has Venus Aphrodite here, as everywhere else, her temple in the human heart. A countryman and his wife built themselves a cottage on the shore of Cerigo that they might live for each other, separated from all mankind, for they loved merely each other in the whole world. Their little husbandry supplied them with sufficient to live upon, and they were very happy. But Charon came and carried away the husband. On this the solitary cottage and the whole island of Cythera became intolerable to the desolate widow. She left them, and entered as a nun the Panhagia convent amongst the rocks of Maina. There she was visited, a few years ago, by the sculptor, Siegil, during his rambles to discover the ancient marble-quarry. She was then a little, snuffy, melancholy old woman, but pious and obliging, and very willingly told to the kind travelling stranger the simple story of her happiness and her sorrow, of her first and her last love. For the Panhagia had not supplanted it. Neither can the worship of the Panhagia in Greece supplant that of Aphrodite, even if it can decrease its power. The Greek convent-houses—all belonging to the contemplative and labourious order of St. Basil—are chiefly houses of maintenance for poor men and women, and do not afford, as many of the RomanCatholic convents do, a life of outward benificent occupation for their inmates. The Greek nuns have therefore a wearisome and melancholy life.

From the distantly receding hill of Cerigo I looked up to the rock-fastnesses of Maina, amongst which shone forth large villages and solitary marble towers, and

I sought with my eye for the convent which concealed the shipwrecked heart. A man, wrecked also by the tempest of life, has built himself a cottage on the point of Cape Matapan, a victim to the winds. Here he lives alone, apart from all intercourse with mankind. What can have led him there? Was it a crime, or some bitter sorrow? No one knows. He is a man still in the prime of life. Sometimes when the steamer rushes past he steps forth upon the rock and waves the Greek flag as a greeting. This morning he was not visible.

We swung round the point. It was a cool but glorious morning. The wind blew brisk and invigorating from the mountain, unspeakably refreshing. The magnificient Mount Elias presented itself in ever new aspects, and revealed, in the ever-changing sport of the clouds, continually fresh, bright snow-fields and peaks. The spectacle of the sea and the cliffs on the coast of Maina was animating and grand. It gave me a feeling of my own native land at once strengthening and affecting.

We soon entered the Straits between the mainland and the island Sapienza, celebrated for the defeats, both by land and water, which occurred first between the Spartans and Athenians, and later between the Genoese and the Venetians. Now its hills and its valleys are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation and brushwood, but without any trace of human being or human habitation. Sapienza seems to be a desolate island, whilst large villages sun themselves on the slopes of the rocky hills of Maina.

At the ancient fortress of Methone we approach the shores of Messenia, umbrageous with wood, fertile, idyllian in their beauty; but the people there are said to be intolerably quarrelsome and envious.

We see and salute Navarino.

A greeting also to thee, old Taygetus! Thy proud

rocky front I easily recognize by the enchanting Vale of Eurotas.

We now see the mountains of Arcadia, still with snow-crowned summits, then Elis, Achaia! Elis now remarkable merely for its great memory—Olympia; Achaia for its increasing vintages, and the growing prosperity of its cities.

In the evening we approach Zante. But Zante, *Fiore di Levante*, conceals its beautiful public grounds and gardens under the veil of twilight. We must content ourselves with imagining how beautiful and how affluent it is. To the right opens the Corinthian Gulf. Alas! that too is shrouded by the shades of evening. But I have seen it in the light of the sun. Greetings and thanks, thou heavenly-blue frith (fjord) flowing between memorable, lovely shores, between Corinth and Daphni, thanks for hours never to be forgotten!

We approach on the left a lofty and gloomy shadow. It is Cephalonia *tutta malinconia*, as the proverb says. The moon rises like a gentle, oval, female face, above the scene, below which we are progressing softly along the narrow straits between Cephalonia and Ithaca, as if between two lofty mountain-walls. We pass quite close to the coast of Ithaca, which here merely presents us with a steep, wood-covered mountain ridge, at the foot of which the dark, clear billows break almost noiselessly. On the opposite side of the island, facing the shores of Acarnania, is a beautiful circular harbour, and fruitful fields, as well as the remains of what is called the Castle of Odysseus, and the school of Homer. I had greatly wished to visit the little island, the poetical cradle of Grecian history, but want of time, and the difficulty of getting there, prevented me. I have, in the meantime, had some compensation for the disappointment, by a good English monograph of the island, and by a conver-

sation with a son of the governor of the island, a young Count Roma, who, with his young wife, is on board the "Bombay," on their way to Germany. This young, very agreeable, and highly cultivated Greek has related to me various interesting particulars regarding the industrious inhabitants of the island, from ten to eleven thousand souls, amongst whom nearly all the boys are christened Odysseus or Telemaque, and all the girls Penelope, as well as of the rich treasury of antiquities, which the soil of the island is to this day. The young baron himself possesses one of these valuable antiques in an exquisitely cut cameo, representing the head of Pindar. A portion of the stone is of a varying golden tint, and in this the artist has formed the upper part of the head, so that it appears to be beaming with light.

It required two hours for us to pass through the moonlit straits, the clear dark path of which lay calm and sleeping at the foot of the rocky, classic island, until awoke by our passing vessel, softly sighing and then sinking into sleep again.

Cephalonia is of a lofty and apparently bald, rocky character, but its upland valleys produce pine forests of that peculiar species which I have already mentioned, and its narrow margin of shore has the beautiful vegetation of Zante. In an hour's time we approached another great shadow, it was the rock of Leucadia, now Santa Maura, the Island of Sappho. The southern extremity is distinguished by a lofty grey-white rock which overhangs the depth below. It is said that a temple of Apollo anciently stood on the platform of the rock, and that every year a criminal was thrown thence into the sea below, in honour of the god of light. Here also tradition has placed the scene of Sappho's leap. It may be correct. The height of the cliff, and its inclination over the sea, would secure to anyone who threw

himself from it a deep and certain grave. It must have been a quiet, moonlight summer night, such as this, on which the ardent poetess was driven to seek for peace in the cold depths of the sea, from the most burning of pangs, that of unrequited love. I followed, with my gaze, the dark rocky island, until it had receded into the distance. I then went to rest. It was half-past three in the morning.

We now passed the northern frontier line of free Greece, from the Bay of Arta to that of Volo. Three hours afterwards we were speeding along the coast of Corfu. How charming it looked with its white villas, churches, and villages glancing out from its lovely, paradisaic, park-like scenery! It was an enchanting object in the light of the ascending sun. To the right, on the mainland, you have a wild but grand mountain landscape, the mountains of Albania, with their snow-covered summits and slopes. Here wild swine abound, and under the fostering government of Turkey, a people of a savage temperament. At two short days' journey from the coast lies Janina, the former home of the Black Ali, and also the scene of the lost sacred oracle of Dodona.

At ten o'clock we lay-to in the romantically noble harbour of Corfu, in the midst of the war-ships with which England guards her beautiful but somewhat unmanageable ward, the Ionian Republic. Behind the boldly-towering isolated cliffs, on which the citadel is placed, lies the town of Corfu, not at all a handsome one, although it has some noble buildings, memorials of the Venetian sway, and some splendid modern palaces, the residence of the governor and some other great gentlemen.

I took, with the Williams family, a drive of a couple of hours inland to a lake surrounded by the most beauti-

ful shores conceivable. The road was good, like an English carriage road, and the country lovely and fertile beyond all description, resplendent with the flowery wealth of spring, and in character that of a natural park laid out by the skill of art. Wild roses bloomed by the road-side, as in Sweden, palm-trees grew by the churches, as in the islands of the Ægean Sea. Grazing flocks and herds gave animation to the grassy terraces in the shade of the olive and the fig-tree; everywhere you beheld prosperity, order, beauty—a very dissimilar character of life and cultivation to what I had seen in the Cyclades. It was the result of England's sway, of England's orderly rule! It is unmistakeable. England has been to the Ionian Isles what England has often been and is to nations who are yet in the position of minors—a good, wise, if sometimes too severe guardian. The Ionian Republic acknowledges itself worthy of the bringing up she has received, but thinks that the guardian's power ought to cease, that it has now accomplished its purpose. It wishes to be rid of its chastiser, to tear off its bonds and say, "I will be free and self-responsible; I am old enough for that."

The guardian replies, "Not at all—so long as I have the power in my own hands."

Little Ionia gnashes its teeth in its impotency against a superior force. Ionia knows itself to be, by nature, nationality, history, language, and, above all, by affection, united, not to England, but to Greece, to the free, regenerated Greece, with whom it wishes to make common cause, and share the common fate.*

Who will decide the quarrel?

* And how earnestly it will do so is shown in the late movements and insurrections in the capital of the seven islands, Corfu. This I heard also from several educated Ionian Greeks on board.—*Author's Note.*

That power is the noblest and the most beautiful which is sufficiently great to dare to prefer justice to force, and if it give its noble captive liberty, and to Greece a legitimate extension of territory, it cannot be other than itself a winner, cannot do other than enlarge itself by this step of a magnanimous policy. Something really new under the sun.

Certain it is that neither free Greece, nor its yet captive provinces and people, will rest until they have achieved that political unity for which natural relationship and history have prepared them, and the awakened national consciousness now authorises them to demand. Till then their political state will be a state of earthquakes, but must come to that sooner or later, either by good means or bad. They whom God has united let no man put asunder.

Fare thee well now, beautiful Hellas! in thy garland of islands—for so I now behold thee—with thy freedom-loving, knowledge-seeking, industrious, hospitable people, a noble and ennobling link between the West and the East. Anciently thou didst impart to Europe what Asia gave thee, which thou hadst independently worked out. Now it is the fully matured fruits of Europe which shall flow to Asia, through thee. The classical culture, beauty, and many-sided civilization, which thou at one time gavest to the world as thy highest gift, thou now conquerest to thyself anew, no longer as *the highest*, but as the means for a higher, more universal, more human aim!

The divinely inspired man, who at one time pitched his tent within the walls of Corinth, has, in thy own beautiful tongue, uttered for thee, and for all regenerated people in an inimitable, comprehensive, and perfect manner, that aim in his first epistle to the Corinthians, thus:

"All things are yours;

"Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours;

"And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

What can I add more, excepting again to say, farewell!

And now—to Italy.

TWENTY-SECOND STATION.

The Childhood of Venice, its Manhood, its Old Age—The Pope and the Emperor—The Emperor and the Pope—A History which is like a Saga—Venice and Milan—New Life—The Railroad — National Arming — Walks — Ladies — Cavour's Death and Last Words—Consequences—Lake of Como—Nature and Men—How will it end?—Cavour's Answer—Garibaldi at Peschiera—Panic Terror—Once more Venice—Words of Gustavus Adolphus.

VENICE, *June 12th.*—Between the years 452 and 568 some fishermen's cottages were erected on the small, low-lying islands in the Adriatic Sea, on the coast of Italy, by poor people who had fled before the devastating hordes of Huns and Longobards in the North of Italy. The numbers of the fugitives increased on these oases of the Lagoons between the shore and the open sea, because here they were not easily disturbed by the war-like bands. The sea, however, rose against them and strove against them on the low grounds. The colonists in their turn strove against the sea, raised dams and entrenchments. Thus they fortified themselves, and gained for themselves ever more and more land. The waves and hostile men united in attacking them and breaking down their defences. But these were only built up again stronger and firmer than before. Behind them arose towns. In combat with the elements and

with man the fisher-people increased to a powerful and valiant state. Thus Venice was born, and thus she grew up.

The population of the Lagoon islands gave to themselves a republican form of government. Each little islet had its own popular assembly and its own tribune. These united in the year 697 to elect a supreme leader, duke, or dux—doge. The people possessed the legislative power, the tribunes or nobles the judicature, and the executive was exercised by the doge, who was elected for life. The doge was the president of the republic.

The fishing-boats had grown into large ships and galleys. Trade and navigation made the republic rich. Wealth, enterprise, and ambition made it powerful. It had at first fortified its cottages on the Rialto—*rivo alto*—around the little church, San Jacopo. A few centuries later it adopted St. Mark as its patron saint, and took a winged lion for its symbol, extended its power far over the sea, defied the Sultan in Constantinople, the Pope in Rome, and the Emperor on the throne of Germany. And the Sultan, and the Pope, and the Emperor, all were obliged to bow themselves before the parvenu of the Lagoon islands, the mistress of the sea, the proud Venice. Whoever she favoured, he became victorious. The Pope and the Emperor were at war, and the Pope fled to Venice. Venice received the Pope. One day the proud Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who had been conquered by Venice, came thither to recover his captive son, bowed his head under the foot of Pope Alexander III. The Pope placed his foot on the Emperor's neck with the words, "On the lion and the serpent will I tread, and trample upon the lion and the dragon!"

"It is not before thee that I humble myself, but before St. Peter, whose representative thou art," replied the Emperor.

"Before me as before St. Peter!" rejoined the Pope, and again set his foot on the neck of the Emperor. This occurred in Venice in the year 1177.

In acknowledgment of the services which Venice had rendered to the Pope, she desired to obtain from him, as God's representative on earth, exclusive dominion over the Adriatic Sea, the ruler of which she had, in fact, been for the last two centuries. And the Pope gave the Doge of Venice a golden ring with these words:—

"Receive this from my hand as a token of your dominion over the sea. Wed yourself, and your successors after you, annually with it, so that posterity may know that the sea belongs to you, and shall be subject to you as a wife is subject to her husband."

On the day of Christ's Ascension this remarkable marriage took place. The Doge was rowed in a large galley, the "Bucentaur," glittering with gold and precious ornaments, accompanied by the foreign ambassadors, the prelates of the Church, and the chief men of Venice to the sea, outside the Lido—the far stretching island-shore between the Lagoons and the open sea—and here, letting fall a gold ring into the sea, he said, "We marry ourselves to thee, thou Sea, in token of a true and eternal dominion." *Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii.*

And with each returning year, on the day of the Ascension, the doges of Venice renewed, in the name of Venice, the perilous marriage, which was secretly a marriage with the dark powers of the under-world. For, the wise king has said, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." And though the Nemesis of history sometimes delays her coming, she assuredly will come. The downfall of Venice began soon after the time when she stood on the summit of her worldly

glory, but her full humiliation was completed when she was trampled under foot by Napoleon I.

At this time, seven hundred years after the compact of Venice and the Pope to rule the Emperor and the sea, Venice and the Pope again enter upon the scene—but how? It is now the Emperor who sets his foot upon the resisting neck of Venice, the Emperor who, in all politeness, of course, holds the Pope a prisoner under his foot. The dominion of Venice over the sea has passed to another parvenu, Trieste, with a better harbour and with the keys of the Emperor's states. Venice herself, captive and humiliated, seems ready to sink into the Lagoons, out of which she rose.

"And serve her right," I said silently to myself, with a bitter feeling, the day that I visited the Doge's palace, that personification of the pomp of Venice, where it stands built in between the church and the prison, with its magnificent halls, ostentatious paintings, its Inquisition, and torture-chamber, its Piombi and Pozzi, all under the same roof.

The palace has two fronts, and these are symbolical. That facing the Square of St. Mark is splendid, with its Oriental, magnificent style of architecture, with the Church of St. Mark, its many cupolas, images of saints, and innumerable precious things. The other front, towards the canal, lies in dark shadow; beside it is the Bridge of Sighs—*Ponte dei Sospiri*—which leads over the canal from the palace to the building of the prison proper—which is also now full of political prisoners. On this side, too, are the Piombi, or leaden chambers, and the Pozzi, damp, cellar-like prisons, near the canal, as well as the terrible sessional hall of the Council of Ten, and near to it the comfortable apartments that I have mentioned.

The leaden chambers have been converted into or-

dinary store-rooms, but the Pozzi are still the same dark, frightful dens that they were in the great times of the republic, when they only obtained light from the lamps which, on account of the guard, were placed in the passages outside. The three-fold passages round these dark caves, the massive walls, the doors, the excluded air and light—I can imagine no form of prison which can more fully deserve the inscription of Dante,

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate!"

A time came, however, with light and hope even there. They were brought by the wind of liberty from the French Revolution, which extended even to the people of Venice. The people rose, stormed the old palace of the doges—the Doge himself was, at length, a captive in the hands of the terrible Council of Ten—set fire to the prisons, and released the prisoners. One, however, was overlooked, and left there. And there he remained for yet ten years longer, till Napoleon I. came to Venice. Nobody knew, not even the prisoner himself, for what cause he was imprisoned. Napoleon had him liberated. But the poor unfortunate could no longer endure the free air. He died in forty-eight hours after his liberation.

The Bridge of Sighs is covered over and has two different entrances. When the gate on the left opened for the prisoner, who was conducted from the palace of the Doge, he knew that he was going to death. This gate is now walled up. There cannot be anything more gloomy than the passages and chambers that belong to this part of the palace, nor anything more horrible than their history. When I contemplate all this, together with the magnificent halls, where Venice, in a multitude of paintings, parades her history, her triumphs—one of them representing the scene between the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander—when I

contemplate the Lion of St. Mark, with its false, cruel grimaces, which seems to say, "Come, my sweet friend, that I may kiss you and—eat you up!" I said again, "Thou hast deserved thy fate, Venice!" And I heard with a kind of lust of vengeance how Napoleon I. had treated the once arrogant city, the Inquisitor of cities; how he took possession of eighty of its churches and forty of its monasteries, and converted them into hospitals and casernes, and how he applied their property to the laying-out of public parks and promenades. For if any one of the states of modern times has merited its overthrow, it is the rapacious, haughty, gold and pleasure-loving, hypocritical, and cruel Venice, which could indeed imprison and persecute, but never forgive; which, even under the banner of the cross, sought its own advantages, which applied the rack to its noblest sons, and ruled its citizens by means of the Inquisition.

I remained in Venice, however, eight days. How silent were its streets, its canals how desolate! The gondolas lay by the shores black and empty, the gondoliers lay and slept in them. There was no song, no life. All was dead, dead, dead! I took a gondola and was rowed up the Canal Grande. I heard the sounds of singing and talking, but they proceeded from Austrian soldiers on the Piazza, and at the windows of ancient palaces, one of which had belonged to the family of Foscari. In another marble palace soldiers were sitting and playing at cards in a beautifully sculptured shell over the gate. And all these marble palaces, which in part belonged to the doges—for every doge had his own private palace, and the doge's palace in St. Mark's represented properly the republic—and in part to the great families of Venice, how dark and ruinous they look —altogether like dead habitations. And the people, where are they? It is said that Venice still possesses

a population of one hundred thousand souls! Where are they all? Are they hidden in the houses or are they gone away? How dead it is! Venice resembles a city of the dead!

Nevertheless, its people have, during the last ten years, shown noble sympathies. In 1848 they fought not merely for their own, but for Italian freedom, for the principles of free nations against the military despotism of Austria! Are successive generations to suffer for the sins of their predecessors for ever without hope of atonement? Lombardy and Milan have become free, and thou *povera Venezia*! In this way, after a few days, my feelings towards Venice underwent a change. They had still more to be changed. After a few rainy days the weather became bright and beautiful. I had obtained most delightful quarters in the Albergo della Luna, near the Canal Grande, with a view of the lovely little garden of the Palazzo Ducale. Early in the morning I went out into the Square of St. Mark, which is situated very near to La Luna and at that time is visited only by pigeons and the pretty country girls, who, with a flower in their little man's hats, and an iron yoke balanced on their shoulders, went tripping along with bare feet, carrying water from the fountain for household use. I took my morning coffee under the lime-trees on the little promenade at the entrance of the Canal Grande, near Piazetta. After that I took a gondola to see the remarkable places in the city, attended by the pearl of cicerones, the German Venetian, Huber, who is always alert, agreeable, polite, satisfied, and who, knowing everything, talks, and can yet be silent at the proper time. Towards evening I took a gondola excursion with him, or with the kind bookseller Mr. Münster and his wife, to the more remote parts of Venice or the islands, and closed my day with tea and the newspapers under the lime-trees,

and lastly with a promenade and music on the Square of St. Mark, which, with its gas-light all round and its star-bright heaven above, is one of the most beautiful, most magnificent of saloons for music and society that anyone can imagine. And here you see in the evening, till late at night, really pleasure-enjoying people, although the greater number of the gentlemen are Austrian officers, and the ladies very few in number. In the meantime the silence, the calmness, the agreeableness of this Venetian life, the delicious air, the kind people, the many interesting and rare objects that surround you, coming forth as out of the shadow, and seeming more remarkable the longer you regard them—all these have infused into me a sense of enjoyment and comfort which I never expected to have found here. I hear foreigners declare that this impression increases with time, that the air of Venice is salubrious, and that people here live to be fabulously old. I understand now how people may get to love Venice. Yet if I were condemned to live here under the present Government I know that I should either excite a rebellion, or, as eighteen thousand Venetians are said to have done, should remove into Piedmont.

I have spent a Sunday in Venice. On the three large flagstaffs in front of St. Mark's, where formerly waved the conquered banners of the Morea, Cyprus, and Crete, or Candia, now flutters only the victorious black and yellow flag of Austria. Pater Ximelli, a little priest, celebrated for his political sermons, preached in St. Mark's. I sat near the pulpit and saw nothing of the man but a small, white, clenched fist, which now and then, with the rapidity of lightning, was lifted above his head. The sermon was, from beginning to end—and it was very long too—a violent diatribe against *la libertà illimitata dell' opinione*, which had occasioned all the evil

in the world—in the first place, the Fall, then Luther's apostasy, and now, lastly, the apostasy of Italy from her legitimate princes and from the Pope. Nothing but *pentimento* and *conversione* could avert the threatening supreme judgment from *la povera Italia*, and let her again become the paradise and the glory of the earth.

The congregation, mostly men, was large. A part of them were asleep, a part listened, but without edification.

Pater Ximelli is known for his ultra-conservative opinions and his hatred of all Italienissimi.

I was struck in the churches of Venice principally by the pride of the doges, the pride of the saints, and the apotheosis of worldly ecclesiasticism. In the Church dei Frari the old Doge Pesaro is still sitting on a throne, supported by the bowed necks of Moors. In St. Roch the altar, the walls, the chapel, speak only of St. Roch. The Jesuit Church is an elegant, splendid ecclesiastical boudoir, a perfumed, worldly Jesuit, who changes the crown of thorns into a wreath of roses. Above the altar in the background floats the arisen Saviour with the cross, above the globe in a blaze of light, which really makes the picture bewitching.

In Maria della Salute I found, at length, a faultless, noble church edifice.

They are busy in the Armenian monastery and seminary, on the island of St. Lazare, in printing Bossuet's works, in the Armenian language, for the benefit of the Armenian Catholics. I said something to the brother who conducted me round the place about the writings of Vinet and Monod. But he made no reply, even by a single word. An old monk of the place, who was still lively, "and still wrote poetry," was, they said, above a hundred years old. May I die before I become a mummy!

In the Accademia delle belle Arti, there are many very

interesting paintings, as illustrative of the history of civilization, and some also very pleasing relating to events in the grand ages of Venice. One of them represents the journey of the beautiful Venetian lady Catarina Carnaro to Cyprus to be its queen. Her head is really beautiful, but its abundance of golden hair reminded me rather of a Swedish than of an Italian maiden. The halls of the Academy exhibit a great number of pictures of martyrs and saints, which seem to me—yet why record an impression which was perhaps made too hastily to be very reliable. I will mention two pictures only, because, willing or not, I cannot but receive them into my inner museum; the one, John in the Wilderness, by Titian, a large, peculiar composition, where the human figure is small in comparison with the mighty wilderness, but which, nevertheless, exhibits a power beyond it; the other is by Paul Veronese, and represents a marriage, and with what beautiful natural truth—what strength, freshness, variety—what life!

I have also visited some of the older and some of the newer palaces, where nothing struck me more than the contrast of their exterior and their interior histories.

The Palace Pesaro—that of the Doge who is supported in Dei Frari on the necks of the Moors—abounds with apartments rich in gold, silk, precious works of art, precious stones, still preserved in their original state. Even the simplest furniture is inlaid with gold; the ceiling seems weighed down with golden ornaments; the knobs of cabinets, drawers, and desks are of precious stones. Above the bed of the doge is suspended a precious crown of gold. Yet he died beneath it! The greater part of the palace is now a caserne for Austrian soldiers; the beautiful marble stairs and ante-rooms are covered with filth.

The Palace Giovanelli is a jewel of modern art, taste,

and elegance, united to antique magnificence. Of all the treasures, I however carry away with me only the memory of two historical pictures, by the Milanese painter, Molimenti. One of these represents the young Foscari, when the gate of the Bridge of Sighs is opened to him, a most affecting picture, with perfect mastery of execution. The palace belongs to a wealthy count, who is seeking to obtain a divorce from a beautiful young wife because she has no children.

In the morning I go to Milan. Yesterday, as I took my coffee under the lindens, the news was circulating softly and sadly, "*Cavour is dead.*" The atmosphere of Venice seems oppressive. *Povera Venezia! Povera Italia!*

Milan, June 18th.—Men die, God Almighty lives! And His spirit passes again and again like a spring breeze over the earth, awakening, emancipating. I feel, I know, I hear, I perceive it here in every pulsation of existence. I perceive it even in my own life, for owing to interesting acquaintance, excursions, and many other things I have scarcely been able to sleep or to write at all. Have, therefore, kind reader, forbearance with the fugitive notes which I am alone able to record.

But in the first place a word of my journey hither. A slow but beautiful passage by gondola up the Canal Grande to the railway station, thence a flying passage over the long bridge, which now carried across the large Lagoons, unites Venice to the mainland—a magnificent work, for which Venice has to thank the Austrian Government, and so across the inconceivably fertile Venetian and Lombardic plains, across gloriously verdant meadows, which produce seven harvests in the year, through fields of mais, many kinds of

grain, potatoes, and various other crops, engarlanded with vines, which throw themselves in ornamental festoons from tree to tree. It was in this plain that last year were fought the great Battles of Magenta and Solferino. Now the harvests waved over the bloody fields. It became clear to me that the terrible machinery of war, in the discovery and perfecting of which our age is a *virtuoso*, is secretly an engine of peace. It renders the thirty years' war of the Peloponnesus *impossible*. So also their terrible consequences. Blessed Providence of God!

The day was fearfully hot. It was a refreshment to me to let my eyes rest on the glaciers and snowy peaks of the Friulian Alps, which stood forth in the northern background, amidst the blazing atmosphere. Near Verona the level of the plain ascended; the mountains approached, showing their bold heights and hollows. Verona is most picturesquely situated on a lofty plateau at the foot of the mountains. The boundary between the Venetian territory and Lombardy is on the shore of the Garda Lake. We are now in free Italy. The visits which we received at the Austrian custom-house were of a rude character; at the Piedmontese they were more refined, but inquisitorial, "What was I taking into Milan? Whom did I know there?" and so on. A number of letters which lay loose in my portmanteau, and some Greek newspapers, which I myself did not understand, made me suspected. At length, however, I was able to continue my journey over the glorious, fertile country. Through alleys of mulberry-trees we reached Milan.

Now for public business. The death of Cavour is the subject of the day here, but in a far less gloomy tone than I had expected. *Italian unity*, the great object of Cavour, seems to have gained strength by his death;

politically divided parties unite in the common sorrow over the departure of the great statesman, and in the feeling of a new connection to accomplish his work. The day after his death all the newspapers in Milan were published with mourning borders, with the exception of *one* only, which was from the Mazzinian printing-office. The police were obliged to call out an armed force, in order to prevent the population from destroying the office.

At a little dinner, given yesterday by Madame S——, the political conversation at the table was interesting and agreeable. They talked about the position of Italy, its future and its present men—first and last of Camillo Cavour. Madame S——, who, to the good sense of a Swiss, unites the ardent patriotism of an Italian woman, led the conversation by her own internal convictions, affording to us a sure and cheerful hope for the freedom and the future of Italy, Cavour's work. She repeated various expressions of the deceased statesman, which showed how firmly he himself believed in this. Of Naples he had said, "No siege, no siege! Freedom will bring all things into order in Italy!" His state of mind was cheerful in death; he was heard shortly before he passed away, repeating many times, "It will do, it will do!" His last word was "Italy!"

They talked about Garibaldi, about Ricasoli, about the King. Madame S—— commended very highly the firm character of Ricasoli, and related piquant anecdotes about the King. Victor Emmanuel seems to be a kind of Henry IV.,

> "Ce diable à quatre,
> Qui a le tripl' talent
> De boire et de se battre,
> Et de faire le galant."*

His good heart, bravery, and Italianism, make him ex-

* French *chanson*.

tremely popular, spite of his failings and deficiencies. Not long since he brought about, by his cordiality, a reconciliation, at least for the moment, between the irreconcilable Garibaldi and the mortally offended Cavour. They embraced each other with tears in the King's arms, and promised to forget everything for the sake of Italy, for the sake of the common fatherland. Yet it is probable that the death of the great diplomatist may be ascribed to Garibaldi, the honest tribune of the people —perhaps, precisely because Cavour knew that there was truth in Garibaldi's reproaches. For the first time in the Parliament, Cavour was seen to lose his self-command, starting up, as if stung by a serpent, when Garibaldi, pointing to him, said, "that minister, who stretches his cold hand over my country;" for the first time Cavour was obliged to be called "to order." Cavour withdrew, after the Session of the Chambers, to his country seat, and apparently occupied himself merely with the management of his land, but he bore already in his constitution the seed of his last illness.

We remained long at table, all evidently alike interested by the political conversation, which, owing to ladies taking part in it, received a more anecdotical and piquant character, and, if I may say, a greater human interest, than is generally the case in political discussion.

In the evening Madame S—— took me with her to the Corso of Milan, a splendid promenade under alleys of glorious trees close by a newly laid out park in the style of the Parisian Bois de Boulogne, with artificial rocks, little rivers, and cascades, groups of beautiful and rare plants, &c. In the midst of these rocks stands a rotunda, brilliant with gas light, reflected in innumerable mirrors. In this Café della Rotunda, the great world of Milan assembles, promenading on the Corso,

taking coffee, tea, ices, and such like refreshments, greeting acquaintances, talking, reflecting themselves in the mirrors, then again entering their carriages; and so day in and day out, as I also have done during the evenings I have spent here, invited by polite Milanese. On the Corso I saw great numbers of handsome and tasteful equipages, and in them some political notabilities and many remarkably pretty and elegant ladies, more like Frenchwomen than Italians. The horses, especially the riding horses, are really splendid creatures. I do not know that I have ever seen handsomer, and yet it is asserted that the best horses of Milan are now in the army.

But where is my pen carrying me away to? I was going to speak of public affairs. And, after all, I am not very far off, for I was speaking of Milanese ladies, and I hear their Italian patriotism spoken of eyerywhere, as well as the influence they exercised on the war-crisis. I am told besides a great many both affecting and piquant anecdotes of their active co-operation for the Italian revolution immediately before and during the war. Many of the most refined and wealthy ladies of the city gave up their houses as hospitals for the sick and wounded, and attended to them themselves. Amongst others who received medals of honour for this good work from the Emperor of the French was Madame S——, and being complimented on that account by him she replied, deprecatingly, "I do not know why the Emperor distinguishes me. There are hundreds who have done the same, and more than I have done."

The gentlemen of Milan like to say, "It is the ladies who brought about the revolution."

"Our ladies have a will of their own, but they are enchantresses, and can do with the men whatever they like," said the Banker Cav. Signor G——.

And the revolution, what has it done? What has it brought about? First and foremost the liberation of Lombardy, and then of the rest of Italy—or rather the beginning of the liberation—as everybody knows, and with it the accomplished endeavour of the noblest Italian patriots, both in war and peace, from *la lega Lombarda* to the last ten years' movements for freedom, and with it a new life, a new future for Italy, and for the whole of Europe, for the whole of the civilized world, a heart-strenghtening, elevating sight, which proclaims more powerfully than all the sermons in all the world's churches, the guiding Providence of God.

In Milan the new life has brought with it the laying down of railroads in many directions, a national arming, which has already been of considerable service in the city; an *esprit militaire*, to that extent that you see school-boys exercising themselves on the public promenades; and for the rest a great many anticipations, which are not yet all, however, without their counterbalance. The trade of Lombardy has suffered through the political separation from Austria, for which, as yet, the compensation is not found. In many respects suffering has accrued from the unsettled and uncertain state of things, which is inevitable in a transition from the old to the new. There is also still discontent with regard to——. "But everything will get right," say the patriots, and the love and the sense of freedom overcomes all doubt and even compels just dissatisfaction to speak low. Any one who should venture to speak of the services which Austria has rendered to Lombardy, of the great mind and heart of Maria Theresa as a ruler, would fare but badly amongst all *Italienissimi*, and especially amongst the ladies, because all the ladies of Milan are *Italienissimi*.

June 19th.—I have just returned from an excursion of two days to the Lake of Como. My kind cavalier in

Milan, Cavaliere Signor Galbiati, was my cicerone and protector on this journey, which was on that account very easy, and doubly agreeable. And I must confess that on this earth, where I have already seen so much which is infinitely beautiful, I have yet never seen anything more beautiful than the Lake of Lario, the ancient name of Lake Como.

If it should be granted to you, my reader, ever to come here too, do not omit to look round you from the villa of Zerbelloni on the rock of Bellaggio, the extreme point of the tongue of land which extends towards the middle of the lake, and gives to it its very original form. Observe from this spot the rich and harmoniously varied landscape, those snow-covered, bold Alps in the background, these paradisaic grounds and hills ornamented with beautiful villas in the foreground, and on all sides this intertwining of land and water as if in a love feast—this perspective, which attracts the gaze, as it were, to fascinating mysteries—and you will never think of placing in comparison with it either Lago Maggiore, Lake Leman, or any other lake in the world. You will involuntarily forget, for a moment, all that this earth contains of unsightly or horrible deserts, abysses, earthquakes, and such like, and you will be ready to exclaim like our poet Wallin, in his "David's Harp of the North:"—

> "Oh! whilst there is such beauty in creation,
> Whilst earth and life awaken adoration,
> How lovely must the source be whence it floweth,
> And no pollution knoweth!"

A thunderstorm had gathered over Lake Como, and a gentle rain began to fall whilst we were at Bellaggio. But the storm even was beautiful, and soon passed over. The air was cooled by it, and the day glorious. In the evening the clouds piled themselves in lofty columns

above the Swiss Alps, the setting sun gilded them, and they reflected themselves in the crystally clear lake. To paint or to describe the scene would be equally impossible.

Signor G—— took me to visit such of the villas on the shores of the lake as were most celebrated for their works of art or their natural beauty; thus Villa Mylius Villa Azeglio, Villa Carlotta, and many others. Villa Mylius is the richest in beautiful works of art; you find there even a Nemesis of Thorwaldsen. The first possessor of the villa came as a poor boy to Como. Villa Azeglio is adorned with fresco-paintings, of a masterly character, by the Marquis's own hand. His wife, from whom he is separated, now lives there alone. To these enchanting villas belong biographies which are most frequently in sharp contrast with the beauty of the habitation. Disunion, scandalous occurrences, misfortune, and death seem principally at home in them. There is one charming villa, whither one of the oldest kings of Europe, celebrated for his Solomon-like wisdom, came, like another Solomon, to enjoy life with one of the loveliest girls, whom death has lately taken from him. There is another villa which stands empty because its fascinating mistress—a married lady—befooled her lover, a railroad director, to shoot both her and himself; here is a villa where the irreconcileable disunion of a husband and wife embitters both their lives. Of the villa occupied by the English Queen Caroline, another sad story may be told—in a word, the old serpent of paradise seems regularly to have taken up his abode amongst the lovely villas of this Lake Paradise. The dancer Taglioni has possessed or possesses seven villas on Como. Pasta lives still in her villa on the eastern shore of the lake. But the charming, so-much worshipped singer exhibits herself on these shores still nothing less

than charming. In the Villa Giuliani I at length saw a young, agreeable, and happy couple, who amuse themselves by beautifying the beautiful spot of earth which has fallen to their share. This was a refreshing sight.

During the indescribably lovely evening we crossed the lake in a little rowing boat, from Bellaggio to Menaggio, on the western shore, and thence up to Signor G——'s lands, lying high on the mountain ridge, which separates Lake Como from Lake Lugano and Switzerland. From this point you do not see the charming Lario, but you see a mountain landscape around you resembling the grand Swiss landscape, natural scenery resembling a drama of Alfieri. The wild mountain stream Sanagra, foams and roars in the abyss, between wood-clothed heights, and the wind blows fresh from the distant Alps.

The following day, on our return, we saw on board the steamer some interesting travellers, amongst whom were the young rich Marquis Tr—— with his young wife, daughter of the Princess Belgiogioso, she handsome and agreeable, but with a capricious and proud physiognomy, he as handsome as an Apollo, but evidently *blasé*, even to melancholy, as well as a Russian princely couple, whom we had encountered during our rambles the preceding day, and who, when we had become a little acquainted with them, seemed to us a happy and particularly comfortable pair. The Prince now came up to me, and addressing me with animation said:

"Is it possible? Have I really the happiness to see, to speak with the remarkable authoress and writer of travels, who was at—Sumatra, Ida Pfeiffer?"

You may imagine what long faces there were on both sides.

Amongst other agreeable acquaintance there was also an elderly gentleman, resident in the neighbourhood,

who related various anecdotes from the romantic histories of Lake Como, and amongst them about the proprietor of the beautiful Villa Schuvaloff, who left it in order to close his days as a monk in a Benedictine monastery. From this asylum he has published his autobiography and confessions, which repeat, as regards the charms of Lake Como, the well-known words of Solomon, "All is vanity!" *True*, if we would seek in them to satisfy the immortal soul, which yearns ever for the immortal; *untrue*, if thereby we should be tempted lightly to esteem God's earthly gifts for the happiness and joy of mankind.

Pliny was happy here, and the wonderful, variable, but ever young fountain of the Villa Pliniana flows there still.* The young couple at the Villa Giuliani are happy, I have been happy, and all tourists like me, should be happy at Lake Como, especially if they have the happiness of being attended there by a protector and friend such as Cavaliere Galbiati.

* C. Plinius, the younger, born in Como, in the year 62 after Christ, and one of the most learned, good, and happy men of his time, has described the remarkable phenomenon of this intermitting spring, in a letter to his friend Licinius. I give the following:—

"This spring, the source of which is in the mountains, flows between rocks, and collects itself in a small room, which has been fitted up for an eating-room. Here it pauses for a little while, and then throws itself into Lake Como. Its nature is extraordinary. Three times in the day it increases and decreases, according to a fixed scale. Seat yourself at the table near its margin, eat, and drink now and then of the water of the spring, which is of the coolest kind. In the meantime it vanishes, reappears, and increases to the appointed bounds. If you lay on the dry part of the basin a ring, or any other thing, it will by degrees become moist, and then finally be washed with the water."

The learned men of our time have as little been able as Pliny to explain the cause of this phenomenon.—*Author's Note.*

Again in Milan. What shall I say more about Milan? Shall I speak of the cathedral? Ah, no! So many have already done that, and will do it again, better than I can, who, nevertheless, enjoyed, with true devotion, during more than one quiet morning hour, its impressive solemnity, its interior grandeur and beauty, the effect of which is lessened by nothing petty or unworthy. Shall I speak of the various beautiful and benevolent institutions? No, nor yet of them, because, although deserving of praise, they do not yet equal those of a similar character in Northern Europe. Of the Academy of the Fine Arts? I had neither time nor sufficient repose of mind to see it as it deserved, and you can see yourself so much of this kind—and, besides, I must now hasten away from Milan. Yet one characteristic, which appears to me peculiar to this city, I must mention, and that is the candour, the *abandon*, with which the Milanese make communications regarding their own private affairs and those of other people, often of the most delicate nature. By this means you are, of course, made acquainted with a great deal of gossip and many "histories," and, at the same time, with much that is interesting to anyone who has pleasure in studying the human heart and life. I have never in any other place heard, in so few days, so many histories of love and hatred, so many cases of sympathies, and antipathies, and coquetries, of violent fallings in love, of divided married couples and forbidden *liaisons*. Amor evidently plays a greater part here than Eros, and domestic life takes its colouring herefrom. But all this belongs to the old Italian *regime*, which, I am glad to say, is in a state of decline. Only I hope that this amiable openheartedness and communicativeness may not decline with it. That would be a a pity.

One trait taken from the present life of Milan proves

that the State of Milan is arriving at years of discretion, and the consciousness of its higher vocation. A short time since, the anniversary festival of the liberation of Lombardy was celebrated, and in almost every instance the rejoicing took the form of beneficent and publicly advantageous measures and projects. How unlike is this to usual Italian festivals—illuminations and fire-works, of which Rome sets the example!

Another indication of the age and of liberty, which met me in the free city, was the fact of the spread of the church of the Waldenses into most of the Italian cities, of the removal of its high school to Florence, and of the commencement of small evangelical communities in many places in Italy, even in Palermo, the diffusion of the gospels, by means of the Waldensian *colporteurs*, to all parts of the kingdom. If the results of all this be not so great and so rapid as many have expected, it is at the same time a great thing that the gospel has been diffused and preached in Italy, to the Italian people, in ever increasing circles, so that it can be conferred upon, and chosen, and made a portion of the life of the people! "The little light which shineth in darkness," and which has shone during so many dark centuries, has yet done its work, the long hidden is now revealed! It shall now enlighten Italy, and help to fashion that which will some time become the *Italian Church.* But the genius of Italy must not be created by any foreign hand.*

* One of the most enlightened clergymen of the Waldenses, Mr. Meille, demands an entire freedom from foreign intervention in the work of spiritual emancipation. The Italian evangelical reformers, at the head of whom stands the gifted Genoese advocate and philosopher, Mazarella, are united in the acknowledgment of Jesus Christ as the divine Master and Teacher of mankind, are united in the reading of the Holy Scriptures, in the communion of the Lord's Supper, and in the proclamation of the Gospel to man-

I am in Milan merely a few hours' distance from Turin, and in Turin merely three hours' distance from those valleys of the Waldenses, and great is the temptation yet once more to see the fresh streams and groves of the vales of Angrogna, Lucerna, and San Martino, yet once more, from the uplands of those vales, to see the sun rise above the mists on the plain of Piedmont and the *Mountain Cavour.*

When I saw it the first time it was a prophecy, now it is a reality! How pleasant once more to see there the friends who became so estimable and dear to me, to see the fires of joy blaze, during the night, upon the Waldensian mountains. But time speeds, my home calls me, I must hasten to the north—to the north!

I have now returned from dining at Signor G——'s, where I had as my neighbour at table the Cavaliere Cantù, a little man who has written a *large* history, and who has lately made himself unpopular in Milan by having ventured to assert that the Government of Austria produced some good for Milan, and that the Government of Maria Theresa especially caused Italy to progress in the path of civilisation. The Italienissimi cannot bear this; and Cavaliere Cantù, wounded by the unjust manner in which he has been treated in consequence, has, on his side, become unjust towards the Italian Revolution, in which he cannot see any higher poetry at all. Poetry, and men of mark, I however see abundantly in it, but I heartily wish that I could also see more candour and more honesty than has been the case between its two chief men. I cannot believe in the advantage or the necessity of political lies, and strongly suspect that the wisest, as well as the best, policy

kind and society at large, but leave a closer determination of the dogmas of the Italian Church to the time when she, from an inner necessity, shall determine them for herself.—*Author's Note.*

in our time, is honesty. Be it as it may, yet no optimism can deny the presence of uneasy shadows looming over the future of Italy. Venice and Rome stand like thunder clouds on the heaven of its freedom, and *Cavour is dead.* The Emperor of the French has assuredly paid at the grave of Cavour the homage of acknowledging the Kingdom of Italy; but the Pope and French occupation still continue at Rome. Trade is stagnant at Milan. "In Milan there is nothing selling at this time but the photographs of the revolutionary heroes." The harvest of silk, and the vintage, are but little promising; the country-people sigh under the burden of taxes and the dry season, and at the bottom of the patriot's joy lies a certain sediment of discontent, together with the question, "How will it turn out? What will be the end of it?"

And to this they have no better answer than the last words of Cavour, "It will do! it will do! Liberty will set all things right in Italy!"

And this is a good answer.

Now from the free to the captive city once more!

Venice, June 21st.—Amongst the pictures at the new exhibition at Milan is one which was often repeated in *tableau vivants* during the past winter, a picture which represents the sorrowing Venice supported and strengthened by Milan—two beautiful, strongly-marked female figures. They entertain in Milan a firm faith that Venice will become as free as Milan; they merely question—when? And, in the meantime, they amuse themselves, and have a great deal besides to think about. I now feel in Venice, still more strongly than before, the oppressiveness and the oppression of the captive city's position, and, after having lived in Milan, I could not long endure to live here.

On my journey hither, during an oppressively hot day, I had a new experience of the suspicions of the

Austrian custom-house authorities. I sincerely pity the German customs-officers, at Peschiera, if they be gentlemen, that they are obliged to open and turn over, as they now did, the luggage of ladies—even their dirty clothes! It must have been very disagreeable to them. These Piedmontese gentlemen went, however, less desperately to work, and their questions were not without delicacy. On the Austrian side the case was very different. In the meantime, something occurred which rendered the scene very comic to me.

I heard all at once a whisper around me, "Garibaldi! Garibaldi!" in a certain suppressed tone of alarm. And on looking round I perceived that my album was under examination, and that two small portraits of Garibaldi had given rise to the alarm. Soon after my album disappeared, but my passport was again demanded, and I was summoned into the room occupied by the police. There stood a gentleman with his back turned towards me, who seemed to be deeply occupied in the examination of a large note-book, on the pages of which I saw a great number of names entered. I saw, also, that my passport and my person were the subject of close examination. Wholly unconcerned about what might happen to me, I contemplated, in the meantime, the landscape from the window, the clear, watery mirror of the Garda Lake, surrounded by cloud-piercing mountains. After the examination in the bureau had lasted about a quarter of an hour, I heard the inspector mumble, "*Gar nichts*," and with an "*Ecco!*" as little polite as possible, he threw to me my passport without either an apology or any salutation whatever. The other gentleman had, in the meantime, crammed my things pell-mell into my travelling-bags—I had left my portmanteaus in Vienna —and when I returned to the railway-carriage I found that a bonnet-box which I had left there had also been

opened and its contents completely overhauled in the Garibaldi panic. But we must excuse people who endure it, and who have lost Lombardy. I believed, at first, that I had lost several of my books in this visitation, but I found them afterwards, together with all my belongings, although they had suffered some little by the Garibaldi perturbation at Peschiera.

I again took up my quarters in La Luna, in Venice, and here rested and slept, for during four nights I had scarcely slept above three or four hours each night. I have taken in the light of the full moon, a gondola trip up the Canal Grande, and then back through the Giudecca, which would have been glorious had it not been so desolate, and I so sleepy that I slept two-thirds of the way, and at length the whole way. No, Venice is not now a place in which souls wide-awake can live. The forty thousand Austrians who hold Venice and the Venetian state in bondage, and all that you hear of the oppressed condition of the city and the increasing poverty, make the living here for any length of time unendurable. But I would rather be here a captive than a jailor. It is not possible that this state of things can be of long duration. There are circumstances which can never be adjusted, exasperations which can never be appeased. The military despotism of Austria, its government and system of punishment, have made the German rule utterly detested in the Venetian States, and Venice will never again voluntarily submit herself to it. Besides, the nationalities have their own inalienable rights, and freedom and the Venetians have as perfect a right not to tolerate the domination of the Germans in Venice as the Englishman would have not to tolerate that of the French in London, or the Swedes that of the Russians in Stockholm.

Formerly, it is said, that when the moon shone bright

over the Lagoons you heard the songs of the gondoliers the whole night through, and you saw gondola after gondola, in a long line, headed by a choir of singers, glide along the Canal Grande. Now also beams the full moon over the city of the Lagoons, but its life is darkly in the wane, and all singing and all joy is silenced.

No friend of humanity can grieve, however, over the downfall of the ancient republic. But the new Venice will be somewhat better than the old. And the new vitality which is arising in ever more self-conscientious strength and clearness amidst the nations of Europe will not leave Venice alone to her fate.

Let no nation despair! Let it stand firmly by its higher love. Then it will be ultimately victorious. Its leaders may fall; others will rise up to take their places, or the great Invisible will enter in! Gustavus Adolphus the Great fell, and in the fight for freedom of conscience; but God, after all, led it forth to victory. Venice mourns to-day for the man on whom she had placed her hope of emancipation– the greatest statesman of Italy. I will repeat to-day for Venice the consoling words of the great Swedish King, "God Almighty lives!"

TWENTY-THIRD STATION.

Through Germany—By a Grave.

DRESDEN, *June 30th.*—I may not pause here. I must this time visit *das Grosse Vaterland*, merely as a bird of passage, on my way home to the high north. It annoys me not to be able to achieve all I wished, not to be a little angry with Trieste, with its parvenu physiognomy, spite of all its "gods" and goddesses, or handsome ladies, who, in their ample crinolines and stuck-up bonnets and turned-up noses, looked so indescribably common! It annoys me not to be able to speak of those kind countrymen of mine who made my stay at Trieste so agreeable, of those north-German ladies on the green hills of Trieste, who were the personification of German kindness and *Gemüthlichkeit*, nor of the Adelsberger grotto, that subterranean stalactite palace, sister to the Kentucky cave in America; nor of the road over Sömmeringen —a road which resembles secular genius on earth; nor yet of the remarkable objects in Vienna, with which the great kindness of our Swedish minister, his Excellency Mr. Dues, made me acquainted, Schönbrunn, the noble creation of Maria Theresa—the gorilla ape—the Evil One's (if ever he made anything), and the Mineralogical Cabinet,

which, perhaps more than anything else, displays God's kingdom in the bosom of the earth, and which possesses the largest collection of meteoric stones now in existence.* I regret not to be able to say more of the Emperor Franz Joseph than that he seems to be a man who can learn wisdom from adversity, and who has won considerably by what he has lost, also that, like the Englishman, I might have wept to see his meeting with the Empress on her return from Madeira. Neither can I stop to tell the interesting facts that I heard about the suicide of Herr Von Bruch, neither about Herr Von Schmerling's work of regeneration for Austria, nor of the constitutional debates which are carried on in the Chamber of Representatives, and which seem to me as if they would go on for at least a hundred years. I hardly dare venture to speak of Prague, of its churches, monuments, and statues, and their characteristic, strong, energetic, sensitive life, nor of the Hradschin, and much more; for then I should wish to turn back and continue

* There is an anecdote attached to the largest but one of these stones, which I cannot resist taking with me to Sweden. A poor countryman in Croatia was deploring to his father confessor the death of his only cow, saying that he could not console himself for the loss, because his children had thus been deprived of their chief means of sustenance. He felt disposed to murmur against God. "Do not do so," admonished the Confessor, "pray and work on in hope and trust. God may, perhaps, send you another cow." A year after this an immense round stone fell down in front of the poor man's cottage. After the first terror, he found when he touched the stone that it was hot. He had an idea that it was no common stone, and therefore got it hoisted upon a cart, and drove it to the nearest town, where it was soon recognized as a meteorite. It was then taken to Vienna, and purchased by the Emperor Franz Joseph, for five hundred florins, from the poor man, who thus obtained the means of buying more than one cow. The stone, like most meteorites, is somewhat black on the outside, but within of granite grey.—*Author's Note.*

the acquaintance, which was quite too brief, quite too hastily interrupted, and which reminded me of John Huss, of the Bohemian Brothers, of the heroes and martyrs of the life of faith. Neither can I speak of the beautiful scenery of the Elbe, on the way between Prague and Dresden, nor yet of the interesting objects of Dresden, its Brühl terrace, its Madonna Sistine, the only one in the world, the countenance of which corresponds with the Scripture expression, "Mary hid all these things, and pondered them in her heart." I dare not look around me upon any of the many vital questions which are agitating the pregnant future of *das Grosse Vaterland*, because I cannot stop on my way home, yet for one moment I must, I ought to linger by a grave; admiration, gratitude, admonish me to do so. It is the grave of a statesman, a thinker—of C. J. Bunsen!

It is very possible highly to esteem and admire a person from whom you may yet differ on more than one not unimportant question; it is possible to acknowledge him with the greatest gratitude as a teacher and guide, even though you may in one, or even in several points, deviate from him and go your own way. It is in this sense that I value and admire C. J. Bunsen as a writer to whom I acknowledge with fervent gratitude the guidance, the elevation, the enlightenment, and the pleasure which I have derived from his works. He has, in the history of human culture—that dramatic dialogue between God and man—pre-eminently exhibited the great *rôle* of the latter. Thanks be to him for the ardour, the nobility of mind, the beauty, the scientific skill, with which he has maintained the higher part and *rôle* of man in the great world's drama, that part which blind orthodoxy gladly will make over to the devil; thanks to him above everything else for the candour

with which he has expressed his views. So doing he required not merely science, but also love in the highest degree, love for the truth. He understood only the Creator's highest personal revelation on earth as the Son of Man, the apex and crown of the whole development of the preceding human race, but as such loved Him, served Him, and followed Him as a true disciple his master. His life, his labours, his last hours' testify to this. He had in his many-sided activity merely one object—the coming of God's kingdom.

As a man, Bunsen was to me personally a friend and a benefactor. It was in London that I saw him first. It was just at the time when the Eastern Question was in agitation, and the position which Bunsen, as the Prussian Minister, took with regard to it, occasioned his removal from that high office. He followed in this respect his conscientious convictions; but he suffered from the conflict into which he was thus brought with his Government, and his health was affected in consequence. At the time when I saw him in London his breathing was so bad that I feared he was commencing a mortal sickness. Nevertheless, how amiable he was!—how gentle and affectionate in his domestic circle!—how kind to me!—how he seemed to have time and sympathy for every thing and everybody around him! I remember one evening, when his wife and daughters were out at some party, that he asked me to remain with him at home. He was unwell, and seemed very much tired; he was seated in his arm-chair, before the large fire in his drawing-room, and here received people, who were coming to him continually, to bring him news of the debate which was going on in Parliament at the time. Yet during all this he found leisure to converse with me, and to show me a beautiful antique cameo, cut with the head of Jupiter, by Phidias, together with

some valuable antique coins. In the meantime, tea was brought in, which he allowed me to make, and to prepare for him, as if I had been his sister. The charm of this evening in his company I can never forget. He afterwards kept his bed for some days.

When I next saw him it was at a family breakfast in his house. His state of mind was now calm and clear. On my happening to say something of his future plans, he observed,

"We must, one and all of us in our places, carry our torches as long as we are able, till we are called to give them up to others."

There were tears in his eyes as he said this, but his voice was unmoved, his glance large and clear. I see it at this moment.

After breakfast he was much amused and interested by the news which was brought him of discoveries in the interior of Africa. On my questioning the existence of the so-called Moon Mountains in Africa, he replied, with animation,

"I have talked with the man who held in his hand snow upon these mountains."

Bunsen's soul was open to the universe. His house in London was a kind of museum, which indicated the universality of his interests. The staircase was ornamented with statues of Greek gods, and in his study was a beautiful head of the Ecce Homo. His god in history was here already revealed. As a statesman Bunsen had a frankness of manner, and the expression of a noble character, of which I, even during the then existing political crisis, received more than one proof. This candour was a part of his character; perhaps it might be with him also a diplomatic principle.

"Always speak the truth," he said, on one occasion, smiling archly, to a diplomatist at the commencement of

his career, "because people will then precisely believe that—you do not speak the truth."

A short time after this meeting in London, I heard from Bunsen himself that he had retired from his ministerial post. "A man must be faithful to himself," he wrote, "and I have said the same to my beloved King," &c. For the rest he rejoiced in being able to retain his monarch's friendship. Bunsen was sincerely attached to Frederick William IV.

Five years afterwards I saw Bunsen on the romantic shore of the Neckar, near Heidelberg, but now no longer as the diplomatist, bowed down with anxiety and public business, but as a young man in temperament, and almost so in appearance, who, with cheerful life and unabated powers, was equipped for a sublime struggle in the career of philosophical theology. I have in the first volume of my work on Italy and Switzerland spoken of this meeting, and of the impression which I then received of Bunsen's personal character, activity, and surroundings. It has often, during this my journey, been a precious thought to me, that, on my return to my native country, I might yet again see this great man, and thank him for the benefits which he has, unknowingly, afforded me, during my residence in far distant lands. In Rome, in Jerusalem, in Athens, I have received protection and good, in many ways, from those institutions of the Protestant Church which Bunsen prevailed on Prussia, or Prussia and England combined, to establish, and to which his systematic and guiding spirit, as a statesman and a Christian thinker, gave constructive support.

In Athens the tidings reached me that I should never more see him on earth—that he had departed hence.

To-day I stand on his paternal soil, by his grave, five years after having seen him so full of life and plans for

the future! Yet his work was perhaps completed on earth, and his goal reached. He had combated for the light, and it enlightened his last moments—his last parting from earthly life. Faithful friends who were assembled round his death-bed have preserved the words by which, in a decided moment, he raised himself above the sufferings of a long illness—above all that was painful and dark in life and in death. Let me here, both for myself and for all who read these pages, recall his last parting words—a hymn of love and victory such as is seldom heard from dying lips.

Bunsen wished to have lived longer, to be able to complete the work which he had begun. One night it became evident to him that such was not the will of God. He raised himself in his chair and exclaimed—

"Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

He then ordered all the members of his family to be called in, and said—

"I am sensible that a great change has taken place in my mind—not with regard to my immortal soul, not with regard to Jesus Christ, my only Saviour, but in regard to my body. I feel that I am dying."

Upon this he blessed his children—expressed in the most affecting terms his love and gratitude to the companion of his life, and said—

"In thee I loved the eternal."

After this he broke forth into blessings over his native land, over Prussia, England, the whole world—over his friends, his deceased benefactor, Niebuhr. He thanked his servants with the greatest cordiality for their faithful attention, and continued, with a brightening expression of countenance—

"Notwithstanding my weaknesses and my deficiencies, I have yet striven after that which is noble on earth. But my best experience is to have learned to

know Jesus Christ. I leave the world without hating anyone. No, no hatred! Hatred is something godless! Oh, how good it is to look down from this height upon life! We then understand what a dark existence we have had on earth. Upwards!—upwards! It does not become darker, but lighter, ever lighter! I am now in the kingdom of God—hitherto it has been merely an expectation."

O Lord, how lovely are thy tents!

* * * * * *

TWENTY-FOURTH STATION.

IN SWEDEN.

Return—Sum Total—At Home.

STOCKHOLM, *June*, 1862.—Had I not known it already, it would have become certain and clear to me on my return to Sweden, that the conditions of the higher development of nations are, after the teachings of the Gospel, political and civil liberty. Those happy nations who are possessed of these inestimable treasures, have in their own hands the ever youth-restoring elixir.

"They shall become
More than they have been,
Ever ascending."

"They shall receive new strength, so that they mount upwards as eagles—they shall walk, and not be weary."

Five years have passed since I left Sweden. They have passed as dark cyphers over many countries. In Sweden they have diffused their light over a continued progressive ascent on the path of light. I saw, I heard it, when I stood again on my native shore. In laws, in public institutions, in civil undertakings, in inner and outer life, in prosperity—the glad tidings met me every-

where and in everything. The people and the country are advancing on the path of light, of liberty, and humanity!

It was the midsummer season. The nights were bright as they are in the "high north" at that time of the year, when heaven and nature seem wishful to give a double measure of light and life, to indemnify mankind for the long winter-darkness, and convert its life into an uninterrupted festivity. On the cheerful blue fjords, amongst the verdant islands and shores, sped the steamers with their music and their pleasure-seeking people.

How cheerily the little red cottages looked out from the pine woods, and the white country-houses in the hollows of the hills! The master of the small craft lay upon his cargo of fire-wood, with his violin in his hand, and sung whilst the wind swelled his sails. Many-coloured herds grazed on the verdant shores. As Bellman says;

"Cows are wading in the pool
Underneath the sallows;
Oxen stand, themselves to cool,
In the blue sea-shallows;
Meads with grass and flowers are gay,
Frisky horses snort and neigh,
Calves are racing mad for play,
Swine are on the fallows."

Animals and man emulate each other in their enjoyment in the lap of nature—so youthfully fresh, so full of moisture, so affluent in ever-varying life! I had never seen it, never felt it as now, after having spent several years in countries where the sun and the sand of summer parch up everything. With the joy of the nation in its own summer-time life was mingled that of rejoicing in the liberation of Italy. A spirit of renovation, of contentment and hope, permeated everything.

Iduna and Brage met me on the shore of my native land. No wonder, then, that I should be almost intoxicated by the foaming draught of life, and that, instead of, as formerly, smiling compassionately at the assertion of the learned Swedish antiquarian, Rudbeck, that the most ancient paradise, in which "all was good," lay in Sweden, I now felt ready to exclaim "It lies there still!"

It required some time before I could properly reflect on what I saw and had seen. But calmer days came, and the autumn, and the winter, and ample time for reflection. Nevertheless, my first happy impressions have not undergone much change.

Of the many countries, in the various climates which God has permitted me to see on earth, I have yet seen none the lot of which appears to me, *on the whole*, better than that of Sweden, as well for natural beauty as in the conditions of the health and happiness of life. And of the many peoples whom I have visited, I know none who, at this moment, are progressing so harmoniously as the Swedes. I say, *at this moment*, because it must be acknowledged that Sweden is favoured at the present time by an unusual concurrence of circumstances, namely, a singular harmony, a cordially good understanding, between the Government and the people, which could not exist without a more than usual degree of honesty, good intention, and good sense in the King and his council. Such cannot always be calculated upon. Neither will the old human-tempter—the origin and root of all evil—*selfishness*—always the old serpent in new forms—forbear even now, or decrease in his old work of destruction.

The people of Svea have, however, won something which will not easily be lost; something which will not allow of recession, and which makes of them men who

have gained their majority, who are in a condition to choose their own portions, to decide their own fate. How good, how noble that of Sweden can be, I now know more clearly and better than ever before.

In the great family of nations, of which all the nations of the earth are called to be members, each one has his own distinct gift, his *rôle*, his place, as it were his own individual character and his own ideal. To comprehend this and to attain it, in unison with other nations, for their own good and for the good of the whole human race, is the highest object of every nation. A small nation can by this means become great; a small country may obtain an incalculable influence. Outer greatness counts for little in the world's higher history. The achievements of peace operate more permanently than those of war. But all in its own time. May arms always be taken up merely for a worthy object.

In the east and in the far west of us, war is being carried on to the death, but, for human freedom and for human right, against life-serfdom and slavery—a sublime combat for the future weal of innumerable generations.

We have peace. May we use it properly! Only when so used is peace a blessing.

A gleaner went out into the harvest-fields of the old and the new world to gather corn for her garner. The Lord of the harvest let her find more than she expected or hoped for. But the greatest profit, the most valuable results which these years of travel have produced for her, is the more clear understanding of a common work, a common great and good object for all nations, for all human beings—is that she, from her small room, can look over the earth, and can say from a fuller and a warmer heart than heretofore, "Our Father!"

All for all, and all for the kingdom of God! This is

the will of the Great Householder, "The Lord, the first and with the last who calleth the generations from the beginning;" *

To work in His vineyard, and finally, to the great paternal abode, the glorious one, "of which He himself is the light."

Well is it for him who, in his earthly native land and home, sees that home revealed with heavenly presentiments!

Home, sweet home!

Thanks to the All-good, who protected me on my solitary journey, and enabled me to return in joy to my fatherland, my home, my friends!

Here I may conclude with Michael Angelo, "I have now nothing more to add!"

Therefore, once for all, my readers, farewell!

* Isaiah xl. 4.

THE END.

R. GARDNER, PRINTER, GLOUCESTER STREET, REGENT'S PARK.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. Illustrated by his Journal and Correspondence. By Mrs. Oliphant. Second Edition, Revised. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait. 30s.

"We who read these memoirs must own to the nobility of Irving's character, the grandeur of his aims, and the extent of his powers. His friend Carlyle bears this testimony to his worth:—'I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or hope to find.' A character such as this is deserving of study, and his life ought to be written. Mrs. Oliphant has undertaken the work, and has produced a biography of considerable merit. The author fully understands her hero, and sets forth the incidents of his career with the skill of a practised hand. The book is a good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times.*

"Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Edward Irving' supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest, and eloquent, carring the reader along, with something of the same excited admiration and pathetic sensibility with which it is written. On every page there is the impress of a large and masterly comprehension, and of a bold, fluent, and poetic skill of portraiture. Irving as a man and as a pastor is not only fully sketched, but exhibited with many broad, powerful, and life-like touches, which leave a strong impression."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"We thank Mrs. Oliphant for her beautiful and pathetic narrative. Hers is a book which few of any creed can read without some profit, and still fewer will close without regret. It is saying much, in this case, to say that the biographer is worthy of the man. * * * The journal which Irving kept is one of the most remarkable records that was ever given to the public, and must be read by any who would form a just appreciation of his noble and simple character."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review.*

"A full detailed biography of Irving we have not seen till now. In Mrs. Oliphant's volumes we trace the history, and mark the aspect, the joy, and grief, and conflict of his life, as we have never before been able to do. Mrs. Oliphant's work is admirable, presenting a most living, consistent, vivid picture of Irving."—*Macmillan's Mag.*

"We can allot Mrs. Oliphant no higher eulogy than that her work is worthy of him whom it commemorates. She has contributed to our literature a work that will rank among the best of biographies, one that may be placed by the side of Hanna's 'Life of Chalmers,' and Stanley's 'Life of Arnold.'"—*Parthenon.*

"A highly instructive and profoundly interesting life of Edward Irving."—*Scotsman.*

ITALY UNDER VICTOR EMMANUEL. A Personal Narrative. By Count Charles Arrivabene. 2 vols. 8vo, with charts, 30s.

"A bright and cheery book. A piece of history like the aspect and fortunes of the land it describes so well, to freshen the memory and make glad the heart. Count Arrivabene is a true artist. The sun shines on his page, and a youthful spirit glows in his style. And then what a story he has to tell!—one that will interest the passions of men and the sympathies of women to the end of time."—*Athenæum.*

"Count Arrivabene was singularly well qualified for the task he has here performed. His thorough mastery of our language enabled him to interpret his Italian experiences to an English audience with a perspicuity which is rare even among our own countrymen. His rank gave him access to the superior authorities everywhere, and thus his information carries with it the stamp of authenticity, whilst his own natural powers of observation and comment are considerable. He has produced a most important and stirring book. To say that it is interesting would be to express inadequately the absorbing power it exercises over the attention and the excitement with which it fills the mind."—*Daily News.*

"'Italy under Victor Emmanuel' merits, and will doubtless receive, considerable attention. Under the writer's eyes were transacted the eventful scenes in which a powerful nation was born out of a few petty states. The narrative is rapid, animated, and breathlessly interesting."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

"Whoever wishes to gain an insight into the Italy of the present moment, and to know what she is, what she has done, and what she has to do, should consult Count Arrivabene's ample volumes, which are written in a style singularly vivid and dramatic."—*Dickens's All the Year Round.*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

LES MISÉRABLES. By VICTOR HUGO. THE AUTHORIZED COPYRIGHT ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

SECOND EDITION. Complete in 3 vols. post 8vo. Price 31s. 6d.

"We think it will be seen on the whole that this work has something more than the beauties of an exquisite style or the word compelling power of a literary Zeus to recommend it to the tender care of a distant posterity; that in dealing with all the emotions, passions, doubts, fears, which go to make up our common humanity, M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius and the loving patience and conscientious labour of a true artist. But the merits of Les Misérables do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole, it abounds page after page with details of unequalled beauty."—*Quarterly Review.*

"'Les Miserables' is one of those rare works which have a strong personal interest in addition to their intrinsic importance. It is not merely the work of a truly great man, but it is his great and favourite work—the fruit of years of thought and labour. Victor Hugo is almost the only French imaginative writer of the present century who is entitled to be considered as a man of genius. He has wonderful poetical power, and he has the faculty, which hardly any other French novelist possesses, of drawing beautiful as well as striking pictures. Another feature for which Victor Hugo's book deserves high praise is its perfect purity. Any one who reads the Bible and Shakspeare may read 'Les Misérables.' The story is admirable, and is put together with unsurpassable art, care, life, and simplicity. Some of the characters are drawn with consummate skill."—*Daily News.*

"'Les Miserables' is a novel which, for development of character, ingenuity of construction, beauty of language, and absorbing interest of situation, is approached by very few. Having carefully examined Mr. Wraxall's translation of this celebrated work, we can conscientiously recommend it to the public as a perfectly faithful version, retaining, as nearly as the characteristic difference between the two languages admits of, all the spirit and point of the original. In its present form 'Les Miserables' stands a very fair chance of having as wide a sale as the French edition."—*Examiner.*

"There is much to admire in 'Les Misérables.' There are passages breathing the noblest spirit with a sustained loftiness of tone. There are others full of touching pathos. M. Hugo is one of the keenest observers and most powerful delineators of the human soul in all its various phases of emotion. Nor is it the fiercer gusts alone that he can portray. His range is wide, and he is equally masterly in analysing the calmer but more subtle currents which stir the heart to its very depths."—*Saturday Review.*

"A book replete with burning eloquence, with magnificent narrative, with astounding adventure."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G. 3 vols. post 8vo, with Portrait, 31s. 6d.

Among others of the Duke of Buckingham's celebrated contemporaries and acquaintances, of whom anecdotes will be found in these volumes, are—George the Fourth; the Dukes of Clarence, Wellington, and Bedford; the Marquesses of Hertford and Lansdowne; the Earls of Shrewsbury and Westmoreland; Lords Grenville, Brougham, Errol, Yarborough, Arundel, Hardwick, Blessington, and Dalhousie; Sir Robert Peel; Mr. Canning; Ladies Shrewsbury, Westmoreland, Ponsonby, Errol, Brabazon, Howard, &c. Amongst the Royal and distinguished Foreigners are the Kings of the Two Sicilies and Bavaria, the Pope and the principal Cardinals, the Duke and Duchess of Modena, Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon, Queen Hortense, Louis, Jerome and Lucien Bonaparte, Châteaubriand, and a host of the political, literary, and artistic celebrities of the period over which the Diary extends.

"A very amusing chronicle. That it will be read with curiosity we cannot doubt."—*Athenæum.*

"This Diary has intrinsic interest apart from the taste and intelligence of the writer. It abounds in anecdote."—*Examiner.*

THE CHURCH AND THE CHURCHES; or, THE PAPACY AND THE TEMPORAL POWER. By Dr. DÖLLINGER. Translated, with the Author's permission, by WILLIAM BERNARD MAC CABE. 1 vol. 8vo, 15s.

"This volume is the most important contribution to the Roman question, and will long remain the greatest authority upon it. To theologians, the masterly review of all the existing churches and sects, as they bear upon the spiritual power, must be of immeasurable value. The history of the temporal power is full of interest."—*Athenæum.*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

ENGLISH WOMEN OF LETTERS. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," "French Women of Letters," &c. 2 vols., 21s.

"This work of Miss Kavanagh's will be a pleasant contribution to the literature of the times, and in raising a shrine to the merits of some of the leading English women of literature, Miss Kavanagh has also associated her own name with theirs. The work comprises a biography of each authoress (all women of renown in their day and generation), and an account and analysis of her principal novels. To this task Miss Kavanagh has brought knowledge of her subject, delicacy of discrimination, industry, and a genial humour, which makes her sketches pleasant to read."—*Athenæum.*

THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., from Original Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends, and Fellow Academicians. By WALTER THORNBURY. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits and other Illustrations, 30s.

"Mr. Thornbury has had every possible advantage for the accomplishment of this biography—a personal acquaintance with Turner, the advice of Mr. Ruskin, and the ready assistance of all Turner's friends. Of the immense mass of materials brought together Mr. Thornbury has made skilful use, and constructed an honest memorial of the great painter. He has done his part ably. The artist will refer to these volumes for authentic information regarding the great modern master and his works, and the student of life and manners will find in them a rich store of entertainment."—*Daily News.*

"Mr. Thornbury's work must not only be considered as the very best that he has written, but as a valuable addition to our artistic biography. To the professional student it will be especially interesting."—*Spectator.*

"Henceforward nobody can have any excuse for re-opening this subject. Mr. Thornbury has collected a mass of information larger in quantity and fuller in detail than Turner's uncommunicative character could have justified any one in expecting."—*Blackwood.*

TRAVELS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA; with the Narrative of a Yacht Voyage Round Vancouver's Island. By Captain C. E. BARRETT LENNARD. 1 vol. 8vo.

"Captain Lennard describes British Columbia as a country in which the steady emigrant may thrive whether as miner, manufacturer, or agriculturist. He was two years on the Pacific Coast of the North American Continent, he made numerous land excursions, with a visit to the Fraser River in Columbia, and to New Westminster, the capital. he cruised round Vancouver's Island in a yacht, and he became acquainted with many of the Indian tribes, few of which have been familiarly known to Europe. We leave this lively and interesting volume to the reader."—*Athenæum.*

"A most valuable accession to our Colonial literature. Captain Lennard gives a vast amount of information respecting the two colonies, of that kind which an intending emigrant would be most glad to receive."—*Daily News.*

FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON. By a PRISON MATRON. SECOND EDITION, REVISED. 2 vols., 21s.

"There are many obvious reasons why records of prison life should prove an attractive department of literature, though ordinarily they are more welcome than deserving of encouragement, because they minister to the cravings of our curiosity only. The present volumes have at least this higher pretension, that while they satiate our interest in pet murderesses and other prison monstrosities, they aim at affording us a fuller view of the working of a retired and special department of State administration. The authoress, who has herself been a prison matron, writes throughout with good sense, good taste, and good feeling. The phenomena of female prison life which she describes are most curious, and we consider her book to be as authentic as it is new in the form and details of its information."—*The Times.*

"This book should have many readers among our social reformers of both sexes, and few, if any, will close it without serious thought having been stirred by the details and suggestions contained in it."—*Athenæum.*

"This is one of the most genuine books - probably the best woman's book of the year. It is full of living interest. It is the genuine and simple utterance of experiences, interesting, touching, and useful to be known. It contains, besides the details of prison life, a series of sketches of prison characters, various and curious, which are vivid and interesting as the liveliest inventions of the novelist."—*Examiner*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

GREECE AND THE GREEKS. Being the Narrative of a Winter Residence and Summer Travel in Greece and its Islands. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. 2 vols., 21s.

THIRTY YEARS' MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By HENRY F. CHORLEY. 2 vols., with Portraits, 21s.

"Every page of these volumes offers pleasant reminiscences of some thirty years' experience. No one singer of merit, or pretension to it, no distinguished composer of the period, is without his or her portrait. Whether as a conscientious history, a graceful series of portraits, or an anecdotical record, the author must be congratulated on the work he has accomplished."—*Athenæum.*

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, K.C.B. From his Private Papers and Official Documents. By Major-General ELERS NAPIER. 2 vols. 8vo., with Portrait and Charts, 30s.

"A work of great interest, with much that is amusing for the general, and more that is instructive to the professional reader."—*Athenæum.*

DOWN SOUTH; or an Englishman's Experience at the Seat of War in America. By S. PHILLIPS DAY, Esq., Special Correspondent of the *Morning Herald.* 2 vols., with Portraits, 21s.

"A very readable and entertaining book. Mr. Day's adventures are well told, and this story well deserves to be treasured as a permanent record of this mighty contest. There are clever and characteristic sketches of Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, Floyd, Stephens, Polk, and other celebrities."—*John Bull.*

FRENCH WOMEN OF LETTERS. By JULIA KAVANAGH, author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," &c. 2 vols., 21s.

"Miss Kavanagh's book is a very good one. It will obtain not only a popular success, but also a permanent place in the library. It covers ground new to most English readers. Ten women—all very famous in their day—are taken as centres of literary history in successive periods; and in the story of their lives, still more in the analysis given of their works, we have the several stages of French life truly reflected."—*Examiner.*

TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. 2 vols., 21s.

"A good specimen of what travels should be—intelligent, unaffected, and giving exact impressions."—*Athenæum.*

THE OKAVANGO RIVER; A NARRATIVE OF TRAVEL, EXPLORATION, AND ADVENTURE. By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON, Author of "Lake Ngami." 1 vol., with Portrait and numerous Illustrations. 21s. bound.

"Mr. Andersson's book, from the number of well-told adventures, its rich fund of information, and spirited illustrations, will command a wide circle of readers. The interest of his story never flags for a moment."—*Athenæum.*

TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE AMOOR, AND THE RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS ON THE CONFINES OF INDIA AND CHINA. By T. W. ATKINSON, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." Dedicated, by permission, to HER MAJESTY. Second Edition. Royal 8vo., with Map and 83 Illustrations. Elegantly bound.

THE RECREATIONS OF A SPORTSMAN. By LORD WILLIAM LENNOX. 2 vols., with Illustrations. 21s.

NOW IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION. EACH WORK COMPLETE IN A SINGLE VOLUME, illustrated by MILLAIS, HOLMAN HUNT, LEECH, BIRKET FOSTER, JOHN GILBERT, TENNIEL, &c., elegantly printed and bound, price 5s.,

Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library

OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF

POPULAR MODERN WORKS.

VOL I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE & HUMAN NATURE.

"The first volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions of Popular Modern Works forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to attain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear bold type and good paper, the lesser, but still attractive merits, of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Post.*

VOL. II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman, and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand, as a gift-book in many households."—*Examiner.*

VOL. III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review.*

VOL. IV.—NATHALIE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well written, true-hearted, and altogether practical."—*Examiner.*

VOL. VI.—ADAM GRAEME OF MOSSGRAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET MAITLAND."

"'Adam Graeme' is a story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery."—*Post.*

VOL. VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"The best of all Judge Haliburton's admirable works. It is one of the pleasantest books we ever read, and we earnestly recommend it."—*Standard.*

VOL VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S POPES.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. IX.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"In 'A Life for a Life' the author is fortunate in a good subject, and she has produced a work of strong effect."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB. BY LEIGH HUNT.

"A delightful book; that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner.*

VOL. XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

"We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating story to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while."—*Athenæum.*

Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library
(CONTINUED).

VOL. XII.—THE OLD JUDGE. BY SAM SLICK.

"This work is redolent of the hearty fun and strong sense of our old friend 'Sam Slick.' Every page is alive with fresh sketches of character, droll, quaint, racy sayings, good-humoured practical jokes, and capitally told anecdotes."—*Chronicle.*

VOL. XIII.—DARIEN. BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"This last production, from the pen of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross,' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe.*

VOL. XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE.

"It were impossible to praise too highly as a work of amusement this most interesting book. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table."—*Standard.*

VOL. XV.—THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. MARGARET MAITLAND."

"Scottish life and character are here delineated with true artistic skill."—*Herald.*

VOL. XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

"Mrs. Gretton's work is interesting, and full of instruction."—*The Times.*

VOL. XVII.—NOTHING NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"We cordially commend this book. The same graphic power, deep pathos, healthful sentiment, and masterly execution, which place that beautiful work 'John Halifax,' among the English classics, are everywhere displayed."—*Chronicle.*

VOL. XVIII.—THE LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

"Nothing can be more interesting than Miss Freer's story of the life of Jeanne d'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Post.*

VOL. XIX.—THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

"If asked to classify this work, we should give it a place between 'John Halifax,' and 'The Caxtons.'"—*Herald.*

VOL. XX.—THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.

BY PETER BURKE, SERJEANT AT LAW.

"A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn."—*Illustrated News.*

VOL. XXI.—ADELE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"Adèle is the best work we have had by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story. The interest kindled in the first chapter burns brightly to the close."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. XXII. STUDIES FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These 'Studies from Life' are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author."—*Saturday Review.*

VOL. XXIII.—GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.

"A good novel. The most interesting of the author's productions."—*Athenæum.*

VOL. XXIV.—A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY J. C. JEAFFRESON, ESQ.

"A delightful book."—*Athenæum.* 'A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet.*

VOL. XXV.—NO CHURCH.

"We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book. It is well worth the study."—*Athenæum*

Under the especial Patronage of Her Majesty.

Published annually, in One Vol., royal 8vo, with the Arms beautifully engraved, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 31s. 6d.

LODGE'S PEERAGE
AND BARONETAGE,
CORRECTED BY THE NOBILITY.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE is acknowledged to be the most complete as well as the most elegant, work of the kind. As an established and authentic authority on all questions respecting the family histories, honours, and connections of the titled aristocracy, no work has ever stood so high. It is published under the especial patronage of Her Majesty, and is annually corrected throughout, from the personal communications of the Nobility. It is the only work of its class in which, *the type being kept constantly standing,* every correction is made in its proper place to the date of publication, an advantage which gives it supremacy over all its competitors. Independently of its full and authentic information respecting the existing Peers and Baronets of the realm, the most sedulous attention is given in its pages to the collateral branches of the various noble families, and the names of many thousand individuals are introduced, which do not appear in other records of the titled classes. For its authority, correctness, and facility of arrangement, and the beauty of its typography and binding, the work is justly entitled to the place it occupies on the tables of Her Majesty and the Nobility.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Historical View of the Peerage.
Parliamentary Roll of the House of Lords.
English, Scotch, and Irish Peers, in their orders of Precedence.
Alphabetical List of Peers of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, holding superior rank in the Scotch or Irish Peerage.
Alphabetical List of Scotch and Irish Peers, holding superior titles in the Peerage of Great Britain and the United Kingdom.
A Collective List of Peers, in their order of Precedence.
Table of Precedency among Men.
Table of Precedency among Women.
The Queen and the Royal Family.
Peers of the Blood Royal.
The Peerage, alphabetically arranged.
Families of such Extinct Peers as have left Widows or Issue.
Alphabetical List of the Surnames of all the Peers.
The Archbishops and Bishops of England, Ireland, and the Colonies.
The Baronetage, alphabetically arranged.
Alphabetical List of Surnames assumed by members of Noble Families.
Alphabetical List of the Second Titles of Peers, usually borne by their Eldest Sons.
Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who, having married Commoners, retain the title of Lady before their own Christian and their Husbands' Surnames.
Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Viscounts and Barons, who having married Commoners, are styled Honourable Mrs.; and, in case of the husband being a Baronet or Knight, Honourable Lady.
Mottoes alphabetically arranged and translated.

"Lodge's Peerage must supersede all other works of the kind, for two reasons: first it is on a better plan; and, secondly, it is better executed. We can safely pronounce it to be the readiest, the most useful, and exactest of modern works on the subject."—*Spectator.*
"A work which corrects all errors of former works. It is a most useful publication."—*Times.*
"As perfect a Peerage as we are ever likely to see published."—*Herald.*

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS,

TO BE HAD AT ALL LIBRARIES.

MISTRESS AND MAID. By the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." 2 vols.

A PRODIGAL SON. By DUTTON COOK, Author of "Paul Foster's Daughter." 3 vols. (In Dec.)

MARION LESLIE. By the Rev. P. BEATON. 3 vols.

SLAVES OF THE RING; or, Before and After. By the Author of "Grandmother's Money," &c. 3 vols.

"This work is both well written and interesting. The chief merit of the work consists in the skill with which the chief characters are discriminated. They stand out with a degree of distinctness which we have rarely seen surpassed."—*Sun.*

"These volumes will sustain the Author's reputation."—*John Bull.*

THE MAROON. By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, Author of "The Rifle Rangers," &c. 3 vols.

"In this brilliant and exciting romance there are scenes which equal, if they do not surpass, anything which the author has yet achieved."—*Morning Post.*

"Popular as are the writings of this author, the interest of 'The Maroon' must be considerably increased at this time when all thoughts are turned to the western continent, Capt. Reid has the advantage of being able to add what may be called personal experience to a more than ordinary happy power of description, 'The Maroon' will rank among Capt. Mayne Reid's most popular books."—*Athenæum.*

THE LADIES OF LOVEL-LEIGH. By the Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," &c. 3 vols.

"The author of this interesting tale has not now for the first time proved to the world her extraordinary power in delineating the affections The lesson is one of impressive force."—*Daily News,* "A very pleasant novel. The three sisters dwelling together at Lovel Leigh is a charming picture"—*Press.*

JOHN ARNOLD. By the Author of "Mathew Paxton." 3 vols.

"A sensible and kindly novel, in which scenes of life in a great manufacturing town are pleasantly contrasted with rural sketches."—*Examiner.*

OWEN: A WAIF. By the Author of "High Church" and "No Church." 3 vols.

"There is a generous heart speaking with power through the tale of 'Owen,' and the characters are sketched with genuine humour."—*Examiner.*

CAN WRONG BE RIGHT? By Mrs. S. C. HALL.

"This excellent and interesting story is the best Mrs. Hall has written."—*Athenæum.*

TRUE TO THE LAST. By the Author of "Cousin Geoffrey." 3 vols.

"This novel will instantly prove attractive. It is one of the best stories that have appeared this season."—*Messenger.*

THE LAST OF THE MORTIMERS. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," &c. 3 vols.

"A charming book—simple, quaint, and fresh. It is a novel 'comme il y en a peu,' and it will go far to sustain the reputation of the author."—*Athenæum.*

BRYANSTON SQUARE. By NOELL RADECLIFFE, Author of "Alice Wentworth," &c. 2 vols.

WALTER LANGLEY. By the HON. C. STUART SAVILE. 3 vols.

MRS. BLAKE. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND. 3 v.

"A well-written and amusing story."—*Parthenon.*

LUCILLA. Edited by the HON. MRS. MACDONALD. 2v.

THE WHITE ROSE OF CHAYLEIGH. 3 vols.

1/.