

THE FINDING OF THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.¹



I SHALL never forget two aphorisms given me by an old grave-digger in Greece. He was one of a class that corresponds very much to the old-fashioned poacher in England and on the Continent, in whom the illegitimate pursuit is not only followed for gain, but has become an exciting sport, a wild instinct with a touch of the romance that hovered round the gentleman of the road and the bandit. He had followed his favorite pursuit in all parts of Attica, in Bœotia, and in Eubœa, and had sold many a beautiful object of ancient art and craft to the Athenian dealer, which objects, no doubt, are now ornamenting some museum of a great European metropolis. As such excavation is forbidden by law, and as the exportation of all objects of antiquity found in Greece is also forbidden, he had twice suffered confinement in prison for a considerable period; and this in spite of all his shrewdness and caution, for he did nearly all his digging at night. He had now turned his hand to honest work, and had become a workman in our corps of excavation, in both Bœotia and Eubœa. Though he was invaluable in cautiously clearing away the soil that had been massed in a tomb, and thus extracting without a breakage a delicate vase, or a piece of gold-work, or a bronze mirror, it was just as well always to keep a strict watch over his every movement; for, having extracted securely from its hiding-place in the earth some valuable object of antiquity, he might also return it to some hiding-place of which we knew not, which would be even more secure than was the accumulated soil, so far as any chance of our getting it again was concerned. But I shall always be grateful to him for the two epigrams which he gave me one day, and which are, in a way, fundamental and most important lessons for any archæologist who intends to excavate.

I was maintaining to some colleagues that there was sure to be a wall under a certain configuration of the soil, to which opinion I was led by a series of arguments archæological and practical, and to strengthen my own position I appealed to old Barba Spiro for a confirmation of my view. He looked at the spot for a long time; then gave a side glance at me; then scratched his head, and, fixing his eyes on one button of my waistcoat, he enunciated two short phrases: “Ο καλύτερος ἀρχαι-

ολόγος είναι ὁ κασμάς,” and “Σκάψε ἕως τὸ στερεό,” the first meaning, “The best archæologist is the spade,” and the second, “Go down to the native soil.”

I believe it was chiefly owing to my remembering these two aphorisms, and acting upon them, that I succeeded in discovering what we may now call the Tomb of Aristotle. Though a considerable amount of archæological study and reasoning, a careful working through of all the ancient and modern authorities on topography, a collection of all the passages in ancient authors dealing with the works of art which once existed in a certain district, and innumerable other considerations of a more theoretical nature, must precede the choice of any site of excavation, and must continually be present in the mind of the excavator, it is, after all, the act of digging itself, and the unbiased examination of what the spade and pick may turn up, upon which the archæologist must chiefly rely. And if the naturalist in examining any object in nature, or any member of an organic body, whether with the naked eye or under the microscope, must guard against the “personal equation,” the archæologist must be equally careful not to allow his preconceptions and his own desires to warp his vision and examination of the objects which his excavations lay bare. The second advice is almost still more important. He must never be satisfied with what he has found, nor cease from working when he has not found anything, until he has reached the virgin, the unworked, soil. It requires considerable experience to distinguish between worked and unworked soil, and it is important that every archæologist should inform himself of this difference, and practise the art of distinguishing between them with eye and hand. When there are small fragments of pottery or building-material to be found mixed in the earth, it is plain sailing; but when these indexes are wanting, it becomes much more difficult, for the characteristics of virgin soil vary with the actual nature of the earth in different parts, and the workmen are often more easily discouraged through unsuccess than is the morally and intellectually superior archæologist, and are prone to cry out, “Στερεό!” (“Virgin soil!”) long before they have really reached it.

However full of moments of thrilling excitement—moments that in their intensity have no equal in any other department of scientific work or of sport—the practice of excavation may be, there are days and even weeks of

¹ The pictures in this article are made from photographs taken by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Oswald.

discouraging ill success, which sorely try the patience of even the most sanguine and persevering. Thus perseverance is one of the qualities most needed by him who would dig for antiquities. But often there may be a call upon more active qualities, physical and intellectual, than perseverance, in order to withstand the serious hardships to which excavation in some parts of Greece must necessarily expose the digger. The excavations of the American School of Archæology of Athens at Eretria in Eubœa during the months of February and March of last year, one of the results of which was the discovery of this interesting tomb, certainly were accompanied with severe hardships to all who took part in them. My colleague, Professor Richardson, who joined me in the second visit, during which we suffered most,—owing to the unusual inclemency of the weather,—assured us that during his winter campaign in our own civil war he had not encountered such discomfort.

My first trip to Eretria, leaving Athens on February 1, was comparatively an easy one. It consisted of a two-days' ride across Attica, till we reached the harbor of the ancient Oropos, on the narrow strait, called Euripus, which separates Eubœa from the mainland, and immediately opposite Eretria. Our sail across the Euripus, which ought to have occupied but an hour and a quarter, took six hours, during which we had to rely upon the clumsy rowing of the fishermen who owned the heavy boat which carried us across. Dusk was just beginning to set in, and with it came rain, as we landed in the picturesque harbor of the small deserted village which now occupies the site of the proud city of Eretria, at one time the rival of Athens in prosperity and power. Situated on this narrow strip of sea, which looks like an inland lake, this plain, once so fertile, is bounded on the west by a range of mountains, beautiful in outline, while across the strait rise the classical hills and mountains of Attica and Bœotia, with Parnassos looming dimly in the far distance. This spot is at all times one of the most strikingly beautiful in Europe. Yet even the surpassing beauty of the site could not dispel the disappointment and annoyance which gained on us as we proceeded to make arrangements for a prolonged stay.

Mr. Fossum of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, a student of the School, who labored with enthusiasm and skill during the whole period of the excavation, had preceded us by a day, and was at the harbor to meet us. He was accompanied by a black-bearded man of western European appearance, who wore a gray ulster and a shooting-cap. At first sight he looked more like an Italian than like a Greek. I soon found that he was thoroughly Europeanized, and at

one time had been Greek vice-consul at some Italian port. He spoke Italian fairly well. He had proved hospitable to Mr. Fossum, and was very affable and effusive in his greeting to us. I at once asked for the *demarch*, or mayor, of the town, and was told that I should presently be taken to his house. I knew it was an important matter at once to gain the friendly coöperation and assistance of this the chief functionary in the district. Mr. Fossum, aided by his host, had already explored all the resources of the town, and had found them worse than scanty. Unlike all other villages, even in the remotest parts of Greece, it appeared impossible to find any peasant or inhabitant who for good pay would migrate to some kinsman's house, or allow himself to be relegated to the ground-floor of his hut, leaving to us the upper room, which is approached by wooden steps from without, to clean and to furnish with our camp-beds. The reason for this was that there were but few thrifty and working inhabitants, and most of the houses had been deserted. We looked at two of these deserted houses, but with the rain that had fallen, with no window-panes, with a broken-down fireplace and a rotting floor, they presented so miserable an aspect, and looked so unwholesome, that we could not think of making either of them our headquarters. We were not much comforted when we learned that the cause of this desertion was the unwholesomeness of this fever district.

It was one of the great, but equally unpracticable ideas of the late King Otho of Greece to transplant to this site of the ancient Eretria the brave inhabitants of the island of Psara (when, after the war of independence, this Greek island was not added to the Hellenic kingdom), granting to each a large piece of land, and laying out a city by the ancient harbor. In keeping with his generous though visionary character, the king undertook the work on a large scale. Engineers were called in, and laid out the city with broad streets and open squares, which, even at present, though there are only ruined houses and but few inhabitants, bear the names of University street, Marine Square, etc. He even proceeded to build there a large nautical school, which was meant to rear future mariners and admirals, and which now, without a roof, and with crumbling walls, stares with tragic irony at the deserted houses, a monument of noble quixotism. The energetic and vigorous members of this new Psara soon left, and are scattered over Greece and in distant parts of the globe, and have, many of them, amassed great wealth, retaining considerable pride in the patriotic traditions of their Psarriot ancestors. The few hundred that have remained, chiefly women and children and old men, are unthrifty in character, with health

impaired by continuous fevers, and with faces that have malaria written upon them. Winter, in spite of the inclemency, was thus the safest season for the work of excavation.

The cause of all this unwholesomeness, from which, it must be known, Greece is comparatively free, are the swamps, close to the village, running down to the sea. Up to the present, whether from want of actual means or of energy, the proper steps for draining these swamps have not been taken. It is interesting to know that more than two thousand years ago, during the flourishing period of ancient Eretria, there appeared to be similar difficulties, with which the ancients coped successfully. Some twenty years ago an inscription was found at Chalcis which recites that a certain Chairephanes proposes to the Eretrians to drain the marsh. He himself will bear all the expense, on condition that he is allowed to cultivate the reclaimed land for ten years at a rental of thirty talents, to be paid to the city. The work is to be completed in four years. The citizens are to swear in the Temple of Apollo Daphnephoros that they will observe these terms, which terms and undertakings are to be inscribed and set up in the same temple. In case of war the ten years are to be lengthened by a period equivalent to its duration. Provisions follow for compensation to private persons whose land is taken, and for the making of a reservoir and sluices for irrigation. The concession is to be continued to his heirs in case of his death. Penalties are fixed for persons interfering with the execution of the work. Chairephanes, on his part, is also to furnish sureties for the execution of what he undertakes. The recital of the terms is followed by the decrees and oaths necessary to give effect to them, and then follows a long list of names, perhaps of persons who took the oaths. The date of this inscription has been settled as between the years 340 and 278 B. C.

But the knowledge of the difficulties with which the ancients had to contend did not lessen those which stood before us. I felt that the demarch—who has more or less absolute authority, acting as judge, and often as tyrant, in this district—was the only person who could help us, and I was astonished that he had not come down to the harbor to meet me. As a rule, the arrival of a stranger, especially one engaged in official work, is a matter of considerable excitement, and there is a formal reception by the local authorities, who act with most unbounded hospitality, and, if treated in the proper way, are of great service. I felt that our guide was not too eager to take us to the demarch, and it was only upon my emphatic demand that I was brought to his house. After the customary cup of coffee and spoonful of

jam had been offered us, I at once noticed the exceptional coldness of the demarch, who looked like a venerable and kindly man, and I realized that some mistake had been made. It was not long before I fathomed it, and further acquaintance with circumstances and personalities made it all clear.

I do not think there is any other country where political feeling, both local and central, runs so high as in Greece. This warmth of political passion is still more intensified by the fact that, in the choice of all candidates in this representative government, the family and its relations of kinship form the essential guide. And when it is borne in mind that nearly all the offices, local and central, down to the postmen and the attendants at museums, depend upon the success of each party, and that the family will at once run to their own member of parliament to help them in releasing one of their kinsmen who has been convicted of a crime, it will be understood how, in a small community where there are no industries but precarious agriculture and fishing, the political differences permeate every nook and cranny of daily life. This fact the foreigner who would excavate in Greece must always bear in mind. In dealing with it he must, from the very outset, manifest kindness, fairness, and firmness; and he must succeed in impressing these three qualities upon the people with whom he is dealing, so that they at once feel and are drawn out by the kindness, gain absolute faith in the fairness, and learn to realize and depend upon the firmness. The excavations of a sister institution in Greece have on several occasions been retarded, and almost completely suspended, owing to the charge (of course, unjustified) brought by the local authorities against the excavators that in the choice of their workmen they had been partial to that one of the two political parties which was not then in power. To mend matters, they made a further mistake in agreeing to see that half the workmen were chosen by a representative of one party and half by a delegate from the other, which of course led to further quarrels.

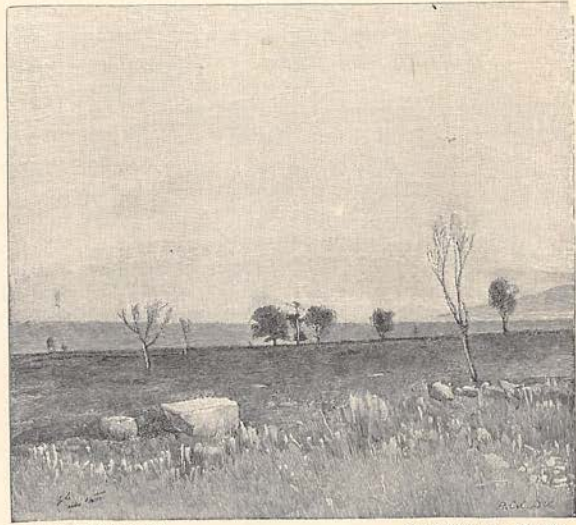
Now it soon became clear that Mr. Fossum's host, who had proved so affable and kind to him, was the brother-in-law of the previous mayor, and was himself aspiring to the mayoralty, and that there was an intense feud between the mayor in power and the party of his predecessor. When the mayor had been partly roused out of his mistrust and sulkiness he confessed that if we desired help and workmen we should go to the others, who, he informed us, were using us to gain popularity among the inhabitants. The difficulty was increased by the fact that, so far as practical help was concerned,

the mayor's enemy, with his influence over the greater number of the workmen, and the greater practical readiness which he had acquired abroad, could not be dispensed with. It was, then, our aim, while acquiring the friendship of both parties, to turn their animosity into rivalry as to who could help us the more. We brought both parties together, and made them a simple speech, in which we told them that we had not come from America to practise Greek politics, and could assure them that we had enough of that kind of thing in our own home; that we were friends of both parties, and came to confer a boon upon the place, as many years ago our fathers had actively helped the Greeks in their struggle for independence. I may say that an appeal to these memories always strikes on fertile soil among the Greek people.

They can never forget the ship-loads of provisions and clothing that were sent from America during their war for independence. We further assured them that they would always find us fair, and that what we wanted were good workmen of whatever party. If they worked well they would be retained; if they worked badly they would be rejected. If they suspected our foremen of unfairness they could always appeal to us, where they would meet with justice; but that dig we would, and that without delay, and we counted upon their help, and felt sure they would not belie the hospitality for which they were noted. That evening Mr. Fossum dined and slept with the anti-mayor party, and I dined and slept with the mayor, who, after a frugal dinner, with an ample provision of resinated wine, waxed more and more cordial, and gave us reminiscences of his former life as captain of a brig. All his ancestors had been seamen, and his father's brig was the first Greek sailing vessel to enter an American harbor.

The next day we found our workmen, and even two horses with carts, and at once began our excavations at the theater, which have since proved so strikingly successful in disclosing remains that have a most important bearing upon the much-debated question of the arrangement of the Greek stage. The work having fairly started, I soon returned to the School business at Athens, leaving Mr. Fossum in charge. Nearly a fortnight elapsed before I was able to return to Eretria, and it was then that our hardships really reached their extreme point.

On this occasion I was joined by my colleague at the School, Professor Richardson of



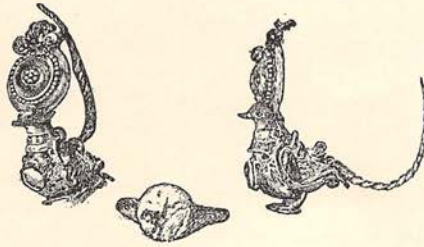
DRAWN BY EMIL CARSEN.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE SITE OF THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE BEFORE EXCAVATION.

Dartmouth College, and by Mr. Brownson of Yale University, one of the students of the School. We sailed out of the Peiræus on the evening of Wednesday, February 18. The weather had been somewhat stormy during the day, but seemed fairly settled when we set sail. Now the voyage from the Peiræus to Chalcis usually occupies from nine to ten hours. Although, during the night, we had every reason to be aware of the inclemency of the weather, upon awaking early in the morning we expected to be very near Chalcis. But we were much astonished to find the vessel rolling and pitching in a very violent manner, which we knew was quite impossible in the sheltered Euripus. It was by no means pleasant to be informed that we had not got further than Cape Sunium,—a few miles from the Peiræus,—and that, in fact, we were then engaged in an apparently futile effort to round that point. It was blowing a hurricane, and we were trying to sail right in the teeth of the wind. Our captain seemed somewhat uneasy, and for the present was confining his ambition to an attempt at reaching the harbor of Laurium, which is only a few miles by rail from Athens, there to await better weather, as it was impossible for the ship to cope with such a storm. With full steam on, and with much puffing and staggering of the vessel, which was fairly seaworthy, we succeeded, at ten o'clock in the morning, in reaching the harbor of Laurium. But even in this harbor we were not completely sheltered from the storm. It was impossible to send a boat ashore, or in fact to have any communication with the mainland, and we lay there tossing about, with some English and other coaling vessels close to us, in constant danger

of drifting into one another by the dragging of anchors. The whole of that day and night and the next day we remained in the harbor, and I really believe that we would have remained there for another day and night if our provisions had not given out, and we had not all joined in urging the captain to make a bold attempt at weathering the point, which would bring us into the Euripus. At one o'clock in the morning of the third day we steamed out of the harbor, and in six or seven hours suc-



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

GOLD EAR-RINGS.

ceeded in reaching the Euripus, landing at Chalcis in the rain and wind at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

With a number of boys and men carrying our baggage, we walked through the rain and mud to a small cook-shop, where we proceeded to take what we then considered a very sumptuous meal. We were eager to push on, and at once began to seek for horses in order to continue our journey to Eretria, but we were informed that the roads were thick with mud, and that the stream at Vasilico, half-way between Chalcis and Eretria, was so swollen by the rain and snow that to ford it would be impossible—in short, we met with flat refusals wherever we asked for horse, mule, or donkey. At last the owner of a carriage told us that he would take us as far as the river of Vasilico, and assured us that there he would find for us horses or a cart which could carry us across, and thence to Eretria.

Having made our bargain, and acceded to his unusually high demand, we started on our drive about two o'clock in the afternoon. All went well until, after an hour and a half, the coachman pulled up in the middle of a muddy field, and blandly informed us that we had arrived at our destination. I had noticed that as we were nearing this point he had asked a rapid question of a stray shepherd, or of a peasant lounging in front of his hut, and when I asked him where the horses were which would take us across the river, and where the river was, he told us that the river was some five hundred yards further on, and that we must see whether we could get horses or not; that he

had fulfilled his part of the contract, and had taken us to the river of Vasilico; that now he wished to be paid, and that we must clear out. This, after much wrangling and exciting talk on his part, ended in our meeting him with MacMahon's words, "*J'y suis et j'y reste*" ("Here I am and here I remain"). We refused to leave the carriage until he had provided the horses. The other alternative was that he should take us back to Chalcis and make proper arrangements the next day. He angrily gave in, but assured us that we should have to pay the same large sum for each journey. We told him that this would be decided by the magistrate of Chalcis, and so we all drove back in the rain and at once proceeded to the police station. With some difficulty the judge, who was smoking his narghile in the adjoining café, was found, and, coming into the dingy court-room, proceeded to make and to offer us some coffee. We then sent for the irate coachman, who appeared on the scene, and seated about a small brazier, with several lounging and interfering Greeks standing about us, the legal proceedings began. We mustered up our best Greek, throwing in here and there a touch of Demosthenes and Æschines, which, I fear, was lost upon the unclassical Greeks; and, after allowing the coachman to lay his charge before the court with much gesture and vehemence, we opened our case, turning the defense into an accusation. We claimed that, owing to the breach of contract in not providing, as had been promised, means for the continuance of our journey at Vasilico, we had lost our day, and had suffered much discomfort; had to defray the expenses of a night's lodging at Chalcis, and had caused our friends at Eretria considerable anxiety. We were therefore justified in claiming heavy damages from the false coachman, who had dealt with us not as a Greek but as a Turkish brigand. But, considering his youth, and recollecting the friendly relations which subsisted between the American republic and the kingdom of Greece, and swayed by the affection which we felt for the whole Greek people, especially the inhabitants of Eubœa, we should not press our suit, and should only demand that on the next day we be put in a position to continue our journey. We were prepared not only to waive our claim that any money should be paid to us, but we might even give the handsome remuneration which we had promised to allow for one journey as covering the two. When we had finished, the judge gave a long pull at his pipe, blew the smoke through his nostrils, and declared that there was much justice in what we had said, but that he knew the lad (who was over thirty years of age) well; that he knew his father and mother, and that he was a good lad; that we

were good and distinguished foreigners; and that he felt sure we would not deal hardly by the poor man. We answered that we had felt sure, from the first moment of gazing into the countenance of the youth, that he was a good man, but that his goodness had for once forsaken him; that as he was young there was time for him to make amends for his faults; that we should not press him hard; and that, if he would fulfil his contract on the next day, we would, if satisfied with him, give him a handsome present in addition to the pay we had agreed upon for the first journey. By this time the whole party were in good humor, the coachman himself humbly begged our pardon for his too emphatic insistence upon what he had erroneously conceived to

mails for Eretria had not been forwarded for more than a week, and so we insisted upon carrying the mails with us, among which we afterward found several letters written by us more than a week before, and which our friends were anxiously awaiting. The judge, joined by the chief officers of the city, came to our aid, and that evening insisted upon showing us great attention in the chief café.

The next morning our coachman arrived in good time and good spirits, and, having loaded the mails, our packages, instruments, and a large demijohn of good Chalcis wine upon our vehicle, we again drove through the fertile Lelanthian plain to the scene of the wrangle on the previous day. We walked to the bank



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

WHITE LEKYTHOI, GREEK FUNERAL VASES, OF FIFTH CENTURY B. C., FOUND IN GREEK GRAVE AT ERETRIA.

be his rights, and they all wanted to take us to the nearest café and to stand us drinks. This we refused, and, having sent a telegram to the demarch of Eretria to meet us next noon by the river near Vasilico, we arranged to make an early start the next morning. At the post-office we ascertained that the

of the river (where the two large piers of a very fine bridge which had been waiting for two years for the iron girders that are to span the river, and to make the new road between Chalcis, Eretria, and Batheia practicable, were still gaping in imposing solidity, but affording no help to us), and shouted and



DRAWN BY F. LEO HUNTER.

THE FAMILY INCLOSURE CONTAINING THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.

shouted for half an hour for the man with horses or carts whom we expected to be there from Eretria, but with no success. Our coachman then hunted about for horses on the near bank, and assured us that he would procure them; but after wasting another half-hour he succeeded in finding only one little white horse that looked like an over-grown dog, and we were left with Hobson's choice. The sturdy lad who owned the horse said he could take us and our luggage over one by one on this poor beast. Each one of the party taking as much as he could carry, we packed the remainder of our baggage on the horse, and proceeded along the slippery and muddy fields to that part of the river-bank where there was a chance of fording. But even in this short distance we were not free from accident. Every member of the party slipped and fell with his load, and at last the poor little white horse rolled over on its side (fortunately not upon the demijohn), and stuck fast in the mud. Unloading what he had on him, the lad caught him by the tail, and two of us got him by the head, and we literally lifted the poor beast out of the mud. But it was out of the question that, with the rapid stream, we could trust either ourselves or our baggage to the precarious legs of the poor animal; and we at last had to accept the proposal of our sturdy guide that he should take each one of us in turn on his shoulders and carry us across the stream. And this he did successfully, bold Christopher that he was.

Proceeding up to the village, we there found, staying with the doctor, the coachman of the demarch of Eretria, who had insisted upon sending his own horse and coachman and a European-looking wagonette to meet us. We left our luggage to be brought by a cart, and as the day was drawing to an end, and was growing more and more chilly, we all huddled together in the wagonette and drove along the muddy road to Eretria, which we reached in two hours. Mr. Fossum and the anti-mayor had walked some way out of the town to meet us, and in the town itself the mayor and nearly all the inhabitants came to give us a hearty greeting. Immediately upon returning from my first visit to Eretria, I had sent to Mr. Fossum our trusty cook and master of all trades, Nikolaki, who had accompanied us on two of our previous campaigns. He was a carpenter by trade, but was, as most Greeks are, an excellent cook, and in every way a man of many resources. He had brought with him wood and tools, a store of provisions, camp-beds, and all the necessaries we could think of; had taken in hand one of the deserted houses; had cleaned it thoroughly, repairing the fireplace, so that wood could be burned therein, though it smoked vigorously; had constructed a long table and benches with the boards he had brought, and now stood grinning at the door of the hut, telling us he had prepared a *vasilico geuma*, a royal feast. We at once invited the mayor and his opponent, who stood scowling at each

other, and the Greek government inspector, who was there to watch our excavations in the interest of the Government; and, packed like herrings, we proceeded to a very jovial meal. It was the 22d of February, and we at once informed our guests that it was Washington's Birthday. We made a series of after-dinner speeches, in which we enumerated the causes we had for being justly proud, ending by recalling the motto of our republic, which we had lived up to in being the only people who could ever boast of having united at their board those distinguished and noble gentlemen—the mayor and the anti-mayor.

It looked as if fortune were really smiling upon us, for the rain and snow which for some days had prevented Mr. Fossum from continuing his work at the theater gave way to bright sunshine on the next morning, and we at once continued our work there with an increased staff of workmen.

On my previous visit I had decided upon beginning excavations on a site about half an hour's walk from the walls of Eretria toward Batheia, because of a fragment of beautifully worked marble molding which I had seen there, and of the traces of a marble wall immediately below the surface. It looked as if somebody else had made a tentative excavation on this spot some years before, as in the whole neighborhood, which is filled with ancient graves, the inhabitants for a long time past have been carrying on their secret digging, and value very highly the sites likely to contain ancient graves. I was informed by our friend the prospective mayor that this property belonged to his kinsman the late mayor, and another part to one of his brothers, who lived at Corfu. The part possessor had promised to communicate at once with his brother, and to obtain for me permission to dig on his ground. But I now found to my disappointment that the distant brother had not yet communicated his assent. While discussing the possibility of beginning excavations at this spot, I was informed that one half of the ground upon which I meant to excavate really belonged to one of the workmen engaged at our excavation at the theater, who willingly undertook to accompany us thither, and to

join the party of workmen to be employed there. I also persuaded the previous mayor to take the responsibility upon himself as regarded his brother, since he and his brother would be the gainers, inasmuch as by law the Government would have to compensate him to half the value of the objects which we found, and which would be housed in their museums. At the theater we had thirty-two men at work, with wheelbarrows, baskets, and two carts. Our friend the would-be mayor also urged me to begin work on some of his property, where he had every reason to believe there were a number of ancient graves. I readily came to a private agreement with him, and decided also to dig on this spot. It was here that we discovered, besides numerous objects of smaller interest and value, the beautiful gold ear-rings in the shape of doves, which are, to my knowledge, the finest specimens of ancient jewelry, and also beautiful specimens of the slender white vases, with graceful figures in outline and color, commonly known as Attic *lekythoi*.

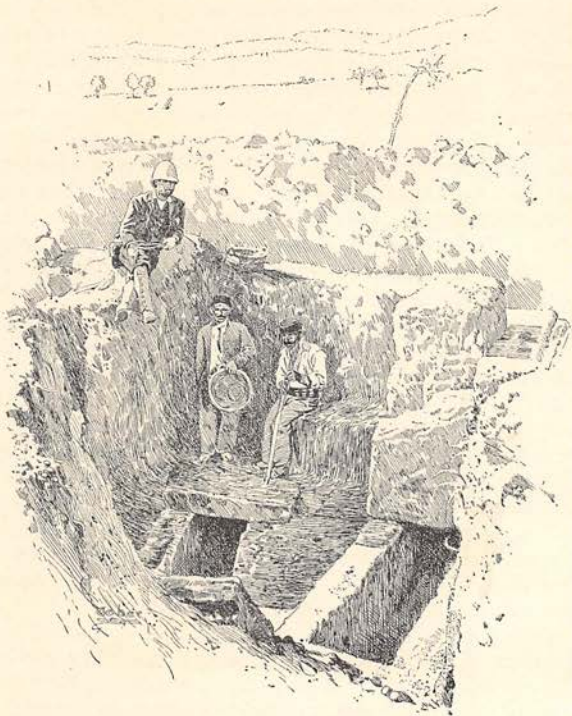
On Tuesday, February 24, accompanied by Professor Richardson, I began excavating at the site with the marble molding. We followed up and laid bare a beautifully worked marble wall built of the best Greek masonry, with evenly worked blocks, each about a me-



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE EXCAVATION OF A TOMB.

ter and a half long, and below the exquisitely worked molding two further layers of marble blocks, all of the same dimensions, resting upon two layers of well-worked calcareous stone called *poros*. The whole formed a foundation for a structure which is no longer extant, the foundation being two and a half meters high. But this wall continued for thir-



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE AT THE ANGLE, TOGETHER WITH THE TOMB OF BIOTE, BOTH WITHIN THE FAMILY INCLOSURE.

teen meters only, and then returned at right angles at each end, the sides being only a meter and a half in length. On the inner side this marble structure was backed by large blocks of poros, and in the inner angles we came upon, and had with much labor to break up and remove, two layers of such blocks superimposed at right angles one upon the other. We were much puzzled as to what this building could have been. Temple or house it certainly was not. It might have been a portico facing the sacred road which ran along its front; but this was unlikely. After two days' work our skilled grave-digger assured us that it could not be a grave, and, discouraged by evening, and having many other sites that were waiting our examination, we followed the advice of the experts, and stopped work. But in the night I was kept awake by the thought of what this curious structure might have been; and remembering the aphorisms already quoted, again set to work there the next morning, digging in the interior and breaking up the huge blocks of poros which impeded our progress downward.

Here began a new difficulty. At one moment it did appear as if it was a grave, and then our workman who owned this half of the site refused to allow us to dig any further. There was much wrangling and shout-

ing. He then informed us that it did not belong to him, but to his wife, and that his wife had not given her consent. This information served to alter the tone of the dispute, and I attempted to turn the whole into a jest. But he only grew more obstinate. The comic element reached its height when, pick in hand, he sat down upon one of the blocks, which we then hoped might be the cover of a tomb, and said that it was his grave, and that nobody should open it. It was now time for us to show indignation; and I informed him that by taking part in the work there, and receiving our pay, he had given his consent beyond all doubt, and dig there we would; and I requested him to go back to the town and to bring his wife, saying that I would arrange the matter with her. Amid the jeers of the workmen he left in great wrath, and we at once proceeded with all haste to remove the block, to find—another one. And when the mutinous workman returned, looking rather sheepish, and saw that we had not come upon a grave, he was very anxious to continue his work; but he was dismissed, at least for that day. In the evening we had reached the fourth layer of these blocks, which

appeared to be the last, and then our expert grave-digger drove his crowbar down into the earth, and, upon examining what adhered to the point, pronounced it virgin soil. And so we again decided to give it up. It now appears to me not impossible that the workmen were in sympathy with the owner of the land, if not conspiring with him, and I certainly believe that they would have continued the excavations after we had left, during the night.

Again I was kept awake puzzling over this curious structure, and by morning I had decided to lay bare and to see with my own eyes how the virgin soil within this wall looked, and to clear the place, if it took a fortnight of futile labor. On this Saturday the weather looked threatening. It was very cold and dark. The faithful and skilled Morakis, a hardy Spartan, now had charge of the workmen, and it was he who throughout sided with me in maintaining that it was a grave. I increased the staff, and we began to dig with energy at the southwest end of the inclosure. At three o'clock in the afternoon we came upon some blocks of poros which lay at a different angle to those which we had removed above them, and soon we saw clear before us a rectangular space formed of three huge blocks, the customary shape of one of those stone coffins which are let deep down into the ground. There were two huge blocks

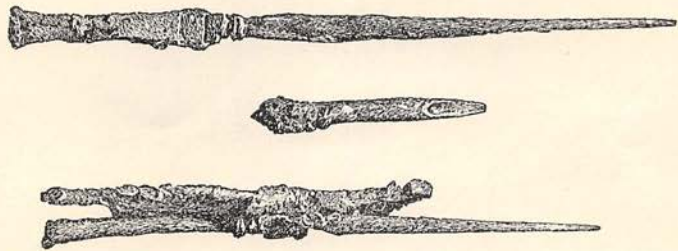
seven feet long joined together at each end by smaller ones three feet long, and covered with two or three well-cut stones. It had now begun to snow, and the sky looked black. I shall never forget the moment when the men raised the huge covering slabs, and from the stone coffin there gleamed through the earth, which had fallen in, the shimmer of gold, while the tops of vases just peeped out at head and foot.

The excitement was intense. Morakis danced and shouted; and in less than an hour the mayor and the anti-mayor, and a large number of both parties, with coats and cloaks and umbrellas, came tramping out to where we were digging. They were very much in our way, and it was hard for us to move about. But great was the excitement when, carefully working on with knife and finger, one gold leaf after another was extracted, to about 150 in number, which filled a large square handkerchief—leaves of all shapes, and of pure solid gold. And when at last the signet-ring of the ancient noble Greek who was here interred, upon which was a rampant lion with a star above his head and at his feet a thunderbolt, was pulled out of the earth, where there were some bones of the fingers, there was a shout of wonder, and each wanted to see and handle what was at once put in security by the officer in charge. In spite of the snow and the cold wind, which grew thicker and intenser that night, we had a merry supper; for at the theater and the other graves it had also been a lucky day, with many interesting finds.

Though in the interior of Greece, in the mountains of Bœotia and Thessaly, there are severe winters and much snow, I have never on the sea-coast and at Athens seen snow lie for more than a few hours, and I therefore confidently hoped that by the next day, Sunday, the weather would improve. It was not only for the digging that we looked forward to such a change, but because of the extreme discomfort we endured in our houses. It was impossible to go out, as the roads were full of slush, with large pools and clinging mud, and we were huddled together, four in one small room and two in another (Mr. Pickard of Dartmouth College, and Mr. Gilbert of Brown University, both members of the School, had also joined our party, and were busily engaged in surveying the district). With a smoking fire which gave no warmth, with no glass in our windows to keep out the cold winds and the damp, with walls clammy

with moisture, seated on our camp-beds, capes and ulsters and shawls could not make us feel really warm. So we sat the entire Sunday, each endeavoring to deceive the others and himself into good spirits. But it continued to snow all day, and it snowed and rained all night. This was unheard of in Greece, and we felt confident that in the morning the southern sun would soon melt away the snow and allow us to begin work anew. It will easily be understood how eager we were to continue our work at the tombs; for it was now evident that the marble inclosure was one of the many family graves, and that there must be several other stone coffins within it; and being the finest structure of the kind within the whole neighborhood of Eretria, and within the experience of any of our grave-diggers, we felt convinced that it must be the grave of some distinguished family, which might tell us a story of surpassing interest.

But Monday morning it continued to snow, and by the afternoon there was a foot and a half of snow lying on the ground. By even-



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

TWO STYLI, WITH PEN IN CENTER, FROM THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.

ing our impatience almost reached despair. But surely the next day would bring us sunshine, and we could at all events begin work in the afternoon. But the next morning again brought snow and rain. The rain, it is true, melted some of the snow, but the winds were cold, and there seemed no hope. My impatience gained the mastery over me. I called Professor Richardson, and begged him to tell the students that, as they were all full-grown men, it was for them to consider their health, for which I could take no responsibility; but that I could wait no longer, and was determined to dig with my own hands, and that whosoever would join of his own free will was welcome. Professor Richardson started at once to call the students, but at the door he turned back and, picking a line from Schiller's "Wallenstein" out of his wonderful memory, cried gaily:

Nacht muss es sein wenn Waldstein's Sterne
leuchten.
(Night must it be when Waldstein's stars are
shining.)



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE

TERRA-COTTA STATUETTE OF "PHILOSOPHER," FROM THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.

"Don't mock either the great Bohemian or me," I said; "this is serious." But the spirit was contagious. All the students came and enthusiastically offered to go out and dig. All our workmen refused to stir except three led by the faithful Morakis. Our cook prepared a famous breakfast, and, wrapped up in whatever clothing we had, with red blankets from the beds, the canvas bags in which the beds were packed, and with picks and shovels and baskets, we all trotted off through the village in the rain, singing American college songs. The shutters opened, and the people looked out at the crazy foreigners, for mad they certainly thought us. We waded through the mud, and reached the tomb; and now began some really hard work. The picks stuck in the wet earth, which was as heavy as lead, and each lift of the spade as we threw soil into the baskets was an athletic feat. And then we had to pass these baskets full of black, heavy, muddy earth from hand to hand, and to wrestle with

them before they gave up their muddy contents. But we toiled on until we reached another tomb immediately beside the one which had contained all the gold. Morakis, when he gave himself a moment's rest, would burst out in wonderment, and would exhort the other workmen to take note how these gentlemen could work. It was really comical, with the curious clothes they had on, to see the form of the learned Professor Richardson picking away vigorously; while another spectacled student filled the baskets which were handed from one to another. But the work, at all events, kept us warm. When, however, we got down five or six feet, to the narrow compass of the grave, we could not all be occupied at once, and then it was hard work to keep warm. Yet our greatest fear was the advancing night. When, toward dusk, we had succeeded in lifting up two of the covering stones, we found that there was at least two hours' work remaining before we could clear out the grave itself, and begin the delicate work of freeing the objects it might

contain from the surrounding soil without breaking. On the other hand, we could not possibly leave the grave open at that stage, as it was likely that others would do what we had left undone, and that we never should see the treasures which we hoped it might contain. And thus, chilled to the marrow, at about six o'clock, as there was no more work for them to do, most of our party returned to Eretria, leaving three men to finish the work by lantern-light.

Crouching within the hole, we watched with bated breath while Morakis was cautiously peeling away the earth from the inside of the stone coffin. One of the blocks of the covering stones had been broken, and when, after a few small fragments of gold had led us to expect a find similar to the one we had made in the first grave, no object of value or interest was forthcoming, the doubt crossed our mind whether this tomb had not been rifled in antiquity. The crime of robbing a grave was, in

the days of ancient Greece, severely punished. After nearly three hours' work, the grave was thoroughly examined and found to contain naught of interest.

But the next day was indeed a bright day, and one which was to compensate us in every respect for our previous hardships.

I remembered that in these family inclosures the principal graves are not in the center, but at the angles. Accordingly this morning we began to dig at the other angle, and at the end of the day we had come upon another sarcophagus.

This grave was evidently the earliest and most important one, and the one for which the inclosure had been built; for a portion of it was immediately under the wall of the inclosure itself, and accordingly in the person here buried we should expect to find the man for whom all this structure had been built. Soon again there was the glimmer of gold; and carefully clearing away the earth, I began to pull at the portion that became visible, which at once appeared to me thicker and more solid than a leaf, expecting, however, to find a leaf similar to the one that filled the grave we first found. But the leaf would not give, and so I had to cut away the earth further in, and still further, until at last I was able to extract a broad diadem, or fillet, of pure gold, such as was worn round the brow. We now pushed on with renewed eagerness and caution, and there came another broader band of gold with repoussé pattern, and then still another, and another, until we found six; and finally, reaching the point where the head lay, and where a small fragment of the skull was still preserved, there came another, a seventh band of gold, with leaves like a wreath attached to it, which crowned the person here interred. There were several smaller vases and bronzes, and a knife; and then came two styli. Now, with these two complete styli and fragments of a third, we also found a metal pen shaped very much like our own, the only specimen hitherto found in Greece proper, though there have been found boxes which contained these pens, and inkstands. It was now evident that the person here interred, for whom the inclosure was made, was not only a man of great distinction, but a man of letters.

We had found several interesting terra-cotta figures of mythological or ideal character in this grave, but at the head we finally discovered a terra-cotta, distinctly a portrait, of the style of portrait-statue well known from the fourth century B. C., of a man draped in his cloak, with both hands folded at the side. Now, this attitude corresponds to the description we have by a certain Christodoros of the statue of Aristotle which he saw at Constantinople. On

the next day we disclosed the grave next to this one toward the interior, built at a different angle, and, from the various stones that were used in its structure, distinctly of a later date. At the foot of this grave, carefully placed on the center of a large slab which had before served some architectural purpose, was a smaller marble slab upon which in clear-cut letters was the inscription [B]ΙΟΤΗ [Α]ΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΟΥ (Biote Aristotelou), namely, Biote, the daughter of Aristotle. The only male name which we found connected with the tombs, and referring to the family which had made this inclosure its last resting-place, was the name of Aristotle.

The facts will speak for themselves. In 323 B. C., Aristotle, a man of considerable wealth, the tutor and friend of Alexander the Great, was compelled to fly from Athens and to take refuge at Chalcis, where he certainly had property, and whence either the family of his father or mother sprang. In the following year he died at Chalcis, not, as some biographical account has it, by drowning in the Euripus, or by his own hand, but of a complaint of the stomach. Nor can we give credence to the late and untrustworthy tradition which tells us that his remains were subsequently taken to his native town of Stagira. From the nature of his will it is evident that at this time his chief property and home were at Chalcis and not at Stagira. Here at Eretria, which we know to have been a seat of philosophy, the fields of which join those of Chalcis, and which, as we have evidence to show, was a special place for burial, we find this tomb, undoubtedly that of a distinguished family; we find the chief grave within this family inclosure to contain the remains of a very distinguished man, as is evident from the gold crowns laid there, probably by his friends and admirers, at his funeral; we find this distinguished man to be a man of letters, as is evident from the styli and the pen; and we find within the family inclosure the name of Aristotle. For the present I will not lay too much stress upon the correspondence between the terra-cotta statuette and the description of the statue of Aristotle, nor will I dwell at length upon all the evidence which has since come to me. They confirm still further the attribution made so probable by the discoverers themselves. The treatment of this subject requires the critical sifting of so many passages and special points of archaeology and scholarship, that I must leave this to be dealt with in the official report of the School of Athens. But I must say now that some of the doubts I have on a previous occasion expressed have become weakened. These chief doubts were based upon the fact that Chalcis, where Aristotle died, and Eretria, where this

grave is situated, were two distinct places. I have since found good classical authorities which tell us that Chalcis was at one time the name for the whole of Eubœa, and could thus be used for the district of Eretria. And from the will of Aristotle, handed down to us in Diogenes Laertius, from which I shall quote a passage, it becomes evident that Aristotle owned a large estate at Chalcis, which was not immediately in the city, but was in the country. This will is confirmed by Athenæus, and the portion which interests us runs thus:

May all be well [the will begins], but if anything happen, then Aristotle has made the following disposition of his affairs: That Antipater shall be general and universal executor. And until Nikanor marries my daughter, I appoint Aristomedes, Timarchos, Hipparchos, Dioteles, and Theophrastos, if the latter will consent and accept the charge, to be guardians of my children and of Herpyllis, and the trustees of all the property I leave behind me. And I desire them, when my daughter is old enough, to give her in marriage to Nikanor; but if anything should happen to the girl before she has any children, then I will that Nikanor should have the absolute disposal of my son, and of all other things, in the full confidence that he will arrange them in a manner worthy of me and of himself. Let him also be the guardian of my daughter and of my son Nikomachos, to act as he pleases with respect to them, as if he were their father or brother. But if anything should happen to Nikanor, which may God forbid, either before he receives my daughter in marriage or after he is married to her, or before he has any children by her, then any arrangements which he may make by will shall stand. But if Theophrastos should in this case choose to take my daughter in marriage, then he is to stand exactly in the same position as Nikanor. And if not, then I will that my trustees, conferring with Antipater concerning both the boy and the girl, shall arrange everything respecting them as they shall think fit; and that my trustees and Nikanor, remembering both me and Herpyllis, and how well she has behaved to me, shall take care that, if she be inclined to take a husband, one be found for her who shall not be unworthy of us, and that they give her, in addition to all that has already been given her, a talent of silver and three maid-servants, if she pleases to accept them, and the handmaiden whom she has now, and Pyrrhaios [probably a slave]. And if she pleases to dwell at Chalcis, she shall have the guest-house which joins the garden; but if she likes to dwell at Stagira, then she shall have my father's house. And whichever of these houses she elects to take, I will that my executors do furnish it with all ne-

cessary furniture in such manner as shall seem to them and to Herpyllis sufficient.

Then follow legacies to other people and to slaves, injunctions as to what is to be done with statues which he dedicates, etc. And then he says:

And wherever they wish to make my grave, there, taking the bones of Pythias, let them also bury them.

And as regards the second doubt which I at one time felt, namely, that Aristotle was far from being a unique name, so that the inscription found in this tomb might refer to some other Aristotle, I can only say that it would have to be shown that such another Aristotle of a literary tendency was worthy of such signal honors as those conferred upon the person here interred, and that this Aristotle, unrelated to the great Aristotle, was connected with Eubœa. It seems to me more likely that the other names of Aristotle, which are to be found on an Eretrian inscription of the second century B. C., are connected with this family of the philosopher, which certainly had its estates in this district; and I would finally state that in this very inscription of Eretria I have found two names which directly correspond to the names of the family of the philosopher Aristotle. These names are Nikomachos and Prokles. For we know from Sextus Empiricus, supplemented and confirmed by other authors, that Nikomachos, the son of Aristotle, died without issue, and that his daughter Pythias married three times. First she married Nikanor, who is mentioned in the will, by whom she had no issue; her second marriage was with Prokles, who was descended from the Lacedemonian king Demaratos, and by whom she had two sons, Prokles and Demaratos; and finally she married Metrodoros, a doctor, by whom she had one son, Aristotle, which later Aristotle is also mentioned in the will of Theophrastos. This younger Aristotle lived in the first half of the third century B. C. The date of the inscription, "Biote, the daughter of Aristotle," which we found, has been fixed as of the third century B. C., and thus Biote would be the daughter of Aristotle's grandson, who bore the same name as his grandfather.

We do not claim that the attribution of this grave to the great philosopher is proved beyond a doubt; but for the present we are justified in naming this grave, excavated at Eretria by the American School of Athens, the Tomb of Aristotle.

Charles Waldstein.