

My Book I finished, filled this treasury
 With store of pearls, of truth and poetry.
 But still I fear my jewels to display,
 And on my hands my head in doubt I lay!
 For oysters — shells and pearls are in one sea,
 The scrub-bush grows beside the stately tree;
 Yet have I heard, O man of generous mind,
 The generous critic loves not fault to find;
 The silken robe with gay embroidery shines,
 Yet that silk robe a cotton quilting lines.
 Then if the cotton in my verse you see,
 Be not severe, but hide it generously.
 I boast not of my costly wares, but stand
 And humbly ask for alms with outheld hand.
 I have heard that in the day of hope and fear,
 That day when all before the Judge appear,
 He will, in mercy, bid them all to live,
 And for the righteous' sake the bad forgive.
 Thou, too, if badness in my verse shouldst see,
 Do thou likewise, — be merciful to me.
 When in a thousand one good verse you find,
 Withhold your censure, be humane and kind.

Of such a work as mine 't is true, indeed,
 That Persia, land of letters, has no need:
 Far off with awe you hear me, like a drum,
 But find the music rough when near I come.
 You say, What brings this Sa'di, bold-faced
 man?

Roses to rose beds, pepper to Hindustan?
 So, too, the date with sugar-encrusted skin, —
 You strip it back, and find a bone within.

Then came the English good-by, which
 says so little and means so much; and
 as I left the room I heard the squire
 say, half to himself, "And, faith, he'll
 prent it."

I crossed the north court, and as I
 passed through the gateway in the wall
 I looked back, and saw the squire, with
 his children and grandchildren, standing
 at the door under the tower.

Edward Strachey.

BEHIND HYMETTUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

IN THE DEME OF DEMOSTHENES.

ATTICA is but a small spot on the map,
 to fill so vast a space in history. Broad
 roads were its boast even in Homeric
 times, long ones never. You can go well-
 nigh anywhere within its borders and
 get back to your seven-o'clock Athenian
 dinner.

On a bright winter morning (December
 20, 1892), after an hour's round-
 about ride on the little Attic railway, we
 left the train at Liopesi, hardly two hours'
 walk east of Athens if the mountain did
 not bar the way. It is a charming spot
 even for a passing glimpse, fronted by
 far-spreading olive woods, with here and
 there a fine oak, and backed by the cen-
 tral bulk of Hymettus. But the charm
 grows as imagination suffuses the scene
 with the atmosphere of ancient story.

For here lay old Pæania, the birthplace
 of Demosthenes. Here he must have
 toddled, and lisped his baby Greek, and
 begun that growth which was to make
 him forever the master of all who speak.
 As a lad, he had only to scramble up
 this steep mountain side to look upon
 Athens and Sunium, upon Salamis and
 Marathon. If too delicate for that, he
 still had this Eden of the Attic Midland
 before his eyes, with its mountain walls,
 and the long blue line of Eubæa loom-
 ing over against it.

Let us see if the modern village has
 aught to remind us of the great fore-
 time. It is but five minutes' walk through
 the olives from the little station to the
 village well, where we meet a number
 of the town folk, and in the little café
 adjoining yet more. The Pæanian re-
 sinato is fine, and a little of it opens the
 mouth of the Pæanian cobbler at work
 on his outdoor bench, and well versed

in Pæanian topography. Over the gate near by he points out the first bit of Pæanian antiquity, a Pentelic fragment, on which remain only the clasped hands of a funeral relief. Farther up that high-walled street we come upon a more definite document: it is a fine old Pentelic tombstone built into a garden wall, and inscribed *Agonochares son of Epichares Pæanian*. Found in a neighboring vineyard, it speaks to the site of old Pæania. In the Athenian Kerameikos you can call the roll of half the Attic demes, but there was little circulation from deme to deme in the country. Hence, in determining the locality of a rural deme, even one demotic inscription certainly *in situ* establishes a presumption; a series of such is strong proof.

At the village inn, which is only a *magazi*, as usual, we find the innkeeper fairly bursting with archæological information. He leads us up a narrow lane between high walls, in one of which appears another Pentelic tombstone. Its inscription stirs the blood: *Demæn[etus] son of Demosth[enes] of Pæania*. The stone has been cut in two, and the last four letters of each name are missing; but there is no trouble in supplying them, for what is left is clear enough, and instantly recalls the fine basis inscription found in excavating the underground railway at Athens last winter. This basis bears the signature of the sculptor Bryaxis, the pupil of Scopas, and his collaborator in the execution of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; and the inscription shows that it supported a monument commemorating the triumphs of three Pæanian phylarchs (or cavalry commanders), namely:—

Demænetus son of Demeas of Pæania
Demeas son of Demænetus of Pæania
Demosthenes son of Demænetus of Pæania

This gives us three Pæanians, father

¹ This speech is assigned to 351 B. C., the year in which King Mausolus died,—an event fixing a date for Bryaxis, collaborator on the

and two sons, who had attained a certain celebrity before the middle of the fourth century B. C.; and here in the wall we have another of the same line, evidently the son of the last-named phylarch:—*Demænetus son of Demosthenes of Pæania*

One is tempted to seek a place in this line for the great orator, whose style was, *Demosthenes son of Demosthenes of Pæania*.

He was of the same generation with the brothers Demeas and Demosthenes, and about the time they must have won their spurs as phylarchs he was thundering his first philippic from the Pnyx.¹ Thanks to the trouble with his knavish guardians and the five extant speeches in the case, we know a good deal about the orator's family,—father, mother, sister, uncles, aunts, and cousins, even his maternal grandfather; but none of them reappear on these monuments. The next stone that is ploughed up may, however, set all these Pæanians of the speeches and the inscriptions in due relation, and possibly show that the money paid Bryaxis for perpetuating in Pentelic the memory of the three knights was part of the orator's plundered patrimony. For two of the three guardians were his own cousins; and the whole connection seems to have gone in for plucking the poor boy, orphaned at seven, with a sister yet younger, and a helpless sort of mother who had not force enough to follow her dowry. In those days the women folk were willed away along with the other goods and chattels, and the elder Demosthenes bequeathed his wife to one of the guardians, and his five-year-old daughter to another, each with a handsome *dot*: the honest fellows promptly seized the dowries, and repudiated the incumbrances. It is a pathetic chapter, and one full of interest for the student of old Greek life, this case of Demosthenes *vs.* Apho-

Mausoleum, and sculptor of the phylarchs' monument.

bos *et al.*, but its chief importance, after all, lies in this: the struggle for his own rights led the Pæanian lad to the mastery of his powers, and so gave the world its supreme orator.

To learn more of this precious monument, we turn into the rude inclosure, in one corner of which stands a ruder hovel, floored with terra firma. It is occupied by a priest, who is so full, not of Demosthenes, but of Dionysus, that locomotion and articulation alike fail him. He can just squeeze our hands, and make signs to one of the two attendant Pæanians to bring on the big bowl of resinato, which passes from mouth to mouth, like the wassail bowl of Homeric times, or the Loving Cup at the Mansion House. We effect our escape with some difficulty and little information, only assured that this stone was likewise ploughed up in an adjacent vineyard.

There were enough Pæanian inscriptions to settle in our minds, and on the spot, the question of deme identity, a far more satisfying method than thumbing the Corpus. But our publican had a further treat in store. We followed him through the village and up the steep rocks to the south, where stands a little out-chapel (*ἑξωκκλήσιον*). Built into its back wall, upside down, appears a document even more fascinating than the epitaph of Demosthenes' son. It is a fragment of a thin marble slab, about eighteen inches long, and hardly four inches wide; but it bears two full lines and part of a third chiseled in the alphabet of the sixth century, and this is the story they spell:

*This monument Kylon to his two sons
Deceased set up — a memorial
Of affection¹*

As an old document of love and death,

¹ The inscription is No. 472 in the Corpus Inscr. Atticarum.

² "May not the family, early leaving their ancient homes, have survived under a slightly different name, *Γύλων* for *Κύλων*? The Gylon of history, Demosthenes' maternal grandfather, belonged to the deme Cerameis, but perhaps

archaic already when Demosthenes was born, it has interest enough. But the name of Kylon, that name so sinister through two centuries of Athenian history, invests it with a unique fascination. Not that we can with any certainty associate it with the young Hotspur who seized the Acropolis and sought to make himself Tyrant of Athens some time in the last quarter of the seventh century, although Ross was evidently inclined to recognize the would-be usurper in the Kylon of this marble; and Professor J. H. Wright, in his admirable monograph on *The Date of Cylon*, has suggested a further connection between the banished Kylon family and that of the Pæanian orator.² It is certainly tempting, here in the presence of this Kylonian monument, to put things together and speculate. Data, a Pæanian Kylon, paleographically attested as contemporary, if not identical, with the Kylon of history; some generations after Kylon's banishment a Gylon turns up with a foreign wife, — he, too, under ban, if we are to believe the orator's enemies, — and gives one of his daughters in marriage to a Pæanian citizen to become the mother of Demosthenes. A descendant of the would-be usurper even in the seventh generation would hardly return under a name attainted in Athenian history; under that name as softened in a foreign utterance, he might come back without recalling old resentments. And here at Pæania, and nowhere else, the two names actually meet together! It is tempting, we repeat; but if Demosthenes had had that taint in his blood, Æschines could hardly have failed to smell it out and proclaim it from the housetops.

This little chapel of St. John affords

in the marriage of his daughter to Demosthenes the Pæanian there was a renewal of ancient local associations. Gylon himself, like Cylon, sought for his wife the daughter of a foreign prince. Still, the hypothesis that makes Demosthenes a descendant, or even a connexion, of Cylon is not without the gravest difficulties."

a bird's-eye view of the village, which boasts three hundred houses, and is anything but mean-looking. Our publican kindly points out the exact spot where Demosthenes was born, down the vineyard way; indeed, he goes further, and indicates the birthplace of Pisistratus, up toward the mountain. Pisistratus was not a Pæanian, though the tall and beautiful Phya, whom he palmed off for Pallas Athene, on his first return, was, according to Herodotus, from this deme. So, it would seem, was that able leader Phormion, who served Athens so well in the Peloponnesian war. At least it was here he sought retirement under the burden of his debts, until the Athenians wanted him for their admiral, and paid off his creditors.

Above the chapel, a bold bare rock invites a climb to wider views; but before we are halfway up, the brown bees of Hymettus are making wrathful music about our ears, and we are glad to get down without lasting souvenirs of them. Below we had seen them buzzing about little water-troughs hewn in the rocks for their accommodation, and now under the big rock to the south appears their colony, a sort of amphitheatre sheltering perhaps a hundred hives. In the warm December sun they are doing a good business, and resent intrusion.

Beyond Kylon and the bees, across a little valley, and on the slope of a larger hill, lies the Liopesi cemetery, with a pretty domed chapel above it. The cemetery is new, and, for all the splendid *stelæ* of old, shows but one bit of marble, a small cross with name and date. The usual monument is a broken jug at the head of the grave, common red ware; for variety, a white pitcher with a hole in the bottom, and placed upside down. It is the pitcher broken at the fountain,

¹ I must guard against a false impression here. Drunkenness in Greece, far from being common, is so uncommon as to make this Liopesi experience noteworthy; and the case of the bibulous priest stands alone within my obser-

the leaky vessel of the Danaides, or what you will; anyway, an emblem of bereavement as old as death.

Meditating here, with eyes uplifted to the great chasm which seems to cleave Hymettus in twain, we hear the shouts of three lads sent out by the publican to call us down. Before his little hostelry we lunch — *al fresco* and in the public gaze — on our Athenian provision plus a cup of honey from the hives on the rock, the property of our host. It is clear and pure, with the true Hymettus flavor. During our repast Papa Athanasios joins us, still drunk, but recovering his speech, and another Pæanian, volubly mellow, who has delved in the Laurion mines, and drowns us with his chatter.¹

At midday we had met the Pæanian boys trooping out of school for their nooning, and so called upon the schoolmaster, whose residence is, as often, a little den partitioned off from the schoolroom. The school adjoins the church, and the churchyard is a cosy shaded spot, a pleasant playground if so profaned. The schoolmaster is an elderly man, of good appearance barring a bulbous nose, claims to be an Athenian, teaches eighty boys (the girls' school is separate, and has fifty pupils), and, after twenty-five years' service, draws the munificent salary of one hundred drachmæ (say twelve dollars) a month. The schoolroom is primitive in its simplicity, but shows a bit of blackboard written over with copies for the day; the first (oddly enough in view of what we had just witnessed) being *ὁ σεβασμῶς ἱερεὺς*, *the reverend priest*. One of the visitors takes the crayon and traces a line of Homer, while the other mounts the schoolmaster's *bema* and declaims the exordium of the First Olynthiac.

Later in the day, we came back to see vation. We met four other priests the same day at Liopesi and Spata, all of them as staid and sober as so many New England country parsons.

the school in operation. The schoolmaster stood at his desk with a class before him, while the seventy odd boys on the benches were studying at the top of their voices. As we entered, a thundering *Sjôp'*! (*σιώπα*, *silence*), followed by a shrill blast of the schoolmaster's tin whistle, stilled the tumult, and brought the whole school to their feet to receive us. In any other country we should have thought it a girls' school, the cotton aprons and head-bands of the lads (from five to twelve) hardly suggesting boy gear. We begged the master to go on with his drill, but, with the weakness common to the calling, he gave us dress parade instead. A dozen of the larger lads (from ten to twelve years old) were called up and put through their paces from the Trojan war down to the great Pæanian orator, though they seemed to know less of Demosthenes than of the heroic shades. The questions were fired off like orders on the field, and the responses were usually instantaneous and correct. Whenever the pupil's articulation was bad, the master's shrill *Καθάρá!* brought out a more carefully syllabled reply; and it was evident that the Pæanian youth were in training for better Greek than we heard from their elders. The schoolmaster had taken to heart the story of Demosthenes and the pebbles. A man above the average of his class in intelligence, he frequently connected the old lore with the existing monuments, particularly those of Athens, on which he lingered fondly, and among which the lads seemed quite at home. He had possibly conducted them to the sacred city on some rare holiday.

One can but wonder what schooling rural Attica afforded in Demosthenes' day. For him it mattered little: the son of a man who had carried on two factories with his own slaves, and kept a good bank account withal, — even when thievish guardians had done their worst, — he was not shut up to provincial opportunities. Athens was his school;

Thucydides his model; Plato, Isocrates, Isæus, were his masters. Better than the tipsy priest and the master with the bulbous nose; yet who shall say that Liopesi confines no budding Panhellenic statesman destined to more successful if less brilliant service than Demosthenes son of Demosthenes of Pæania!

II.

ERCHIA: THE NEW MASTER AND THE OLD.

The brief bright afternoon was far spent before we could get out of school and on our way, with a loquacious old Pæanian for guide, to Spata, a village perched upon the clayey bluffs an hour eastward, in the very midst of the Midland. By the roadside, just out of Liopesi, a steam grist-mill; then the rustic laundry, walled in against the northwest, and provided with stone troughs, at which the washerwomen are at work; hard by, among the olives, a ruined church, with abundant litter of ancient buildings. Half a mile further on we come upon an ancient marble-mouthed well, where the passing peasants are watering their beasts, and near this another chapel, the Evangelistria. Here lies what the rustics call the lion (*τὸ λειοντάρι*), but what we at once perceive to be a colossal marble sheep, already described by Leake, as we learn later. It is a fine animal even with its head off, but why this apotheosis of the gentle sheep? Possibly it stood as deme eponymus, for the ruins here indicate a deme centre, and not far off the latest authority has mapped Oa, or *Eweton*, one of whose demotic inscriptions I have myself found at Koropi, a few miles south. It was a little deme, and there is room for it here.

Walking on, with our backs to the setting sun, we have the pretty village of Spata on the bluffs before us. Its outpost, half a mile nearer in the plain, is another old well and a new chapel, where

we find a pretty bit of ancient carving. Hence the road ascends, passes a third great well, where the village folk are drawing water, and at last — now a finely built causeway — leads by a steep grade past some large rum factories up to Spata on the hill. In the early sunset, the view back upon Hymettus and forward on the more distant coast range, with glimpses of the sea, is reward enough for our walk. But the day is too far gone to catch our train at Kanzia and sleep in Athens, unless Spata can afford us horses. The publican declares that there are neither horses nor beds for us in Spata, but there will be a stage to Athens in the morning. We know Greece too well to accept any such ultimatum, and, going about to see what we can of Spata, we presently fall into hospitable hands. Spata boasts a fine church on a noble site, and there we meet two priests, both quite sober, and the schoolmaster. The latter thinks there are beds, and finally owns that he has some himself, but, after measuring the stature of my companion, concludes that he has none to fit him. I can have a bed, and my friend a shake-down (*στρώματα*). This is good, and we hasten to economize the last light of day in visiting the prehistoric princely tombs around the bluff about half a mile southwest of the village. The custodian (*phylax*) and our Pæanian guide escort us, and we are soon in the bowels of the bluff, where lighted tapers and blazing thyme reveal a dwelling for the dead of the same type with the royal treasure tombs of Mycenæ and Orchomenos. There is the sunken avenue, the large vaulted chamber (*tholos*) opening into a smaller side chamber, and that into still another; only this "beehive" tomb is not built up of solid masonry, but, like the so-called "prison of Socrates" at Athens, is a simple excavation; excavated, too, it would seem in this light, out of clay rather than rock, — a clay so tenacious that thirty centuries have not marred the smooth surface left by those prehistoric workmen.

Schliemann had hardly uncovered the royal sepulchre of Mycenæ, "rich in gold," in 1876, when some peasant chanced upon these tombs at Spata, full of the same strange outlandish art wrought in gold and in ivory, the same un-Hellenic or pre-Hellenic pottery, with Assyrian mitres and Egyptian sphinxes. At once Attic history, overleaping all literary tradition, stood face to face with monuments older than Homer; monuments, too, not of autochthons, but of invaders. Here on the hill of Spata, — so say the wise in these things, — not later than eleven centuries before our era, Carian princes must have had their seat; a warlike, splendor-loving race, to deck their dead with gold from head to foot, and turn their tombs into an arsenal. This sepulchre of Carian princes was six centuries old when the Carian queen, Artemisia, followed Xerxes to Salamis, and when Herodotus was born in the Carian capital to tell her story. The spoil of these tombs may be seen side by side with Mycenæ's in the National Museum at Athens, but it means more to one who has been at Spata.

We found the schoolmaster's house apparently the best in the village, occupying a great quadrangle, as usual, with high walls, entered through a somewhat stately portal. An outside stairway of marble led to the upper floor, which was given up for our entertainment, — a large square chamber, with balcony looking toward sunrise and the sea, and behind this two other tiny apartments. The big chamber was evidently the *megaron* reserved for state occasions, and cold and cheerless accordingly. A great sofa and a shake-down, with a table, a few chairs, and small pictures of Greek politicians saved it from absolute emptiness; but the little box behind this, with the schoolmaster's beggarly bookshelves and a big open fireplace, promised better things. The evening was chill, and I ventured the suggestion that the smell of fire would not be unpleasant. At once our

host's fair daughter, Helene, heaped an armful of pine fagots on the hearth, and touched them off. The warm blaze shot up, and in a moment we were new creatures; the resinato went round, with Helene for cup-bearer, and the symposium was one long to be remembered.

Fancy two barbarians, smitten with the love of Greece, on pilgrimage to the deme of Xenophon; their host, the schoolmaster for twenty-five years of Xenophon's native place, without a copy of Xenophon in his house! With Marathon hardly a dozen miles away, he had never set foot upon the famous field, yet he was full of curiosity about our New World.

"So you are Americans?"

"Yes."

"Of North or South America?"

That is always the next question here.

"North America, — the United States."

"Ah, do you live near Panama?"

Panama is in the air now, even here behind Hymettus. We explain that it is much farther from Providence to Panama than from here to Marathon. Then the schoolmaster comes out strong.

"You have heard of the flood?"

"Yes."

"Noah's flood?"

"Yes."

"When all the world was drowned except Noah and his people in the ark?"

"Yes."

"You remember Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, one of them settled Asia, one Africa, and the other Europe."

"So I have heard."

"Then, what I want to know is, where do you Americans come from?"

"Tell him," said the Sage, observing that I was cornered, "tell him that we had a boat of our own."

I did so, but without provoking a smile, and it presently came out that the schoolmaster was in dead earnest. He had mixed us up with the aborigines, and was trying to get at our own opinion of

our origin. Assured at last that we were Europeans and able to give an historical account of ourselves, he questioned us closely about our Red Remnant. It is a subject of profound interest to the Greek mind; probably because a modern Greek version of *The Last of the Mohicans*, with frightful woodcuts, is to be found in every bookstall not only in Athens, but in the provincial towns. It seems to be the same old curiosity about the outlandish to which Æschylus catered in *The Persians*, and Herodotus in his *History*. When I had given him some account of our red people, he brought out his own theory of an earthquake tearing the continent in twain at Bering's Strait, and so parting Japheth's family. This seismic doctrine is doubtless taught in the demotic school of Spata without ever a word of the Platonic Atlantis.

The Spata schoolmaster is by far the finest specimen of his class we have met in rural Greece. A splendid figure and a strong, genial face, an open mind unspoiled by learning, — I doubt whether he ever reads out of school, — he looks the genuine old open-air Greek, and all the more so because, unlike most of his class, he has never discarded the national dress. The dress, indeed, is Albanian, and so is he, like most of this Midland folk; but he will tell you that the Albanian is only the older Greek, the Pelasgian, whose prehistoric secret has been as well kept from the rest of the world as the red man's and the mound builder's. If now, as some wise men claim, the Carians were of Pelasgic stock, our host may be a descendant, only ninety generations removed, from the primitive gravediggers of Spata.

For an Albanian he has an exceptional Hellenic cheerfulness. The Albanian character, as Wordsworth well observed, is rather Dorian than Ionian. By his fireside, we, schoolmasters both, cannot repress a wish that all our colleagues at home might fare as well as he. Twenty-seven years in the business, and twenty-

five of them at this one post, he is no tramp. The best dressed and best housed man in town, he is probably the foremost citizen, for the rich rum-maker lives in Athens. Beginning with a monthly stipend of sixty drachmæ, he has advanced step by step, until he is now in receipt of one hundred and twenty (or, at present exchange rates, fully fifteen dollars) a month; and for each five years' service henceforth the law allows him an increase of five drachmæ on his monthly pay. Being now but forty-five, it will be seen that, if he keeps his place and holds out to be a centenarian, he may see this salary almost doubled; and thirty dollars a month at Spata would be something like a royal revenue.

I do not set down this supposition in mere wantonness or without precedent, for the foremost schoolmaster of old Greece, and the longest-lived, was born here at Spata. Without looking up the demotic inscriptions for ourselves, we know that enough have been found to fix here the ancient Erchia, the native deme of Xenophon; it was once thought, of Alcibiades also. At any rate, that splendid scapegrace had large landed estates in Erchia, as Plato informs us. Xenophon, born here at the very outbreak of the Peloponnesian war, lived to chronicle the battle of Mantinea, sixty-nine years later, and must have been seventy-seven when he died. But the true type of Erchian longevity is her Panhellenic schoolmaster, Isocrates. Born here five years before Xenophon, he long outlived him. As a lad he saw the beginning of the long tug between Athens and Sparta. His father's fields may have been wasted when King Archidamus raided this Midland and the Paralia all the way down to Laurion; and if we accept the story that was good enough for Milton,

"That dishonest victory

At Chæroneia, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent."

"In his ninety-eighth year," so tradition runs, "he was in the Palæstra of Hip-

pocrates when he heard the news of Chæroneia. He repeated three verses of Euripides, — verses commemorating three alien conquerors of Greece, — and four days afterwards, on the burial day of those who fell at Chæroneia, he died of voluntary starvation."

The story is clearly unhistorical, but here in the schoolmaster's house, on the hill where Isocrates must have played, and by the prehistoric tombs which may have been his first mysteries, one cannot but recall his wonderful career as an educator and a publicist. Fallen on evil times, for Attica was practically in a state of siege through most of his youth and early manhood, he was nearly as old as the present schoolmaster of Spata when (392 B. C.) he opened his school near the Lyceum at Athens, and began his life work. A full half-century later he was putting the last touches on his Panathenæic oration. In the mean time he had become the most illustrious teacher of his day, with pupils flocking to him from the whole Hellenic world; and that not for a few showy lectures, but for solid study, staying as long, some of them, as our boys do for a full college course. Among them came out statesmen, generals, and kings; and in that school, according to Cicero, was trained and perfected the eloquence of Greece. The school itself, says Dionysius, he made the true image of Athens. If he was not himself the teacher of Demosthenes, his pupil Isæus was, and that, it would seem, in a peculiarly close and exclusive relation.

Such was Isocrates the schoolmaster. But he was a statesman as well, exalting Hellas above Athens, and seeking all his life to break down the walls of that pitiful provincialism which was the bane of Greek politics. While Demosthenes was thundering against Philip, he could look even to the Macedonian as possible leader and deliverer of the Greeks. Politically his views were realized in that larger Hellenism which, under Alexander's flag, overspread the East, and made the cul-

ture of Athens a possession for humanity; and some faint echo of those views may be recognized to-day in a state that calls itself the kingdom of the Hellenes, not of Hellas.

But it is the schoolmaster influence that has most profoundly affected our intellectual history. In tracing the moulding forces of the perfect Attic speech, Jebb, upon whose admirable *Life in The Attic Orators* this brief sketch is mainly based, observes: "Among these various elements one is dominant. The Isocratic style has become the basis of all the rest. That style, in its essential characteristics of rhythm and period, passed into the prose of Cicero; modern prose has been modeled on the Roman: and thus, in forming the literary rhetoric of Attica, Isocrates founded that of all literatures." Webster at Bunker Hill and Everett at Gettysburg but used the mould of speech first fashioned by the schoolmaster who saw the light here at Erchia long before Plato had dreamed of an Atlantis.

When we rose in the morning, the schoolmaster had gone to church, and so we were relieved of some embarrassment. We offered a bit of paper to

Helene, who shook her head until assured that it was only a mite for her dowry. Not until we were leaving the gate did we get sight of the schoolmaster's wife, who then appeared, shyly but with a beaming face, to speed the parting guests. At the little café we found the schoolmaster himself waiting to set us on our way, and he walked with us down into the plain. At parting my friend took out his pocketbook, a proceeding which moved our host's unaffected indignation until he found it was only to hand him a card. With all his epic curiosity about our fatherland, he had asked neither our own nor our fathers' names; so we introduced ourselves at last, and took farewell after the fashion of Diomed and Glaucus:—

"So now art thou our dear guest-friend in mid-
most Attica,
And we are thine whene'er thou farest to our
land."

The speech should have been the schoolmaster's, but he had probably never heard it, and must have retraced his steps wondering what manner of men were these that hailed from a savage land, and talked like the old tombstones.

J. Irving Manatt.

EGOTISM IN CONTEMPORARY ART.

LITTLE by little the shackles of imitation have been falling from American art, so that now it enjoys almost complete freedom of initiative. The direction of its destinies appears more and more to lie in the hands of purely native individualities. In the tendencies of the latter may be discerned something of the promise of the future. The tacit repudiation of the French school by the leading painters of America is itself the broadest and most encouraging phenomenon which analysis discovers. In the work of Sargent, Thayer, La Farge, Ho-

mer, Inness, and others to whom I shall have occasion to return, there is nothing more interesting than the independence of style illustrated. But taking the school as a whole, an estimate of how much less French influence there is to-day than there was a few years ago would have a cheering but negative significance. The positive value of what we are substituting for the facility and cleverness cultivated under foreign guidance or example is a more definite and more seriously interesting object of criticism. It can be ascertained along two lines: first, by

BEHIND HYMETTUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

III.

A BRAURONIAN HOLIDAY.

It is Christmas morning when we leave Athens for our next Midland ramble, and ten o'clock finds us at Markopoulo. It is a large village in the plain, seven miles below Liopesi, with vineyards stretching to the south, and a fine environment of hills in the near distance on all sides save one. We stop here, because it is the best starting-point for Brauron and Porto Rapti; but first inquiries for guide or beasts are fruitless. At last a village publican offers himself and his cart — two wheels and one horse — at twelve drachmæ for the day, and while he is harnessing we look about the place. Its most striking feature, as one notes in passing after the harvest, is the vast area devoted to threshing-floors; after that the winepress, for Markopoulo sends to Athens at every vintage some twelve hundred barrels of must. The town fattens on its own corn and wine, and has altogether a comfortable air.

For antiquity it takes little thought, though the first court we enter offers one good and significant inscription on a tombstone, namely, *Telesinos son of Telesinos of Agnous*. That the deme of that name was in this vicinity is pretty well attested, and this is one of its credentials. The first Agnousian in history or legend was probably the herald Leos, who betrayed his Midland folk, with their king Pallas, to Theseus, up yonder at Pallene (Charvati), and so inaugurated an era of bad feeling between Pallene and Agnous, which for aught we know may continue to this day.

The rain overnight has given an exceptionally bright atmosphere even for

Attica, but the roads are none the better. The currish-looking pony is off like the wind before we are fairly settled in the cart, and the mud flies about our ears; but once in the open, we would not exchange cart or track for a royal carriage on the Athenian boulevards. "To Brauron!" is the word, and that means a straight-away three miles to north, half the time over unfenced wheatfields; for highway or furrow is all one to our cart-er, and he has a perfect understanding with the brute. A jovial soul is this cart-er, and sings all the way, when not expatiating on the local sights and stories. In no time to speak of, he lands us on the slope of a round knoll green with young wheat, and topped off with a Frankish tower. This is built partly of ancient temple blocks, and still stands at its full height (sixty feet) and little the worse for wear, except that the stairway is gone, and the two upper stories are thus out of our reach. The spot offers an enchanting prospect in contrast with the average Attic brownness, for it is a prospect of abounding verdure. Fir-clad knolls and green slopes of wheat diversify the nearer scene, while farther off the Attic ranges lift their heads, and below you catch the merest glimpse of sea where it breaks through the rugged coast-line at Livadhi. Round the base of the knoll we stand on, an old flume carries pure, sweet water from the Erasinos to a large basin where two barefooted washerwomen are at work, whence it descends to turn a mill, a quarter mile below. There we find the miller, singing as he grinds. Above, in the firs, is a tiny chapel, and across the stream a farmstead, but village there is none in sight. There may be sweeter rural solitudes in Attica or in Arcadia, but I have never found one.

Such is and should be Brauron, where once rose the famous shrine of Artemis, and Iphigeneia ministered at the altar. After the perils of Aulis and the savage Tauric land with its savage sacrificial rites, Agamemnon's daughter could have found no serener peace than Athena promised her in this lovely vale : —

“ But thou, Iphigeneia, where
Climbs the Brauronian sacred stair,
The goddess henceforth makes it thine
To be the keeper of her shrine.
There, too, at death shall be thy grave
All decked about with garments brave,
For woven raiment shall they bring
Of women dead in travailing.”

Agnes before Euripides produced this most faultless of his plays, Iphigeneia among the Taurians, the cult of the archer goddess had been kept on these Brauronian terraces, the sylvan slopes that rise so picturesquely from the winding stream. And as in the play Athena speeds the little company escaping from the Tauric shore, so we may fancy Artemis welcoming them hither. Where the glint of blue sea breaks through the hills, yonder, their bark is beached, and forth comes Iphigeneia, radiant with heavenly peace. Orestes follows, bearing the ancient *xoanon*, pledge of atonement at last accomplished ; then Pylades, pattern of all faithful souls ; and last of all, — if Thoas has kept his word and sent them after, — the choir of captive maidens rejoicing to “ tread once more with merry feet the dancing lawns of Hellas.” So the stage is set for an Iphigeneia in Brauron, which Sophocles should have written ; a softened, serener, heavenlier Oedipus at Colonus. May the poet yet come, or painter, worthy the subject and the scene, — the Vale of Brauron and the Return of the Pelopidae. Every element of pastoral loveliness and heroic association is ready to his hand, but he must be a great artist indeed who shall equal the theme.

When Pisistratus flourished here, — for his native seat, Philaidai, seems to have included the Brauronian territory, — the

local cult and the Homeric associations were still in full vigor. And so we do not wonder that it was the Tyrant and his sons who inaugurated at Athens the epic revival which at least stimulated the collection, and went far to assure the transmission, of the great poems. The Tyrant's younger son, Hipparchus, doubtless owed his literary-archæological turn to the Brauronian atmosphere in which his youth was nurtured. It was he, Plato tells us, who first brought Homer's poems to Athens, and compelled the rhapsodists to recite them in an orderly way at the Panathenaic festivals ; and that, as we know, in the Brauronian precinct on the Acropolis, where still lies the inscribed pedestal that once supported the Wooden Horse as it was wrought in bronze by Strongylion. Nor did the young Brauronian stop with Homer : he sent a penteconter all the way to Teos to bring Anacreon to Athens, and Simonides of Keos he had long time with him, holding him with large pay and gifts. While doing so much for the town, he remembered the country folk as well, and for their edification he set up Hermæ on all the roads, midway between Athens and the demes ; and on these he had chiseled wise saws of his own and others, “ that so the people might not prefer the Delphic *γῶθι πάντων* and *μηδὲν ἄγαν* to the oracles of Hipparchus, but, passing up and down, and reading and enjoying a feast of his wisdom,” they might go home and profit by it. Some of these roadside texts have come down to us in the pages of Plato and Plutarch, and in particular we are quite able to restore and set up again the middle milestone on the Steirian Way, some part of which we are traveling to-day. It read on the left and right respectively : —

Halfway from the city to Steiria.

Memorial this of Hipparchus : don't deceive a friend.

Had the young man's practice been up to his precept, the family might have had a longer lease of power, and Har-

modius and Aristogeiton found no place in history.

One would fain linger here and follow the winding streamlet to the sea. But delay now would be to miss Porto Rapti and our Athenian train, — perhaps to find Brauronian hospitality as coy as did an old traveler some ninety years ago. Dodwell relates that on his approach, with an escort of Turks, the Brauronians shut up all their fowls, and protested that there was not a pullet in the place. Even the Hegoumenos — there was a monastery here then — solemnly assured him that not a fowl was to be found in a circuit of many miles. “He had hardly finished his assertion when a treacherous cock within the sacred walls betrayed the holy ecclesiastic by crowing aloud, and was immediately answered by all the cocks in the village,” — whereupon, by paying double price, Dodwell got a supply of poultry. During our visit not a cockerow has broken the Sabbath stillness, and about the only inhabited place we have seen is the old mill.

The carter urges, and we are off on a bee-line for old Prasiæ. At first there is a fair road through the fragrant pines, and then we emerge on a most desolate, stony tract, untilled, and untenanted save by a single shepherd with a lot of savage dogs and a flock in which black sheep abound. This sterile stretch was well named Steiria, and it could never have done much in corn and wine; but barren it was not when it came to breeding men. At any rate, it bred, if not a race of tyrants, as did Brauron, a master hand at turning tyrants out. What schoolboy has not followed Thrasybulos the Steirian from Thebes to Phyle, from Phyle to Munychia, from Munychia to the Acropolis, and thrown up his hat at every well-aimed blow till the Thirty were down,

¹ The rock is very difficult of access even on a calm day, and we could get no boatman to row us out. The monument has been variously taken for a Roman emperor (Leake), an Apollo, and a female divinity. Ross examined

and the people on top again! Recalling the fight on Munychia, and how the *petroboloi*, joining him on the spot, found their ammunition at their feet, one notes here on his native heath that Thrasybulos came honestly by his tactics. Steiria is still an exhaustless arsenal of stones (*χερμάδια*), so that even the shepherds' dogs have little terror for the passer-by.

Beyond this waste lie some vinelands, sparse and thirsty, and then we reach the sea, where heads one of the finest harbors in Greece. The rocks are sprinkled with myriads of bright anemones, red, white, blue, and purple, whereas in all the verdure of Brauron we had seen not one, — only daisies and dandelions. It is the warm sun rising early over the smiling sea that woos them out of these rocks, and gives our eyes this rare Christmas treat. We jolt around the harbor head, where the fishermen are preparing their nets for the night's work, and pull up at the petty hamlet of Porto Rapti, which stands on a little cape, and looks northward across the harbor on the noble bulk of Mount Peratia. The cape runs far out and divides the harbor in two; while still farther out, like a harbor bar, rises an island rock supporting a colossal figure which the rustic fancy has taken for a tailor at his bench, and so imposed the vulgar name of Tailor's Haven (Porto Rapti) on a place which deserves better things.

For this was old Prasiæ, a deme that boasted a temple of Apollo and the tomb of Erisychthon. He was the son of Cecrops, and, so says Pausanias, died on the return voyage after conducting a sacred mission to Delos, and was here entombed. So the colossus on the harbor bar might well be his monument.¹ Apollo's temple here at Prasiæ was the last station on the long way by which the

it closely (1841), and was sure it was a female figure, “possibly personifying the sacred Theōry which the Athenians used to send from this port to Delos” (Inselreisen, ii. 9 ff.).

Hyperboreans forwarded their firstfruits to the god's great Delian festival. Here the Athenians received them, and carried them across to the Holy Isle; and so out of this fine harbor, in early times, their own splendid *theories* set forth, "singing as they sailed to Delos."

The sacred legations sail no more, but there is yet commerce between Prasiæ and Athens. The fisherman's cart standing by the café, where we lunch and talk with the fisher folk, — this well-built covered cart, with two lamps, — loads every midnight with the day's catch, and before daybreak is delivering fresh fish in Athens. It is a six hours' drive over the Steirian Way, whereon Hipparchus' finger-post ought to be set up again to break the journey and inculcate honest dealing; for the fluctuations of the Athenian fish market are past finding out under any economic laws.

A Christmas bath in the divine sea, and we are off again straight across country through the old deme of Myrrhinous, which has given the overhanging mountain the name of Merenta. On our way we rest at a little hilltop convent, untenanted to-day, but with a well-kept flower garden attesting the taste and fidelity of its solitary keeper. May the blessedness of Iphigeneia abide upon her! Strawberry-blooms on an exposed hilltop at Christmas, — that is the story of Attica.

At Markopoulo the telephone is talking to Athens, and a Greek drummer is showing off American sewing-machines to a lot of Albanian women. Two hours more, and we are dining by electric light under the Acropolis.

IV.

A SABBATH STROLL IN SPHETTOS.

On the 19th of February — a perfect Attic winter day — we again seek the Midland. Leaving our train at Koropi, midway between Liopesi and Marko-

poulo, we follow a party of villagers, in bright apparel, to the town, which lies under a rocky spur of Hymettus, a short half-mile southward from the station. It is a very considerable place, substantially built, decently kept, and boasts a population of three thousand souls.

The first old tombstone that turns up here, in the litter of a stable-yard, is that of Nikias son of Mnesiphilos of Lampra.

A company of decent Albanians listen with great interest as we expound the writing, and then respond with *resinato*, which the early hour compels us to decline. They tell us of other old stones and letters at the schoolhouse, and show the way to the demarch's, where the key is kept. That dignitary's residence is a pretty New England sort of cottage, with the inevitable high-walled court, garnished with ovens and outbuildings. The demarch was not at home, but his wife met us with a hearty welcome. Beside the door stood some fine old gravestones, in particular an urn of beautiful Pentelic, with the usual parting scene in good relief: Glaukias, seated, clasps the hand of Archagora (husband and wife, no doubt), while Nikomache and Diotimos stand in sympathetic attention. Every figure is perfect, and the names are written above them. I have seen few better examples of the monumental urn, one of the most pleasing developments of the art which made the old Greek street of tombs so different from our doleful burying-grounds. Several other *stela*, with and without reliefs, were ranged about the demarch's door, all of them as early as the fourth century.

After spelling out the inscriptions we follow the demarch's wife into her tidy little parlor; not bare, as usual, but prettily furnished, and relieved by some excellent photographs of Queen Olga and other persons of quality. There is also a striking portrait of our hostess herself in all the splendor of Albanian attire. The demarch is a native of the place, and a physician, like so many of the provin-

cial mayors, but his wife is proud of being a *xene* from Leonideion. With all her politeness, she offers no refreshments, — an omission that could hardly be paralleled in the poorest cottage of Andros, our hospitable island retreat.

On our way to the schoolhouse we meet the demarch, surrounded by a crowd of his constituents. He looks the rustic in "store clothes;" without the wife's civility, yet good natured enough, and with none of the insolence of office. In his company is the scholar, a superior young man, who opens the little museum under his schoolroom with an air, and displays to us (so far as display is possible, in the dim light and under accumulated dust) the archaic treasures of Koropi: a number of funeral reliefs, one excellent in grouping and expression; divers inscriptions, including what seems to be a demotic register, probably of the *ephebi*, or "first voters," as we should call them, though the heading of the stone, which should give the deme name, is quite rubbed out. Still, some good names remain legible, — Aristophanes, Antiphilus, and Lysimachus, for example. We note also several epitaphs of the early Christian centuries.

There was both lack of light and excess of people, — for all the town seemed to have followed us in, — so bidding adieu to the scholar and the crowd, with a Koropian guide we set out countryward. To the east, we know, stands a chapel, with an inscription worth seeing, though no one can tell us just where. Our guide, zealous to show us a "great stone with letters," leads us to the brand-new cemetery, with a brand-new chapel of modern polygonal masonry, very beautiful, though unfinished. Behind this, sure enough, stands the ancient slab, with the genuine Parthenon tint of a myriad sunsets; but lo! it is inscribed with the name of a youth dead only three years. However, a closer scrutiny reveals at the very top the lower half of the ancient letters spelling the word *θυγάτηρ*

(daughter), — all above broken off. Well, the Romans used to chisel out the old Hellenic names, heroic or divine, and chisel in their own, thus turning Hellenic gods and heroes into monuments of Roman vanity: why then may not an Albanian shepherd purloin an old Greek tombstone for his son?

A charming spot, this new cemetery, with its environment of mountain and plain, and its setting of olive woods, blossoming almonds, and scattered oaks. Right in its midst, behind the chapel, stands a tree of noble girth and spreading top, and at its root a tomb with an epitaph worthy of the Anthology, though dated 1888: *Here lies Georgios, — after living seventy-five years, — buried under his own wondrous oak.*

Farther on and up, a series of mediæval chapels, four of them in the view at once. The nearest, quite deserted, stands on ancient foundations. The second, about a stone's throw beyond, is the Church of the Transfiguration, better kept. About it lies a litter of old marbles; the floor is composed in part of ancient tombstones, and the roof is supported by ancient Ionic columns. The bright new painting of the Transfiguration relieves the gloom within, and without the rocks have burst into a very bloom of anemones, — a riot of color in contrast with the quiet beauty of the daisies, pansies, betonies, and speedwells which have carpeted our pathway hither. A stiff climb above this, and then a hilltop chapel overlooking all the Midland. Again the same riot of brilliant anemones, as if seeking these holy solitudes to waste their sweetness on. Still no inscription. We descend again, and the fourth chapel rewards our search. Over the rude doorway is a marble lintel, itself but a sliver of some great marble slab, and, as usual, upside down. But the precious letters that remain are as clear as when chiseled on it five hundred years or more before our era. *For thou wast faithful.*¹

¹ Corpus Insc. Atticarum, No. 483.

That is all. Names have perished. Who slept beneath that stone, whether humble or great, we know not. But the three words have outlasted all the centuries with all their catastrophes, — typifying the permanence of character against the evanescence of fame. Above all forces, fidelity! Paganism could write no nobler epitaph, and Christianity could hardly choose fitter words to set above its humble portal. Choice there was none, however; the marble splinter lay near, and answered for a lintel all the better when turned upside down. The Midland rustics of the early Christian centuries, to say nothing of their successors of the Middle Ages, could hardly read the archaic Greek of Solon's time, if they could read at all.

On this east side of Koropi all the chapels date far back; on the west, toward Hymettus, is another chain of them, and in these Ross found numerous Christian inscriptions dating from the third to the fifth century, some of which we have recognized to-day at the schoolhouse; and he concludes that this region was one of the earliest seats of Christianity in Attica. In these rural solitudes behind the mountain walls the followers of the new faith would find security long before it was safe to show their colors openly in the strongholds of the old gods at Athens.

This impression deepens as we look down from the rocky height above Koropi upon the shut-in valleys stretching southward to the sea, and westward to the mountain. There is hardly a sign or sound of living thing; a true Sabbath stillness, broken only by the tinkle of sheep-bells, our only neighbor on the rocks the barefooted shepherdess tending her flock. One can almost imagine those early confessors back again, and the ruined shrines reopened. But we know less of the Christian centuries here than of the pagan; and it is much easier to gather up the classical associations of the place.

The first monument to meet our eyes in Koropi was that of a Lampritan. And

on this rocky perch we must be near the meeting-point of three demes: one of little note, Kikylnna; two of great importance, Lampra and Sphettos. Sphettos has the elder and greater fame, for it was one of the free towns of Attica before Athens had a name, — one of the twelve cantons welded by Theseus into the larger Attic commonwealth. But it had to be conquered first, for Pallas did not propose to surrender his fourth of the kingdom — “rugged breeder of giants” that it was — to the young man from Trezen without a struggle. So he marched up the Sphettian Way you see winding northward under the mountain, but through the treachery of his Agnousian herald — townsman of our Christmas carter — suffered a fatal defeat at Pallene.

As a deme Sphettos produced its crop of great names, — still to be found sprinkled through the pages of the orators and historians, — but only one appeals to us on the spot. That is Chærephon, the familiar of Socrates, and the butt of Aristophanic wit. “You know Chærephon,” says Socrates to his judges. “He was my comrade from youth up, and he was your comrade in democracy, and shared your exile [under the Thirty, two or three years before], and returned with you. And you know what manner of man he was, what an enthusiast in everything he put his hand to. And so once on a time he even ventured to go to Delphi, and asked this question of the oracle, — now don't you be making a racket when I say this, gentlemen, — he asked if any one was wiser than I. And so the Pythia said there was no one wiser.”

That was the beginning of the wise man's trouble, for it turned him into a universal quiz, and Chærephon of Sphettos was at the bottom of it all. The master loved him, patronizingly; and Plato gives him a good rôle in the *Gorgias* and *Charmides*, while in the *Halecyon* Socrates and he have the talk all to themselves. In the *Clouds*, he is a sort of usher in his master's thinking-shop: it is he who

has to wrestle with the problem of measuring a flea's leap in terms of the flea's feet, and who in turn propounds the famous dilemma concerning the musical end of the mosquito. Both questions must have been familiar to the Sphettian mind.

It is not a little curious that the clown of the Clouds also hails from this vicinage, — "Pheidon's son Strepsiades of Kikynna." The old rogue affects ignorance of the names of the excellent *merimnophrontistai*, but young Pheidippides knows them well, "the chalk-faced, barefoot vagabonds, with that evil genius Socrates and Chærephon at their head." Strepsiades was doubtless as real a character in all but the name as Chærephon, and they may have been next-door neighbors here in the country, until war drove the one, and philosophy drew the other, into town. If we had the original Clouds, in which Chærephon clearly had a leading rôle, we should no doubt get more light on this local motive.¹

Chærephon was a true democrat, and stood with Thrasybulos against the Thirty. He was an enthusiast in his master's cause, but we miss him in the court and prison. He was already dead, but he had a brother, Chærekrates, present at the trial, and Socrates calls on him to testify to the facts about the Delphi mission. Two other Sphettians appear with Socrates in court, — Lysanias and his son Æschines, who, like Xenophon, afterwards wrote down notes of conversations. But it is Chærephon, impulsive, eccentric, devoted to the master, who stands for old Sphettos in our imagination to-day; and were it not a century too old, one would fain refer to him the legend on the lintel, *For thou wast faithful*.

We had intended to walk under the mountain to Liopesi, but as we went down into the plain the sound of festal music drew us to the village square. On this

carnival Sunday afternoon, it is the old Greek *orchestra* over again and in full swing. Some five hundred villagers are assembled, and there are nearly a hundred women in the inner dancing-ring, all in a splendor of costume reminding one of Easter at Megara. But the dance is very different, and more classical, — not the chain, but the circle, and the largest circle I have seen. Only two European costumes in the ring, — that of the demarch's wife, who of course leads; and that of her gossip, whom we had met with her in the morning; all the rest full Albanian, with breastplates and headdresses of silver coin, — women dancing in their dowries. The brilliant colors and the bright metal lose nothing in the rays of the sinking sun, and we could watch the scene for hours; but between four and five the bell of the great church adjoining begins to ring, the circle breaks up, and the people flock from one service to the other, — just as in the old days, when the orchestra lay before the temple and had an altar for its centre. Only yesterday we had listened to Dr. Dürpfeld at the Dionysiac Theatre in Athens, and here to-day we realize that there is nothing new under this Attic sun. We follow the crowd, and soon the great church is measurably full of worshipers, as absorbed now in their devotions as a moment ago in their dancing. They prostrate themselves, with foreheads touching the cold stone floor, as a priest passes with swinging censer, and other priests intone the litany, while the youngsters clatter up and down the gallery stairs.

But day declines, and in a dash of rain we seek the station, stopping on the way to drink our scholarch's health in a drop of resinato, which deserves a better fame than the Sphettian *oxos* of old enjoyed. The station master lights a fire to warm us, prepares delicious coffee for our com-

where the speaker claims a lien on two (apparently) neighboring properties, — one in Sphettos, the other in Kikynna.

¹ On other considerations, Milchhofer maps the two demes side by side, and the deme centres close together. This neighborhood is further suggested in one of Lysias' orations (xvii.),

fort, presses flowers upon us at parting, and utterly refuses a "tip" even for his baby boy. All aboard for Athens, and off we go; and at 7.30 we sit down to our regular Sunday evening *dinner-con-*

cert at the Grande Bretagne hotel, in the midst of a brilliant company; reminding one more of Paris than of Koropi, with its orchestra circle, its sky-roofed parterre of rustic Albanian beauties.

J. Irving Manatt.

THE NOONING TREE.

THE giant elm stood in the centre of the squire's fair green meadows, and was known to all the country round about as the "Bean ellum." The other trees had seemingly retired to a respectful distance, as if they were not worthy of closer intimacy; and so it stood alone, king of the meadow, monarch of the village.

It shot from the ground, for a space, straight, strong, and superb, and then burst into nine splendid branches, each a tree in itself, all growing symmetrically from the parent trunk, and casting a grateful shadow under which all the inhabitants of the tiny village might have gathered.

It was not alone its size, its beauty, its symmetry, its density of foliage, that made it the glory of the neighborhood, but the low growth of its branches and the extraordinary breadth of its shade. Passers-by from the adjacent towns were wont to hitch their teams by the wayside, crawl through the stump fence and walk across the fields, for a nearer view of its magnificence. One man, indeed, was known to drive by the tree every day during the summer, and lift his hat to it, respectfully, each time he passed; but he was a poet, and his intellect was not greatly esteemed in the village.

The elm was almost as beautiful in one season as in another. In the spring it rose from moist fields and mellow ploughed ground, its tiny brown leaf buds bursting with pride at the thought of the loveliness coiled up inside. In

summer it stood in the midst of a waving garden of buttercups and whiteweed, a towering mass of verdant leafage, a shelter from the sun and a refuge from the storm; a cool, splendid, hospitable dome, under which the weary farmer might fling himself, and gaze upward as into the heights and depths of an emerald heaven. As for the birds, they made it a fashionable summer resort, the most commodious and attractive in the whole country; with no limit to the accommodations for those of a gregarious turn of mind, liking the advantages of select society combined with country air. In the autumn it held its own; for when the other elms changed their green to duller tints, the nooning tree put on a gown of yellow, and stood out against the far background of sombre pine woods a brilliant mass of gold and brown. In winter, when there was no longer dun of upturned sod, nor waving daisy gardens, nor ruddy autumn grasses, it rose above the dazzling snow crust, lifting its bare, shapely branches in sober elegance and dignity, and seeming to say, "Do not pity me; I have been, and, please God, I shall be!"

Whenever the weather was sufficiently mild, it was used as a nooning tree by all the men at work in the surrounding fields; but it was in haying time that it became the favorite lurching and "bangeing" place for Squire Bean's hands and those of Miss Vilda Cummins, who owned the adjoining farm. The men congregated under the spreading