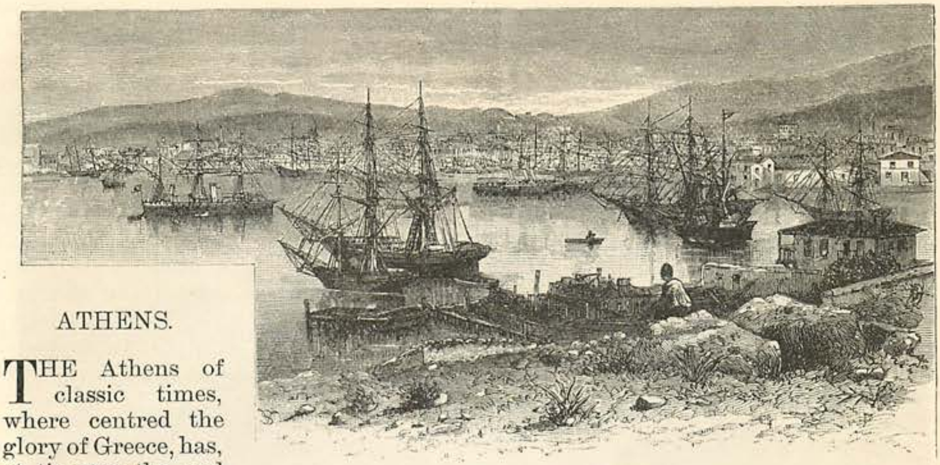


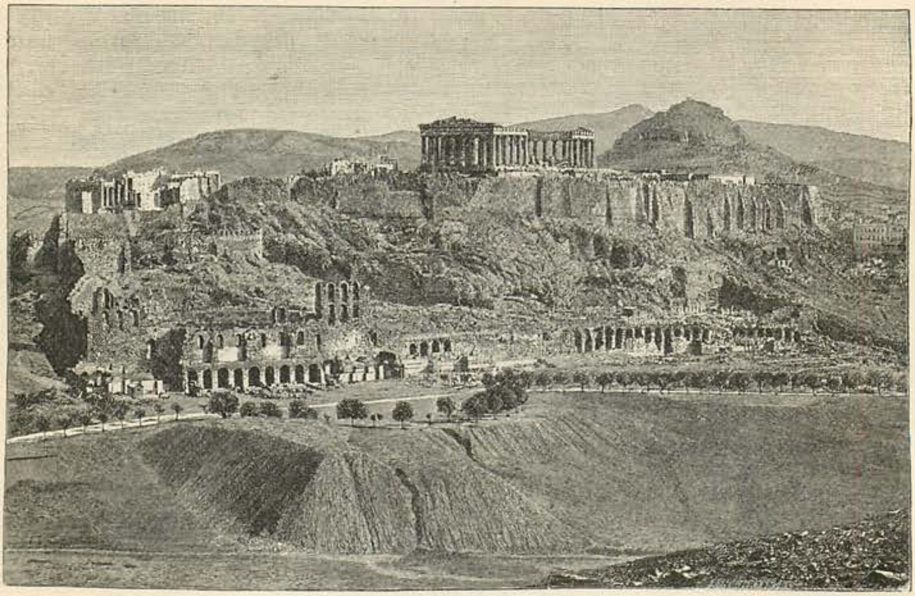
THE PIRÆUS.

ATHENS.

THE Athens of classic times, where centred the glory of Greece, has, at the mouths and pens of all, her meed of praise. The Athens of to-day, the capital of the realm of George I., King of the Greeks, is an object of interest not simply as "the heir of fame," but for what she actually is, and for what she is likely to become in the near future. Not only the antiquarian and the classical scholar, but the artist, the student of politics, the pleasure-seeking tourist, and the observer of men and manners, will be richly repaid if he takes the pleasant voyage of two or three days from Naples to Athens, even if he go no farther to the east.

Three cities the world honors as the sources of the religion, the law, and the "fair humanities" that have made us what we are: Jerusalem, the mother of Christianity; Rome, the stern mistress who taught the world state-craft and respect for law; and Athens, in whose pure atmosphere the love of knowledge and the love of beauty first gave a perfect form to art, philosophy, and literature. Rome, with her insatiate thirst of conquest, drew into her own later history that of the Christian Church, as she had imitated and borrowed from the literature, art, and philosophy of Athens. And from the Christian fervor that Rome had thus drawn from Jerusalem, working upon that love of perfect forms of beauty which Athens had taught her, came the greatest latter-day glory of Rome—that art of idealistic painting which made her again the mistress and the teacher of the world.

Yet it is not chiefly for what Greece has done through her influence on these rude Roman conquerors whom she took captive, that the world is indebted to Athens. All the nations of Europe have at their best epochs gone directly to her for instruction. Greek literature has influenced the development of all the literature the polite scholar thinks deserving of his study. Greek constitutions have served as models or as warnings to every statesman and to every student of politics. The central ideas of the constitutional governments now foremost in the world are popular elections; magistrates the servants of the law, but responsible to the people; two legislative bodies, one popular, the other conservative; and local autonomy in local affairs. All these are Greek principles, borrowed from Greek history. And even now we are not beyond learning from the history of Athens. The conditions of Athenian society, the aims and habits of thought of the citizen of Athens in the days of her glory, were in many ways strikingly like those of America to-day. Webster, in the maturity of his power, after reading again the funeral oration of Pericles over the soldiers slain in the war with Sparta, cried out, as he closed the book, "Is this Athens, and an Athenian orator? or is it an American, speaking to citizens of the United States?" Athens saw the rise of "bosses" and "henchmen" in her degenerate days. Her thoughtful citizens lamented the substitution of blind obedience to a "working" demagogue for intelligent allegiance to the patriotic statesman who voiced in his speeches and embodied in law the en-



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS.

lightened public sentiment he had helped to create. Even the notorious maxim whose influence has cursed American politics for the last fifty years, "To the victors belong the spoils," is a translation from the pages of Xenophon.

In the natural sciences, the Greeks made so many shrewd guesses that science in its greatest strides has seemed but to follow the line of Greek conjectures. Philolaus maintained, twenty centuries before Galileo, that the sun was a globe in the centre of the system, and that the earth and the other planets revolved about it, the earth's own motion on its axis causing day and night and the apparent motion of the stars. Cuvier's work of classification in zoology is in part anticipated, in the *History of Animals*, by Aristotle. Geology was prophesied when Xenophanes inferred, from fossils, extinct races of animals and great changes in the earth's crust. All the world knows how progress in chemistry and physics has followed the revival of Democritus's happy "atomic theory."

Yet it is in the realm of ideas rather than of material science that the glory of Greece and Athens lies. It is because Socrates and Plato made intensely real that distinction between right and wrong which the sophists were attempting to discard and deny; it is because her great poets set forth so nobly the same commanding force of moral law, however clearly they may have depicted the failures of Greeks to comply with its requirements; and because all this is done in literary forms that are as perfect and as harmoniously proportioned as are her statues and her temples—it is by this perfection of thought in perfect forms that Athens has held her sway over the minds of men. The reign of political law among the nations may have been the lesson of Rome to the world. The recognition of a natural moral law in philosophy, and the reign of harmony, self-restraint, and measured proportion as the basis of beauty in art and in literature, the world owes to Athens. And in architecture (if we except the Gothic—grand by its aspiring lawlessness), in plastic art, in philosophy, oratory, and poetry, the world measures all its later work by a reference to the perfect standard of the Attic ideals.

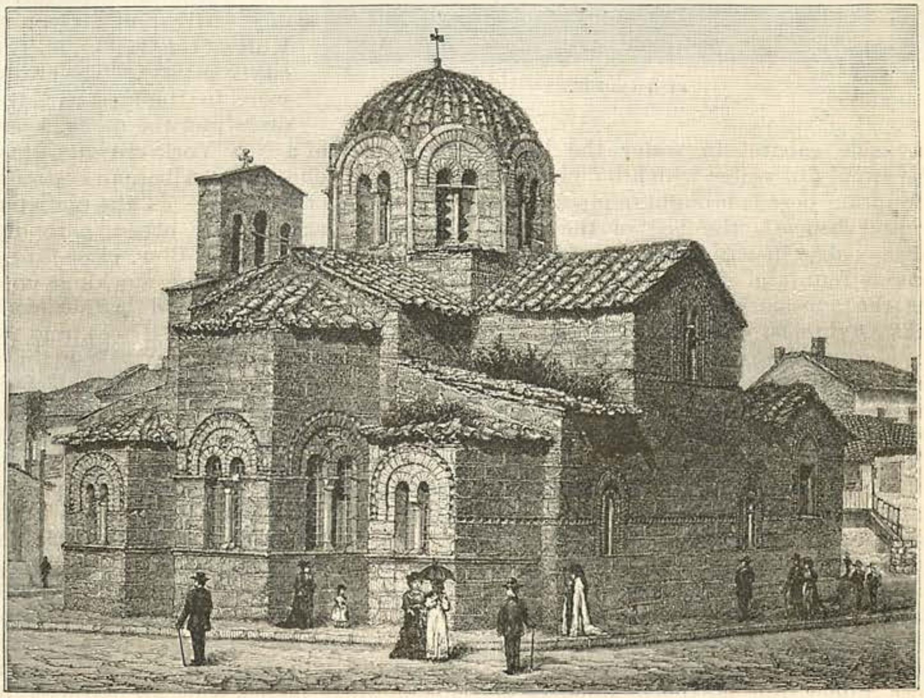
It has been too much the fashion to speak of the Athens of to-day as having little left to her save these glorious memories of the past. We have been told that the race type has utterly changed, that the language has degenerated almost beyond recognition, that the old customs and traditions are utterly dead. The lectures of Felton, the discoveries of Schliemann, turning all eyes once more toward Greece, and the interesting articles lately published in the *Philhellenic Review*, in London, have done much to remove from the English-speaking public this false impression. Greece is assuming every month a more prominent place in the consideration of those who are troubled by the Eastern Question. And this awakened interest in Greece will lend interest, it is hoped, to an article which, omitting all attempts at detailed description of her wonderful ruins, and her museums so rich in statuary of the best period of art, untouched by the restorer's chisel, shall simply record some of the impressions of a recent stay of two months at Athens.

The traveller approaching Athens from the east changes steamers at Syra, in the heart of the Cyclades, and after a night voyage finds himself coasting Ægina at dawn, and at sunrise anchored in the Piræus, the port of Athens. The harbor presents a busy, thriving aspect. At the close of the revolution in 1830, there were but half a dozen fishermen's huts where now stands a rapidly growing town of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants.

The idea of entering Athens by railroad is repellent to any lover of her past. Who would be carried by steam into the presence of that altar-rock to which lovers of the beautiful in all ages have looked for inspiration ? Who would lose the delight of the first long look as the Acropolis rises into sight above the roofs of Piræus, or make shorter the keen pleasure of each new identification of hill and plain and stream and ruins before you with the strangely familiar yet unreal image you have formed from maps and books ?

We drove slowly up the carriage road, which follows the line of the northern long wall. The railroad (the only passenger line in Greece) follows the line of the south or "middle long wall," thirty rods to the right. In classic times, thronging crowds of laborers, merchants, and travellers filled the space between the rows of closely crowded dwellings which on either side lined these old walls. Now there are not half a dozen houses between Athens and Piræus. The old substructions of the long walls of solid masonry twelve feet thick are still to be seen in many places, and have been used as the bed of the carriage road and the railway.

Half way to Athens we halt at a little



THE BYZANTINE CHURCH.

KING GEORGE.

way-side cabaret to water the horses. The supply of water which bubbles from a fountain here is brought in pipes underground beneath the bed of the Ilissus (always dry in summer now) from the famous fountain of Callirrhoë, close under the substructions of the Temple of Zeus Olympias. The sign of the little hostelry was two rival chieftains in ancient armor, lance and shield in hand, painted life-size in most startling colors. Over one was inscribed in Greek capitals ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ (Achilleus).

Driving east up Hermes Street, the main thoroughfare of the city, we pass the Temple of Theseus, best preserved of Grecian temples, at a little distance on our right; and at the corner of Æolus Street, which crosses Hermes at right angles, we catch a glimpse of the old octagonal Tower of the Winds to the south, close under the northern slope of the Acropolis. The ruins on that most wonderful rock draw your eyes irresistibly to themselves; but the Greek Church and the Middle Ages claim your attention as the street divides, passing on either side the little Byzantine church which fills the roadway. Then through a street like the modern parts of Paris, the sharp gray cone of Lycabettus towering before you on the left, close over the city, you drive on toward the park and the royal palace, which close the vista.

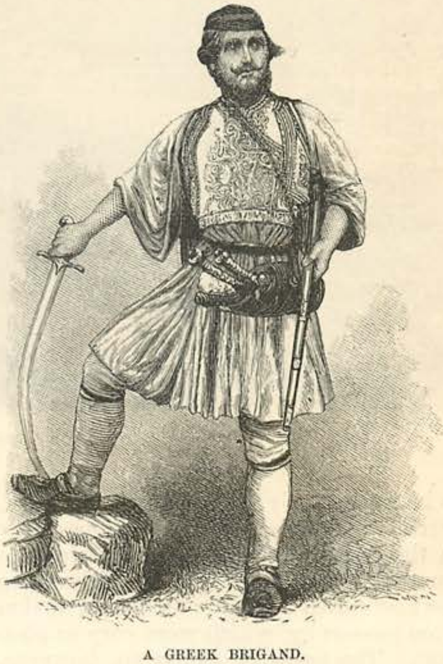
Our hotel, the Angleterre, faced the palace, a broad park intervening. It was St. George's Day, and the custom of the Greek Church keeps the birthday festival not on the anniversary of one's birth, but on the saint's day of the patron saint whose name was given the child when christened. So on St. George's Day were to be observed the ceremonies appropriate to the birthday festival of "George, King of the Greeks." The city was astir. The crowd wore, for the most part, the dress and the quick, nervous aspect of a New York crowd. Here and there you saw the Albanian costume, adopted by the Greeks as the national dress for lack of any other more distinctively their own. Blue, close-fitting breeches; white or blue stockings and gaiters; low shoes of red leather with pointed, tasselled, upturned toes, and no heels; a short black jacket, sometimes blue, cut away, and richly embroidered, worn over a red waistcoat, and a white, embroidered shirt with open sleeves; colored garters at the knee, and a red girdle supporting an immense leathern pouch, from which protrude pistols and a knife or two; on the head a pointed red flannel cap, like a prolonged Turkish fez, falling over upon the side, and ending in a silk tassel. The most remarkable feature of the costume remains to be described. From thirty to sixty yards of white linen about thirty inches wide are gathered in a very thickly pleated skirt, which is starched, and worn over the breeches. This is the fustanella; and where this habit is kept scrupulously clean (which is seldom the case with the class of citizens who most affect it), it is strikingly picturesque. The profusion of skirt necessarily gives to its wearer, in Western eyes, a certain feminine air, which no amount of bushy beard, no fierceness of demeanor, no profusely displayed fire-arms, can quite counteract. Yet as the National Corps came marching down the square, thus uniformed, their brawny limbs and determined faces, and the gleaming colors of their dress, gave them an air not unlike that of the Scotch Highlanders. In Megara and Eleusis, as in many other parts of the interior, the inhabitants, especially the women, adhere invariably to their characteristic and high-colored local costumes, many of which are most picturesque in color and in detail.

Several of the women in the crowd before us, and a few of the ladies in the Greek ministers' carriages, wore the national red cap; and several others, who were dressed in Parisian style, had retained the very pretty Thessalian head-dress —a little golden crown or tiara supporting a light veil thrown back from the face.

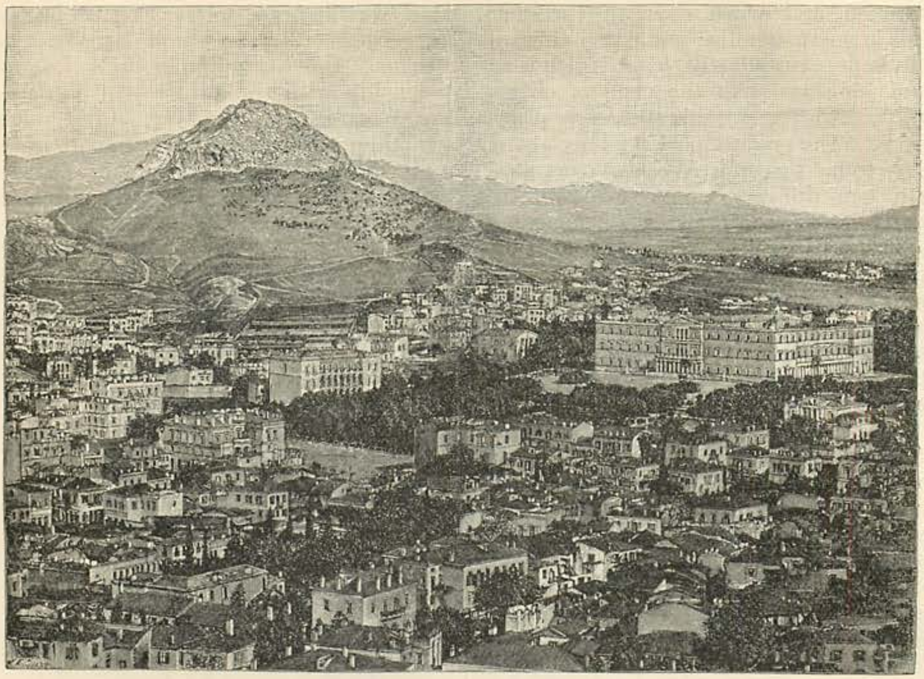
As the crowd beneath us grew denser, uniformed policemen kept clear a way for the procession. Small, dark-eyed boys, with the preternaturally intelligent look that marks the Athenian boy, sold to the crowd odes and ballads in honor of the day, written in Greek that would have seemed hardly strange to the eyes of a contemporary of Plato, or to St. Paul himself, at Athens.

A squad of cavalry first came down the broad drive from the palace. Except the uniformly fine-looking officers, who spend extravagant sums for horses of showy action, they were very poorly mounted; but they sat their sorry beasts right well.

Fifty carriages followed, every nation represented at Athens sending its diplomatic servants to congratulate the king, and to attend him on his progress to a special birthday service in the metropolitan cathedral. A little cheer greeted the appearance of each national representative, except in case of the Turks, whose red fezes were met with a significant silence. The Duke of Connaught, then at Athens with his bride, occupied a seat in the king's own carriage, and a prominent place was assigned to the English Minister. English is the court language at Athens. Indeed, King George's close relationship with the Princess of Wales—she is his sister—has given to his reign something of the character of an English protectorate. For this reason, the Greeks took all the more to heart the action of Lord Beaconsfield—his "nasty trick," they called it, with a broad pronunciation of the Englishman's opprobrious epithet —in bidding Greece refrain when she might have wrested from Turkey by force of arms, during the war with Russia, concessions of territory which all the world feels should be hers. But Beaconsfield assured Greece that she "had a future," and bade her trust it, and refrain from war. When peace was restored, in his secret and public negotiations he utterly ignored the claims of Greece. Indignation at this treatment ran high at Athens a year ago. The crowd in general was less demonstrative than an American or an English crowd on a like occasion; but the greetings to the king were said to be less enthusiastic than they would have been had not the presence of the Duke of Connaught and the English officers with him reminded the Athenians afresh of their keen disappointment at England's failure



A GREEK BRIGAND.



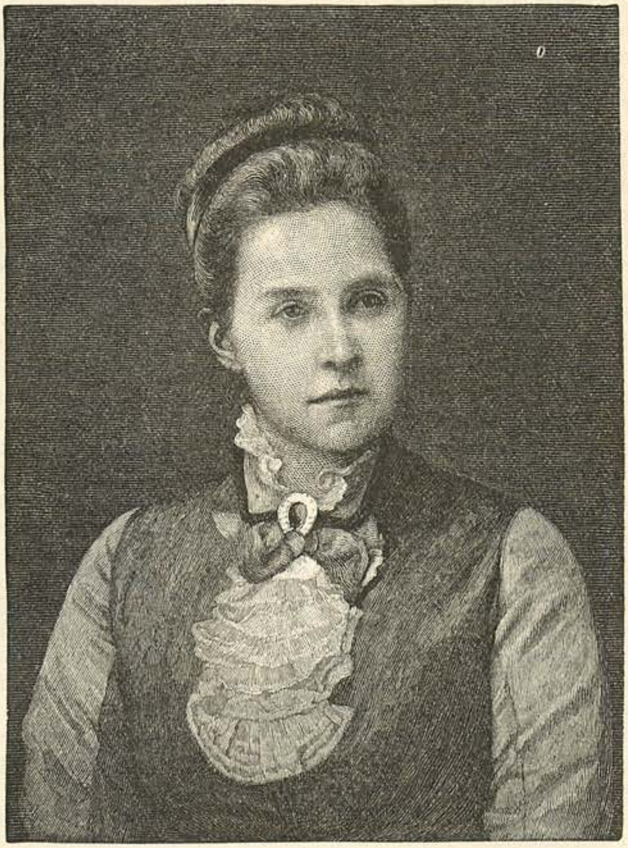
PART OF THE MODERN CITY.

to maintain their cause against the Turk. During my stay at Athens, the appearance in the street of the white pith helmet so commonly associated with Englishmen in the East called out expressions of aversion from passers-by, which were very unpleasant. The name of American, however, insures one who is properly introduced the kindest attentions in Athens. American aid and sympathy during their revolution have always been held in grateful remembrance; and the labors at Athens of American missionaries in churches and in schools, and the character of the American representatives at Athens, have confirmed this kindly feeling.

The success of Greek scholars who have made a home for themselves in America, too, is keenly enjoyed by their countrymen. At a reception at the house of Professor Philip Joannes, of the university, several elderly scholars were present who had known Professor Sophocles, of Harvard, and who remembered with delight President Felton's stay at Athens; while others among the younger men inquired warmly after Dr. Timayenis, who is now doing so much in New York to make modern Greek more familiar to the eyes and ears of Americans.

Athens numbers not far from 70,000 inhabitants. Its principal streets are paved, and lighted by gas. Its architecture, in the better parts of the city, and in the common buildings designed for business purposes and dwellings, is not unlike the modern part of any European town. In 1832, when Dr. Hill, the venerable American missionary, who still resides at Athens, took up his abode there, he was obliged to live for some months in a ruined tower, as there was literally not a house standing in Athens. The city is entirely of modern growth. It lies almost exclusively to the north and east of the Acropolis. The old city lay chiefly to the south and west of this hill, and in Roman times extended northward and eastward.

Stone and brick are the building materials. There is no supply of wood for building purposes. Even roots and fagots for fuel are fabulously dear. In the poorer quarters of the city, and especially close under the Acropolis, there are rows of stone hovels, many of them but one story high, dark, noisome, and dirty. These huts are constantly encroaching upon the vacant land on the slopes of the rocky citadel. This land is the property of the government, and no one has a right to build upon it. But there is at Athens either a law or a prescriptive right which prevents the removal or destruction of a home once built and occupied. Taking advantage of this, a couple newly married notify their friends, material is quietly got together, and on the appointed night, as silently as may be, the simple house is erected, between dark and dawn, the hands of scores of friends making light work; and, with such household goods as they can boast, the young householders take possession at once. Then from the sacred home altar they safely answer the questions of the officers of the law, should any notice be taken of their trespass. As you gaze down upon these simple homes from the Acropolis in the earliest dawn of a summer morning, and see the inmates, roused from a night's rest (often passed beneath the open sky, on the flat roof or beside the humble door), light a little fire in the open air, and prepare their frugal meal—as you see how pathetically these little houses seem to cling like suppliants about the knees of the marble-crowned, world-famous Rock of Athens—it takes little fancy to imagine that these homes of the poor have crept for protection beneath the mighty shadow of the stronghold of liberty in Athens's glorious past.


QUEEN OLGA.

Probably the dwellings of the people, in the days when her grandest temples rose, were little more than shelter from sun and rain—far better represented by these poorer dwellings than by the Parisian streets which make up so large a part of Athens now. The outer walls of the finer houses are built of undressed stone, which is plastered over, and often painted. Light yellows and blues and pinks are sometimes chosen for this purpose, but white is the prevailing color. The roofs are for the most part flat. Along their edges rows of the fan-shaped antefixæ of classic architecture are often placed. Wealthy citizens sometimes build isolated houses with fronts and entrances of the classic orders, the Ionic and Corinthian orders having the preference, for private dwellings. The balcony is indispensable. Often this is half filled with house plants; and many a visitor to Athens, in his sultry morning walks, has learned to avoid the tempting shadows beneath the balconies because of the dropping of superfluous water from these projecting flower gardens after their morning shower-bath.

The finer public buildings are of dressed stone or marble, and several of them would do credit to any city of Europe or America. The patriotism of Greek merchants who win wealth in foreign lands is every year finding expression in handsome gifts or bequests to adorn the city of their love. Thus the Varvakion, the boys' high school of Athens, was erected by Barbakes as a gift to the city; while Arsakes, another wealthy Athenian, twenty years ago erected the Arsakion, or girls' high school. The fine building to which the Polytechnic School and Museum have just been removed, and where the treasures from Schliemann's excavations are on exhibition, is the gift of two wealthy Epirotes who are doing business in Germany, and who feel that they best honor all Greece in honoring Athens. By far the most noteworthy building of modern Athens—another gift of patriotic private wealth—is the Academy, still in process of construction. It is designed for the use of a society of scholars and artists and men of letters, not yet formed, but to be modelled after the Academy and the Institute of France. It is constructed of Pentelic marble, and, with the quarries of Pentelicus close at hand, it has already cost more than $1,500,000. In many of its proportions it is modelled after the Parthenon. The tympanum of the principal front has received a colossal group of statuary—a reproduction, as far as is possible, of "The Birth of Minerva," which adorned the eastern front of the great temple on the Acropolis. The work is wonderfully well done. From this building one may form some conception of the splendor of the great Athenian temples of sparkling Pentelic marble in this brilliant Athenian sunshine, before time and exposure had dimmed the sparkling, crystalline purity which this marble shows when newly quarried. Twice, on clear days, I made a serious attempt to study the details of exterior ornament on the Academy, and could not endure the sight, it was so dazzlingly, blindingly white! My third and successful visit I was forced to make on a cloudy day.

The Academy is of especial interest, because in its decoration the architect is trying the effect of those brilliant blues and scarlets in the moulding of the soffits, and along the cornice, and on the capitals of the columns, of which we find so many traces in the Parthenon. However our modern taste may rebel at the idea of painted statues and temples of marble, there can be no doubt that Athenians of the best age of art used these colors, and found the effect pleasing to an eye and an æsthetic taste as highly developed as any age has ever known. And while few who are destitute of a strain of Eastern love of color in their blood at first admire color thus applied—while we Occidentals have always loved to associate the pure white of the marble with perfect ideal beauty of form—yet no one who has not seen it can intelligently condemn the effect of color thus used in this brilliant sunshine, and in a climate where purples and blues and reds and yellows are so rich and so plentiful as here in Grecian seas and sunsets, and on Grecian mountain ranges. Nature riots in rich effects of color here in the Ægean.

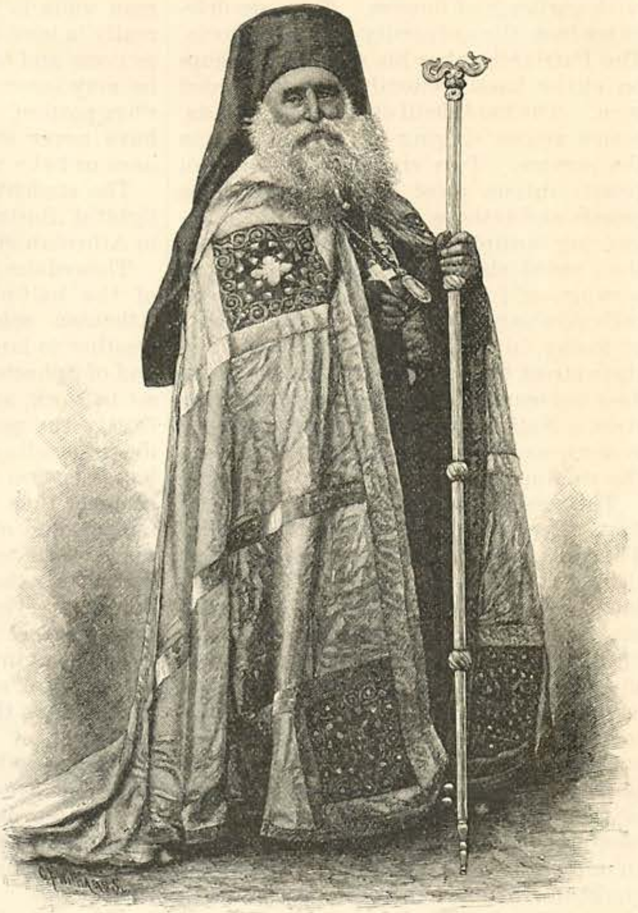
The first funeral procession which we met in Athens showed the peculiarities of the Greek custom at their best. On an open bier, resting on the shoulders of six young men, lay the body of a beautiful girl of sixteen, dressed in light blue and white, her face and arms exposed, her head garlanded with flowers, and flowers filling her hands, and lying in knots and clusters on her breast. So she was borne through the clear, sweet morning sunshine that flooded the streets of her native city, to her grave beyond its limits, under the shadow of Mount Hymettus.

Delegeorges, ex-Prime Minister, in the quickly succeeding changes of Greek party government several times at the head of the cabinet, and as often the leader of the opposition, died during our stay at Athens. He was a man whose stanch integrity and democratic love of simplicity had endeared him to the people. He was buried on the day after his death—the rule at Athens.

Dense crowds of men and boys thronged the streets near his house, from which the procession was to start. There were no services at his home, but acquaintances passed in to view the remains, and to offer sympathy to the family, who, as a rule, do not accompany the procession to the church or the grave. Every man who entered the house put on a white lace scarf over the right shoulder and under the left arm, the badge of mourning. Many bearded priests of the Greek Church mingled with the crowd. Their luxuriant hair is never cut, but is twisted into a roll, and knotted on the back of the head like a woman's. They wear a tall, cylindrical hat, brimless below, but with a round flat crown which projects laterally an inch or two. The dignitaries of the Church were resplendent in gold-embroidered robes of white, purple, and scarlet.

The coffin was of blue satin. The body, dressed in plain black as in life, the low shoes tied with white ribbon, was brought out and placed on the open bier. As is the custom at Athens, the upper half of the coffin, for its entire length, had been removed with the lid, and was carried in advance of the bier. On it was worked, in white, a cross and a crown. A glass cover was placed over the body. Flowers in profusion lay about the form of the dead statesman.

Two red banners—one with a formal sacred painting, in the Byzantine style, of the Annunciation, and of Mary and the Child; the other representing, in archaic figures, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection—were borne before the coffin. Then followed the clergy and prominent citizens, while the brass band played a slow-moving dirge. Leaving the crowded streets, I went by a shorter way to the cathedral, where the mention of my nationality passed me through the closed doors, and secured me an excellent place—seats there were none, save for bishops and king.



BISHOP OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

First enter the sacred banners, and the men with the lid of the coffin; then priests with lanterns, censers, tapers, and banners; then the coffin is carried in, and placed on a black catafalque in the choir. The king, with a few attendants, has taken his place just to the left of the Patriarch's throne, which is on the south of the choir. King George is rather tall, erect, well-formed, fair-haired, with a blonde mustache, and pleasantly regular features. He wears the dark blue uniform of a major, and a light blue short cloak with crimson lining, while a wide light blue scarf crosses his breast from the right shoulder.

Young men press forward to the coffin

with garlands of flowers. They are delegates from the university and the schools. The Patriarch takes his seat, two bishops on either hand, venerable, white-bearded men. The loud shrill chant of the priests, men's voices singing in unison, begins the service. Two singers who are not priests intone most of the service, the priests and bishops over against them answering antiphonally. The music has that weird shaking of the voice within a range of four or five notes which recalls Arabian music. Indeed, the Greeks of to-day, in their church chants and in their street ballads, have no music which does not seem to have been borrowed from Asia. Nothing you see or hear at Athens is more unlike Europe and America than the singing.

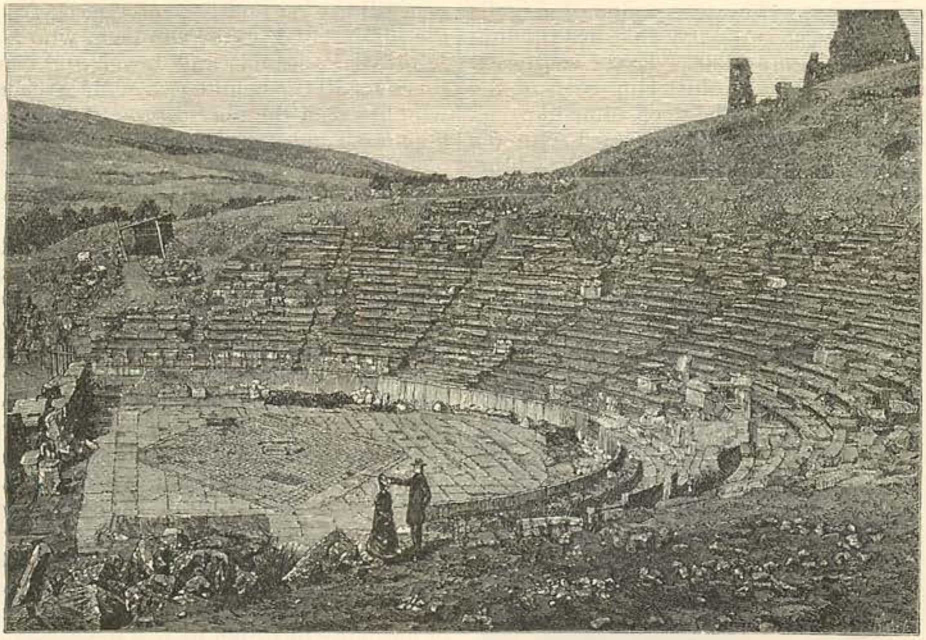
The service finished, the king goes out first, after him the priests and the coffin. The procession resumes its slow march through the principal streets. Two hours later, as I stood on the Acropolis, I could see the crowd still standing about the open grave among the cypresses beyond the Ilissus, listening to panegyrics delivered in succession by four ex-prime ministers, the rivals and friends of the dead statesman. For several days the newspapers of Athens were filled with eulogies of Delegeorges. Many of them were very eloquent. I had the curiosity to count in one of these articles the words which I could not readily trace to a root used in classic Greek. There were but eleven such words in an article of two columns, so truly is the Greek of to-day *Greek* and not Slavonic.

As to weddings, outside of Sparta, where women have still, as in classic times, more freedom and greater privileges than anywhere else in Greece, the general principle is, at every stage of the proceeding, a heavy discount upon the woman. When a girl is born, the sex is often concealed from the mother as long as possible, lest disappointment kill her outright. "Only a girl," is the despondent answer of the father to inquiring friends. A man is said to be "terribly poor," because with small property he has half a dozen daughters, whom he must, if possible, get married. Matches are usually arranged by the parents or relatives of the contracting parties. Usually the first advances come from the friends of the girl, who try to dispose of her here and there with as small a *dot* as possible. On the other hand, the young man waits to be courted. Even if he be really in love, he is taught to interpose objections and to seem reluctant, that thus he may secure the offer of a larger marriage portion. Often the bride and groom have never seen each other more than once or twice when they meet at the altar.

The student finds again and again delightful illustrations of the Greek classics in Athenian customs and habits of to-day.

Thucydides gives us a vivid description of the half-playful way in which the Athenian soldiers, forced by stress of weather to land in the harbor off the island of Sphacteria (the modern Navarino), set to work, at Demosthenes's request, to fortify the point. He tells us that soldiers, bending over and clasping their hands low on their backs, took, in the receptacle thus formed, loads of mud for mortar, and of stone, which they carried up the hill to the wall. In Nikodemus Street, in Athens, I saw long lines of laborers carrying stones in precisely this same manner four or five rods, and up a narrow staging, to the masons at work on the walls of a new house. Some few of them wore a thick pad to protect the back, but most of them simply bent down, clasped their hands low on their hips behind, and were loaded by other laborers with three or four huge rough stones. The loose earth from the excavation was carried out in baskets strapped on the shoulders.

On a saint's day, in the vacant space close under the north wall of the Acropolis, we came upon a scene which was replete with suggestions of the Homeric sacrificial feast. A group of rather rough-looking men were roasting whole a sheep which they had just killed. At a little distance the grass, crimsoned with gore, showed where the victim's "head had been drawn back, while the sharp knife took away his strength." The pelt, just removed, lay close by. The carcass was spitted from the mouth straight through the body, one end of the spit resting on a huge stone, the other end in a forked stake driven for the purpose. A fire was burning under its whole length, and the master of ceremonies slowly turned it on the spit. A hastily improvised sausage had been made by stuffing some of the finely chopped liver, heart, etc., into the larger intestines; and we saw this broiling sausage, looking not at all unsavory, tasted by the cook as we stood watching

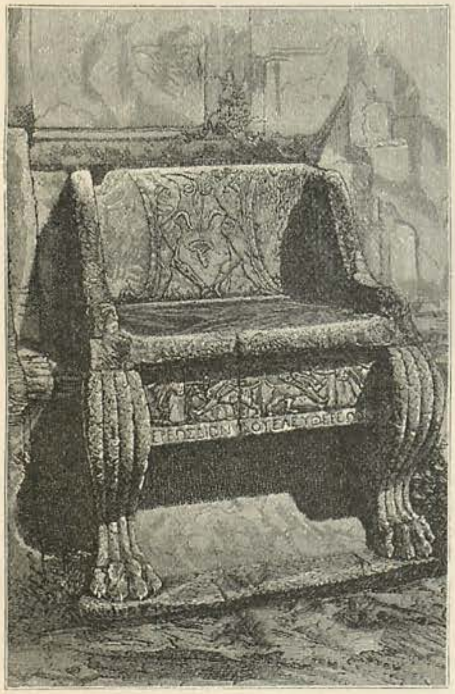


GREAT THEATRE OF DIONYSIUS.

the Homeric scene. Here was a suggestion that the process so often baldly translated "tasting the entrails" may have been a rather savory sampling of tidbits, after all. To make the picture completely Homeric, certain impatient youths had cut up small pieces of the raw meat, had "pierced them through with little spits," had "roasted them carefully," and were "drawing them off the coals" as we came upon the ground. But candor compels the admission that priestly fillets and salted barley and pempobola nowhere appeared.

After the Acropolis and the Pnyx, perhaps no place at Athens has a deeper charm from its associations than has the Academy of Plato. We visited its site one beautiful morning about the middle of May. From my note-book I venture to copy the description of our visit.

We walk two miles northwest from the Acropolis to the olive groves that still mark the place. The wheat harvest is just finishing. Men are reaping with toothed sickles. One or two poorly dressed women are gleaning in the corners of the fields. Other women follow the reapers, binding the sheaves. The olive-trees are in blossom. In this warm climate, wheat and barley ripen well under the shade of these trees, and are commonly sown in the orchards. We walk across fields of wheat stubble, then over meadow-land, gay with yellow, blue, and red flowers. We count twenty-three varieties of blossoming flowers, all brilliant of hue. Then through groves of pomegranates, with their great, solid, deep red blossoms, and on through vineyards, where the blood red of the poppies contrasts beautifully with the tender green of the low-trimmed vines. Large swallows skim the fields in every direction, twittering musically, reminding us of Anacreon's love for this bird, still so common even in the streets of Athens, and so well loved by the people. Other birds sing constantly in the groves. The tetix chirps shrilly in the grass. Little brown and green lizards dart here and there on the low earth walls which separate the fields. Immense old olive-trees, with gnarled and knotted trunks hollow at heart, remind us of those near Jerusalem. Fig-trees send out branches which are an intricate net-work of thick, clumsy shoots, bending now this way, then that, at the sharpest possible angle, regardless of all laws of symmetry. Lovely cloud shadows rest on Salamis, and float up the slopes of Mounts Ægaleos, Corydallus, and Parnes. The mountains of Argolis are as blue as is the bay that lies rippling between them and us. To the southeast, above the thickly clustering roofs of the modern city, rises the steep, altar-like rock of the Acropolis, still crowned with the ruins of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum. Thus enthroned above the modern city, the citadel, with its matchless ruins, seems constantly to assert its undying right to be regarded as Athens, to the utter oblivion of all which the nineteenth century has built below them. Across this same lovely landscape, to those temples, then perfect, and rearing their snowy splendor against the purple-gray background of Hymettus, in the pauses of their conversation were lifted the eyes of that group of earnest, clear-souled thinkers who talked with Plato in these very olive groves, on the banks of the Cephissus—the men whose calm, enthusiastic search for truth has rendered so illustrious these Academic shades that, through all ages, in all lands, the lovers of wisdom and of art have been fain to borrow from their groves the name "Academy."

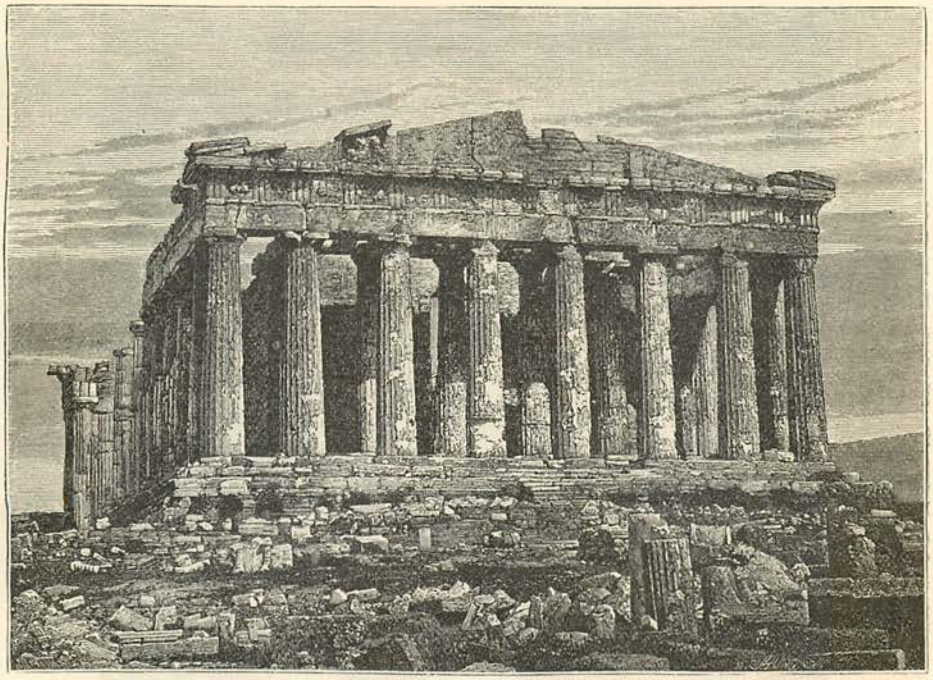


MARBLE THRONE IN THE DIONYSIAC THEATRE.

The literature and history of Greece become doubly delightful to one who has seen all Attica and half of Greece from the summit of Mount Pentelicus, who has followed Pausanias and Leake and Curtius over all the boundaries of old Athens, who has read the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles and Aristophanes sitting in the old Dionysiac Theatre, on the very seats where sat the quick-eyed, keen enthusiasts for art who witnessed the first triumphs of these dramatists at that bright spring festival to which thronged all the intellect and fashion of young Europe; or, best of all, has ascended, morning, noon, and night, day after day, that airy Acropolis that presides over the modern city like the embodied memory of her glorious past. On this Acropolis the visitor shall learn, as only he who waits long and often there can learn, the soul-satisfying beauty of the ruins of the Parthenon, perfect in decay, mellowed to richest cream tint, the golden gift of this Southern sun, softened by time, and revealing in their exquisite proportions possibilities of harmony of which he had never before conceived, as the rays of the setting sun stream past these fluted columns, half filling the flutings with lines of shadow, and painting on other columns the graceful curves of this building, where curves took the place of rigid lines, and Plato's own "music of mathematics," and not the plumb-line, was the presiding genius as the temple rose.

There is a marvellous æsthetic exaltation in the effect produced on one by this perfect Greek architecture in the transparent, exhilarating atmosphere of Athens. Well might Aristophanes exclaim, "O thou, our Athens, violet-wreathed, brilliant, most enviable city!" Well might Euripides speak of the Athenians as "ever treading, with light and measured grace, through a clear, transparent air."

The last night of my stay at Athens was spent upon the Acropolis. The fascinating charm the perfect moonlight cast around me there was too strong to be broken. As I lay and gazed at the Parthenon, the strong, abiding beauty, the restful strength, of the Doric architecture took possession of me—a new revelation of harmony and delight. One could *feel* these mighty yet graceful columns bearing easily, yet bearing firmly and forever, and with the grace of conscious beauty and strength, the immense weight laid upon them. The perfect proportions of

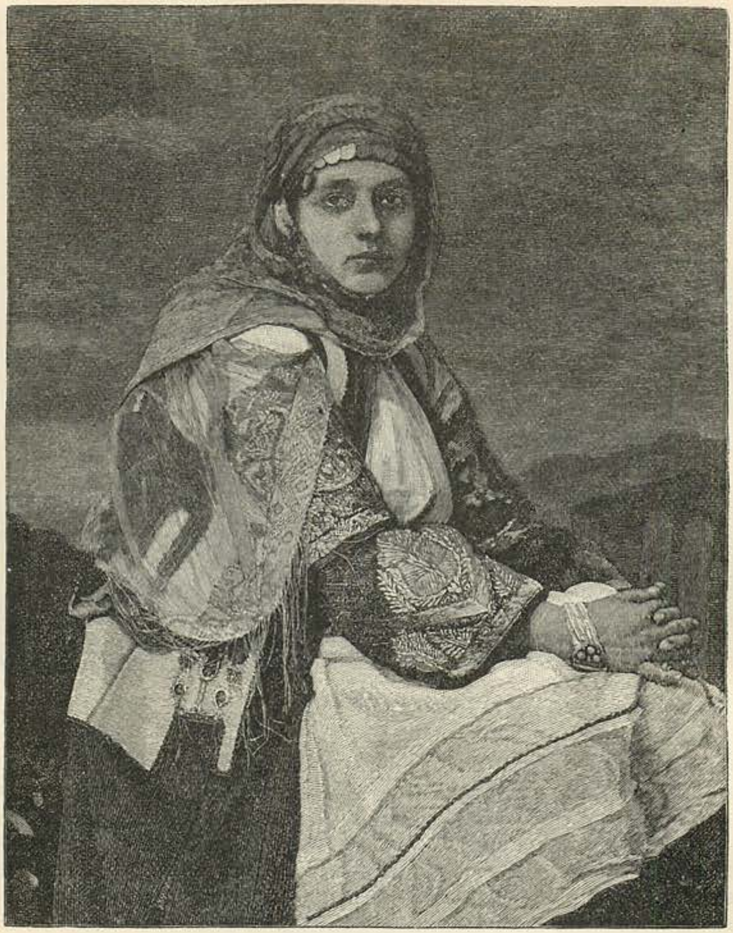


THE PARTHENON.

the architecture seemed to me to throb in unison, and audibly to hymn themselves. It is but a half-step from such seen symmetry and harmony to harmonies audible and heard symphonies. Surely these architects were more than builders. They were musicians; and, like the other great tone-masters, they send the key-notes and sub-tones of harmony thrilling through you in presence of their work, until you feel new meaning in the coldly perfect phrase, "Architecture is frozen music."

Spare, nervous, thin of face, restless-eyed, quick and energetic of speech, is the modern Athenian. The groups of men who seat themselves toward evening at the little tables which fill the streets before the principal cafés, as they talk politics over their little cups of black coffee or their glasses of water and wine, gesticulate with that energy of action in conversation which marks the passionate son of the South. Often the Athenian carries in his hand a string of beads, not for religious purposes, but that he may relieve himself of excessive electricity by shifting them through his fingers as he bargains and talks—a safety-valve and a re-assuring process akin to the Yankee's whittling. He is keenly sensitive to every word you utter, quick to take your meaning, and polite as a Frenchman in ready deference to your expressed opinion; but none the less he holds firmly to his own belief unless you have convinced his reason. This he may not tell you. He may leave you to infer that you have won him over; and thus he has sometimes laid himself open to the charge of duplicity and deceit where he meant only to be credited with politeness.

The modern Greek has the Russian readiness in acquiring languages, and the German's patience in investigation, if some slight results can be seen as he works. But, like the hungry Yankee who gave up the attempt to earn a promised dinner by beating on the end of a log with the head of his axe, in his literary and antiquarian work the Athenian "must see the chips fly." Partly to this desire for immediate results, partly to the necessity of self-support, but still more to the utter lack of means and money for prosecuting researches and excavations, and publishing results, at government expense, is due the fact that the Germans have come to be regarded as better authorities upon the sites, the antiquities, and the history of Greece than are the Greeks themselves.



AN ATHENIAN GIRL.

Even a short residence at Athens, and the most superficial acquaintance with her university and its professors, will serve to convince one that many a German reputation has been built largely upon work done by Greeks, and that Athens does not lack for Greek scholars and antiquarians who, with such support in money and facilities for publication as the Germans receive, would soon become world-famous authorities, as they now are acknowledged masters in their departments, among those who know them. There is, unfortunately, a spirit of personal rivalry and petty jealousy among Athenian scholars, which has had a disastrous effect in preventing any united effort to present to the world connected results of Greek investigations.

With a university where fifteen hundred students are instructed by an able faculty of sixty professors, with a high school for boys and another for girls, with a constantly improving system of primary schools, practically free, so that three-fourths of her children between the ages of five and sixteen are in school, Athens seems to be in no danger of undervaluing education. Pallas Atrutone, the Unwearied Power of Intellect, is still devoutly worshipped in the city over which preside the beauteous ruins of her matchless temple.

Many of the charges which have been brought against the good faith of the modern Greek, I believe to be purely the result of ignorant prejudice. Others may be traced to dishonest and defeated rivals in trade. The proverb sometimes heard in the Levant, "It takes two Jews to cheat a Turk, two Turks to cheat an Armenian, two Armenians to cheat a Greek," is not intended to be strictly complimentary to the honesty of the modern Greek. But in the East no trader ever asks the price for his goods which he expects to receive. Every bargain is presumed to be the result of a gradual approach of buyer and seller, who set out from the most widely separated limits, and make alternate concessions, until, after much arguing and gesticulation, with intervals of quiet smoking, common ground is reached at last, and the bargain is concluded. In no way could you so surely make a Levantine merchant miserable as by paying him all he at first demands. I have seen more of deliberate overcharging and barefaced dishonesty attempted in a day at Paris than I saw in two months while in Greece.

Of the glory of ancient Athens, of the world's great debt to Greece, every modern Athenian is keenly conscious. Memories of her glorious past have always been cherished religiously, kept alive during centuries of oppression.

Athens suffers from an excess of intellectual activity. The city is overstocked with brains. Its hands are idle. Greece has no great manufactories; it has no system of roads. Among the many failures of King Otho's reign, perhaps none was more injurious than his failure to provide any means of ready intercommunication between the provinces of Greece. Of course the topography of Greece--her mountain ranges and deep-reaching gulfs and bays—renders the task of road-building a difficult one. But national unity and material prosperity can not come without good roads. To-day, all Greece has but five miles of railroad, and hardly more than fifty miles of good carriage roads. Finding no outlet in the development of the country's material resources, all the energy of the marvellously active Greek mind has been turned to trade, to study, and to politics; and chiefly to politics, always a passion with the Athenian. With a territory but three-fifths as great as that of New York, with a population of nearly two millions, with universal suffrage, and with a monarchy so limited that the government is in reality a democracy in the administration of its internal affairs, the Greek nation of to-day devotes ten times too much energy to governing itself. This concentration of force within narrow limits begets heat at Athens. Under such pressure, the political friction is something enormous. Athens supports from thirty to forty newspapers. Political clubs are more numerous than in classic days, and as influential. Every man of prominence has his newspaper, his club of personal followers, his petty party. When the death of Delegeorges, ex-Prime Minister, was announced on the street to a group of Athenian gentlemen with whom I was talking, the first remark was, "Ah, now Kurie So-and-So" (naming a politician of little influence) "will form a party, will he not?" Room for one more aspirant to office, with his organized clique of followers, was the argument.

Salaries for public services are of course pitifully low. Criticism of all official acts, and of every measure advocated by the government, is bitter and ceaseless. This spirit of criticism is not merely a healthful concern for the public welfare; it is the constant effort to induce a public, ever prone to change its political leaders, so to clamor as to put the "ins" *out*, and to give to other men a chance at what must be for them too a brief tenure of power. Acrimonious attacks upon men and motives abound. The newspapers give room to angry opponents for virulent personal diatribes against political rivals. The irrepressible life and mental activity of the nation preys upon itself.

Give Greece a mission; let her hope for that influence in the re-adjustment of power after Turkey's approaching dissolution (if the chronic "sick man" is indeed soon to die) which justly belongs to her as the most intelligent, the most enterprising, the most highly civilized race of the Levant; extend her boundaries, as we hope the great powers will soon do; give but a gleam of distant hope to such enthusiastic patriots as joined the club some time since organized at Athens by Makrakes, a shrewd political and religious agitator, which professes for its object to place Prince Constantine, King George's oldest son, on the throne of all Greece at Constantinople—and the truly great qualities of this wonderful race, which were proved to be still hers by the gallant, unflinching heroism displayed in her struggle for independence, but which have suffered a temporary eclipse since that struggle closed, will once more be displayed to a world which has so often been inspired by the words and deeds of the Greeks of ancient times.